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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—J. HEINRICH
JUNG STILLING.

THERE are few biographies so replete with interest and instruction, containing such varied experiences amid all classes of society from the peasant to the prince, presenting, especially in its early chapters, such a perfect picture of rural life and character, and disclosing with such entire *naïveté* not only the successive incidents of a most diversified outward lot, but the record of inward struggles, trials, and developments, as the autobiography of Heinrich Jung Stilling. It is a German prose idyl, full of passages that remind one of the pleasant pages of Goldsmith and Irving, while in strength and religious earnestness it is not unlike much of the best writing of Bunyan. Indeed, it might be described as literally the narrative of a "Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come." Simple and devout in spirit, it is yet free from those needless peculiarities of phraseology which so often mar the usefulness of what are called "religious works," and which deter many from reading them who otherwise would be most benefited by their perusal.

The main purpose and design of this autobiography is to show that

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we will:"

that we are constantly operated upon and influenced from the invisible world, but yet so as not to interfere with our own proper freedom. It is chiefly in this aspect of his life that I present the following sketch. Stilling was born the 12th of September, 1740, at the little village of Tiefenbach, in Westphalia. His father was the village tailor and schoolmaster, his grandfather a peasant and charcoal burner; his uncle John had risen to the dignity of land surveyor, and as moreover, he had when young transformed a wooden plate into an astrolabe, and a handsome

butter box of fine beech wood into a compass, and was now occupied whenever he had leisure with perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, he was greatly respected by all the villagers, and even the schoolmaster felt a little abashed in his presence. His mother, unlike the rest of the family, was of a delicate constitution, melancholy, fond of solitude, yet tender and affectionate, very pious, and fond of the legends of her country, and especially of the neighbouring castle of Geisenberg. Heinrich had the misfortune of losing her while yet a child, a loss which he felt the more bitterly as his father, though a good, pious man, was very severe and even harsh in bringing up his son, insomuch that "he punished the smallest transgression of his commands most severely with the rod." This he believed would cause him to be docile and obedient, "capable of keeping divine and human laws;" but, as is the usual result of such treatment, from fear of chastisement the boy "sought to hide and conceal his faults, so that he gradually let himself be seduced to telling falsehoods, a propensity which afterwards gave him much trouble to overcome, even to his twentieth year." The discovery of his son's conduct caused the father to redouble his severity, but "he effected nothing more than causing Heinrich to employ every possible art to make his falsehood more probable, and thus the good Wilhelm was still deceived." Fortunately, grandfather Eberhard was a keen observer, and a better judge of human nature than his son Wilhelm, and, in the absence of Heinrich, he remonstrated with the father on the injustice and impolicy of this course, and with such good effect that the boy was kindly spoken to and reasoned with about his faults, and "was no longer chastised so much;" and soon, "his whole mode of life became somewhat more animated, free, and noble." Of his training and mode of life at this period, Stilling thus speaks:—

During this time, the whole of Wilhelm's endeavours were directed first, to the supply of his necessities, by means of his trade as a tailor; for he gave a considerable sum weekly to his parents for the board of himself and his child; next to quench every inclination of the heart which had not reference to eternity; and finally, also to educate his son in the same principles which he imagined to be true and firmly founded. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and began his work; at seven he awoke his little Heinrich, and reminded him in a familiar manner of the goodness of God, who had watched over him, by his angels, during the night. "Thank Him for it, my child," said Wilhelm, whilst dressing the boy. When this was done, he was made to wash himself in cold water, and Wilhelm then took him with him, shut the room door, and fell on his knees with him at the bedside, and prayed with the utmost fervour of spirit to God, during which the tears often flowed copiously to the ground. The boy then had his breakfast, which he was obliged to take with as much decorum and order as if he had been eating in the presence of a prince. He had afterwards to read a small portion of the catechism, and gradually learn it by rote; he was also permitted to read old and pleasing tales, adapted to the capacity of a child; some of which were religious, and others of a worldly nature, such as the *Emperor Octavian, with his Wife and Son*; the *History of the Four Children of Haymon*; the *Beautiful Melusina*, and the like.

Wilhelm never permitted the boy to play with other children; but kept him so secluded, that in the seventh year of his age he knew none of the neighbour's children, though well acquainted with a whole row of fine books. Hence it was, that his whole soul began to delight in that which was ideal; his imagination was excited, because it had no other objects than ideal persons and actions. The heroes of old romance, whose virtues were described in an exaggerated manner, fixed themselves imperceptibly in his mind, as so many objects worthy of imitation, and vice was in the highest degree repugnant to him. But because he was continually hearing of God and pious men, he was imperceptibly placed in a peculiar point of view, from whence he observed everything. The first thing he enquired after, when he had read or heard of any one, had reference to his sentiments towards God and Christ. Hence, when he had once obtained *Gotfried Arnold's Lives of the Primitive Fathers*, he could not cease from reading it; and this book, together with *Reitz's History of the Regenerate*, continued his chief delight till the tenth year of his age; but all these persons, whose biography he read, remained so firmly idealized in his imagination that he never forgot them during his whole life.

His precocity astonished the villagers, and his apt and ready replies even nonplussed the clergyman, who thenceforth took considerable interest in him, and when he was nine years old, proposed to his father and grandfather that they should let him learn Latin. After some family consultation as to the expense, it was agreed that he should go to school in the neighbouring town of Florenburgh, "with a sandwich for dinner in his pocket," to learn Latin, returning home every evening.

He soon made rapid progress in acquiring Latin, although much away from school; as his grandfather, who was very fond of him, frequently took him with him when he went to his labour in the fields, where he "spoke much with him upon man's integrity in the world, and particularly of his conduct towards God, recommending good books to him, especially the reading of the Bible."

One day Heinrich and his aunt had accompanied Father Stilling into the forest whither the old man had gone to procure firewood; he left them together in conversation while thus employed. Presently he came towards them looking "cheerful and pleasant as if he had found something," and "looked fixedly at a particular spot." Seeing their surprise, he sat down by them and gave the following relation:—

On leaving you to go into the wood I saw at a distance before me a light, just as when the sun rises in the morning, and was much surprised. "What is that?" thought I; "the sun is already standing in the heavens,—is it a new sun? It must be something strange: I will go and see it." I went toward it; as I approached there was before me a large plain, the extent of which I could not overlook. I had never seen anything so glorious in all my life!—such a fine perfume, and such a cool air proceeded from it, as I cannot express. The whole region was white with the light—the day with the sun is night compared to it. There stood there many thousand beautiful castles, one near another—castles! I cannot describe them to you! as if they were made of silver. There were also gardens, bushes, brooks. O God, how beautiful! Not far from me stood a large and glorious mansion. (The tears here flowed abundantly down the good Stilling's cheeks, as well as those of Maria and Heinrich.) Some one came towards me out of the door of this mansion, like a virgin. Ah, a glorious angel!

When she was close to me I saw it was our departed Doris! (All three now sobbed; neither of them could speak, except Heinrich, who wept and exclaimed, "O my mother, my dear mother!") She said to me, in such a friendly manner, with the very look which formerly so often stole my heart, "*Father, yonder is our eternal habitation; you will soon come to us.*" I looked, but all was forest before me; the glorious vision had departed. Children, I shall die soon; how glad am I at the thought!"

It was an ancient custom with Father Stilling with his own hands to cover every year his straw-thatched cottage. He had done this for forty-eight years, and it was to be done again this summer; but his increasing age, coupled with the vision he had seen, (which they feared foreboded some fatal accident to him), and the warning of a neighbour who affirmed that "she had heard a noise and a piteous lamentation near our house in the road," induced his family to try and restrain him from carrying out this intention, but the old man only told them that it mattered not to him whether he met his death by falling from the roof or in any other way, and calmly proceeded with his work as usual. He had so far finished it that it was only necessary to ascend the roof once more to put a few rods along the ridge. He rose early on the morning this was to have been done; when his restless manner, so unusual to him, excited the surprise of his family, who asked him what he sought, he said "Nothing. I know not. I am very well, and yet I have no rest; cannot be still anywhere, just as if there was something in me that impelled me; I also feel an apprehension of which I know not the reason." He soon resumed his wonted cheerfulness, but scarcely had he ascended the roof of his cottage when Heinrich heard a noise of some one falling. The premonitions unhappily met their accomplishment; the good old man had received a complete concussion of the brain, and in three days, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, the patriarch departed to that better land he had so recently beheld in vision.

In his fifteenth year, through the mediation of Mr. Holbein, the worthy clergyman who had placed him in the way of acquiring Latin, he was appointed schoolmaster to the neighbouring village school of Zellberg. Young Stilling was delighted—not indeed with his new duties as schoolmaster, but with the time and opportunities now furnished him for reading and study. He lived here with a worthy forester named Kruger, who had taken a great liking to him; to add to Stilling's delight, Kruger had several rare books, among them, a German translation of Homer, a treasure which filled him with rapture. Paracelsus and Jacob Boehmen were also precious relics to him. He became a great favourite, both with the children and their parents. But his stay among them was only of short duration. There was a strong feud between the Rev. Mr. Holbein and the villagers, and as

Kruger was at the head of the village faction, the clergyman, to remove Stilling from his influence determined to depose the youthful schoolmaster; and as his authority was absolute, although the Zellbergers stamped and raved at his decision, Stilling was compelled to return home, and to his old occupation of tailoring, for which he now felt the utmost disgust. The only pleasure he had being in repairing old sun-dials, and reciting stories from Homer to his grandmother. For a short time he went to Dorlingen as private tutor and schoolmaster to the farmers' children in the neighbourhood: but the field labours in the spring took away his scholars. Fortunately, after a few weary weeks at home, where he had to work as an agricultural labourer, for which his frame was wholly unfitted, the inhabitants of Leindorf, where his father dwelt, appointed him their schoolmaster, but so poor was the remuneration that he had to eke it out by working between school-hours with his father as a tailor. He however contrived to still steal a little leisure to devote to mathematics and other scientific pursuits. His reputation began to spread in the neighbourhood, and he gladly accepted the offer of a good school at Preisingen, about two leagues from Leindorf. His lodgings were here fixed for him at the house of a rich widow, who had two handsome, modest daughters. He was now in his eighteenth year, and being thrown much in their society, both girls became deeply enamoured of him, but Stilling, feeling that in his humble position he could not hope to marry either of them, suppressed every feeling of love which would often have sprung up in his heart. However creditable such conduct may have been in his circumstances, such was the effect of his reserve upon one of the sisters, that she became for a time actually insane, and left home to reside with a relative. Soon after (though not from this cause) he left Preisingen. Nor was this his last essay as schoolmaster, which he felt indeed was not his vocation, though he gladly embraced it as the only means that presented itself by which he could at once escape from the (to him) odious drudgery to which he was subject, and gratify his love of reading and study. His father had now married again, and his step-mother, after a short time, treated him harshly; his father's natural severity also returned with increased force, so that he could not remain at home. At the same time his efforts at independence had been so unsuccessful, and his prospects appeared so gloomy that he knew not what to do. He tells us that—

One morning, in bed, he revolved his circumstances over in his mind; the idea of returning to his father was dreadful to him, for agricultural labour would at length have entirely worn out his constitution; besides which, his father only gave him meat and drink; for what he earned above that he placed against

the advances he had made him in former years, when he could not subsist on his schoolmaster's pay; he, therefore, dared not think of clothes, although these in the course of the year were worn out. It was likewise painful to him to work with other masters, and he saw that he could not save for himself by it: for the weekly pay of half-a-guilder did not bring him in so much in the whole year as the most needful clothing required. Half-distracted, he threw himself out of bed, and exclaimed, "Almighty God! what must I do?" That very moment he felt as if it was said to him in his soul, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." He felt himself profoundly tranquillized, and immediately determined to go into another country.

In this determination he was confirmed by a visit from his father who came to counsel him to the same effect. "When we reflect upon the matter rationally," he said to his son, "we shall find that God's dealings with thee from the beginning have aimed at driving thee from thy native province, and what hast thou to expect here?" Their parting was painful, for with all his occasional hardness, Stilling was fond, and proud, and hopeful of his son, who always regarded him with affectionate reverence. And so, with his father's parting words—"Heinrich, go where thy Heavenly Father beckons thee. The holy angels will accompany thee wherever thou goest," ringing in his ears, Stilling set off on his wanderings, not knowing whither he should go. As he slept on a bed of straw in a humble inn, the second night of his leaving home, he tells us that "he felt the spirit of Stilling (his grandfather) breathe around him, and slept as sweetly till the morning as if he had laid upon eider down."

At Schauberg, a few leagues from Elberfeld, he called upon a clergyman who had been an acquaintance of his grandfather, who advised him to apply himself immediately to his trade till a better situation offered. On inquiring if there was any employment to be obtained for the stranger in the town, he was at once answered, "O, yes! he comes as if he had been sent for; Mr. Nagel is in great want of a workman." Grateful to the providence which he believed had so far guided him, Stilling rose early in the morning and cheerfully repaired to the workshop. He soon became a great favourite in his employer's family, and among the townsfolk; his performances on the church-organ on Sundays, and his knowledge of Latin, causing him to be regarded as somewhat of a prodigy. Here he had passed thirteen weeks very pleasantly when an incident occurred which deeply impressed him. He leaves it to philosophers and psychologists to make what they please of it, content with affirming its reality. Speaking of himself (as throughout his autobiography) in the third person, he says:—

At the end of that time, about the middle of June, he was passing one Sunday afternoon through a street in the town of Schauberg; the sun shone pleasantly, and the sky was partially covered with light clouds; he was neither meditating deeply, nor had he anything else of a particular nature in his

thoughts. He accidentally looked upwards, and with this look an unknown power penetrated his soul; he felt inwardly happy, his whole body trembled, and he could scarcely keep himself from sinking to the ground. From that time he felt an invincible inclination to live and die entirely for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men; his love to the Father of men, and to the divine Redeemer, as well as to all men, was at that moment so great that he would gladly have sacrificed his life, had it been required. He felt, at the same time, an irresistible impulse to watch over his thoughts, words, and works, that they might all be useful, agreeable, and acceptable to God. He made upon the spot a firm and irrevocable covenant with God, to resign himself henceforth entirely to his guidance, and cherish no more vain wishes; but that if it should please God that he should continue a tradesman all his life long, he would willingly and joyfully assent to it.

Three weeks after this took place, it for the first time occurred to Stilling to pay a visit to the schoolmaster of the place, a worthy and respectable man, who was already acquainted with him. The schoolmaster told him that he had just received a letter from a wealthy merchant, requesting him to point out to him a good domestic tutor. "I did not think of you until you had entered," he said to Stilling; "it now occurs to me that you would be the man for him; if you will accept the situation, there is no doubt you will obtain it." Stilling was glad to hear this, but he experienced an "unknown something" within him which continually opposed such an engagement, and which convinced him "that his present inclination proceeded from the old corrupt motive." It was, however, too strong to be resisted, and he accompanied the messenger, who came to fetch him on the following Sunday, to his new patron, Mr. Hochberg, at Holtzheim. He was received with politeness, and was for a time well treated, but his evident poverty and shabby clothing soon appear to have inspired Mr. and Madame Hochberg with suspicion of him. Stilling soon perceived that they thought meanly of him, that they looked on him as a vagabond, and not only treated him with reserve, but even carried their mistrust so far as to lock up things in his presence. He became thoroughly wretched; his distress of mind was so intense that it stamped itself upon his countenance, insomuch that people turned away from him with apprehension. This continued some months, when one morning (April 12, 1762), "at nine o'clock, as he was sitting at the table, quite retired within himself, enduring the fire of his sufferings, he suddenly felt his state completely changed: all his melancholy and pain had wholly disappeared; he felt such a delight and profound peace in his soul, that he knew not what to do for joy and felicity. He bethought himself, and perceived that he was willing to go away; he had taken this resolution without being conscious of it; he therefore rose up the same moment, went up to his bed room, and reflected upon his circumstances."

Packing his few rags into a bundle, he at once left the house and wandered northward over hill and dale without any certain

path. "His mind was now quite tranquil" although "he had not a single farthing of money in his pocket, having demanded little or nothing of his salary from Mr. Hochberg; besides which, he was hungry, he was in a wilderness, and did not know a single individual, far and wide, that was acquainted with him." He however reflected "I am God's creature, at least as much as any bird that sings in the trees, and always finds its food when it requires it." While reflecting thus, his mind was suddenly at ease, and it seemed to him as if some one whispered to him, 'Go into the town, and seek a master!'" On making enquiry in the town, he was conducted by a child to the residence of a master tailor, a small house in a remote corner of the town. On entering the parlour he found the tailor's wife spreading the cloth to dine with her children. In answer to his enquiry she said that her husband was at a loss for a journeyman, and finding that Stilling came from the same province as her husband, she at once sent for him; he willingly took Stilling into his employ; and his wife then invited him to sit down with them at table. "Thus his dinner had been already prepared for him, whilst he was wandering in the wood and reflecting whether God would that day grant him his necessary food!"

Stilling here found himself at home and in the midst of pious people. His master, Mr. Isaac, on ascertaining the state of his wardrobe supplied him with clothing, and, among other acquaintance introduced him to a Mr. Spanier, who was so pleased with Stilling that he insisted on his becoming tutor to his children. Stilling being now reconciled to and contented with his trade, would willingly have remained in it; but his remonstrances were in vain, Mr. Spanier and Mr. Isaac so urged the situation upon him that he at length accepted it. Mr. Spanier also assisted him with means to prosecute his studies, especially in the French and Greek languages, and employed him in his business in a confidential capacity, so, that as Stilling says, Mr. Spanier's house was his academy for studying farming, agriculture, and commerce. For more than four years he continued here his useful and agreeable occupations. One afternoon Mr. Spanier said to Stilling, "Preceptor,—it all at once occurs to me what you ought to do; you must study medicine." This idea seems never before to have presented itself to the mind of Stilling, but no sooner was it mentioned to him than it seemed to flash across his mind that this was the object for which God had been so long preparing him, by severe and painful trials, from his youth up.

He reflected upon all the way in which Providence had led him, and now clearly perceived why he had enjoyed such a peculiar education; why he had been obliged to learn the Latin language so early; the reason of his innate impulse for the mathematics, and the knowledge of the occult powers of nature;

why he had been rendered pliant and fit, by his many sufferings, to serve his fellow-creatures; why, for some time past, his inclination to philosophy had so much increased as to impel him to study logic and metaphysics; and, lastly, why he had felt such an inclination for the Greek language. He now knew his destiny; and from that hour he determined to study for himself, and to collect materials until it should please God to send him to the university.

He now applied to the study of anatomy and medicine, so far as to gain a general idea of the outline of those subjects. Having to travel on his employer's business into his native province, he called on his relatives to confer with them, especially his uncle John, respecting his design. The latter urged upon him that it was impracticable. The whole question he said was, "Where shall the large sum come from that is requisite for such an extensive and expensive study?" Stilling always answered with his motto, "Jehovah Jireh" (the Lord will provide). Within a few days, however, his uncle had entirely changed his mind, owing to the following circumstance. He was acquainted with a singular man, a Catholic priest, who was also a very able oculist, and celebrated far and near. He was now old, and just at this time wrote to John Stilling, informing him that—

He had most faithfully and circumstantially copied out all his ophthalmic arcana, both with respect to their application and preparation, as also an explanation of the principal diseases of the eye, with the method of cure. Now, as he was old and near his end, he wished to see this valuable manuscript in good hands—and in consideration of the firm and intimate friendship that had uninterruptedly subsisted between them, notwithstanding their differences of religion, he requested him, as a friend, to inform him whether there was not some worthy individual in his family who had a desire to study the art of medicine; that if there were he might be sent to him, and professed himself ready to commit the manuscript to him, together with other valuable medicinal matters, immediately and gratuitously, with the sole condition, that he must pledge himself to benefit poor sufferers with it at all times, without any charge. But it ought to be some one who intended to study medicine, in order that the things might not fall into a bungler's hands. This letter had entirely changed John Stilling's mind with respect to his nephew. That he should just arrive at that period, and that Mr. Molitor should fall upon this idea at the very time when his nephew intended to study medicine, seemed to him a most convincing proof that God had his hand in the matter; he therefore said to Stilling, "Read this letter, nephew! I have nothing more to object to your plan. I see it is the finger of God!"

John Stilling therefore immediately wrote a very friendly and grateful letter to Mr. Molitor, and most warmly recommended his nephew to him. With this letter Stilling walked the next morning to the little town where Mr. Molitor lived. On arriving there he inquired for the gentleman, and was shown a pretty little house. Stilling rang the bell, and an aged female opened the door to him, and asked who he was. He answered, "My name is Stilling, and I wish to speak with the clergyman." She went up-stairs, and the old man himself came down, welcomed his visitor, and led him up into his little cabinet. Here he presented his letter. After Mr. Molitor had read it he embraced Stilling, and inquired into his circumstances and intentions. The latter continued with him the whole day, looked at his laboratory, his convenient surgery, and his little library. "All this," said Mr. Molitor, "I will leave you in my will before I die."

The next day he gave up the manuscript to Stilling, with the condition that he should transcribe it and return him the

original, which he pledged himself he would give to no one else. In four weeks, Stilling had transcribed the manuscript. On going to his friend to return the original, he found that he had died suddenly of apoplexy the week before.

Stilling now began to practise as an oculist, and the fame of his cures soon spread around. Very soon he had sufficient patients at Rasenheim and at Elberfeld (the latter a town about four leagues distant), to require his visits every fortnight from Saturday to Monday. At Rasenheim he became intimate with a merchant named Freidenberg. The circumstances of Stilling's betrothal to the daughter of this worthy man is so singular that I here transcribe it. She was at the time a consumptive weakly female on a sick bed. Stilling had not seen her till one evening, when, on his return from acting as sponsor to one of the children, at Mr. F.'s invitation, he went up with him to the invalid's chamber. She was cheerful and sociable, and they conversed on religious topics. She was often subject to attacks of so serious a nature that some one was obliged to sit up with her all night. Her brother and Stilling on this occasion agreed to sit up together. Soon after midnight, as she seemed to have gone into a sleep, her brother quietly left the room to prepare coffee. Stilling, on hearing her move, asked how she had slept. She answered—

"I have lain in a kind of stupor. I will tell you something, Mr. Stilling! I have received a very lively impression on my mind, respecting a subject which, however, I must not mention to you till another time." At these words Stilling was powerfully struck; he felt from head to foot a trepidation he had never before experienced, and all at once a beam of light penetrated through his soul like lightning. It was evident to his mind what the will of God was, and what the words of the sick maiden signified. With tears in his eyes he arose, bent over the bed, and said, "I know, dear miss, what impression you have received, and what the will of God is." She raised herself up, stretched out her hand, and replied, "Do you know it?" Stilling put his right hand into hers, and said, "May God in heaven bless us; we are eternally united!" She answered, "Yes, eternally so!"

Subsequent reflection filled Stilling with anxiety. He wrote a long letter to Mr. F——, enclosing also one for Christina, who related to her mother everything that took place between them. Her parents, it may be imagined, were greatly perplexed, but believing it to be the will of God, they consented to receive Stilling as their future son-in-law.

The following autumn he resolved to betake himself to a university. "He had not yet made choice of one, but waited for an intimation from his Heavenly Father; for since he intended to study simply from faith, it was necessary he should not follow his own will in anything." Just at this time a friend told him that Mr. Troost, a neighbour, was going to spend the winter at Strasburg, and advised Stilling to go with him. While speaking of him, Mr. Troost entered the room. They

were mutually pleased with each other, and Mr. Troost entered heartily into his friend's proposal, and Stilling, believing this was the intimation he sought, agreed with it. Mr. Troost was just the man fitted to be a companion to Stilling; friendly, kind-hearted, religious, a man who knew the world, and was well acquainted with Strasburg. Stilling says that he led him safely through, where, without him he would have stumbled a hundred times. "Thus kind was his Heavenly Father towards him, so that he even provided him with a guardian, who could not only assist him in word and deed, but from whom he could also receive instruction and direction in his studies; for certainly Mr. Troost was an able and experienced surgeon."

Forty rix-dollars was the whole of Stilling's property on setting out for Rasenheim. They were compelled to remain eleven days at Frankfort, waiting for an opportunity to proceed further; indeed, Mr. Troost could not leave sooner: his money consequently melted away in such a manner, that two days before his departure for Strasburg he had only a single rix-dollar left, and this was all the money he had in the world. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. However, notwithstanding his courage, he was still uneasy; he walked about, and prayed inwardly to God. Meanwhile, he happened to reach the Römerberg, and there met with a merchant from Elberfeld, who knew him well, and was also a friend of his; I will call him Liebmann.

Mr. Liebmann saluted him in a friendly manner, and asked him how it fared with him. He answered, "Very well." "I am glad of it," rejoined the other; "come this evening to my apartment, and sup with me on what I have." Stilling promised to do so, and Mr. Liebmann then showed him where he was lodging. In the evening he went to the place appointed. After supper Mr. Liebmann began as follows:—"Tell me, my friend, who furnishes you with money to enable you to study?" Stilling smiled and answered, "I have a rich Father in heaven; He will provide for me." Mr. Liebmann looked at him, and continued, "How much have you at present?" Stilling answered, "One rix-dollar—and that is all." "So!" rejoined Liebmann; "I am one of your Father's stewards; I will therefore now act the paymaster." On this he handed over thirty-three rix-dollars to Stilling, and said, "I cannot at present spare more; you will find assistance everywhere. If you are subsequently able to return me the money, well!—if not, it is no matter." Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes. He thanked him heartily for his kindness, and added, "I am now rich enough. I do not wish to have more." This first trial made him so courageous, that he no longer doubted that the Lord would certainly help him through every difficulty.

At Strasburg, at the table-d'hôte, they particularly noticed a young man who came in very briskly, with large bright eyes, beautiful forehead, and handsome figure. This person attracted the eyes of Mr. Troost and Stilling; the former said to the latter, "What a fine-looking man!" Stilling was of the same opinion; however, he thought that they would both have much trouble with him, because he looked upon him as a wild young fellow; this he inferred from the freedom of manner assumed by the student; however, Stilling was mistaken. Meanwhile they heard that this remarkable individual was called "Goethe."

His thirty-three rix-dollars soon melted down again to a single

one, on which account therefore he began again to pray fervently. God heard and answered him; for just at the time of need, Mr. Troost began to say to him one morning, "You have, I believe, brought no money with you; I will lend you six Carolines (about five pounds) until you receive a remittance." Although Stilling knew as little where a remittance as money was to come from, yet he accepted this friendly offer, and Mr. Troost paid him six louis-d'-ors. *Who was it that excited the heart of his friend to make this offer at the very moment when it was needed?*

After Martinmas, lectures on midwifery were announced, and those who were desirous of attending them, were invited. This was a principal thing with Stilling: he therefore presented himself, on the Monday evening, with others, in order to subscribe. He had no idea but that these lectures would be paid for, like the others, after they were ended; but how was he dismayed, when the doctor announced that the gentlemen would please pay six louis-d'-ors each for the lectures, the following Thursday evening! There was, therefore, an exception in this case, and that for a good reason. Now, if Stilling did not pay on the day fixed, his name would be struck out. This would have been disgraceful, and would have weakened the credit which Stilling absolutely required. He was therefore at a loss what to do. Mr. Troost had already advanced him six louis d'ors, and there was still no prospect of being able to return them. As soon as Stilling entered his apartment, and found it empty—for Mr. Troost was gone to attend a lecture—he shut the door after him, threw himself down in a corner, and wrestled earnestly with God for aid and compassion. The Thursday evening however arrived without anything of a consoling nature manifesting itself. It was already five o'clock; and six was the time that he ought to have the money. Stilling's faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his whole face was wet with tears. He felt no more courage or faith, and therefore he looked forward to the future as to a hell with all its torments. Whilst he was pacing the room occupied with such ideas, some one knocked at the door. He called out, "Come in!" It was their landlord, Mr. R—. He entered the room, and after the customary compliments, he began, "I am come to see how you are, and whether you are satisfied with your lodging." (Mr. Troost was still not there, and knew nothing of Stilling's present struggles.) Stilling answered, "Your inquiries after my health do me much honour; I am well, thank God! and your apartment is quite according to the wish of both of us." Mr. R— rejoined, "I am very glad of it, particularly as I see you are such well-behaved and worthy people. But I wished particularly to ask you one thing—have you brought money with you, or do you expect bills?" Stilling now felt like Habbakuk, when the angel took him by the hair of his head to carry him to Babylon. He answered, "No, I have brought no money with me." Mr. R— stood, looked at him fixedly, and said, "For God's sake, how will you be able to proceed?" Stilling answered, "Mr. Troost has already lent me something." "But he requires his money himself," rejoined Mr. R—. "I will advance you money—as much as you need; and when you receive your remittance, you need only give the bill to me, that you may have no trouble in disposing of it. Are you in want of any money at present?" Stilling could scarcely refrain from crying out; however, he restrained himself, so as not to shew his feelings. "Yes," said he, "I have need of six louis d'ors this evening, and I was at a loss." Mr. R— was shocked, and replied, "Yes, I dare say you are! I now see that God has sent me to your assistance," and went out of the room. Stilling felt at this moment like Daniel in the lion's den, when Habbakuk brought him his food; he was overpowered by his feelings, and was scarcely aware of Mr. R—'s re-entering the room. This excellent man brought eight louis d'ors, handed them to him, and went away.

Mr. Liebmann, about this time was on a visit to Mr. Friedenbergr at Rasenheim, and one day while sitting together—

The conversation turned upon their friend at Strasburg. Liebmann was never weary in relating how Mr. Troost commended Stilling's industry, genius, and good success in his studies. Friedenbergr and his family, particularly Christina, were heartily delighted at it. Liebmann could not comprehend whence he had his money, any more than Friedenbergr. "Well," continued Liebmann, "I wish some friend would join with me; we would remit him, for once, a considerable sum." Mr. Friedenbergr perceived this leading of Providence, and he could scarcely refrain from tears. But Christina ran up-stairs into her room, casting herself before God, and prayed. Friedenbergr replied, "I will join with you in it." Liebmann rejoiced, and said, "Well, then, do you count out one hundred and fifty rix-dollars; I will add as many more to them, and send off the bill to him." Friedenbergr willingly did so. A fortnight after the severe trial of faith which Stilling had endured, he received, quite unexpectedly, a letter from Mr. Liebmann, together with a bill for three hundred rix-dollars. He laughed aloud, placed himself against the window, cast a joyful look towards heaven, and said, "This is only possible with Thee, thou Almighty Father! may my whole life be devoted to Thy praise!" He now paid Mr. Troost, Mr. K—, and others to whom he was indebted, and retained enough to enable him to get through the winter.

The following is a clear instance of presentiment. Stilling was one day studying in his own apartment, when

At nine o'clock a sudden panic seized him; his heart beat like a hammer, and he knew not what was the matter with him. He rose up, paced the room, and felt an irresistible impulse to set off home. He started at this idea, and considered the loss he might sustain both with regard to money and with respect to his studies. He at length believed it was only a hypochondriacal chimer; he therefore strove to repel it from his mind by force, and sat down again to his studies. But the uneasiness he felt was so great that he was obliged to rise up again. He was now really troubled; there was something in him which powerfully urged him to return home. Stilling knew not whither he should look for counsel or comfort. He represented to himself what people might think of him were he to travel fifty German miles at a venture, and perhaps find everything at home in the best situation. But as his anxiety and the impulse he felt still continued, he betook himself to prayer, and besought the Lord, if it were His will that he should travel home, to give him an assurance respecting the cause of it.

While thus engaged in silent prayer, a letter was brought into his room from Mr. Friedenbergr, informing him that his betrothed was so seriously ill that, according to all human appearance, she would not outlive many days. Stilling hastened to Rasenheim, and "had the presentiment that he would find his Christina still alive, and that she would get better." For three days and nights he watched beside the sick bed, it being thought that every day would be her last. Contrary to expectation she recovered, and her marriage with Stilling was performed by her bedside on the 17th June, 1771.

Returning to Strasburg, he passed his examination with great credit, and received his doctor's diploma. Stilling now removed to Elberfeld, in the hope to establish himself there in the exercises of his profession. But what a prospect for the newly married couple! Their whole stock of household effects made

but a poor inventory. And then the cost! "Their funds consisted of five rix-dollars in ready money, and that was all! Really, really, it required great confidence in the paternal providence of God in order to sleep quietly the first night; and yet Stilling and his consort slept well, for they did not doubt for a moment that God would provide for them." And God did provide for them in a wonderful way. "Every morning on awaking the question recurred to him (Stilling) with redoubled force, 'How shall I find subsistence this day?' for the case was very rare that he had money enough for two days." But, though "put to the severest tests, Providence never forsook him, but came to his aid in a visible and wonderful manner." Sometimes, when the case was urgent, money would come in from some quite unexpected quarter, literally, at the very instant it was needed. Thus, on one occasion, he had to pay a man who could not be sent away two dollars. The amount was small, but Stilling had not half a guilder in the house.

Stilling's heart beat, and he wrestled with God. All at once, a man came to the door with his wife; the good people were from Dornfeld; Stilling had healed the man of a painful disease some weeks before, and had charged him, in his account, for the end of the year. After the customary salutations, the man began: "I have just been receiving money; and as I was passing your door, it occurred to me that I had no need to let my account stand over till next year; I, therefore, wish to settle it now. You, perhaps, may be able to make use of the money." "Very well," replied Stilling; so saying, he went and fetched the book, made out the account, and received ten rix-dollars. Stilling frequently met with examples of this kind, by which he was much strengthened in his faith, and encouraged to persevere.

Thus, at another time, when in straits, a lady residing more than fifty miles distant, and to whom he was known only by his writings, felt herself inwardly impelled to send him twenty louis-d'ors, which she did, writing him that he would know well enough how to apply it, and for what purpose. And, at a later period, he writes:—"Notwithstanding the desperate situation of his affairs, however, what was needful never failed him; Stilling had never anything beforehand, but when it was required it was there."

Stilling's experience, too, in his vocation was somewhat singular. "As long as he laboured, unobserved, amongst the poor and the lower class, he performed excellent cures, and was successful in almost every case; but no sooner had he to attend one of the higher class, to whom many eyes were directed, than all was in vain; his sphere of action, therefore, continued limited to people who could pay him but little." Not only did he thus attend the poor, frequently without remuneration, but allowed medicines to be made up for them at the apothecary's on his own account, and otherwise assisted them, so that he not only did not reserve for himself the money he received, but plunged himself into debt. This may have been done partly from thoughtlessness

and disregard for money, but it was certainly, in part at least, the outworking of a conviction that it was the duty of every Christian, and especially of every physician, to do good on every occasion that offered, without calculation, irrespective of personal interest, and in simple confidence in God.

One morning he had been visiting the sick when he was accosted by a poor woman who had been blind some years, and who requested him to look at her eyes. He did so, and told her that it was a cataract, but that it might possibly be cured by a skilful operator. The woman insisted upon his performing the operation. In vain Stilling protested his inexperience—that he had never performed an operation—that if he failed it might be afterwards impossible to cure her. She would take no denial—she would run the risk—and even went so far as to say she would accuse him at the day of judgment if he did not help her. Stilling consulted his professional friends, who advised him to undertake the operation. He did so: it was entirely successful. Other blind people soon came to him on whom he successfully performed the operation. Here again, his success was greatest among the poor, on whom he operated gratuitously, so that he received little emolument from his success. In his old age he declared that he had “operated upon upwards of fifteen hundred of blind people” (supporting too many of them in the hospital at his own expense); and, he says, “I testify by all that is true, that I did not contribute in the least degree towards my becoming an oculist, nor to the extraordinary blessing which has attended my practice as an oculist. This is entirely the Lord’s guidance.”

Stilling’s acquaintance with Göethe (as well as that he had also formed with Lavater, Herder, and other distinguished contemporaries) had ripened into friendship. Stilling had written a narrative of his early life, and Göethe, who had seen it, one day took with him the manuscript that he might read it at home at his leisure. Stilling had almost forgotten it, when, two years after, it was recalled to his remembrance in an unexpected manner. As his landlord wished to occupy the house Stilling rented, he was under the necessity of removing, and another house was taken for him.

But here he had a dreadful trial to sustain; he had hitherto been able to pay the seventy dollars house rent regularly every year; but he had not at that time a single farthing in hand, and, according to the law, he was not permitted to remove until the rent was duly paid. The want of credit and money likewise rendered him timid in requesting his landlord to have a little patience; there was, however, no other remedy. Oppressed with extreme sorrow, he therefore went to him, and besought his landlord, who was a worthy and upright merchant, but punctual and severe, to allow him a little more time. The merchant reflected a little, and said, “Remove, if you choose; but with the condition that you pay in a fortnight.” Stilling, firmly confiding in the Divine aid, promised

to settle everything by that time, and removed into his new habitation. The cheerfulness of the house, the prospect of the beauties of nature, the convenient accommodation, and in short every circumstance, certainly contributed much to alleviate his painful feelings; but the difficulty itself was not yet removed, and the gnawing worm remained. The end of the fourteen days drew near, and there was not the slightest appearance of obtaining the seventy dollars. The iron now again entered into poor Stilling's soul; he often ran up to his chamber, fell upon his face, wept, and entreated help of God; and when his vocation called him away, Christina took his place; she wept aloud, and prayed with such fervour of spirit as might have moved a stone; but there was no trace of obtaining so much money. At length the dreadful Friday arrived; both prayed incessantly the whole morning during their occupations, and their heart-rending anxiety caused ardent ejaculations to ascend continually. At ten o'clock the postman entered the door—in one hand he held his receipt-book, and in the other a letter, the contents of which were heavy. Stilling took it, full of expectation; the superscription was in Göethe's hand, and under the address was written, "Enclosing one hundred and fifteen rix dollars in gold." He broke open the letter with astonishment, read it, and found that his friend Göethe, without his knowledge, had caused the commencement of his history to be published, under the title of *Stilling's Youth*, and this was the sum obtained for the copyright. Stilling quickly signed the receipt, in order to send the postman away; the married couple then fell upon each other's necks, wept aloud, and praised God for his signal interposition. During Stilling's last journey to Frankfort, Göethe had received his call to Weimar, and had there procured the publication of Stilling's history.

Councillor Eisenhart, of Manheim, had formed a society at Ritterburg, for the prosecution of civil and political science. He had become acquainted with Stilling at Strasburg, and, as the result of some correspondence between them, Stilling wrote several essays on political economy, which were read to the society, and met with such favour that he was soon honoured with a patent as foreign member of the Electoral Palatine Society of Political Economy. A more substantial result was that Eisenhart soon after wrote him a proposal to accept a Professorship of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary Art in the Provincial Academy at Rittersberg, to which was attached an annual stipend of six hundred guilders, beside lecture money, which might increase it two or three hundred guilders more. Stilling was delighted with the radiant prospect.

From his youth up, public speaking, elocution, and declamation had been his greatest delight, and in these he had always enjoyed much approbation; lungs and voice—all were formed for speaking in public. But he had never been able to cherish the most distant hope of becoming Professor, although it was his highest wish; for he had neither success nor celebrity in the medical profession, and both were requisite for that purpose; and he knew of no other department in which he might have been placed. But what is there that is impossible to Providence? It created for him a new sphere of action, in which little had been accomplished, and where he found enough to do. He reviewed his attainments in knowledge, and found to his extreme astonishment, that he had been imperceptibly forming for this vocation from his cradle. Brought up amongst farmers, he had learnt agriculture, and had himself repeatedly performed all its attendant labours. "Who can teach it better than I?" thought he to himself. He had lived long in the woods, amongst foresters, charcoal-burners, wood cutters, &c., and was, therefore, perfectly acquainted with the practical part of these things. Surrounded from his youth up with miners of

every description, with iron, copper, and silver-smelters, with bar-iron, steel, and spelter-founders and wire-drawers, he had become thoroughly acquainted with these important manufactures, and had also himself had the management for seven years together, at Mr. Spanier's, of estates and foundries; while at the same time, he perfectly understood commerce in all its branches, and was practised in all. And in order that he might not be deficient in the fundamental and auxiliary sciences, Providence had very wisely directed him to the study of medicine, in which Physic, Chemistry, Natural History, &c., are indispensable. In reality, he had laboured through these sciences, and especially Mathematics, with greater predilection than all the rest, so that even in Strasburg he had read a lecture upon Chemistry; the veterinary art was also easy to him, as a practical physician. Finally, he had made himself acquainted, in Elberfeld, with all sorts of manufactures; for an irresistible impulse had always predominated in him, to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of trade, without knowing why. Besides all this, he had uninterruptedly exercised himself in lecturing; and . . . had been, from his youth up, extraordinarily fond of history, and had studied it intently; he had, therefore, attained a good acquaintance with matters of government. . . . The period now approached when he was to leave Elberfeld and remove to Rittersburg. October was already far advanced, the days were short, the weather and the roads bad; and finally, he was under the necessity of commencing his lectures with the beginning of November. However, there was previously still a steep cliff to climb—eight hundred guilders must be paid before he could remove. Many friends advised him to assign over his goods, and to give up all to his creditors. But this was not according to Stilling's views of propriety. "No, no," said he, "every one shall be paid to the uttermost farthing. I promise this in the name of God; He has been my guide, and certainly will not let me be confounded. I will not make myself a knave, and abandon the school of my heavenly Father." "It is all very well," answered they; "but what will you do now? You are unable to pay; and if you are arrested, and your furniture seized, what will you then do?" "I leave all that to God," rejoined he, "and do not trouble myself about it, for it is His affair." He consequently began to pack up, and forward to Frankfort what he intended to take with him, and appointed a day for selling the rest by auction. Everything passed over quietly, and no one stirred; he sent away furniture and received money without any one interfering; he even took places in the stage to Rüsselstein for himself, his wife, and the two children, for the following Sunday, consequently a week beforehand. Meanwhile he was privately informed that a couple of his creditors had concerted together to have him arrested; for, as the little household furniture he possessed was altogether of trifling value, they had not troubled themselves about it; but believed that if they thus hindered him in his course, people would be found to liberate him. Stilling inwardly trembled with anxiety, yet still he firmly trusted in God. The following Thursday his friend Troost entered the door, with a cheerful, smiling countenance, and tears in his eyes; his pockets seemed loaded. "Friend," he began, "things go again in Stilling's fashion." So saying, he drew out a linen bag, filled with French dollars, and threw it upon the table. Stilling and Christina looked at each other, and began to weep. "How is that?" said he to his friend Troost. "It is as follows," answered the latter. "I was at a certain merchant's," whose name he mentioned; "I knew that you owed him sixty dollars, and begged him to remit the debt. The merchant smiled and said, 'Not only so, but I will present him with sixty in addition to it; for I know how much he is straitened.' He paid, therefore, the money, and there it is; you have now nearly the eighth part of what you need; but I will give you a little advice: to-morrow you must take leave of all your acquaintances, in order that you may spend Saturday quietly, and thus prepare for your journey. Be comforted, and see what God will do for you." Stilling followed this advice, and on the Friday morning began to take leave. The first to whom he went was a rich merchant. As he entered the door the latter came to meet him, and said, "Doctor, I know you are come to take leave. I have never mistaken your character; you were always a man of integrity, but I could not employ you as a physician, for I was satisfied with my own. God has raised me from the dust, and made me what I

am; I acknowledge how much I am indebted to Him; have the goodness to receive this acknowledgment in His name; do not shame me by a refusal, nor sin through pride." So saying, he embraced and kissed him, and put into his hand a little roll of twenty ducats, consequently a hundred guilders. Stilling was petrified with astonishment, and his noble-minded benefactor hastened away. Amazement seized him by the hair of his head, as the angel did Habbakuk; he was lifted up on high by the greatness of his joy, and proceeded further. But why do I detain my readers?—acknowledgments were pressed upon him with the greatest delicacy and consideration; and in the evening, when he had finished his round and returned home, and counted the money over, how much had he?—exactly eight hundred guilders, neither more nor less!

Stilling remained at Rittersberg till 1784, when the Academy of Political Economy there was removed to and incorporated with the ancient University of Heidelberg, where his fidelity and diligence caused the Elector to confer upon him the patent of Electoral Aulic Counsellor, and where so greatly was he honoured, that when he delivered his oration on the celebration of its fourth centenary, he received the thanks of the elector's representative, and was embraced by the grandees of the Palatinate in their stars and orders, and by the principal deputies of the imperial cities and universities. In 1786 he was appointed Professor of the Economical Financial and Statistical Sciences at the University of Marburg, with a liberal salary and a respectable provision for his wife in case of his death.

Of his domestic life—its joys, griefs, bereavements—and of his various works on political and economical science, as well as his contributions to the lighter literature of his country, it is not necessary here to speak, but there are some of his works to which a brief allusion must be made. The one by which he is best known in this country is his *Theory of Pneumatology*. In this work he gives several instances of presentiments, visions, apparitions, &c. Its object (like that of the *Spiritual Magazine*, being "to overthrow the system of Materialism and consequent infidelity, to place undeniable supernatural phenomena upon their proper basis, to cast a clear and evident light upon the state of the soul after death, and to promote personal holiness in heart and life." His conclusions concerning spirits and the spirit-world, in the main, agree with those Spiritualists generally deduce from analogous phenomena at the present day. The narratives in this work were communicated to him by various persons, chiefly in consequence of two works of a somewhat kindred nature which he had written—*Scènes in the Invisible World*, and *Nostalgia* (literally Home-ache). The main idea of this latter work is similar to that of *The Pilgrim's Progress*—the journey of a Christian to his heavenly home. Stilling tells us that his state while labouring on it was "utterly indescribable."

His spirit was as if elevated into the ethereal regions; a feeling of serenity

and peace pervaded him, and he enjoyed a felicity which words cannot express. When he began to work ideas glistened past his soul, which animated him so much that he could scarcely write with the rapidity which the flow of ideas required. This was also the reason why the whole work took quite another form, and the composition quite another tendency, to that which he had proposed at the commencement. He experienced, besides, another singular phenomenon—in the state between sleeping and waking the most beautiful, and as it were paradisaical scenery presented itself to his inward senses. He attempted to delineate it, but found it impossible. With this imagery there was always a feeling connected, compared with which all the joys of sense are as nothing;—it was a blissful season! This state of mind lasted exactly as long as Stilling was engaged in writing the *Nostalgia*; that is, from August, 1793, to December, 1794, consequently full a year and a quarter.

This work had a wonderful success. From every province in Germany, and from persons in all ranks, he received a multitude of letters expressing the warmest approval of it. Its popularity extended throughout northern Europe, and to America; and not a few learned sceptics received from it a conviction of the truth of Christianity. There is a circumstance in connection with it of so remarkable a kind that I give it in Stilling's own words: He says:—

One morning, in the spring of the year 1796, a handsome young man, in a green silk-plush coat, and otherwise well-dressed, came to Stilling's house at Ockershausen. This gentleman introduced himself in such a manner as betrayed a polished and genteel education. Stilling inquired who he was, and learnt that he was the remarkable —. Stilling was astonished at the visit; and his astonishment was increased by the expectation of what this extremely enigmatical individual might have to communicate. After both had sat down, the stranger began by saying that he wished to consult Stilling relative to a person diseased in the eye. However, the real object of his visit pressed him in such a manner that he soon began to weep, kissed first Stilling's hand, then his arm, and said, "Sir, are you not the author of the *Nostalgia*?" "Yes, sir." "You are therefore one of my secret superiors!" (here he again kissed Stilling's hand and arm, and wept almost aloud.) Stilling: "No, dear sir! I am neither your nor any one else's secret superior. I am not in any secret connection whatever." The stranger looked at Stilling with a fixed eye and inward emotion, and replied, "Dearest friend, cease to conceal yourself! I have been tried long and severely enough; I thought you knew me already." Stilling: "No, Mr. —. I assure you solemnly that I stand in no secret connection, and in reality understand nothing of all that you expect from me." This speech was too strong and too serious to leave the stranger in uncertainty; it was now his turn to be astonished and amazed. He therefore continued: "But tell me, then, how it is that you know anything of the great and venerable connection in the East, which you have so circumstantially described in the *Nostalgia*, and have even minutely pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount Sinai, in the monastery of Canobin, and under the temple at Jerusalem?" Stilling: "I know nothing at all of all this; but these ideas and conceptions presented themselves in a very lively manner to my imagination. It was therefore mere fable and fiction." "Pardon me, the matter is in truth and reality as you have described it; it is astonishing that you have hit it in such a manner—this cannot possibly have come by chance!" The gentleman now related the real particulars of the association in the East. Stilling was astonished and amazed beyond measure; for he heard remarkable and extraordinary things, which are not however of such a nature as can be made public. I only affirm that what Stilling learnt from this gentleman had not the most remote reference to political matters. About the same time a certain great prince wrote to him, and asked him *whence it was that he knew anything of the association in the East; for*

the thing was as he had described it in the Nostalgia. The answer in writing was naturally the same as that given verbally to the above-mentioned stranger. Stilling has experienced several things of this kind, in which his imagination exactly accorded with the real fact, without previously having the least knowledge or presentiment of it.

The *Nostalgia* did much to impress Stilling with the conviction that henceforth his labours should be directed chiefly to counteract those irreligious principles and sentiments which had set in like a flood over the Continent, especially France and Germany, a conviction which was strengthened by almost every letter he received, calling upon him to devote himself exclusively and entirely to the service of religion. But the hindrances to a compliance with this call, as he regarded it, seemed insuperable. However, as Stilling remarks, "when Providence intends to accomplish anything, it does not do so by halves, but entirely;" and in order that he might attend solely to religious authorship and oculistic practice, Providence inclined the heart of the Elector of Baden to appoint him Counsellor of Justice to the Supreme Electoral Court at Manheim, with a salary which, though less than that he had been receiving as Professor, enabled him to devote himself to this as his final vocation for the remainder of his life.

The following may, I think, be fairly regarded as an instance of spiritual impression or presentiment. He was writing a letter to his friend, Antistes Hess, of Zurich, when—

In the midst of writing, just as he was reflecting upon the state in which Switzerland then was, he felt in his mind, all at once, a deep impression, with the conviction that *Lavater would die a bloody death—that of a martyr.* These last words, "*a martyr's death,*" was the expression which he peculiarly felt. Something was also connected with it, *which cannot yet be disclosed.* It is natural that Stilling was much astonished at it; and during this astonishment he felt also convinced that he ought to mention the matter in this letter to Hess; he did so, and requested him, at the same time, to take an opportunity of telling it to Lavater.

Stilling had this presentiment on the 13th July, 1799; on the ensuing 26th of September it was unhappily realized; Lavater was mortally wounded by a violent and inebriate revolutionist in the French army, on account of his religious and political sentiments and testimony. Lavater had lived in intimate friendship with Stilling; and even while suffering from his wounds, continued to correspond with him till within a few days of his death. Shortly after, Stilling wrote a poem, under the title of *Lavater's Glorification.*

In this poem Felix Hess and Pfenninger, two of Lavater's friends, who died before him, are represented as coming in the form of two angels to fetch the weary warrior after his death and conduct him to the New Jerusalem. About half-a-year after the publication of this poem, Stilling's pious and faithful friend Breidenstein, the reformed preacher at Marburg, came to visit him; both conversed upon a variety of subjects, and amongst other things, upon the poem.

"It is surprising," said Breidenstein, "how beautifully you have made use of the late Felix Hess's promise." "How so?" inquired Stilling; "what promise?" Breidenstein replied, "Upwards of twenty years ago, Lavater stood by the side of Felix Hess's dying-bed, weeping, and said, 'Now, thou wilt not stand at my bed-side when I die!' Hess answered, 'But I will come and fetch thee!'" Stilling rejoined, "Really, I never heard a word of it; it is however something strange;—where is it? I must read it for myself!" "That you shall," said Breidenstein; "it is indeed very strange!" The next day he sent Lavater's miscellaneous works, in which there is a short biography of Felix Hess; and this conversation is inserted just as Breidenstein related it. One thing more: when Stilling was in Zurich, he was told that Lavater had had a friend with whom he had lived on a still more confidential footing than with Felix Hess, and was asked why he had not made use of him in the poem, for the purpose of fetching Lavater? Stilling inquired who this friend was, and was told it was Heinrich Hess. This occasioned Stilling to introduce this friend in the *Scenes in the Invisible World*, in the following manner:—The glorified Heinrich Hess is represented as bringing Lavater to the Virgin Mary, because she was desirous of seeing this faithful follower of her Son. Mary then relates to Lavater the Lord's character, as exemplified in his earthly life, &c. This is brought forward precisely in this manner in the second volume of the *Scenes*. Long after the work was printed, Stilling was once accidentally reading in Lavater's *Jesus Messias*, the 26th chapter of the first volume, which relates the quiet concealment of Jesus, and found again, to his astonishment, that Lavater consoles himself with the hope that *the Virgin Mary would eventually relate to him, in the blissful regions, the character her Son bore in his earthly life, &c.*

Stilling believed that he received impressions and warnings from his guardian angel; while, on the other hand, sometimes he would be seized "with an indescribable terror." He says—

I believe that it proceeds from the influence of some invisible evil being, some angel of Satan, to which God, for wise reasons, sometimes gives permission. Physical predisposition may give occasion to such a fiery trial, but the whole of the temptation is founded neither in the body nor the soul; but this can be proved by nothing but individual experience. The Holy Scriptures testify that there are such siftings of Satan.

Stilling died in his seventy-eighth year. From the account of his last hours, written by his grandson, we learn that, finding his end approaching, he gathered around him his children and grandchildren, and partook of the sacrament with them. In the midst of weakness and pain, his thoughts and conversation "were incessantly directed to subjects connected with the kingdom of God." He affirmed that "God had guided him from his youth up by a particular providence." A short time before his death he remarked—"I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a two-fold personality; one spiritual, the other corporeal. The spiritual hovers over the animal. Both are in a state of warfare in man; and it is only by the mortification of all sensual desire that he can attain to their entire separation; not, indeed, by his own power, but by denying himself, with the Divine assistance."

T. S.

TASSO'S LETTERS.

THERE are letters of Tasso himself still existing, in which he describes the presence of spirits which he experienced for many years. I send you some extracts in confirmation of the fact you published in the letter of Giambatista Manso, his noble and generous friend, who supported him in his distress and poverty, and whose testimony is the more impartial as he was adverse to the belief in the reality of Tasso's visions, and gives in that letter his reasons very logically for the time, but not conclusive in the present state of our new science. The name of Manso ought besides to be dear to Englishmen, for he was the friend of Milton in his youth, and most likely had some influence in persuading him to follow the example of Tasso. He certainly formed a link between the two greatest epic poets of the age. But to return to the spiritual visitations of Tasso, mentioned occasionally in his letters to confidential friends. He had consolation from good spirits, and vexation from bad ones. Manso's letter gives a specimen of the former, and he was persecuted by the latter chiefly during his long cruel and illegal imprisonment by the tyrant of Ferrara. There were six ducal tyrants in Italy at that time, besides the pope at Rome, and a Spanish viceroy at Naples! (*Povera Italia! viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re Costituzionale!*) Seven years in a room with one window, *over the door*, looking on a courtyard, his health ruined, robbed of his earnings by his publishers, and his works mutilated—it is only a wonder he did not become really mad. His letters and poems written in prison prove his sanity to the last in spite of his despair. He did not expect to leave it alive. Here is what he wrote to a friend:—

“This day, being the last but one of the year, the brother of the Rev. Licino has brought me two letters from Vostra Signoria, but one has disappeared, after I had read it, and I think that the Spirit (*il folletto*) has carried it away, because it is that letter in which he is mentioned. This is one of those miracles which I have seen frequently in the hospital (of St. Ann, which was his prison) on which account I feel certain that it is the work of some sorcerer (*magico*) and I have many other proofs of it, but particularly of a roll of bread taken from before me, visibly, half an hour before sunset (*a ventitre ore*); of a plate of fruit taken from before me the other day when that amiable young Pole so worthy of admiration came to see me; and of several other articles of food to which at other times the same thing occurred when no one entered my prison: of a pair of gloves, of letters, and of books taken out of boxes that were shut and found on

the ground in the morning, and others which were never found, and I know not what became of them; but those which were missing during my absence may have been taken by men, who, as I believe, have the keys of all my boxes. On which account I can keep nothing from enemies or from the devil, except my own will, with which I will never consent to learn anything from him or from his followers, nor to have any familiarity, or with his magicians (*maghi*), who, as Ficino says, can move the imagination; but without the consent of the intellect they can have no authority or power, because that depends immediately on God. And this may be learned from many philosophers, both Platonic and Peripatetic. And particularly, Alexander Aphrodisenus does not allow that the imagination of man should rule his judgment, and all that is done with premeditation is within our own power. Perhaps it may appear that I am in contradiction with myself, who in the Dialogue of the Messagiers feigned to hold a conversation with a Spirit, which I would not in reality have done if I could. But you know that dialogue was written many years ago to obey the wish of a prince (Vicenzo Gonzaga), who perhaps had no bad intention, nor considered it a fault or great danger to treat such a subject almost poetically. But God knows that I never was a magician nor a Lutheran; nor that I read heretical books, or of necromancy, or any other forbidden arts. Nor does the conversation of Huguenots please me, nor to praise their doctrine. On the contrary I have blamed them by speech and writing, nor had I ever an opinion contrary to the Holy Catholic Church; though I will not deny that I have sometimes lent too much credit to the reasoning of philosophers, but never so far but that I always submitted my intellect to the theologians, and was more desirous of learning than of contradicting. But I will not conceal my miseries, that you, signor, may help me with all your force, with all your diligence, and with all your good faith. Know then, that besides these miracles of the *folletto*, which I can describe at length on some other occasion, there are many nocturnal terrors, for being awake certain small flames (*fiammette*) seem to appear in the air; and sometimes my eyes sparkle in such a manner that I have feared losing my sight—sparks have flown out of them visibly. I have seen likewise in the middle of the head of the bed shadows of mice which from any natural causes could not happen in that place; and often I have heard whistles, tinklings, bells, and the sound of a clock which has often struck One. I have feared epilepsy, apoplexy, blindness; I have had pains in my head, but not violent; in the intestines, the side, the thighs, the legs, but trifling. I have been weakened by vomiting, bleeding and fever. And in the midst of so many

terrors and pains there appeared to me in the air the figure of the Glorious Virgin with her son in her arms in a half circle of colours and vapours, on which account I ought not to despair of her protection. And although this might easily be an effect of imagination and delirium, being frequently distressed by phantasms and infinite melancholy, nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can *cohibere assensum* at times, which is the act of a wise man, as it pleases Cicero to say; wherefore I ought in preference to believe it was a miracle of the Virgin. But if I am not mistaken my delirium was caused by certain conserves which I ate three years ago, from which time began these infirmities. Signor Maurigio, remember I am forty years old and more; twenty of which I have spent in the service of the House of Este and in prison. Surely it is time to put an end to my hopes either by despair or pardon."

So far Torquato Tasso (see letter 85th, vol. 14, p. 161, to the Signor Molto Reverendo Maurizio Cataneo, without date, but it must be of 1584, as he says he was 40 years old, born in 1544.)

In another letter to the same person he says:—"You know that I have been ill, and have never been cured; perhaps I have greater need of an exorciser than of a physician, because the illness is owing to magical art. Compassion ought to be felt for my long sufferings. Of the *folletto* I will still tell you some more particulars. The little thief has robbed me of many scudi; I don't know how many, because I do not keep any account of them, as misers do, but perhaps they amount to twenty. He overturns my books, opens my boxes, steals my keys, that I cannot defend myself from him. I am very unhappy at all times, but most at night; nor do I know if my illness is from delirium, or what." &c.

The Rev. Maurigio Cataneo to whom he wrote the above was Secretary to the Cardinal Albano. He wrote many other letters to him, as well as to other persons. The above contains the most interesting facts respecting the way in which he was haunted, and the frequent *rapport* which bad spirits practised on him, of the possibility of which I have had proof enough in Florence during seven years. I have kept a journal during that time. Examples are not wanting of the intercourse of spirits with mediums in Italy. See the memoirs of Cardanus and his father, of Paracelsus, Marsiglio Ficino, Agrippa, St. Catherine of Sienna, and many saints. That of Dante's son you have given us from Boccaccio, and I am longing to know what Mr. Howitt has found respecting Ariosto.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Florence, 26th May, 1862.

“DEMONOLOGY” IN THE DAYS OF TIBERIUS AND OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Is a letter to Richard H. Hutton, M.A., in the last number of the *Tracts for Priests and People*, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, after expressing his dissent from that view of the demonology of the New Testament, which represents the casting out of unclean spirits from the possessed as “unreal acts,” says:—“At the same time, I have felt an almost equal difficulty in assuming, as many assume, that these stories, so characteristic of the Gospels, were true in their simple sense of the days of Tiberius, and yet do not apply in the same sense to the days of Queen Victoria. How, I have asked myself, can the Gospel be a message to mankind, if this be so? The demonology of our times has supplied me at once with an answer to this question, and with a luminous commentary on the evangelical narratives.”

We are glad to find so profound a theologian making this candid acknowledgment. That the demoniacal or spiritual manifestations of “the days of Queen Victoria” supply “a luminous commentary on the evangelical narratives,” we have again and again affirmed, and it is a great satisfaction to find this avowal now endorsed by so eminent an authority in the church. Some of us may read the commentary in different ways, but the admission that the phenomena of Spiritualism answers important questions and elucidates important narratives in Bible history, is an answer to the *cui bono*, in relation to one of the highest subjects of human interest. Further investigation would show that these facts of “the days of Queen Victoria” illustrate also another set of Bible questions and narratives; those, namely, which relate to the manifestations of angels and ministering spirits, and to acts of power and beneficence performed by their agency. Let us not study these facts of “the days of Queen Victoria” in a one-sided way, or look at the subject only in its exceptional and repulsive aspects—which, nevertheless, have their uses; but gratefully contemplate the evidence they furnish of a merciful Providence watching over our daily path; and if we “want no startling manifestation of such powers; no repetition of the events which the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles record;” let us not therefore deny that this want may be felt by others, and that there may be reasons which render them as necessary now as in “the days of Tiberius.”

A CONFESSION OF THE ENEMY.—In these days, statesmen, authors, journalists—men who claim to be the chief instructors of the people—and even clergymen, are among the disciples of the leading mediums.—*London Society*.

A ROMISH MIRACLE.

THE BISHOP OF TARBES.

WE have abbreviated the following account from the Paris correspondence of *The Star*, omitting merely the usual jokes with which such a narration is sure to be accompanied in the columns of the press. It may be taken as a fair sample of most of the so-called miracles which have from time to time electrified the faithful of the Romish church, and who, though they are too wise either to deny or to ignore them, do not understand them. If they had studied the phenomena of Psychology and of Spiritualism, they would not erect chapels on the scenes of these visions, but would rather collect and record them, for the higher and more useful purpose, of deducing from them the mysteries of mediumship and clairvoyance. We suppose that if the poor girl were in the hands of those who understand such comparatively ordinary cases, she would be found to be a medium, who at the time of being visited by the Virgin, was in an undeveloped stage of mediumship. We know many such young persons of both sexes who have constantly such visions, but for whom there is no sympathizing good Bishop of Tarbes to build chapels, but only an experienced observer who notes down their visions, and watches the developments of their spiritual state. Thousands of such instances occurred during the early stages of the late Revivals in Ireland and in Scotland, with the difference only that as the mediums were Wesleyans and Presbyterians, they had visions of the Saviour, and occasionally of the Devil, according to their religious beliefs and to their impressions from the scenes around them. This is the story:—

“The papers have of late been making merry at the expense of the Bishop of Tarbes, who, in an elaborate pastoral letter, has pronounced on the validity of a ‘miracle’ which took place four years ago at the grotto of Lordes, in the neighbourhood of that town. A girl of 14 named Bernadette, deposed to have seen an apparition of the Virgin, not once or twice, but 18 consecutive times, and the right rev. prelate, after taking four years to think over the matter, comes to the conclusion that Bernadette was not an impostor, nor the victim of an hallucination, but that the Virgin had really appeared to her. The document in which the bishop expresses his convictions has just been published by the *Journal des Débats*, and is dated the 18th of January, 1862. After a short introduction, Monseigneur Bertrand-Sevère says:—

“‘At all periods of the human race, my well-beloved co-operators and my very dear brethren, miraculous communications

have taken place between heaven and earth. At the beginning of the world the Lord appeared to our first parents to reproach them with the crime of their disobedience. In the following ages we see him converse with the patriarchs and the prophets, and the Old Testament contains the history of the celestial apparitions with which the children of Israel were favoured.

“Those Divine favours were not to cease with the Mosaic law; on the contrary, they were destined, under the law of grace, to become both more numerous and more striking.

“From the birth of the Church, in those days of sanguinary persecution, Christians received the visits of Jesus Christ or of the angels, who came sometimes to reveal to them the secrets of the future, at others to deliver them from their chains and to keep up their strength in the trials they had to go through. It was thus, according to the idea of a judicious writer, that God encouraged those illustrious confessors of the faith, when all the mighty of the land united their efforts to stifle in its bud the doctrine which was to save the world.

“These supernatural manifestations were not the exclusive privilege of the early ages of Christianity. History attests that they have continued from age to age, for the glory of religion and the edification of the faithful.

“Among the celestial apparitions those of the Holy Virgin occupy a large place, and they have been an abundant source of blessings for the world. In going over the Catholic universe the traveller sees in certain places chapels dedicated to the Mother of God, and many of those monuments owe their origin to the apparition on that spot of the Queen of Heaven. We already possess one of those blessed sanctuaries founded four centuries ago, after a revelation made to a young shepherdess, and to which thousands of pilgrims still proceed every year to kneel before the throne of the glorious Virgin Mary, and implore her blessing.

“Thanks be to the Almighty! In the infinite treasures of his goodness he reserves a fresh favour for us. He wills that a new sanctuary shall be raised in the diocese of Tarbes to the glory of Mary. And what is the instrument he has made use of to communicate to us his merciful designs? It is one of the weakest of his creatures, a child of 14 years of age, Bernadette Sourbirons, born at Lordes, of a poor family.

“It was on the 11th of February, 1858, Bernadette was picking up dry sticks on the banks of the Gave, in company with one of her sisters aged 11, and another girl aged 13. They had arrived before the grotto of Massavielle, when, amidst the silence of nature, she heard a noise, similar to a gust of wind (*un coup de vent*). She looked to the trees which grew along the banks of the river, but they were motionless; and, hearing the sound

renewed, turned her eyes towards the grotto. There she beheld in a kind of niche at the side of the rock the figure of a lady, who beckoned to her to approach. Her face was of dazzling beauty; she was clothed in white, with a blue band round her waist, a white veil on her head, and a yellow rose on each of her feet. Bernadette was alarmed, and she thought that she was labouring under some optical delusion, and rubbed her eyes, but the object became more and more visible. The child then instinctively fell on her knees, took her chaplet, and when she had finished her prayer the apparition had vanished.

“Whether by some secret inspiration, or at the instigation of her companions, to whom she related what she had seen, Bernadette returned to the grotto on the Sunday and Thursday following, and each time the phenomena was repeated.

“On the Sunday, in order to satisfy herself whether this mysterious being came from the Lord or not, the young girl three times threw holy water on it, and received in return a look full of meekness and tenderness. On the Thursday the apparition spoke to Bernadette; and told her to return during the next fortnight; and she was moreover directed to wash herself, to drink at the fountain, and to eat of a herb which she would find there. The young girl, not seeing any water in the grotto, was going towards the River Gave, when the apparition called her back and told her to go to the bottom of the grotto, to the place she pointed out with her finger. The child obeyed, but saw no water but on scratching the dry ground with her hand water appeared, which she drank, and ate a kind of cress which she found there.

“After this act of obedience had been performed, the apparition again spoke to the child, charged her to go and tell the priests that she wished to have a chapel built on the spot where she had appeared, and Bernadette accordingly went to the curé, and informed him of the mission which she had received.

“Bernadette returned as she had been told every day for a fortnight, and every day, with the exception of two, she contemplated the same spectacle in the presence of an innumerable crowd, who also went to the spot, but could neither see nor hear anything. During that fortnight the apparition several times told Bernadette to go and wash and drink at the place before indicated to her; recommended her to pray for sinners, and renewed the request for the building of a chapel. Bernadette, on her side, asked the apparition who she was, but the only answer she received was a gracious smile.

“The fortnight of the visits passed away, but two more apparitions afterwards took place, one on the 25th of March, the day before the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin, and the other on the 5th of April. On the former day, Bernadette three times

asked the mysterious being who she was. The apparition then raised her hands, crossed them on her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, said, with a smile, I am the Immaculate Conception.

“ ‘Such is, in substance, the recital which we have heard from the mouth of Bernadette, in presence of the commission assembled to hear it for the second time.’

“He goes on to tell his flock that, if some delay has taken place in his recognition and endorsement of the vision of Bernadette, it is to be accounted for by the fact that at first he felt some misgiving as to the genuineness of the apparition—

“ ‘Since the fall man is liable to many errors, especially on such subjects. If he be not betrayed by his reason, grown so weak, he may be the victim of artifices of the Evil One. Who does not know that he sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, to make us more easily fall into his toils?’

“These reasons induced the right rev. prelate minutely to investigate the matter, and he comes to the conclusion that Bernadette was too ignorant and simple to have invented the story; she was not subject to any morbid influence likely to superinduce any hallucination. Moreover, thousands of pilgrims have, ever since, flocked to the miraculous grotto, the waters of which, Monseigneur Bertrand-Sevère assures the faithful, have wrought wonderful cures, although the water when analyzed by men of science is found ‘to be wholly without any of the naturally curative properties’ which some waters possess. The right rev. prelate is compelled to come to the conclusion that—‘*Digitus Dei est hic.*’ ‘The finger of God is here.’—Therefore the pious prelate thinks the faithful are in duty bound to carry out the wishes manifested by ‘the Blessed Apparition,’ and build a chapel on the spot, and he invites the clergy and the faithful to assist him in his intention of ‘building a sanctuary on the spot.’ In Paris this document has been received with peals of laughter, in the South the miracle is fully believed in, and a large sum is likely to be subscribed for the miraculous chapel of Lourdes.”

MR. LOWE, OF THE “CRITIC.”

WE had hoped that Mr. Lowe, after the exposure which we were obliged to make in our last number, of his abnormal mode of dealing with facts, would have candidly confessed himself in error, and have promised not to do so any more. We fear however that the habit has become too strong in him, and that we must devote some more attention to endeavour to cure him of so objectionable a proclivity. Knowing the real facts, as he did, he had no reason at all for denying our first statement, and we do not

know what could have induced him to deny it, for he had a perfect right to apply to Mr. Hall, the magistrate, if he thought that Mr. Foster had cheated him. It was even his duty to make the application, and we made no complaint of him for what he did, but merely mentioned it as a piece of interesting news. We did not know then that he had also, in his zealous devotion to the public interests, quickened by the loss of the three guineas which he and his friends had paid to Mr. Foster, made a journey to Scotland-yard to make his complaint to Sir Richard Mayne, and that he was only unable to carry out his object on account of Sir Richard's absence. Now we say again, why did not Mr. Lowe let our remarks pass, and what could have induced him to deny them as he did in the broadest terms? In our last number we were compelled by his indiscretion to repeat the whole statement with additions, thus placing him in no enviable position, and compelling him to defend himself against a much more serious charge than that of innocently going before Mr. Hall and Sir Richard Mayne.

In the "Critic" of the 7th June Mr. Lowe thus defends, or rather further injures his character:—

For the satisfaction of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* we will state, however, that no application was made to Mr. HALL, in his public capacity, and that there never was, on the part of the gentleman named, any intention or desire to apply for a warrant. Appended to the explanation of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine*, is a communication signed "A Friend." The writer of this states that an application was also made at Scotland-yard, in addition to the application at Bow-street. In answer to this, we have to say that no such application was made.

It is injurious to public morals, that such quibbling should be resorted to, to conceal the real facts. Had Mr. Lowe acted a manly part, he would have saved himself and us all further trouble, and he might, if it be true that the *Critic* is only to appear monthly, instead of weekly, give himself more time in considering what he writes for the future. But no! he must try to get out of the charge now by saying that the application was not made to Mr. Hall in his public capacity, although his clerk was present and joined in the discussion which ensued! Whilst to get out of his Scotland Yard journey, he is obliged to mis-state our words, and to make us say that an application was made at Scotland Yard, in order that he may deny making such an application. The charge, however, as he well knows was not that he made the application there, but that he went to Scotland Yard to have seen Sir Richard Mayne for the purpose of laying the case before him, and that the accidental absence of Sir Richard alone prevented his doing so. We shall be glad if Mr. Lowe will make another trial, if he thinks that he can serve his character any better than he has done already.

In another part of the same number of the *Critic*, Mr. Lowe notices with high approval two silly drawings, and sillier descriptions of mediums, which appeared in the new magazine, *London Society*. Mr. Lowe, who is of course very sore about Spiritualism, says:—

The illustrations of *London Society* for June are wonderfully good, and much more varied than usual. We wish we could transfer to our columns the pictorial sketches of the "Two Mediums" thus described in print: 'These be your prophets. That man in the built-up stock is in reality a solemn idiot, coarse, uneducated, vulgar, but with all the conceit, assurance, and low shrewdness of an overpowering humbug. The very heaviness of his impudence is deceiving. His trickery is concealed under a cloak of passiveness. His face betrays nothing. His hypocrisy is a dull, stagnant pool which detection cannot stir.'

If Mr. Lowe does not take more care in what he writes, it may be that these elegant words, may not be solely applicable to mediums.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—CONJUGIAL LOVE AND ANGELIC COMMUNION.

"In proportion as a man loves his wife he becomes celestial."—SWEDENBORG.

ALAS! We fear there are few celestial men; though Milton avers that—"Domestic bliss is the only bliss that has survived the fall." But conjugal love, as brought to view in Swedenborg's writings, is a love so pure that we scarcely know where to look for it as an actuality. Treating on this subject, he gives us many foregleams of the new golden age with its spiritual developments, experiences, and blessings in the marriage relation. He details conversation which he had with angels concerning conjugal love, lamenting its absence in this world, and speaking hopefully concerning its restoration. From these conversations we gather that, when restored, it will be accompanied with the purest celestial conditions of body and mind, involving, in fact, physical regeneration.

An angel, he says, was heard by him declaring to certain novice spirits, "You do not know anything of the primeval state of man which you call a state of integrity. In that state, all the interiors of the mind were open to the Lord." Then, after stating the results of such a state when it exists, he says, "But this cannot be the case with any but those, in whom a passage is open from the soul, through the superior and inferior principles of the mind, into the body, to its ultimates, as is the case with those who suffer themselves to be led back by the Lord, into the primeval state of creation." In this remarkable passage we have his direct and positive testimony in favour of the restoration of Internal Respiration by the mouth of an angel.

Another angel, conversing with him on this subject says, "I entertain the hope that this love may be revived, because it is capable of being revived." He himself declares that conjugal love will be revived on earth with all its celestial concomitants by the Lord *after his coming*; and he says that the mind of man will be elevated to a superior *aura*, and that he will become, like the man of the most ancient church, "a habitation of God." Put all these things together, and what do they give us? The inmost marriage of goodness and truth in the soul—love to the Lord the chief affection—the three degrees of the mind open a *passage from the soul through the superior and inferior principles, even to the ultimates of the body*; and the mind elevated to a superior aura. If this does not give us the return of Internal Respiration there is no meaning in words. What is this passage from the soul into the body, but the opening of the inner functions of breath?

If this requires further confirmation, it receives it in what he says of open communication with heaven. The belief has long prevailed among the readers of Swedenborg's writings, that mankind will ultimately enjoy open intercourse with the angels of heaven. This belief is based on what Swedenborg says about man's capacity for such commerce. For some time past, however, the manifestations of Spiritualism have tended to suppress the expression of this belief amongst them, so that now the subject is seldom hinted at, sometimes ignored, and sometimes even denied. It is a palpable fact that the world of spirits is breaking in upon the natural world, and multitudes are in the effort, by natural powers, to explore spiritual things. Instead of exclaiming against all such communications, the better way would be for Swedenborgians to show from their great teacher what orderly communication with the spiritual world is, and what are the conditions of its safe and useful enjoyment. Open intercourse doubtless has its dangers. No seer more clearly and fully shows what these dangers are, and how they may be avoided. He shows indeed that open and conscious communication with spirits and angels is man's birthright, and that it may be profitably enjoyed by him when the proper conditions for such commerce are established. These conditions he further shows are the proper relations of will and understanding to faith and love. As to man's capacity by creation for spirit intercourse, he says, "Man was so created that during his life on earth amongst men, he might at the same time also live amongst angels; and during his life amongst angels, he might at the same time also live on earth amongst men—men knowing what is in heaven, and angels knowing what is on earth." Again he says, "Man is created by the Lord so that during his life in the body he is capable of conversing

with spirits and angels, as indeed occurred in the most ancient times; for being a spirit clothed with a body he is one with them. But because in process of time mankind immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, caring for nothing else, the way to effect this became closed; nevertheless, it is opened again as soon as bodily things are removed, and then men are introduced amongst spirits and associate with them."

We have seen what is meant by the closing of the way of communication, consciously, with spirits and angels, *viz.*, cessation of internal breathing, because of man's declension in faith and love, consequent upon his immersion in worldly things. There cannot, therefore, be legitimate communication between spirits and angels and man until this closed way is again opened, that is to say, there can be no communication with spirits and angels otherwise, except such as is "visual and external" until men return to their original condition of faith and love.

We do not say that man cannot have communications with spirits and angels without the opening of Internal Respiratories. The innumerable facts of spirit communication, ancient and modern, show that he can. The Bible attests to "angels' visits" — "visits few and far between," since the closing up of the *interior* way of communication; but, we do say that without the opening of the inner functions of breath, spirit intercourse, in a conscious manner, is not without danger, and is often uncertain and unreliable. The reason is, that the communication being only *objective* and not *subjective*, renders those communicating liable to deception. They cannot know positively with whom they are in communication, nor are they aware of their intents and purposes. But the opening of the inner breath gives man insight as to who and what those are with whom communication is held. The only absolutely safe, certain, reliable, and in the highest sense, useful form of spiritual intercourse is by the opening up of the closed way. Swedenborg distinctly declares that this way whereby man can have safe, orderly, and useful communication with the spiritual world might again be opened. "I have conversed," says he, "with spirits, stating that if men were in faith in the Lord, heaven might be open to them, or that an interior way towards heaven might be opened which is [now] shut; and this in a manner almost similar to that which through the Lord's mercy has occurred to me; thus men in the world and spirits and angels might live together and enjoy mutual intercourse."—*Spiritual Diary*, 2,541.

In the paragraph following this he says, "It has been ordained by the Lord from eternity that there should be such intercourse between men and angels." He gives his own case as evidence of possible, safe, orderly, and useful communi-

cation with spirits and angels. It was by means of internal respiration that *he* was restored to his creative privileges. Open interior spirit-intercourse cannot be enjoyed except by internal respiration by any one. It follows, also, that the end of man's creation will not be fully realized until this medium of communication be re-established. The Rev. L. H. Smithson, in a pamphlet, entitled *The Word of God and Spirit Manifestations*, while admitting man's capacity for open intercourse with spiritual beings, and the possibility of such intercourse, observes that "many generations must elapse ere men are fit to enjoy it." But what, it may be asked, constitutes man's fitness to enjoy it? Evidently, internal respiration. It was by this means that Swedenborg enjoyed this privilege for so many years. It is, therefore, not a question of *time* but of *state*. The return of internal respiration indicates *the time* for truly, orderly, safe, and useful spirit intercourse. In the meantime, in view of the extreme naturalness of the public mind, objective communications may be provisionally useful. They may exist permissively to effect external results.

Swedenborg puts the question of disorder in respect to spiritual intercourse in a nutshell. He says it becomes so "when men by barely natural powers seek to replace spiritual things." We need not do this. We have an interior way which we may open. To have such intercourse as by creation man is capable of enjoying, he must open that way by resisting evil and living a life of faith and love. It is an easy matter to attend *séances* and to witness the proofs of spirit-power and presence. It is an easy matter, comparatively, under certain physical peculiarities, to induce external mediumship. We predict that the time will soon come when men of serious and heaven-seeking minds will grow tired of the "rapping" and "table-tipping" form of spiritual manifestations—that they will throw away "planchettes" and all other external appliances to induce those objective manifestations so prevalent in many circles. The interior and subjective communion will be sought. But this more excellent way of spirit-communion involves flesh crucifixion—the abandonment of selfishness in all its forms—the rising from worldly desires and motives to brotherly love and interior worship of one God in the glorified personality of Jesus Christ.

Internal Respiration, as we shall see, is the "baptism of fire" in store for those who are willing to devote themselves to promote the well-being of humanity, and to develop the god-like in heart and life. Our next paper will exhibit Internal Respiration as exemplified by Swedenborg's experience. RESPIRO.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

THE following sketch is taken from a recent lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at the Lyceum Hall, New York. Little is known at this scientific day of the mystical labours of the astrologers, the alchemists, and the Rosicrucians, and of the results which they have had, not only upon the science, but upon the thought of succeeding ages. Miss Hardinge says of the alchemists:—

“Some seven hundred years after the death of Jesus, there were vague rumours concerning a new science. It was said that all matter was formed from two sources—the boreal, or condensive, whose power is attraction, and the astral, or rarificative, which is repulsive, so fully known to you as the two modes by which all the works of nature are carried on: that of these or their material representatives, all things in Nature are compounded. It was the effort of the scholars of this age and sect to discover the philosopher’s stone. It was thought there was a third power wanting, and he who could find this was the fortunate one who could give to the world the philosopher’s stone—possessed of fabulous power. To find this, was the struggle of hundreds and thousands of lives. We have no important account of their success, till in the ninth and tenth century, when this sect acquired great celebrity, aided by the discoveries of Paracelsus, and from him a new era in the science was dated. He claimed to have discovered for himself the philosopher’s stone. He had imprisoned the spirit in a stone, and fitted it into his sword-hilt; and by virtue of the spirit, and its obedience to the conditions of its being, he could cause to decay living matter, and bring health from disease. There were marvellous stories of a wondrous rock somewhere in mid-ocean, whereon ships were drawn by an uncontrollable force, the iron drawn from their hulls, and upon which whole navies went to pieces. The same spirit was imprisoned in the hilt of his sword, and through its magnetism he performed wonderful cures. He said, ‘My hand is so charged with this invisible power that I can introvert the human soul, intensify its faculties, and cause man to have superhuman power.’ We have heard of those who went in search of the alchemic elixir of life—the pure water of eternal youth, by which the period of man’s life may be prolonged almost indefinitely. Thousands of lives were spent in the search for this fabled fountain, and finally Paracelsus reappeared in the form of one Mesmer.

“Next we come to the brothers of the Rosy Cross, who from one of their number derived new power, long sought, and which

was a new era in the wisdom of the world. One Christian Rosenkrooks, claimed to have found a wonderful secret; and, fearing to trust it to the world, lest he should be nailed to the cross, as good men had been before, who came to bless their race, he ventured, a little at a time, to reveal his mystery to a secret order—the Rosicrucians. The order was founded upon a spiritual origin; and the founder claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, in the power to read men's thoughts, to become invisible, and be in the company of others, seeing, but unseen. Those three societies have been the great secret organization of the world, and the world is much indebted to them. Remember, to the astrologers you are indebted for the knowledge of the stars, their effects upon mortals, and upon the tides and agricultural powers of earth; the alchemists discovered in their search for the philosopher's stone, the great truths of chemistry; remember that the Rosicrucians have taught you of the principles of life, of clairvoyance and psychology. Though the labour of all might have been selfish, God's providence has turned all to eternal good. Now, with the unfoldments of modern Spiritualism, you behold the perfect blending of all the purposes of the past, in the economy of nature, as so many steps in the march up to deific life. You have learned that one law governs all nature, and each is unfolded in its time—as the world can assimilate the knowledge and profit by its coming. The demon of Paracelsus has stood at the elbow of every new unfoldment, and the power compacted in Paracelsus's sword hilt, streamed in luminous power from Mesmer's fingers. This is the inspiration of the philosopher's stone; and the elixir vitæ, the water of life, is found in the science of clairvoyance, in the power of magnetism, which unrolls the scroll of the heaven and the earth at your feet. All things are resolvable into gases and back again, and thus is the truth of the ancients verified to-day. Spiritualism comes, as the philosopher's stone, not to transmute the vulgar metals in gold, but to transmute vice, ignorance and crime, moral, physical or spiritual, into the gold of wisdom, intellect, virtue and purity. Such a mission is for each and every one of us. This is the lesson taught us in all the varied cypher language of Nature. 'Let there be light,' said the great Master Mason of the Universe, and the age to-day has not ceased obeying the call. We thank the astronomers for their truth, the alchemists for what they have taught us, and the Rosicrucians for what they have unfolded, as so many voices responding to the fiat of the Deity—'Let there be light.'"

MIRACULOUS CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MR. G. GILBERT SCOTT, in his *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, just published, has given occasion to the *Literary Gazette* to review the work, and in doing so to add some historical details and legends, of which the following is of interest to our readers:—

“We now come to the tradition respecting the miraculous dedication by St. Peter at the commencement of the seventh century. The origin of this story, which is not mentioned by Bede, has been attributed to St. Dunstan. It is freely told in the Charter of Edward the Confessor (the genuineness of which has itself been doubted), and likewise by Sulcardus, who wrote in 1080, and by Ailred of Rievaulx. According to this tradition, Sigebertus or Sebertus, king of the East Saxons and nephew of Ethelbert, king of Kent, having received baptism, demolished a Pagan temple at a place called Thorney, about two miles out of London, and founded on the site a church to the honour of St. Peter. This church it was arranged should receive consecration from the hands of Mellitus, bishop of London, who had himself been the instrument of the king's conversion. But a grander honour awaited it than this. The night before the intended consecration, a fisherman, who plied his craft by night on the river Thames, was hailed by a mysterious stranger, who commanded him to row him to the newly-erected temple. Arrived there, it was not long before the church was filled with dazzling brightness, and strains of angelic music pealed out through the night upon the ears of the bewildered boatman. The magic sight and sounds are at length ended, and the stranger re-appearing, commands the fisherman to make known abroad what he had heard and seen. In reward for his services, and to convince him of the reality of the ceremony in which he had taken a humble part, he is directed to haul his nets into the river, and to offer the tithe of his miraculous draught of salmon upon the altar of that church; he is promised, moreover, that he and all pious fishermen who should make this offering should not want for success in their daily toil. The story is narrated to the bishop, who, proceeding thither with his clergy, beheld with wonder the chrism on the altar, and the dropping of the wax tapers on the pavement, which showed that the holy ceremony of consecration had taken place. The church thus dedicated to his own honour by the prince of the Apostles, became henceforth the holiest sanctuary of Christian England.

“The nineteenth century, which cannot receive aught as truth

which lies outside the reach of the understanding, dismisses the pious story as a myth, and refuses to see anything in it but a monkish lie. Yet it should be remembered, that myth though we must allow it to have been in its origin, it ripened into useful fact. Kings and nobles respected and enriched a sanctuary thus wondrously honoured; and from age to age, down till late in the fifteenth century, the tithe of all salmon taken between Staines Bridge and Gravesend was offered on its altar to God's glory and to the support of the goodly edifice. An ancient *consuetudinarium* or customary of Westminster Abbey, written in the thirteenth century, and some burnt and defaced fragments of which still remain in the Cotton Library, defines the method of dealing with the fish thus offered. After being presented at the high altar it was to be carried into the kitchen, and being cleaned, the sacristan having delivered to the fisherman a wax candle of a pound weight, in lieu thereof demanded of the cook the head and as much below the gills as three fingers. When boiled, the fish was to be carried in a dish to a table in the middle of the refectory, and the Prior and Convent are directed to rise at its approach. The fisherman on the day of presentation had a right to dine with the brethren, and might demand from the cellarer ale and bread, in return for which the cellarer might claim as much as four fingers, with the thumb erect, could take from the said fish's tail. The manipulation seems to have been extreme, but we must remember that forks and fish-knives were not institutions of that period: and even after their invention were condemned as unseemly luxuries, to be avoided by all who would follow Christian simplicity.—See *Savonarolæ Epistolæ Spirituales, Epist. ad Magdalenam Picam, Comitissam de Mirandula*, p. 21, ed. 1674."

MYSTERIOUS VISITATION AT AYLESBURY, BUCKS, IN 1851.

IN this town there lived a veterinary surgeon named Steele, who died in the year 1849, leaving a wife, a daughter, and a niece, who resided with them. He had acquired a little property, and they occupied a cottage of their own at Walton Green. About nine or ten months afterwards they left, and went to reside in a cottage of their own in Aylesbury, at the back of the market place. Early in the spring of 1851, they left the town to pay a visit of a few weeks, leaving a friend of the writer, named J. Birch, (and who was a relative of theirs) in charge of the house. His daughter Anne, was in the habit of going to open and shut the windows morning and evening. On entering

the house one evening to shut the windows as usual, and having closed the doors, she was surprised to see, sitting on the hearth, a large dog. She ordered it off without thinking where it would go, as no doors were open. The dog walked away towards the back of the house, and she proceeded up stairs, and while there recollected there was no place for the dog to go to, as the back was all fastened; she searched the place without finding it, and then secured the front door and went home. She related the circumstance to her father, who, after that went himself or sent his son to fasten the windows and doors. The family returned soon after, and about the same time, a nephew, who was in the Marines, having purchased his discharge, returned to Aylesbury. All was now going on very quietly, and the old lady had engaged a young girl as servant, whom she sent into the cellar one evening to pile up a quantity of bottles that lay about. They were all startled by a loud scream, and on running to the cellar found the girl stretched on the floor, apparently in a fit. On the return of consciousness, she explained the cause; saying that as she was piling up bottles, a lame man came and pushed her down; but she could not tell how he got there. (Now Mr. Steele was a lame man, and always walked with a stick, and the girl had never seen him.) The girl went home and was for some time ill in consequence of the fright.

Shortly after this the marine paid his aunt a visit, and while conversing with her the folding doors in the room flew open without any apparent cause; he arose and shut them, but had hardly returned to his seat when they flew open again; he then sprang up, thrust them too with an oath, and applied his eye to the keyhole, when they flew open with considerable force and struck him on the head. He made a remark to his aunt upon the strangeness of the occurrence and took his leave, knowing that there was no one in the house at the time but his aunt and himself. Soon after, on the same day, an old gentleman (a retired tradesman) called upon her, after a chat he arose to depart, the daughter and niece having returned from a walk, and he put his chair back in its place, saying, "If you put up your chair you will not soon call again." He was alarmed to find the chair follow him, and, as if hardly knowing what he did, he put it back again, when the same thing occurred again, and he hurriedly departed. A series of annoyances to the old lady and her family now commenced, which, had the writer not received an account of them from a relative of the family, and a friend of his own, he would not have believed. The relative and friend here alluded to is by no means superstitious, and would, if required, give the fullest confirmation, and, probably, additional particulars. He assured the writer that the tea things were hurried off the table into the lap of the old lady without

breaking. Whisperings were heard in various parts of the house, but no words distinguished, and loud knockings now commenced.

Their relative, Mr. B. was sent for, and spoken to respecting these disturbances, but after examining the house he could give no opinion of their cause. A report was now circulated that the niece did it all by means of springs and wires: she was accordingly sent away. A tailor's workshop which adjoined the place, was searched by some who thought they could solve the mystery, and that the tailors might have a communication with the house by a galvanic battery and electric wires, but nothing save a little disappointment to them came of that. During the excitement, the writer's friend, J. B. and family, were aroused from their sleep one night by a loud knocking at their door, and on going down, they found Mrs. Steele and her daughter waiting to be let in, and only partially drest; they stated they were just preparing for bed, when they were startled by a terrific knock at the bedroom door, louder than any they had heard before; hastily putting on some of their clothes, they left the house leaving the lamp burning and the doors open. Mr. B. and his son went and found the place as described; they put out the lamp, secured the house, and returned. Now commenced a regular course of rappings at the street door, and in other parts of the house, varying in time and force, and attracting crowds of people to the spot, particularly on market days.

At length Mr. Hamilton (then editor of the *Aylesbury News*, and afterwards of the *Star*, now deceased) resolved with Mr. B. and one or two others, to sit up all night to see if they could discover anything. The knocking continued, and although near midnight, Mr. Hamilton thought as there were people outside, he would stand with the handle of the door in his hand to be ready to pounce upon any hapless wight he might chance to lay his hand upon, when suddenly there came a knock so loud and sharp, as to make him start back, as if electrified. Instantly recovering himself he threw open the door, which sent a few old women flying in all directions, and he after them. His race was a short one, for one of them nearest him falling down, he rolled over her to the great amusement of his fellow watchers. He pursued no more, resting satisfied with the old woman's assurance, that "No one knocked at all, sir, outside." Sunday morning came and Mrs. Steele and her daughter left the house, and the three friends commenced a regular search from top to bottom of the house; but on reaching the room which the old lady had slept in, it required their united strength to force open the door, the bedstead having been moved close up to it. It was put back in its place, the fireplace examined, and no human agency could be discovered. The window was now closed and sealed up; the door made fast

and sealed with Mr. Hamilton's own seal, and locking all up they went to a place of worship. At half-past twelve they again entered the house, Mr. B. was the first to go to the stairs, and, on looking up exclaimed, "See here," a very large linen chest as much as two men could lift, and which stood upon the landing, was removed from its place, and was on the very edge of the stairs, as if just ready to fall upon them; they replaced it, and breaking the seal of the bedroom door, the same difficulty occurred as before; the bedstead having been moved to the door again. Puzzled and confounded, they knew not what to do; so replacing the bedstead, they left the house.

The Monday following Mrs. Steele and her daughter returned, and a great deal of excitement was kept up for some time, and Mr. Hamilton, to allay it, wrote several articles in the newspaper treating the matter as a practical joke, although he assured me privately that he could not account for it in any way, but he wished to spare the old lady's feelings, and save her from the annoyance of a crowd; and the bellman was sent round the town to announce the same. The rappings became now less frequent and at last died away.

W. R.

A VISION OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS EIGHTEEN CENTURIES AGO.

THE following remarkable and instructive vision of the spirit-world is narrated by Plutarch. It is a bit of "the wisdom of the ancients," which may carry with it a lesson even to modern Christians:—

"Thespesios of Soli lived, at first, very prodigally and profligately; but afterwards, when he had spent all his property, necessity induced him to have recourse to the basest methods for a subsistence. There was nothing, however vile, which he abstained from, if it only brought him in money; and thus he again amassed a considerable sum, but fell at the same time into the worst repute for his villany. That which contributed the most to this, was a prediction of the god Amphiloclus: for having applied to this deity to know whether he would spend the rest of his life in a better manner, he received for answer, 'that he would never mend till he died.' And so it really happened, in a certain sense; for not long afterwards, he fell down from an eminence upon his neck, and though he received no wound, yet he died in consequence of the fall. But three days afterwards, when he was about to be interred, he received strength, and came to him-

self. A wonderful change now took place in his conduct, for the Cilicians know no one who at that time was more conscientious in business, devout towards God, terrible to his foes, or faithful to his friends: so that those who associated with him, wished to learn the cause of this change; justly supposing that such an alteration of conduct, from the greatest baseness to sentiments so noble, could not have come of itself. And so it really was, as he himself related to Protogenus, and other judicious friends.

“When his rational soul left the body, he felt like a pilot hurled out of his vessel into the depths of the sea. He then raised himself up, and his whole being seemed on a sudden to breathe, and to look about it on every side, as if the soul had been all eye. He saw nothing of the previous objects; but beheld the enormous stars at an immense distance from each other, endowed with admirable radiance, and uttering wonderful sounds; whilst his soul glided gently and easily along, borne by a stream of light, in every direction. In his narrative he passed over what he saw besides, and merely said that he perceived the souls of those that were just departed, rising up from the earth: they formed a luminous kind of bubble, and when this burst the soul placidly came forth, glorious, and in human form. The souls, however, had not all the same motion: some soared upwards with wonderful ease, and instantaneously ascended to the heights above: others whirled about like spindles; sometimes rising upwards, and sometimes sinking downwards, having a mixed and disturbed motion. He was unacquainted with the most of them, but recognized two or three of his relatives. He drew near to them, and wished to speak with them, but they did not hear him, for they were not wholly themselves, but in a state of insensibility, and avoiding every touch: they turned round, first alone in a circle, then as they met with others in a similar condition, they moved about with them in all directions, emitting indistinct tones, like rejoicing mixed with lamentation. Others, again, appeared in the heights above, shining brilliantly, and affectionately uniting with each other, but fleeing the restless souls above described. In this place he also saw the soul of another of his relatives, but not very perceptibly, for it had died whilst a child. The latter, however, approaching him, said, ‘Welcome Thespesios!’ On his answering that his name was not Thespesios, but Aridaios, it replied, ‘It is true, thou didst formerly bear that name, but henceforth thou art called Thespesios. Thou art, however, not yet dead, but by a particular providence of the gods, art come hither in thy rational spirit; but thou hast left the other soul behind, as an anchor, in the body. At present, and in future, be it a sign by which thou mayest distinguish thyself

from those that are really dead, that the souls of the deceased no longer cast a shadow, and are able to look stedfastly at the light above, without being dazzled.' On this, the soul in question conducted Thespesios through all parts of the other world, and explained to him the mysterious dealings and government of Divine Justice; why many are punished in this life whilst others are not; and showed him also every species of punishment to which the wicked are subject hereafter. He viewed everything with holy awe; and after having beheld all this as a spectator, he was at length seized with dreadful horror, when on the point of departing: for a female form of wondrous size and appearance, laid hold of him just as he was going to hasten away, and said, 'Come hither, in order that thou mayest the better remember everything!' And with that she drew forth a burning rod, such as the painters use, when another hindered her, and delivered him; whilst he, as if suddenly impelled forwards by a violent gale of wind, sank back at once into his body, and came to life again at the place of interment."

MR. L.'S NARRATIVE.

MR. COLEMAN has received a letter from Mr. L., dated the 10th June, from which the following is an extract:—

"I have the pleasure of announcing to you the initiation of Dr. Gray as a witness of the visible presence of Dr. Franklin on Friday night last. He saw the spirit less distinctly than has generally been my experience, but sufficiently well to recognize him. This being, however, the first time of seeing him, he may expect to attain by progressive steps the same vividness that has been manifested to us, after the first emotions of surprise have been overcome by familiarity with the phenomenon. The doctor actually saw and took the grey hair of Franklin's spirit, as well as a portion of the clothing in his hand, and examined them. To me this is now a very common occurrence, but the additional corroborative testimony of Dr. Gray is very important. He is intensely interested and anxious to see more, and has at my request promised to write you as soon as he has had a little more experience. I have had a great deal to interest me since my last, but will await further development before writing more."

THE CAUSE OF HAUNTED HOUSES.

IN reply to the inquiry of a correspondent on this subject, A. J. Davis, in the *Herald of Progress*, says:—"Of course there are stories of haunted houses that have no foundation in truth. Perhaps the report referred to by our correspondent is one of them. But we have positive knowledge of houses that have been 'haunted,' and so absolutely that no family could be induced to dwell within their walls." He then gives an instance of a house not far from the banks of the Hudson, which had this reputation. He took some pains to ascertain its history. It had been built by a grasping slaveholder, an arbitrary man, with a large property. His wife was made wretched by his injustice and miserly habits. An only son, highly endowed by nature and thoroughly educated, became dissipated. One cold night, in the depths of winter, he committed suicide in that house. In that house, also, two sweet little children were accidentally burnt to death. The poor mother, in a fit of frenzy, threw herself from her chamber window and died of the injuries received. Her husband, as soon as possible, disposed of his property, and embarked for the tour of Europe. Disease and disaster followed him, till, worn out in mind and body, he returned to America, and died in the old lonely house on the morning that he reached it, and in the same chamber where the son committed suicide, where the two children were burned to death, and where the frantic mother threw herself from the window.

"Years afterward, when these events had nearly vanished from the people's memory, the dwelling was occupied by a new proprietor. One winter night, when the husband was gone from home, the family were awakened and frightened by the sound of footsteps in the fatal chamber. It was now used only as a store-room and general wardrobe. The thought of robbers naturally occurred to the frightened listeners. While they listened a light female form glided across the room, before their very eyes, although the apartment was dark as midnight. They screamed for help. Presently a neighbourly farmer lighted his lantern and came over to ascertain the cause of the cries he had heard. They explained what had occurred as well as they could, which only excited his mirthfulness. Yet he carefully examined the premises. Nothing had been disturbed. The doors were all locked and bolted, and the supposition of *human* 'footsteps' was pronounced absurd. Nothing further occurred until some six months subsequently, when, in the night time, as before, sounds of voices were heard in the same chamber. Again, too, a clearly defined human figure glided across the room in which the husband and

wife and a child were, or had been sleeping. Upon investigation, nothing satisfactory was developed. From that time, with intervals of a few nights of silence, the strange sounds, and voices, and moving figure, continued. These interruptions during the night at last became frequent and alarming beyond endurance. Clothes were pulled from the beds by invisible hands, logs of wood seemed to be rolling over the floor, tin pans were thumped, and jets of wind would suddenly extinguish the lighted tapers. The people in the neighbourhood gave no credence to these reports, but so real and fearful were the facts to the occupants themselves, that they soon moved far away. They could not be happy anywhere near such a dreadful habitation. At length the old house was shut up, and was deserted by everything human. It was in a state of dilapidation when we first visited it. The doors were nearly rusted from their hinges, the windows were broken, and every foundation stone was covered with the mildew of decomposition."

Davis says that upon entering the chamber there was instantly upon him "a feeling that there was something human in the very plaster and woodwork of the haunted apartments. This mysterious *feeling*, in a dwelling so long uninhabited, led to clairvoyant perceptions." He found the "electrical *particles*," or emanations of the unhappy son and mother "still lingering in the mildew and atmosphere of the chamber. We seemed to breathe the very life of the wretched suicides." He adds, "Since that day we have discovered and established, at least to our own satisfaction, that particular rooms in a house may become *mediumized*. The bodily emanations of a person while in extreme distress of either mind or body, will, under certain states of the atmosphere, completely impregnate and saturate the particles of a room; so that, for years afterward, it is possible for spirits to manifest themselves, in various ways, in the discharge of some particular uses or duties. In such cases we say that the house is 'haunted.' In reality, the room is a 'physical medium,' and the manifestations are attributable to the presence or influence of persons no longer in the terrestrial body. Precisely what combination of mental forces and electrical emanations is requisite to *mediumize* an apartment, we cannot say; but that the human mind is adequate, under peculiar trials, or by the magnetic use of the will-power, to the production of 'haunted rooms,' is too well known to be denied. It is well to remember that the human world and the spirit world are interblended and inseparable."

Notices of Books.

HEALING MEDIUMS.*

THIS is a subject which has been frequently brought before our readers as a great spiritual fact, and we have endeavoured to attract attention to it, that its laws and methods might receive attention. If it be proved by sufficient instances that such a power exists in man, it is, perhaps, of all others, the most worthy of investigation, and that, not alone because of the benefits which it may confer in relieving the deep sufferings of mankind. Though this may be its highest and ultimate use, yet by a patient research into it, we believe that great psychological and even religious analogies and discoveries would be made, and that it would tend to reconcile some disputed points of the highest interest. If there be a magnetic power in goodness and love, which can cure evil and hatred, (and who doubts this God-like and God-given power), why should there not be in the lower region of physics, an analogous power by the strong healthy man, upon the weak and suffering, to instil into their bodies so much physical force, as may drive out disease and weakness? It is well known that great care must be taken by those who use the hand and will power in curing disease, to throw off the diseased sphere, which is detached from the patient, and that, when this is not done, the operator himself becomes affected by the disease of which he cures the patient. This is a species of vicarious suffering, and we can well conceive, from such a consideration, how a healthy, loving, sympathetic body can give to another the health which drives out disease. In addition to this, man being a magnet of the highest order, acts positively in such a case upon the weaker magnet, and establishes a current, which is the medium by which health is infused and disease abstracted.

As we have said, all depends upon having sufficient facts by which to guide the judgment in forming a conclusion. It has been the good fortune of the science miscalled mesmerism, that it has undergone a scientific investigation by persons fully competent to the task, and it has resulted from the long continued labours of Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, that a body of facts has been collected, amply sufficient for the purpose. It is true that at the time of their investigations, the mere ascertaining of the facts was a very principal part, and that the deductions which have since began to show themselves, were not in the minds of the early investigators. Dr. Ashburner has

* *Healing by the Hand and Will, exemplified by Mr. Capern during a residence at Lamport.* By SIR CHARLES ISHAM, BART. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row, 1862.

shown himself competent to deal not only with the facts he elicited, but to travel with them into the higher regions to which they naturally lead, but with Dr. Elliotson, he was not able to build upon the foundation which he laid with such care, and which subjected him to such obloquy. It is now seen that mesmerism is only a branch of spiritual laws, and that it providentially formed but a basis for the subsequent developments of Spiritualism. Perhaps that is one of the reasons which has lately caused it to decline out of fashion, and which causes those who still pursue it, to suppress from the public those spiritual developments into which it so frequently deepens.

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a pamphlet, just published, by Sir Charles Isham, of Lamport, Northamptonshire, who recounts his experience of many cures performed through Mr. Capern, the well known mesmerist. The remarks of the author are of great interest, and the cases which he adduces are especially valuable. We cannot but express the hope that this little pamphlet of twenty pages may draw anew attention to the subject, and that it may be investigated from the point of Spiritualism, rather than from that of Mesmerism.

We give the preliminary observations of Sir Charles Isham and two of the cases which he adduces. At the end of one of the cases we observe the words, "There are some other remarkable facts in connection with this case which I do not publish." We suspect that these facts are of a spiritual kind.

It is to be regretted that persons who make use of the hand and will in relieving pain, or in curing disease, cannot exercise their vocation without being subjected to cruel accusations and injurious reflections.

So late as August last, at a meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, it was ordained that—"No Fellow or Licentiate of the College shall pretend or profess to cure diseases by the deception called homœopathy, or the practice called mesmerism, or by any other form of quackery. . . . It is also hereby ordained that no Fellow or Licentiate of the College shall consult with, meet, advise, direct, or assist any person engaged in such deceptions or practices, or in any system or practice considered derogatory or dishonourable by physicians or surgeons."

As the following facts will bear the closest investigation, it is to be hoped they may assist those who require it, in obtaining more true and definite knowledge with regard to mesmerism than they at present possess, *and draw their attention to allied subjects, the most vast and elevating which the mind can contemplate.*

Having had unusual opportunities some years since of observing the beneficial effects of mesmerism, I considered myself fortunate last September in procuring the services of Mr. Capern, whom I had long known, and who, for nearly seventeen years has devoted himself to the mitigation of suffering by that agency alone. This gentleman remained with me upwards of half-a-year, during which period he daily demonstrated amongst the poor the relief which this power is capable of affording; and ample time has been allowed for observing the enduring effects of the same.

It will be unnecessary to enumerate all of the instances in which Mr. Capern was more or less successful, but I may observe that, although from various causes the desired effects were not always of long duration, he rarely failed in proving almost immediately to those who required it the reality of mesmerism as

a powerful palliative. Some who had been sufferers from injuries of long standing, or from pain, would, in a short time, feel partial or even entire relief, the good results remaining for a longer or shorter period as the case might be, and when the pains returned they could again be as easily removed; others who were cured almost instantaneously, have had, after an interval of seven months, no return of their ailments. Amongst those upon whom Mr. Capern operated during his residence here, there has been but one who has gone into a decided mesmeric sleep; the rest, I believe, with the exception of one or at most two cases, were awake and perfectly conscious. This fact disposes of a prevalent idea, that sleep is a necessary concomitant to mesmerism.

The following facts I have selected from a number of cases of relief afforded by Mr. Capern in this immediate neighbourhood; they were obtained at or about the time of their occurrence, by questioning the persons concerned, and those who knew their condition before and after, or who witnessed the treatment, cautiously guarding against any cause of inducement for an over-statement of facts. I have again, quite lately, had interviews with them and their friends, and have gone into the minutest details, taking them down at the time, and comparing them with my former notes. It will be observed that six out of the thirteen cases selected occurred at the adjacent village of Scaldwell; these are amply attested by the rector, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur G. Douglas, who has kindly afforded me additional evidence, beyond that which I have given, relative to some of the cases of his parishioners.

Lampport Hall, Northampton, May, 1862.

Thomas Watson Warner, Scaldwell, age 27.—In October was attacked with tooth-ache, had been getting worse for a fortnight, face and neck much swollen, could scarcely see out of one eye, teeth in top jaw became loose, could only take liquids for some days, which were given him from the edge of a teaspoon, scarcely got an hour's sleep for four nights, stopped work one day. Mr. Capern met him in the lane, near Scaldwell windmill. The face being tied up, he enquired the cause, saying, he thought he might be able to afford him some relief. The man not knowing in the least who he was, or what he was going to do, consented to allow him a trial. They stood under shelter of the hedge whilst Mr. Capern drew his hand lightly over the face for about five minutes, and Warner from that moment felt as well as ever he did in his life. He went home immediately, and ate a dinner of solid food: the swelling was gone down by next morning. Each time the hand was passed over the face Warner felt as if half-a-pound weight was drawn from him. He has continued well seven months.

Thomas Sharpe, Scaldwell, age 60.—In December, 1859, fell about twelve feet through a trap-door at Old Malting-house, injured both ankles, was laid up eighteen weeks, six weeks in bed. The doctor told him he would never be a sound man again. In November, 1861, Mr. Capern found him at light field work, which he could with difficulty get through, and made him sit down on the damp ground and take off the boot of the left foot. This he objected to doing, saying, his foot was always so swollen after work that it would be impossible for him to get it on again. Mr. Capern, however, insisted on his requirement, saying, he would undertake to get him home. Passes were then made over this and the other foot which had the boot on, a fellow labourer being time-keeper by the watch. In five minutes perspiration dropped off Sharpe's face, and in five more he put on his boot, which went on quite easily and has never been very tight since, got up, and to show what he could do, began kicking about the clods, which up to that time he with difficulty could walk over, and felt as if he could almost jump over a hurdle. He now, after a lapse of six months, remains well, with a little occasional pain in the left foot and none in the right. He had never since the accident been able to move the great toe of the former until the time Mr. Capern mesmerised him. It then became perfectly free, and has remained so ever since. Whilst these passes were being made Sharpe experienced a feeling of heat and a "working about" of the pain; it then seemed to go out at the great toe, at which moment there was a sensation as if the nail was being torn out. When Mr. Capern passed his hand lightly over the foot, scarcely touching the stocking, there seemed to be more "virtue" than when slight pressure was used. It is needless to add Sharpe was never so astonished in his life.