

DREAM LAND AND GHOST LAND:

VISITS AND WANDERINGS THERE IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THE opinions of intelligent thinkers in this and in other countries are undergoing a change in reference to the connection of man in this state with the world of spirits. This little volume follows in the wake of larger ones, and is a compilation, and at the same time something of a generalization of views upon some of the mysteries of the modern age.

The Discoveries of Modern Science tend to confirm the belief in a spiritual world; and thus to overthrow the negations of Scepticism from a most unexpected quarter.

Rationalism finds itself altogether at fault in its speculations. The discoveries and searchings of Magnetism have thrown a new light over man's position in the world.

The simple object of this volume is to put some of these facts and thoughts into a cheap and comprehensive form.

E. P. H.

Fulford, York.

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DREAM LAND AND GHOST LAND.

CHAPTER I.

GHOST, OR, NO GHOST.

If Paul were to preach in England in our day, he could scarcely bring against us the charge preferred according to our version, against his Auditors in Ancient Athens, of being too Superstitious. We have brought the objects and subjects of our belief in these days, within a very narrow limit and bound indeed; the march of intellect has fairly chased away almost every possibility of lingering belief in the things invisible or unseen: we have indeed sometimes thought that there is a Superstition of Incredulity, as well as of Credulity; and, as it has long been the fashion to satirise the prodigious gullibility of old faith, it surely might not be too impertinent to indulge in a little humour, at the expense of the voracity of modern scepticism:—

Amongst other things, which it was fondly hoped had been well and efficiently done—Ghosts, it was thought, were all fairly laid at the cock crowing of Science: scared by the first glimpses of the dawn of the morning of knowledge, each spirit “hied to its confine.” Books it was thought, were disseminated

so widely, and books were looked upon as remedies, so catholic and cardinal for the disease of ghosts, that it was fully thought the world would hear no more about them, the shadows of a dark age, the mere creations of fancies vested in ignorance; in a day intelligent as this, it appeared certain they could appear no more.

Most provokingly there arise to upset all these reasonings, a class of investigators, who tell us that the ghosts have never left the world at all, and that they are flitting about here, upon this real world; still more than this, these very people tell us, that they have attained to some understanding upon the business, that, so far from Science and Knowledge scouting these spiritual wanderers, they are brought into clearer revelation, by the beams of their torches; they attempt to guide the mind to the very law of apparitions; and to show to us, that properly speaking, there is nothing supernatural in their periodical visitations. And certainly it must be admitted, at least, that these people have contrived to make what was so settled, quite unsettled; the chambers of mystery have been re-illuminated; and the priests of Knowledge have trimmed the lamps: seriously enough it is quite questionable at least whether there are not real authentic spirits at no great remove from us; it begins to be apprehensible to people who did believe that body was the only real being, that spirit has some share in human being, and destiny too; the sceptic has put all things into a retort, has insisted on decomposing all substances, and has laughed loudly, as at every successive fact there seemed to be the endorsement of his doubt, and of his faithlessness; at least it seems he has pushed his enquiries too far; he has opened an unexpected crypt in the vault, and is astounded to find calmly

beaming before him the ever burning lamp of spiritual life.

This little book is not so much an assertion as an enquiry ; we are scarcely competent to declare, but we may venture to discuss. The writer believes indeed that our life is sublimed by the belief that there is a real spiritual world, and that there are real spiritual beings all around us. An attempt to enquire into that world—to approximate to it—to assimilate with it—nay, to become cognizant of it, cannot be unnatural for those who are rapidly hastening to it. It is scarcely, an enquiry, as likely to induce a belief tending to emasculate or enfeeble the mind : and if it should transpire that we are influenced in no feeble degree by benignant or malevolent beings ; if the character of our own spiritual influence should be more fully declared to us by such enquiries, it will surely confirm our faith at once in ourselves, and in the tremendous unseen to which we are all hastening.

Why not ? my dubitable sneering friend, why not ? all nature is a kingdom of wonder and mystery ! this addition does not increase or make more complicate the wonder ; nay, does it not make it less so ? You would move through a realm reduced to the level of your own eyesight ; you would interpret the supernatural to be all that extends beyond the bounds of your own unroused faculties. Why may not spirits be what bodies are to shadows ? Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that a soul should have a shape ? Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that in certain states the extraordinary should be seen, when we know that in certain states the extraordinary is felt. For our part, it does not appear more wonderful to see a ghost than to write Hamlet or Festus, and the ghost phenomenon is perhaps

more easy of solution than the other. There appears to be a balance of reasoning against the sceptic. We leave our friend in possession of the laugh, while we take possession of the pile of documents, the testimonies beyond dispute and disbelief—the facts of modern science—the immense retinue of coincidences in universal experience. How can you believe all wrong? How can you exert your own eyesight over so large an experience? Under any view this simplifies the present life; every form of beauty or of terror has its own answering type and correspondence in the next world. The shapes of terror, and of power, of beauty, and of blight, are there; the power to realize their presence depends upon our emancipation from the dominion of the outer organs of the senses. Their monarchy over the soul enfeebles it—light may stream through a medium of horn or of glass, and it becomes dim or bright in consequence,—our power to perceive the relations of the spiritual world depends upon the fineness of our organism.

“Spirits are not finely tuned
But to fine issues.”

Music is not so much in the tones striking on the ear, as in the soul; and it is by spiritual sight that we become familiar with spiritual things.

Yes; for does not our scepticism in reference to the messages from the land of spirits arise from inadequate ideas of the nature of the soul? We need to reconsider our psychology; there is nothing inconsistent, there is everything consistent with Christian revelation in the idea of spiritual appearances. Our notions of the spiritual world have all been indefinite; they have emanated from misbelief and disbelief; in our talk of the next

world we have rushed into two most opposite extremes, we have sensationalised the next world until we have made it sometimes gross and stagnant like that on which now we live, or we have made it an abstraction, until every vestige of reality, of form, of emotion, of colour, nay of life, had passed away from it. We remember a friend of ours, to whom we had lent Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*, returned it to us, remarking that he never before felt so satisfied that Mind can exist nowhere; and the remark of that great writer is, that "Body is the necessary means of bringing Mind into relationship with space and extension, and so of giving it *place*. Very plainly, a disembodied spirit—or we ought rather to say an unembodied spirit, or sheer mind, is *nowhere*." This idea has now in fact possessed the great majority of minds among us, and but little satisfaction is there in it. Truly, if we can exist nowhere, we can exist nohow, and by what means our identity can be secured to us it is difficult to perceive. We have, however, pushed our immaterialism to the utmost extent—so far, that most men can form no idea to themselves of spiritual existence, even of those who desire, while others have ignored spiritual existence altogether.

Mrs. Crowe, in her interesting volumes, the *Night side of Nature*, has put the nature of the soul in a true light, when she has called it the Dweller in a temple, and has described the phenomena of dreaming as the dweller looking abroad. A phrase frequently used by magnetists in reference to the dead is, "the unshell'd;" they, many of them, shrink from the use of the word dead, it does not express the idea intended—nothing essential to humanity dies—nothing that we ever loved in our departed dear ones can die. As the flower shoots

up from the husky seed, so forth from the body springs the beautiful, to a shape of loveliness and sympathy and power. Now, we have said all this, and have heard it said ten thousand times from pulpits and in parlours, but we have been afraid to realise it; we might have realised it, but we would not; we have allowed the icy finger of cold materialism to press the warm-blooded faith from our heart; we did not dare to avow our convictions in the identity and personality of the spiritual world against our instincts, we believed or avowed our belief in the sudden wrenching by death of the soul from the body to introduce it into a world utterly unlike that which it had left behind, as if there was anything like this in Nature, as if in her dealings there were any violent transitions like this; we have imagined as if it did not appear much more in harmony with all we see and all we have revealed, to regard this as the foetus period of human history, and death as the travailing of the spirit into a higher life, a life, however, of gentle transitions and gradual developments.

And because we have been unable, or indisposed, to realise this and these things, we have also been unable to apprehend how a spirit could approach us, how we could become cognisant of it, and know it, and behold it; for we will (the most of us) recognise no difference between what is done through the senses and what is done by them: the eye is as powerless as glass to see, and the fingers as incapable as iron of feeling, what wonderful individuality is that which informs them all;—the senses are not separate powers, but various manifestations of one power—that power which collects all its forces and discharges them through the body. Those which we call the senses are only the gates

and the portals of the soul, and derive all their dignity from the citizen lodged within. When men talk to us of the brain, and of the features, and the nerves, as all of them indicating mind, it ought to be remembered that they do so in the same way as the wires indicate electricity. Phrenology and Physiognomy are, at the best, but only maps of the roads over which mind travels; and some poor benighted heathens in Great Britain have mistaken the road for the traveller; no doubt, within every one of our senses, there lies a deeper sense, and we become gifted to enter into the region of the spiritual in proportion as this is awakened; as we have already intimated, it is in ourself that the power lies to behold,—the vesture of decay hangs round us, but intense vision will ever bring to light the wonderful and the, till then, unseen. Dr. Reid says—"No man can show it to be impossible to the Supreme Being to have given us the power of perceiving external objects without the organs of sense. We have reason to believe, that, when we put off these bodies and the organs belonging to them, our perceptive powers shall rather be improved than destroyed or impaired. We have reason to believe, that the Supreme Being perceives everything, in a much more perfect manner than we do, without bodily organs. We have reason to believe, that there are other created beings endowed with powers of perception, more perfect and more extensive than ours, without any such organs as we find necessary." Sir William Hamilton adds the following note, "However astonishing, it is now proved, beyond all rational doubt, that in certain abnormal states of the nervous organism, perceptions are possible through other than the ordinary channels of the senses."*

* These paragraphs have been quoted second-hand from

Time was when the writer of this volume, thought, with most the friends whom he knew in those days, that all the legends and reputed modern apparitions, and the spectral lights, the strange coincidences of dreams, might all be easily and satisfactorily explained, by such volumes as Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," Upham's "Disordered Mental Action," Hibbert's work on Apparitions, and innumerable others equally useful, all of which, no doubt, have tended to correct a diseased credulity, but which have left the actual question, nearly if not quite, where it was before. How widely disseminated is this faith in the invisible world—in the world of unseen influences and persons? How widely does the belief extend, of powers stronger than any we behold? How widely diffused are the instinctive longings for communion with the spiritual world? Civilization does erase the letters written upon the soul, in the more early and simple day of its history; but what the savage believes and bows before, the child of luxury and of vanity cannot entirely escape from. How many of the opinions, held by us as fixed opinions, which looked with scorn upon many of those held by our fathers in their day, we have been compelled to recall, or, at any rate, to reconsider?

For, indeed, in our day, it had almost seemed that the supernatural was dead and buried. Henceforth there were to be no inclinations in man, no strong yearnings for the invisible ghosts; but indeed all fled before the day-beam of Science, and Philosophy, and before the hurrying crowds of populated cities. Every part of man had been reduced to its proper inches; his powers had all been

Mrs. Crowe. I have not by me Sir William Hamilton's edition of "Reid's Works" to verify the quotations.

squared, and meted out to him; every emotion, and every passion, had been made a creature of too gross earth, nothing left to wonder at: each man had strutted about like a boy new breeched, declaring that for his part he understood it all; to him it was by no means extraordinary that men should believe in these things, he could find the solution in innumerable causes. It was to his own little empty cockloft, called a head, quite an unanswerable argument, that he could laugh at such things. It developed wonderful stories of thought and knowledge, if he could cite at second-hand some few stories from Scott, or Brewster, or the French Encyclopædias: or cite, poor mortal, an apposite and well concocted tale, from his own experience, which tended to settle the matter, so far as he was concerned.

But in truth, is not the supernatural, living, ever in our own observation, as bravely as ever? Do not strange follies perplex us as much as ever? Priestcraft you say? Well, are not many of the modern histories as strange as any that ancient times have handed down to us? What superstition more marvellous, more infatuating, more universal, than Mormonism? The ancient deeds of the Fathers are rivalled by the performances and the doctrines of the priests of modern days. We are pressed upon at all points by the supernatural. Invisible motives accost us every where—we ourselves are the subjects of such motives, with all boasted knowledge and scepticism Light! Intelligence! The most intelligent, the most illuminated amongst us, will not by any means consent to this nailing down the belief to visible forms, and formularies. Do what he will, man does not like to escape from the powers of the invisible; he endures as seeing it. The affections of our nature are not to be accounted for by the

more or less rapid circulation of the blood; it is not the possession of the organ of wonder, or veneration, which makes man a religious being; we might as well argue that trees, and stars, and rocks, and voices exist, because man sees them. They would exist even although all men were blind; and those things, if things they may be called, which are the foundations of our religious life and character, would exist, even if all our moral and mental perceptions were blunted and blinded.

The great and wonderful fact above man is, that there is in him a capacity for infinite belief—he seizes with avidity on the new and wonderful. Who is satisfied with the idea that he knows all—that everything is explored that there are no secrets lurking or living in the universe, which he cannot penetrate or fathom? And this capacity of belief, it is quite noticeable, does exist most in infantile spirits, in the infancy of society, as in the infancy of man; for in very truth, all the efforts of man in cultivation and civilization are to repress and to destroy within him the sense of the wonderful: he is heartily ashamed of the belief of his early days, when the whole wide earth was haunted, and every tree and flower, and every river and brook had appropriate and attendant spirits. Wonderful was the profound and universal belief of those times. As wonderful as the profound unbelief of our times—in every land—in every race linger yet the traditions, and the fountain sources of the immeasurable theologies of love and fear; beautiful and terrible beings everywhere soothing or shaking the spirit, light robes floating over the misty hill, light feet tripping through sylvan solitudes, black forms standing by the bed side of guilt, and harsh sounds piercing through the spirits of even bold bad men—it must be confessed that all

these things were wonderful: whence could such ideas originate? How and in what way could they spring up in the soul? Certainly the ordinary methods of accounting for such beliefs have frequently appeared to us as absurd, or more so than the faiths themselves.

The Credulity of Unbelief! We have sometimes thought of entertaining certain readers with sundry stories under that head and denomination; but not to linger upon it, when it may be said that even old superstition will not go, there is a pertinacious ineradicability about it. Its old forms linger yet—linger in minds quite ashamed to confess how much they yet believe: not to refer to the new phases of faith—to the vestures and robes of a new idealism—to temples rising in architectural splendour dedicated to new ideas and fanaticisms,—the faith of the soul oozing out in directions, and through crannies where least expected—not to refer to the immense and wide-spread floodings of transcendental belief and philosophy, the vindication in our own day of profounder feelings in man, than our modern teachers on the whole have given him credit for—not to refer to the very prevalent forms of superstition, even in the heart of New England, America; or, to the wide spread yearnings through village and city, in our own country, where all men seem to be crying, "Who will show us any good?" dissatisfied with present things, especially in the religious life, because all so barren of satisfaction in reference to the things of the life to come;—not to refer to these things, how old forms live and linger—how old superstitions revive themselves; the spirit not only seeks to burst through the cerecloths of common-place existence, but returns to the past, to find even, amid the tombs of old, consolations which it cannot find in the

temples of the new. To this, WHITTIER, the American Poet, beautifully alludes in the sweet poem called "The Bridal of Pennacook" in his reference to Papa Conoway, the great chief of the Pennacook, or the Merrimack, a celebrated conjurer.

"Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
 O'er the water still and red :
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As with quicker steps, and lighter,
 From that door she fled.

"Tales of him the grey squaw told,
When the winter night wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
 And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child abed
Drew its bear-skin overhead,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
 On the trembling wall.

"All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or hiding
 Misty cloud and mountain breeze,—
Every dark intelligence,
Secret soul and influence
Of all things which outward sense
 Hears, or feels, or sees,—

"These the Wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woke, or lull'd to rest,
 Wind, and cloud, and fire, and flood ;
Burned the drift of bolted snow,
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
Greenest leaves of summer grow,
 Over winter's wood !

" Not untrue that tale of old !—
 Now, as then, the Wise and Bold
 All the powers of Nature hold
 Subject to their kindly will :
 From the wondering crowds ashore,
 Treading Life's wild waters o'er,
 As upon a marble floor,
 Moves the Strong Man still.

" Still, to such, Life's elements
 With their sterner laws dispense,
 And the chain of consequence
 Broken in their pathway lies :
 Time and Change their vasaals making,
 Flowers from icy pillows waking,
 Tresses of the sunrise shaking
 Over midnight skies.

" Still, to the earnest soul, the sun
 Rests on towered Gibeon,
 And the moon of Ajalon
 Lights the battle-grounds of Life ;
 To his aid the strong reverses,
 Hostile powers, and giant forces,
 And the high stars, in their courses
 Mingle in his strife.

It must be admitted, as indeed true, that many of the forms and superstitions of the old Grecian mythology, many of the wild and poetic fancies of Scandinavian or Saxon worship, and religion, contained truths which man could but poorly express, but which in his poor way he did express—truths which lay in the depths of the soul—truths not for that time, but for all time, for man is constantly endeavouring to construct a revelation in the ruins of his nature. "He sees through a glass darkly," things which the Scriptures of Truth were intended to present in stronger colours at once to his understanding and affections. Crowded as the heathen

temples are, and have ever been, what are all their falsehoods but exaggerations of truths? what are they all but the figures and faiths of another life, dimly perceived and expressed? Superstition becomes one of the strongest arguments for the existence of a spiritual nature in man.

A Spiritual World around us! it surely ought not to surprise us to find it to be so. Is it possible that any of us could wish it not to be so? Does not everything, does not all consciousness within us, does not all Scripture intimate to us that the "die of human nature, as to form and figure, is to be used again in a new world?"* Do not many among us—do not most believe that, in the history of the world, spirits have been seen, and have communicated important intelligence to man? Why then should the belief asserted in its modern form be the foundation of so much ridicule. About the fact of existence in another state, or about the occasional flitting here of some beloved or terrible spirit before the eye, there gathers everything but a ludicrous association. We cannot assert that it is so; but who can assert that it is not so? What Sadducee spirit has penetrated all the secrets of matter so thoroughly that he is able to say there is no essence, there is no spirit? while on the contrary, every age and every clime, with all their religions, with all their priestcrafts, with all their terrible mummery or tremendous secrets; the rhapsodies of poets, and seers, and prophets; the awful forms of fancy in the dingle or on the mountain;—Man! with all his infinite resources of cruelty and crime, his dread of death, his longing for the life to come—Science with baffled and broken wing, attempting to scale the causes of things,

* Isaac Taylor.

and finding everywhere the shadow of a higher law falling upon the laboratory, and the instrument. All these do affirm for us the existence of another world of other spirits, and would perhaps furnish demonstration too.

The mind of man needed a reaction from the slavery of a debasing superstition, an unintelligent homage to natural or supernatural power; the age before the last beheld the mind of man in such homage; a strong scepticism was needed to burst the bands and tear him away from the false shrines of his infatuated and blind devotion. We know how wide spread were the delusions, we know how cruel were the exactions of credulity; it was not faith, it was folly, whose black and horrible network spread over the human mind, bogles and fairies haunted every nook, and witches croaked or strode their broomsticks in every village; all men were looked upon as influenced by a terrible fatalism working and silently dooming them in the ordinances of Nature. The domestic history of those days is a most deplorable record of the power of ignorance to pervert all natural scenery, emotion, and faculty, to the most malignant purposes; scholarship was engaged in torturing the metals, and commingling all kinds of chemical fluids to discover the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitæ. Statesmen and lawyers were engaged in the most dreadful acts of bloody cruelty recorded in the book of time, indelicately exposing youth and beauty first to the rude gaze of coarse men, and then to the mercies of the flames, or the scaffold, or the whipping-post; or extracting from the lips of poor old dying women, confessions, the meaning of the very words of which they were too imbecile to comprehend; while the more favoured and ordinary portion of the population stood shi-

vering in the church porch to see future husbands or wives, or the future dead pass along. The country was given over through all its borders to the reign of terrible superstitions. It needed some strong principle of human nature to be appealed to, to bring about a reaction from all these faiths or follies, whichever they might be, so firmly rooted, demanded a very strong corrective, and it might be expected that the corrective would carry us almost too far in the opposite direction. From the extremity of credulity, we have passed right on to the extremity of scepticism. At one time our island was crowded with ghosts, now there is not to be found one from one end to the other. At one time the world of spirits stood in very near relationship to all men, and all or nearly all were suspected of some communication with it; but now, that same world is supposed to be so remote and distant that he is but an imposter or a knave who dares to assert the possibility even of some message from it.

"It is now many years since, enlightened and reduced to a state of rational and philosophical incredulity by the sober science of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert, we bade a sorrowful farewell to all our faith in ghosts, that 'last lingering fiction of the brain.' We felt ourselves reluctantly compelled, one after another, to relinquish each strange tale, to open our eyes to the cold and dismal realities of observation and induction, and to consign all the spectres of our earliest faith to the dreamy regions of romance and fiction. Nay, we may as well confess, that with the exception of a few rare occasions, on which we happened to find ourselves alone, at unseasonable hours, in churchyards, or houses that were really known to be haunted, we had almost forgotten that there were

such beings as ghosts. We had been looking at objects with microscopes, and dissecting them with scalpels and needles, and analysing them with acids and alkalies, and spirit lamps, and peeping at them through the far distance with reflecting telescopes, and, in short, as we thought, had been prying into all the holes and corners of this external world with most inquisitive eyes, and the torch of science blazing bright in our hands all the time; so that we never dreamt that anything so familiar as a ghost could possibly have escaped our scrutiny; indeed, we had gradually fallen into a state of utter oblivion and hopeless scepticism on the subject. In this sorrowful condition, what was our delight to be called back to the contemplation of a series of veritable ghost stories,—not idle tales of phantasms seen by a disordered mind or a romantic lover, but a record of real ghosts, seen and heard and attested by dry matter-of-fact lawyers and sober men of science, and placed upon a proper footing with accredited facts and theories. To find true scientific ghosts—physiological ghosts—ghosts that could stand an examination by the theories of the nineteenth century, and take their place alongside of the fifty-five elementary bodies, and form as intelligible and consistent a part of one's philosophy as any theory of light, heat, or electricity, which we know of; this was amply sufficient to keep us awake until the midnight taper burnt dim and blue, and make us creep hastily under cover of the blankets, even when the grey dawn, that erewhile brought us some courage, had begun to dissipate the shadows of the night; for here we had bold, honest sort of ghosts—ghosts that seemed to defy the cock-crowing, and even to court investigation in the very light of day."

Yes, it may be hoped that we are now approaching the period of a philosophical verification and analysis of popular faith; and, as we have already intimated, scepticism has served us in this. The doubting sceptic has voyaged on until he has touched the shores of the world of spirits. Who could have thought that these men of the electric rod and the battery, the magnet and the retort, would have kindled for humanity a new torch of belief, and thrown a light from a new lamp into the world of spirits? We wait in anxiety and in awe for the results of future investigations; meantime enough has been ascertained to assure us, by the probing instruments of science, of the independent existence—the immateriality and the immortality—of the human soul. Infidelity may, in this as in other instances, well say to science—“What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse my enemies, and behold thou hast blessed them altogether!”

That astounding scholar Sir William Hamilton, in his recently published most important volume of “Discussions on Philosophy and Literature,” makes the following remarks on the “Recognition of Occult Causes” by science,—We will quote them—“In fact, the causes of all phenomena are at last occult. There has, however, obtained a not unnatural presumption against such causes; and this presumption, though often salutary, has sometimes operated most disadvantageously to science, from a blind and indiscriminate application; in two ways:—In the first place, it has induced men lightly to admit asserted phenomena false in themselves, if only confidently assigned to acknowledged causes; in the second place, it has induced them obstinately to disbelieve phenomena, in themselves certain and even mani-

fest, if these could not at once be referred to already recognised causes, and did not fall in with the systems prevalent at the time. An example of the former is seen in the facile credence popularly accorded, in this country, to the asserted facts of Craniology; though even the fact of that hypothesis, first and fundamental—the fact most probable in itself, and which can be most easily proved or disproved, by the widest and most accurate induction, is diametrically opposite to the truth of nature; I mean the asserted correspondence between the developement and hypothetical function of the cerebellum, as manifested in all animals, under the various differences of age, sex, of season, of integrity and mutilation. This (among other of the pertinaciously asserted facts), I know by a tenfold superfluous evidence, to be even ludicrously false. An example of the latter is seen in the difficult credence accorded, in this country, to the phenomenon of Animal Magnetism; phenomena in themselves the most unambiguous, which, for nearly half a century, have been recognised generally and by the highest scientific authorities in Germany; while for nearly a quarter of a century they have been verified and formally confirmed by the Academy of Medicine in France. In either case criticisms were required and a-wanting.

So true is the saying of Cullen—"There are more false facts current in the world than false theories." So true is the saying of Hamlet—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But averse from experiment, and gregariously credulous,

"L'homme est de glace aux verites
Il est de feu pour les mensonges."

Surely these words, from a philosopher so sagacious as Sir William Hamilton, will, upon some of our dogmatic sceptics and materialising Christians, who are quite afraid lest a spiritual world should be demonstrated to them, induce a more spiritual faith ; but, in truth, we shall have occasion, in the course of our little book, to show that from innumerable sources the rays of a better faith are shining upon us. It may be confidently asserted that materialism has done its worst ; for a century in philosophy it has thrown the soul of man into dark eclipse. At last we are cheered with the intimations of a more benignant and whole-minded age, and to save from all doubt, the form of science leads the way.

And in this connection we ought not to forget how in our day POETRY, true to itself, has entered, and glowingly described, the mysteries and wonders of Dream Land and Ghost Land. It is by the power of a vision and a sensitiveness, stronger and clearer than those of other men, that the poet is what he is. It is his mission to converse perpetually with the beings of the mind. The true poet has always been surrounded by a phantom world, in things and in men. He has seen more than could be seen by ordinary eyes ; and he has found in this power, vision, his consolation and his work. From his urn of faith the lesser minds of the world have drawn their light. He has been surrounded constantly by a spiritual host of chariots of fire and horses of fire. How well has Otway Curry, the young poet of Cincinnati, in his "Armies of the Eve," described the environing host girding round the sensitive spirit, with light and memory, and inspiration and power :—

"Not in the golden morning shall faded forms return,
 For languidly and dimly then the lights of memory burn;
 But when the stars are keeping their radiant way on high,
 And gentle winds are whispering back the music of the sky,
 Oh, then those starry millions their streaming banners

weave,

To marshal on their wandering way the Armies of the Eve.
 The dim and shadowy armies of our unquiet dreams,
 Their footsteps brush the dewy fern, and print the shaded
 streams;

We meet them in the calmness of high and holier climes,
 We greet them with the blessed names of old and happier
 times,

And moving in the star-light above their sleeping dust,
 They freshen all the fountain-springs of our nuyding trust:
 Around our every pathway in beauteous ranks they roam,
 To guide us to the dreamy rest of our eternal home."

And who has not, especially if ever bereaved,
 felt the power and sweetness of Longfellow's "Foot-
 steps of Angels?"

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light,
 Dance upon the parlour wall.

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door—
 The beloved, the true hearted,
 Come to visit me once more.

They, the holy ones, and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Speak with us on earth no more.

And with them the being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

And the other morning small faded forms came
 To meet me dimly then low lights in the early dawn
 In which the men are seeking their fragrant way to light,
 And some are wandering back the road of the dead
 In the low misty shadows their streaming banners
 wave.

In the midst of their wandering way the Angels of the light
 The dim and shadowy forms of our immortal spirits
 Their footstep from the dewy earth, and from the shaded
 regions.

We meet them in the calmness of light and the calmness
 We greet them with the blessed names of our most happy
 times,

And moving in the star-light above the sleeping dust,
 They freshen all the fountain-springs of our unyielding trust
 Around our every pathway in countless ranks they come
 To guide us to the dreamy rest of our eternal home.

And who has not, especially if ever bereaved,
 felt the power and sweetness of Longfellow's "Foot
 steps of Angels?"

"For the evening lamps are lighted,
 And like phantoms glide and go
 Shadows from the firmament
 Issue upon the pensive sea.

From the forms of the departed
 Light is the overcast
 The true heart
 And the true heart is the

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies."

The best of our literature may be described as a return to faith. And the literature of the next age will be characterised yet more by earnest, bright-eyed spirituality; for our faith in nature, even in the best of our great poetic teachers, has not been interpenetrative. It has been a faith like that of the old Grecians. We have, indeed, beheld clearly the subjectivity of nature—the experimental teaching—the profound beauty—the inscrutable wisdom; but it is nature teaching us a great impersonality. How wide is the difference between Wordsworth and Tennyson, whose minds both partake of the Greek inspiration and model, and Mrs. Browning, to whose fervid and lofty Christian soul, far higher than the revealings of mute and passive nature, have presented themselves! Thus there yet remains to be written the literature of the world of spirits. The few pages of some of our writers, who might be quoted, are fragments showing to us how rich such a literature would be; for may we not conceive that innumerable of these mysteries, to which a reference will be made in this volume, shall be explored, and their power felt by some one capable of giving utterance to the several marvels and wonders of the mind, of the age, or of the eye? or shall we rather say that, in that age, there will be no need of a poetic literature? Shall we not find that, when experiences

are rich and lofty, and the moods through which the mind passes are profound and deep, it does not need the aid of the vision of other men, but lives contented with its own? If the time should ever come when we shall be more conversant with spirits than now we are, our poets will be, we may suppose, useless, for our own emotions and visions will perhaps equal theirs, or at any rate, furnish us with sufficient self-occupancy.

CHAPTER II.

ARE ALL GHOST STORIES INCREDIBLE?

DR. WATTS declared that he could not take upon him to declare that all the stories related by Glanvil and Baxter must be false. The narrative of the ghost in the Wesley family staggered the credulity even of Dr. Priestly; and Southey remarks upon it in the life of Wesley, such things may be *supernatural and yet not miraculous*; they may not be in the ordinary course of nature, and yet imply no alteration of its laws." The number of eminent men is very large who have been inclined to pronounce in favour of spectral appearances, while it must be admitted that many records appear to stand within the compass of most demonstrative evidence. Perhaps it will not be too irrelevant if we quote some which appear to be well authenticated.

How numerous are the instances of the intercommunion between the living here, and, the living beyond the grave:—

Oberlin, the lovely and gifted apostle of the Ban de la Roche, when he entered upon his pastorate, found many of his parishioners under the influence of these ideas, which appeared to him absurd superstition; but his wife visited him repeatedly after her leaving the body.

"Professor Barthe, who visited Oberlin in 1824, says, that whilst he spoke of his intercourse with the spiritual world as familiarly as of the daily visits of his parishioners, he was at the same time perfectly free from fanaticism, and eagerly alive to all the concerns of this earthly existence. He asserted, what I find many somnambules and deceased persons also assert, that everything on earth is but a copy, of which the antitype is to be found in the other.

"He said to his visitor, that he might as well attempt to persuade him that that was not a table before them, as that he did not hold communication with the other world. "I give you credit for being honest, when you assure me that you never saw anything of the kind," said he; "give me the same credit when I assure you that I do."

"With respect to the faculty of ghost-seeing, he said, it depended on several circumstances, external and internal. People who live in the bustle and glare of the world seldom see them, whilst those who live in still, solitary, thinly inhabited places, like the mountainous districts of various countries, do. So if I go into the forest by night, I see the phosphoric light of a piece of rotten wood; but if I go by day, I cannot see it; yet it is still there. Again there must be a rapport. A tender mother is awakened by the faintest cry of her child, while the nurse maid slumbers on and never hears it."

A friend of the writer's has had repeated communications with his departed wife since she left her earthly communion with him.

A very well known M.P. assured a lady, a most intelligent friend of the writers, that since his wife had left him, by what we call death, his household affairs had cost him much less trouble than

they had cost him before, as his wife had come to him every night to counsel and advise him.

Who is there, who can find in such apparitions cause for fear or dread? they were our companions and guides, these departed darlings, when their being was like our own, unperfected. How much more should we hail them, now that they see so much clearer than we can, and know, therefore, so so much more than we can know. Do they forbear to visit us because they know that we should foolishly be shaken with terror and alarm? Is it in kindness that they are withheld from our vision? The cases are too numerous and too well testified to regard them merely as the fictions of the brain, the cheats and illusions of the senses. We can understand, perhaps, why they are so seldom seen; but we can also perceive a reason for their frequent visitations of the old beloved places of their abode, and happy earthly affection.

Some tales, however, have the brand of terror burnt into them, they have not the lovely relief to which reference has been made, but under any circumstances, "there is a lurking belief in nearly all minds that the dead," says the poet Whittier, "visit the places familiar to them while in this life. I am not by any means disposed to enter into an argument in behalf of this belief. It does not, however, lack greater and better names than mine in its support. For five thousand years the entire human family have given it credence. It was a part of the wild faith of the Scandinavian worshippers of Odin. It gave a mournful beauty to the battle-songs of the old Erse and Gaelic bards. It shook the stout heart of the ancient Roman. It blended with all the wild and extravagant religions of the East. How touching is that death-scene of Cyrus, as told by Xenophon,

when the dying monarch summoned his children about him, entreating them to love one another, and to remember that their father's ghost would be ever at their side, to rejoice with their rejoicing, and sorrow with their sorrow! All nations, all ages, as Cicero justly affirms, have given credit to this ghost-doctrine; and this fact alone, Dr. Johnson argues, fully confirms it. The Doctor himself believed in the ghost of Cock-lane. Luther saw, talked, and fought with spirits. Swedenborg made them his familiar acquaintances. Coleridge, and his friend, the Apostle of the Unknown Tongues, were spectre-seers. Against so much authority shall we urge the apparently common-sense view of the subject, that the apparition of a disembodied spirit to the sensual organs of sight, hearing, and touch, is a solecism in philosophy—a subversion of all known laws of matter and mind? What will that avail with the man who has actually seen a ghost? Fact before philosophy always. If a man is *certain* he has seen the thing, there is an end of the matter. 'Seeing,' as the old adage has it, 'is believing.' Disbelief, under such circumstances would justly subject him to the charge which pious father Baxter brought against those who doubted in relation to Cotton Mather's witches: 'He must be an obstinate Sadducee who questions it.'"

All persons who have attempted to write down the faith in ghosts have found themselves puzzled by instances which appeared to be established beyond dispute. Beaumont relates, in his book called "The World of Spirits," an anecdote which is quoted by Dr. Hibbert in his well-known work on apparitions. The narrative was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the lips of the young lady's father.

“Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth, and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was very well educated till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir W. Parkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked, ‘Why she left a candle burning in her room?’ The maid answered, that she had ‘left none, and that there was none but what she had brought with her at that time;’ then she said it must be the fire; but that her maid told her was quite out, adding, she believed it was only a dream; whereupon Miss Lee answered it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtains and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed went into her closet and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, carried it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and therefore sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately, but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let

blood, which was done accordingly: and when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it; and near the stroke of twelve she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two she immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter she sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted at the death of his daughter that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter."

This circumstance occurred in the year 1662. Dr. Hibbert calls it one of the most interesting ghost stories on record; he does not however display much ingenuity, or he certainly felt himself in difficulty in his attempts to set it aside; for he simply remarks after saying, that let the physician say what he would, her death within so short a period proves that she must have been indisposed at the time of the ghost's prediction; all that can be said of it is, that the coincidence was a *fortunate* one, for without it the story would probably never have met with a recorder.

A credulous man unquestionably was old Aubrey, and in his volume called "*Miscellanies*," he has perhaps grouped together many things which faith cannot very well swallow; but there are two cases

which appear to be beyond any reasonable dispute. In September, 1690, William Barwick was hanged in chains, at York, for the murder of his wife. The following is a copy of the deposition which led to his conviction :—

“ On Tuesday, September the 17th, 1690, at York assizes.*

“ Thomas Lofthouse, of Rufforth, within three miles of York city, sayeth, that on Easter Tuesday last, about half an hour after twelve of the clock, in the day time, he was watering quick wood, and as he was going for the second pail there appeared, walking before him, an apparition in the shape of a woman ; soon after, she sat down, over against the pond, on a green hill ; he walked by her as he went to the pond, and as he came with the pail of water from the pond, looking sideways to see if she sat in the same place, which he saw she did ; and had on her lap something like a white bag, a dandling of it (as he thought), which he did not observe before. After he had emptied his pails of water, he stood in his yard, to see if he could see her again ; but could not. He says her apparel was brown cloaths, waistcoat and petticoat, a white hood, and her face looked extremely pale, her teeth in sight, no gums appearing, her visage being like his wife's sister, and wife to William Barwick.

“ Signed, THOMAS LOFTHOUSE.”

Barwick had told Lofthouse that he had carried his wife from Cawood to Selby, to her uncle's, to continue there during her confinement ; but upon enquiry it appeared that this was wholly false.

* See “ Miscellanies,” by John Aubrey, Esq., F.R.S.

Lofthouse immediately went to the Lord Mayor of York, and procured a warrant for his apprehension, as he could not produce his wife. The depositions before the magistrates will best tell the story.

“ The information of Thomas Lofthouse, of Rufforth, taken upon oath, the twenty-fourth day of April, 1690,—

“ Who sayeth and deposeth, that one William Barwick, who lately married this informant's wife's sister, came to this informant's house, about the fourteenth instant, and told this informant he had carried his wife to one Richard Harrison's house in Selby, who was uncle to him, and would take care of her; and this informant, hearing nothing of the said Barwick's wife, his said sister-in-law, imagined he had done some mischief, did yesterday go to the said Harrison's house, in Selby, where he said he had carried her to; and the said Harrison told this informant he knew nothing of the said Barwick or his wife; and this informant doth verily believe the said Barwick to have murdered her.

“ THOMAS LOFTHOUSE.

“ S. DAWSON, Mayor.”

“ The examination of the said William Barwick, taken the day and year above said,

Who sayeth and confesseth, that he, this examinant, on Monday was seventh night, about two of the clock in the afternoon, this examinant was walking in a close, betwixt Cawood and Wistow; and he farther sayeth, that he threw his said wife into the pond, where she was drowned, and the day following towards the evening, got a hay spade at a hay stack in the said close, and made a grave beside the said pond and buried her.

“ WILLIAM BARWICK.

“ S. DAWSON, Mayor.”

"The examination of William Barwick, taken the twenty fifth day of April, 1690,

"Who sayeth and confesseth, that he carried his wife over a certain main bridge, called Bishopdyke bridge, betwixt Cawood and Sherburn; and within a lane about one hundred yards from the said bridge, and on the left hand of the said bridge, he and his wife went over a stile on the left hand of a certain gate, entering into a certain close on the left hand of the said lane: and in a pond in the said close, adjoining to a quickwood hedge, did drown his wife, and upon the bank of the said pond did bury her; and further, that he was within sight of Cawood Castle on the left hand; and that there was but one hedge betwixt the said close, when he drowned his said wife, and two Bishopslates belonging to the said Castle.

"(Signed) "WILLIAM BARWICK.
"S. DAWSON, MAYOR."

In accordance with the information in the confession of her husband, the body was found—and upon the evidence of that confession, to which he was compelled by the same apparition, he was hanged at York.

This is scarcely more extraordinary than the dream of the appearance of Maria Martin, and the consequent discovery of her body, murdered by Corder in the Red Barn. All England heard of this execution. In our own recollection it is said that the days of apparitions have gone by, but it may be doubted, perhaps, whether still they do not frequently appear. We shall see that all persons are not magnetically fitted to perceive that they are not in state of rapport, or sympathy, or communication. Hence, the reason why always some are unable to perceive what others behold readily. Or

what can be said to the following instance recorded by Dr. More.

In the year 1680, at Lumley, a hamlet near Chester-le-street, in the county of Durham, there lived one Walker, a man well to do in the world, and a widower. A young relation of his, whose name was Anne Walker, kept his house, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood, and that with but too good cause. A few weeks before this young woman expected to become a mother, Walker placed her with her aunt, one Dame Care, in Chester-le-street, and promised to take care both of her and her future child. One evening in the end of November, this man, in company with Mark Sharp, an acquaintance of his, came to Dame Care's door, and told her that they had made arrangements for removing her niece to a place where she could remain in safety, till her confinement was over. They would not say where it was; but as Walker bore, in most respects, an excellent character, she was allowed to go with him; and he professed to have sent her off with Sharp into Lancashire. Fourteen days after, one Graeme, a fuller, who lived about six miles from Lumley, had been engaged till past midnight in his mill; and on coming down stairs to go home, in the middle of the ground-floor he saw a woman, with dishevelled hair, covered with blood, and having five large wounds on her head. Graeme, on recovering a little from his first terror, demanded what the spectre wanted: "I, said the apparition," "am the spirit of Anne Walker;" and proceeded accordingly to tell Graeme the particulars which I have already related to you. "When I was sent away with Mark Sharp," it proceeded, "he slew me on such a moor," naming one that Graeme knew, "with a collier's pick, threw my body into a coal-pit, and

hid the pick under the bank; and his shoes and stockings, which were covered with blood, he left in a stream." The apparition proceeded to tell Graeme, that he must give information of this to the nearest justice of the peace; and that, till this was done, he must look to be continually haunted. Graeme went home very sad: he dared not bring such a charge against a man of so unimpeachable a character as Walker, and yet he as little dared to incur the anger of the spirit that had appeared to him. So, as all weak minds will do, he went on procrastinating, only he took care to leave his mill early, and, while in it, never to be alone. Notwithstanding this caution on his part, one night, just as it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, in a more terrible shape, and with every circumstance of indignation. Yet he did not even then fulfil its injunction; till, on St. Thomas's eve, as he was walking in his garden, just after sunset, it threatened him so effectually, that, in the morning he went to a magistrate, and revealed the whole thing. The place was examined; the body and the pickaxe found; a warrant was granted against Walker and Sharp. They were, however admitted to bail; but in August, 1681, their trial came on before Judge Davenport, at Durham. Meanwhile the whole circumstances were known over all the north of England, and the greatest interest was excited by the case. Against Sharp the fact was strong, that his shoes and stockings, covered with blood, were found in the place where the murder had been committed; but against Walker, except the accounts received from the ghost, there seemed not a shadow of evidence. Nevertheless the judge summoned up strongly against the prisoners; the jury found them guilty: and the judge pronounced sentence upon them that night, a thing which was

unknown in Durham, either before or after. The prisoners were executed, and both died professing their innocence to the last. Judge Davenport was much agitated during the trial; and it was believed says the historian, that the spirit had also appeared to him, as if to supply in his mind the want of legal evidence. This case is certainly a solemn illustration of the maladministration of justice, in an ancient court; yet the circumstantial evidence, arising from the appearance of the spirit, appears very strong—the finding of the body—and the boots and stockings. Yet we need perhaps to live more immediately within the circle of the circumstance, to pronounce upon it. None of us, however, reading this book, would like to take upon ourselves the responsibility of those daring jurymen, who durst venture to throw away life upon evidence, which strong as it appears to have been, did not come to them, but only to one who had borne witness to them. There is a weird and awful light altogether about this trial.

Nor is there any escaping from the marvellous impression of the following narrative of a trial in the Court of King's Bench, London, as extracted from those for the years 1687, 1688. It is usually extracted from the travels of Cockburn, a work however which we have not had the opportunity of seeing.*

“An action in the Court of King's Bench was brought by a Mrs. Booty against Captain Barnaby, to recover £1000, as damages for the scandal of his assertion that he had seen her deceased husband, Mr. Booty, a receiver, driven into hell.

“The journal books of three different ships were

* “A Voyage up the Mediteranean,” by Lieut.-General Cockburn. Vol. ii., p. 335.

produced in court, and the following passages, recorded in each, submitted to the court by the defendant's counsel.

" 'Thursday, May 14, 1687. Saw the Island of Lipari, and came to an anchor off the same island, and then we were at W.S.W.

" 'Friday, May 15. Captain Barnaby, Captain Bristow, Captain Brown, I, and a Mr. Ball, merchant, went on shore to shoot rabbits, on Stromboli; and when we had done, we called our men together to us, and about three quarters past three o'clock we *all* saw two men running towards us with such swiftness that no living man could run half so fast; when all of us heard Captain Barnaby say, 'Lord, bless us; the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbour;' but he said he did not know the other, who ran behind. He was in black clothes, and the foremost was in grey. Then Captain Barnaby desired all of us to take an account of the time, and pen it in our pocket-books; and when we got on board we wrote it in our journals, for we saw them run into the flames of fire, and there was a great noise, which greatly affrighted us all, for we none of us ever saw or heard the like before. Captain Barnaby said, 'He was certain it was old Booty which he saw running over Stromboli, and into the flames of hell.'

" 'Then coming home to England, and lying at Gravesend, Captain Barnaby's wife came on board, the 6th day of October, 1687, at which time Captain Barnaby and Captain Brown sent for Captain Bristow and Mr. Ball, merchant, to congratulate with them; and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife started up, and said, 'My dear, old Booty is dead;' and he directly made answer, 'We all saw him run into hell.' Afterwards Captain Barnaby's wife told a gentleman of his

acquaintance, in London, what her husband had said, and he went and acquainted Mrs. Booty of the whole affair: upon that Mrs. Booty arrested Captain Barnaby in a £1000 action, for what he had said of her husband. Captain Barnaby gave bail for it, and it came to a trial in the Court of King's Bench, and they had Mr. Booty's wearing apparel brought into court, and the sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died; and we swore to our journals, and it came to the same time within two minutes. Ten of our men swore to the buttons on his coat, and that they were covered with the same cloth his coat was made of, and so it proved.

"The jury asked Mr. Spinks (whose handwriting in the journal that happened to be read appeared) if he knew Mr. Booty: he answered, 'I never saw him till he ran by me on the burning mountains.'

"The judge said, 'Lord, have mercy on me, and grant I may never see what you have seen. One, two, or three may be mistaken, but thirty never can be mistaken.'

"So the widow lost her cause. The defence set up was, that the defendant had spoken no more than had been seen by a number of persons as well as himself."

Another very remarkable case is the story of the ghost of the Princess Anna of Saxony, who appeared to the Duke Christian of Eisenburg.

Duke Christian was sitting one morning in his study, when he was surprised by a knock at his door—an unusual circumstance, since the guards as well as the people in waiting were always in the ante-room. He, however, cried, "Come in!" when there entered, to his amazement, a lady in an ancient costume, who, in answer to his inquiries,

told him that she was no evil spirit, and would do him no harm ; but she was one of his ancestors, and had been the wife of Duke John Casimer of Saxe-Coburg. She then related that she and her husband had not been on good terms at the period of their deaths, and that though she had sought a reconciliation, he had been inexorable ; pursuing her with unmitigated hatred, and injuring her by unjust suspicions ; and that consequently, although *she* was happy, *he* was still wandering in cold and darkness betwixt time and eternity. She had, however, long known that one of their descendants was destined to effect this reconciliation for them, and they were rejoiced to find the time for it had at length arrived. She then gave the duke eight days to consider if he were willing to perform this good office, and disappeared ; whereupon he consulted a clergyman, in whom he had great confidence, who, after finding the ghost's communications verified by a reference to the annals of the family, advised him to comply with her request.

As the duke had yet some difficulty in believing it was really a ghost he had seen, he took care to have his door well watched. She, however, entered at the appointed time unseen by the attendants ; and, having received the duke's promise, she told him that she would return with her husband on the following night ; for that, though she could come by day, he could not ; that having heard the circumstances, the duke must arbitrate between them, and then unite their hands, and bless them. The door was still watched, but nevertheless the apparitions both came, the Duke Casimer in full royal costume, but of a livid paleness ; and when the wife had told her story, he told his. Duke Christian decided for the lady, in which judgment Duke Casimer fully acquiesced. Chris-

tian then took the ice-cold hand of Casimer, and laid it in that of his wife, which felt of a natural heat. They then prayed and sang together, and the apparitions disappeared having foretold that Duke Christian would ere long be with them. The family records showed that these people had lived about one hundred years before Duke Christian's time, who himself died in the year 1707, two years after these visits of his ancestors. He desired to be buried in quick lime, it is supposed from an idea that it might prevent his ghost walking the earth. The costume in which they appeared was precisely that they had worn when alive, as was ascertained by a reference to their portraits. The expression, that her husband was *wandering in cold and darkness between time and eternity*, is here worthy of observation, as are the circumstances that his hand was cold while hers was warm, and also the greater privilege she seemed to enjoy. The hands of the unhappy spirits appears, I think, invariably to communicate a sensation of cold.

We will cite another illustration from Mrs. Crowe, partly because it is a circumstance of modern date, and partly on account of certain commentaries of hers, in connection with it. For obvious reasons she does not quote the names of the place or parties, or number of the regiment; but she declares herself well acquainted with all. The account, she says, was taken down by one of the officers, with whose name she is well acquainted; and the circumstance occurred within the last two years.

"About the month of August," says Captain E., "my attention was requested by the schoolmaster-sergeant, a man of considerable worth, and highly esteemed by the whole corps, to an event which

had occurred in the garrison hospital. Having heard his recital, which, from the serious earnestness with which he made it, challenged attention, resolved to investigate the matter; and having communicated the circumstance to a friend, we both repaired to the hospital for the purpose of inquiry.

"There were two patients to be examined—both men of good character, and neither of them suffering from any disorder affecting the brain; the one was under treatment for consumptive symptoms, and the other for an ulcerated leg, and they were both in the prime of life.

"Having received a confirmation of the school-master's statement from the hospital sergeant, also a very respectable and trustworthy man, I sent for the patient principally concerned, and desired him to state what he had seen and heard, warning him, at the same time, that it was my intention to take down his deposition, and that it behoved him to be very careful, as possibly serious steps might be taken for the purpose of discovering whether an imposition had been practised in the wards of the hospital—a crime for which, he was well aware, a very severe penalty would be inflicted. He then proceeded to relate the circumstances, which I took down in the presence of Mr. B——, and the hospital-sergeant, as follows:—

"It was last Tuesday night, somewhere between eleven and twelve, when all of us were in bed, and all lights out except the rushlight that was allowed for the man with the fever, when I was awoke by feeling a weight upon my feet, and at the same moment, as I was drawing up my legs, Private W——, who lies in the cot opposite mine, called out, "I say, Q——, there's somebody sitting upon your legs!" and as I looked to the bottom of

my bed I saw some one get up from it, and then come round and stand over me, in the passage betwixt my cot and the next. I felt somewhat alarmed, for the last few nights the ward had been disturbed by sounds as of a heavy foot walking up and down; and as nobody could be seen, it was beginning to be supposed amongst us that it was haunted, and fancying this that came up to my bed's head might be the ghost, I called out, "Who are you? and what do you want?"

"The figure then leaning with one hand on the wall, over my head, and stooping down, said, in my ear, "I am Mrs. M——;" and I could then distinguish that she was dressed in a flannel gown, edged with black ribbon, exactly similar to a set of grave clothes in which I had assisted to clothe her corpse when her death took place a year previously.

"The voice, however, was not like Mrs. M——'s nor like anybody else's, yet it was very distinct, and seemed somehow to sing through my head. I could see nothing of a face beyond a darkish colour about the head, and it appeared to me that I could see through her body against the window-glass.

"Although I felt very uncomfortable, I asked her what she wanted. She replied, "I am Mrs. M——, and I wish you to write to him that was my husband, and tell him—"

"I am not, sir," said Corporal Q——, "at liberty to mention to anybody what she told me, except to her husband. He is at the depot in Ireland, and I have written and told him. She made me promise not to tell any one else. After I had promised secrecy she told me something of a matter that convinced me I was talking to a spirit, for it related to what only I and Mr. M—— knew, and no one living could know anything whatever

of the matter; and if I was now speaking my last words on earth I say solemnly that it was Mrs. M——'s spirit that spoke to me then, and no one else. After promising that if I complied with her request she would not trouble me or the ward again, she went from my bed towards the fireplace, and with her hands she kept feeling about the wall over the mantelpiece. After awhile she came towards me again; and whilst my eyes were upon her, she somehow disappeared from my sight altogether, and I was left alone.

"It was then that I felt faint-like, and a cold sweat broke out over me; but I did not faint, and after a time I got better, and gradually I went off to sleep.

"The men in the ward said, next day, that Mrs. M—— had come to speak to me about Purgatory, because she had been a Roman Catholic, and we had often had arguments on religion; but what she told me had no reference to such subjects, but to a matter only she and I knew of.

"After closely cross-questioning Corporal Q——, and endeavouring, without success, to reason him out of his belief in the ghostly character of his visitor, I read over to him what I had written, and then, dismissing him, sent for the other patient.

"After cautioning him, as I had done the first, I proceeded to take down his statement, which was made with every appearance of good faith and sincerity.

"I was lying awake,' said he, 'last Tuesday night, when I saw some one sitting on Corporal Q——'s bed. There was so little light in the ward that I could not make out who he was, and the figure looked so strange that I got alarmed, and

felt quite sick. I called out to Corporal Q—— that there was somebody sitting upon his bed, and then the figure got up ; and as I did not know but it might be coming to me, I got so much alarmed, that being but weakly, (this was the consumptive man) I fell back, and I believe I fainted away. When I got round again, I saw the figure standing and apparently talking to the corporal, placing one hand against the wall and stooping down. I could not, however, hear any voice ; and being still much alarmed I put my head under the clothes for a considerable time. When I looked up again, I could only see Corporal Q—— sitting up in bed alone, and he said he had seen a ghost ; and I told him I had also seen it. After a time he got up and gave me a drink of water, for I was very faint. Some of the other patients being disturbed by our talking, they bid us be quiet, and after some time I got to sleep. The ward has not been disturbed since.

“The man was then cross-questioned ; but his testimony remaining quite unshaken, he was dismissed, and the hospital-sergeant was interrogated, with regard to the possibility of a trick having been practised. He asserted, however, that this was impossible ; and, certainly, from my own knowledge of the hospital regulations, and the habits of the patients, I should say that a practical joke of this nature was too serious a thing to have been attempted by anybody, especially as there were patients in the ward very ill at the time, and one very near his end. The punishment would have been extremely severe, and discovery almost certain, since everybody would have been adverse to the delinquent.

“The investigation that ensued was a very brief one, it being found that there was nothing

more to be elicited ; and the affair terminated with the supposition that the two men had been dreaming. Nevertheless, six months afterwards, on being interrogated, their evidence and their conviction were as clear as at first, and they declared themselves ready at any time to repeat their statement on oath.

Supposing this case to be as the men believed it, there are several things worthy of observation. In the first place, the ghost is guilty of that inconsistency so offensive to Francis Grose and many others. Instead of telling her secret to her husband, she commissions the corporal to tell it to him, and it is not till a year after her departure from this life that she does even that ; and she is heard in the ward two or three nights before she is visible. We are therefore constrained to suppose that, like Mrs. Bretton, she could not communicate with her husband, and that, till that Tuesday night, the necessary conditions for attaining her object as regarded the corporal, were wanting. It is also remarkable, that although the latter heard her speak distinctly, and spoke to her, the other man heard no voice ; which renders it probable that she had at length been able to produce that impression upon him, which a magnetiser does on his somnambule, enabling each to understand the other by a transference of thought, which was undistinguishable to the corporal from speaking, as it is frequently to the somnambule. The imitating the actions of life by leaning against the wall and feeling about the mantelpiece, are very unlike what a person would have done, who was endeavouring to impose on the man ; and equally unlike what they would have reported, had the thing been an invention of their own.

Amongst the established jests on the subject of

ghosts, their sudden vanishing is a very fruitful one ; but I think, if we examine this question, we shall find that there is nothing comical in the matter, except the ignorance or want of reflection of the jesters.

In the first place, as I have before observed, a spirit must be where its thoughts and affections are, for they are itself—*our* spirits are where our thoughts and affections are, although our solid bodies remain stationary; and no one will suppose, that walls or doors, or material obstacles of any kind, could exclude a spirit, any more than they can exclude our thoughts.

But then, there is the visible body of the spirit—what is that? and how does it retain its shape? For we know that there is a law discovered by Dalton, that two masses of gaseous matter cannot remain in contact, but they will immediately proceed to diffuse themselves into one another; and accordingly, it may be advanced, that a gaseous corporeity in the atmosphere is an impossibility, because it could not retain its form, but would inevitably be dissolved away and blend with the surrounding air. But precisely the same objection might be made by a chemist to the possibility of our fleshly bodies retaining their integrity and compactness; for the human body, taken as a whole, is known to be an impossible chemical compound, except for the vitality which upholds it; and no sooner is life withdrawn from it than it crumbles into putrescence; and it is undeniable, that the aeriform body would be an impossible mechanical phenomenon, but for the vitality which we are entitled to suppose may uphold it. But, just as the state or condition of organization protects the fleshly body from the natural re-actions which would destroy it, so may an analogous condition of organi-

zation protect a spiritual ethereal body from the destructive influence of the mutual inter-diffusion of gases.

Thus supposing this aeriform body to be a permanent appurtenance of the spirit, we see how it may subsist and retain its integrity, and it would be as reasonable to hope to exclude the electric fluid by walls or doors as to exclude by them this subtle, fluent form. If, on the contrary, the shape be only one constructed out of the atmosphere, by an act of will, the same act of will, which is a vital force, will preserve it entire, till the will being withdrawn, it dissolves away. In either case, the moment the will or thought of the spirit is elsewhere, it is gone—it has vanished.

“For those who prefer the other hypothesis, namely, that there is no outstanding shape at all, but that the will of the spirit, acting on the constructive imagination of the seer, enables him to conceive the form, as the spirit itself conceives of it, there can be no difficulty in understanding, that the becoming visible will depend merely on a similar act of will.”

There is a remarkable Cornish tale, which may be read in Hitchin's “History of Cornwall.” The scene of the event was a place called Botaden, or Botathen, in the parish of South Petherwin, near Launceston; and the account is given by the Rev. John Ruddle, master of the Grammar School of Launceston, and one of the prebendaries of Exeter, and vicar of Altonon.

“Young Mr. Bligh, a lad of bright parts, and of no common attainments, became on a sudden pensive, dejected, and melancholy. His friends, observing the change without being able to discover the cause, attributed his behaviour to laziness, an aversion to school, or to some other

motive, which they suspected he was ashamed to avow. He was, however, induced to inform his brother, after some time, that in a field through which he passed to and from school,"—Launceston school, of which I said that Mr. Ruddle was head master,—“he was invariably met by the apparition of a woman, whom he personally knew while living, and who had been dead about eight years.” Young Bligh is said to have been at this time about sixteen. “Ridicule, threats, and persuasions were alike used in vain by the family to induce him to dismiss these absurd ideas. Mr. Ruddle was however sent for, to whom the lad ingenuously communicated the time, manner, and frequency of this appearance. It was in a field called Higher Broomfield. The apparition, he said, appeared dressed in female attire, met him two or three times while he passed through the field, glided hastily by him, but never spoke. He had thus been occasionally met about two months before he took any particular notice of it: at length the appearance became more frequent, meeting him both morning and evening, but always in the same field, yet invariably moving out of the path when it came close to him. He often spoke, but could never get any reply. To avoid this unwelcome visitor he forsook the field, and went to school and returned from it through a lane, in which place, between the quarry-park and nursery, it always met him. Unable to disbelieve the evidence of his own senses, or to obtain credit with any his family, he prevailed upon Mr. Ruddle to accompany him to the place.

“‘I arose,’ says this clergyman, ‘next morning, and went with him. The field to which he led me I guessed to be about twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house.

We went into the field, and had not gone a third part before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, which he had described before (so far as the suddenness of its appearance and transition would permit me to discover), passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken a firm resolution to speak to it, I had not the power; yet I took care not to show any fear to my pupil and guide; and, therefore, telling him that I was satisfied of the truth of his statement, we walked to the end of the field, and returned; nor did the ghost meet us that time but once.

“ ‘On the 27th July, 1665, I went to the haunted field by myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I then returned, and took the other walk, and then the spectre appeared to me, much about the same place in which I saw it when the young gentleman was with me. It appeared to move swifter than before, and seemed to be about ten feet from me on my right hand, inso-much that I had not time to speak to it, as I had determined with myself aforehand. On the evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay, I proposed to them our going to the place next morning. We accordingly met at the stile we had appointed; thence we all four walked into the field together. We had not gone more than half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with such rapidity, that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head, and ran after it, with the young man by my side. We saw it pass over the stile by which we entered, and no further. I stepped upon the hedge’—you must remember that in Cornwall a hedge means a stone wall—at one place, and the

young man at another, but we could discern nothing; whereas I do aver that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in so short a time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance. First, a spaniel dog, which had followed the company unregarded, barked, and ran away as the spectrum passed by; whence it is easy to conclude that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition. Secondly, the motion of the spectre was not *gradatim*, or by steps or moving of the feet, but by a kind of gliding, as children upon ice, or as a boat down a river, which punctually answers with the description the ancients give of the motion of these lemures. This ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentleman and his wife. They well knew this woman, Dorothy Durant, in her lifetime, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this apparition.

“The next morning, being Thursday, I went very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field adjoining. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the haunted field, and had not gone above thirty or forty yards when the ghost appeared at the further stile. I spoke to it in some short sentences, in a loud voice, whereupon it approached me but slowly, and when I came near, moved not. I spoke again, and it answered me in a voice neither audible nor very intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spoke again, and gave me satisfaction: but the work could not be finished at this time. Whereupon, the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again at the same place, and after a few words on each side it quietly vanished; and neither doth appear now, nor hath appeared since, nor ever

will more to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

"These things are true, and I know them to be so, with as much certainty as my eyes and senses can give me; and until I be persuaded that my senses all deceive me about their proper objects, and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must and will assert that the things contained in this paper are true. As for the manner of my proceeding, I have no cause to be ashamed of it. I can justify it to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I choose to content myself with the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it; for I know well with what difficulty relations of so uncommon a nature and practice obtain belief.

"Through the ignorance of men in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely, the communication between spirits and men, not one scholar in ten thousand, though otherwise of excellent learning, knows any thing about it. This ignorance breeds fear and abhorrence of that which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.' On this strange revelation, concludes the county historian, the editor forbears to make any comment."

Are all ghost stories incredible? What can the reader say? All the cases we have cited, and many more, which might be cited, have the stamp of authenticity upon them; if they are not to be believed, what is to be done with all history? Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature" is a perfect repertory of such tales. Can they all be false or illusionary? but the facts we shall presently present may perhaps

serve in some measure to give an explication to these mysteries: at any rate, may serve to show that when we have been arguing upon the *impossibility* of such apparitions, we were certainly arguing in ignorance of certain phenomena of nature which have since been revealed, and certain laws of nature, which, although occult, still thrill us from time to time with the evidence of their existence. In the light of many of the facts we have quoted, how like special pleading appears much of the argument against them; but if the reader has sneeringly read these—many of them well known tales—some of them the tales of our days of boyhood, he may be certain, that extraordinary as they are, there is not one which may not be matched or transcended from the revelations of modern magnetism, and the explorations of the men who have devoted themselves to analyse the connection of things seen, with things unseen.

CHAPTER III.

MODERN GLEAMS OF GHOSTLY HUMOUR.

WE have still left, however, enough of boyhood about us, to like some of those tales in which the imposture was divined, and where, in very truth, the marvellous did not interpose at all. Many a tale have we heard, many a tale we hope to hear again, of the glamour of mischief, and of the deeds and performances of trickery youth: nor can there be any doubt, that many of those very tales, at which so many have shaken in terror and alarm, might have been traced to an origin the very opposite of ghostly. We have been personally connected with many a sad frolic, and some of our frolics are veritable ghost tales, we believe, to this day. We confess, therefore, to a great amount of scepticism ourselves; in most instances we shall be much misunderstood if we are supposed to be attempting a restoration of obsolete beliefs, or an indiscriminate reception of the forlorn tribe of the church-yard, and the village-green. The drapery of the white sheet and the lantern are now tolerably well understood, and what between cudgels on the one hand, and scepticism on the other, he is rather a brave man or boy who adventures himself into the world, however divinely, with the idea of levying a tax on human credulity. Nor do we

often hear much of the coarser kind of collusion, in which formerly, imposture of this kind dressed itself; yet, sometimes to serve a purpose, or gain some end, we hear an anecdote that puts us in mind of the terrors of the household ingie, in the old day, when the beings of another world were real and terrible—lording it at the twelfth hour of the night over the minds and bodies of men, with a most potent sway.

Some years ago, an elderly woman, familiarly known as "Aunt Morse," died, leaving a handsome little property. No will was found, although it was understood before her decease that such a document was in the hands of Squire S——, one of her neighbours. One cold winter evening, some weeks after her departure, Squire S—— sat in the parlour looking over his papers, when, hearing some one cough in a familiar way, he looked up, and saw before him a little crooked old woman in an oil-but coloured woollen frock, blue and white tow and linen apron, and striped blanket, leaning her sharp pinched face on one hand, while the other supported a short black tobacco-pipe, at which she was puffing in the most vehement and spiteful manner conceivable.

The squire was a man of some nerve; but his first thought was to attempt an escape, from which he was deterred only by the consideration that any effort to that effect would necessarily bring him nearer to his unwelcome visitor.

"Aunt Morse," he said at length, "for the Lord's sake, get right back to the burying-ground! What on earth are you here for?"

The apparition took her pipe deliberately from her mouth, and informed him that she came to see justice done with her will, and that nobody need think of cheating her, dead or alive. Concluding

her remark with a shrill emphasis, she replaced her pipe, and puffed away with renewed vigour. The squire had reasons for retaining the document at issue, which he had supposed conclusive, but he had not reckoned upon the interference of the testator in the matter. Aunt Morse, when living, he had always regarded as a very shrew of a woman; and he now began to suspect that her recent change of condition had improved her, like Sheridan's ghost, "the wrong way." He saw nothing better to be done under the circumstances, than to promise to see the matter set right that very evening.

The ghost nodded her head approvingly, and, knocking the ashes out of her pipe against the chimney, proceeded to fill it anew with a handful of tobacco from her side pocket. "And now, squire," said she, "if you'll just light my pipe for me, I'll be a-going."

The Squire was, as has been intimated, no coward; he had been out during the war in a Merrimack privateer, and had seen sharp work off Fayal, but, as he said afterwards, "it was no touch to lighting Aunt Morse's pipe." No slave of a pipe-bearer ever handed the chibouque to the Grand Turk with more care and reverence than the squire manifested on this occasion. Aunt Morse drew two or three long preliminary whiffs, to see that all was right, pulled her blanket over her head, and hobbled out at the door. The squire being true to his promise, was never again disturbed. It is right in conclusion to say that there were strong suspicions at the time, that the ghost was a reality of flesh and blood; in short, one of the living heirs of Aunt Morse, and not the old lady herself.

Two or three years since, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, there lived an old woman, who might well have passed for a witch in the days

when such persons were supposed to inhabit out-of-the-way localities and neighbourhoods; stooping till she was almost double, it was her wont to walk from place to place, leaning on a short crutch, attired in dress by no means elegant, and very suggestive of the witch drapery—a black bonnet, a cap evermore crushed upon the head, and black and dingy with smoke and filth; and this old creature walked through her village and entered her neighbours' houses familiarly and uninvited, presenting herself at festive parties and family meetings with an ever recurring croak, a congratulation—"Hoo are ye, bairns?" and, nodding to another group—"Hoo are ye, bairns?" and thus would she hobble out of the circle, weird and ghostly as she had glided into it. At a great age at last she died, but into the family circles, truly enough, she still occasionally—especially at deep night, intruded herself, creating no little consternation. There was the same inimitable stooping gait, the same crutch, the same cap and bonnet, and the same croaking "Hoo are ye, bairns? Hoo ar' ye, bairns?" before she vanished; it was but a momentary visitation, but profound was the awe, or wild the alarm inspired; nor are we aware whether the ghost was traced or questioned, but doubtless those who had been very earnest in the purchase of the old mother's apparel—her bonnet and crutch and gown, would be best able to account for the mysterious vision.

We remember reading, some years since, in a number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, a true tale, which may very appropriately be quoted, as an instance in which neither imposition, nor credulity, had any share. It must have been a time of fear, and is the history of remarkable adventures which befell a lad yon one occasion in a solitary house.

She was on a visit to a relative, a small proprietor in one of the southern counties of Scotland, who did everything in his power to make his visitor comfortable and happy. The lady did enjoy her visit very much. She was a woman of good taste and understanding, and capable of appreciating the natural beauties of her friend's property. The house was finely situated, having in front a park with a beautifully disposed policy, and overlooking green walks, shrubberies, and garden-plots behind. These the lady was charmed with in summer and autumn, but naturally, as winter drew on, in-door comforts came to be things of as much consequence. Her relative did not permit her to want for these either. Her bedroom fires and all other little comfortabilities were as regularly attended to as they could have been at her own home in the city. Such was the situation of the lady, whom we beg the reader to name Mrs. Walker, when a singular adventure befell her.

Having retired one evening to her bedroom, she sat by the fire for a little, ruminating over various matters before seeking her pillow. What these ruminations were, deponent saith not; it is possible they were thoughts of conquest, for she was far from being old, and a widow. Her meditations closed at length, and she slipped into her bed, which fortunately, as the night was chill, stood exactly opposite the fire, and at no great distance from it, the room being small. Beyond the head of the bed was the door of the room, and opposite the foot of the bed was a large window, with massive curtains, looking to the back of the house. Why we are thus particular, time and patience will show. Being ready, then, for sleep, Mrs. Walker lay musingly for some time, with her half-open eye occasionally meeting the glimmer of the

decaying fire, and her ear catching the fitful moan of the November blast. Slumber soon scaled up her senses, however, for her mind was easy and composed. But a noise awoke her; she stirred, and opened her eyes. What they alighted upon, made her doubt whether she was really awake, or dropping into some horrible dream! Betwixt her and the fire, and leaning over the latter, an object was seated, the form of which the indistinct light of the fire did not permit her clearly to distinguish. A human being the object seemed to be, in so far as it sat upon a chair; yet its position was not erect, nor was the outline of its figure like that of a human being, but rough and angular. The lady soon became but too sensible that she was awake, and that some dreadful reality was before her. Slightly raised, by an almost unconscious movement, from her recumbent position, she lay with her hands grasping the bedclothes, her heart beating almost to suffocation, and her eyes strainingly fixed on the intruder. Wild thoughts passed through her mind. What could the object be? A robber? Or a wild beast? Neither seemingly, and yet something of a terrible, and, it might be, supernatural character. Shriek for help she durst not, else the being might be made aware of her presence, of which it might be as yet unconscious. Her agony became dreadful. Meanwhile the intruder sat by the fire, stretching over the embers what seemed to be hands, and shaking and shivering audibly upon its seat. Once or twice it uttered a low, wild moan. At last it turned round, and seemed to survey the room—the bed. Though sensible that she could not be visible in the dusky light, the lady's horror was increased almost to madness by these movements. If the being should approach the bed! The surveying

motions were repeated, and Mrs. Walker—her fears augmented to desperation—resolved to leave the bed. Casting the clothes noiselessly from her, she glided out of the bed by the foot, and in an instant was standing behind the large close window curtains, from between which she looked into the room, with the curiosity of despair. Scarcely was this change of position effected, when she beheld, or rather heard, the object arise from the fireside, and, after some wild, shivering moans, lay itself down on the bed—and all was quiet!

The lady blessed herself for having changed her place at the instant she did, but she spent a night of unspeakable terror and distress. Till morning did she stand behind that curtain, not daring to pass the side of the bed in order to reach the door, and suffering, in her undress, all the extremity of winter cold through the long watches of a November night. How anxiously she prayed for the coming of the dawn! She had then hopes of relief; and as soon as the first ray of light came through the chinks of the window shutter, she prepared to avail herself of it. She opened partially the shutters. The garden was below the windows, and she had not long looked out upon it, until she saw the gardener enter to his daily work. She opened the shutters further, and in a little time the man caught a sight of her figure, and noticed her motions. He seemed stupified at first, but soon saw that something was wrong. He left his work hastily, and made for the house. For a moment the lady's blood darted wildly through her frame, but again the motions of her heart grew faint. She heard a noise below—footsteps sounded upon the stairs—the bedroom door was opened—and, with a wild scream, the lady burst from her concealment, and fell prostrate at the feet of her deliverer.

It was long ere Mrs. Walker recovered from that swoon, and long, long ere the effects of that awful fright were overcome.

What was the cause of all her suffering? The dreadful intruder upon her repose was found to be a poor female maniac—a harmless creature who wandered about the country, existing on charity, and who had found an unperceived entrance to the house on the night in question; roaming about the passages of the house, the maniac had probably been attracted by the glimmer of Mrs. Walker's bedroom fire, and so caused what followed. The miserable woman's attire was so tattered, that it is no wonder that the lady had been unable to discern the outline of a human form.

Whittier has produced a delightfully readable little book on the "Supernaturalism of New England;" it has we believe never been published in England, but throughout there is a quiet, subdued, chuckling laugh at the superstitions of our fathers and our own; while at the same time it is most easy to perceive that the writer does not disbelieve too much. The following is one of his pleasant tales:—

"When a boy I occasionally met at the house of a relative in an adjoining town, a stout, red-nosed, old farmer of the neighbourhood. A fine tableau he made of a winter's evening, in the red light of the birch-log fire, as he sat for hours watching its progress, with sleepy, half-shut eyes, changing his position only to reach the cider-mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips, save to assent to some remark of his host, or to answer a direct question, yet, at times, when the cider-mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experiences in "the Ohio country."

There was, however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which "the stranger intermeddled not." He was not willing to run the risk of hearing that, which to him was frightful reality, turned into ridicule by scoffers and unbelievers. The substance of it, as I received it from one of his neighbours, forms as clever a tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that, when quite a young man, he left the homestead, and, strolling westward, worked his way from place to place until he found himself in one of the old French settlements on the Ohio river. Here he procured employment on the farm of a widow, and being a smart, active fellow, and proving highly serviceable in his department, he rapidly gained favour in the eyes of his employer. Ere long, contrary to the advice of his neighbours, and in spite of somewhat discouraging hints touching certain matrimonial infelicities experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the dead man's shoes; the mistress became the wife, and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time, matters went on cosily and comfortably enough. He was now lord of the soil; and, as he laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, salted down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use, he naturally enough congratulated himself upon his good fortune, and laughed at the sinister forebodings of his neighbours. But, with the long winter months came a change over his 'Love's young dream.' An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife, or at her suggestion, resulted favourably enough; but all his own schemes and projects were unaccountably

marred and defeated. If he bought a horse, it was sure to prove spavined, or wind-broken. His cows either refused to give down their milk, or, giving it, perversely kicked it over. A fine sow which he had bargained for, repaid his partiality by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees a dark thought forced its way into his mind. Comparing his repeated mischances with the antenuptial warnings of his neighbours, he, at last, came to the melancholy conclusion that his wife was a witch! The victim in Motherwell's ballad of the Demon Lady, or the poor fellow in the Arabian Tale, who discovered that he had married a Ghoul, in the guise of a young and blooming princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. He grew nervous and fretful. Old dismal nursery-stories, and all the witch-lore of boyhood, came back to his memory; and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep, lest his mysterious companion should take a fancy to transform him into a horse, get him shod at the smithy, and ride him to a witch meeting. And, as if to make the matter worse, his wife's affection seemed to increase, just in proportion as his troubles thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the drop too much. The poor husband recoiled from her as from a waking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England; he longed to see once more the old homestead, with its tall well-sweep, and butternut trees by the road-side; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom lands of his new home, for his father's rocky pasture with its crop of stunted mullens. So, one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he summoned courage to attempt an escape; and, resolutely turning his back on the

West, plunged into the wilderness towards the sun-rise. After a long and hard journey he reached his birthplace, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with respect to his unlucky adventures in Ohio, he soon after married one of his schoolmates, and by dint of persevering industry and economy, in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But his evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer-evening, on returning from the hay-field, who should meet him but his Witch-wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unhandsome desertion of her, she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his later engagements; it was in vain that his other wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real position; the Witch-wife was inexorable; go he must, and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself, the effects of the unlucky disclosure on the temper of his New England help mate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade good-bye to the latter amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and mounted the white horse, with his old wife on the pillion behind him. Of that ride Burger might have written a counterpart to his Leonore. Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband; when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not dis-

posed to be very communicative; but for one thing, at least, he seemed willing to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife, having no spell against intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature, and had left him free; in view of which, his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board, and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency."

But we did not take our pen in hand to recount stories of this nature, and we only recount them to shew to our readers, that we do by no means believe all the world to be given up to the inexplicable and marvellous: doubtless, there are still tricky spirits in human forms. Still the freaks which have from time immemorial, been played by youth, and recounted with glee, by garrulous old age, these continue yet amongst us: they do not furnish an entire explanation to all we hear, and they are only introduced in this place as a pleasant interlude to more serious tones. Many a note of pleasantry might be struck from chords, which, at one time, appeared most dreadful and wonderful. From their very childhood, even men are fond of imposing on each other; and in this catalogue, certainly there is some pleasure in being cheated. Man is in love with illusions, and is happy if he can by any means raise them, and wave a momentary terror over his companions.

CHAPTER IV.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ARE there as many haunted houses in England as once there were? There was a time when every neighbourhood had one; the school-boy passed it by with a tremulous shiver; the villager looked up, and expected at night that strange lights would be seen gleaming forth from its windows; none would live in it; none would walk down its grove, or tread its corridors at night—scarcely in the day-time. We have in our eye one such building especially—one out of many over which memory instantly glances the eye; it is, in truth, the very model of a haunted house—a large rookery stands round it, and those most ghostly companions the rooks, keep up there a perpetual monotony, and in one wing of the mansion, and at the furthest end, we distinctly see a room which has been closed for a century; no foot has turned back the ward and bolt of that room. So from year to year the mansion has mouldered on; none but servants have lived there, and those old weather-beaten, time-dried bits of humanity, like automatons, cut out of the old worm-eaten wood of the house they have lived so long within, hearing of the cawing of carrion crows, and hoarse winds raving through the gates, shaking the windows and doors,

that they have imparted to them a sort of ghostly appearance; if you stopped a night in the house, you would be afraid that, should the ghostly apparatus be suspended, they would, without any inconvenience, turn into ghosts for a variety in existence.

“ The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.
The centepede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle;
And over all there hung a sign of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.”*

Now, how far reality may have had anything to do with those fancies may not be said; but all haunted houses are not the counterpart of this description, very many which have this bad character are respectable, cozy dwellings, not in out of the way places, not old, not memorable in old associations, but yet for some freak or other, surrendered up to the residence of some haunting ghost; and it is curious to notice, how far fancies, as they are called, have gone, and how much they have done in giving to human habitations this most ambiguous reputation. If a catalogue could be presented of all the dwellings reputed to be haunted in England, it would greatly astonish our readers; they would find that amidst the prevalence of much light and information, the old mystery has still been kept up, and the shakings of fear have been

* Thomas Hood : “ Haunted House.”

nearly as prevalent in the nineteenth as in the seventeenth century.

One of the most remarkable histories of haunted houses is that of the Wesley family. It is one of the most circumstantial of all ghostly narratives. We have the testimony of every member of the family capable of bearing a testimony upon the subject; the events were well known to all the neighbouring gentlemen and clergymen, and frequently the noises transpired in their hearing. John Wesley has left a lengthy account, well drawn up, the result of his own knowledge of the matter, and in that day eminent men were perplexed by the narration, and both then and ever since those who have been quite indisposed to place any faith whatever in such visitations, have failed to account for this. We are truly amazed, however, to notice the bravery of all the members of the family, in the presence of "Old Jeffrey," the name which was given to the ghost, from some person who had been murdered in the house. The almost unintermitting noises continued for a month, and during this time they all appear in some measure to have accustomed themselves to its visits. It principally indicated its presence by violent knockings, slamming of doors; it could also indicate its anger, it appeared, by occasional more vehement actions. It seldom was visible, but long silk dressing gowns were heard frequently trailing down the stairs and by the side of the bed, and sometimes an old man in a long dressing gown was seen by one or two members of the family; if this last may not be attributed to an excited fancy, as it is not a portion of the history in which all are agreed. They all attempted to face it, and implored it to become visible. It is impossible to quote all of the very lengthy accounts left us, but the following extracts

could convey to those who have not already read the more prominent features of this remarkable history.

JOHN WESLEY says—Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, an eminently pious and sensible man, could give me some farther information, I walked over to him. He said—"Robert Brown came over to me and told me your father desired my company. When I came he gave me an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer, but that evening (to my great satisfaction) we heard no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffreys is coming, (that was the name of one that died in the house), for I hear the signal.' This they informed me was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was towards the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud ereaking of a saw, or rather of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said—"Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself." We went up stairs, he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When he came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room, and when we were there it was knocking in the nursery; and then it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Kitty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are

convinced this is something preternatural. If so you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you." He then went close to the place, and said sternly, "Show, deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man." Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate), as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night. Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself), when he opened the door, he was thrust back with such force that it had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side and then on the other, and after a time, in the next room, where my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said, "These spirits love darkness—put out the candles, and perhaps it will speak." She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, "Nancy two Christians are an over-match for the devil. Go all of you down stairs, it may be when I am alone he will have courage to speak." When she had gone, a thought came into his mind, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee knock three knocks, and no more." Immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered, she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day

time, when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her; only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. Again John Wesley says, "One evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard, as if it were two doors that led into the hall open, and a person walking in that seemed to have on a long silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, 'it signifies nothing to run away, for whatever it is, it can run faster than me.' So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her), in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it, telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened. I would fain see what would fright me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Katty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard some one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs. And at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took

his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things. Pray, let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Katty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle, than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was. But it was then in the kitchen. She saw into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposition in the affair." Old Samuel Wesley's daughters were brave girls, reader, were they not?

Who shall account for these things? "Since we cannot but believe," says Mrs. Crowe, "that man forms but one class in an immense range of existence, do not these strange occurrences suggest the idea, that occasionally some individual out of this gamut of being comes into *rappor*t with us, or crosses our path like a comet, and that, whilst certain conditions last, it can hover about us, and

play mischievous tricks, till the charm is broken, and then it re-enters its own sphere, and we are cognisant of it no more?"

Old Jefferey has left his name behind him. Famous as the account of the Wesley haunted house is, it is not more so than that at Willington, near Newcastle, lately the residence of Mr. Proctor. It is an innocent looking building enough, situated on the very line of the Shields and Newcastle Railway. There is no particular solitude about it. It is not a very old house. In fact, it is wanting in most of those characteristics which romancists have sought as suitable for the local habitation of spirits, and it has been, during the greater part of the time of the visitations, tenanted by members of the Society of Friends, people by no means likely, from their habits of life, and highly intelligent character, to raise phantoms, or to encourage others to raise them. "Howitt's Journal," Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," and other volumes, have made the leading incidents tolerably well known; but as this volume will probably fall into places where they may not have penetrated as yet, the account of the several visitations shall be quoted from "The Local Historian's Table Book," published by M. A. Richardson, of Newcastle, and from "Howitt's Journal."

Were we to draw an inference from the number of cases of reported visitations from the invisible world that have been made public of late, we might be led to imagine that the days of supernatural agency were about to re-commence, and that ghosts and hobgoblins were about to resume their sway over the fears of mankind. Did we, however, indulge such an apprehension, a glance at the current tone of the literature and philosophy of the day, when treating of these subjects, would

show a measure of unbelief regarding them as scornful and uncompromising as the veriest atheist or materialist could desire. Notwithstanding the prevalence of this feeling amongst the educated classes, there is a curiosity and interest manifested in every occurrence of this nature, that indicates a lurking faith at bottom, which an effectual scepticism fails entirely to conceal. We feel, therefore, that we need not apologize to our readers for introducing the following particulars of a *visit* to a house in this immediate neighbourhood, which had become notorious for some years previous, as being "haunted;" and several of the reputed deeds, or misdeeds, of its supernatural visitant had been published far and wide by rumour's thousand tongues. We deem it as worthy to be chronicled as the doings of its contemporary *gonii* at Windsor, Dublin, Liverpool, Carlisle, and Sunderland, and which have all likewise hitherto failed, after public investigation, to receive a solution consistent with a rejection of a spiritual agency.

We have visited the house in question, which is well known to many of our readers as being near a large steam corn-mill, in full view of Willington viaduct, on the Newcastle and Shields railway; and it may not be irrelevant to mention that it is quite detached from the mill, or any other premises, and has no cellaring under it. The proprietor of the house, who lives in it, declines to make public the particulars of the disturbance to which he has been subjected, and it must be understood that the account of the visit we are about to lay before our readers is derived from a friend to whom Dr. Drury presented a copy of his correspondence on the subject, with power to make such use of it as he thought proper. We learned that the house had been reputed, at least one room in

it, to been haunted forty years ago, and had afterwards been undisturbed for a long period, during some years of which quietude the present occupant lived in it unmolested. We are also informed, that about the time that the premises were building, viz. in 1800 or 1801, there were reports of some deed of darkness having been committed by some one employed about them. We should extend this account beyond the limits we have set to ourselves, did we now enter upon a full account of the strange things which have been seen and heard about the place by several of the neighbours, as well as those which are reported to have been seen, heard, and felt, by the inmates, whose servants have been changed, on that account, many times. We proceed, therefore, to give the following letters which have passed between individuals of undoubted veracity; leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions on the subject.

(COPY, No. 1.)

To Mr. Procter,

17th June, 1840.

SIR,—Having heard from indisputable authority, viz. that of my excellent friend, Mr. Davison, of Low Willington, farmer, that you and your family are disturbed by most unaccountable noises at night, I beg leave to tell you that I have read attentively Wesley's account of such things, but with, I must confess, no great belief; but an account of this report coming from one of your sect, which I admire for candour and simplicity, my curiosity is excited to a high pitch, which I would fain satisfy. My desire is to remain alone in the house all night with no companion but my own watch-dog, in which, as far as courage and fidelity are concerned, I place much more reliance than

upon any three young gentlemen I know of. And it is also my hope, that, if I have a fair trial, I shall be able to unravel this mystery. Mr. Davison will give you every satisfaction if you take the trouble to inquire of him concerning me.

I am, Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

EDWARD DRURY.

*At C. C. Embleton's, Surgeon,
No. 10, Church Street, Sunderland.*

(COPY, No. 2.)

Joseph Procter's respects to Edward Drury, whose note he received a few days ago, expressing a wish to pass a night in his house at Willington. As the family is going from home on the 23d instant, and one of Unthank and Procter's men will sleep in the house, if E. D. feels inclined to come on or after the 24th to spend a night in it, he is at liberty so to do, with or without his faithful dog, which, by the bye, can be of no possible use except as company. At the same time, J. P. thinks it best to inform him that particular disturbances are far from frequent at present, being only occasional and quite uncertain, and therefore the satisfaction of E. D.—'s curiosity must be considered as problematical. The best chance will be afforded by his sitting up alone in the third story, till it be fairly daylight—say to two, or three, A.M.

Willington, 6th mo. 21st, 1840.

J. P. will leave word with T. Mann, foreman, to admit E. D.

Mr. Procter left home with his family on the

23d of June, and got an old servant, who was then out of place in consequence of ill-health, to take charge of the house during their absence. Mr. P. returned alone, on account of business, on the 3d of July, on the evening of which day Mr. Drury and his companion also unexpectedly arrived. After the house had been locked up, every corner of it was minutely examined. The room out of which the apparition issued is too shallow to contain any person. Mr. Drury and his friend had lights by them, and were satisfied that there was no one in the house besides Mr. P——, the servant, and themselves.

(COPY, No. 3.)

Monday Morning, July 6th, 1840.

To Mr. Procter.

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry I was not at home to receive you yesterday, when you kindly called to inquire for me. I am happy to state that I am really surprised that I have been so little affected as I am, after that horrid and most awful affair. The only bad effect that I feel is a heavy dullness in one of my ears—the right one. I call it heavy dullness, because I not only do not hear distinctly, but feel in it a constant noise. This I never was affected with before: but I doubt not it will go off. I am persuaded that no one went to your house at any time more *disbelieving in respect to seeing anything peculiar*;—now no one can be more satisfied than myself. I will, in the course of a few days, send you a full detail of all I saw and heard. Mr. Spence and two other gentlemen came down to my house in the afternoon to hear my detail; but, sir, could I account

for these noises from natural causes, yet, so firmly am I persuaded of the horrid apparition, that I would affirm that what I saw with my eyes was a punishment to me for my scoffing and unbelief; that I am assured that, as far as the horror is concerned, they are happy that believe and have not seen. Let me trouble you, sir, to give me the address of your sister, from Cumberland, who was alarmed, and also of your brother. I would feel a satisfaction in having a line from them; and above all things, it will be a great cause of joy to me, if you never allow your young family to be in that horrid house again. Hoping you will write a few lines at your leisure,

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Yours very truly,

“EDWARD DRURY.

(COPY, No. 4),

Willington, 7th mo. 9, 1840.

“Respected Friend, E. Drury,

“Having been at Sunderland, I did not receive thine of the 6th till yesterday morning. I am glad to hear thou art getting well over the effects of thy unlooked-for visitation. I hold in respect thy bold and manly assertion of the truth in the face of that ridicule and ignorant conceit with which that which is called the supernatural, in the present day, is usually assailed.

“I shall be glad to receive thy detail, in which it will be needful to be very particular in showing that thou couldst not be asleep, or attacked by nightmare, or mistake a reflection of the candle, as some sagaciously suppose.

“I remain, respectfully,

“Thy friend,

JOHN PROCTER.

" P.S.—I have about thirty witnesses to various things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other principle than that of spiritual agency.

" (COPY, No. 5.)

" Sunderland, July 13, 1840.

" DEAR SIR,—I hereby, according to promise in my last letter, forward you a true account of what I heard and saw at your house, in which I was led to pass the night from various rumours circulated by most respectable parties, particularly from an account by my esteemed friend Mr. Davison, whose name I mentioned to you in a former letter. Having received your sanction to visit your mysterious dwelling, I went, on the 3rd of July, accompanied by a friend of mine, T. Hudson. This was not according to promise, nor in accordance with my first intent, as I wrote you I would come alone ; but I felt gratified at your kindness in not alluding to the liberty I had taken, as it ultimately proved for the best. I must here mention that, not expecting you at home, I had in my pocket a brace of pistols, determining in my mind to let one of them drop before the miller, as if by accident, for fear he should presume to play tricks upon me ; but after my interview with you, I felt there was no occasion for weapons, and did not load them, after you had allowed us to inspect as minutely as we pleased every portion of the house. I sat down on the third story landing, fully expecting to account for any noises that I might hear, in a philosophical manner, This was about eleven o'clock p.m. About ten minutes to twelve we both heard a noise, as if a number of people were pattering with their feet upon the bare floor, and yet so singular was the noise that I could not

minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet; this was followed by a hollow cough from the very room from whence the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was as if a person was rustling against the wall in coming upstairs. At a quarter to one I told my friend that, feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed, as we might hear the noise equally well there; he replied that he would not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it, after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch, they became rivetted upon a closet door, which I distinctly saw open, and saw also the figure of a female attired in grayish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest, as if in pain, and the other—viz. the right hand—extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparently cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend, who was slumbering, its right hand was extended towards him; I then rushed at it, giving, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell; but instead of grasping it, I fell upon my friend, and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried down stairs in an agony of fear and terror.

"I hereby certify that the above account is strictly true and correct in every respect.

EDWARD DRURY,

North Shields.

Dr. Drury,—poor fellow, he has, from this most doleful story, had enough of ghosts to last him until he really becomes one himself. Considering that he placed himself in such “a philosophical position,” he might have recounted to us the particulars more philosophically. However we must take what we have got, and be thankful. We do not know the ghost seer of the North; we fancy, however, he has not that energy about him which Wesley’s sisters possessed in so eminent a manner. We do not doubt him, poor fellow; he was, no doubt, in a most fearful condition; and it will be time enough for us to laugh at Drury’s cowardice, when we have looked upon a spirit without quailing, ourselves.

The following more recent case of an apparition, says William Howitt, seen in the window of the same house from the outside, by four credible witnesses, who had the opportunity of scrutinizing it for more than ten minutes, is given on most unquestionable authority. One of these witnesses is a young lady, a near connexion of the family, who, for obvious reasons, did not sleep in the house; another, a respectable man, who has been many years employed in, and is foreman of, the manufactory; his daughter, aged about seventeen; and his wife, who first saw the object, and called out the others to view it. The appearance presented was that of bareheaded man, in a flowing robe like a surplice, who glided backwards and forwards about three feet from the floor, or level with the bottom of the second story window, seemed to enter the wall on each side, and thus present a side view in passing. It then stood still in the window, and a part of the body came through both the blind, which was close down, and the window, as its luminous body intercepted the view of the framework

of the window. It was semi-transparent, and as bright as a star, diffusing a radiance all around. As it grew more dim, it assumed a blue tinge, and gradually faded away from the head downwards. The foreman passed twice close to the house under the window, and also went to inform the family, but found the house locked up. There was no moonlight, nor a ray of light visible anywhere about, and no person near. Had any magic lantern been used, it could not possibly have escaped detection; and it is obvious nothing of that kind could have been employed in the inside, as in that cause the light could only have been thrown upon the blind, and not so as to intercept the view both of the blind and of the window from without. The owner of the house slept in that room, and must have entered it shortly after this figure had disappeared.

“One of Mrs Proctor’s brothers, a gentleman in middle life, and of a peculiarly sensible, sedate, and candid disposition, a person apparently most unlikely to be imposed on by fictitious alarms or tricks, assured me that he had himself, on a visit there, been disturbed by the strangest noises. That he had resolved, before going, that if any such noises occurred he would speak, and demand of the invisible actor who he was, and why he came thither. But the occasion came, and he found himself unable to fulfil his intention. As he lay in bed one night, he heard a heavy step ascend the stairs towards his room, and some one striking, as it were, with a thick stick on the balusters, as he went along. It came to his door, and he essayed to call, but his voice died in his throat. He then sprang from his bed, and opening the door, found no one there, but now heard the same heavy steps deliberately descending, though perfectly invisibly,

the steps before his face, and accompanying the descent with the same loud blows on the balusters.

"My informant now proceeded to the room door of Mr. Proctor, who, he found, had also heard the sounds, and who now also arose, and with a light they made a speedy descent below, and a thorough search there, but without discovering anything that could account for the occurrence.

"The two young ladies, who, on a visit there, had also been annoyed by the invisible agent, gave me, says William Howitt, this account of it.—The first night, as they were sleeping in the same bed, they felt the bed lifted up beneath them. Of course, they were much alarmed. They feared lest some one had concealed himself there for the purpose of robbery. They gave an alarm, search was made, but nothing was found. On another night, their bed was violently shaken, and the curtains suddenly hoisted up all round to the very tester, as if pulled up by cords, and as rapidly let down again, several times. Search again produced no evidence of the cause. The next, they had the curtains totally removed from the bed, resolving to sleep without them, as they felt as though evil eyes were lurking behind them. The consequences of this, however, were still more striking and terrific. The following night, as they happened to awake, and the chamber was light enough—for it was summer—to see everything in it, they both saw a female figure, of a misty substance, and bluish grey hue, come out of the wall, at the bed's head, and through the head-board, in a horizontal position, and lean over them. They saw it as a female figure come out of, and again pass into, the wall. Their terror became intense, and one of the sisters, from that night, refused to sleep any more in the house, but

took refuge in the house during her stay ; the other shifting her quarters to another part of the house. It was the young lady who slept at the foreman's who saw, as above related, the singular apparition of the luminous figure in the window, along with the foreman and his wife.

"It would be too long to relate all the forms in which this nocturnal disturbance is said by the family to present itself. When a figure appears, it is sometimes that of a man, as already described, which is often very luminous, and passes through the walls as though they were nothing. This male figure is known by the name of "Old Jeffery!" At other times it is the figure of a lady also in grey costume, and as described by Mr. Drury. She is sometimes seen sitting wrapt in a sort of mantle, with her head depressed, and her hands crossed on her lap. The most terrible fact is that she is without eyes.

"To hear such sober and superior people gravely relate to you such things, gives you a very odd feeling. They say that the noise often made is like that of a pavier with his rammer thumping on the floor. At other times it is coming down the stairs, making a similar loud sound. At others it coughs, sighs, and groans like a person in distress ; and, again, there is the sound of a number of little feet pattering on the floor of the upper chamber, where the apparition has more particularly exhibited itself, and which for that reason is solely used as a lumber-room. Here these little footsteps may be often heard as if careering a child's carriage about, which in bad weather is kept up there. Sometimes, again, it makes the most horrible laughs. Nor does it always confine itself to the night. On one occasion, a young lady, as she assured me herself, opened the door in answer to a knock, the

housemaid being absent, and a lady in a fawn-coloured silk entered, and proceeded up stairs. As the young lady, of course, supposed it a neighbour come to make a morning call on Mrs. Procter, she followed her up to the drawing-room, where, however, to her astonishment, she did not find her, nor was anything more seen of her."

Mr. Procter is understood to have received a great number of letters from different parts of the kingdom, from persons whose houses and families are subject to similar annoyances.

CHAPTER V.

FLYING VISITS TO DREAM LAND.

AND what a Land is that! it has ever been the "terra incognita," even of our friends the sceptics; the plumb line of Science, Pylchological, Pathological, or Physiological would not fathom it, it has ever been the wonderful realm of mystery and sometimes of dread—that while the body lies still and at rest in sleep upon the bed, some part of us should walk abroad in the universe and be seeing without eyes, and hearing without ears, this has ever been a wonderful thing.

A lady, a friend of the writer, upon whom he can most implicitly rely, had a dream extraordinary in its symbolical significance.

It was in Scotland, she had an uncle a minister of the established church there—a thoughtful sedentary man—a boundless voracity in him for books, and especially for mathematical problems and lore of that kind; in his study he would sit day by day never stirring, living in his world of Angles and Circles and Lines, until his friends and relations sometimes thought that he would indeed forget the world of sense and of earth altogether. One night, this lady our friend had a dream, she distinctly saw the manor or parsonage of the minister, her uncle divided in two parts, the one part separate from the other, and without uniting again, in their out of the way village in

Scotland. This dream excited no little consternation, and in the morning, a messenger was sent of to the house, a distance of several miles, to enquire if any extraordinary thing had happened, that messenger met another on his way from the family, to whom he was going to say, that during the night, the minister had been seized with madness—he could with difficulty, be held from violence; and, indeed it so happened from that night the house was divided. The poor old minister was taken to a lunatic asylum, where he died, and his wife went to live with her relatives, in her earlier home.

What theory, or what fact, can very well account to us for the significance of many of our dreams?

A friend of the writers, a gentleman to rely upon whom is indeed synonymous with reliance upon personal testimony, a few evenings before the death of his wife most tenderly and deservedly beloved, was visited in his dreams, at a time in his life when to dream was an exception, in his history, by an old hag.—He awoke several times, and still the same dream recurred to him,—the old creature danced about him in mockery, laughing and gesticulating. He affirms that he beholds her distinctly yet, and that hers is a countenance never to be erased from his memory. There was horror,—there was the dreadful composure of satisfied malignity in every line of her features; he believes it was the next day his wife, with whom he never slept again, was seized with that illness which terminated in a week in death. Is it altogether superstitious to find a meaning in such a coincidence?

It is marvellous that we should dream at all, while all the functions of the body are suspended and locked up. It will be time enough for sceptics

to tell us that all dreams are meaningless, when they show to us satisfactorily how it is that the mind continues actively looking abroad at all, by the pale lampe of dreams.

Of course, nothing is more trite than the observation that our dreams are frequently the composition of our waking studies and pursuits. The dream is as a mirror, in which we see reflected the habits of the mind : the dream of Coleridge is very well known. After reading Purchas's "Pilgrimage," the magnificent flow of gorgeous imagery, and rythm, in which was dilated and intensified the orientalisms, which had passed before his mind and through his eye. Then we have the case of Professor Hitchcock, detailed by himself in the "New Englander," and which is one of the most striking on record. He had, day after day, visions of strange landscapes spread out before him—mountain and lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata, piled to the clouds—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being. Equally remarkable is the case of Dr. Abel, of Lempster, N. H., as given by himself in the Boston Medical Journal. While totally blind he saw persons enter his apartment, and especially was he troubled with a grey horse which stood, saddled and bridled, champing his bit, by his bed-side. On one occasion, he says : "I seemed placed on the southern border of a plain, from which I could see a whole regiment of soldiers coming from the north. As they approached, their number increased to thousands. Their dress was so splendid as to dazzle my sight. Their movements were generally quick, often halting and forming into two columns, facing each other and extending in line as far as the eye could reach.

They would then break up and march in different directions, often driving each other in large companies. I felt peculiarly gratified in seeing large groups of little boys running and jumping before and after the troops—many of them dressed in a light blue frock with a scarlet sash. These movements continued through the day till near sunset, when the field was cleared until after ten o'clock, when I saw them returning, but they took a westward movement, and soon disappeared. Among the great variety of moving objects which I have seen, their motion has been from right to left, with very few exceptions, as that of the marches and counter-marches of the soldiers. It was common to see two objects moving in the same direction, while one would move much faster than the other, and pass by."

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Mr. Crabbe's "World of Dreams," in which we are hurried through a variety of states of being, and in which, no doubt the poet intended to paint the moods of the soul as affected by the circumstances of external life or of the waking hours:—

I know not how, but I am brought
 Into a large and Gothic hall,
 Seated with those I never sought—
 Kings, Caliphs, Raisars, silent all;
 Pale as the dead, enrobed and tall,
 Majestic, frozen, solemn, still;
 They wake my fears, my wits appal,
 And with both scorn and terror fill.

They're gone, and in them soon I see,
 A fairy being, form and dress,
 Brilliant as light, nor can there be
 On earth, that heavenly loveliness;
 Nor words can that sweet look express,
 Or tell what living gems adorn
 That wondrous beauty, who can guess
 When such celestial charms were born?

A remarkable phenomenon connected with dreams has often been noticed, namely, the short space of solar time into which events of the greatest moment, and protracted interest are crowded. There is a dream of the Count La Valette, which illustrates this in a very complete manner. The count during his confinement had a frightful dream, which he thus relates :—

“One night, while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justin struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again, immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honore, at the corner of the Rue de l’Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me, all was still ; nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, a troop of cavalry, advancing towards me ; the men and horses however flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin, and with bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets,—their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins, in the kennells, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence,—low inarticulate groans filled the air ; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued keeping in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A

disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gate of the prison, shutting with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike, it was no more than midnight, so that this horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than *ten minutes*—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been more able to calculate."

But from dreams we have the hints of many mysteries, to us, otherwise inexplicable. Dream Land is a strange wierd world ;—is it not to us as startling as any of the supposed revelations of our waking hours? What for instance can be more perplexing than the phenomena of sleep?—that in sleep we should exist apparently with all our senses locked up ; and yet, that in that state, we should hear and see that a group of strange existence should be around us—that we should sometimes rise and prosecute our business while in a state of slumber, while the eye is locked up, so far as all its outer manifestations may be spoken of—that we should perceive and walk in safety by dangerous precipices, and through difficult situations, performing difficult duties, and making things subservient to us, which we could not, in our ordinary waking hours. The demands made upon our belief by most of the ancient and modern marvels, do not transcend this the action of sight, independent of the eye—of hearing, independent of the ear. We are immediately carried forward to the conviction of the independence of the mind, of all material organization.

CHAPTER VI.

MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

THAT a ghost should make a noise appears to many people, especially a most unlikely trick—that a ghost should make itself visible appears to be barely possible, still within the reach of possibilities; but ghosts knocking and clattering about a house among pots and pans, creating a disturbance of this sort, it is not quite out of the range of spiritual possibilities—

Our readers have heard of the Poltergiere of the Germans, or, as it has been called by others, the racketing spectre, and it has usually been supposed to be a mischievous elf, creating everywhere alarms and noises, but without any apparition.

But magnetism throws light upon this also. What if it should be found that certain bodies—human bodies, and others, are so highly charged with magnetism that they possess the power to disturb innumerable things, and even persons in their neighbourhood. Then would be a very simple solution indeed of many of the mysteries at present, and for many years, so occult and shadowy.

Angelique Coltin was a native of Lee Porrien, aged fourteen, when on the 15th January, 1846, at eight o'clock in the evening, whilst weaving silk gloves at an oaken frame, in company with other

girls, the frame began to jerk and they could not by any efforts keep it steady. It seemed as if it were alive, and becoming alarmed, they called in the neighbours, who would not believe them; but desired them to sit down and go on with their work. Being timid, they went one by one, and the frame remained still, till Angelique approached, when it recommenced its movements, whilst she was also attracted by the frame; thinking she was bewitched or possessed, her parents took her to the Presbytery that the spirit might be exercised. The curate, however, being a sensible man, refused to do it; but set himself, on the contrary, to observe the phenomenon; and being perfectly satisfied of the fact, he bade them take her to a physician.

Meanwhile, the intensity of the influence, whatever it was augmented; not only articles made of oak, but all sorts of things were acted upon by it and reacted upon her, whilst persons who were near her, even without contact, frequently felt electric shocks. The effects, which were diminished when she was on a carpet or even a waxed cloth, were most remarkable when she was on the bare earth. They sometimes entirely ceased for two or three days, and then recommenced. Metals were not affected. Anything touched by her apron her dress would fly off, although a person held it; and Monsieur Hebert, whilst seated on a heavy tub or trough, was raised up with it. In short, the only place she could repose on, was a stone covered with cork; they also kept her still by isolating her. When she was fatigued the effects diminished. A needle suspended horizontally, oscillated rapidly with the motion of her arm without contact, or remained fixed, whilst deviating from the magnetic direction. Great numbers

of enlightened medical and scientific men witnessed these phenomena, and investigated them with every precaution to prevent imposition. She was often hurt by the experiments performed upon her. Unfortunately her parents were poor, and they brought her to Paris, where she was exhibited for money, and it is highly probable that when the phenomena ceased, which it certainly did, she simulated those appearances which once was real.

The cases are very well authenticated, and numerous too, of persons who had possessed this extraordinary power.—In places where the torpedo abounds, the fishermen knew when one is among the fish they have caught, by the shock they receive in pouring water over the others. Mrs. Crowe relates a very extraordinary circumstance, which occurred at Rambouillet, in November, 1846. They were published by a gentleman residing on the spot, and published by Baron Dupotet, who, however, attempts no explanation of the mystery.

One morning, some travelling merchants, or pedlars, came to the door of a farm house, belonging to a man named Bottel, and asked for some bread, which the maid servant gave them and they went away. Subsequently one of the party returned to ask for more, and was refused. The man I believe expressed some resentment, and uttered vague threats, but she would not give him anything, and he departed. That night at supper the plates began to dance and to roll off the table, without any visible cause, and several other unaccountable phenomena occurred; and the girl going to the door and chancing to place herself just where the pedlar had stood, she was seized with convulsions and an extraordinary rotatory motion. The carter who was standing by, laughed at her, and

out of bravado, placed himself on the same spot, when he left almost suffocated, and was so unable to command his movements, that he was overturned into a large pool that was in front of the house.

Upon this, they rushed to the curé of the parish for assistance, but he had scarcely said a prayer or two, before he was attacked in the same manner, though in his own house ; and his furniture beginning to oscillate and crack as if it were bewitched, the poor people were frightened out of their wits.

By and by the phenomena intermitted, and they hoped all was over ; but presently it began again ; and this occurred more than once before it subsided wholly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAYING OF THE GHOSTS.

As we before said, it was universally believed that they were all dispersed. Science laboured most industriously to show that for every proverb and warning there was some natural analogy or cause, and for every noise, and for every appearance, some clear and perceptible development in nature.

Thus Sir Humphrey Davy so explains, upon scientific grounds, the rural auguries as to the state of the weather—

“ Evening red, and morning grey,
Are the sure signs of a fine day.”

And,

“ A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning ;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.”

Also the belief that it is unlucky for anglers in the spring to see a single magpie ; but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen. The simple explanation of this last superstition we may be permitted to quote. “ The reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones ; but when two go out together, the weather is warm and mild, and thus

favourable for fishing." So, the spilling of salt "may arise, as I have known it, from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom." Again, "the vulture follows armies, and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds."

And it is now customary to believe that every mystery is not only capable of solution, but of solution according to the most obvious natural laws. Natural laws, we do not doubt, are the cause of all the varied wonders which have awed men, and made their spirits shiver with terror and alarm. But how far are we to extend the influence of these laws? To a great many it is only needful to pronounce the words natural law, as if this explained all. What, then, are the occult powers of nature? And what do we mean by her laws? But it has sometimes appeared to us that the method accounting for the ghostly visitors, or for the supposed preternatural occurrences, does not resolve the difficulty at all; and even those who have laboured most assiduously to explain, have not succeeded frequently without the intervention of what would ordinarily be regarded as superstitious ideas. Take the following method of accounting for a vampyre, from Dr. Mayo's "Letters on the Truths Contained in Popular Superstitions:"—

"The mind, or soul, of one human being can be brought, in the natural course of things, *and under physiological laws hereafter to be determined*, into immediate relation with the mind of another living person.

"I will suppose that the death of a human being throws a sort of gleam through the spiritual world, which may now and then touch with light some

fittingly disposed object, or even two simultaneously, if chance have placed them in the right relation ; as the twin spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far off flash, which does not break the gloom upon the roofs below.

"The same principle is applicable to the explanation of the vampyre visit. The soul of the buried man is to be supposed to be brought into communication with his friend's mind. Then follows, as a sensorial illusion, the apparition of the buried man. Perhaps the visit may have been an instinctive effort to draw the attention of his friend to the living grave. I beg to suggest that it would not be an act of superstition *now*, but of ordinary humane precaution, if one dreamed pertinaciously of a recently buried acquaintance, or saw his ghost, to take immediate steps to have the state of the body ascertained."

And is it thus that ghosts are laid, then ! The sceptical man does not see or hear what others see and hear ; for we are only capable of interpreting nature and mystery from the experiences and powers of our own minds. Hence, if you sit down with some interesting companions, you will find tale on tale dealt out to you, all tending to the belief that the age of mystery is entirely gone. We spent an evening, a short time since, with a man of very considerable intelligence, whose mind had ever drawn inferences from what it had known, and in truth, he narrated to us many pleasant experiences in which he had been at the laying of the ghosts. He was a statuary, and had no little to do with midnight scenes in old churches. Many a job he had been engaged on when the shadows crept along, following the evening and the morning twilight, in vast old country places. "Once I remember," said he, "being in Weston Church. I

had a piece of carving to finish on a block of black marble, and I had been engaged on it for many hours. I had locked myself into the church, and had the key in my pocket. As the evening crept on, I lit one solitary candle, and continued working away. It was about one o'clock in the morning. I heard, or thought I heard, some faint tones and notes from the lowest keys of the organ. I listened. All was still. I continued my work with the chisel. I heard the sound again. I listened. Yes, surely it was the faint breath of the organ. I had no suspicion of ghosts. I did not believe in them. I never did. Still I felt some tremulousness. I knew that no one could come in. I had the keys of the church doors in my pocket the while I listened. I heard the tones still more and more distinct. I had thought of the wind in some way straying among old pipes; but I knew the wind could not play by note. I did not hesitate long. I did not think of running away. I hastened up into the organ loft, and found the vicar and the clerk. The vicar returning home at that late hour with the clerk, those two functionaries were more intimate in those days, we may suppose, either to their glory or disgrace, than now they are. They had entered by the parson's key, and thought of frightening me with a trick."

"No, no! I don't believe in ghosts," our interesting informant went on, "Why, talking of ghosts, I do believe I saved a man's life once—saved a fictitious from becoming a real ghost. I was again in an old country church with two of my workmen, we were finishing a piece of work, and intended getting home early in the morning. It would be perhaps eleven or twelve at night, I was standing just behind one of my men, who was very earnestly engaged with his mallet and chisel, a

man of terrible nervous determination ; and while we were so situated, I saw a figure in white slowly creeping round and down the aisle of the shadowy church. It was a church very large and very old, within the shadows of the dim candle it had quite a terrifying appearance—or would have to one who could believe in ghosts. I knew the figure directly, it was my other workman dressed up in the surplice he had found in the vestry ; but not so Gillingham, the workman by me, he was transfixed with horror. As soon as the shadow of the figure crossed his path he lifted his mallet, and as the figure came slowly gliding on, I could see he meditated a blow which might have been most fatal. I called out—Gill, how dare you play such games as these ? Gillingham, do you not see who it is ? The thrill of fear terminated in a loud burst of laughter ; but I inquired of my terrified workman what he intended to have done, and he confessed that he had thought to aim with his mallet to give as heavy a blow as he could at the head of the ghost. No, I have seen too much to believe in ghosts. Why, all the way between York and Bishopthorp we were some years since terrified by a report that the wood was haunted by a ghost ; and this was a terrific one, for it had been seen, and it was reported to be black, and to have horns, and all people were afraid after dark to be on that lonely road. But one night, one of my father's men coming late from Bishopthorp, heard behind him the pattering of feet ; it could not be an echo, and yet they kept true time with his own, as it appeared to him. He stopped—it stopped—he ran, it ran faster, faster—he ran faster, faster, followed by the ghost ; but, as ill luck would have it—or good luck—he fell ; well, that fall unfolded the whole mystery, the devil—as the creature was

really thought to be, came up with him, he looked, in terror and agony, and beheld—what do you think—a goat! The ghost was laid, and I have never heard of one there since. How can I be expected to believe in ghosts?" Thus, in this practical sort of way did our friend, with history after history, put down the theories of spiritual intervention in the affairs of the world we were attempting to build up in his hearing. He would listen to nothing about the reality of ghosts.

It is all Illusion! Delusion! Collusion! thus, the most of men reason now, and it must be admitted that they do not reason without proof, very many have entered into the Therumaturgin domain, and have beheld the very wires which moved the scenery of terror.

Atmospherical illusions appear to have been the most frequent, and they also have been of all, perhaps solved in the most interesting manner.

It is astonishing how much science has done, in the course of a few years, towards removing some of the most superstitious fancies which the human mind has entertained; and not unreasonably entertained either, and scarcely superstitiously—for when, without any manifest cause, an appearance exactly the reverse of all our preconceived notions of possibility takes place, when every thing connected with such appearance seems to indicate its reality, and yet every circumstance connected with that appearance indicating that nothing materially can be possibly connected with it, who does not feel a degree of awe and terror? Science has performed invaluable service for man by removing the cause of his apprehension and alarm, and assigning a reason for those appearances which seemed to be beyond the bounds of material creation. The

feelings with which our fathers beheld these visions, are evident from the names they yet bear; they are nearly all characterized by names which indicate their belief in their supernatural origin. If we had to thank science for nothing more than this, that she has torn down the veil of mystery which hung over nature's most glorious and beautiful works, bidding us gaze on the vast machinery by which she works, she would amply have merited our gratitude, but at the same time she shews us miracles, which far outstrip the mere supernatural appearance, daily and hourly performed around us. The peasant returning from a day of toil and labour, was struck with deadly wonder as he saw the Aurora in the skies. The mariner on the deep, felt his stout heart fail him as he saw the light of St. Elmo glancing on the masts of his vessel; or perhaps beheld another vessel suspended in the air. The traveller naturally viewed with terror the apparition of himself, or of some of his race, imitating his every motion, on some opposite cliff or mountain: but now, rather than dread with horror and apprehension such spectacles, we should hail them as strikingly illustrative of the mystery and beauty of nature's every work. If we looked nature through attentively, we should find in every object on which our eye rested, *something* which would be to us as mysterious as the strange forms painted on the evening sky. Every star flashes mystery in its fires; every flower breathes mystery in its perfumes; every man is a mystery in his formation. The only reason that they are not considered mysteries is because their appearance is regular, and the appearance of those counted mysterious is erratic.

Sir David Brewster's account of the phenomena,

beheld along Souterfell, in Cumberland, is too very well known, but we will venture to relate it here. On a summer's evening, in the year 1743, when Daniel Stricket, servant to John Wren, of Wilson Hall, was sitting at the door, along with his master, they saw the figure of a man, with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so exceedingly steep that a horse could scarcely travel upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till at last they disappeared at the lower end of the Fell. Yet it did not strike either master or servant that the appearance was supernatural, and on the next morning they both rose early and proceeded to the steep side of the mountain, in the full expectation to find the man dashed in pieces by so tremendous a fall, and the shoes which the horses must have cast galloping at so tremendous a pace. They went and searched, and searched diligently, but no trace of man or horse could be found,—not a mark or a print upon the turf of horse's hoof, or foot of man. This made considerable impressions upon their minds; they thought, but yet knew not what to think; for a long time they concealed the matter, but at last revealed it to their neighbours, and were laughed at for their trouble. It was about a twelvemonth after this; summer was again in the heavens—the sweetness of evening was resting on Souterfell, the scene of the last year's marvel; Daniel Stricket was not then a resident at Witton Hall, but at Blakehills, about half a mile from Souterfell; it was seven o'clock in the evening, when on the same spot as where the horses were seen the previous year, he beheld, not a few horses or one man, but a troop of horsemen advancing in close ranks and at a brisk pace. He remembered the ridicule of the previous year, but being more and more con-

vinced of the reality of the appearance, he informed his master; before they could again reach the house to inform the family, they had been descried; every cottage for a mile round beheld the wondrous scene, and, as may be supposed, gazed with no small astonishment; the incredulous of the previous year were struck now with additional surprise and fear. The district was thinly populated, and the number of individuals who saw them amounted to twenty-six. The figures were seen for upwards of two hours, and the approach of darkness alone rendered them invisible; the various evolutions and changes through which the troops passed were distinctly visible, and were marked by all the observers. The attestation of these facts is signed by Mr. Lancaster and Daniel Stricket, and bears the date of the 21st of July, 1785. These statements were, however, discredited by all philosophic minds at the time of their appearance; no analogous facts were in their possession, and the very extent of their admission was that they were cloudy illusions.

The cause of these illusions, and of many others like them, is now very well known, and are simply the phantasmagoria of reflected objects. The study of optics is full of incidents, equally interesting and marvellous and capable of solution with that which we have quoted; and as some illusions have spoken to the eye, others have addressed the ear. The mysterious noises which have terrified, have all been resolved into the operation of certain accoustical laws, of which ventriloquism is an example and illustration. Then have we not mechanics and chemistry to the aid of humanity in the clearing up of the grim and dreadful mysteries? Have we not learned the art of breathing fire? Have we not learned the art of using the necromantic mirror?

What remains to clear up the strange and dark shadows and mists which of old enslaved man? No; it is now all solved; and for ourselves, if there are influences which cannot be accounted for, from the operation of mechanical or objective causes, do we not know the influence of different kinds of blood upon the brain? Is it not satisfactorily ascertained that rational and light dreams are the effect of scarlet blood and dull senseless visions, and nightmare are the result of crimson or dark blood? All our dreams and halucinations—all our ecstatic and gorgeous fancies—all our dark surroundings, with the moody and the fierce result, from the different colour of our blood flowing in our veins, the colour of the blood in the brain projecting an image on the mind. Beyond this there is nothing. All the ghosts are laid. Ah! We have looked over all these things, and it has sometimes appeared to us as if it would be desirable for our friends to "explain their explanation." We are glad the age has gone by when the world really appeared like one great platform, on which knaves performed their jugglery in cloister and laboratory. Then, indeed, every place was the haunt of figures conjured up by fears; and the satirist of the last age did well to ridicule the prognostications of dreamers who agonised over the fallen salt, or the flying magpie, the crossed knife, or the bouncing coal. Then glamour was everywhere; and coffee-grounds, and tea-leaves, and cards, and cakes, were all so many telescopes through which the silly bodies sought to discry the wonders of another world. And the firesides of those days, and the old stairs, and rooms, and out-houses, were they not haunted with beings far more ludicrous than terrible? Now they have all gone—gone, and left us nothing to wonder at. The ghosts are, as we have

said, all laid. Henceforth we are to know them no more. Mathematical compasses, and crucibles, and chemical tests, and all the varied machinery of science have been brought to bear upon these: also the aerial creatures, which seemed most to defy all touch and all law, have yielded—banished before the light of Mechanic's Institutions, and Reading Societies, and the everlasting innovations of Newspapers and Lecture Rooms. So it is. The ghosts could stand it no longer, and they have all gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WINDOW OF THE TEMPLE.

THE EYE.—The window of the temple we call it.—Who can explain it? How far do we get towards a knowledge of its powers, and properties, by talking about the various humours and lenses? It is a wonderfully constructed *camera obscura*—it is a darkened chamber magnificently fitted up with reflectors, and glasses for the purpose of painting truthful representatives of the outside world; but when we have said this, we have exhausted our knowledge, we can say no more, and how much have we discovered? we have made no progress at all towards the wonderful connection between the eye which is a mere machine like any other optical instrument in relation to it,—and the mind which is really the eye.

May we not say that the eye is framed as much to conceal objects, as to reveal them? Is it not most obvious how easily it might have been constructed, so as to reveal more to us, than it does? It might have been more telescopic,—it might have been more microscopic—in either instance, the source of how much happiness to us? Can we not conceive how it might have been framed so as to discover,—not the essences of things, but the more hidden and subtle vestures in which essences

hide themselves, instead of being an unending means of delight and amusement to us, might it not, by being fitted to see the hidden movements of life, have been a source of never ending pain and annoyance?

When Mrs. Hauff, the Seeress of Prevorst, looked into the right eye of a person, she saw behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own, nor that of the person in whose eye she was looking.* She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner self. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed, whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere, and prescribed for it.—“In my left eye,” says Dr. Kerner, “she saw prescriptions for herself, and in that of a man who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward malady and the image of his inner man.” The eye appears to be the great source of all the wonderful differences between men and men; in the enterprises into the world of spirits, objects are not seen in glasses, crystals, and bubbles; they are but the media, the fitting atmosphere on which the form within the eye projects itself. The eye again represents the differences between mind and mind. Darkened windows represent gloomy inhabitants. Windows stained, and soiled, begrimed with the accumulated deposits of the road, and the weather represent unclean inhabitants; and thus in a figure it may be said that the eye sees as the mind wills it to do. Look at the clean, vivid, bright eye; does it not reveal to you a soul; and that heavy and ungleaming one, does not it also. The soul determined or fitted to look abroad cleans its windows—thus, without question, then, come to it more visions than ever can reach ordinary eyes.

Does it not appear certain, now, that we must

speak of an internal, as well as an external sight ? and it is to this power of internal vision, which cannot be explained at all, on the usual principles of optics, we give the name of Clairvoyance. Dr. Haddock remarks on this. —

“The moment we attempt to pass beyond the retina, science is at fault ; no natural philosopher has been able to explain *how* the optic nerve conveys the image to the brain ; we know that the mind is conscious of the images formed on the retina ; or, in more familiar language, of the things seen by the eyes ; but in what manner an opaque nervous cord, differing in no essential particulars from other nervous cords, conveys that impression to the mind, we are entirely ignorant. Ordinary sight, has, therefore, a *psychological basis* ; and this is admitted by the best physiologists.

“Clairvoyance, or internal sight, assumes the same BASIS, necessary to perfect ordinary vision ; but as it acts independently of the external visual organs ; so it is not trammelled by those natural laws to which they are necessarily subject. Thus by this internal sight, and by light issuing from within, and not from without, as in common sight, things may be seen which are out of the range of natural sight, and altogether above its nature. For instance, our physical sight can see remote starry orbs, placed at the distance of, perhaps, thousands of millions of miles, because ‘the undulations of light proceeding from them in a straight line, can impinge, or strike upon the retina of our eyes. Yet the intervention of any opaque body, immediately shuts out the vision of the object, even if placed in close connection with us ; so that if our *penetrating* powers of sight were immensely increased, whether naturally or artificially, still the rotundity and opacity of the earth would prevent

us seeing beyond a certain distance. But opacity is no barrier to internal sight; objects to which the mind is directed, either designedly or spontaneously, will be equally visible through doors and walls, as if placed directly before the face. Nay, to the higher stages of clairvoyance there seems, comparatively speaking, no bounds; for whether the object sought be in the same house or town, or country, or across the broad Atlantic, or still remoter Pacific oceans, it appears to be found and seen with equal facility: and to be equally near to the internal perceptions of the truly clairvoyant individual. The human body is seen as clearly, and its living actions described as plainly, as if the external and internal parts were alike as transparent as glass; and this also, without any bodily connection, such as by bringing the clairvoyant and the person to be described together; but, as I have proved, when more than one hundred miles have intervened between them.”*

This guides us to Pre-vision—to the powers which many have had of predicting things to come, and though not as many may do by the possession of unwonted powers of judgment, and keenness of discrimination; but on the contrary, by an entrance in virtue of their visionary insight into the reality of events, and occurrences. We have heard of Seers and Prophets, not merely those especially, endowed by a miraculous function, but men, who in consequence of their highly magnetic susceptibility, have beheld the whole current of future events. Dr Gregory quotes the prophecies of several in Westphalia, and says—“The predictions above alluded to, refer to in general, the events to happen in Germany about this time—that is soon after the

* Somnolism and Psychoism.

introduction of rail-roads, and especially to a dreadful general war, in which the final Conqueror, or great Monarch is to be a young prince, who rises up unexpectedly. The war is also to break out unexpectedly; and suddenly, after a period of disturbance and revolution, while all the world is crying Peace Peace? I need not here enter into more minute details, for which I refer to the article above mentioned. I shall only add that the state of Europe and the events which have occurred *since that paper* appeared are much in favour of the general accuracy of the *opinions* and predictions, whatever their organ. Time alone can show how far they are to be fulfilled. But their existence, as authentic and generally received traditions, is, at all events, a remarkable circumstance. But one of the most remarkable instances of pre-vision on record, is the celebrated prediction of Cazotte, concerning the events of the reign of Terror. It has been very often reprinted: we remember when we were a boy, how frequently it was published, and Dr Gregory has reprinted it again, from the posthumous memoirs of La-Harpe, in his letter on Animal Magnetism."

"It appears as yesterday; yet, nevertheless, it was at the beginning of the year 1788, we were dining with one of our brethren at the Academy a man of considerable wealth and genius. The company were numerous, and diversified,—Courtiers, Lawyers, Academicians, &c., and according to custom, there had been a magnificent dinner. At dessert, the wines of Malvoisin and Constantia, added to the gaiety of the guests that sort of licence which is sometimes forgetful of *bon ton*. We had arrived in the world, just at that time when anything was permitted that would raise a laugh. Chamfort had read to us some of his im-

pious and libertine tales, and even the Ladies had listened without having recourse to their fans. From this arose a deluge of jests against religion. One quoted a tirade from the "*Pucelle*;" another recalled the philosophic lines of Diderot,—

"Et des boyoux du dernier pretre,
Serrer le con dec dernier roi."

for the sake of applauding them. A third rose, and holding his glass in his hand, exclaimed, "*yes gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God, as I am sure that Homer was a fool*;" and in truth he was as sure of the one as the other. The conversation became more serious; much admiration was expressed on the revolution Voltaire had effected, and it was agreed that it was his first claim to the reputation he enjoyed:—he had given the prevailing tone to his age, and had been read as well in the ante-chamber as in the drawing room. One of the guests told us while bursting with laughter, that his hair dresser, had said to him, "Do you observe, sir, that although, I am but a poor miserable barber, I have no more religion than any other." We concluded that the revolution must soon be consummated,—that it was indispensable that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy, and we began to calculate the probable period when this should be, and which of the present company should live to see the *reign of reason*. The oldest complained that they could scarcely flatter themselves with the Hope; the young rejoiced that they might entertain this very probable expectation; and they congratulated the Academy especially for having prepared the *great work*, and for having been the rallying point, the

centre, and the prime mover of the liberty of thought.

One only of the guests had not taken part in all the joyousness of this conversation, and had even gently and cheerfully checked our splendid enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but unhappily infatuated with the reveries of the illuminati. He spoke and with the most serious tone. 'Gentlemen,' said he, be 'satisfied; you will all see this great and sublime revolution, which you so much admire. You know that I am a little inclined to prophecy: I repeat you will see it.' He was answered by the common rejoinder, *one need not be a conjurer to see that.* 'Be it so; but perhaps we must be a little more than a conjurer, for what remains for me to tell. Do you know what will be the consequence to all of you, and what will be the immediate result; the well established effect; the thoroughly recognised consequence to all of you, who are here present?'

"Ah!" said Condorcet, with his insolent and half suppressed smile, "let us hear, a philosopher is not afraid to encounter a prophet."

"You Monsieur de Condorcet, you will yield up your last breath on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison, which you will have taken to escape from execution; from poison which the uncertainty of that time will oblige you to carry about your person."

"At first astonishment was most marked, but it was soon recollected that the good Cazotte was liable to dreaming, though wide awake. But what diable has put into your head this prison and this poison and these executioners? What can all of them have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" A hearty laugh is the consequence. Monsieur Cazotte, the relation you give

is not so agreeable as your '*Diabie Amoureux*,' (a novel of Cazotte.)

"This is exactly what I say to you; it is in the name of philosophy—of humanity—of liberty; it is under the reign of reason, that it will happen to you thus to end your career; and it will indeed be *the reign of terror*, for then she will have her temples, and indeed at that time there will be no other temples in France than the temples of reason."

"By my troth, though," said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, you will not be one of the priests of those temples."

"I do not hope it; but you, Monsieur de Chamfort, you will be one, and most worthy to be so, you will open your veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die till some months afterwards."

They looked at each other and laughed again.

"You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azir, you will not open your own veins, but you will cause yourself to be bled six times in one day; during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make sure of your own end, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will die upon the scaffold; you, M. Bailley, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold!"

"Ah! God be thanked," exclaimed Roucher, "It seems that Monsieur has no eye, but for the Academy; of it, he has just made a terrible execution; and I thank Heaven ———"

"You! you also will die upon the scaffold."

"Oh! what an admirable guesser," was uttered upon all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all."

"No, it is not I who have sworn it."

"But shall we then be conquered by the Turks or the Tartars? Yet again,———"

"Not at all; I have already told you, you will

then be governed only by philosophy—only by reason. They who will thus treat you will be all philosophers, will always have upon their lips the self same phrases which you have been putting forth for the last hour, will repeat all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, the verses of Diderot and from *La Pucelle*."

They then whispered among themselves, "You see that he is gone mad;" (for they preserved all this time the most serious and solemn manner.) "Do you not see that he is joking; and you know that in the character of his jokes there is always much of the marvellous?"

"Yes," replied Chamfort, "but his marvellousness is not cheerful, it savours too much of the gibbet; and when will all this happen?"

"Six years will not have passed over before all that I have said to you shall be accomplished."

"Here are some astonishing miracles," (and this time it was myself who spoke) "but you have not included me in your list."

"But you will be there, as an equally extraordinary miracle; you will then be a Christian."

Vehement exclamations on all sides.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am comforted; if *we* shall perish only when *La Harpe* shall be a Christian, we are immortal."

"As for that, then," observed *Madame la Duchesse de Grammont*, "we women we are happy to be counted for nothing in these revelations. When I say for nothing, it is not that we do not always mix ourselves up with them a little, but it is a received maxim that they take no notice of us and of our sex."

"Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time; and you had better far meddle with nothing; for

you will be treated entirely as men, without any difference whatever."

"But what, then, are you telling us of, Monsieur Cazotte? You are preaching to us the end of the world."

"I know nothing on that subject; but what I do know is, that you, Madame le Duchesse, will be conducted to the scaffold; you, and many other ladies with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind your backs."

"Ah, I hope that, in that case, I shall have a carriage, hung with black."

"No, Madame; higher ladies than yourself will go, like you, in the common car, with their hands tied behind them."

"Higher ladies! What? The princesses of the blood?"

"Still more exalted personages."

Here a sensible emotion pervaded the whole company, and the countenance of the host was dark and lowering. They began to feel that the joke was become too serious. Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, took no notice of the reply, and contented herself with saying, in a careless tone—

"*You see that he will not leave me even a confessor.*"

"No, madame, you will not have one, neither you nor any one besides. The last victim to whom this favour will be afforded, will be ——"

He stopped for a moment.

"Well. Who, then, will be the happy mortal to whom this prerogative will be given?"

"'Tis the only one which he will then have retained—and that will be the King of France."

"The master of the house rose hastily, and every

one with him. He walked up to M. Cazotte, and addressed him with much emotion.

"My dear Monsieur Cazotte, this mournful joke has lasted long enough. You carry it too far; even so far as to derogate from the society in which you are, and from your own character."

Cazotte answered not a word, and was preparing to leave, when Madame de Grammont, who always sought to dissipate serious thought, and to restore the lost gaiety of the party, approached him, saying—

"Monsieur, the prophet who has foretold us of our good fortune, you have told us nothing of your own."

He remained silent for some time, with downcast eyes.

"Madame, have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem in Josephus?"

"Yes. Who has not read that? But answer as if I had not read it."

"Well then, madame, during the siege, a man, for seven days in succession, went round the ramparts of the city, in sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, with an ominous and thundering voice, 'Woe to Jerusalem;' and the seventh time, he cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem—woe to myself;' and at that moment an enormous stone, projected from one of the machines of the besieging army, struck him, and destroyed him." And, after this reply, M. Cazotte made his bow, and retired.

A few years since, probably a story like this would only have been received, as the prophecies were probably received, as vulgar hallucinations. But it was believed by many, and was frequently related, both before the horrors of the French Revolution and after it. It will be seen by those acquainted with the history of this revolution, that

it is a correct narrative of events. It may be necessary to append to it, that Cazotte died on the scaffold, at the age of seventy-two. This most remarkable pre-vision is endorsed by Madame de Genlis and Madame Beauharnais; the latter lady was one of the company who listened to this remarkable pre-vision.

But difficult as it would have been once to tax the faith sufficiently to receive this, upon the revelations of clairvoyance there is no difficulty in accounting for it. We may look out through the window of the soul upon spectacles of the future. A few pages farther on, we may have occasion to enter more at large upon the probability that every action of life prints its shadow somewhere, and this shadow is beheld in all its colours and details, and the inner eye has a perfect consciousness of the thing, the event, and the long chain of circumstances beyond it.

Dr. Haddock, speaking of Emma, his wonderful patient, of whom we shall give a more lengthy account shortly, says—

“By the commencement of 1848, her power of *internal sight* had become so developed, or she had become so familiarized with her new faculty, that it was evident, from many things observed, that she could see such things *as her mind was directed to*, without any contact. As an experiment, small pictures, and various small objects, were placed singly, first in a card box, and afterwards in a wooden box; and these she told, at times, as readily as when out of the box and in her hands. At other times, more difficulty was experienced in satisfactorily determining that she could see them.

This difficulty arose from two causes: first, from the manner in which she would describe what she saw; and secondly, from an obstinacy of temper

frequently displayed, when removed by mesmeric influence from *external* habit and control. Her usual manner was to describe things *as they appeared to her in the internal state*, regardless of the names imposed upon them by custom; sometimes she refused to call things by their accustomed name, and would always describe them in her own way, before she called them by the common name. As an instance, the following may be given. At the second public lecture, in the Temperance Hall, Bolton, on the 9th of March, 1848, a gentleman in front of the platform suggested that a picture, from among others lying on the floor, should be put into a box, and given to her; she had then been bandaged for some time. A print of a cat was selected, and put into a card box: she put the box over her head, felt it carefully with her right fingers, and then, having by a smile and ejaculation, evinced that she saw the contents, she began; "It is a thing; it is a dark thing; it has four legs, a tail, a head and two eyes; things round its mouth, and it sits by the fire and says *mew*, and it is a *Cat*."

Little indeed do we know, and scarcely can we ever surmise the method, by which the consciousness seizes the circumstance, the shape, the colour; but we can put our modern beside our earlier information, and we find a correspondence. There is an eye it seems which all have not,—there is a method by which the mind becomes fully and clearly cognizant of things hidden from the sense. The eye with which we behold the other world is but the entrance to the outer court; as we said, it conceals as much as it reveals—it only shows us the husks of things—it only admits us to the vestibule of the temple, and all that it can do for us, it appears, is but just what the book can do for the soul, it can suggest a world lying be-

neath the letter ; but are we eligible to the condemnation of dreamers, when we say that there is another eye, and another world, and another light—the medium for bringing both together. By that eye it appears man sees something more of the laws and principles of things—the outer eye only acquaint him with the vesture, and the fact ; it is spirit and it may grasp spirit. It beholds all things in new relations, it beholds a new heaven and new earth, new glories, and new beauties. There is no death where that eye rests—no materialism, it passes beyond skin, bone, pillar to the rich inhabitant—and of the temple and building.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERIES OF MAGNETISM—REVEALED BY THE
RESEARCHES OF THE BARON VON REICHENBACH.

WHO has not heard of the wonderful works of Mesmerism ; or, at any rate, of its wonderful pretensions ? Who has not heard of Animal Magnetism ? of Electro Biology ? of Hypnotism ? for by all these names has it been in various ways made known to the world. Many of our readers, have very probably, beheld some of its wonder workings. Many look upon the whole matter, as merely collusion and deceit. Many know not what to think, and fear more that they think ; but, beyond all question, there are matters sufficient to awaken to any amount of enquiry and speculation. The sceptic has been fairly staggered ; here, before his eyes have started demonstrations—yes, demonstrations of an hitherto unseen and unthought of power.

Perhaps, no man has prosecuted the enquiries into this most interesting subject so far as the scientific nobleman, whose name stands at the head of this chapter, and whose researches have very long been known to this country, through the translation of Dr. William Gregory, Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Edinburgh. The baron himself resides near Vienna. For a period of more than five years, he has devoted himself to a strictly

inductive examination of the phenomema of Animal Magnetism ;—a man of science, and of scientific training—an accurate observer, and skilful experimenter. He began his researches with strong prejudices against the doctrines, which had usually passed under the name of Mesmerism. Before long, he was compelled to admit many foundation facts. He began by observations conducted with the magnet, crystals, the human hand. Ere long, he discovered that water may be magnetised, so as to be known by the patient, from ordinary water. He discovered that as much power, and more, resides in the human hand, as in the magnet ; and at last, satisfied with the credibility of many of the assertions made by the professors of the science, he betook himself to a more systematic course of investigation—still determining to devote his attention more exclusively to the gathering and disposing of facts, and during five years, he examined upwards of one hundred persons. He made the important discovery of a new kind of light—a light synonymous with a new vital force—a force emitting light by the hand, and from the magnet, and from crystals. He made his observation upon his patients in various ways ; but he found that sensitiveness to the magnetic influence, was generally diffused, even among healthy persons, and the sensitiveness increased during the period of catalepsy, or somnambulism. Odyle is the name he has given this new force, and it appears that its effects upon the earth, and upon all beings, are capable of most indefinite extension. Oxygen gas is attracted by it—it is diffused by radiation, through all space. It is polar, but seeks a state of equilibrium. The human body is a perpetual fountain of odylic, or magnetic force, in virtue of the changes constantly going on within it,—“ And if anybody,” says Dr.

Gregory, "containing odyle, radiates it to all other bodies, it is easy to see how the vicinity of a vigorous healthy person, may powerfully affect one sensitive to odylic influence." The hands of the body, are the chief, or primary poles, and hence its powerful effects in magnetic or odylic operations.

Dr. Gregory says, that the following positions may be regarded as established:— *First*, That, one individual may exercise a certain influence on another, even at a distance; *Secondly*, that one individual may obtain a control over the motions, sensations, memory, emotions, and volitions of another—both by suggestion, in the conscious impressible state; and in the magnetic sleep, with or without attraction: *Thirdly*, that the magnetic is a very peculiar state, with a distinct and separate consciousness; *Fourthly*, that, in this state, the subject often possesses a new power of perception, the nature of which is unknown; but by means of which we can see objects or persons, near or distant, without the use of the external organs of vision; *Fifthly*, that we often possess a very high degree of sympathy with others, so as to be able to read their thoughts; *Sixthly*, that by these powers of clairvoyance and sympathy, he can sometimes perceive and describe, not only present, but past, and even future events; *Seventhly*, that he can often perceive and describe the bodily state of himself and others; *Eighthly*, that he may fall into trances or ecstasies, the period of which he can often predict accurately; *Ninthly*, that every one of these phenomena has occurred, and frequently occurs spontaneously, which I hold to be the fundamental fact of the whole inquiry.—Somnambulism, clairvoyance, sympathy, pre-vision, trance, ecstasies, insensibility to pain, having often been recorded as natural occurrences. *Tenthly*,

that not only the human body, but inanimate objects, such as magnets, crystals, metals, &c., exert on sensitive persons an influence identical (so far as it is known,) with that which produces Animal Magnetism. That such an influence really exists, because it may act without the shadow of a suggestion, and may be transferred to water and other bodies: and, lastly, it is only by studying the characters of this influence, as we should those of any other—such as Electricity, or Light—that we can hope to throw light upon these obscure subjects.”

The results of Animal Magnetism, however, are by no means new to the majority of our readers, and certainly they do present results which might be considered, in most ages, miraculous. To most persons, too, who have any knowledge of these things, it will appear that there is no connection between causes and consequences. The vulgar idea of Magic is of a process of operation in which there is no natural order or developement. A stranger to the nature of Magnetism beholds an operator making a few passes over a body, and learns that the result is to be that the body is perhaps to be restored from debilitating disease to perfect health. It is a thing difficult to believe.—Suppose it to be done, what are likely to be the ideas of a person who beholds it done?—the waving of a hand, and the restoration of a limb—where are the links between these two? Unphilosophical minds may be pardoned, surely, if their faith is not great in the Mesmeric experiences of my highly valued friend Spencer Hall. We have a long chronicle of cures performed by him seven, eight, and ten years since. Suppose we extract one or two instances.

“On Wednesday evening Mr. Spencer T. Hall gave a lecture at Nottingham to a numerous and

highly respectable audience. At the conclusion, about fifty gentlemen (amongst whom were Mr. Richard Howitt, the poet, and Mr. Ruben Bussey, the artist), remained to witness the simple mode in which Mr. Hall applies this subtle and potent influence as a curative. During the lecture the audience had been surprised by the speedy restoration of a stammerer to facility and distinctness of speech; but those who remained appeared much more interested by what now took place. The patient was a young woman of the name of Montgomery. She was attended by her father and several friends; but was altogether a stranger to Mr. Hall. Her right arm had been contracted and useless for five years, and she was totally unable when she ascended the platform to lift it from her side. Without sleep, or the slightest attempt to induce it, Mr. Hall laid one of his hands on her shoulder, and took her fingers in the other for a few seconds, and afterwards made a few passes over the hitherto impotent limb, when it recovered so much power that in a little more than five minutes from coming forward she retired able to lift her hand above her head, and to use it putting on her shawl, amid the congratulations of her friends and the delighted assembly. This young woman had some time before been in the General Hospital fourteen weeks for the complaint, but without any benefit."

Another instance records a restoration from paralysis:—

"In the autumn of 1844," says Spencer Hall, "I commenced in Edinburgh a series of experiments that appeared to excite considerable interest in the minds of very large and scientific audiences. In several of them was shown the power not only of making any particular limb, or joint of that limb,

quite rigid and inert by magnetism, but, in turn, the very contrary—that of quickening, and of giving such an apparent preternatural force to its action, as would enable it easily to overcome twice or thrice the mechanical resistance that, without such a process, would be sufficient entirely to control it. Among the gentlemen who saw this tested, in a variety of ways, was John Gray, Esq., proprietor of the “North British Advertiser;” and having satisfied himself, beyond all possibility of delusion, as to the validity of what he saw, he induced me to visit Dundee, for the purpose of trying if power could thus be imparted to the impotent arm and hand of one of his near relatives. The result was, to all her friends, as startling as it was gratifying. When I first saw her she was unable to raise a wine-glass to her mouth with the affected hand, or to use it for any purpose without the support of the other. All that I did was to place my left hand upon her shoulder, and with my right hand make passes down the arm, and to the ends of her fingers; for in this case, I could not by my manipulations induce the slightest tendency to sleep, but, on the contrary, an exalted vigilance. The consequence was, that after the first séance, which did not occupy more than ten or twelve minutes, she was able to use it with considerable ease; and after the second, she astonished all who were present by taking (with the affected hand alone) a large kettle from the fire, holding it over a table covered with china, and pouring the hot water into a tea-urn standing in the midst, apparently without the slightest difficulty or fear!

The young lady afterwards came to Edingburgh, that she might derive further benefit from these manipulations, and the result cannot be con-

veyed in any better form than that of the following certificate:—

*‘North British Advertiser Office,
Edinburgh, Dec. 30, 1844.’*

‘MY DEAR SIR,—As you are about to leave town in a few days, I beg to hand you the enclosed, for the professional assistance rendered by you to Miss Jessie Renny, my wife’s sister, who, although unable from childhood (her present age being seventeen,) to use her right hand, has had the use of it so far restored by your aid, that in strength it is now fully equal to her left hand; and it only appears to require continued exercise to enable her to use it, in every respect, as well as her left hand, which has at all times been perfectly strong and healthy.

‘I remain, my dear Sir,

‘Yours very truly,

‘JOHN GRAY.’

‘SPENCER T. HALL, ESQ.’”

Instances like these, and they are only selections from thousands which might be cited of a similar character, from various practitioners, reveal to us an indisputable, though hitherto occult and unknown power among the ordinances and workings of nature.

And we may also cite Miss Martineau’s celebrated and much-noised case, who after being unable to walk for years, was so renovated by the magnetic operations of Spencer Hall, succeeded by the simple exertions of her own servant, that she soon became able to walk and exercise herself with ease and pleasure; and has, since then, made her well-known travels into the Holy Land and other places, the results of which have been given to the

world. Read her own description of the process of the experiment of which she was the subject :—

“Mr. Spencer T. Hall and my medical friend came, as arranged, at my worst hour of the day, between the expiration of one opiate and the taking of another. By an accident, the gentlemen were rather in a hurry,—a circumstance unfavourable to a first experiment. But result enough was obtained to encourage a further trial, though it was of a nature entirely unanticipated by me. I had no further idea than that I should either drop asleep or feel nothing. I did not drop asleep, but I did feel something very strange. Various passes were tried by Mr. Hall. The first that appeared effectual, and the most so for some time after, were passes over the head, made from behind,—passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine. A very short time after these were tried, and twenty minutes from the beginning of the *seance*, I became sensible of an extraordinary appearance, most unexpected, and wholly unlike any thing I had ever conceived of. Something seemed to diffuse itself through the atmosphere—not like smoke, nor steam, nor haze—but most like a clear twilight, closing in from the windows and down from the ceiling, and in which one object after another melted away, till scarcely anything was left visible before my wide-open eyes. First, the outlines of all objects were blurred; then a bust, standing on a pedestal in a strong light, melted quite away; then the opposite bust—then the table with its gay cover—then the floor and the ceiling, till one small picture, high up on the opposite wall, only remained visible, like a patch of phosphoric light. I feared to move my eyes, lest the singular appearance should vanish, and I cried out, ‘O! deepen it! deepen it!’ supposing

this the precursor of the sleep. It could not be deepened, however ; and when I glanced aside from the luminous point, I found that I need not fear the return of objects to their ordinary appearance. While the passes were continued, the busts re-appeared, ghost-like in the dim atmosphere, like faint shadows, except that their outlines and the parts in the highest relief, burned with the same phosphoric light. The features of one, an Isis with bent head, seemed to be illuminated by a fire on the floor, though this bust had its back to the windows. Wherever I glanced all outlines were dressed in this beautiful light ; and so they have been, at every *seance*, without exception, to this day, though the appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off opiates entirely. This appearance continued during the remaining twenty minutes before the gentlemen were obliged to leave me. The other effects produced were, first, heat, oppression, and sickness, followed, in the course of the evening, by a feeling of lightness and relief, in which I thought I could hardly be mistaken.

“On occasions of a perfectly new experience, however, scepticism and self-distrust are very strong. I was aware of this beforehand, and also, of course, of the common sneer—that mesmeric effects are ‘all imagination.’ When the singular appearances presented themselves, I thought to myself—‘Now, shall I ever believe that this was all fancy ? When it is gone, and when people laugh, shall I ever doubt having seen what is now as distinct to my waking eyes as the rolling waves of yonder sea, or the faces round my sofa ?’ I did a little doubt it in the course of the evening ; I had some misgivings even so soon as that ; and yet more the next morning, when it appeared like a dream. Great was the comfort, therefore, of recognising the

appearances on the second afternoon. "Now," thought I, "can I again doubt?" I did, more faintly; but before a week was over, I was certain of the fidelity of my own senses in regard to this and more."

Subsequently, as we have already intimated, the experiments were continued by Miss Martineau's own maid, upon which operation she says:

"With one minute (after the maid began) the twilight and phosphoric lights appeared; and in two or three more, a delicious sensation of ease spread through me—a cool comfort, before which all pain and distress gave way, oozing out as it were, at the soles of my feet. During that hour, and almost the whole evening, I could no more help exclaiming with pleasure, than a person in torture crying out with pain. I became hungry, and ate with relish, for the first time these five years. There was no heat, oppression, or sickness during the *seance*, nor any disorder afterwards. During the whole evening instead of the lazy hot ease of opiates, under which pain is felt to lie in wait, I experienced something of the indescribable sensation of health, which I had quite lost and forgotten. I walked about my rooms, and was gay and talkative. Something of this relief remained till the next morning; and then there was no reaction. I was no worse than usual; and perhaps rather better. Nothing is to me more unquestionable and more striking about this influence than the absence of all reaction."

These facts surely place the science beyond the possibility of the charge of collusion. The most stubborn sceptic must admit that "there is something in it;" but what is this something? We see enough here, to guide us to some of the highest and most interesting conclusions in connection with the

discoveries of the magnetist. It appears certain, that man may exercise an influence over his fellows of a very potential character; and that, without any absolutely visible agency. The wave of the hand is not always necessary;—the eye is powerful—nay, the will in many cases, without the eye or the hand. We at once see that disease is not alone contagious, that health is as contagious as disease, and as certain in the communication of its pleasures as disease of its pains.

Magnetism! but the researches of Richenbach and others have, as we have already said, gone far enough to demonstrate that this is, by no means, the term to give to it. Cases like this show to us the utter poverty of words. We have given the name by which it is now usually known, the Odyllic force—the most mysterious and ethereal principle yet known in nature. We have spoken of the inner eye as the window of the temple, the great means by which we behold; but a window would not avail without light; and we may perhaps go so far as to say, that the Odyllic light is the great means by which all things are made perceptible to this inner eye. It is especially to be remarked, that as all chemical action is attended with the emission of Odyllic light as well as Odyllic influence. The changes which take place in dead bodies by decay, which are chemical, are sources of Odyllic light; just as are the changes in the living body, respiration, digestion, etc. Hence sensitive persons see luminous appearances over graves, especially over recent graves. Many instances of this kind will be found in the works of Richenbach; and thus, indeed, science is scattering the shades of superstition. Corpse-candles exist, but we see the reason of their existence—the lights are perfectly natural and harmless; the seers are only highly

sensitive persons. And we come now to the main object had in view in compiling this little volume. Magnetism, or the Odyllic light, is the cause of the fears and terrors which have for so long a time shaken the hearts of men. Second-sight; Apparitions will receive their solution here. To put on one side the histories we have enumerated, and a thousand beside, as mere hallucinations,—what an uncommon procedure is this; we cannot do it!

And shall we not find in the facts revealed to us by Magnetism the true unfolding of the mysteries? Prophecies have been uttered, there has been a process of thought-reading, by which mind has instantly understood the ideas of its sympathetic mind.—Nay, in virtue of this newly-discovered force, even animals have become the subjects of a wonderful influence; this has been the subject of much ridicule and laughter. An electric telegraph, for instance, composed of Snails, by which communication may be maintained at the extremes of transatlantic continents. This appears only a fitting subject for a sneer, or, at least, a hearty peal of merriment. Yet philosophers are speculating this far, and such a telegraph has been constructed in Paris: a number of snails have been mesmerized, each snail signifying a letter, and when touched, has been made to sympathise with its corresponding letter in America. These things are published in the grave volume of a grave professor of science; and they must be met and talked about in quite another spirit than that of the scorner. We have, for one thing, to wait until further enquiry shall have dishonoured or endorsed many of the topics of present enquiry; meantime, it may safely be asserted, we are looking upon and into the effects of nature's most wonderful agent yet discovered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEERESS OF BOLTON.

THE most remarkable instance in England of the wonders of Magnetism, is the case of EMMA, the full detail of whose personal visits to places and persons at an immense distance during the state of lucidity or clairvoyance, has been published by Dr. Haddock, in his interesting work entitled "Somnolism and Psycheism," and in "Gregory's Letters." Here is one instance. "INTERESTING CASE OF THE RECOVERY OF £650 BY CLAIRVOYANCE." The account is that published in the various newspapers of the day. "On Saturday, July 14th, 1849, a letter was received by Messrs. P. R. Arrowsmith and Co., of this town, from Bradford, Yorkshire, containing a Bank of England note for £500, another for £50, and a bill of exchange for £100. These Mr. Arrowsmith handed over in his regular mode of business to Mr. William Lomax, his cashier, who took, or sent, as he supposed, the whole to the Bank of Bolton, and made an entry accordingly in his cash-book. The bank-book was then at the Bank, so that no memorandum of the payment was received or expected. After the expiration of about five weeks, upon comparing the bank-book with the cash-book, it was found that no entry for these sums was in the bank-book. Inquiry was then made at the Bank,

but nothing was known of the money, nor was there any entry existing in any book or paper there, and after searching, no trace could be found of the missing money; in fact, the parties at the Bank denied ever having received the sum, or knowing anything of the transaction. Before the discovery of the loss the bill had become due; but upon inquiry after the loss was discovered, it was found that it had not been presented for payment. It was therefore concluded that, as the notes and bill could not be found at the Bank, nor any trace or entry connected with them, the probability was, that they had been lost or stolen, and that the bill had been destroyed to prevent detection. Mr. Lomax had a distinct recollection of having received the notes, &c., from Mr. Arrowsmith, but from the length of time that had elapsed when the loss was discovered, he could not remember what he had done with them—whether he had taken them to the Bank or sent them by the accustomed messenger; nor could the messenger recollect anything about them.

“After some consideration, it was determined to apply to Dr. Haddock, especially as several remarkable instances of clairvoyant perception had taken place.

“On Friday, August 24th, Mr. Lomax, accompanied by Mr. F. Jones of Ashburner Street, Bolton, called on Dr. Haddock. Emma was put instantly into the psychic state; she directly inquired for the papers—meaning the letter in which the notes and bill were enclosed, but this Mr. Lomax did not happen to have in his possession, and she said she could not tell anything without it. This sitting was therefore so far useless. The next day Mr. Lomax brought the letter, and Dr. Haddock requested that the contents might not be com-

municated to him, lest it should be supposed he had suggested anything to her. After considerable thought and examination the clairvoyant said there had been three different papers for money in that letter—not post-office orders, but papers that came out of a place where people kept money in (a bank), and were to be taken to another place of a similar kind. That these papers came in a letter to another gentleman (Mr. Arrowsmith) who gave them to one present (Mr. Lomax), who put them in a paper and then put them in a red book that wrapped round (a pocket-book). Mr. Lomax then, to the surprise of Mr. Haddock, pulled from his coat pocket a deep red pocket-book, made just as she had described it, and said that it was the book in which he was in the habit of placing similar papers.

“Dr. Haddock thought she was wrong as to the number of the papers, for he conceived the letter contained a cheque; but the clairvoyant persisted in saying there were three papers, two of which were of the same kind, and of the same sort of paper, but one more valuable than the other, and a third on different paper, with a stamp on it. Dr. H. sometimes baffled and irritated her by his inquiries in this respect, and by his not crediting her statements, but thinking she was in error; and this tended to obscure her meaning. Mr. Lomax now said the clairvoyant was right, that the letter contained two Bank of England notes and a bill of exchange, but he did not say what was the value of the notes. Dr. H. then put a ten-pound note into the clairvoyant's hand; she said that two of the papers were like that, but more valuable; and (in answer to a question,) *that the black and white word at the corner was longer.* She farther said, that these notes

were taken to a place where money was kept (a bank), down there (pointing towards Deansgate, the site of the Bank of Bolton). Beyond this no farther inquiry was made at that sitting.

"In the evening Mr. Arrowsmith called, with Mr. Makant, of Gilner Croft, Mr. Lomax, and Mr. F. Jones, to finish the inquiry. But in the interim the clairvoyant had unexpectedly become spontaneously mesmerised, and a letter from Scotland, having some reference to cholera being put into her hands, she went in quest of a cholera patient whose case had proved fatal. She was much interested in this case, said how it might have been cured, and spoke of her examination of the corpse. The inquiries, however, made such an impression on the organic system of nerves, that notwithstanding precautions being taken, she soon manifested symptoms of cholera after she awakened, which became so urgent that strong measures were required to subdue them. She was therefore too ill for any farther inquiry, and the gentlemen retired without witnessing any farther experiment. Mr. Arrowsmith left the *sealed* letter to be read when she was again fit for inquiry, but no farther use was made of it till Monday.

"On that day Mr. Lomax called again. The clairvoyant was now well, and she went over the case again, entering more minutely into particulars. She persisted in her former statements, that she could see the *marks* of the notes in the red pocket-book, and could see them in the banking-house; that they were in paper, and were put, along with many more papers, in a private part of the bank; that they were taken by a man at the bank, who put them aside, without making any entry, or taking any further notice of them. She said that the people at the bank did not mean to do wrong,

but that it arose from the want of attention. Upon it being stated that she might be wrong, and requested to look elsewhere, she said it was of no use; that she could see they were in the bank, and nowhere else; that she could not say any thing else, without saying what was not true; and that, if search was made at the bank, where she said, they would be found. In the evening Mr. Arrowsmith, Mr. Makant, and Mr. Jones came again, and she was again mesmerized, and again repeated these particulars in their presence.

“Dr. Haddock then said to Mr. Arrowsmith that he was tolerably confident that the clairvoyant was right, and that he should recommend him to go next day to the bank, and insist on a further search; stating that he felt convinced, from inquiries he had made, that his cashier had brought the money there. Mr. Makant also urged the same course on Mr. Arrowsmith.

“The following morning, Tuesday, August 28th, Mr. Arrowsmith went to the bank, and insisted on a further search. He was told that, after such a search as had been made, it was useless, but that, to satisfy him, it should be made again. Mr. Arrowsmith left for Manchester; and after his departure, a further search was made, and among a lot of papers, in an inner room at the bank, which were not likely to have been meddled with again probably for years, or which might never have been noticed again, *were found the notes and bill*, wrapped in paper, just as the clairvoyant had described them.”

Another case may be cited here, which also made a considerable sensation, through the press, at the time of its occurrence:—

“On Wednesday evening, December 20, 1848, Mr. Wood, grocer, of Cheapside, Bolton, had his

cash-box, with its contents, stolen from his counting-house. After applying to the police, and taking other precautionary steps, and having no clue to the thief, although he suspected, what was proved to be an innocent party; and having heard of Emma's powers as a clairvoyant, he applied to me, to ascertain, whether, by her means, he could discover the party who had taken it, or recover his property. I felt considerable hesitation in employing Emma's powers for such a purpose, fearing that both the motive and the agency might be grossly misrepresented. But the amount at stake, the opportunity for experiment, and Mr. Wood being a neighbour, induced me to comply with his request; and nine o'clock next morning was appointed for the trial. At that hour Mr. Wood came to my residence, and I then put Emma, by mesmerism, into the internal state, and then told her that Mr. Wood (whom I put *en rapport*, as it is called, with her), had lost his cash-box, and that I wished her to tell us, if she could, where the box was taken from? what was in it? and who took it? She remained silent a few minutes, evidently mentally seeking for what she had been requested to discover. Presently she began to talk with an imaginary personage, as if present in the room with us; but as it subsequently proved, although invisible and imaginary to us, he was both *real* and *visible* to her; for she had discovered the thief, and was conversing with his mind on the robbery. She described, in the course of this apparent conversation, and afterwards to us, where the box was placed; what the general contents was, particularising some documents it contained; how he took it, and that he did not take it away to his residence at once, but hid it up an entry; and her description of his person, dress, associations, &c., was so

vivid, that Mr. Wood immediately recognised the purloiner of his property, in a person the last to be suspected. Feeling satisfied from the general accuracy of her descriptions, and also from her describing the contents of the box, that she had really pointed out the delinquent, Mr. Wood went directly to the house where he resided, and which she had pointed out, even to the letters on the door-plate, and insisted on his accompanying him to my house, or, in case of refusal, to the police office. When brought, and placed in contact with Emma, she started back from him, as if he had been a serpent, telling him that he was a bad man, and observing also, that he had not the same clothes on as when he took the box, which was the fact. He denied strenuously all knowledge of the robbery then, and up to a late hour in the afternoon; but as he was not permitted to go at large, and thus have no opportunity for destroying, or effectually concealing the box, and as Mr. Wood had promised, for the sake of his connections, not to prosecute, if confession was made, and the box and contents recovered, he at last admitted that he had taken it, and in the manner described by Emma; and the box and contents was found in the place where he had secreted it, broken open, but the property safe. It should be observed that Emma had pointed out the place where the box was concealed, but we could not be certain of the place she meant, without permitting her, while in the *internal state*, to lead us to it; this the confession rendered unnecessary."

Dr. Gregory mentions several remarkable instances, which do not occur in Dr. Haddocks' mere personal narration of this clairvoyant; among others the following, evidently a vision of Mary Queen of Scots. Emma described a room she had seen. The walls were of stone covered with loose hang-

ings, on which she saw pictures of beasts, &c., (evidently tapestry.) The lady was on a peculiar sofa, and as before dressed in a strange but rich fashion. She wore a stiff ruff, standing up about her neck, and a cap with a point down the middle of the forehead, and rising curved over the temples. This she explained by drawing the shape of it with her finger. She was a great lady and cried much over a baby, her husband and she did not agree; they differed on religious matters, and the lady was very fond of priests, Catholic priests. Thinks the lady was imprisoned in one of the highest houses, (query, the Castle?) at all events she was there. Here in answer to questions, she said she saw the child let down in a basket from a window, and she thinks the lady also, or at least a lady. The lady left that place down below, after walking a short distance, in a strange kind of carriage; (from the description a horse litter.) She could see that the great lady was kept confined in another place in a house with trees round it. Could not see beyond the trees. Seeing the lady another time on horse-back, riding very fast to a water, which she crossed, and then gave herself up to a people there. When asked why she did so? said, "Oh you know she thought they were friendly, but they were not." As some of these details led me to suppose that Emma had got on the trace of Mary, Queen of Scots, I asked her to tell me what more she could see. She said that the people whom the great lady thought to be friendly, put her in confinement. I then asked what the lady died of? E., said she could not then see, but would be able to tell the next morning. Next day when put into the same state, Dr. H. asked the question again, when after looking for a short time, E. said, "She died of this," drawing her hand across

her neck, and added with a smile "I dare say as she liked to cut peoples' hands off, they cut off hers to see how she would like it herself." She had told us, on being asked where she first saw the lady, that she was *shelled*, that is, dead; for E. like many other subjects, will never use the word death, or dead. She had also told us that the house was no longer as she saw it, but that the large room in which she saw the great lady was subdivided, by partitions into smaller rooms and entirely changed; that she saw it as it had been formerly.

This is a remarkable instance notwithstanding the confusion of circumstances, and in whatever way it may be explained, it is a more wonderful introduction to ghost land, the mind cannot but travel through strange conjectures, as to the painting of objective figures upon the brain, it is one of the least satisfactory of Emma's visions, but as a visit to the unseen, it has an interest independant of its own.

We here forbear from any observations, or further illustrations from this interesting clairvoyant; but, should the reader be desirous of tracing the matter any further, we will beg him to turn to Dr. Haddock's work, to which we have made frequent reference already, and from which, some of the cases cited have been extracted. "Emma" has, perhaps, been more frequently talked of, than any other clairvoyant in England. Her observations have been well authenticated, and they have been most generally known. Who can doubt that she has, in spirit, penetrated to those dreadful mountain chains and passes of emerald ice, those frozen oceans and crystallized seas, where Franklin lies confined, dead or alive? There can be no reason for disbelieving that she has seen Franklin

and his crew; for, what more remarkable can there be, than the fact, that Sir W. C. Trevelyan procured from the Secretary of the Geographical Society the writing of several persons unknown to him, and without their names, in different quarters of the globe. Three handwritings were sent. Of the first she gave a description of the place—the city in which he was—of the person—of the surrounding country—it was Rome; but she could not tell the hour: and this was accounted for, from the fact that, at Rome, the clocks have 24 hours marked upon them instead of twelve. In the second case, she not only found the person and the place, but she found the geographical time—this was in Tuscany. The third case was still more remarkable; for it was expected that the writer was abroad at some distance; but she described a city, like London, giving a time differing only two and a half, or three minutes from Bolton, and it transpired that the person had unexpectedly returned to London.

A case like this may be denominated the *experimentum crucis* of the inquiry; but the illustrations are too numerous to linger over; but all tend to place this wonderful power of vision first, as an illustration, from the discoveries of science, of the power of the seer. It is, it appears, possible to enter into the unseen world. It is ridiculous to expect perfect and entire correctness in the first stages of any inquiry. We do not know what perturbing causes may exist: we do not know what may be the imperfect methods of observation. The imperfect vision of Mary, Queen of Scots, may guide perhaps to some idea of the mistakes, touching Sir John Franklin; meantime, in both of these instances, the truth of the narration must have predominated over its error; especially when we

remember the entire ignorance of the clairvoyant of all geographical knowledge. Other instances have proved to be entirely correct in every detail, and they do, therefore, endorse the *general* authenticity of all. Wonderful, indeed, it must appear to many! To many, again, who have reflected long on the phenomena of Mind in relation to the world, it will not appear wonderful. There is, however, no doubt that these facts demonstrate the existence of a real objective spiritual world.— Surely it appears impossible to escape the evidence of it. The mind, unfettered, can travel to it—can visit easily other climes, and other persons—can thus obtain a knowledge of past events, and a knowledge of future, too; and, passing through the shell, enter into the very essence of life and being.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

ONE of the most extraordinary of all well authenticated Histories of the entrance into Ghost Land, is that of the "Seeress of Prevorst." Her life and visions drawn up by her physician, Dr. Justinus Kerner, chief physician at Weinsberg, has been translated from the German by Mrs. Crowe, and it forms one of the most remarkable communications to phychological science in any age, or in any literature; there is a value attaching to it, not merely on account of the visions, but for the clear sighted and beautiful observations of Dr. Kerner.

Frederica Hauffe was born in 1801, in the little village of Prevorst, near Lowenstein, in Wirtemberg. She was born in a mountainous region, where the use of the divining rod for the discovery of springs was a common possession, and at an early age, the hazel wand in her hand pointed out metals and waters. She gave early evidence, too, of her clear-sightedness, by premonitory and prophetic visions. "Thus, on one occasion when her father lost some object of value, and threw the blame on her, who was innocent, her feelings being thereby aroused, in the night the place where the things were, appeared to her in a dream." As she grew up she was sent to Lowenstein, to the care of a pious grandfather and grandmother, in order that

she might receive the advantage of an education suited to her years. Her grandfather had made his fortune by following the advice of a spectre, who warned him to return to the lady whose affairs he had successfully managed after the death of her husband. He returned, and soon afterwards married her daughter. While in Lowenstein, she soon displayed the sensitiveness of her nervous system, by showing great uneasiness on passing churchyards, or on entering churches where there were graves. She never could go into an old kitchen in the castle without being much disturbed, and on one occasion, at midnight, she saw a tall, dark apparition, in a passage in her grandfather's house.

She was here confined to her chamber, for a considerable time, by a remarkable sensibility in the nerves of the eye, (without any inflammation,) which continued for a year, and which, Dr. Kerner suggests, was, probably, "the preparation for seeing things invisible to ordinary eyes—a development of the spiritual eye within the fleshly."

She was now subjected to a year of anxiety, sorrow, and night-watchings, by the tedious illness of her parents.

In her nineteenth year, she entered into an engagement with Mr. H., in compliance with the wishes of her friends; and immediately afterwards, from some cause which never could be discovered, she sank into a state of great depression, during which she concealed herself in her parent's house, wept all day long, and did not sleep for five weeks.

At this time her minister died, and on the day of her marriage she attended his funeral; at the grave she became light and cheerful, her tears ceased, and "a wonderful inner-life was awakened in her." For seven months, she discharged her duties as a wife, and continued to conform to the

customs and ways of ordinary existence, although she would retire to solitude whenever she could. But after this, "she found it impossible to conceal her internal life, and substitute for it the semblance of an external one, which in reality did not exist; her body sank beneath the effort, and her spirit escaped into its inner sphere."

She was visited by the ghostly form of a knight, and appears to have formed such a theory of apparitions for herself as consorted with her religion, and knowledge of natural laws. This knight first appeared to her in the evenings when she was in bed, and his appearance was heralded by loud noises and the moving about of a candlestick—phenomena which were attested by her brother, sister, and maid. The knight afterwards visited her at all hours, both when she was somnambule and when she was awake. When she had recovered from the first terrors of the vision, she gradually came to converse with the spectre, and learnt from him (the old story) that he had murdered his brother, and that there was something in a certain vault, the discovery of which would ease his remorse. She persuaded him that this would afford him no comfort, gave him religious instructions, and prayed with him repeatedly. Under the influence of her instructions, his cloudy form gradually became brighter; he thanked her for leading him to the Redeemer, and, after finally appearing with his children, singing a song of joy, he visited her no more.

At this time Mrs. Hauße was also visited by a short figure, with a dark cowl, and an old-looking, wrinkled face, who also confessed himself to have been a murderer, and who appeared to her daily in a deserted kitchen, where she retired to pray. He continued his visits for a year, for the purpose of

getting religious instruction, his appearance being always preceded by loud noises, which were heard by every one in the house, and were audible to the passengers in the streets. This spectre was even seen by some members of Mrs. Hauffe's family, and by a sceptical forester, who insisted on watching for it. The form excused the noises he made, by saying it was a source of consolation to him to make men think of him. Under the influence of religious instruction this spectre gradually became brighter, made less noise, and, after insisting on being present at the baptism of her child, and having a particular hymn sung, he finally disappeared.

The second part of the work consists of a series of so-called "facts," in proof of the existence of spectres. These relations are preceded by remarks on ghost-seeing, and the nature and philosophy of ghosts, by Kerner, Eschenmayer, and the seeress herself. Her description of these spectres reminds us forcibly of that of Nicolai of Berlin, of the illusions to which he was for a time subject. They appeared to her at various times of the day, both when she was alone, and in company, and whatever her state of health or feeling. When she saw them she was perfectly calm, and could see and hear other things going on around her. She saw them more clearly by a good light than in the dark. They appeared to her like a greyish thin cloud, which she could not see through. They were hidden from her by persons passing before them. Their appearance was the same as they had when alive. The spirits of wicked persons were darker, they trod more heavily, and more frequently made noises than those of good persons. The former, too, were habited in the attire which they wore when alive; the latter, besides being brighter, had

long flowing and shining robes, with a girdle round the waist, and they appeared to glide or float, rather than walk. She conceived that they were visible (but only to the spiritual eye) by means of the nerve-spirit—the remnant of the body—which surrounds the soul with an aerial form after death. This nerve-spirit, the highest organic power, unites the body with the soul during life; and the Seherin could see the projected nerve-form of a limb which had been removed. Ordinary volition, sensation, and perception, according to the Seherin, is effected by the nerve-spirit; but when the sensibility of the ganglionic system of nerves becomes exalted, and the soul creates internal senses for itself out of the nervous plexuses, when the life is more in the epigastric region than in the brain, then the nerve-spirit itself may become objective, and be seen by the spiritual eye.

The seeress describes the spirits of the departed as occupying a mid-region, or Hades, in which they undergo preparation for a higher state of bliss. Here upright heathens are instructed by angels, in salvation through the Redeemer, and on the lower stage of it, woful spirits, who have died under a cloud, wander about, seeking instruction, and release from the remorse of propitiated sins. Like ghosts of the olden time, they generally imagined that they were to be bettered by a revelation of their crimes to the world; but Mrs. Hauffe uniformly taught them to seek forgiveness by prayer, and faith in the Saviour, and, under her tuition, they gradually grew brighter, and at last soared into a higher state, beyond her sphere of spiritual vision.

These spectres gave evidence of their reality in various ways. First, by the noises which they made. These were repeatedly heard by Kerner

and numerous other witnesses, and consisted in knockings, rustlings, rolling of balls, and pattering of feet, and sounds as of throwing of sand or gravel. Second, by moving of objects, such as articles of furniture, doors opened and shut as they entered Mrs. Hauffe's chamber, candles moved out of their places, plates clattered, books were opened, lime thrown about, and a small table flung into a room. Of these, and many similar facts, Dr. Kerner was himself a witness, and vouches that they were not effected by the seeress, nor by any visible agency which could be discovered. Third, by enabling Mrs. Hauffe to tell past events, of which she herself could not have been cognizant. And fourthly, by enabling her to describe persons she had never seen, and events that were taking place at a distance. These spectres were occasionally seen by Mrs. Hauffe's brother; by her sister, who slept in the same apartment with her; by a female attendant, who slept in an adjoining apartment, and, on one occasion, Dr. Kerner saw a cloudy-looking column standing by Mrs. Hauffe's bedside, and on another, he felt very oppressed at a time when Mrs. Hauffe had commanded a spectre to go and show himself to her physician.

If any thing farther is needed to illustrate her condition, then let the reader take these sentences, from the pen of Dr. Kerner:—

"She was sensible of the spiritual essences of all things of which we have no conception, especially of metals, plants, men, and animals. She was susceptible of electric influences of which we are not conscious; and what is almost incredible, she had a preternatural feeling or consciousness of human writing.

"Could we maintain any one for years in the condition of a dying person, we should have the

exact representation of Mrs. Hauffe's condition. Her fragile body enveloped her spirit but as a gauzy veil. She was small, her features were oriental, her eyes piercing and prophetic, and their expression was heightened by her long dark lashes. She was a delicate flower, and lived upon sunbeams. She was a being in the gripe of death, but chained to the body by magnetic power."

She often saw a spectral form behind the person she was looking at. Sometimes this appeared to be his protecting spirit, and sometimes the image of his inner self. Thus, behind a woman whom she had never seen before, she once perceived a shadowy form, with slender limbs and palpitating movements. This woman proved to be a person of a most restless disposition. Another time, as she was looking from the window, an unknown person passed and saluted her, but she shrank suddenly back; and when I inquired the reason, she told me that she had seen behind the woman who had just passed a masculine, disagreeable-looking form, in dark clothes. I looked out, and recognised a woman of a very quarrelsome ill character, who, however, had come from a distance, and was quite a stranger to Mrs. Hauffe.

The seeress of Prevorst differs from the seeress of Bolton, in that with the former, the entrance into the spiritual world resulted from no superinduced state, it was spontaneous, it was a perpetual state induced, and was the result of one of the most remarkable bodily states ever known to human experience. St. Martin afforded to Dr. Beaumont, an opportunity never afforded before, not only for speculation, but observation, in the region of physiology. Mrs. Hauffe afforded to Dr. Kernes, and through him to thousands beside, an opportunity for penetrating into the most wonderful myste-

ries of psychology ; but is not this an illustration, that presents to us the causes of superior susceptibility, in the seeing visions ? is it not a painful, a gifted sensibility, thrust upon many from which there is no escape ? how gladly would the lady to whom we have referred, have escaped if she could, visibly, spirits accompanied her everywhere ;—at bed, and at board, alone, and in company ;—they were with her asleep, in her dreams : waking they were all but constantly by her side. That such spectacles were not altogether, nor nearly all hallucinations, is proved by the constancy of her prophetic interpretations of the visions presented to her ; it does appear clear that she had in consequence of her peculiar state of bodily disease, the eyes of her mind wonderfully opened, so much so, that all things to her were invested with another light ; she was able in a way, to us from our humanity quite dreadful, to read the mystery of life and death.

We have already said that the history of the seer of Prevorst explains in part many other remarkable histories of ghost seers, and they might be given here but space forbids. Elizabeth Eslinger, at Weinsberg, was every night haunted by a ghost ; she was watched, every precaution was taken to prevent imposture, many from time to time continued with her till it came—the evidence upon the matter is so copious and minute, that it cannot be set aside, as vapid, and nothing about it looks like collusion.

In the year 1827, Christian Eisengrun, a respectable citizen of Neckarsteinach, was visited by a ghost of the above kind, and the particulars were judicially recorded. He was at Eherbach, in Baden, working as a potter, which was his trade, in the manufactory of Mr. Gehrig, when he was one night awakened by a noise in his chamber, and,

on looking up, he saw a faint light, which presently assumed a human form, attired in a loose gown; he could see no head. He hid his own head under the clothes; but it presently spoke, and told him that he was destined to release it, and that for that purpose he must go to the Catholic churchyard of Neckarsteinach, and there, for twenty-one successive days, repeat the following verse from the New Testament, before the stone sepulchre there:—

“For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? So the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.”—1 Cor. ii. 11.

The ghost having repeated his visits and his request, the man consulted his master what he should do, and he advised him not to trifle with the apparition, but to do what he required, adding that he had known many similar instances. Upon this, Eisengrun went to Neckarsteinach, and addressed himself to the Catholic priest there, named Seitz, who gave him the same counsel, together with his blessing, and also a hymn of Luther’s, which he bade him learn and repeat, as well as the verse, when he visited the sepulchre.

As there was only one stone sepulchre in the churchyard, Eisengrun had no difficulty in finding it; and whilst he performed the service imposed on him by the ghost, the latter stood on the grave with his hands folded, as if in prayer; but when he repeated the hymn, he moved rapidly backwards and forwards, but still not overstepping the limits of the stone. The man, though very frightened, persevered in the thing for the time imposed—twenty-one days; and during this period he saw the perfect form of the apparition, which had no covering on its head, except very white hair. It always kept its hands folded, and had large eyes,

in which he never perceived any motion ; this filled him with horror. Many persons went to witness the ceremony.

The surviving nephews and nieces of the apparition brought an action against Eisengrun, and they contrived to have him seized and carried to the magistrate's house one day, at the time he should have gone to the churchyard. But the ghost came and beckoned, and made signs to him to follow him, till the man was so much affected and terrified, that he burst into tears. The two magistrates could not see the spectre, but feeling themselves seized with a cold shudder, they consented to his going.

He was then publicly examined in court, together with the offended family, and a number of witnesses, and the result was, that he was permitted to continue the service for the twenty-one days, after which he never saw or heard more of the ghost, who had been formerly a rich timber-merchant.

One thing is remarkable, that Germany does appear to be the very Metropolis of Ghosts, and that most of those her sons who have seen them and held communication with them, have had all their lives the reputation of being ghost-seers. Such was the case with Eisengrun, whom we have last quoted.

Another thought strikes us :—It would be pleasant to believe that the Fathers and Saints of the old church were not such liars as they have usually been reputed to be. We had some thoughts but now of tracing the many analogies in the lives of the saints, and in these modern instances of ghostly pre-vision. Could we believe some to be true, then we could with better grace believe those wild extravagancies with which legend and tradition have

loved to surround their favourites. If Herodotus and Bruce had been found in their extreme day as travellers, to be highly correct when all had so long agreed to condemn either their falsehood or their credulity; why, it may also happen that as we carry on our investigations into the spiritual world we may find the tales of the Fathers not all fable. We dare to claim no credence for some; and yet, again, some have appeared to us to have had a character of truth even in their very improbability we knew not how to reconcile with the laws of Nature or the passive ties of natural things, but now it appears that our reading of Nature *may* yield to a higher law than even so called miracles, may be performed and yet Nature not be for a moment out of joint; take, for instance, the celebrated St. Theresa, who has been called an accomplished hypocrite, we indeed can give to her no such sad and sweeping epithet. No, no, no! brain-sick enthusiast, which many have deemed her, is evident both from the work she did, and the influence which, even in an age of powerful influences, she exerted. No common child could she be, who, at eight years old set off with a brother scarcely older, to wander into the land of the Moors, hoping to obtain the crown of martyrdom; nor who, when but little older, as she read with that brother the lives of the saints, felt awe-struck at the words "for ever;" and she repeated again and again with bewildered solemnity, "What! for ever! for ever!" "Under no circumstance," says Mrs. Jameson, "could her path through life have been the highway of common mediocrity, for Nature had given her great gifts, great faculties of all kinds, for good and evil; . . . genius, in short, with all its terrible and glorious privileges." And what destination was there for a woman with

such gifts in Spain, save the cloister? so there Theresa lived and laboured; reforming her order (that of the Carmelites), travelling from province to province to promulgate her new regulations, and seeing, before her death, seventeen female convents, and fifteen male, all owning her rule.

Now read what her biographer says of her. "Her frame was naturally delicate, her imagination lively, and her mind incapable of being fixed by trivial objects, turned with avidity to those which religion offered the moment they were presented to her view. But unfortunately meeting with the writings of St. Jerome, she became enamoured of the monastic life, and quitting the life for which Nature designed her, she renounced the most endearing ties, and bound herself by the irrevocable vow. Deep melancholy then seized her, and increased to such a degree that for many days she lay both motionless and senseless, like one in a trance. Her tender frame, thus shaken, prepared her for ecstasies and visions, such as it might appear invidious to repeat were they not related by herself and by her greatest admirers. They tell us that in the fervour of her devotion she not only became insensible to everything around her, but that her body was often lifted from the earth, although she endeavoured to resist the motion. And Bishop Yiasen relates in particular that as she was going to receive the Eucharist at Avila, she was raised in a rapture higher than the grate through which, as is usual in nunneries, it was presented to her.* Now, compare this with the account of the Seeress of Prevorst, at whose instance frequently we find a suspension of the law of gravitation, or rather an alteration of its condi-

*"The Seeress of Prevorst," p.p. 65-66.

tions. Frequently when she was placed in a bath extraordinary phenomena were exhibited, namely that of her limbs, breast, and the lower part of her person, possessed by a strange elasticity, involuntarily emerged from the water. Her attendants used every effort to submerge her body, but she could not be kept down, and had she at that time been thrown into a river, she would no more have sunk than a cork.

Perhaps many such readings might be suggested. Oh ! reader, we notice your smiling incredulous face, but even while you sneer, you will admit that there is something marvellous in a coincidence like this ; nor would it be impossible from the history of the Seeress of Prevorst to find many such ; to us they present many sides of interest. Science, tradition, religion, psychology, are all interested in them, and to all do such facts present the light of some new and wonderful piece of evidence. Nor do we think that any man does wisely in laughing at what he cannot clearly lay aside.

CHAPTER XI.

MAGIC MIRRORS OF CRYSTALS.

AT first sight nothing could well appear more absurd than the spectacle of spiritual forms and mirrors of crystals—and we wish to convey some account of them before speaking of another seer; yet, no wonder if modern record appears more certain, and the remarks we have made upon the Eye, may, perhaps in some measure account for the phenomena, at any rate, may bring our knowledge unto the region of second causes. Crystals and Mirrors are to be regarded as having a peculiar relation to the eye—to the inner eye, and thus it is the eye which projects its image upon the glass. The reader will find the most interesting account of the magic mirrors in Dr. Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism," and in Reichenbach's "Researches on Magnetism." It is well known that many of such mirrors exist in this country, and one belonging to a celebrated literary Countess, since dead, was said to have been the property of the Magicians Dee and Kelly. That lady could discover nothing by it, but upon her death it was bought by a gentleman who knew its history, and one day on entering a room where it was, he found a group of children gathered round it, who declared that the

crystal was alive, and that it was full of crowds of people. Dr. Gregory further says, "I have been informed on good authority, that round or oval masses of glass are made in England, and sold at a high price, to the ignorant, for the purpose of divination. The persons who sell them, perform a certain process, which they say is necessary to their virtue. It is probably a process of magnetization, as water is magnetised. The purchaser is then directed to gaze into the crystal, concentrating her thoughts (for it is generally females who resort to them,) on the person she wishes to see. She then sees her lover, or any other person in whom she is interested. Now, I believe, that by the gazing, and concentration of the thoughts, aided by the odylie influence of the glass, she may be rendered more or less lucid, and thus see or dream of the absent person. So that the dealers in these crystals are not merely impostors, but as I suppose, trade on a natural truth, imperfectly known to themselves."*

Thus, the solution of the matter appears to be that these mirrors facilitate a state of conscious clairvoyance—lucid pre-vision as it has been denominated. It does not appear of material importance of what the mirror is composed. Some are said to be of jet, some of metal, some a simple black surface, blackened by charcoal. Perhaps the nature of the mirror depends upon the sensitiveness of the clairvoyant. Shall I venture to quote from M. Cahagnet, to whom and to his discoveries, we have devoted a separate chapter—a receipt for making this mirror. Nor must the reader smile at this,—Cahagnet has tested his frequently enough, and Dr. Gregory is not only a most eminent man, but a most eminent magnetic experimenter, too.

* Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism," 314.

Truly enough, these things baffle all our preconceptions ; we appear to be treading again the old land of wizardry and glamoury. All the ancient tales of sorcery seem to be now realized. We possess the power of becoming wizards ourselves. The terrors of romance, even in its wildest and most ludicrous flights are now made apparently present to us, and we know not at which of the superstitions of our fathers to laugh, for what appeared to us the most ludicrous of them are verified by an appeal to modern facts.

Mr. Adolpha Cahagnet says,—

“I promised not to reserve to myself anything I had learnt from spirits ; I will keep my word by giving to the reader the secret of the magic mirror, revealed to me by M. Swedenborg, who, himself, possessed one, and of which I have already spoken. This mirror is very much like one possessed, in the eighteenth century, at Paris, by a Jew named Leon, which I have seen mentioned somewhere, and which made a great noise at the time. I made two in the way recommended to me, one of which I presented to my friend M. Renard, who, after several experiments, gave a favourable report of it ; mine was equally good. This is how we should go to work :—Procure a piece of glass as fine as possible, cut it the required size, place it over a very slow fire, at the same time dissolving some very fine black-lead in a small quantity of fine oil, to give it the consistence of a liquid pomade, which may easily be spread over the glass when well diluted, as it soon is. The glass being hot, incline it on both sides, in order that the mixture may spread of itself all over alike ; then, the glass being placed on something quite straight and flat, let the mixture dry without disturbing it ;

in a few days it will become as hard as pewter, presenting a very fine dark polish ; put your glass in a frame, and after well wiping its surface, on which some dross will be found, hang it up on a wall, as you would a looking glass, but always in a false light. Place the person who desires to see a thief, a spirit, or a place, before this mirror, station yourself behind him, fixing your eyes steadily on the hinder part of the brain, and summon the spirit in a loud voice, in the name of God, in a manner imposing to the individual looking in the mirror.

It may be naturally supposed that this kind of experiment requires certain conditions, the first of which is to find a person endowed with this sort of vision. *Nothing is general in psychological facts.* There was much talk at one time of the magic mirror of Doctor Dee, which was sold in 1842, amongst the curiosities in the possession of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, for the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty-six francs. It was simply a bit of sea-coal, perfectly polished, cut in a circular form, with a handle ; this curiosity formerly figured in the cabinet of the Earl of Peterborough. In the catalogue it was thus described :—"A black stone, by means of which Doctor Dee evoked spirits." It passed from the hands of the Earl into those of Lady Elizabeth Germaine, then became the property of John, last Duke of Argyll, whose grandson, Lord Campbell, presented it to Walpole. The author of the "*Theatrum Chemicum*," Elias Ashmole, speaks of the same mirror in the following terms :—"By the aid of this magic stone, we can see whatever persons we desire, no matter in what part of the world they be, and were they hidden in the most retired apartments, or even in caverns in the bowels

of the earth." John Dee, born in London, in 1527, was the son of a wine-merchant; he studied the sciences with success, and devoted himself, at an early period, to judicial astrology; Queen Elizabeth took him under her protection; he composed several useful works, employed much of his time in the science of magic, conjured spirits, made predictions, and beheld the invisible; when he had discovered his mirror he returned thanksgiving to God. He was occupied during his whole life in the search of the philosopher's stone, and died in London, at the age of eighty-four, in a state of abject poverty.

The Baron Dupotet, it would appear, has discovered the method of making these mirrors; and in doing so he thinks he has discovered the secret of much of the magic of the middle ages. He probably has. We believe he has in some instances used these mirrors as they are reputed to have been used in those old times of superstition, in a darkened room; surrounded by all those objects which act most powerfully on the fancy, in profound silence, except for the low wail and strains of solemn music, all balsamic and narcotic odours suffusing the senses; thus every thing is present tending to excite the imagination, and to produce that state of mind most favourable to the production of vision; in this state, if ever, the figure will be beheld most present to the thoughts. This is, then, it will be perceived, natural magic, for indeed all magic is natural. Then, the power of the old necromancers was no unreal power. It was very dimly perceived by them in its essence and character, but they knew that they possessed it; and innumerable instances prove, that across this, or these mirrors, in our own times, the figures of both

living and dead have passed. How? Ah, we know not! It is only the fact we can speak to; the fact, as verified by credible and intelligent witnesses. The wonders of glass are not unknown to any of us. After all, perhaps, there is nothing more extraordinary in these magic mirrors than in any other optical glasses, to bring out a beetle's wing, or to see clearly the ring of that gorgeous Saturn—that is wonderful too!

CHAPTER XII.

SEEING WITH THE STOMACH.

THERE is another remarkable phenomenon to which a few words may be devoted. Persons who read in a state of somnambulism, it is known, read from the pit of the stomach. Dr. Kerner says, "I gave Mrs. Hauffe two pieces of paper, carefully folded, on one of which I had secretly written, "There is a God," and on the other, "There is no God." I put them into her left hand, when she was apparently awake, and asked her if she felt any difference between them. After a pause, she returned me the first, and said, "This gives me a sensation, the other feels like a void." I repeated the experiment four times, and always with the same result. I then wrote on a piece of paper, "There are spectres, and on another, "There are no spectres." She laid the first on the pit of her stomach, and held the other in her hand, and read them both. Many curious experiments of this sort all tended to the conviction, that writings, or drawings, placed on the pit of her stomach produced sensible effects, according to their nature."

Cabagnet says,—“For some time I had not magnetised Bruno, when one day he came to me quite ill, and making many apologies for his neg-

lect towards me, begged me to cure him as I had done several times before. Scarcely was he sent to sleep than he said to me: "You would never believe that the complaint I labour under is caused by *evil spirits that have taken up their abode in my stomach.*" Had I not known Bruno for a frank and kind friend, I should have thought that he wanted to mystify me; but I was assured of his good faith in all he said to me, and could only fancy that he was very susceptible of hallucination. However, it came into my head that Swedenborg affirmed in his writings that spirits often assembled in society in some part of the body. The possessions operated at Loudun, and a thousand other analogous facts seems to impart a sort of truthfulness to this assertion. I let Bruno utter before me his system at his ease, contenting myself with always questioning whenever he appeared obscure. I said to him, therefore—"Explain to me how that appears to you possible?" "People often say, my complaint lies here, I have a swelling, a pain, complaints that we attribute to a cold, or something else, when, properly speaking, it is the work of the spirits that insinuate themselves into our bodies to disturb, by all possible means, the harmony of life, to create distress and unhappiness, in order to gratify their propensity for mischief and trouble. The world would look upon him as a madman who should say that a spirit, in the form of wind or a swelling, produced the cholic or inflammation, in order to paralyse our action by keeping us in bed, or confined to our room at a moment when we ought to be out attending to business, which often, by an apparently trifling delay, suffers much, and sometimes the most important effects thus depend on the most insignificant causes. The cause is otherwise seen, or to speak more correctly, not seen

at all, and poor humanity finds itself blinded by its foolish pride, which would be unwilling to descend so low as to admit what I say."

May we not very well detect the error in the above statement, and at the same time receive the intimation in it; no doubt, the region of the stomach is endowed with peculiar nervous power, electrical, or magnetic it may be, in the epigastric nerve, and conveying in some way unknown to us intelligence to the sensorium. The important part played by the hand and the eye-lashes is well known in all magnetic action. And so also, do not all magnetics ordinarily operate by making passes down the stomach? It may at least transpire that various nerves seated in different parts of the body possess the power of conveying varying or various intelligence, and entering upon a distinct and spiritual domain.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BUREAU OF CAHAGNET, THE SEER OF PARIS.

STILL more remarkable than the Seeress of Prevorst, or certainly as much so, is "the Mysteries of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism," by the Seer of Paris, M. Adolphe Cahagnet. As his name may be quite unknown to many of our English readers, it may be, perhaps, as well to state that he is mentioned by Dr. Gregory, with respect, as a competent and unimpeachable witness, in reference to the facts under consideration. He was, however, but a working man, and therefore cut off from society, and from those circles where his pre-visions might have been submitted to some scrutiny and test. His work, however, is published in two volumes; and, after the appearance of the first, its startling revelations excited no ordinary attention: and innumerable people, of all ranks, flocked to his bureau, to witness and usually to attest to the veracity of the visions and apparitions. It is agreed that by them we are carried yet a step farther on, in our progress towards the unknown.

There is much in the revelations which transcends our understanding; this might be expected. There is much that, to our ideas, is shocking; at this we are scarcely surprised: for, it may be expected that the medium of many of the communications will be very imperfect. There are many things concerning the next world which

are utterly opposed to our pre-conceptions. Yet, when it is remembered that each person in looking at the spiritual region, must derive his impressions from his own eyes, and can derive them from no other; and that, therefore, we are for the most part reading other people's impressions, we are again reconciled.

The revelations of Cahagnet, however, are among the most interesting, if not *the* most interesting and instructive we have met with. They need to be read with great care, and the reader, if judicious, will be able to discriminate and to detect truth and falsehood, even in the revelation. It must be remembered that the revelation must be in harmony with the nature of the patient; he can only see what he is fitted to see, and hence unprepared spirits may have as defective a vision of things in the next world as in this. Cahagnet is remarkable only from his magnetic power and apparent devotedness to his work, and his perseverance in spite of distrust and malicious speaking. His experiences run over three volumes, contained in "The Celestial Telegraph; or, The Secrets of the World to Come," and "The Temple of Spiritualism." We judge it will not be out of place here to point these out thus especially. Intrinsically they are of more interest than the "Seeress of Prevorst," or any other volumes on the subject; but no account can so well convey them to the reader: they must be read, and read with an introspective soul to be understood. They will bear well sifting, too, and had far better be read in French than in English. But they are extraordinary volumes, and they cannot be read without the reader arriving at some great truths in reference to the world of Spirits.—The first volume especially may be regarded as a demonstration.

CHAPTER XIV.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

THIS is the title of a book published a short time since in America,* it is also one of the revelations of magnetism, and a confirmation of what we have long believed, that there are for many, watchers, privileged as they are by being the especial subjects of care and anxiety (if these terms may be allowed) in the spiritual world. This is a belief beautifully congenial to our better nature, and a belief for which we seem to have ample warrant from all parts of the Sacred inspired volume; and it appears as if we all could recollect how we have been preserved in dangers of a most threatening character. Our angels are always round us, we would fondly believe. So we have, perhaps, been committed by our Good Father to the speciality of care and attention. The volume to which reference has been made is quite an illustration of this. It is filled entirely with conversations, held in a state of ecstasy, between a clairvoyant and her guardian angel. It comes from a highly respectable quarter, and throughout it maintains the lan-

* "Guardian Spirits, a Case of Vision into the Spiritual World," translated from the German of H. Werner, by A. E. Ford.

guage of truth and soberness. It may be necessary to say that emotions of a purely spiritual character, and such interviews as these, are badly represented by the human language. It is probable that words only embarrass any meaning between spirit and spirit. We must look, therefore, rather for consistency in the whole than consistency of language. "It will hereafter be proved," says Kant, "that the human soul, even in this life, is in constant communication with the spiritual world, and thus these are susceptible of mutual impressions, but as long as all goes well the impressions are unperceived." To this we attribute all the influence of presentiments and forewarnings, and perhaps much of the foreshadowing influence, too, of dreams.

There is a very curious circumstance related by Mr. Ward, in his "Illustrations of Human Life," regarding the late Sir Evan Nepaul, which, I believe, is perfectly authentic. I have, at least, been assured, by persons well acquainted with him, that he himself testified to its truth.

Being, at the time, secretary to the Admiralty, he found himself one night unable to sleep, and urged by an undefinable feeling that he must rise, though it was then only two o'clock. He accordingly did so, and went into the park, and from that to the Home Office, which he entered by a private door, of which he had the key. He had no object in doing this, and to pass the time, he took up a newspaper that was lying on the table, and there read a paragraph to the effect, that a reprieve had been despatched to York, for the men condemned for coining.

The question occurred to him, was it indeed despatched? He examined the books and found it was not; and it was only by the most energetic

proceedings that the thing was carried through, and reached York in time to save the men.

Is not this like the agency of a protecting spirit, urging Sir Evan to this discovery, in order that these men might be spared; or that those concerned might escape the remorse they would have suffered for their criminal neglect?

"It is a remarkable fact," says Mrs. Crowe, "that somnambules of the highest order believe themselves attended by a protecting spirit. To those who do not believe, because they have never witnessed the phenomena of somnambulism, or who look upon the disclosures of persons in that state as the mere raving of hallucination, this authority will necessarily have no weight; but even to such persons, the universal coincidence must be considered worthy of observation, though it be regarded only as a symptom of disease. I believe I have remarked elsewhere, that many persons, who have not the least tendency to somnambulism, or any proximate malady, have, all their lives, an intuitive feeling of such a guardianship; and, not to mention Socrates and the ancients, there are, besides, numerous recorded cases in modern times, in which persons, not somnambule, have declared themselves to have seen and held communication with their spiritual protector."

The case of the girl called Ludwiger, who, in her infancy, had lost her speech, and the use of her limbs, and who was earnestly committed by her mother, when dying, to the care of her elder sisters, is known to many. These young women piously fulfilled their engagement, till the wedding-day of one of them caused them to forget their charge. On recollecting it, at length, they hastened home, and found the girl, to their amazement, sitting up in her bed, and she told them that her mother had

been there, and given her food. She never spoke again, and soon after died. This circumstance occurred at Dessau, not many years since ; and is, according to Schubert, a perfectly established fact in that neighbourhood. The girl at no other period of her life exhibited any similar phenomena, nor had she ever displayed any tendency to spectral illusions.

The wife of a respectable citizen, named Arnold, at Heilbronn, held constant communications with her protecting spirit, who warned her of impending dangers, approaching visitors, and so forth. He was only once visible to her, and it was in the form of an old man ; but his presence was felt by others as well as herself, and they were sensible that the air was stirred, as by a breath.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNVEILING OF THE LIFE TO COME.

GOD has hung before every one a veil, and because he has hung it, we may be sure that it is not desirable that we should lift it; the future is concealed. "We know not what we shall be," it is all a vast and wonderful darkness before us, what God has done for us in mercy, hiding from us the details of futurity, and only assuring us of its general character now, been seized by many of our fellow men as the pretext of Infidelity—they have refused to credit the assurance of another world. And here few men live with any degree of clearness upon their mind, in reference to it, they do not recognise in themselves the strong pre-visions, they do not listen to the mighty monitions without the soul, they do not attempt to read their own nature, and so gather from themselves the idea of their future world; and is it not very sad to think, how, thus the heart of man by love to mere material pleasures, becomes hardened to the intimations of a more sublime existence;—the life to come gradually pales in fires and its lights, and becomes more and more dim to the man who owns it not in his conduct and his life, they cannot shine through the soiled and stained senses of the infatuated sensualist, or the money hunting tradesmen; over such

the veil falls more and more heavily ; and as they cannot see, they cannot believe ; as they extinguished the torch nature gave them, they cannot be surprised that they are left without a light.

If Death be all and nothing after death, why are we afraid of Dying ? Why do we tremble before that which is *not* ? Why shrink from the Hour in which we only lay down our load ? It is not merely dying that distresses us, we can separate the two emotions, the fear of death, and the fear of dying.

The fear is the shadow of the world to come, falling upon the counterpane and the pillow ; if we were in entire sympathy with the world to come, the shadow and the fear would not fall upon us.

Have you read the symbols of nature, for all the things in nature are hieroglyphs, sacred letters, but then they are only so to spiritual eyes, to eyes filled by the inner life to read and comprehend them.

Did you ever notice the dragon fly how it assumes its perfect state, I have seen it—naturalists have described it to me, its pupa is provided with legs, with which it climbs some way up a flag or other water plant, which it presses and grasps tightly ; it is a travail time and the body is helping a better soul, it stretches and strains in every direction : presently the head bursts and two horns and the head of the fly protrude as well as its two front legs, the pupa still holds on with its legs, the fly endeavours to extricate itself from the pupa with its own, and finally succeeds leaving the lifeless husk on the plant which it ascended. Surely in this we read some analogy of our own birth, not only into this, but into the better state.

* Communications with the unseen world, pp. 13—14.

Yet again, we remark, how indefinite are all our ideas of a future life;* speculation with most persons, is out of the question, they do not even think. There is a wide difference from the bold, the daring dogmatism which rudely invades the world of spirits with theory and fancy, and the mild and holy meditation which discovers from its own introspections the character of that body which shall be.

How glorious! how thrilling is that field of investigation which concerns itself with the life to come. How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? The dead, who are the dead? What is dead? This change of conditions which we so crudely denominate death—what is it, and what does it imply? What intimations are given too, in *this* state by which we may reach a knowledge of conditions in *that*? What evidence have we that we shall live at all? What evidence is given to us that we hold any existence apart from the mere organism perceptible to the senses? Upon this subject, the world has been entertained with many treatises. It is interesting to notice that everywhere the essence of things escapes us,—in all things we are only acquainted with the organism, the body, the clothing of things—the most subtle essence, and the material substance stand in opposition to each other, leading to these conclusions:—

I. That the living principle exists prior to, and

* Not to mention Butler's "Analogy of religion," two may be named "Bakewell's physical evidence of a future life," and Isaac Taylor's "Physical theory of another life." The matter of these books is quite unlike, although the titles are so much alike. Bakewell's is Physiological, Taylor's is Psychological.

is therefore not consequent upon animal organization.

II. That the sentient and thinking principles are distinct from the material substances with which they are united ; and

III. That the intellectual powers of man exist independently of the system of material organization by which they are developed.*

It has appeared to us a most interesting pursuit, to read Isaac Taylor's work upon this topic, side by side, with the seeress of Prevorst, and some of the other discoveries and pre-visions in the magnetic life. It is very remarkable to notice, that many of those very states which he has predicted of the spiritual world from psychological speculation, have actually transpired in the experience of those who have visited that world, or have received visits from it. In this place we cannot follow out the analogy, but it will be pleasant work for the reader to do it for himself ; meantime, this perhaps may be said, that all material shade and form are but the projection of spirit, a gathering round some spiritual shape, hidden from the eye, but nevertheless *there*. Thus what we call nerves, appear to be the garments of spirit, and their life really lasts and is felt years after the amputation of a limb, and the seeress of Prevorst declared that she saw the limb on the person after amputation.

But whatever may be the state of the mind of the theorist or the believer, the Christian or the sceptic, one thing appears certain—namely, that the discoveries of magnetism throw a light over another world. It has been presented to our own minds that when the electric telegraph was constructed by which so mysteriously the mind

* Bakewell.

could transmit itself to a most remote distance, all but instantaneously, that by that process we had touched the highest round of the ladder of materialism, and could not therefore be far from the reign of spiritual discovery, and has it not happened so? Thus do we now perceive too that if we can so instantly transmit our words along those mysterious wires, (those wires themselves authentic messengers from Ghost Land, and crying aloud to all Infidels of all ages and places, what do you think of us?) those wires we say do affirm us how plainly possible it is for spirit instantly to transmit itself to spirit; shall not mind be more powerful, more vivid, and instantaneous in its movements than so rude and primitive a materialism as electricity? These things speak for us, but these are the very lowest intimations that have been given to us. As we advance, more and more clearly light shines upon us, we learn more and more how capable it is of acting without matter too, and how certain it is in all its intelligence of a future state that it has its own senses and apprehensions and powers.

Thus we have seen in the course of our remarks that the clairvoyant can see all persons asked for and those not asked for, by putting into the hand, hair, or writing, or anything, it would appear, with which the person sought had strong sympathy. Sometimes this arises probably from the transmission of thought from the operator into the mind of the patient, but this itself only is a more wonderful affair. Thus, persons long dead have been described, persons of whom the patient knew nothing, of whose existence he was not aware, far less of their persons. The mode of appearance is strange—they usually appear as alive, or as the patients say—*like as*—the clairvoyant will not

speak of them as dead—there appears to be a revulsion at the very idea of death; they are either said to be *like as*, or as Emma described them—as shelled. “In one or two curious experiments, she was spontaneously or by some obscure inducement while on her way to visit, mentally, a lady in a distant town, led to enter another house, when she saw a lady who turned out to be shelled, and rather frightened her at first, until she found it out. She is never frightened, nor are clairvoyants in general by seeing those who are dead; they rather like to see them, they instinctively feel a difference, but never use the word death or dead, and will use the most ingenious circumlocutions to avoid it till they hit on some peculiar term. It appears the clairvoyants can see not only dead persons but those of former ages, and the country in which they were concerned, by putting within their hands a series of things forming a succession chain. There can be no doubt that a magnificent historical panorama would be presented to the mind of the clairvoyant. A ring was traced by one back for three hundred years, and was found to be accurate for seventy or eighty years. Old historic persons have been seen in the entire costume of the olden time, the mode of *death* has been clearly seen, and all the circumstances which made the character remarkable. Mysterious indeed is this. It would appear that whatever has once happened leaves its trace somewhere, and that it is perceptible to the inner eye of which we have already made mention. The clairvoyant professes the power also of seeing the structure and interior of his own frame. “The most eloquent descriptions of the human body and all its wonders never,” says Dr. Gregory, “produced half the effect on the mind which is caused by the simple graphic

words of the clairvoyant, who is most likely altogether ignorant of anatomy, and yet sees in all their beauty and marvellous perfection, the muscles, vessels, bones, nerves, glands, brain, lungs, and other viscera, and describes the minutiae and ramifications of nerves and vessels, with an accuracy surpassing that of the most skilful anatomist. He will trace any vessel or nerve in its most complex distribution; the whole to him is transparent, bathed in delicate light and full of life and motion. Some at first are terrified on seeing these wonders, but soon learn to admire and delight in them. But it is only a certain proportion of clairvoyants who pass into that particular stage, and as experiments are most frequently made on the uneducated or half educated, they are often at a loss for words to describe what they see. I cannot doubt that when intelligent medical men shall be themselves rendered clairvoyant, some useful information will be derived from the exercise of this power."

Speech utterly fails to give any account of all the extraordinary instances gathered together by writers upon this subject—of accidents prevented, and diseases cured—of the transference of sense and of pain—of the sympathy established between absent persons—of leagues traversed by a thought, and described—of visits to planetary bodies, and wanderings with departed spirits—of messages conveyed to both worlds, through the medium of the clairvoyant—but here we must pause. Never was larger tax levied upon the public mind in the days of the most gross superstition, for credulency and belief, than is levied now from the demands of this new study. The sceptical tendency of the understanding will revolt against it; and here is a large amount of work for those who are determined to believe only when they know; but in spite of

all, there does appear every reason to conclude that most of the instances recorded by writers of respectability, are the results of genuine observation. Among the conclusions forced upon us there is this, that we are surrounded by a world of spirits. Is that a cause for trembling? We do not see them, for we have left them; they have by no means retired from us; we have so clothed ourselves in the garments of flesh that we have obscured the light by which they might be seen. Do we fear to find ourselves in their company? Do we dread their contact? Surely this should be, of all things, sweet to us. No proof can surely be more striking of our alienation from the great destiny intended us, than this, that we strive to forget our spiritual heritage, heirdom, and companionship. It seems then that we must be in the company of spirits like our own. If we shrink from the faithful, and the beautiful, and the blessed in virtue, of a strong spiritual attraction, we gather round us the dark, the unfaithful, and the sensual spirits that throw a black and sombre shadow wherever they move, and impress the affections with the weight of their evil influence. Again let us say that the deductions of Clairvoyance have put to flight the dogmatisms of sceptics. There not only is a spiritual world, but we are in it, and of it; it is all around us. Did we desire it, we might perhaps so desensualise our natures, that we might perceive our companions as the Prophets perceived "the chariots of fire and the horses of fire," as in the days of old. We, perhaps, would rather shrink back from and such spiritual apparitions.

The reflections of *Washington Irving* are so beautiful,—are so worthy to be borne in mind by those to whom such meditations are a source of

chastened pleasures, and holy delight, that we will venture to present them here to our reader.

"I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

"I have sat by the window, and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves, and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

* * * * * Walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.

"Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by

the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

"However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly-discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

"In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connexion with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist: but whence it came, and whence it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If then, we are ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshy prison-house?

"Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has

been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

“What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind, would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

“It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

“There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take

an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

“In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in, and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments, and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union.”

In the fellowship with these sweet modulations are the lines of Leigh Hunt:

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight;
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air.
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths.—Angels that *are* to be;

Or may be if they will, and we prepare,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Extracts like these, scattered humourously as flowers over our literature, assure of the deeply wrought belief of man in the reality of a spiritual world around him. He has been loth to give it up, and had poets, whose instincts have ever been so true,—and true in proportion, as they kept themselves pure,—the poets would not give up the faith; they held it fast and firm, while others could not but linger over the idea of the spirit world, and feel the reflex of some of its glories, even through the casements of their sceptic cell, they dimly perceive the truth they could not feel; they faintly apprehend what they could not describe, and went wandering about, mourning over the dead-pan of their souls.

We gave you fair notice, in the very beginning, that this would be a mere book of quotations; it has been so, with but a few words of our own interleaved between. But we will yet employ one other quotation, and our last; it may be the finest passage in our volume:—it is from the pen of THOMAS CARLYLE.

“Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic ghost? The English Johnson longed all his life to see one, but could not; though he went to Cock-Lane, and thence to the church vaults and supped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind’s eye as well as with the body’s, look round into that full side of human life he so loved? Did he never so much as look into himself? The good Doctor was a ghost, as actual as heart could wish: well nigh a

million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more, I say, sweep away the illusion of time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he? what else are we? Are we not spirits shaped into a body—into an appearance—and that fade away again into air and invisibility? This is no metaphor; it is a simple scientific fact. We start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; around us, as around the veriest spectre, is eternity; and to eternity minutes are as years and *æons*. Come there not tones of soul and faith, as from celestial harp strings, like the song of beautiful souls? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant screech-owlsh debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar, poltering, and revel, in our mad Dance of the Dead, till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still home; and dreary Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon? does the steel host, that yelled in fierce battle shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or, have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest spectre hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, hastened away? Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half hundred have vanished from it—some half hundred have arisen in it, ere the watch ticks once.

“Oh, Heaven! it is mysterious—it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future ghost within him; but are in very deed ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them, this stormy force—this life-blood, with its burning passion?

They are dust and shadow—a shadow system gathered around our *ME*—wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine grace is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior, on his strong war-horse, gives flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision—nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance! Fool! the earth is but a film: it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink below plummet's sounding! Plummet? Phantasy, herself, will not follow them. A little while ago and they were not; a little while, and they are not: their very ashes are not!

“So has it been from the beginning so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission *APPEARS*. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven saint is recalled, his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a famished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious *MANKIND* thunder and flame in long drawn quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God created fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the *Inane*, haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the *Inane*. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage: Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-prints of us is stamped in; the last rear of the

host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? oh Heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

*"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is bounded by a sleep."*

But we close for the present our excursions into DREAM LAND AND GHOST LAND. If our book has the influence it was intended to have, it will awaken in doubters and in sceptics some ideas that may guide to the conclusion that all the histories we have read are not illusionary, that they have a reality about them attesting the reality of the world whence they came; and thus those who sneer at all the ideas of a world of spirits, and believe that in dying all dies, may find that resurrection voices rebuke the fallacies of their darkened intelligence, although we indeed despair of effecting any conviction in the mind, if instead of a veritable voice we presented the form of one who had arisen from the dead."

APPENDIX I.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN ON THE CONNEXION OF MAN WITH THE UNSEEN WORLD.

It may be interesting before closing this volume, to present some citations from eminent men to whom the belief in the nearness of the Spiritual World did not appear to be a matter for scoffing and incredulity.

FICHTE, in his great work on the "Destination of Man," says:—

"Moreover it is not from to-day that this conviction exists in me. Long before conscience had spoken with its irresistible authority, I could not contemplate the actual world for a single instant, without feeling rise within me, shall I say hope? shall I say desire?—No, better than that, more than that, the irrefragable certitude of another world. At each glance I let fall on men or on nature, at every reflection engendered in my mind by the singular contrast of the immensity of man's desires and his actual misery, an interior voice would raise itself within me and say:—'Oh! nothing out of all this can be eternal; be persuaded of it, another world exists, another and a better world. * * * I eat, I drink, in order that I may eat and drink again. The grave, incessantly open, seizes its prey; I descend into it to become the food of worms; I leave behind me beings similar to myself, that they may eat and

drink until they die, themselves replaced by others similar to them, who in their turn will do the same things. Such is my life, such the world; it is a circle revolving eternally on itself; it is a fantastic spectacle, wherein all is born to die, and dies to be born again; it is a hydra with innumerable heads, never weary of devouring itself in order to reproduce itself, and reproducing itself to devour itself again. Shall I believe, then, that it is in the circle of those monstrous and eternal vicissitudes all the efforts of humanity must waste themselves in useless efforts? Shall I not rather believe that if humanity undergoes them, it is but momentarily, with the view of arriving at a state which shall remain final, in order to reach at last a place of rest, where, recovering from so many fatigues, it will remain immoveable for eternity, above the agitated waves of the ocean of ages."

Again.—"Whilst here below we weep for a man, as we should have but too just a cause for doing so were he deprived for ever of the light of the sun, were he to go wandering for eternity in those immense solitudes wherein exists not the consciousness of self, where he sunk never to emerge from them in the sombre kingdoms of nothingness; above us, other creatures, no doubt, rejoice at the birth of this man in their world new to him, as in this we rejoice at the birth of one of our children.

"May the day, then, wherein I am to rejoin him quickly arrive. I shall leave sorrow and mourning to the earth which I shall quit, and that day shall be to me the most welcome of all."

LE LOYER represents the philosophy and beliefs of his age. In his treatise on "Spectres and Apparitions, or Visions of Angels and Demons

showing themselves sensibly to Men," (1586, 4th book, page 85,) he says:—

* * * "And after him (Mahomet), I find that King Avezoar Alsuma, a great philosopher and physician, also believed in the apparition of souls; for he has left on record that having a disease in one of his eyes, and no hopes of finding a remedy, he beheld, whilst asleep, a deceased friend of his, a physician, who told him what remedies to apply to recover his sight: and Avicenna follows, for the most part, the opinion of Plato as to souls, and as Plato has termed the body the grave of the soul, so by Avicenna the body is termed the paralysis of the soul, through which it cannot freely perform its functions and actions; and as to the felicity of the soul after the body, he still agrees with Plato, except in the damnation of the damned, the punishment of whom consists, he says, in a continual sorrow at being deprived of what they have most desired, believing that there is no other torment for the soul (which is the everlasting fire) than that of being deprived of the sight of God—which doctrine Plato did not hold."

Page 88.—"Certainly the Brahmins the priestly disciples of the Bragmans, who dwell in Calcutta, in the East Indies, besides believing in the immortality of souls, think that they may be evoked by necromancy, and they are the greatest magicians in this part of the Indies."

Page 150.—"Do we require a more beautiful solution than that of St. Augustine, who, after having duly and diligently discussed the question of the apparition of the dead, at length unravels and disposes of it in this way—'If,' said he, 'we consider as false the apparitions that the faithful and Catholics declare they have seen, and if we se

so little value on the testimony of those who declare that they have seen and heard with their corporeal senses the souls of the dead, we should be rightly reputed as too bold and incredulous.' Thus, St. Augustine founds his opinion upon what the generality of men believe, and principally good faithful Christians, who, in his time, declared and maintained that souls had been seen after separation from the body."

And St. MARTIN, another distinguished French writer, says :—

"The society of the world in general has appeared to me like a theatre whereon we must continually pass our time in playing our part, wherein there is never a single moment to learn it. The society of wisdom, on the contrary, is a school wherein we constantly pass our time in learning our part, and where we only wait for the drawing up of the curtain, that is to say, till the veil of the universe has disappeared, to begin playing.

"From the way in which worldly folks spend their time, one would say that they are afraid of not being silly enough.

"Death is but one of the hours of our dial, and our dial must turn for ever.

"The hope of death forms the consolation of my days ; therefore would I that men would never say the other life, for there is but one life.

"I have seen that men were astonished at dying, and were not astonished at being born ; this, however, should more justly excite their surprise and admiration.

"Is it not grievous to the thought to see that man passes his life in learning how he should pass it ?

"Nothing is easier than arriving at the door of Truth, nothing more rare and difficult than enter-

ing it, and such is the case with most of the learned of this world.

“If after our death this world should appear to us but a trance, wherefore should we not regard it as such from this moment? The nature of things cannot change.

“As our material existence is not life, our material destruction is not death.

“Man has warnings of all, but he pays no attention to them; in fact, all is in our atmosphere, the secret is to know how to read in it.”

And MRS. CROWE says, and borrows a most interesting passage to illustrate her meaning:—

“The next that arises is, how or by what means do we see them; or, if they address us, hear them? If that universal sense which appears to me to be inseparable from the idea of spirit, be once admitted, I think there can be no difficulty in answering this question; and if it be objected that we are conscious of no such sense, I answer that, both in dreams and in certain abnormal states of the body, it is frequently manifested. In order to render this more clear, and, at the same time, to give an interesting instance of this sort of phenomenon, I will transcribe a passage from a letter of St. Augustine to his friend Evadius (Epistola 129. Antwerp edition).

“I will relate to you a circumstance,” he writes, “which will furnish you matter for recollection. Our brother Sennadius, well known to us all as an eminent physician, and whom we especially love, who is now at Carthage, after having distinguished himself at Rome, and with whose piety and active benevolence you are well acquainted, could yet, nevertheless, as he has lately narrated to us, by no means bring himself to believe in a life after death.

Now, God, doubtless, not willing that his soul should perish, there appeared to him, one night in a dream, a radiant youth of noble aspect, who bade him follow him; and as Sennadius obeyed, they came to a city where, on the right side, he heard a chorus of the most heavenly voices. As he desired to know whence this divine harmony proceeded, the youth told him that what he heard were the songs of the blessed; whereupon he awoke, and thought no more of his dreams than people usually do. On another night, however, behold! the youth appears to him again and asks if he knows him, and Sennadius related to him all the particulars of his former dream, which he well remembered. 'Then,' said the youth, 'was it whilst sleeping or waking that you saw these things?' 'I was sleeping,' answered Sennadius. 'You are right,' returned the youth, 'it was in your sleep that you saw these things; and know, oh, Sennadius, that what you see now is also in your sleep. But if this be so, tell me where then is your body?' 'In my bedchamber,' answered Sennadius. 'But know you not,' continued the stranger, 'that your eyes which form a part of your body, are closed and inactive?' 'I know it,' answered he. 'Then,' said the youth, 'with what eyes see you these things?' And Sennadius could not answer him; and as he hesitated, the youth spoke again, and explained to him the motive of his questions. 'As the eyes of your body,' said he, 'which lies now on your bed and sleeps, are inactive and useless, and yet you have eyes wherewith you see me and these things I have shown unto you, so after death, when these bodily organs fail you, you will have a vital power, whereby you will live; and a sensitive faculty, whereby you will perceive. Doubt, therefore, no longer that there is a life after

death.' And thus," said this excellent man, "was I convinced, and all doubts removed."

Fourier.—We find in his "Life and Theory," by Ch. Pellarin, 2nd edition, 1843, page 249 :—

"Fourier expressed himself as follows in a letter to Muiron, dated 3rd November, 1826 :—'it appears that Messrs. G— and P— have given up their work on magnetism; I would wager that they don't succeed with the fundamental argument. I mean that if all is knit together in the system of the universe, there must exist a means of communication between the creatures of the other world and this one; that is to say, a communication of the faculties of the ultra-mundanes or deceased, and not a communication with the latter; this participation cannot take place in the watchful state, but only in a mixed state, as sleep or something else. Have magnetisers discovered this state? I know not; but in principle I am aware that it must exist, and if it is the state of artificial somnambulism, no advantage will be derived from it so long as we are ignorant of the calculation of the sympathies of characters in identities and contrasts. For want of sorting, according to this theory, magnetisers and the magnetised, we shall undergo a score failures for one successful result, and this will give a superiority to the sceptics and detractors."

And CAMPANELLA, the great Italian Philosopher of the middle ages, says, [Madame Louise Collet's Translation,—"*Poesies*," page 67.]

"Souls in the mask of the body present, on the theatre of the world, to the dwellers in heaven, the spectacle of their agitation.

"They perform the actions and say the things for which they were born. They go from scene to

scene, and from choir to choir, sometimes sad, according to what is found to be ordained in the dramatic book.

"They neither know nor can do aught else but what infinite wisdom has inscribed therein for the good of all. (Page 142-5.)

"Death is sweet to him to whom life is bitter. He who is born in tears should die smiling. Let us at last give up these miserable rags to destiny that lends them to us at such a usurious rate. Before taking back altogether this mortal body, it demands of us our hearing, our teeth, and our eyes so dear. Take all that belongs to thee, oh avaricious earth! and wherefore bearest thou not me myself to the Styx. Happy he who escapes from time!"

(6.)

"Oh my body! a living death, nest of ignorance, sepulchre I bear with me, garment of sin and grief, weight of misery, and labyrinth of errors, thou detainest me here below by caresses and by fear, lest I should turn my eyes up to heaven, the good supreme, and my true abode; thou fearest that smitten with its beauty, I should disdain and abandon thee—a dead coal."

(1.)

Page 132.—"Wherefore this despondency, oh, my soul! thou fearest, perhaps, that I should die amidst these immense griefs; leave terror to the vulgar, thou well knowest that dying means leaving what one loves. If nothing is resolved into nothing, never he who is not dead in himself should fear aught. He who has peace within him can dread in himself no tribulation. Let no other reasoning prevail on thee, or thou wouldst be misled."

(2.)

"If a material prison did not hold thee en-

slaved, no tyrant could do so any more than he could enslave the unchained winds, the angels and the stars. Thy torments are less hurtful to thee than those who inflict them on thee; thy torments deliver thee, oh my soul; they resuscitate thee and snatch thee from thy prison and thy grave, since, for thee the body is both."

(7.)

Page 135.—"By our weak understandings and confined movements we perceive only the material things which strike the walls of our prison; but things powerful and divine escape us, for they would burst our frail envelope. We are unable to become acquainted with the secret virtues of things because our organisation presents an obstacle to our so doing. The most learned here below possess but the semblance of truth."

(2.)

Page 138.—"Oh! my soul, when thou shalt have once quitted this body, which thou now fearest to abandon, thou wilt entertain such an aversion to it, that, were God to propose restoring it to thee, formed of iron and glass, that it might fear neither shocks nor obscurity, thou wouldst refuse with tears, unless it were restored to thee wholly celestial, like that of the Saviour when he rose from the dead.

(3.)

"On beholding the immortal world, with its heavenly delights and the honours which spirits render to God, thou wilt be astonished that he should deign to cast a look on our circumscribed earth, obscure and devoid of beauty—on this earth, where resound so many blasphemies that one would say that God has forsaken it—on this earth, inhabited by hatred, death, war, and ignorance.

(4.)

“Thou wilt behold heaven and earth combating even as heat and cold : thou wilt see how, for the diversion of superior beings, nature, with all its forms, wind, water, plants, metals, and stones ; thou wilt perceive how pain and pleasure transform beings.”

The testimony of Swedenborg will, by many, be thought only worthy of ridicule ; but it may very appropriately be quoted here. During his life, he astonished his fellow citizens by several marvellous things. We will cite a few of the most interesting and best attested ones :—

1st. “A demand was made on a lady of the Court of Stockholm for a debt, which she well knew her husband had discharged previous to his decease ; but, not finding the receipt, and apprehensive of having to pay twice over, she went to Swedenborg. He told her, the following day, that he had spoken with her husband, who had told him where the receipt was. The deceased appeared also in a dream to his widow, clad in the dressing-gown he wore before his death, and told her that the receipt was in such a place, where she found it. She used to relate this strange adventure which the Queen of Sweden has since confirmed at Berlin, when on a visit to the King, her brother.

“2nd. Being at Gottenburg, sixty miles from Stockholm, he announced, three days before the arrival of the courier, the fire which ravaged Stockholm, and the precise hour it broke out, and without having received any news, he also said that his own house had been spared by the flames.

“3rd. Embarking at London, in the vessel of Captain Dixon, some one asked the latter whether he had laid in plenty of provisions, whereupon Swedenborg observed—‘ *We don’t want such a*

plenty, for in a week hence, at two o'clock, we shall be at Stockholm.' The prediction, as Captain Dixon has attested, was literally fulfilled.

Note 7.—“In 1758, a short time after the death of the King of Prussia, Swedenborg went to court, whither he was in the constant habit of going. Scarcely had he been seen by her Majesty than she said to him—‘*Monsieur, the assessor, have you seen my brother?*’ Swedenborg made answer that he had not; and the queen replied, ‘*If you should meet him, remember me to him.*’ In saying this she meant merely to pass a joke, and had no thoughts of asking him for any information concerning her brother. A week after Swedenborg went again to court, but at so early an hour that the Queen had not yet left her apartment, called the *White Room*, where she was chatting with her ladies of honour and other ladies of the court. Swedenborg waits not for the Queen’s coming out; he straightway walks into the apartment, and whispers in her ear. The Queen, struck with astonishment, faints away, and was some time before she recovered. Brought to herself again, she said to those around her, ‘*Only God and my brother could have known what he has just told me.*’ She confessed that he had mentioned to her her last correspondence with that prince, the subject of which was known only to themselves.”

Again he says,—

Art. 429.—“To throw more light on this truth that man is a spirit as to his interior, I should wish to recount, from experience, what happens when man is removed from his body, and how, through the spirit, he is removed to another place.

Art. 440.—“As to what regards the first point of being removed from his body, this is the way in which it is effected. Man is conducted into a

certain state, holding a medium between sleep and wakefulness; when he is in this state he cannot know aught else but that he watches; for all his senses are so awakened that he finds himself in the most perfect wakefulness of the body—the sight and hearing are perfect, and, most admirable in this situation, the touch, also, which finds itself more exquisite and distinct than it could ever be in the operations of the body, is most perfectly awakened. In this state it is that I have seen spirits and angels, seen them *ad vivum*, even heard them, and what first strangely surprised me, touched them, without finding scarcely any difference in them from the touch of a body. This state is the one wherein we are said to be removed from our body, and not knowing whether we are in or out of our body. I have been three or four times transported into this state, merely that I might become acquainted with the quality of this state, and, at the same time, know that spirits and angels have the enjoyment of all their senses, and that man, in like manner, enjoys them as to the spirit when removed from his body.”

Again.

Art. 447.—“The spirit of man, after the separation, remains a short time in the body, but only until the total cessation of the heart; this happens differently, according to the nature of the disease of which the man dies, for the movement of the heart in some lasts a certain time, and in others ceases at once; no sooner does this movement cease than man is resuscitated, but this is brought about by the Lord alone. By resurrection, we mean the spirit of man leaving the body, and introduced into the spiritual world; correctly speaking, this resurrection should be termed the awakening.”

Art. 462.—“I have conversed with spirits three

days after their death, and all the operations I have detailed in Nos. 449, 450, were already consummated. I have conversed with three spirits who had been known to me in their worldly life, told them that their obsequies were being prepared, and their bodies being buried at the moment I spoke to them; at the word *buried*, they were struck with the greatest astonishment, saying that they were alive, and setting in order what was of use to them in the world. Then, being better informed, they were quite astounded that all the time they had lived on earth they had not believed in the possibility of such a life after death.

"Hence, all those who come from the world into the other life are extremely surprised at perceiving that they live, and are men, as they had previously been; at perceiving that they hear, see, and speak; at perceiving that even their body enjoys the sense of touch, as before; but the most surprising of all to them, when they have ceased wondering at this new situation (No. 74), is perceiving that the Church knows nothing of such a state of man after death, and consequently, knows nothing of heaven and hell, when, nevertheless, all those who have lived in the world are now in the other life, and live as men, as they were astonished, also, that this truth was not manifested to man by vision, since it is so essential to the faith of the Church. It was told them, from heaven, that this might be done; for there is nothing more easy when it pleases the Lord, but that never would those who have been confirmed in errors against truths believe those truths, even were they to see them."

Art. 493 — "The first state of man after death is altogether similar to his state in this world, because that then it is the same with exteriors; thus,

his physiognomy, language, character—in short, his moral and civil life, are similar to what he is still on earth, unless he notices the objects which are before his eyes, and the things which have been told him by the angels at the moment of his resurrection, in order to assure him that he was now a spirit (No 450). Thus, a life is continued in another life, and death is only a passage.

“As the new spirit of man after his life in the world is such, he is then recognised by his friends and those whose society he was wont to frequent in the world; for the spirits recognise him not only by his physiognomy and language, but also by his sphere of life when they approach the newly-arrived spirit. Each, in the other life, whilst he is thinking of another, has immediately the physiognomy of the person who occupies him in his thought, and at the same time several deeds and actions of his life are retraced before his eyes; and when he is in this state of reminiscences, the object remembered becomes to him present, as if called for and brought before him. The same effect exists in the world of spirits, because the thoughts are communicated there, and because there space is no longer known as in the natural world (Nos. 191, 199). Hence, as soon as they come into the other life, they are recognised by their friends, their relations, their parents, by those even who had but a slight connection with them. They speak with each other, and in short, renew the familiarities and friendships which had united them in the natural world. Several times have I heard those who came from the world which we inhabit; they were transported with joy at beholding again their friends, and their friends participated in this joy at seeing them arrive and become reunited to them. It is a very common thing for husbands to meet

again with their wives, wives with their husbands, and congratulate each other at their meeting; then they remain together for a longer or shorter period, according to the degree of attachment they felt for each other in this world; and, in short, if a love truly conjugal had not united them (a love which is the conjunction of two souls by heavenly love,) a short time after their new reunion they separate. If the souls of married couples have lived in dissension—if they have inwardly hated each other—they now display openly their mutual aversion, and oftentimes even abuse each other and fight, without being able, however, to separate till the moment of their passage to the second state, of which I shall treat in the following article.”

“Art. 507.—When spirits are in the second state, they appear just as they were when in the physical world; then, the things which they have done and pronounced in the utmost secrecy are manifested in open day; for then, as external appearances no longer enchain them, they speak openly, endeavour to do openly things similar to those which they did and said in secret in their earthly life, no longer fearing the loss of their reputation, and no longer terrified by the other motives which kept them in check in the world; consequently, are they shown in their respective sinful states that they may appear just as they really are to the angels and good spirits who examine them. Thus it is that the most secret things are discovered—the most clandestine works unveiled. According to the words of the Lord:—‘For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.’ (St.

Luke, xii. 2, 3.) ‘But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.’ (St. Matthew, xii. 36.)”

And some even of Protestant readers will read with interest the letter addressed by a venerable and talented Catholic priest, M. Almignana, to M. Adolphe Cahagnet, in answer to questions enquiring if the apparitions are approved or condemned by the church:—

“MONSIEUR,—I herein reply to your letter of the 10th instant, in which you express to me the wish of knowing whether the belief in the apparitions of spirits individually, and in human forms, is contrary to the Catholic faith.

“After God, a pure spirit, and the father of spirits, as says the Gospel, theology admits two sorts of spirits dependent on God; these are the angels,—for the demons are fallen angels,—and the souls of men.

“I have looked over the Holy Scripture, and it supplies me with different instances of apparitions of these two sorts of spirits, individually, and in human forms.

“ANGELS.—Those are three angels who, in the form of men, appear to Abraham, and even converse with him.—Genesis, chap. xviii.

“It is an angel, also, who, in the human form, appears to Jacob, and wrestles with the holy patriarch, to give him to understand that the weakest man may do much, with the assistance of heaven. Genesis, chap. xxxii.

“It is also an angel, who, in the form of a man, appears to the young Tobias, and accompanies him on his journey in the country of the Medes. Tobit, chap. v., vi., vii.

“In short, after the resurrection of our Lord

Jesus Christ, it was an angel, who, in the form of a young man, appears to Mary Magdalen and the other Mary.—St. Matthew, chap. xxviii.

“SOULS OF DECEASED MEN.—Samuel, after descending to the grave, appears to Saul in the same form as he had on earth, through the means of the Witch of Endor, of whom God makes use to execute his holy designs, with regard to the Hebrew King.—First Book of Samuel, chap. xxviii.

“Moses, many ages after having rendered up his spirit on Mount Nebo, and Elias, long years after, having quitted the earth, appear in human forms, though surrounded with glory, on the Tabor, a high mountain, to John and James, the day of Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.—St. Matthew, chap. xvii, and St. Mark, chap. ix.

“The ‘Lives of the Saints’ furnishes us with instances of similar apparitions, and especially the ‘Life of Saint Theresa.’

“M. Chardel, formerly a counsellor of the court of Cassation, and deputy of the Seine, whose learning and good faith cannot be questioned, does he not recount to us, in his ‘Essay on Physiological Psychology,’ various apparitions of deceased persons, who, in their earthly forms, appeared to members of their family, asking them to discharge certain works of piety, such as masses and pilgrimages, promised by the deceased, but remaining unperformed at the time of their death?

“But what comes to confirm what we have just said is the honourable testimony of a man as learned as orthodox, such as the Abbe Duclos, who, in his reply to the sarcasms of Voltaire against Chap. 32 of Genesis, relative to the angel who, in the form of a man, appears to Jacob in order to wrestle with him, when he sets forth his opinion, with respect to the apparition of spirits, says to us:—

" 1st. That God is surely the master of appearing whenever he pleases, and in whatever manner he pleases.

" 2nd. That the good or wicked angels, and the souls of men may appear, but only at the order and by the permission of God.

" 3rd. That God sometimes gives such order and such permission.

" 4th. That this occurred more frequently in the early ages of the world, for reasons deserving of it.

" 5th. That this may again occur, even now, because God is still as powerful as he was at first.

" In short, that the apparitions of angels and the dead contain not more difficulties than the apparition of God himself.

" From what I have just quoted, I believe it may be rightly concluded that the belief in the apparition of spirits, in human forms and individually, is very far from being contrary to the Catholic faith, the more so as the Church has not yet pronounced against the apparitions of which you speak to me.

" As to me, monsieur, with this conviction was it, and not otherwise, that I permitted myself to wait upon you to witness a few apparitions, which, whilst surprising me have become for me a fresh proof of what we read in the holy books with respect to the apparitions of spirits in human forms, and I shall never cease, while I live, returning thanks to God for having deigned to grant me a favour so great as that of knowing physically by myself the immortality of the soul.

" As to you, monsieur, allow me to congratulate you in this—that in the midst of your humble position in the eyes of the world, God has made use of you and your modest somnambulist to confound the presumptuous *savans* of the earth, and, above

all, the proud materialists, the scourge of religion and real plague-sore of society.

"Yes, monsieur, it is thus that I view the grand magnetic phenomena which engage our attention, and I am persuaded that it was in allusion to certain apparitions of deceased persons seen by some somnambulist as privileged as our good Adele, that the Rev. Father Lacordaire, in spite of the academicians and sceptics, proclaimed from the sacred tribune, in the month of March, 1847, that *Magnetism was a divine preparation to humble the pride of materialists*. For it is certain that amongst the arguments made use of by theologians to prove the immortality of the soul, that taken from the apparition of Samuel of which I have just spoken, is one of the strongest.

"But, monsieur, if you and your modest somnambulist have a privilege so great, do not however glorify in it, seeing that it is from God alone that you have received it; for, as very wisely says the Abbe Duclos, the angels, good or wicked, can appear only at the order of God or by his permission, and you yourself acknowledge this truth, since I have perceived that all your operations are invariably preceded by prayer, imploring the favour of heaven.

"Thus, my good monsieur, far from being puffed up with your works, say with St. Paul: *Non ego, sed gratia Dei mecum*. (Yet not I; but the grace of God that was with me). It is not we who work these wonders, but the *grace* of the Lord, the divine goodness, the omnipotence of the Eternal, who has been pleased to make use of us, beings weak and imperceptible in the eyes of the world, in order to confound the mighty, and the pretended philosophers of the earth. *Infirmis mundi elegit Deus ut confundat fortia*. (And God hath chosen

the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.) It is St. Paul who speaks.

"Accept, monsieur, I beg you, the sincere expression of my respectful sentiments, with which I have the honour to be

"Your very humble and most obedient servant,

"L. A. ALMIGNANA,

• "15, Rue de l'Eglise.

"Batignolles, the 14th February, 1848."

APPENDIX II.

REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATIONS OF OMEN AND PROPHECY.

THE late King of the French, Louis Philippe, bore in his boyish days a title which he would not have borne, but for an omen of bad augury attached to his proper title. He was called the Duc de Chartres before the Revolution, whereas his proper title was Duc de Valois. And the origin of the change was this:—The regent's father had been the sole brother of Louis Quatorze. He married for his first wife our English princess, Henrietta, the sister of Charles II., (and through her daughter, by the way, it is that the house of Savoy, *i. e.* of Sardinia, has pretensions to the English throne.) This unhappy lady, it is too well established, was poisoned. Voltaire, amongst many others, has affected to doubt the fact; for which, in his time, there might be some excuse. But since then better evidences have placed the matter beyond all question. We now know both the fact, and the how, and the why. The Duke, who probably was no party to the murder of his young wife, though otherwise on bad terms with her, married for his second wife a coarse German princess, homely in every sense, and a singular contrast to the elegant creature whom he had lost. She was a daughter of the Bavarian Elector; ill-tem-

pered, by her own confession, self-willed, and a plain speaker to excess; but otherwise a woman of honest German principles. Unhappy she was through a long life; unhappy through the monotony as well as the malicious intrigues of the French court; and so much so, that she did her best (though without effect) to prevent her Bavarian niece from becoming dauphiness. She acquits her husband, however, in the memoirs which she left behind, of any intentional share in her unhappiness; she describes him constantly as a well-disposed prince. But whether it were, that often walking in the dusk through the numerous apartments of that vast mansion which her husband had so much enlarged, naturally she turned her thoughts to the injured lady who had presided there before herself; or whether it arose from the inevitable gloom which broods continually over mighty palaces, so much is known for certain, that one evening, in the twilight, she met, at a remote quarter of the reception rooms, something that she conceived to be a spectre. What she fancied to have passed on that occasion was never known except to her nearest friends; and if she made any explanations in her memoirs, the editor has thought fit to suppress them. She mentions only, that in consequence of some ominous circumstance relating to the title of *Valois*, which was the proper second title of the Orleans family, her son, the regent, had assumed, in his boyhood, that of Duc de Chartres. His elder brother was dead, so that the superior title was open to him; but, in consequence of those mysterious omens, whatever they might be, which occasioned much whispering at the time, the great title of *Valois* was laid aside for ever, as of bad augury; nor has it ever been resumed through a century and a half that have followed that myste-

rious warning ; nor will it be resumed unless the numerous children of the present Orleans branch should find themselves distressed for ancient titles, which is not likely, since they enjoy the honours of the elder house, and are now the *children of France*, in a technical sense.

A very remarkable form of superstition has been denominated *SORTILAGE*, difference paid to particular readings of scripture, or other books. We give one instance—the instance of a person who, in *practical* theology, has been, perhaps, more popular than any other in any church. Dr. Doddridge, in his earlier days, was in a dilemma both of conscience and of taste as to the selection he should make between two situations, one in possession, both at his command. He was settled at Harborough, in Leicestershire, and was “pleasing himself with the view of a continuance” in that situation. True, he had received an invitation to Northampton ; but the reasons against complying seemed so strong, that nothing was wanting but the civility of going over to Northampton, and making an apologetic farewell. On the last Sunday in November of the year 1729, the doctor went and preached a sermon in conformity with those purposes. “But,” says he, “on the morning of that day an incident happened, which affected me greatly.” On the night previous, it seems, he had been urged very importunately by his Northampton friends to undertake the vacant office. Much personal kindness had concurred with this public importunity : the good doctor was affected ; he had prayed fervently, alleging in his prayer, as the reason which chiefly weighed with him to reject the offer, that it was far beyond his forces, and chiefly because he was too young, and had no assistant. He goes on thus : —“As soon as ever this address” (meaning the

prayer) "was ended, I passed through a room of the house in which I lodged, where a child was reading to his mother, and the only words I heard distinctly were these, *And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.*" This singular coincidence between his own difficulty and a scriptural line caught at random in passing hastily through a room, (but observe, a line insulated from the context, and placed in high relief to his ear,) shook his resolution. Accident co-operated: a promise to be fulfilled at Northampton, in a certain contingency, fell due at the instant; the doctor was detained, this detention gave time for further representations; new motives arose, old difficulties were removed, and finally the doctor saw, in all this succession of steps, the first of which, however, lay in the *Sortes Biblicæ*, clear indications of a providential guidance. With that conviction he took up his abode at Northampton, continued there thirty-one years, and in fact never left the place until he left it to find his grave in Lisbon.

In this world, says a writer in Blackwood,* there are two mighty forms of perfect solitude—the ocean and the desert: the wilderness of the barren sands, and the wilderness of the barren waters. Both are the parents of inevitable superstitions—of terrors, solemn, ineradicable, eternal. Sailors and the children of the desert are alike overrun with spiritual hauntings, from accidents of peril essentially connected with those modes of life, and from the eternal spectacle of the infinite. Voices seem to blend with the raving of the sea, which will for ever impress the feeling of beings more than human: and every chamber of the great wilderness which, with little interrup-

* April, 1840.

tion, stretches from the Euphrates to the western shores of Africa, has its own peculiar terrors both as to sights and sounds. In the wilderness of Zin, between Palestine and the Red Sea, a section of the desert well known in these days to our countrymen, bells are heard daily pealing for matins, or for vespers, from some phantom convent that no search of Christian or of Bedouin Arab has ever been able to discover. These bells have sounded since the Crusades. Other sounds, trumpets, the *Alala* of armies, &c., are heard in other regions of the Desert. Forms, also, are seen of more people than have any right to be walking in human paths: sometimes forms of avowed terror; sometimes, which is a case of far more danger, appearances that mimic the shapes of men, and even of friends or comrades. This is a case much dwelt on by old travellers, and which throws a gloom over the spirits of all Bedouins, and of every *cafila* or caravan. We all know what a sensation of loneliness or "eeriness" to use an expressive term of the ballad poetry) arises to any small party assembling in a single room of a vast desolate mansion: how the timid among them fancy continually that they hear some remote door opening, or trace the sound of suppressed footsteps from some distant staircase. Such is the feeling in the Desert, even in the midst of the caravan. The mighty solitude is seen: the dread silence is anticipated which will succeed to this brief transit of men, camels, and horses. Awe prevails even in the midst of society: but, if the traveller should loiter behind from fatigue, or be so imprudent as to ramble aside—should he from any cause once lose sight of his party, it is held that his chance is small of recovering their traces. And why? Not chiefly from the want of footmarks where the wind effaces all impressions in half-an-

hour, or of eyemarks where all is one blank ocean of sand, but much more from the sounds or the visual appearances which are supposed to beset and to seduce all insulated wanderers.

Every body knows the superstitions of the ancients about the *Nympholeptoi*, or those who had seen Pan. But far more awful and gloomy are the existing superstitions, throughout Asia and Africa, as to the perils of those who are phantom-haunted in the wilderness. The old Venetian traveller Marco Polo states them well; he speaks, indeed, of the Eastern or Tartar deserts; the steppes which stretch from European Russia to the footsteps of the Chinese throne; but exactly the same creed prevails amongst the Arabs, from Bagdad to Suez and Cairo—from Rosetta to Tunis—Tunis to Timbuctoo or Mequinez. "If, during the day-time," says he, "any person should remain behind until the caravan is no longer in sight, he hears himself unexpectedly called to by name, and in a voice with which he is familiar. Not doubting that the voice proceeds from some of his comrades, the unhappy man is beguiled from the right direction; and soon finding himself utterly confounded as to the path, he roams about in distraction until he perishes miserably. If, on the other hand, this perilous separation of himself from the caravan takes place at night, he is sure to hear the uproar of a great cavalcade a mile or two to the right or left of the true track. He is thus seduced on one side: and at break of day finds himself far removed from man. Nay, even at noon-day, it is well-known that grave and respectable men to all appearance will come up to a particular traveller, will bear the look of a friend, and will gradually lure him by earnest conversation to a distance from the caravan; after which the sounds of men and

camels will be heard continually at all points but the true one; whilst an insensible turning by the tenth of an inch at each separate step from the true direction will very soon suffice to set the traveller's face to the opposite point of the compass from that which his safety requires, and which his fancy represents to him as his real direction. Marvellous, indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories reported of these desert phantoms, which are said at times to fill the air with choral music from all kinds of instruments, from drums, and the clash of arms: so that oftentimes they are obliged to close up their open ranks, and to proceed in a compact line of march."

Lord Lindsay, in his very interesting travels in Egypt, Edom, &c., agrees with Warton in supposing (and probably enough) that from this account of the desert traditions in Marco Polo was derived Milton's fine passage in *Comus*:—

"Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sand, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

But the most remarkable of these desert superstitions, as suggested by the mention of Lord Lindsay, is one which that young nobleman, in some place which we cannot immediately find, has noticed, but which he only was destined by a severe personal loss immediately to illustrate. Lord L. quotes from Vincent le Blanc an anecdote of a man in his own caravan, the companion of an Arab merchant, who disappeared in a mysterious manner. Four Moors, with a retaining fee of 100 ducats, were sent in quest of him, but came back *re infectis*. "And 'tis uncertain," adds Le Blanc, "whether he was swallowed up in the sands, or met his death

by any other misfortune ; as it often happens, by the relation of a merchant then in our company, who told us, that two years before, traversing the same journey, a comrade of his, going a little aside from the company, saw three men who called him by his name ; and one of them, to his thinking, favoured very much his companion ; and, as he was about to follow them, his real companion calling him to come back to his company, he found himself deceived by the others, and thus was saved. And all travellers in these parts hold, that in the deserts are many such phantasms seen, that strive to seduce the traveller." Thus far it is the traveller's own fault, warned as he is continually by the extreme anxiety of the Arab leaders or guides, with respect to all who stray to any distance, if he is duped or enticed by these pseudo-men : though, in the case of Lapland dogs, who ought to have a surer instinct of detection for counterfeits, we know from Sir Capel de Brooke and others, that they are continually wiled away by the wolves who roam about the nightly encampments of travellers. But there is a secondary disaster, according to the Arab superstition, awaiting those whose eyes are once opened to the discernment of these phantoms. To see them, or to hear them, even where the traveller is careful to refuse their lures, entails the certainty of death in no long time. This is another form of that universal faith which made it impossible for any man to survive a bodily commerce, by whatever sense, with a spiritual being. We find it in the Old Testament, where the expression, "I have seen God and shall die," means simply a supernatural being ; since no Hebrew believed it possible for a nature purely human to sustain for a moment the sight of the Infinite Being. We find the same faith amongst ourselves, in case of *dop-*

pelganger becoming apparent to the sight of those whom they counterfeit; and in many other varieties. We modern Europeans, of course, laugh at these superstitions; though, as La Place remarks, (*Essai sur les Probabilités*,) any case, however apparently incredible, if it is a recurrent case, is as much entitled to a fair valuation as if it had been more probable beforehand.* This being premised, we, who connect superstition with the personal result, are more impressed by the disaster which happened to Lord Lindsay, than his lordship, who either failed to notice the *nexus* between the events, or possibly declined to put the case too forward in his reader's eye, from the solemnity of the circumstances, and the private interest to himself and his own family, of the subsequent event. The case was this:—Mr. William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion (and we believe relative) of Lord Lindsay, a man whose honourable character, and whose intellectual accomplishments speak for themselves, in the posthumous memorabilia of his travels published by Lord L., had seen an array of objects in the desert, which facts immediately succeeding demonstrated to have been a mere ocular *lusus*, or (according to Arab notions) phantoms. During the absence from home

* "*Is as much entitled to a fair valuation under the laws of induction as if it had been more probable beforehand.*"—One of the cases which La Place notices as entitled to a grave consideration, but which would most assuredly be treated as a trivial phenomenon, unworthy of attention, by common-place spectators, is—when a run of success, with no apparent cause, takes place on heads or tails, (*pile ou croix*). Most people dismiss such a case as pure accident. But La Place insists on its being duly valued as a fact, however unaccountable as an effect. So again, if, in a large majority of experiences like those of Lord Lindsay's party in the desert, death should follow, such a phenomenon is as well entitled to its separate valuation as any other.

of an Arab sheikh, who had been hired as conductor of Lord Lindsay's party, a hostile tribe (bearing the name of Tellaheens) assaulted and pillaged his tents. Reports of this had reached the English travelling party; it was known that the Tellaheens were still in motion, and a hostile encounter was looked for for some days. At length, in crossing the well-known valley of the *Wady Araba*, that most ancient channel of communication between the Red Sea and Judea, &c., Mr. Ramsay saw, to his own entire conviction, a party of horse moving among some sand-hills. Afterwards it became certain, from accurate information, that this must have been a delusion. It was established, that no horsemen *could* have been in that neighbourhood at that time. Lord Lindsay records the case as an illustration of "that spiritualized tone the imagination naturally assumes, in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity;" and he reports the case in these pointed terms:—"Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sand-hills; and I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of that impression." No—and, according to Arab interpretation, very naturally so; for, according to their faith, he really *had* seen the horsemen; phantom-horsemen certainly, but still objects of sight. The sequel remains to be told—by the Arabian hypothesis, Mr. Ramsay had but a short time to live—he was under a secret summons to the next world. And accordingly, in a few weeks after this, while Lord Lindsay had gone to visit Palmyra, Mr. Ramsay died at Damascus.

This was a case exactly corresponding to the Pagan *nympholepsis*—he had seen the beings whom

it is not lawful to see and live. Another case of Eastern superstition, not less determined, and not less remarkably fulfilled, occurred some years before to Dr. Madden, who travelled pretty much in the same route as Lord Lindsay. The doctor, as a phrenologist, had been struck with the very singular conformation of a skull which he saw amongst many others on an altar in some Syrian convent. He offered a considerable sum in gold for it; but it was by repute the skull of a saint; and the monk with whom Dr. Madden attempted to negotiate, not only refused his offers, but protested that even for the doctor's sake, apart from the interests of the convent, he could not venture on such a transfer: for that, by the tradition attached to it, the skull would endanger any vessel carrying it from the Syrian shore—the vessel might escape, but it would never succeed in reaching any but a Syrian harbour. After this, for the credit of our country, which stands so high in the East, and should be so punctiliously tended by all Englishmen, we are sorry to record that Dr. Madden (though otherwise a man of scrupulous honour) yielded to the temptation of substituting for the saint's skull another less remarkable from his own collection. With this saintly relic he embarked on board a Grecian ship; was alternately pursued and met by storms the most violent; larboard and starboard, on every quarter, he was buffeted; the wind blew from every point of the compass; the doctor honestly confesses that he often wished this baleful skull back in safety on the quiet altar from which he took it; and finally, after many days of anxiety, he was too happy in finding himself again restored to some oriental port, from which he secretly vowed never again to sail with a saint's

skull, or with any skull, however remarkable phrenologically, not purchased in an open market.

Thus we have pursued, through many of its most memorable sections, the spirit of the miraculous, as it moulded and gathered itself in the superstitions of Paganism ; and we have shown that, in the modern superstitions of Christianity, or of Mahometanism (often enough borrowed from Christian sources), there is a pretty regular correspondence. Speaking with a reference to the strictly popular belief, it cannot be pretended for a moment that miraculous agencies are slumbering in modern ages. For one superstition of that nature which the Pagans had, we can produce twenty. And if, from the collation of numbers, we should pass to that of quality, it is a matter of notoriety, that from the very philosophy of Paganism, and its slight root in the terrors or profounder mysteries of spiritual nature, no comparison could be sustained for a moment between the true religion and any mode whatever of the false. Ghosts we have purposely omitted, because that idea is so peculiarly Christian,* as to reject all counterparts or affinities from other modes of the supernatural. The Christian ghost is too awful a presence, and with too large a substratum of the real, the impassioned, the human, for our present purposes. We deal chiefly with the wilder and more aerial forms of supersti-

* "*Because that idea is so peculiarly Christian.*"—One reason, additional to the main one, why the idea of a ghost could not be conceived or reproduced by Paganism, lies in the fourfold resolution of the human nature at death, viz. : 1. *corpus* ; 2. *manes* ; 3. *spiritus* ; 4. *anima*. No rever- sionary consciousness, no restitution of the total nature, sentient and active, was thus possible. Pliny has a story which looks like a ghost story ; but it is all moonshine— a mere *simulacrum*."

tion ; not so far off from fleshy nature as the purely allegoric—not so near as the penal, the purgatorial, the penitential. In this middle class, ‘Gabriel’s hounds’—the ‘phantom ship’—the gloomy legends of the charcoal burners in the German forests—and the local or epichorial superstitions from every district of Europe, came forward by thousands, attesting the high activity of the miraculous and the hyperphysical instincts, even in this generation, wheresoever the voice of the people makes itself heard.

“But in Pagan times, it will be objected, the popular superstitions blended themselves with the highest political functions, gave a sanction to national counsels, and oftentimes gave their starting point to the very primary movements of the state. Prophecies, omens, miracles, all worked concurrently with senates or princes. ‘Whereas in our days,’ says Charles Lamb, ‘the witch who takes her pleasure with the moon, and summons Beelzebub to her sabbaths, nevertheless trembles before the beadle, and hides herself from the overseer.’ Now, as to the witch, even the horrid Canidia of Horace, or the more dreadful Erichtho of Lucan, seems hardly to have been much respected in any era. But for the other modes of the supernatural, they have entered into more frequent combinations with state functions and state movements in our modern ages than in the classical age of Paganism. Look at prophecies, for example. The Romans had a few obscure oracles afloat, and they had the Sybylline books under the state seal. These books, in fact, had been kept so long, that, like port wine superannuated, they had lost their flavor and body. On the other hand, look at France. Henry the historian, speaking of the fifteenth century, describes it as a national infirmity of the English to be prophecy-ridden. Perhaps there

never was any foundation for this as an exclusive remark ; but assuredly not in the next century. There had been with us British, from the twelfth century, Thomas of Ercildoune in the north, and many monkish local prophets for every part of the island ; but latterly England had no terrific prophet, unless indeed Nixon of the Vale Royal in Cheshire, who uttered his dark oracles sometimes with a merely Cestrian, sometimes with a national reference. Whereas, in France, throughout the sixteenth century, every principal event was foretold successively, with an accuracy that still shocks and confounds us. Francis the First, who opens the century (and by many is held to open the book of modern history, as distinguished from the middle or feudal history), had the battle of Pavia fore-shown to him, not by name, but in its results—by his own Spanish captivity—by the exchange for his own children upon a frontier river of Spain—finally by his own disgraceful death, through an infamous disease conveyed to him under a deadly circuit of revenge. This king's son, Henry the Second, read some years before the event, a description of that tournament, on the marriage of the Scottish queen with his eldest son, Francis II., which proved fatal to himself, through the awkwardness of the Comte de Montgomery and his own obstinacy. After this, and we believe a little after the brief reign of Francis II., arose Nostradamus, the great prophet of the age. All the children of Henry II. and of Catharine de Medici, one after the other, died in circumstances of suffering and horror, and Nostradamus pursued the whole with ominous allusions. Charles IX., though the authorizer of the Bartholomew massacre was the least guilty of his party, and the only one who manifested a dreadful remorse. Henry III., the last of the brothers, died,

as the reader will remember, by assassination. And all these tragic successions of events are still to be read more or less dimly prefigured in verses of which we will not here discuss the dates. Suffice it, that many authentic historians attest the good faith of the prophets; and finally, with respect to the first of the Bourbon dynasty, Henry IV., who succeeded upon the assassination of his brother-in-law, we have the peremptory assurance of Sully and other Protestants, countersigned by writers both historical and controversial, that not only was he prepared, by many warnings, for his own tragical death—not only was the day, the hour, pre-fixed—not only was an almanack sent to him, in which the bloody summer's day of 1610 was pointed out to his attention in bloody colours; but the mere record of the king's last afternoon shows beyond a doubt the extent and the punctual limitation of his anxieties. In fact, it is to this attitude of listening expectation in the king, and breathless waiting for the blow, that Schiller alludes in that fine speech of Wallenstein to his sister, where he notices the funeral knells that sounded continually in Henry's ears, and above all, his prophetic instinct, that caught the sound from a far distance of his murderer's motions, and could distinguish, amidst all the tumult of a mighty capital, those stealthy steps."

When such remarks as these occur in a great and eminent journal in our age, it may be plainly seen that Ghostly lore is not extinct.