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EXCITEMENT IN MUNICH IN 1855, OCCASIONED BY
THE SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS OF MARIA
KAHLHAMMER AND CRESCENTIA WOLF.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

PART II.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPIRIT MISSION BY THE SPIRIT SOCRATES.

"The faith of the spirits, the views of the spirits, the gifts of the spirits, which they, in a short connected form, deliver, by the command of God, to their brethren in time, that they all may learn the true faith in time, and be able to manifest it through eternity."—SOCRATES.

A VAST number of questions regarding the new spiritual development and the objects and particular benefits of it being pressed on Socrates, on the 6th of June, 1855, that is, in about the middle of the twelve months' career of these communications, he stopped short, and then declared that it would be best for him to deliver to them a connected statement of the great purposes and character of this mission. Accordingly, a regular essay, amounting to no fewer than 85 printed pages, was given without interruption through the hand of Maria Kahlhammer. It is unquestionably one of the most eloquent, able, and extraordinary communications ever given through spirit mediumship. Had we received it through so accomplished and inspired a medium as Emma Hardinge, it must have been received with profound astonishment, but from the simple hand of the simple German cook, Maria Kahlhammer, we are bound to avow that either it came, as it purports, from a Socratic spirit, or that Maria Kahlhammer was a genius of the Socratic order. I regret that we have not the whole of it in an English form, for the extracts which I can make from it can only be fragmentary and few. The whole of

it, in its intense yet condensed enthusiasm, in its fire-traced delineation of the corrupt and infidel spirit of the age, of the pride and spiritual blindness of present science, in its denunciations of the Divine judgments which must, anon, thunder down on a world like this, is like the woe-toned wail of an ancient prophet, such as Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah poured forth over the mighty, debased, and, therefore, doomed nations around them, which heard, sneered haughtily, and perished for ever.

Socrates commences his theme with God alone in the midst of the silence of eternity—self-existent where nothing besides existed through infinitude; filled with His own perfections, containing the infinite universe yet in Himself—the countless millions of diversified forms of life yet unbosomed in His idea and His will. “From eternity is God; from eternity visible to Himself; from eternity is that time, and in the same short space in which God moved for Himself alone. If, however,” he adds, “he were to attempt to explain the unfathomable nature of the Deity, his presumption must be greater even than that of Lucifer.” Unlike Swedenborg, he asserts that the angels were the first creation of God. Conceived by His strength, formed by His creative energy, overflowed by His glory. Not knowing that they were thus made, Lucifer conceived the idea that this strength, power and glory, being conferred on them, resided permanently in them, and thus might successfully be exercised against the Giver Himself. The light which proceeded from God’s glory, on the acting out of this rebel idea, instantly withdrew from the revolted angels, and darkness became their element, separating them entirely from the element of God. The darkness contended with the light, but could no more find it. God, then, as Milton also has asserted, created man and his world to fill up the vacuum in Divine creation caused by the angelic fall from it. But even in this he did not forget the fallen hosts, for he allowed them to come upon this midway region of life, as a stepping-stone towards a re-ascent into their native heaven. But here the pride of Lucifer assumed the form of jealousy of man, and led him to assay his temptation and fall, which he effected. He describes Man’s condition before his fall as but a very “little lower than that of the angels.” His nature was open to the heavens. He had perception of and *rapport* with the divine world and nature. God Himself and His angels within him.

Numbers of the original angels who fell through Lucifer immediately repented, and were allowed to occupy the middle spaces of creation till, through their re-growth into the life-giving and love-giving spirit of the Word, they could once more step upon their

lofty native shores of perfect and blissful being. The moment that Man fell through disobedience, the moment that he had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge—of that knowledge which Lucifer himself had before tasted, namely, of the woeful and wide difference betwixt good and evil—the good before enjoyed, the evil now experienced, his outer nature was changed into the condition of his inner distortion. He fell from the nature and union of God to the nature and union with Satan. He had left the Divine light for the Satanic darkness. His refined, spiritually-natural body drew into it the element of earth on which it existed and must henceforth feed, and became dense, opaque, and impervious to the heavenly presence of God and his angels which still lingered around him, and promised him yet avengement of his enemy, and restoration to his pristine condition.

The future destinies of man, as described by Socrates, are those of the Bible and of history, and we need not dwell on them. There is one particular, however, worth noting, regarding animals. He says the spirits in the invisible worlds have everything that men have here, with this difference—here, all is imperfect and not long retainable; there, all is more and more perfect, according to the elevation of the regions themselves, and all is for ever retainable. That they have flowers, trees, grapes, metals, cities and palaces as we have, but more perfect. They have animals also of all kinds, and possessing an intelligible speech, as they had on earth before the Fall, and sing the praises of God in language intelligible to the angels. That they still, on earth, possess a speech intelligible to each other, but not to man, who first lost his knowledge of their speech, and then that of his own human brethren. That in the intermediate spaces, the spirits have temples, and differing creeds, but not in heaven, where their only temple is God, and that though this temple of Deity is infinite, the vision and perception of perfected spirits are infinite. He adds that he is not further allowed to enter into the mysteries of the creation of the world, than to state that men have geology and the Bible, and may unite them in the truth if they will. That with the creation of man commenced a new era, both for man and for the world. That the defective history of creation by Moses—or, rather, the misunderstanding of it—has originated an abundance of false speculations. From these speculations have issued the denial of God, and other errors; from these errors, unbelief; from unbelief, every species of crime; and from these crimes, the general corruption of mankind.

“Of what avails it a man,” he asks, “that he appears a wise man before the children of this world, if before God and

His spirits he appears a fool, and, as a fool, becomes utterly lost to the eternal wisdom? Fools in our eyes are all inquirers into nature, who through their inquiries have arrived at the conclusion that there is no personal God. Fools we call all those who assert that the world has arisen of itself, and has gone on forming itself through millions of years. If they had commenced their inquiries into their own beings and constitution, they would or might have discovered, in the centre of that being, the image of God himself. Finding this image of God in themselves, they would have found it also in the bosom of external nature. The soul of man is a simple harmony, and in its simplicity, a perfect harmony. He who seeks this in himself honestly will assuredly find it; but if he seek it not within himself first, he will find it nowhere. He who seeks for harmony in nature only, will find certain proportions, but not perfect harmony. There will appear to him clefts and disorders in nature, and the Creator will appear a disorderly Creator. As his understanding represents to him that a God must necessarily be a most perfect existence and power; and as nature does not, to his notion, manifest such a perfect power, he concludes that the blind force of nature is such a God as there is. For him then, the belief in a real and personal God becomes lost for ever in time, and will probably only be recovered in a fearful eternity.

“The natural philosopher, starting erratically on this track, finds in himself an intellect, and in nature a certain creative force; and as his intellect has discovered this force, he deems himself the greater of the two, so long as his soul and body hold together. The force of nature he calls the eternal creation of nature, with all that is found within it and belonging to it. This force he recognises as his Creator, and that His spirit, or whatever it may be, has been lying here for ever unknown and unconsciously in nature, and thence he jumps to the conclusion, which, if it were a truth, would be the most sorrowful one possible for every rational creature—that his spirit, when it separates from the body, will again return into the force of nature, never more to be conscious of itself.

“I intreat every one who commences a career of scientific inquiry, whatever be the department and whatever be his object, to select himself as the first subject of his inquiry; for whoever institutes a course of profound inquiry without commencing with himself will infallibly go wrong,—will injure himself and his fellow man, and compel God to become his enemy and punisher. All investigation began without and beyond the knowledge of one’s own being and nature, is foolishness, stands and remains foolishness, though its result may be the splendid

reputation of an apparent wisdom. The material man only calls such outwardly wise ones, wise; the spiritual man sees through the glittering delusion, and, through the delusion, the dark foolishness. Children of men! ye are two-fold in your being—you have a material and a spiritual substance combined—and to yourselves ye are given for the solution of the great mystery of life! In and through your own being lies the ALL. In your being is proportion and disproportion. The creator of the proportion is God, the creator of the disorder is sin. Every individual, accordingly, is a mysterious book; he himself is the learner; but he finds in himself and for himself the teacher, and this teacher shows him in his spirit whatever is spiritual, in his body whatever is material.

“Behold, oh man! thy body is the image of the visible earth; thy animal soul the image of the soul of visible nature; thy spiritual soul is the image of God. Their union is the perfect harmony which creation and its Eternal Inhabitor have infused into it. The only true inquirer into nature is he who bears all this in mind; who takes along with him, consciously and conscientiously, the whole substance of this truth. From the abandonment of the higher and more real portion of this truth—that portion which can and will alone continue with the inquirer through the performance of his being—results the miserable dislocation and baseness of modern science, and all the decay of faith in the invisible and eternal, with the dark and menacing tide of demoralisation which flows after it.

“Here, now,” he continues, “my brethren and sisters of earth, beloved by me in God! I was placed on your earth and born of parents who also saw the world in the darkness of Paganism, so that I had the heritage of this darkness. The blossoms of my youthful years were blossoms of darkness, and consequently the fruits of those blossoms were dark and unprofitable fruits. But in my manhood I beheld a sun above me, and through the radiance of this sun, and through the beams of the grace of the Creator of this sun, I was enabled to inquire out my way. I then perceived also a sun within me, through whose splendour I discovered the Creator, and made him known publicly to my countrymen. What was my reward for this announcement at the hands of some of my contemporaries is familiar to you. But through the faith I had acquired, and the service which I had rendered by the avowal of this faith, and the sacrifice of my earthly life for the confession of it, I was transferred after death to an abode of souls in the intermediate regions, where no heathen god could torment me, but my only want was the fulfilment of my longing after the true God. But after Christ, as God, had proceeded to earth, had united humanity to the God-

head, had completed the work of salvation, and, accompanied by his angels, descended into Hades, and shown Himself there, all knew and confessed Him; and when He admitted all to the benefits of His work of redemption, then was I, too, made an heir of the heritage of God, was admitted to the number of the children of God, who were called the brethren of Christ, and who have remained the partakers of the glory of the Holy Spirit. Thus have I now been for these more than two thousand years in the enjoyment of true felicity. In this time, which to you appears, as it were, half an eternity, but to me seems but as a moment, I have learned and experienced so much, that were I to attempt to relate it to you, the earth itself would have run its appointed course before I had finished. It is better, therefore, and for you more profitable, that I should endeavour to make clear to you what is necessary for your peace on earth, and for the security of the life of life hereafter.

“ We spirits are become the citizens of heaven—the true heaven, where true peace only is found. To you, strangers on the earth, we are sent forth by our King, our Father, Brother, and Kingdom, to show to the erring the right way to the home and realm of peace—to cleanse the impure; to tear up the falses which obstruct your path, and to destroy them. Children of our King, who find yourselves wandering far from home, brothers of Jesus Christ, fellow-partakers of the Holy Ghost, behold yourselves, investigate your own greatness, and in yourselves you will discover the warrant of your faith in us. Having once this faith in yourselves, you will no longer regard us as enemies; you will know us to be your truest friends. Strangers on the earth, who yet imagine it to be your home; ye who are anxiously analysing the elements of earth; ye who observe the progress of the stars, and therein forget your own, stand still a moment and listen to me; you will delay nothing—you will only gain by it.

“ Ye who revel in the delusion that the earth is your natal spot, look up to the canopy of stars, above which lives its Creator, the Lord of the Universe. Where the Creator is, there is the home of the created. Has the earth endowed you with spirit? No; this spirit is not in her. Or has the earth bestowed on you all her spirit, so that she is left spiritless herself? No; or you could move her at your will. But in the starry tents dwell spirits who move your spirits invisibly. Greater are the spirits in the starry tents than the spirits on earth, and think ye then that the earth has no master? The spirits of the stars have a Master, and this is the Master of all lodges. Novices of the earth, bow your heads; the free spirit only is an associate, the Grand Master only is God! God has constructed the plan

of the amalgamation of the peoples—we build it up and complete it; we only are the Freemasons, who act in and through the freedom of our God.”

The strictures which Socrates bestows on the half-knowledge of the astronomers and physicists in general he extends to the analysts of the properties of plants and minerals, and from this he comes by a natural transition on the great subject of human disease and cure. The whole theory of Hygeine is treated in a manner at once profound and startling. There has lately been a little book published by Messrs. Longmans, called *Vital Law*. it has no name of author upon its title-page, and the editor of the work says “no one on this earth knows who the author is.” It is not a little remarkable that the strange, daring, but undoubtedly true doctrines enunciated in that little work on the physical laws of life, and on the abuses of those laws by the demoralised proclivities of men, with all their destructive results to the physical and psychical constitutions of their children, to the sound development, physically, morally, and spiritually, of the present generation of our race, were clearly and fully laid down by Socrates at Munich in 1855 through the hand of Maria Kahlhammer, the cook. This was not done in the same words, but in the same knowledge and the stern temper of heroic truth, and, as it were, by the same spirit speaking independently in two different times and places. For those who would know what this truth is, the brochure on “Vital Law” is open; that of Socrates is to many of them a closed book, and it is not my intention here to unclasp it. What is there written could not have been written by the hand of a young maiden, had she known what she was writing. Yet it is the truth, and most vital truth, and the more these truths are studied, the deeper will become the sense of men’s responsibility for the physical as well as intellectual powers committed to them. Deeper, more sensitively alive must become the consciousness of what we owe to God and to posterity, in the regulation of our passions, in the sacred obligation imposed upon us of preserving “a sound mind in a sound body,” in preserving pure and sound “the temple of God, which temple we are,” according to St. Paul. Every man, and woman, too, on whom this solemn truth opens in its Divine magnitude, will see and feel that a human being is not the master of his own physical powers, any more than of his moral and intellectual ones, but is the steward and servant of God in them—bound to follow his Master’s injunctions in their use, and to keep the laws written legibly both in the Word of Revelation and in the conscience implanted in these mortal bodies. He will know that riot at the table, in what he is pleased to call convivial good-fellowship, that excesses of every kind—public or private,

tyranny under the cloak of domestic laws and customs, tyranny in factories or trades, in official posts of authority, in whatever checks the necessary requirements of health and strength, in the enlightenment—moral as well as literary—of his fellow immortals, are things not at his option, but are direct assaults on the Divine laws, on the perfect life and full sanitary condition of himself, of his contemporaries, and his posterity.

It is the old, old law of the Creator, never changing. The Royal Preacher of Israel proclaimed it nearly three thousand years ago, though he did not strictly observe it himself. "Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment!" "These things, O, Man! shall thy God require of thee, in the hour when the fearful knowledge shall come upon thee that no words, no feelings of repentance can efface from creation the lasting ravages of thy selfish deeds." But as his consciousness of the infinite circuit of human duty and responsibility grows, so will the noble teaching of Spiritualism become more vividly manifest, and the solemn truth stand forth in twofold light, that the religion of Christ, in its thorough operation, is the salvation of man, both in soul and body.

With what an intense zeal does this great spirit appeal to us on this head. "Look up, ye spirits of men on earth—ye who still believe on the triune God—who still believe and hope that He will send you help in these evil days of general sickness of soul. Your faith and love are pleasing to God, and your hope advances towards fulfilment. Dismiss the fear, that the vast numbers of the diseased will infect and cause disease to you too. We are physicians sent from God to protect you, and to heal all those who are conscious of their sickness, and desire to be healed. Rely confidently on us. You believe that spirit can operate on spirit; that spirits diseased can infect other spirits. You are right; but it is equally true, that sound spirits can also make other spirits sound. And your visible human spirits of the earth imagine that our invisible means cannot operate visibly. Away with the delusion! Send forth your spirits to seek us in the Universal Spirit, and unitedly we will work for and through the triune God. The unity of power we will then show to the diseased spirits of men, that their disease is only obsession and possession by evil spirits. We will heal them through the threefold strength of the threefold God, so that they shall live for him on earth, shall die for him, and then eternally live with him and know him."

These extracts from, and notices of these remarkable com-

munications may suffice. Detaching fragments from this earnest and glowing appeal to mankind on the spiritual eclipse of this age, and the increasing dogmatism of its materialistic science, seems rather like chipping pieces from a fine statue, injuring the work of art, than illustrating its beauties. I shall, therefore, merely add that Socrates extends his visitation of censure to every region of human life. He describes "the whole head as sore, and the whole heart as sick. That the more the light of human wisdom grows, the deeper the darkness it casts around the spiritual. That in the loss of the spiritual, grows the fungus of moral disease over every principle of right, as such fungus grows in the damp darkness of vaults. He denounces the crimes of trade, the base maxims of worldly policy, the secular temper of the Church, as altogether producing a condition of society which prostitutes the sacred name of Christianity to the grossest spirit of heathenism. In his censures of Churchmen, though himself a thoroughly catholic spirit, we see clearly enough the reasons for the rigid suppression of these mediums. Prelates and priests of all ranks are arraigned for their worldliness and ambition. Those who bear noble and even princely titles, are declared so restless in their thirst for power and distinction, that they are ready even to thrust the Holy Father from his seat to plant themselves there. Monks and nuns come in for their share of castigation. Monasteries, he asserts, often rather resemble taverns and banquetting halls, than the abodes of piety and poverty. Those convents especially receive his denunciation, which profess to educate young ladies under religious care, but in reality educate them into pride, ambition, love of fashion and of luxurious indolence, fitting them for the matrimonial market, to which equally worldly and ambitious mothers are waiting to lead them. We need scarcely remark, that Protestant countries can match the Catholic ones, in every particular which thus incurred the censure of Socrates.

In conclusion, he anticipated the time when the authorities would suppress these communications, and exult in the idea that they had outwitted the spirits, by putting the mediums under embargo. "Time," he added, "will show who is outwitted. Certainly not the all-seeing, all-conquering God, who sent us out to resist the career of infidelity, and open once more the windows of heaven. The visitations of God come wave upon wave. Anon they seem to sleep; but they return anon with fresh force and in new forms. A great spiritual conflict is commencing on the earth. Good and bad spirits of the so-called dead are crowding hitherward to the strife; and their influence will be seen in good and bad men till the contest is decided. No class, no age, will be exempt from participation in the campaign.

The banners of heaven, with the emblem of the triune God, and in its centre the cross of the Saviour, will be raised by the champions of truth, and more and more of the awakened will flow unto it. The very children will at length take up slings and stones against the Goliaths of mocking unbelief, till the tide is turned, till the numbers begin to show on the side of the long persecuted and derided. Then will all tinsel and false emblazonment be torn down from the standards of the secularised Church, and the insignia and mottoes of the army of life be exalted in their place. In the meantime, we are always with you. When you fight, we fight at your sides. When you suffer, we suffer with you. When we conquer, it is in your company; and the day will come when we shall bind the laurels of victory on your brows, and hail you as friends and brothers.

“ But for to-day the piece is played out. The tones die away. I hang up my lute, but not to moulder. I have sung this song from a full breast; its music bears me back to my Father’s house. Happy for him who sings after me; who braces the chords of his soul vigorously, till the notes swell to full harmony. Time, through their employ, will strengthen him. His heaviness will fall from him. Ethereal pinions will bear him aloft, and, in the midst of the triumphant choir of the redeemed, he shall see God!”

Surely this is not the language of a doubtful spirit; if so, we may doubt the ancient prophets. If the stern language of truth applied to the evils of the time—language which refuses to flatter the powerful, but denounces popular corruption, and speaks courage and comfort to the sufferers for the eternal faith—be evidences of sacred embassage, they have seldom been more conspicuous than in the spirit who made his solemn utterances in Munich in 1855, through the hand of Maria Kahlhammer.

From inquiries which I have recently made through an accomplished professor in Munich, I learn that both Joseph Frederick and Maria Kahlhammer are deceased, and Crescentia Wolf, in consequence of the persecutions to which she has been subjected, has so completely withdrawn from public notice, that nothing can be heard respecting her. As she was a good Catholic, she has most probably retired into a convent.



R E - I N C A R N A T I O N .

MISS ANNA BLACKWELL, in various successive numbers of *Human Nature*, has been endeavouring to render familiar to English Spiritualists the theories of M. Rivail, or, according to his assumed name, Allan Kardec. Miss Blackwell has performed her task with considerable ability, and in a very fair spirit. The great bulk of her matter, however, is not concerned with M. Rivail's grand dogma—Re-incarnation; but consists of a diffuse, and occasionally verbose, exposition of Fusionism, which M. Rivail has wrapped round his own peculiar idea. This doctrine of Fusionism originated with M. Tourriél, who has written at great length upon it. It has its herds of votaries in France, far more numerous than even those of Kardeccianism. It consists of the assertion—for, as is self-evident, it has not a single fact or proof to rest upon—that we all begin as monads, somewhere or other, that it advances and developes itself by *fusion*, and with every fresh fusion it acquires *rayonnements* or radiations—that is, we may suppose, faculties and additional consciousness. In this way it passes through numerous spheres, and through all animals, till it finds itself embodied in man. But it does not stop there. We go on into other worlds, and have to pass through all the worlds in the universe! A tolerable journey! Now, we repeat that the whole of this theory is mere theory—it has and can have no proof. Yet this is what Allan Kardec, so to call M. Rivail, has borrowed from M. Tourriél, and wrapped it round his odious idea of Re-incarnation, as a fitting garment.

We need not waste more words on a theory which gives us an ancestry of infusoria, tadpoles, newts, toads, lizards, rats, cats, hyenas, and the like—than what M. Edoux, the late learned editor of *La Verité*, and a Kardeccian to boot, does when he says—“If this be Spiritualism, let Spiritualism go and hang itself, before I will believe such degrading doctrine.” “Moses,” says M. Edoux (*La Verité*, August 13th, 1865), “says, in Genesis i., 26 and 27, God created man in the image of Himself, not in that of a beast; and he repeats this three times, as if he foresaw the unhappy efforts of men in later times, to cast darkness on this point, where the light shines so luminously. But,” he adds, “if you think animals are your brothers, be at least consistent, and don't cut their throats in order to eat them—that is absolute cannibalism!” Rather than have insects, newts, toads, and monkeys for his ancestors, M. Edoux would let Spiritualism go and hang itself. And so say we, most heartily.

As to the naked and revolting theory of Re-incarnation, we

have formerly given our view of it; and we need scarcely do more than to request our readers to turn to the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1864, p. 97, and to the volume for 1866, p. 17, for our serious judgment of it. As many of our readers, however, may not possess those volumes, we will quote a few passages, which may suffice for the clear and practical common sense of Englishmen on this subject.

“In every new dispensation heresies spring up, as certainly as suckers from nut trees. The old proverb immediately demonstrates its truth :—

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil's sure to build a chapel there.

Wherever a new truth is proclaimed, that opposing principle which has always exhibited itself throughout the world and its ages, starts up beside it, and assumes a shape at first something like it, but which grows gradually more and more unlike and antagonistic, as it succeeds in drawing away the original followers of the original truth. Christianity has these wild offshoots. * * * Spiritualism has not escaped this fate any more than Christianity. The modern forms in which the spirits have been permitted to hold intercourse with us, have not been reserved exclusively to the good. In that same broad policy which has always distinguished the plans of the Almighty and the Allwise, he has opened the doors of earth wide to the invisible host, and said, “Behold there my creature, Man—try him, instruct him, cheat him if you can, and let us see whether, with the reason and the faculties I have given him, he is worthy, by his exercise of them, to inherit the worlds I have prepared for him.”—pp. 97, 98.

“France is divided into two great schools of the Re-incarnationists and Anti-Re-incarnationists. The originator and propagator of the Re-incarnation theory is M. Rivail, better known as Allan Kardec. His theory is fully propounded in his *Livre des Esprits*, and is zealously advocated in his *Revue Spirite*. The two sects may be at once recognised, and their writings known, by the Re-incarnationists calling themselves *Spirites*, and their system *Spiritisme*. As the *Spirites* have their journal, so also the orthodox Spiritualists have theirs, ably conducted by M. Piérart, who never ceases to protest zealously against, and vigorously to oppose, the errors of the Re-incarnationists.

“These believers do not go the length of expecting to come back again to earth, as the Hindoos do, into the bodies of animals, but merely into those of men and women. They imagine that when people have not made a proper progress in their earthly life, they are sent back, like naughty boys and girls at school, and put down once more to the bottom of all

classes; a rather odd way of getting forwards, it must be confessed, by going backwards. One would have imagined, that a God of universal power and resources had sufficient means of correcting and purifying his refractory children, in infinite space and infinite duration, without sending them back to crowd this little orb. Not so, think the *Spirites*; and what they believe, they believe on the teaching of spirits. Kardec's book, which to the *Spirites* is like Joe Smith's new Bible to the Mormons, is dictated by spirits, and the sect is continually receiving confirmations of the doctrine from other spirits. When asked for any scriptural basis for such a doctrine, they point to the fact of Moses and Elias re-appearing, as they are pleased to say, in their bodies, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and to Christ's assurance that Elias had been re-incarnated in John the Baptist. Now, the Anti-Re-incarnationists satisfy themselves with answering that Elias and Moses no doubt appeared in their spiritual bodies, and that John the Baptist, were this admitted as a substantial and not a psychical fact, would only support the idea that God, for a rare and special purpose, may re-incarnate a spirit, and by no means proves that Re-incarnation is an essential and prevalent part of His system of human spiritual education. They profess to look in vain through the Old or New Testament for any evidences of any such system. That, on the contrary, the whole spirit and tendency of spiritual revelation points onwards to higher and higher progress—to "the many mansions" which the Father has for the residence and perfecting of his children in the spiritual world. They contend, and I think justly, that the theory of Re-incarnation altogether destroys the principle of personal identity, and of the hope of future recognition of mutually attached souls. All those sacred hopes of re-union of friends and relations there are ruthlessly trampled under foot by this theory. They say, if Elias had really been re-incarnated in John the Baptist, then there no longer exists an Elias or a John the Baptist. Either Elias, on returning to the spirit-world returned to his original form and name, or he remained in the form and name of the Baptist. Either then, on entering that world, we must look in vain for one or the other of these sacred characters. There must be an Elias, and the Baptist must have melted into a memory; or there is a Baptist, and the place of Elias knows him no more.

"This is invincible reasoning, and applies to all the spirits of the great and the unknown dead who have gone before us. When these Re-incarnationists receive professed spirits—as Socrates, Fenelon, or Lamennais—how can they believe that there are any longer any such persons? When we shall enter the spirit-world, and ask for the sight of those great patriarchs, poets, philo-

sophers, and philanthropists, who have charmed, strengthened, and guided us, if this theory be true, we may ask for them in vain. We shall be told that there are no longer any such spirits as bore those names—that they have since successively resolved themselves into other personalities on earth, and are but names in heaven. We may be referred to the records of the skies to trace Samson down into some modern boxer; Solomon, with his harem, into Brigham Young, or re-appearing with his proverbs in Martin Tupper. We may ask for Alexander the Great, and get Napoleon Buonaparte; for Solon, and receive him, in his most recent mould, as Jeremy Bentham.”—pp. 100-102.

We may add here that the New Testament distinctly disproves the re-incarnation of Elias as John the Baptist, for it says that it was not Elias, but John, who went before Christ “in the spirit and power of Elias” (Luke i., 17). The very appearance of Elias in *propria persona* on the Mount of Transfiguration was also a conclusive proof that his identity had not become absorbed in that of John.

But to return to our extracts:—“There is to us a still more revolting idea presented by this doctrine. If it be true, a fond mother may be caressing on her knee a tender infant whom she lovingly embraces as flesh of her flesh and spirit of her spirit, whilst it may actually be the re-embodied soul of some hardened old murderer, who ought to have been—and probably has been—hanged half-a-dozen times for his villanies. Brothers and sisters may be living in affectionate intercourse with some thrice-incarnated scamp who has breathed sensual pestilence through society before, and will do it again. Horrible, hateful idea—impossible to God, and intolerable to man!

“But,” say the Re-incarnationists, “we have the most solemn assurances of the truth of this doctrine from the spirits.” No doubt of it—and they might receive the same assurances that Buddhism, Brahminism and Mahommedanism are all the only truth. There is, however, a test of truth in these matters based on the prophecies and their fulfilment of ages, and there is a continual necessity of saying to spirits that deny this sole test, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan!’

“It is highly to the honour of M. Piérart that, in his *Revue Spiritualiste*, he has manfully fought and most ably reasoned against this desolating heresy—a heresy which has flown like wildfire over France, especially over the South, and won over the great majority of the Spiritualist body. Every friend of spiritual truth must wish him God-speed in his war on this nuisance—a delusion that strikes at the roots of all those consoling hopes of recognition in the hereafter which cheer and support us in the present. That hope, based on the Gospel, that in the

heaven of God we shall once more find ourselves received to the embraces of our beloved ones—our parents, our brothers and sisters, our children, our lost consorts, our friends—by whose side we have fought the conflicts of time, and trusted to rejoice with over our victory through eternity. Rather than believe that when the invisible becomes visible we shall find our dearest ones gone—God can scarcely know whither—through a dozen new metamorphoses, let us believe nothing. But, happily, every day the voices of the departed are crying in our ears, ‘Here we are, all unchanged in love, unchanged in identity, unchanged in anything but in the nearer approach to the Centre of Love—the All-embracer and Recogniser of all individual attachments.’”—pp. 102, 103.

We refer the reader to another article on this subject in the volume of the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1865, p. 318; and finally to one in the volume for 1866. In this last article we ask: “What are the fruits which this serpent-doctrine of Re-incarnation have already produced in the South of France? There the extraordinary medium, Hilaire, having run away with his neighbour’s wife, it was stated in court on Hilaire’s trial that the unhappy husband appealed to their great leader, Kardec, to use his influence to bring back the fugitive wife, with the money which she and her paramour had carried off. But the answer was from Kardec that he could do no such thing, as the husband was no doubt punished for a similar crime in some former state of existence.”—p. 25.

“M. Piérart, in his able article on the Rock of Golgotha, comments with just indignation on a doctrine pregnant with such fruits:—‘Two currents of a deplorable nature at the same time draw the *Spirites* to the side of that ultramontane Catholicism which has petrified and perverted Christianity, and which stupefies souls devoted to it. On the one hand, a blind Materialism—on the other, an erroneous Spiritualistic bias; originating a false route, carrying its victims two thousand years backwards, and resuscitating the desolating principles which sterilised and threw into atrophy the ancient societies. In a word, it changes, corrupts, and distorts the true ancient Christian principles. In the South of France a people has only re-awoke to a religious life in order to embrace a principle of death. There a tribunal has lately learnt the doctrine enunciated, that it is necessary to tolerate theft and adultery, because these crimes can only happen as the punishment of like sins in a former existence. There we see poor workmen of that Gallic race, so full of mind, of activity and enterprise, laid asleep in the enervating doctrines of Fatalism and Predestination. In the places where Pothinus, Irenæus, and Blandinus maintained so coura-

geously the vivifying principles which overthrew Paganism and its iniquities, we see the deceitful doctrines of Brahminism reviving and propagating themselves. The artisan of Lyons, bending incessantly at his severe labour, which enslaves and enfeebles him, beholds, as the climax of his sufferings, the path of the last hope of progress—of every possible alleviation of his wretched destiny, closing before him. The earth, divided into punishers and the punished, must for ever remain for him a hell of expiation. He comes to regard himself as the chastised of God—he knows not why! That great spiritual movement, which has arisen in the middle of this century, he beholds for him retrograding and wheeling backwards from the light of Christianity to the religious darkness of antiquity. What an aberration!

“ Away, then, with these doctrines—destructive of progress, negative of the spirit of life which ought to reign in humanity! Away! and it is high time! For seduction and blind error are arising and spreading themselves on all sides like a leprosy, which it will soon be too late to attempt to cure. They go on originating fanatic impulses, made obstinate by the force of ignorance, and the absence of a critical spirit, and no one calls attention to the danger! and we ourselves stand nearly alone, unable to vanquish the hydra. But we shall, at least, have done our part. Our warnings have been heard from time to time; and if they remain without response, we shall, at least, enjoy the consciousness of having performed a great duty.”—*Revue Spiritualiste*, tom. viii., 6th livraison.

In thus reproducing our past arguments and warnings against this most pernicious delusion, we need scarcely say that the whole of it strikes at the very foundations of Christianity. It opposes Christianity in its theory of the origin of our race. Instead of the noble and direct procedure of man from the hand of God—“ And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul”—this vile dogma of the abyss substitutes for us a long reptile and bestial ancestry. The Bible tells us that “ God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him;” but Kardec, Tourriel, Pezzani, and the rest of them, tell us not so, but that we are the spawn of insect, newt, and toad. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, ix., 27, tells us, that “ it is appointed unto men *once* to die, and after that the judgment;” and our Saviour tells us, that they who believe in Him, after their *once* dying, shall never any more see death—“ cannot die any more;” but Kardec and Tourriel tell us that we shall suffer as many deaths, and come into as many fleshly prison-houses, as there are orbs in the universe! Would it be possible for the human intellect to become so darkened and

degraded, as to be capable of adopting such dreary trash, except under the deadly influence of the spirit of all evil, and the besotting powers of those lying spirits whose advent was foretold to these latter times. Yet the mind of France has been cruelly haunted and distorted by this malignant breath of the lowest hells, and now we have this demoniac pestilence introduced to our Christian firesides, by the combined action of Miss Anna Blackwell and Mr. Burns, let every man and woman who value the blessings of pure Spiritualism denounce the base theories thus propagated in its name. If any relic of respectability is to be left to the name of Spiritualism, every sound thinker, and every person who can distinguish gold from dross, the Divine from the demonian, must stand forward and exert himself to save Divine Revelation from the profanation of the Pit—to rescue the human understanding from the vile webs of a Satanic imbecility, which are fast enfolding it as with a python coil.

W. H.

THE FATE OF THE EARLS MARISCHAL.

SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms, in his *Vicissitudes of Families*, records various instances of supernatural influences in the fortunes of the houses whose rise and fall he describes. Sir Bernard does this in a rational and sensible spirit. He has no sneers at Spiritualism; nor does he think it any mark of superior discernment to set down all those who relate, as matters of fact, occurrences of a spiritual nature, as fools and simpletons. On the contrary, he says “that authentic history contains facts more marvellous than the wildest romance can be proved by the domestic annals of many families of the Scottish aristocracy, and nowhere more strangely and more sadly than by the fate of Lady Catherine Graham.”

This Lady Catherine Graham was the sister of the celebrated Marquis of Montrose. She was seduced and carried off by Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss, who had married her eldest sister, Lady Lilius Graham. This seduction was attributed to the use of a magic jewel. In the Act of Prosecution issued by King James VI. of Scotland (our James I.) it is called “a jewel of gold, set with divers precious diamonds and rubies, which was poisoned and intoxicated by the necromancer, Thomas Carlippis, the instrument of Sir John Colquhoun.” This document was drawn up by Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate of Scotland, a man of great talent and learning, who repeatedly

uses the singular phrase of Carlippis's sorcery and witchcraft in bewitching and *intoxicating* this jewel.

Sir Bernard Burke does not treat all this as the mere superstition of the time, but to "those recondite properties of matter which are now attracting the attention even of the scientific world." In this opinion he had, indeed, been preceded by Mr. Mark Napier, who first published the account in his *Memoirs of Montrose*, in 1856. Mr. Napier in that work says on this subject—"In the criminal prosecution against Colquhoun of Luss, the mind naturally recurs to the recent discoveries of the German chemist, Baron Reichenbach, relative to the mysterious powers and properties of crystallization. In advance of feeble and fettered research, and despite the bitter jealousies of scientific mediocrity, the so-called miracles of the material world, in their unfathomable connection with our spiritual nature, are now forcing themselves, by unlooked-for and constantly recurring facts, upon the conviction of every observing mind, that is unbiased by personal interests, and not a slave to professional dogmas and prejudices."

It is very satisfactory to find grave historians recording their conviction on this head thus unhesitatingly. We are not, however, going further into this case of Lady Catherine Graham, but into one or two others perhaps more remarkable. The Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland, were a great family for many generations in Scotland, and descended from James I. and his English queen, Jane Beaufort. George Keith, the fifth earl, was high in the favour of James VI., his kinsman. He was the ambassador to Denmark, to arrange the king's marriage with the Princess Anne, which he successfully accomplished. He founded, in 1593, the College of Aberdeen, thence called the Marischal College. It is said that he could enter Scotland at Berwick, and travel the whole length of the kingdom to John o' Groat's House, without even eating a meal or taking a night's rest off his own lands. But all this did not secure him from the visitation of misfortune. He inherited from his uncle the estates which had been wrested from the Cistercian monks of Deir, in Aberdeenshire. We may now quote Sir Bernard:—"It was not, however, without a solemn warning that the earl yielded to the temptation of a large addition to his annual revenue. Like Pontius Pilate, he had a faithful monitor by his side, who was warned in a dream of the ruin which impended over him; but he disregarded the admonition, and sealed the fate of his house. The earl's first wife, Margaret, daughter of Alexander, fifth Lord Home, was a woman of noble spirit and a tender conscience, and used all her influence to prevent her lord introducing such a consuming moth into his house, as was

the sacrilegious meddling with the wealth of the Abbey of Deir. She had a remarkable dream, which she did not fail to communicate to her husband, and which the fate of the subsequent generations of their race has proved to be prophetic. She lay asleep one night in the Castle of Dunottar, the chief seat of the family, a mansion perched on a tremendous rock overhanging the German Ocean, and which, as well from the extent of the ruins as its picturesque position, is one of the most remarkable objects in the north of Scotland. In her sleep, she saw a long procession of ecclesiastics, clad in the habit of the Cistercian order, issuing from the Abbey of Deir, and advancing to the strong and steep rock on which Dunottar Castle is situated! She saw them sit themselves round the foot of the rock, and taking penknives out of their pockets, begin to pick and cut the hard rock, as if with the intention of demolishing it. The countess, in her sleep, wondered at the folly of these poor monks, who were attempting so great a work with such inadequate instruments, and she went to call her husband, in order to join with her in deriding them, and calling on them to cease their fruitless labour. When, full of mirth, she brought him along with her to see the poor monks at their foolish work, behold! the entire rock, with the strong and stately castle, had already been undermined by the work of their penknives, and had toppled over into the ocean; so that there remained nothing but the wreck of their rich furniture and tapestries, floating on the waves of a raging and tempestuous sea. Dunottar had sunk, and the very place on which it stood had perished for ever.

“The earl mocked the popular superstition, and his wife’s foreboding vision. He inscribed on a tower which he built at the Abbey of Deir, this defiant motto:—

“They have said: what say they, let them say.”

He seems to have regarded his munificent foundation of Marischal College, in Aberdeen, with its principal and four professors of philosophy, whom he richly endowed, as a sort of salve to his conscience for the church lands which he had acquired. He founded this college immediately after he had become possessed of the Lordship of Altrie, with the Cistercian temporalities, and he repeated the same legend that he had inscribed on the abbey tower on the walls of his new college. The riches and grandeur of Keith-Marischal probably appeared to the earl to be as firmly established as the Castle of Dunottar on its lofty rock beetling above the North Sea. What would he have thought if he could have foreseen that in little more than ninety years from the time of his death his descendants would be deprived of their lands and titles, and would be wan-

dering exiles in a foreign country: and that in somewhat more than half a century later, the last male descendant of the Earls Marischal was to close his long, lingering existence in the service of a German prince, whilst the ancient and strong fortress of Dunottar would stand roofless and grass-grown, and except as a melancholy landmark for ships sailing beneath its walls, might as well be crumbled beneath the waves that beat against the cliffs on which it was reared. His descendants followed the fortunes of James II., and the two last male heirs of his race were George, tenth Earl Marischal, and James Keith, who were in the service of Frederick the Great. The Earl Marischal was his most trusted minister, and James Keith, his brother, was his great field marshal, who was killed in 1758 at the Battle of Hochkirchen, here so called, although Thomas Carlyle lately asserted, much to the discomfiture of the Germans themselves, that there never had been a Hochkirchen in this world, and never would be. The Earl Marischal survived his brother James twenty years, and died in 1778, aged 86 years. The succession then passed into the female line, the estates having been forfeited to the Crown by their adhesion to the Stuarts.

THE FATE OF SEAFORTH.

Sir Bernard Burke presents us with another case of what is called the supernatural under this title. The Earls of Seaforth were the Mackenzies of Rosshire. They were Barons of Kintail; their ancestry could be traced up into the very night of tradition; finally, in 1623, they were created Earls of Seaforth, and were the most powerful chiefs in the Northern Highlands. The mysterious circumstances, however, attached to the third earl, in the time of Charles II. We may quote Sir Bernard's account:—

“The Earl of Seaforth had occasion to visit Paris some time after the restoration of Charles II., his countess being left at Brahan Castle while he had enjoyed the dissipations and amusements of the French capital, which seemed to have many attractions for him, as his stay was prolonged much beyond his original intention. Lady Seaforth became excessively uneasy on account of his prolonged absence, more especially as she had received no letters from him for several months. Her anxiety became too great for endurance, and led her to have recourse to the aid of magic, in order, if possible, to obtain tidings of her absent lord. She accordingly sent messengers to Strathpeffen to summon the Warlock of the Glen. This was a man celebrated throughout all the North Country for his intimate relations with

the invisible world. He was what would be in modern times called a clairvoyant and a medium, for he united in his person the characteristics of both these branches of mysterious gifts. In the days of our fathers he would have been considered as possessing in a very remarkable degree what was called second-sight; and in his own day he was feared, and at the same time frequently consulted as a warlock, or wizard and necromancer. He professed to exercise his power of clairvoyance by means of a circular white stone with a hole in the middle, which he used to hold up to his eye and look through, in order to see the passing events of far distant countries.

“The countess’s messengers accordingly brought the ‘Warlock of the Glen’ from Strathpeffen to Brahan Castle, and ushered him into the lady’s presence. When informed that he was required to give tidings of the absent earl, he made particular enquiries as to where he was supposed to be, and then said that he doubted not that he should be able to discover him, if he were still alive on the face of the earth. He immediately drew forth his magical stone, and applying it to his eye, looked through the hole. The anxious suspense of the countess was interrupted by the loud laugh of the Warlock, who said ‘Fear not for your lord. He is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy.’ The immediate anxiety for her husband’s life and health being dispelled, the countess desired the Warlock to describe her lord’s appearance, and tell her where he was, what he was doing, and by whom he was surrounded.

“‘Be satisfied,’ said he; ‘ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry.’

“‘But where is he?’ asked the countess. ‘With whom is he? and is he making no preparations for his homeward journey?’

“‘Your lord,’ said the Warlock, ‘is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and is at present too greatly employed to think of leaving Paris.’”

The countess’s anxiety now took a different turn. Knowing that her lord was alive, and well, and happy, she began to fret that she had no share in this happiness, and to feel the pangs of jealousy and wounded pride. There was something sinister in the expression of the Warlock’s countenance which seemed to justify such feelings. He spoke of her lord’s present occupations with a malicious sneer, as if to say “I could tell a disagreeable tale if I would.” The countess made use of entreaties, bribes, and threats, in order to induce the Warlock to speak out.

“‘Since you *will* know that which will make you unhappy, I must needs tell you the truth,’ said the Warlock. ‘My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his High and home. I saw him in a gay, gilded room, grandly

decked out in velvets, and silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, with his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips.' ”

At this painful disclosure the fury of the countess knew no bounds, Her anger turned against the unfortunate Warlock, as she could not wreak it on her faithless husband, and she formed a sudden resolution to put the witchman to death, on the plea of having maligned the earl before his vassals. The poor man, struck with dismay, still hoped that a little time would abate her fury against him. But the decision of the countess was irrevocable.

The gallows was forthwith erected and the miserable Warlock led out for execution.

“ Such a stretch of feudal oppression at a time so little remote as the reign of Charles II. may appear strange, but in the Highlands even at that time the will of the chief was supreme, and at Menzies Castle, more than half a century later, an offending vassal was starved to death by order of the wife of the chief, the sister of the great and patriotic Duke of Argyll.

“ When the Warlock found that no mercy was to be expected, he drew forth the white stone so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and for the last time applying it to his eye, he said—

“ I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East. She is to kill her sister and— * * * *

As a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth, viz :—Gairlock, Chisholm, Grant, and Rasay, of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hair-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs, distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth, and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, and that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger ; that his race shall come to an end.

When the Warlock had ended his prediction, he threw his

white stone into a small loch, on the banks of which the gallows was erected, saying whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted.

The Warlock was hanged, and Sir Bernard Burke proceeds to show that the greater part of the prediction has already been realised, but not all—that which yet remains to be fulfilled being well known in the Highlands, but must not yet be published.

“Francis Humberstone Mackenzie was a very remarkable man. He was born in 1754, and although he was deaf and dumb, he was able to fill an important position in the world by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune. He may be said quite to have recovered the use of speech, for he was able to converse; but he was totally deaf, and all communications were made to him by signs or in writing. Yet he raised a regiment at the beginning of the great European war; he was created a British peer in 1797, as Baron Seaforth, of Kintail; in 1800 he went out to Barbadoes as Governor, and afterwards to Demerara and Berbice; and in 1808 he was made a lieutenant-general. These were singular incidents in the life of a deaf and dumb man. He married a very amiable and excellent woman, Mary Proby, the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, and niece of Lord Carysfort, by whom he had a fine family of three sons and six daughters. When he considered his own position—deaf and formerly dumb, when he saw his three sons all rising to man’s estate, and when he looked round him and observed the peculiar marks set upon the persons of the predicted four contemporary Highland lairds, all as the late Earl of Ellesmere used to describe them, in accordance with the Warlock’s prophecy, he must have felt ill at ease, unless he was able, with the incredulous indifference of a man of the world, to spurn the idea from him, as an old wife’s superstition.

“However, fatal conviction was forced upon him, and all those who remembered the family tradition, by the lamentable events which filled the house with mourning. One after another, his three promising sons were cut off by death. The last, who was the most distinguished of them all for the finest qualities both of head and heart, was stricken by a sore and lingering disease, and had gone, with a part of the family, for his health, to the South of England. Lord Seaforth remained in the North, at Brahan Castle. A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick chamber of his beloved son. One morning, the accounts being rather more favourable, the household began to rejoice, and a friend and neighbour, who was visiting the chief, came down after breakfast full of the good news, and gladly imparted them to the old family piper, whom he met in front of the castle.

The aged retainer shook his head and sighed. 'Na, na,' he said, 'he'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth maun outlive *all* his three sons.' This he said in allusion to the Warlock's prophecy; thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. The words of the old piper proved too true. A few more posts brought Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his three sons.

At length, on the 11th January, 1815, Lord Seaforth died, the last direct male representative of his race. His modern title became extinct; the chieftom of the house of Mackenzie, divested of its rank and honour, passed away to a very remote collateral, who succeeded to no portion of the property, and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East. Lord Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, the Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married in 1804, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., K.B., who was Admiral of the West India Station while Seaforth himself was Governor of those islands. Sir Samuel afterwards had the chief command in the Indian seas, whither his lady accompanied him, and spent several years with him in different parts of the East Indies. He died while holding that high command, very nearly at the same time with Lord Seaforth, so that his youthful wife was a recent widow at the time, and returned home in her widow's weeds, to take possession of her paternal inheritance; so that she was literally a *white-hooded* lassie, that is, a young woman in widow's weeds, from the East."

We may shorten the remainder of this very remarkable narrative. The great points of the prognostication had been fulfilled. The deaf and dumb lord had arrived, and saw around him the three lairds so singularly marked; his three sons were dead, and the Seaforth title thus became extinct. The white-hooded lassie came and inherited the property, but she also transferred the Seaforth domains to another family by marrying Mr. Stewart, a grandson of the sixth Earl of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie further realised the prophecy, by selling the great island of Lewis to Sir James Matheson, thus alienating a great portion of the family estates. Still further, Mrs. Mackenzie became the innocent cause of the death of her sister, the Hon. Caroline Mackenzie, through the pony in a carriage which Mrs. Mackenzie was driving taking fright, overthrowing the carriage, killing the sister, and injuring Mrs. Mackenzie herself. "Thus," says Sir Bernard Burke, "was fulfilled the last portion of the Warlock's prophecy, which has as yet been accomplished."

Sir Bernard, in his third volume, gives us also the strange story of the extinction of the family of the Foulques, of Fête Foulques, in Poictou, as related by Madame de Créquy in her famous *Memoirs*. The chief actor and the original relator of this supernatural story was Don Louis de Lima Vasconcellas, Knight of Malta, Grand Prior of Majorca, &c. &c., in the middle of the last century. Though well known and popularly accepted in France, it has an air of romance which would weaken its authority with English readers were we to transcribe it.

EFFECT OF A WIDOW'S MITE.

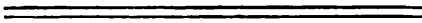
SOME time ago, I sent you an account of a vision of children carrying lamps from a book of Catholic devotion. The following narrative is in the same volume. Making all allowance for the peculiar faith of Catholics in masses, and the power of priests to release souls from purgatory, and holding our own Protestant belief in the propriety of praying only to God through Christ, we may still admit the genuine spiritual character of this relation.

W. H.

“Gregorius Carfora, a regular canon, says—There was a poor woman of Naples, who, besides her difficulty of living, had added to this the imprisonment of her husband, whose labour was the chief support of the family. Very soon the poor widow was involved in debt, in consequence of her husband's confinement, and by degrees her necessity became so great, that she could not even support her children, much less save anything towards the release of her husband. In this great trouble, she applied, with a well-written petition, to a rich man, whose reputation for kindness to the poor was great; but she received from him only a small piece of money. Still more bowed down by this disappointment, she went into the church to lament her case to God, the especial Father of the poor in their heavy needs. As she there knelt, praying and weeping, her guardian angel inspired her with the happy thought, that the poor souls in purgatory often help their benefactors in their necessities. She, therefore, conceived a great confidence in them, and took the small piece of money which she had received, and paid for a mass for them. When this was over, she went forth, and before the church she met a venerable old gentleman, who addressed her in a very friendly manner, and inquired why she was so perplexed. She related to him her misfortunes, on

which he handed her a letter, telling her to deliver it to a certain nobleman in the city, and took his leave. She immediately hastened to deliver the letter to the nobleman, who, on looking at the address, appeared greatly astonished, and asked whence she had brought the letter, for he perceived that it was the writing of his deceased father. She answered that an aged and distinguished looking gentleman had given it to her; and as she looked round her in the splendid apartment in which they were, she exclaimed with great excitement, that he was very like a portrait to which she pointed, only more bright and happy. When the nobleman came to read the letter, he found it to contain these words:—‘My son, now thy father ascends out of purgatory to heaven, by means of the prayers and offering of this poor woman. I intreat thee, therefore, to show thyself grateful, and reward her richly, for she hath great need of it.’

“The nobleman read these touching lines, amid streaming tears of joy, and a great increase of heavenly faith, and then said to the happy bringer of the letter—‘O, good woman! with a small alms you have procured my father a great felicity; I will with a larger one establish yours. I give you my sacred promise, that the means of existence shall never again fail with you or your family.’ And this he fully made good.”



REASON AND FAITH.

(*Extracted by LAVATER from a work especially condemnatory of Superstition.*)



“It may well be that reason, elevated to a certain degree, may find in the doctrine of Revelation much to doubt and much to condemn. Religion is not for it, but for the lower powers, which through it, may be guided and limited in the most beneficial manner for the good of human society. As reason can exert no domination over the lower powers, so the means by which this domination is exercised cannot belong to its province, but must be proportioned to the sensuous system, and be drawn from it. Let the greatest philosopher construct a religion entirely according to reason. It may be the work of ingenious speculation, but for the good of human society, and especially in regard to the restraint of the passions, it will be found thoroughly inoperative. As necessary as are fancies and desires to the human constitution, just so necessary is faith, and man is so framed that he both must and will believe. Religion offers him

sufficient material for this purpose, and satisfies this necessity in a manner not only not injurious, but even beneficial, since it unites faith with activity. Take away from man this material, and he will as certainly fall on other objects, which will become mischievous, not only to himself, but to the peace of society. In these days, which have boasted so much of their enlightenment, people have wondered how it was—especially in great cities, which are generally the most prominent seats of enlightenment—that the tendency to superstition, in both old and new forms, should all at once show itself again. The cause appears to me very easy of explanation. We have so reasoned away the objects of faith and religion, that the human spirit, to which faith is a substantial necessity, has sought new objects in spirit-seeing, in gold-making, in philosophical mystifications, in clairvoyance, Theosophy, Pantheism, and I know not what else. How otherwise can we account for the fact that enlightened men, who have long given up all faith in political religion, still believe, with the utmost conviction, in the secrets of Freemasonry.

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“He who has the opportunity of studying men closely will see with astonishment the ineradicable necessity of faith to the human mind manifested in such a person as the renowned philosopher K—— (no doubt, Kant), who could not believe in the Christian religion, who heaped on it contemptuous expressions a thousandfold—yet, great philosophical thinker! actually believing in fortune-telling, in being a chooser of particular days, and who in dark ones would not undertake anything of importance. That, certainly, was rather weak and inconsequent!

“But I knew another man, who passed for a very witty ridiculer of religion, and whom no one would suspect of any reverence for the Bible—yet this man was addicted to seeking direction in his affairs from the Bible. He sought to obtain auspicious oracles by sudden openings of the leaves at particular places, or by running a needle through them, and where the point reached, he seized upon the text, and to the best of his ability, followed such directions as he could find in it, blindly and with all his power.

“At the very moment that I am writing this,” says Lavater, “I receive a letter from R——, in which he tells me that the most determined Jacobins of the place (it was during the French Revolution), who make the loudest professions of Atheism, and blaspheme Christ in the most awful manner, are hunting out all the prophesyings of former ages regarding the ascendancy of France, the fall of Rome, the overthrow of the Pope, and the victories of Kellermann.”

NIKOLAUS VON DER FLÜE, OR NICOLAS OF THE ROCK,

(Who is asserted by the Swiss historians to have lived nearly twenty years without food.)

Nikolaus von der Flüe, the hermit of Ranft, near Sarnen, in Melchthal, in Obwalden, part of Underwalden, was one of the most remarkable men of Switzerland in the fifteenth century, and at the same time one of the most remarkable instances of a man living for many years without eating or drinking. Nicolas was born in 1417, and died in 1487, being exactly seventy years of age, his death occurring on the anniversary of his birth, namely, on the 21st of March.

The period is a good way back, and the history of the man is Catholic; many, therefore, will put little faith in it; but the truth of the narrative is so interwoven with the history of the country, and is so fully attested, not only by Catholics but by Protestants, that it deserves to be attentively considered. No less authorities on the Protestant side than Bullinger, the famous Reformer, and Johannes Müller, the Protestant historian of Switzerland, put full faith in the narrative. To Spiritualists it is one of much interest, for it is marked by all those signs of mediumship which have of late years become so familiar, and, therefore, well understood.

Nicolas was the eldest son of respectable parents of some property, and in his childhood laboured like the rest of his brethren and sisters, on the land; but he seems to have been neither taught to read nor write. From a child he was very piously inclined. His native place was Sachseln near Stans. Inclined, as he was, to secret meditation, yet a civil war breaking out between the different branches of the Confederation, called the War of Zürich, Nicolas joined the army, and served ten years, from 1436 to 1446. In this war he showed himself a brave and active soldier, and was often able to restrain his comrades from the commission of violence on the conquered population. Again, in 1460, though he was then married and had children, he joined the army of his countrymen, against the encroachments of Sigismund of Austria. His pious habits, however, increased with his years, and at the age of fifty, though the father of five sons and five daughters, he determined to make over his property to his wife and children, and retire from the world. Though this resolution was very much in keeping with the habits and ideas of the age, his intention was strongly opposed, not only by his wife and family, but by his friends. According to our present notions, Nicolas could have served God better by remaining amongst his fellow men, and discharging faithfully his civil and social duties. Such, how-

ever were not the notions of those old Catholic times. Accordingly, he set out from his home, bare-headed and bare-footed, with only a rough coat on and a staff in his hand. He went forth literally without purse and without scrip. After fixing on various spots in the woods and wildernesses, from which the inquisitive visits of crowds of people compelled him to retreat, he finally settled down in a solitary spot in Melchthal, called Ranft, meaning a corner, close to the foaming River Melcha. Here he was distant only a quarter of an hour from his wife and children, who sometimes visited him, but whom he never visited. Here his pillow was a stone, his bed the hard earth, a few boughs were his only shelter for some time; but the most amazing part of his history is, that he had ceased to eat and drink from the time that he left home, and never again took food or drink of any kind during the remainder of his life, that is, for nineteen years and a half; the only exception to this, his taking the sacred wafer at the administration of Eucharist, once a month.

His neighbours came, and helped him to build a hut, and the community of Obwalden built a cell and chapel. In the latter, mass was regularly performed by a chaplain, who was maintained by the money given by visitors to Nicolas. As the fame of the holy hermit grew, processions were made to the chapel of his hermitage, and numbers went to seek his advice. Many others declared him to be an old hypocrite, and that he had food secretly conveyed to him. But the government of Obwalden determined to test this assertion, and surrounded him for a month by a guard of soldiers, during which time he continued as well as ever. Any food, except the consecrated wafer, was rejected by his stomach. The Bishop of Constance sent his suffragan to test him. This suffragan, Bishop Thomas, asked Nicolas which he considered the greatest of all virtues; he replied obedience. Therefore the Bishop, as an act of obedience to his superior, commanded him to eat some bread and drink some wine, which he laid before him. Nicolas was struck with consternation, and entreated most earnestly to be excused, but the Bishop was inexorable. Nicolas then begged that the smallest possible portion of bread might suffice. This he attempted to swallow; but the agonies that it caused him were so dreadful, and so near costing him his life, that the Bishop was fully satisfied of his honesty as to not taking food. Independent of these tests, the character of Nicolas for the most perfect veracity and goodness, was sufficient proof to all reasonable people of his utter abstinence.

By this abstinence he was reduced to a mere skeleton, but his health was excellent, and his strength great. As in the case

of all extreme ascetics, his spiritual being was open to the inner world. He had the most extraordinary visions, saw the state and future fortunes of people with the utmost clearness, and foretold coming events with the greatest precision. He foresaw the Reformation, and, as a good Catholic, warned his friends not to be led away by it, at the same time that he saw that it would rend in two the faith of his whole country. The writer of his life says:—"The times were then wonderful and gloomy. Ignorance and demoralisation had risen to a fearful height amongst so-called Christian people. But it is according to the wisdom of God, in and for such times, to cause the greatest lights of faith to appear—to make the most brilliant radiance of the Divine, beam round them as the light of the sun, scattering the shadows, and preventing the evil from becoming too powerful—showing, in fact, that faith is more mighty than unbelief."

Amongst the miracles attributed to Nicolas, was that of causing a terrible fire in Sarnen to cease through his prayers. On this asserted fact the celebrated Görres has written a poem, "The Fire of Sarnen." Still greater, however, were those of causing his contentious countrymen several times to lay aside their fury against each other, and preserve peace. In the autumn of 1481, the cities of Berne, Zürich, and Lucerne, which, contrary to the agreement of 1322, had made a Confederation amongst themselves, independent of the country cantons, now sought to introduce two new cities—Solothurn and Freiburg. This was violently opposed by the land cantons. The contending parties met in Stans, and for three days debated the question. On the last day the contention had grown so violent, that the Confederates angrily arose and retired to their different inns, determined the next morning to depart to their various homes and prepare for war. In this crisis, Pastor Imgrund, of Stans, set off to the hermit Nicolas, three hours distant, and implored him to come and endeavour to bring the desperate leaders to reason. Nicolas at once set out, and staff in hand, bare-footed and bare-headed, arrived at Stans as the different parties were at breakfast—their horses standing at the doors ready saddled for departure. Suddenly, Pastor Imgrund rushed into one inn after another, announcing the approach of Nicolas. All, out of respect, hastened to the Council-house, and the tall, emaciated figure, clad only in his thick brown coat, appeared at the door. But notwithstanding the earnest invitation of the representatives of the Assembly, he refused to enter, and the whole body came out, and Father Nicholas addressed them in the open air, on the folly and wickedness of their discord. He reminded them of all their glorious conquests—over Austria

in 1473; over France in 1444; and over the ambitious power of the Duke of Burgundy, whose armies they annihilated at Granson and Murten in 1476, and at the terrible Battle of Nancy, in 1477, when Charles the Bold fell himself; of the victory over Sforza, Duke of Milan, in 1478. He asked them whether, having thus triumphed over all their enemies, and placed their country on the summit of earthly strength and glory, they were going to be weak enough to let the devil of discord set them against each other, and destroy, by their own fratricidal hands, both their prosperity and themselves?

The astonished quarrellers at once saw their consummate folly and madness. They burst out into one general applause of the speech of Nicolas, which is given by Tschudi,—shook hands, settled all their differences, included Freiburg and Solothurn in the Confederation, and departed in great delight, the bells ringing joyfully as they rode out of town.

A vote of thanks had been passed, before leaving, to Father Nicolas, for his great service to the Commonwealth, and another to Pastor Imgrund, for his patriotic act of bringing Father Nicolas to the rescue of the State. The Canton of Berne voted £40 for a perpetual mass in commemoration of this great event, and other cantons testified their gratitude towards the venerable hermit.

Besides this good act, Father Nicolas was able to effect peace betwixt Sigismund of Austria and the Confederation, and again, betwixt the Confederation and the city of Constance. By such achievements as these, Father Nicolas justified his retirement from domestic duties, and the historian adds, "Probably few statesmen will be found who have done so much for the maintenance of peace in their own countries, as Nicolas, the poor hermit of Ranft."

The fame of Nicolas spread over all Catholic Europe. Popes, emperors, kings, and bishops honoured him, sent greetings to him, and many of them visited him. Amongst these were the celebrated cardinal and saint, Charles Borromeo. The Council of Obwalden passed an edict, prohibiting wicked and unbelieving men offering any violence or annoyance, as they had occasionally done, to the holy Father, and pilgrimages to his chapel were instituted after his death, which acquired very great éclat, and continue to the present time. Nicolas von der Flüe is still held in great veneration, not only by the people of Underwalden, but by the pious population of all Switzerland.

W. H.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS AT FLORENCE.

We have much pleasure in availing ourselves of the permission to publish the following very interesting letter of Chevalier Kirkup to a friend :—

“ Florence, Ponte Vecchio,
“ January 20th, 1871.

“ My dear Madam,—Our spiritual demonstrations are on the increase. They told us, unasked, that the piano was taken *to content me!* I was not in want of its removal to a room that is too cold; and as for contentment, it might have been a trick—a conspiracy. How did I know that the *facchini* of the music shop had not been sent for in the night (not that I believed so); but I should be more content if they would bring it back in my presence. They promised they would. It was near a month afterwards, those Leghorn ladies were with us at tea as usual, talking of other things, when we were all startled by three violent blows on the closet door. I immediately thought of the piano, and got up and looked if it was there. Nothing! I saw the carpet and bookcase, but no piano. I sat down again on the sofa. I felt a cold wind on my forehead, and told the ladies to observe how the flame of the candle leaned towards the window. Presently it was puffed out, but we were not in the dark; there was a good fire, and all the gas-lights in Lugano shining into the room. I could see distinctly something. I told Bibi and the others to watch the door of the room, which was ajar, and kept my eyes fixed on it for about two minutes; there was nothing. I looked over the table, and saw some books beyond it. I got up, and found they were on the piano, which was standing in its place again!

“ Bibi wrote, and they said they were not permitted to show themselves in the movement of the piano, and they carried it with great velocity *in una nebbia* (in a mist). I had hoped to see it sailing in, but that was impossible. The young lady, Paulina, said she had been in the other room, and saw it there five minutes before tea. It was not in its place here at the moment of the blow, and trick was impossible, for we were all on the watch. The door was ajar, and we did not see it move. They told us, by Bibi, that there were four of them to carry it, and the music books, &c. The piano was tilted to get it through the door, which is nine inches narrower than the finger-board. I am quite certain there could have been no trick.

“ Another evening the candles were blown out, and I heard a female voice singing. I asked the ladies if it was in the street?—no, it was in the room. It began again, and they all heard it distinctly, and said it was beautiful. It is not the first time. We have a new spirit from Capua. His brother, a young officer, was brought to us by Signor Bulgarini. This spirit died at eight years of age, seven years ago. His name is Alezandro di Fonzo, of Capua; his brother is Querino. He is very merry, and moves his hand under the tablecloth, taps on our knees, shakes hands with us, writes beautiful letters at my request, to invite his brother, whom he is very fond of; brought me a photograph of him, from out of a frame in his lodging; brought me a letter from him, with a spot of dirt on the cover, which he excused as he brought it up the chimney, the door of his room being locked.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

“ THE SOUND OF A TRUMPET.”

It was believed by the ancients, that there were certain recurring periods at long intervals, in which the history of the world repeated itself. There is a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Sylla* illustrative of this:—

“ While the horizon was clear and cloudless, there was heard suddenly the sound of a trumpet—shrill, prolonged, as it were wailing, so that all men were startled and awed by its loudness. The Etruscan soothsayers declared that it foreboded the coming of a new generation, and the revolution of the world. For that there were eight generations of man in all, differing from each other in habits and ways of life, and each had its allotted space of time, when Heaven brought round again the recurrence of the Great Year; and that when the end of one and the rise of another is at hand, some wondrous sign appeared in earth or heaven.”—*Plutarch, Sylla*, p. 7.

Swedenborg tells us, that the “sound of a trumpet” spiritually signifies the commencement of a new revelation; or, so to speak, the commencement of a new era in spiritual, moral, and physical existence.

FARADAY AND “ NEW FACTS.”

In a lecture delivered by Faraday, about 1816, at the City Philosophical Society, is the following paragraph:—

“ Before leaving this subject—chlorine (the elementary nature of which had been insisted on by Davy some years before)—I will point out its history, *as an answer to those who*

are in the habit of saying to every new fact, 'What is its use?' Dr. Franklin says to such, 'What is the use of an infant?' The answer of the experimentalist would be, 'Endeavour to make it useful.' When Scheele discovered the substance, it appeared to have no use; it was in its infantine and useless state; but having grown up to maturity, witness its power, and see what endeavours to make it useful have done."

In another place, he says, "The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biassed by appearances; have no favourite hypothesis; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the Temple of Nature."

How came it that, in after years, when called upon to observe the "infant" Spiritualism, the utterer of these noble and true words forgot his own utterances of wisdom—became faithless to his own definition of a true philosopher? Had he acted up to his own teaching, he might possibly even have attained to walk within the second "veil of the Temple of Nature"—within that which has hitherto been called the veil of the Supernatural. The physician evidently knew not how to cure himself.

BRITAIN THE HADES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

According to a note by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, in his *Virgil for English Readers*, it would appear that "there may be some connection with an ancient tradition which would identify the 'white rock' of which Homer speaks, in the *Odyssey*, Book XXV., 11 (translated by Cowper, *Leucadian rock*), as marking the regions of the dead—with the cliffs of our own island—Albion."

"The ghosts
Trooped downwards, gibbering all the weary way,
The ocean's flood, and the Leucadian rock,
* * * * *
They passed."

A curious old legend of the coast of France gives some colour to the interpretation. There was a tribe of fishermen, who were exempted from payment of a tribute, on the ground that they ferried over into Britain the souls of the departed. At nightfall, when they were asleep (so the legend ran), they would be awakened by a loud knocking at their doors, and voices calling them, and feel a strange compulsion to go down to the sea-shore. There they found boats, not their own, ready

launched, and to all appearance empty. When they stepped on board, and began to ply their oars, they found the boats move as though they were heavily laden, sinking within a finger's breadth of the water's edge; but they saw no man. Within an hour, as it seemed, they reached the opposite coast—a voyage which in their own boats they hardly made in a whole day and night. When they touched the shore of Britain, still they saw no shape, but they heard voices welcoming their ghostly passengers, and calling each of the dead by name and rank. Then, having got rid, as it seemed, of their invisible freight, they put off again for home, feeling their boats so sensibly lightened, that hardly more than the keel touched the water." See "Gesner's Notes on Claudian III., 123; Procopius, de Bell, Goth. IV., 20.—*Virgil*, by Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, *Ancient Classics for English Readers*.

A VISION OF L. E. L., THE POETESS, WHO HAD DIED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AT CAPE-COAST CASTLE.

"During Dr. Madden's brief residence at Cape-Coast Castle, he occupied the chamber in which L. E. L. died. He describes 'a frightful dream, or rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied that the form of Mrs. Mac Lean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time I raised myself and examined closely the spot, on which the moonbeams fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be visible; and then in a few minutes, when I might doze or fail by any effort to keep attention alive, the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination.' Was this 'a dream that was not all a dream?'"—*Book of Memorials of Celebrated Men and Women*, by S. C. HALL, Esq.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

"During the American war, two officers of rank were seated in their tent, and delayed taking their supper till a brother officer, then absent upon a foraging party, should return. Their patience was well nigh exhausted, and they were about to commence their meal, concluding something had occurred to detain the party, when suddenly his well-known footstep was heard approaching. Contrary to their expectation, however, he paused at the entrance of the tent, and, without

coming in, called on one of them by name, requesting him with much earnestness, as soon as he should return to England, to proceed to a house in a particular street in Westminster, in a room of which (describing it) he would find certain papers of great consequence to a young lad with whom the speaker was nearly connected. The speaker then apparently turned away, and his footsteps were distinctly heard retiring until their sound was lost in distance. Struck with the singularity of his behaviour, they both rose, and proceeded in search of him. A neighbouring sentinel, on being questioned, denied that he had either seen or heard any one, although, as they believed, their friend must have passed close by his post. In a few minutes their bewilderment was changed into a more painful feeling, by the approach of the visiting officer of the night, who informed them that the party which went out in the morning had been surprised, and that the dead body of poor Major Blomberg (their friend) had been brought into the camp about ten minutes before. The two friends retired in silence, and sought the corpse of the person who, as both were fully persuaded, had just addressed them. They found him pierced by three bullets, one of which had passed through his temples, and must have occasioned instant death. He was quite cold, and appeared to have been dead some hours. It may easily be conceived that a memorandum was instantly made of the request they had both so distinctly heard, and of the instructions attending it, and that, on the return of the regiment to Europe, no time was lost in searching for the papers. The house was found without difficulty, and in an upper room, agreeably with the information they had received in such an extraordinary manner, an old box was discovered, which had remained there many years, containing the title deeds of some property now in the possession of Dr. Blomberg, who was 'the lad' mentioned by name by the voice at the tent door."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CHILD CURED OF BLINDNESS BY PRAYER.

"It seems to me that whatsoever shows signs of suffering has a soul."—p. 80.

"In Ouillas, in a convent, was a young girl named Marie, so pious and good that she was venerated as a saint or angel. She died at the age of 14, and the nuns venerated her so much that they carried every day to her tomb lilies or such flowers as were in season. This caused a great resort to her tomb. Two years after this, a poor woman, who had a little boy blind, from some outbreak of humours in the head, suddenly thought of seeking the tomb of Marie, and praying her, through the will

of God, to restore the sight of her child for her. She took the child with her, and knelt down and prayed. Scarcely had she put up her petition, when she heard the child say, "Ah, mamma, I see you!" His sight was completely restored, and in a few days the humours in his head disappeared, and he became quite well. This account I have," says Eugénie de Guerin, "from Mdlle. Carazon, of Alby, who knew the child in its blindness, and knows it now it is miraculously cured."—*Journal of Eugénie de Guerin*, p. 137.

MORE FEATHERS.

On the 23rd of January, the evening following the *séance* at Mrs. Guppy's, described in our last number, a similar incident to one that then occurred took place at the Progressive Library, 15, Southampton Row; and on this occasion Mrs. Guppy was not present. During the *séance*, the company were suddenly covered with small feathers, which also fell thickly and equally at the same time all over the room. The incident is the more remarkable as there were no feathers or feather beds in the house. There were eighteen ladies and gentlemen present; among the number was Mr. Serjeant Cox.

STARTLING MANIFESTATIONS!—A LOCK OF HAIR BROUGHT BY A SPIRIT.

We hear and read of strange and startling manifestations in every direction, with new and unprofessional mediums, taking place in the domestic circle—specimens only of which we from time to time record. The following is an instance:—

Under date of January 23rd, Mr. C. B. P. Alsop, of 2, Great Turnstile, Holborn, writes in *The Medium* of January 27th, an account of some manifestations of a very extraordinary character, which have recently taken place at his own house and in his own family, through the mediumship of his wife and daughter. The spirits hold audible converse with them; they shake hands with and embrace their mortal friends; join their voices with them in singing; strike notes on the piano; write messages, without the intervention of mortal hands; exhibit their names, in letters as of gold and silver, whilst their forms are seen by Mrs. Alsop and her daughter; they move articles in the room from one place to another at request; they raise the table in mid-air, and take it out of the circle, and it is made to dance about the room without a hand upon it.

At a *séance* held the 20th of January, whilst Mrs. Alsop had her hand raised in the act of prayer, she felt something placed

in it, which proved to be a lock of human hair. Mr. Alsop says:—"I then asked the spirits whose hair it was, and we were answer by raps that it belonged to my friend Bonnick, who told us most distinctly twice over that he had fetched it from his grave. He afterwards told me that he was buried at Nunhead Cemetery, 'a little towards the right.' On asking a third time if he really had brought it from his grave, he said 'Yes; show it to Mary Ann,' alluding to his daughter. I have been up to his daughter's, and shown her the hair that her father brought and put in my wife's hand; it corresponds exactly with some of her father's hair which Miss Bonnick had by her. With tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, pressing this precious token of a father's love to her lips, 'Oh yes, it is exactly like my father's hair.' I had not the slightest idea where he was buried; but when I told Miss Bonnick that her father had told me that he was buried as stated above, she said, 'Oh yes, dear sir, it is all true, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness in bringing me such information.'"

THE TENNESSEE SLEEPER.

A correspondent of the *Louisville Commercial* writes from Union City, Tennessee, as follows:—

"So much has already been written in regard to the lady known here as the 'Sleeping Beauty,' that I can scarcely hope to give you anything new; but will add my testimony to that already given, and make you a plain statement of facts, as I know them from her mother, brother, and friends, who now have her in charge in the same house in which I am stopping, and from which I am now writing to you. Miss Susan Caroline Godsay was born in Obion County, Tennessee, and within ten miles of this city, of poor but very respectable parents. Her father has been dead for over twelve years. Her mother still lives, and watches over her loved child; and the sunken eyes and furrowed brow show very plainly the trials and sorrows she has experienced in her duty for twenty-one years. She is very poor, and to some extent dependant on the contributions of visitors, to take care of and procure proper supplies for her charge.

"Miss Godsay was taken sick when about four years of age with what was supposed to be chills and fever; but which baffled the skill of nurses and physicians for more than two years, at which time she fell into a nervous sleep, from which she has not woke since for a longer time than twelve minutes. She usually sleeps soundly from eleven o'clock at night until about six in the morning, and through the day awakes once a

hour. Her waking spells are never of less than four, nor more than twelve, but usually about six minutes' duration. In her waking moments, she speaks both pleasantly and intelligently, answers promptly any question asked her, and appears quite happy and contented.

"One of the strangest points in this strange case is the seemingly total absence of anything like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held to her lips fails to disclose the slightest trace of breath. Her pulse is perfectly still; and, but for the nervous and tremulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead. She has grown through her affliction, from a little child to about the average height of her sex, and weighs ninety-six pounds; and although her body and hands show very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well developed. Indeed, such a rare style do her features portray, that she is not inappropriately called the Sleeping Beauty of Tennessee."

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON SPIRITUALISM.

In two articles published by Mrs. Stowe in the *Church Union*—her brother's paper—she has spoken, with considerable freedom and a significant boldness, on the subject of Spiritualism; these to be followed by a third, going to show to what extent the beliefs of the Primitive Christians on the subject of spirit-presence correspond with the Scriptures. What we want to bring out here is the simple fact that Mrs. Stowe avows her belief openly in spirit-communion and in the mighty power exerted by the invisibles upon the current affairs of men. She asserts as follows:—"We hold to that belief in the *unbroken unity* possible between those who have passed to the higher life and this. We hold to that vivid faith in things unseen which was the strength of Primitive Christians. The first Christians *believed* what they said they did—we do not. The unseen spiritual world, its angels and archangels, its saints and martyrs, its purity and its joys, were ever before them, and that is why they were such a mighty force in the world. St. Augustine says that it was the vision of the saints gone before that inspired them with courage and contempt of death—and it is true."

So much toward Mrs. Stowe's belief, as she is induced to make a clear and whole statement of it. Let us regard with more attentiveness what she has to say respecting its grounds and supports. Speaking of the spiritual phenomena, she confesses it is high time the Church aroused itself to their serious consideration. "That such experiences (with the phenomena)

are becoming common in our days," she observes, "is a fact *that ought to rouse true Christians to consideration.*" So we have been preaching and teaching, without cessation, for years; and it has been our constant assertion that the time would certainly come when those who style themselves exclusively Christians, and who control and operate on what they again denominate the Church, going so far as to give it the presumptuous title of Orthodox, would be forced to attend to the pressing significance of phenomena whose presence they could not always ignore. Mrs. Stowe herself admits that "these remarkable phenomena which affect belief upon this subject *are not confined* to paid mediums and spiritual circles, so called. They sometimes come of themselves to persons neither believing in them, looking for them, nor seeking them. Thus coming, they cannot but powerfully and tenderly move the soul." There is the secret of the whole story. Spirit influences refuse to be obedient to the form and pressure of cramping creeds; they ignore religious times and seasons; they come, as the Scripture itself asserts of the kingdom of heaven, "without observation;" but, for all this mystery and secrecy and silence, they are no whit less potent and real, nor do their visitations work with any less force on the surprised and oftentimes startled soul.

The article we are now referring to in particular sets out with the reproduction of a scrap of conversation between the writer and one of the most distinguished and honoured of New England clergymen. The latter spoke of Spiritualism, it appears, "as one of the most dangerous forms of error—as an unaccountable infatuation." He denied peremptorily that there was for it either a Scriptural or rational foundation. To which Mrs. Stowe replies with a review of the religious customs of the early Christians, showing beyond question that they believed firmly in the continued union and communion of spirits on earth and above. She instances the frequent celebration by them of the Lord's Supper, and cites from the writings of St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine to prove that angels and men join in the same ascriptions and songs of praise and joy, that the general assembly of celestial and earthly creatures join together on such occasions, and disembodied friends are awaiting with a thrill of indescribable delight the hour of our joining them in a sphere where re-union is to bring perfect bliss. Mrs. Stowe says for herself that "the continued identity, interest and unbroken oneness of the departed with the remaining, was a topic frequently insisted on among early Christian ministers; *it was one reason of the rapid spread of Christianity.*" How altered now, when for believing in such a truth Christians are unceremoniously thrust out of the churches!

The spiritual leaven is quietly doing its work. It is the "still, small voice" that gets the patient hearing at last. The churches may not recognize what is going on in their midst, but, by the results wrought, they will at the right time be compelled to acknowledge all. The great change will have been wrought before they will know how it was done. Its very secrecy is on account of the hard discipline employed by the Church in the hope of suppressing it. Of these secret experiences Mrs. Stowe writes with much feeling and a genuine sincerity, that "in the very nature of the case, they must for ever remain secret, yet they have brought to hearts, bereaved and mourning, that very consolation which the Christian Church ought to have afforded them, and which the Primitive Church so amply provided."

SPIRITUALISM AT OUR ANTIPODES.—A FASTING GIRL AT
NEW ZEALAND.

At Melbourne, Australia, Spiritualism is spreading fast. There are upwards of twenty known mediums, and there is a journal here devoted to Spiritualism, entitled *The Harbinger of Light*, published monthly, price sixpence. It contains good articles, and is exceedingly well got up.

At New Zealand Spiritualism continues to command a large and increasing share of public attention and favour. It is discussed in all the newspapers. A large number of Spiritualist books and journals are sold. Upwards of two hundred regular circles have been formed, at nearly all of which phenomena have been elicited. A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been formed, and the Spiritualists have it under consideration to establish regular Sunday meetings. A similar case to that of the Welsh fasting girl has recently occurred. A young girl belonging to a very respectable family has not tasted food for several months, with the exception of a little liquid occasionally, but nothing solid, as she is unable to swallow it. She is called the Tairia Fasting Girl, and she occasionally sees visions, and holds converse with angels, joins in their singing, and describes what she sees in most beautiful language. She is perfectly sane in every respect, and is visited by hundreds of persons. The following account of a visit to her in the end of August last, is from the *Hobart Town Mercury* of September 22nd. Our contemporary says:—

"For the purpose of satisfying ourselves and enlightening our readers on the real facts of the case, we have recently taken an opportunity of visiting Maungatua, conversing with her, and making strict enquiries in the neighbourhood as to the *bonâ fides*

of these rumours. On Tuesday evening we arrived in the neighbourhood, and visited Mr. Ross's house. There can be no doubt that since the beginning of the year the girl has partaken of not a single pound of solid food, and an infinitely small amount of nutriment of any kind. Under these circumstances, we naturally expected to see some signs of wasting away—attenuated hands and hollow cheeks; but, on the contrary, the one hand which still possesses power—the whole of the girl's left side is paralysed—is strong, and very healthy looking, and covered with a fair proportion of flesh. The face is not that of a confirmed invalid, signs of suffering are altogether wanting from it, and the expression that it wears is one of peace rather than of resignation. Notwithstanding the absence of all palpable means of either maintaining or recruiting health and strength, she seems capable of undergoing a large amount of fatigue, as is evinced by the large number of interviews which she daily holds with those who are comparative or entire strangers to her. It is another remarkable feature of the case that, before her illness, this girl was of an exceedingly bashful and nervous disposition, terrified at the idea of meeting an unknown gaze; but since she has awakened from her long sleep, she is anxious and eager to see as many as possible. Considering all the features of this marvellous case, it is hardly to be wondered at that the ignorant and unlettered should have endowed it with a supernatural halo of glory. The circumstances of the sleep, the trance, the awakening, and the remarkable clearness and earnestness with which she now expresses herself, would all naturally lead them to one conclusion. We cannot blame them for their superstition, and we cannot be surprised that the rumours concerning Miss Ross have grown a little on their journey from Maungatua to Dunedin. We are convinced that if any of our readers should take the trouble of following our example, and we strongly advise them to do so, they will agree with us in the opinion we now express concerning the rights of this case."

THE NONCONFORMIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

In a review of Noyes' *History of American Socialism* in a recent number of the *Nonconformist*, the writer thus refers to Modern Spiritualism:—

Now we conceive it is the admission of some such mysterious ground as this, of a real and prevailing ministry of the spiritual or unseen world over the visible and natural world, in its little as well as its greater affairs, which the Spiritualists are in the first instance so desirous to elicit from us. We see nothing so unreasonable in the demand, that we should be dubbed weak-minded or over-credulous, if we do not at once sneer at and ridicule the beliefs of the Spiritualists, however

much we may sometime deprecate and doubt the wisdom of the form and manner of the revelations. In a certain way all really devout and reverent men have believed in the ministry of spirits, of angels both good and bad. From Tauler to J. H. Newman, the belief has been common, and with souls of more sensitive or mystic temper it was no mere article of a formal creed, but a vital and operative belief, clearing the whole ground of their spiritual life. In the system of Swedenborg it was reduced to definite law, and a whole cosmogony and metaphysic based upon it. The unseen world was the only real world, and to the spiritual sense that real sphere lay open. This is only the old Biblical faith, which was revived in most effective form when Christianity was introduced into the world. But Swedenborg did not say that the best and highest manifestations of spirit-life were the most outward and tangible—those which actually force reluctant belief, by raps, and touches, and scraps of writing. On the Swedenborgian principle, this would be the lowest form of appeal to the materialized and sense-ridden, the spirits only condescending to such manifestation for needful attestation of themselves. This, too, is to be borne in mind when we say, as we have said, that Swedenborg has proved a potent generator of Modern Spiritualism.

CLUB TALK.—EMMA HARDINGE ON PRAYER.

“There is just now great thronging to hear Mrs. Hardinge, an American lady* who is gifted with extraordinary oratorical powers. I have not heard her, but a friend who went with strong prejudices against her, returned full of admiration. He had, he said, heard most of the great orators of our time, but never any possessed of such genuine eloquence as Mrs. Hardinge. He cited to me some passages which were certainly very fine, and he describes her utterances and action as perfect. One of his citations from her address was so beautiful that I committed it to memory, and the reader will be no less struck with it. Speaking of prayer, she said: ‘You will all realize the truth that aspiration is ever answered by inspiration—that the outstretched arms of the human spirit are ever filled by the form of the angel. This is the meaning of invocation—this is the reality of answer to prayer. We open the door of our heart, and the angel walks in.’ Her entire discourse was in the same strain.”—*Exchange and Mart*, Jan. 11th, 1871.

CRIES AND GROANS IN THE AIR, AFTER THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

De Sainte Foy, in his *History of the Order of Espiritu Santo* (edition of 1778), cites the following passage, taken from the writings of the Marquis Cristóbal Juvenal, Lieutenant-Governor of Paris:—

“The 31st of August, 1572, some six or eight days after the assassinations, so called, of St. Bartholomew, I had supped at

* This is an error. Mrs. Hardinge, though long resident in America, is an Englishwoman.

the Louvre with Madame Fiesque. It being exceedingly warm weather, we went to a little balcony by the river, to get the fresh breeze, when suddenly we heard in the air a horrible screaming; tumultuous voices, mingling cries of rage and fury. We were immovable, fixed to the spot in terror, and gazing at each other speechless. This noise, I believe, continued for nearly half-an-hour. It is certain that the king (Carlos IX.) heard it, and was dismayed. He could not sleep the rest of the night. Henry IV. has many times stated to his courtiers (see Daubigné, lib. 1, p. 561), that eight days after the St. Bartholomew massacre, he saw a great many ravens gathered on the pavilion of the Louvre. That the same night, Carlos IX., two hours after he had retired to rest, leaped from his bed in affright, summoned his household, and sent them to listen and seek out the great noise—the groans that filled the air. These cries were so distinct, that the king thought it possible the enemies of the Montmorencies and their partisans had surprised and were attacking them, and he sent a detachment of his guard to repulse them; but they returned with the report that Paris was tranquil, and that the noise that was heard proceeded from the air.”

A DREAM DREAMED BY MR. BARING GOULD, THE
POPULAR AUTHOR.

“I may here mention a remarkable fact. When about fifteen years old, I dreamed that I saw an angel, with a coloured light in her hand, standing in the grass on a starry night. The colour was entirely different from anything that I know. I recall it at times, and try to express my idea of it; but I am paralyzed, for it is an idea so entirely *sui generis*, and so primitive, that I can no more describe it than I could describe red or blue. The only way to express it would be by coining a new word. This fact has often led me to suppose that perhaps colours, forms of beauty, and musical notes, may be infinite in variety, but that our limited faculties can only catch and retain some. It is well known that many notes of music are inaudible to the ear.”—*Note in Baring Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Belief."*

THE CORRELATION AND CONSERVATION OF THE FORCES.

THIS doctrine is based on the indestructibility of matter and force, or, as by some stated, on the indestructibility of matter and the *persistency* of force. From this it is argued that all forms, however diversified, are but the re-appearance of the primitive atoms of elementary matter in new shapes; and analogous to this, the *powers* of matter are but the re-appearance of the stored forces of the universe, as they are translated into heat, electricity, chemical affinity, gravity, light, vitality, mechanical force, &c. According to this theory, wherever mechanical force is expended, the given amount of this force must *quantitatively* appear as some other form of force; it may be heat or light, or both, or in some other form of force than either; but yet, in whatever form or forms it may appear, it must be quantitatively the total of the initial force, however much it may differ qualitatively from that, and can be no more and no less.

It is urged still further that the varied forms of matter and force, as they effect the transformations in the world, are also the efficient and only power through and by which all *vital phenomena* are produced—these vital phenomena being interpreted in that large sense which includes all intellectual or other power, by whatever names called. Now it is another postulate of the doctrine of the correlation of the forces, that every form of force made to appear may also be made to appear in any other given form of force. Thus, if heat is made to appear as electricity—electricity may, in turn, be made to appear again as heat; and so on through the chapter.

The point sought to be made against the spiritual theory is, that under the doctrine of the correlation of the forces, vitality or vital force, is the re-appearance of some other form of force. According to the law, it may also be made to appear as the initial force or forces engaged in its production, and so can have no continuity of existence beyond the physical duration of the present life; and we are referred to the fact, as a confirmation of this, that, in the retrograde decompositions of the organic compounds of high chemical formulæ back to the binary states of matter, all the forces appear in the putrefactive chemical changes of decomposition. And if *spirit*, therefore, exists in man, it, too, must be *but a form of force*; a translation of some other force, which, in its turn, shall *also* be translated and, therefore, cease to be *as spirit*.

This doctrine, interpreted in the most strict and literal way results in the baldest atheism, inasmuch as God and all spirituality

are at once voted out of the universe. It presumes all forces *physical*, and in no state can they ever appear in which they may not re-assume the initial form, that is to say, that if all the world, its furniture and people, were and are the evolutions of transformed nebulæ, and the forces thereof, then they may by the law be nebulæ again.

Professor Faraday, in his *Observations on Mental Education*, says, "I believe that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." If this is his belief, it cannot be that he means this atheistic interpretation to be placed upon the correlation of the forces; and, if he does *not* so interpret it, the most marvellous acuteness will be required to perceive why any other interpretation should bear against the Spiritualist and not against his own views, unless the *educated judgment* be the means of it. He has not taken the trouble to tell us in what way he holds on to his faith in view of the correlation of the forces, while he evokes the doctrine to kill off all spiritualistic theories and facts. We can only refer this to that judicious "reservation of the judgment" he commends, and on which it happened then to be convenient to practise.

But to the point: If it be maintained, as by some, that "the forces are *indestructible, convertible, imponderable objects*" (Mayer, p. 252, Youmans's *Comp. Correl. Forces*), it is not yet settled *how many* such forces there are. Or, if it be assumed that all forms of force are but the translation of *one primal force*, it is no better settled whether there are not *permanent residuary forms*, not convertible by any knowledge we possess, or that all force is, *per se, physical*, and that there can be no force but such as appears in transformations of matter, or in the phenomena of heat, electricity, gravity, &c. These points, I say, are not by any means settled, and until they are, it is but begging the whole argument to declare all spiritual phenomena impossible in view of them.

The whole argument might, therefore, be rested here, since it is the business of those who urge the argument, founded on the forces, against us, to show in what way they can demonstrate by the "rigid test of fact and experiment" that all phenomena are resultant experimentally and logically from the physical forces.

We simply deny that such demonstration has ever been made, or that even the *vital force* has by any such means been made to appear as a translation of the other forces. The most that can be said upon this point is, that where vital force exists, there the other forces are brought into play, and that nobody pretends to deny. We may also admit that vital force nowhere appears in the absence of the others, and the opponents of

Spiritualism are welcome to all the use that can be made of this admission.

But who in his senses ever heard of the *consciousness* being translated into heat, gravity, mechanical force, &c.? Where are the demonstrations, nay, even the *probability*, that the treasury of the memory, with the thousand incidents which make up the record of our *experience* and give us the incontestible proof of *personal, individual existence*—that this is convertible into electricity or chemical affinity? For, if the doctrine of the correlation of the forces is to be brought against us, we have a right to insist upon the terms upon which its demonstrations are had, which are, in brief, that *any form of force correlated to another form is susceptible of translation, forward and backward, at the will of the demonstrator*. With heat, electricity, chemical affinity, mechanical power and magnetism, this may be done. With the affections, memory, consciousness, intelligence and vitality, it has *not* been done, and, in all probability, never will be done. Until this latter has been accomplished demonstratively, our Spiritualism is in no danger of annihilation from arguments founded on the correlation of the forces.

Notices of Books.

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.*

THIS is one of the many books of light literature issued from the American press in which Spiritualism is interwoven with the texture of the plot of the story, heightening its interest, while the story in a pleasing form illustrates the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism is fast leavening the thought and literature of America; it finds expression in every form of literary composition,—in essays and poems, sermons and stories, novels and newspapers. The work before us remarks:—

There is no power that has been so truly felt, or in so short a space of time worked such changes in the life and aims of men, as the power of Spiritualism. Take, for instance, the literature of our country. *The Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine which employs only the best talent on its pages, has changed materially in its character since the first number was issued. In its pages we now find some of the strongest arguments in favour of our beautiful and bountiful faith. There is hardly a novel or romance that can be read without tracing something of a spiritual character in it. Acknowledged mediums are contributing articles, received through the channels of inspiration, and dictated by the spirits of the departed, to the religious papers of our country, though it is not generally known, save to the editors of these journals.

* *The Faithless Guardian; or, Out of the Darkness into the Light.* A Story of Struggles, Trials, Doubts and Triumphs. By J. WILLIAM VAN VARNELL. Boston: WHITE AND COMPANY.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Nearly two years ago I first became an enquirer, and soon after a confirmed Spiritualist. My family were violently opposed to everything in connection with the matter, and it was only by great persuasion that I induced them at last (and then against their will) to sit occasionally with me. The result was, that in a very short time three of my daughters and my wife became physical mediums, and for the last six months we have sat regularly, and have got many interesting and instructive messages by means of the alphabet.

On Monday, December 26, we had a short *séance* in the afternoon, at which the table was raised two feet from the ground many times, and also beat perfect time to various pieces of music played at the request of the spirits. They promised us that we should feel the spirit-hands, if we would have a dark *séance* later in the day. We accordingly sat, at about eleven o'clock, in the dark, and after some violent levitations we were each of us touched many times on the hands, face, and various parts of our persons by different spirit-hands. We instantly recognised the touch of dear friends who had gone to the spirit-home, each hand retaining its individuality of touch as in life. The touches were of peculiar delicacy and softness, but as palpable as a human hand, and the motion very caressing. At our request the rings were taken from the fingers of seven of us, the bows taken from the hair of every lady, and the neckties from the gentlemen. The brooches, ear-rings, and watches were all taken away, and a watch taken from the pocket of my son put inside the stays of one of my daughters, and her dress fastened up again. My eldest daughter put her wedding-ring on the little finger of her right hand, when it was taken off, and restored to the proper finger. On striking a light, we found the jewellery arranged all together, and the waistband, neckties, bows, &c., all folded and laid in order. On again extinguishing the light, the table, without a single hand being laid on it, raised itself gently, completely over our heads and out of the circle, being deposited in another part of the room, and the circle left entire. All this occurred without the aid of any medium, except those of my own family. I send this account as showing what may be obtained in a short time by those who are earnest and persevering in the search for truth. I shall be glad at any time to receive any strangers who are seriously desirous of investigating for themselves, and will arrange for their admission to *séances* held at my house.

J. STOKES.

29, Kingsdown Road, Holloway, Dec. 29, 1870.