

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## NOTES ON HEALING BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

### PART IV.

#### VALENTINE GREATRAKES, "THE STROKER."

(*A Paper read, November 21st, at the Winter Soirées, Harley Street.*)

A LITTLE more than two centuries ago, when our Second Charles had newly recovered the throne of his ancestors, the name of the great healer, Valentine Greatrakes, had obtained a wide-spread celebrity. It was heard on the lips of Royalty, was repeated with gratitude by the poor, and was listened to with tremblings of hope by the sick. "The Stroker," as he was familiarly called, from his relieving many of diseases by the application of his hands, was then in the zenith of his reputation; and, while scoffed at by many, and his alleged powers of healing hotly debated by *savans*, he was enjoying the friendship and support of Cudworth, Boyle, and other great and good men.

Valentine Greatrakes was a Protestant gentleman of unblemished character and good social position. He was of English parentage, but was born in Ireland, at Affane, in the county of Waterford, in the year 1628. His birthday, the fourteenth of February, suggested his baptismal name. The leading events of his life are related by himself in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, to which I shall have frequent occasion to refer.\*

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\* "A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrak's, and divers of the Strange Cures by him lately performed. Written by himself in a Letter, addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. Whereunto are annexed the Testimonials of several Eminent and Worthy Persons of the chief Matter of Fact therein

While yet a child his father died; and his education was superintended by his mother, who, so soon as he was able to read, placed him at the Free School of Lismore, where he remained until he was thirteen. He was designed for Dublin University; but the rebellion of 1641 broke out, and his mother was compelled to flee with him and "several other small children" to England. They were kindly received and protected in Devon, by his uncle, Edmund Harris, who died within a few years, having bequeathed to his sister (Valentine's mother) the third part of his estate. Valentine was now placed under John Daniel Getseus, "an high German Minister," with whom he spent some years in classical studies, and "found from his hands much favour and love." In 1647, he returned to Ireland; in order, if possible, to recover his paternal property at Affane. In 1649 he was made a lieutenant in Lord Broghill's regiment of horse; and served in it until the corps was disbanded on the peace of 1656. He now betook himself to a country life at Affane. Soon after he was appointed Clerk of the Peace of the County of Cork, Registrar for Transplantation, and Justice of the Peace. In 1663 he served as High Sheriff for the County of Waterford.

While engaged in the discharge of these public duties, he was seized with a strong, over-mastering conviction of his possession of healing powers. I give the account in his own words. In his *Letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle*, published 1666, to which I have already referred, he says:—"About four years since, I had an impulse or strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give any rational account to another) which did very frequently suggest to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing the King's Evil, which, for the extraordinariness thereof, I thought fit to conceal for some time. But at length I told my wife, for, whether sleeping or waking, I had this impulse. But her reply was that it was an idle imagination. But to prove the contrary, one William Maher, of Salterbridge, in the parish of Lismore, brought his son to my wife, who used to distribute medicines in charity to the neighbours; and my wife came and told me that I had now an opportunity of trying my impulse, for there was one at hand that had the Evil grievously in the eyes, throat, and cheeks; whereupon I laid my hands on the

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Related. London, Printed for J. Starkey, at the Mitre in Fleet Street, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar, 1666."

This publication is dated, *ad finem*, "London, May 8, 1666." It contains pp. 42, and with the Testimonials, pp. 96.

I may remark here that I have followed what seems to be the more usual spelling of the name, but with perhaps the exception of that of Shakespeare, I do not remember to have met with any name so variously spelt.

places affected, and prayed to God, for Jesus's sake, to heal him. In a few days afterwards, the father brought his son with the eye so changed that it was almost quite whole; and to be brief (to God's glory I speak it), within a month he was perfectly healed, and so continues."

Of this cure we have a memorial in our woodcut, which is copied from the portrait prefixed to Mr. Greatrakes's *Brief Account* of himself, in his letter to Boyle. Another person still more afflicted soon after came to Mr. Greatrakes—one Margaret MacShane, of Ballinecly, in the parish of Lismore. She had had the Evil seven years and upwards. Greatrakes says:—"It spread itself from the bottom of her stomach upwards all over to her throat, neck, and nose, and so all over her back, shoulders, and armpits, so that I could not see one place free from the Evil where you might put a sixpence, and to speak the truth, she looked so dreadfully, and stunk so exceedingly, that she would have affrighted and poisoned any one almost that saw or came near her. Whereupon, I spoke to one Doctor Anthony, a famous physician, then at my house, desiring him to take commiseration on her, for God's sake. His reply was, that she was eaten out with the Evil, and that all the men in Ireland could do her no good. Whereupon I said I did believe that there was one that could do her good and cure her. The doctor demanded who that man was; my answer was, that through God's blessing I could. But he slighted the matter, saying if he saw that person cured, he would not question but I might heal all diseases. But I replied, I was not of his opinion as to the latter part, but said he should be convinced of the former, which accordingly fell out (God be praised), for my hand suppurated the nodes, and drew and healed the sores which formerly I could not have endured the sight of, nor touched nor smelled them without vomiting—so great an aversion had I naturally to all wounds and sores—so that the poor woman, about six weeks afterwards, came perfectly well to my house (and so continues), where Doctor Anthony was then also to see my wife—and gave God praise and me thanks, who carried her to Doctor Anthony and told him that hence he might see that God could and did great things by poor and worthless instruments, and therefore, he should not limit Him for the future.

"After this, several people infected with the Evil, came to me from several counties, and I stroked them, and desired God, out of His abundant mercy, to heal them; who, blessed be His name, heard my prayer, and delivered them, so that few or none, unless those whose bones were infected or eaten, returned without their cure. This course I kept for three years, not meddling with any other distempers: about which time the ague was very epidemical, whole families being struck down by it, when I found

as formerly, the same kind of impulse within me, suggesting that there was bestowed upon me the gift of curing the ague. This also I told to my wife, who could not be persuaded to it, and the next day, there came to my house a neighbour's wife, who lived nigh Tallow Bridge, by name Bateman, the nailor's wife, that is there, who had a most violent ague, on whom I laid my hands, and desired God Almighty to cure her; who, in mercy heard my prayer, and so the ague ran through her, and she went away immediately perfectly cured of her ague, upon which her husband and children, who were afflicted with the same disease, applied themselves to me, on whom I laid my hands in like manner, with the same success; and so many were cured by God's great and wonderful power in the like nature.

“Within some small time after this, God was pleased, by the same or the like impulse, to discover unto me that he had given me the gift of healing; which, the morning following, I told my brother and wife, but neither of them could be prevailed upon to believe it; though, for my own part, I had a full assurance thereof within me. This impulse I had the Sunday after Easter day, the 2nd of April, 1665, early in the morning; and the Wednesday ensuing, I went to Cornel Deans (about some occasions I had with him) to Lismore, where there came unto me a poor man, with a violent pain in his loins and flank, so that he went almost double, and having also a grievous ulcer in his leg, very black, who desired me, for God's sake, to lay my hands on him; whereupon I put my hands on his loins and flank, and immediately went the pains out of him, so that he was relieved, and could stand upright without trouble; the ulcer also in his leg was healed; so that in a few days he returned to his labour as a mason.”

Greatrakes now became extensively known for his gift of healing, and was resorted to by people from greater distances, with the most of whom he was equally successful. Wounds, ulcers, convulsions and dropsy, were among the maladies which he cured. Unable to accommodate the multitude of the sick who now thronged to him, he went to the neighbouring town of Youghall that he might the better attend to them. Here so many sick came to him, not only of the inhabitants, but also out of England, that the magistrates told him they were afraid the town would become infected with disease. Whereupon he returned to Affane. So great was the resort to his house, that all the barns and outhouses connected with it were filled with patients, and at his own cost he had sheds fitted up for their reception. Finding himself so occupied in this work of healing as to have no time to attend to his own affairs, or to enjoy the society of his family, he set apart three days in the week,

from six in the morning until six at night, for this work. He made also frequent journeys from home, and visited the neighbouring towns on his errands of mercy. Everywhere, and with all people, according to his own settled determination, he acted gratuitously, declining all remuneration.

The clergy of the diocese at length took alarm at his proceedings, and he was cited by the Dean of Lismore before the Bishop's Court. The Court demanded of him (as the Jews did of Jesus) by what authority he did these things; and if he had a license. His answers not satisfying their Reverences, he was ordered (like the Apostle) to work no more cures for the future:—an order which reminds us of the decree of Louis XIV., commanding that no more miracles should be performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. This order, says Mr. Greatrakes, “I obeyed for *two days*; but going to the town of Copoqueen, where there were many poor people that came out of England to me, for several distempers which they laboured under, and amongst the rest, two that had the falling sickness, who no sooner saw me than they fell into their fits immediately, which caused so great compassion in me, that I could not, nor durst not, deny them my help; whereupon, I put my hands on them, and by the power of God restored them to their senses forthwith, and pursued their pains from place to place, till they went out of them. After that I fell to my former practice, and observed the three days which I formerly set apart, whereupon, the Lord Bishop of the diocese sent for me, and told me that he required me to *lay my hands on no more within his diocese*. But I answered his lordship that I conceived that I transgressed no law of God or man in doing the works of charity, and therefore, I thought myself obliged thereby not to deny any man my help) whilst God enabled me to do good) that came to me.”

Accounts of the wonderful cures wrought by Mr. Greatrakes now began to appear in print, and excited much public interest. The following contemporaneous account of Mr. Greatrakes and his cures at this time is extracted from a newspaper of 1665, edited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, entitled, *The Intelligencer, published for the Satisfaction and Information of the People, with Privilege*.

“*Dublin, July 5 [1665].*—For this month last past there has been great talk of one Greatrates, and of strange cures he has done, only with touching or stroaking; whereof we have received divers letters from Cork, and of the multitudes that flock about him. I was not willing to trouble you with the particulars of a story of so idle and phantatick an appearance, but finding that many wiser than myself begin to be somewhat affected with the

thing, I'll tell you as briefly as I can what I have heard concerning this person.

“He is, by some that know him well, reported for a very civil, frank, and well-humour'd man; conformable to the discipline of the Church; born in Munster; a gentleman of English extraction; sometime a Lieutenant in Colonel Farr's regiment; master of a competent estate; and he takes neither money nor present for his cures. What moved him to this course is not known, but spoken of variously. 'Till of late he kept at his own house; but that being too small for his company, he is now come to Youghall. After several discourses concerning him, and not without some wonder to find them pass so long without contradiction, I have now received a letter dated the first instant, at Clonmel, from a very intelligent and sober person, a Councillor-at-Law, returning homeward after the last Terme, to the purpose following:—

“My curiosity would not permit me to refrain from beholding Mr. Valentine Greatrates, curing of all diseases in this town (where he occasionally was; and especially being of my acquaintance). In short, the multitudes that follow, and the press of the people are only for those to believe that see it. Two or three ships well freighted out of England with all diseases, are most returned well home. He is forced to leave his own house, and lives at Youghall, through necessity of the throng after him. He admires himself this strange gift of healing. It's incredible to tell how many he said he cured, and can be proved, and only by touching, or gently rubbing. But that which I saw, was a plowman of Mr. John Mandevile's, in this country, so afflicted with the sciatica, that he was for six miles brought hither in a car. I saw him come very much labouring and limping into the chamber. He chafed his thigh, and asked, “Where is the pain now?” He said, “In the leg.” He chafed there, and asked, “Where now?” The fellow cryed, “Oh, in the top of his buttock.” There he chafed also, and asked, “Where now?” Then he said, “In his foot.” And he chafed it there to his great toe, where it went away. The fellow in my hearing confessed himself well, and I saw him leap, and dance, and go away well. 'Tis so strange to me, I know not what to say to it, and his cure is altogether by touch.’”—*The Intelligencer*, 13th July, 1665.

“*Dublin*, July 15.—There is nothing here worth your time or wonder at present; but that the story of Greatrates is every day confirmed by more witnesses and fresh instances, several that have been with him making report of the advantage they have received, and of the multitudes that flock to him both out of curiosity and for relief. One letter I have seen from a lady

whom I know to be a prudent and a very excellent person, who avers herself to have been an eye-witness in her own house of above three-score cured by him in one night, of deafness, blindness, cancers, sciaticas, palsies, impostumes, fistulas, and the like, who went away by the blessing of God well recovered."—*Ib.*, 27th July, 1665.

"*Dublin, July 29.*—The many and strange stories which for a long time have been told of Lieutenant Greatrates will be now brought to the test; he himself being arrived here upon Tuesday last, and men are now much divided concerning him in their opinion."—*Ib.*, 7th Aug. 1665.

"*Dublin, Aug. 9.*—In persuance of my former advises concerning Lieutenant Greatrates. He has been here in Dublin, and after a short stay is gone back again into the countrey; being attended wherever he goes with throngs of all sorts of people. During his continuance here, he passed divers examinations, both publick and private; and in the end there was not anything criminal objected against him. I did myself see him stroak several, and about twenty of them declared themselves to be perfectly cured. And I have likewise discoursed with many others that have found no benefit at all by him. And some there are whose pains are returned, after they thought themselves well recovered; so that upon the whole matter the world is divided about him; only it cannot be denied, that what he does is with the least appearance of vanity that may be; and for profit, it is clear that he aims not at it. A thing, much to be admired, it is, that after so many strict inquiries into the manner and effect of his proceedings, he has never yet been detected of any fraud or imposture; but he is still followed by great multitudes of infirm and diseased people for remedy and relief. In the ordinary course of his life he appears to be a person of a friendly, sociable humour, and free from that popularity and ostentation which commonly attends men of his pretensions."—*Ib.*, 21st Aug. 1665.

About this time Greatrates was visited by Flamstead, the astronomer, but failed to cure him of a constitutional weakness to which he was subject. On the invitation of the Earl of Orrery, he came to England. He was recognised as soon as he landed at Bristol, and was literally mobbed by the sick wherever he went. He proceeded in the first instance to Lord Conway's seat at Ragley, in Warwickshire, in the hope of curing Lady Conway of an inveterate headache. In this he also failed: but while residing at Ragley with the Conway family, he cured many hundreds afflicted with various diseases. Lord Conway, in a letter to his brother, thus speaks of the healer:—

"I must confess, that, before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eyewitness of; and several others, of as accurate judgment as any in the kingdom, who are coming hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning, the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly; that is, from a moist humour,—'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall off—the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration. . . . After all, I am far from thinking that his cures are at all miraculous. I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others; as he doth also despatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains."

From Ragley Mr. Greatrakes passed to Worcester, where he received, through Lord Arlington, the king's command to come to London; whither he accordingly proceeded. We are told that as he went through the country, the magistrates of cities and towns begged of him that he would come and cure their sick. The king, though not fully persuaded of his wonderful gift, recommended him to the notice of his physicians, and permitted him to do all the good he pleased in London.

In the metropolis he daily exercised his wonderful gift; publicly in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where a prodigious number of people, of all ranks and of both sexes, assembled; and privately in the houses of afflicted persons. The only visible means he took to cure them, was to stroak the parts affected. The gout, rheumatism, and other painful affections, were driven by his touch from one part to another, till he got them expelled at the very extremities of the body, and the patient went away cured. Such phenomena could not fail to excite great wonder, and attract universal attention.

Henry Stubbe, a physician of Stratford-on-Avon, who had met Mr. Greatrakes at Ragley, now published a detailed account of what he had witnessed, with laudatory notices of "The Stroker."\* To this a reply, containing a bitter personal attack

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\* Dr. Stubbe's very curious Tract bears date 18 Feb., 1665-66, and is entitled, "The Miraculous Conformist: or An Account of Several Marvailous Cures performed by the Stroaking of the Hands of Mr. Valentine Greatarick; with a Physicall Discourse thereupon, in a Letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. With a Letter Relating some other of His Miraculous Cures, attested by E. Foxcroft, M.A., and Fellow of King's Colledge in Cambr. By HENRY STUBBE, Physician at Stratford-upon-Avon in the County of Warwick. Oxford, Printed by H. Hall, Printer to the University, for Ric. Davis, 1666." [pp. 44.]



on Mr. Greatrakes, was made in a pamphlet, entitled, *Wonders no Miracles* ;\* a publication attributed to Dr. David Lloyd, Chaplain of the Charter House. It was in answer to the latter treatise that Mr. Greatrakes drew up his interesting "Brief Account" of himself, and to which he appended a number of certificates as to his cures, signed by the most respectable, pious and learned persons of the day; amongst whom are the Honourable Robert Boyle, Bishop Rust, Dr. Cudworth, Dr. Patrick, Dr. Whichcot, and Dr. Wilkins.

The Press now became actively engaged either in attacking or defending him. The Cavalier wits and courtiers ridiculed his cures, as they ridiculed everything else that appeared serious. St. Evrémond, the witty Frenchman (then at Court) in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*, and in a novel under the title of *The Irish Prophet*, gave full scope to his sarcasm. Others, including several of the Faculty, defended Greatrakes. It even appears that the Royal Society, unable to refute the facts, were compelled to account for them as produced by "a sanative contagion in Mr. Greatrakes's body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases, and not to others." They also published some of his cures in their *Transactions*. Mr. Thoresby, a Fellow of the Royal Society, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, wrote earnestly in Mr. Greatrakes's vindication.† He was followed by Dr. George Rust, Dean of Connor, who describes the cures, in his *Enthusiasm Triumphant*, section 58; by Mr. Love, who addressed several letters to Lord Orrery; by Sir Edmundbury Godfrey; and, last and greatest of all, by the Honourable Robert Boyle, the President of the Royal Society, who notices him as "Greatrix, the Stroking Doctor."

I subjoin a few extracts from original letters, in the British Museum, relative to this remarkable healer.‡ The writer was Alexander Herbert Phaire, of St. John's, Enniscorthy, Ireland, a son of the Commonwealth officer, Colonel Phaire.

In a letter dated "February 29, 1743[-44]," Mr. Phaire writes:—

"Mr. Greatrakes one night dream'd thrice that he had virtue in him, and next morning seeing a man fall down with epilepsy, he stroak'd and recover'd him instantly. This was his

\* "Wonders no Miracles; or Mr. Valentine Greatrates Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a Sad Effect of his Stroaking, March the 7, 1665, at one Mr. Cressets house in Charter House Yard. In a Letter to a Reverend Divine, living near that place. London, Printed for Sam. Speed, at the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, 1666." [pp. 46].

† In vol. xxi of the *Philosophical Transactions*, page 232, Mr. Thoresby relates cures wrought by Mr. Greatrakes which had stood the test of twenty years.

‡ British Museum. Dr. Birch's Collection, Add. MSS. No. 4291, Art 7. A second copy has the pressmark, No. 4293.

first patient. He grew so famous that his court was fill'd with diseased every morning, which he always spent in their favour. Wherever he went, a great throng attended him, most of whom he cured. . . . All disorders were not obedient to his touch, but he failed in few. My father, who had the least implicit faith of any man, was in a violent fever, and Mr. Greatrakes turned it away in two minutes. He had another time a terrible ague, which when the fit struck him Mr. Greatrakes cured in a minute or two, by holding him by the wrists, and he never had a fit after.\* Mr. Greatrakes also cured a sister of mine of the king's evil by stroaking."

In another letter dated "March 3, 1743[-44]," the same writer says:—

"Mr. Greatrakes was of large stature, and surprising strength. He has very often taken an handfull of hazel-nuts, and crack'd most of them with one gripe of his hand, and has often divided a single hazel-nut by his thumb and fore-finger. He had the largest, heaviest and softest hand, I believe, of any man of his time; to which I do attribute the natural reason of the great virtue in his hand, above other men's. Many years past, I took the following note out of a book, entitled, *Enthusiasm Triumphant* (sect. 58th), by Dr. R., Dean of C.,—'I refer all his virtue to his particular temper and complexion, and I take his spirits to be a kind of elixer, or universal ferment, and that he cures (as Dr. Mead expresses it) by a sanative contagion.' I remember Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, in his letters, mentions some of those he stroak'd and cured in England, and that continued perfectly well. It is a pity that those letters, to the number of 104, are not in somebody's hands who would oblige the world by publishing them. They contain many remarkable things, and the best and truest secret history of King Charles the Second's reign."

In a third letter, dated "March 10, 1743[-44]," the writer says:—

"When Mr. Greatrakes came to my father's, the court was crowded with patients, whom he attended all the forenoon. Many were perfectly cured, without any return of their disorders, and most received benefit. But in my time his virtue was much abated. I have heard my two eldest sisters (who were women grown), and my eldest brother, and my father and mother, and many other honourable people, that would speak nothing but truth, often say that they have many times seen him stroke a violent pain from the shoulder to the elbow,

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\* In his letter to Robert Boyle, Mr. Greatrakes describes his visit to Colonel Phaire, at Cahirmoney, County Cork, on Thursday, 6th April, 1665, when he took away his ague by stroking.

and so to the wrist, and thence to the top of the thumb, and by holding it strongly there for some time, it had evaporated. There are many wonderful relations of this kind which, though assuredly true, have so much the air of romance that I have no pleasure in relating them."

Greatrakes was possessed of strong common sense and deep religious feeling, but without the slightest taint of superstition or fanaticism. He denied that he exercised his power of healing in obedience to an audible voice from Heaven or any supernatural vision; but he did not consider that it was due, as had been alleged, to the temperature of his body, or that it was a natural endowment. In evidence to the contrary he states that he was very sensible of the particular time when this gift was first bestowed upon him, and that before receiving the impulse to cure he had been for several years together, afflicted with violent headaches, and had put his hand to his head a thousand times, without producing any effect; but now, when so troubled, he no sooner puts his hand to his head than the pain is removed and run out. He attributes his healing powers to "an impulse," "an inspiration," "an extraordinary gift of God." In short, he was what Spiritualists call "an impressional and healing medium." His love of solitude never left him; he meditated deeply, and his mind habitually turned from earth to the contemplation of spiritual and divine things. He declared that his "soul was as weary of this habitation of clay as ever the galley-slave was of the oar." No wonder then if this benevolent, meditative, spiritually-minded man was in close sympathy with, and received direct inspiration and aid from the higher world; no wonder that with mediumistic organization, firm will, the single purpose of doing good, and with trust in God, and, may we add, with the co-operation of beneficent "ministering spirits," many and marvellous cures were performed by him—that in his case the promise was fulfilled—"They will lay hands on the sick and they will recover." Like Gassner and Swedenborg, Greatrakes believed that many diseases were due to the malevolence and infestation of evil spirits. He considered that it was more especially to diseases so induced that his healing power applied. What truth there may be in this, as I have no means of judging, I shall not attempt to determine; but it is a suggestion which may be of great value and significance, and should not be inconsiderately dismissed. It is an ancient belief, still prevalent in some parts of the world, and certainly seems to derive support from some of the Evangelical narratives, and apparently also from some of those experiences in modern times with which Spiritualists are more especially familiar.

In his *Brief Account* of himself, Mr. Greatrakes makes the following statement in reply to questions as to his method of treatment, and the nature of the healing power. He says:—“Many demand of me why some are cured, and not all? To which question I answer, that God may please to make use of such means by me as shall operate according to the dispositions of the patient, and therefore cannot be expected to be alike efficacious in all. They also demand of me why some are cured *at once* and not all? and why the pains should fly immediately out of some and take such *ambages* in others? and why it should go out of some at their eyes, and some at their fingers, some at their ears or mouths? To which I say, if all these things could have a *plain* account given of them, there would be no cause to count them strange. Let them tell me what substance that is which removes and goes out with such expedition, and it will be more easy to resolve their questions. Some will know of me, why or how I do pursue some pains from place to place, till I have chased them out of the body, by laying my hands on the outside of the clothes only (as is usual), and not *all* pains? To which I answer, that I and others have by frequent experience been abundantly satisfied that it is so:—though I am not able to give a reason, yet I am apt to believe there are some pains which afflict men after the manner of evil spirits, which kind of pains cannot endure my hand, nay, not my gloves, but fly immediately, though six or eight coats or cloaks be put between the person and my hand; as at the Lady Ranelagh’s at York House, in London, as well as in Ireland, has been manifested.

“Now, another question will arise, whether the operation of my hand proceeds from the temperature of my body, or from a Divine gift, or from both? To which I say that I have reason to believe that there is something in it of an extraordinary gift of God.”

In 1667, Mr. Greatrakes returned to Ireland, where he seems to have remained till his death in 1685, but without sustaining his reputation for healing. It appears, however, that, upon the strictest inquiry, no blemish could ever be found to attach to the character of this extraordinary man. All he did was done in a spirit of pure piety and benevolence. The truth of the impressive words with which he concludes his narrative was never challenged:—“Whether I have done my duty as a Christian, in employing that talent which God had intrusted me withal, to the good of people distressed and afflicted, or no, judge you and every good man. Thus far I appeal to the world, whether I have taken rewards, deluded or deceived any man. All further I will say is, that I pray I may never be weary of well-doing, and that I may be found a faithful servant when I come to give up my last account.”

## SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA ON BOARD AN ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SHIP.

ABOUT the middle of last month, Mr. James Graves, Superintendent of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's office at Valencia, informed Mr. C. F. Varley, the electrician, that some excitement had been caused among the crew of the cable-repairing ship, *Robert Lowe*, by the alleged appearance of several spirits to one of the men. The commander of the ship, Captain James Blacklock, afterwards met Mr. Varley, and, on being questioned, confirmed the statement. Mr. Varley then informed us of the circumstances, and the result was that the following document was drawn up and signed, in order to fully authenticate the whole narrative:—

### STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.

“The steam-ship *Robert Lowe* returned to the Thames on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, where she had been repairing one of the French Atlantic Telegraph Company's cables. An engineer on board, Mr. W. H. Pearce, of 37, Augusta Street, East India Road, Poplar, was taken ill with the typhus fever, and, on the 4th of Oct. last, he died. One of his mates, Mr. D. Brown, of 1, Edward Street, Hudson's Road, Canning Town, Plaistow, a strong, healthy man, a stoker, not likely to be led astray by imagination, attended him till the day before he died. On the afternoon before his death, at three o'clock, in broad daylight, Brown was attending the sick man, who wanted to get out of bed, but his companion prevented him. And this is what the witness says he saw:—

““I was standing on one side of the bunk, and while trying to prevent Pearce from rising, I saw on the other side of the bunk, the wife, two children, and the mother of the dying man, all of whom I knew very well, and they are all still living. They appeared to be very sorrowful, but in all other respects were the same as ordinary human beings. I could not see through them; they were not at all transparent. They had on their ordinary clothes, and, perhaps, looked rather paler than usual. The mother said to me, in a clearly audible voice, ‘He will be buried on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, in about fourteen hundred fathoms of water.’ They all then vanished instantaneously, and I saw them no more. Pearce did not see them, as he was delirious, and had been so for two days previously. I ran out of the berth in a state of great excitement, and did not enter it again while he was alive. He died on Tuesday, not Thursday, and was buried at four o'clock, not twelve. It was a sudden surprise to me to see the apparitions. I expected

nothing of the kind, and when I first saw them I was perfectly cool and collected. I had never before seen anything of the kind in my life, and my health is, and always has been, good. About five minutes afterwards I told Captain Blacklock I would stop with the sick man no longer, but would not then tell him why, thinking that, if I did, nobody else would take my place. About an hour later, I told Captain Blacklock and Mr. Dunbar, the chief engineer, whose address is, "Old Mill, near Port William, Wigtownshire, Scotland."'

"The other sailors on board say that they saw that Mr. Brown was greatly agitated from some cause, and they gradually drew this narrative out of him. Captain Blacklock says:—

" 'Brown came down into the cabin, looking very pale and frightened, and declared in a strong and decided way that he would not attend the sick man any more on any conditions—not for a thousand pounds. I told him that he ought to attend a sick and dying comrade, especially as a storm was raging, and he needed kind and considerate help, such as any of us might need one day. I pressed him all the more, as I wanted a strong steady man to attend the delirious invalid; besides, it being bad weather, the other men were fagged and overworked. Brown would not go back, and he left the cabin, as I think, crying, so I sent him out a glass of brandy. Shortly after that I heard he was very ill, and that his mates had some trouble in soothing and calming him.'

"We, the undersigned officials on board the *Robert Lowe*, declare the above statements to be true, so far as each of the circumstances came under our personal notice, but we none of us commit ourselves to any opinion as to the cause of the phenomenon. We give this statement simply because we have been requested to do so, rumours of the occurrence having gone abroad and caused inquiries to be made.

" (Signed) J. BLACKLOCK, Commander.

" DAVID BROWN, Stoker.

" ANDREW DUNBAR, First Engineer.

" REUBEN RICHARDSON, Stoker.

" ROBERT KNOX, Trimmer.

" HENRY HAMMOND, Stoker.

" JOHN WOODCOCK, Stoker.

" Witness,

" W. H. HARRISON.

" HENRY PUGH, Cook, (27, Queen-street, Horsleydown, Bermondsey.)

" October 20th, 1870."

The witness Brown bears the best of characters, is thoroughly trusted by the captain and crew, and he had a strong friendship for the deceased. He told us that something strange had happened in London, causing Mrs. Pearce to

anticipate the news of her husband's death, so that it was not a very great surprise to her to hear of the misfortune when the *Robert Lowe* reached England. On inquiring into this matter, Mrs. Pearce wrote to us that on the 28th September, rather less than a week before her husband's death, she remained for a night at the house of her mother-in-law in Camden Town. In the middle of the night she was awakened by three loud knocks, which she thought were given upon the street door, but on looking out there was nobody there. A deep dread then came over her,—she had an impression she should hear some bad news,—and afterwards she had fearful dreams, to the effect that she was a widow, and that all her children were dressed in black.

The appearance of the spirits of persons still living in the body is not at all an uncommon circumstance, and is one of the most perplexing facts connected with Spiritualism. Sometimes the spirits of the persons seen are really present, but in such cases the individuals themselves are usually asleep or insensible, so far as their bodies are concerned. Sometimes spirits, by will-power and mesmeric influence, act upon the organs of sight and hearing of the medium; in such cases what the spirit thinks the medium sees, and the teachings or news thus given are usually symbolical. Sometimes visions are caused or favoured by disease, without the intervention of spirits. Perhaps the second of these three influences was the cause of the sight seen on board the *Robert Lowe*, and probably attempts were made both on board ship and in London to communicate.—*The Spiritualist*.

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A REMARKABLE SEEING, PERSONATING, AND TEST MEDIUM:—Emma Hardinge in a letter on "Spiritualism in the West," which appears in the *Banner of Light*, of August 20th, gives the following particulars concerning Miss Lizzie Keizer, "a resident in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Beck, Corrington, Kentucky." with whom Mrs. Hardinge had been recently staying:—

Miss Keizer has given several public *séances* during the last few months, at which, amongst an audience numbering over a thousand persons, she has correctly described from 40 to 50 spirits during an evening.

In giving these delineations the medium is profoundly entranced; she becomes, in fact, transfigured, and in place of the simple-minded, unsophisticated girl, she assumes the power, dignity, and lingual precision of the eminent legal mind under whose control she acts. Her descriptions are amongst the clearest and most definite proofs of spirit-identity that could possibly be given. After forcibly and unhesitating delineating the personal appearance, history and specialities of the spirit under consideration, she firmly pronounces the given and surname, and frequently adds a narrative of one or more of the leading events of their earth lives.

By such wonderful tests as these hundreds of persons in Cincinnati and its environs have been convinced of the soul's immortality, and the presence of beloved guardian angels.

## THE SOUL'S QUESTION—WHITHER AM I BOUND?

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A Lecture by EMMA HARDINGE.

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THIS is the question which the soul in every age and every clime has reiterated. This is the question which of all others presses home the nearest, and with the most imperative urgency upon the human mind, involving as it does all that is important in man's eternal welfare. What if we learn how fearfully and wonderfully we are made? What if we comprehend our lordship over space, and even learn to realise the methods of creation, until we, ourselves, can model after the Creator in controlling them, and make our knowledge a power by which we put the material universe beneath our feet? We may understand that though we count but as units in the grand scheme of human existence, still we never lose the actual fact of our personal individuality; that we live for ever, each one as a god-like identity; that we are larger and grander than even suns, stars and systems—which think not—mightier than the whole universe of matter, because we alone are endowed with an immortal spirit.

And yet, although we may realise all this, and rejoice in the divine Fatherhood of God, the question will arise, if this knowledge exists beyond the grave? Are the glorious beams of intellect quenched in death? Do we lose these transcendent powers when the light of our earthly life grows dim, and at length goes out, and all around is darkened?

These are questions which must be answered. In the day of our great sorrow, how earnestly do they press home upon us; they knock at the door of our hearts and demand entrance when our loved ones depart from us, importunately questioning whither they have gone. Mankind has reiterated the question of that philosophy which purports to interpret the problems of life; but, alas! it is only life present. Philosophy cannot follow life's issues into the realm of spirit. And yet, says philosophy, we behold eternity written upon every form of matter; the passing seasons whisper, "we will come again." The sighing winds of winter, the burning beams of summer, all return with their recurring season; the mournful voices of autumn, as they sing the requiem of the flowers, and blooms that are passing away, still whisper, "another year we shall come again." Eternity is written in the blue heavens; the stars which have disappeared from the gaze of the astronomer, live still in space. All things return in reconstructed beauty; but the most beautiful of all, the form that we have best loved—must the noblest work of God—man—perish, then, and leave



us alike uninstructed of his fate, and comfortless? The sweet vibrating tones of love, are they hushed for ever beneath the waving grass of the silent tomb? And these questions are for the living as for the dead:—Whither am I bound? What is my destiny? All other subjects of living interest cluster around the theme of immortality; all else sinks into insignificance before it.

The more we reflect upon the nature of human action, the more do we find in it notes of instinctive preparation for the future. We build for to-morrow, we gather riches for to-morrow; all our stores of learning are laid up with a hope of applying them to the uses of the future. The moment which we call the present is gone ere we can number its gifts. If there be no hereafter for the spirit, then is the soul—the great governing power of humanity—the only failure in the universe.

I do not propose to reiterate now the evidences of the soul's immortality; I do not press home this question upon those thinkers of the nineteenth century who have received the full assurance of immortality from the demonstrated presence of the immortals themselves. With the believers in spirit-communion I need but consider that which attempts to solve the question, Whither am I bound? To answer this, I know that the modern Spiritualist can gaze through the open gate of the hereafter, and that his eyes have been permitted to look down the shining corridors of eternity. It is true this most blessed privilege has only been accorded to the few exceptional persons known as mediums; nevertheless, as the seers of the nineteenth century give in their testimony from every land of civilization, our part is on behalf of those who are not thus highly favoured by immediate intercourse with the revelators of the spheres, to offer you a summary of the knowledge that has thus been gleaned and attested by the witness of many thousands, whose testimony has been rendered under circumstances that rendered collusion impossible; to rehearse the generalities of the answer which the immortals themselves have brought to the weighty query—Whither am I bound?

The first link of evidence in which we find a response, is in the soul's own intuitive recognition of its immortal nature, and the warnings of conscience that compensation and retribution must follow the results of earthly action. Another of the witnesses concerning the soul's destiny hereafter, is to be found in the universality of the belief which has ever prevailed in the wise and beneficial doctrine of eternal progress.

In ancient times the universal belief of mankind was, that this earth was a probationary state, wherein the soul was

compelled to pass through conditions of preparation for the hereafter.

The doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, prevailed throughout the East; but, repulsive as that doctrine appears to us now, it originated in the philosophical belief that every human being was, to some extent, allied to the animal creation; that the passions, which are inherent in the human form, are represented in the various types of the animal kingdom; and that those who preserved, in a marked degree, those tendencies that distinguish the lower creatures must, of necessity, return to earth at death, and inhabit the form whose attributes the spirit exhibited.

This idea was based on the belief that earth was the only sphere of probation for the soul of man; hence we perceive that these views, although originating in the recognition of man's material nature, and his alliance with the animal kingdom, nevertheless take their peculiar shape from ignorance of the grander vistas of a progressive hereafter, which the spheres of the modern spiritual philosophy describe. Limited as were the perceptions of the divine economy implied by a *belief* in the metempsychosis, the central idea embodied a recognition of the law of progress and probation for the soul; also, the absolute necessity of perfect purity before we can enter upon those higher conditions of spirit-life which we are accustomed to call Heaven. This doctrine, too, recognized the kindly alliance which man sustains with all creation, and inculcated tenderness toward the lower creatures. The universality of this belief may be traced by the scholar through all the beliefs of the Orient, except amongst the Jews. We find no trace of it in the Old Testament; but then its pages contain no proof, no direct teaching of the soul's immortality, and we can only vaguely infer from it that there were some sects amongst the Jews who entertained such a belief. In the New Testament Christ the Spirit not only taught the immortality of the soul, but also that our immortal existence was fashioned by the deeds done in the body. The central idea of His doctrine was ever that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and is born of our own pure acts and thoughts.

There are two points to which, in connection with His teachings, we would call your attention: In the very moment when the parting spirit of the gentle Nazarene might have truly beheld the realities of the hereafter, He uttered to the penitent thief those memorable words, "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The theology of Christianity teaches that Jesus did not ascend into Heaven till the third day. Where, then, was that

Paradise in which the sufferers were to meet on the first day—aye, even on the very day when their mortal eyes were for ever closing upon earth? All commentators upon Oriental beliefs declare that the ancients believed Paradise was an intermediate state; a realm where the discipline of human life was still continued, and the pilgrim soul passed from sphere to sphere, in the fulfilment of its progressive destiny.

Again: one of the companions of Jesus—Peter—affirms, in the epistle ascribed to him, that Jesus went and preached to disobedient spirits in prison. Can we suppose that He whose meek and gentle heart could so hardly brook the sight of sorrow that He wept at the tomb of Lazarus, could go to that region of gloom for the alleviation of woe, and work in vain? If the wretched spirits in prison to whom Jesus preached were incapable of reform and progress, would he have mocked them with his teachings? Wherefore did Christ descend to teach the spirits in prison at all? The fact that He is said to have done so is in itself a gospel of progress and hope. How should we rejoice that at last the dark pall which superstition, bigotry, and ignorance has woven around us is rent in twain, and the gloom of the grave is converted into the sunlight of immortal life! The testimony, however, which is given by the very lips of the Founder of Christianity concerning the existence of Paradise or a mid region of progress, is one of the strongest points which the Christian Scriptures afford concerning the soul's destiny hereafter.

I shall now refer to the general features of agreement in which the spirits of the nineteenth century answer the question, Whither am I bound? And first, we must consider the spirits' teachings concerning the nature and locality of the spirit world, in which the hosts of returning intelligences, who are now in our midst, claim to be dwelling. Whilst they speak to you in many varied tongues, whilst they give you widely different information concerning their individual conditions, there are certain specialities in which all communicating spirits agree. They affirm that all creation witnesses of three and only three primitive elements; these they call matter, life, and spirit. They hold that these three elements are imperishable and eternal; that in all forms of being they exist, and that all varieties of being can be resolved back into these three primal elements; that matter is the passive, unintelligent element moved upon; life—with its dual attributes of attraction and repulsion—permeates all matter; spirit, the universal, active, powerful governing element, controls and animates both the others, and is known by its attributes of will or mind. All this science admits, but adds that, if these elements are primaries, they are never

exhibited apart; that wherever we behold the form of matter, there it is permeated by life; and that matter and life take their highest forms through the chemistry of atoms in man. Spirits proclaim that these three elements exist apart, and that they are three original, primal, and yet separate, existences. They claim that whilst the forms of matter exist, as long as life inheres in them, that life exists without the form of material things. The walls around you, the floor beneath your feet, the garments you wear, all things you call *inanimate*—these are, in reality, permeated by the element of life. The cohesion that exists in the particles of this garment maintains its integrity only by virtue of the life within it. The day shall come when the garment waxes old, when the particles of matter shall cease to cohere, and the scattered atoms become a thing of death and dust; the form crumbles, but the life remains for ever.

What is our witness? Spirit affirmations and clairvoyance. The eye of the spirit, embodied and disembodied, not only reveals the fact that there is life in me, but that when I undergo the transformation of death all that made me the real man has passed away with the spirit; all the attributes of matter remain in the crumbling dust; weigh the form, and you shall not detect a difference that would turn the scales against a single hair; nothing of matter has passed away and yet the man is dead. Where is the life? Oh, scientists, ye who claim that matter is eternal—that there is no such thing as annihilation, how can you account for the absence of the solemn mystery of life; for the sudden departure of that magnetic force or cohesion which bound together the atoms of the now crumbling form? The eye of clairvoyance perceives moreover every form that in the past has ever existed. We call these perceptions mere images. What are images? Are they not the shadows of that which now has or else has had an existence? Each shadow predicates a substantial origin—each image a reflection from a reality. But let us glance at the claims which the spirits make concerning the nature of the spirit-country. They assert that all that has ever been born of matter dies and gives back its material part to earth again, but that the real force, which is the life essence, remains an entity for ever in the spirit-country, and it is of this element, the life principle, that the spirit-world and all it contains is composed. Age after age have the temples, palaces, houses, cities and villages which man has built, flourished, decayed and passed away from human ken, but their forms still remain, and are perpetuated in the soul-world, which permeates this globe. Even now upon its surface the soul of all things is quivering and throbbing in every

existing form. The mortal eye beholds not the real existence, for that is the invisible life; the outer form is but the mould in which it is represented. Within is the spirit, which in the disintegration of death becomes the permanent and essential being. Thus, then, as the generations of material forms decay, their essences remain, and form the constituent elements and things of the spirit-country. Thus of the generations of man whom age after age you have seen depart; millions after millions passing through the silent gates of death into what you have deemed the oblivion or sleep of death, we know now they neither sleep nor even pass away from you! The garment drops off, and as it falls the living spirit stands in the realities of the interior soul or spirit-world—the soul-world, that permeates every form of matter, and after the transformation of mortal death becomes the second sphere of existence.

It would seem, from the various communications that have been given by spirits during the last twenty years, that there are various ascending spheres or states in which the soul dwells; that whilst all the forms of earth have passed into this spirit-country, there are great diversities in its conditions. It is difficult for man to comprehend the character of that immortality which includes the vast and almost illimitable freight of human life that has passed from earth during past ages, except we remember that law of matter which proves that the finer penetrates the grosser and denser almost to infinity.

Surrounding this earth are various strata of atmosphere filled with spaces, the extreme extenuation of which you cannot follow to any ultimate point. By analogy, therefore, you may apprehend how the sublimated existences of spirit-life permeate the realms of space; and how, in like manner, the finer and more attenuated realms of spirit-life permeate the denser, and that in multiform conditions beyond man's power to calculate.

Again, there is one law of physics which defines the conformation of this spirit-world—it is this:—that as the finer particles of matter radiate outwards by centrifugal action, so do the finer particles of the spiritual element fly off from the centre, until, during countless ages, they have formed zones around the central sphere, encompassing it with myriads of refined and ever-refining belts of atmosphere.

We must now briefly notice the condition of that soul-world which lies nearest and is most intimately connected with this earth. This spirit-sphere is that which, in point of progress, you may call the second. Remember that all forms of matter are permeated by the soul-world, and it requires no actual distance, in point of space, to define different spheres. As the

elements of life pervade every part of matter, so does the soul-world penetrate all space; yet in point of proximity, the second sphere of mortal existence is immediately within this earth, and is, in fact, a duplicate of earth, differing only in its states of mind—for to the inhabitants of this sphere, it is dark and comfortless, and unlighted by the beams of that physical sun which constitutes the life of this planet. In the spirit-world death effects this stupendous change, namely, that whilst here all you possess you acquire from the external; in spirit-life every object you behold, and the entire of your possessions and surroundings are outwrought from within.

And, again, these surroundings are made up from the deeds and thoughts which have fashioned the soul in its earthly pilgrimage. In a word, those who live in this soul-world are merely the dwellers on the threshold of our own; they are the spirits of those who have not done with earth, whose earthly mission has not been fulfilled. Here they have to learn that stupendous lesson of spiritual existence, which teaches that God has given to every creature on this planet a work to do—no matter how small or how large.

This work, entrusted to us by the Great Spirit, must be performed through two methods—the one, the love of self, the impulse that makes us guard the integrity of our being; the other the love of our neighbour, the higher but equally imperative feeling which should impel us to regard his rights as our own, himself as an equal participator with us in all the privileges which God has bestowed upon us. In a word, the law of life is the law of love—that love that includes self and the neighbour alike. What but love to the creature is love to God, exhibited in acts of kindness to his creature?

Whenever the spirits of men on earth have realized that dual law, and have striven to follow its injunctions; whenever through the action of universal love to all men the soul has performed its mission fully on earth, then, and then only, does death come as the liberating angel, carrying us up to the mountains of transfiguration; and though we may stand like the “man of sorrows,” despised and rejected of men, the garments of heavenly whiteness which human love has woven around us will prove our wedding robe of passport into the realms of the glorious land we call Heaven. It is failure only in this divine element of human love that renders so many spirits mere *dwellers on the threshold*, dwellers in that sorrowful realm where they must remain until all life’s unfulfilled duties are performed. Within this world of unblessed spirits are the various grades of crime, whose wretched types ourselves have daily seen in life’s darkest scenes. Their surroundings cor-

respond with the passions that possess their souls; hence, they live in darkness—selfish, icy cold, or anger's burning heat—sensual filth, or brutal degradation, just as their own deformed spirits create the images that are projected from within. You shrink from this repulsive picture, but have you ever asked yourselves what should be the hereafter for the sensualist, the miser, the murderer, tyrant or hypocrite? What for those who have misused the talents God has entrusted to them in any direction—who have wasted life, and made of their souls a shipwreck? Oh, believe the spirits—all such are dwellers on the threshold, and must continue the life they have led on earth—for to earth they are bound in chains themselves have forged, till time, remorse and progressive effort shall bring deliverance, and send them upward and onward. Each is in the sphere himself has made; but yet let it be remembered that even in this sphere of retribution, God's punishments are all reformatory—His penalties not as the vengeance man takes upon his fellow man, but are methods of discipline and instruction, and incentives to progress.

Mourn not for the dwellers on the threshold, even whilst you listen to the voices of these unhappy spirits, and learn why they suffer, and why they call upon you to search into the realities of their miserable condition. To gain strength and instruction from you, and, in return, inform you of the stern realities that follow as inevitable results of an ill-spent life, are the purposes of communion with these unhappy spirits: and hence you, too, may become the Christ-like preachers to the disobedient spirits in prison, whilst they shall gain from you the sympathy and guidance which false theologies and false conditions of society have deprived them of.

I shall but briefly refer to those brighter lands beyond this sphere of darkness. The sphere in locality next above the earth is inhabited by the radiant souls of little children, cared for by those blessed and purified spirits who have been deprived on earth of the joys of paternal life, but who still yearn for the sweet parental office.

In this bright realm there is no sin, and hence no darkness, sorrow, pain, or grief. The purity and innocence of its child-like people, the tender love of the teachers, and the unconsciousness of sin or woe in the pupils, make of this Summer-Land a realm of eternal bloom and beauty, a home of love, a land of light, and a Heaven where sorrow enters not.

Beyond this blessed sphere are found the realms of intellectual lore, or the spheres of knowledge. Here the glorious master-minds of earth still pursue the themes they loved, and continue the vast research for light, commenced on earth; here all

the great arcana of creation are unfolded, the mysteries of space displayed, and the spirit revels in the eternal panorama of God's universe for ever.

And still beyond this sphere, and beyond again, are worlds of life, where live the martyrs, sages, heroes, and earth's best and truest spirits, who, through suffering and the purgatorial fires of human griefs, have purged away all sin, and from their shining spirits outwork that glorious kingdom of which our finite mortal sense can form no other comprehension than to deem it Heaven; and whilst our highest conceptions of Heaven fail to realize the exceeding glory to which the good, the pure and beautiful of earth have risen, spirits still rehearse the tale of higher spheres, higher and grander still.

We may not, even in thought, follow the soul in its celestial flights beyond the dim conceptions which we, as mortal beings, entertain of earthly happiness; enough for us to know that progress is eternal, and that in the Father's many mansions our spirit's aim and flight will meet no let or hindrance, save our finite capacity for never-ending bliss—no pause in that eternal pilgrimage through realms of light and glory where there shall be no sun, no moon nor stars, but God Himself shall be the light of the beautiful kingdom for ever and for ever. It is enough for us to know that He is there—that His hand conducts us through the spaces, and opens the glories of eternity to every soul! It is enough for us to know that, in obedience to His mandate of progression, angel voices are calling, "Come up higher!" from every shining sphere to which our feet are bound!

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### ECCE HOMO.

Oh, Christ! Thou hope of men!  
 When Thou shalt come again,  
     Through Truth's new birth,  
 May all the fruits of peace,  
 Be found in rich increase,  
     Upon the earth.  
 Then shall the song of sweet accord,  
 Sung by the heavenly hosts of yore,  
 To hail the coming of their Lord,  
 Sound through the ages evermore.

LIZZIE DOTEN.



## THE HISTORY AND SPIRITUAL LIFE OF SOCRATES.

(As given by BARON BUNSEN in his "God in History.")

### PART III.

"PERHAPS we may even say that Socrates did not, like most of us, at his entrance on the responsibilities of free self-determination, stake and forfeit the living impulse divinely implanted in man (instinct), but on the contrary, cherished, purified, and exalted that instinct. The reason was that his personal religious consciousness was based on moral harmony and likeness to God. We are here referring to that invisible Voice, which he called the Godlike in us, and which, shortly before his death, manifested itself also in the form of a prophetic vision beheld in sleep. *There are few points on which we can so easily and surely obtain documentary certainty as on this; but the so-called philosophers of the eighteenth century were partly too ignorant, partly found it too inconvenient, to submit the facts bearing on this subject to a searching criticism, and therefore discarded the whole story as a fable; just as their successors term everything a myth which does not fit into their systems.* On the other hand, all the wrong-headed and confused or dishonest thinkers who have occupied themselves with the "dæmon" of Socrates, from Plutarch to Porphyry and Iamblichus, have so distorted or misunderstood the documentary reports of the eye-witnesses, that, on this very point, it became possible for the most groundless opinions to take root among the great mass of educated persons. This, therefore, is a question on which we must lay before our readers the authentic statements of Socrates himself, so that they may be able to form an independent judgment for themselves.

"Concerning his prophetic dream, we have the account given by Socrates himself in the most authentic form possible; namely, in the discourse reported in *Crito*, which Socrates delivered in prison, three days before his death, and which we hold to be altogether historical. His friends had learned the evening before that the States ship, which had gone on the sacred voyage to Delos, had arrived at Cape Sunium, and would therefore no doubt, in the course of the following day, reach the Piræus. Its return was the signal for his execution, which had been delayed till then, in accordance with a sacred custom forbidding any one to be executed during its absence. Thus, the death of Socrates on the following day appeared inevitable. They therefore repaired to the prison by daybreak; for one night more, and all possibility of escape would be over. They found Socrates in a sweet, calm sleep. When he awoke, and inquired

the cause of their unwonted early appearance, they disclosed to him the ominous posture of affairs. His first answer is to the effect that, as he is sentenced to die the day after the ship arrives, he believes it will not come in to-day, but to-morrow, and gives the following explanation to his astonished friends:—

“This I conclude from a vision beheld in my dreams, which I saw last night just before awaking; a beautiful, graceful woman in white robes seemed to approach me, looked at me, and said: “O, Socrates! on the third day thou reachest Phthias’ fertile soil.”’

“The words of Achilles in the *Iliad*, when speaking of his return home—

And if Poseidon give me help, my feet  
On the third day will stand in Phthias’ green retreat.  
WORSLEY’S *Iliad*, Book ix., v. 230.

*So it was to his home that he was called by the inward voice of the Spirit embodied in the vision.* No one familiar with the Greek language and that of Plato has ever doubted that this incident was related by Socrates, *not metaphorically, but as an actual occurrence.* Now those who deny altogether the faculty of second-sight (for no one who believes in the possibility of such a faculty will be inclined to dispute it beforehand to the Attic sage on the very eve of his death), are therefore in the dilemma that they must either count Socrates or Plato a liar, or explain the delay in the ship’s arrival by an accidental coincidence. The former is not only at war with the general sentiment, but with every principle of historical and philological criticism; the latter can no more be refuted than demonstrated.

“But this story does not by any means stand alone. *Every prophetic dream must in the last resort be referred to an inward vision, and, moreover, to that very high spiritual grade of it in which the recipient does not lose the faculty of recollection.* The Attic sage made no secret to anybody of the fact (though he did not parade it), that he possessed a Divine Voice within, which in daily life restrained him from actions morally permissible, and not unreasonable, and that he was in the habit of obeying this Voice. Thus it was this assertion respecting himself, that, properly speaking, formed the legal ground of his indictment for blasphemy; and we find it actually so in the speech made for the defence by Socrates, which Plato, who was present, wrote down, and has, in all essential points, reported literally—an invaluable document for the general history of man’s religious consciousness. ‘The accusation,’ says Socrates, ‘runs as follows:’

“‘Socrates acts contrary to the laws, inasmuch as he is guilty of corrupting youth, and does not believe in the gods whom

the State believes in, but in other dæmonic (or supernatural agencies.)

“Then, after he has replied to Melitus, according to the Attic order of procedure, he continues:—

“‘That there are dæmonic agencies you say that I believe and teach; whether of an old or new kind, at any rate, in some dæmonic agency I believe, according to your own account, and this you have sworn to in your indictment. But if I believe in dæmonic agency, I must of course believe that there are dæmons.’

“He returns to this point when defending himself before the Athenians for not having intermeddled with political affairs since the time when, after the battle of Arguinsæ, he, as one of the presidents of his tribe, sate in judgment on the ten generals, and in vain raised his voice in the popular assembly against their unjust and illegal condemnation to death:—

“‘Perhaps it may seem absurd that I go about giving advice to particular persons, and meddling with everybody, and yet that I do not come forward before your public assemblies, and give my advice about matters of State. *The cause of this is, that which I have often said and you have often heard, that I have a Divine Monitor, of which Melitus, in his indictment, makes so mocking a charge. This Monitor I have had from my boyhood—a certain Voice, which, whenever it comes to me, restrains me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on to do. This is what has stood in the way of my undertaking public affairs.* And most rightly, I think; for you may be well assured that if I had engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished, and should have done no good either to you or to myself.’

“After the sentence had been pronounced against him, he once more reverts to this inward Divine Voice; in one place, he defines it as ‘prophecy,’ and then again as the ‘signal of the God.’ Addressing himself only to the true judges—those who had voted him innocent—he says:—

“‘To me now, sirs and judges—for to you I may with good reason address this title—a singular thing has happened. The Divine Monitor with which I am familiar has, during the whole of my previous life, very frequently warned me, even on very trivial occasions, to refrain, when I was about to do something unadvisable. But now I have come, as you yourselves see, into a position which any one would imagine and which is held to be extreme misfortune; yet the signal of the God did not stop me, either when I left my house this morning, nor yet when I went up to the bar of the court, nor yet at any period of my speech. when I was about to say somewhat, although it has often on other occasions stopped me in the midst of a speech. But now,

in the whole course of this trial, it has never warned me back from doing or saying anything. How am I to explain this? I will tell you. The chances are that what has befallen me is for my good, and that those among us cannot possibly be in the right who say that death is an evil. I find a strong proof of this in the fact that the accustomed sign would certainly have warned me to refrain, if I had not been about to do that which was salutary for me.'

"From these solemn and authentic declarations of Socrates the following conclusions clearly result:—

"I. The so-called dæmon or Divinity of Socrates was an inward Voice; not a dæmon or gnome, which invisibly accompanied him.

"II. It only warned him not to do things, but never impelled him to action.

"III. This inward Voice he recognised as a Divine God-given signal, which he obeyed, and which he found by experience to be a Divine guidance.

"IV. It did not coincide with ordinary conscience—that inward voice which warns us against an immoral, therefore unreasonable action—for it bade him refrain in cases when the action which he was intending was morally and rationally unexceptionable.

"V. Still less was it a calculation of prudence, or an effect of fear. This he himself says expressly.

"Putting all this together, the dæmon of Socrates would appear to be an individual conscience quickened up to the level of prophecy, but only so with reference to the special moral and rational aim of his life.

"Let us now see whether the rest of Plato's expressions respecting the Dæmonic Voice agree with this view, or are opposed to it. The dialogue entitled *Euthyphron*, probably composed at the time of Socrates' trial, which is discussed in it—a document of peculiar importance in its bearing on the religious belief of the Athenians, and their theologians and prophets, inasmuch as Euthyphron was a State-augur—states distinctly that the main point of the accusation turned on Socrates' assertions respecting the Divine Voice. In this dialogue Socrates says:—

"Melitus says that I am an inventor of new gods, and that because I invent new gods, and do not believe in the old ones, he has, for the honour of the gods, brought the charge against me.'

"On which Euthyphron answers:—

"I understand, Socrates. He means your dæmon, or Divine Guide, that you say accompanies you. And this he

makes a point to found his accusation upon, and bring you before the court of justice, knowing that such accusations produce an effect upon many. And so it is. They laugh at me also, whenever I pretend to prophesy, and yet I always prophesy truly. It is all envy, but we must not heed them.'

"Euthyphron readily places himself on the same footing with Socrates, in so far as to recognise in the Dæmonic Voice a miraculous revelation of the Deity. The fact of Socrates' Divine Monitor was notorious among the people; it gave the philosopher a peculiar standing, even in the eyes of hierarchical diviners or soothsayers to whom Euthyphron belonged. But it was evidently an inward Divine Voice, and, moreover, one which never failed him—therefore, a Divine Monitor in the highest sense of the word. The word is also here used as an adjective in the sense of 'the Divine.' \* \* \*

"For those who regard the *First Alcibiades* as a genuine production of Plato (which I cannot do), we may further cite here the opening of that dialogue, where a similar view manifests itself. Socrates is about to explain why he had for many years quite neglected Alcibiades, whose earliest admirer he had been:—

"'It was not a human, but a kind of dæmonic repulsion that held me back, of whose influence thou shalt hear more anon.'

"'Dæmonic' is here a pure adjective, and synonymous with 'Divine,' only with the secondary signification of something indwelling in man. The substantive ordinarily corresponding to it stands also at the beginning of the *Euthydemus*, where Socrates is telling how he was about to stand up in the Lyceum at the sight of Euthydemus and his scholars, when 'the usual dæmonic sign' prevented him.

"Socrates says the same thing in a passage of the *Phædrus* (which, however, is conceived in a playful tone), where he suddenly feels a scruple as he is about to cross the Ilipsus:—

"'I perceive the dæmonic and customary sign, which always deters me from any action that I am about to perform (namely, as often as it announces its presence).'

"On this occasion, the Voice admonished him that he had not yet fulfilled an external observance incumbent on him.

"But the special function of this Voice in respect to the continuance or breaking off of interviews with his disciples is also evident from the *Theætetus*, in which Socrates says:—

"'With some of these—when they, desiring intercourse with me, come to me again, and make every effort to that end—the Divine Voice which speaks to me forbids me to have anything to do! with others it allows it, and these latter make progress.'

\* \* \* \* \* "Very important is the expression

attributed to Socrates in Plato's great work, the *Republic*. He is alleging the grounds on which other earnest men have occupied themselves with philosophy, and then adds what has withheld him from abandoning the search after truth:—

“‘I need not mention the supernatural sign which restrains me; for I fancy it has been granted to few, if any, before my time. Now, he who has become a member of this little band, and has tasted how sweet and blessed his treasure is, and has watched the madness of the many, with the full assurance that there is scarcely a person who takes a single judicious step in his public life, and that there is no ally with whom he may safely march to the succour of the just; nay, that, should he attempt it, he will be like a man that has fallen among wild beasts, unwilling to join in their iniquities, and unable singly to resist the fury of all, and therefore doomed to perish before he can be of any service to his country or his friends, and do no good to himself or any one else; having, I say, weighed all this, such a man keeps quiet and confines himself to his own concerns, like one who takes shelter behind a wall on a stormy day, when the wind is driving before it a hurricane of dust and rain, and when from his retreat he sees the infection of lawlessness spreading over the rest of mankind, he is well content if he can in any way live his life here, untainted in his own person by unrighteous and unholy deeds, and when the time for his release arrives, takes his departure amid bright hopes, with cheerfulness and serenity.’

“We have now (with the exception of a single one, with which we shall close our observations), passed under review all the passages of the genuine Plato referring to the Divine Monitor of Socrates. \* \* \* \* \*

“The passage is as follows:—

“‘Nor does what now happens to me happen without purpose on the part of the Deity; for I am persuaded that it is better for me to die and to have done with the things of this world. And therefore it is that the sign never warned me nor turned me from my course, and that I feel no anger either towards those who have condemned me or towards my accusers.’

“Hence, regarded as a world-historical fact of religious consciousness, that prophetic vision at the close of Socrates' life is nothing else than that moral faculty of premonition, remaining within the limit of negation, which, in the Jewish prophets, displayed itself affirmatively. For the latter is also prohibitory; it forbids them to do this or that—to undertake a journey, for instance. But it also shows them what shall come to pass, what is to be done, or expected under given circumstances. Socrates' prophetic voice bears the same relation to the genuine utterances

of the Pythia as the visions of the prophets do to the auguries of the other Semetic seers—from the avaricious Balaam up to the honest Agabus, who predicted to Paul his arrest. In this sense alone can we assent to Hegel when he says that the dæmon of Socrates was a cross between the externality of oracle and the purely inward working of the spirit. For, indeed, that peculiar phase of religious consciousness is purely internal.

“The phenomenon of a prognosticating spirit is—with Socrates as with the prophets—a moral one, standing in harmony with and presupposing rational deliberate speech and action; it is the fruit of moral purity, and the reward of faithful search after God. To sum up the whole, taking all these circumstances into account, they yield us the indisputable fact, that Socrates possessed a faculty of the ethical being, which we must denominate, in distinction from miracle, *a personal wonder-working energy*; that is to say, an ethical quality of the life-instinct. According to the foregoing, its essence we must define to be, that conscience had become to him an infallible sense of that which was inimical to the life of his ethical (pneumatic, spiritual) Psyche; in like manner as the physical instinct indicates the presence of that which is prejudicial to the animal or natural Psyche.

“In this region, the sensible conditions of time—nay, even those of space—fall away; and hence, even at the great crisis of his Psyche, we see Socrates certain that it is not on the morrow, but the day after, that he should drink the cup of hemlock.

“For his disciples, he did not reject either mysteries or oracles, but he held himself apart from both, after he had once recognized that what was true in them could be discovered with greater certainty and precision by the analysis of one’s own inward experience to be a truth of our reason; and, moreover, by such analysis alone could be demonstrated and recognized to be the soul’s own especial treasure. Now, since he joined with reverence and hearty devotion in the outward religious *cultus* of the State, offering up meanwhile his own secret prayers to the Deity, *we can only see in his attitude towards mysteries and oracles a warning not to seek satisfaction of the soul in any outward thing when we are in a position to find it within ourselves. Those ordinances, he says, proceed upon correct assumptions respecting the relation of man to God; but they confer no actual knowledge of God, and therefore, in the long run, they, like the popular cultus, end with putting SOMETHING OUTWARD IN THE PLACE OF THAT WHICH IS INWARD, though pretending to something more exalted.*

“If we follow out these thoughts into their consequences,

they involve a great prophetic apprehension. The difference between what is external and what is internal must vanish ; and it will vanish, for 'the God takes care of us,' as Socrates used to say. This practical belief and train of ideas find their continuation and further development in the godlike intellect of Plato."

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### KESHUB CHUNDER SEN ON PRAYER.

(*A Personal Experience.*)

MOST of our readers will have heard of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Hindoo Reformer, who in his own country is waging so noble a warfare against idolatry, polygamy, and caste—the triple curse of India, and who, on his recent visit to England, was welcomed amongst us by liberal and devout minds of different churches—Dean Stanley, James Martineau, and a learned Jewish Rabbi joining in the same public reception given to him. It is interesting to know what a mind so broad and free and catholic, so liberal and progressive, has to say on those great questions of the soul which belong to all religions, and in which, indeed, all men are deeply concerned. And it is all the more interesting that he comes to these questions with fresh and open mind, unembarrassed by the speculations, controversies, theories, and creeds of our rival philosophers and churches. This we have now an opportunity of doing in the *Lectures and Tracts* edited by Miss Collet.\* We give only one illustration. In noble, manly language, the sincerity of which no one can mistake, Mr. Sen thus records the experiences of his own heart on the subject of prayer :—

I can give you no better explanation of the fact how I have learned to pray, and why I am in the habit of offering prayer daily to my God. If I could do without it, this very moment I would leave off the habit. If I had never felt the necessity of prayer myself, I would never have been engaged in it, even if it were insisted upon by teachers or books ;—but I have found it necessary. When it pleased my merciful God to cause the light of religion to dawn upon my heart,—allow me to mention an incident from the earliest chapter of my religious history,—when through His grace my eyes were first opened to the importance of religion, and the first struggles for emancipation from sin began to agitate my heart, then I felt the need of prayer. I found my heart was full of darkness, and was under the deadly influence of all the passions of the flesh, the allurements of the world, the power of evil, the power of fame, and of lust, and of ambition, and of covetousness, and of worldliness. Against these multitudinous enemies, I, a poor sinner, could not possibly stand. Feeble in body, feebler in mind, feebler still in spirit, how could I stand in the face of enemies

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\* *The Brahma-Somaj Lectures and Tracts.* By KESHUB CHUNDER SEN. First and Second Series. Edited by SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET. LONDON: STRAHAN and Co.



so awful, so formidable, and so numerous as these,—enemies outside and enemies within, contending for mastery over my soul day and night? What could I do in circumstances such as these? I waited not for the revelation of any particular book or the teachings of any particular prophet. In deep agony I consulted my soul, and my soul said, in language exceedingly simple and impressive, ‘Pray, and pray, if you want salvation. None but God can save sinners.’ And then my proud and arrogant mind was humbled down, and with it was humbled down my head; my heart, which had been eaten up with conceit, and arrogance, and self-sufficiency, found that there was nothing in it which could withstand the awful assaults of temptation, and in utter helplessness I threw myself at my Father’s feet. All sides of the horizon were dark; light suddenly burst forth in one direction, and it appeared as if the word “Prayer” was written in golden letters on the gate of the kingdom of God—showing that none entereth God’s kingdom except he pass through the gate of prayer—none conquereth sin and temptation unless he humbly, earnestly, and fervently pray. Without wavering or hesitation, therefore, I at once began to pray to my God. The first day—a blessed day it was—I prayed in the morning and in the night, secretly and humbly. No brother helped me with counsel or encouragement. Nay, I had to conceal the matter from the knowledge of my friends and relatives, lest they should scoff at me. I was sure that as soon as they came to know of it, they would ridicule me and scoff at me, and try to dissuade me, if possible, from such a noble and godly habit; and lest such circumstances should happen, I kept the matter a great secret. Day after day I kept on praying, and in the course, I assure you, of a few days, I found as it were a flood of light entering into the inmost recesses of my heart, and dissipating the darkness of my soul, the darkness of death. Oh, it was cheering moonlight streaming through overhanging clouds of hideous sin! Then I felt great relief, unspeakable comfort. I also felt that I could eat and drink with pleasure. Then I found rest on my bed, and then I found comfort in the company of friends. For I can assure you there was a time in my life when I had almost given up mirth and good-humour and cheerfulness, and amusements of all kinds. I felt that the world was dark because my heart was full of darkness; and had not my gracious and beneficent God revealed to me just at that time this great gospel of salvation, namely, Prayer, I cannot think where I would have been to-night. You would not have seen me in Bombay addressing you from this pulpit. Oh, it is too much for my feelings to bear—it overpowers me when it enters my mind—the thought where I would have been to-night if God had not taught me to pray! Prayer, to me, was the beginning of salvation.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND MR. D. D. HOME.

THE War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* (Lord Adare) in a letter to that journal of October 31st, writing from Versailles, says:—“Among our party was Mr. Daniel Home, the celebrated Spiritualist, whom the King promptly recognized, and addressed very kindly—reminding him of the wonders that he (Mr. Home) had been the means of imparting to him, and inquiring about ‘the spirits’ in by no means a sceptical tone. We may add that the King said to Mr. Home that ‘he had told many of his friends of the wonderful manifestations he had seen in Mr. Home’s presence: his friends did not believe him; but the facts were true for all that.’”

## MEETINGS, LECTURES, AND NEW SOCIETIES IN LONDON.

The first of a series of Winter *Soirées* at Harley Street was held November 14th, when a Paper was read by Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., in reply to popular objections against Miracles, more especially to those urged by David Home in his pretentious and paradoxical essay on that subject, and more recently by Mr. Lecky. It was a Paper of marked ability; its argument was clear, logical, and convincing. No attempt was made at its refutation. Mr. Lecky was invited, but was not present; and in the absence of opposition, Mr. Shorter, by invitation, addressed the meeting in further elucidation of the general subject. Mr. Wallace's Paper should be published in a compendious form for circulation more especially among men of science and letters, members of learned societies, and clergymen.

On the same evening Mr. John Jones gave a Lecture on the Supernatural at Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street; and other meetings on Spiritualism have since been held at the same place, and have been moderately well attended. We do not think that the idea of illustrating Spiritualism, and rendering it popular by the aid of the magic lantern and dissolving views, is altogether a happy one; but there are many to whom it may prove an attraction. We understand that Mr. Jones's Lecture and Exhibition are to be repeated in other places.

The Winter Session of the St. John's Association was opened on November 3rd, by Mr. Thomas Shorter, with an Address on Modern Spiritualism.

Mrs. Hardinge arrived in London from New York, November 15th, and a public reception by the Spiritualists was given her, November 22nd, at the Cambridge Hall, Newman Street. We learn that arrangements are being made for her to lecture both in London and in the Provinces.

We hear of new Associations of Spiritualists that have been formed, or are in course of formation, at Brixton, Kilburn, Dalston, Islington, and other parts of the metropolis.

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 DIRECT SPIRIT PAINTING.

The last number of *Human Nature* says that Mr. David Duguid, of Glasgow, continues to paint pictures in the trance; and that "A new form of this wonderful art has been developed of late. We refer to paintings done direct by the spirits, almost instantaneously, while the medium sits quite passive in the dark. We were present in company with Miss Mary Wooderson, London, Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Nicholson, Glasgow, on the evening of October 19, when the following phenomena occurred:—A card, the size of an ordinary envelope, was placed on the table, with

prepared paints and brushes. The light was turned out, and in less than thirty seconds, when the light was struck, a landscape, painted in oil colours, was found in the centre of the card. It was about the size of the nail of the little finger, and the details could not be seen to advantage without a magnifying-glass. Another card was identified and placed on the table, and a picture the size of the thumb-nail was produced in less than forty seconds. In both cases, the picture occupies exactly the centre of the card. There could be no doubt as to the paintings being produced then and there by direct spirit agency—as the paint was wet, and the medium, in deep trance, placed his right hand into Mr. Nisbet's left while the light was out. Another attempt was made, and a full-length portrait of a Persian spirit, who is familiar at the circle, was done in two minutes. It occupied the whole card, and presented abundant evidences of its having been freshly done. Miss Wooderson's clairvoyance testified to the fact that she saw the spirit, Jan Stein, performing the work of producing the pictures. The colours seemed to be transferred to the card instantaneously by one action of each brush; then the card was heard to fall on the table, and the spirit-hand rapped on the table for the light to be struck. The clairvoyant also saw the shady form of the Persian standing for his portrait."

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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT ON SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, the United States Consul, in a lecture on his recent travels in Europe, delivered at Buttle Creek, near Chicago, and reported in the *Present Age* of September 3rd, makes the following statement:—

"While in England I dined with John Bright, when transpired quite an earnest conversation upon the subject of Spiritualism. He said he had witnessed some of D. D. Home's manifestations. They were wonderful. He could attribute them to no cause except it be the one alleged, that of intelligent, disembodied spirits. 'But,' he added, with due caution, 'I do not say that this is so, but if it be true, it is the strongest tangible proof we have of immortality.'"

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"MUCH THAT REMAINS UNEXPLAINED."

The special reporter of the *Daily Telegraph* has lately been looking up the subject of Spiritualism, so far at least as attending two or three *séances* at the Progressive Library is concerned. In his last report, after relating the phenomena he witnessed there at a *séance* on November 14th, he says:—  
"There were one or two instances of what looked remarkably like thought-reading, and which would require considerable

adaptation to reduce them within the limits of clever guessing or coincidence. After leaving a very wide margin for collusion or delusion in these matters, there is much that remains unexplained." And he goes on to say that "There is something that will persistently refuse to be explained" by the solution either of ventriloquism, or of thought-reading; and he concludes by strongly recommending those who present themselves at these *séances* to be on the alert, but at the same time to observe the conditions prescribed. "Let the investigator be content to do what is really all the Spiritualists ask—sit it out in silence—and if there be a trick involved, surely there are clever people in London to find it out.

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SPIRITUAL COMMUNION A TRUTH OF THE HIGHEST PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE.

In *Mountford's Magazine* for August is a "Discourse on Spiritualism," by its editor, the Rev. William Mountford, from which we take the following passage:—

"But to the great truth of spiritual communion there is a practical bearing of the highest importance. A momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life by the thought that it is passed in the presence of the great spiritual family. With what fulness and emphasis do the words of the apostle roll in upon the soul: 'Seeing that we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.' The cloud of witnesses! Do they indeed behold us? Can we bear their inspection, and willingly remain unworthy of their esteem? Can we cherish the thought that they are with us, and yet harbour principles and pursue habits from which they must turn with loathing and disgust? Our friends who have gone from us, in the strength of their affection, could, perhaps, see no fault in us. Our parents, it may be, were blind to our failings. Our children looked up to us with unmingled reverence, as if we had been the incarnation of every virtue, but the scales have now dropped from their eyes. They see no longer 'through a glass darkly.' They know us as we are. Have we fallen in their esteem? Do they find us less worthy of their love than they used to think us? Do they look upon us as less their companions and fellow disciples than they were here? Can we bear the thought? To realize it must instantly destroy our happiness, and disrobe life of all its beauty. Oh, let us then cut off all sources of alienation and disappointment on their part; let us not break fellowship with them by so living in negligence and sin, that they

must often avert their eyes from our unprofitable lives to the Eternal Throne in pitying intercession for us. For if anything can give our departed friends uneasiness, or awaken in them a pang, it is not our sicknesses and necessary sufferings, but our follies and sins. The possibility of spiritual communion, therefore, if properly entertained, must have a sanctifying influence upon the whole tenor of life; for deep conviction of lofty spiritual truth is a powerful incentive to duty, and lends a vigorous impulse to religious effort.

“We all need sympathy. We cannot live without it; and a profound realization of God in the soul, and of spiritual nearness and responsibility, is calculated to quicken aspiration and advance us onward to the attainment of a true and pure life. To know that the dear God sympathizes with us in all our distresses, and throws around us the shield of His mercy, is a most consoling, a most comforting thought; but to realize almost as intimate a sympathy with our dear ones gone from us, sweetens, oh! how greatly, the cup of sorrow, and peoples the seemingly vacant space with angels. True we *seem* to be alone, but we are not. As the prophet saw himself, so are we guarded and garrisoned about with a heavenly host.

“Do I address a bereaved parent? As you shiver and quail beneath the blow that left you childless and in despair, can you not find consolation in the conviction that those you mourn are not wholly taken from you—that the path of return is not wholly cut off?”

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#### ORIGIN OF THE “DEVIL’S SONATA.”

We all know that the mind possesses most wonderful power during sleep. Often its faculties seem intensified to such a degree that a person in sleep will do what he is utterly incapable of doing in his waking moments. The repetition or composition of poetry of a high order is not uncommon during sleep. Coleridge’s “Kubla-Khan” was composed in sleep and written out on waking.

The celebrated violinist, Tartini, left the following account after his death among his papers, of his celebrated musical composition, the “Devil’s Sonata.”

“He dreamed, one night, in 1713, that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions, and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind. He imagined he presented to the arch-fiend his own violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a *solo* so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard

or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise and so exquisite his delight, that for a time it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle, in the hope of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata.' He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever if he could have subsisted by any other means."

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A LADY FOLLOWED FOR TEN YEARS BY THE SPIRIT OF A  
LITTLE CHILD.

Another of those inexplicable mysteries which so far have defied the ingenuity of man to solve, has just come to light in the former county seat of Crawford County, Fredonia.

For about ten years past a lady residing in the place mentioned above has had for a companion a spirit child five or six years old, which attends her wherever she goes, and has been seen by nearly every resident of Fredonia at one time or another, following close in the wake of the lady in question. It has become a common expression when the little form is seen following the one whom she seems destined to guard through life, that "There goes B.'s little girl." The lady who is constantly followed by this little phantom has become accustomed to its presence, and exhibits no alarm or uneasiness when it is observed near her. Frequent attempts have been made to capture the mysterious little visitor, but when the hands would seem to be about coming in contact with the form, it would suddenly melt away and become invisible.

Only once has it been seen in any other place than following the lady alluded to, and that was a short time after the close of the war. A gentleman had just returned home from the army, and with his wife and child were occupying a room in the house of the haunted lady. They had retired and lighted a lamp, and he was in conversation with his wife, when he heard the pit-a-pat of a child's feet on the floor near the bed. Looking in the direction of the sound, he observed a little girl walking toward the stairway. Naturally supposing that it was his own child that had got out of bed some way, he sprang up and followed the form down the stairs, at the same time calling it to return.

His wife, noticing his movements, asked him what he was doing. He replied that their child was out of bed and going down stairs, and he was trying to catch it and bring it back. The wife responded that the child was still in bed, which the husband found true on returning to bed. He told his wife that

he certainly saw a child going down the steps. She replied that it must have been B.'s little girl, and then told him the circumstances concerning the mysterious visitor. A bright light was burning in the room at the time, and as both husband and wife were awake and talking when the child made its appearance, there can be no doubt but that the gentleman saw the apparition; at least he is willing to make oath to this effect.—*Leavenworth (Kan.) Independent.*

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PASSAGES FROM THE MEMOIRS OF SIR  
JAMES MELVIL.

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In the *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil*, written under the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and King James, there are some curious items worth recalling. About the time when the Duke of Alva and the Duke Maurice were exercising much influence in European affairs, and the King of France was involved in trouble with the Dutch, "the Bishop of Valence was in Paris. He was desirous to have some knowledge in the Mathematicks; and for that effect he found out a great scholar in divers high Sciences, called *Cavatius*. This *Cavatius* took occasion frequently in conference, to tell him of two familiar spirits that were in *Paris* waiting upon an old shepherd, who in his youth had served a priest, and who at his death left them to him. The Bishop upon the King's return from Germany, introduced the said *Cavatius* to the King. Who to verifie what he had said, offered to lose his head, in case he should not shew the two spirits to his Majesty, or to any he should send, in the form of men, dogs, or cats. But the King would not see them, and caused the shepherd to be burnt, and imprisoned the said *Cavatius*."

When the Constable of France was on his way with sixteen thousand men to oppose the King of Spain, then entering the frontiers of France, or perhaps the day before his departure, "there came a man in grave apparel following him on foot, crying for audience for God's sake. Whereupon the Constable staid, willing him to speak. Who said, *The Lord says, seeing that thou wilt not know me, I shall likewise not know thee, thy glory shall be laid in the dust.* This strange language put the Constable in such a rage, that he strook the poor man into the face with his horse rod and threatened to cause him to be hanged. The man answered he *was willing to suffer what punishment he pleased, seeing he had performed his commission.* When further questioned by Melvil he replied, "*That the Spirit of God gave him no rest till he had discharged his mind of that commission given him by God.*" The Constable was defeated,

wounded, made prisoner, and the King of France was reduced to so great straits, that he was compelled to accept of a very hurtful peace at Cambray.

Sir James Melvil, in one of his journeys from Scotland to France, fell in company with an Englishman who was one of the Gentlemen of the Queen's Chamber; a man well skilled in mathematics, necromancy and astrology. "He shewed me," says Sir James, "sundry secrets of the country, and the Court. Among other things he told me that King *Henry* the Eighth had in his lifetime been so curious as to enquire at men called *Diviners*, or *Negromancers*, what should become of his son King *Edward* the Sixth, and of his two daughters, *Mary* and *Elizabeth*. The answer was made unto him again, that *Edward* should dye, having few days and no succession; and that his two daughters should the one succeed the other. That *Mary* his eldest daughter should marry a *Spaniard*, and that way bring in many strangers to England, which would occasion great strife and alteration. That *Elizabeth* would reign after her, who should marry either a *Scottish* man or a Frenchman. Whereupon the King caused to give poison to both his daughters, but because this had not the effect he desired (\* \* \*) he caused to proclaim them both bastards."

When the Queen of Scots fled to England, seeking that protection and friendly aid which had often been promised her, and she was, instead, made prisoner there, it put Sir James in mind of a tale told him by his brother, Sir Robert: "The time when he was busiest dealing betwixt the two Queens to entertain their friendship and draw on their meeting at a place near *York*, one *Bassintoun*, a Scotsman who had been a Traveler, and was learned in high Sciences, came to him and said, Good gentleman, I hear so good a report of you, that I love you heartily, and therefore cannot forbear to shew you how that all your upright dealing and honest travel will be in vain. For whereas you believe to obtain advantage for your Queen at the Queen of *England's* hands, you do but lose your time and your travel: for first they will never meet together, and next there will never be anything else but dissembling, and secret hatred for awhile, and at length captivity and utter wrack to our Queen from *England*. My brother answered, he liked not to hear of such devilish news, nor yet would he in any sort credit them, as being false, ungodly, and unlawful for Christians to meddle with." *Bassintoun* defended himself against the implied slur and said, "God gives to some less and to others clearer knowledge, by the which knowledge I have attained to understand, that at length the kingdom of *England* shall of right fall to the Crown of *Scotland*. \* \* \* But, alas, it will cost many their lives, and many



bloody battles will be fought, \* \* \* and by my knowledge, the *Spaniards* will be helpers."

While the Earl of Arran was Chancellor of Scotland—holding the castles of Edinburgh and Sterling—very few felt that their estates or their lives were safe. "He shot directly," says Sir James, "at the life and lands of the Earl of *Gaury*. For the Highland oracles had shown unto his wife that *Gaury* would be ruined, as she told to some of her familiars. But she helped the prophesie forward, as well as she could. \* \* \* His Majesty also dreamed a dream, that he saw the Earl of *Gaury* taken and brought in prisoner before him." The Earl was taken prisoner, lost his lands, and died upon the scaffold.

Soon after the marriage of James VI. with the King of Denmark's daughter, "many witches were taken in *Lauthian*, who deposed concerning some design of the Earl of Bothwel's against his Majesty's person." After some account given of meetings at which the devil presided, the historian goes on to say that, "Among other things some of them did shew that there was a Westland man called *Richard Graham*, who had a familiar spirit, the which *Richard* they said could both do and tell many things, chiefly against the Earl of *Bothwel*. Whereupon the said *Richard* was apprehended, and being brought to *Edinburgh* and examined before his Majesty, he granted that he had a familiar spirit which showed him sundry things; but he denied that he was a witch." Upon further examination it seemed that he had had something to do with a medium named Amy Simpson in connection with the Bothwel affair, so "he was burnt with the said *Simpson*, and many other witches. This *Richard* alleged, that it was certain what is reported of the fairies, and that spirits may take a form and be seen though not felt."

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## Notices of Books.

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### TWO BOOKS OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.\*

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WE give below the titles of two little books of spiritual communications recently published. The writers are well known and respected, and of the genuineness of the messages written through their mediumship there need be no question. F. J. T. gives a touching account of the circumstances under which the

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\* *Heaven Opened: or, Messages for the Bereaved from Our Little Ones in Glory. Through the Mediumship of F. J. T.—Glimpses of a Brighter Land. Given through a Writing Medium.* London: J. BURNS.

messages in her little volume were written ; and some remarks on those messages are appended by the author of *From Matter to Spirit*, from which we quote the following :—

For those who have been used to receive spiritual communications, the description of their home given by the happy little children in the spirit world will have very little novelty. To such readers, too, the style of the messages, full of love but wanting in power, will need no explanation. But a few words touching such messages in general may be of use to those who, while they do not question the good faith of the writer, suppose that she allows herself to be deceived by what is called the force of imagination, into the belief that the writing proceeds from a source external to herself.

There have been many accounts given of the first heaven of the young, quite independent of, and unknown to the medium through whom this little book has been written, and these independent accounts corroborate the statements made by the little spirits. Many years ago, descriptions were given through a medium quite ignorant of Spiritualism, of the new state of a spirit taken early from earth ; and on comparing these descriptions with the present one, and also with many others which have since been given or reported to me, I find a very marked similarity among all. \* \* \* \*

The little spirits, writing through F. J. T., describe a cord, which appears like light or magnetism, and binds the family groups together. I have heard a clairvoyante, describing the union between a baby brother left on earth, and his sister in the heavenly garden, say, "a long chain of light goes from him to her, nothing can break that chain."

It is said by one of the little ones through F. J. T., "What you think on earth, we see here." There is a deeper philosophy in this than may at first appear. According to the principle of correspondence, by which alone spiritual statements can be interpreted, that which is internal or spiritual on earth becomes externalised in the next state. As the spiritual body, internal, and only felt here, becomes the outward and tangible form of the spirit, so that which to us is thought, or the operation of inner light, becomes in the spiritual world vision. Language, having its origin in a spiritual source, is more or less correspondential according to the spiritual instincts of those by whom it is used. Much of every language is thus clearly correspondential or symbolical. Warmth is predicated love ; coldness of enmity ; knowledge is enlightenment ; and we talk of a spark or ray of wisdom. I believe that all writing purporting to come from spirits may be tested by the truthfulness of its symbolism. In the case of pure infant spirits this test is easily applied, for the feelings which a young spirit takes into the next life are very simple, and all babies and young children probably feel very much alike. This simplicity and community of feeling makes the imagery of the infants' heaven nearly the same to all its little inhabitants, and if we were to compare many descriptions, we might find, as in the instances here given, so much similarity as to lead to the idea that one material locality, like our own world, receives the baby souls on leaving it. As people grow older, and characters develop into well-marked varieties, the spirit world of each will assume a different aspect, and the descriptions given of entrance into the new life will have fewer points of resemblance.

It is most important to each and to all of us to remember that the "house not made with hands" is the perfect and undeviating outbirth of the spirit that is to dwell therein.

*Glimpses of a Brighter Land* consists mainly of brief essays on spiritual and religious themes. "The medium, looking at them as the converse of many friends, does not consider herself responsible for the views and opinions expressed through her imperfect mediumship, but she cherishes and values them as the words of spirit-friends who have passed to a brighter land." Moreover, she "is as unconscious of what she writes, and as

much a mere machine in the operation as the pencil by which the words are traced. She has no idea whatever of the words or sentences formed on the paper until she reads them."

There are also in the work a few passages of autobiographical experience of spirits who have passed from earth. Not the least interesting part of the volume is the Introduction by A. M. H. W., in which a classified description of the several kinds of writing and drawing mediumship is given. The book is neatly got up, but it has no Index, or Table of Contents.

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### THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY.\*

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This is a new publication designed to illustrate the facts, philosophy, and religion of Spiritualism; and to record the progress of the Children's Progressive Lyceums in America, and furnish useful and pleasant reading for their youthful pupils. In the introductory article the editor appends the following "summary of the principles we deduce from Spiritualism, which will form the rock upon which we propose to build":—

1st.—Spiritualism recognizes God, the Father of all spirits, as the one Supreme Governor of the Universe.

2nd.—It places no ban on conscience, and holds freedom of thought sacred in every human soul.

3rd.—It accepts "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" as the text of all its discourses.

4th.—It judges not, lest it be judged, the motives of others—whilst it aims to judge the tree by its fruits.

5th.—It asks for no servile adhesion to doctrines that lead to exclusiveness, walling our souls for differences of creed.

6th.—It aggregates truth wherever found, gathering inspiration from THE GREAT FOUNTAIN SOURCE—and rejects no Gospel bearing the signet of Divinity.

7th.—It repudiates all cant, insincerity, and hypocrisy,—and deems an unpractical religion ungodly.

8th.—It calls for devotion to truth on the part of its members as the cardinal article of its faith, and chooses martyrdom, if needs be, in preference to recreancy.

9th.—It regards man as a dual being born of God,—born to an immortal inheritance, which Church and State can neither create nor annul.

10th.—It further holds the GOLDEN RULE and the NEW COMMANDMENT as essentials to soul-progress.

11th.—It maintains that crying, "Lord, Lord," will not suffice to bring heaven down to a man's soul,—but that doing God's will consists in obedience to the soul's highest prompting.

12th.—It claims that religion, the "one thing needful," is not a mere Sunday cloak, to be worn only for the day and cast off for the rest of the week,—but that it is a dress that should fit the soul, and be worn every day, in the home, the mart, the senate, and the church.

13th.—It does not feign the thing it is not for the sake of appearance. Whilst

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\* *The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record.* J. H. POWELL, Editor. Boston: BROWN & Co.

regarding becoming pride as a virtue, it ignores that "vanity of vanities," which "grows upon what it feeds" in the realm of fashion, to the subjugation of the principles which hallow human character.

14th.—It proscribes none who desire communion.

15th.—It regards heaven and hell as states of soul, not localities, and believes moral perfection unattainable on earth, yet it inculcates the work of uprightness as man's divine privilege and duty.

16th.—It calls for no oath of allegiance to incomprehensible dogmas, but sees in practical religion the simplest and purest truth.

17th.—Like Jesus, it regards service to humanity as a work pleasing to God.

18th.—The ministry of angels, and the constant presence of "the cloud of witnesses," together with spiritual providences and inspirations in manifold means and ways, are embraced by its Gospel.

19th.—It looks to the knowledge of the life that is, and the life to come, as the real saviour of man.

20th.—It deems duty to God and man all-important to the True Life, and aims to draw together natures that live for each other.

21st.—Holding individualism sanctified by religion as one of its cardinal points, it can only be true to itself by being charitable to all.

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## Correspondence.

### DREAMS IN RELATION TO THIS LIFE.

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

SIR,—In your September number, you give many singular experiences by Lydia Maria Child, partly on this subject, which has put the thought into my head of adding an experience of my own.

On Friday, 23rd February, 1867, I retired to bed in usual health, and slept soundly until 7 o'clock in the morning; and on finding myself awake, I informed my wife of the very impressive and delightful dream I had just had:—

I had, apparently, been walking alone across fields whose greenness surpassed anything I had ever before seen, until I came to the foot of an avenue of splendid trees which formed a carriage-drive to a mansion which overlooked a park. As I stood at the foot of this carriage-drive, thinking of the extent, beauty and luxuriance of the place, on turning my head aside, I was astounded at the sight of a splendid carriage, with four horses and riders, waiting for some of the family to enter it. The carriage appeared of silver beaded with gold, and had mirrors all round the inside and lined with white satin, and the four fine black and long-tailed horses had two riders in rich green and gold livery. When I awoke on that Saturday morning, at breakfast I told all this to my family and to other friends. On the next day my wife's brother was suddenly taken ill, and on the Monday he died of diphtheria—without a Will and a bachelor. My wife administered to his estate, which became divided between us and a relative; since which I have bought a house and land with that money, almost identical in appearance with that seen in my dream. I may add that though I have a carriage, it is not of silver, gold or satin, such as my dream exhibited, but of a useful and usual character.

Yours &c.,

C. B.

Manchester, 9th November, 1870.