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THE

Encyclopædia of Death

AND

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES.

By J. R. FRANCIS.

Author of "Search After God," "Is the Devil Dead?" etc.

VOLUME I.

(FOURTH EDITION.)

CHICAGO:

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER PUBLISHING HOUSE,

1903.

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INTRODUCTION.

What is Death, which, in all ages of the world has received so much attention from the philosopher, the scientist, the poet, the metaphysician, the minister of the Gospel, the king on his throne and the peasant in his humble cottage? It is almost universally feared—an inherited tendency, probably—and it rarely takes place, either in the higher or lower walks of life, that bitter tears are not shed or moans of anguish manifested by immediate relatives and friends. Its presence is never courted, only by those who contemplate suicide, and even they have no adequate conception of its true nature. The prevalent views of Death entertained by all the orthodox religious sects, and zealously promulgated from the pulpit, are erroneous in nearly all respects but this one—it actually occurs.

The higher concept of Death, the one endorsed by all minds which have left in the rear the austere religious tenets of the church, and in consequence have stepped to a higher plane, views it in the light of a grand and glorious change, through the instrumentality of which the spirit is freed from its earthly body and environments, and is thereby enabled to advance to a higher altitude in the spheres of progress. The main object to be attained in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD*, is to so educate the masses that the last great event in the earthly career of each one will no longer be regarded with superstitious feelings, but on the contrary be looked upon as a beneficent ordinance of Nature, without which the world would soon be plunged into darkness and woe.

Death in all its multifarious details will be carefully and comprehensively treated in the various volumes, and a mass of

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important information presented that will prove invaluable to every reflective person. The thoughts of the most brilliant minds on both sides of life—mortals and spirits—will be given in order to fully elucidate the process of dying, and thus convince humanity that the change is not one to be dreaded. Of course, the experiences of spirits in the higher life differ widely, yet they speak from their respective standpoints and environments, and impart what to them is absolute truth.

The Mythical Origin of Death.

As is well known, a myth is a fabulous or imaginary statement or narrative conveying an important truth, generally of



a moral or religious nature; an allegory, religious or historical, of spontaneous growth and popular origin, generally involving some supernatural or superhuman claim of power; a tale of some extraordinary personage or country that has been gradually formed by, or has grown out of, the admiration and veneration of successive generations—*Webster*.

In consequence of the great age of mankind and the prevailing ignorance that existed throughout the world in times past, myths have become exceedingly numerous, and having been very important factors in the formation of national characters as well as in shaping the destinies of individuals, they now survive simply as re-

lics of the baneful influences that evolved them. The myths of ancient times now constitute the attic rubbish of modern literature, of no substantial use to humanity, only so far as they illustrate the peculiar nature and idiosyncrasies of those who were wholly unable to comprehend even the simple rudiments of modern advance-

ment. Myth and Superstition are boon companions. They are never separate in any kingdom, empire, or nationality. They exist simply because ignorance has enthroned them as factors in the lives and destinies of people, where they exert a commanding influence.

The myths of the origin of death are indeed numerous, and many of them are regarded as sacred, even in this nineteenth century. Christians, if they desire to thoroughly understand the mysteries of Divine Providence, have recourse to the Bible, considering it in all respects as infallible authority. Its statements, however, with reference to the introduction of sin into the world and the origin of death, are not very satisfactory, even to those who tacitly admit its truthfulness; while to many others they only constitute a simple myth, and are in no sense regarded as of divine origin. Thus we are told in the "Union Bible Dictionary" that by the transgression of God's commandments our first parents became liable to death. The dire threatening was: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The unfortunate pair, however, did not succumb immediately to the calamitous prediction, but their eventful earth-life was so prolonged that they were enabled to rear two sons—Cain and Abel. Of course, the unhappy introduction of death into the world, as blandly set forth in the Bible, would not be a pleasant myth to contemplate unless frequent allusions were made thereto. Hence the question is asked: "Have the gates of Death been opened unto thee?" (Job xxxviii., 17). "Have mercy unto me, O Lord; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me; thou that liftest me up from the gates of Death" (Psalms ix., 13). "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death" (Psalms cvii., 18).

The myth of the origin of death commences its historic life with the statement that a certain apple-tree existed in a beautiful garden, which was made directly by God himself. One would naturally infer from the statement that it must have been a very enchanting place; its fruits luscious, its flowers beautiful, its atmosphere pure and its animals kind, loving and gentle. But there was one tree—"the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil"—that possessed, it was naïvely proclaimed, certain miraculous properties which, if absorbed by Adam and Eve, would change their natures throughout. This makes the

myth of the origin of Death far more interesting than it would otherwise have been. The allusions also to the "gates of death" seem to convey the idea that connected therewith are vast fields where the liberated soul can wander, and behold the grandeur and goodness of God.

Myths, like everything else, are slowly evolved. They blossom, beautifully or otherwise, under the repeated manipulation of succeeding generations, each extending them here and there until they are complete and ready to be embodied in history. There is a poetical gleam in the expression—"gates of death"—and one is inclined to ask: May there not be a place of ingress and exit in the climes elysian, and why not the imagination assign thereto a pearly gate? In the tedious process of the evolution of this myth, ignorance, of course, was the prime factor. Everything of supernal origin or existence must be brought within the purview of rude, untutored minds, by associating therewith objects of a sublunary nature. Believing that there existed a passageway between earth and heaven, they associated therewith a "gate of death," thus assisting in evolving a myth with reference to the passage of the spirit heavenward.

The Bible myth of the origin of death starts out with the inference that its introduction into the world was a dire calamity, hence it has connected therewith a "dark shadow." "Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it." "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death" (Job x., 21). "My face is foul with weeping and on my eyelids is the shadow of death" (Job xvi., 16). "He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection; the stones of darkness and the shadow of death" (Job xxviii., 3). "Hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" (Job xxxviii., 17). "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil" (Psalms xxiii., 4). "Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death" (Psalms xlv., 19). "Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." (Psalms cvii., 10). "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined" (Isaiah ix., 2). "Neither said they: Where is the Lord that brought us up out of the land of

Egypt, that led us through the wilderness, through a land of deserts and pits, through a land of drought and of the shadow of death" (Jer. ii., 6). "Give glory to the Lord your God, before he causes darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, He turns it into the shadow of death, and makes it gross darkness" (Jer. xiii., 16).

A myth with reference to the origin of death having once been established, the "gates of death" and the "shadow of death" soon followed. The Bible is profuse in statements that add great interest to this myth, and which show conclusively that the ancients were supremely ignorant and superstitious, and understood very little of the benign action of natural laws. They did not consider that death is as natural as birth; that growth and decay are common to all things, hence their innate superstition in the course of time evolved a very interesting myth, and in connection therewith they actually represent the Lord as saying: "I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land."

Death having been introduced into the world through the instrumentality of a peculiar tree, over which God exercised an especial guardianship, it would be natural for the highly imaginative ancients to represent Him and others as talking in a variety of ways with reference to the final change common to all humanity. In Job xviii., 13, this highly figurative expression may be found: "It shall devour the strength of his skin; even the first-born of death shall devour his strength." It would be exceedingly difficult to determine the exact meaning of that passage of scripture. The myth of the origin of death seems to grow more mythical as statements are perused bearing on the subject in the Bible. "Those that remain of him shall be buried in death" (Job xxvii., 15), conveys nothing intelligible to the scrutinizing student; but when the solemn assertion is made (Psalms xlix., 14), that "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them," one is very much surprised at the exceeding great variety of uses to which this word death can be applied. To be "buried in death" would not suffice the ancient Psalmist, hence he quaintly ordains that "death shall feed on them," and then asks the question: "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" Of course the multitudinous play of words with reference to the myth of the ori-

gin of death would not be complete nor satisfactory unless brought into juxtaposition to love, hence in Proverbs viii., 36, the following presents itself: "All they that hate me, love death." Death, too, must have a well-defined locality, hence we find in Proverbs vii., 27, the "chambers of death," which are mysteriously associated with the route to hell. But it is exceedingly pleasant to contemplate that (Prov. xii., 28), "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death;" but one becomes exceedingly sad in realizing the painful fact that no human being ever traversed that pathway sufficiently to escape the ordeal common to all humanity, even though to him (Prov. xiv., 12), "There is a way which seemeth right, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Death is certainly a very important factor in the providence of God, and it is not strange that it should be brought into requisition whereby (Romans v., 10), "we were reconciled to God by the death of his son." Death having originated in such a peculiar way, it must necessarily play an active part in the redemption of the race, or otherwise the "myth of the origin of death" would lose much of its interest. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. For until the law sin was in the world, but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come" (Romans v., 12, 13, 14).

Though the above is involved in great obscurity, its meaning leading no one knows whither, it may be gratifying to some to know (Rom. vi., 5), that "if we have been planted together in the likeness of death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." It was quite natural for the rude, superstitious and uncultured ancients to regard death with unmingled awe, hence the expression (I. Cor. xv., 26), "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And being a dire enemy what would be more natural than the statement (I. Cor. xv., 54): "So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." In this connection it may be a surprise to some

that as doors, vaults, etc., have keys, the history of this word death would not be complete without one, too, hence we have the statement (Rev. i., 18): "I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and death."

The ancients were remarkably ingenious in the employment of this word death, not only alluding to the keys belonging thereto, but asserting (Isaiah xxviii., 15): "We have made a covenant with death"—conveying the idea that death is a personage capable of counseling with men and entering into a contract wherein specific action is expressly stipulated. Being ignorant of the real character of death, and not supposing for a moment it is a beneficent ordinance of nature, they allude to it in connection with mundane affairs in a very singular manner. "And I will kill her children with death" (Rev. ii., 23), as if death could be used as an effective external instrument in causing death. Again the startling announcement is made (Rev. vi., 8): "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death." As if there can be more than one death, it is stated (Exodus x., 17): "Now, therefore, forgive, I pray thee, my sin only this once, and entreat your God, that He may take away from me this death only." Death, too, is represented as a personage (Jer. ix., 21): "For Death is come up unto our windows and is entered into our palaces to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets." Death is also alluded to as possessing snares (Psalms xviii., 5).

It is now believed by Christians generally that the account in Genesis of the fall of man and the subsequent introduction of death into the world, should not be construed literally. The enlightened judgment of christendom at the present time is that death is an ordinance of nature, a beneficent measure on the part of Divine Providence, and that whatever allusion is made thereto in the Bible, must be regarded as figurative illustrations by those who, though undoubtedly inspired, infused their own fancies and predictions in a great deal of their speaking and writing, which, it is claimed, was inspired by God Himself.

Death is simply one beneficent stage of nature, controlled by Divine Providence, whereby an enlarged sphere of existence is disclosed to the aspiring soul, and of which the an-

cients caught faint glimpses in dreams and visions, and which induced the drawing of weird pictures and rude metaphors of death on their part. "O death, I will be thy plagues" (Hosea xiii., 14), might have been considered a brilliant metaphor or figure of speech by those of olden times, but to the modern thinker it conveys no intelligible idea or lesson.

MYTHS OF THE ORIGIN OF DEATH.

I have introduced these few examples of marvelous superstition in order to illustrate the exceeding large vein of credulity that permeates human nature, distorting it and giving rise to Myths of the Origin of Death.*

The problems of the mythologist are to account, if he can, first for the origin and next for the distribution of myths. Plainly the myths of men must have their source in certain conditions of the human intellect. That these conditions do not exist in full force among civilized men is obvious enough, because men of all civilizations, Egyptian, Hindoo, and Greek, have been as much puzzled as we modern peoples are to account for the origin of myths. The mental conditions, therefore, which naturally and necessarily produce myths must be strange, on the whole, to civilized men. We are, therefore, led to ask whether this mental stage has not existed, and whether it does not still exist, among the more backward races, savages as we rather indiscriminately call them. If we do find widely prevalent among the lower races a condition of thought which would necessarily beget the myths of the lower races, and if among the upper races myths similar in character be traced, the problem of the mythologist will be partially solved. Myths, or certain myths, will be the productions of the human mind in the savage state; and when these legends occur among civilized races, they will either be survivals from savagery or narratives borrowed from savages.

Let us apply this system to a single case; namely, to the myths concerning the origin of death.

Now, it is plain enough that civilized men, in a scientific age, would never dream of inventing a story to account for so necessary and inevitable an incident as death. "All men are mortal," is the very type among us of a universal affirmative statement, and how men come to be mortal needs no ex-

*Andrew Lang, *Ph. D.*, London, in *Princeton Review*.

planation. So the case seems to civilized and scientific man. But his own children have not attained to his belief in death. The certainty and universality of death do not enter into the thoughts of our little ones.

Now, there are still many tribes of men who practically disbelieve in death. To them death is always a surprise and an accident, an unnecessary, irrelevant intrusion on the living world. "Natural deaths are, by many tribes, regarded as supernatural," says Mr. Tylor. These tribes have no conception of death as the inevitable, eventful obstruction and cessation of the powers of the bodily machine; the stopping of the pulses and processes of life by violence or decay or disease. To persons who regard death thus, his intrusion into the world (for death, of course, is thought to be a person) stands in great need of explanation. That explanation, as usual, is given in myths. But before studying these widely different myths, let us first establish the fact that death really is regarded as something non-natural and intrusive. The modern savage readily believes in and accounts, in a scientific way, for *violent* deaths. The spear or club breaks or crushes a hole in a man, and his soul flies out. But the deaths he disbelieves in are *natural* deaths. These he is obliged to explain as produced by some supernatural cause, generally the action of malevolent spirits impelled by witches. Thus the savage holds that, violence apart and the action of witches apart, man would even now be immortal. "There are rude races of Australia and South America," writes Mr. Tylor, "whose intense belief in witchcraft has led them to declare that if men were never bewitched, and never killed by violence, *they would never die at all*. Like the Australians, the Africans will inquire of their dead 'what sorcerer slew them by his wicked arts.'" "The natives," says Sir George Grey, speaking of the Australians, "do not believe that there is such a thing as death from natural causes." On the death of an Australian native from disease, a kind of magical coroner's inquest is held by the conjurers of the tribe, and the direction in which the wizard lives who slew the dead man is ascertained by the movements of worms and insects. The process is described at full length by Mr. Brough Smyth in his "Aborigines of Victoria." Turning from Australia to Hindostan, we find that the Puwarrees (according to Heber's narrative) attribute all natural deaths to a supernatural cause;

namely, witchcraft. That is, the Puwarrees do not yet believe in the universality and necessity of death. He is an intruder brought by magic arts into our living world. Again, in his "Ethnology of Bengal," Dalton tells us that the Hos (an aboriginal non-Aryan race) are of the same opinion as the Puwarrees. "They hold that all disease in men or animals is attributable to one of two causes: the wrath of some evil spirit or the spell of some witch or sorcerer. These superstitions are common to all classes of the population of this province." In the New Hebrides disease and death are caused, as Mr. Codrington found, by *tamates*, or ghosts. In New Caledonia, according to Erskine, death is the result of witchcraft practiced by members of a hostile tribe, for who would be so wicked as to bewitch his fellow-tribesman? The Andaman Islanders attribute all natural deaths to the supernatural influence of *e reu chaugala*, or to *jura-win*, two spirits of the jungle and the sea. The death is avenged by the nearest relation of the deceased, who shoots arrows at the invisible enemy. The negroes of Central Africa entertain precisely similar ideas about the non-naturalness of death. Mr. Duff Macdonald, in his recent book, "Africana," writes: "Every man who dies what we call a natural death is really killed by witches." It is a far cry from the Blantyre Mission in Africa to the Eskimo of the frozen north. But so uniform is human nature in the lower races that the Eskimo precisely agree, as far as theories of death go, with the Africans, the aborigines of India, the Andaman Islanders, the Australians, and the rest. Dr. Rink found that "sickness or death coming about in an accidental manner was always attributed to witchcraft, and it remains a question whether death on the whole was not originally accounted for as resulting from magic." It is needless to show how these ideas survived into civilization. Bishop Jewell, denouncing witches before Queen Elizabeth, was, so far, mentally on a level with the Eskimo and the Australian. The familiar and voluminous records of trials for witchcraft, whether at Salem or at Edinburgh, prove that all abnormal and unwonted deaths and diseases, in animals or in men, were explained by our ancestors as the results of supernatural mischief.

It has been made plain (and the proof might be enlarged to any extent) that the savage does not regard death as "God's great ordinance," universal and inevitable and natural. But,

being curious and inquisitive, he cannot help asking himself: "How did this terrible invader first enter a world where he now appears so often?" This is, properly speaking, a scientific question; but the savage answers it, not by collecting facts and generalizing from them, but by inventing a myth. This is his invariable habit. Does he want to know why this tree has red berries, why that animal has brown stripes, why this bird utters its peculiar cry, where fire came from, why a constellation is grouped in one way or another, why his race of men differs from the whites,—in all these, and in all other intellectual perplexities, the savage invents a story to solve the problem. Stories about the origin of death are, therefore, among the commonest fruits of the savage imagination. As those legends have been produced to meet the same want by persons in a very similar mental condition, it inevitably follows that they all resemble each other with considerable closeness. We need not conclude that all the myths we are about to examine came from a single original source, or were handed about, with flint arrow-heads, seeds, shells, beads, and weapons, in the course of savage commerce. Borrowing of this sort may, or rather must, explain many difficulties as to the diffusion of some myths. But the myths with which we are concerned now, the myths of the origin of death, might conceivably have been separately developed by simple and ignorant men seeking to discover an answer to the same problem.

The myths of the origin of death fall into a few categories. In many legends of the lower races men are said to have become subject to mortality because they infringed some mystic prohibition or *taboo* of the sort which is common among untutored peoples. The apparently untrammelled Polynesian, or Australian, or African, is really the slave of countless traditions which forbid him to eat this object or to touch that, or to speak to such and such a person, or to utter this or that word. Races in this curious state of ceremonial subjection often account for death as the punishment imposed for breaking some *taboo*. In other cases, death is said to have been caused by a sin of omission, not of commission. People who have a complicated and minute ritual (like so many of the lower races) persuade themselves that death burst on the world when some passage of the ritual was first omitted, or when some custom was first infringed. Yet again, death is fabled to

have first claimed us for his victims in consequence of the erroneous delivery of a favorable message from some powerful supernatural being, or because of the failure of some enterprise which would have resulted in the overthrow of death, or by virtue of a pact or covenant between death and the gods. Thus it will be seen that death is often (though by no means invariably) the penalty of infringing a command, or of indulging in a culpable curiosity. But there are cases, as we shall see, in which death, as a tolerably general law, follows on a mere accident. Some one is accidentally killed, and this "gives death a lead" (as they say in the hunting-field) over the fence which had hitherto severed him from the world of living men. It is to be observed, in this connection, that the first of men who died is usually regarded as the discoverer of a hitherto "unknown country," the land beyond the grave, to which all future men must follow him. Bin dir Woor, among the Australians, was the first man who suffered death, and he (like Yama in the Vedic myth) became the Columbus of the new world of the dead.

Let us now examine in detail a few of the savage stories of the origin of death. That told by the Australians may be regarded with suspicion, as a refraction from a careless hearing of the narrative in Genesis. The legend printed by Mr. Brough Smyth was told to Mr. Bulwer by "a black fellow far from sharp," and this black fellow may conceivably have distorted what his tribe had heard from a missionary. This sort of refraction is not uncommon, and we must always guard ourselves against being deceived by a savage corruption of a Biblical narrative. Here is the myth, such as it is: "The first created man and woman were told" (by whom we do not learn) "not to go near a certain tree in which a bat lived. The bat was not to be disturbed. One day, however, the woman was gathering fire-wood, and she went near the tree. The bat flew away, and after that came death." More evidently genuine is the following legend of how death "got a lead" into the Australian world: "The child of the first man was wounded. If his parents could heal him, death would never enter the world. They failed. Death came." The wound, in this legend, was inflicted by a supernatural being. Here death acts on the principle *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and the *premier pas* was made easy for him. We may continue to ex-

amine the stories which account for death as the result of breaking a *taboo*. The Ningphos of Bengal say they were originally immortal. They were forbidden to bathe in a certain pool of water. Some one, greatly daring, bathed, and, ever since, Ningphos have been subject to death. The infringement, not of a *taboo*, but of a custom, caused death in one of the many Melanesian myths on this subject. Men and women had been practically deathless because they cast their old skins at certain intervals. But a grandmother had a favorite grandchild who failed to recognize her when she appeared as a young woman in her new skin. With fatal good-nature the grandmother put on her old skin again, and instantly men lost the art of skin-shifting, and death finally seized them.

The Greek myth of the origin of death is the most important of those which turn on the breaking of a prohibition. The story has unfortunately become greatly confused in the various poetical forms which have reached us. As far as can be ascertained, death was regarded in one early Greek myth as the punishment of indulgence in forbidden curiosity. Men appear to have been free from death before the quarrel between Zeus and Prometheus. In consequence of this quarrel Hephæstus fashioned a woman out of earth and water, and gave her to Epimetheus, the brother of the Titan. Prometheus had forbidden his brother to accept any gift from the gods, but the bride was welcomed nevertheless. She brought her magical coffer; this was opened; and men who, according to Hesiod, had hitherto lived exempt from "maladies that bring down fate," were overwhelmed with the "diseases that stalk abroad by night and day." Now, in Hesiod (*Works and Days*, 70-100) there is nothing said about unholy curiosity. Pandora simply opened her casket and scattered its fatal contents. But Philodemus assures us that, according to a variant of the myth, it was Epimetheus who opened the forbidden coffer, whence came death.

Leaving the myths which turn on the breaking of a *taboo*, and reserving for consideration the New Zealand story, in which the origin of death is the neglect of a ritual process, let us look at some African myths of the origin of death. It is to be observed that in these (as in all the myths of the most backward races) many of the characters are not gods, but animals.

The Bushman story lacks the beginning. The mother of

the little hare was lying dead, but we do not know how she came to die. The moon then struck the little hare on the lip, cutting it open, and saying: "Cry loudly, for your mother will not return, as *I* do, but is quite dead." In another version the moon promises that the old hare *will* return to life, but the little hare is sceptical, and is hit in the mouth as before. The Hottentot myth makes the moon send the hare to men with the message that they will revive as he (the moon) does. But the hare "loses his memory as he runs" (to quote the French proverb which may be based on a form of this very tale), and the messenger brings the tidings that men shall surely die and never revive. The angry moon then burns a hole in the hare's mouth. In yet another Hottentot version the hare's failure to deliver the message correctly caused the death of the moon's mother (Bleek, "Bushman Folklore"). In this last variant we have death as the result of a failure or transgression. Among the more backward natives of South India (Lewin's "Wild Races of South India") the serpent is concerned, in a suspicious way, with the origin of death. The following legend might so easily arise from a confused understanding of the Mohammedan or Biblical narrative that it is of little value for our purpose. At the same time, even if it is only an adaptation, it shows the characteristics of the adapting mind. God had made the world, trees, and reptiles, and then set to work to make man out of clay. A serpent came and devoured the still inanimate clay images while God slept. The serpent still comes and bites us all, and the end is death. If God never slept, there would be no death. The snake carries us off while God is asleep. But the oddest part of this myth remains. Not being able always to keep awake, God made a dog to drive away the snake by barking. And that is why dogs always howl when men are at the point of death. Here we have our own rural superstition about howling dogs twisted into a South Indian myth of the origin of death. The introduction of death by a pure accident recurs in a myth of Central Africa reported by Mr. Duff MacDonald. There was a time when the man blessed by Sancho Panza had not yet "invented sleep." A woman it was who came and offered to instruct two men in the still novel art of sleeping. "She held the nostrils of one, and he never awoke at all," and since then the art of dying has been facile.

A not unnatural theory of the origin of death is illustrated by a myth from Pentecost Island and a Red Indian myth. In the legends of very many races we find the attempt to account for the origin of evil by a simple dualistic myth. There were two brothers who made things; one made things well, the other made them ill. In Pentecost Island it was Tagar who made things well, and he appointed that men should die for five days only, and live again. But the malevolent Suque caused men "to die right out." The Red Indian legend of the same character is printed in the "Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology" (1879-80), p. 45. The younger of the Cin-au-av brothers said: "When a man dies, send him back in the morning and let all his friends rejoice." "Not so," said the elder; "the dead shall return no more." So the younger brother slew the child of the elder, and this was the beginning of death.

There is another and a very quaint myth of the origin of death in Banks Island. At first, in Banks Island, as elsewhere, men were immortal. The economical results were just what might have been expected. Property became concentrated in the hands of a few,—that is, of the first generations,—while all the younger people were practically paupers. To heal the disastrous social malady, Qat (the maker of things, who was more or less a spider), sent for Mate—that is, Death. Death lived near a volcanic crater of a mountain, where there is now a byway into Hades, or Panoi, as the Melanesians call it. Death came and went through the empty forms of a funeral feast for himself. Tangaro, the Fool, was sent to watch Mate, and to see by what way he returned to Hades, that men might avoid that path in future. Now, when Mate fled to his own place, this great Fool, Tangaro, noticed the path, but forgot which it was and pointed it out to men under the impression that it was the road to the *upper*, not the *under*, world. Ever since that day men have been constrained to follow Mate's path to Panoi and the dead. Another myth is somewhat different, but, like this one, attributes death to the imbecility of Tangaro, the Fool. The New Zealand myth of the origin of death is pretty well known, as Mr. Tylor has seen in it the remnants of a solar myth, and has given it a "solar" explanation. It is an audacious thing to differ from so cautious and learned an anthropologist as Mr. Tylor, but the writer ven-

tures to give his reasons for dissenting, in this case, from the view of the author of "Primitive Culture." Maui is the great hero of Maori mythology. He was not precisely a god, still less was he one of the early elemental gods, yet we can scarcely regard him as a man. He rather answers to one of the race of Titans, and especially to Prometheus, the son of a Titan. Maui was prematurely born, and his mother thought the child would be no credit to her already numerous and promising family. She therefore (as native women too often did in the South Sea Islands) tied him up in her long tresses and tossed him out to sea. The gales brought him back to shore; one of his grandparents carried him home, and he became much the most illustrious and successful of his household. So far Maui had the luck which so commonly attends the youngest and least considered child in folklore and mythology. This feature in his myth may be a result of the very widespread custom of *jungsten Recht* (Borough English), by which the youngest child is heir, at least, of the family hearth. Now, unluckily, at the baptism of Maui (for a pagan form of baptism is a Maori ceremony) his father omitted some of the Karakias, or ritual utterances proper to be used on such occasions. This was the fatal original mistake whence came man's liability to death, for hitherto men had been immortal. So far, what is there "solar" about Maui? Who are the Sun's brethren,—and Maui had many? How could the Sun catch the Sun in a snare, and beat him so as to make him lame? This was one of Maui's feats, for he meant to prevent the Sun from running too fast through the sky. Maui brought fire, indeed, from the under world, as Prometheus stole it from the upper world, but many men and many beasts do as much as the myths of the world, and it is hard to see how the exploit gives Maui "a solar character." Maui invented barbs for hooks and other appurtenances of early civilization, with which the sun has no more to do than with patent safety-matches. His last feat was to attempt to secure human immortality forever. There are various legends on this subject. Some say Maui noticed that the sun and moon rose again from their daily death, by virtue of a fountain in Hades (Hine-nui-te-po) where they bathed. Others say he wished to kill Hine-nui-te-po (conceived of as a woman) and to carry off her heart. Whatever the reason, Maui was to be swallowed up in the giant frame of Hades, or

Night, and if he escaped alive, death would never have power over men. He made the desperate adventure, and would have succeeded but for the folly of one of the birds which accompanied him. This little bird, which sings at sunset, burst out laughing inopportunately, wakened Hine-nui-te-po, and she crushed to death Maui and all hopes of earthly immortality. Had he only come forth alive men would have been deathless. Now, except that the bird which laughed sings at sunset, what is there "solar" in all this? The sun does daily what Maui failed to do, passes through darkness and death back into light and life. Not only does the sun daily succeed where Maui failed, but (Taylor's "New Zealand") it was his observation of this fact which encouraged Maui to risk the adventure. If Maui were the sun we should all be immortal, for Maui's ordeal is daily achieved by the sun. But Mr. Tylor says ("Primitive Culture," i. 336): "It is seldom that solar characteristics are more distinctly marked in the several details of a myth than they are here." To us the characteristics seem to be precisely the reverse of solar. Throughout the cycle of Maui he is constantly set in direct opposition to the sun, and the very point of the final legend is that what the sun could do Maui could not. Literally, the one common point between Maui and the sun is that the little bird, the *tiwakawaka*, which sings at the daily death of day, sang at the eternal death of Maui. It will very frequently be found that the "solar hero" of mythologists is no more solar than Maui was a photographer.

Without pausing to consider the Tongan myth of the origin of death, we may go on to investigate the legends of the Aryan races. According to the Satapatha Brahmana, death was made, like the gods and other creatures, by a being named Prajapati. Now, of Prajapati half was mortal, half was immortal. With this mortal half he feared death, and concealed himself from death in earth and water. Death said to the gods: "What hath become of him who created us?" They answered: "Fearing thee hath he entered the earth." The gods and Prajapati now freed themselves from the dominion of death by celebrating an enormous number of sacrifices. Death was chagrined by their escape from the "nets and clubs" which he carries in the Aitareya Brahmana. "As you have escaped me, so will men also escape," he grumbled. The

gods appeased him in the promise that, *in the body*, no man henceforth forever, should invade death. "Every one who is become immortal shall do so by first parting with his body." Among the Aryans of India, as we have already seen, death has a protomartyr, Yama, "the first of men who reached the river, spying out a path for many" (Atharva Neda, vi. 283). Here Yama corresponds to Tangaro, the Fool, in the myth of the Solomon Islands. But Yama is not regarded as a maleficent being like Tangaro. The Rig Veda (x. 14) speaks of him as "King Yama, who departed to the mighty streams and sought out a road for many;" and again, the Atharva Veda names him "the first of men who died, and the first who departed to the celestial world." With him the Blessed Fathers dwell forever in happiness. Mr. Max Muller, however, takes Yama to be "a character suggested by the setting sun," a claim which is also put forward, as we have seen, for the Maori hero Maui. It is Yama, according to the Rig Veda, who sends the birds (a pigeon is one of his messengers) as warnings of approaching death. Among the Iranian race Yima appears to have been the counterpart of the Vedic Yama. He is now King of the Blessed; originally he was the first of men over whom death won his earliest victory. With this victory are vaguely connected legends of a serpent who killed King Yima, in punishment, apparently, of a sin. But it is hard to trace this myth in any coherent shape among the sacred books of the Iranian religion.

We have now hastily examined some typical instances of myths of the origin of death. Our point is proved if it be admitted that such myths would naturally arise only among races which have not the scientific conception of the nature and universality of death. It has been shown that the death myths of savages do correspond with their prevalent conceptions of the nature of death, and it is inferred that the similar myths of Greeks, Hindoos, and Persians, are either survivals from the time when these races were uncivilized, or are examples of borrowing from uncivilized peoples. This theory of myths has no real novelty, being precisely that by which Eusebius, in his "Præparatio Evangelica," replied to the various philosophical and moral theories of the contemporary pagan Greeks. "Your myths began," Eusebius argues, "when your ancestors knew neither law nor civilization. You have never ventured to lay

aside these ancient stories, of which you are now ashamed, as you show by your various apologetic explanations, none of which have the advantage of agreeing with each other." Thus the ancient Father actually anticipated the latest results of modern comparative science.

The Spiritual Analysis of the Change Called Death.

SPIRITS TAKE POSSESSION OF A DYING BODY.

Several years ago a most remarkable phenomenon* occurred at Lawrence Mass. Susie M. Smith, a young lady about seventeen years of age, daughter of Dr. Greenleaf Smith, after a short illness, apparently died at six o'clock in the evening; and from that time until the following Friday at twelve o'clock, the body was controlled in part by other spirits. On Wednesday, the day of her death, she said: "Father, I've attended my own funeral." She described it as very real; declared herself as perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and also spoke of singing, and gave the names of hymns she had heard.

She continued rational during the day, when, finally, about six o'clock, she passed into violent spasms; a gradual paleness overspread her face from the forehead; she became speechless, closed her eyes, and, to the senses of those about her bedside, life was extinct. Indeed, there seemed to be no question about it. The reader is aware how a loving heart refuses to believe its companion has departed this life, how it hopes against hope almost to the tomb. So with the father, mother, brother and sister gathered around the bedside. The body had the unmistakable death-damp on its face.

Many minutes had elapsed, when suddenly, to the indescribable surprise of all in the room, came a deep gruff, voice, the parted and moving lips of the body indicating its whereabouts, which said: "Rub both of her arms as hard as you can."

* A writer in "Spiritual Scientist."



DEATH AND LIFE ETERNAL CONTRASTED.

Without a second bidding, and recovering from their surprise, the command was obeyed, when came a second voice: "Raise her up." This was done, when she breathed naturally, but did not speak for a few moment.

Dr. Smith now sat behind the body, holding it up, when the controlling influence again spoke, in another voice: "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the

foot-board, she'd be all right." The doctor was preparing to carry this suggestion into effect, when he, with the body, was actually taken, lifted from their positions together, and both placed upon the foot-board by some unseen power.

The body was now possessed by a spirit, cheerful, lively, and not unlike its natural occupant. The doctor was about to ask if she hadn't better be laid back, when the same force again lifted them, carried them both backwards, he to his feet, she falling to her first position in bed, apparently again as dead as could possibly be. A few moments elapsed; the doubt was settling into a certainty, when a mild voice opened a conversation which continued three hours, and during this time acknowledging that the body had been controlled by spirits. A trance sleep followed. The next morning the eyes opened and a spirit, controlling her organism, asked: "Who am I, anyway?" The doctor replied: "You are Susie Smith." "No I ain't; Susie Smith died last night." And this opinion the controlling influence maintained. Friday the symptoms were again worse; there were several fainting spells and they were severe ones, but after twelve o'clock there were no indications of life. The next morning, while in a lower room, and endeavoring to decide where to lay the body, an apparition, or Susie Smith, as the incredulous or credulous will have it, walked into the room with plain footsteps, and said: "Right on the School Hill; right on the side of the road," then disappeared. The location indicated was selected. In Denmark, near Brighton, Maine, the body lies in a newly-selected lot, on the school-house hillside.

The illness and decease occurred at the residence of her sister, corner of Cedar and Franklin streets. The young lady had resided in Lawrence several years, was the organist at Webster Hall, with a large circle of acquaintances. We give the facts, easily attested, and the circumstances warrant the truthfulness of the statements. There is another instance on record somewhat similar. It occurred many years ago, but has gone the rounds of the press, at intervals, several times since it first happened. We remember it faintly as follows: A sailor on a man-of-war, the worst type of an unruly fellow, a drunkard, shirk, illiterate, and almost uncontrollable, was taken sick and died. The surgeon had pronounced him dead; he was laid out, and the crew had gathered about the corpse,

when the body sat upright, preached a most excellent sermon of some length to the sailors, in the midst of which the astonished surgeon and captain, who had been sent for, entered, and listened, thoroughly surprised and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the discourse. It continued some moments, and then the body again fell back, dead. This incident was attested by the commander, surgeon, and other officers, and never satisfactorily accounted for.

THE DEATH-BEDS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

*Listen to the words that come from the lips of so devout a Christian as the late Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, well known to the religious public at home and abroad. Hear his cry of doubt and despair: "It is all dark, dark, dark, to my soul, and I cannot disguise it. In the distress and anguish of my own spirit I confess that I see no light whatever."

Hardly less desponding than this in tone, was the utterance on one occasion of President McCosh, of Princeton College, while officiating at a funeral.

Turn from the wailings of anguish like these to the last words, almost playful in their serenity, of the Spiritualist Socrates. Crito asks him: "How and where shall we bury you?" Socrates rebukes the phrase. "Bury me," he replies, "in any way you please, *if you can catch me, and I do not escape from you!*" And, at the time smiling, and looking around on his hearers, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am this Socrates who is now conversing with you, and arranging each part of this discourse; but he obstinately thinks I am that which he shall shortly behold dead, and he wants to know how he shall bury me. But that which I have been arguing with you so long, that when I shall have drunk this poison I shall be with you no longer, but shall then depart straightway to some happy state of the blessed, I seem to have argued in vain, and I cannot convince him. . . . Say not, at the interment, that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. Say that you bury my *body*. Bury it, then, in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to laws."

The sequel of the familiar narrative, the introduction of the hemlock, the drinking of it amid the tears and lamenta

*Epes Sargent, in *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

tions of friends, the solemn silence enjoined by himself, the pacing to and fro, the perfect equanimity, and the unquenchable faith manifested in all his last words and acts, show that Socrates fulfilled in his death all the professions of his life.

As no unworthy pendant to this picture of the death of Socrates, learn how another Spiritualist, Mrs. Rosanna C. Ward, of Cincinnati, met her end. For several years she had said to her husband that she would pass away in the autumn of 1873, in the twilight of a beautiful day. The fact verified the prediction.

A few days before her departure she sent for a Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Vickers, and requested him to conduct the services at her funeral, and to say: "This woman did not die in the *faith* of Spiritualism, but she *had absolute knowledge* of the reality of the after-life and the fact of spirit intercourse."

She arranged all her affairs, and gave minute directions. "After the spirit leaves the body," she said, "lay the body out for cooling in this room; lower the windows about six inches and allow nobody to come in.

"There must be no sitting up. Go, all, and take your needed rest, *as I shall be doing.*"

The day preceding her death she lapsed into a deep trance, and was absent three hours. During this time her arm was pulseless and her breathing was imperceptible. When she retook possession of her body, she said: "There is so much life in the back brain that I could not pass away. The back brain must die a little more before I can leave." She then said to Mr. Ward, who had just handed her a flower: "The flowers are a thousand times more beautiful in the Spirit-world than these! But all God's works are beautiful, if we are only in sympathy with them. My dear, it is all right."

She then spoke of the interviews she had been having with departed relatives and friends, and said: "I will go to-morrow." On the morrow, a few moments before she passed away, she gave some instructions for her husband's comfort, and then, with a smile, looking him in the face, said: "My work is now done; the curtain falls." And so the well-prepared spirit passed on to the better clime, "the purer ether, the diviner air."

DYING EXPERIENCES OF RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

In order to show that the sensations of death are not painful, but in some cases really pleasant, is the object of introducing the various incidents connected with its phases. The following communication, received from Judge Rufus W. Peckham, who was drowned, being a passenger of the ill-fated Ville Du Havre, beautifully illustrates several points that every person should be familiar with. It was given through the mediumship of the lamented Judge J. W. Edmonds, and is very interesting :

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I shall waive all ceremony with you and enter upon this, our interview, not assuming, but *knowing*, that you are aware of my presence almost as tangibly as when I last met you in Albany, in the court-room, where you and I had listened and tried to be still, out of respect to the majesty of the law. You left the court room in advance of me. I tried to see you again, but you left that evening. We meet again here under different circumstances. I will not say that I am from the higher court to-day, for, as yet, I have found no court or sphere into which your thoughts, which represent your spirit, do not come. Hence there are no severed links in our friendship, when we still sit in council with those we knew and loved.

Had I chosen the manner of my departure from the body, I should not have selected the one to which I was obliged to succumb. However, I find no fault, now that I realize the life which has opened before me so suddenly, so strangely.

In my dying moments I lived my life over again. Every scene, every act, passed before me as vividly as if written on my brain with living light. Not a friend whom I had known in earlier or later life, was forgotten. I saw, as I sank, with my wife folded to my heart, my mother and father. The former lifted me out of the wave with a strength which I can at this moment feel, and I have no recollection of suffering.

From the moment that I knew the waves would engulf us, I had no sensation of fear, cold, or suffocation. I did not hear the waves break. I parted with that which was my body, and, with my wife still in my arms, followed my mother whither she led me.

The first sad thought was for my dear brother. This my mother saw and felt, and at once said : "Your brother will

soon be with you!" From that moment sorrow seemed to fade away, and I sat down to look about upon the scene through which I had so recently passed. I felt solicitude for my fellow-passengers; looked for them, and saw them being lifted out of the waves in precisely the same manner that your strong arm, nerved by love, would lift your drowning child from the great waves which would swallow him up.

For a time this appeared so real, that, had it not have been for the presence of those whom I knew to be dead, I should have believed myself acting as rescuer with the spirits.

I write plainly to you, hoping that you will send words of comfort to those who imagine that their friends suffered mortal agony in drowning. There was a fulfillment of that glorious triumph of faith, and the shadow of death became an illumination, which enabled so many to say that Death's waves were swallowed up in victory, which love had brought to light in the ministry of angels and spirits.

I need not tell you the greetings which awaited me when the many, whom you and I knew and loved, welcomed me to the realms of the life immortal. Not having been sick or suffering, I was ready at once to accept facts, and to move forward to the attractions which, if on earth's plane, have the power to charm away sorrow; how much more enchanting here, where the scene has changed so quickly, so gloriously, that we do not murmur at the haste, nor think that it is disappointment or accident that summoned us unceremoniously hither!

I am aware that many will ask, that if we could be helped to pass out of the body without pain, why could not the accident have been prevented? In our investigations we have learned this fact, namely, that the officer in charge was so entirely deceived in regard to the distance between the Loch Earn and his own vessel, that no power on earth, or that which the Spirit-world could bring to bear, could have prevented it. Hence the collision was inevitable. There are conditions of sight, particularly on the ocean, when the water will seem to possess a power of deception almost marvelous and past belief. The ablest and best are liable to these conditions, particularly at just the position that these vessels must have been in. Hence there should be no blame attached to that man. It is done, and the survivors most need sym-

pathy, and I know of no way to give it more direct than to assure them that their loved friends are not slumbering in the caverns of the deep, awaiting the final trump to sound, but, that all times they await and look for the proper channels through which to echo the unmistakable evidence of life immortal.

My thanks are due to our mutual friends, Talmadge, Van Buren, Hill, and many others, for this delightful reunion with you; nor can I end it without thanking you for a faith which, although silent between us, made me to respect you the more. I have come now into that nearer circle of friendship which I shall cherish as I know you will—sacred as the love which makes us to rejoice in our great and All-Wise Father, who doeth all things well.

RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

A FLOWER MOVES, INDICATING DEATH.

The wreck of the *Ville Du Havre* was, indeed, an appalling disaster, yet we have the testimony of this spirit that he experienced no pain whatever, while drowning. In connection with this unfortunate affair, we give the following incident illustrating the power of spirits over matter. It was taken from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* at the time of the disaster:

“Mrs. Bininger was the wife of Mr. Bininger, of the well-known wine firm in Broad Street. The daughter was saved, and the mother, it is feared, was drowned. Mr. Bininger was among the first at the company’s office. He received a dispatch containing the news that his daughter was saved and on her way to Paris, but that his wife was lost. He mentioned a curious circumstance: On the evening of the 23rd, a flower, which his wife had left at his house, moved, and he remarked to some friends who were present that he believed that motion indicated that some accident had befallen his wife. They tried to dissuade him from the idea, but his mind has ever since been uneasy in regard to the circumstances, and his worst fears have been confirmed. He was grief-stricken beyond measure, and his sorrow was shared by all present.”

Spirits have the power to assuage the agony of the last moments, and although the contraction of the muscles seems to indicate severe physical pain, yet such is not always the case. Of course, when the above disaster on the ocean occurred, the

greatest excitement and alarm prevailed, and the fear of approaching death was more painful than the drowning itself. Perhaps some may have died through fear alone before being submerged, and, of course, did not have to pass through the ordeal they so much dreaded.

THERE COME WHISPERS OF JOY FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Bishop Simpson has well said: "The very grave is a passage into the beautiful and the glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knees, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheek we have imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their little hearts to-day. They have passed from us—but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educated us, who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives, that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped by our side, where are they but just beyond us, not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No! It seems to me that sometimes when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers of joy from the Spirit-land which have dropped into our heart thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's hand passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts to raise our affections towards the other and better world."

Thrilling Narrative of a Magdalen.

HER DEATH AND PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

HER VARIED EXPERIENCES—HER PRAYERS—HER DESTROYER—
SARAH GLADSTONE—"IT IS ALMOST MORNING."

Many times there are circumstances that surround the couch of the dying that render their transition peculiarly interesting. There stands before me a young lady, twenty-three years of age, whose life experiences and death are stamped with many instances of a startling nature. Her features are wreathed with a smile, underneath which seems to repose deep sorrow, as if a vestige of the troubles of earth-life still cast a shadow over her. Her eyes beam with a tender expression of delight, yet connected therewith seems to be a tinge of grief remaining. Over her shoulders her hair, in graceful, wavy ringlets falls, and resting on her head is a wreath of celestial flowers, so arranged as to form letters which compose sadness. Oh! what a strange mixture of contradictory expressions in this angelic figure. Her voice has a sound of dreary melancholy permeating it, as it gives utterance to her thoughts. The mind never becomes weary in witnessing a soul so exceedingly diversified in its outward manifestations. She wants her life-experiences written, and an account of her departure to Spirit-life given, that all may know how a—Magdalen—lived and died! As she breathed into my mind that word, I was startled—she, the angelic spirit who stands so near me, shedding a hallowed influence over my nature, a Magdalen in earth-life! Under the influence of that announcement, so agitated did I become, that the vision presented to me vanished for a time, but it soon assumed its original brilliancy.

"Well, fair maiden, what do you desire? What do you approach me for? I have gazed on beautiful forms before, but yours, so strangely blended with the joys of the Spirit-world and the sadness of earth, is delightful to gaze upon. No pen can accurately describe your features, illuminated with

such a smile, or give an idea of the sound of your sweet voice—there is a background of such intense grief reflected in both, that they baffle all my efforts to describe them. Standing gracefully by my side, I seem to forget the troubles of life for a time, and, bathing in the aroma of your pure nature, life seems to be an ecstatic dream. Please tell me what you desire ?”

SPIRIT.—Oh, child of earth, life is, indeed, a drama, and I was one of its principal actors. I have sought you to give an account of my life-experiences and death. How varied, indeed, my life has been, and what a graphic picture it presents, having such diversified outlines. In my Summer-land home, surrounded with all that I deserve to have, certainly nothing, you may think, could prevent me from being perfectly happy. Happy! Beautiful word, tremulous with waves of joy, and brilliant with ecstatic emotions, I have seen thee and tasted of thy hallowed fruits, but upon me thou hast never showered thy richest treasures. Happy! Romantic thought, full of hopes and mystic charms! Indeed, I am not happy! That background of sadness in my nature, that tinges my eyes, colors my features, and moves my voice in tremulous accents, in consequence of my missteps in life, attracts me still to earth, to the erring ones there, and with them I spend a great share of my time; to see them in their misery constitutes no happiness for me. Within my soul there is a deep sympathy that ever vibrates for those mortals who, like myself, had temptation presented to them in such gaudy colors that they yielded thereto, and sunk deep into the purlieus of vice. Think me happy when the effects of my corrupting experiences still make their impress upon me, though they animate me with high resolves and philanthropic purposes? Indeed, child of earth, do you, whose sympathy is so keenly attuned, think that I can remain in the Spirit-world and not make an effort to illuminate the darkened paths of my fallen sisters?

Each good act that I do any one assists me in making a silvery lining to my spiritual pathway; each want that I relieve, adds beautiful gems to my soul, and assists me to rise. In my early life on earth I had kind, indulgent parents, and they still live in their pleasant, domestic home, where nothing exists to disturb their enjoyment, but the thought of my dissolute career. I was educated in one of the best female semi-

naries, and stood at the head of my class. Always cheerful, my step ever light and gay, I was animated by the innocent, confiding spirit of youth! At the age of sixteen I seemed like a woman, my physical system, as well as my mind, having become prematurely developed, and being what the world calls beautiful, it is not strange that I should attract the attention and admiration of the opposite sex. Such was the case. A young man, whom I will call Carleton, that I chanced to meet at an evening party, greatly admired me, and under the strange, weird influence that he exerted I was powerless. All the time, when lavishing on me his highest praise and extolling me for my various accomplishments, I distrusted him—regarded him as a villain, yet, strange infatuation! I could not dispel his subtle power, or banish his presence from my mind. He was forbidden to enter my father's residence, still we held clandestine meetings and I was led on, step by step, to the gates of ruin! Oh! how I prayed that the tempter might be removed, and the weird influence of one of earth's devils be withdrawn, but my prayers seemed to return to me in mocking response. Down, down I went, gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of degradation, until my offense could no longer be concealed. Ah! how my mother shrieked, when the facts of my ruin had been disclosed to her. Her lamentations were, indeed, heartrending, and in tones of deep anguish they penetrated my heart, and made me nearly wild! To them it was a deep disgrace to have an illegitimate child born, and they felt it so keenly that I resolved to leave them forever. They did not drive me forth with reproving words—oh! no. After my fall they seemed to shower on me all the strength of their love, and threw around me all those surroundings that would have a tendency to make me happy.

My destroyer, as soon as he accomplished my ruin, fled to parts unknown, and left me alone to bear the load of shame. Feeling the heavy weight of disgrace resting upon me, sensing it plainly, expelled from society, and looked upon with contempt, I was not long in making up my mind what I should do. Selecting my choicest wearing apparel, and carefully packing it in my trunk, I managed to get it away without detection, and soon after I found myself in a large city. I do not give names or places, as at this date my parents still live, and I would not add one pang to their already wounded hearts.

It was night, and how lonely I was. It seemed as if my heart would burst, I felt so desolate. Selecting a boarding-house, I secured a room, where I remained while my money lasted, in the meantime seeking some employment by which I could earn a living. Strange, my refusal to give the name of my parents, or to tell where I had previously lived, threw a shadow of suspicion over me, and I found all my efforts futile to secure honorable employment in midwinter.

Finding my resources gradually dwindling away, I was compelled to resort for assistance to a house of ill-fame! Then I resolved to poison myself, but was deterred therefrom by a singular dream, wherein I saw myself laid out in a coffin, and the time that was to intervene was only two and a half years. Weary, heart-broken, and very lonesome, I became reckless and venturesome, and soon found myself in a room plying the vocation of a fallen woman. The place I occupied was not of the ordinary kind. I ornamented it with artificial flowers, rare paintings, the work of my own hands, and finally it appeared like a little enchanted palace. I then became disconsolate. True, I had many admirers, but only selected a few of those, whose contributions enabled me to live comfortably.

Oh, what a life! Carleton, your victim never forgot you, and, strange to say, he never forgot her, for soon after he left her he was shot by the brother of a girl whom he had ruined, and his spirit was prematurely sent to the Spirit-world, steeped in all manner of wickedness. But Carleton in Spirit-life still visited me, and his influence seemed like so much poison to my nature.

Finally I was taken sick, and locking the door of my room, I resolved to die alone, my real name known only to myself. And I did die. Oh! what scenes I passed through! My brain reeled, and it seemed as if the devils of hell were let loose upon me. The spirit of Carleton seemed to approach me, and with words of derision, said: "Yea, you are mine, now. I have followed you day after day, and now I have you. Before a week shall have passed away, you will be with me in Spirit-life." "Back! Carleton! You ruined me, and now you want to destroy my soul. Back! back! help! help!" I cried, and then the door was broken in and Charley H— came to my bedside. Oh! he was my dearest friend. In my

loneliness he cheered me, and made life more pleasant than it would otherwise have been. What a sad picture I then presented. Hair disheveled, eyes streaming with scalding tears, features distorted with frenzy, while I uttered shriek after shriek, in agonizing terror, as I gazed at my tormentor, Carleton! There he stood in one corner of my room, his nature disrobed of its outer covering, presenting his real character in all of its hideous deformity, I had a burning fever. I was wild—in one sense, insane—yet I realized all. Carleton's presence seemed to pierce my vitals with a fierce fire, and again and again did I reproach him in tones of the deepest anguish for his deceitfulness and insatiate perfidy, but he responded only in a demoniacal laugh. Said I: "Oh! look at this wreck! Gaze at your victim dying by inches, and you, monster, have come again to torment her! Look at the home you destroyed, and see the sad, heart-broken parents still living there! Was it not enough to stain my soul with foul crimes, to darken it until nearly every divine spark therein was extinguished? Indeed, you think not, for now you come to render more desolate my last moments. Indeed, monster, beware! A retribution awaits you. Instead of returning to me to make amends, you come actuated with the spirit of revenge. Away! I say, and let me die in peace!" My denunciations only awakened in him smiles of hate, and instead of leaving, he approached me closer, until he could almost lay his hands upon me. It was then that my piteous moans attracted attention, and caused the door to be forced open. My friend, naturally tender-hearted and humane, and whose only sin consisted in visiting a fallen woman, burst into a flood of tears as he gazed at me, a wreck of my former self. "Claude (name I assumed), what on earth is the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh! Charley, I am dying! My brain feels as if a thousand needles were pricking it, and I must soon pass away."

He hastily summoned a physician, who administered opiates that temporarily quieted me, and I fell into a pleasant slumber, and I dreamed. I visited the home of my childhood; saw my aged parents, brothers and sisters, and the hallowed influence seemed to thrill my soul with joy. An angel accompanied me, and said: "My child, be tranquil. You will soon pass to the Spirit-world. The worst is over. *You are not bad by nature!* You yielded to the tempter, and fell, but you have

all the elements of a true woman, only they are darkly clouded. You were tender-hearted, innocent and confiding, and though led astray, and for a time a resident of the purlieus of vice, yet your experiences will lead to magnificent results. Now being acquainted with the true condition of fallen women, you can make amends for your past conduct by returning to earth in spirit and ministering to them—trying to elevate them in the scale of existence. Be of good cheer, then, for you have but a few hours to remain.”

I then awoke from my pleasant vision. After that I did not see Carleton again. My interior sight was opened, and I fully realized my true condition, and in a half-awake state I saw standing before me a young lady, innocent in spirit, and pure as the snow-flake when borne aloft by the surging storm-cloud. Not a taint existed on her fair nature, and she seemed like a fairy as she moved around. Presently she attempted to walk, and through some, to me, inexplicable cause, she stumbled and fell, and bruised her shoulder very badly. She arose, but felt the pain severely, and continuing to move, I noticed that she stumbled again, this time mutilating one of her cheeks, and thus she continued to rise and fall, until her whole system was one mass of scars—disgusting disfigurements, illustrating the results of missteps in life. What a change! A lovely, angelic creature, whose motions were sylph-like and whose nature sparkled with the innocence of childhood, had become a hideous-looking creature, and my soul went out in sympathy for her. What means this? thought I. Presently I saw a spirit approach her, and tell her that the scars on her person could never be erased, only by high resolves and philanthropic deeds. So this scar-covered creature went forth, and devoted all the energies of her soul to alleviating the sorrows of those that she could influence, and in proportion to the good which she did the loathsome appearance of her person disappeared, until finally she stood forth the same pure soul as when I first saw her. “Such,” said the angel visitant, “is your condition. Your spirit is covered with deep scars, and the way to eradicate them has been illustrated to you. Be hopeful! You are soon to pass through a change called death, and relieved of your unpleasant surroundings, you will quickly progress to a higher sphere. You have stumbled, and now your spirit is disfigured very badly, but rest assured that you

can become an angel of light, and be instrumental in doing great good."

I comprehended the lesson. When I awoke from my reverie, for such it seemed to be, I found my friend Charley and the doctor standing over me, and I heard the latter remark that I could live but a few hours. Strange creature, Charley—his soul was moved with deep emotions of sympathy for me, and he wept like a child, offering the doctor any price if he would effect a cure. "I never knew, doctor," said he, "that I loved her so intensely as now. Had I felt this high and holy emotion before, I would have saved her." I then revived, and he said: "Claude, what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I am dying. Sympathy is sweet, even when it is manifested at the last moments of life. I have cherished for you a strange love, to which I never gave full expression, and now I am glad it is reciprocated. I am a fallen woman, and the world despises me. A dark cloud has obscured my pathway, thorns have pricked me, and broken glass cut my feet, and to-day I am a wreck. You are wealthy. You say you love me."

"Yes, Claude, indeed I do."

"Then promise me one thing; that you will never visit a Magdalen, only to redeem her, to save her from a life of shame. Purity of character is a gem of radiant beauty, and it is an ornament one may be well proud of. Promise me that, and my love shall be a legacy to you worth more than millions of gold. Do you promise?"

"Yes, my darling Claude, I promise. You are dying an angel, if you have lived a wretched life."

"Now give me a parting kiss, Charley, and I shall die with the satisfaction that one scar is already erased from my mangled spirit."

Exhausted from my effort at talking I swooned away; still I remember all that transpired. Oh! how I cherish in my soul that noble man who, standing by my bedside, dedicated his life to me—to save those rendered wretched by missteps in life. Each day I encircle his brow with a garland of flowers, and breathe upon him the benedictions of my soul, rendered noble by good works. When I became powerless to move, my eyes gazing vacantly in space, with pure devotion he stood over me, watching for favorable symptoms. Oh! I was then

dying ! My *high resolves* had brought to my dying bed a band of angels, and their influence infused glorious feelings within me. My life, in its varied aspects of lights and shades, was spread out before me. I was not rendered bad *from choice*, but by conditions which were woven around me until my disreputable course in life became, seemingly, a necessity to me. I could not, while dying, move my body ; no pain tormented me, but a quiet, peaceful resignation pervaded my nature, and my whole soul seemed to be illuminated with a light divine. Every incident in my life came up before me, and the activity of my mind was grand indeed ! Then I became unconscious, and when I awoke again I was in Spirit-life, surrounded by a band of loving spirits, who with sweet music welcomed me.

Those who lead, from choice, a life of shame, weave such a dark network around their nature that they may remain in Spirit-life for years before a divine spark can fully illuminate the same. Let those who read my sad experiences kindly throw the veil of charity over the erring, and through the instrumentality of kindness and love try to elevate them in the scale of existence. How keenly I suffered on earth, and I even now still suffer from the effects of my misdeeds.

Oh ! would that I had a thousand pens to chronicle my experiences, and paint in vivid pictures the scenes of desolation through which I passed. My sickness was accompanied with many strange experiences. The one who ruined me is far beneath me in Spirit-life, but I have forgiven him, enveloped him with a bright halo that ever emanates from a soul actuated by pure motives, and soon, too, he will advance to a higher sphere. Though a fallen woman, my death, the final transit, was painless, and accompanied with many pleasant circumstances. My *high resolve* before the final separation, however, was a grand step in advancement, and attracted towards me high and holy influences. Oh ! death to me was a desirable change, and no one who sincerely wishes to be good need fear it.

How true it is, that when a misstep is made by human beings they are often whirled into the vortex of licentiousness thereby, and being partially unbalanced and bewildered, and smarting under the full appreciation of their disgrace, they continue to sink deeper and deeper in the cesspools of vice—

then society condemns them, and it is almost impossible for them to rise.

While on earth, yearning with all the impulses of my soul to lead a noble life, and weave a web of purity to conceal the scars that had appeared on my mortal nature, the stigma that rested on me, showered there by those who had not sinned because they had not been tempted, created a black, dismal cloud, through which my vision could not penetrate, and which I could not dispel. Oh! mortals of earth, dissipate all such clouds of dark condemnation, for in an unguarded moment any one is liable to sin. Nature's flowers send forth their heaven-born fragrance and develop their beautiful colors in the garden of the Magdalen equally as well as in the fields of the millionaire. The sweet-scented breezes of heaven do not avoid the doors of the low and vile, but bathe them in their heaven-born influence. The genial sun does not withhold its rays from anyone—it condemns none. Supposing the flowers should fade or frown when one sinned, or the bounteous stores of nature's blessings be withdrawn, or appear disgusted, what encouragement for reformation? Oh! you of earth should imitate the flowers, and as they surround the fallen with their divine aroma, so should you envelop them with a network of charity and love, and regard them with the highest degree of tenderness.

Now in Spirit-world, breathing its pure atmosphere and basking, at times, in the hallowed influence of angels, I do say that those who condemned me, spat upon me, and systematically avoided me, placed themselves beneath me, and their position in the Spirit-world will not be much more desirable than mine was at first, while those whose souls were attuned in sweet accord with the angels, and went forth in tremulous waves of sympathy for me, blessed be they, for them there is a crown of glory, and a grand reception awaits them here. The Angel-world can see the cause of evil, trace its origin, and understand fully its ultimate effects. The results of sin are deplorable enough without having the hateful stigma of society resting upon the sinner, crushing all the high and holy aspirations of one's nature to reform. Nature never becomes ashamed of the criminal; her plants never blush when a lonely soul presses them to her cheek; her waters never fail to cleanse the external form—why, then, should hatred gleam

forth from a human being when a fallen creature appeals for sympathy? Why stigmatize them, and frown them down with the finger of scorn? Nature's flowers, tinted with choicest colors, and exhaling a heaven-born fragrance to delight the senses of mortals, sometimes may be found in the debris of your back-yards—they came up through the loathsome dirt. The little tendrils, when first expanding into vigorous life in the dark ground, were scratched with broken glass, obstructed by old junk bottles, and tramped upon by the rude thief stealthily looking for an opportunity to plunder, but by and by they reached a higher plane, and under the genial influence of sunshine and rain they bore upon their stems beautiful blossoms. Ah! in Angel-land there are many pure spirits who ascended thither from the low dens of vice on earth, and they, too, had to contend with obstructions thrown in their way by the "pure," so-called, mortals of earth. The finger of scorn emits a more poisonous influence than the fangs of the cobra, and those who raise it against another injure themselves more than the one to whom it is directed. Sympathy is the sweetest, purest, holiest flower in the garden of the soul, and could you behold the tremulous waves of its beautiful leaves when moved with the spirit of compassion for the down-trodden, you would rejoice, and could you see them droop in sadness, and their beautiful tints fade when any one is contemptuously stigmatized, you would shed tears of sorrow. But now I must leave you for the present.

The above narrative, true to the letter, demonstrates the fact that all can, who so desire, reform and become angelic in nature. The experiences of Claude resemble, in some respects, those of Sarah Gladstone, who resided in St. Louis, Mo., several years ago, the following account of which was published in the *Republican* of that city:

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet, and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling courteously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He states that he found her the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few days."

"It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me. I've been called, and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, *and by this day week I shall be dead.* I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh, God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star.

And now he takes my life. Curse him ! curse him in hell ! forever !”

She hissed those last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted. I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends, and returned to the room.

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicians who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival. She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and then knew she must go. The physicians could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as they considered best in order to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday following she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed.

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

“Tell them, Henry, what I have told you,” she said to the young man.

He hesitated, and finally she continued :

“This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock.”

Henry was weeping, and she said to him :

“Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the wretched girl of the town ? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to me.”

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes and appeared to sleep.

The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunderstorm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder, which shook the building,

startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr. —, saying: "You are a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for God himself has given me up."

As she spoke, she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was expressed in her face. The young man, Henry, at this time, overcome by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildly of some coming peril. All at once, when the doctors were endeavoring to compose her and induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there. "So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lennox, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you, you bad, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm free. Keep off, you villain." As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, muttering to herself. They put their arms around her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the head of her haunting persecutor, and defied him, alluding incoherently to scenes in her past life. For more than half an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed. Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint; she opened her eyes and smiled sweetly. She muttered: "It is almost morning;" and Sarah Gladstone died as the clock struck twelve.

The Passage to the Spirit Side of Life.

VERY INTERESTING AND IMPRESSIVE EXPERIENCES.

The following was received from an elder brother (a graduate of Yale College, New Haven, Conn.) who had been in the Spirit-land about sixteen years, through a young lady, a reliable medium, while entranced.

I requested his views of "death," and the medium spoke as follows:

"You are desirous, my brother, of receiving my ideas of death. You shall have them. Most willingly I respond to your questions always, when they are really of consequence. That you should wish to know something of the change that takes place with every one on leaving this earth, and which will take place also with yourself, is natural. When I left the form, my views of death were entirely different from the views you at present entertain on the subject. To you it will be but a delightful step from the borders of time to the confines of eternity. With me it was widely different. The dread and fearful uncertainty which pervade the minds of most men, about to undergo the change, is what constitutes death. It, in reality, is but a passing away from the things of earth, to a blissful abode in the blessed Spirit-home, as though you should go to sleep, some night, in a desert place, and on awakening at morn, find yourself in the most beautiful abode which your imagination can picture. It is an imperceptible breathing-forth of the spirit from the earthly body by which it is enwrapped. You, of course, could not realize, nor could I give you an impression of, the sensations produced by this change. Not till you experience it yourself, can you have an idea of it. But, my brother, death is not to be dreaded as an enemy, but to be welcomed as a friend or brother. It, in fact, is not death, but life—glorious life—the birth and entrance of the soul to its immortal abode!

How many happy moments have been marred by the thoughts of death! The more men's minds are drawn by spirit-influence to spiritual things, the less does the fear of death obtrude itself. Had you the consciousness always with you, that death was spiritual life, the fear of it would be removed altogether. There is solemnity attending the thought, of course, and sadness, naturally; but it should only be the sadness one would feel at parting with friends to go to another country, where they will, at no distant day, rejoin them. Could I sufficiently impress the medium's mind with language adequate to describe the beauties, glories and employments of the Spirit-home, it would cheer your hearts, and fill them with desires and aspirations to be residents there. But your medium does not often let her mind rest on these subjects. She places too much thought and care on happiness to be derived from earthly objects. When her mind is more enlarged and impressible, I will communicate more freely. Your brother, S. G. D."

At a later date I received the following in answer to the question, "How did you feel on entering the other world?"

Answer:

"When I awoke in the Spirit-life, and perceived I had hands and feet, and all that belongs to the human body, I cannot express to you in form of words the feelings which at that moment seemed to take possession of my soul. I realized that I had a body—a spiritual body—and with what beautiful and glorious effulgence of light did I remember what Paul stated in his epistle: 'It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.' I realized at that moment, as I had never done before, the glorious truth of my own unfoldings. I had expected to sleep a long sleep of death, and awake at last, at the general resurrection, to receive commendation or condemnation, according to the deeds done in the body.

"Imagine, then, if you can, what the surprise of a spirit must be to find, after the struggle of death, that he is a new-born spirit—from the decaying tabernacle of flesh that he leaves behind him. I gazed on weeping friends with a saddened heart, mingled with joy, knowing, as I did, that I could be with them, and behold them daily, though unseen and unknown; and as I gazed upon the lifeless tenement of clay, and could behold the beauty of its mechanism, and could perceive the beautiful adaptedness of all its parts to the use of the spirit

that once inhabited it, I felt impelled to seek the author of so much beauty and use, and prostrate myself in adoration at His feet; and while contemplating the beauties of God's works, and lifting my soul from earth and earthly things, I felt a light touch upon my shoulder, and, joy unspeakable! I beheld the loved ones of earth, some of whom had long since departed from the earth-plane, saying unto me, 'Leave these sad and weeping groups of mourning friends, and go with us, and behold your future home—your place appointed unto you—and be introduced by us into the society of congenial spirits, who have long known you while sojourning on the earth-plane, but of whose presence you were ignorant. And I felt myself ascending, or rather floating, onward and upward through the regions of space; and I beheld worlds inhabited with people like unto those who dwell upon the earth; and ascending from each of these beautiful orbs were freed spirits, and their guides, bearing me company through the bright realms of immensity.

"For a time I floated on without any fatigue, but ere long I began to feel weary, and the bright band of spirit-friends who came to welcome me bore me in their arms, and I felt myself growing unconscious of surrounding scenes. I seemed to swoon away; and when I again came to a knowledge of my condition and position, I found myself by the side of a beautiful flowing stream. I was all alone. I fancied I had a dream; that this was not all reality, but the fantasies of a sickened brain; and I arose to my feet, and the velvety turf at my feet seemed to vibrate with undulations of music along advancing footsteps; the air seemed redolent with sweet sounds, and ethereal voices saluted my ear with the most enchanting melodies. I shouted, 'Glory to God! This is heaven!' It surpassed the highest flight of my fruitful imagination, and my happy soul rejoiced in the sweet assurance of unending bliss in this world of beatitudes!

"Though to all appearances alone, I felt I could not be alone, when surrounded by such sweet and soul-cheering harmonies. I fell upon my knees. I bowed my face to the earth, feeling my unworthiness of this glorious realization. But again I felt this slight touch, and the silvery notes of a human voice vibrated in my ear, saying, 'Arise! Arise! for you are a child of God, blessed with a glorious and immortal inheritance, and your Father desires you should stand up in the dignity of a

child of His love, and commands you, in the spirit of that love, not to worship Him, as an abject slave, but to give Him the joyous tribute of a grateful heart.'

"And this bright spirit also informed me that I must contribute to the general wealth of knowledge; that there were those beneath my standing and attainments that required elevating, and I must stretch forth the helping hand to some striving, struggling brother, and thus be preparing myself for a higher and more glorious unfolding, for inasmuch as I gave to others, I would be the recipient of higher and purer gifts, imparted from the bright and more progressed minds, who were nearer to the Father's heart in their approximation of perfection—not nearer to His love, but more unfolded in beauty, and in elevated truths; the fragrance of which reached far over the broad expanse of God's universe, reaching to the heart of humanity, and inciting them to deeds of virtue and love.

"This, my brother, was my introduction to this paradise—this land of spirits! I found myself surrounded by splendid temples, adorned with unfoldings of art, and whose walls were decorated by the master hands of those great and ever-to-be-remembered artists who had labored upon the earth; for everything that is unfolded on earth has its life's germ in the Spirit-world. There is not a tiny blade of grass that covers the breast of mother earth but has a never-dying principle of life. We have our oceans and bays, and tributary streams; we have our warbling songsters, and our flowering meads; we have the fragrance of the flower, but no noxious weeds.

"What seems offensive on the shores of time
Serves a purpose glorious and sublime,
Even the reptile, that on earth doth crawl,
That some have said caused man to fall.
Is, by the great creative art,
Caused to work a glorious part
In this vast and deeper plan
For the highest use of man.

"It has been supposed by some, and you may be led to infer from the remarks already given, that the resting-place of my spirit is far, far away, and to finite minds the distance is immense, but to the freed spirit it is as the twinkling of the lightning flash, as it darts across thy vision. You see it and ti

is gone ; so with the spirit. With the velocity of human thought we can be in one point of space, and as quick as the flash of the lightning we can be at another point. In this respect we differ from those who inhabit this cumbrous clay, and oh ! what rapturous freedom is this, when we can answer the heart-calls of earth at a moment's notice and be with you almost as soon as desired, if not otherwise engaged.

“It is superfluous for me to state I am happy. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate what I have often said before, for you know my interest in you and yours is, and ever will be, unabated ; and if I could not behold with the eye of faith your glorious future, I would mourn over your sometimes harassed and perplexed condition in life ; but rest assured, my brother, as God is true, and cannot err, all these things which seem to be afflicting are but for a moment, and will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For, oh ! to the hungry man how sweet a morsel is a crust of bread ! and to the trial-tossed spirits of time, how sweet is the harmonic reception which will greet them in Spirit-life !

“Then cheer thee, my brother. O, do not despair, for a brighter world awaits and loved ones are there, and with true hearts they wait, and with outstretched arms they stand at the portals of yon gate that opes into the Spirit-land ! *There is no death* ; but all is light, and loving friends await to greet you when you come, a welcome pilgrim, to your starry home.

“Perhaps some may say, ‘What new truth has been evolved ? What new principle has been brought to light by these so-called spirit-communications ?’ We will answer, there is nothing new under the sun. God, the Father, in days past and in divers manners, spake unto His children by the mouths of His prophets, even as in this, our day, does He speak through His sons and daughters, revealing to mortals life and immortality beyond the grave, demonstrating to them the fact that spirits do live, communicate, and have continued existence after the so-called death of the body. And the same Father hath revealed, through His sons and daughters, the same glorious truths to his children of this day, and diffused through many channels the knowledge of the truth, and they no longer walk by faith, but by sight, and the children of the Father can learn the grand lessons taught by Jesus, that the true worshipers must worship in spirit and in truth. And thus the spiritually

dead are raised ; and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.

“The worshipers of God to-day are beginning to understand the true principles of worship, and to walk in the light as becomes children of the day ; and instead of destroying men and women for communing with the departed, they are sought unto by hungering and thirsting humanity to receive the manna of righteousness and the waters of life, as they flow from the great Father-spirit, through ministering spirits to humanity, and in humanity blessing the world. We find, in our advancement in spiritual knowledge, the necessity of working out our salvation, of elevating our own spirits to that plane that we may receive the Divine efflux which is ever flowing out from the Great I Am.

“And now, my brother, with a promise to give, at some other time, the remainder of my experience and knowledge, I am compelled, by the force of circumstances, to withdraw. May the Infinite Father of Love, and the angels’ beautitudes, be ever nigh thee and thine, is the heartfelt prayer of him who has communed at this time with his earth-bound brother.

“S. G. A.”

It may be proper to remark that the expression used in the latter part of this article, “harassed and perplexed condition,” refers to a period when, residing in a distant land, after witnessing numerous and important facts, I had proved the truth of spirit-existence and communication, prejudice, from various quarters, excited strenuous efforts to blast my favorable pecuniary circumstances. This partially succeeded, and resulted in turning my attention to this so-called “Land of the free and home of the brave.” I do not regret the change.

A. T. D.

[NOTE.—No one who reads the foregoing should make the mistake of supposing that this young man’s joyful experience is that of all who pass the change called death. On the contrary, it can be true of only such as have, like him, devoted their earth-lives to the acquirement of truth and the unselfish service of others.]

Those Mournfully Sounding Words.

IMPRESSIVE COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

Poe, in whose soul was a bed of beautiful flowers, on which the muses seemed to repose and sing their angelic lays, claimed that *Nevermore* is the most mournful of all words. Byron, whose poetic utterances have never ceased to thrill the mind, attached the same pre-eminence to *Farewell*. Dr. Johnson, whose erudition still burns with undiminished radiance, entertained the idea that of all phrases, *The Last* was most touching. Another distinguished writer, whose mind echoes the sad strains of sorrowing souls, affirms that there is more real pathos in the word *Gone*, than in any other in the English language. But to humanity in the aggregate, the word *Dead* is the most mournful in its vanishing sound. Speaking of the dead, those who "Died Yesterday," an inspired writer says: "Every day is written this little sentence, 'Died Yesterday.' Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a breach is made in some happy circle, a jewel is taken from some treasury of love, by the ruthless hand of the angel of death. Each day, from the summer-fields of life, some harvester disappears. Yes, every moment some cherished sentinel drops from the rugged ramparts of time into the surging waves of eternity. Even as we write the church-bell tolls the doleful funeral knell of one who died yesterday; its solemn tones chill the blood in our veins, and make the heart sad indeed. 'Died yesterday!' Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle, innocent babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's gentle music, and whose laugh was as gushing as the summer-rills loitering in a rose-bower, whose life was but a perpetual litany, a May-time, crowned with blooming, delicate flowers, which never

fade. Or, mayhap, it was a youth, hopeful and promising, possessing the fire and animation of perennial life; whose path was strewn with sweet flowers of rarest beauty and verdure, with no serpent lurking beneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good; but that heart is still now; he 'died yesterday!' 'Died yesterday!' A young and blushing maiden, pure as the orange-flowers that adorn her alabaster brow, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and, from the aisles of the holy temple, she was borne to the green, mossy graveyard on the hill. A tall, athletic man, crowned with the halo of success and victory, at the close of day, under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to the dust; even as the anthem upon his lips; and he, too, was laid where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. An angel patriarch, bowed with age, and the gray hairs whitened by the frosts of a hundred winters, even as he looked out upon the distant hill for the coming of the angel-hosts, sunk into a dreamless slumber, and on his door is written: 'Died yesterday!' 'Died yesterday!' Daily, men, women and children are passing away; and hourly in some lonely, silent graveyard, the cold, cheerless sod drops upon the coffin-lid of the dead. As often, in the morn, we find some rare flower that had blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered forever; so daily, when we rise from our couch to labor at our posts, we miss some kind, cheerful soul, whose existence was, perhaps, dearly and sacredly entwined with our own, and had served as a beacon-light to our weary footsteps. But they are now gone, and future generations will know not their worth nor appreciate their precepts. Yes, remember, each day some sacred pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship; some sweet, heavenly lyre, to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever."

Why should death cause such a solemn, sad expression as the above, while it is instrumental in liberating immortal spirits, disrobing them of their exterior covering, and unfolding their inner senses? Education has been instrumental in perverting the mind, giving it wrong impressions in regard to death, but proper instruction, through the instrumentality of angels, will eventually dissipate its erroneous conclusions, enabling man to stand erect, conscious of the true nature of his own existence—in one respect, at least, teaching him there is

no death—only change, as beautifully illustrated by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. While in London she was controlled by the spirit of Judge J. W. Edmonds, who said that from the boundaries of two worlds he greeted his listeners. He had, however, to speak in an unwonted manner through the lips of another, a task almost as difficult as it was to an organist who attempted to play upon an instrument which he had not previously studied to some extent. He was, however, assisted by the ordinary guides of the medium, in his work of attempting to make known to those present the details of the greatest triumph of his life—the triumph over death. During the whole of the death-change he was in the full and clear possession of his faculties, and he felt no pain, although for some years previously he had been suffering from debility. His body sank into sweet repose, whilst his spirit, already free, gazed upon it as one would look upon a worn-out garment; he was not aware of losing control of any faculty; he re-entered his body at times to see the loved ones around his bed; and he admonished his children not to mourn. He sprang into the new existence as one would leap from bonds which for years had enchained him to the flesh and to physical suffering—he sprang forth delighted, as one would leap into a golden sea, which immediately gave strength, vigor, and immortality. He beheld the friends whom he had been accustomed to converse with as spirits, and he felt the power of spiritual utterance without word or sound, but as soul communion. He could not speak to his daughters left upon earth, but he could palpably and perceptibly impress the mind of his youngest daughter, who was aware of his presence. Then he experienced the power of spiritual volition, and by the power of will traversed vast spaces with his guides, to his new home, where he met his wife. Among the spirits who welcomed him were Horace Greeley, late editor of the *New York Tribune*, Professor Mapes and Benjamin Franklin. The latter was the most active worker in the next world in devising means to communicate with men by means of physical manifestations, and Mesmer was most active in improving the methods of controlling mediums inspirationally.

On another occasion the following beautiful thoughts were given through Mrs. Tappan's mediumship, at the Royal Music Hall, in London:

“There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes ; it abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim groveling of the outward senses, you have the illumined scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city ; it is not an external power ; it is not simply a building up to the outward senses ; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not revel alone in the external, but shall build in the eternal, and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her ; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the door that you all may enter. There is no death ! Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in the spring ; but the buds of your spirit are transplanted, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the Spirit-land. This is the lost chain of life ; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past ; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be forever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you ; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer ; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh you still see beyond, and perceive how, in all the great world of matter and spirit, there is no room for death to abide ; for he has gone utterly with ignorance and darkness, and the

prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance."

PHENOMENA OF DEATH, GIVEN THROUGH J. J. MORSE, MEDIUM.

In ripe old age we observe that the links that have bound the body and its members together are being slowly severed, and it is said that such an one is losing the power of hearing, the power of motion, of memory, or of speech. Does he ever expect to regain these when he goes beyond the tomb? What warrant is there that he shall ever have these faculties restored? How natural it is, in the case of old age, to say that such an one is losing his powers, and it may be asked, having lost his intellect, how can a man go about seeking for it? Why, if common sense were brought to bear upon the question, it would tell quite a different tale. The tongue is but the vehicle of sound, and its action, combined with the operation of the lungs, produces speech. The cause of this result is behind; the divine reality contained within. The intelligent principle retains all its powers and attributes, never losing one of them. It is the body alone that decays, and our friends who are passing into Spirit-life are simply withdrawing from the material condition, because they are perfect in their internal states, and death completes the separation, the purpose of the earthly life being accomplished. Here, then, is the reason why man has a natural body, which, having fulfilled its function—the elaboration of the spiritual one—there is no longer any need for him to remain upon the earth plane. He is translated to the life hereafter, that there he may truly learn the real nature of existence. Such is the answer to the question, Why do men die?

Let us now look at the method of their dying, and of course, in this connection we must confine our attention solely to normal or natural death; not to those deaths that are super-induced by disease or accident; and, in speaking thereof, we have to request our friends' attention to this all-important fact, which we have often stated, that the translation from the earth-plane is subject to laws, and these laws are within the capacity of the human mind to discover for itself; for all questions, facts and experiences, that are capable of being comprehended by the human intellect, are always susceptible to analysis by the human mind. A life of activity has been passed, the functions of human existence have been per-

formed, each and all having been directed into their appropriate channels, and thus the normal purpose of life being fulfilled, the withdrawal of the powers within bring about a cessation of activity without, and so we find the form of him we loved so well, stretched upon the bed of death. At first there appear to be convulsive movements of the structure, looks of pain pass across the distorted features, heavy breathing, characteristic of the last moments, the strange gasp, a sob, and the final link is severed, and we know that our loved one is no more. Oftentimes it happens that this knowledge makes all life devoid of brightness; the sun of our happiness seems quenched forever; there is no ray of light; the consolations of religion serve only to make the gloom more intense. To add misery to our sorrow, the hopes of friends seem vain and delusive. Finding no consolation, the poor stricken ones are thrown on their own resources, and they pine away in sorrow, until they also pass the mystic river of death. The Spiritualist—how looks he upon death? For those who are suffering, indeed, with much pity. Were it his own case he would know what had become of the friend he loved so well; he would know that this piece of clay was not the friend he loved, but only the vesture of him who wore it. For a time the phenomena of death really consist in these few particulars, plainly discernible to the eye of the seer. As the change approaches, there appears to be in the spiritual body a degree of activity not hitherto experienced. That activity increases as we approach the brain, which interiorly expands. A bright point passes out, and in its passage draws with it all the bright spiritual element that we have referred to, and in obedience to certain laws inherent in the spiritualized mass, it arranges itself into shape and form, and manifests a personality. It may be urged here—What form, what shape, what personality? Can any of our friends, or any of those who are wiser than us, look within us or our friends, and see a structure more perfectly adapted to the manifestation of intelligence than the human form? If any one can suggest improvements therein, and can say that man should have been made differently, then we would respectfully withdraw from our position, and kindly invite that friend to occupy it, for we are sure that he would be able to instruct you better than ourselves. If God had seen fit to do otherwise, this present organiza-

tion would never have had an existence ; the fact that it is so, shows that the wisdom of God is perfect.

Death by accident is a fruitful cause of sending numbers to the Spirit-world. It may be that an individual loses a limb, and that the loss of that limb ultimately causes final dissolution. We shall have a one-armed spirit, they would say; or, if the individual has lost his eye, the same argument would apply in the one case as in the other, we should have a one-eyed spirit. The loss of a limb means the severance of the continuity of the material structure. What of the spiritual limb, has that been severed by the knife? If the knife were spiritual, possibly it would have been severed, but the knife was only material, dealt only with material structure, severed only a material member, for directly the vital action was suspended therein, the phenomena of death commenced locally, and thus a portion of the member rendered up its spiritual essence, and that spiritual essence remained a reality invisible, but not the less real. Again, it will be urged that when our friend recovers from amputation of the member, and regains his health, he, it may be, in passing around a corner, rudely jostles against a post, his limb, or rather the stump, comes in contact with the post, does he thereby jostle and crush his spiritual member? These may appear frivolous objections, but they are worthy of our consideration. In answer, we appeal to the experience of our friends, that it is a known fact that those who suffer loss of limb experience its life just the same; if it is the loss of a hand, there is perfect consciousness of the existence of the hand. This may be attributed to the action of the nerves on the sensorium; but it will scarcely prove tenable on analysis. If we admit the existence of a spiritual nature in man, we must admit the existence of the organization we referred to, and admitting that immortality is a fact, we must admit the existence of a spiritual arm; and the fact that the outward man perceives it, admits that existence, is in itself an argument and an evidence that such an arm does exist! Again, it is a known fact, within the experience of surgical science—and here we again appeal to the experience of our friends—that a person who has lost an arm can raise the stump, and pointing it at a wall, and gradually approaching it, has been known to feel the passage of the spiritual arm through the wall, the further progress of the physical member being

prevented directly the stump comes in contact with the wall. The psychology of the matter is at present little understood, but we shall yet know more of it. The malformed—and sad, indeed, are many of the malformationous affecting humanity—what of them? Of course, our friends will know that the formation of the structure is caused by the operation of certain principles; but if the operations flowing from these principles become deranged, the results will suffer accordingly, and the original intention will not be fulfilled. Now, we know that the spiritual body is the essence of the natural body, and, a principal being superior to an effect, the spiritual is superior to the natural, and though while the spiritual form is resident within the natural temple, it must conform to the laws that concern it, yet when the spiritual body is eliminated from that temple and placed in its own proper and peculiar state of existence, the principles that govern its formation will begin to operate. The barriers to its action being removed, the principles will in due time assert their full power and independence, and thus in the after-life the malformations existent here are slowly, harmoniously and perfectly removed. We know of no sudden actions in nature, either in their natural or spiritual methods; all her operations are in obedience to law, and law works orderly, for it comes from God, who is the essence of law and order.

Thus, a Spiritualist, contemplating the phenomena of death, can do so with a calm countenance, with a tranquil mind, with a joyful satisfaction; for he knows that a friend has fulfilled the mission in the natural life designed by our Father, and that in obedience to the command of that Father he has been drawn from the regions of time to the spheres of eternity, there in a land of happiness to expand and grow beautiful; to become a joy to himself and others; to pass into that bright morning-land of the spirits' home, where the day of existence first truly begins to dawn; where the sun of intelligence casts its beaming rays on every object; where man feels in fact that he has just begun to live; where he realizes that God is great and powerful; that man is weak, insignificant and fallible, and that he is ever dependent upon this infinite source of good and beauty for all the happiness he enjoys in every condition.

Death Considered by Spirit Lucretus.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS COMPREHENSIVELY ANSWERED.

VARIOUS DETAILS OF DEATH EXPLAINED—"THAT WHICH" COMPREHENSIVELY ILLUSTRATED—DEATH AND CHANGE.

LUCRETUS—I have come to you to respond to your questions.

INQUIRER—No subject is more worthy of the careful and serious attention of mortals than that of death, and I desire such information thereon from you as you may see fit to impart. You, of course, passed through the change called death?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly, sir. No one can escape from passing through that glorious change which causes the soul to emerge from the material side of life and enter the spiritual realms. My transit to Spirit-life was caused by consumption, and I gave the various stages through which I passed a careful and critical examination. Under the influence of that disease, my mind retained its ordinary brilliancy to the last—indeed, it became, at times, grandly illuminated, and I caught a glimpse of the Spirit-world, though I regarded the scenes presented to my vision as fantasies of the brain—illusions resulting from extreme nervous prostration. I died gradually, like the fading of a glorious summer day, or the expiring of a lighted taper.

INQUIRER—Indeed, sir, your experiences are worthy of being recorded in the pages of history.

LUCRETUS—During my sickness I learned an important lesson. When first prostrated by disease, I weighed 175 pounds, and after suffering therefrom several months, I only weighed 93; and before my spirit was freed from its prison cage, I was reduced to 75 pounds in weight; 100 pounds of my body had already died—passed away, vanished, no one knew whither! This gradual waste consisted in the dispersion of many of the molecules that composed my system, through

regular disintegration or sloughing off. In health, all the molecules of the body are harmoniously wedded; but in sickness, they are placed in discordant relations. One hundred pounds of my system, at a certain period of my sickness, no longer existed in connection with my organism. Mortals would say, then, that only 75 pounds of the original 175 died, for I weighed the former when I finally passed away. The molecules of my body continued to be dissipated so long as my spirit remained attached to it, when finally the vital forces were completely exhausted.

INQUIRER—Please explain what you mean by a molecule.

LUCRETUS—Sir William Thomson, the distinguished scientist, introduces a very pretty example of the size and nature of a molecule. He imagines a single drop of water to be magnified until it becomes as large as the earth, having a diameter of 8,000 miles, and all the molecules to be magnified in the same proportion; and then concludes that a single molecule will appear, under these circumstances, as somewhat larger than a shot, and somewhat smaller than a cricket ball. Each molecule may be composed of two or more atoms, and it is the smallest portion of matter that can exist in a free or uncombined state. Now imagine, if you please, that the body is composed of particles of matter the size of a marble; continue to dwell upon it with the mind's eye, diminishing it in size, until it disappears from the natural eye, but through the instrumentality of the microscope you are still able to prove its existence. Continue to decrease its dimensions until your microscope will no longer render it visible. Though reduced in size and not visible to the eye aided by the microscope,—it still exists as a molecule, of which the human organism is composed; like a house constructed of bricks; each brick as a molecule could be seen by the eye; but those which compose the body, when separated, become invisible. In the aggregate, you can see them, as you can a drop of water. You deal altogether with matter; we with both matter and spirit, and when I tell you that the human system is composed of innumerable molecules, and that each molecule contains several atoms held together by attractive forces, and that all of them, under certain circumstances, are subservient to the indwelling spirit, then, even, you can hardly realize the fact. Within the system animals are constantly being evolved. Some of them

are plainly visible to the naked eye. Others can be brought to light through the aid of a microscope, while there are millions so very small that the mortal eye will never be favored with a sight of them. There is not an animal in existence that a form resembling it cannot be found in the physical organism. Could you see them in the putrid fevers, gaze at their manœuvres in loathsome ulcers, or behold their various motions when the system is in perfect health, you would be astonished. Please bear these thoughts in mind, for I shall frequently allude to them hereafter.

INQUIRER—What were your sensations during your sickness?

LUCRETUS—Peculiar, indeed. My mind grew brilliant just in the proportion that the molecules left my body. When 100 pounds of them had vanished, gone on other missions, my mind was, at times, beautifully illuminated, and I not only saw spirits surrounding me, but I beheld the magnificent scenery of the Spirit-world.

INQUIRER—Did you realize that you saw spirits and the scenery of the Spirit-world?

LUCRETUS—No, not at the time. I thought that it was all an illusion. During my sickness, I lived in dream-land, as it were. Birds of beautiful plumage and gaudy colors; celestial beings dressed in elegant attire; and picturesque scenes of different kinds, were constantly before me. In proportion as I grew weak, my mind became illuminated. When the body is dead, as you term it, the spirit can by no possibility remain attached to it. The last I remember in connection with my disease, I heard my attendant physician declare that I was dead. I seemed then to sink down, as if falling from a high mountain, and in a moment I became unconscious. When I awoke, I was surrounded by my friends in the Spirit-world. Since that memorable period, I have witnessed many deaths.

INQUIRER—Was not your death accompanied with great pain?

LUCRETUS—None whatever. Generally a person is unconscious when passing through certain stages of death, though not always. While on earth, the spirit is compelled to assume a dress corresponding with the plane on which it lives. You are simply a materialized spirit—so substantial is its outer form, that it only vanishes through gradual disintegration or

decomposition. When a spirit returns to earth and enters the sphere or aura of a physical medium, it becomes a central attractive point. Allow me to say that there proceeds from each person an emanation, partaking of every characteristic of each organ of the body. That emanation I regard as the sphere, radiating influence, or aura. In physical mediums it is very dense. I enter the aura of a physical medium, and each organ of my spirit body attracts therefrom a material which corresponds with each physical organ. Around my spiritual eye, a retina, cornea, and optic nerve are formed, connecting with the brain. In connection with my spiritual ear, a material auditory nerve is constructed, which enables me to hear different earthly sounds. This process continues until I have a genuine physical system corresponding with the plane on which you live. Now, when that organism disintegrates, it returns to the medium from whom I procured it. When your physical system disintegrates, or decomposes, it returns to the earth, whence obtained. I have often assumed a material form since I passed from earth. In so doing, I can come in contact with matter, and to a certain extent control it, which I could not do otherwise. When I surrender my materialized form to the medium from whom it is temporarily borrowed, I am then immediately transferred to the spirit side of life, but in no case is it death. When conditions are favorable, it is as easy to form a physical covering for the spirit, as it is to make water from invisible gases. Water, you well know, can be decomposed, rendered invisible to the eye, yet in a flash it can be brought back to its original state, and adapted to the use of man.

INQUIRER—You, then, take the position there is really no death?

LUCRETUS—Death is only change. The world to-day, in some respects at least, reasons to very little purpose. The opinion generally entertained that death is something terrible, and always to be avoided, is without a particle of foundation. It is a most desirable change, transferring each one to the spirit side of life. During my protracted sickness, my dreams and visions were beautiful. The grandeur of the Spirit-world frequently delighted my enraptured vision, and my soul seemed to float in the aroma of spirit flowers. Angelic music thrilled my soul, and gave me a foretaste of Spirit-life. Angelic children came and spread flowers on my bed, sang their sweet

songs, and enveloped me with their hallowed influence. In fact, it was delightful to die. The presence of these children, so pure, lovely and innocent, shed over me a silvery light that only spirit eyes could see.

INQUIRER—But what has that to do with dying?

LUCRETUS—Indeed, much. Nothing so sublimely assuages the last moments of the dying as the presence of spirit children. They come with cheering songs of welcome; their features are radiant with unsullied love; their voices are musically sweet and their appearance angelic. Their influence corresponds with their nature. Often when nervous, weary and completely exhausted by my sickness, they would come, and with their soothing songs lull me to rest.

INQUIRER—But such is not the lot of all. You were mediumistic, perhaps, hence sensed their presence. How about those who could not?

LUCRETUS—Each one, more or less, is subject to spirit influence. Angelic guardians are ever near you. You may not realize their presence or genial influence; nevertheless they affect you in a great variety of ways. At times they surround the bed of the sick, and watch with tender solicitude every symptom of the disease. They are ever anxious to do good. They always superintend the new birth, attend to the wants of the new-born spirit, and occasionally are required to take it to a hospital in Spirit-life to recuperate. The spirit is often very weak when the transition is first accomplished. When held for a long time in contact with a putrefying body, it suffers therefrom; it cannot be otherwise. The natural home of the spirit is not in a body wasted by disease, and when liberated therefrom it feels, temporarily, the bad effects arising therefrom. Supposing such a spirit should be ushered into Spirit-life without any one present to render assistance, it would be miserable indeed.

INQUIRER—That, indeed, is curious. I did not suppose the effects of disease extended in the least degree to Spirit-life.

LUCRETUS—The new-born babe is not more helpless than many new-born spirits; nor do they require less care. There are physicians in Spirit-life as well as with you.

INQUIRER.—Is it well to prolong life under certain conditions? I wish to present to you the following, from *Cham-*

bers' Journal, and ask you if it would not be better for them to die: "Not long since we paid a visit to the Hospital for Incurables, established on Putney Heath, in a house which was once the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Glancing at some of the patients strolling about the grounds, and looking at interior arrangements, there seemed to be a generally diffused cheerfulness. 'Have you been long confined to bed?' we asked of a pleasant, neatly-capped old lady, who was propped up in bed by pillows. 'Seven years, sir,' she replied; but added cheerfully, 'but I do not suffer much, thank God.' After visiting a few more wards, seven years of bed appeared to us, by comparison, but a moderate confinement. Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves talking to another old woman who had been for no less than five-and-thirty years in bed. Spine disease, coupled with an internal malady, had kept her there. There was no propping up with pillows for her; a rope was suspended from the top of the bed, with a little wooden handle for her to clutch with her hand, and turn herself in bed. 'Five-and-thirty years; but it cannot be long, now, sir; it must soon be over now.' Poor old woman! For many years she used to receive the visits of a son and daughter there; but now the daughter is dead, and the son is himself stricken down by hopeless illness; so the poor old soul is left alone, and consoles herself by thinking that 'it cannot last long now.' The visit of a stranger—especially one of the male sex—to these wards is a pleasant excitement to the inmates; the presence of an outsider appears for a moment to bring them into communication with that great world from which they are so hopelessly cut off. They love to hear some talk of the things which are being done and spoken of there, and then—poor old souls—it is touching to hear them turn from these to themselves, and pour into the listener's ear a recital of their own sufferings. There are those whose blessed privilege it is to go to such bedsides as these, carrying with them words of comfort and consolation; but this is not given to all; and it is something for us, rank and file, to know that, even with our little worldly commonplaces, we can divert or cheer these sufferers for a moment. Assuredly, too, there is a lesson for us in the deep gratitude which these poor creatures express for the slightest alleviation of their lot; a deep lesson for us who fret and grumble at all the little trifling worries

which beset us in our everyday life. At the end of the long corridor on the first floor we came upon the case which impressed us most of all. On a bed placed in the corner of a pretty, cheerful room, so as to command a window on each side, a girl with a beautiful and intelligent face, lay stretched upon her back. A profusion of light brown hair surrounded her head and covered the pillow—alas! the hair will never be gathered up to adorn that shapely head. From her neck down she is hopelessly paralyzed; not a limb can she move, not a finger can she raise; with her whole body stiffened, as it were, into stone, she has lain there for twelve years upon her back. Everything that considerate thought can devise has been done to mitigate her lot. Two large looking-glasses are so arranged over her head as to reflect the view from each of the windows, and show the pleasant Surrey landscape stretching away as far as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is a skillful method of bringing before the eyes of the invalid the green fields and lanes in which she will never walk. A girl yet—she cannot be more than 30 years of age—she has lain there motionless for twelve long, weary years. The male wards present much the same appearance as the female, except that the male patients are in a considerable minority—about one to three. Men are always worse patients than women; but here even the men are cheerful and contented. An elderly gentleman, blind and paralyzed, after a very animated talk with us, related how, on the day before, he had celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his admission into the hospital. ‘Yes,’ exclaimed another man, who was stretched on a wheeled couch unable to move, ‘and I had come in just a fortnight before.’ Very touching is the intimacy and friendship which exists between some of those occupying the same rooms, who have been, perhaps, united for years by a common bond of suffering, and who know that they will still continue to be neighbors until one or other of them shall have been released by death. Such, then, is a glance at one of the more prominent of the hospitals for the reception of incurables. About the good work it is doing in assuaging the last stages of human suffering, there can, we think, be little doubt; and looking to the nature of the institution, we can hardly class it with those charities which seem to create a demand that tends to weaken a wholesome, independent exertion.” Would not the incurable

bles be justified in committing suicide, considering their state?

LUCRETUS—However forlorn your condition may be on your plane of existence, you have experiences there which cannot easily be obtained in Spirit-life. If you sever the thread of life, you take advantage of nature's *intentions*, and cut short your mission on earth. Pain sometimes teaches a lesson equally as important as that imparted by pleasure. The experience of those regarded as incurables, will be a benefit to them in Spirit-life, and animated there by philanthropic purposes, they will go forth as messengers of light striving to prevent others from becoming like them. This earth-plane is the rudimentary stage of existence, and primary lessons should be learned there, and the spirit will realize benefit therefrom throughout all eternity.

INQUIRER—But does not Nature—God, perhaps—destroy human life through the instrumentality of fire, storms, epidemics, volcanic eruptions, lightning, inundations, etc.? Are not such deaths premature? Are not earth experiences lost thereby?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly the operations of nature often prove destructive to human life. They often seem to be irresistible. A tree might be blown upon you, and lacerate in a fearful way your body, but the mere fact of that being done would not confer upon any one the right to commit suicide. Accidents are unavoidable, and death by the operations of nature's laws must frequently occur. The ponderous wheels of creation move on unceasingly, and in their diverse operations human beings are crushed like a fly beneath the feet. Nature in her manifold operations cannot deviate from her accustomed path to save human life. If she transfer you prematurely to the spirit side of life, she alone will promptly furnish compensation; but when you assume to act for her, she responds very tardily to your demands. Under no consideration is suicide justifiable.

INQUIRER—Is it possible for one person to die twice on earth?

LUCRETUS—Why do you ask that question?

INQUIRER—I will read the following narration of a spirit published in the *Universe*, and I desire your views thereon:

“It is the soul that nerves the arm that strikes the blow that gives victory! Man on this earth is composed of soul,

spirit and body. The soul is the life of God, the spirit is the man himself, which endorses the life, and the body is that by which the spirit acts on material objects. The body is derived from nature, and, like everything material, is subject to the laws of matter.

“Much has been written about spirits materializing themselves that they may be seen by mortals, but as a satisfactory statement, one that can be easily comprehended by people of ordinary endowments, has not yet been made, I will, in a plain way, give my own experience, which I think will be instructive as well as interesting :

“I was known in earth-life as Captain Marryat, author of *Peter Simple*, and other books. Having been endowed by the good Lord with a genial, loving heart, and having labored zealously to better the condition of seamen, when called into another state of being, I found myself surrounded by hosts of friends. Of course I carried with me into the new life many errors, but as I was always open to conviction, experienced little difficulty in ridding myself of them. I observed, after a lapse of a very brief period, that the great love which I had entertained for my fellow-men, literally burned out my personal peculiarities, and the light in which I began to live was gloriously bright. With increasing wisdom and love, it occurred to me that I still might be of use to mankind, if I could but find the means of communicating with them. While on earth, or rather while I occupied my natural body, I had occasionally seen spirits, and had thought much on the subject of ancient and modern Spiritualism, and it occurred to me in my new state that I would make an effort to re-visit the earth for the purpose of doing good. The beauty of spiritual life is, that when a person has an ardent desire for anything, the means to obtain it is always at hand.

“I re-visited earth in spirit, but felt its noon-day light, compared with the light of the world of spirits, the very blackness of darkness, and although I was never troubled much with fear, I felt a kind of shudder steal over me, at the idea of again mingling amid the scenes of earth. But the idea of doing good soon overcame this sensation, and I began looking for the means of making myself visible on earth. Dr. Franklin came to me, and I became his pupil. He showed me the process by which I could readily improvise a material body, and retain it

as long as I pleased, but stated that the moment a spirit clothed itself with matter, it became subject to the laws of matter, felt heat and cold, hunger and thirst, sickness and sorrow, and that a process analogous to death had to be endured when the body was thrown off. As I never dreaded death, and was pretty familiar with the trials of life, I dared all that the learned doctor said was incidental to taking on a material body. We then went to work, and after many experiments, I became master of the science, and found myself a man mingling in the busy scenes of life once more. The doctor and myself made many visits, in company, to poor people and helped them, and they knew no other but that we were mortals.

"But this was not the height of my ambition; I felt a yearning desire to reform the world, which the good doctor perceived, and smiled at my ardor, while he explained that other means than those to which we were having recourse were then in progress by advanced spirits. He had merely gratified my curiosity by showing me the process of clothing myself with a natural body. Weary with walking, and hungry, the doctor suggested that we should rest under the shade of a tree, and throw off our material bodies; but, being near the banks of a river, I preferred to jump in and be drowned. We separated; I took to water and soon found myself in the world of spirits, but the doctor proposed to die where he was. We met, however, in the world of spirits, and then he explained to me that man must be reformed in freedom. The various angelic societies were operating on mortals, to make the conditions more favorable for their being able to receive truth in a rational way and of their own volition. He, moreover, stated that he had entertained the same ideas as myself, of working among men, but was shown that it was not in the order of Providence.

"The Lord had permitted the present influx of Spiritualism for two reasons: First, to convince those who desired to be convinced, that man does exist an intelligent, rational being, capable of immortal happiness, independent of the natural body, and to give the poor and oppressed hope to buoy them up when cast down by the darkness of earth-life. Many spirits can clothe themselves with natural bodies, but it causes them great pain, for frequently the diseases of which they died attack them, and all the sorrows of their first departure are repeated. We know that earth-life, at longest, is but a troubled dream,

and, knowing this, we are less anxious about the wants of the body—for these constitute the principal ills of life—more than you would be apt to suppose. Having no fear of the pangs of death, I frequently embody myself and walk among the crowds of earth.

“The angels of the Lord, His messengers to do His will, possess powers of which we who have recently left the earth know but little. They can appear at any time they please without being subject to the laws of matter, and can do anything that may be required of them, because their will is merged in the will of the Almighty.

“The people of earth, who have a longing desire to see their friends, ought to reflect on the probable pain they would have to endure. This is apparent, even in the case of mediums, when taken possession of by spirits. They exhibit the contortions which marked their departure from earth. Besides, let the bereaved remember, that to see their friends would not be enough, they would wish them to remain with them, and be to them what they were before death. This would not only be contrary to the Divine order, but would be an unmitigated evil in itself to the spirits who had escaped from the sorrows of earth, to a world where neither sin nor death can enter, and where the redeemed of the Lord live in His presence forever.

“But spirits are making great progress in simplifying the means of communication with mortals, so that in the lapse of a few years every family will be able, under certain conditions, to hold intelligent intercourse with their departed friends. Some of the sanguine spirits predict that they will be able to appear in our pulpits and lecture-rooms, and speak with wisdom from on high for the upraising of humanity. From all that I can see and hear in the world of spirits, it is evident to me that the oppression of the poor by the avaricious is drawing to a close, and that a new order of social and political life is close at hand. Let mortals, therefore, take courage, and trust in the Lord, and do good while they pray: Lord, as in Heaven, on earth Thy will be done!

“It may be necessary to add that most of the spirits who appear at circles draw their covering from the parties by whom they are surrounded, but do not build up bodies from external nature like those with which Franklin and myself clothe ourselves. The means, however, by which spirits make themselves

visible and tangible are so various and numerous, that even Franklin himself, with all his knowledge, could not describe them. Some can flash themselves, quick as thought, into view, while others have to labor long and assiduously to produce even a simple rap on a table. But let our friends on earth be sure of one thing, and that is this, that all Heaven is interested in their welfare."

Anyone would infer from the above that a spirit could pass through the death-scene as often as desirable. What is your opinion in regard to this matter?

LUCRETUS—I have never known a case of this kind, although I have heard it frequently discussed in the Spirit-world. I do not believe it impossible; indeed, I have long since ceased to cry humbug! at even the most exaggerated declarations and statements in reference to what can be accomplished by the power and skill of man or spirits. Glance for a moment at the physical mechanism of a sheep. It roams over the rich pasturage, nips the tender blade of grass, laves its thirst in the running brook, and breathes the fresh air, and strange to say a coat of snowy whiteness comes forth on its body. The complex, chemical laboratory of the animal manufactured the wool from grass, water and the atmosphere. When a little lamb it only weighed five pounds, but now it weighs seventy. From those three sources, its chemical laboratory extracted sixty-five pounds of mutton. This is, indeed, astonishing, how an animal weighing only five pounds can finally become such a self-acting manufacturing establishment, making from ten to fifteen pounds of wool a year. Now, in elucidation of my subject, I desire to say that it is possible to go direct to the elements and make wool therefrom. You on earth who desire wool to form various fabrics, must procure sheep to produce it for you. They go to the grass, etc., for it; and were you wise enough you could go there, too. Look at the butterfly with its gaudy colors; at the birds of the air with their beautiful plumage. Each one carries a different chemical laboratory. *That which* can create, evolve, or form a bird, must as a natural consequence understand all about the chemical apparatus it carries, and must be superior thereto. *That which* can construct the butterfly, with its variegated hues, must necessarily thoroughly comprehend the blending of colors. *That which* can bring into existence a seed that can germinate and unfold a beautiful blossom, must

be an excellent florist. In fact, *That which* creates animals that can produce wool, milk, soft fur, beautiful feathers, etc., from grass, must be able to accomplish the same thing, himself, herself, or *itself*; without any aid from them whatever. Now, I am not required to go to *That which*, the great Creative Power, to find the skill requisite to evolve articles of diet. Chemists in Spirit-life already understand that process. When this earth shall have become so densely populated that animals must be dispensed with, that knowledge will be imparted to earth's children, which will enable them to go direct to *the source* for a supply of milk, butter, fruits, etc. That intellect must, indeed, be narrow in comprehension that does not consider the human mind superior to the *body* of the sheep, bird or cow. I know that it is possible for a spirit to assume a physical body, which it obtains from certain elements. The time will come, I think, when it can be so materialized as to be retained indefinitely. Materialization is yet in its infancy. Ten years will work marvelous changes. If a spirit assume a physical organization, it must be dissipated before it can again enter Spirit-life. Of course, such would be death to the body organized.

INQUIRER—Your ideas are peculiar, sir, in relation to this question. You seem to coincide with the statements of the article.

LUCRETUS—Puny child of earth, how narrow your comprehension! Of the sublime realities of the sciences, as existing in Spirit-life, you and the denizens of earth know comparatively nothing. If Mr. Field of the Atlantic cable notoriety could stand in New York, and with a battery no larger than a thimble, and with only one drop of water, move a piece of iron in England (the hammer for telegraphing), what estimate do you put upon the power of him who has been in Spirit-life for 100,000 years? Indeed, it is towering, grand!

INQUIRER—Will the time ever arrive when death will not occur?

LUCRETUS—The earth will ultimately become so spiritualized and refined, that when *death* takes place, the consciousness will probably be retained throughout. The earth is exceedingly gross yet, and the emanations therefrom are not favorable for advanced spiritual growth and development. The conditions now, however, are just what are absolutely required. The ancient saurian monsters could not live in the atmosphere of

to-day a single moment. Their gross natures required gross conditions. Those human beings who first inhabited the earth plane, living in caves and holes in the ground, could not survive a month if alive at this time. The physical condition of this planet is gradually improving, and as it advances, the human race steps forward and assumes a higher condition. The physical form of to-day is far less gross than that which existed twenty thousand years ago. Physical man has nothing whatever to do with the motion of the earth in space; nothing whatever to do with its advancement in the refining process which is constantly going on. But he moves grandly along, advancing just as rapidly as its physical condition will permit. The time will arrive when the physical body will become so spiritualized that there will be but little resemblance between it and those possessed by mortals at present. Death then will lose all of its terrors.

INQUIRER—Does the imagination ever cause the death of any one?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly.

INQUIRER—I desire your opinion on the following: A New York paper, I think the *Brooklyn Eagle*, has been discussing this question, as to whether Entwistle, a printer, died from the effects of hydrophobia or the action of the imagination. He was bitten in early spring-time by a dog, and in about three months, when several were dying from hydrophobia, he was attacked by the disease. Then this is related of the gardener, at either Heidelberg or Gottingen. He was working in the garden on a fresh spring morning, in the very prime of health. A student passed him with the words:—

“Ah, Fritz, passed a bad night, eh?”

“No, sir. Never felt better.”

“I’m glad to hear it. Thought you looked pale. Your garden looks beautiful, Fritz.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Comes along another student.

“Good morning, Fritz.”

“Good morning, sir.”

“System a little out of order?”

“No, sir!”

“You look bad, heavy-eyed, and pale.”

“Didn’t know it, sir.”

"A mere spring debility, I suppose. Good morning!"

Fritz (*solus*): I do feel a sort of queer like.

Comes along a professor.

"Well, Fritz, how are the violets?"

"Beautiful, sir, beautiful."

"You don't look very beautiful. What's the matter with you? Let me see your tongue. Your forehead clammy, too. I think you'd better go home to bed, Fritz."

"I do feel queer, sir."

"I should think you would. Go to bed. Keep quiet for a few days."

"I believe I will, sir."

"I see Dr. Broeck coming this way—ask him. Good day, Fritz. I'm sorry to see you in this state."

"Good day, sir."

Up comes the doctor.

"Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Springoliana, Fritz, evidently. Go to bed, my man. And here, send this to the dispensary, and take a tablespoonful every hour. Don't eat till I see you again. I'll call after the lecture is over, however. Be very careful. I'll bring Doctor Wolff with me to see you. It's a curious case, very curious."

Fritz went to bed. The doctors came. They walked on tiptoe; spoke in whispers. They darkened the room. They gave him medicine—pure water, and pills made of bread, in order to affect his imagination. They left him. That night Fritz grew weaker and weaker; and in the morning the students and the faculty were shocked with terror and horrified in the midst of their laughter at poor Fritz's fears, when his weeping daughter came to tell them that her stout, strong father of 29-odd years lay dead at home—dead of a phantasy. There is no case better authenticated.

LUCRETUS—Allow me to say before responding, that I use the word "death," indicating thereby a change, or the transition of the spirit from earth to Spirit-life. There is no death; that is, no cessation of life on the part of any individual. You desire my opinion on the incidents you have related. I again state that the mind can effect the same molecular disarrangement in the system as the virus of the mad dog. It is in all respects hydrophobia, and the bite of such a person would communicate it to others. The imagination of poor

Entwistle, no doubt, caused his illness. You take a good psychological subject, and a powerful operator can, in a short time, make him possess every symptom of hydrophobia, and if he does not restore him to his normal condition, death would soon ensue. The imagination only destroys life when the same molecular changes take place that the real malady itself would evolve, and no person could ever imagine himself into an attack of hydrophobia who is not familiar with some of the symptoms of the disease. The insane in Europe never fancied they saw a spectral Indian until after Columbus had discovered Indians in America, and returned with some to his native land, although in their illusive moments they were constantly seeing negroes. The imagination is, therefore, sometimes productive of real sickness—of hydrophobia, the virus resulting from which is almost certain to cause death. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of those having epileptic fits caused by one thus affected, who was taken into their presence. The disease, however, disappeared when he threatened to apply a red-hot iron to the body of the one re-attacked. It is needless to say that the malady did not return. Then, there was Fritz—his death might have occurred in the same manner mentioned. His imagination—the influence of his mind—generated the same molecular action that a malignant disorder would, and those who produced the morbid state were guilty of murder. To illustrate: When certain drugs are taken into the stomach, molecular agitation follows, terminating in vomiting. A highly-sensitive lady sits down to eat a plate of strawberries, when a loathsome worm is exposed to her view, and she commences to vomit. The influence of her mind induced the same results that the medicine did. The mind possesses the power, under certain well-defined conditions, to produce any disease. It has caused cholera, malignant fevers, epilepsy, hydrophobia, etc. Cases of thorough purging of the bowels have arisen solely from the exertion of the will. Disease does not exist within the mind, but the power to cause peculiar molecular results does. Such deaths are as painful as if induced by the influence of the malady itself, independent of the thoughts. There is a mental cure for some diseases as well as a mental cause therefor. He who trifles with the imagination of the sensitive, should be careful or disastrous effects will surely follow. The influence of the mind upon the

physical system is very strange indeed. The thought of a plate of luscious fruit incites a flow of saliva. How could that be produced without a change, in some respects, of molecular action? Sir H. Holland said: "There is cause to believe that the action of the heart is often quickened or otherwise disturbed, merely by centering the consciousness upon it." Any organ of the body can be influenced, and its action modified, by directing the attention closely to it. The potent influence the will has on various physical organs, was recognized by Dr. Armstrong, and he cured an aneurism of the aorta with a slight purgative, ossification of the heart with a blue pill, and chronic diseases of the brain with a little Epsom salts. You are familiar, no doubt, with the incident related of a lady in Massachusetts, who cured herself of a disagreeable tumor by simply rubbing the hand of a dead person upon it. This favorable result was accomplished through the instrumentality of her mind alone. A medical student was once initiated by a sham process into the Masonic Order. His eyes were bandaged, and then his arm was so acted upon as to induce him to believe it was cut, and then the dropping of water so completely deceived him that he fainted.

INQUIRER—If the mind can cause disease, can it not cure it also?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly, if the right molecular action can be induced. It is easier, however, to cause it than cure it. It is easier always to destroy than re-construct. Disease can be evolved without much trouble, but to effect a cure is often very difficult. The imagination, or pernicious influence of the mind, is a prolific source of premature deaths. Thus the fear of cholera originates the dire disease, the symptoms of which being in the mind, *are imparted to the molecules of the system*. In hydrophobia, induced by the virus of a rabid animal, the symptoms are first manifested in the body; but when caused by the imagination alone, they are at first *within the mind* only, and they exist there in such intensity that they are imparted to the body. It is a well-known fact that, in many instances, physicians die of the disease that they make a specialty of treating. The symptoms of the disease are so carefully studied and dwelt upon that finally they are impressed upon their own molecules.

INQUIRER—Cannot partial death of the body occur? Here

is a peculiar case. One of the principal actors, Herr Wellenbeck, connected with the Meiningen court company, at Berlin, Prussia, and who takes the part of Pope Sixtus, had been perfectly blind for three years. Few people who attended the performances ever imagined for a moment, however, that the actor who moved with such ease and precision on the stage before them did not see the scenes around him. Fortunately for him, his affliction did not come upon him until he had been for some years a member of the Meiningen troupe, so that he knew the boards by heart when blindness came upon him. His colleagues are very devoted to him. Whenever a new piece is to be given they undertake many rehearsals in order to make the blind actor feel at home in his new role. The drama of "Pope Sixtus" was quite new to him, and a critic who knew of his affliction wrote how he trembled for fear of the actor making false steps. But he moved about and ascended the throne with safety and dignity. "Since my eyes died," said the actor to this critic, "I see everything clearer with the nerves of the brain. Life concentrates itself in my head, undisturbed by the external world, which for me no longer exists."

LUCRETUS—A portion of the brain may be removed, and still the vigor of the mind be not impaired in the least. The arms and legs may be amputated, the eyes destroyed, the auditory nerves rendered useless, the tongue severed from the mouth, and other parts of the body cut off, yet life remains, and the brain loses none of its brilliancy. Your external covering—the outer dress of the spirit—is composed of innumerable molecules, which are extracted from the food you eat, water you drink, and air you breathe, and therein may be found all the constituents of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. There are animalculæ in your body resembling in a marked degree the lizard, snake, worm, etc., etc., and therein the great mystery of man's organic structure lies. Let the mother, who is nursing in the womb an embryonic child, be frightened by a snake at a certain period of gestation, and she arouses thereby all the molecules in her body which are in the form of that animal, and in consequence of their increased action, they so change the shape of the being she is developing, that when it is born, *it resembles a snake!* To demonstrate the potent character of molecular influence, I

would refer you to an incident that occurred in San Francisco, Cal., where a lady, Mrs. Jervis, was bitten by a poisonous tarantula. She lingered for six months in continual agony, her blood literally drying up, till she was reduced to an absolute skeleton. Three months before her death her entire right side became paralyzed; yet, strange to say, the hand had a tendency to crawl, and the fingers incessantly moved like the legs of a spider. I tell you, further, that the animalculæ of the system, in the form of animals, generate the virus that causes hydrophobia when induced by fear, the impulse of the mind, or by the bite of a rabid dog. These molecules are obedient, under certain circumstances, to the action of the mind. You have heard of men who have hoggish dispositions; in them animalculæ in the form of hogs predominate; in others that of ferocious beasts, and they are pugilists; in the murderer animals of prey are the ruling power; in the man or woman who is snappish, mean, and quarrelsome in disposition—those animalculæ are in the ascendancy that represent such traits of character. This is one of the grandest truths in existence.

No longer fear death! It opens the portals of the celestial world, and presents to you a home, beautiful and grand. Remember, too, that you can refine your spiritual nature only by generous acts and high resolves. As the thought of hydrophobia will often induce that disease in its aggravated form, so will the contemplation of committing murder prepare one for the desperate deed. The thinking of doing wrong arouses the rapacious, passionate molecules of the body and places one in a condition where he is *forced* to do some bad deed. A man nurses the intention of committing rape until his body moves him irresistibly along to do it. He whose mind is pure never arouses to activity the insatiate animals of his nature, and he develops the angel within himself. I appeal to all, then, who wish to take an advanced position in the Spirit-world, to have their whole life distinguished by good deeds and philanthropic purposes. Life is short on earth at most, and the improvements there made are felt throughout all eternity.

INQUIRER—From what has been previously said in reference to death, it has lost to a great extent its terrors, yet there is a dark side connected therewith that is not generally

seen. Glance for a moment at the annual report of deaths by violence, suicide and accident in New York City, for one year. It is appalling.

LUCRETUS—Really, death by violence and accidents is never desirable. The majority of those who commit suicide are insane, bereft of reason. You have often heard it said in reference to a certain individual, "his animal nature was aroused," and under the influence thereof he committed murder, rape, or some other heinous offense. As the human body has a distinct form, so has each molecule thereof, representing in no small degree the whole animal creation. Occasionally many molecules collect together, and form an animal several inches in length. I wish here to state that when the "animal passions" are inordinately excited, it consists wholly of a disturbance of those molecules that represent destructive poisonous creatures, the influence of which react upon the mind. A suicide whom I well knew on earth was induced to commit the rash act in consequence of the effects of delirium tremens. Through the agency of poisonous liquor and the potent influence of his own desires, those molecules of his system which existed in the form of snakes became inordinately stimulated, wonderfully excited, and through a reflex action impressed their image upon his mind, and they were as real and tangible to him as anything that ever greeted his vision.

INQUIRER—Indeed, sir, your ideas are opening a grand field for thought. I am intensely interested.

LUCRETUS—No man ever committed suicide in his sane moments. Poisonous liquors, when introduced into the system, inflame its destructive animalculæ, and they, in turn, influence the mind, and when inordinately stimulated, they *will control* it. Accustomed to the use of liquor, these molecular animals become *topers*. The original design of one's being under their action is reversed—the intellect becomes subservient to them, and premature death follows. In all cases these molecules should be held under subjection, and when properly controlled, they never rebel successfully, or cause mischief. A person commits a rape because certain passionate animalculæ of his body become inflamed, and he cannot always resist the impulse they impart. Man is placed in connection with matter in order to become familiar with its peculiar characteristics and laws. To be able to control your own body, is

equivalent to governing an empire. Teach those who design self-destruction that they are the subjects of a rapacious malady, and that the only possible way to effect a cure is to change the channel of their thoughts; impress upon them their actual condition; teach them the effects of suicide on the spirit, and kindly seek their aid in effecting a cure, and success will generally crown your efforts. Only secure the co-operation of the suffering one, and you will triumph over his insane promptings.

INQUIRER—But I can't understand why molecular actions or the condition of the physical system, should sometime, prompt a person to commit suicide. That is a mystery to me.

LUCRETUS—Is it not molecular action that causes hunger, thirst, and lecherous rapes? Is it not that which incites a person suffering from hydrophobia to snap at, and bite others, and to tear his own flesh? that induces delirium tremens, forms hideous sensations within the body, and renders a person an abject monster? that generates burning fevers and disagreeable chills? that creates hideous phantoms within the mind? that makes peculiar sounds when no outward noise can be heard? that causes you to love this person or hate another? that leads one individual to engage in fights, and another to flee from physical encounters?

Dr. Hammond relates the case of a young man, a member of a highly respectable family, who consulted him for what he called insanity. It appears that a few weeks previously, while walking down Broadway, he had been struck with the appearance of a lady in front of him who wore a very rich black silk dress. Suddenly the impulse seized him to ruin the dress by throwing sulphuric acid on it. He therefore stopped at an apothecary's shop and purchased a small vial of oil of vitriol. Hastening his pace, he soon overtook the lady, and, walking by her side, he managed in the crowd to empty his vial over her dress without being perceived. He derived so much satisfaction from the act that he resolved to repeat it at once. He therefore procured another supply of vitriol, and, singling out a lady better dressed than others around her, he poured the contents of the vial over her dress, and again escaped detection. He now began to consider more fully than he had yet done the nature and consequences of his conduct, and the next morning went to Dr. Hammond for advice. He stated very frankly his entire conviction that his acts were in the highest

degree immoral and degrading, but expressed his utter inability to refrain. "A handsome dress," he said, "acts upon me very much as I suppose a piece of red cloth does on an infuriated bull. I must attack it. The bull uses his horns, while I use vitriol." In illustration, I might say that if you see a painting of wonderful beauty, your eyes become brilliant, your countenance illuminated, and under the effects thereof, your whole system seems to expand, and you involuntarily praise the author, and lend him all the assistance in your power. What you saw acted pleasantly on the body through the medium of the mind. The young man referred to saw a black dress, and instead of pleasure being excited thereby, the opposite impulse was imparted, and he was irresistibly moved to destroy it. In both cases a peculiar molecular condition of the system was produced, giving rise to the respective emotions. Now, one desires to preserve his life, while another wishes to destroy it. The incentive is within the system, the same as hunger and thirst. The mind is not hungry or thirsty, but your molecules are; it is not sick with a burning fever, but the system is; it is not suffering from delirium tremens, but millions of active entities in your body are. The emotion which prompts self-destruction is within your physical form as well as the mind,—it is a disease which requires the most careful attention to master. The first thought of committing suicide is never carried into effect. The mind dwells upon it until the living, molecular entities of the body are in harmony therewith, for each one has its *innate feelings*, and then self-murder is committed. A man never deliberately kills another when he first calmly entertains the thought. Why? He must first bring his system in harmony with his mind; he must inflame his animal nature (the animals in his nature) before he can possibly commit the heinous crime. When the mind feels intense fear, it brings the molecules of the body *en rapport* therewith, and weakness and timidity is the result. The life that surrounds your spirit is not one individual life, but trillions of individual lives, which influence you in your daily walks, and which compose your physical organism! Man becomes a toper because those millions of infinitesimals prompt him to. They have been nursed, perhaps, by liquor, hence require it as an absolute necessity. The mind may fight against it, but they triumph—rule with an iron hand. There is the little child in the womb.

The molecules of its system are derived from the mother; the mother is saturated with whisky, and the result is, all of its numberless living entities are natural born inebriates, and they eventually drive the mind to indulge them.

INQUIRER—Indeed, sir, I never thought of that before.

LUCRETUS—Knowing as I do that each molecule is an epitome of the universe, as well as of man himself, I am led to reason as I do. Death in all cases is principally the result of molecular action, whether resulting from fever, the assassin, the knife of the self-destroyer, or any other cause. Dr. Hammond, I think, cites the case of Mr. R., a distinguished chemist and an amiable man, who, feeling himself impelled to commit murder, and fearing his inability to resist, voluntarily placed himself under treatment. Tormented by the desire to kill, he often prostrated himself before the altar and implored the Almighty to deliver him from his atrocious impulse, the origin of which he could not explain. When he felt that his will was yielding, he went to the superintendent of the asylum and had him tie his hands together with a ribbon. This weak band was sufficient to calm the unfortunate man for a time, but eventually he attempted to kill one of his keepers, and finally died in a paroxysm of acute mania. Ah! I tell you his mind realized his true condition, but the millions of living entities surrounding his spirit could not be reduced to subjection, and he fell a victim to their unyielding demands.

INQUIRER—I desire an explanation in reference to the following: It, on one occasion, appears that a lad named Cummings fell from a car at Whitehall, N. Y., and the train passed over his arm, severing it. He, with very great presence of mind, laid still until the train had passed, and thus escaped further injury. When he was conveyed home, his arm was brought after him. It was thrown into a pail, when the poor little fellow screamed with pain. The severed limb was then placed in a box and buried in the garden. Shortly after, he said that something was crawling on the inside of the hand. The limb was exhumed, when a vile worm was discovered in the palm of the hand. A large jar was obtained, and it became necessary to crowd the arm in, when the sufferer fairly went into paroxysms of pain. The limb was placed in a jar partly filled with alcohol, and then replaced in the ground. The little fellow complained that his arm and fingers were in

a terribly cramped position, and that the little finger and next one were growing together. The jar was then taken up, when the limb was found crowded and cramped as described. The boy knew nothing of the disposition of his arm. I knew a case in the army where a man's arm was amputated on the field of battle, and carefully buried. The soldier was removed to a hospital, some ten miles distant, and appeared to be getting along very well with the exception of a constant feeling of pain in the hand of the amputated arm. He told those in charge of the hospital that he felt as if the thumb and forefinger were pressed closely together, resulting in intense suffering. One of the nurses, without his knowledge, instituted measures that led to the disinterment of the amputated arm, when lo! the thumb and forefinger were clasped closely together. The hand and arm were placed in their natural position, wrapped in woolen cloths and carefully buried. The soldier knew nothing of these proceedings, and when the nurse, after her return, asked him how he felt, he remarked that at a certain hour the pain in his amputated arm ceased, the exact time when it was disinterred. I would like to have you explain how a dead member of the body can induce such pain?

LUCRETUS—You take two minds closely *en rapport*, and though thousands of miles apart, they sense each other's feelings. That assertion is too well established to be disputed. Now, the molecules of that amputated arm were closely *en rapport* with those of the interior spiritual arm which it enclosed. The two, though separated, affected each other through sympathetic vibration imparted to the ether of space, and which can influence no other person than the one to whom they belong. This sympathetic vibration will continue until a certain stage of putrefaction or disintegration, when it will cease altogether.

INQUIRER—Your statements seem clear and definite. I can now realize why an amputated member of the body may cause unpleasant sensations in the living organism.

I will read you an item from the proceedings of the London Anthropological Society. I desire a response thereto: Major S. R. I. Owen said that he was in India throughout the Indian mutiny, and was there at the time when the Fakir was buried at Lahore. In the year 1844 he met several officers who came from that part of the country, and it was a matter

of common talk with them, as an accepted and undeniable fact, that the Fakir had been buried for a long time, and afterwards revived as stated. One man was said to have been put into a box, which was chained to the ceiling, and troops were placed to watch it for several weeks, but the man afterwards recovered consciousness. These things were spoken of by those who had seen them, as unquestionable facts. The Fakir had a wife who helped to restore him; he was able to throw himself into a kind of trance, in which his tongue turned back into his mouth. Sometimes he was buried for weeks together. Mr. H. T. Marchant said that about twelve years ago there was an Oxford student who had the power of disassociating his astral or spirit from his body whenever he pleased, and he was under the impression that if he remained absent long enough for his body to get cold, he would never return to it. Once he did let it get cold and he was not able to return; in short, he was dead.

LUCRETUS—These are really peculiar cases, worthy of some consideration. The vital forces of the subjects in these cases stood exactly midway between life and death, and could thus be held for considerable time, and then by an effort of the will, the machinery of the system could be started again. The student, to whom the Anthropological Society alludes, proceeded a little too far; he went past the state where the vital forces were resting equally distant between life and death, and, of course, actual death followed.

INQUIRER—Will you explain how this disassociating the body from the soul is effected?

LUCRETUS—That would not be in connection with the subject under discussion—death—therefore I must defer an answer.

INQUIRER—Has music any effect on the dying?

LUCRETUS—Yes, a most wonderfully benign influence.

INQUIRER—I will read to you an account of the death of Phineas Eames, who passed to Spirit-life, June 13, 1873, as I wish to learn if such incidents as connected therewith are common. It is as follows, as related by Mr. E. V. Wilson, at one time a prominent worker in the ranks of Spiritualism: "Each day and hour he impressed upon us his firm belief in the spirits to sustain and cheer him in his birth to Spirit-life, and as the end drew near, he told us what he saw and heard.

Thursday evening he saw a vision of two boats; in one was his wife, mother and sister, and his son who was burned. In the other boat was the father of his wife, her brother, and brother-in-law, the late Ingraham Gould, Esq., of Beaver Dam. They talked with him some time, and on leaving, said: 'We will come again, and the third time we will take you to our spirit home.' On Friday, June 6th, he again saw the boats and the friends from Spirit-land, and their visit made him very happy, and for some they held sweet converse with him about different scenes there. On Saturday morning, about sunrise, June 7th, his 55th birthday, he said: 'Mary, the boat has come for me. It is large, and very dear ones are in it.' He then called the family around him with a motion of his arm, and taking each one by the hand, bade them good-by, and after resting a few moments, said: 'Friends, I am aware that my time here is short, and that soon I shall leave you. I wish you all to know that I am a Spiritualist, and trust that the time will come when you all will think as I do. I am perfectly resigned to the will of God; have not a shadow of fear, and am willing to go, only waiting for the summons. I wish it distinctly understood that I want no orthodox minister to preach my funeral sermon; but a Spiritualist, if one can be obtained. I am too weak to say more. I ask you all to so live that you may meet me over the river. Good-by.' During the hours of his transition he requested music, and some one of the family was at the piano every moment, cheering him with tunes until all was over. He retained his faculties to the last minute of earth-life, reviving every few moments to speak a word of cheering love, and many times during the hours of his transition he would kiss the lips of his daughters, who occupied a place by him, Nettie on one side and Mary on the other. Long will they remember, as well as all the others present, the grand sublimity of this birth to Spirit-life.

"A little before he breathed his last the Doctor called, and as he came into the calm and quiet room where the spirit-birth was taking place, Mrs. Gould said: 'Brother Eames, Dr. Kippax is here.' He revived and gave him his hand, saying: 'It is over. Good-by.' Then he asked for music again, as it had ceased while the Doctor was talking. The Doctor testified to its soothing influence in this trying hour that comes

to all, as he saw by the dying one's pulse how it quieted him. Thus gently Mr. Eames was born into Spirit-life, entering upon his journey over the river without a struggle or a groan; and while we were singing a favorite piece of his, 'Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,' etc., the angel friends who surrounded him joined with us, and we distinctly heard their voices of praise, and while singing, his last breath here was drawn, and his spirit was borne to the higher life beyond the river, at half-past ten o'clock A. M. Wreaths of white flowers were lovingly laid upon the coffin by his children and family, as we tenderly lowered it to its last resting-place, all fully realizing that he was not in the casket we were placing in the ground, but standing with us, our spirit brother, and henceforth would become the angel guardian of his children, assisting us in their culture and development into womanhood."

LUCRETUS—The action of what is termed music is very peculiar in its manifestations. A flame from a gas-burner will flicker in response to its fundamental note. You may try different notes at various degrees of pitch before you succeed in striking one that is in harmony with it. A flame that obstinately refuses to notice any note that you can sing, will seem to manifest delight at a blow of the hammer on an anvil. It is, indeed, a sensitive flame that will respond to the lips in kissing, but makes no movements whatever when any other sound is made. As a modern writer well says: "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size and shape, which is as fixed as the fundamental notes of the musical chord. They may also vibrate in parts, as the chord does, and thus be capable of various increasing rates of vibration, which constitute their harmonics." This peculiarity exists throughout all nature. There is, as one of earth's children well says, a universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feelings in measured cadences of sound and action, proving that our physical bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movement of the several parts being timed to each other; and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being out of tune. He says further, and truthfully, too, that your intellectual and moral vigor would be better sus-

tained if you more practically studied the propriety of keeping the mind in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for you would thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyment, is also destructive of individual comfort, and that whatever tends to harmonize, also tends to promote happiness and health. I give his opinion merely to show that my views have been foreshadowed by one of earth's children. He says in conclusion, that a general improvement in your taste for music would really improve your morals. You would, indeed, be more apt to detect discords, but then you would also be more apt to avoid their causes, and would not fail to perceive that those feelings which admit of no cheerful, chaste and melodious expressions, are at war with both mind and body.

Dr. Moore gives an account of an excellent physician, who, having been infected through a wound while examining a body that died of a malignant disease, soon discovered such symptoms in himself as warned him that he must speedily pass away from earth. He, therefore, sent for a pious friend to sing and play the harp in the next room, until his spirit should be liberated. This was done; the darkness of death seemed not able to enter there; not a groan was heard, and the believer "fell asleep in Jesus," with the music of *that* name within his soul. On the earth-plane of life, music played on a small melodeon, or piano key-board, can be transmitted through an unbroken circuit of hundreds of miles, and reproduced on a violin attached to the receiving end of the wire. Music—the right kind—always has a harmonizing effect. Loathsome serpents become quiet, and enraged animals cease their ravings, when its delightful strains strike upon their ears. The maniac will frequently fall asleep when the sweet melody of a hymn sounds forth. Toads, and sometimes rats and mice, will appear to be charmed by its magic influence. An officer once confined in a bastille, found himself surrounded by amateur musicians, in the form of spiders and mice, whenever he played on a lute. They manifested a sort of ecstatic pleasure in listening to him. Poisonous reptiles can be attracted from their retreat by melodious, soul-enchanting tunes. Negroes have been known to catch lizards by simply whistling a lively air. Mozart's soul was so delicately attuned that he was thrown into convulsions by the blast of a trumpet; but he could be instantly soothed by a masterly touch like his own. Sir William Jones states that whilst a

lutenist was playing before a large company in a grove, the nightingales dropped to the ground in ecstasy, and only a change of tune would revive them. Shakespeare has well said: "There is not the smallest orb that thou beholdest, but in its motion like an angel sings." Indeed, "the music of the spheres" does exist. Tyndall has stated that the Swiss muleteers muffle the bells on their mules for fear that the music of their tiny tinkle may bring an avalanche down and destroy hundreds of lives. The ocean has its music, even if inaudible to the material ear, which can only take cognizance of a definite number of sounds, those only which synchronize with its delicate filaments which convey sensations to the brain. In a lake in Ceylon are fish whose voices resemble the sweetest treble mingled with the lowest base. The shrill notes that proceed from the lips, or swell forth in tremulous accents from an organ, vanishing in melodious sweetness, possess a potency that is truly astonishing, as was beautifully illustrated in the college chapel of Cambridge, Eng. Whenever the Dead March from Saul was played within its walls, they would vibrate as if endowed with life. They seemed to sense the enchanting influence. They would not respond, however, to any other tune. Democritus claimed, and truthfully, too, that many diseases can be cured by the simple melody of the flute. Asclepiades treated sciatica successfully with the trumpet, the diseased part vibrating in harmony therewith. Indeed, I might proceed indefinitely, quoting authors and giving facts that have come under my own observation in reference to the potency of music. Its power is but little understood by the denizens of earth. Its effects are grand indeed. There is music in all things. As there are millions of invisible molecules throbbing with life and buoyant with activity, so there are countless noises—beautiful tunes played on the unseen chords of the material and spiritual worlds, that the mortal ear cannot hear. As the mockingbird sings sweetly its native airs, so do millions of unseen animalculæ that surround us give expression to tunes peculiarly their own, although you cannot hear them.

As music has a soothing influence over ferocious animals, so has it an equally beneficial effect on *ferocious* diseases, which rapaciously invade the citadel of life. There are tunes adapted to different organisms in sickness. No tune with the same pitch, however, is exactly adapted to two different per-

sons. Whenever you touch the fundamental note of a person's physical organism through the instrumentality of music—for all objects, large or small, have a fundamental note—a most beneficial change will immediately follow. Each molecule of the body will vibrate in harmony with the music, and a healthy, energizing condition will result therefrom. In the case of the dying, it gives additional strength to the spirit, inspiring it with grand emotions, and enabling it to make its transit much easier than it otherwise could. As a sanitary agent, I know it has a beneficial effect. Nature is underlaid, as it were, with the chromatic scale, and it is constantly bubbling with charming sounds. No one could be a miser who listened regularly to enchanting sounds. Music and light are the antipodes of silence and darkness. The former expands and illuminates; the latter contracts and obscures. Nothing is more intolerable to the human mind than continual silence and darkness, hence harmonizing tunes and beautiful, sparkling lights are always beneficial around the bed of the dying. Spirit voices will unite with yours, and when yours cease to be heard, theirs will fall upon the new-born spirit, animating it with lofty emotions. When the currents of life are expiring under the influence of music, the dying one passes away as peacefully and harmoniously as the vanishing notes that affect him. Surround the couch of the dying with flowers; let gorgeous lights illuminate the room, and sweet tunes sound forth from human lips or delicately-adjusted chords, and when the birth shall have been accomplished the new-born spirit will thank you. Have no disconsolate funeral sermon preached; throw a halo of cheerfulness over the scene, even if it is tinged with a sombre cloud of sorrow. Any effect made upon the body through the instrumentality of soothing music is immediately imparted to the spirit. In some diseases it is far superior to medicine, and its efficacy in assisting the transit of the dying is far more serviceable than prayer. Its potency is but little understood. In the expression, "The morning stars sang together," there is a grand truth. There are fascinating strains of divine music underlying the motion of each planetary system. The senses of mortals have never realized one-billionth of the grandeur of creation. As there is active, throbbing life beyond the ken of mortal eye, so there is soul-expanding music beyond the reach of mortal ears. I recog-

nize death as only a change whereby each one is divested of an outer dress composed of molecules, called by you the physical organism. Music, which incites them to vibrate gently, harmonizes the whole being, lulls the passionate feelings to rest, and prepares the spirit for a happy transit. Ole Bull, when a boy, could not remain quiet under the influence of music, for the molecules of his body would vibrate in harmony therewith, in spite of himself. I tell you that all the passions repose within the molecules of the body—anger, lust, love, hate, sadness, etc., are manifested therein. In cheerfulness the molecules of the features are grandly illuminated; in sadness, the reverse. The licentious, lustful man, cannot conceal his true nature. When anger is exhibited, see how quickly the infinitesimal particles composing the face are darkened. Music, elevating, soul-enlivening music, when life is ebbing away, awakens the finer feelings of the nature, and they predominate, and under their influence the spirit should take its departure. There is also a very deep significance in death-bed repentance. There is heaven-inspiring grandeur in the penitence of the dying man. He who spurns such a change, even then, is no philosopher—reasons to little effect. When the selfish passions subside, and the nobler impulses of the nature predominate, its effect on the indwelling spirit is grand indeed. It is like a chemical process that purifies water.

INQUIRER—What! death-bed repentance desirable?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly, if it is genuine throughout, with deep regrets that it did not take place sooner. Its effects upon the spirits are grand indeed, and under the hallowed influence thereof its transit is far more delightful. Take, for example, the man whose selfish passions have predominated during a long career of licentiousness on earth; if he realize his deep depravity, and humbly and truly asks forgiveness of those he has wronged, then his better nature triumphs to some extent, and the effect thereof is transmitted in a certain degree to the indwelling spirit, and his progression thereafter is rendered more rapid. Oh! how I pity that sordid man, who does not in his last moments humbly and earnestly ask the forgiveness of every human being he has mistreated, and lovingly pardon every one who has trespassed against him. A triumph of the better nature on earth is felt throughout all eternity. Genuine death-bed repentance awakens the

latent energies of every noble impulse. Oh! children of earth, when the time for your departure arrives, let the soul go forth in search of those you have injured, if you have not done so before—*the sooner the better*—and implore their forgiveness; make amends for the wrong you have done; and then your nature will become illuminated with good intentions, and your spirit will not be compelled to remain so long in darkness.

INQUIRER—Your peculiar views astonish me.

LUCRETUS—Ignorance is not a crime, but it leads to the commission of serious errors. He who spurns genuine repentance and tramples on forgiveness, never can progress in the Spirit-world. Let both be exercised on the dying bed, if never before, and the indwelling spirit will certainly be strengthened thereby. Oh! how I pity that one who dies when vile passions are aroused, who neither repents nor forgives. Within him there is a two-edged sword that he cannot easily banish in Spirit-life. The church is right in its estimate of the value of repentance and forgiveness, for I say that without repentance and forgiveness there can be no salvation. The dying one should be placed in harmonious relations with all, especially those he has injured, and those who have wronged him. Before the spirit can advance rapidly that condition is very essential. If you have in any manner deprived a dying man of his vested rights, seek his bedside and ask his pardon, and make all honorable amends possible, for you must do that sooner or later. Never allow an enemy to approach the side of the dying, unless actuated with the spirit of repentance and forgiveness. As well administer poison to him. The attendants of the dying should always be inspired with the most tender love. Hate should never have access to the sick room. When one passes away under the influence of malignant spite his soul is pierced with venomous arrows, and he must pluck them therefrom in Spirit-life; on the contrary, when his controlling aspiration is love towards all, his whole nature is exalted thereby, as if planted in a fertile soil.

INQUIRER—Why, there is no end to your peculiar views and suggestions.

LUCRETUS—A dishonest man in your sphere of life will still continue to be dishonest for a time when transferred to the Spirit-world, and one saturated with disease there, comes here

with the effects thereof still lingering to a certain extent in his spiritual nature. You cannot at once escape from the ills arising from misconduct in earth life. Poisonous drugs do not cease their nefarious work on earth; their detrimental effects can still be observed to a certain extent upon the spirit. Of all deaths, however, that arising from delirium tremens is the most terrible. The animal nature is then aroused, or to render myself understood more perfectly, the *animals in the nature* are rampant, and by a reflex action the mind senses them—seems to see them, and to it they are living realities.

INQUIRER—I have a strange experience of one of earth's children, related by J. Burns, in the *Medium and Daybreak*, London, England, which I will read to you, as I desire your opinion thereon:

“Nearly six years ago it was my duty to record in *Human Nature* the phenomena attendant on the passing away of Mrs. Burn's mother, Mrs. Anne Wooderson. Early on Thursday morning of last week Henry de Ville Wooderson, Mrs. Burn's father, passed through the portals leading to life eternal. The personal experiences attendant on such events are so rich in spiritual teaching, that it would be of great benefit to the world if they were intelligently observed and carefully recorded. The doctors, in their ‘clinics,’ have faithfully portrayed every pathognomical symptom attendant upon disease and dissolution; but where is the spiritual doctor, who will do a far higher service for humanity by chronicling the gradual development of the spirit, and the many steps attendant upon its final separation from the body?

“Our father had been in indifferent health for about a year. When Dr. Newton was in this country, he was at once relieved by that great healer from a very painful disease, which had for a long time incapacitated him from following his usual pursuits. A second operation by Dr. Newton produced a further revolution in his system. He married again, and enjoyed a considerable degree of health till his final illness, from other causes than those removed by Dr. Newton, assailed him. He was a man of strong constitution, and of active habits, and as one section of the organic structure failed before the other portions were half worn out, the process of disintegration was long and painful. For the last three months of his earthly life he was confined to his bed, during which time it was pleasing

to observe the gradgal development of the spirit, and the relaxing hold of the earth's attractions upon it. His last visit to London was to attend a seance with Mrs. Hollis, at which he had a conversation with his arisen wife. During his illness his affections were constantly modeled into spiritual shape by his friends in the Sprit-world. His hand would be frequently controlled and the outline of writing done on the bedclothes, and he was the recipient of frequent impressions. He tenaciously adhered to life; and though his family knew, from conversation with their spirit friends, that the parting was fixed to occur at a stated time, yet they withheld the information from him, and left events to communicate their peculiar feelings.

"At last he became impressed that his change was near, and, having a visit from Miss Lottie Fowler, he asked her spirit-guide what her opinion was. 'Annie' candidly and kindly stated how long physical life might last, which prognostic was strictly correct. The sick man heard the message without pain or shock, and more than ever turned his face spiritwards. He became quite reconciled to depart. His affections were gradually weaned from earth-life, and a peaceful anticipation remained of the coming change. For several days his powers of recognition and expression were rather fitful, but he maintained his consciousness till nearly the last. He recognized his wife, his children and friends, in a kindly, affectionate way, and took farewell with all without any sign or expression of regret. He spent much time one night in prayer to God to fit him for the place in which he was about to enter. It was the prayer of hope and assurance, not based upon any high opinion which he entertained of himself, for he was quite aware of his failings, but he felt that God the Father was merciful to his child in his great trial, and that the ways of Providence were adapted to human needs. He thus attained complete peace of mind, and passed away as quietly as a child falls to sleep.

"For several weeks the spirit friends were seen frequently in attendance over the bed, and at the moment of dissolution his arisen wife, his father, and other friends were at hand to receive him, and help him into his new condition. He had seen these spirits during his illness, and recognized them frequently. It is to their kind offices, and the fact that the family withheld from him the doses of brandy prescribed, that his peaceful death may be in a great measure ascribed. !

pause to beseech my brethren in Spiritualism not to send their departing friends into the Spirit-world in a state of drunkenness. What a shocking plight! What a disgrace to dear relatives to have them go into the presence of their angel friends reeling and jabbering with intoxication. Much of the convulsions and struggling which so horridly mar death-beds, and lacerate the feelings of relatives, are caused by the alcohol given to the dying. Death is God's greatest boon to man; it is the flowery portal to a higher sphere; it is a holy and beautiful sacrament; it is the most sublime event in the career of an individual. If so, then, mar not its beauty by an exhibition of drunkenness.

"No one can estimate the grandeur and nearness of the Spirit-world, nor the benefits of communion with it from public seances and physical phenomena. These are all well enough in their place, and I am the last to discredit them. It is asked: What is the use of Spiritualism? May I reply it prepares us for death. Around nearly all death-beds the action of spirits may be observed, but particularly so in the case of those whose minds have been opened to the teachings of the Spirit-world. The idea of spirit-communion within the mind is the open door through which the spirit-message, imperceptibly it may be, enters. We cannot avail ourselves of a thing unless we know of its existence. By a lucky chance, as the saying is, one in a thousand may stumble on the unknown; but far better it is to be informed and prepared to enjoy and profit by the many blessings with which infinite love has surrounded us.

"We have all suffered much during this trial, but it has been blessed to our souls. Say no more that death is an evil. It is good both for the living and the dying. It enforces a lesson on the former which no other experience could furnish, and it is the salvation of the latter from disease and suffering.

"We have heard from the departed. He had to rest for some time, and he is not quite recovered yet. He finds that he has to 'work' in the Spirit-world. It is not a place of idleness, not a place of sensual enjoyment, nor of degrading punishment, but it is a sphere of action—duty—in which all may work out their salvation from the effects of spiritual undevelopment which they may have carried with them from earth.

"I say again, thank God for Spiritualism. It is the grandest work that was ever confided to the hands of men to

carry forward. In working for others, we are really laying up treasures for ourselves. It is not the profits realized by our schemes, our little victories, and our pleasing successes in the external work which constitutes Spiritualism, but it is the grand process of spiritual development in the individual—in the worker as well as in the pupil. Perhaps in the future we may find that in trying to enlighten and bless others, we have been thereby enlightened and blessed ourselves.”

LUCRETUS—Anything which interrupts the natural workings of the life currents in the system, is injurious to the indwelling spirit. The use of alcohol changes molecular action; arouses, as I have said before, the animal nature (animals in the nature) and the spirit becomes brutish. If a child be nursed by a wolf and reared in a cave, it will walk on all-fours, and its physical organism will, in many particulars, resemble that animal. An Indian woman, who came under my careful scrutiny, had a child covered with hair, and it resembled, in various respects, a bear, the result of an impression made upon her mind by the sight of one during the embryonic growth of her child, and which resulted in this monstrosity. Another singular case occurred, as you well know, in Kentucky, and which, in a very impressive manner, illustrates the potent influence which the mind is capable of exerting on the molecules of the mother's system, when carrying an embryonic child in her womb. It appears that the body of the child, from the head down to about the hips, was in form and color, with few exceptions, very much like other white children; around the hips it was perfectly black, its legs being like those of an ordinary child. The head was spotted, and the hair upon it as stiff as the bristles of a hog. A short time before its birth, a vicious wild hog broke out of his pen, which was near the house where the mother resided, and with devouring intent, immediately made at a child that was playing in the yard. The mother witnessed this scene, and so imminent was the danger, that she was greatly terrified. She sprang to the little one's assistance just in time to save it from the furious animal. The marks on the child corresponded to the color-marks on the hog. The hair on its head was simply a number of stiff bristles, projecting out from the skin. The spirit within your body is even more pliable and impressible than the physical organization of the embryonic child serenely reposing in the mother's womb, and

if you wish to brutalize it, arouse your animal nature, and the result you seek will be fully accomplished. By the inordinate use of intoxicating beverages, and by licentious practices, you can so change the character of your spiritual organism, that it will, in many respects, resemble a *loathsome animal*. To accomplish that is *far less* difficult than it is for the mother to so mold her embryonic child that it will have the appearance of a hog or a bear. I can only compare death to a flowing current connecting the mundane and supramundane spheres. You can imagine, after a little thoughtful consideration, the terrible condition of that death-current. Once witness the staggering, semi-idiotic expression of many who are floating thereon, and you will see the necessity for hospitals and physicians in Spirit-life. You can realize who are on this death-current that connects the two worlds, when you glance at the half-civilized, barbarous and savage nations.

INQUIRER—What is the character of death resulting from murder? Look, for example, at Jesse Pomeroy, that juvenile monstrosity, who murdered Katie Curran, a little girl. How came this boy to have such a fiendish nature? The only explanation adduced thus far is the fact that his father was a butcher, and that when his boy was nurtured in the mother's womb, he was marked, in mind, with blood. The sight of blood by the mother during that critical period sometimes imparts a blood-blotch to the face, which never can be erased therefrom. It is supposed that in this instance the blood-stains struck deep, giving an incurable bias to the brain and moral faculties.

LUCRETUS—Katie Curran was cruelly murdered by Jesse Pomeroy, and you desire to know the character of her death. All sudden deaths are temporarily injurious to the spirit, especially when caused by violence. When a person dies under the influence of terror, fright, or violence of any kind, he awakens in Spirit-life with like feelings, and some time may elapse before they subside or vanish altogether. Those spirits, in nature like Katie Curran, who while on the earth-plane passed through the terrible ordeal of being murdered, remain for some time exceedingly nervous, timid, and wretched; but the constant care and vigilance of kind guardians finally relieves them. Effects invariably follow causes; therefore every act or circumstance of one's life leaves its impress on the spirit.

Mrs. Pomeroy, by witnessing the horrid butchery of oxen, hogs, etc., aroused her animal nature (animals in her nature), and the result was, she formed around the spirit of the embryonic Jesse an organism composed of cruel, savage molecular brutes, and they actuated him to commit murder, just as molecular changes in your system cause you to eat by inducing hunger. Molecular brutes possess the seeds of crime; pulsate with inordinate appetites; incite acts of cruelty; become darkened when angry and appear pleased when gratified. Whatever their conditions may be, good or bad, they stamp their nature on the indwelling spirit; hence how important it is to die under genial influences, for the last impressions of earth are the dominant ones in Spirit-life. When one expires breathing revenge, he is the most pitiable sight imaginable; his spirit becomes brutalized, and all his nobler aspirations dwarfed, and it is not easy for him to overcome the insatiate promptings of such feelings. To die properly, is one of the most important affairs of life.

INQUIRER—What was the condition of Katie Curran in Spirit-life?

LUCRETUS—At first, one of temporary misery and unhappiness. The dominant idea of the one just ushered into Spirit-life, is the last intense feeling or impression made upon the mind. The mother, who says as she yields up her spirit: "Oh! my dear children!" when she awakens on the spiritual plane her first thought is of them, and she tries to minister unto them. The miser who says: "Oh! my gold!" returns to earth to hover over that. The villain who says: "I will have revenge!" is actuated by that feeling altogether. Poor Katie was ushered into Spirit-life like a frightened fawn captured by pursuing hunters, and at first she was most miserable, and remained so until the effects of those horrible last moments gradually vanished. He who dies with revenge in his heart is only nursing an enemy which will render him miserable; but he who dies with *genuine* repentance on his lips, and is actuated with forgiveness toward all who have wronged him, prepares his spirit for immediate progression. Not one criminal out of a thousand, however, feels sincere in such manifestations, and under those circumstances nothing whatever is gained.

INQUIRER—Is hanging ever justifiable?

LUCRETUS—No! The greater the offense the less is hanging justifiable. The one who murders is true to his innate promptings and the plane on which he lives, the same as you are true to yourself while you eat when hungry, or drink when thirsty. It is an offense against nature to *force* criminals into the Spirit-world. Retain them on earth until the dominant idea of their mind is to do good rather than evil. When Harrison died, saying: "I wish you to understand the true principles of government, I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more," the affairs of the nation over which he presided were uppermost in his mind, and he passed to Spirit-life with that expression as his dominant, actuating idea, and he continued to feel an interest in governmental affairs. He who dies with hate, revenge, or any sordid passion animating him, awakens in Spirit-life with the same feelings.

INQUIRER—Death certainly is an interesting subject, and one in which all should feel a deep interest. What part do spirits perform in the transition? Did ever anything like the following come under your observation? It is related by Mary Lanston Strong, writing from Dayton, O., May, 1873: "During my labors in St. Louis, and while engaged in preparation for the memorable 31st of March, I received a telegram bidding me hasten to the sick-bed of a son at Columbus, Ohio. I hastened only to find him unconscious to all outward things, and but faintly uttering the name of 'Mother.' After several days the disease seemed to yield to treatment, and a hope was entertained of his recovery, so much so that I was making preparations for his removal to my home in Dayton, Ohio. When Mrs. Jennie Savage, wife of Dr. Savage, of Columbus, Ohio, a young wife and mother, after a lingering illness of five weeks, passed on, I was invited to assist Mrs. Coate at the funeral, and after closing my remarks, and while yet the glow of inspiration was on me, a spirit came and laid a wreath of white flowers on my lap, when instantly a clear conviction of the truth flashed on my mind that my son would die, so much so that I was forced to speak of it as I was going to the cemetery. On my return I perceived a change, and from that time he gradually grew worse, and after four weeks of patient suffering, Walter D. Lanston passed over, aged twenty-one years. During the lonely hours of silent night the angels were with me, and my vision was opened. I saw the mystic river

and the angel-convoy waiting for the spirit of my departing one, the description of which may be encouraging to others, as it was to me. For several days before his release I saw a large circle of spirits, and gradually it grew nearer until they seemed to touch me with their loving hands, and then as the end came the boat that had stood on the river was entered by myself and him; twelve mortal hours did my spirit accompany him, and during that he frequently spoke of seeing his spirit brothers, and once said: 'Ma, which way home?' Then when the light that had shone like morning's golden sunlight floated over the river and made its dark waters an open doorway to the Spirit-home, I stood and gazed wistfully after his receding form, now made immortal by his change."

LUCRETUS—You fully realize the necessity of kindly caring for a mother when she is about to give birth to a child. No less care and attention is required when a person is to be transferred to the spirit-side of life. Spirits, kind guardians, are generally aware when one of the denizens of earth is about to escape from his material garb, and they then tenderly watch over him, and aid the spirit in effecting its transit. Sad indeed might be the experience of the new-born spirit if left alone. Years are often required to eradicate the deleterious effects which are imparted to it by the physical organization.

INQUIRER—The following is a strange occurrence, related by the *Detroit Free Press*. I would like your opinion thereon: It appears that Henry Andre and John Schroder, both of whom died on the same day, determined to visit Rochester, N. Y., together. At parting they shook hands merrily and jocularly entered into an agreement that they would both die on the same day. Before a week had passed Andre was dead and Schroder was hopelessly ill, both having the same disease. Twelve hours after Andre's death Schroder screamed out that Andre was calling him, made an effort to rise, choked and fell back a corpse. He did not know that his friend had died, and the facts stated in this paragraph are vouched for by members in his own family.

LUCRETUS—This indeed is a peculiar case. They had been so closely *en rapport*, or so wedded in sympathy, that the sickness of one produced a like condition in the other. There are organisms so nearly attuned alike that they can read each other's thoughts, and the pains of one are imparted to the

other; in fact, they are like two strings of different instruments so attuned that when one vibrates the other will respond thereto. Distance—space between two such organisms—does not in the least diminish their degree of sensibility to each other. When Andre was taken sick the organism of Schroder became affected in like manner, just as a sensitive jet of gas will respond to certain notes, noises or sounds, as before illustrated, and death immediately followed. Disease in the human system has its vibrations resulting from molecular action, and they affect all who are in harmony or sympathy therewith. Diseases that are not in the least contagious often attack a whole family through sympathetic vibration.

INQUIRER—But here is another case somewhat similar, related by Newton Crosland, in his work on "Apparitions." The author says:

"My next story reads like an extract from a superstitious mediæval romance; but I am assured, on the best authority, that the incidents I am about to relate actually occurred early in the century in a family of high position in one of the English counties; but names, dates and locality are purposely concealed. A female servant in this family fell desperately in love with her young master, an only son and the heir to the property. Her passion seemed hopeless, as being a good, modest girl, she kept it secret. The young gentleman treated her with cool and polite indifference, but her love had taken such entire possession of her soul that she could not subdue it, and it seemed as if it was her fate to sink under the weight of her ungratified desire. One day when she was going upstairs she met a strange gentleman, who accosted her in this style: 'I know the secret which is eating into your life, and I will assist you to realize your fond hope on one condition. I will endeavor to bring about a marriage between you and your young master, provided you sign this paper, stipulating that you will come to me after you have been married to him twenty-one years.' The stranger seemed so respectable and earnest that the girl at once acceded to his proposal. In fact, to obtain the object of her love she would have signed any agreement, however harsh in its terms. She accordingly went into an adjoining room and signed the document which the gentleman laid before her. He then took it away and left her to ruminate over this singular adventure. Soon after-

wards she noticed a decided change in the manner of her young master, and at last he professed the most devoted attachment to her. By-and-by the engagement of these two young persons became a matter too evident to be unobserved. The family endeavored to prevent such a mesalliance, but destiny was against their interference.

“In due time she was married, and entered upon her new duties most discreetly and happily, and we are assured that neither husband nor wife ever repented their bargain. He was attentive and indulgent—she, wise, loving and gentle. On their twenty-first wedding-day the husband determined to give a grand ball. His wife acquiesced in the plan, but on the eventful night she was observed to be depressed, and she desired the assistance of her spiritual adviser; his attendance, however, could not be procured conveniently, and she was obliged to dispense with it. In the course of the evening she left the drawing-room, and as she was absent a long time, her husband went in search of her. He found her on her bed, lifeless, with the fatal paper she signed over twenty-one years before in her hand!”

LUCRETUS—Compacts are often made between spirits and mortals. I cannot speak from personal knowledge, however, with reference to the character of her death.

INQUIRER—Even in this enlightened nineteenth century, when friends gather around a coffin to witness the remains of one dear to them, a feeling of intense sadness permeates their souls. But few can look at the physical organism, once palpitating with life, once brilliant with emotions, once moving around thrilled with the pleasures of existence, without having aroused within the mind deep feelings of sorrow. The contrast between the lifeless body, and its appearance when animated and directed by the indwelling spirit, is so intensely vivid that the mind is momentarily appalled thereby. In active, throbbing physical life, there are divine beauties that continually manifest themselves. In death, however, they are absent.

The physical system may be regarded as a cloak, a dense fabric, in which the impulses of the soul, whether good or bad, can be effectually concealed from the natural vision. The minister may commit adultery, may murder or steal, and still his material body effectually secretes his inmost thoughts from humanity. This is a characteristic of earth-life, and, perhaps,

it may be a wise arrangement in some respects. On earth, each one is taken for what he appears to be—not for what he really is! The measure of worth or excellence is in appearances; the real condition may be a cesspool of corruption. Supposing that Rev. John Selby Watson, of England, had been able to conceal his horrible murder from the eyes of humanity, he would still have been considered a noble, pure man. When death, however, takes place, this outer covering that can conceal one's sins, is removed, and the skeletons reposing within are exposed to view. You who are expecting to die—and who is not?—should fully realize this important fact.

Look at that human monster—a Shylock—whose life has been devoted to usurious transactions and the oppression of the poor. His soul is an arid desert where the flowers of human kindness never bloom, and where one benevolent act on his part does not exist to cheer him with its animating influence. He never smiles approvingly on the poor and unfortunate; he never was instrumental in wiping away a tear of sorrow from a human face; he never gave a morsel of bread to the hungry; he never clothed the naked or cheered the despondent. He is a heartless miser; a despicable wretch! To strangers, however, he is a model man, judging from his exterior. No mortal eye can penetrate the deep, dark abyss of his soul, hence, to those who do not know him, he lives a lie! But sickness finally comes. In body, he is a wreck; the tide of life is ebbing—and his race is nearly run. He is raving in his deliriums. He raises his hands to catch the phantom gold and silver that flits before him! Finally, too weak to do that, he gasps for breath, settles back upon his pillow, and the transit of his spirit commences. The spectacle is of an appalling, depressing character. I have witnessed monsters, unnatural formations, coming from the fœtus of a mother, but that spirit's birth excelled all of them in hideousness. The emanation from his body seemed to be smoky dark, and therein was formed, just above his physical body, his spiritual organism. It was a monstrosity—black, sullen, devilish. Why should this be so?

LUCRETUS—Oh! think you that a man, whose life has been devoted entirely to self, who is selfish in all things, can have a soul radiant with divine qualities? In some respects the spirit is a mirror that reflects inward emotions, and they, if pure and

exalted, grandly illuminate it with a light divine. That miser had nothing within his new-born spirit but black, hideous selfishness, and consequently he was a most wretched-looking creature. The world should learn this important fact, that licentiousness, selfishness and wrong-doing, may be indulged in to that extent that the spirit becomes darkened and dwarfed thereby, and when its transit to Spirit-life shall have been effected, its true character is revealed.

A seed, if planted in a darkened room, where the genial sunshine is never allowed to enter, though watered and tended with scrupulous care, only presents a skeleton, as it were, of what it would have been had it been allowed free access to the illuminated atmosphere. Deeds of benevolence, acts of tender love and charity, and true devotion to those around you, act upon the indwelling spirit, expanding it into grand proportions, the same as sunlight and moisture will a tiny plant.

That miser's soul never vibrated in sympathy for those whom his well-filled coffers could have aided. No one ever leaned on him for advice or aid. His soul is dark and miserably wretched, for it knows nothing of charity, brotherly love, or tender human feelings. I see him now near the earth where his buried treasures lie. He gazes at the shining dollars with unfeigned pleasure, counts them again and again, while his selfish spirit has but little about it that resembles a human being. Good deeds illuminate the soul, but selfishness darkens it. He is a poverty-stricken spirit, living on the insane hope of realizing happiness from his secreted treasures.

As he stands before me, his sunken eyes, wan expression, and trembling bearing, reflect his earth-like experience. In that spirit you cannot easily detect the presence of the least tender sympathetic love—it never had an existence to any great extent in his darkened soul. Charity—to him it is a meaningless word! He lived on earth for self, and now he is alone! He hated humanity, and now in a desolate waste, like his own nature, he lives. Oh! no flowers smiling through their tinted hues greet his vision. The fields are the emblems of selfishness—they give forth nothing! As that miser produced nothing on earth, he has gravitated to a sphere just like himself, that produces nothing, and which is just as selfish and desolate in nature as he is. I see him standing on the bleak, dark shore,

of what seems to be surging, turbid billows. No birds flit through the air; no fish enliven the waters.

INQUIRER—What a horrible picture!

LUCRETUS—He is reaping what he sowed. Language fails me in describing the desolation around him. This sphere is the personification of selfishness—like the miser, it gives forth nothing! He sees himself reflected there in everything! His life in spirit is just what he made it. While on earth he adapted himself for a particular place in the spirit-realms, and to that locality he naturally gravitated. The pathway of death led him thither. Despair lingers on his features, now burning with an intensity that indicates the absence of all hope. He gazes out on the dashing, wild waters of the infernal ocean, as if to catch a glimpse of an incoming ship.

INQUIRER—Why give those who have made missteps in life, or who have been so intensely selfish and miserly, such a home as that? This looks like returning evil for evil. I can't see any genuine philanthropy manifested in such an arrangement. If the pathway from the earth to the Spirit-world leads to such a clime as that, it had better be abolished altogether—annihilation is preferable.

LUCRETUS—Oh! I readily comprehend your meaning. It is a law of the universe—that which a man sows he shall reap! The pathway to the spirit-realms leads a person to the locality where he can reap what he has sowed, or feel the presence of his own acts. That miser's life was a selfish one; all his deeds were selfish, and the pathway to the Spirit-world conducted him, as it were, to a selfish locality. If any beauties there, divinity wisely conceals them for a special purpose. He now realizes his condition. As he, while on earth, would deprive others of substantial enjoyment, and by his usurious business transactions grind them to the earth, as he stands in a dark, loathsome desert, he feels the pernicious effects of his own vile deeds.

INQUIRER—Your position seems plausible, but I can hardly realize that there is such a locality.

LUCRETUS—There is, and in no other way could an intensely selfish, miserly person like him sense his true status, without being conducted to it. Now I see him leave his desolate position; his haggard expression of despair is enough to melt a heart of stone. For many years he has been roaming around

this dark, dreary waste, and now he is just beginning to know his true condition. He has reaped what he sowed. Every act of his hard-hearted life towards others has reacted, and he realizes fully the enormity of his crimes.

Action and reaction are equal. Oh! I wish I could impress that sublime fact upon the children of earth. If you render the life of any one desolate; if you make him wretched and miserable, the action and reaction will be equal, and you will receive in the desolation experienced in your own person just what you meted out to him. The miser's whole life was devoted to rendering the existence of others cheerless; on earth was the action, and here in that bleak sphere is the reaction.

INQUIRER—Your position is correct in a physical point of view, but I never supposed it was true morally and spiritually.

LUCRETUS—Child of earth, pause a moment. How does a person calculate the extent or effect of his own actions without reaction? How could that miserable, unhappy being realize the extent of the great wrongs he had perpetrated, unless he feel the effects of them himself. The pathway to Spirit-life places him in a position to keenly realize the effects of all his acts. Action and reaction being equal, he can now measure the full extent of his evil deeds; he knows now how he made others suffer. No Savior, no spirit-friends, no agent in the Spirit-world, can interpose a staying hand and hold back the reaction that has come to him. Impress on the children of earth this fact, that whatsoever they sow they shall reap, and you will do more to moralize and refine them than in any other way.

I now see that miser standing on a rugged cliff, and what seems to be a bleak, cold wind, dashes against him with powerful violence! Oh! how he shivers! He constantly changes his position, as if to escape the force of the fearful blast! Oh! how I pity him!

INQUIRER—What is this for?

LUCRETUS—Could you not guess? Did I not tell you that whatsoever a man sows, that he shall reap? Did he not, one night in midwinter, ruthlessly drive a poor woman and her little child out into the cold, not heeding her tender appeals to be allowed to remain until morning? She and her darling babe perished in the terrific storm, while she sent forth to God a tender prayer, appealing for her tyrant's forgiveness

Now the reaction has come, and he sees before him the prostrate forms of those his vile selfishness drove forth into the cold storm. I see him suffer; he feels the effect of his wrongdoing—it comes with fearful violence against him, standing alone and desolate on the barren place. It chills my soul to gaze upon him and his suffering. By-and-by he will be allowed to leave that place, but he may be compelled to return again and again to witness the same scene. This is the wretched life he lives.

INQUIRER—If the pathway to Spirit-life leads to such desolate regions, seemingly it had better be abolished.

LUCRETUS—It leads one to the sphere he is adapted to occupy. The outer covering of the soul of the indwelling conscious self is composed exactly of such material as the sphere to which it gravitates. While on earth your physical organization is evolved from the various elements, and connected therewith is the indwelling spirit. Acts of licentiousness, intense selfishness, and a life in the purlieus of vice, modify the character and texture of the latter, and prepare it for a sphere corresponding with the life led here. To illustrate: A beautiful and accomplished lady has an angel child nestling in the fœtus. It has arrived at that critical period of the gestative process when impressions made on her mind can modify its organism in every respect. She attends an exhibition where the most brutal butchery of an innocent family is delineated on canvas, making a most horrible spectacle. The perpetrator of the deed is a burly, hideous negro. She sees one illustration where he is represented as cutting the throat of a little child. Then her soul becomes suddenly illuminated with all the fires of hate towards the monster who was there represented as perpetrating the awful crime, and the impression was conveyed to the little angel nestling in the fœtus, and its complexion was changed to a frightful blackness, and its features, when brought into the world by a premature birth, resembled those of a negro. It never breathed. Now, as impressions made on the mind of the mother can modify the character of the embryonic child, deforming it, so, too, can the indwelling spirit be so changed as to accurately correspond with the life one leads. Do you understand me?

INQUIRER—Oh! I begin to comprehend you.

LUCRETUS—While on earth, even, you manufacture cer-

tain textures for the soul—its dress—which correspond in every particular with the characteristics of some one of the spirit spheres. It is difficult to explain how the acts of life affect the texture of the indwelling spirit, but it is on the same principle as that which modifies the physical organization of the unborn infant; and as impressions made on the mother's mind can change the characteristics of her angel child, so can selfish, miserly acts, intensified by hate and remorseless feelings, eradicate from the indwelling spirit nearly every bright, beautiful spot upon it. Every act in life has a well-defined effect on the spirit, and it is well that the mortals of earth should understand it at once.

All of the earth-deeds of that miser were accompanied with selfishness, and his mind seemed to nurse a venomous hate, and consequently his spirit became dark, just as the embryonic child became darkened through the hate, excitement and disgust of the mother. The natural tendency of his selfishness was to paralyze and contract the spirit, until it became a mere pigmy in dimension, rendering his appearance more hideous than it otherwise would have been. Now he has but little resemblance to a human being.

INQUIRER—I now fully realize why that miser has such a deformed and darkened spiritual body.

LUCRETUS—I have only desired to illustrate my position so that the mortals of earth can understand me, and thereby realize the effects of wrong-doing, and therefore I say emphatically, that every truly honest work or act of charity that cheers a saddened heart, has an effect on the indwelling spirit, modifying its texture, just the same as the impressions made on the mind of the mother affect her embryonic child. This is a sublime fact.

Oddities With Reference to the Dead.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE MORTAL REMAINS.

*The oldest known inscriptions are epitaphs.

The first tax was laid on funerals in England in 1793.

The wake in Ireland is a survival of the ancient funeral feast.

The early Christian martyrs were generally buried in or near the churches.

Mummy cases have often, on the external lid, a representation of the occupant.

The Greeks buried or burned their dead, one word having both significations.

"Death is an eternal sleep," is the favorite epitaph above the doors of Roman tombs.

The best evidence goes to show that the pyramids of Egypt were royal sepulchres.

The practice of burials in churches was commonly discontinued in France about 1777.

Many tribes of the aborigines of this country elevated the bodies of the dead on poles.

The Magi did not bury their dead, but left them to be devoured by birds of prey or dogs.

Nero delivered a funeral oration at the funeral of Poppeæ, whom he had killed with a kick.

The cutting of the body in mourning for the dead has been practiced by the people of many nations.

Egyptian mourning lasted from forty to seventy days, during which time the body was embalmed.

The Paris catacombs are estimated to contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 human beings.

*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.

In the Roman catacombs the passages are from five to eight feet wide, and the graves are in tiers on either hand.

Every ordinary occupation in the life of ancient Egypt is found depicted on the tombs of her people.

A Greek or Roman funeral pyre was always lighted by the next of kin, who, with face averted, applied the torch.

On most of the Greek monuments a horse head is found in one corner, to represent the journey taken by the deceased.

Among the Turks the bodies of the dead are held in extreme reverence, though the cemeteries are used as picnic grounds.

It is said that no Roman epitaph before the time of Christ has been found that indicated positively a belief in immortality.

The mummification of human bodies was practiced by the Egyptians from prehistoric times until after the sixth century of our era.

Funeral orations are of the highest antiquity. Before written history began they were pronounced over the bodies of kings and heroes.

In both Greece and Rome certain atrocious crimes were punished not only with death, but also with the deprivation of funeral rites.

The Egyptian embalmers preserved not only the human body, but also the bodies of cats, monkeys, sacred bulls and some other animals.

The most ancient tombs in the world, so far as known, are those of the Theban Kings of Egypt. They are believed to be more than 4,000 years old.

The Christians of Rome, from the first persecution under Nero to the tenth and last, under Dioclesian, found the catacombs a comparatively safe refuge.

The Egyptians believed that the soul lived only as long as the body endured, hence the philosophy of embalming the body to make it last as long as possible.

Funeral games were popular among most ancient nations. They included all sorts of sports and athletic exercises, together with combats by gladiators.

According to Thucydides, Pericles delivered a very eloquent oration at the obsequies of those who fell at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war.

The ancient Hebrews generally buried their dead, though

occasional incinerations took place, it is supposed, in conformity with the customs of surrounding nations.

The mourning ceremonies of the Hebrews commonly lasted seven days, though in the case of very distinguished persons it was sometimes continued for a month.

When the body of a Mohammedan is prepared for burial, a scalp-lock is left on the top of his cranium, whereby the angel of the resurrection can lift him out of the grave.

The word mausoleum comes from the name of King Mausolus, king of Caria, to whose memory his wife, Artemisia, erected a tomb that was one of the wonders of the world.

The Egyptian catacombs are the most extensive in the world. The whole mountain near Thebes is undermined with excavations, in which are found the remains of the dead.

Horace, in speaking of the quarries under the Esquiline Hill, says: "They were the common sepulchre of the miserable plebeians," showing that even then they were used as burial places.

Mummies are sometimes enveloped in 1,000 yards of bandages. Often the face is covered with thick gold leaf, and eyes of colored enamel are often inserted, to give a lifelike appearance.

The catacombs of Naples are in a hill behind the town, and form an extensive series of excavations. They are in three tiers or stories, which communicate with each other by flights of steps.

In both Greece and Italy it was anciently considered a religious duty to bury a body cast on shore by the sea. If proper tools were not at hand, the corpse was hidden from view by sand.

Hebrew cemeteries were always situated without the walls of the towns, the presence of the dead being supposed to cause pollution. This peculiarity is noticeable also among the ancient Greeks.

The Egyptians bestowed great labor and much expense on their tombs and little on their houses. They regarded the latter as mere temporary abodes, but the former they looked on as eternal habitations.

The catacombs of Syracuse, in Sicily, form a great subterranean town, with numberless tombs cut out of solid rock.

Dead of all ages, from those of the Greek invasion to those of last year, are there interred.

The Roman catacombs were originally quarries. It is believed that some of them long antedate the foundation of the city. In course of time they became so extensive that the whole capital was undermined.

Many notions have followed the practice of placing a coin in the mouth of the deceased to pay his way across the river that encircles hades. Generally a coin of small value was deemed sufficient for this purpose.

A Thibetan tribe keeps a regular watch over the cemeteries, and the duty of the guard is to pray aloud whenever he sees a meteor. The belief is that the shooting stars are evil spirits in search of the souls of the dead.

There are over sixty catacombs known to exist in Rome or its immediate vicinity. The entire length of the passages that have been measured is 580 miles, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

Many of the epitaphs in the catacombs of Rome are simple and touching. "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Zoticus is laid here to sleep." "Domitiannus, a simple soul, lay down here to rest." "Octavia here awaits the resurrection." "Julian lies here asleep, but ready to rise at the sound of the trumpet."

Among the ancient Germans the body of a chief was burned, his most valuable arms and his war horse being added to the funeral pile, in the belief that in the other world he would follow the same employments as in this.

With every mummy was deposited a papyrus containing an itinerary of the other world, prayers suitable for the use of the deceased in his new mode of existence, and magical formulæ designed to prevent the corruption of the body.

Before the middle of the present century several of the churchyards in the poorer districts of London had been raised from two to four feet by the number of interments, and had become a source of constant danger to the health of the neighborhood.

A dead Roman was kept seven days; daily the body was washed and oiled, and at certain seasons the friends and relatives collected in the death chamber and shouted together in

order to arouse the man if he were only sleeping or in a trance.

The early Romans always buried their dead. Sulla was the first of the aristocracy whose body was burned. Under the empire burning became customary, and continued until the establishment of Christianity as a state religion in the fourth century.

The painting of the catacombs of Thebes is so well done that after a lapse of 4,000 years the colors are as bright as when freshly laid on. This fact is in a large degree due to the dryness of the atmosphere. In some parts of Upper Egypt rain has never been known to fall.

The first antiquarian to take an interest in the Roman catacombs was Father Bosio, who spent more than thirty years in exploring their recesses, making excavations, clearing galleries and preparing sketches of the objects he found. He died in 1629, while finishing his work on the subject, and the volume appeared two years later.

The bodies of Greeks, when not burned, were placed in earthenware coffins and buried in tombs along the highways. An occasional exception was made in favor of distinguished men, who were sometimes buried in the forums of the towns. It was in the forum that Dr. Schliemann discovered the bodies of Agamemnon and his companions.

Shaving the beard and hair as a sign of mourning was common among almost all ancient nations, and is even now practiced in several parts of the world. Shaving the head was one of the signs of grief shown by Job when informed of the death of his sons and daughters. "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head and fell down upon the ground."

At a Roman funeral a person resembling the deceased appeared in the procession and mimicked his speech and actions. At the funeral of Vespasian, who was known to be exceedingly penurious, this person asked of the spectators how much was spent on the rites. Being told, he cried out: "Give me the money and you may throw my body into the river."

Funeral feasts were formerly universal in England. When the fourth Earl of Berkeley died unexpectedly, June 8, 1368, there was nothing ready for the feast, and the interment was postponed until a hundred geese could be fattened. The pro-

cess required over three weeks, and by the accounts of the estate it appeared that the steward used two hundred bushels of beans in getting the geese ready for slaughter.

After it was clearly ascertained that the Roman catacombs contained the remains of Christian martyrs, these subterranean cemeteries were taken in charge by the church, and so greatly were they esteemed as places of burial that persons of the highest distinction were interred there. Pope Leo I., Gregory the Great, Gregory II. and Gregory III., Leo IV., together with the Emperors Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II., were among the illustrious dead buried there.

The Towers of Silence, in Persia, are stone structures, provided with gratings within, on which bodies are exposed to be devoured by the crowds of vultures that always infest the locality. After the flesh has been eaten from the bones, the latter fall through the gratings to the ground beneath, and at regular times are taken away and thrown into some convenient dump. This practice of disposing of the dead is certainly as ancient as the time of Herodotus, who mentions it in his history.

The funeral usages of the native Australians, before civilizing influences were brought to bear on them, were very peculiar. When a native fell ill he was removed to a small hut or inclosure at some distance from the village, was provided with firewood and food and left alone. When found to be dead, his remains were allowed to decompose until the flesh had fallen from the bones, when the latter were collected, cleaned, painted red, made up into bundles, and carried about with the tribe for a certain length of time, when they were either buried or deposited in a hollow tree or cave.

If a deceased Roman had not a large assortment of female relatives to weep for him, female mourners were hired to attend to that part of the business, and gradually they acquired a monopoly. Their fees depended on the service. If they simply followed the bier in silence, they received about four cents; if required to weep, their fee was six cents; shrieking and loud outcries or lamentations, together with tearing the hair, beating the breast and other signs of extreme grief, cost the afflicted relatives fifteen cents for each industrious mourner. At the funeral of Titus there were 1500 of these professionals employed, all at the highest rates.

The catacombs of Paris were not used as burial places

until 1784, when several cemeteries were cleared and the bones removed to the quarries in the southern part of the city. These quarries were consecrated to sacred purposes, and the bones from the cemeteries were removed with much solemnity. In 1810 a regular system of arranging the bones began, and now they are built up into walls, each containing one kind of bones. Many of the rooms are lined with bones. One is the Tomb of the Revolution, containing the relics of those who perished in the period from 1789 to 1793; another is the Tomb of Victims, because arranged around its walls are the relics of those who perished in the September massacres.

A Chinese funeral is a constant succession of efforts to cheat the devil, who is supposed to be lying in wait to capture the soul of the departed. So long as the body remains in the house the soul is safe, for the devil cannot come in; the risk begins when the funeral procession starts. When ready to march, great quantities of fire-crackers and pyrotechnics that emit much smoke are set off in front of the door, and under cover of the smoke the pall-bearers start in a lively trot, run to the nearest corner, turn it as quickly as they can and stop short. This is done for the purpose of throwing the devil off the track, since it is well known that he cannot easily turn a corner, and, to aid in the deception, whenever a corner is turned more fireworks are burned. By dint of turning quickly and trotting as fast as they can, the bearers finally arrive at the cemetery, but do not enter the gates, but go through a hole in the surrounding inclosure, for they know that the baffled devil will be waiting for them at the entrance. In the cemetery the soul is comparatively safe, though to make the matter perfectly secure the discharge of fire-crackers is kept up until all the rites are ended.

Hudson Tuttle and A. J. Davis.

DEATH AS PRESENTED BY THAT EMINENT AUTHOR, HUDSON TUTTLE
THE EXPERIENCE OF A SOLDIER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD—HIS
AWAKENING IN SPIRIT-LIFE—DEATH AS PRESENTED TO THE
CLAIRVOYANT VISION—A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE FORMA-
TION OF THE SPIRIT.

The following communication was given through the mediumship of that eminent author, seer and lecturer, Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. It is an account of the sufferings of a soldier on the field of battle, and of his experience on first entering Spirit-life:

A darkness came over me. I felt the earth strike hard against me. I had fallen. Where and how I was wounded I could not tell. I was in no pain, but I could not move. After a time the strange ringing left my ears, the mists cleared from my eyes; I saw dimly, but enough to know my friends were gone and the enemy were all around me. Then keen pains shot through my limbs. I knew I was injured, but not mortally wounded. After the battle, when the field was searched for the wounded, I should be cared for, kindly tended, and then sent home on furlough. A sunny face would meet me at the gate. The dear remembered home would shelter me, loving hands would be busy about me, and darling little ones climb my wounded knees and cling around "poor papa's" neck. Ah! what joy, what ecstasy! A thousand thoughts like these shot through my mind like gleams of sunlight.

Then I heard the hoarse voices of fierce combatants; they had made a stand directly over where I lay. Our soldiers fought desperately as they retreated, and many a pursuing enemy fell

on their track. One was aiming his piece directly over me, when he was struck dead. He fell across me. I endeavored to move so as to shake off the dreadful pressure from my chest, but I was too weak; I could only suffer and think. Others fell thick around me. One lay heavily upon my aching feet, but intolerable as was the pain of this added weight, I was only pinned more closely to the earth; I could not move. The combatants had moved on, their voices had died off in the distance and I lay helpless in the midst of thousands of such wrecks as myself. Thoughts of the dear home far away, the beloved ones who were watching and waiting for me amidst the quiet green hills of Vermont, mingled with the horror of laying there in the midst of that ghastly battle-field with the dead weight that crushed me growing heavier with every breath. It was like some horrid nightmare. A corpse resting its cold weight on my breast, a corpse pressing on my bleeding limbs. Night came on, and with it the rain. Darkness impenetrable in the physical world, and, oh! what unutterable darkness in the mental. In the great rifts of the black heavens there were awful flashes of lightning and bursts of thunder, in the midst of which I heard the groans of the wounded as they lay in the pitiless rain.

When the morning came I was almost unconscious of life. I remember watching the light breaking in the gray east, my head resting on that side, and I was too weak to turn it, or else it had become stiff in the rain. As it became light I heard the rolling of artillery, then the fierce booming thunder of the battle renewed. I heard the crash of the rumbling wheels, the tramp of the war-horses; I knew they were coming towards me, and the horrible fear came over me lest I should be trampled under foot, crushed, maimed, or ground into the dust! I endeavored to shout and tell them I was not dead, but I could not even whisper. On they came, maddened and reckless by the spirit of the war. The iron-footed horses were on me, almost; but no—they passed me; but now the dreadful wheels approached! I saw them coming; one was directly over my eyes. That was the last I remember.

All was perfect silence. The sounds of war were all hushed. I think I must have been in perfect, dreamless slumber, for I felt, heard, and saw nothing. When I awoke I was well, peaceful, happy; John was standing near me, apparently in perfect health. "You here?" I asked in astonishment; "I

thought you were dead!" "So I am," he replied; "at least I have lost my mortal body, but you plainly see the body is not all there is of a man, for my body is, as you say, dead, yet I exist." "Surely," I answered, "I have dreamed, or else am dreaming."

He smiled as he replied, "Not so; but you, too, are dead." Our conversation lasted some hours before I was fully convinced I was really dead, though free from pain and the horrors of the battle-field over.

Since then I have watched the advent of many spirits on the battle-field. The emotions they manifest are as various as the dispositions they bore in life. Some arise from the body perfectly bewildered, others filled with unutterable hate, and only inspired with the desire of vengeance on the foe. Many meet dear friends who await their coming and hover round their departed spirits. Guardian spirits stand ready by the side of all to conduct them to the land where wars shall cease forever.

CLAIRVOYANT VIEW OF DEATH BY THAT EMINENT SEER, A. J. DAVIS.

The following vivid description (Great Harmonia, Vol. I.) of death, is from the pen of Andrew Jackson Davis, a man whose clear perceptions and intuitions have raised him to the front rank as a seer, philosopher and profound thinker:

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in a proper state of mind and body to induce the superior [clairvoyant] condition; but, previous to throwing my spirit into that condition, I sought the most convenient and favorable position, that I might be allowed to make the observations entirely unnoticed and undisturbed. Thus situated and conditioned, I proceeded to observe and investigate the mysterious processes of dying, and to learn what it is for an individual human spirit to undergo the changes consequent upon physical death or external dissolution. They were these:

I saw that the physical organization could no longer subserve the diversified purposes or requirements of the spiritual principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the various circumstances which rendered their eternal separation imperative and absolute. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed to be, to the material senses, the

most thrilling and painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful and delighted when I perceived and realized the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, not of pain or unhappiness, but simply that the spirit was eternally dissolving its copartnership with the material organism.

Now the head of the body became suddenly enveloped in a fine, soft, mellow, luminous atmosphere; and, as instantly, I saw the cerebrum and the cerebellum expand their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and vital magnetism which permeate subordinate systems and structures. That is to say, the brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive, over the lesser proportions of the body, than it ever was during the period of health. This phenomenon invariably precedes physical dissolution.

Now the process of dying, or the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, of magnetism, of motion, of life, and of sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant; and I particularly remarked that just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organism grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now I saw, in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere which emanated from and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly, and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it, nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being eliminated and organized from out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aro-mal atmosphere which had emanated from the material head was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared. This taught me that those aro-mal elements, which were, in the beginning of the metamorphosis, attracted from the system into the brain, and thence eliminated in the form of an atmosphere, were indissolubly united in accordance with the divine principle of affinity in the universe, which per-

vades and destines every particle of matter, and developed the spiritual head which I beheld

In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organized, I saw, unfolding in their natural progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the breast and the entire spiritual organization. It appeared from this, even to an unequivocal demonstration, that the innumerable particles of what might be termed unparticled matter which constitutes the man's spiritual principle, are constitutionally endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship. The innate tendencies, which the elements and essences of her soul manifested by uniting and organizing themselves, were the efficient and imminent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organization. The defects and deformities of her physical body were, in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, almost completely removed. In other words, it seemed that those hereditary obstructions and influences were now removed, which originally arrested the full and proper development of her physical constitution; and, therefore, that her spiritual constitution, being elevated above those obstructions, was enabled to unfold and perfect itself, in accordance with the universal tendencies of all created things.

While this spiritual formation was going on, which was perfectly visible to my spiritual perceptions, the material body manifested to the outer vision of observing individuals in the room many symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but the indications were totally deceptive; they were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism.

The spirit arose at right angles over the head or brain of the deserted body. But immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had for so many years subsisted between the two, spiritual and material bodies, I saw—playing energetically between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical body—a bright stream or current of vital electricity. * * And here I perceived what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the deserted body immediately subsequent to the separation of

the umbilical thread; and that that portion of this element which passed back into the earthly organism, instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, and thus prevented immediate decomposition. * *

As soon as the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was wholly disengaged from the tenacious physical body, I directed my attention to the movements and emotions of the former; and I saw her begin to breathe the most interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere. * * *

At first it seemed with difficulty that she could breathe the new medium; but in a few seconds she inhaled and exhaled the spiritual elements of nature with the greatest possible ease and delight. And now I saw that she was in possession of exterior and physical proportions, which were identical, in every possible particular—improved and beautified—with those proportions which characterized her earthly organization. That is to say, she possessed a heart, a stomach, a liver, lungs, etc., just as her natural body did previous to (not her, but) its death. This is a wonderful and consoling truth! But I saw that the improvements which were wrought upon and in her spiritual organization were not so particular and thorough as to destroy or transcend her personality; nor did they materially alter her natural appearance or earthly characteristics. So much like her former self was she that, had her friends beheld her as I did, they certainly would have exclaimed—as we often do upon the sudden return of a long-absent friend, who leaves us in illness and returns in health—“Why, how well you look! How improved you are!” Such was the nature—most beautifying in their extent—of the improvements that were wrought upon her.

I saw her continue to conform and accustom herself to the new elements and elevating sensations which belong to the inner-life. I did not particularly notice the workings and emotions of her newly-awakening and fast-unfolding spirit, except that I was careful to remark her philosophical tranquility throughout the entire process, and her non-participation with the different members of her family in their unrestrained bewailing of her departure from the earth, to unfold in Love and Wisdom throughout eternal spheres. She understood at a glance that they could only gaze upon the cold and lifeless form which she had but just deserted; and she readily compre-

hended the fact, that it was owing to a want of true knowledge upon their parts, that they thus vehemently regretted her merely physical death.

The period required to accomplish the entire change which I saw, was not far from two hours and a half; but this furnished no rule as to the time required for every spirit to elevate and reorganize itself above the head of the outer form. Without changing my position or spiritual perceptions I continued to observe the movements of her new-born spirit. As soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the will-power, and directly passed out of the door of the bedroom in which she had lain, in the material form, prostrated with disease for several weeks. It being in a summer month the doors were all open, and her egress from the house was attended with no obstruction. I saw her pass through the adjoining room, out of the door, and step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realized the universal truth that the spiritual organization can tread the atmosphere, which, while in the coarser earthly form we breathe—so much more refined is man's spiritual constitution. She walked in the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread the earth and ascend an eminence. Immediately upon her emergence from the house she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country, and after tenderly recognizing and communing with each other, the three, in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelopment of our globe. They walked so naturally and fraternally together that I could scarcely realize the fact that they trod the air—they seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious but familiar mountain. I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them from my view, whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

A Vision by Emma Hardinge Britten.

A DARK SPHERE ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

A PEER OF THE BRITISH REALM—HIS DESOLATE CONDITION IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD—THE SPIRIT-HOME OF SOME OF EARTH'S RICH ARISTOCRATS—SOME POTENT TRUTHS ILLUSTRATED.

It was sunset on Lake Ontario. I lay on a couch, to which indisposition had confined me for several hours, watching dreamily the fitful, changing hues of the sky, and the gorgeous reflection of its gold and purple glories on the tossing waters of its shining lake. Painters' canvas never yet displayed the wealth of coloring that the artists' sun then cast, like a mantle, over the evening scene. Each moment changing its glorious pageantry, it seemed as if the dying day called up from the world of infinite ideas this phantasmagoria of beauty, to teach me the loveliness of death when nature rules supreme, and the strong, the good and beautiful are passing away. Passing away! Yes, though the scene I looked upon was motion, life, in its fairest garb of loveliness, 'twas life going out; the lamp of day soon to be quenched in the solemn mystery of darkness, and that day's death.

Suddenly my wandering thoughts were fixed on one whom for years I had not seen, or scarcely thought upon. He was a man whom no description can fully represent to the inhabitants of the western continent, for he was of a class unknown in American experiences—a peer of the British realm; the elder brother of a wealthy, noble, and far-descended house, and a marked actor in that peculiar drama which is only played amongst the members of the British aristocracy.

You could not follow me, my American friends, were I to attempt for you a description of the stately earl and his peculiar

sphere of action; happy for you you cannot; for the sum of all is told when I translate his life in this: His birth, position, the law of primogeniture, and other specialties, had manufactured a rich nobleman and a capacious mind into a bad man, notorious for his enormous gallantries in public life, and his equally enormous tyranny in private life. This man had lived for self, and used time, talents, wealth, and station, for no other purpose than the gratification of self and selfish passions.

I presume he had never committed any act that could bring upon him the penalty of the law; but in Great Britain our courts of honor, chastity, and equity exist only in public opinion; and this pronounces verdict against the poor, never the rich; otherwise this great earl would scarcely have escaped a felon's fate.

In my youth I had known this man. I had often read Shakespeare to him, sang and played for him; and, despite some awe with which his singularly stately presence inspired me, I returned his regard for me with perhaps more of interest than the young and innocent generally yielded to him. My full understanding of his character was the revelation of after years. Since I have been in America, the journals of home have brought the intelligence of the great man's transit into "the land of rest."

I had become a believer in Spiritualism about a year; and then, as often since, had wondered why that spirit never sought communion with the girl who remembered him kindly, and with whom the dark shadows of wrong had never been associated. Still he came not. Sometimes I wondered whether "the great gulf" of scripture was not a truth, and the rich, bad man could not cross it.

This night my mind was full of him; and the spirit earl was the last normal thought I can recall, ere I entered that strange, dream-like state, baffling all description, which we so vaguely call the "trance."

I passed through what seemed many spheres of mist and gloom. They occupied much space, but gave me no other idea but that of traversing vast distances. At length I stood in a city of buildings, connected with each other, which seemed to be the destination to which my spirit's flight had been tending.

The experiences of the spirit can never be fully translated into human speech; hence I cannot attempt to describe, in the

language of matter, the inconceivable spaces through which I seemed to travel, nor the splendor with which I was surrounded. Eye hath not seen nor heart conceived of the beauty outwrought by the spirit, or of distances where infinity offers no horizon; but the character of the buildings I traversed I can at least describe.

They consisted of chambers, galleries, staircases, halls and corridors, furnished with all the gorgeous magnificence of oriental luxury.

Three points in my journey, however, were most remarkable. The first was the amazing and palpable darkness that filled these palaces, revealing clearly every color and shape, yet thick with an atmosphere of such dense blackness that I could taste it, suffocate in it, almost cut it; 'twas awful, overwhelming, stifling. 'Twas darkness visible, night incarnate.

The next point of interest was the total absence of inhabitants; not a living thing was visible; and though in process of my wanderings, I seemed to traverse worlds, and to have occupied ages since my entrance, so death-like was the stillness, so terrible the awful quiet that I felt as if an eternity of pain would be very cheaply purchased by the sight of even an insect or a reptile; but the crowning fact of my strange experience was the effect of the scene on my own spirits. At first I was affected by a profound melancholy, but as I proceeded this deepened into a despair so hopeless that memory, and even the sense of pain, at last fled. At certain stages of my pilgrimage, the gloom and solitude produced in my mind the most agonizing longing for light, air, and companionship; but even the energy to frame a wish at length abandoned me, and though sensible of a dim possibility, by powerful exercise of will, of summoning aid to my side, I lost at last the faculty even of suffering, and wandered on, seemingly for years, centuries, ages, a living annihilation, an incarnation of hopeless woe.

God, angels, life, worlds, all were nothing to me; I was in eternity and endless death!

The most distinct memory I can now retain was a vague wonder as to whether I was thus suffering for expiation of my own sins, or learning by horrible experience the condition of others.

I think that the amount of energy expended even in this effort at reflection opened up a new phase in my dreadful pil-

grimace, for it was answered by the tones of a sweet, bell-like voice, whose low but clear intonations seemed wafted from the immeasurable distance of some far-off world. It said: "You are now in the Spirit-homes of earth's rich dead, Emma; here dwell the Dives of earth, who, men say, die so very rich; here they live in the splendors they loved, the wealth they adored, and surrounded by the idols they made and worshiped.

"Your sufferings, Emma, are theirs in the realization of the life for which they sold themselves; and now you may judge the value of the coin for which the cold-hearted and selfish rich man sells his soul.

"How like you the exchange?"

I shuddered and wept bitterly for the insane rich of earth.

"Where are they?" I murmured.

"Everywhere," replied the voice. "Myriads move around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others, or you; it is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self-love, that the eye shall behold naught but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth-life to attain this state; here they reap the harvest they have sown."

"But this darkness," I cried. "Oh, for the light, for but one ray of the blessed sunlight! Why cannot the sun of heaven penetrate these awful abodes?"

"And so it does, child. Here, as everywhere else, is heaven, and light and sun; but where are the eyes that can behold it? If heaven be not within us, in vain we seek it elsewhere. If our eyes are ever turned in upon self, they are blind to all besides. From the soul's center goes forth the true light or darkness of the land of souls."

"Oh, that I could see but one of the inhabitants of this doleful region," I thought, and with the wish came its instant gratification; for, raising my eyes, I beheld the form of a living being approaching me. At first the delight of seeing a thing of life again impelled me to rush toward it, but the singularity of the figure, and its evident incapacity to perceive me, arrested my steps and I stood watching, with curious interest, my new companion. The figure was that of a very, very old man; indeed, to judge by his wrinkled face and withered aspect, he might have been the sole surviving wreck of centuries.

His height could not have exceeded that of a child of four

years, and the garments that hung in threadbare folds around his shrunken form were a world too wide for the poor anatomy they covered, and yet I knew this pitiful little figure bore the evidence of decrease rather than natural deformity, and that his present childish dimensions had come from the shrinking of a once mighty form of manhood.

Yes, I knew this, not only from the revealment of his past, which each spirit bears about, engraved on the unmasked soul, but because I could trace in those withered features and that diminished shape, the wreck of the once proud, stately earl, whom in former days I had looked upon as the *beau ideal* of aristocratic manhood.

Oh, how terrible it was to behold him thus! His face wore an expression of unutterable grief, but withal a look of mild resignation and hopeless regret, that pierced my very soul. Slowly and feebly he passed on without regarding me, but as he neared me, and ere he finally disappeared, I heard him sigh. Oh, heaven! how he sighed, and what a world of bitter memories, useless regrets, and wasting sorrow came sobbing on the air, laden with the sigh of that suffering soul!

Ah, me! It was indeed the breath of a wailing spirit; the gnashing of teeth, and "outer darkness."

With his departure, even the interminable solitudes of his home seemed more tolerable; but again I heard the sweet cadence of my invisible angel's voice chiming in my ear:

"Yes, Emma, it is he, even Lord ———. You wonder at the strange transfiguration which death has wrought on the splendid peer; but ask yourself the size of his soul when its earthly mask was rent off, and his spirit appeared with its one grain of ideality, and that, all self. Emma, yon pigmy has grown by suffering, since his entrance here, from an almost invisible monad to the size you just beheld. Yes, Emma, self was all that existed in the great man's soul, and self is but one spark in the divine unity of illimitable fires that must all burn in perfection and harmony, ere the central sun of soul is fully unfolded.

"Until then true life does not even begin. Judge, then, of the size of yon embryonic spirit, when first it shook off the clods of earth to stand revealed, not for name, lineage, wealth, nor station, but just for its worth, no more."

"Alas!" I cried, "teach us, angelic guide, though suffer-

ing be the road, and blood and tears the baptism, teach us how to live so that at last we may cast off our earthly burdens, and enter upon our spiritual inheritance, full-grown spirits, men and women souls."

"Hard is the path of riches, strong the pleadings of self, ruinous the crushing weight of uncurbed passion," replied my guide. "These with the sophistic lull of custom, and overweening devotion to the things of earth, that minister only to earthly loves, have dwarfed many such souls as his, and shrunk up the blossoms of genius and intellect, until these doleful spheres are thick with worlds of people of whom yon man is a type."

"Their destiny," I murmured; "O, send me not away comfortless!"

"Despair, remorse, regret; then penitence, submission, such deep humility as shone upon that man's piteous face, are theirs. Then, becoming once again as little children, the morning of a new life shall dawn for them, and glorious will be the evening that shall close their day of labor, and see them, as they should be, full-grown spirits, and heirs of the everlasting kingdom, where earth with its baser nature never enters."

The pale moon was full and high, and the vault of heaven thick with flowers, when I again, with natural vision, looked on the face of earth.

Perhaps, after so solemn a lesson as that of the past hour, the action may appear grotesque and unworthy, but it was nevertheless irresistible, and consisted in springing from my couch, opening my portemonnaie and (though its contents would never, I think, in its most plethoric condition, prove a temptation to any one), pouring them upon the floor, trampling them beneath my feet, and crying aloud to the mighty power in whose hands poor, tempted souls are passion-tossed, or "stayed in perfect peace," to "lead me not into temptation," and deliver me from the evil of my own soul.

For many and many a day after this, I esteemed my poverty a privilege; it was long before I could dare to speculate, even with necessary foresight, upon any arrangements that required me to calculate upon the possession of money; dreadful, awful, tyrannical, soul-corrupting money! Though I believe I shall never, in this respect, be tempted beyond the need of

the bare day's provision, yet still do I remember my vision of warning with an awe that forever comments on the fatal truth, "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

I do not love to think or speak of this vision; my soul is pained to be assured of its truth; to know that about me are the dreadful "homes of the selfish rich;" that in the invisible world of which earth, sky, suns and systems are full, are eternally pacing the unresting feet of the solitary worshipers of self, in their hideous loneliness, their frightful penance for the gratification of their souls' idolatries!

"Oh, what is death? 'Tis a fleeting breath—

A simple but blessed change;

'Tis rending a chain, that the soul may gain

A higher and broader range.

Unbounded space is its dwelling-place

Where no human foot hath trod,

But everywhere doth it feel the care

And the changeless love of God.

Oh, then, though you weep when your loved ones sleep,

When the rose on the cheek grows pale,

Yet their forms of light, just concealed from sight,

Are only behind the veil."—*Doten.*

Death from a Vibratory Force.

NOT ALWAYS REAL, AND THE VICTIM MAY BE RESUSCITATED.

A PHYSICIAN OF HIGH STANDING TELLS HOW TO DEAL WITH SUCH CASES—METHOD OF INDUCING RESPIRATION ARTIFICIALLY—EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

*Much interest has recently been excited by the report from France of the resuscitation of a man apparently killed by electricity, and by the announcement of the French scientist, d'Arsonval, that a person so shocked should be treated as one drowned. The suggestion is a good one, but may be somewhat misleading unless understood; that is, unless the person undertaking the resuscitation appreciates what is to be accomplished and just how it is to be done.

As this authority says, an electric shock may produce death in one of two ways, viz.:

First, by producing destructive tissue changes, when death is absolute; or, second, by producing sudden arrest of the respiratory and heart muscles through excitement of the nerve centers, when death is only apparent; in other words, animation is merely suspended. The subject may be aroused from this syncope if efforts at resuscitation are not too long delayed.

The alternating current, which is usually regarded as the most deadly, strange to say, nearly always produces death in this second manner.

To say that a person has received a shock from a wire conveying a current of 4,000 or 5,000 volts does not necessarily

*Dr. A. H. Goelet in the *Electrical World*, 1894.

signify that the body has been subjected to the full force of the current, even if the meter does register nearly one ampere during the time of the accident. In view of the fact that the human body offers a resistance of several thousand ohms, which



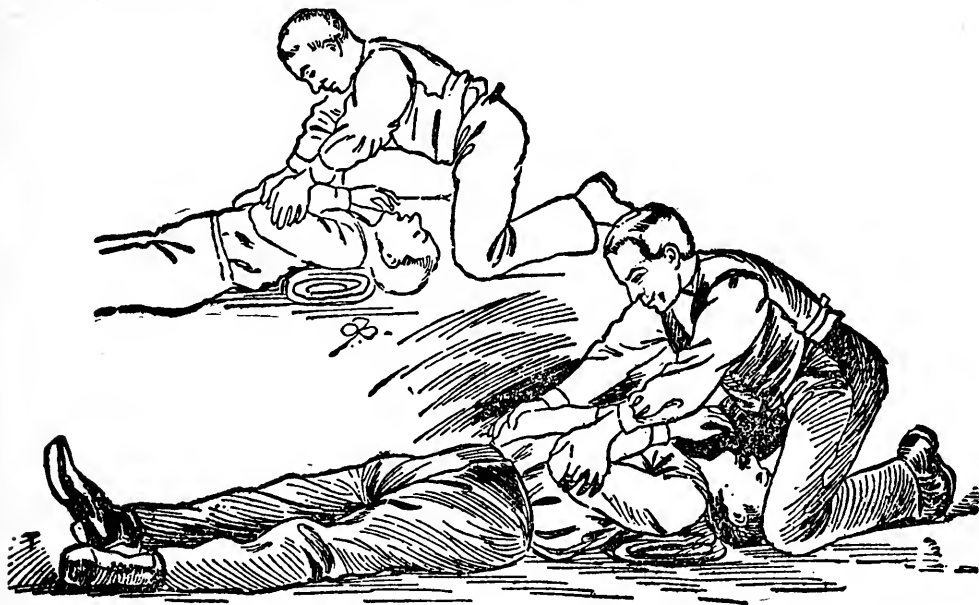
THE FIRST POSITION.

resistance is greatly increased by imperfect contact and by charring and burning the tissues at the points of application, it is not often that the internal structures and vital organs are submitted to a very considerable volume of current, though it apparently passes through the body. It must be borne in mind that when the clothing is moist with perspiration or wet with rain it offers a circuit of less resistance than the human body, and in this event the body receives only a shunt current, very much less in quantity than the main current. The bulk of current, in this instance, passes over the surface and does not enter the body. This may explain the survival of some who have apparently withstood very powerful currents.

SELDOM KILLS OUTRIGHT.

It must be presumed, therefore, that electricity seldom kills outright, though the condition of suspended animation which it induces would result in death if not counteracted.

All things considered, it is rational to attempt the resuscitation of those apparently killed by electricity, and if not too long delayed, the effort promises fair chances of success, provided proper measures are instituted.



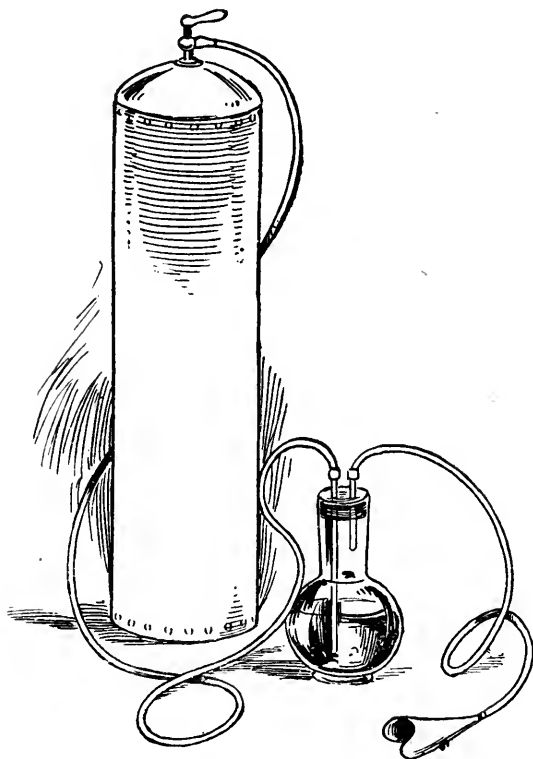
THE SECOND POSITION.

If the body has actually been submitted to a current of sufficient volume to produce destructive tissue changes, all efforts at resuscitation will, of course, be futile.

If, on the other hand, only respiration and the heart's action have been temporarily arrested, there is a condition of syncope simulating apparent death by drowning, or from anæsthetics, and the physician knows that patients in this condition are frequently revived. Laymen will appreciate the nature of this condition if it is explained as one of exaggerated faint, and would not feel appalled upon encountering it if previously instructed how to cope with it. In an ordinary fainting spell the necessity to stimulate is universally appreciated. In syncope resulting from an electric shock, stimulation is likewise indicated, but more vigorous measures are required. This is the only difference.

As said above, the direction to treat one shocked by electricity as one drowned, may be misleading, as the conception of the layman of the necessities in this case would be to roll

the body on a barrel. Let him understand that the condition is one of exaggerated faint, that the necessity is for prompt stimulation, and that the quickest and most powerful stimulant which can be employed is artificial respiration. The man must



OXYGEN CYLINDER, APPLIANCES.

be made to breathe, if this is possible, and efforts to induce respiration must not be suspended until breathing is fully and normally restored, or until it is absolutely certain that life is extinct. This can not be assured in less than an hour's persistent, energetic, tireless effort.

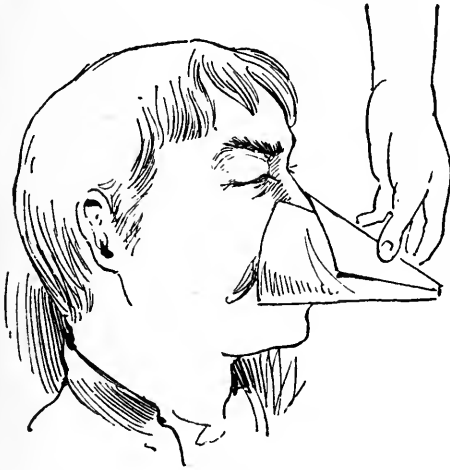
The accompanying illustrations will serve to make intelligible the following directions for artificial respiration:

The body must be placed upon the back. A roll made of a coat or anything else convenient (rolled, not folded), is placed under the shoulders, and must be sufficiently large to so prop the spine up as to drop the head

backward. The operator should kneel behind the subject's head, facing him, grasp the elbows and draw them well over the head, so as to bring them almost together above it, and hold them there for two or three seconds. Then he carries them down to the sides and front of the chest, firmly compressing it by throwing his weight upon them. After two or three seconds the arms are again carried above the head, and the same maneuver is repeated, at the rate of fifteen or sixteen times per minute. At the same time the tongue must be drawn out to free the throat. This manipulation stimulates respiration in the following manner, viz.: When the arms are extended over the head the chest-walls are expanded, just as in inspiration, and if the throat is clear the air will rush into the lungs.

When the arms are brought down to the sides of the chest, compressing it, the air is expelled, just as in expiration.

This is the most convenient and reliable manner of inducing artificial respiration. It is known as Sylvester's method. The operator must, however, appreciate the fact that this manipulation must be executed with methodical deliberation, just as described, and never hurriedly nor half-heartedly. To



AN IMPROVISED MOUTHPIECE.

grasp the arms and move them rapidly up and down like a pump handle, is both absurd and absolutely useless.

In addition to this, if an assistant be at hand, the tongue, held by a cloth or handkerchief, to prevent slipping, should be seized and drawn forcibly out during the act of inspiration, or when the arms are extended above the head, and when the chest is compressed it may be allowed to recede. This rhythmical traction upon the tongue is in itself an excellent stimulant of respiration.

It acts not only by freeing the throat of the tongue, which may fall back and obstruct breathing, but also by reflex irritation, through the frænum or bridle under the tongue being drawn forcibly against the lower teeth.

OXYGEN TREATMENT.

If the accident occurs in a city or large town, oxygen, which may be obtained at every drug store, may be used. This is a powerful stimulant to the heart if it can be made to enter the lungs.

This gas comes in cylinders furnished with a stop-cock and tubes and bottle, which latter is to be half filled with water, through which the gas passes when turned on. (See figures.) If a cone or mouthpiece is not furnished with the apparatus, one can be hastily improvised from a piece of stiff paper and attached by a string to the ordinary mouthpiece. To use the oxygen, place the cone over the patient's face and turn on the

stop-cock until the gas is seen to bubble freely through the water in the bottle. Efforts at artificial respiration should be kept up while the gas is being administered, to favor its entrance into the lungs.

The use of electricity to reawaken the heart and lungs to action offers another auxiliary to the resuscitation process, but implies the skilled employment of special electrical apparatus purely within the possession of the physician, who naturally does not require instruction.

When I was requested by the editors of the *Electrical World* to contribute this article, I gladly accepted, because:

First—I am convinced that many who have died in consequence of electrical shocks might have been saved if those at hand had been properly instructed in the methods of reviving suspended animation, and

Second—I hope all electrical companies will be impressed with the importance of having their linemen and other employes engaged in the vicinity of dangerous currents, so instructed and trained that without delay methods of resuscitation can at once be instituted.

Thus the giant electricity will more surely become man's servant, a faithful and obedient one, instead of, as now, occasionally, through man's carelessness, his slayer.

Speaking of the wonders of this vibratory force, electricity, a writer in the New York *World* says:

"Aside from the accidents to human beings, scientists are able to judge that high currents of electricity are not always deadly, by experimenting on animals. As recently told by the *Sunday World*, Dr. J. Kratter, of Graz, Austria, has succeeded in obtaining most interesting results from his researches on the animal organism, operating with currents as high as 2,000 volts. He also believes that all deaths of the animals resulted from the stoppage of the respiration. Sometimes the stoppage produced death by suffocation, but in several cases the animals recovered.

"A short time ago a New York electrician subjected a toad to a high current from a faradic battery. The faradic current is an alternating current on a small scale. The skin of the frog is very moist and electrical contact can be very easily accomplished. Again and again was the toad made to

stiffen out under the action of the current. Finally it was pronounced to be dead, and was placed on a high shed, where the water from a butt would keep it moist. It was left out all night.

"During the night it revived enough to hop away and disappear. A cat and other animals were experimented upon in the same manner and nearly all recovered. The same electrician gave it as his opinion that none of the electrocuted men were actually killed by the current.

"The opinion of several prominent electricians who were asked for their opinions on the subject is that it is very uncertain whether the electric current always kills when it seems to kill, as, for instance, in an electrocution. That death does finally occur is, of course, certain, as either the dissecting knife or gradual dissolution must accomplish it. But that any one or all of the electrocuted men could have been revived, so they say, is within the possibilities.

"Should a person come under the influence of a powerful galvanic continuous current, then chemical action would take place within the body and death would occur beyond a doubt. This, however, is not the kind of current used in electrocuting criminals. The alternating current does not produce chemical action. The editor of a prominent electrical paper said regarding it: 'I think there is a possibility that the electrocuted men might have been revived before the autopsy, provided the length of time they were subjected to the current was not too long. I should think that no human being would be able to stand a current of 1,800 or 2,000 volts, such as they use in our prisons, more than, or as much as, three minutes. If they were in for, say, thirty seconds, I should think there was every reason of reviving them, but longer than that I should not think so.'

"A physician gave it as his opinion that the criminals were dead for all practical purposes of the law. 'If they had been revived,' said he, 'they would have to be killed over again. Some of the men had no autopsy performed on them, I believe, and they were buried immediately. Now, as to whether they ever revived I am not prepared to say, but if they did—well, when a person lies under six feet of earth he would not have much time to contemplate his fate before nature would do what the current had failed to do.'"

The French Academy has adopted a series of rules for the resuscitation of people who have been overcome by the current, and they are to be distributed throughout France.

But this does not solve the question which is supposed to be solved—that electrocution is a humane and painless method of capital punishment.

Dedicated to Those Who Are Intemperate.

ONE WHO PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE WITH DELIRIUM TREMENS.

HIS EARLY HISTORY—HIS MOTHER HIGHLY CULTURED, YET AN INEBRIATE—HIS EMBRYONIC GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT—HIS SICKNESS—HOW TORTURED BY PHANTOMS—A VIVID PICTURE OF HIS SUFFERINGS—HIS ADVENT TO SPIRIT-LIFE, AND FINAL REDEMPTION.

Well, you desire my earth-life history. Oh! how dark, dismal, heartrending and disastrous! What lechery in earth-life! What licentiousness there! I was brought into existence on the material side of life under very peculiar circumstances. My mother was a highly cultivated, intellectual woman, with fine feelings and generous impulses. Although she was addicted to the inordinate use of various kinds of liquor, her soul always yearned for purity of life. Strange, indeed, that she should allow a pernicious taste to control her, and bring her to a premature grave, but such was the case. She nourished me into life, her youngest child, when her whole system had become saturated with poisonous liquor. Just think of it, my little, delicate organism reposing in the womb, and sustained and nourished by one in such a condition! When my mother was excited through the dire effects of inordinate indulgence, she molded my nature to partake of the peculiar characteristics arising therefrom. When she reeled under the influence of whisky, the material furnished to construct my little body was of like nature. I was formed of nourishment received directly from her, and each molecule thereof was a confirmed drunkard—educated, disciplined and marked in every respect for an inebriate! They were educated,

as it were, in a dram-shop, instructed there, and taught to live on intoxicating beverages.

Every particle of nourishment that came from my mother to aid in unfolding my physical structure, had been thoroughly trained in her nature, before sent forth with its pernicious influence to form my system. Allow me to say here, that the infantile body, like all material objects in existence, is composed of molecules of matter, obtained wholly from the organism of the mother. They are educated by her; they are impressed with her individuality; they are tintured with the influences that surround her; they are molded by her thoughts; and when prepared for their future work they gravitate naturally to the embryonic child, carrying the lessons impressed upon them to shape the future life. The mother can educate her child before it is born; the essence of the grandest principles in morality can be imparted then; purity of nature can be formed in the womb, and a poet, a philosopher, or genius in any respect, can, in a measure, be molded. I was badly disciplined in the embryonic state. Every atom or particle of matter that my mother appropriated to build up my system was dissolute in habits, was a miserable toper, and I was obliged to lead the kind of life when born for which she inwardly directed me. Oh! how potent was my pre-natal instruction! Her periodic revels prepared me for a wretched life, and I could not restrain myself. I was powerless in my efforts to refrain from intoxicating drinks.

As soon as I grew to boyhood, I commenced drinking inordinately—my body was remorseless in its demands—liquor it must have! No moral suasion would do me a particle of good. I was constantly under the influence of liquor, and how could it be otherwise, as I was nourished into life by food that was tintured with it? In fact, I was so constituted that my organization demanded that unnatural stimulant. Oh! what a wretched life I led! Each particle, atom or molecule of my body might be considered a drunkard, manufactured by my mother when she carried me in the womb, and when they saw the beautiful light of day, they reeled and tottered as I tried to stand erect, hence I always bore the appearance of being somewhat inebriated.

Time passed on, and my life became wretched indeed. Finally I was attacked with delirium tremens. Oh! what a

horrible disease! How my soul shudders when I now think of it! Pain racked every bone; my brain appeared to be on fire; my whole nature was distorted. Life to me was then wretched indeed. I seemed to be surrounded by thousands of serpents. They floated around in the room. I could see their foul, slimy forms; their forked tongues and poisonous saliva, and hear their devilish hisses! How appalling the scene! Poets have sung of the horrors of the regions of hell, but no pen-picture could portray my misery! All the infernal devils of every imaginary pandemonium could not render me more miserable. I was caressed by serpents, and they were as real and tangible to me as anything on earth is to you. That condition of my system was brought about by the infuriated molecules of my body. They were made drunkards; they drove me to the poisonous cup; they would not give me a moment's peace; they *demand*ed liquor and I gratified them.

I was sick only a short time, and, oh! how I suffered. Those grotesque images, how they frightened me! They seemed like so many fiends come to torment me. I cannot enter into a discussion here as to how those images were formed; it is enough for me and you to know that they existed to tyrannize over me, and render my last moments wretched. The more weak my system became, the more violent were the phantom realities. They would crawl into my mouth, nose and ears, and nestle in my stomach, lungs and abdomen, while their hisses and rapacious noises were intolerable to hear. They would change their forms in a moment, to something, if possible, more loathsome, and then dash at me as if determined to annihilate me. One would open his large mouth, and running out his tongue, would lave my face and eyes with it. Another would have the sting of a scorpion, and he would thrust it into various parts of my body, and then turn around and lick the wounds he had made. Another would wind itself around my body, and then lifting its head, continue, for a time, a steady watch at my eyes.

Bear this in mind, please: these phantoms were realities to me. The ceiling of my room was covered with hateful images, and they all directed their piercing, fiery gaze at me! If I closed my eyes, it made no difference, the dance of death and the carnival of the serpents and horned devils would continue!

No pen can picture my misery; it was terrible to relate, hideous in all its details. The foundation of this misery was laid by my mother. She disciplined my infantile body for a drunkard. She stamped on my nature the word inebriate. Each child is labeled when in the mother's womb with its most prominent or distinguishing characteristic. Some are labeled poets, others musicians, mathematicians, architects, or philosophers. I was labeled for an inebriate, and I did not, during my earthly career, succeed in tearing it away.

Finally I passed into an unconscious state, having been to all appearance killed by the insatiate monsters surrounding me. I died under their influence, the most deplorable sight in existence. Eventually, I appeared to revive into a sort of dream-like condition. I felt as if crawling out of all kinds of rubbish. The air seemed to be purer, the sky clearer, the flowers more beautiful and sweet, and the scenery more grand. I felt as if a dark cloud had been removed, and that a brighter life awaited me. I realized that a change had taken place. I saw no loathsome snakes nor disgusting vermin, and my mind was clearer and more serene. I realized that a grand change in my condition had taken place, yet I felt as if I was still on earth. I did not, for a moment, suppose that I was in Spirit-life. I could not readily realize my true condition.

My awakening was very peculiar. At first, as I have said, I seemed as if emerging from all kinds of rubbish and debris. Gradually that disappeared and the scenes around me commenced brightening. I felt as if on a journey in a new country, and as I traveled on, the magnificence and grandeur thereof continually increased. I could not realize how this could be. Without any effort I seemed to move on, and each step I took bewildered me the more. I saw no one—no one seemed to respond to my earnest appeals for help. I did not recognize the fact that I was dead. Those slimy serpents had disappeared, affording me great relief, still I realized that my condition was far from being desirable. Finally, I uttered a fervent prayer for assistance, appealing in tender terms to God, to send me relief. I could move only with great difficulty, I was so weak. I felt as if I had just awakened from a protracted debauch, with my system so enervated thereby that I could not sit erect. Finally, I fell into a gentle, refreshing slumber. When I awoke I found my darling sister and brother,

long since deceased, accompanied by a spirit physician, standing by my side. Oh! how sweet the expression of that sister's countenance! A halo of light encircled her features, and its silvery, cloud-like richness made her have the appearance of an angel! What transcendent loveliness in her bewitching, tender smiles! She laid her hand upon my forehead, and said: "Brother, you are in the Spirit-world. This humble apartment that you are now in corresponds with your inner-life. Those pictures of loathsome animals you see yonder, represent the outward physical conditions from which you have just escaped. Those shadows of the same poisonous, slimy creatures, resting on the opposite wall, represent the fact that your spiritual body is tinctured with the fruits of your habits on earth, and that some time will elapse before the same can be eradicated. Life to you has been a terrific struggle. Your nature was educated for an inebriate, and in the maelstrom of passion you were swept along to the grave. Your taste for strong drink may still exist. You may yearn for that pernicious beverage which has made your life so miserable. Your organism is very gross and dark now; and be cautious, or a life of wretchedness will still be yours. You must resist all thought of returning to your old haunts of vice and demoralization. You are honest, noble, philanthropic, and tender-hearted in aspiration, and always desired to be strictly temperate, and those promptings are the redeeming traits of your character. They brought us to you this morning. They will enable you to conquer your desire for liquor. You are weak now and will remain so for several days yet."

My brother then said: "I rejoice to meet you on this occasion. The condition of your physical system drove you into a life of wretchedness. All our efforts to save you were unavailing,—down! down!! down!!! you went, until you were attacked by delirium tremens, resulting in your terrible death. In aspirations you were always angelic; in habits of life a profligate. Your aspirations were subordinate to your passion for strong drink, and the latter triumphed over you and ruled them. Your desire now to live a correct life, to do good and thereby progress upward, will triumph. We welcome you to the Spirit-world, though it will be many months before you can advance to a higher sphere?"

The physician said: "You are weak, I see, my friend.

Your spiritual body has been badly affected by its earth dress, or what is termed the physical system. Between the two there is always a close connection, and every glass of intoxicating liquor you drank transmitted its pernicious influence to your spirit. Your spirit is a storehouse of effects, and each effect is a chapter in your life, from which I can read to judge you. It is a grand old law that all the acts of life write their own history. No nefarious deed can be committed in secret, that will not eventually be known in Spirit-life. By looking at your spiritual organism, I can read your life-lines, tell the character of your earth-life, as well as you can yourself. You are now on the spiritual side of life, just having emerged from a heart-rending sickness—delirium tremens. Your spiritual organism, mirror-like, reflects your earth condition. By indulging inordinately in intoxicating drinks, you molded your physical body, and the spirit being connected therewith, received its pernicious influences. In order to accomplish the grand work in view, you must never place yourself *en rapport* with the inebriates of earth, or remain long in the atmosphere where liquor is manufactured. I see you are strong enough to conquer eventually. A life of immortal bliss awaits you. Progression will in due time carry you to the sphere of your dear brother and sister. I have given them directions concerning you, and for a short time I must leave you."

I fully realized the truthfulness of my spirit friends' statements. I did, indeed, regret the wretched, dark appearance of my spirit. It told plainly of a miserable, dissolute life. I then fell into a calm, refreshing sleep, and when I awoke I was greeted by enchanting music, which thrilled my soul and animated me with an intense desire to make rapid advancement. That aspiration did not, however, remain permanent. There was an attraction around the saloons of earth that would draw me thither at times in spite of myself, and had it not been for the unceasing efforts of my darling sister, I could not have triumphed as soon as I did. Her attention was uniformly tender and affectionate. Her smiles shed an illuminating influence over my pathway, and her encouraging words I always carefully treasured. For several weeks, however, I was compelled to keep quiet. So weak, so enervated, so borne down by the pernicious influence of my earth-life was I, that it seemed as if I was about to suffer the untold agonies of another death. I

have been in Spirit-life many years, and still my spiritual organization is marred by the debaucheries of earth. A century will not completely eradicate all the deleterious effects of my licentious acts. Those who saturate their physical bodies with poisonous liquors degrade themselves, not only on earth, but in the Spirit-world. It is horrible to pass to Spirit-life through the influence of delirium tremens. No one can die naturally who indulges freely in intoxicating beverages. I have suffered for my misdeeds more than tongue can express.

The only hell that I have ever found or suffered from is the one that my mother and myself formed. During my prenatal existence, a tendency was given to my feelings and passions, and all the powers of my resolute will could not withstand its potent influence. The bad habits of my mother were all transferred to my infantile organism; deeply impressed on each particle of matter composing it, and I, of course, suffered from her transgression. Let each one read my narrative carefully, and feel kindly and tenderly toward the erring. You, perhaps, are pure and good. Your embryonic growth and development were suitable to mold you properly. Never point the finger of scorn toward the erring, but encircle them with your sympathy and love, and tenderly exhort them to reform. My darling sister never frowned on me once, when she was redeeming my spirit from a life of shame. Kindness alone can effect the reformation of the deepest-stained villain. Harsh measures towards those who have sinned can accomplish nothing towards refining their brutal nature. Those who spurn the unfortunate, or the criminal, can never progress while that feeling exists. Always bear that thought in mind.

The Experience of a Profound Scholar.

THE DAY AFTER DEATH BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE VIEWS OF AN EMINENT AUTHOR—HIS ADVENT TO SPIRIT-LIFE—
THE GREETINGS HE RECEIVED—HIS RAPTUROUS DELIGHT—
HIS ASPIRATIONS EMBODIED—HIS COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF
DEATH—THE MILLIONS OF SOULS.

*The discourse to which you will now listen is suggested, in thought and in language, by one who has lately departed from earthly life, and who has been widely known among Spiritualists.

The diction will be his, but the rendering of it will be by the usual control of the medium, who speaks the thought and language of the departed friend, who is standing near.

Oh! in thought-sleep, what dreams may come!

There is no pain in dying. It is as the ebbing of a tide; as the flowing away of a stream; as the passing out of daylight into twilight; as the coming on of autumn sunsets, wherein the whole of the western sky is flooded with a glow of light; and yet it is a wonderful surprise, even to one who is accustomed to think of a future state when on earth; to one whose mind has been carefully trained in all the schools of thought concerning immortality; to one whose religion and intellectual conviction both hinge with absolute certainty on the spiritual state. To find oneself floating out from the fastnesses of time into the immeasurable space of eternity, is such a matchless experience that only those who pass through the portal of death can understand.

*A discourse given by the Spirit Epes Sargent, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Mr. Sargent was distinguished for his profound scholarship.

The greatest surprise of all is that you feel the gliding away of human things without a pang, or regret, or grief, or pain. You feel that pain itself is departed, and that a pure, ineffable flood is coming to you just across the harbor's bow. The loosening of the human affections, the pang that comes to the heart when you hear the sob of loved ones close beside you, and cannot reply, is overbalanced by the thrill that accompanies this loosening of the mortal tie, and you feel glad of death even while it is upon you. One cannot understand, unless one has passed to mountain heights and seen the glory of the sun rise far out upon the sea; seen it suddenly come up, tipping, for the moment, the waves with crimson and gold, and then rise in full glory, as though never night had been there.

The realism of life besets one continually, and one longs to drag the mortal part into the immortal world, the shell into pinions, the root and germ into the flower.

You forget that for every stage of life there is preparation and growth, and it is as though you wished to take your baby garments with you and wear them in manhood. We cling to the rags of clay; we cling to the fastenings of time. The moorings of the senses beset us here and gird us roundabout. Oh, what a sublime thing it is to feel suddenly grown to full manhood—those barriers broken, the bonds of sense dispersed; to know that every inch of one's self is alive, and to feel not only all present consciousness, but all past consciousness, and I might say all future consciousness, crowded upon you.

The greatest wonder of all is, that everything in material life remains the same, but transfigured. All sensation and consciousness grows more and more palpable, until the very heart-beats of one's friends are audible as the spirit is passing away. As an overstrung instrument responds to every sound, so the consciousness of the departing one, as you term it, is more and more exhilarated, until the very thought which you think becomes palpable to the one who is not dying, but about to be born. You stand in the presence of death. To you it is a receding wave. In my mortal past I have stood there many times, watching with questioning mind the receding wave of life, and the passing from the mortal to the immortal, and ere I knew the great splendor of spiritual truth, I watched with sadness and deep regret, with indefinable doubt and horror, the condition that men call death; but in the great measure of late

manhood, and in the full strength and power of the last years of life, I knew of spiritual existence, but I did not conceive what it could be like.

If you have inhaled the perfume of a flower, but have never seen one; if you have read musical notes, but have never heard them expressed; if you have dreamed a dream of loveliness, but never saw it embodied or impersonated; if you have thought of love, but never loved, then you can imagine what the mortal state is compared to the immortal—awake, alive, active, the dull lethargy of pain and suffering departing as with a breath, and the strong strength of active life, with its full vigor, surging around, above, beneath; the ineffable rest, floating out into an infinity of certainty, while all material things, save love and consciousness, seemed evanescent—this was the experience. I could feel all thoughts of those who stood near me. I could contemplate the mind and heart wrung with bodily anguish, but glad for me, for the release. I could hear my friends thinking afar of: "This is now about the time that he must go;" and when the news spread with electric speed, I could hear them say: "One more worker is gone," though I knew thousands of miles intervened between them and where my body was. I could hear my friends think the world over. There were silent heart-throbs answering to my life, and the ineffable questioning of what he is doing now that would rise to the lips of those who heard afar off that the mortal frame had ceased to breathe.

Oh, but the quickening of the spirit! I cannot tell you what it is like. It is like a symphony compared to one note; like an oratorio compared to the simplest melody; like the poem of Dante; like ineffable Milton; like the crowning light of Shakspeare, all-pervading and all-glorious; like love itself, that vanquishes the night of time and pain and death. I was presented to myself. My thoughts, all of my past life, were impersonated. Everything I had done or thought came before me in form—in beauty or deformity. Children, the waifs of my fancy, supposed to have been conjured out of the teeming brain of mortal life, were before me in reality. Characters whom I had supposed purely ideal and imaginative, drawn with fanciful pen and sent forth to illustrate a moral principle, came up before me as living realities, saying: "I was the one of whom you wrote. I was the spirit inspiring such and such thought," and every crowded fancy became impersonated, un-

til, like little people seen in fairy visions, all ideals were realized, and I laughed with these children of my fancy to find them so real, standing around me, claiming me for their spiritual parent, and saying they were mine forever.

Could you believe this? It is no imagination, but a reality, that those of whom we write, and of whom poets weave solemn and grand songs, and that fairies who are pictured in vision, for children to read, become realities in Spirit-life, and are clothed with spiritual substance, peopling all the air with rich and varied images. Love itself, most populous of the peopled cities of the skies, and deities, as it were, of usurping splendor, come thronging around one as one awakens from the dream of life. Loves, told long ago, and seemingly half buried beneath the withering hopes of manhood, came up and claimed again their recognition. Friendship, that in the crowded and busy mart of human things had been well nigh forgotten, came up again as a living image and asked for its own return. All love survives, and how it peoples the space that otherwise would seem infinite and void!

I cannot think what death would be to him who has never thought a truth, or dreamed a noble thing for humanity, or loved any one. I am told there are barren wastes in human souls devoid of love. I am told there are wildernesses in Spirit-life devoid of flowers and children's faces and sweet smiles, of grateful acknowledgment from those whom one tried to succor and redeem in outward life. I am told this, but I cannot think what the spirit would be without the peopled cities of the imagination. I cannot think what it would be without the created images of thought. Mine, crude as they were, unbeautiful as they seemed in the clear light of the spirit, dimmed somewhat by the faults and failings and fallacies of my material nature, seemed very dead to me; and this city is awake; its peopled habitation is my new world. I did not pass through space to find them. I did not go to a distant planet. Space seemed to come to me, and was at once inhabited. I saw all friends of the earthly life as really as I saw them before passing away, but from a different vision. I saw them afar off, on the line of light of memory. I saw them more clearly because I saw their spirits—this friendship that I had valued too little; another that I had valued too much. This mind that seemed a brilliant and shining light through

the human lens, grew, perhaps, less brilliant, while another that I had scarcely recognized suddenly loomed up before me as a burning, shining planet.

In the spirit all things become real. We are no longer masked by selfish desires and impulses. We see things without the tinge of the external body. Even the material brain loses its power to delude us. We are no longer sophists. There is nothing upon which sophism can weave its web or tissue of falsities. All things are made clear. We are spontaneous. We grow to become what our thought is, and our light and life are made beautiful by the grandeur of the image that we have built for humanity. Upon a thin and slender foundation of goodness we rear the matchless fabric of immortality, and eliminate all faults, of which we instantly become more aware than in material life.

I cannot veil from you the fact that it must be a disappointment to him who has no conception of the immortal state. The realistic mind of earth will find things so much more real in the spiritual state that his shadows will vanish, and then for a time he is lost. I was grateful for the birth out of materialism that gave me consciousness of a spiritual life. I was grateful for the slight touch of fancy that could weave around human things the splendor of great thought for humanity. I know now why I have ineffable hope for every race beneath the sun, because all races are peopled from the skies. I now know why I had every hope for the uplifting of every child of earth to the highest splendor. I now know why womankind forever appealed to me with mute lips and longing eyes to be released from the thralldom of the subtle chain that the ages have woven around her. It was because of the spiritual firmament I learned that the angel of life is dual, and man and woman are fashioned in the image of God. I know now why every secret hope, whether veiled within the skin of the African, or bound down by the narrow limits of Oriental custom, or veiled in the red man, appeals to me as belonging to somewhat beyond what matter and man had bestowed. It was because of the spiritual life that foretells everything, makes speechless the wrongs of the nations, that they may rise one day in magnificence and be redressed through the power of the spirit. I know now why the world of politics, of struggles for mammon, of all things that men pursue for gain, had no

allurements for me—not because I was wiser or better, but because I was chosen to do some other thing, and that other thing was to hope always, ineffably and sublimely, that out of the darkness light would come, and out of the seeming evils and intricate threads of human existence there would rise the blessed humanity of the future.

Coming toward me, space seemed to be filled with all I had hoped and prophesied, and in the very antechamber which I entered immediately after death I could see so much of eternity that it would take the mortal breath away, as it almost did the breath of the spirit. There was no low, dim twilight. There was no simple fading of existence and inanition. There was no uncertainty. There was no bewilderment. There was no pausing, as if in sleep, upon the threshold of that immortal side, while tender hands would prepare, as they sometimes do, the immortal state. Suddenly, and with full power, I sprang upright, and was aware immediately of being a form—a being whose intensity pervaded and thrilled me, until I seemed a part of the universe around—a form so like the one which lay at my feet that I was startled at the resemblance, save that one was shadowy, pale, and wan with disease and suffering and labor, while the other was more than crowned with the vigor of youth and manhood, so like myself that I was fain to put away one form, so distressing is it to see one's own very resemblance so near; and as one has sometimes seen oneself in a mirror and wondered who it could be, so I gazed upon the form, and I considered the reality and wondered for an instant which would endure; but as that was already the shadow, as no part of the individual me remained; as there was not even breath, nor warmth nor coloring, as it was really but the shadow, I was glad when it was laid away out of earthly and human sight, since it could no longer mock the eyes of the loved ones; and all the while I was there with the great longing of my heart, with the enfolding arms and the love that spoke audibly to the spiritual ear, yet they did not hear. To talk forever to one's loved ones and not be heard was insufferable. To think forever in spirit toward those who are left behind and find no response would drive me mad. I do not know what those spirits do whose friends put them away in the tomb or in heaven and never let them talk to them. If I were such a spirit, day and night I would haunt

the chambers of their souls. I would speak out from the silence of the air and compel them to hear.

Already I have spoken elsewhere; already I have reported myself, but my word must be received here. I must speak until the ears of the spirit shall hear, until the quickened understanding of the human brain shall know what a measureless thing is death, until you shall know what enfolds you, encompasses you, girds you roundabout, encircles you with its life-giving arms; for the very thing that men call death is that which makes life endurable, and fills you with the possibilities of being. But for those who were dead to outward life, who existed in the air about me and in my consciousness, I would have had no peopled fancies of brain, no thought of philosophy, no aspiring hope; but for those whom you call dead, your days and nights would be void of ambition. You would have no mental air to breathe. The higher strata of existence would be cut off. The supersensuous nature would be starved. You would be stifled and famished in the prison-house, and the little, feeble spark of life would die out, leaving the bodies shriven, shrunken, lifeless automatons. But for that which you call death, that vital breath, that living condition of being, that sheltering and protecting power, that harmony and splendor of all things, you would not be here this night; there would be nothing to move you here. The spiritual impulses of the universe would be forgotten; there would be no fountains of inspiration, no thought of religion, no touchstone to immortality.

Men are played upon by spiritual beings as harps by the wind. They hear the sound, but they do not know the source, and as the red man turns his ear toward the pine trees, listening to the solemn music, and thinking it the voice of the Infinite, or of those who have gone to the hunting-ground afar off, so when you hear this solemn music in the air above you, you wonder what it is and turn away to your daily task, forgetting that without it you were lifeless, cold, and dumb.

I am here to testify to death. As I once testified to humanity, as feebly and faintly as one human being might who hoped for the best, and strove always to find the truth, so now with a greater strength, and with this born not alone of thought but of being, I am here to testify of death. It is the living splendor of the universe. Without it there is no spring-time blossom. Without it there is no rare transmutation of things

that charges night into day. Without it there is no struggling of the atom toward diviner possibilities of being. Without it there is no removal of the relentless rule of nature, which is a hardened form, and dull tune, and space, and sense. Without it the ebb and flow of human affairs would become solidified and crystallized, and man to-day would be petrified in the midst of all his sin and crime, forever to remain a solemn mockery in the great book of eternity. Without death you could never rid yourselves of your errors. Without it you could not grow into diviner manhood and womanhood. Without it love would be voiceless; there would be no clasping of immortal hands, and no tremblings of immortal thoughts along the corridors of being. Without it all life would be meaningless, for there would be no love. You would be immured in sepulchers. Your bodily existence would be a bane and mockery. The breath of the spirit taken away, there could be no time and eternity.

In the midst of this solemn splendor, where all of life throngs around one, and where that which is basest and meanest departs and slinks away into the shadows; in the midst of this splendor, where every good thing survives and every base thing perishes of its own inactivity and inanition, where gradually the shadows, the infirmities of time and the deformities of sense give place to the perfections of spirit and mind, I testify that what has come to me is the result of death. I am transfigured. The being that was seen and known on earth is I; and I am more than this. I am all that I hoped to be. I am all that I aspired to be. I was not wicked or sinful. I was imperfect, as human beings usually are below; as they sometimes are, struggling for higher possibilities. But I am now more than I dared to dream. I am better than I dared to hope. I am the humblest in the kingdom of the spirit, but I am greater than the greatest aspires to be. So are you unveiled from your mortal elements, the worst side of which reveals itself in human life. You become also transfigured. You are no longer the weaklings that you seem. Humanity is no longer that which through time and pain and sense bears the mocking image of the divine, but humanity becomes divine. Even the slave—I do not mean him who wears the shackles in form—but even the slave in soul, who comes cringing into the world of spirit by the gateway of death, even he who creeps and crawls with

terror toward the tomb, is greater in spirit than he seems, greater than you would dare to dream that he might be.

Oh! what a revelator is death! I stand before you this night, not of you, but perceiving that which is highest and best in every soul, knowing that every thought, feeling and inspiration toward goodness has its prototype in splendor in the spiritual being; and I could show how, to your other selves, that which is the possession of your immortal part is as grand, as divine, as glorious as you dream, and the best of it is, death makes all this possible to be known. It gives you the key to the temple of your own life. There is but one other way by which you can know it, and that way dimly. I mean by inspiration or spiritual perception. It was denied me to have the direct inspiration that many have. I was obliged to take the testimony of others largely; but when I know that there are those endowed with windows, through which they can look heavenward, yet I know they cannot begin to see the glory that is mine, and I wonder sometimes that they do not burst the barrier and be free. But the restraining hand of life is upon them, and the higher restraint of that wisdom which forbids the bursting of a bond until you have won your freedom. He who seeks to avoid any difficulty in life by hurrying into the world of spirit, finds the same impenetrable barrier before him—himself! He has not escaped from himself, nor from any weakness that was within him. He must now meet it face to face. It comes nearer and nearer. It crowds upon him. He must overcome it in spirit as he failed to overcome it in earthly life.

Ah! do not think that death will lead you to escape any responsibilities. It brings you all your treasures. It yields to you all your possessions. It restores to you all your faded hopes. It gives back every blessed and good promise of life, but it will not relieve you from responsibilities. These are yours; you inherit them. They belong to you as part of the infinite plan, and sooner or later, in one world or another, in one state of being or another, you must meet and vanquish them, one by one.

Sublime is death! Beautiful is the gateway! Intense as is the rapture of the spirit when conscious of being, and of form, and of life, there is nothing to allure one to the neglect of any duty, or the fulfillment of any promise, for your poverty

of spirit is revealed by death, as is your riches, and you must bear the test which the divine scrutiny brings.

Again I encompass you with this life; again I stretch out the hands of my spirit in greeting to all who have known me; again I say that which I believed I knew and that which I testified to, is now mine. That which I bore evidence of through human intellect and brain, and such power as was given me, I now bear evidence of in the oversweeping and overwhelming power of spiritual existence. Through whatever brain I may best speak, in whatever form I may best manifest, I will come to those on earth whom I love. There is a need of the added voice—I must speak to their hearts in any way. They must hear my voice audibly in their souls. They must make room for me in their lives, for I would cry aloud and make them hear, though they were in the midst of the thunders of Niagara.

To the world there shall be a voice; not one, but many; not feeble and faint, as of one man crying in the wilderness, but the voice of multitudes, millions upon millions of souls speaking audibly by the gateway of life, and speaking to the hearts of humanity. You will hear them. They cry, father. You will hear them. They cry, mother, husband, wife and child, and you pause in your daily career and wonder what voice resembles one long silent in death. I tell you they will crowd upon you until you must hear. They will speak to you until you cease to put them afar off. They will look into your eye from the spiritual world until you see that they live, and recognize them. They will parade your streets. They will image themselves in every form that is possible. They will manifest by signs and tokens to the senses. They will grapple with your understanding. They will make you aware of the philosophies of being. They will solve to you the mysteries that you have put far from you, and will not listen to. They will have you know that life, not death, is the destiny of man, and that the sweet messenger you have named Death is no longer noxious, dark and terrible, but the beauty of all existence, the crown of all being, the freedom of all slavery, the triumph of all vanquishment, the gateway beyond the walls of human limitations in which you live, leading to the celestial and eternal city where all are free in the light of their wisdom and love.

Oh! voiceless, yet audible sounds! Oh! millions of souls that come thronging out of space! Ye speak with a sound more mighty than the surging of the sea, more vocal than the voice of the thunder of Niagara, more potent than the sweeping winds over myriads of forests, more divine than the rushing melodies of the many mighty masters attuning their harps in sublime oratorios of existence. Death and life are one, and these voices are the voices of your loved ones.

Various Sensations of the Dying

SPIRITS AND MORTALS GIVE THEIR VIEWS.

A SPIRIT THAT WAS TIRED—I SEE A LITTLE BOAT COMING—A GOLDEN CHARIOT—BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE OF A. M. GRIFFEN—THE PROCESS OF DYING AS WITNESSED BY DR. KAYNER—THE SPIRIT PIERPONT.

A Spirit in the *Olive Branch* said: "After a spirit has dissolved its connection with the earthly tabernacle, known as the body, it is tired; especially if it has suffered long with the disease which sent it out. Then there comes a period of blissful peace and rest. You lie, as it were, in a dreamy state, such as you often experience in the morning when, between waking and sleeping, such pleasures come. The spirit friends hover about it, giving it strength from their own magnetic influences, comforting it, lulling it as the mother lulls her child to rest, until such time as strength is given it to think and act for itself. It was thus in my case. I went out suddenly, in full strength, consequently it did not take long for me to awaken to the enjoyments and delightful influences everywhere about me. The shock was terrible, and it was very sad for me to witness the grief of my friends on earth. It took a long time for me to become reconciled to this change of conditions. I was, so far as my presence was concerned, at home in my father's house as much as ever I was. I heard every word uttered, saw the sadness, and, as it were, lived it, and felt it as keenly as did any one of my relatives; but still I could not make myself known. The door of communication was shut, as they did not believe nor countenance this beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism. They scouted it, and their unbelief has been one of my hardest burdens to bear, for if they would only

open the door of their hearts and let me in it, would be so comforting to us all. The family would then become reunited through the bonds of spirit-communication, and we should *all* taste of the realities of immortality. But I must not digress nor be too particular. To resume: I remained about the house and followed the members of my family closely for a long time, and was very unhappy. The good spirit-friends did all they could for me, but I refused to be comforted. I wished to talk with father and mother, and hosts of other dear relatives. Others could talk to their friends, but I could not. One day, as this medium well knows, I succeeded in getting possession of Mrs. Fletcher, in Boston, and there made myself known. It was a joyful hour to me; but not so joyful as when I found that I could control the tongue and pen of the person now writing this. My sorrow departed. Gladness filled my heart. I could commune with earth-friends, and my possibilities of doing good were enlarging. Then I commenced to be happy, and to understand the philosophy and significance of this life, its duties, and its vast connections. In coming to the medium I found I was benefiting him as well as gratifying myself. My friends here noticed the change, and to me was imparted a duty of developing and helping him in every possible manner—a very pleasant duty, and one which I have performed to the best of my ability, and one which I always shall perform, as we are, in spirit, more to each other than he ever dreamed of. I see now clearly.”

“I SEE THE ANGELS NOW.”

The Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., related the following touching incident in *The Universalist*:

It was Thursday, May 9th. I was called to the house very near my own at about half-past eleven in the forenoon. Mr. and Mrs. Norris were in a flood of tears. Mrs. N. exclaimed, as I entered: “Our hearts are breaking!”

It was manifest that their only remaining child, Julia, could survive but an hour or two. The truth had just been opened to them. The Doctor had said: “There is no hope.” The quick ear of their bright little girl, just turned eleven years, had heard it. “Did you mean me?” she said. “I have a very sick patient at the Highlands,” said the doctor, “who may not recover.” Mature beyond her years, Julia compre-

hended it. "I think you mean me," she said. "Would you feel badly if you thought you should not recover?" asked her mother. "Oh! no!" replied Julia, "for I should then see little Henry (a brother who had died three years before). "I have always wanted very much to see him."

I had come, meantime, at her request. Turning to me she said: "I thank you for your coming." After a little, her thoughts turning again to the meeting of Henry, she added: "And I shall see Cousin Maria Vose and Grandma Avery, and a great many I can't now think of." The Savior, too, was in her thoughts. "If you do see Henry," said her mother, "will you tell me?"

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied. "I want you to lay me at Forest Hills, beside Henry, and put just such a little monument over me as there is over him. I always thought that was lovely."

"We shall come out there often," added the mother, "and bring flowers to lay on your grave."

"For both?" suddenly responded the little girl. Turning to her mother, she said: "Don't cry; it will be but a little while before Henry and I will both come for you."

The minutes wore on. Her suffering was great. She threw herself from side to side, and could not rest.

Presently she said: "I see a little boat coming toward the shore; I guess I shall go now."

"Do you see Henry?" eagerly inquired her mother.

"No, I don't see him," she replied. A few minutes elapsed, when she exclaimed: "Now I see him in the middle of the boat. He has got to the shore. I shall go now. Good-by;" and calling father, mother, grandmother, uncle, pastor, and other friends in the room, she gave every one a parting kiss.

I had all this time watched her steadily, sometimes holding her hands, sometimes her head, listening to these choice sayings, to which she added, a few minutes later: "I see the angels now." At twenty minutes to one she breathed her last. Through all that hour not a single anxious look upon her face, nor one incoherent word. Such was the last hour of Julia Avery Norris.

INCIDENTS AMONG THE SHAKERS---MOTHER ANN LEE.

"On July 21st, 1874," says a writer in *The Shaker*, "Wm. Lee, the noble brother of Mother Ann, died, more from injuries received at the hands of mobs, and from complete exhaustion than from any other noticeable cause. Immediately after this brother's decease, the physical breaking down of Mother Ann was particularly observed; and her oft-repeated expressions of: 'Brother William is calling to me;' and: 'Yea, brother, I am going soon,' caused her companions to feel great anxiety, and to question the cause of these remarks. She would answer that she often saw William beckoning her to come, and that she knew she must soon go. She grew weaker and weaker in body, yet stronger, if possible, in the encouragement of people to keep the faith, and to be more faithful after she had gone. On the eighth of September, 1874, a few minutes after twelve in the morning, she said: '*I see Brother William coming in a golden chariot, to take me home!*' and then breathed her last without a struggle or a groan. Thus closed the life of a remarkable woman—a woman who was fully acquainted with unmerciful grief and worldly persecution."

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO BE DYING.

The following, from the pen of A. M. Griffen, a young man of fine talents, and highly mediumistic, contains many thoughts that will be read with deep interest:

"For some time previous to the autumn of 1874, I had been considerably exercised in mind and spirit about the Spirit-world and its denizens. Many spirits came to me consciously through my own powers of mediumship, and I was almost daily and nightly in mental or psychic communication with some unseen human intelligence and love-nature. But my spirit father, the one dear spirit whom I most desired to commune with, seldom came to me. One evening, an earnest desire, mingled with a feeling of despair, possessed me. 'Oh, why did not my dear father come to me in some tangible and positive form and convince me beyond the slightest doubt of the *reality* of spirit life?' This was the one thought of my mind during the evening and until I retired. Soon after retiring for the night I fell into an unusual, drowsy condition, which par

tially obscured my intellectual faculties, but intensified the feeling of life (if I may use the term) which pervades the living being. Gradually an emanation of minute magnetic particles began to take place from every part of my body, which I perceived (with the psychic sense) to be forming a cloud-like appearance just over my body. I was now wholly conscious, but utterly powerless to move any part or member of my body. I was impressed from an intelligent source with the thought and belief that I was dying, and that it was necessary to compose my mind and pass through the transformation quietly; indeed, I was compelled to do so by a superior will, from whose influence I could not escape, nor even *desire* to escape. Total unconsciousness intervened, from which I awoke with *spiritual* arms entwined around the neck of a dear, loving spiritual form, and my lips could only utter: 'My dear, dear father!' and such a feeling of confiding, loving childhood pervaded me that the words, 'except ye become as little children,' needed no interpretation. A strong, yet soft and beautiful aura of paternal love, flowing from the breast and being of his spirit, enveloped me, and I felt within my innermost soul—'Oh, how blessed!' Then I was permitted to take note of matters with the 'scientific eye.' The seat of consciousness and thought seemed, as ever, to be in the brain; the respiration seemed to be very slight during the time that I took note of it, though I believe it to have wholly ceased during a large portion of the duration of the experience. My spiritual head and chest were not, so nearly as I could judge, separated from the physical; but of arms I possessed two pairs—two lifeless appendages, which seemed utterly useless and impotent to do the bidding of an immortal spirit; and another two, transparent, golden, soulful, *intelligent* arms and hands, which could perceive or feel the essential nature of substances and their combinations, with unerring certainty. These spiritual hands and arms I passed through material substances (bed-clothing, etc.), as though they were vacancy itself. Matter in itself possessed no attribute that the spirit hand which I possessed could feel or in any manner cognize, or sense; but the spirit body of my father imparted an exceedingly exquisite sensation through and to the fingers whenever I touched it. So intensified and exquisite was the sense of touch belonging to the spirit fingers, that to

compare it to the sense of touch as normally possessed by us, would be like comparing daylight with darkness.

"After experimenting and testing the powers of the spirit for a little time, the beloved spirit form withdrew, and my mind was overshadowed by 'the superior will,' and I desired to return to the deserted tenement of clay, which I did, by a process of which I was unconscious.

"From this phenomenon I am led to the conclusion that the spirit possesses pre-eminently the sense of touch equivalent to an intelligent sense-perceptive faculty, radiating from the pivotal will-center of the being; and, secondarily, a sense of sight, which is but another form of the same sense-perception, less soulful in its activity; by which I mean that emanating particles from the spiritual form and from surrounding spiritual objects and substances do not so actively and profusely coalesce. These are, however, too meager data from which to construct a science of spiritual biology, and I simply drop them into the great reservoir of facts pertaining to the spiritual realms of life, with the hope that some day the giants of the earth and heaven may work out a glorious science and philosophy of man as a spirit."

THE PROCESS OF DYING, AS SEEN BY THE CLAIRVOYANT VISION.

D. P. Kayner, M. D., of St. Charles, Ill., an excellent medical clairvoyant, while attending Dr. Barnes Coon during his last illness, beheld the changes and spiritual scenes as portrayed in the following sketch, taken from his discourse delivered at the funeral, held in the Congregational Church at that place, February 12th, 1874. He said:

"Spiritualism furnishes the oil of joy for mourning! Friends, dry for the time your tears. Let your sighs of sorrow cease and your sobs of grief be hushed, and for a moment let the imprisoned senses of your souls be released, that you may hear beyond the ken of the *outer senses*.

"Refer to the period when you were gathered around the bedside of our brother, whose remains now lie before us, palsied by the touch of the Death Angel's hand, and then extend your internal soul-powers beyond the shores of the mortal to the beautiful land of immortal day, whose evergreen shores betoken life and vigor, ever growing and eternal.

"And now, with me, look and listen. See, as I then saw,

that group of lovely children arrayed in white robes, with chaplets of flowers, and wearing wreaths which looked as beautiful as though they had been woven out of mingled sunbeams and roses.

“Behold the angel forms of beauty of those noble men and women, whose countenances shine with the beaming wisdom of that diviner life, gathering with those children in grand procession, arrayed as for some festive occasion.

“Listen! The bells of the glorious Temples of Truth are chiming with notes of gladness, and bands of celestial music discourse with harmonies yet unknown to earth the joyous strains.

“What means this vision?

“Turn now for a moment and follow that golden ray of light shining through all the gloom of earth’s sorrow down to the cottage of our departing friend, and you will find by his bedside a group of ministering spirits, such as are sent to minister to those who shall become heirs of salvation. They are there to assist in the process of separation and formation, and to bear the freed immortal spirit to the golden and ever-green shores of the Summer-land. And what we have before witnessed in that land, were the preparations to receive and welcome home our aged brother. It was an occasion of general joy and rejoicing, that one whose life in the form had been crowned with so ripe an age, whose days had all been marked by kindness, and whose spirit had been expanded by communion with the world of spirits beyond the transitory scenes of this life, was now to become an inhabitant of that land forever. Hence, they had congregated to ‘meet him at the river,’ and to manifest their universal respect for his integrity, uprightness, humanity and goodness; and they have given this vision to furnish ‘the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’

“Often, previous to his last illness, our aged brother had talked about the change through which he has now passed, with as much familiarity and with as little fear as he would converse about the ordinary affairs of every-day life, and has often expressed himself ready and willing to go whenever the death angel should come with his golden key to open before him the gateway that leads to eternal life.

“And during his last hours on the earth, *his resurrection*

from the dead—the withdrawal of his spirit—HIMSELF—from the clayey tenement which belongs only to this earthly sphere—was witnessed by me clairvoyantly. The white-robed ‘messengers,’ of whom we have already spoken—six in number—were seen standing around the bed as the spirit was passing from the head and chest. It looked at first like a vapor or mist, which gradually rose and took form above the head until our resurrected brother stood in our midst. When this process was completed, a beautiful female spirit, clothed in purest white, approached our now spirit brother, wearing a sash composed of wreaths of flowers, mostly white, resting upon the right shoulder and crossing to the left hip, bearing in her hands another wreath with a large and beautiful white flower in the center, and with this she crowned our RISEN brother. He then made an audible expression in his attempt to express his thankfulness, and severing his connection from the now to him useless body, they all floated away, to be received by the procession already spoken of, which had assembled on the other shore to welcome him home. Thus he put away ‘the spirit of heaviness,’ to be crowned with the wreath of undying love, and to be clothed with the garment of everlasting praise.”

DEATH AND SLEEP.

There is a sort of dreamy consciousness attending the dying, that makes it bear a close resemblance to sleep.

The dream that Governor Hampton (S. C.) had on one occasion bears a close analogy to scenes often witnessed by the dying. The editor of the *Columbia (S. C.) Register*, in the course of an account of a visit to him on one occasion when he was very sick, tells a striking story of a dream which the Governor had at the crisis of his case. The visitor, about to take his leave, said to the Governor: “At least, in all your serious illness, you had the devoted love of your own people.”

“Ah, yes, sir,” was the hearty, deep-toned reply, “never man more. I believe, as confidently as I do that I live, that the prayers of the people saved my life. I will tell you why I feel and believe it so firmly. While I was lying here at the point of death, and had become utterly indifferent whether I lived or died, I got a letter from an old Methodist preacher, one of my old friends. He wrote me word informing me of the deep and devout petitions in behalf of my restoration by the

Methodist Conference, then in session at Newberry. He then urged upon me to exercise my will to live in response to the supplications of the people of the whole State, who were praying for me night and day in every household in the State. My sister, who had tremblingly brought the letter to my bedside and read it to me, then urged me to listen to the kind, loving words of the man of God, and to arouse my will to live, and I promised to do so. I fell into a deep sleep that night, and the most vivid dream I ever experienced in my life crossed my slumbers. I dreamt I was in a spacious room, and that in it I was moved to all parts of the State, so that I met all my assembled friends everywhere. I remember most distinctly of all old Beaufort, where I had last been. It seemed that there were immense assemblages, and as I looked down upon them a grave personage approached me, and touched me on the shoulder, and said to me: 'These people are all praying for you. Live! live! live!' I never realized anything like it before. It seemed a vision. I woke the next morning feeling the life-blood creeping through my veins, and I told my family the crisis was passed and I would get better."

THE FIRST STATE OF RESUSCITATION AFTER DEATH.

The Spirit Pierpont, in the *Banner of Light*, responds to this question: Can you tell what occurs to a spirit during its first state of resuscitation after death?

ANSWER—We will reply to that question by stating what occurred to ourself, individually, in the first stage of resuscitation after leaving the mortal form. A similar experience, we know, has been undergone by many others. After we found ourself separated from the earthly body, and realized our new condition, a sense of exaltation, of triumph, of perfect freedom, seemed to thrill through our entire being. Indeed, it appeared as though we could expand and fill the universe; our powers seemed unbounded. But as we passed away from earthly scenes, and came into association with ethereal beings of the higher life, and entered within the realm proper of the spiritual spheres, we found our powers unfolding more and more, until we were enabled not only to comprehend the instructions of those spirits of the higher life who were directed to teach us, but we could go beyond them, and take up lessons which appealed to the interior sense, and brought a com-

prehension of the divine laws of the universe to our mind. We have seen spirits who, upon awakening from the comatose state thrown upon their spirits by passing through the change which you call death, appeared startled and depressed; they could not understand their surroundings or condition. They did not feel glad they had been freed from the bondage of the physical form. They desired and struggled to enter the material body once more, in order to take up the old life where they had lain it down. Consequently they were unhappy, restless and discontented, and had no desire to learn the lessons which spiritual life afforded them. It would be impossible for us to attain and convey to mortals a knowledge of all the various experiences through which individual spirits pass upon awakening to their surroundings in the eternal world. Could we do so, we would indeed be worthy to be ranked among those who are infinite.

A Birth Out of Dark Conditions.

COULD NOT BE EASILY CONVINCED OF HIS DEATH.

A SPIRIT'S DILEMMA—HE DOUBTED HE WAS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD
—HE WAS BROUGHT TO A MEDIUM—PERFUME IN THE ROOM OF
THE DYING—THE NEW BIRTH—EXQUISITE PICTURES.

On one occasion D. C. Densmore, an excellent medium, stated in his *Voice of Angels* that while quietly sitting in his office waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, and while contemplating the boundless sea of humanity struggling to better their condition, some in one way and some in another, he saw his angel-daughter, Tunie, coming towards him, followed by a fine, intellectual-looking gentleman; and although this stranger could neither see her nor hear her talk, yet he could both see and hear Mr. D.; and being entirely unconscious of her presence, it was thought that in coming he was actuated by his own mind; yet it was through her unseen influence that he came. Recognizing no one but himself and perceiving that he wished to communicate something, Mr. Densmore arose and received him in the same manner he would a stranger in the mortal.

After introducing himself, he hesitated as if in doubt what further to say. A few days previous Tunie had told Mr. Densmore she intended as soon as possible to introduce a gentleman to him who by accident passed into the Spirit-world in the full vigor of mature manhood, and that, having imbibed the idea before he died that there was no other life than the earthly one, he landed in the world of causes with that thought uppermost in his mind; and although he had been there many months, no one, as yet, could convince him he

had changed worlds. To convince him of his error, Tunie said, was the object in bringing him to Mr. Densmore. This information partially prepared him as to his spiritual condition; and as she told him at the time he was so firmly filled with the idea that there was no other life after the death of the body, she doubted favorable results; yet she thought it best to try. Although Mr. Densmore had but few doubts of his being the one she referred to, still, judging from his intellectual appearance, he was not quite sure, as he hardly thought it possible that such a one could be carried away with such erroneous views. But through the suggestive expressiveness of Tunie's lovely face, he felt assured the gentleman before him was the one she had spoken of.

After getting his confused thoughts together, the visitant commenced speaking as follows: "I came here, sir, through the influence of some well-meaning, but deluded strangers, to ascertain whether I am dead or alive. They also assured me that my wife, who has been dead over ten years, was mostly instrumental, through others, in getting me here. Now, don't you think it a singular, not to say ridiculous, mission for a well, healthy man, in the full vigor of strength and manhood, as I am, to be running around to find out whether he is dead or alive? The idea is so supremely ridiculous and absurd I can find no words strong enough to express my surprise that there could be any one, claiming one iota of common sense, who can entertain such a palpable absurdity a single moment; yet it is so, for there are old and young, good-looking and bad-looking, learned and unlearned, all telling me I am as dead as a pilchard; and while they are telling me this, I am telling them, in tones that can be heard five blocks away, that I am alive, and as well in mind and body as they are; but all to no purpose; for they keep repeating the same thing over and over again. Now, sir, how are we going to settle this matter—that is, find out who is right and who is wrong? If a man can't tell whether he is dead or alive, I don't see how anybody else can. Look at me, sir; examine me critically [straightening up to his fullest extent]; feel of me, sir, and see if my muscles are not as hard and rotund as yours. Look at my teeth [opening his mouth], and see for yourself if they are not as perfect as anybody's. Hear that [stamping one of his feet on the floor], and then tell me, if you can, that a dead

man can make such a noise as that. I'll tell you what it is, sir, I have seen plenty of people carried away with all sorts of hallucinations, but never before heard of anything half so foolish and silly as this. Now, sir, after listening to what I have said and done in your presence, tell me, upon the honor of a gentleman, if you think I am in reality a dead man?"

This was a poser to the medium, Mr. Densmore. For here the visitant was, to all appearances—as far as his own sense of seeing, feeling and hearing was concerned—as much alive and in as good health of body and mind as he ever was, and he not only knew it himself, but demonstrated it to others.

Happening to look up at this juncture, Mr. Densmore saw a well-dressed, intellectual-looking lady, about thirty-five years old, gently leading by the hand two children, apparently eight or ten years of age; they followed Tunie towards where the stranger was standing. Perceiving by Tunie's looks that the lady was the earthly companion of the incredulous gentleman, Mr. Densmore anxiously awaited results. Knowing that spirits on the lower planes in Spirit-life can neither see nor hear those on higher ones until they have thrown off some of the adherents of their earthly conditions—which can only be done by coming *en rapport* with those on the mundane plane—he knew that the unfortunate visitant could never be convinced of his error until his spiritual senses were opened, so far, at least, as to see and hear those around him. This usually occupies two or three *seances* to accomplish. Happily, this was not the case with his strange visitor; for by this time his sense of hearing was developed. Perceiving this, his wife purposely engaged in earnest conversation with her friends relative to his life's history—which was a remarkable one—and which nobody but his wife and himself knew anything about.

Soon after she commenced talking Mr. Densmore noticed him listening intently to something which made him very nervous, as he kept looking first one way and then another, seemingly anxious to ascertain from whom and whence the talking came, and in the meantime edging nearer to where he was seated. At last, apparently unable to bear the suspense longer, he asked Mr. Densmore, in a suppressed tone: "Who is that talking?" He told him it was his wife, in conversa-

tion with her friends, naming them. Upon hearing this, he straightened up and said: "That can't be so, for my wife has been dead over ten years, and some of the parties you mention more than twenty. Hence it cannot be them. And yet [soliloquizingly], how came strangers with the secrets of my life?" Continuing his reverie, he said to himself: "This thing must be looked into. Say, stranger," addressing Mr. Densmore, "how came these ladies here, and where did they come from—one of whom claims to be my wife?"

He was told that his wife came there to meet him, through the law of mutual attraction, to assist him out of his low spiritual condition into a higher one, just as she always assisted him in earth-life to gain a competence for his family.

At this time, although his sense of hearing was unfolded, he could not see. He then said: "I can hear people talking, and one voice sounds very much like my wife. I wish I could see who it is." At this announcement one of the party approached and made passes over his head and eyes, when all at once, seemingly as by magic, the film that obscured his vision was removed, and his spiritual eyes were opened; but by his motions, it was evident that the light was too strong for his new-found spiritual eyes; for he placed one hand over his natural eyes, to screen them from the light, as one would when coming out of dense darkness into a brilliantly-lighted room. After remaining thus for a few moments, with his head turned to one side to more effectually screen his eyes, the lady still making passes from his head downwards, he drew a long sigh, as if relieved of some great burden. He then removed his hand, and looking wonderingly around, said: "Where am I?" In answer to which the magnetizer replied: "You are at home once more with your family, whom you have mourned for many years as lost to you."

Up to this time, although he could see, he did not recognize the lady making the passes, although a sister of his wife; but after looking at her intently for a moment, he exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. M.! Is that you? I thought you died a dozen years ago." Then pressing his hand to his forehead, as if trying to collect his confused thoughts again, he said: "If you are alive, as you seem to be, why may not my wife and chicks, who were snatched from me ten years or more ago, be alive also?" Hearing this, his wife, who had purposely kept out of

sight until the opportune moment arrived, advanced with her two children towards him, when Mrs. M., his sister-in-law, said: "Allow me the inestimable pleasure of introducing to your special care and attention Mrs. K. and children," while tears of joy were streaming down the cheeks of all present, in the midst of almost oppressive silence, when he exclaimed: "Oh, May! May! Are you indeed my long-lost wife? And here (looking at his children), as my soul liveth, is little May, and Bessie, too."

In conclusion Mr. Densmore said: "Here language fails to depict the scene that followed the grand denouement, and I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, I have witnessed many similar scenes before, yet this was the most soul-absorbing one, drawing out all the finer sensibilities of sympathetic souls, that ever fell to the lot of mortal to witness. After the first ecstatic greetings between husband, wife and children were over, and while the wife was leaning lovingly upon her husband's arm, with his other gently encircling her waist, with a child on either side, and while tears of joy were still trickling down the cheeks of all present, the happy united family group, followed by their relations and friends, quietly passed out of sight, all joining in singing the doxology, and then I found myself alone, meditating upon the scene I had just witnessed."

ROOM FILLED WITH A BEAUTIFUL PERFUME.

The *Banner of Light* contains the following question and answer:

Question—A young woman, after a long, painful illness (consumption), died. For an hour or more *previous* to the spirit leaving the body, and for some considerable time afterwards, the room was filled with a beautiful perfume, which was noticed by all present, and no one could account for it. Please explain.

Answer—We cannot explain this particular case, not having come in contact with any spirit who was present, but the phenomenon was undoubtedly of spiritual origin. Spirits may have brought quantities of flowers from the other world, and surrounded the inanimate form of the departed with those blossoms; or what seems to us to be most probable, the perfume noticed may have emanated from the spirits themselves, who were present at the hour of dissolution to welcome and bear

away the new-born spirit. Understand us when we make the assertion that spirits of an exalted degree emit from their persons a fragrance, a perfumed emanation, which, under certain circumstances, may be plainly discernible by mortals as well as by those spirits around them. All spirits and all mortals emit from their persons emanations; they are surrounded by a magnetic aura which passes through their being and envelopes them. This emanation has an odor of its own. Those who are crude, undeveloped, vicious, so to speak, in their natures, emit an odor which is intensely disagreeable and foul; those who are very high and exalted, spiritual in their tendencies and habits, emit an odor which is delightful to the senses, sweet and delicate. There are all sorts of odorous emanations between the two extremes of which we speak, consequently it may have been that those spirits who gathered together to welcome the new-born soul, emitted such a powerful fragrance as to fill the atmosphere and become perceptible to the senses of those in mortal form.

IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

In the light of modern Spiritualism, death is merely the cessation of bodily activities, the departure of the soul from the outer form. The body becomes so weakened by disease or age that it is no longer capable of responding to the spirit, and it withdraws its forces, rises out of the material. This is the new birth, the resurrection of the spiritual body. When it is completed, the outer form is dead, and weeping friends gather around, mourning the loss of one who looks in pity upon the grief it has no power to assuage.—*Spiritual Offering*.

HE SAW EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

The biographer of Dr. Norman Macleod states that the night before his death "he described with great delight the dreams he had been enjoying, or rather the visions which seemed to be passing vividly before his eyes, even while he was speaking. He said: 'You cannot imagine what exquisite pictures I see! I never beheld more glorious highlands, majestic mountains and glens, brown heather tinted with purple, and burns—clear, clear burns; and above, a sky of intense blue—so blue, without a cloud.'" On the day of his death he said: "I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered,

Thou art with me!’ Not many would understand me; they would put down much I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight.” Very shortly before he died he said to one of his daughters: “Now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven, that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe.”

He Found Himself in a Desolate Desert.

AFTER-DEATH EXPERIENCES OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

SPIRITUAL MISERY—SEEMINGLY AN EXILE—THE MAN OF MEANS ONLY A STEWARD—THE TWO ANGELIC MESSENGERS—A VISIT TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD—SAW HIS DECEASED SISTER.

*Mutual responsibility exists between two persons sitting for communication with the spiritual life. One, to exalt his thoughts to those spheres of life and thought from which emanate truthful and exalting responses; the other (medium), to faithfully report all the thoughts and emotions he experiences while in the receptive state.

The medium should be very quiet and attentive, and in a listening, receptive, reverent state of mind. He must respond to that inner voice which urges him to express the thoughts and feelings born from within. He lives in a state of worldly care and doubt, but these must be put away from his attention during an attempted communion with exalted spiritualized beings. He should endeavor to close out and forget for the time being the external world, and all its varied forms and activities, and reach upward toward spiritual life. * * *

I am one who was once a man of reputation and material resources. There was a hard look of cold disdain for all who had not reached that plane of material wealth to which I had attained. I knew the power of money, and sought by every means to acquire and retain it; my powers of thought were all concentrated on that one object. It was with delight I read and listened to every project that promised an increase to my

*A spirit-communication through Louis Taussig, of Philadelphia, to Dr. Franklin Stewart.

already large accumulations. It was with such a state of thought and feeling that I closed my eyes on all things earthly, and awakened to find myself reduced to the state of beggary which I had so often treated with cold disdain or heartless indifference. You may imagine my surprise and mortification on awakening from my stupor of death, and coming to the consciousness that I had been deprived of all my earthly goods. It was stupefying, and plunged me in a state of despondency and distress which I cannot very well relate.

The moment I became aware that I had emerged from the chrysalis state of life to one of fuller expression of thought and feeling, I began to seek for the causes that had robbed me of my money and position.

I looked around and saw myself surrounded by a vast desert that seemed almost without limit, and dreary to a degree impossible to describe. I seemed to be in the midst of boundless solitude, awful in its oppression, silence and vacancy. It produced no impression upon the mind but that of utter worthlessness, and was lacking in objects to attract and fix the attention. It was a weird domain of spiritual misery, and produced a sense of miserable and utter loneliness! No human being in sight to remind me of my relationship to, and necessity for, other human beings—a necessity which I now began to feel.

I seemed to be an exile from all that I had ever known or felt. An icy coldness pervaded the atmosphere; a chilling, oppressive sense of desolation, which no words of mine could even impress upon your consciousness. I seemed to be driven out from society, a vagrant wanderer over desert lands, that were completely lacking in all the essentials to human happiness and comfort!

This state of my mind was one of intense agony. I looked everywhere for something external to myself. A stone, a blade of grass, a stunted and withered bush, would have been to me beautiful and comforting indeed; but those, poor as they are in your estimation, were denied me. I was alone! An awful sense of oppression, solitude, and dreariness! My soul seemed to be shut out completely from all association with other things or beings. To my consciousness came the awful thought that I had become lost in some vast, boundless sea of sand, which never varied, even in the least degree, in its fearful mo-

notony; no variation in the leaden-colored clouds above; sky and earth were apparently of the same invariability of appearance.

Then came the memory of former days, when I had lived in pleasant lands, surrounded by beautiful and varied forms. Images of those I had known and met came back to me then, with startling clearness and vividness. I saw them with an intensity of life-like presentation that was truly startling, and awoke many strange and regretful memories in my soul. You may imagine how grateful I felt for this relief—here the old world, with its teeming activities and broad and varied interests, furnished me with food for thought and feeling. I lived again my earth-life. I brought back from the dim recesses of memory every thought and act of my former state; even the most trivial and apparently unimportant act of my life was vividly portrayed before me; and, oh! the remorse that took hold of my soul when encountering the dark and base passions which had in a great measure made up my earth-life. How I groaned with agony as I contemplated the many acts of dishonor and calculating selfishness which I had perpetrated! Who were those whom I had treated with such disdain and heartless indifference, who had appealed with tears and entreaties for aid, or a stay of persecutions for that which the world said was my due from them? They were my associates. How plainly I saw all this. Then came brothers and sisters, who, by the force of circumstances often beyond their control, were unable to attain that degree of material resources which had been my lot. How plainly I then saw that the man of means is but a steward, whose duty it is to aid and comfort those who need his assistance. How grossly I had misappreciated and perverted the riches put into my hands for a noble and just purpose.

My mind now became convinced that my condition and surroundings were but a faithful reflection of the life I had led on earth. Nothing had I accumulated of a spiritual or enduring character. Utterly absorbed by the accumulation of material means, I had first neglected and then forgotten my duty, and consequent welfare. I had shut out completely the sunshine of spiritual life. I had banished from my thoughts all the kindly sympathies which should actuate human beings, and had completely engrossed myself in the accumulation of

that wealth which proved my degradation, and, instead of enriching, had beggared me completely. Never, perhaps, was there a human soul who felt so completely poverty-stricken as I did, on that eternal stretch of meaningless, mocking sand, with the persistent, icy bleakness of the clouds above my head, and the utter absence of anything to fix my mind upon. My garments were filthy and tattered; filthy with a kind of living, mocking spiritual force of expression that is hard to convey in earthly language. The sand and clouds spoke to me in a way in which things in the material world do not speak to you; so close and intimate, so vivid and impressive, is the relationship between the disembodied spirit and its surroundings. Although we seem to see by the use of the senses, yet so great and so complete is the impression made, that it is almost impossible to shut out the meaning of the forms and surroundings present with each spirit.

I say there is a subtleness of plasticity in the spirit and its surroundings that is truly wonderful. If on the roadside you meet with a flower, you cannot shut out the lesson it teaches; neither can you blind yourself to the idea that it was placed there for your especial instruction and improvement. This complete oneness and unity between spirits and their surroundings is a theme on which I love to dwell, and especially so, as it has been the means of leading and guiding me into ways of life conducive to my real happiness. You may realize, then, how forcibly I felt my poverty, when this stretch of emptiness spoke to me in such unmistakable terms. I had accumulated gold and silver, but, alas! I had come to a land where gold and silver were not current—where only pure thoughts, generous motives and high-souled ambitions were the currency that procured the ways and means of happiness. The remorse I suffered was even a kind of selfishness in itself, for man cannot separate himself from the desire to be happy.

Remorse and regret were mixed in my state of mind; remorse for the unhappiness and misery I caused others; regret that I had wasted the splendid opportunities of my life, and engaged in that which, while the world calls it "splendid success" and "prosperity," was in reality a burden and a curse! When I had spent a long time, apparently, in retrospection, I began to feel that there were in my soul, beneath the accumulated heaps of material rubbish, fountains of sparkling water—

the means of producing copious showers of rain upon this dry sand, which would eventually produce signs of life. Then I felt myself growing humbled, and a willingness to accept advice and sympathy. You may be sure that these were soon forthcoming; a change seemed to take place immediately in my surroundings; I beheld a slight moisture upon the earth, and soon the appearance of vegetation in several varieties; a general springlike warmth seemed to fill the air, and the icy, death-like cold had ceased to be.

I now arose, and, moving toward a point which seemed to attract me, I beheld two persons. They looked with apparent interest and sympathy at me, and seemed to comprehend my miserable condition, because spirits must outwardly appear as they inwardly feel and think.

They reached forth their hands and said: "You have now had ample time to look back upon and examine your past life. You have the most vivid consciousness of what these surroundings mean. You have suffered, but for a purpose, and in strict conformity with the eternal laws of life. Simply cause and effect. Do you acknowledge the errors and mistakes of the past?" Yes. "We know that you do! Experience and suffering have humbled you, and from your soul hath gone forth an appeal for aid and sympathy; and we are sent to give you aid and comfort, and to bear you company for a time, until you are strong enough to stand alone. Do as your inward thoughts and feelings at this moment prompt you!"

They seemed to see through me completely. Immediately I yielded to the emotions that came thronging to my mind; and, falling upon the earth, there came through my lips a recital and confession of all the errors, crimes and mistakes of my life, and an humble appeal for light, strength and support; for a guiding hand to save me from my own inherent tendencies; with a full acknowledgment of my dependence upon a supreme ruling power, and the dependence of human beings upon each other for aid and assistance. No merely verbal confession this, but one made under the influence and illumination which lighted up the past, and showed its fallacies and evil results; and then also flashed upon my consciousness the true relation of man to man. How humble I felt; how all my worldly wisdom and self-esteem dwindled into contemptible insignificance! how my heart throbbed under the impulse of its new life! What a peace and

restfulness; and how insensibly there stole upon my wearied soul a deep, calm slumber!

I awakened fresh, and full of an ambitious desire to remodel my life, and be about some labor that would be productive of happiness to others. My condition and surroundings have changed completely. I was then in the midst of a beautiful garden; delightful odors from flowers and trees, the songs of gladsome birds, the subdued murmuring of a flowery brook, seemed to fill me with fresh life and energy. My lips opened, and there came forth a song, spontaneously acknowledging my gratitude to that Divine power which had so thoroughly convinced and overcome the blindness of my former life. I, one on whom songs and music had formerly no pleasant effect, now seemed strangely filled with music and songs, and pleasurable anticipations of life.

Then came the two who had met me in the desert, and for whom I seemed to feel a great love and reverence, because of the nobility and beauty that seemed to beam from their forms; and they said: "Already you feel the line of action you are to pursue—the duties you owe." And I bowed my head in acknowledgment, for I felt that I must again return to the earthly sphere, and use my influence in restraining and subduing that intemperate eagerness for mere external wealth which had so completely closed to my consciousness the whisperings of spiritual life. I acted in conformity with this prompting, and became active in strengthening those who had already formed good resolves; who were trying to restrain the inordinate passion for illegitimate speculation; fanning into life the weak and nearly extinct embers of former noble purposes and sentiments; whispering words of hope and cheer to those who were struggling with adverse circumstances; helping others to remove obstacles in the way of their spiritual or intellectual progress; identifying myself with the promoters of charitable undertakings; holding in restraint the violent and maliciously inclined; impressing beautiful thoughts and noble impulses upon the susceptible; and, in the quiet, peaceful night, rendering negative the silent sleeper; filling the mind with beautiful dreams and hopeful anticipations.

You can readily see the vast field in which I labor—the opportunity I have, the good I am enabled to do, the satisfaction I feel, and the thanks I render to Almighty God for this

privilege. And yet it was not a privilege, for it is common to all human beings.

What I have said is but a bare, and may be disconnected, outline of my experience; yet you may infer from it what is best for human beings. From it you may learn the lesson that a lack of interest in the pecuniary affairs of others, a selfish grasping for all within reach, and a subjection of the spiritual element in man's life to the grosser, and an absorbing desire for material abundance—is a curse!

It is now my mission to help and encourage all with whom I come in contact; to seize every opportunity to do a good act or speak an encouraging word. This is both compulsory and voluntary—a labor of love and a work of necessity. It is that in which all spirits must engage in order to improve and render lasting and permanent their own growth and happiness. Those who have lived on earth as I lived, without rendering to the world the necessary amount of good which is incumbent on every individual, must of necessity return and make good this evil.

It is difficult to make clear my meaning now, and I have already exhausted the time allotted me for making this communication, and although it is brief and imperfect, I hope you may be able to draw from it some lessons of usefulness.

Give me your spiritual support and encouragement, and sometime you will realize the value of such interchanges, though you may perceive it very dimly at present.

A SPECIAL VISIT TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

“The writer of the following narrative,” says the editor of the *Banner of Light*, “is Mrs. M. J. Jefferson, of Chicago, Ill., a lady well advanced in years, whose mediumistic gifts are, we are informed, many and very fully developed. She has a widely extended reputation as one to whom no destitute person applies for relief, either material or spiritual, and leaves empty-handed. She states that the time of her absence from the physical body, as herein mentioned, was about one hour, and that in her attempt to describe what she saw and heard, she finds human language wholly inadequate to give other than a very feeble conception.”

THE NARRATIVE.

On Thursday, January 5th, 1885, I was suddenly attacked by an illness that caused faintness, during which I left my earthly body, my controlling spirit taking possession of it, I at the same time being fully conscious of all that was transpiring. I ascended in a light, misty cloud until I reached an enclosure surrounded on three sides by a wall. While I was wondering how I could pass further, a large door was opened in front of me by an attending spirit, who was magnificently dressed in a long purple velvet cloak, trimmed with what appeared to be white fur. His hair was also pure white, braided, and hung down to the bottom of his cloak. The place occupied by this spirit was tinged with the loveliest blue I ever saw, and profusely decorated with the most beautiful blue flowers, beyond the power of earthly language to describe.

As I recovered from my surprise he turned to me and said: "You are now going through the dark vale." Then came four bright, beautiful spirits, all dressed in a pure white fleecy fabric, each wearing a wreath of white flowers, and carrying in one hand a large bouquet of the same. With the other hand each held a corner of a square platform, slightly elevated from the ground. This platform I can describe only as being composed of most beautiful white satin, trimmed with deep white lace, woven with and intermixed with silver thread, and flowers embroidered with silver tinsel. On this platform was a reclining seat, made of soft white down. On this seat they placed me, and said: "We will now carry you on to the next gate." As they bore me along towards the gate, the surroundings became more and more luminous, and when we arrived at the gate two lovely-appearing and kind spirits in attendance opened it.

The attending spirits each held in one hand a wand, similar in appearance to a shepherd's crook, so beautifully ornamented with jewels of a variety of colors, and of such intense brilliancy that my pen fails to describe the magnificence of the ornamentation. These spirits had dark hair and beards, and were attired in loose white robes of a most delicately beautiful fabric heavily trimmed with gold lace and jewels. They pointed to an arch beyond the gate, composed of four hundred and three bright and lovely spirits. One spirit on each side formed the foot of the arch, and from the shoulders of these two went up two hundred spirits on each side to a center spirit, who was stand-

ing, holding a crown of indescribable beauty. Upon seeing us the arch marched three steps toward us, and all spoke as with one voice: "We have come to meet you, my sister, and welcome you," at the same time presenting me with the crown! At this moment groups of spirits came in from all sides, singing and playing on various kinds of musical instruments, sweeter music than I ever before listened to. I was completely overcome with the grand and magnificent scene before me.

The names of the two spirits who formed the foot of the grand arch were given: One was Thomas Porter, my first husband, now in the Spirit-land. They each held in their outside hand a lovely banner most beautifully decorated, upon each of which was inscribed these words:

"You have done your noble work of charity secretly; but you shall be rewarded publicly."

When the singing and playing ceased a bright and beautiful spirit approached me. She was most elegantly attired in an exquisitely-fitting dress, the magnificence of which I will not undertake to describe, as all human language would fail me in any attempt to do so. As she took my hand she said: "I am Fannie Conant; I knew you not in earth-life, but now I know your worth; come with me and I will show you your reward." We walked side by side for a long distance, but from this starting-point I cannot portray the scenes which were continually being displayed on both sides—the indescribable scenes of grandeur and beauty, the transformation scenes, of all imaginable shapes and descriptions. The most beautiful of all were two fountains in front of us, the drops of water from which, as they fell, changed into diamonds and other precious stones, upon which we walked. At the commencement of our walk fountains of pure water were playing on both sides of us, forming a double arch, at the apex of which the waters changed into bright, transparent jewels, of all sizes and descriptions, of indescribable brilliancy; and as they dropped but a short distance in front of us, they formed the path upon which we trod.

As we journeyed along, witnessing the numerous transformation scenes, I recognized the familiar faces of many near and dear friends who had gone to the happy land before, all dressed in gay costumes of exquisite taste. As we journeyed along and neared the end of our walk, the surroundings became brighter and brighter, until too dazzling for me to look upon.

As she noticed this my companion, Fannie, remarked that once these scenes were too bright and dazzling for her to behold, but she had become accustomed to them. She then waved her hands to the right and to the left, and directed my attention to the beautiful transformation scenes displayed on all sides, each one more beautiful than the former, and all the surroundings beautifully festooned and decorated with rich, thin, almost transparent fabrics of all bright colors. She then said: "These scenes and what are soon to follow are your rewards." At this point, it being the end of our walk, a beautifully-modeled boat appeared, with sixteen bright and handsomely-uniformed spirits. Fannie said: "They will testify that these beautiful scenes are your rewards, and they will conduct you back to earth; tell our beloved *Banner of Light* what you have seen." Then she shook hands with me, bade me good-by, and vanished from my sight.

At this moment, and before the form of Fannie had entirely disappeared, there came in her place a spirit of angelic beauty, who spoke, and said she would aid in conducting me to earth. After seating me in the beautiful boat, which seemed to have been made of silver and trimmed with gold, it moved off as if propelled by an invisible magic power, without any apparent effort of its occupants. It floated along smoothly and easily over the pure crystal waters of a beautiful river, lined on each side with the loveliest foliage, upon the branches of which were suspended creeping vines, profusely loaded with the most beautiful flowers, that sent out an exquisite perfume which no language can describe. The air was filled with the music (both instrumental and vocal) of unseen spirits, and of all kinds of birds of beautiful plumage. Soon the boat stopped, and my spirit-guide said: "Now you must return to earth." I said I did not know the way. She replied, "I will show you," and as she waved her wand, and pointed downward, I saw a misty cloud opening to the right and left, and soon I beheld my material body.

It was not a pleasant scene for me. I did not wish to return. The spirit took me by the hand and said: "Your mission on earth will soon be at an end, and then you will return and dwell with us forever." Then she invoked a blessing upon me and vanished from my sight.

I then took possession of my body again, and I have been better since, my health being much improved by this pleasant

visit to the Spirit-land. I have been taken to the Spirit-world several times before this, but have never before seen so many of its beauties as were exhibited to me on this occasion. The Spirit-world to me is a reality.

FRAGRANCE AT A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

*It is said that some flowers give forth their sweetest fragrance in death. I should like to tell you of a sweet little human flower, about whose passing away there was a circumstance that struck me at the time as very strange.

Nellie was the daughter of a dear friend of mine in Russia, and at the time she left us was five years and a half old. I had been present at her birth, and during her brief earth-life she had scarcely ever quitted me. She was a very delicate child, with a mind and affections far beyond her years, and towards her mother and myself she manifested such earnest thought, and deep love, as is rarely if ever met with in one so young.

In the autumn of 1874 she took cold, and her health began to be seriously affected, but although the little body was often sick and weary, the spirit seemed more active than ever; and she daily grew more thoughtful for others, and (if possible) more loving to us.

As is the custom at Christmas-tide in Russia we had a tree for the little ones, and our dear child was present. She came to me when she had received her gifts, and startled me by saying: "Auntie, dear, this is the last Christmas tree." I replied: "You mean it is the last till next year, dear." "No, auntie," she answered, with her lovely, earnest eyes fixed on mine—"no, it is the last." In a few days she was too unwell to rise from her bed, and I carried her to my own, which made her very happy. The best medical advice was given, but nothing could be done for dear Nellie, and in two weeks from the time I had lain her on my bed, God took her to himself.

I cannot write about that sad time, for she suffered very much indeed, and we never left her side. Before she became unconscious (the day before she passed out), she assured us of her love, and said such sweet and touching things that her poor mother had to leave the room more than once to hide her

*Vaira, in Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.

grief from the searching eyes of her child. After many hours of agony the change came, and our darling lay transfigured, at rest. The bells were ringing for the commencement of the Sabbath; for the sun was setting; it was four o'clock on Saturday, January 18th, 1875. Bowed down with grief as we were, it was only after some moments that I remarked the peculiar odor of incense that filled the room, and which seemed to rise from the bed where the little one was lying. I stooped over her and kissed her face and hands; both seemed impregnated with the same peculiar fragrance, and the air became heavy with the perfume of spices. It resembled the incense used in the Greek Church, which has, I think, a more pungent character than that usually employed in Roman Catholic services; but there was something still more aromatic and delicate in the smell. The woman who came to assist me in my sad offices perceived it; the elder children who came to sit by the little marble form also remarked it; and as far as I can recollect the odor remained in the room for two or three hours.

When the Doctor came next morning I mentioned the fact to him, asking if there could be any natural cause for the strange odor. He assured me there was none, and seemed very surprised and interested in my account of it. I knew too little of Spiritualism then to ascribe it to its true cause, which was doubtless the presence of celestial angels of the highest order. "You may call me angel, now," said Nellie, on the Thursday before she left us, in reply to her mother's caressing appellation. And surely if love be the law of heaven, she was made perfect in that law, even while her spirit was held in captivity.

So our sweet flower faded from earth, but the remembrance of her pretty, loving ways and words lingers around our hearts, making sweet incense; for we know that our darling is blossoming into perfect beauty in the bright garden of our Lord in the fair Summer-land; and the tiny hands still clasp our own, drawing us upwards, the pure eyes still look lovingly into ours, and the voice no longer faltering, nor faint from weakness, speaks in angelic whispers, telling of the time when we shall once more behold the little one we love so well—not as child, but a fair maiden; not the bud, but the flower. So be it, Nellie, the child! the sweet spirit!

A Message from the Higher Life.

THE VARIED EXPERIENCES OF A HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.

MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD—HOW HUMAN DESTINY IS DIRECTED AND CONTROLLED—THE GRANDEUR OF WOMAN'S MISSION—THE DIVINE DEVELOPING CIRCLE—ANGELIC MAGNETISM—INFLUENCES EXERTED ON THE EMBRYONIC CHILD—THE SPIRIT'S MESSAGE—HIS APPARENT DEATH AND REVIVAL—HIS VARIED SENSATIONS WHILE DYING—HIS ENTRANCE TO SPIRIT-LIFE—A GLORIOUS REUNION.

*There is life permeating every nook and corner of the universe, vitalizing each atom of matter, and unfolding into definite forms the millions of objects that greet the vision from time to time. The human organism, composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, fluorine, chlorine, sodium, iron, potassium, etc., is worthy of your careful consideration. True it is, that the eyes, brilliant with emotion, and lustrous with indwelling genius, and the body all aglow with the impetuosity of a soul that realizes it is capable of almost infinite possibilities, are only composed of substances that can be easily enumerated. When molded into a dress for the human soul they form a fabric which is of a finer and more delicate texture than the art of man has yet invented, possessing within itself divine beauties that no one would willingly dispense with. Human life on this terrestrial sphere commences in a minute cell, and although at that time each one is unconscious of existence, yet then, even, the future man or woman is foreshadowed. My career, event-

*The accompanying narrative, purporting to come from a Humanitarian who lived on the earth centuries ago, is given on account of the exalted character of the lessons presented. There are some repetitions, but they seem to render the narrative more touching and impressive, hence are published in full.

ful in many respects, I will trace from the first existence of my embryonic life, as told to me, in the receptacle of a human soul, the womb of my mother! Oh! what a grand mission the mother has! Words are inadequate to express the divine grandeur of the station which she is called upon to occupy!

The philosopher who gazes among the stellar orbs—witnesses the pulsation of moving, throbbing worlds, and then with the hand of science points out the course of each—has his soul illuminated with magnificent thoughts. By comprehending the intricate laws of the star-dust of the firmament, he is enabled thereby to write his name high on the pinnacle of fame, and gain access to the secret realms of nature. His mission is noble indeed! The mechanic who constructs the engine that moves the majestic ocean steamer, and which obeys the mandate of a skillful engineer, is worthy of having his name written on imperishable parchment, in letters of gold! The man who presides over the destiny of a nation, who superintends the complicated routine of government, and sacrifices self in his desire for the welfare of the people, and the general who bravely drives back an invading horde of savages, are worthy of great praise. But their mission, grand as it is, sinks into insignificance by the side of that woman who materializes with her own divine developing circle (the womb) a human organism, the outer dress of a spark of divinity! Her work is angelic—God-like—towering in its grandeur, and her name should be engraved on the ever-enduring pages of history, while diamonds should shed their lustre thereon as long as time endures. The mission of the true child-bearing woman, who develops within the holy precincts of her own womb a human organization, which encloses an immortal germ that will ever live on the throbbing waves of time, is truly the highest, the noblest of all! There she sits! the glorious work going on while she is awake, still progressing when her soul is illuminated with a torch divine in the hand of an angel, though her body is calmly sleeping; yes, continuing to weave the web of life while her senses are locked in sweet repose, her spirit-form rambling in dream-land, among the rainbow-tinted flowers and ever green lawns!

What a glorious spectacle, a true and noble woman sweetly sleeping, while the jewel of her nature, a cherub child, is nestling within the holy of holies, the divine sanct

uary of creative energies! Blessed mother, the sacred citadel of an immortal soul exists within you! Harken! An angel band approaches the couch of the sleeping mother, and forms a circle around her prostrate body. With tender, beatific emotions, they baptize her soul with the very essence of their heaven-born magnetism, and place *en rapport* with her mind an enchanting picture which had been, for this especial purpose, delineated on spirit-canvas, and which represents a beautiful landscape in the Summer-land! That picture seems to animate and inspire her spiritual nature! Soon she murmurs: "Oh! what a magnificent scene!" and a smile of ecstatic pleasure illuminates her features, and then her soul awakens in Dream-land, to realize the grandeur of that spiritual presentation! But a grander object is in view than to merely afford her temporary pleasure. Her soul's pulsations touch the interior embryonic germ she is carrying, and impress upon its plastic nature a love of the grand and beautiful. Then the members of this spirit-circle sing, and the sleeping mother dreams of heaven-enchanting music, and while she is animated with pleasurable emotions, her embryonic germ is indelibly impressed with a taste for the sweet melodies of song. This vision is too grand for tongue to describe; word-pictures are inadequate for the task. These angelic messengers love that mother, and they see that soul nestling like a fairy queen in her interior "developing-circle," and they come to imprint on its plastic nature high and exalted aspirations, and their object is accomplished.

Blessed be that mother, calmly, sweetly suspended on the silvery cord of sleep, midway between the terrestrial and celestial spheres, and while angelic messengers breathe upon her the holy incense of their souls, and she is borne upward on the sublime emotions thus inspired, to those spheres that never have been sullied with impure thoughts; and while enjoying herself in this fairy Dream-land castle, her nature receives impulse after impulse of the divine harmony that reigns there, and the potent waves thus produced touch that interior soul, and prepare it for a brilliant life! And, at another time, a spirit bends over the sleeping couch and places her sweet lips to those of that mother, and breathes into her nature the very essence of love, and again she is transported to Dream-land, while her soul-chords vibrate in sweet unison with the

angels, and once more that little fairy she is carrying feels a divine baptism, and its body, mind and spirit are beautifully rounded out thereby. Each night for a few weeks, this group of angelic visitors assemble around the couch of that mother, and shower down upon her their heaven-exalted magnetism—a divine incense that sparkles with diamond-like brilliancy, and which falls upon her plastic nature like sweet dew upon a flower. While her senses are locked in sweet repose, they act upon them with the skill of masters. One evening they conduct her through green lawns and flower-blooming arbors, presenting to her enraptured vision the picturesque scenes of a garden in the spiritual universe. They place upon her head a bouquet of different-colored blossoms; they ornament her person with flowers that seem to send a smile through their richly-laden hues. Her vision has a feast of rare spiritual treasures, and every impulse of gladness that sparkles on her features sends its counterpart to the embryonic germ within the sacred sanctuary of her physical body.

Through the instrumentality of my pre-natal culture, I was harmoniously organized, benevolence and a love of the beautiful being the predominating traits of my character. Knowing that I would fall heir to a large estate, the spirit-circle surrounding my mother fully developed that faculty regarded by phrenologists as Benevolence, and, in spite of myself, I was constantly engaged in spending my income in relieving the wants of the unfortunate. My greatest pleasures consisted in relieving the sorrows of those in distress, or in reforming the outcast. I illuminated the dark places, encouraged the despondent, cheered the unfortunate, clothed the naked, furnished homes for orphans and carefully attended to sick paupers—in fact, my life was continually employed in dispensing charity.

Since my advent into spirit-life, I have learned that I was, although not then aware of the fact, a mere instrument in the hands of those angels who assisted in my pre-natal unfoldment. My brain, while in its embryonic state, being completely saturated with their magnetism, I was subject, while on earth, to their especial influence; was a medium for them alone. During my earth-life, I was simply distinguished as a kind-hearted man, whose philanthropic impulses lined his pathway with monuments of his benevolence.

As my mother was, during the impressible period of my

pre-natal growth, enveloped in a halo of spiritual magnetism, an emanation from an angelic band of philanthropic spirits, I was developed by two influences, receiving nutriment, not only from my mother—noble, pure woman—but from the organism of those high in spirit life. Indeed, I was, during my embryonic life, highly favored, bathed at times in a cloud of spiritual light, and at the same time animated by the pulsating thrills impressed upon my mother's mind. I was, then, not only unfolded through the instrumentality of material elements, but the invigorating aura or magnetism of angelic visitants infiltrated my whole nature, making me highly spiritual! I was simply a medium for those who had furnished their fine, spiritual forces in perfecting my physical and spiritual natures. Having assisted in my pre-natal growth, my spiritual organism was attuned in harmony with their own, and they could easily place themselves *en rapport* with me.

My life, then, was a double one, consisting of my own and that of philanthropic spirits. Their thoughts thrilled my whole being, animated me with high and holy resolves, and induced me to smooth the rough and rugged places in the life of the unfortunate. My organism was not my own exclusively. Twelve immortal souls had contributed their pure, sparkling magnetism in the formation of my physical and spiritual natures, while I had furnished nothing! True, my darling mother contributed the gross material, but they refined, purified and blessed it, and attuned it in harmony with their own exalted natures, making me an integral part of themselves. I realized their exalted pleasures, felt their pangs of sorrow as they gazed on the unfortunate ones of earth, and when *en rapport* with me, I, in part, represented them, and not myself exclusively. They had partial ownership, as it were, of me and feelings of ecstatic love constantly blooming in their nature for all humanity, their wishes quietly took possession of my mind, and dwelt there, I thinking that I originated them. The gardener loves the flower that scintillates with various colors, for he had fed it with rich soil; gave it a daily baptism of pure, invigorating water, and guarded it with scrupulous tenderness. How much more careful were my angel band of me, whom they had caused to unfold with spiritual beauties, and the chords of whose nature were in harmony with their own! Whenever a sympathetic impulse in their mind was touched, the tender thrills thereof were wafted

to me, and I sensed them, felt a very intense feeling of sorrow.

Why should I claim an exclusive individuality? I contributed nothing toward my physical and spiritual formation, and why should I exclusively own myself? True, I thought I acted from my own promptings alone; that I alone was instrumental in accomplishing so much good, while, in fact, I was simply acted upon by my angelic band. My life and theirs interblended, I representing only one-thirteenth of the circle, and that the weakest link in it. Indeed, having been developed in the halo of their magnetism, I required daily nourishment therefrom, and had it been withdrawn I could not have survived a week. My fine spiritual nature, formed to a great extent from them and by them, could not extract the nourishment required for it from material objects altogether, hence I was simply a pulsating wave of life, an offshoot, as it were, of a divine circle of light, and as such I was constantly subject to a power higher than myself.

I was ushered into the world, finely balanced, exquisitely attuned in spirit, and thoroughly adapted in every particular to illuminate dark places on earth. My life was to others a continual smile and benediction. I had wealth, and I carefully dispensed it where it would do great good. My life was characterized by one continual shower of philanthropic measures for alleviating the hardships of the poor, and for reclaiming the downfallen. I blamed no one! I chided none! Smiling encouragingly upon those whom misfortune had overtaken, lending those aid that required no absolute gift, and affording shelter, clothing and food for outcasts, in the hour of their extreme need, my life became brilliant with the noble promptings that nerved me to perform the work.

As I look back on my earthly career, I see nothing to regret, only that I was not more effective in philanthropic labors. My mother, God-like in impulses, lived to see me reach the stature of man, and never did she utter a cross or unkind word to me. She was the embodiment of all womanly virtues, and she passed away, serene and happy, leaving her good works behind to testify in her behalf.

After my mother's spirit had taken its flight to the region of celestial love, where she could drink from spiritual founts, be fanned by soft, genial breezes laden with the aroma of flowers, and feast her vision on scenes of exquisite loveliness, my life

seemed, if possible, to expand with still more exalted emotions, and higher and nobler purposes. I now readily comprehended why this was so, for she came closely *en rapport* with me at times, and I not only felt throbbing within my soul my own aspirations to do good, but they were intensified by the presence of her spiritual nature. This is one phase of inspiration, and high and holy it is, too. Inspiration, like a flood of soft, silvery light, flowed in upon my soul, illuminating it only with a desire to alleviate the sufferings of humanity. Others, I found, were inspired to give utterance to thoughts, grand and beautiful; to produce poetry, laden with the sweetness of the higher life, or to present a scientific truth that would cause a thought to encircle the world, and breathe its potent influence on every clime as it passed along.

My inspiration was emotional—of a deep affectional nature, that made my love exalted. I not only loved the erring, the unfortunate, those who were steeped in crime, with my own love, but in connection therewith was the love of an angel mother, and also that possessed by the twelve spirits engaged in my pre-natal development. My love, then, for earth's suffering children, was a mixture of the human and divine, and little did they realize that in my company, when I approached them, were those who had long been in Spirit-life. This, then, is the character of inspiration. It is not confined to the orator, whose brilliant sentiments burn and scintillate in darkened minds; nor to the author, whose pen emits a light from the torches of angels; nor to the inventor, who gives to earth's children a counterpart of a machine brought to light by exalted spirits; but it is manifested in the life of the philanthropist also, and in consequence thereof his presence among the sorrowing and disconsolate imparts a shower of blessings.

Since my arrival in Spirit-life, I have learned that inspiration, in order to be effective, is generally confined to one channel or set of faculties. The inventor is never an orator. He who is distinguished as a warrior is rarely successful as a writer of books. My inspiration was confined to the emotions. I had great wealth, and the spirits realizing that fact, were determined I should dispense it in doing good. I was not ingenious; nor was I gifted with eloquence. My inspiration led me to do good, not on a large scale, such as founding magnificent institutions of learning, or infirmaries for those demanding

medical treatment, but to assist those in trouble, so far as possible, and enable them to become self-sustaining.

In Spirit-life there is no recognized guardianship by exalted spirits over different individuals, and outside influence is rarely if ever, sought. I readily see now why such is the case. Twelve spirits, besides that of my mother, assisted in my embryonic development. I was their production—an unfoldment of their power. This fact entitled them to a recognized ownership in me; but as that will sound harshly to some, I will qualify it by saying *exclusive guardianship!* Inventors are sometimes also brought forth on the material side of life, with the same scientific and scrupulous care that I was. The guardianship of such minds rests entirely with the scientific circle, who assisted in their pre-natal growth, and spirits of different tastes have no inclination or right to interfere with their work.

After I had lived on earth until eighty years of age, I became extremely feeble, and was confined to my bed. I realized the fact that my earthly career was nearly ended. The fires of life burned but dimly, as I lay helpless on my bed. The consciousness of having devoted my time to ameliorating the condition of others, threw a sweet and hallowed serenity over my soul, and the tide of life sweetly ebbd away.

Realizing the fact that my deeds of charity had germinated, producing a good crop, I seemed in my weak, declining condition, to be in a magnificent temple, where those my philanthropic measures had benefited were singing my praise. In this dreamy, half-conscious existence, I seemed to live my life over again. From every deed of benevolence that I had done there appeared to spring forth a sweet-tinted flower, from which the smiling faces of those I had made happy peered forth. In one, I recognized an old man, a cripple, whom I assisted to employment, and had given him a little aid otherwise, and such encouragement and advice as he seemed to require. Around him were little cherub children, neatly clad, while by his side stood his devoted wife. "Why," said I, "I never assisted your children or wife; you were single then."

"True," said he, "but this happiness is the result of your kind assistance, and we all thank and bless you. You are now on the pathway that leads to Spirit-life, and we come to return to you our heartfelt thanks and to cheer you on your way."

Then a little girl approached, whose mother I had aided

and made comfortable through life, and placed around my neck a beautiful garland of roses, in honor of that event. I seemed to live in a world of fairies, where I was the center of attraction. On all sides I saw the fruits of my labor assuming a thousand attractive forms. Oh! what cheer in the thought of a life well spent, and that you have done something to alleviate the sorrows of others.

Around me, in my dream-land state, I saw magnificent fields glistening with beauties that no pen could describe—no artist's pencil picture. "There," says an angel voice, "is a harvest; it is yours. A life well spent yields in return a rich legacy, that animates its owner with great joy. You are now on the glorious pathway to Spirit-life."

During my dying moments I was impressed with this grand truth: "That which you sow, you shall also reap." I have since learned that good deeds or acts for the amelioration of the destitute and the advancement of humanity in the scale of morality, intelligence and happiness, generate an influence that refines the spirit, and prepares it for an exalted position in the Spirit-world.

At one time during my last sickness, I stopped breathing, my pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, and a death-like pallor pervaded my features. I heard the physician pronounce me dead, and give certain directions in reference to my interment. I heard the piteous moans of relatives and friends, and the pathetic words of regret they expressed. Oh! what sensations I then experienced! I was conscious of passing events. I knew when my body was removed from the bed on which I was lying, felt the parting kiss of those around me, and realized fully that they were preparing for my burial.

"Am I to be buried alive?" thought I; "be a living witness of my own obsequies, and finally pass out of the body unattended, in the cold, damp ground?" I did not like this idea, and consequently exerted myself to break the unaccountable spell. I could not only see my attendants, but friends who had long since passed to Spirit-life. The latter held a consultation in regard to my resuscitation. Some seemed in favor of severing the spirit from the mortal body at once, but a spirit-physician present convinced them that circumstances required that I should live a little longer. I then saw them form a circle around my body, and concentrating on me a

powerful influence, they gradually brought me back to earth-life again.

Oh! what a commotion it created when it was announced that I was alive; and when I told those present the means employed to reanimate my body, they seemed bewildered, and said: "It is a dream." After this incident, I seemed to swing alternately from earth to Spirit-life, and the scenes I witnessed were surpassingly grand.

When I would revive from a death-like stupor, and feebly whisper what I had seen, my attending physician would say: "He is delirious!" Some of the scenes I witnessed were real; others, mere psychological effects, intended to convey an important lesson. For nearly three weeks I was dying—my life slowly but surely ebbing away—and during that time my experience was of the most interesting character.

In the final transit of my spirit, or in its separation from the body, I felt no pain whatever. The vital forces were then too weak to illuminate my eyes or give an animated expression to my features. My tongue could only give utterance to the lowest whisper, and my pulse could scarcely be felt. I was for several days too weak to lift my hand to my head, yet I was cognizant of the slightest sound, and could hear every movement that took place in my large house. At times I could see distinctly with my eyes closed, and during these cerebral illuminations, I beheld beautiful edifices, surpassing in loveliness and grandeur anything I had ever before observed, surrounded with flower-bearing lawns and arbors, bubbling springs, and fountains whose jets of spray sparkled with rainbow-tinted hues, imparting a brilliant tinge to everything that was near. I saw, in connection with these surroundings, angelic creatures, whose features manifested the most exalted happiness. Some were reading, some were rearranging the lawns and flower-beds, while others were gazing at distant planets through a curiously-constructed telescope. At times, too, when my sight was closed, and darkness enveloped me, I heard music from a spirit-choir. It was so melodious, so tenderly sweet in its thrilling influence, that my whole being seemed borne aloft as the expiring notes vanished in the distance.

I lived in neither world long at a time. I realized the fact that I was dying, that the vital forces could not much longer

retain my spirit, but I regarded my strange experiences as the result of delirium. I did not for a moment realize the truth of spirit-communion. True, I talked with my angel-mother, saw an angel-choir, heard the spirit-physician give directions concerning me, and noticed many scenes in the interior world, but when I awoke on the material side of life, they seemed like the result of a dream. As I approached the gateway of death, my mind appeared to grow more active—to be quickened in all its faculties, and had I then possessed the physical power, I could have startled the world with my eloquence. Not an event in my entire existence that I did not think of; not even a trivial business transaction that did not startle me with its presence. Apparently, I had the power to move mountains, to alleviate the sorrows of the world, and erect magnificent reformatory institutions, but when I endeavored to move my physical organization, the thought would flash upon me that I was dying.

Really, this transit from earth to Spirit-life, thought I, is very interesting, and I wondered at the extreme ignorance of mortals in reference to it. At first I could not understand the unusual activity of my mind, nor comprehend the nature of the glorious passage to the higher spheres. Of course, those who are dying never stop to philosophize. Had they the power to impart in writing the scenes that greet them, and the varied sensations they experience, the information furnished would be valuable and interesting.

Standing on the material side of life, held there by an iron hand, the spirit is still subservient to matter, and the organs of the physical body are its means of communication with the outer world. My vital forces seemed to fluctuate like a gas jet whose supply is irregular, flashing up now, and then almost disappearing; or to oscillate like the pendulum of a clock between the confines of the two realms, each swing they made growing shorter, until the transit of the spirit was effected.

I have only detailed what I saw, but my feelings were equally interesting. At first my feet lost all sensation, and I could not stir them in the least. They seemed to weigh a ton. This feeling was very disagreeable, and, for a time, I thought if they were amputated, that I could move my body, but, of course, I could not. I then realized the fact that I could live

only a few hours, and I anxiously awaited the change. The dead weight attached to the lower portion of my system seemed to gradually increase. My hands then settled down by my side a lifeless mass, apparently of great weight. Gradually the vital forces of my limbs expired. My heart still beat feebly, but I could not stir my body, the weight of my limbs paralyzing all my efforts. My eyes were transfixed in my head, and not a whisper could I give, nor a glance of recognition to my attendant relatives and friends. Gradually, then, I lost my consciousness, seeming to glide into a quiet slumber. A chasm then occurred, that my memory cannot bridge. Oh! I have often wished that I might have remained conscious during the entire transit of my spirit, in order to give the world the benefit of my experience. But such was not the case. Until that period, the unconscious state, the only disagreeable feelings I experienced arose from the seeming weight of my extremities, which conveyed an idea to my mind that they had increased to enormous dimensions and weight. The loss of power to move my limbs was followed by that unpleasant sensation. No pain preceded the extinction of life in my body. The life of the vital forces appeared to vanish as easily as the evening twilight that gives a tinge of beauty to the departing day. Light faded from my vision, and an intense darkness enveloped me. This darkness impressed me with a vague fear, for I could not detect the least sound. I was simply conscious of my life, but the world to me was merely a desert, without light, sound, or objects of any kind. This condition—no power to move, see, hear or feel—did not last long. This state wherein the mind is simply conscious of its own existence, and nothing else, is very unpleasant, and conveys the idea that the whole being is vanishing—losing its identity.

While I realized the fact that I was dying, I seemed to be fading out of existence entirely. The loss of feeling, sight, hearing, and the power to move, impressed me with that thought. The last sensation I remember, I felt as if struggling to retain my life on earth, resulting in a confused state of mind, which gradually terminated in my losing all consciousness of self and the outer world. This occurred when I was on the outer verge of the material world,—which seemed to connect with the spirit-realms. There is where the two extremes partially blend, as nearly as I can realize.

I remained in this unconscious state for several hours, after which I had delightful dreams, which were impressed upon my mind by my devoted mother. My spirit-body had been laid on a couch in an arbor adjoining my mother's stately residence. I was surrounded by my mother, my wife and two children, and other relatives and friends, and their combined influence was soothing and invigorating. The sleep of the new-born spirit strengthens it, allows it to assimilate elements needed to give it more force. Under the influence of warm-hearted relatives and friends, I enjoyed the most perfect repose.

After lying in this condition for several hours, my darling mother aroused me from my deep lethargy by impressing on my mind scenes in Spirit-life, which she wished me to see. Her thoughts, directed towards my mind with deep, fervent affection, awakened it to conscious action, while my spiritual body or organism was still reposing in the arms of sleep. Her thoughts seemed to come in contact with my mind, illuminating the same as a lamp does a dark room. First, she impressed upon it the fact that my two children, whom I had not yet been permitted to see, were present. I seemed to absorb her thoughts, to indulge in her fancies, to see the scenes which she saw, and the effect on my mind was to stimulate it, and gradually prepare it for awakening among the celestial glories.

It is not always well to suddenly awaken the new-born spirit amid the scenes of transcendent beauty in the higher spheres, without first taking it through preparatory stages.

For several hours my mother, wife and children stood by my side, and directed my thoughts in Dream-land. At one moment I was playing with my little boy, Eddie, viewing his pets and playthings; then plucking flowers with Lulu, then holding sweet converse with my devoted wife, then sailing on some river, over whose sides flowers cast their fragrance and smiled upon me beneath their rainbow-tinted hues.

Oh! those dreams were delightful; yet there was a deep reality in what I saw and heard. I now fully realize the importance of those dream-visions. They gradually illuminated the mind with the scenes of Spirit-life, and the impressions made thereon had a very beneficial effect. What a feast it was for me to ramble in Dream-land with my darling wife, and my little children, Eddie and Lulu.

I was finally awakened amid the transcendent beauties of the Spirit-world, surrounded by my friends, while near by stood a choir of little children, who sang a sweet song of welcome. The scene was grand indeed. My senses were dazzled, as it were, by the grandeur manifested on all sides. I had traveled, as it were, the pathway that leads from earth to Spirit-life, and had arrived at my journey's end.

I found on awakening, and after I had fully realized the character of my external surroundings, that I would now have an opportunity to reap the reward that ever follows in the footsteps of noble deeds. My wife, children and mother, they with whom I had held sweet converse in Dream-land, were the first to welcome me to my new home. Oh! little Eddie and Lulu, my angel pets, whose smiles and presence I enjoyed but for a short time on earth, seemed to overflow with gladness, and in their exuberance of feeling they bestowed on me their innocent love and caresses, and told me of their pets, their play castle, their little arbors, their flowers, their books, schools and teachers, until they were called away for a time by those who had them in special charge.

In one sense, on earth I was only a machine; yet I was free to act, though many of my benevolent bequests were the direct result of spirit promptings. I could not resist the influence of any member of my spirit-band. Their thoughts could be made my thoughts; their desires, my desires. The greeting of this guardian band was warm indeed. Each one addressed me in endearing terms, and referred to some special work on earth which he alone had inspired me to do, and which had borne abundant fruits.

"Your life," said one, "has been a continual summer, productive of grand results."

"Your life," said another, "has been a continual autumn, ever bearing ripe fruits, and ever dispensing to the poor."

"Your life," said a third, "has been a continual winter, wherein your garnered stores have ever been open to those who required assistance from your hand."

"Your life," said a fourth, "has been a continual spring, constantly sowing and preparing for a grand harvest, which you will now reap."

"Your life," said the fifth, "has been like a sparkling fountain, where the weary come to quench their thirst."

Thus each one approached me in succession, and compared the various incidents of my life to something in the material world, giving me thereby words of cheer and encouragement.

Then this noble band of philanthropists retired for a time, and I went forth in company with my wife, walked in the flower-adorned lawns, sailed on the crystal waters, reposed in the green arbor, or stood by a fountain whose jets of spray were tinted with all the hues of the rainbow.

The cup of my happiness was indeed full. I had a taste of heaven then. True, the streets were not paved with gold. I did not see Jesus. I did not behold God, nor his winged angels. I saw no one thrumming harps or singing psalms around a throne. Everything was natural. The spirits around me had once lived on earth. None of them had ever seen the God the various churches worship. No one could find a hell burning with fire and brimstone, where wretched creatures could be punished forever. They had seen desolate places, sterile and barren, destitute of all vegetation, to which certain disreputable characters gravitated when the change called death occurred. They said that abode was wretched beyond the power of tongues to describe, but the spirits there were gradually emerging from their deplorable state and advancing to higher planes of life.

I now fully realize the benefits derived from leading a life on earth devoted to the best interests of humanity. Self is only a minute, integral part of a vast ocean of individualized lives, and he who lives for himself exclusively gradually isolates himself by natural repulsion from all others; his selfishness repels everything that is beautiful.

The air you breathe is imbued with a philanthropic spirit; the water you drink is the very embodiment of benevolence; the beautiful flowers send forth their perfumes on the wings of the winds, to be inhaled by all; in fact, the material world is impartial in its bestowments. Nature smiles on all alike. To be selfish, then, is to be unlike nature, resulting finally in complete isolation from all her rich treasures in the Spirit-world. This is a natural result, flowing from grand, immutable laws. He whose life is barren of good results, gravitates to a plane exactly corresponding with his interior nature or aspirations. Even the aspiration to do good, with no power to carry out your noble purposes, is attended with grand results to the spirit.

In giving an account of my pre-natal development, and of the transit of my spirit to this sphere of existence, I hope I have imparted a lesson that will benefit humanity.

I would exhort all to banish selfishness from their hearts, as they would a poisonous serpent from their presence, and they need not fear the future—it will be bright and glorious! In conclusion, I simply subscribe myself

HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

“When one is still young and in health it is natural,” says *Demorest's Monthly*, “that death should be an object of fear, but it is not true that those who are very sick fear the grave. Dr. Griswold, an eminent physician who has seen many death-beds, declares that the dying do not fear death, but rather desire it. To pass away when the time comes is in the order of nature, and we all submit to the inevitable without a murmur. Nor is it true that death is attended with any superstitious terrors, for, strangely enough, all physicians agree that the dying think of the past, not of the future. Death itself is not painful; there is no pain or mental agony except in case of wounds or premature death. There is often terrible suffering from disease, but death is always a relief. It is idle as well as wicked to make death seem horrible or painful. Indeed, to myriads of human beings it is looked upon as a deliverer from pain and care. In one of the most popular religions of the East—Buddhism—Nirvana, or annihilation, takes the place of the heaven of the Christian belief.”

Experiences in Spirit-Life.

THE IMPRESSIVE TESTIMONY OF AN EXALTED SPIRIT.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION: WHAT IS DEATH—INTERESTING JOURNEY IN THE REALM OF SOULS—THE MORTAL STATE BUT THE PORTAL OF LIFE—DEATH IS LIKE AWAKENING FROM A DREAM—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF REST SUPREME AND DELIGHTFUL—DRESS OF THE SPIRITS SEEN—SOME SPIRITS NOT HAPPY, BEING IN DARKNESS—DEATH NOT A DESTROYER.

*It is more than idle curiosity that seeks to know what death is, but reflection should teach that no general explanation can solve the mystery. To Socrates, for instance, it was the subject for experiment and philosophical observation; to Napoleon, stormy and apparently inimical. The human race has no truer friend nor an agent more sorely misjudged.

But it rarely comes to two persons with identity of effect in the initial movement upon the intellect, for no two intellects are precisely alike, and each is treated according to its needs, just as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. I can give little beyond that which my individual experience involves, and part of this is indescribable to mortal comprehension, for there are circumstances and conditions here for which spoken language supplies no names.

The mortal state is but the portal of life, and in it very little relating to the immortal environment can be made truly intelligible. There is nothing with which to compare it, as Swedenborg admirably illustrated, for its grandeur is that of the illimitable universe and beyond finite grasp.

*The above, from the Cincinnati Enquirer, was given, we are assured, through a finely developed medium.

I did not recognize death when it came to me, nor the spirit condition. I awoke from a dream that had been amplified many hundred-fold, and it was a foretaste of bliss. With congenial friends I have roamed through forest glens colonnaded by venerable trees, in green pastures irrigated by purling streams, among orchards in ruddy fruitage, beside vast fields heavy with ripened grain and protected by interminable hedge-rows, bestudded with flowers so magnificent as to remind one of the star gems in the firmament of God. We visited the Hebrides and explored Fingal's cave; saw Florence and Venice, Rome and Munich in apparently a few hours, and gazed into the crater of Vesuvius when it was seething in fiery rage. Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and Alaska were comprehensively explored, and a leap made to Spitzbergen, as readily as one traverses great space in an ordinary dream, without special wonder. Through Russia and Siberia the pace was rapid, for before darkness overtook us we were upon the apex of "Cheops," the great pyramid of Egypt. Really, I have no memory of night in this whole excursion, but we saw opera at Berlin, comedy at Paris, tragedy in Austria's capital, and much miscellaneous deviltry at Lisbon and Madrid, and most of these were behind the footlights.

Description of all we saw would make a large and interesting book, and I mention these few items merely to demonstrate that the conditions are adapted to the individual mind. I had always felt a great desire to travel and personally inspect localities which were famous in history. Among other notable objects to which memory recurs we visited Pompey's Pillar, the Palace of Memory, Temples of Osiris and Diana, the Alhambra, Escorial and many obelisks. We passed in and out of seraglios without impediment, and explored all the mysteries of life in the harem at our ease. We discovered them to be places where fancy takes precedence of fact and makes truth of little value. Negligence of order and propriety and the ordinary courtesies in polygamous countries is the best argument ever found for the grand institution of monogamy.

Upon the steppes of Asia our band prevented a murder by affrighting the bloody-minded Bedouins about to perpetrate it, and in London they saved a dear little child from destruction by causing a runaway team to swerve from its course, through means inexplicable except to the spirit. And, upon awaking,

all these things were mentally reviewed and regarded as a wonderful dream. From the reminiscent standpoint its duration seemed to have been through many months of industrious exertion and unalloyed pleasure, and it had enlarged the mind, given new wings to fancy and increased the thirst for knowledge.

After a long time spent in reviewing what I had seen and felt, it occurred to me that the surroundings upon which I then gazed were new and strange; that I was not in my own room; that the bed was not there, but I was reclining upon something so soft as to give back no sense of contact; and that the atmosphere rose and fell in little puffs of gold and purple like the aurora of a clear, frosty morning. Yet there was no sense of either cold or warmth. The consciousness of rest was supreme and delightful, and a delicious languor possessed me in an embrace too ecstatic to relinquish. I had no desire to get up, and curiosity as to this new environment was demolished by the peace and security it realized. So I remained in that position, the subject of the pleasantest sensations, without account of time or thought or care, wondering a little why friends came not, and marveling at the grateful silence.

Perhaps I slept again, but if so, it was only for a little space, and then the sound of sweet voices came through the curtains of iridescent nebulosity, arousing me to a sense of life and desire for companionship. As if responding to this sentiment, immediately two young men appeared at my couch and kindly saluted me. One asked if I felt completely restored. Not till then did remembrance come that I had been very sick. Yes, thank the Lord, I was well. Pain was all gone and strength had returned.

"But," I asked, "where am I?"

"Come with us and see," said they.

"Willingly, after I dress."

"You are clothed," was the answer.

Not till then had I noticed their raiment. It consisted of pearl gray robes as soft as ether, and caps of the same material encircled by blue bands, the whole giving a refreshing sense of airiness. I was correspondingly appareled and did not think of the wherefore, for all feeling of care and wonder was gone.

We sauntered into a path like a grand boulevard, but car-

peted with flowers of many hues, which sprang up through beds of moss as soft as silk, and dispensed their fragrance with the lavishness of nature in her best moods. And as we came to a place where thousands of men, women and children were entering a great arbor, flower-bedecked and illuminated by wonderful aureolæ, the young men turned and joined the swelling procession, and arm in arm we went in with the multitude. It was a countless host, and overflowing with songs, joyous words and merry laughter. Upon a dais in the center of the great amphitheatre were formed many groups in little circles, and making one of these I saw in garments white as snow and pure as heavenly love, the harbingers of life eternal, and then for the first time the sublime truth reached my soul that I was in the realms of immortal life.

Those who composed that special group were my father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, a dear sister, and one who would have sustained a tender relation to me had she remained longer upon earth, and there were others of various degrees of relationship with them, all smiling upon me and my companions and beckoning our approach. I went to them in haste, and received the welcome which only pure affection can emphasize. Mother said:

"You had a long and refreshing sleep."

"But not here," said I.

"Certainly, here in the Spirit-home," she answered.

"But I only came here this morning."

"True. Here it is always morning. There is neither yesterday nor to-morrow, never night nor gloom. Yet you slept long, when the interval was counted in a mother's heart."

"I traversed the whole world in a dream, and that required time," I said, by way of apology.

"It was no dream, but the astral body followed in the track of the mortal desire after the spirit came here. It is a law of nature and the final effort of all life that retains active sympathy with the mortal part."

Each of the other little groups was welcoming a new-comer, and the air was vocal with notes of joy, and on every side there was proof that happiness is reflective, like the brilliancy of the planets, and all those countenances, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, furnished a mir-

ror which transmitted to each and all the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

"Is this heaven?" I asked.

"Yes, if we make it so," replied mother.

"Can we make heaven?"

"It must be made by such as we are or its felicity foregone. Heaven is a condition, and many enjoy it in the earth-life and bring it here when they surrender the mortal incumbrance. This is not just as we were taught, but the teachers were conscientious and performed a glorious work. Those mortals who meekly submit to the guidance of conscience are the salt of the earth, and no one is condemned for an honest belief, even if it is founded in gross ignorance."

"Then there is hope for the heathen?"

"Certainly. There is no discrimination in matters of abstract faith, nor intention of condemning Plato, Epicurus and Diogenes by any rule that would not apply equally against Bishop Butler, Dr. Channing and the Prophet Isaiah."

This was a revelation. I have had many, but few were equally startling. Some here are not absolutely happy, for they are in semi-darkness, although in the immediate presence of those who have the blessed light. They are progressing and sure to reach the better condition through perseverance in good works, for the inducement to persevere is the motive of all their hopes.

The world is fairly supplied with the truth that is adapted to man's nature and capacity, and he is not required to reach for that he cannot grasp and assimilate. Duty is by no means complex unless made so by finely-drawn abstractions and those gossamer lines between the two "tweedles," which so often have made theology a reproach rather than a sacred and dignified science, and when thus prostituted the sense of duty in intelligent men is succeeded by disgust. Spirits partake of the same feeling and deprecate it as disastrous to the highest interests of the race.

It is said that death is the end of woe. This is true with those who have led honest lives. Those who have not so lived will find that they have cheated themselves rather than the world, and that the result is tedious and perplexing discomfiture. Lives that if lived by some would be strictly honest

and commendable, if lived by others would be a cheat and obnoxious to the severest condemnation. These two classes will certainly be judged according to their lights, and the intent of an act will have much to do in making the status of its performer. If there is such a place as hell, it is not payed with good intentions, but most likely with those of the contrary brand.

The latter portion of this message was in answer to questions by investigators, and is reported to make the account complete. There is no wish to provoke controversy nor desire to in any degree disturb honest belief. To the final question:

“What is spirit?” the answer was substantially as follows:

“Spirit is the living, moving and doing principle, immaterial to mortal eyes, but composed of a substance indestructible, and manifest in color, weight, feeling and action to spiritual apprehension.”

WHAT IS DEATH?---IS IT A DESTROYER OR BUILDER?

*Death, then, has taken nothing from the laboratory of nature; it simply takes up the elements that life has left, and arranges for another form of life. Thus her resources are never exhausted. The equipoise is always maintained, the supply is equal to the demand, and nothing is either lost or gained in the world of material, during all the cycles of time. The wisest man in the world has not the power of destroying a single element, but may change its form and displace the arrangement; for what is is, has been and always will be.

I hold in my hand a piece of wood; the elements constituting the wood are held in bondage and have not the power of acting independently of each other. I cast the bit of wood into the flame and watch it being slowly consumed thereby. When this process is completed, have I destroyed the wood? As a piece of wood, yes; but the elements that constituted it, and were enslaved, are set free by the action of combustion, and they start out on a higher career than that which marked their former existence. Destroyed? No. Changed, uplifted, set free? Yes. From this example, it will be seen that, through the law of evolution, death becomes a stepping-stone

*Augusta W. Fletcher, M. D., in “The Other World and This.”

of life, and that throughout all the physical universe these great processes have enabled this and all other planets to arrive at their present state of development, and will be the power whereby still mightier results shall be obtained. The ordinary mind will not grasp easily, or accept readily, the law of evolution. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer are all personalities which the unthinking fear; whose hands have, with the wand of truth, during the present century, destroyed so many idols and temples. These men, great and wise as they are, and in whose praise too much cannot be said, have only taken one side of the subject. They have reasoned logically as far as they have gone, but have not completed the journey. They have all led up to human life; they have begun from the lowest point, have journeyed far and wide, until they reached man, and then stopped. That science that can read the story of the stars, the history of the planet upon which you stand, analyze the drop of water, aye, the very air you breathe, stands before the grave with closed eyes and sealed lips, without the ability to take one single step over its threshold into the future. But science, in the age that is to come, must cross this threshold and penetrate into the depths of the life beyond, so that the spiritual world shall be as logically understood as are the more material planets that make up the system.

Mankind to-day is looking toward science to solve the problem which, in earlier days, was relegated to ecclesiastical judges. Even the church, after preaching immortality for centuries, and assuming that man never dies, is endeavoring to find proof of its assertion entirely outside its own province. Science can, when it recognizes the spiritual side of life, easily accomplish this great purpose for the world, by remembering that the spirit is first; that matter is only a means of its expression; that this planet, this material world, is but the instrument in the hands of the spiritual world; that every blade of grass every singing bird, and every human being, is but an expression of the same forces, differing in degree of unfoldment, but, through the action of the law of evolution, forever creeping along the pathway of progress to the ultimate, which is but the turning-point of a newer and greater destiny. In man, we find the realization of matter and spirit. Without spirit, matter is expressionless and void; with spirit, it takes its place among the mighty realities of the world, guiding, shaping and in-

fluencing the destiny of all things and all persons that are responsive to it.

During the younger years of life, the spirit is gaining possession of its machine; during the latter years, they work in harmony with each other, and the best work of life is accomplished between the years of twenty-five and fifty. In that time, in most cases, the spirit has become responsive to higher attractions than the earth offers, and the subsequent years, be they few or many, are passed in the effort of the spirit to gradually relieve itself from physical environments, so as to take on the higher spiritual ones, for which the experiences of life have finally fitted it, and when death comes it is simply the completion of a process which has been going on for a long time.

The Multifarious Processes of Dying.

AS DELINEATED BY MANY DIFFERENT MORTALS AND SPIRITS.

DEATH THE HERITAGE OF ALL—THE PROCESS OF DYING FOR ALL—
NATURE DISINTEGRATES, BUT NEVER DESTROYS—LIFE AND
DEATH—ATOMS OF MATTER AND THE DYING—DESCRIPTION OF
THE DYING—THE PROCESS OF DYING ANALYZED THOROUGHLY.

Most assuredly there is a process, a sublime and beautiful one, connected with dying, and it is as prominent, too, in some respects, as the growth, formation and birth of a child. Nature works only through the instrumentality of a method exclusively her own. You may dictate the precise hour and minute when you will commit suicide, and thus end your mortal career, but you cannot control the God-ordained process through which you must pass, until you shall have reached that point designated as "death!" The stages of death in all cases are self-existent, and, therefore, you can never predict very accurately the precise phenomena that may be manifested therein. You are as helpless and feeble then as when you quietly reposed in the mother's womb. The king, the queen, the senator, the high official, the peasant and the slave—the high and the low—must necessarily all pass through the varied stages of dying. No mandate can prevent that ordeal. The stern authority of an austere king is as puerile then as that of the humblest of God's children. The pauper and the nobleman are at one time in their respective careers—at the *end* of life—on exactly the same plane. The sun shines impartially for all, and the divine radiance of the star-gemmed heavens has no especial favorites. The stages of dying, too, are the indestructible heritage of all of God's children. That inestimable boon belongs to all humanity in common. You can-

not die like a pauper; nor can you die like a king. There are no conventionalities connected with the multifarious stages of death. Each one must experience for himself alone its sublime realities. The poor man, weary of life's toil, yearning for peace, rest and happiness, may die more calmly and serenely than the chosen ruler and favorite of a nation. The old woman in the poor-house, tottering on the verge of the grave, when dying, like all others, is simply reposing in the beneficent hands of Nature. There can be no aristocracy then; no favored class, who can receive special privileges; no *one* person who is entitled to more tender consideration than any other child of God. The wealth of an Astor, or Vanderbilt, cannot purchase any especial favors from Nature when the last moments of a poor mortal has arrived. Money, words of command, and austere, domineering feelings can avail nothing in securing immunity from dying. The process is for all alike, and it is one of the noblest ordinances of Divine Providence—whatever that may be—opening the doors to a more beautiful and higher plane of existence, and presenting to the enraptured vision the grandeur of the celestial regions, and drawing one nearer to God.

LIFE AND DEATH COMPREHENSIVELY ILLUSTRATED.

Fichte (Dr. Smith's Translation) says:

All death in nature is birth, and in death itself appears visibly the exaltation of life! There is no destructive principle in nature; for nature throughout is clear, unclouded life; it is not death which kills, but the more living life, which, concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form. And *my* death,—how can it be aught else, since I am not a mere semblance and show of life, but bear within me the one original, true, essential life? It is impossible to conceive that nature should annihilate a life which does not proceed from her; the nature which exists for me, and not I for her!

Yet even my natural life, even this mere outward manifestation to mortal sight of the inward invisible life, she cannot destroy without destroying herself; she who only exists for me, and on account of me, and exists not if I am not. Even because she destroys me must she animate me anew; it is only my higher life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present

life can disappear; and what mortals call death is the visible appearance of this second life. Did no reasonable being who had once beheld "the light of this world" die, there would be no ground to look with faith for a new heaven and a new earth; the only possible purpose of nature, to manifest and maintain reason, would be fulfilled here below, and her circle would be completed. But the very act by which she consigns a free and independent being to death is her own solemn entrance, intelligible to all reason, into a region beyond this act itself, and beyond the whole sphere of existence which is thereby closed. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision rises to a new life and a new nature.

Every one of my fellow-creatures who leaves this earthly brotherhood, and whom my spirit cannot regard as annihilated, because he is my brother, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave,—he is still, and to him belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below, as in the dim realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man bursts from them into the light of this world's sun, above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we denizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

The world on which but now I gazed with wonder passes away from before me, and sinks from my sight. With all the fullness of life, order, and increase which I beheld in it, it is yet but the curtain by which a world infinitely more perfect is concealed from me, and the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith looks behind this veil, and cherishes and animates this germ. It sees nothing definite, but it expects more than it can conceive here below—more than it will ever be able to conceive in all time.

THERE IS NO DESTRUCTIVE, ANNIHILATING PRINCIPLE IN NATURE.

Nature disintegrates, but she never destroys, in the sense of annihilation. The atom will always remain an atom, equally potent during all eternity, in whatever relations it may be placed. Nature never recognizes any such word as destruction. There is nothing in all of God's vast universe that can be absolutely destroyed, so far as its atoms are concerned. That form of beauty, loveliness and grandeur may be dissipated

to-morrow, but its constituents will remain. The mortal body that undergoes the glorious process designated as dying, still has an important mission to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and it may assume in the course of time a position far grander and more potent in some respects than ever before. The apple-tree, nourished by the decomposing remains of Roger Williams, furnished fruit that sent its life-giving properties to tingle in the veins of some of God's children. Nature can make and unmake, but she can never annihilate anything, however minute, or render it useless. The atom will do excellent service throughout all future time. Then, when death approaches, ever remember that no absolute destruction takes place—only the disintegration of the body, to be followed, perhaps, by grander revealments. Think of the history of an atom! How varied, how grand, how peerless! To-day in the eye of a mortal; then again glistening in a flower; after that, entering into the composition of luscious fruit; then going to the blood, assisting in giving strength to some part of the body, and by and by hundreds of miles away performing another mission in its eternal career. Ever tireless, ever alive, ever active, it is as eternal and unchangeable as God himself. Atoms exist singly or in combinations, resulting in diverse structures, but in all cases each one retains its inherent *life*, and will do so throughout all eternity; hence Death is a term employed to express something that from the very nature of things cannot exist, for there is absolutely no such thing as death. Though a misnomer, one must necessarily employ it in discussing the nature of the transition of the spirit from earth to the other side of life.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE DYING.

The description of the dying, as given by Hippocrates over 2,000 years ago, is as follows:

"The forehead wrinkled and dry; the eye sunken; the nose pointed, and bordered with a violet or black circle; the temples sunken, hollow and retired; the lips hanging down; the cheeks sunken; the chin wrinkled and hard; the color of the skin leaden or violet; the hairs of the nose and eyelashes sprinkled with a yellowish white dust."

Commenting on the above *The British Medical Journal* says:

"This is as to the face; and when all observed, we may know that that face can never be lighted up to life again. But there are other proofs which do not leave the shadow of a doubt, as when the heart ceases to beat; the skin is pale and cold; a film is over the eye; the joints, first rigid, have become flexible; and a dark greenish color begins to form about the skin of the abdomen, the infallible sign of beginning corruption. But as we would have it done to us as the last request, let us with the utmost willingness allow the poor helpless, unresisting frame to remain at least forty-eight hours under the unfastened lid after the surest proof of all has been noticed, the cessation of all movement of the chest and abdomen, for then the breath of life has gone out forever. The moments immediately preceding death from disease are probably those of utter insensibility to all pain, or of a delightful passivity, from that universal relaxation of everything which pertains to the physical condition."

INDICATIONS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Dr. Chiappelli says, in *Lo Sperimentale*, that he has frequently noticed in patients who were apparently very far from death an extraordinary opening of the eyelids, so as to give the eyes the appearance of protruding from the orbits, which was invariably a sign that death would occur within twenty-four hours. In some cases only one eye is wide open, while the other remains normal; here death will not follow quite so rapidly, but in about a week or so. It is easy to observe this phenomenon when the eyes are wide open; but when, as is generally the case, the eyes are half shut and only opened from time to time, it will be found advisable to fix the patient's attention upon some point or light so as make him open his eyes, when the phenomenon will be seen. The author is utterly at a loss to explain this symptom, and ascribes it to some diseased state of the sympathetic nerve.

THE PRIZE FOR A CERTAIN SIGN OF DEATH.

*The Marquis d'Ourches offered, through the Paris Academie de Medicine, several years ago, two prizes, one of twenty thousand francs, the other of five thousand francs, for

*Surgical and Medical Reporter, Philadelphia, Pa.

some simple, certain sign of death. The secretary, Dr. Roger, reported on the competition. He prefaces his account of these awards by a lively historical view, in which the various fables concerning premature interments are disposed of very summarily. The old story of Vesalius also receives no credit from him. "Neither is it true," he says, "that men of art have committed cruel mistakes with regard to apparent death. Vesalius, the creator of anatomy, first physician to Charles V. and Philip II., directed his scalpel into the body of a gentleman while yet alive, and for this he was condemned to death, and by commutation to exile in the Holy Land. This is the way history is written. For this fact about Vesalius contemporary chronicles may be searched in vain. The autopsy of the gentleman, the capital condemnation, all is pure invention; and if Vesalius repaired to Palestine it was only for his health."

One hundred and two essays were sent in, but none was deemed worthy the first prize. The second was divided between six competitors. Five hundred francs were given M. de Cordue for his observations on the effects of the flame of a candle on the pulp of the finger. As long as life persists this burn produces ampullæ filled with serosity, while, when life is extinct, they contain nothing but vapor. The condition of the eye has long been constituted a sign, and of late the disappearance some hours after death of the dilating power of belladonna and of the contracting power of Calabar bean has been noted. M. Larcher has been rewarded with a recompense of five hundred francs for the discovery in the eye of what he regards a new sign of death. As the result of the examination of nearly nine hundred subjects, he has observed that a certain sign of death is the occurrence of a shaded and grayish spot, first at the outer portion of the sclerotica, and gradually invading its whole surface. It is a sign of local decomposition which precedes general decomposition by several hours. M. Poncet also receives an honorable mention for a sign as positive and more rapid in appearance, viz., a general discoloration of the fundus of the eye, this changing from the intense red seen by the ophthalmoscope during life, to a yellowish white. M. Molland, one of the official municipal verifiers of death, has obtained two thousand francs of the prize, in consequence of his observations concerning *cadaveric lividity*.

of dependent parts of the body, made in sixteen thousand subjects. From these he concludes that such lividity is a constant sign of death, which is of the more practical value as it generally appears very soon after death. For investigations as to the *temperature of the body after death* as a sign of death, M. Bouchut and M. Linas have each received one thousand francs.

ATOMS OF MATTER AND THE DYING.

*Death is in reality the dissolution or separation of the atoms, the totality of which forms and makes the organism what it is; each atom composing that organism by this process is dissolved, and departing with or emerging from its grosser elements, ascends and mingles with other atoms suited to its state and condition, and made such by virtue of having formed part of the organism; for no greater fallacy exists than to suppose that matter, as it is called, is without life, or that it is nothing more than the conglomeration of particles destitute of force. The fact of the power of cohesion and repulsion, of formation and disintegration, possessed even by the densest and grossest of material atoms, is a proof to the contrary; and where is the instrument that can carry the process of division to the limit at which it can be affirmed that here ends the power of divisibility, and this *is* the real unit or atom, the multiples of which form the earth and all organized or unorganized forms upon and within its surface?

There is no such thing as a dead atom of matter; for, resolve and reduce a particle of density and opaqueness to its minutest dimension, it is still a part—small only by comparison—of the solidified bulk, which, if subjected to chemical action, becomes fluid or gaseous, as the case may be, and thus only appears material while in the condition of apparent solidity. Put into the fewest words, that which is called “matter” *is spirit* in a state of solidification, gaseous, fluidic, or dense, either in organic or unorganic structural forms in exact accord, corresponding with the highest form which inhabits the planet in physical human material form. Thus, both man and his dwelling-place is composed of one and the same substance or material.

*Wm. Oxly, England.

THERE CAN BE NO DEAD ATOMS.

Death is the term usually employed to express the final liberation of the immortal spirit from its earthly encasement. Of course, it should be regarded in no other light than a misnomer. There cannot, in the very nature of things, be an absolute death, or extinction, on the part of anything. If one atom cannot die, then a combination of them could not change the inherent nature of each. There is just as much actual life in matter after the change designated as death as before. All the life there is now, or ever can be, on this material side of existence, is embraced within the sum total of all atoms.

DON'T BE IN HASTE TO BURY THE DEAD.

Only in the case of the most malignant epidemic should the friends of the deceased be in haste for the interment of one who falls a victim thereto. While his eyes are closed, and respiration and pulse-beats are no longer apparent, and his form prostrate before you, then carefully consider what has occurred in cases of suspended animation, and that life is ever tenacious, and that even resuscitation may be produced by the operation of nature's forces alone. Like thousands of others in the past, who were mistaken in their judgment in pronouncing a verdict as to life or death—which?—you, too, may badly err, and, therefore, in all ordinary cases, where the body appears to be lifeless, don't be in a hurry for the final burial. Become perfectly familiar with the multifarious signs of death; be able to discern them clearly; weigh carefully all the evidence you have, and never pronounce a final verdict until every expedient at resuscitation has been tried, where there is a particle of doubt. In all sudden deaths, so-called, wait!—wait patiently! If your friend or relative has been stricken down, while apparently in the vigor of health, you have before you a subject for experiment and the most profound study.

DYING AS VIEWED BY AN EMINENT DIVINE.

*First—Death in average cases is a great spiritual experience, and involves a great decision for or against the light it brings. It may be that, under the natural laws of the soul, this decision is crucial, and becomes the rudder of all eternity.

Second—Death is the separation of the soul from the body.

*Rev, Joseph Cook in the Christian Union.

Third—Death is not over until the separation of the soul from the body is complete. Death does not end until the life of the soul completely outside of the body begins.

Fourth—It is in the highest degree probable, to reason from the observed experiences of the dying, that, however torpid body and mind may be in many approaches to death, the soul in the very article of death is often awakened, and receives, as if from an invisible world, an illumination unknown to it before.

Fifth—Even in sudden deaths, as the experiences of the drowning show, as my own experience in being thrown twenty feet down a rocky bank in a sleeping-coach on a swift railway train, and expecting instant death, and finding between the brink and the bottom my whole life passing before me in a panorama, the chambers of memory and conscience illuminated as if a torch had suddenly been lighted inside of the brain—as all these experiences show, an instant may be enough to bring before the soul the record of its whole career on earth

FEAR OFTIMES PRODUCES UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

In the process of dying, nature manifests a beneficent spirit in a multitude of ways. When a man is precipitated from a high altitude, the extreme fear aroused induces unconsciousness, and I have reason to believe that the final concussion is not felt. Many have actually died through the wonderful potency of joy; others of grief; others of anger, and others, still, of fear, love or hatred. The process of dying, in case of falling from a high altitude, commences, probably at the very moment the victim fully realizes his danger. Two fiery, brutish, angry gladiators, do not feel any pain arising from their wounds when first made. There is a very great potency in the action of the mind alone. A man falls dead through the fear of an impending danger. This is, indeed, a beneficent law of nature. Fear is equally potent, whether the danger be real or imaginary. Soldiers, apparently in robust health, have been found dead on the field of battle, and yet not the slightest wound or injury was visible. Fright alone undoubtedly killed many of them. In the process of dying, let us be devoutly thankful that unconsciousness often supervenes before the final end, and the victim does not realize the terrible ordeal through which he has passed, or sense any pain

whatever arising from the concussion of his body with the earth when falling from a great height.

TODT AND SCHEINTODT.

As is well known, "it has, in all countries, been difficult to ascertain the difference between *todt* and *scheintodt*—death and the semblance of death. Dr. Gandolfi, a learned Italian writer, whose work on 'Forensic Medicine' was revised by the illustrious Mittermayer, is of opinion that medical men are themselves liable to make mistakes on this important question. He says, first, that the organic phenomena which precede apparent death cannot of themselves be distinguished from those which precede real death, and that for a certain time it will be difficult to decide, scientifically, whether life be suspended, or extinct; and, second, that many phenomena which announce real death are the common and necessary indications of apparent death, as, for instance, the want of motion, of sense, of breathing, and of pulsation.

"These are terrible sentences. How many persons are pronounced as dead simply because they have ceased to breathe and move and show signs of a pulse—persons who, according to Gandolfi, may not, in all cases, be ready for burial! It is Gandolfi's opinion that persons 'pronounced as dead' may, in some rare instances, be the witnesses—the mute and fear-stricken witnesses—of their own funeral; that they may know perfectly well that they are going to be put into coffins, and thence into the earth, and yet be powerless, alive as they are, to avert the catastrophe of a legal murder."

TISSUAL DECAY IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Professor E. Chenery, M. D., of Boston, in an able article in the *Scientific American Supplement*, gives the following:

"The theory assumes that the death and the discharge of the products of death are one and the same thing, and wholly overlooks the *medium* by which the elimination is effected. Now, nothing can be plainer than that tissual decay is one thing, and the removing of the products of decay is quite another. Any one can see that if there is no waste within, none can be thrown off; while on the other hand, it stands to reason that though there is an abundance of *debris* within, lit-

tle or none can be cast out if the medium by which excretion is effected is rendered inoperative.

“By winding a string tightly about my finger I do not necessarily destroy the life of my finger, nor will tissual change be arrested at once. I prevent the return of the blood from the part, which grows dark from the heaping up of the products of tissual waste which continues to take place but cannot escape. Indeed, a man with a rope about his neck does not die immediately, but his body becomes surcharged with waste carbon and turns black for want of air to take the carbon away. His heart continues to beat, and the tissual changes go on until the products kill him from within. Were it not so he would die scarcely sooner with the rope around his neck than with it under his arms, where the colored man wished it put in his case, as he said he ‘was ticklish in the region of the neck.’ A similar state of things is often witnessed by physicians in persons asphyxiated by drowning, croup, and various other suffocative diseases, in which the deprivation of air and its oxygen results in an accumulation of waste within, and consequently in failure of nutrition, nervous prostration, and, finally, in death, unless relief is afforded. In all these cases there is a diminution in the excretion of carbonic acid and urea, yet no candid man for a moment supposes that the tissues are in consequence conserved and the bodily condition made better by it.”

A GENERAL PROTEST AGAINST HASTY INTERMENTS.

In all cases of sickness the various organs of the body seem to instinctively combine their multifarious forces in order to sustain life. Each one appears to earnestly protest against the ravages of disease, and when compelled to succumb, it does so gradually, but reluctantly. One after another of the various organs submit to the foreign invaders—for such are the various diseases—and finally life is considered extinct. The general tendency of the body is invariably manifested in the direction of life; it never succumbs to disease without a desperate struggle, and when it finally yields, a reluctance to do so can be plainly discovered by the critical observer. So strong is the inclination of the organic system to retain in action the vital forces, that when once brought under complete subjection by some agent foreign to itself, and respiration and

consciousness have ceased, it does not remain so sometimes, but when, perhaps, the body is about to be interred, its own innate vitality is manifested lifeward, and another victim has been "providentially" saved from premature interment. Knowing this fact, the skillful physician will invariably hesitate before he relinquishes all hope of restoring the unconscious, or those supposed to be dead. I believe the time will eventually come, when many of those who fall senseless—apparently dead—in consequence of heart disease, will be easily resuscitated, providing it is the first attack. It would be well for physicians to experiment in such cases.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Sir Benjamin Brodie sets forth that if a small animal be immersed in water in a transparent glass vessel, the phenomena of drowning is readily observable:

There is first a deep respiration by which bubbles of air are expelled from the lungs.

There is then an effort to inspire; but the effort is ineffectual, there being no air which can be received into the lungs; and a spasm of the muscles seems to prevent the admission of water in any considerable quantity into the trachea.

The attempts to breathe are repeated several times; and after each attempt a small quantity of air is expelled from the mouth and nostrils, until the air cells of the lungs are completely emptied. Then the animal becomes insensible, and convulsive action of the muscles marks the instant when the brain begins to suffer from the influx of the dark-colored blood.

After the convulsions the animal is motionless, and gives no sign of life; but if the hand be applied to the thorax, the pulsation of the heart gradually becoming fainter and fainter, indicates that some remains of vitality still linger in the system.

Before the circulation ceases altogether, the muscles of respiration resume their action, and some ineffectual efforts are again made to breathe. It is a remarkable circumstance that the diaphragm continues to exert itself, so that the interval between the cessation of the attempts to breathe and the cessation of the motion of the heart, short as it is in animals that die of strangulation, is shorter still in those that perish

from drowning. These phenomena follow each other in rapid succession, and the whole scene is closed, and the living animal is converted into a lifeless corpse, in the brief space of a few minutes.

Mr. Brodie had never opened the thorax of an animal in which the heart was found acting in such a manner as to maintain the circulation of the blood so long as five minutes after complete submersion: and from the information which he has received from some of the medical attendants at the receiving-houses of the Royal Humane Society, he is led to believe that the period is very rarely, if ever, longer than this in the human subject.

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF DEATH.

The idiosyncrasies manifested during the stages of death are numberless. No two persons dying experience precisely the same sensations. Nature is prolific in her peculiar, diverse manifestations. She seems to never become weary in modifying her actions with reference to those who are daily passing from this stage of existence. In the twinkling of an eye one apparently dies. In another, the "death-rattle" lingers, as if to solemnly chide the friends for some great wrong. Then again another, while apparently dying, revives for a short time, talks freely, is seemingly imbued with some extraneous force, and then drops back on the pillow, and without a single gasp expires. No two physicians can tell precisely the same death-bed experiences; but in all cases and under all circumstances, the greatest care, sagacity, skill, watchfulness and untiring energy should be manifested when life is supposed to linger in a person.

THE PROCESS OF DYING AS VIEWED BY MISS NIGHTINGALE.

*Miss Nightingale has pointed out how consistently the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases, interest in their danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting in regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a

*London (Eng) Spectator.

state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhœa, or fevers, the patient often dies in a state of indifference. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battle-field, or in the streets, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died of gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Saber edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates."

THE LAST THOUGHTS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

The last thoughts or meditations of those who are dying seem to sometimes possess a remarkable potency, and, to a certain extent, give a peculiar expression to the features. The mother who is about to expire, and who must leave a dear child in care of the cold mercy of the world, has an anxious expression manifested on her countenance that is easily discernible. The one who has waged an unsuccessful battle with the exigencies of life, and who has been crushed under its burdens, will pass away with grim despair depicted on the careworn face. The warrior, infatuated with the idea that his heroic deeds on the sanguinary battle-field will be instrumental in crowning him in heaven, will have his features tinged with an expression of peace and self-reliance. The inmost thoughts of the dying invariably leave their impressive imprint upon the face. It may be dim, but it can be easily discernible by the close observer. Sometimes a vivid expression of extreme terror and dismay overshadows the features, the legitimate result of a great dread of the approaching dissolution. The villain, subdued, humiliated and powerless, will have malignant hate and ferocity portrayed vividly upon his face. The one who passes sublimely into the arms of death, imbued with a divine love for all humanity, will leave upon his countenance an angelic expression of peace and contentment. All the processes of dying can never be enumerated. The field for future exploration is still large, and numberless mysteries therein remain unsolved.

*The signs or indications of death are cessation of the

respiration, arrest of the heart's action, loss of animal heat, rigor mortis, and putrefaction. Of these, cessation of respiration is looked upon by many as the surest indication. Sir Benjamin Brodie says it may be regarded as the decisive test of the extinction of life; and Taylor says "the visible cessation of breathing for a period of five minutes furnishes a certain proof that the person is really dead." The latter also says in regard to another sign: "It is impossible to admit that the heart can remain for even half an hour in a state of inaction, and then spontaneously regain its activity." Yet there are many cases that give the flat denial to these averments. Many tests to prove real death have been proposed, and to most of these there are strong objections. The tests upon which most dependence can be placed are auscultation, galvanism, and the examination by the ophthalmoscope. These can be used only by skilled persons, and it consequently follows that there is possibility of a person being buried alive.

In 1837 a prize of 1,500 francs was offered by Prof. Monni, of the University of Rome, for the best essay on apparent death. Afterward the Marquis d'Ouche left 200,000 francs to be given for the best means that could be applied by common people to detect death; 5,000 francs for the best method to detect death. In Germany this important subject has received much attention; in England but little. In this country there are no statutory laws governing this matter, except such as allow the Boards of Health in cities to regulate the burials within the limits of their jurisdiction. None of their rules lay down the time that dead bodies must be kept above ground, and the only verification of death required by them is the ordinary burial certificate. Our laws furnish no protection against the danger of burying persons while alive.

Dread of Death a Matter of Education.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH, FROM A LEADING SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.

DREAD OF DEATH A MATTER OF EDUCATION—EMINENT PERSONS IN DYING HOURS—THREE ELEMENTS IN THE FEAR OF DEATH—HASTENING DEATH—NATURE'S ANÆSTHETIC—LORD COLLINGWOOD—DEATH FROM ASPHYXIA—THE WRITER IS MISTAKEN IN SOME OF HIS CONCLUSIONS.

*There seems to be no subject from which the mind so instinctively shrinks, few thoughts more repellent to the soul, and no dread vision of the night, however fantastic it be, that presents to the imagination so formidable an aspect as that of death. Indeed, with this all nature seems at variance. The English ivy creeping over fallen ruins, or the fresh moss covering the prostrate trunk of some forest oak, seems as if endeavoring to hide from view the havoc which death has made. Beyond the merely instinctive desire to exist, the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse; the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind.

It is probably the extensive paraphernalia attending the funeral of the present day that renders death so formidable. In war—on the battle-field, where death assumes its most sanguinary aspect—the mind of the soldier, from constant association, becomes so inured, that it ceases to be impressed with natural terror, and death seems but another foe to be met and conquered. Although the consideration of this topic be repugnant to the naturally healthy mind, there come times in

*Thomas D. Spencer, M. D., in *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. 19, No. 3.

the life of every individual, that might be termed periods of self-consciousness, during which the mind brushes aside all the more vulgar affairs of life, and grapples with the awe-inspiring mysteries of death. As these phenomena are considered one after another in their manifold aspects, the mind, owing to the association of ideas, becomes involved in such an intricate labyrinth of thought, that, after wandering here and there, vainly endeavoring to solve the problem of death, it gives it up as a hopeless conundrum.

It is our purpose to discuss, as briefly as possible, some of the most important aspects of dissolution.

Addison said that there was nothing in history more imposing than, nothing so affecting and pleasing as, the accounts of the behavior of eminent persons in their dying hours; and Montaigne remarks, while speculating on death, that of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those which attracted and delighted him most were the words and gestures of dying men. "If I were a maker of books," he continues, "I would compile a register with comments of various deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live." There are three elements presented in this fear of death: First, the extinction of life's pleasures, interests and hopes, to which the mind looks forward with a degree of apprehension proportionate to the amount of happiness they are capable of affording. With the young and vigorous the loss of these animal enjoyments is contemplated with extreme misery; hence the custom, among the Greeks, of bearing the lifeless body of youth to the funeral-pyre at the break of morn, "lest the sun should behold so sad a sight as the young dead." Second, the dread of the unknown future, also depending upon the nervous temperament. And, lastly, comes a fear more powerful than either, which is the dread of pain, inherent in nature. From time immemorial the actual moment of dissolution has been supposed to be accompanied by a throe of anguish known as the "death-agony." This is believed to occur at that moment when the spiritual and physical forces that have been so intimately blended for many years are torn asunder, the one to molder and decay, the other to take upon itself that new life beyond the ken of man.

This last element properly belongs to the physiologist, and as such we propose to consider it. Sir Francis Bacon, in one

of his essays, published for the first time in the year 1577, gave to the world the following profound thought: "It is as natural to die as to be born, and to the little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other." In profundity of thought and depth of research Bacon stepped in advance of his contemporaries, and lived in the future. Thus we find that, contrary to the generally received opinion of even this latter day, Nature evidently designed that the end of man should be as painless as his beginning.

At birth the babe undergoes an ordeal that, were he conscious, would be more trying than a most painful death; yet he feels it not. Born in an unconscious state, the brain incapable of receiving conscious impressions, his entrance into this hitherto unknown world is accomplished during a state of oblivion, known as Nature's anæsthesia:

"Painlessly we come, whence we know not—
Painlessly we go, whence we know not!"

From the earliest period of history death has been considered as necessarily accompanied by pain; so general is this belief, that the terms "death-agony," "last struggle," "pangs of death," etc., have been in almost universal use in every age and under all conditions of society.

Nothing could be more erroneous; the truth is, pain and death seldom go together—we mean the last moments of life. Of course, death may be preceded by weeks or even months of extreme suffering, as occurs during certain incurable diseases.

So exaggerated has been this notion that it has been considered an act of humanity to anticipate the "death-struggle" by violence; for ages it was customary among the lower classes of Europe to hasten death by suddenly jerking the pillow from beneath the head of the dying, thus throwing the head backwards, straining the pharyngeal and thoracic muscles, rendering the respiration, already difficult, shortly impossible. A Venetian ambassador, in the time of Queen Mary, asserted that it was a common custom among the country people to smother the dying by means of a pillow placed over the face, upon which leaned or sat the nearest relative. This was founded upon the pious belief that a short road was the best one. This custom was handed down from generation to gen-

eration, parents performing it for their children, and *vice versa*. But, perhaps, the saddest privilege ever allowed the near friends of a dying man occasionally occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when through executive clemency—in executions by hanging—they were permitted to grasp the feet of the suspended criminal, and by clinging to the extremities, precipitate their additional weight on the body, thereby hastening strangulation. It is needless to say that these theories are false in both conception and practice. Death is a physiological process, and like all other animal functions should be painless.

When the fiat of death went forth, Nature kindly provided an anæsthetic for the body. As the end of life draws near, the respirations become slow and shallow, interrupted now and then by a deep, sighing inspiration, as though the lungs were vainly endeavoring to throw off the palsy creeping over them. As the intervals between the inspirations grow longer, the blood becomes saturated with carbonic-acid gas—the same as that formed from burning charcoal, whose deadly fumes have so often aided the suicide to painlessly destroy life.

While the power of breathing is gradually failing, the heart, which is in close sympathy with the lungs, begins to contract with less force, propelling the blood only a short distance through its arterial channels, thus causing the extremities to grow cold.

The blood sent to the brain is not only diminished in quantity, but is laden with carbonic-acid gas, which, acting on the nervous centers, produces a gradual benumbing of the cerebral ganglia, thereby destroying both consciousness and sensation. The patient gradually sinks into a deep stupor, the lips become purple, the face cold and livid, cold perspiration (death-damp) collects on the forehead, a film creeps over the cornea, and, with or without convulsions, the dying man sinks into his last sleep. As the power of receiving conscious impressions is gone, the death-struggle must be automatic. Even in those cases where the senses are retained to the last, the mind is usually calm and collected, and the body free from pain.

“If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die!” were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, William Hunter; and Louis XIV. is recorded

as saying with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult."

That the painlessness of death is due to some benumbing influence, acting on the sensory nerves, may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying.

On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last, the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations, and seemed as if rocking him asleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all that love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." In the *Quarterly Review* there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging, by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned, the prisoner coldly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterward restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain. Captain Marryat states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing round me assumed the appearance of waving, green fields. * * * It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow."

Now, this is precisely the condition presented in death from disease. Insensibility soon comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia.

In spite of the natural antagonism to death, a moment's reflection will show that it is as much a physiological process as life; the two terms are correlative, the degree of vital activity depending on the extent of molecular death occurring at the same time. Strange as the paradox may seem, without death we cannot live; every thought emanating from the brain, every blow struck by the arm, is accompanied by destruction of nerv-

ous or muscular tissue. The bioplasmatic or living matter of Beal, which enters into the formation of every animal tissue, is constantly germinating into cells (the origin of all life), and as constantly passing into decay, their places being taken by other protoplasts, thus keeping up the "active dance of life."

The disassimilation or interstitial death occurs to such an extent that Nature, in her wisdom, has provided excrementory organs for the purpose of removing from the system the effete material thus produced. Every living structure, after passing through certain stages of development, maturity, and finally retrogression, must come to an end. This may be but the ephemeral existence of some of the lower forms of fungi, which, born in the cool of the morning, die as the sun goes down; or, like the famous dragon-tree of Teneriffe, may outlast the pyramids that keep watch by the Nile.

The last topic for consideration is the *pseudopia* of death, or visions of the dying. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the dying, after lying some hours in a semi-conscious condition, to start up suddenly, and, with glowing face, point eagerly to some object invisible to the bystanders, and with animated voice and gesture state that they behold the glories of heaven, or the familiar countenance of some friend long since dead.

The question naturally arises as to whether these visions are merely the fantasies of a disordered and fast-disorganizing brain; or are the dying actually permitted a momentary view of those mysteries hitherto unknown?

The traditions and superstitions of the past have led to a popular belief in the latter theory. Shakespeare expressed the sentiment of his day when he placed in the mouth of the dying Queen Katharine these words:

"Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?"

Science, with its iconoclastic hand, has swept away these pleasing fancies [Not so, Mr. Spencer, nor can it do so.], and in their places has constructed a fabric founded on analogy. In the anæsthesia induced by chloroform, a condition is produced closely resembling that immediately preceding death (caused by the carbonic-acid poisoning), in which visions are constantly presented to the mind, the character of which de-

pend upon the natural temperament of the individual. Thus it often occurs that a patient, when under the influence of chloroform, has beatific visions [and they are often true in all respects] similar to those of the dying. It is my fortune to have at present a patient who invariably, when under the influence of chloroform, asserts that she sees angels [and she probably does] hovering around her bed. The impression is so strong that she becomes much annoyed if the reality of these visions is disputed. The asphyxia produced by burning charcoal is oftentimes accompanied by disturbed fancies, similar to those preceding death, and the natural inference is that they are the result in both cases of one and the same cause. [Not so always, for in such cases it often happens that latent mediumship is brought out.] During the last moments of life, the mind gradually loses cognizance of external surroundings, and is rapt in self-contemplation. Though still in a semi-conscious condition, the weeping of friends and the voices of attendants fall upon dull ears. The eyelids are closed, the pupils slightly contracted and rolled upward and inward. The dying man has forgotten the present, for he is living in the past. One by one the events of a whole life appear, its joys and sorrows, perchance long since forgotten, rise before him in startling distinctness, and then disappear in the swiftly moving panorama. The familiar faces of the friends of his youth are thrown upon the mental retina, their cheery voices reverberate in his ears, and the thought of meeting these friends in the near future is perhaps his last conscious impression. As this drowsiness creeps over the system, these images, molded from the past, become as realities to the disordered imagination. The germs from which originate these strange combinations have probably been lying dormant for years in the registering ganglia of the brain.

Dreams never surprise us, no matter how strange the scenery presented, or how great the violation of truth and reality; so it is in this last great vision of life. What wonder that a dream so vivid should be carried into action? The brain, with a convulsive effort, sends the message through the system, the muscles spring into activity, and the dying man, with outstretched arms, calls the attention of the awe-stricken bystanders to these fantasies [they are not always fantasies; often actual realities] of his own brain. Thus some pass away as though

falling asleep; others with a sigh, groan, or gasp; and some with a convulsive struggle.

These death-bed visions are comparatively of frequent occurrence, and are generally accepted as realities [and many times they are what they are claimed to be]. The theory which we promulgate, though not new, will naturally excite prejudice; but it is better to know the truth than to cherish a belief, however pleasing it be, founded on error.

Life and Death Thoughtfully Analyzed.

PROCESS OF DYING, REAL AND APPARENT.

DEFINITION OF LIFE—ORGANIC TRANSMUTATIONS—THE ANIMAL FUNCTIONS IN MAN—THE HUMAN BLOOD—POST-MORTEM VESICATION—PUTREFACTION AND RIGIDITY—THE FLAME OF A CANDLE—DRINKING GLASS OR GOBLET, AND THE LESSON WHICH IS CONVEYED THEREBY.

A satisfactory definition of life should express conditions involved in every phase of vital development, but never identified with any mode of inanimate existence. The transmutation represents one such fundamental distinction between animate and inanimate objects; for, although some inorganic combinations possess a degree of permutability consistent with substantial integrity, this in particular cases is always uniform in character and limited in extent. Ice, for example, may become successively changed into the liquid and gaseous state without chemical decomposition, but there is an intrinsic limit to such permutation, for under similar circumstances of pressure, at an unalterable fixed elevation of temperature, it invariably becomes resolved into simpler constituents.

There are apparently no such inherent restrictions to organic transmutations, which may be perpetuated indefinitely, under appropriate supplementary conditions, without perceptible intrinsic exhaustion. Yet organisms are never sufficiently independent to spontaneously evolve such progressive results, but require the constant accession of extrinsic energy to develop their included potentialities.

The sun is the physical source of extraneous energy for

*Dr. William Fraser, in *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. 18, No. 3.

every species of vital change occurring on the earth's surface, as through the immediate agency of its rays vegetables are enabled to abstract from the surrounding medium those elements adapted to their special needs; and, although animals cannot thus directly appropriate solar energy, yet they are enabled to utilize it by the assimilation of certain of these vegetable products which it has previously served to elaborate.

As all the progressive transmutations which indispensably constitute individual life are dependent on the constant accretion of material energy, integration is also a universal concomitant of vitality, so that for practical purposes life may be provisionally defined as the continuous individual integration and differentiation of material energy.

While these two correlated processes pertain to every variety of life, the physiological expedients by which their respective activities are sustained must vary in conformity with the specific requirements of different structures. A simple unit of protoplasm effects all its vital purposes through direct interchange with its environment, without the necessity of any intermediate provision. But, in higher organisms, life is indissolubly associated with certain accessory processes, and, in these cases, though the molecular interactions on which its essential attributes immediately depend are directly imperceptible, yet it is possible to prove its existence or non-existence by sensibly demonstrating the presence or absence of these its inseparable concomitants.

Man with his powers unimpaired manifests his vitality in unmistakable terms, but conditions not incompatible with resuscitation may occur wherein all his functions are so reduced as to be directly imperceptible. In such cases, to prevent premature burial, it is important to discover some sign absolutely diagnostic of real or apparent death.

An essential characteristic of living bodies is their power of actively maintaining a degree of varying integrity of constitution in opposition to destructive influences. This requires the incorporation of extraneous materials and their conversion into definite specific structures, and always involves the immediate apposition of ingredients, as well as a reciprocal state of the parts to be nourished. Although such intimate reciprocation of living structures and nutrient materials must always exist, the means whereby it is effected varies exceedingly in

different instances. In the lower order of beings it is accomplished very simply, the medium which they inhabit offering directly the requisite pabulum, which their own condition enables them to assimilate without any preparatory elaboration. In more complex organisms a definite correlation of parts is necessary to elaborate the crude materials of food, as well as to bring them into immediate relation with the various tissues.

In some simple forms vital action may be suspended indefinitely by desiccation, being restorable by moisture, and even in some higher cold-blooded animals a state of temporary negation may be induced by congelation, the vital powers returning concurrently with the absorption of heat. In man it is quite different; the animal functions may be suspended, and even some of the organic processes interrupted, without extinguishing life, but there are certain of his functions the cessation of which for a limited period must inevitably cause death.

As to their vital significance, man's functions may be classified into essential and supplemental—the former including such as cannot be discontinued beyond a brief interval without fatal consequences, the latter such as may be suspended or even destroyed without involving general dissolution. Thus, although sight is important to comfort, it may be lost without affecting vitality; the hepatic function may be vicariously performed; even the renal secretion may be suspended for a considerable period without death; but the complete cessation of any of the essential functions of circulation, innervation, or respiration, must be speedily followed by such a result. By the circulatory forces, a constant flow of blood is directed to and from all the parts; by the nervous system an alternating effect is produced on the tissue-elements, whereby at one time they assimilate, at another disintegrate; by the respiratory apparatus, certain of the resultant products are incessantly eliminated. These three complementary functions are so independent that the complete interruption of either necessarily leads to arrestment of all, and consequent death.

Human blood is of a highly complex nature, as through it the textures receive all the materials adequate to their continued maintenance and repair. Its chemical composition is never definite, varying in different individuals and in the same

individual on different occasions. The relative uniformity, however, of some of its physical characters is indispensable to its vital efficiency. It is semi-solid, containing innumerable white and red corpuscles, the latter constituting nearly one-half its mass. The absolute number of these corresponds with the degree of general vitality; their local aggregation fluctuates with varying contingencies.

This fluid is the seat of two distinct modes of motion—a sensible circulation through the heart and vessels, and a subtler interchange with tissue-elements. Several causes conspire towards its circulatory mass-motion, the heart's action being a *sine qua non*. The molecular motions being invisible, an explanation of their *modus operandi* must be partly hypothetical. There are, however, certain associated phenomena admitting of direct observation under certain circumstances which serve to throw light on the physico-vital relations of the blood. Thus, besides its general distribution, it is subject to local variations in the total quantity of its mass, and in the relative proportion of its various constituents. As there are means of artificially exciting preternatural activity of the circulation to a recognizable extent, in parts open to observation, during the minimum degree of vitality, such a possibility affords a reliable method of infallibly deciding in any particular case as to the existence or non-existence of this vital process.

Tissues are divisible into vascular and non-vascular, according to the mode and extent of their nutritive supply. The latter, being destitute of capillaries, receive their nourishment from the neighboring vessels by endosmosis. The former are pervaded by those minute vessels, which admit red corpuscles in a lesser or greater number, according to the degree of functional exaltation. The cutis vera being a superficial vascular tissue, the excessive accumulation of red corpuscles in its capillaries is readily perceived by the consequent floridity of surface. Such sensible reaction to direct irritation implies the concurrence of several determinate acts in the structures directly involved, as well as the co-operation of more remote parts. Thus the tissue-elements must possess a responsive power to become exalted in function, and to solicit a surplus of blood ingredients they must also retain a continuity with the presiding nerve-center, whereby the peripheral impression may be centripetally transmitted along the afferent

nerve to this point, thence reflected along the vaso-motor nerve, causing relaxation of the arteriolar muscles, enlargement of caliber, and a freer flow of blood into the part. Cardiac contractions are also necessary to propel the corpuscles into the capillaries, as the attraction of the tissue-elements for these minute bodies can act only at insensible distances.

Man's structure conceals the changes which occur within the minute blood-vessels, but some animals admit the examination of the interior processes which accompany and conduce to the external manifestations of capillary congestion. Observing the circulation in the web of the frog's foot under the microscope, fluctuations in its current are noticed independent of the heart's action. The corpuscles, perhaps flowing uniformly at first, may slacken their speed, then oscillate or even retrograde. Apply an irritant to the part, the flow soon increases, and a greater number of red corpuscles pass through in a given time; they also show a tendency to cohere as well as to adhere to the walls of the vessels, which may proceed so far as to choke up their caliber and prevent the transmission of blood. As the effect passes off, the corpuscles gradually separate, move on, and at length circulation resumes its normal state. Such investigation explains the nature of the changes which occur in the capillaries of the human skin under artificial stimulation.

Heat, which is the most potent and available form of irritant, when applied to the skin so as to considerably elevate its temperature above the normal point, causes first an efflorescence of surface, deeper at the center and shading off gradually toward the circumference. This redness can be temporarily displaced, leaving a white impression, which disappears on removal of the pressure, the part resuming its floridity with a rapidity commensurate with the activity of the capillary circulation. By increasing the heat or prolonging its action the color becomes more distinct, till at the point of greatest intensity the cuticle becomes detached from its subjacent cutis by the gradual exudation and accumulation of a fluid which thus forms a true vesicle. A spurious vesicle may be similarly produced on the dead subject, but such is a purely physical and local effect, entirely different from the more comprehensive action and characters of the physiological process.

In *post-mortem* vesication the contents are generally gas-

eous from decomposition, and even if fluid, from infiltration in an œdematous or dependent part, this is always serum, unlike the vital fibrino-albuminous solution coagulable by heat. The pathognomonic distinction, however, is the difference presented by the underlying cutis on removing the loosely adherent cuticle. This, after death, has an unalterable yellowish white, crisp, horny appearance, in obvious contrast to the efflorescence of vital active congestion, which can be repeatedly displaced and renewed by recurrent pressure.

Although circulation is a vital necessity, the chemical products of its activity would of themselves speedily destroy life except for the concurrent exercise of the respiratory and other functions.

Tissues, such as the nervo-muscular, which perform some specific action, may be classed as active in contrast to passive, such as the osseo-fibrous, which merely subserve some mechanical office. When the ultimate particles of passive tissues are fully developed, they remain in that state for a longer or shorter period, and then gradually decay. Active tissues, during their development, appropriate a store of energy which, at maturity, they are capable of instantly expending in the manifestation of their special powers. Such exertions are inevitably attended by degradative transformations of their material elements. Cardiac movements and their associated vital co-ordinations involve the expenditure of nervo-muscular energy, and consequent production of simpler compounds, such as carbonic acid, the undue retention of which in the blood would cause certain death. Such a fatal contingency is prevented by the circulatory forces propelling the carbonized blood into the pulmonary capillaries, where an interchange with the oxygen of the air takes place through the intervening membrane till the vesicles become surcharged with carbonic acid, which is then expelled by the expiratory forces through the anterior openings of the air-passages, where its detention is evidence of vitality, while its utter absence under adequate tests is undeniable proof of the opposite condition. For, though certain cold-blooded animals can exhale a sufficient quantity of this product through their skin to permit a reduced vitality, in man such a cutaneous transpiration is exceedingly minute and altogether inadequate to the mainten-

ance of life, and it may continue even after death as a merely physical property of tissue.

Innervation is blended with and controls all the vital operation, sbeing conspicuously implicated with muscular contraction, an act primarily concerned in the various movements of respiration and circulation. The frequently-repeated transmission of intense electric currents is the most powerful stimulus of contractility, and, when such a measure fails to excite contraction in muscles essential to life, death must have occurred.

When rigidity and putrefaction are actually established, they may be accepted as infallible *post-mortem* indications. The former state arises from the muscles and other soft tissues becoming so stiffened as to resist flexion of the joints, the muscles of the lower jaw and neck being generally first involved, those of the lower extremity last. It might possibly be confounded with stiffening from extreme cold or spasms; but frozen limbs yield a creaking noise when forcibly flexed, from breakage of the congealed moisture, and spasmodic contraction resumes its morbid position on removal of the correcting force. Not so *post-mortem* rigidity.

Putrefaction succeeds rigidity as a bluish green tint of skin, commencing usually on the lower part of the abdomen and spreading over the body. Similar gangrenous appearances may occur during life, but, besides their more circumscribed extent, the invariable presence of a line of displaceable redness at the confines of the living tissues is a constant and characteristic distinction.

The desideratum, however, is some infallible proof of death whereby this state can at once be decided without waiting for the more tardy supervention of these positively *post-mortem* phenomena.

Neither the cadaveric aspect nor coldness and lividity of surface are constant or unequivocal signs. The cessation of the heart's action beyond five minutes is undoubted evidence, but it is impossible to acoustically determine this with absolute certainty, even when aided by the stethoscope, as the sense of hearing may be fallacious in delicate cases. Neither is the imperceptibility of the respiratory movements of the chest perfectly decisive. Conclusions from experiments on the eyes, by trying to excite the pupillary muscles by phys-

iological agents, or by examining the fundus with the ophthalmoscope so as to observe certain changes supposed to be essentially *post-mortem*, are invalidated by the comparative unimportance of these organs to general vitality. The same uncertainty holds as to the effects produced by tightly ligaturing a limb, as there might be complete occlusion of its vessels and consequent arrest of its circulation without necessarily fatal results. The changes induced in a polished needle inserted deeply into the living tissues may be closely simulated by non-vital causes. Circumstances might also obscure the difference between the contents of vital and *post-mortem* vesication.

The possibility of absolutely deciding, in doubtful cases, as to the presence or absence of vitality depends on the possession of artificial means wherewith to sensibly demonstrate the minimum activity of each of the essentially vital processes, the utter negation of the various specific reactions under their appropriate tests being infallible evidence of death. The different available measures vary in their degree of simplicity and facility of application, but the results are all equally conclusive.

The validity of the respiratory tests results from the fact that even during the most reduced state of vitality carbonic acid is perpetually generated in the system, and extricated therefrom through specially adapted air-passages, where its escape can invariably be detected by proper appliances.

Allowing a few hours to elapse after apparent death, so that an equilibrium may be established between the carbonic acid in the air-chambers and the atmospheric air, if death is real the amount of this product exhaled from the anterior opening of the air-passages will exactly correspond with that transpiring from an equal area of the skin; but, if the slightest vital action continues, the proportion thus expired in a given time will far exceed the whole cutaneous transpiration. Collecting it at its point of exit, by a suitable contrivance, into a small transparent vessel containing clear lime-water, its merest presence, in contrast to any other reagent, will change this fluid at once, on shaking, into an opaque, milky solution.

The innervation test is rendered practicable through the inseparable connection of this attribute with muscular contraction; for, even if contractility is inherent in muscle, its excitation is possible only through the incorporation of nerve-elements.

As this manifestation of nervo-muscular energy can always be sensibly excited by electrification during the persistence of the feeblest vitality, the utter failure to obtain such a result in parts the activity of which is essential to life, affords conclusive evidence of vital extinction. The respiratory arrangement of the glottis presents a favorable opportunity for prosecuting this special mode of experiment. At every inspiration the contractions of the associated muscles stretch and separate the vocal cords, thus nearly doubling the area of aperture. In expiration the muscles relax, allowing the parts by their elasticity to resume their natural collapsed appearance. These changes can be observed by placing the body before a bright light, and introducing a laryngoscope well back into the pharynx, so as to bring the superior laryngeal aperture into view. After death the rima glottidis presents the elongated, narrow form, from the close approximation of its cords. If, under the repeated transmission of intense electric currents, properly directed, there is no responsive contraction so as to sensibly widen the aperture, death is certain.

The circulatory test, or the attempt to excite an actively congested state of the cutaneous capillaries, is pre-eminently the best, as it requires only simple and easily procurable appliances, which always yield decisive results either in the living or dead subject. The application of heat and the act of cupping are both effective topical means for perceptibly arousing this preternatural activity of the cutaneous circulation, even in the most languid condition of the system compatible with vitality. The entire absence of such distinctive physiological reactions and the occurrence of merely physical alterations, under the proper use of these respective measures, is undeniable proof of death. Over the heart is the most suitable region whereon to operate, as there the skin longest retains its vital warmth; but corroborative experiments may be performed over other parts of the trunk.

Hold the flame of a candle close to (*but not in contact with*) the skin sufficiently long to render the cuticle easily detachable from its subjacent connections; if the body is dead, the parts beneath will present a crisp, yellowish-white, horny appearance, unaffected by pressure; if alive, there will be readily perceptible a vital redness, distinguishable from all *post-mortem* discolorations by its repeated displacement and reappearance under

alternating pressure by tip of the finger or otherwise. Exposing the part to a bright light, and examining it through a magnifying-glass, will render the different phenomena more evident.

Kindle a piece of paper soaked in any alcoholic liquor, put it in an ordinary drinking-glass or goblet, and invert this over a part of the cutaneous surface where all its edge will come into accurate contact with the skin; if there remains a minimum degree of vitality, a state of superficial capillary congestion will be induced, with its unmistakably recurrent characters; whereas the absolute inability to excite such vital reaction in any part of the trunk's surface, and the production of solely physical effects by such potent agencies, are infallible evidence that all vital correlations are irreparably destroyed.

Is the Process of Dying Painful.

DEATH IN ITSELF CAUSES NO SUFFERING.

ALL DEATH MOLECULAR—THE DEATH OF DRUNKARDS—LIVING IN THE FIRE FORTY-FIVE MINUTES—DEATH IN THE FLAMES—AFTER DYING WHAT?—WHEN DEATH OCCURS—THE TEARS—DYING BY ASPHYXIA—WHEN DEATH IS COMPLETE.

*Death in itself is painless. The disease or accident leading to death may cause the keenest anguish, but death itself is painless. This must be so; if it were not, we would be in pain all our lives, since there is not a moment when death is not occurring within us—molecular death—and there is no death in the universe which is not finally molecular. No man ever feels death, for the senses fail as life recedes, and the struggle for breath is without pain. It is true that persons frequently die in a state of bodily torture. Drunkards dying in *mania a potu* are haunted to the last by terrific visions, and a man may die with a heart so oppressed with guilt and remorse that the light of heaven is transformed into darkness, and the common air peopled with demons; but all such phenomena are those of disease, and not of death. It is not certain that death at the stake is intensely painful, after the first scorch of the flame. In a curious article on the "Curiosities of Death," Mr. Dodge speaks of the endurance of Bishops Hooper and Ridley. Bishop Hooper lived in the fire forty-five minutes, and died with perfect calmness. His legs were charred, and his body blistered before the pile was entirely ignited, the wind blowing the flames aside. Ridley at first struggled in agony, but afterwards became quiet, as if the sense of pain was gone. Robert Smith, being well-nigh half burned and clustered together like

*Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, in "Truth Seeker."

black coals, suddenly rose upright before the crowd. He lifted his arms as if in defiance of his enemies and clapped his hands together. It is a popular belief that sensibility remains a time after decapitation. The belief is fallacious. Bounafont had ready near the guillotine, under which two Arabs were to be executed, vessels with pulverized plaster placed on a low table. His friend associated with the experiment was provided with a small speaking-trumpet and a short pointed probe. At the instant the first head fell, it was placed in one of the vessels containing the plaster, in order to arrest hemorrhage. The speaking-trumpet was then applied to the ear of the head, and the man's name shouted through it, but there was neither motion of the eyelids nor corrugation of the brow; the eyes were dull and motionless, the complexion colorless, the expression of the face not indicative of pain. Neither were the muscles contracted upon being pierced with the tube. With the second head the results were the same. The syncope induced by the severance of the large arteries instantly produced death.

— The lighting up before death, so often noticed in patients who have remained sometimes for weeks in a semi-unconscious condition, is often referred to psychological causes, when, in reality, it is due to the presence of venous blood in the brain, caused by the non-arterialization of the blood. Thus the mind often dwells on visions of coming glory or shame, and contemplates heaven or hell. Shakespeare makes Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII., say: "Saw you not even now a blessed troop invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun; they promised me eternal happiness, and brought me garlands, my Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear."

The same phenomena mark the rise and decline of life. The circulation of the blood first announces existence, and ceases last. The right auricle pulsates first and does not cease until death. The mind loses the faculty of association; judgment gives place to recollection, and the senses vanish, as we have seen, in succession. The ruling passion, though concealed from infancy, is revealed in the hour of death, and the thoughts of boyhood bound into the sunset of declining age.

At the moment of death there become disengaged from venous blood certain gases which are normally confined therein, and which form a pneumatosis—a swelling of the veins. This

action in the veins of the retina, says Mr. Bongchut, is easily appreciable by the ophthalmoscope, and constitutes an immediate and certain sign of death. The pneumatosis is induced by the interruption of the column of blood, and is comparable to that observed in an interrupted column of a colored alcohol thermometer.

A few hours after death, generally from seven to ten, a rigidity takes possession of the body. This rigidity, which physicians call *rigor mortis*, is not confined to the muscles, but is manifested in the blood-vessels and heart. The rigidity may be removed for a few hours by the injection into the arteries of the corpse of oxygenated defibrinated blood. If the body be uninterfered with, the rigidity will disappear after thirty-six or forty hours, when the body will be as pliable as at the moment of death. If the body be weakened or emaciated, from great suffering, or long sickness, the rigidity comes on sooner, but does not last so long. Physicians are not agreed as to the cause of this rigidity.

As the rigidity passes away, the beauty so peculiar to the human face in death, becomes more and more manifest, and is nearest perfection three days after death.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PROCESS OF DYING---WHAT?

The undertaker's plea that bodies cannot be preserved unless they are immediately put away in ice is a mistake. It is a device for making exorbitant fees out of poor people as well as rich.

"After death there are three stages in the processes of decomposition," says Dr. Vanderpool, of New York City. "On the first day the features and the flesh are sunken in and the pallid shade of death is very ghastly. On the second day there is an improved look in every respect and the remains lose a part of the pallor of the first day. On the third day the flesh becomes full again, the skin clears up and the natural hue of life returns to a degree that in some cases is almost startling. At the end of this period discoloration sets in and decomposition does its work with great rapidity if the weather be warm. But these changes can be postponed without difficulty by the proper use of a very little ice on the stomach and some diluted carbolic acid sprayed into the nostrils. In 1848, when the modern ice boxes were unknown, I kept the

body of my mother four days in the hottest summer weather of July." Dr. Vanderpool complained of the general and growing practice of undertakers, without proper medical education, putting people into ice and freezing them beyond all possible recovery before the bodies had time to cool naturally. He thought that physicians, the board of health and the law should take measures to put a stop to such proceedings. There was no necessity for the practice, no excuse for it, except the sordid anxiety of the undertaker to make an exorbitant fee. He strongly favored the Neurological Society, which, he understood, was making efforts to have a medical expert especially detailed to investigate each case of reported death and to make a scientific examination as to whether the doctors themselves might not have erred and issued certificates before the vital spark of life had really fled

THE HOURS AT WHICH DEATH OCCURS.

In a paper contributed by Dr. Lawson to the West-Riding Asylum Medical Reports, England, for 1874, several interesting observations are recorded regarding the number of deaths which occur during the different hours of the day. Following up the researches of Schneider and others, who had shown that the greatest number of deaths take place during the ante-meridian hours, Dr. Lawson has been able to determine more closely the time of day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. Supplementing the statistics of other institutions by those of the West-Riding Asylum, he finds that deaths from chronic diseases are more numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning than any other time of the day, while they are fewest between the hours of eight and ten in the evening. In the case of acute diseases, such as continued fevers, pneumonia, etc., a different result has been obtained. Following up what had been pointed out by other authorities, Dr. Lawson shows that the largest number of deaths from this class of diseases takes place either in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active. The occurrence of these definite daily variations in the hourly death rate is shown, in the case of chronic diseases, to be dependent on recurring variations in the energies of organic life; and in the case of acute diseases the cause is ascribed either

to the existence of a well-marked daily extreme of bodily depression, or a daily maximum intensity of acute disease.

A DYING MAN SHEDS NO TEARS.

*It appears that in the act and article of dissolution, the sight that, pierces ether, faints and fails and fades, and taste is dead, and touch is dead, and tongue, and feeling, and smell, all are dead. Not so the ear; it survives them all, for it is the last sense that dies; and it is the repeated testimony of those who have returned to life from the furthest limits beyond, that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with sounds so ravishing as to be indescribable by mortal words. It has been testified to by persons who have been drowned, and then brought to, that the very last perception was that of delightful music.

A dying man sheds no tears. He calls his wife and children, his parents, his best friends, to his bedside, and, though tear-drops rain from every eye, the contamination of tears never comes to him, never the one falls down his cheek. This is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; the human machine has run down at last; every gland of the system has ceased its functions, and that is why death steps in, and, like a remorseless sheriff, takes possession and stops everything. In almost all diseases, the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are, at length, dried up; there is no secretion anywhere; the lips and tongue, how dry, as we have all seen; the skin, how dry; or, if moistened by the damp of death, it is from mechanical causes. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead in the heart, but because there is not a tear-drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip, which undying affection, when it can do nothing else, laves incessantly with the little mop, or feather.

There is one sign of approaching dissolution. We have never seen it alluded to, and yet we have never seen it fail. When the extremities are cold, and the head, the very last part to lose all power of motion, is turned incessantly and quickly and restlessly from one side on the pillow to the other, death comes within an hour. It is worth the effort of a

*Hall's Journal of Health.

lifetime to be able to die well, to die at a good old age, in peace with all mankind, and in a well-grounded faith of an immortal life beyond.

DYING AS VIEWED BY A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER.

In the funeral service of a Spiritualist in Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Emma J. Bullene preached a sermon in which she said: "In some cases the separation of the spiritual from the physical part is much more speedy and complete at the minute of death than it is in others. In cases of sudden and violent death, in full health, the process is slower, and often, in such cases, the soul has not severed its connection with the body for more than an hour after death has apparently taken place. To the subject himself death is exactly like a deep sleep. There is an interval of unconsciousness, during which the process of the separation of this fine spiritual part from the body is taking place. It rises like a silvery light, or luminous, magnetic mist, out of the brain, and is at first seemingly vague and unformed, but rapidly re-forms above the abandoned body, and develops into a perfectly-formed spirit—the same features we knew in the body, but more refined and beautiful. In cases of wasting sickness, the separation begins much earlier."

THE MIND DURING DEATH BY STARVATION.

N. E. Davies, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: The recent case of cannibalism at sea opens up some curious questions as to the effects of fasting on the moral nature of man. To the superficial observer, death by starvation simply means a wasting of the body, a horrible agony, an increasing weakness, a lethargic state of the brain, and a sleep from which there is no awakening; but is this all that it means? While this is going on, let us consider whether or not the intellectual faculty, and with it the power of distinguishing right from wrong, is not also undergoing a process of wasting and death, even before that of the material part, for, however dangerous it may be to receive opinions to associate the material nature of brain with the moral nature of our being, we are bound to do so to elucidate some of the facts connected with this case.

Reasoning by analogy, we find that, in many cases of bodily disease, the state of the mind is the first indicator of the mischief going on in the system. Take even such a simple thing

as indigestion, which, as every one must know, is only a manifestation of a deranged stomach, and what do we find? That the lowness of spirits induced by this affection may vary from slight dejection and ill-humor to the most extreme melancholy, sometimes inducing even a disposition to suicide. The sufferer misconceives every act of friendship, and exaggerates slight ailments into heavy grievances. So in starvation, the power of reason seems paralyzed and the intellectual faculty dazed really before the functions of the body suffer, or even the wasting of its tissue becomes extreme. Such being the case, the unfortunate individual is not accountable for his actions, even if they be criminal in character, long before death puts an end to his sufferings.

THE PROCESS OF DYING BY ASPHYXIA.

A writer, in the *Chicago Herald*, says: "About twenty people lose their lives annually in Chicago by means of escaping gas. Some, undoubtedly, are suicides; others are ignorant in the handling of the favorite illuminating power, and still others are victims of defective gas fixtures. In every case they die a terrible death. It is one of the many popular mistakes that asphyxia caused by the inhalation of coal gas is only a form of sleep into which the doomed person drops to awake no more. The calm and peaceful appearance of the dead, indicating neither struggle nor pain in nature's final combat with her arch enemy, is belied by careful examinations made by the most expert physicians. Death from asphyxia begins at the lungs, almost simultaneously paralyzing the muscles of the body. The victim is deprived of the power of action, while still retaining consciousness. Not even an outcry is possible, and death approaches inch by inch—relentlessly entangling the agonized victim in its skeins, from which there is no escape unless timely help arrives before the last stage in the passive struggle. While still conscious, the brain, in its attempts to break the chains of death, pictures the past and present in vivid colors, flashing like lightning over the memory, which still has a conception that the end is coming.

"You may set it down, says an eminent medical practitioner, that the stages in asphyxia from coal gas are confusions of ideas, delirium, muscular spasms, convulsion and paralysis, unconsciousness, and finally failure of the heart's

action. In other words, unconsciousness is one of the last stages, which leaves the natural inference that the victim knows what death is until the very last beating of the heart. The suffering must be terrible, because the duration of the last struggle, in which the body is entirely passive and prostrated, while the mind retains every impression more vividly than even in its normal state, is not less than thirty minutes, and in some cases longer than an hour. This medical view of asphyxia from coal gas is substantiated not only by the truthful relations of persons who have been rescued while nature was about to succumb, but also by the condition of the body after death. The only irrational symptom disclosed by the scalpel of the operator is the presence of dark, venous blood in the right side of the heart and the venous system. The left chambers of the heart contain only a small quantity of dark-colored blood, while the vessels of the membrane and sinuses of the brain are filled with it. This demonstrates plainly that the brain was the last organ to succumb."

THE ODOR OF COMING DEATH.

An article in the *American Journal of Medical Science* describes a peculiar odor often noticed several hours before the final departure of life. The smell is said to resemble musk, and to be due to the liberation of ammonia and of the fatty acid which gives the blood its characteristic odor.

THE PROCESS OF DYING THOUGHTFULLY CONSIDERED.

It has been well said: "To be buried alive is a contingency the very thought of which fills the mind with horror; and yet it is notorious that instances have occurred, and may yet occur, through neglect on the part of those in charge to use even the most ordinary precautions."

The subject is of such importance that it is well to impress upon all a few of the signs which usually distinguish actual from supposed death:

"The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. The stoppages of pulse and breath may, however, under certain conditions, be reduced to so low an ebb that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are completely annihilated. Cases, too, have been

known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

"The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body the edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life presents an open or gaping appearance.

"An important change, termed the rigor mortis, takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half an hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must, however, be borne in mind that rigor mortis is not a continuous condition; it lasts from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. Commencing in the head, it proceeds gradually downwards, the lower extremities being the last to stiffen; and disappears in the same order.

"One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered color of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur, from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers, with the thumb turned in. It is important to note that the slightest motion of the heart may be detected by the stethoscope, even though breathing and the pulse have ceased. If the heart, therefore, be silent to this delicate instrument, the vital spark has fled."

SIGNS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

In determining whether the immortal spirit has taken its everlasting flight from its earthly home, physicians carefully inspect certain signs, or have immediate recourse to various experiments. "But it may be considered excellent advice," says an old physician, "to always distrust 'signs.'" At one time they may be correct in their manifestations, making no false reports; at another time they may mislead you, resulting in a

premature interment. If the signs of death are infallible, then there exists no necessity whatever for resorting to experiments, or any extraneous measures to restore life. If infallible, why so many premature burials? If they can be implicitly relied upon, then the attending physicians in certain cases where they have passed a dogmatic opinion that death had ensued on the part of their patients, which proved false, must have been first-class ignoramuses. It would be better to never regard any of the various signs of death as infallible. They should never be the autocrat to decide absolutely between life or death. Of course they may be approximately correct, and it is well to carefully observe them, but in every case all the known methods to effect a restoration should be employed, although they may be unavailing. Life and death may in some cases be so evenly balanced that some trivial circumstance may bring the patient back to life, or place him in a condition where restoration is impossible.

THE TIDES AND DEATH IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

On Cape Cod and in many other districts along the New England coast it is believed that a sick man cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run. Watchers by beds of sickness anxiously note the change of tides, and if the patient lives until the flood begins to set in again, he will live until the next ebb. The most intelligent and best educated people, born and brought up on the New England coast, are not entirely free from this superstition, and to them there is a weird meaning in the words of Dickens in describing the death of Barkis: 'And it being high water he went out with the tide.'

HOWARD'S METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

"We think it advisable," says the *Canadian Journal of Medical Science*, "to direct attention to the following rules for resuscitating the partially drowned:

"First—Instantly turn patient downward, with a large, firm roll of clothing under his stomach and chest. Place one of his arms under his forehead, so as to keep his mouth off the ground. Press with all your weight two or three times, for four or five seconds each time, upon patient's back, so that the water is pressed out of lungs and stomach, and drains freely out of mouth. Then,

“Second—Quickly turn patient, face upward, with roll of clothing under back, just below shoulder blades, and make the head hang back as low as possible. Place patient’s hands above his head. Kneel with patient’s hips between your knees, and fix your elbow firmly against your hips. Now, grasping lower part of patient’s naked chest, squeeze his two sides together, pressing *gradually* forward with all your weight, for about three seconds, until your mouth is nearly over mouth of patient; then, with a push, *suddenly* jerk yourself back. Rest about three seconds; then begin again, repeating these bellows-blowing movements with perfect regularity, so that foul air may be pressed out and pure air be drawn into lungs, about eight or ten times a minute, for at least an hour, or until the patient breathes naturally.”

WHEN THE PROCESS OF DYING IS COMPLETE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: “There can be little doubt that premature burial does occasionally take place in France and Algeria, also in Germany, in consequence of the laws ordaining prompt interment. It is no wonder, therefore, that the following discovery, signaled in *L’Electricite*, has been received with great satisfaction. According to this journal, it has been ascertained that the application of an electric current to the body is a certain test of vitality. Such a test being applied five or six hours after presumed death, the non-contraction of the muscles will prove beyond a doubt that life is extinct. So, at least, we gather from the journal *L’Electricite*. All kinds of precautions are taken from time to time in France and Germany to avert the horrible catastrophe of premature interment, but we were assured in Germany nothing is trusted to but cremation. All who have witnessed the celerity with which the bodies of the dead, or supposed dead, are shoveled into the grave abroad, must cordially hope that the facts cited are incontestable and may be widely made known. Cremation is not a costly process, it is true, but it is not within every one’s means to visit Milan or Gotha when living, much less to order urn-burial in either of those cities from fear of premature interment.”

The *Popular Science Monthly* says: “The importance of having some readily-applied and indisputable test of the fact of death, is apparent, and many are the processes offered to

determine it. Nevertheless, such a test appears to be a desideratum—unless, indeed, we accept that offered by Kappeler. In the course of his researches on the electrical stimulation of dead muscles, Kappeler subjected twenty corpses to the action of various electrical currents, noting the time of disappearance of contractility. In persons emaciated by chronic maladies, it disappeared much more rapidly than in well-nourished individuals, or those who had acute disease. It disappeared seventy-five minutes after death at the quickest, and six and a half hours at the slowest. In cases where a rise of temperature is observed after death, electric contractility persists longest. So long as there remains the least flicker of life, the contractions continue intact. In the most prolonged faints, in the deepest lethargies, in poisoning by carbonic oxide, chloroform, etc., there is contraction so long as life lasts. But if the muscles make no response to the electrical stimulation, Kappeler pronounces life to be extinct.”

FREED FROM THE FEAR OF DEATH.

*When Mr. Fawcett, the late Postmaster-General, returned two years ago from the door of death, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he remarked that, whatever else his illness had done for him, it had at least freed him from the fear of death. Like many men of robust physique, Mr. Fawcett at one time entertained a dread that death would be preceded by a fierce convulsion—a veritable death-agony. During his former illness, as he lay for days in the last stage of prostration awaiting death, he felt entirely free from any physical fear. The heart would simply cease to beat, as a watch that has run out ceases to tick, and all would be over. Death would be no wrench, but simply the cessation of life. Such, at least, was the conviction which Mr. Fawcett brought back with him from the shadowy confines of the grave.

*Chicago Tribune, November, 1884.

Over the Dividing Line, into Spirit-Life.

A GLIMPSE BEYOND THE VEIL, ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

A BRIGHT LIGHT—SPIRIT MUSICIANS—A GORGEOUSLY FURNISHED ROOM—A REVIEW SCHOOL—THE TRANSCENDENT BEAUTIES OF SPIRIT SCENES.

[The fact that in the trance state scenes in Spirit-life are often witnessed that are observed by the dying, may lead to the belief that in a measure it is similar to the stages of death. As, while dying, the spiritual faculties are often illuminated and spirit friends seen, so in the trance condition the same phenomenon occurs. The parallel seems to be complete.]

*A MESSAGE WHILE ENTRANCED.

On retiring one evening a short time ago, and while meditating on the grandeur of Spirit-life, my clairvoyant vision was opened to such a degree that I could see everything as distinctly as though it were material. I saw in the distance a bright light, and within that light there appeared a man, saying: "Come up and view the Sphere of Spiritual Purity." I made an attempt, but could not remain long, for my mind would revert to my body (which I could plainly see) and would cause me to lose my hold of the plane he was standing on. He said: "Your mind is a master of all your movements, and wherever you will yourself, there you will be. Now, sir, will yourself to remain with me and I will show you some of the beauties of Spirit-life." After several efforts I finally succeeded, and remained with him for a long time, while he explained a great deal that was grand beyond all preconceived ideas. "Now, sir," he said, "let us visit the *Musical*." After passing up a

*D. D. Glass, Columbla City, Ind.

spiral incline a short distance, I heard the most delicious music. In a short time we came in view of the musicians. There was an instrument resembling a piano, but much larger. There were three playing, while a dozen or more were standing near by singing. They were all females. I was completely enchanted with the music, while the magnificence and grandeur of the surroundings were beyond mortal power to comprehend. I was seemingly dethroned of my senses for a time, until I could master the situation, and realize that I was yet a mortal. We listened to the music for some time, which finally ceased, and the ladies, after paying respects to my guide (who seemed to be chief of the apartment) as well as myself, repaired to their separate apartments to again enter upon their respective duties as teachers and pupils—teaching those from a lower sphere, and receiving instructions from those of a still higher.

My guide said he must now leave me, as he had duties he must attend to, and he introduced me to a beautiful lady, who said she would be glad to escort me through some of the many apartments adjacent thereto. "Come, let us take a stroll down this beautiful walk." After passing down this beautiful walk, which in appearance was but a ray of light, for a short distance, we came to a magnificent structure. My guide said: "Let us enter this apartment, for I know when once within you will be delighted with the enchanting effect."

We passed into one of the most gorgeously-furnished rooms I ever saw or read a description of. Those who have visited the Orient and drawn a pen-picture of the princely apartments, fall far short of a description of the grandeur of this place. The finest upholstered seats, chairs, lounges, sofas, etc.; carpets of the most gorgeous texture covering the floor; paintings of great and noble men and women adorned the walls; decorative paintings, plaster casts, with symbolical designs in endless variety, went to make up only a part of what was contained in this Eden of celestial grandeur. "This," she said, "is the apartment of Descriptive Knowledge and Eloquence. Within this room every attainment possible within you will be spontaneously brought forth. We visit this apartment to brighten up our dull and apparently lagging intellectual energies. This apartment is the last one visited before ascending to a higher plane, and that is why it is so thoroughly magnetized with the brightest ideas of those who have passed beyond, and have left

their influence so impressed here that all who enter are imbued with a keen perception that arouses every dormant intellectual vibration. Do you understand? While in this room we feel, in a slight degree, like those who have passed beyond. It would be impossible for us to experience what they do in our present state of development. We are only slightly impressed with the conditions of those who have entered the higher sphere."

I experienced a feeling in this room that would be impossible to describe. In conversing with my fair guide, I felt inspired with the eloquence of a Cicero or an Ingersoll. All things seemed easy and simple of explanation. Language flowed as easily as from the lips of a distinguished orator. My guide said:

"You see, what is latent within, while in this room, comes to the surface, and you are no longer dull to comprehend anything you are capable of acquiring. But it is only temporary, for we must go back and learn thoroughly what we have passed over, by getting them permanently imbedded on the mind before we can pass this apartment and join the higher class. This might be rightly considered a Review-School. Everything we have learned in the past comes to us perfectly plain, so that when we ascend to the higher plane, we commencethere just where we left off here."

On leaving this apartment, we passed to within a short distance of the great piano, before seen, and then took seats on a beautiful ornamental sofa. In a few minutes there appeared before us about a dozen children, ranging from six to ten years of age. "This is my class from the Sphere of Childhood. They have come here for instruction in a higher grade of learning than is taught on their sphere. I must now be excused to attend their eager wants. I see fair Rhoda is at leisure. She will be pleased to further entertain you."

* Fair Rhoda, indeed! Oh, when will this earth, if ever, progress to that condition of purity that it will be possible to produce a being approximating the angelic loveliness of fair Rhoda? The widest stretch of the imagination of mortal man cannot picture such a being. A blonde of the purest type, whose skin was almost transparent, and the texture that covered her fair form was unlike in fineness the finest silken abrics produced on the earth plane. "Sir," she said, "if you

so desire, we will pass to yon elevation (pointing to a beautiful retreat in the distance, covered with a gorgeous array of natural beauty, excelled only as nature oftentimes excels herself), where we can command a view of the surrounding country. I know you most earnestly desire an explanation on a subject which has caused much controversy on the earth plane, and I will be pleased to expound all you may wish to know."

On reaching that enchanted eminence and surveying the surroundings, I became awe-stricken for a moment with the grandeur of the place, and something about as follows passed through my mind:

Oh! beautiful Nature! how the glories of thy fascinating splendor glow in the presence of the vivifying sunshine! Speak, oh! beautiful Nature, of thy perfect manifestations and great works, and in the presence of thy grand productions all is manifest good. Thou art the crown of all glory. Thou art the never-failing master of fate. Thou art the rock upon which all our hopes may be realized. Thou art the ruler of the heavens, whose pearly gates are ever ajar, and he who will may enter and become blest, for thou art the crowning glory of all there is.

On arousing from my reverie my guide explained a great many mysteries of Spirit-life. I must confess here, as Paul did, I saw and heard things that would be "unlawful to tell." She explained the relation of the sexes in the higher spheres; the meaning of soul-mates, and how they unite and assimilate each other's magnetic aura, a pleasure beyond mortal conception. Here I learned the same pair do not as a rule remain together indefinitely. For instance: if one progresses faster than the other they will part, and seek one on their own plane. Soul-mates do not remain as such, only so long as there is compatibility, and this remains only so long as they have equal desires and aspirations on a progressive line, or in social relations. If one progresses beyond the other the one left behind becomes too crude and the other too refined for their auras to blend in harmony, and they are then divorced by a natural law of incongruity. They part as friends, very much unlike those divorced on earth. There is an inexplainable dislike between two spirits who have progressed to a state where they must separate. It is not a dislike as we understand it. They

are no longer attracted to each other, and each seeks a more suitable companion.

I asked this fair one why it was necessary the sexes should be united after they had passed beyond the stage or sphere of procreation? What further use were they to each other as such? She answered: "Of what use are the two poles of a galvanic battery? Because they cannot exist separate, or are only in a quiescent state. The current cannot flow unless the circuit is complete. Just so with mortals or spirits, beings of a higher order, incomplete alone. The Bible says: 'It is not good for man [mankind] to be alone,' which holds good throughout the spheres. If this were not the law, spirits would mingle together promiscuously, seemingly without a purpose, in an inharmonious manner. While, on the other hand, they are similar to a fond pair on earth; they have a special object to love and care for, which gives them strength, and a desire to please, and instills in them an aspiration for a more exalted condition. There will come a time in the unfoldment of the spirit that they will be so strongly united they will have no desire to be separated. They will be virtually one, 'twain of one spirit,' as you have seen in a former vision. This is in accordance with the universal law of the positive and negative forces of nature, which is the harmonizing principle throughout the universe. In the earth sphere these seemingly two elements, as seen in the sexes, are noticeably distinct. They are separate and independent until attracted together by the common law of affinity, which is only partly understood.

"Now, sir, you begin to comprehend the use of the sexes even in Spirit-life. The sex principle—as understood by mortals—is, after successive unfoldments of the spirit, entirely lost, leaving the two (one) great animating principles that constitute the dual life of all animate beings."

A Man Illustrating the Stages of Death.

THE RESULT OF AN OPIATE IN THE STAGES OF DEATH.

PECULIAR SENSATIONS—LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE EXTREMITIES—COULD SEE AS LIFE WAS EBBING AWAY—CONSCIOUSNESS LOST UP TO THE NECK—EVENTS OF THE WHOLE LIFE FLASHED FORTH—THE REVIVAL—DEATH BY FREEZING, ETC.

A writer in the *New York Star* gives a graphic account of the sensations which he experienced when he was in reality dying, while under the influence of a powerful opiate.

He had been ill for some time, suffering from frequent returns of severe pains, which the doctors thought might be rheumatic, or might be neuralgic, or might be something else. At any rate, they could not hit upon the medicines, either to relieve these pains or to prevent their recurrence. Meantime, while they were experimenting, he was getting weak and thin, so it was determined to try to ease him of his misery, if even only for a time, in hope that nature would gather a little strength, and perhaps succeed in doing what the doctors had failed in—curing him.

One night before going to bed, several twinges, which had been at him for an hour or more, gave unmistakable warning of another night of sleepless torment, unless he could find relief somewhere. Of course he thought of the little syringe for the injection of morphine, with which he was provided. Then, according to instruction, he pinched up a piece of the calf of his leg tightly between the finger and thumb of his left hand, inserted the point of the tube under the skin, and gently introduced into his system the magic fluid which was to

relieve him of all suffering. It did it with a vengeance, and with unexpected rapidity, too.

The first sensation he experienced was as of something not belonging to him crawling under his skin, and mounting rapidly up his backbone, spreading thence all over his body as it went.

He could trace it as it moved; his limbs were beginning to refuse to serve him; he was obliged to totter to the bed without putting out his light. There he lay, eyes wide open, senses all alive, out of pain, but with no idea of going to sleep. When the crawling thing, whatever it was, reached the back of his head, it seemed to give a slight blow to that part, and immediately he lost all power over his limbs. Still he retained perfect consciousness. He heard the movements going on in different parts of the house. The only feeling of concern about anything that he remembers was a thought that arose in his mind like this: "What will Effie think when she finds me in this state?" Even this did not trouble him very much.

By degrees, but so slowly as to be hardly noticeable, he lost all consciousness of his extremities. At first, though he could not control them, he was quite aware that he had hands and feet, as a man in perfect health knows it without either touching them or feeling pleasure or pain in them. Now he seemed to lose them, to go from them, or rather shrink from them as from sensible contact with a foreign body, more into himself. This peculiar loss of consciousness extended very gradually up his limbs. Still he had his senses; his eyes were open; he could see everything around him; he could hear as well as ever; his mind was clear and perfectly tranquil. He was neither frightened nor agitated nor anxious, nor was he impressed with any peculiar solemnity attaching to the occasion.

Little by little he lost his body, and with equal indifference. Whether his heart ceased to beat and his lungs to breathe at this time, he cannot tell, for he had no means of knowing, but if they had, he did not seem to miss them. Soon he was gone up to his neck. Then, and not until then, his senses began to grow dim. First his sight, not as by the closing of his eyes, but objects disappeared, leaving only the impression of light upon the eye; then that, too, faded, and

finally no consciousness of the organ remained. His hearing was still with him. Soon it, too, left him. Head, face, body, senses, all seemed gone—everything except a feeling of weight in his tongue, and a round spot in the back of his head, where he had previously felt the blow. Then his tongue went, and the round spot was all that was left, yet this seemed just as absolutely and completely him as ever his whole body had been.

This state continued apparently a long while, during which he remembers wondering what Dr. S. would say when he saw him, hoping he would not meet with any annoyance about his share of the transaction. As to anxiety about worldly or any other affairs, fears for the future, memory instantaneously flashing before him the events of his whole life down to the minutest particulars—as we are told it sometimes does—he had no such experience. Even the consciousness of existence went. The whole affair, from the first injection of the morphine to the complete loss of sensibility, seemed to him to last some five or six hours.

The next thing he had any idea of was the feeling of external warmth applied to his cold body. This he felt all over him at once. Then came a terrible struggle within him, but in which he seemed to have no will—it was probably the first attempt of the involuntary organs to commence their work again. It was very distressing, and if he had known how to get away from it he would have done so. At last he became aware of people moving about him and of warm sunshine around him. With a terrific effort he opened his eyes and saw where he was—out on the verandah, upon which his own room opened, with the warm morning sun and fresh breezes pouring their beneficent influences upon him.

Poor dear Effie was by his side, white and silent, vigorously rubbing him as if her own life depended on it, while Dr. S. was hovering over him, trying to restore respiration.

“Water! Doctor, water!” cried Effie; “he is alive. Dash it over his head and neck.” She raised him in her arms as she spoke, turning his face to the breeze. A dash of cold water made him draw a long, deep breath, and set heart and lungs at their regular work again. So he “came to,” as people call it, and a very disagreeable process he thought it was—much more so than “going off.”

He was very ill all that day—as weak as a little child, and for days he could not walk across the room without staggering like one intoxicated. By degrees he got quite over it, but he thinks he shall carry with him to his grave the horrible impression of what he suffered in coming back to life.

DYING THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF FREEZING.

*During any rigorous winter, published accounts of many persons being frozen to death, in the Northern and Northwestern States, may be seen. Sad as these events must always be, yet there are commonly accepted notions relative to such a death which are entirely erroneous. To be frozen to death many suppose must be a frightful torture, judging of their own experience of the effects of cold. Here we fall into the usual error of thinking that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if the sensibility remained the same. The truth is, intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and thus fairly beguiles men out of their lives.

A case in point will illustrate this: A small party of hunters, accompanied by a Swedish doctor named Menander, in Northwestern Alaska, numbering in all nine persons, were at one time overtaken by a blinding storm; and remained so long exposed that five out of the nine perished, being actually frozen to death, and among them was the Doctor. During most of the time Menander, knowing well the deceptions of a rigorous climate, cheered on the little party, and, in defiance of the inevitable lassitude which overcomes people under such circumstances, made the men keep moving. "Whoever sits down will die," he said to his comrades, "and whoever sleeps will perish." The poor Doctor spoke as a well-informed and scientific student; but alas! at the same time he felt as a man, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die!

This calls to mind the famous retreat of the French army from Moscow, where the warning was repeated thousands of times by the officers to the staggering soldiers; but the terrible fascination to stop, if but for one moment, and rest, was too powerful to resist in a vast number of instances, and whole

army corps found a frigid grave upon the surface of the frozen snow. Allison, the historian, relates his own experience as to the cold. Desiring to understand the matter fully, he tried the experiment of sitting down in his open garden when the thermometer was six degrees below zero, at night, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing over him, that he declared he wondered how a single man of Napoleon's army, in that awful retreat, had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

The process of dying, arising from freezing and the consequent benumbed feelings and sleepy sensations, is undoubtedly painless. When a person feels exceedingly drowsy, he dislikes to be disturbed, and when freezing, he seems to be oblivious to the great dangers that await him. This, as a natural consequence, arises from the weakness of the will—however that may be caused—and a disposition to quietly submit to the domineering actions of the feelings. Sleepiness caused by freezing is enervating; the brain ceases to be stimulated in the proper manner, and vague dreams, accompanied with strange illusions, succeed the active energies and thoughtfulness of the mind. In extreme cold the physical system is outside of its sphere of normal healthy element, the same as it would be if thrust under water, or in a well where gas would stifle it, or in an oven where it would gradually roast. When the weather is extremely cold, and the system succumbs to its devitalizing influence, there invariably passes through the system sensations of extreme languor and sleepiness; the sleep once induced, the languor that follows will produce weird dreams, by no means unpleasant, until finally the unfortunate victim passes into an unconscious condition, from which he is rarely resuscitated. Freezing may be denominated "the sleep of death," for a sleep, calm and peaceful, precedes the final dissolution, and the awakening can only be in that region towards which all are tending. Of course such a death, after the first tingling sensations have quietly passed away, must be painless. Few, however, seek that method to commit suicide. The first exposure to the cold is very disagreeable, and those intent on self-murder hesitate before they expose themselves to its initiatory influence, hence they oftener use the pistol, or poison, or jump into the water.

FREEZING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.

The terrible winter of 1880 and 1881 was prolific in interesting experiences (as set forth by the *Leadville Herald*) in relation to freezing, and the weird effects thereof on the system. At one time during the exceeding cold weather John Wilson had moaned out the death-rattle under the snowy sepulchre at the bottom of the Alice Logan mine, near Chalk Ranch, Colorado. There is an event in Wilson's career that will render it immortal, even from its horror. No one whose destiny has not engulfed him in a similar position and calamity, can realize the terror of being imprisoned in a mine, with the sounding winds above moaning out a dirge over the grave of one alive, but to all minds and the world dead. Mr. Wilson was given up by common conclusion of his friends as having sustained death in the snowslide near Chalk Ranch. But W. C. Chapman, who was Wilson's associate at the mine, arrived at Leadville, and, going to the Citizens' Mining Investment Company's room in the Merchants' Building, notified the friends of Wilson of the occurrence of the morning. In a moment they started to their feet, and, inspired by the recollection of their old friend, they determined to confront the opposition of the night and howling weather, and go to the rescue.

Accordingly Messrs. J. W. Virgin, a trustee of the Citizens' Mining Investment Company, Charles Crews, Charles Downing, and Mr. Caldwell, mounted their horses, and were soon pushing their way through the storm along the Arkansas Valley to where their friend was entombed. Finally they arrived at a portion of the road where snow had drifted so as to render it almost impossible to proceed any further. Tired out and weary, they started to tramp down the snow, so as to make a path for their horses. Some time was spent in this, and they at last arrived at Chalk Ranch, where they went into the house and thawed out their benumbed limbs.

Stimulated, they resumed their march to what they supposed was Wilson's grave, and encountered the most discouraging difficulties. The snow had formed a most perfect stronghold against human invasions, and seemed to leap higher and higher at each step, upon the bodies of the men. They were instructed to take it slow and easy, and by this method much more would be accomplished. The horses would sink down

now almost to their backs, and plunging this way and that, were soon in foam. The men moved on, thoroughly fatigued and almost frozen, until they reached a little cabin that had formerly been employed as a saloon and road lunch-house. By this time the men began to grow sleepy, and the evidences of freezing began to assert themselves. Several times previous Virgin and Downing had lain down, and closed their eyes in perfect and pleasant submission to the cold fingers that were rapidly closing themselves around their victims. The two other companions witnessed the awful, ominous evidence of death, and, going to the men, began to kick and beat them until, opening their eyes, they struggled to their feet, and walked on, apparently unconscious, or at least indifferent to their course. Reaching the cabin above referred to, Virgin and Downing again surrendered and fell prostrate upon the snow, utterly refusing to advance another step.

A short distance up the declivity of the mountain was the cabin, which Crews and Caldwell concluded to reach, and, building a fire, return for Virgin and Downing. First, however, they built a fire beneath a massive boulder that was near the road, and, supporting the sleeping men to it, the men started toward the cabin. They moved on with much difficulty and made very little progress through the obstinate element that seemed to exert itself in delaying the men. At last, after a terrible struggle, the men attained a spot within thirty feet of the cabin. Here Crews, who had proceeded with such fortitude, yielded, and, sinking down upon the snow, was in a moment unconscious of the fact that death had conquered and soon he would be a subject of another sphere. Caldwell was now the only one left, and upon him hung the destiny of the three men who had lain down to die. He pushed on through the snow, at times almost consenting to the drooping lethargy, and again summoning his strength and animation. After some time he reached the cabin, and pushing the door open was soon bent over the stove starting the fire. Upon the shelf near by was a quantity of canned goods, and seizing a can of pork and beans he rushed from the cabin and ran to Virgin and Downing. After kicking, turning and beating, the men were aroused and started like a hungry wolf upon the sentinel for the pork and beans. After this, strength began to return slowly, and starting again they reached the

cabin, where they fell thoroughly exhausted upon the blankets. In the meantime Crews had been taken in and was sleeping soundly. No one knew anything until the following Sunday morning, when the men awoke and remembered their errand.

Eating a hasty breakfast they started for the mine and proceeded to digging for Wilson. They worked vigorously until about ten o'clock, when they saw Wilson in an upright position, the pick above his head and held by his left hand. Everybody was surprised to find the man alive, and the palpitations of his heart were scarcely perceptible. His face was terribly discolored, and his chin fell forward on his breast. His extremities were as cold as ice, and perfectly void of any sense whatever. The abode of the remaining spark of life was the breast, and even his head was benumbed and senseless. The arms were rigid and stiffened, as were the limbs, and there was little hope. His eyes were fixed, and there was every evidence that death had taken possession of the man. They elevated him to the surface, and wrapping his body in a blanket, started for the cabin. His teeth, which were set in the cold embrace of death, were pried open and some whisky administered to him. Finally they arrived at the cabin, and, cutting his clothes from his stiffened limbs, he was placed in bed and a physician sent for from Robinson's camp. The Doctor arrived, and set to work immediately at his restoration. After successive hours of work and careful nursing, Wilson recovered his consciousness, and, looking around, was apparently ignorant of the occurrence. When informed of what had happened, he said that he remembered being down in the mine, but thought when the snow had fallen in upon him that he had been struck violently with some instrument. He said that his consciousness held out about eight hours, and he knew nothing after that. He had survived in the tomb for about forty-eight hours.

THE BEAUTIFUL SENSATIONS WHEN FREEZING.

A Western woman, recently restored to consciousness, describes the sensations attending freezing to death, as follows:

"Thousands of colored lights danced before her eyes; the roar of a thousand cannons was sounding in her ears, and her feet tingled as if a million needle points were sticking into them as she walked. Then a feeling of drowsiness came over

her. A delightful feeling of lassitude ensued—a freedom from all earthly care and woe. Her babe was warm and light as a feather in her arms. The air was redolent with the breath of spring. A delightful melody resounded in her ears. She sank to rest on downy pillows, with the many-colored lights dancing before her in resplendent beauty, and knew nothing more until she was brought to her senses.”

INCIDENTS SHOWING DEATH BY FREEZING TO BE PAINLESS.

The sensations of death by drowning or freezing are generally regarded as delightful, especially when caused by the latter. That death by freezing is comparatively painless, is proved by many incidents. In the year 1775, “the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and ‘lay to’ until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Coming alongside the vessel he saw through the porthole a man at a table as though keeping a log-book, frozen to death. The last date in the log-book was 1762, showing that the vessel had been for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found, some frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses—a drifting sepulchre manned by a frozen crew.” If death by freezing is accompanied by unpleasant sensations, the man referred to above as sitting at the table, frozen, would certainly have changed his position, and there would have been some evidence of agonizing pain depicted on his countenance.

During the winter of 1872-3, a man was found dead in Chicago, Ill., sitting on the seat of an omnibus, frozen stiff. If his death had been accompanied with disagreeable feelings, he would not have remained in one position, as fixed as a statue. During the severe snowstorms that occurred in Minnesota at the same period, many perished. Those who approached death’s door so near that they caught a glimpse of the transcendent beauties of the Spirit-world, and then were rescued, state that the first knowledge of freezing consists of a prickling sensation, followed by drowsiness, and then all desire to be saved vanishes from the mind, followed by enchanting

scenes, such as characterize a dream when one stands on a lofty pinnacle and surveys the grandeur of creation. There is but little pain experienced then, and that in the very first stages of the freezing process. A party of six young couples, happy in the anticipation of pleasures which they expected to enjoy, were out sleigh-riding, and were overtaken by a destructive storm in Minnesota. The snow poured down in such quantities, and the wind blew with such terrific violence, that they were compelled to halt, and when discovered after the carnival of the elements, they were found locked in the embrace of each other's arms, sweetly sleeping in death. What a scene! Six couples, joyous and happy, compelled to succumb to the piercing cold, and yield up their lives so full of hope, romance and mystic charms, to the devouring rapacity of the elements. But their parents and friends had the satisfaction of knowing that the transition was painless, and the visions and scenes accompanying the same delightful.

Of course, no one desires to die from the effects of a snow-storm, however agreeable the same may be. Death is never desirable, and should never be invited under any circumstances, while the vital forces are buoyant and vigorous. An inspired writer has well said: "There is nothing that man is so likely to be little acquainted with as death. He usually shuns what he has always been taught to believe the greatest of evils, and avoids the vision of the monster, even when it knocks at his friend's or neighbor's door. The great majority of men seldom see death until it has gone; except when it comes to them, they rarely recognize it, so different is the original from the hideous caricature. Thus death has been for ages, contrary to science and experience, depicted in its physical relations as a pang and an agony."

Our fear of death, however, is to a great extent hereditary, is deeply impressed upon our nature thereby, and though experience and science may demonstrate the transition to be comparatively painless, and accompanied with pleasing sensations, yet there is within mankind a deep-rooted antipathy against the final dissolution of spirit and body.

A paper published in Minnesota, where so many froze in the winter of 1872-3, gives the following: "The bitter cold does not chill and shake a person, as in damper climates. It stealthily creeps within all defenses, and nips at the bone

without warning. Riding along with busy thoughts, a quiet, pleasurable drowsiness takes possession of the body and mind, the fences grow indistinct, the thoughts wander, weird fancies come trooping about with fantastic forms, the memory fails, and in a confused dream of wife and home, the soul steps out into oblivion without a pang of regret."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DYING.

Is it because some of us "are nearing the holy ranks of friends and kindred dear," that our notions are changing as to the philosophy of dying? Dr. Eddy, when about to die, simply called it a fact which would take care of itself; and Bishop Ames most beautifully expressed the Bible idea when he said it was merely passing from one apartment of our Father's house to another. We live now in this tabernacle; we shall live to-morrow in the better house, not made with hands. Is it not a great triumph of the truth that our school books no longer contain rough cuts of a huge bony skeleton, armed with a scythe, labeled "Time cuts down all, both great and small?" What is there in the Bible, or in the fact of dying, which authorizes us to call death a "grim monster?" It should not be so preached from the pulpit nor so talked to our children. Death is as natural a thing as sleeping, and should be so regarded.—*T. A. Goodwin.*

Do Not Dread the Great Hereafter.

DEATH IS MERELY AN EXTENSION OF LIFE.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM—ANCIENT TORTURES—THE HINDOO FAKIR
—CHLOROFORM—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG—HERMODORUS—EP-
IMENIDES—FEVERS AND DEATH.

*There is a purpose in life, whether we recognize it distinctly or not, and it is but fulfilled when we live out our time to the last. The attachment to life is a propensity implanted in us to hold us here and make us careful about unnecessary encountering of danger. It is recorded of the tumbrel-loads of victims of the first French Revolution, that they were usually very fearful of being hurt when on their way to the guillotine; and that at the supreme moment they were so overcome and insensible from terror, that at the severing of their heads from the body, the blood scarcely flowed. Madame Roland, however, was an exception—two streams gushed from her neck when the headsman did his office.

A healthy person is never eager to encounter death. The pagan votary who performs self-immolation voluntarily, if there is any such, is in a morbid or abnormal condition, and life has little value in his eyes. Disease, privation, or overwhelming trouble is the occasion of such things. The wording of life insurance policies, exempting the companies from paying in case of suicide, is manifestly unjust, and ought to be denounced. But life insurance is largely extortion at the best, as it is transacted. Suicide is a death from disease, and is no more a breach of trust with insurers than many of our social and dietetic practices.

Accepting the event of death as ordered by the same law

*Phrenological Journal, Vol. 11.

as that which caused our existence to begin, the motive that impelled the establishing of both conditions must be alike God-like and equally benevolent and beatific. It is best for us, most fortunate for us, that having properly accomplished our careers, we die.

We need dread no hereafter; whatever that is, it is in the same hands, governed by the same laws, and tending to the same goal as the present life. So far, we may die cheerfully and with confidence that is for better and not worse. Sudden death, without premonition, now so common, is a boon rather than a hardship. If we have "set our house in order," attended to all persons and matters requiring our care, and have not inopportunately hurried our end, there is abundant reason to welcome such a conclusion. It seems to us a glorious thing to live our life out full, exhausting its powers without disease, and then cease to exist from the sudden stoppage of the machinery. If destiny, which overrules our acts and purposes, has that end in store for the writer, he would in advance declare it the mode most acceptable to him.

In other days religious fanaticism induced men who had made God in *their* own image to think of him as a grand torture-master, who delighted in the seriousness and suffering of men, and was offended by mirth. They affected the life, sores, and filth of the beggar, Lazarus, because he was comforted, and pronounced the rich man in torment in the underworld wicked, because he had in his lifetime received good things. Hence, not only were the rack, thumb-screw, and burning alive inflicted on dissenters, but partial self-immolations, rigid scourging, and voluntary starving were resorted to, as wearing out a corrupt nature. The pangs and violent anguish of neuralgic and inflammatory diseases were regarded as direct afflictions from God for the welfare of the soul. A Hindoo fakir, swinging on a hook, or dervish, lying down on a couch of sharp nails, only carried out the idea to greater length. Certain Scotch clergymen once denounced the use of chloroform by child-bearing women, because the third chapter of the book of *Genesis* announced pain in bringing forth as the penalty of the first woman for eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

Emanuel Swedenborg explains the process of dying as follows: "When the body is no longer able to perform its func-

tions in the natural world, then man is said to die. This takes place when the respiratory motions of the lungs and the systolic motions of the heart cease; but still man does not die—but is only separated from the corporeal part which was of use, to him in the world, for man himself lives continually.” He goes on to define that the inmost communication of the spirit is with the respiration and with the motion of the heart, its thought being with the respiration and the affection with the heart; wherefore, when those two motions cease in the body a separation immediately ensues. These motions are the bonds which attach the spirit to the body, and their rupture is followed by the spirit’s withdrawing upon the cessation of the heart’s action, after which the body grows cold and begins to dissolve.

There is a likelihood and liability of such a separation where a person is in the habit of heavy dreaming or trance. The spiritual individuality in such cases becomes more or less concentrated in itself, and the physical capacity becomes in a great degree separated, and sometimes apparently dead. This was the case with the Swedish seer, who, however, possessed a prodigious vital energy as well as cerebral power, and could undergo these ecstasies with comparatively little peril. But others, reft thus from the body, fail to return; or if resuscitation takes place, nevertheless die shortly afterward from the peculiar shock. Passing by the clairvoyant and other analogous phenomena of modern times, part of which are arrant impostures, and all of them contemptuously disregarded by ignorant or uncandid scientists, we cite examples from the Orient classics. Epimenides, a poet living in the time of Solon, had trances in which his body exhibited the appearance of a corpse, and he seems to have contemplated it as a thing distinct from himself. Pliny relates that he was once insensible for fifty-seven years, but this is doubtless an exaggeration. Plutarch also mentions Hermodorus of Clazomene, who was many times in *ecstasis*, and had the power of inducing and of continuing the apparent death for a long period at pleasure. His wife, finally, finding or supposing him dead, placed his body on the funeral pile, although it had not begun to corrupt.

It is evident from such examples—which are more numerous than is imagined—that persons liable to trance are likely to escape from corporeal life painlessly, as a bird leaves a

cage, or a traveler his inn. Persons sometimes die from having no desire or energy of will to live. The individual of healthy body who has avoided disease and unwholesome habits, goes to death as to sleep, from which for once he fails to awake. It is more like the insensibility from chloroform than a breaking up of the physical economy. The stroke of lightning, the blow of the ax, and the instantaneous crushing of the brain, end life at once without a pang. The terror constitutes the entire suffering. Those who die in syncope, if they have any sensation, experience one that is rather pleasurable than otherwise.

The rack and the fagot inflict tremendous torture, and execution by hanging is, perhaps, next as a means of torment, now that crucifixion has gone out of fashion. It has long been a subject of marvel with us that Englishmen and Americans, boasting of their superior enlightenment and Christianity, adhere so tenaciously to such a barbarous infliction. The gallows is simply an infernal machine, an invention worthy only of one of Milton's devils. Wild beasts seldom hurt their prey very much, and they never equal men in cruelty. Yet hanging is not very painful.

Most diseases remove the source of pain as they approach a mortal issue. The "agonies of death" are but struggles or writhings, in which there is no suffering whatever. There are muscles which are moved or kept in quiescence by the influence of the will upon them. At the period of death, and sometimes on other occasions, this influence is withdrawn; upon which they quiver and exhibit appearances that unsophisticated spectators mistake for suffering. A bird with its head cut off struggles in the same manner. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases experience their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days, before they expire. The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; the pain is less acute under the same exciting cause; and so far from being in their greatest distress when their friends imagine it, their disease is acting upon their nerves like an opiate. Many times, indeed, they are dead, so far as respects themselves, when the bystanders are more to be pitied because of the anguish which they endure from sympathy.

If we will look this matter of dying in the face, so to

speak, as critically and calmly as we consider other topics, we can escape a world of apprehension, alarm and misery. We are perishing every moment, so far as the molecules of our bodies are concerned; the textures are constantly giving way, and even oxygen, the vital air, takes the life from whatever it touches, and sets it to decaying. Yet this never alarms; the crisis or culmination is what we regard as the serious matter. There are three modes of dying—from syncope, asphyxia and coma. The latter is the suspension of the functions of sensibility by operating on the brain. The long-continued action of cold, reacting like opium and chloroform, lesions of the brain, as by fever or apoplexy, occasion this condition. There is little or no sensation. Asphyxia, or suffocation, occurs from suspension of respiration or the access of oxygen to the blood. At first the heart receives venous blood into the left side and transmits it over the body. This operates on the brain, suspending sensation; the medulla is paralyzed, and with it the pneumo-gastric nerve; the lungs refuse to transmit non-oxygenated blood, and the heart and other vessels cease action. Drowning, strangulation, and poisonous gases produce this condition. The partial stupor experienced in ill-ventilated rooms is of the nature of asphyxia. Syncope proceeds from the interruption of the circulation of the blood, and may occur through hemorrhage, weakness, or paralysis of the walls of the heart, as from the use of tobacco, or from injuries to the nervous system, as from concussion or shock, as from violent blows, lesions, violent mental emotions, a stroke of lightning, exposure to sun, or from poisons which disturb the rhythmical motions of the heart, or aconite, digitalis, veratum viride, gelseminum, etc.

The death of Socrates by drinking the juice of hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) illustrates the operation of narcotic poison. Having finished the draught and appealed to his friends to forbear lamentation that he might die with good manners, he walked about the room till the arrested circulation in his legs began to paralyze them. He then lay down. The man who had brought the poison examined his feet, proving them hard; then his legs and thighs, but they were cold and insensible. After this Socrates touched himself to ascertain how completely he was dead, remarking that when his heart was reached he would depart. Presently the parts around the lower abdomen

became almost cold, and he uncovered his face to give the memorable charge: "Crito, we owe the cock to Æsculapius; pay it, and do not neglect it." He evidently was thinking of the offering made to that divinity at the Eleusinia Mysteries, just before the close of the initiatory ceremonies, as the candidate was about to become an adept. Shortly after speaking he gave a convulsive movement; the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed, which, Crito perceiving, closed his mouth and eyes.

A little knowledge of physiology is sufficient to show that neither of these modes of dying are attended with any considerable suffering, and generally with none at all. Disease, in its progress, when involving the nerves of sensation, or any violence to those nerves, will inflict pain to any degree of which the person is susceptible. Hence, man suffers more from the same causes than the beasts, and they, in turn, more than the fishes and reptiles, and these more than insects and worms, *et passim*. But death seldom occurs, if ever, while such pain endures.

Death generally occurs when we are asleep or unconscious, and so comes upon us insensibly, like repose upon a weary man. Nature strives to render us indifferent to, or desirous of, the end. While life is really precious, she intensifies the desire to live; but as its uses are accomplished, she makes us willing to leave. To the well-ordered mind it is evident that death is as fortunate an event for us as any that occurs.

"To die is one of two things," said Socrates to his judges; "either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever, or there is a change and passage of the soul from one mode of existence to another. If it is a privation of all sensation, or a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain; for thus all the future appears to be nothing more than a single night. But if, on the other hand, death is a renewal, to me the sojourn would be admirable. * * * The judges there do not condemn to death, and in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal. To a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead; nor are his concerns neglected by the divine ones. What has befallen me is not the effect of chance. It is clear to me that to die now and be freed from cares is better for me."

LORD BACON, WILLIAM HUNTER, LOUIS THE XIV., MONTAIGNE.

Lord Bacon says: "It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant one is as painful as the other." A great deal of weight must necessarily be attached to his statement, a man with such a clear mind and comprehensive understanding of nature's laws. The imagination, ever on the alert, and biased by early teachings, always attaches a great deal of solemnity to the approach of that imaginary figure called death, ascribing to him the cause of the pain arising from the separation of the spirit from the body. Says Appleton's Encyclopedia:

"By a natural association in the common mind, of fear with suffering, the act of dying has been commonly supposed to be painful. So general is this belief that the term agony, or the expression, the 'pangs of death,' and 'last struggle,' are almost universally applied to the termination of life, as if it necessarily involved violence and suffering. 'Certainly,' as Bacon says in his Essay on Death, 'the contemplation of death as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak.' So exaggerated have been the notions of the pain of the last moments of life, that it was long considered an act of humanity to anticipate nature by violence. For ages it was the custom in Europe to remove with a sudden jerk the pillow from the head of the dying, in order to hasten death and thus prevent the supposed agony of the last struggle. However painful the mortal disease, there is every reason to believe that the moment preceding death is one of calmness and freedom from pain. As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes—a numbness or disposition to repose, which do not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in those cases where the activity of the mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a state of happy feeling on the approach of death. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die,' were the words of the celebrated William Hunter during his last moments. 'If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die,' has been uttered in the enthusiasm of many a dying person; and Louis the XIV. is recorded to have exclaimed with his last breath, 'I thought dying had been more difficult.' Those who

have been snatched from the very jaws of death, and have lived to record their sensations, have almost unanimously stated that the apparent approach of the last moment was accompanied by not only a sense of ease, but a feeling of positive happiness. Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes an accident which left him so senseless that he was taken up for dead. Upon being restored, however, he says: 'Methought my life only hung on my lips, and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and I took a pleasure in languishing, and letting myself go.' The pain in the case of Montaigne, and in that of others similarly restored, seems not to have been in apparent progress of death, but in the return to life. Cowper, when restored from his mad attempt at suicide by hanging, 'said in recovering that he thought he was in hell.' "

Death from a Christian's Standpoint.

THE VIEWS OF AN ORTHODOX MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

WERE APPARENTLY DEAD—SYNCOPE—FIRST STAGE OF INSENSIBILITY—"AT AN ENTIRELY NEW PLACE"—PROFESSOR OF RELIGION—THE COWARD AND THE TIMID—VIEW OF HEAVENLY LIGHT.

*While attending medical lectures at Philadelphia, I heard, from the lady with whom I boarded, an account of certain individuals who were dead to all appearance, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, and yet recovered. The fact that they saw, or fancied they saw, things in the world of spirits, awakened my curiosity.

She told me of one, with whom she was acquainted, who was so confident of his discoveries, that he had seemingly thought of little else afterward, and it had then been twenty-four years. These things appeared philosophically strange to me, for the following reasons:—

First—Those who, from bleeding or from any other cause, reach a state of *syncope*, or the ordinary fainting condition, think not at all, or are unable to remember any mental action. When they recover, it appears either that the mind was suspended or they were unable to recollect its operations. There are those who believe on either side of this question. Some contend for suspension; others deny it, but say we never can recall thoughts formed while the mind is in that state, for reasons not yet understood.

Secondly—Those who, in approaching death, reach the first state of insensibility, and recover from it, are unconscious of any mental activity, and have no thoughts which they can recall.

*The Views of Rev. David Nelson, the author of "Cause and Cure of Infidelity."

Thirdly—If this is so, why, then, should those who had traveled further into the land of death, and had sunk deeper into the condition of bodily inaction, when recovered, be conscious of mental action, and remember thoughts more vivid than ever had flashed across their souls in the health of boyhood, under a vernal sun, and on a plain of flowers?

After this I felt somewhat inclined to watch, when it became my business, year after year, to stand by the bed of death. That which I saw was not calculated to protract and deepen the slumbers of infidelity, but rather to dispose toward a degree of restlessness; or, at least, to further observation. I knew that the circle of stupor, or insensibility, drawn around life, and through which all either pass, or seem to pass, who go out of life, was urged by some to prove that the mind could not exist unless it be in connection with organized matter. For this same reason, others have contended that our souls must sleep until the morning of the resurrection, when we shall regain our bodies. That which I witnessed for myself, pushed me (willing or unwilling) in a different direction. Before I relate these facts, I must offer something which may illustrate, to a certain extent, the thoughts toward which they pointed.

I was called, on one occasion, to see a female, who departed under an influence which 'causes the patient to faint again and again, more and still more profoundly, until life is extinct. For the information of physicians, I mention, it was uterine hemorrhage from inseparably-attached placenta. When recovered from the first condition of syncope, she appeared as unconscious, or as destitute of activity of spirit, as others usually do. She sank again and revived; it was still the same. She fainted more profoundly still; and when awake again, she appeared as others usually do who have no thoughts which they can recall. At length she appeared entirely gone. It did seem as though the struggle was forever past. Her weeping relatives clasped their hands and exclaimed: "She is dead!" but, unexpectedly, she waked once more, and glancing her eyes on one who sat near, exclaimed: "Oh, Sarah, I was at an entirely new place!" and then sunk to remain insensible to the things of the *place* we live in.

Why she, like others in fainting, should have no thoughts which she could recall, when not so near death as she afterward was when she had thought, I could not clearly explain.

Why her greatest activity of mind appeared to happen during her nearest approach to the future world, and while so near that, from that stage, scarcely any ever return who once reach it, seemed somewhat perplexing to me. I remembered that in the case recorded by Dr. Rush, where the man recovered who was, to all appearance, entirely dead, his activity of mind was unusual. He thought he heard and saw things unutterable. He did not know whether he was altogether dead or not. St. Paul says he was in a condition so near to death that he could not tell whether he was out of the body or not, but that he heard things unutterable. I remembered that Tennant, of New Jersey, and his friends, could not decide whether or not he had been out of the body; but he appeared to be so some days, and thought his discoveries *unutterable*. The man who cuts his finger and faints, recovering speedily, has no thoughts, or remembers none; he does not approach the distant edge of the ravine. These facts appeared to me poorly calculated to advance the philosophical importance of one who has discovered from sleep, or from syncope, that there is no other existence, because this is all which we have seen. They appeared to me rather poorly calculated to promote the tranquility of one seeking the comforts of Atheism. For my own part, I never did desire the consolations of everlasting nothingness; I never could covet a plunge beneath the black wave of eternal forgetfulness, and cannot say that these observations, in and of themselves, gave me pain; but it was evident that thousands of the scientific were influenced by the weight of a small pebble to adopt a creed—provided that creed contradicted Holy Writ. I had read and heard too much of man's depravity, and of his love for darkness, not to see that it militated against any system of Deism, if it should appear that the otherwise learned should neglect to observe, or if observant, should be satisfied with the most superficial view, and, seizing some shallow and unquestionable facts, build hastily upon them a fabric for eternity.

In the case of those who, recovering from yellow fever, thought they had enjoyed intercourse with the world of spirits, they were individuals who had appeared to be *dead*.

The following fact took place in recent days. Similar occurrences impressed me during years of observation. In the city of St. Louis a female departed who had a rich portion of the comforts of Christianity. It was after some kind of spasm,

that was strong enough to have been the death-struggle, that she said—in a whisper, being unable to speak aloud—to her young pastor: “I had a sight of home, and saw my savior!”

I was surprised to find that the condition of mind in the case of those who were dying, and of those who only *thought* themselves dying, differed very widely. I had supposed that the joy or the grief of death originated from the fancy of the patient (one supposing himself very near to great happiness, and the other expecting speedy suffering), and resulted in pleasure or apprehension. My discoveries seemed to overturn this theory. Why should not the professor of religion who believes himself dying, when he really is not, rejoice as readily as when he *is* departing, if his joy is the offspring of expectation? Why should not the alarm of the scoffer, who believes himself dying and is not, be as uniform and as decisive as when he is in the river, if it comes of fancied evil or cowardly terrors? The same questions I asked myself again and again. I have no doubt that there is some strange reason connected with our natural disrelish for truth, which causes so many physicians, after seeing such facts so often, never to observe them. During twenty years of observation, I found the state of the soul belonging to the dying was, uniformly and materially, unlike that of those who only supposed themselves departing. This is best made plain by noting cases which occurred.

First—There was a man who believed himself converted, and his friends, judging from his walk, hoped with him. He was seized with disease, and believed himself within a few paces of the gate of futurity. He felt no joy; his mind was dark, and his soul clouded. His exercises were painful, and the opposite of every enjoyment. He was not dying. He recovered. He had not been in the death-stream. After this he was taken again. He believed himself dying, and he was not mistaken. All was peace, serenity, hope, triumph.

Second—There was a man who mocked at holy things. He became seriously diseased, and supposed himself sinking into the death-chamber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and composure were his pride, and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been

on the line between the two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed, as before, that he was entering the next state, and he really was; but his soul seemed to feel a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described and often seen. I need not endeavor to picture such a departure here. The only difficulty in which I was thrown by such cases, was: "Why was he not thus agonized when he thought himself departing? Can it be possible that we can stand so precisely on the dividing line, that the gale from both this and the coming world may blow upon our cheek? Can we have a taste of the exercises of the next territory before we enter it?" When I attempted to account for this on the simple ground of bravery and cowardice, I was met by the following facts:

First, I have known those (the cases are not infrequent) who were brave, who had stood unflinching in battle's whirlpool. They had resolved never to disgrace their system of unbelief by a trembling death. They had called to Christians in the tone of resolve, saying: "I can die as coolly as you can." I had seen those die from whom entire firmness might fairly be expected. I had heard groans, even if the teeth were clinched for fear of complaint, such as I never wish to hear again; and I had looked into countenances, such as I hope never to see again while journeying on this earthly sphere.

Again, I had seen cowards die. I had seen those depart who were naturally timid, who expected themselves to meet death with fright and alarm. I had heard such, as it were, sing before Jordan was half forded. I had seen faces where, pallid as they were, I beheld more celestial triumph than I had ever witnessed anywhere else. In that voice there was a sweetness, and in that eye there was a glory, which I never could have fancied in the death-spasms, if I had not been near.

The condition of the soul when the death stream is entered, is not the same with that which it becomes (oftentimes) when it is almost passed. The brave man who steps upon the ladder across the dark ravine, with eye undaunted and haughty spirit, changes fearfully, in many cases, when he comes near enough to the curtain to lift it. The Christian who goes down the ladder pale and disconsolate, oftentimes starts with exultation and tries to burst into a song when almost across.

CASE OF ILLUSTRATION—A revolutionary officer, wounded at the battle of Germantown, was praised for his patriotism. The war was ended; but he continued still to fight, in a different way, under the banner of one whom he called the captain of his salvation. The applause of men never made him too proud to talk of the Man of Calvary. The hurry of life's driving pursuits could not consume all his time, or make him forget to kneel by the side of his consort, in the circle of his children, and anticipate a happy meeting in a more quiet clime.

To abbreviate this history, his life was such that those who knew him believed if anyone ever did die happily, this man would be one of that class. I saw him when the time arrived. He said to those around him: "I am not as happy as I could wish, or as I had expected. I cannot say that I distrust my Savior, for I know in whom I have believed; but I have not that pleasing readiness to depart which I had looked for." This distressed his relatives beyond expression. His friends were greatly pained, for they had looked for triumph. His departure was very slow, and still his language was: "I have no exhilaration and delightful readiness in my travel." The weeping circle passed around him. Another hour passed. His hands and feet became entirely cold. The feeling of heart remained the same. Another hour passes, and his vision has grown dim, but the state of his soul is unchanged. His daughter seemed as though her body could not sustain her anguish of spirit, if her father should cross the valley before the cloud passed from his sun. She (before his hearing vanished) made an agreement with him that, at any stage as he traveled on, if he had a discovery of advancing glory, or a foretaste of heavenly delight, he should give her a certain token with his hand. His hands he could still move, cold as they were. She sat holding his hand, hour after hour. In addition to his sight, his hearing at length failed. After a time he appeared almost unconscious to anything, and the obstructed breathing peculiar to death was advanced near its termination, when he gave the token to his pale but now joyous daughter, and the expressive flash of exultation was seen to spread itself through the stiffening muscles of his face. When his child asked him to give a signal if he had any happy view of heavenly light, with the feelings and opinions I once

owned, I could have asked: "Do you suppose that the increase of the death-chill will add to his happiness? Are you to expect that as his eyesight leaves, and as his hearing becomes confused, and his breathing convulsed, and as he sinks into that cold, fainting, sickening condition of pallid death, that his exultation is to commence?" It did then commence. Then is the time when many, who enter the dark valley cheerless, begin to see something that transports; but some are too low to tell of it, and their friends think they departed under a cloud, when they really did not. It is at this stage of the journey that the enemy of God, who started with a look of defiance and words of pride, seems to meet with that which alters his views and expectations; but he cannot tell it, for his tongue can no longer move.

Those who inquire after and read the death of the wife of the celebrated John Newton, will find a very plain and very interesting instance, where the Savior seemed to meet with a smiling countenance his dying servant, when she had advanced too far to call back to her sorrowful friends, and tell them of the pleasing news.

My attention was awakened very much by observing the *dying fancies* of the servants of this world, differing with such characteristic singularity from the fancies of the departing Christian. It is no uncommon thing for those who die, to believe they see, or hear, or feel, that which appears only fancy to bystanders. Their friends believe that it is the overturning of their intellect. I am not about to enter into the discussion of the question, whether it is, or is not, always fancy. Some attribute it to more than fancy; but inasmuch as, in many instances, the mind is deranged while its habitation is falling into ruins around it, and inasmuch as it is the common belief that it is only imagination of which I am writing, we will look at it under the name of fancy.

The fanciful views of the dying servants of sin, and the devoted friends of Christ, were strangely different, as far as my observation extended. One who had been an entire sensualist, while dying, appeared in his senses in all but one thing "Take that black man [a dark spirit] from the room," said he. He was answered that there was none in the room. He replied: "There he is, standing near the window. His presence is very irksome to me—take him out." After a time, again

and again, his call was: "Will no one remove him? There he is—surely some one will take him away!"

I was mentioning to another physician my surprise that he should have been so much distressed if there had been many blacks in the room, for he had been waited on by them, day and night, for many years; also that the mind had not been diseased in some other respects; when he told me the names of two others (his patients)—men of similar lives—who were tormented with the same fancy, and in the same way, while dying.

A young female, who called the Man of Calvary her greatest friend, was, when dying, in her senses, in all but one particular. "Mother," she would say, pointing in a certain direction, "do you see those beautiful creatures?" Her mother would answer: "No, there is no one there, my dear." She would reply: "Well, that is strange. I never saw such countenances and such attire. My eye never rested on anything so lovely." Oh, says one, this is all *imagination*, and the *notions* of a *mind collapsing*; wherefore tell of it? My answer is, that I am not about to dispute or deny that it is fancy; but the fancies differ in features and in texture. Some in their derangement call out: "Catch me, I am sinking—hold me, I am falling." Others say: "Do you hear that music? O, were ever notes so celestial!" This kind of notes, and these classes of *fancies*, belonged to different classes of individuals; and *who they were*, was the item which attracted my wonder. Such things are noticed by few individuals.

The Mimicry of Death.

INCIDENTS IN THE WONDERLAND OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE ANIMALS' IMITATION OF DEATH—DR. DODS—A SPIRIT WITH MORTAL BEINGS—PREMATURE INTERMENTS—CEMETERIES IN GERMANY—ENGINES—DYING OF GRIEF—SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES, LIFE AND DEATH, ETC., ETC.

The *Detroit Free Press* gave an account some time ago of a little boy by the name of Ned Baker, who would, for a small compensation, stretch out on the floor, cease to breathe, grow white in the face, affect the rigidity of a corpse, and his pulse become so feeble that the beating could only be detected by a practical finger. On one occasion he went through this performance in a saloon, and so much like genuine death was his counterfeit, that the men who put him up to the trick became badly frightened, and bribed him to come out of his death-like stupor. His breathing was so faint that it could not be felt on the hand or cheek, and hardly dimmed the glass held down to his lips. He says that the performance does not injure his health, and he can make himself so nearly lifeless that it is only by a great mental effort that he throws off the lethargy. His imitation of the final transit is worthy of careful consideration. How is it accomplished? Has the mind such a wonderful influence over the involuntary nerves and functions of the body as to compel them for a time to suspend action? Is the complicated machinery of our system, the voluntary and involuntary parts thereof, under the complete control of the will in certain individuals? Such seems to be the case. Of course, there was an unaccountable torpidity of the system induced by this remarkable boy. It is a well-known fact that snakes, various kinds of insects, and alligators, during the severe winter,

become torpid—to a limited extent, dead—and when the vitalizing influence of spring approaches, their latent energies are quickened into life again, they assume their normal state, and no one would suppose that they had been in such a comatose condition. The raccoon presents a peculiar example of this when it burrows on the approach of winter, partially suspends its animation, and without any sustenance whatever, remains until invited forth again into the active world, on the arrival of spring. Like Ned Baker, it, too, can mimic death, and protract the imitation for months, and then awaken therefrom in perfect health. Man, being an epitome of the universe, embodies within his physical organism certain peculiarities of the animal kingdom. The torpidity of the raccoon and many other animals is self-induced, or caused by climatic conditions; it is a species of trance, or syncope, that continues while a congealing state of the atmosphere exists. The suspension of consciousness on the part of the raccoon may possibly be voluntary, as much so as the seeking of its burrow for rest and sleep. It is a partial death—the lungs cease to throb, the blood to circulate freely, and the nervous system to transmit sensations to the brain. Dr. Dods claims that in those animals that become torpid during the winter, the *foramen ovale*, the opening between the auricles of the heart, never closes, consequently they can live without breathing. In infants, the *foramen ovale* generally closes immediately after birth. He says, further, that there is occasionally an individual in whom it never closes, and that he is liable, when disease or pain exhausts the voluntary powers, to sink into a torpid state, which has been mistaken for death. The lungs and heart suspend their motions, the blood no longer circulates, and the limbs grow stiff and cold. Thousands in this condition have been prematurely buried, have come to life, struggled, turned over in their coffin, and perished. On being disinterred, they have been found with their face downward. Some placed in tombs have revived, been accidentally heard, and fortunately recovered.

WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES OF ALBERT BENNETT WHITING.

Albert Bennett Whiting gives the following account of his experiences in the death-trance:

“I was a spirit with immortal beings. I could see my body as it lay upon the bed, cold and lifeless. I thought of

my mother and sister at home, dependent upon me; of their deep sorrow when they should hear of my departure. The spirits around me were conversing together. Some said: 'Let him stay with us!' Others said: 'No! let him go back to earth and fulfill his destiny.' Then my guardian spirit said: 'He shall return to earth.' I recognized, among those around, the tall Indian chief—one of the first four spirits who appeared to me—and a number of others whom I knew; but soon one approached whom I had never seen—a man of venerable and majestic aspect. He was attended by a numerous company of spirits, and eagerly greeted, as if expected, with the request, 'Aid us to restore to earth this wandering mortal.' I saw a green and yellow light fall upon my dead body, and I knew no more till I awoke in the form. I was cold and stiff, and could not move for a long time; but gradually warmth and feeling returned, and the next day I arose and told my astonished friends that I was going home. They said I could not possibly live to get there, and, indeed, gave me no hope of recovery if I remained. I knew I *must* go; so I coolly replied, 'Well, I won't die here,' and started on Thursday morning. I arrived at Niagara Falls Friday, where I found my old friend, Judge Manchester—formerly of Providence—and in his excellent family rested until Monday. Then, though even more feeble, and against the wishes of my kind host, I continued my journey, and reached home the Tuesday following, more dead than alive."

DEATH OF A BOY AT SALT LAKE, WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE.

William Blackhurst, a boy living at Salt Lake, attended a picnic, June 18th, 1874, not very far from his home. After going in bathing he entered a large swing. In a few minutes, having ceased to exert himself, he was taken down in a lifeless condition. Ceasing to breathe he was taken home, and preparations made for his burial. On the next morning many persons who were present observed that the remains were yet warm, one of whom, a lady of the neighborhood, called particular attention to the warmth of the neck, just before starting to the cemetery. Medical advice was had on the case, when the physician pronounced the youth dead, notwithstanding the singular appearance of the body. The funeral took place, and more than fifty hours after what appeared to be the death of William Blackhurst. Several persons who had known the de-

ceased in life, went a few days' after to the cemetery, where, upon opening the coffin, they were met with a spectacle most fearful to contemplate. The boy, coming to life in that narrow prison under ground, struggled to escape the horrible incarceration, and in the effort had torn the skin and flesh from his face, and dragged his hair out by the roots. In that dark conflict, the poor creature had turned over in his coffin and died!

One neighbor, present at the funeral, insisted that the boy was not dead, but a subject of suspended animation. This same person related that he had himself passed through a similar condition, having been at one time apparently lifeless for the space of eight days, with much less evidence of dormant vitality than he saw in the warm body of the boy before him. But there was no doubt in the minds of the friends and attendants as to the death of William Blackhurst, and he went into the grave alive.

CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

"In the cemeteries of Mainz, Frankfort, Munich, and other German cities," says *Harper's*, "the dead are exposed for a certain number of days before interment, to guard against premature burial. The bodies lie in the coffins, with the lids removed, in a large dead-house, a wire attached to the extremities of the corpse, and connected with a bell, so that the least motion would reveal animation, and bring aid and succor at once. Certain medical watchers are within call both day and night, should the bell be rung, and thus every possible assistance is secured toward resuscitation.

"Marvelous tales are told by the common people of sudden resuscitation and premature burial, and these tales are widely and firmly believed. They have, however, very little foundation, as it is extremely rare, at least nowadays, that persons prepared for the grave are not actually dead. But still signs of death are so fallacious that the customs adopted by the Germans must be regarded as a wise precaution. A celebrated anatomist, Winslow, had two such narrow escapes from ante-mortem sepulture that he published a treatise on the subject, expressing the opinion that incipient putrefaction is the sole trustworthy symptom of physical dissolution. I have made diligent inquiry in Germany respecting cases of suspended animation, and I have learned that in not a single instance has

a body placed in the dead-house proved aught but a corpse.'

PECULIAR CASES OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Dr. Dods, the celebrated psychologist, relates an incident that occurred in New Jersey, where an individual was apparently in a state of death. He was cold and motionless. The lungs heaved not; the heart in its pulsations was stilled; the blood was stagnated in its channels, and ceased to flow. His funeral was two or three times appointed, the friends and neighbors assembled, and through the entreaties of physicians, it was postponed to another time. He at length awoke from this state to life, and was soon restored to health.

A man is supposed to be dead. The eyes have lost their brilliancy, the countenance becomes pale, and the nervous system refuses to transmit its accustomed messages. The body is being carried along by four pall-bearers to be interred, when one stumbles and falls, and instantaneously life again throbs in the veins of the one they were conveying to the grave.

Abbe Menon cites a very peculiar case, that of a cataleptic girl who, supposed to be dead, was selected for dissection. An incision of the knife on the part of the operator put the involuntary organs of her body in motion again, and she soon regained her usual health.

The facts collected by Bruhier and Lallemand in two works that have become classic, compose a most mournful and dramatic history. These are some of its episodes, marked by the strange part that chance plays in them. "A rural guard, having no family, dies in a little village of Lower Charente. Hardly grown cold, his body is taken out of bed and laid on a straw ticking covered with a coarse cloth. An old hired woman is charged with the watch over the bed of death. At the foot of the corpse was a branch of box, put into a vessel filled with holy water, and a lighted taper. Toward midnight the old watcher, yielding to invincible need of sleep, fell into a deep slumber. Two hours later she awoke surrounded by flames from a fire that had caught her clothes. She rushed out, crying with all her might for help, and the neighbors running together at her screams, saw in a moment a naked spectre issue from the hut, limping, and hobbling on limbs covered with burns. While the old woman slept, a spark had probably dropped on the straw bed, and the fire it kindled had

aroused both the watcher from her sleep and the guard from his seeming death. With timely assistance he recovered from his burns, and grew sound and well again."

In these cases there was a suspension of the action of the various organs of the body; they were exactly intermediate between animated life and actual death. There only existed a hair's breadth in either direction. In one instance a fall restored to full life the dormant functions; in the second, the dissecting knife; in the third, fire. As the reader well knows, certain organs of the body cannot be controlled by the will—the lungs, heart, etc. A suspension of their work is considered death. But it may not constitute the final dissolution—the individual may be reposing between the two extremes—life and death—and the most careful observation may fail to detect his true status. In one case, with which I am familiar, a red-hot iron applied to a drowned man, the functions of whose system had been suspended for about three hours, restored him to animation.

A strange incident is related in the "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology," where a lady fell into a cataleptic condition after a violent nervous attack. It seemed to her as if she was in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she even felt them when putting on her shroud preparatory to laying her in the coffin. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on the body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her soul was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on she revived.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PHYSICAL ORGANISM.

Engineers were accustomed to experience much difficulty with their engines, in the early days thereof, being sometimes unable for a time to start them, in consequence of the piston not being in a position, in connection with the driving-wheel,

to exert its power effectually—it could as easily start the wheels in one direction as the other—if it could be moved at all—forward or backward. But just raise or lower the piston a trifle in connection with the driving-wheel, and immediate motion was the result. The cases I have enumerated resemble the engine in this particular—it is almost impossible for the life currents without assistance to move; some outside assistance is required, or death actually results. True, there are, occasionally, cases where the efforts of the mind alone, exerted with peculiar power, can reanimate the vital forces, or even cause death itself to ensue—as often the latter, perhaps, as the former. The organs of the system, under such circumstances, are not dead, but in a condition somewhat analogous to that of sleep, only a complete suspension of their action has occurred. If the stomach absolutely refuses to digest food, and the liver to secrete bile, then two organs of the body have stopped business in connection with the beautiful machinery of life. All the senses, however, are awake—the eyes still brilliant, and the countenance expressive of the beaming animation within. The bowels, sensing the difficulty, will not perform the duties required in their department. The kidneys, hearing of the rebellion, become perfectly passive. The blood meandering around in various parts of the system, meeting with hostile obstructions, will no longer move. Various other organs of the body unite in making the disaster complete. The tongue fails to give expression to ideas; the features assume a ghastly expression, the lustre of the eyes then vanishes, and friends surround the remains, and pronounce the body dead—declare that the unfortunate one was seized with apoplexy. A vein was opened, but the blood would not flow. He was placed in a room with two watchers, who slept, alas! too long, for in the morning the bed was deluged with blood from the punctures, and his life was lost. (See p. 101, Library of Mesmerism and Psychology.) He was not dead when the vein was first opened; in fact, had not commenced to die. The spirit was firmly attached to the body, inhering there as in vigorous physical life. True, a suspension of work had occurred, the vital forces were suspended, standing midway between life and death, perfectly quiescent, and the distance to final death was as near as that to animated life—a blow, a sudden jar, a shock from the battery, a flash of light-

ning, a red-hot iron, or an intense effort of the mind, might revive to action the dormant energies, or, indeed, might cause death itself. In this condition of the system, the internal forces of the organs are so perfectly balanced that a trifling incident may start them lifeward, or deathward.

It is difficult to determine what remedies to apply in these cases, knowing that under some circumstances they are as apt to kill as to cure. The causes which can suspend the energetic action of all the organs of the body, or place the forces thereof exactly between two extremes, life and death, are indeed numerous. A startling incident is related where an accomplished French lady was to be united in marriage to the man she did not love or respect, while all the tender emotions of her girlish heart were concentrated on another. Under the influence of the doom that awaited her, she apparently died. True to her womanly instincts, and devoted to one she so passionately loved, the grave had charms for her compared with deserting him for another whom she loathed. She was finally prepared for burial, and as the father gazed on her remains, so calmly sleeping, her features wreathed in flowers, from which there seemed to emanate a sweet, angelic smile, he regretted that he had been so cruel. The remains were finally buried, when the devoted lover, animated with strange hopes, opened her grave, when the organs of her system were fortunately started into motion lifeward, and afterwards she was married to the one whom she so devotedly loved. Grief on her part became so intense that this strange condition of her system induced that of apparent death, and being conscious when her lover stood by her side as she reposed in the coffin, joy, the opposite of grief, fortunately started the machinery of her system again into motion, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Died of grief!—who can utter that phrase without tender emotions thrilling the whole being? The flower withers when no longer kissed by the sweet dew-drop or laved in the ambrosial light of heaven, and so does the system often languish when deprived of a dear friend, whose affection was incense to the same, and whose presence shed an animating influence that wove a fairy web of happiness and joy. Grief—oh! what a cheerless-sounding word, reflecting tears and feelings of sadness that flow in upon the inner nature, stirring up the deep

fountains of the soul. Young ladies, whose lives seem to be baptized constantly in sunshine, and whose footsteps make gladsome music; young men animated with lofty ambition, and whose aim is starward; old men tottering on the verge of the grave, where they catch a glimpse of the lambent beauties of the Spirit-realms; matrons, whose work has been adorned with deeds of benevolence, that shed a glorious light over their pathway—they meet with disappointment, a calamity, perhaps, and deep grief takes possession of their minds, and the complicated machinery of their system ceases its action—perhaps, they die.

It is not unusual to see human beings die of grief, but an animal—a dog, who ever thought of that animal pining its life away. There was Peter Bean, of Memphis, Tenn. He was a well-digger, a strong and swarthy man, yet within that frame of his was as noble a spirit as ever animated a king. Not very brilliant; not cultured in science or philosophy, yet he was animated with honesty! Beautiful word, that moves from the lips in tremulous accents, and up, up, it goes, to be recorded in the Book of Life! Honesty is the diamond of one's nature, and he who has it is better off than an Astor luxuriating in wealth, or a Stewart fluttering among his silks and satins. Peter Bean's occupation was humble, and no bright-eyed sweetheart ever threw her arms around his neck, and breathed upon him the aroma of her love, or imprinted an affectionate kiss upon his lips. His wealth was within his soul—deep down—and this dull world of ours had never seen it. Angel eyes, beaming tenderly and keen, had dwelt with pleasure at his evidence of intrinsic worth, and they flashed toward heaven their approval. But his affectional nature must have something about which to twine its sweet tendrils, and so he selected a dog. That dog loved him, too. Its eyes, its joyous bark, its frantic motions, all attested that his love was reciprocated in full. One day Peter was digging a well—down deep he was—and his dog came, and gazing in upon him, barked affectionately. Peter looked up, and it then instantly became dark to him, and his spirit was ushered into the beautiful realms of the supernal regions. The faithful dog, eager to salute his master, had displaced a bucket, and it fell crashing upon Peter's head, killing him instantly. His body was dragged to the surface, and then what a scene! We have seen

friends shed tears brilliant with love, and their tones of anguish were heartrending to hear; but Peter's dog showed equally as much grief, and his cries of sorrow were exceedingly touching. The faithful animal licked his master's wounds, caressed his inanimate form, and sung a requiem that thrilled the soul with deep regrets. Yet he could not reanimate the lifeless remains. There, by the side of his master, the dog moaned out his life in tender manifestations of grief. Oh! what a silvery lining this sad narrative has. "If we celebrate in verse the death of Panthea, who slew herself upon the corpse of her beloved Abradatas, why should we not drop a word of sympathy for the dog that refused to live because his master had died?"

That, indeed, is a curious incident, and teaches us to deal gently with the brute creation, for thereby we may under certain circumstances develop a tender, loving nature in ourselves.

Indeed, "died of grief" has a heartrending, melancholy sound, creating within the soul a train of desponding thoughts, that rise up like so many spectres, that, armed with shovels and picks, dig deep graves in which to bury our fondest hopes. Even when applied to the animal kingdom, it has a very tender expression, as in this instance, related by the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*. He says: "I have a little dog story to add to those which you publish from time to time. Some years ago Mme. Cavaignac, widow of the General, found a small dog in the street dying of hunger. It had grown too weak to stand, and turned its pleading eyes into her face as she paused to regard it lying in the corner. Mme. Cavaignac had the dog taken home and nursed, and ever after it had a strong affection for her. Miraz was never happy when out of her sight. One day Mme. Cavaignac died. For a time Miraz watched constantly before the door, but then she seemed to give up in despair. When called to dinner she gave a long howl, turned again to the door, then rushed away to her bed and never left it again. She refused all food, and nothing was dainty enough to tempt her to eat. For eight days Miraz lived without food, mourning constantly, and then died. What would we not give to have a transcript of Miraz's thoughts during this painful week?"

Was not that an interesting, though sad spectacle, worthy

of being recorded in golden letters on the pages of history? Affection was not foreign to Miraz's heart. There, beautifully developed in magnificent proportions, and delicately attuned, it was too tender to endure the loss of a dear friend.

There are thousands who die yearly from the effects of deep grief. They cannot withstand the terrible storm-clouds that surge irresistibly against them, and thrill their whole being with the pangs of despair. Oh! what despondent feelings linger in the minds of the grief-stricken, each one being a coffin full of misfortunes and lost hopes, and each little noise sounding like the tolling of the funeral bell. Think of the case of poor Adolph Lessure, a foreigner, who landed in New York. Oh! what a devoted wife he had. Her heartstrings were too tender for Misfortune's hand to play upon, and their repeated touch induced a deep and lasting grief. He had two children, around whom a delicate web of affection had been woven by their mother. Adolph was a skilled cabinet-maker, but could get no work. They consumed the little money they had, of course, and then Adolph begged. Finally he got something to do, and he went home joyfully to his wife to tell her that, at least, they had their bread assured. She asked him what the wages were, and he told her, and ran away to his newly-found work. What thoughts entered that woman's mind! She carefully computed the cost of living; angels' eyes were only gazing upon her. She then realized the startling fact, that, after paying the ordinary expenses of rent, just enough would remain to properly take care of her husband and children. Oh! grief—despair—then took possession of her, and she resolved to die, that her children might live. When Adolph returned from his first day's work, he found his children crying for their mamma. Half suspecting what had happened, he rushed into their wretched bedroom, and his worst fears were realized. On their poor bed lay his wife, dead, a pan of charcoal explaining the cause, and on the stand a note addressed to him with these words:

“DEAR ADOLPH:—The wages will just feed and clothe you and the children. I go. Farewell! MARIE.”

Rather than deprive her children of the necessities of life, she resolved to commit suicide. She died to save her children, but many pious mothers kill their offspring while serenely reposing within the womb, calmly waiting the auspicious moment

to be ushered on the material plane of existence. Oh! we had rather be that unfortunate mother, with the stain of suicide resting upon her soul, than that woman who is reveling in luxury, but who has destroyed her embryonic child, the rarest and most precious jewel of woman's nature, before it was ready to be sent forth into the outer world.

Thousands are buried every year (being seized by what is termed apoplexy), whose systems are not fatally injured thereby, and who are not dead, the various organs of their body being simply in a state of suspended animation. Bourgeois furnishes an illustrative incident. A medical man, through the instrumentality of grief, apparently died, but his consciousness did not for a moment leave him. He heard the remarks of his friends, the manifestations of his wife's deep sorrow, the preparatory arrangement for the burial, and he was aware that the funeral cortege was moving toward the newly-made grave. When the coffin was lowered into the ground, his mind was animated with terror, which reached its climax when the first shovel of dirt was thrown over his remains, which brought the organs of his system out of their distressing condition, that of perfect passivity, and he was enabled thereby to utter a shriek, and his life was saved.

A poor, friendless girl, after repeatedly swooning, was pronounced dead, and was to be used as a subject in a dissecting-room in Paris. During the night moans and sighs were plainly heard in the room where her body was deposited, but were not considered of sufficient importance to attract the immediate attention of any one. The morrow, however, disclosed the startling fact that the girl had made a feeble attempt to liberate herself from the sheet inclosing her remains. Had assistance been present at the time, she would probably have recovered entirely. She was not dead—her system was so acted upon by the disease that the vital currents were obstructed, and life and death were equidistant. This condition of the organic structure is but little understood by medical practitioners generally. Accustomed to watch the throbbing of the pulse, when that ceases its action, they do not hesitate long to pronounce the patient dead, when he is, perhaps, serenely reposing equidistant between the two extremes—life and death. Under these distressing circumstances, what should the physician do? is a question of paramount importance. When all the bodily

functions and forces are moving with the energy of health, and all at once cease their labors, partially extinguishing the fire that burned so brilliantly in them, it is, indeed, opportune to examine the case with a critical eye, and determine, if possible, what subtle agent has interfered with the complicated machinery of the organism.

The world was very much astonished when, at the restoration of Charles II., joy caused death; but no more so than when the doorkeeper of Congress died under its exhilarating influence at the capture of Lord Cornwallis's brave army. These exhilarating deaths are easy, for the system, before the final release of the spirit, is temporarily suspended between the two extremes—life and death. Indeed, such deaths, under all circumstances, appear to be pleasant, though at the same time they baffle the skill of the medical practitioner to understand their real nature. Even when gambling, surrounded with all the environments of hell, the process of dying seems to be painless. The London *Daily Telegraph*, of March 7th, 1870, reports a curious case that occurred at a gaming table of Kothen, in the Principality of Anhalt: "A middle-aged man entered the room and sat down to play. After a run of great luck, winnings had augmented to the sum of a thousand ducats, equal to nearly five hundred pounds sterling—which the croupier pushed over to him. The fortunate gambler did not appear very anxious to have the gold and notes, and made no response when he was asked if he wished to continue playing. One of the servants of the establishment touched him upon the shoulder to draw attention to the unheeded winnings, and to the croupier's question, but the man remained strangely immovable; and when they came to look close, they found that he was dead. Was it his good luck that had been too much for him? A thousand ducats is a pretty sum, the thought of which varies, doubtlessly, in proportion to the state of the pocket, but it seems hardly adequate to kill a man, under any circumstances. At all events the gambler was dead—some sudden 'click' in the mechanism of life had spoiled the works and made the subtle pendulum of being stop in its mid-swing. Even such a grim comment upon the worship of Mammon did not take away his presence of mind from the chief priest of the temple. The croupier no sooner perceived that death had backed 'Zero,' and won, than he took the dead man's gold."

Odor Mortis, or the Smell of Death.

SUGGESTIVE PARTICULARS IN REGARD TO IT.

THE CHARACTER OF ODOR MORTIS—IT IS PLAINLY DISCERNIBLE—
THE ODOROUS MOLECULES—CURIOUS SENSATIONS OF A MAN
IN DANGER—NO FEAR OF DEATH—MISS ROSE MILLER—EX-
TINGUISHING CONSCIOUSNESS—APPARENT DEATH—DR. LIV-
INGSTONE'S EXPERIENCE.

*In the Cincinnati *Clinic* of September 4th, 1875, was published a paper on "Odor Mortis, or the Death Smell," read by me before the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine, August 30th, 1875. This paper was based upon observation made while an inmate of one of the surgical wards of the Stanton Hospital, Washington, during the summer of 1863, as well as upon instances in which the odor had been met with in private practice. The character of the odor was moschiferous, yet it appreciably, though almost indescribably, differed from that of musk. In this paper I desire to present two recent instances where this odor attracted notice, together with some new observations concerning it.

INSTANCE 1.—July 13th, 1878, on the eve of Dr. Bartholow's departure for Europe, I was requested to assume charge of his patient, Mr. ——. The patient was unconscious, with irregular, noisy respiration, with only a feeble trace of pulse, indistinguishable at times, and was dying slowly from effusion within the membrane of the brain, the result of chronic alcoholism. I was with him through the middle of the night, and during the time noticed upon my right hand a smell resembling

*"Odor Mortis, or the Smell of Death." By A. B. Isham, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, Cincinnati, Ohio, in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, Vol. 81.

that of musk. This hand was exclusively used in examining the patient's pulse, and in noting the temperature of the body. Earlier in the night there had been no smell upon it. The left hand acquired the same smell from handling the body, and it was also communicated to the handle of a fan held in the hand. A gentleman from Chicago, who had volunteered as a night watcher, and whose attention had been called to the odor, without any suggestion as to its character, promptly distinguished it. The ladies of the household did not use musk, and no perfumery had been in the room or about the patient. Neither had I handled or come in contact with anything other than the patient, from which odor could be derived. Death occurred thirty-three hours later.

INSTANCE 2.—About midnight, May 11th, 1879, I was called to see Mrs. G. She had several months previously been under my care with acute duodenitis, but with impaired digestion and defective assimilation. In consequence she had passed into the hands of an irregular practitioner. I found her in *articulo mortis*, with general anasarca, the result of blood dilution. Upon entering the room there was a plainly perceptible musky odor. There was no musk about the house, nor had any other perfumery been employed. Death ensued in about an hour and a half.

The smell, as said, was closely allied to that of musk, yet the impression upon the olfactory organs was more delicate, more subtle. Besides, there was an indescribable feature pertaining to it, which seemed to impress the respiratory sense, and trouble respiration—a vague sensation of an irrespirable or noxious gas. To the convalescent loungers of sharp olfactory sense about the wards of Stanton Hospital, the smell was familiar, and was termed the *death smell*. It was not uncommon to hear the expression: "Some one is dying, for I smell him."

It was rare to find the odor widely diffused, and where it appeared to be, it was probably due to a continuance of the first impression upon the olfactory organs. As commonly encountered, it has suggested the idea of gaseous aggregation or body containing odoriferous particles possessing an attraction for each other, and so held together. In the hospital ward, while present in one location, it was not experienced in another slightly removed. It also quickly disappeared from the first

location, likely moved along by atmospheric waves. The vapor in which the odorous molecules were suspended appeared, in some instances at least, heavier than the atmospheric air. Thus I have sometimes recognized the smell in lower hallways, the patient occupying the upper portion of the house, and in Instance 1, already detailed, it was only detected on handling the body. This affords one explanation why it may not more often claim recognition. From its heaviness it subsides, and does not enter the organ of olfaction. Other reasons why it may escape attention are, that the olfactory sensibilities may be blunted by long continuance in an illy-ventilated, bad-smelling sick-room; or the air currents may carry the odor in a direction not favorable to observation.

The only mention of an odor which may be analogous I have seen in literature, is by Dr. Badgely, of Montreal, in a report on "Irish Emigrant Fever." It is thus quoted by Drake in his work on the "Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of America," as taken from the *British American Journal*:

"I hazard the idea that the ammoniacal odor emanating from the living body, so strong on opening the large cavities, and so striking on receiving some of the blood out of the vessels, arteries as well as veins, into the hand, were all due to the same condition of this fluid, the actual presence of ammoniacal salts, one of the surest proofs of the putrescent condition of the vital fluid; in fact, to speak paradoxically, of the *existence of death during life.*"

Here the source of the smell is indicated as coming from the development of ammonia in decomposing blood. It is known that musk contains ammonia largely, together with a volatile oil, which has never been isolated. Robiquet holds that its odor depends upon the decomposition of the ammonia, liberating the volatile matters of the oil. The blood also contains a volatile oil, and it is familiar that it possesses odor. This odor may be developed by adding sulphuric acid to blood and boiling. This process was formerly resorted to in order to distinguish blood in questionable cases, but it has been rendered obsolete since the discovery of the blood corpuscles by the microscope. Such a method would be well suited to drive off the ammonia, free from decomposition, together with the volatile oil—to which substance the odor is very likely due.

In my paper referred to at the commencement I was in-

clined to limit the occurrence of the manifestation to within a very short time of death. That it cannot be so restricted, is evidenced by "Instance 1," when it was noticed thirty-three hours before death. The conditions here were not unfavorable for its development. From the state of circulation, chemical changes were evidently proceeding in the blood, elevating its temperature, and liberating those fugacious matters to which we would ascribe the origin of the death smell.

Richardson and Dennis have shown by experiments that ammonia salts added to blood preserve its fluidity, by preventing the decomposition of fibrin. This is not without a bearing upon the origin of the *odor mortis*. In gradual death, coagulation commences first in the capillaries and proceeds towards the heart. The escape of ammonia from the blood in the peripheral vessels, liberating the volatile principles and engendering smell, permits local decomposition of fibrin long before the heart has ceased its action.

But Lange has more recently investigated the action of ammonia in living and dead blood. He found that carbonate of ammonia added to living blood was only given off at a temperature of 176° to 194° F. When, however, ammonia was added to blood from a dead animal it was evolved at a temperature from 104° to 113° F. It is well ascertained that in many diseases, just previous to death, the blood temperature is raised above the lowest given by Lange. In some diseases, too, the blood heat falls below the normal body temperature. This affords another and principal explanation why the *odor mortis* may not be appreciable. These experiments of Lange also show why this smell is not developed by diseases characterized by great elevation of temperature—simply because the blood has lost none of its vital properties.

DEATH'S ALARM, CURIOUS SENSATIONS OF A MAN IN DANGER.

The editor of the *Gardiner Journal* had a narrow escape from death, his horse running away as he hung in the wheel. He thus describes his sensations:

"'Oh, can't some of my spirit-friends do something to help me out of this scrape?' beseechingly I said or thought. It was a prayer not laid down in the books, and perhaps the form was not staid or formal. Short as it was, it did me good. I saw then crowds of spirits around me—part of whom I

knew. I do not see what they can do, I thought, and as they seemed to hover round the front part of the wagon, and over the horse, I wondered how they kept up with him. Then I thought, perhaps they will take the old horse's strength away, but I couldn't see very clearly how they were to do this, for Old Robin was a hard customer to manage. I probably should have lived but a few seconds longer. The reins had worn off upon the wheel just when my strength was all gone. Had I died, people would pityingly have said, it was a horrible death; but, really, I suffered very little. The shock was such that my nerves of sensation were benumbed. I had no fear; in fact, there was a physical sort of feeling that it was a bundle about three feet long, with a sort of handle to it (which was my left leg, probably), that was bouncing along over the ground, which I was trying to untangle. I had often heard that in such a crisis as this, one's whole life passes in review before him, and I thought of that fact, but had no such experience. [He passed through one of the multifarious stages of death, but was fortunately saved.] I had only one regret for deeds done or left undone, and that was that I had neglected my usual custom of taking accident tickets, and this regret I felt ashamed of. My only thought was of my wife. The knowledge that I have faced death unflinchingly is not without satisfaction to me, and there is a something that I feel, which I cannot describe, that assures me that there were more powerful influences than my own aiding, comforting and sustaining me. My religious friends will say it was the Good Father, and it matters not what we call it, the feeling is the same. I do not feel of sufficient consequence to merit God's special providence, but that loving friends from the other sphere may have comforted and sustained me is not repugnant to my common sense, and does not lessen my idea of the goodness and greatness of the Creator."

NO FEAR OF DEATH IN THE DYING.

"A striking fact," as related by Prof. O. R. Cowling, "in connection with the dying is, that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are reported to die 'game.' Death, following disease or injury, is, with the rarest exceptions, unaccompanied with fears. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the

situation is not fully comprehended; or there may be pain, and death is looked upon as a relief. Nature, by a kindly provision, seems to prepare for the flight of the spirit; as the hold of life grows weaker, so does the desire for life grow less; and in scarcely a single instance, within my own experience, or within that of my professional brethren, with whom I have conversed upon this point, has not the dying man relinquished life at the last without seeming reluctant or fearful.

“The several physical phenomena which accompany the act of dying vary considerably in the earlier stages with the causes that produce death; there is much similarity in the later steps. Death offers them a physiognomy, which, once witnessed, is not hard to recognize again. Among the more constant signs are the failing pulse, which gradually becomes imperceptible, first at the wrist, and lastly at the breast itself; the extremities grow cold; the countenance changes, as the venous blood courses through the arteries; the skin grows clammy as the vessels relax; the eye glazes; the jaw drops; the fluids accumulate in the windpipe, causing the “death-rattle,” so called, as the air passes through; the breath comes short, and finally ceases.

“As the red blood leaves the brain, judgment becomes obscured, and the senses deficient. Speech is incoherent. Strange sights may be seen, and sounds heard, as occurs sometimes in the still twilight. The hallucinations of the dying may often be explained upon natural causes.”

It is sometimes the case that the body, when not badly afflicted with disease, retains for a considerable time a vivid lifelike expression, even when the spirit has been completely separated therefrom, and then it is often supposed, of course, that life is not extinct. Such was the case with Miss Roe Miller, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who died after an illness of about one week, at the age of fifteen. It appears from a Fort Wayne paper, that the funeral rites were performed according to the Catholic ritual, and upon their conclusion the coffin was opened and the relatives and friends were allowed to take a last look at the departed, previous to the consignment to the grave. As one after another filed up and gazed upon the body, an expression of amazement and surprise escaped the lips of each, which was elicited by the remarkably lifelike and natural appearance of the corpse. The skin was not cold and

clammy, but the lips and cheeks bore a healthy color, and there were numerous indications that life was not extinct, but that blood was circulating, however sluggishly, through the veins. Of course, this discovery produced intense excitement. Father Koenig expressed his conviction that the girl was not dead. By his advice it was decided not to move the body to the cemetery until it could be ascertained beyond a doubt that the girl was dead. The hearse left the church and the procession disbanded. The body was removed to the schoolhouse on the next lot, where it was viewed by hundreds of people, the rumor having spread like wildfire, that during a funeral at St. Paul's church the supposed corpse had come to life. Several physicians viewed the body, and while admitting indications of life, they expressed the opinion that life was extinct. Dr. Bruebach being called, stated, after a careful examination, that the girl was unquestionably dead. He made hypodermic injections of ammonia, regarded by some as an infallible test, but no signs of life were apparent, and he advised that the body be interred.

Though the spirit had probably been separated from the body, the animal life was so tenacious and active that it illuminated her features with an expression that seemed to indicate that she was sweetly sleeping. Unconsciousness, however, does not always constitute death, although the state produced may so closely resemble it that the body is interred, only to have the flame of life return to be finally extinguished.

EXTINGUISHING CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is wonderful potency in that agency which can, with the rapidity of thought, extinguish the consciousness that renders a person cognizant of the external world, yet not destroys the vital spark of life. It is said that during a thunderstorm on one occasion in Ohio, Mr. Sanford Ticknor and his hired man were crossing a field when they were struck down by a bolt of lightning from the clouds. The hired man was made insensible for twenty-four hours, when he became conscious. His only remembrance of the shock was that "suddenly the ground raised up and buried him"—at least so it seemed, but no trace of any disturbance of the earth could be found, nor any mark on the man. Mr. Ticknor was not so badly stunned; indeed, he was not made unconscious at all.

He describes his feelings as though he had been hit a severe blow with a stone on the head and one foot, accompanied by the feeling that a shower of gravel had been thrown on him. He remembers a blinding flash of light succeeded by smoke. Both recovered.

The young man was instantly, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, annihilated. The flash of lightning instantly paralyzed him, as it were, and the spirit, still connected with his body, was powerless for a time to either act on the material or spiritual side of life. He was not dead. The vital forces were benumbed, stagnated, and rendered dormant by the infinitesimal pulsations of the lightning. On such occasions, cold water dashed suddenly on the head is often attended with excellent results.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS PRODUCED BY DISEASE—APPARENT DEATH.

Disease often produces gradually what lightning accomplishes with the rapidity of thought; that is, extinguishes all consciousness. There was Charles Hueston, as set forth by a Fort Wayne paper, who was suffering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, and who became unconscious and was pronounced dead by the attending physician. In the meantime his relatives, living at Forest, Ohio, had been apprised by telegraph of his illness, but they arrived at Monroeville too late to see the loved one alive. They were much affected at his sudden death, and the grief of his sister, a beautiful young lady, whose age was near his own, was distressing to see. She remained almost constantly by the body, and gave vent to her deep emotions in tears and sobs. Preparations to "lay out" the body were made. The barber was shaving the corpse, when the razor slipped a trifle, and a jet of dark-colored blood burst forth. Some of the bystanders, upon seeing this, asserted that life was not yet extinct; but little heed was paid to these speculations, and they were not repeated to any of the deceased's relatives. The body was dressed and placed in the coffin, but as a precautionary measure the lid was not screwed down. The remains were placed on board the passenger train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, to be taken to Forest, Ohio, for interment. The grief-stricken parents and sister accompanied the remains. The latter refused to go

into the passenger coach, but remained in the express car, to be close to the body of him she loved.

It was nearly an hour before the train arrived at Forest, when a loud, unearthly shriek was heard, and in a second the young girl was prostrate upon the floor in a swoon. Several persons hastened to the rescue, when they, too, were nearly paralyzed by the discovery of the cause of her singular conduct. The supposed corpse of Charles Hueston was living, moving, and breathing. The head was thrust above the coffin, and the face, with its deathly pallor, presented a weird and ghastly spectacle. The young man was evidently amazed at his surroundings, and the first returning gleam of consciousness found him in a position of bewilderment. Loving hands and kind hearts devoted themselves to the care of the man who had, as it were, so suddenly risen from the dead, and of the young girl who so suddenly had been brought to the very portals of the grave. Hueston was taken from the coffin, restoratives applied under the direction of physicians who were on the train, and when he reached Forest was removed to his father's residence.

Unconsciousness is not death. The vital spark of the body may so stealthily conceal its presence that not even the most skillful physician can detect its existence, and, of course, he is utterly ignorant of the agency he should employ to cause the same to throb again with active, energetic life. In the case of the common laborer in Ohio, a flash of lightning instantaneously closed his senses, and rendered him oblivious to all things. Disease produced the same result with Mr. Charles Hueston.

Prof. Tyndall states that in the Theater of the Royal Institution, and in the presence of an audience, he once received the discharge of a battery of fifteen Leyden jars. He felt nothing; he was simply extinguished for a sensible interval. He claims that death by lightning is accompanied by no pain whatever—the entire loss of all consciousness being instantaneous.

A movement of the organs of the body is not always an indication of consciousness or life. Dr. Brown-Sequard in one of his lectures has even said that “muscular motion by no means indicated life. He referred to well-known cases of snakes, tortoises, and other lower forms of animals, moving on the slightest stimulus several days after decapitation. He says

he has seen the iris of an eye contract on exposure to a strong light, sixteen hours after death. He had also witnessed pulsations in the heart of a dog forty-eight hours after its removal from the body, and in the human heart thirty-six hours after decapitation. An arm fourteen hours after amputation was injected with fresh blood, when it immediately contracted and extended the muscles, giving every sign of life. The Doctor startled his audience by recounting the case of a patient of his in New Orleans, who died of the cholera, and whose arms, for a long time after the vital spark had unmistakably fled, continued to rise and clasp the hands as if in prayer, falling and rising as if in a sort of rhythmic beat."

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, relates that on one occasion he saw a lion which was just in the act of springing upon him. "He was on a little height. The animal caught him by the shoulder as he sprang, and they both came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to his ear, he shook him as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by the mouse after the shake of the cat; it caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although he was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like, the Doctor said, what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operations, but feel not the knife. He claims this condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror on looking around at the beast. Fortunately the Doctor was rescued from his perilous condition without receiving any serious injury."

UNCONSCIOUSNESS PRODUCED BY AN EFFORT OF THE WILL.

It would be strange, indeed, if the numerous agents that can render a person unconscious, or insensible to any pain or fear, were superior in all respects to the action of the mind itself. Mind is superior to matter—matter is the subject. But like many earthly kings who are ignorant of those grand principles of government that connect them with the people, they have no control over them—cannot rule them, and as a consequence anarchy reigns. So the mind, in its ignorance, cannot always by a mental effort produce an unconscious state, the

same as lightning and disease often do. Ned Baker, as previously related, possessed the power of imitating death. So did Col. Townsend, whose case is recorded as follows by Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, an eminent physician. He says: "He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon us seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse; first it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time, while I held his right hand. Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skreine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skreine perceive the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance, as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning. He began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

We Should Not Fear Death.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER FROM THE FRENCH.

THE PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE MOST DELIGHTFUL—IT IS PLEASANT TO CAST ASIDE THE PHYSICAL BODY—THE VIEWS OF A LEARNED FRENCHMAN—HE HAS AN EXALTED VIEW OF THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH—THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

*It is of deep purpose—that is to say, for the preservation and perpetuity of the species—that nature inspired the heart of man with a terror of death, even as she made the desire for reproduction from the pleasure of the senses; but science and philosophy can dispel the fears which man feels at the mere idea of death.

It is an error to believe that the instant of the separation of soul and body is accompanied by acute sufferings. The anatomist Bichat, in his "Researches Concerning Life and Death," clearly establishes that at the approach of our final moment the brain is the first organ affected, and that hence the dying are spared all pain. At that supreme moment moral terror is, therefore, the only impression against which we have to contend in the dying, as there certainly is no physical pain. The bystanders and relations suffer far more than those about to expire.

The sleep which every night takes possession of our being steals over us without our being conscious of it, and the transition from a waking to a sleeping state is imperceptible to us. Here we have a faint image of death. The dying have

*This chapter, "We Should Not Fear Death," illustrating the beauty and ease of death, is taken from "The Joys Beyond the Threshold," a sequel to "The To-morrow of Death," by Louis Figuier. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston; Roberts Brothers, publishers. This is, in many respects, a most fascinating work, and one that will prove refreshing reading to all thinking minds.

no more sense of the passage from life to death than the living have of the passing from waking to sleeping.

It is unfortunate that painting and sculpture should represent death in the form of a hideous skeleton, armed with a scythe, mowing down mankind, or of a spectre wrapped in the melancholy winding-sheet of the tomb. They should have shown him to us with the features of a messenger of joy, who comes not to destroy, but to bear us away to another and a happier sphere. Death should be pictured as a beneficent spirit, who aids us to cross the bounds set by nature between the earthly and the celestial voyage, and who introduces us to ethereal spheres beyond which rises the mysterious throne of the God of the universe.

Instead of adorning cemeteries as we do, with dark-leaved cypress, the symbol of mourning and affliction, the Orientals were quite right to plant them with varied trees, to fill them with groves and flowers—to make them smiling gardens, places for promenade, recreation and pleasure.

Lamartine ("Death of Socrates") most perfectly expresses the idea which we should have of death in the following lines:

"To die is not to die, my friends; it is to change.
While he lives burdened by his body here below,
Man towards his God but languidly doth go;
Forced his vile wants to feed no progress makes;
Moves with a tottering step, or truth forsakes.
But he who, verging on the end which he doth pray,
Sees glorious glimpses of the eternal day—
Like sunset rays ascending towards the skies,
An exile, thence, in God's own arms he lies,
And quaffing eagerly the nectar which doth rapture give,
That day on which he dies he first begins to live."

The Queen of England, Victoria, after the death of her husband, Prince Albert, as we all know, wrote a very eloquent book, entitled "Meditations Upon Death and Eternity." In this work, filled with most profound and touching thoughts, may be found many pages which we would gladly quote, for they uphold the ideas which we developed in the "To-morrow of Death." We will merely cite what the august writer says to dispel the terrors with which death inspires most men:

"The terrors with which we clothe death," says Queen Victoria, "come largely from the erroneous and revolting descriptions of it given to us. Thus, it is sometimes styled decomposition or corruption; but we do not, speaking exactly, fall into either one or the other of these states.

"Some say that to die is to leave the world; but we never do leave the world, that being in itself impossible.

"Others again claim that death is synonymous with destruction; but we cannot be destroyed. No; to die is to return unto our Father. Our souls merely cast off garments which do not become them, to put on others more worthy of them. The shudder caused by the usual description of death is due to the fact that these descriptions are largely borrowed from the state of the inanimate body. Every false conception is justly repulsive to us. So soon as the reason is wounded everything in us is wounded, and the imagination strives in vain to make that which is irrational seem becoming. The state of the corpse in the tomb is not our state, but simply that of the covering which we have stripped off. And what is our earthly covering if it be not the worn-out or damaged garment of the immortal spirit?"

And now let us hear Young, the poet of "Night Thoughts." Says the English writer:

"But were death frightful, what has age to fear?

If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument but holds

My younger; ev'ry date cries: 'Come away!'

And what calls me? Look the world around,

And tell me what? The wisest cannot tell.

Should any born of woman give his thought

Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field,

Of things the vanity; of men the flaws—

Flaws in the best; the many flaws all o'er;

As leopards spotted, or as Ethiops dark;

Vivacious ill; good dying immature

(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells)

And at his death bequeathing endless pain.

His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,

And spend itself in sighs for future scenes,"

" * * * Why cling to this rude rock,

Barren to us of good and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blackened with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath."

" * * * The thought of death indulge;
 Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of my soul, in joy!

* * * * *

And why not think of death? Is life the theme
 Of ev'ry thought, and wish of ev'ry hour,
 And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To waive the num'rous ills that seize on life
 As their own property, their lawful prey,
 Ere man has measured half his weary stage
 His luxuries have left him no reserve,
 No maiden relishes unbroacht delights;
 On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
 And in the tasteless present chews the past—
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.

* * * * *

Live ever here, Lorenzo?—shocking thought!
 So shocking those who wish disown it, too—
 Disown from shame what they from folly crave.

* * * * *

A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust:
 'He sins against this life who slights the next.'
 What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
 Life has no value as an end, but means
 An end deplorable! a means divine!"

Death, far from being a scarecrow, since we all must inevitably yield to it, should be regarded as a supreme benefactor, who comes to remove us from the misfortunes, deceptions and despair peculiar to life, to lead us to the splendor of realms above, where all is happiness, power and peace.

Queen Victoria, in the work already quoted, thus expresses herself:

"What is death? Nothing but the separation of the soul from its earthly case. What becomes of the case when it is

cast aside? Does it vanish from God's creation? No; it falls to dust and ashes, and is mingled with the rest of the earth, whose nutritive elements formed it in the beginning. It does not leave creation, but remains there awaiting another destiny.

"But what becomes of the soul stripped of its veil? Does it vanish from God's creation? Oh, no! How could it be possible for the nobler element to cease to exist when the viler is imperishable?

"Must we believe that it has been removed from the infinite multitude of created beings, because it has thrown off the veil through which it alone could reveal its presence to our senses? No, it lives; for its very dust which once served to enwrap it still exists. It lives; for God creates and does not annihilate. It lives; for in his sovereign wisdom he could not repent in any sort for the high destiny for which he gave it being.

"Is it then so painful to cast off this earthly veil? In truth, the natural love of life which the Creator has so deeply implanted within us, inspires us with fear at the idea of parting with our mortal form; but the power of the human mind can triumph over the terrors of nature. How many generous men have faced death for their God, their country, their faith, and their friends? Death had no terrors for them. How many poor, weak, degenerate beings, driven by despair, have voluntarily laid down the life which had become a burden to them?

"Dying men do not dissimulate, and we can judge by their features what is going on in their mind. From such study it would seem almost as if the soul must experience an agreeable sensation at the moment it lays aside its mortal spoil, for it has been often observed that the features of persons dying of painful maladies assume at the final instant an expression of calm serenity, while a peaceful smile quivers on the lips of the lifeless body, left there by the departing soul—a smile which seems to say: 'Ah, what relief!'"

Victor Hugo has aptly translated this idea in the following verses in his "Contemplations:"

"Oh, death! O, moment grand! O, mortuary rays!
Hast thou ne'er turned the sheet from dear, dead face,
While others wept and stood beside the bed—
Friends, brothers, children, mother with hanging head,

Distracted, sobbing, of wild grief the prey—
 Hast seen a smile across the dead man's features stray?
 He groaned, he choked, he died just now;
 And yet he smiles. Dread gulf, oh, whence and now
 Cometh that light seen on the face of death's unwilling slave?
 What is the tomb? Whence cometh, O thinker grave,
 The awful calmness on each dead face we see?
 It is that the secret is out, it is that the spirit is free;
 It is that the soul, all-seeing, all-shining, all-burning, so
 bright,
 Laughs aloud, and the body itself takes part in its fearful de-
 light."

Further on the poet reflects as follows, in the cemetery of
 Villequier, where his daughter lies buried:

AT VILLEQUIER.

Now, O my God! I have the calmer woe;
 Able the while I weep
 To see the stone where in night well I know
 She does forever sleep.
 Now that made softer by these sights divine—
 Plain, forest, valley, river, rocks and sky—
 Viewing myself by these vast works of thine,
 Reason returns before immensity.
 Father and Lord, in whom we must believe,
 I come, perverse no more;
 Shreds of the heart thy glory fills, receive,
 Shattered by thee of yore.
 I come to thee, O Lord, who art, I know,
 O living God! good, merciful and kind.
 I own that you alone know what you do,
 That men are reeds that tremble in the wind.
 I say the tomb in which the dead is shut
 Opens the heavenly hall;
 And what we here for end of all things put,
 Is the first step of all.
 Now, on my knees I own, O Lord, august!
 The real, the absolute belong to thee;
 I own that it is good, I own it just,
 My heart should bleed, since such is God's decree.
 Whate'er may happen, I resist no more,

But in thy will comply.
The soul from loss to loss, from shore to shore,
Rolls to eternity.
We never see more than a single side;
The other plunged in night's dread mystery.
Man feels the yoke: thou dost the causes hide—
Brief, useless, fleeting, all that meets his eye.
Thou makest a perpetual solitude,
Wrap all his steps around;
Thou hast not seen it fit that certitude
Or joy should here be found.
Whatever good he has fate takes away;
Naught can he call his own in life's quick flight,
So that he here can make a home or say,
"Here is my house, my field, or my delight."
All sights he may but for a moment see,—
Must age, unhelped, alone,
Since things are thus, 'tis that they so must be;
I own it—yes, I own.
Dark is the world! The changeless harmony,
O God, of cries as well as songs is made.
Man but a speck in dread infinity;
Night where the good mount up and sink the bad.

He asserts still more clearly his belief in the resurrection of the human being, the *individual*, in the following passage, which we quote, concluding with them these thoughts from great authors:

"Some day, soon perhaps, the same hour which struck for the son will strike for the father. His turn will come. He will wear the look of one sleeping; he will be laid between four boards; he will be that unknown quantity called a dead man, and he will be carried to the great, gloomy opening. There the new-comer is awaited by those who went before. The new-comer is welcome. What seems the exit is to him the entrance. The eye of the flesh closes, the eye of the spirit opens, and the invisible becomes visible. While shovelful of earth fall on the dark and echoing bier, the mysterious soul forsakes that garment, the body, and rises in light from the gathering shadows. Then, for that soul those who have vanished reappear, and those truly living, whom in earthly darkness we call the dead, softly call to the new-comer, and bending over his dazzled

face, wear that radiant smile worn amid the stars. Thus shall the laborer depart, leaving, if he has played his part well, some regrets behind him, and at the same time being received with joy in eternal day.

"Everything ends under six feet of earth?" No; everything begins. No; everything germinates. No; everything blossoms, and grows, and springs up, and bursts forth.

"I believe in immortality—not in the immortality of the name, which is but smoke; but in the enduring life of the *individual*. I believe in it, I feel myself immortal.

"Yes, I believe in God and in another life.

"If I face death with a calm smile, it is because I believe in a future life. And note that I am on my guard against the caresses which we bestow on our ideas to the end that they may become opinions. But here is an absolute conviction. I believe—I say more, I am sure—that we do not utterly and wholly die, and that our *ego* survives.

"Yes, I believe profoundly in this better world; it is far more real to me than this wretched chimera which we devour and which we call life. I believe in it with all the strength of my conviction; and after many struggles, much study and many trials, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul."

Therefore, let us have no fear of death. What is laid in the tomb is not ourselves, but simply the material wrapping of our souls. This wrapping perishes in obedience to the laws of chemical decomposition; but the soul, which is our true individuality, does not disappear—it goes on to pursue a fresh career in the skies. The body is the cloak of the soul; the body is changed to dust, the soul is changed to light.

Sometimes during stormy nights, which cover the abode of the dead with darkness, light flames escaping from the soil flicker in the heavy air. Naturalists call them *will-'o-the-wisps*; chemists, carburetted hydrogen gas; spiritual philosophers and poets, as well as the common people, regard them as souls of the dead rising from the tomb.

We do not shudder when we see various parts of our bodies perish. If we cut our hair or our nails, or if we lose a limb by a surgical operation, we do not disturb ourselves about those lopped-off portions of our personality which are left to decay. Why, then, dread its total destruction?

Our bodily substance is perpetually changing; and physiologists, such as Buffon and Flourens, have ascertained that the human body is renewed in all its parts once in every seven years. These are so many bodily deaths, which do not alarm us in the least.

If you dread death, it is because you have, at some time, gazed on a human corpse with terror, and told yourself that you would some day enter the same state. But if your eyes had never beheld this sad sight, you would be free from the agonies that you feel at the idea of death. For, we repeat, that which is laid in the tomb is not you, but only your earthly garment; and you have too often renewed that fleshy garb, without suspecting it, to dread its final destruction.

When the worm, become a butterfly, leaves on the ground or on a branch the frail shell which once contained it, does it trouble itself about the worthless remnant which it abandons to the wind?

It is important, besides, fully to take in the idea that the instant of the separation of soul and body is inappreciable. Just as we pass from a waking to a sleeping state without any knowledge of the precise moment when the change is effected, so, too, we pass without knowing it, and without pain, from life to death. The sort of pleasant prostration which we feel when we fall asleep gives us some idea of the vague and happy sensation which must prevail at the supreme moment when the torch of our existence is extinguished.

Our last moments are so far from painful that many persons have been able coldly to describe the successive symptoms proclaiming their speedy death. We may quote the case of Professor Richet (of the Institute), who died in January, 1892, of inflammation of the chest, and described to those around him with the greatest precision the successive phenomena which revealed the effusion of the lungs and the growth of the disease, and who predicted, with assured and peaceful look, the instant when he should draw his last breath.

Dr. Trousseau's death was most singular, for up to the last he described the progressive phases of his disease, and ceased to give a sort of clinical lecture of himself only when he ceased to live.

Haller, the famous physiologist of the nineteenth century, felt his own pulse as he lay dying, and said quietly: "The pulse still beats—the pulse still beats; it has ceased to beat!" and he expired without another word, without a groan.

Chirac, a physician of Montpellier, in the eighteenth century, fancying on his death-bed that he was himself called to a patient, seized his own arm, felt his pulse, and exclaimed: "You sent for me too late! You should have bled this man; you should have purged him; now he is a dead man!" and he closed his eyes never again to open them.

Dr. Baillarger, a member of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, who died in 1891, faded away gently and almost without pain. He retained complete possession of all his faculties up to the last moment. A few moments before he died, having talked with Professor Potain, who, together with Desnos and Guyon, had charge of his case, he asked one of his daughters to read him an article from the medical dictionary upon a certain morbid symptom which he felt at the moment. The reading over, he made a brief remark about the symptom in question, and turned on his pillow. A few seconds later he was no more.

"I feel the approach of death, and I feel it with joy," said Berthollet to his friend Chaptal, who was trying to reassure him. "Why should I fear it? I have never done any evil, and in my last hour I have the comforting thought that the friendship which has united us for more than forty years, and of which you have given so many proofs to me and mine, has never been troubled for a single instant. It is given to few men to pay such homage to themselves! That is enough for me; I desire no other."

This fine funeral oration, uttered by dying lips, far outweighs the words repeated by the physiologist, Claude Bernard, in his last agony: "The game's up."

Here is a touching anecdote of the last moments of the celebrated surgeon, Philip Ricord, who died in 1889:

Sinking beneath an inflammation of the chest, Ricord awoke suddenly towards midnight, half rose in bed, and moved his hands in cadence, as if playing on the piano. The doctors, Horteloup and Pigrot, who were watching beside his bed, were greatly amazed, and took this gesture for an outbreak of delirium. Ricord, after repeating it several times

without the power to pronounce a sound, fell back exhausted, the doctors unable to divine what he wanted. Soon he died.

Next day his granddaughter, a child of ten, reached Paris with her mother, who had hastened from Algiers at the first news of his illness. "What a pity," said the child, "I could not keep the promise which I made to poor grandpapa." And she told how she had learned to play on the piano "Mary Stuart's Farewell," by Niedermeyer, because her grandfather had made her, and also Batta, the great violinist, promise that they would play for him when he came to die, this piece which he loved above all others.

This was the idea which haunted Ricord's mind at his last hour. The family obtained permission to have the much-desired melody played at his funeral.

Death may come during a fit of hilarity. We are told that the stoic philosopher, Chrysippus, died of irrepressible laughter caused by seeing a monkey eat figs.

Reydellet, in the article on "Laughter" in the "Great Dictionary of the Medical Science," relates that a nun seized in the refectory with forced laughter all at once became as motionless as a statue. This was thought to be some new jest; on approaching her she was found to be dead.

Set aside, therefore, all those hideous images of death which arise solely from the sight of a motionless and icy human body. Let those who surround the dead shed no tears; for they may see on the colorless lips and in the dim eyes a vague smile at the delights perceived by those who have just entered into a better world.

NO PAIN AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "Generally there is no pain at the last moment, for it seems that the body suffers in proportion to its remoteness from death. It is commonly supposed that evil men die in great horror of their doom. They don't. Wicked men usually pass out of life as tranquilly as anyone else. Tranquillity is the law of decadence. Pain or exquisite pleasure at the last are only experienced in exceptional cases. Men suffer more every day of their lives than they do in dying. Every man subject to the incursions of rheumatic affections, or to the pangs of toothache, suffers a hundred times more than he will when he is on his death-bed. No

death is more painless than sudden death. Livingstone records his experience when sprung upon and struck down by a lion. The moment when the beast was on him was one of the most exquisite tranquillity. No death is too sudden for him who is doing his duty. Not the stroke of the lightning; not the fall from the precipice. Right living is the correct road to right dying, and no man need fear death."

No one could possibly brave the successive stages of death, if not in perfect harmony with God's laws. When the vital forces are waging a resolute warfare, then there is sometimes great pain experienced; but when they cease their efforts death comes as peacefully and tranquilly as sleep to the infant reposing on its mother's breast.

NO CONSCIOUSNESS OF PAIN.

Dr. James M. Peebles says: "Accidental death being a shock of nature, usually commences at the heart or brain. This condition is technically called coma, and the dying first lose control of their physical sensations and volitions. The muscles lose their power of action; the heart fails to get its nervous supply from the brain; the physical contortions increase till death closes the scene. And yet in these last hours there was probably no consciousness of pain. The physical organism is so constituted that it can endure only a certain amount of pain and suffering; when these limits are reached unconsciousness mercifully ensues. There is no pain in physical death. The dread of death is educational—the fear is only comparable to the fear of the young bird to trust its wings. The spasms, throes and seeming anguish attending the last hours of earthly life are no proof of pain, but rather do they show the strugglings of the spirit to release itself from the impaired, outworn body.'

DROWNING DELICIOUS.

Says Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in a printed sermon on the paternal aspect of providence: "One who narrowly escaped death by drowning told me that the process of it after the first moment of agony was too delicious to describe. To die of cold," he continues, "is, when the first pangs are over, a luxury, for the senses are steeped in slumber, a soft numbness taking possession of the brain, an irresistible lethargy

overpowers the will, ravishing visions float before the imagination, and in ecstasy the spirit takes its flight."

A POEM OF RESIGNATION.

In the course of a message given through Mrs. Danskin, the communicating spirit said: "Emily Ward was my name, the wife of George Ward, the daughter of Samuel Joyce. It was at Rye, New York, that I died. A beautiful poem is the resignation of death. When no clouds flit over the vision of the one to whom death comes, truly may it be called the poem of resignation. The lips may be silent when death is unclosing the prison-house, but the brain is active in thought. The freedom which is given to the spirit in the land of no death is more beautiful than I have words to describe. Before deep consideration was mine, I thought death was terrible, but after I learned that God was love, that wisdom was His, that all his attributes were good, I then knew within myself that what He had fashioned with His own hand He could not cast wholly from Himself, and I have not been mistaken."

THE SENSATION OF FREEZING.

It is certainly painful and disagreeable to be sick, but it is an intense satisfaction to know that the last stages of death are accompanied by no pain whatever, only so far as regrets may be experienced. Even the various stages of freezing to death do not seem to cause any very uncomfortable sensations. The pleasures of freezing are set forth by a Canadian physician who at one time enjoyed them. His tongue and then his arms became stiff, sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body had congealed, causing an almost entire cessation of the heart's action. This condition of suffering speedily gave place to a grateful warmth, which seemed to suffuse the system and cause an exhilarating glow. He was driving, and by this time had reached a house, but he went on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. The sleigh appeared to him to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses seemed to fly like birds. A sense of exultation filled him, and he urged the beasts to greater speed. The woods on each side of the road were passed so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the jingle of bells sounded further and further away until they passed out

of hearing in the distance. He fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep of death.

DEATH NOT DREADFUL.

Rev. C. Ware, in *Medium and Daybreak*, England, says:

“ ‘Man dieth and wastes away, man giveth up the ghost.’

“This is according to appearance; the fact is that man does not give up the ghost at all—he gives up the body. Man has a threefold nature—the divine principle of life called the spirit, then the refined spiritual form consisting of subtle elements, which for want of a better name we call magnetism, called by Judge Edmonds the electrical body; lastly the gross outer physical system. The purpose of the physical body is to be a basis for the development and growth of the inner life from babyhood to manhood; it is merely the husk to protect the real being while it is ripening for the spiritual kingdom; and the meaning of death is that the spiritual form has served its purpose and drops off, ushering the spiritual man into a spiritual world—opening his eyes to a world of realities which surrounded him, though unseen, whilst living the earthly life.

“Death, then, is a simple transition, taking place in the order of nature, in analogy with what we see taking place in the lower forms of organic life, such as the dropping of the husk from the ripened fruit, the liberation of the beautiful butterfly from its chrysalis form. When the person has lived rightly this event is anything but dreadful. The change is usually accompanied with the most agreeable and delightful sensations, our information on this matter being received from spirits themselves, and this being their uniform testimony. They compare it to the passing from a dark room into a bright one; awakening from a troubled dream to the realities of life; emerging from a dark tunnel into the splendor of day. The death of the body is neither a king of terrors nor the penalty of sin; these terms are only applicable to the condition of the spirit when degraded by a coarse and vicious life. Physical dissolution is a natural event in the economy of existence, the throwing off of the outer covering, to set the spirit free to enter its own proper realm.”

SUFFER NO PAIN.

Dr. Edward Clark, in “Visions,” says the dying suffer no pain. “The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends

the final act. To the subject of it death is no more painful than birth. Painlessly we come, painlessly we go. Nature kindly provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspiration and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated, At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble and often irregular pulse. As this progress goes on the blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded more and more with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as that derived from charcoal. Subject to its influence the nerve centers lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system, then stupor, and then the end."

Dying Words of Distinguished Persons.

THE RESULT OF MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF LABOR.

A WONDERFUL STUDY, THESE LAST WORDS—THEY CARRY THE READER BACK TO THE DYING-BED—THEY REVEAL HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS IN A MARKED DEGREE.

*We have several requests of more than a year's standing to publish a collection of the "Dying Words of Noted Persons." The following collection has been the result of more than a quarter of a century, gathered from various sources. Several of the persons are credited with different words, and some of them as having been uttered under different circumstances. We have generally given all the words, though from different authorities. It is the largest collection ever published, so far as we know, containing those of two hundred and fifty-eight persons.

CHARLES ABBOTT (Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench)—Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire.

ABIMELECH, son of Gideon, (when hit in the head by a piece of millstone thrown by a woman, he called a man to slay him with his sword)—That men say not of me, a woman slew him (Judges ix., 54).

DR. ADAMS, rector of Edinburgh High School, (in a delirium)—It grows dark; boys, you may go.

JOHN ADAMS—Independence forever.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—It is the last of earth.

ADDISON—See how a Christian can die.

ALEXANDER II., of Russia, (when wounded)—Take me to the palace, there to die.

*Notes and Queries, Vol. 2, No. 32, published by S. C. and L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

ALEXANDER III.—This box was presented to me by the Emperor of Prussia.

ALFIERI—Clasp my hand, dear friend; I die.

DAUGHTER OF ETHAN ALLEN—Shall I believe what you have taught me, or what mother has taught me? (Mr. Allen answered: "Believe your mother.")

ANAXAGORAS—Give the boys a holiday.

ANDRE—I pray you bear me witness that I met my fate like a brave man.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE (hanged as a spy)—Must I die in this manner?

ARCHIMEDES (when ordered to leave Syracuse)—When I have finished this problem.

ARRIA—My Pætus, it is not painful.

AUGUSTUS (after asking how he acted his part in life)—Vos plaudite (You applaud).

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR—Have I not played the farce of life well?

THOMAS AVERY—Never mind, father!

M. BAILEY (the French patriot, who was about to be decapitated)—It is cold.

JOHN DE BARNEVELD (to the executioner)—Be quick, man, be quick.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT—And must I then die? Will not my riches save me? What! is there no bribing death?

CARDINAL HENRY BEAUFORT—I pray you all, pray for me.

THOMAS A BECKET—I confide my soul and the cause of the church of God, to the Virgin Mary, to the patron saints of this church, and St. Dennis.

THE VENERABLE BEDE—"Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the——."

BEETHOVEN (deaf)—I shall hear.

MADAME DE BOIS BERANGER (to her mother, who w's executed, together with her father, brother and sister)—Why are you not happy? You die innocent, and all your family follow you, to partake with you the recompense of virtue.

MADAME DE BERRY—Is not this dying with true courage and true greatness?

BOILEAU—It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue.

ANNE BOLEYN (clasping the neck of her daughter)—It is small, very small.

J. WILKES BOOTH—Useless, useless!

MARCO BOZZARIS—To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.

HON. DAVID C. BRODERICK (to Col. E. D. Baker)—Baker, when I was struck, I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me and I could not.

BRONTE (Charlotte's father), who died standing—While there is life there is will.

JOHN BROWN (to the hangman)—No; I am ready at any time. But do not keep me needlessly waiting.

BISHOP BROUGHTON—Let the earth be filled with His glory.

ADMIRAL BRUEYS—An admiral ought to die giving orders.

OLE BULL—Please play Mozart's "Requiem."

JOHN BUNYAN—Take me, for I come to thee.

ROBERT BURNS—Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave.

LIEUT. WILLIAM BURROWS—I am satisfied; I die content.

BYRON—I must sleep now.

JULIUS CÆSAR—Et tu, Brute! (And thou, Brutus!).

COL. JAMES CAMERON (killed at Bull Run)—Scots, follow me.

GEN. WILLIAM CAMPBELL—I die contented.

CASTLEREAGH, the English premier, (said to Dr. Bankhead)—Bankhead, let me fall into your arms.

CATESBY (one of the gunpowder plot)—Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together.

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS—Quite comfortable; quite happy; nothing more.

CHARLEMAGNE—Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit!" (Luke xxiii., 46).

CHARLES I., of England, to William Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury—Remember.

CHARLES II., of England—Don't let poor Nelly [Nell Gwynn] starve.

CHARLES V.—Ah! Jesus.

CHARLES IX., of France—Nurse, nurse, what murder! what blood! Oh! I have done wrong. God pardon me!

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—You make me drink. Pray leave me quiet. I find it affects my head.

LORD CHESTERFIELD—Give Day Rolles a chair.

CICERO (to his murderers)—Strike.

COL. CILLEY—I am shot.

SIR EDWARD COKE—"Thy will be done" (Matthew vi., 10).

COLUMBUS—Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit!" (Luke xxiii., 46).

CONDE, Duke of Enghein, (shot by order of Napoleon)—I die for my King and for France.

PRINCE CONSORT—I have such sweet thoughts.

ALFORD COOKMAN—I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

COPERNICUS—Now, O Lord, set free thy servant.

COUMOURGI—O, that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!

CRANMER—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit" (Acts vii., 59).

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER (holding his right hand in the flame)—The unworthy hand. "Lord, receive my spirit." (Acts vii., 59).

CRATESCLEA (wife of King Cleomenes, her children just having been murdered before her own eyes)—O, my children!

COL. CRAWFORD (to Wingenund, an Indian Chief)—My fate is then fixed, and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form.

LIEUT. CRITTENDEN (shot on being ordered to kneel)—I will kneel only to my God.

JOHN CROME—O Hobbima, O Hobbima, how I do love thee!

CROMWELL—My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone.

CROMWELL—Then I am safe.

DARIUS—Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think that I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness. But Alexander will not let thee go without a recompense; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, to my wife, and to my children. Tell them I gave up my hand, for I gave it to thee in his stead.

DELAGNY (being asked to square twelve)—One hundred and forty-four.

DEMONAX—You may go home, the show is over.

EARL DERBY—Douglass, I would give all my lands to save thee.

DESOTO—A draught of water! Quick! Quick! for the love of heaven.

COUNT DONOP—I die a victim and an avarice to my sovereign.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS—Death! Death! Death!

EARL DOUGLASS—Fight on, my merry men.

MADAME DUDEVANT [George Sand]—Laissez la verdure (leave the green) [meaning, leave the tomb green, do not cover it over with bricks or stones].

KING EDWARD, of Great Britain—Jesus!

EDWARD, the martyr, (one of the six boy kings)—Health.

EDWARD VI.—I am faint; Lord have mercy on me; receive my spirit.

JONATHAN EDWARDS—Trust in God, and you need not fear.

COL. E. ELLSWORTH—He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

EDMUND (one of the six boy kings)—No!

LORD ELDEN—It matters not, where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot.

QUEEN ELIZABETH—All my possessions for a moment of time.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, of France, (when her handkerchief fell from her neck on her way to the scaffold)—In the name of modesty, I entreat you to cover my bosom.

ELPHAGE—You urge me in vain; I am not the man to provide Christian flesh for pagan teeth, by robbing my flocks to enrich their enemies.

ERASMUS—Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!

FARR—"Lord, receive my spirit" (Acts vii., 59).

JOHN FELCON—I am the man.

FONTENELLE—I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

FRANKLIN—A dying man can do nothing easy.

FREDERICK V.—There is not a drop of blood on my hands.

GENERAL FRASER—Fatal ambition; poor General Burgoyne!

GAINSBOROUGH—We all are going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.

DAVID GARRICK—O, dear!

ELIZABETH GAUNT—I have obeyed the sacred command of God to give refuge to the outcast and not to betray the wanderer.

GEORGE IV. (to his page, Sir Wathen Waller)—Watty,

what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me.

GIBBON—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, lost at sea, (to his companions in another vessel)—We are as near heaven by sea as on the land.

GOETHE—More Light!

GOETHE—Let the light enter.

GOLDSMITH (in answer to the question: "Is your mind at ease?")—No, it is not.

GOLIATH, of Gath, (to David)—Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field (I. Samuel xvii., 44).

GREGORY VII.—I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die an exile.

LADY JANE GREY—Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii., 46).

GROTIUS—Be serious.

KING GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS—My God!

NATHAN HALE—I only regret that I have only one life to lose for my country.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (to Bishop More and Rev. Dr. Mason)—I have no ill will against Colonel Burr. I met him with a fixed determination to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened.

HALLER—The artery ceases to beat.

HANNIBAL—Let me now relieve the Romans of their fears.

THOMAS HANSFORD—Take notice, I die a loyal subject to, and a lover of, my country.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON—Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more.

HAYDN—God preserve the Emperor!

HAZLETT—I have led a happy life.

HEDLEY VICARS—Cover my face.

HENRY, of Montfort—Is any quarter given?

HENRY II.—Now, let the world go as it will, I care for nothing more.

PRINCE HENRY, son of Henry II.—O, tie a rope around my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon the ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner.

HENRY III.—I am Harry, of Winchester.

HENRY VIII.—Monks! Monks! Monks!

HERBERT—Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul.

GEORGE HERBERT—Lord, receive my spirit (Acts vii., 59).

CAPTAIN HERNDON—I will never leave the ship.

HOBBS—Now I am about to take my last voyage—a great leap in the dark.

ANDREAS HOFFER (shot at Mantua)—I will not kneel! Fire!

HOOPER—Lord, receive my spirit (Acts vii., 59).

COM. ISAAC HULL—Bury me in my uniform.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT—How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven.

DR. WILLIAM HUNTER—If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.

IRVING—If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen.

JOZEN—Brethren, there is no hope for us with the Christians, who are hammering at the gates and walls and who must soon break in. As we and our wives and children must die, either by Christian hands, or by our own, let it be by our own. Let us destroy by fire what jewels and other treasures we have here, then fire the castle, and then perish.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON—Send A. P. Hill to the front.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON—Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees.

JACOB THE PATRIARCH—I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; there I buried Leah (Genesis xlix., 30).

JAMES V., of Scotland—It [the Scotch crown] came with a lass, and will go with a lass.

SERGEANT JASPER, wounded at Savannah, (to Major Horey)—I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for defence of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it with honor. Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life in supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country.

JESUS CHRIST—It is finished (John xix., 30).

JESUS CHRIST—Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit (Luke xxiii., 46).

JOAN-OF-ARC—God be blessed.

JOAN-OF-ARC (at the stake, ending her eventful and stormy life)—Jesus.

DR. JOHNSON (to Miss Morris)—God bless you, my dear!

JOSEPH THE PATRIARCH—God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence (Genesis l., 25).

JOSEPHINE—Isle of Elba. Napoleon.

BISHOP KEN—God's will be done.

PHILIP BARTON KEY (to Daniel E. Sickles)—Don't shoot me.

KNOX—Now it is come.

CHARLES LAMB (after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend)—My bedfellows are cramp and cough; we three sleep in a bed.

BISHOP LATIMER (to Bishop Ridley)—Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.

CAPT. JAMES LAWRENCE—Don't give up the ship.

ROBERT E. LEE—Have A. P. Hill sent for.

LEICESTER—By the arm of St. James it is time to die!

LEOFF (murderer of Edmund)—No, by the Lord.

SIR GEORGE LISLE—Ah! but I have been nearer to you, my friend, many a time, and you have missed me.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE—I am cold; put more grass on the hut.

JOHN LOCKE (to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms)—Cease now.

JOHN LOCKE—"O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." (Romans, xi., 33).

LOUIS I. (turning his face to the wall)—Huz! Huz! (out, out).

LOUIS IX.—I will enter now into the house of the Lord.

LOUIS XIV.—Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever. I thought dying had been harder.

LOUIS XIV. (on the scaffold)—Frenchmen, I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me. I pray that my blood may not fall upon France.

LOUIS XVIII.—A king should die standing.

MALESHERBES (to the priest)—Hold your tongue; your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them.

HON. E. D. MANSFIELD (of Morrow, Ohio,)—O death, where is thy——.

MIRABEAU—Surround me with perfumes and the flowers of spring; dress my hair with care, and let me fall asleep amid the sound of delicious music.

MARAT, stabbed by Charlotte Corday, (to his house-keeper)—Help; help me, my dear.

AYMERIGOT MARCEL—Why should I make a long story of it?

MARGARET, of Scotland, (wife of Louis IX. of France)—*Fi de la vie! qu'on ne m'en parle plus.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Farewell, my children, forever.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—My God, enlighten and affect my executioner. Adieu, my children, my beloved ones, forever! I am going to your father.

MARMION—Victory! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!—(Canto vi., Stanza 32).

BLOODY MARY—When I am dead, and my body is open, ye will find Calais written on my heart.

MARY, Queen of Scots—"Into thy hands," O Lord, "I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii., 46).

MASSANIELLO (to his assassins)—Ungrateful traitors!

CHARLES MATTHEWS—I am ready.

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, of Mexico, (concerning his wife, who was afterwards insane)—Poor Carlotta.

CARDINAL MAZARIN—O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go?

SERGEANT MCDANIEL—Fight on, boys; don't let liberty die with me.

MELANCTHON (to the question, "Do you want anything?")—Nothing but heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO—My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly goods to my next of kin.

HUGH MILLER—My dear, dear wife, farewell!

MIRABEAU—Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.

MOHAMMED—O Allah, be it so! Henceforth among the glorious hosts of paradise.

MOHAMMED—Lord, pardon me; and place me among those whom thou hast raised to grace and favor.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY—Come on!

MOODY (the actor)—"Reason thus with life, if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing that none but fools could keep" (Measure for Measure, Act iii., Scene 1).

SIR JOHN MOORE—I hope my country will do me justice.

SIR JOHN MOORE—I hope the people of England will be satisfied and the country do me justice.

HANNAH MORE—Patty; joy!

SIR THOMAS MORE (on the scaffold)—I pray you see me up safe; as for my coming down, let me shift for myself.

SIR THOMAS MORE—Let me put my beard out of the way, for it, at least, has never committed any treason.

OLIVER P. MORTON (U. S. Senator, of Indiana,)—I am so tired, I am worn out.

DR. VALENTINE MOTT (to Mrs. Isaac Bell)—My daughter!

MOZART—Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and my delight.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—Mon Dieu! La nation Francaise! Fete d'armee! (My God! The French nation! Head of the army!)

NAPOLEON III. (to Dr. Conneau)—Were you at Sedan?

NELSON—I thank God I have done my duty.

LORD NELSON—Kiss me, Hardy.

LORD NELSON—Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor.

NERO—Is this your fidelity?

NERO—Quails artifex pereor! (I die like an artificer.)

REV. B. T. ONDERDONK, D. D., (to Dr. Vinton)—Of the crimes of which I have been accused and for which I have been condemned, my conscience acquits me in the sight of God.

OPCEHANCANOUGH—Had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would not have meanly exposed him as a show to my people.

ORSINI (to his fellow on the scaffold)—Try to be calm, my friend, try to be calm.

THOMAS PAINE (to Dr. Manley, who asked him: "Do you wish to believe that Jesus is the Son of God?")—I have no wish to believe on the subject.

PALMER (the actor on the stage)—"There is another and better country." [This was a line in the part he was acting.]

PASCAL—May God never forsake me!

PERICLES, of Athens—I have never caused any citizen to mourn on my account.

GASTON PHŒBUS—I am a dead man. Lord, God, have mercy on me!

WILLIAM PITT—O, my country, how I love thee!

WILLIAM PITT—Alas! My country.

PIZARRO—Jesu.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKY (when the bridge over the Pleisse was blown up)—Gentlemen, it now behooves us to die with honor.

BILL POOLE—I die a true American.

POPE—Friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

PORTEUS (dying at the setting of the sun)—O, that glorious sun!

COM. EDWARD PREBLE, U. S. N., (to his brother)—Give me Enoch; I am going.

RABELAIS—Let down the curtain; the farce is over.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH—It matters little how the head lieth.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (seeing the ax prepared to decapitate him)—It is a sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all ills. (In answer to the question, how he would have his neck lie on the block—If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (to the executioner)—Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!

RICHARD I. (referring to Bertrant Goueden)—Take off his chains, give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart.

RICHARD III.—Treason!

ROBESPIERRE (being taunted at the guillotine with having caused the death of Danton)—Cowards! Why did you not defend him?

HENRI DE LA ROCHIJACQUELINE, the Vendean hero—We go to meet the enemy. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me.

MADAME ROLAND (passing the statue of Liberty on her way to the scaffold—Oh! Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!

ROUSSEAU (to his wife)—Open the window, that I may see the beauties of Nature.

RUFUS, the Red—Shoot, Walter! shoot in the devil's name!

SALADIN—After I am dead, carry a sheet on the spear's point to the grave, and say these words: "These are the glorious spoils which Saladin carries with him! Of all his victories and triumphs, of all his riches and realms, nothing now remains but this winding-sheet."

SAMSON—Let me die with the Philistines (Judges xvi., 30).

SCARRON—Ah, my children, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time.

SCHILLER—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—I feel as if I were myself again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (to his family)—God bless you all!

SIR WALTER SCOTT (after having heard the xivth chapter of John read)—That is a great comfort.

JANE SEYMOUR—No! My head never committed any treason, but if you want it you can seize it.

ARCHBISHOP SHARPE—I shall be happy.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—I am absolutely undone.

SEVERUS—I have been everything, and everything is nothing; little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little.

ALGERNON SIDNEY—"I know *that* my Redeemer liveth" (Job xix., 25). I die for the good old cause.

SIR ALGERNON SIDNEY (just as his neck was laid upon the block, his executioner asked, "Sir Algernon, will you rise again?")—Not until the general resurrection; strike on!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities; or, I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.

JOSEPH SMITH—O Lord, my God!

SOCRATES—Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius.

PHILIP SPENCER (son of the statesman Hon. John C. Spencer)—I cannot give the word.

MADAME DE STAEL—I have loved God, my father, and liberty.

STEPHEN (the first martyr)—Lay not this sin to their charge (Acts vii., 60).

STRATFORD—I thank God I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragement arising from any fears,

but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.

JAMES STUART, the California thief—I die reconciled; my sentence is just.

SWEDENBORG—What o'clock is it? (He was told.)It is well; thank you, and God bless you.

TALMA—The worst is, I cannot see.

TASSO—Lord, “Into thy hands I commend my spirit!” (Luke xxiii., 46).

ZACHARY TAYLOR—I am not afraid to die; I am ready; I have endeavored to do my duty.

TEWKSBERRY (a noted London martyr)—Christ is all.

LORD THURLOW—I'll be shot if I don't believe I am dying.

TURNUS—And shalt thou from me hence escape, clad in the spoils of my friends? Thee, Pallas, Pallas, with this wound a victim makes, and takes vengeance on thy devoted blood (*Æneids* Bk. xii., l. 947).

WAT TYLER—Because they are all at my command, and are sworn to do whatever I bid them.

WILLIAM TYNDALE (strangling at the stake)—Lord, open the ears of England's King.

SIR HENRY VANE—It is a bad cause that cannot bear the words of a dying man!

VESPASIAN, the Roman Emperor—*Ut puto deus fio.* (I think I am becoming a god.)

VESPASIAN—A king should die standing.

GENERAL W. WALKER (to the priest)—I am a Roman Catholic. The war which I made on Honduras, at the suggestion of certain people at Ratan, was unjust. Those who accompanied me are not to be blamed. I alone am guilty. I ask pardon of the people. I receive death with resignation. Would that it were one for the good of society.

WASHINGTON—It is well.

RUDOLPH VON DER WART, the German, (to his wife, who attended him)—Gertrude, this is fidelity till death.

DANIEL WEBSTER—I still live.

JOHN WESLEY—The best of all is, God is with us.

JOHN WESLEY—Pray and praise.

WILLIAM, of Nassau, (when shot in 1584, by Balthazar Gerard)—O God, have mercy upon me, and upon this poor nation!

WILLIAM, the Conqueror—I commend my soul to Mary.

WILLIAM III., of England, (to his physician)—Can this last long?

ARNOLD WINKELRIED—Make way for liberty.

GENERAL WOLFE—I die contented.

GENERAL WOLFE—What, do they run already? Then I die happy.

CARDINAL WOLSEY—Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.

CARDINAL WOLSEY—Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.

THOMAS WYATT (to the priest who had reminded him that he had accused the Princess Elizabeth of treason to the council, and that he now alleged her to be innocent)—That which I then said I unsay, That which I now say is true.

JOHN ZISKA—Make my skin into drum-heads for the Bohemians.

The Views of an Eminent Divine.

IS IT PAINFUL TO SEPARATE THE SPIRIT FROM THE BODY?

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS—LOUIS XIV.—DR. HUNTER—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—FRANKLIN—JOHN WESLEY—STONEWALL JACKSON—HOW IT FEELS WHILE BEING COVERED WITH EARTH.

*Many people, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage. The questions—How shall we die? When shall we die? and Where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of it made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we resemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches!

When Louis XIV. lay dying—"Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his death-bed. "Did you think I should live forever?" Then, after a pause: "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by his experience of dying. His last words were: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress, who had been twice almost drowned, told a friend that dying was the nicest sensation that she knew. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked: "It is really nothing much, after all."

*"Is Death Painful?" by Rev. E. J. Hardy, M. A., in "The Sunday Magazine."

Hundreds of other last, or nearly last, sayings of dying persons might be cited to prove the truth of Pliny's remark that the departure of the soul frequently takes place without pain, and sometimes even with pleasure. If the dead could come to life again, they would all, or nearly all, we have no doubt, tell us that Walt Whitman spoke the truth when he said that

“Whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to beautiful results,

And nothing can happen more beautiful than death.”

And again--

“All goes outward and onward, and nothing collapses!
And to die is different to what anybody supposed—and luckier!

Every moment dies a man;

Every moment one is born.”

The first experience—at least, in the case of death by old age—is as natural as the second; why should we think that it must necessarily be more painful? Certainly, if some men died, and others did not, death might be considered an enemy; but being universal, it cannot be.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last day of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—

he who hath done this can hardly fail to see evidence that in the case of the majority of people (most dead persons, even those who perish by violence, as, for instance, in battle, have this expression of rest and peace), death is not painful, or, at least, not as painful as it is generally supposed to be. Perhaps, as there is said to be a sort of numbness which takes hold of an animal (Livingstone felt it when in the grip of a lion) falling into the clutches of a beast of prey, so, by the arrangement of a merciful Providence, the swoop of the last enemy may have a narcotic effect upon its victim. I am, myself, much of the opinion of the ancient thinker who said that “death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence

never discommoded anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence."

A man said to Socrates: "The Athenians have condemned you to death." "And Nature," he replied, "has condemned them." We do not think that death should be looked upon as the condemnation of nature, but rather as its happy release. This was the light in which Columbus viewed it. When he was old and chained in prison it was a relief to him to think that soon he would "sail forth on the last voyage." Though more happy in her life than the great discoverer, the famous mathematician, Mrs. Somerville, could thus speak of the same voyage: "The Blue Peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator."

By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilles in Hades says to Odysseus: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death. Rather would I live upon the earth: the hireling of another than bear sway over all the dead that are no more." The Christian is saved from this "inward horror of falling into naught." To him death is not the king of terrors, but the tender consoler; not the end of life, but the beginning of a higher and nobler state. And surely to an overwrought and weary age this conception is very soothing:

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas,

Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

"I look upon death," says Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

"Death once dead, there's no more dying then." It is a friend and not an enemy, coming, as it does, from the love that loves on to the endless end. One by one God calls those bound to us by natural ties into His silence; He prepares a home and kindred for us yonder, while giving life to us here; and thus, in His tenderness, He delivers us from the fear of death. For many, when the "last enemy" comes, to shake his insolent spear in their face, Agag's question is their answer: "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When Bunyan in his immortal allegory draws a picture full of pathos and dignity, of Christian and Hopeful wading through deep waters to the Celestial City, he puts these words into Hopeful's lips to soothe the tremors of his friend. Every day thousands of God's true servants are sustained in their last earthly experience by being able to realize this Presence.

When death is bitter, it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easily if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind. To some it is riches and not poverty that renders death painful. When Garrick showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible." Yet, even in a palace life may be well led, and I have known rich men who had learned to sit loose to the things of earth and to be quite ready to give them up. A clever medical man once said to me: "You persons do much harm by making people afraid to die. You should rather teach them to look upon death as their best friend." Of course, I told him that it is not clergymen but their own consciences that make people afraid to die, and that it is our business to point to Him "who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Think not I dread to see my spirit fly
Through the dark gates of fell immortality;
Death has no terrors where the life is true;
'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

"'Tis living ill," and not parsons, that makes people fear to die.

A minister in a remote part of Scotland was once visiting the death-bed of an aged member of his congregation. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the calm and solemn answer. "Very weel, but just a wee bit confused with the flittin'." If even a good man is in this way confused with the flittin', how

can those who in youth and health and strength have never given a thought to that part of life's business which consists in preparing to leave it—how can they expect to be calm and collected on their death-beds, and to have peace at the last?

John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madame," he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her death-bed, from some one who did not know she was ill. She thus replied to it: "Madame Goethe is sorry that she cannot accept your invitation, as she is engaged dying." It is not only when we come to our death-beds that we are engaged dying. It is a physiological fact that death borders upon our birth, and that our cradle stands in the grave.

From hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the higher sense in which St. Paul used them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier, Havelock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." It is the free, spontaneous, unhesitating surrender of one who did not look upon death as an irresistible necessity, but as something that comes from a Father's love.

This was the feeling which enabled the American General

Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told that he had only about two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away. We should all be able to pass over the dark river of death bravely if we hoped and trusted as truly as did this Christian soldier, to rest under the Tree of Life upon the other side.

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the Silent Halls of Death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
As one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

PROCESS OF DYING WHILE BEING COVERED WITH EARTH.

W. K. Morehead (says *Science Siftings*), a geologist, was recently buried alive while excavating a mound of the mound-builders in Ohio. He fell with his head resting a little above his feet and suffered little beyond a sensation of strong compression due to the weight of the earth, which pressed the buttons of his light costume into the skin and caused his watch chain to mark his body.

The pressure of the soil on his straw hat caused him to feel as if the skin of his brow were cut. A knife in his pocket seemed to burn into the flesh, and finally his backbone seemed slowly to break. Then he became insensible to pain, though still able to think. His thoughts succeeded each other like flashes of lightning, and related to the past, the future, and his home. He did not think of his condition, except to wonder if he would be able to breathe when he was taken out of it. He tried to move his hand, even his finger, but failed. He could not lift his chest, and the only part of his body he could

move was his lower jaw, which the clods permitted to be done. He remembered how warm the earth before his face had become when the breath was pressed from his lungs.

He kept his mouth shut to exclude the earth, but after a time it opened in spite of him, and two pieces of clay entered and caused him a horrible sensation of trying to eject them. He felt that he was lost and became indifferent. The workmen who were digging him out cleared the earth from his face and eyes, but when they stopped a little the pressure on the rest of his body drove the blood to his head and swelled the veins so that he was afraid they would burst. Moreover, he could not breathe yet, because the thorax was still compressed by the soil.

He never lost consciousness, and as the men carried him away he saw a little wild yellow canary sitting on a spray and heard it sing. As the bird flew off he fancied he was flying after it and perching on one twig or another, just as it did. The sky seemed of a different color than usual; it also seemed grander, and the country more beautiful, and he was so much affected by the wondrous beauty of the spectacle as to shed tears.

It Is Only a Step to Heaven.

TO DIE IS GAIN IN A VERY BROAD SENSE.

*And he said: Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said: I am Jesus whom thou persecutest (Acts, ix., 5).

The incident referred to opens a very wide door, and introduces us to a series of thoughts which are not more startling than they are helpful.

St. Paul was apparently a man of strong prejudices as well as strong convictions. He had a courage which extended to rashness. A conservative of fierce temper, he could tolerate no invasion of the old-time Hebraism which had been sanctified by the sufferings as well as the victories of many generations.

When this new religion of the Nazarene began to stir the people, it had a tendency to lessen their allegiance to the synagogue, its doctrines and its forms of worship. Paul, therefore, perhaps without inquiring into its merits, hated it with a deadly hatred. "Breathing out threatenings and slaughter," armed with letters from the high priest giving him authority over both men and women, he was on the road to Damascus with a boundless fury in his heart and a determination to crush the spiritual rebellion by the most heroic measures.

Just before he reached the city a light shone round him which seemed to be supernatural, and the stillness of the air was broken by a Voice which came from the lips of some invisible personage. A communication was made to him which he evidently regarded as coming from the other world, for from that instant the whole plan of his life was changed. His desire to persecute the followers of the Master was trans-

*Written by the leading editorial writer in the New York Herald.

formed into a vow to defend them at the hazard of his own life.

It is safe to say that this incident is as reliable as most others which have come to us from remote times. There is no good reason why we may not accept it as veritable history.

Moreover, it is corroborated by similar experiences which have occurred from time to time since the days of Paul. There is hardly a household which cannot relate an occurrence of a like nature, and we are forced to the conclusion that there are more beings who are invisible than there are beings visible, and that the visible and invisible are supplied with means of communicating with each other.

It is useless for the Christian to declare that such miracles, if they are miracles, were confined to the limits of a given period. He must accept what happens to-day as well as what happened centuries ago. God has not changed His relations to men, and the necessities of human nature are just as urgent as ever. If angels talked with mortals from the time of Adam to the days succeeding the crucifixion, it is folly to suppose that the curtain dropped and we have ever since been left without the companionship of "a cloud of witnesses." We must either throw the Bible overboard as a tissue of imaginary events, or believe, as every generation has believed, that the great falsehood of history is that there is "a bourne from whence no traveler returns."

If God is really a presence in the world, then He must be a continually-revealing presence. There is a kind of absurdity in the statement that He has spoken, but refuses to do so any more. If He ever spoke, it is certainly true that He still speaks. He has neither become indifferent, nor has He retired to some distant corner of the universe whence His voice cannot be heard except as a dull and uncertain echo.

The upper air is peopled by the departed. Death does not destroy the whole of us; it simply separates, by mysterious alchemy, the mortal from the immortal, and it is only a short journey from this world to the other. While we are saying our Good Night to the dying they are listening to a Good Morning from those who have joined the majority.

We suffer from a sense of separation, but they enjoy the pleasures of a reunion. To die is gain in a very broad sense for it is an exchange of hampering conditions for a life with

out limitation. Death is merely the transportation of a peasant to a palace, the environment of which gives him opportunities he never dreamed of. We shed bitter tears at a grave, but there is more or less selfishness in our grief. If we had full faith in the future the muffled sound of sighs would be followed by a solemn conviction that, while we are somewhat the worse off by what we call bereavement, the departed loved one is much the better off.

This is the ideal religion, and because we have not yet attained to it we robe ourselves in mourning, as though some great disaster had befallen those who go as well as those who remain. If we had no thought of self we should dress in white rather than black, for the dead have won their victory and become immortal.

Still further, it is an inexpressible loss to the religious life that we do not realize the radiant fact that solicitous and helpful influences are round about us in our struggles with circumstances. Every loved one who has gone is as conscious of our doubts and fears as when he was at our side. Neither his affection nor his power to aid has been abated. In a thousand ways unknown to us he gives us strength for the conflict and peace of mind in our perplexity. By unspoken words he talks with us, and our souls and his hold intimate communion. Were that not true, then our lives would be heavily and darkly overshadowed. But it is true, and we are compelled by many an unexplained experience to believe it. It is a doctrine of Holy Writ; it is verified by the history of every home; it is a component part of practical religion; it is a statement of fact which redeems us from despair and gives us good cheer because heaven and we are not far from each other.

A General View of Death.

SIN, NOT DEATH, WHICH STALKS ABROAD IN EVERY LAND.

VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE—DEATH AS A DREAD PERSONAGE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN UNTHOUGHT OF BY THE ANCIENTS—THE GREEKS HAD NO GOD OF DEATH—KING OF TERRORS—PLUTO AND 'CHRONOS—DEATH NOT A PERSONAGE—OUIDA.

*Lovers, or bridegroom and bride, or happy husband and wife—each couple regards death variously, as they feel variously toward each other. Look at the couple on the extreme right of the spectator: Love in her eyes sits glancing, and he responds with ardent gratification. They are so occupied with each other—so entirely are they all in all just now to each other that death passes by them unregarded. For

“Who grieve when the bridegroom is with them?
 Who weeps when the wine-chalice flows?
 When the aureole of life shines around us,
 Who then of death's cold shadow knows?
 When we stand on life's throne, crown'd and sceptred
 In love's own most regal attire,
 Can we think of the day when the triumph
 Of life and of love will expire?”

Next to this joyous couple sits, alone, a little maiden to whom, as yet, love and death are both mysteries. Wonder is the predominant expression on her childish face; wonder crossed with a dim pity. But how can death be sad or be joyous to those who know not what love is? For life is not life till love vivifies it; as life, when love is gone, relapses into mere existence, unless the eternal impersonal love supply the

*G. T. C. M., in “The Spiritualist,” London, England.

place of the mere personal and transitory emotion; and then life has already become immortality. This little maiden is seated next to the master and mistress of the feast, a couple who reveal a lovely phase of human affection. Hand clasped fondly in hand, passion ripened into love, and love into friendship, they think that death cannot sever the life which has resisted the more powerful attacks of passion, of weakness, of faithlessness, and of disappointment.

The third couple represent a less united condition of love. The man gazes callously and with folded arms at the mummy; stolid philosophy and critical thought are in his eyes, whilst she, wholly engrossed in the thought of his love for her, is terrified at death, the separator, and she clings to her one beloved, turning from death to love.

Most startling is the old woman who sits beside her aged husband in the angle of the room. Her withered cheeks and dingy skin she has tried to adorn with a wondrous head-gear of lovely light-hued feathers. She is, I fear, a worldly old thing, and death appears to her horribly real and near, as it comes to her amid all this youth and feasting.

Next to this poor old lady, whose life-story is well nigh at its last page, sit a young couple who are but beginning the oft-told tale. She is young, coy, and timid, frightened at the approach of love and its ardent powers. Her lover finds in the reminder of death a new argument for urging her to relent: "See," he says, "death will come; let us love while we may." He seems to whisper George Macdonald's eternity:

"Love me, beloved! for I may lie
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the blue sky.

Love, beloved! for both must tread

On the threshold of Hades, the house of the dead."

Further on, considerably, sits a "used-up" voluptuary, between two girls. He looks bored at that thing coming round, and seems indifferent alike to love and death, himself being more deadly and dead than the mummy itself.

These are only a few among the numerous figures and faces in the picture—a picture which requires a prolonged study for its due appreciation. In the Academy Catalogue there is a recondite note on this curious Egyptian custom—a note which leads the reader to speculate about the views of death held by the ancients, and to consider how different were

their notions to those of the moderns. Death as a dread personage seems to have been unthought of by the ancients. The words—"Gaze here: drink and be merry," are like the words of the Hebrew preacher—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes." They meant that youth and bodily existence will not continue long; therefore they should be enjoyed while possessed. Youth and vitality are given by our Maker; it is our duty, therefore, not to waste them, neither by a dreary melancholy nor yet by a reckless career of gross living. The Hebrew sage added the words—"Know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment; therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh." That is, in other words, waste not thy god-given youth and its capacities of enjoyment in morbid or religious asceticism; so remove sorrow from thy heart. And waste not thy youth neither in excesses in which the beasts would not indulge, but put away evil from thy flesh; for excesses and fleshy evils will bring their own penalty on thy body, thy intellect, and thy soul. Every act has its inevitable result, a result often called the judgment of God.

There is one remarkable thing in this Egyptian ceremony; it is the only personification of death to be found among the ancients. The Greeks had no God of death. Pluto and Proserpine presided over Hades, the world of those who had gone through the process of death and had crossed the river Styx. They had been ferried over by Charon, a lesser deity, in subservience to Pluto and the other Gods. Æschylus, the sublime, recognizing neither time nor death, makes no such *dramatis persona* as Thanatos. Euripides in the *Alkestis* introduces a personage called, in English translations, Death. But in the Aldine edition of 1567 he appears as Charon; whilst Sertius (in his notes on Virgil) says that Euripides put him in as Mercury. And as Mercury he appears in an edition of Euripides, printed in 1471, and in another of 1532. But under whatever name, Euripides personifies him as slightly as possible and makes *Alkestis* and *Hercules* speak of him as if he were Pluto. *Hercules* calls him "The Priest of the Dead," and *Alkestis*, talking as she dies, says she—

"Beholds a boat and him who ferries o'er the dead,
By Charon I am summoned hence."

In Sophocles there is a short invocation to death, in Ajax's last speech; but the mere personification is unimportant, and does not raise Thanatos to any rank like the deification attributed to even Aido, Orcus (oath), or Nemesis. Atropos, that one of the Destinies who cuts the thread of life, in effect performed the duties of Death. And to Iris also is given the work of cutting that thread which binds the soul to the body.

Nowhere among ancient literature do we find that dread king of terrors who—with scythe and hour-glass, with crowned skull and bare jawbones—is the modern idea of death. That grim image is the production of the creed which professed to reveal life and immortality. It is a Catholic mediæval conception, perhaps a monkish rendering and blending of Pluto and of Chronos. Chronos (the Latin Saturn or Time) was represented with a scythe and hour-glass by the Greeks. The mummy of the Egyptian feast was decorated as Osiris, the God with whom men entered into happy union after death; and so it was to them a reminder of immortality; the Greeks supposed that those who had entered the nether world were at once judged by Rhadamanthus, and abode in the Stygian fields or in the Isles of the Blest; but the mediæval Christian supposed the dead lay rotting in their graves until the last trump. He deemed that for them was neither pleasure nor pain any more; for them action and happy repose were alike over. Death, the most powerful of all beings (scarcely excepting Deity itself), cut short the only career of happiness given to man; for after the grave he would go to either an eternal fire or to a petrified heaven. And so arose that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false ideas, which has become the popular image of death. “The founder of Christianity,” wrote Isaac D’Israeli, “everywhere breathes the blessings of social feelings.” The horrors with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of Christianity among those insane ascetics who, misinterpreting the word of life, trampled on nature. The dominion of mankind fell into the hands of those imperious priests who ruled by the terrors of the ignorant. Life was darkened by penances and pilgrimages, alternating with murder and debauchery; spectres started up amid the midnight vigils; the grave yawned, and Death—in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy—paraded the universe. After they had sufficiently terrified men with this charnel-house figure, a

reaction in public feelings occurred, and death, which had so long harassed the imagination, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humor. The Italian love of the beautiful forbade their art to sport with deformity, but the Gothic taste of German artists delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; it put an eye of mockery into its hollow sockets and made the shank-bones of Death dance gaily. And "The Dance of Death" traveled through Europe. It even became enacted as a religious ceremony in churchyards. A popular poem on it was composed by one Macabre, of which the English Dance of Death (erroneously attributed to Holbein) is an illustration. Groups from this dance were copied as house and as furniture decorations, and at Luzern there still exists a bridge (a covered bridge) on which is painted the Dance of Death.

It would have been happy for English people if this ludicrous view of it had been allowed to end the gross and materialistic conception of man's career. But, unfortunately, Milton restored to the figure of Death its first awe and majesty. Milton, profoundly read in Virgil, transferred all Virgil's classic lore to the Hebrew myths, and changing Prometheus into Satan, he transformed also Virgil's Pluto, Rhadamanthus, and Hades, into Death, Hell, and Judgment. Milton has made the theology and colored the religious imagery of Englishmen for two hundred years now, and so long as the following lines remain household words, neither fact nor philosophy will obliterate the false and popular conception of death:—

"Black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies; terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Yet fact, and philosophy founded on fact, tell us that death is not a personage; scarce even an event; naturally it is but a process, a process slow and sure, aye, surer than physical birth. The spiritual doctrine, and one incessantly reiterated by every spiritualistic teaching, is that death is but an exact repetition, in less material organs, of the process of physical birth; but that there are a multitude of deaths; and that we have to undergo—and we do undergo—far more painful deaths while still in the body, than our physical dissolution will be. Aurora Leigh knew this, when she spoke of the slow death of young

souls, so often "bound by social figments, feints, and formalisms, and then crucified head downward, on the cross sticks of the world." Ouida knew it, too, when she made the soul of Signa to be extinguished and killed by contamination with vice long before his body departed from its shattered life. And preachers know it when they repeat the words, "Fear not him who can kill the body; but I say unto you, fear him who can kill both body and soul." Fear sin. Thank God, nowadays preacher, poet, novelist, philanthropist, doctor, and man of science, all perceive that sin is a far more hideous and more powerful thing than death. It is sin, not death, which stalks among us, as Blake saw the sin-plague of Egypt, a livid, monstrous, green-hued, poison-radiating, spear-darting power. It is sin, not death, we have to fear, aslurking secretly to catch the young, and as leading us in the wild "dance Macabre."

Our popular theology and religious conceptions have not yet entirely recovered from that low and selfish phase of former generations. The idea of man's future existence was formerly one of selfish happiness, so far as petrified existence and petrified perfection can be happiness. "It looked," as Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "only for the performance of the consciousness which can enjoy itself; whilst the modern and better idea of man's future existence is permanence of those activities which can give happiness to others." With this opinion the physiologist neither courts nor fears death. He will not address it as "most beloved, most lovely;" nor yet as "dread king of terror," for he regards it as a natural process, as growth toward a new birth. The pain of the process is felt generally long before we are conscious that the process has begun in us; the sorrow of it lies in separation from those we love; but that sorrow is felt more by those who are left than by those who are departing, for death brings hopeful consolation to those whom it touches. We have all heard of dying people entreating their friends to "let them go," and not keep them by their yearning love; but who ever heard of a dying man entreating to be kept in the body; to be kept back, in fact, from dying into life? It is true that the new life into which we die is very different to this life in some respects. For, with the loss of the external body of matter, will cease those mere physical functions whose due action gives physical pleasure now. Therefore "let the young man rejoice

in his youth;" and let Edwin Long's happy lovers quaff the wine cup while they have palates to taste with, and while love gives tone and flavor to all around. Let love reveal life, that we may know and enjoy life; and let the reminder of death come as the reminder of immortality.

CREMATION OF FALSE TEETH.

A dentist calls attention to an interesting fact suggested by the possible adoption of cremation. False teeth as now made are entirely unaffected by the most intense heat, so that if the body of a person who had used false teeth be incinerated, the teeth would come out of the retort uninjured and pearly white, although nothing of the body might remain but a small residuum of ashes.

BIRTH AND DEATH IN CUBA.

Pittsburg Dispatch: You can be born without the assistance of a doctor in Cuba, but it is necessary to have the aid of a priest to make your birth legitimate. The law does not recognize your existence unless your nativity is properly recorded in the records of the church. Nor can you be married without the padre, because civil and Protestant ceremonies are not accepted as legal in Cuba. Much less can you be buried, because all the cemeteries belong to the church, and a heretic has to pay well to lay his bones in one of them. The church is recognized in Cuba more completely than in Rome, and exercises jurisdiction over the life there as well as that which is to come.

Strange Features of Death.

EXPERIENCES CONNECTED WITH THE PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

EXPERIENCES OF A STARVING MAN—ENOCH—ELIJAH—EMPEDOCLES
—THE WONDERFUL BUTTERFLY—STRANGE EFFECTS OF THE
MIND UPON THE BODY—JUSTICE AND DEATH—A MAGDALEN'S
DEATH.

The following narrative throws some light on this interesting subject. It appears that in a hurricane passing over the Ohio river and down the Miami Valley on the night of the Fourth of July, 1873, a splendid grove of oaks on the "old Anderson farm" of a Mr. Rogers, in the latter locality, was almost wholly prostrated, and here is an amazing story derived therefrom and gravely communicated to the Miami County *Democrat*, by one J. F. Clark:

"Upon the morning subsequent to the storm (Sunday) Mr. Rogers, in company with a hired man, proceeded to inquire into the extent of the damage inflicted upon his premises, and the first objective point was the ruined grove. The centre tree of the plat was a noble oak, the king over his fellows, and a tree which had stood the ravages of time seemingly unscathed for several centuries. This tree had been snapped and felled by the storm. Upon examining the fallen giant for the purpose of ascertaining its worth as rail-timber, Mr. Rogers made a startling discovery. This was nothing less than the fact that the tree in falling had disgorged a skeleton. The bones were disconnected, yellow as gold with age, and scattered promiscuously over several square feet of pasturage. The skull was almost intact; all the teeth save two—molars—were still in their places, and there was a scar on the left parietal bone which looked like the memento of some fierce cavalry charge. The humerus of the right arm was shattered,

and save the three defects just mentioned, the skeleton, when put together, was without blemish. The tree in falling, I should have mentioned, was rent asunder—a task not difficult of accomplishment when I refer to the fact that an examination found that at some remote date the very heart of the oak had been cleft by lightning. From a spot twenty feet from the ground upwards to the first great fork—a distance of ten feet—a hollow extended, and from this cavity the skeleton had been hurled. If we but knew who he was, thought my informant, Mr. Rogers, and, strange to say, a few minutes later the twain discovered that the tree had also disgorged a thrilling history. An old-fashioned leather pocket or memorandum-book lay in a remarkable state of preservation, which no doubt had been dropped into the rent made by the lightning, and had been preserved while its master decayed. A few brass buttons of old and unique pattern were found near the memorandum, but it is with the latter that we have to deal. This old leather purse, entirely moneyless, contained sundry papers covered with rude pencilings quite difficult to trace, as they were written on the backs of army passes and military consignments which dated as far back as 1776. Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to his house, and set about to read the memorandum of the captive of the tree. But owing to his failing eyesight, he could decipher but little, and this little a conglomerate mass of disconnections. But still he read enough to learn that the eyes that once shone in the now orbless sockets, often looked upon Washington in the heat of battle, and amid the snows of Valley Forge; and the skeleton arm, covered with flesh and muscle, had struck many stalwart blows for our country. The man's name, as gathered from the papers, was Roger Vanderberg, a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a Captain in the Revolutionary army. He was an aid to Washington during the retreat across the Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's headquarters at West Point. In 1791 he marched with St. Clair against the Northwestern Indians, and in the famous outbreak with that General on the Wabash, November third, of the year just written, he was wounded and captured. But while being conveyed to the Indian town at Upper Piqua—a historical place well known to your readers—he effected his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his starving foes. He saw the hollow in the oak, and despite the

mangled arm, and with the aid of a beech that grew beside the giant then, he gained the haven, and dropped therein. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. O, the story told by the diary of the oak's despairing prisoner! How, rather than surrender to the torture of the stake, he chose death by starvation; how he wrote his diary in the uncertain light and the snow! Here is one entry in the diary:

"November 10.—Five days without food! When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery! It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. *God pity me!*"

"The italicized words were supplied by Mr. Rogers, as the trembling hand oftentimes refused to indite plainly. Never was such a record of suffering traced by human hand before. The entries cover a period of eleven days, and in disjointed sentences is told the story of St. Clair's defeat."

The last moments of this unfortunate man must have been accompanied with untold agonies of mind and body. Dying through the instrumentality of artificial means cannot be as pleasant as when the dissolution takes place through the quiet operations of Nature's forces, after a well-spent life. Then the separation of the soul from the body is accompanied from the beginning with exalted feelings and sensations. As soon as the will ceases to resist, the transition is easily accomplished, and the splendor of the supramundane scenes gradually bursts in upon the enraptured vision. While dying by the slow and tedious process of starvation, it is not strange that the senses are frequently impressed with scenes through the instrumentality of dreams, that, if tangible, would quickly respond to the demands of nature, and relieve the suffering. The desire then for food and water predominates in the mind—is the leading exciting cause therein, prompting it to dream of "luscious fruits and flowing streams." It is well understood how the psychologist acts upon the mind of his subject, by exciting to action certain desires within his body, such as love, fear, hatred, bravery, cowardice, etc. How much easier for the body to affect the mind through the action of the intense wants of the same, resulting in dreaming of that which will supply the urgent wants; hence Mr. Vanderberg

had his slumbers annoyed by the presentation of that which, while confined to his earthly prison-house, he could never attain.

TRANSLATION OF ENOCH, ELIJAH AND EMPEDOCLES.

History informs us that certain distinguished characters have been translated. The Bible says: "By faith Enoch was translated that he might not see death; he was not found because God translated him; for upon his translation, he knew that he had pleased God." Elijah was favored in like manner by God. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Ancient history mentions the translation of Empedocles, who was born 444 years B. C., and who proclaimed himself a God, and was so received by many, and he was transferred to heaven, it is said, amid a flood of great effulgence, during a sacred feast. I am inclined to doubt these extraordinary statements, although I do not believe the instantaneous dissipation of the human body an impossibility. These isolated cases of translation, if true, give no person any ground for hope that he will be so highly favored, or that a chariot of fire, or horses of fire, will convey him to a seat in heaven. The common method of entering the supramundane spheres, through the instrumentality of death, is still desirable, and we do not believe that any of the gods of the various religious sects can improve thereon.

THE WONDERFUL BUTTERFLY.

In connection with death many beautiful incidents have occurred, the most peculiar of which will be given. The *Jersey City Journal* speaks of a physician who resided in that city at one time, who had won considerable fame from the successful cures he had made in medicine and surgery. Whenever one of his patients died, no matter where he was, what time of day or night, a small white butterfly came to him, and flitted about until it attracted his notice, when it departed. The moment the Doctor saw the little winged messenger of death, he was at once made aware of the demise of the patient; and if at night the warning came to him, he invariably remained in his office in the morning in order to give a certificate of death. The first time the Doctor ever saw this but-

terfly, was while he was looking at the form of a deceased child; the butterfly alighted on its breast, and there remained, slowly raising its wings up and down until the body was closed in its little coffin. On one occasion, while the Doctor was attending a patient in Park Place, the butterfly entered the window and commenced flitting about his head. He looked up at it, and one of the ladies in the room, thinking it annoyed him, said: "Oh! let it alone; it will soon burn its wings by the blaze of the gas." "No, it won't," replied the Doctor. "It has come on a mission, and will soon disappear. I have just lost a patient, and in the evening I will be called upon for a certificate of death." Sure enough, the next morning the father of the child that had died the night before called, and notified him of the loss of his little one. This is only one of the many instances where the Doctor has received this strange visitation, and kept a record of the circumstances, besides that of calling the attention of those present to the fact of the butterfly's warning of death among his patients. Premonitions of death are of common occurrence, being usually impressed upon the mind through the instrumentality of dreams or visions.

STRANGE EFFECTS OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY.

We find in the work entitled "Influence of the Mind Upon the Body," that "Juventius Thalma, to whom a triumph was decreed for subjugating Corsica, fell down dead at the foot of the altar at which he was offering up his thanksgivings. Fonquet, upon receiving the intelligence of Louis XIV. having restored him to liberty, fell down dead. To these may be added those of Diagoras, an athlete of Rhodes, who died from seeing his three sons returned crowned from the Olympic games; and Dionysius, the second tyrant of that name, who died on hearing the award of a poetical prize to his own tragedy."

These incidents we have related show that death from joy has not been wholly unknown to the world. The transition to the celestial regions, when caused through the instrumentality of joy, is probably delightful in the extreme. All the vital forces, physical and mental, of the system, are then intensely stimulated, and so powerful is their influence that the physical organism cannot endure the pressure, and yields as easily to death as, under favorable surroundings and condi-

tions, it does to sleep; for joy always excites, modifies, or even sometimes entirely suspends the functions of the body. We have reason to believe that no unpleasant feelings whatever accompany the transition under these circumstances, and that it is the easiest and most pleasant of all.

Cold contracts; heat expands. Intense grief, like cold in some of its manifestations, causes a concentration of the vital forces, resulting in death, while excessive joy causes an inordinate expansion of the same, with a like fatal result. The fact that deep grief sometimes causes hair that naturally curls beautifully, to become straight, is an evidence of the powerful influence that it can exert on the vital forces of the organism. When the emotions are grandly illuminated by transcendent joy, death becomes a poetic dream, more pleasurable than any picture that the imagination can conceive. The features retain the brilliant tinge that only a superabundance of ecstatic joy can impart, and you think that they who are so calmly reposing in the arms of death, are only sweetly sleeping. They die as naturally, beautifully, and easily, as the sweet dew-drop is kissed heavenward from its bed in a flower, by a genial ray of light from the morning's golden sun; and as the dew-drop returns to strengthen other flowers, to animate them with rainbow-tinted hues, and impregnate them with a divine aroma, after it has taken its voyage among the clouds, so do the souls of the departed come back to earth to do good to others, and to stimulate them to the performance of noble deeds!

JUSTICE—ITS DEMANDS AND ITS METHOD OF CAUSING DEATH.

Justice, the avenging hand of Justice, which seeks to stay the progress of crime, causes death in a variety of ways. Sustained by law, which is deemed sufficient, it devises various instruments whereby death is caused. There have been, however, isolated cases where imprisonment for life has been substituted for the death penalty. In the early history of the world, cruelty—extreme cruelty—was always practiced in carrying out the demands of Justice. The quartering and burning of criminals was not, at one time, an uncommon practice. Justice, supposed to be an emanation from heaven, ordered that criminals be dealt with in such a manner. One peculiar feature prevailed, however, as late as the sixteenth century—

the Medical School at Montpellier received its annual tribute of a criminal to be dissected alive for the benefit of science. According to Appleton's Encyclopædia, "Ravaillac, assassin of Henry IV., was torn limb from limb by horses, while yet alive, and during the agony his flesh was pulled away in bits by red-hot pincers, and boiling oil poured upon the raw wounds. As late even as the time of Louis XV., Damiens met with a fate similar to that of Ravaillac. Even in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, traitors were disemboweled during life; and in the time of her father, Henry VIII., boiling to death was an occasional punishment. It was only within the last century that in Great Britain, Justice, in dealing with treason, so far tempered punishment with mercy as to spare the traitor the agonies of a cruel, lingering death. In all civilized countries, where capital punishment has been retained for certain crimes, ingenuity has been exercised to render death as speedy and as little painful as possible. Loss of life without any added horror is supposed to be sufficiently effective for the ends of justice. Hanging is the mode of punishment in the United States and in England. The guillotine is the instrument used in France, and the garrotte in Spain." "A criminal who escaped," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "by the breaking of the cord, said that after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenues of trees. Henry IV., of France, sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking." The garrotte of the Spanish simply consists of a band of iron placed around the neck, which, on being tightened by the executioner, causes strangulation, and sensations, probably, similar to hanging. The guillotine, an offshoot of the brain of Dr. Guillotine, is invariably associated with torture and extreme cruelty.

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

There are certain conditions of the human mind when all things on earth seem to wear a gloomy aspect, and every sound thrills the soul like a funeral knell—then it is that death often becomes desirable, fear vanishes, and a strange, reckless daring takes possession of the human soul. This condition of mind is beautifully illustrated, though sadly, in the following narrative:

"One day," said the narrator, "as we were starting from

New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a state-room, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed lewd, but neatly and richly, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace, a dress with a lot of scallops and trimmings around it, and about the most bewildering foot I ever saw on a human.

"She was standing on deck about seven o'clock, after having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking manner, and became quiet for a few minutes, while she looked far out at sea. She turned round to the Captain, and putting up her small white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up to him, and said, very solemnly: 'Did you ever want to die, Captain?' 'Well,' said he, 'I don't think I ever did.' 'And if you did,' said she, 'what would you do?' 'Well, in that case,' said the Captain, loosing her hands and turning away, 'I think, as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the Sound and drown myself.'

"The words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing, leaped overboard! She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who saw it.

"I was standing aft when I heard the shouts, and looked out and saw her come to the surface. She had taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair, which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her girlish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was plaguing me half an hour before. In another moment she was swept rapidly astern and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats, but we never found her.

"It is strange how the women who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitied and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish child's heart while she was laughing the loudest.

"She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses, written in a little cramped hand, on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way, and were headed: 'A Magdalen's Death.'

**"I can no longer endure this polluting, this festering breath.
Gladly I fly to the refuge that's left me—**

Merciful death;
Not sadly, tearfully,
But gladly, cheerfully,
Go to my death.

**"Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial there unto me.
Father, I thank Thee! a blessing is always held**

Over the sea.
Aye, in its wildest foam,
Aye, in its thickest gloom,
Blessed is the sea!

**"Welcome, oh! Sea, with thy breaking and dashings
That never shall cease;**

**Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters,
Oh, hide me in peace!
Say to the weary face,
'Come to thy resting-place,
Slumber in peace.'**"

This young woman was, undoubtedly, partially insane. A dissolute life had dethroned her reason, and nowhere in this broad world of ours could she discern a single oasis where she could secure peace for her troubled mind. Death to her was a welcome messenger, or she would not have sought it. However great one's troubles may be, we would never recommend suicide as a panacea therefor.

Analysis of Life and Death.

DEATH FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE CELLS, ONE OR MORE.

THE UNICELLULAR AND THE MULTICELLULAR—THE AMŒBA—DEATH NOT AN ATTRIBUTE OF ALL BEINGS—THE PROTOZOA—THE METAZOA—THE HYDRA—CALLS OF A CARP.

*The universality of death among the visible living creation is so striking a fact that it is not surprising that death has been through all time regarded as one of the properties which characterize living matter. Living bodies have often been distinguished from non-living bodies by the mode in which their existence is terminated, and hence a termination by death has been considered one of the characteristics of life.

Any one bold enough to attack the general proposition that 'death is the end of life,' is likely to be rather severely criticised, for if he succeeds in proving this statement to be false, what will all those poets and moralists do who never seem to tire of reiterating the mortality of all living beings? In spite of such considerations, a distinguished German philosopher, Professor Weismann, has been recently led, in a series of most interesting speculations on the nature of heredity, the duration of life, etc., to throw some doubt upon the generally assumed statement that death is dependent upon causes lying in the nature of life itself, or that all living beings bear the seeds of death. In these speculations Professor Weismann points out the fact, which naturalists hitherto seem to have overlooked, that death is by no means an attribute of all living organisms. But before considering the accuracy of this statement, it will be advantageous to clear the ground by some preliminary considerations as to the nature of the organic world.

*Arthur E Shipley, in "The Nineteenth Century "

All living organisms, whether plants or animals, consist of one or more cells, and in accordance with this fact they may be classed in two great divisions: the unicellular and the multicellular. The unicellular animals are termed protozoa, the unicellular plants protophyta; the multicellular animals and plants metazoa and metaphyta respectively. It is unnecessary to point out that the unicellular organisms present the phenomena of life in their simplest and most elementary forms, but in order to clearly understand Professor Weismann's views, it will be worth while to review the life-history of some such typical unicellular form as the amœba.

The amœba is an animal of such a simple nature that it may be looked upon as the biologist's unit. It forms the starting-point from which both morphologists and physiologists set out to study the structure and functions of the more complicated organisms. It consists of a small particle of more or less granular protoplasm, part of which may be differentiated into a nucleus. It lives in water, and creeps slowly over the surface of any support on which it happens to be resting, by pushing out a protuberance in front of it, and then slowly flowing up to the protuberance; hence its external configuration is constantly changing. At times, however, when the surrounding conditions become unfavorable—when, for instance, the water in which it lives dries up—the amœba assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a wall or cyst. This process is termed the encystment. After a longer or shorter time the amœba resumes its former mobile condition. It lives by taking in any particles of food with which it comes in contact, and these, by the wonderful power protoplasm possesses of converting foreign matter into itself, add to the size of the animal. When it has reached a certain size, it divides into two, the resulting halves being in all particulars exactly alike, and quite indistinguishable. Each half will then pass through a life-history similar to that of the mother individual.

Such a life-history may be taken as a type for the unicellular organisms. Many of them pass through more complicated changes, being modified by their surrounding conditions, by parasitic habits, etc., but in essentials they do not differ from the amœba. It is this great division of unicellular organisms to which Professor Weismann refers when he says: 'Death is by no means an attribute of all organisms.'

It is perfectly obvious, when it has once been pointed out, that in such a life-history as that of the amœba, there is no permanent cessation of the vital functions comparable with the death of the multicellular organisms. But so universal is the presence of death amongst the multicellular beings, and so widely spread is the conviction that death is the necessary consequence of life, that the attempt has always been made to force the protozoa into accordance with other living beings; some observers maintaining that death as found among the metazoa is represented in the process of reproduction, whilst others consider the encystment of the protozoa is comparable to the death of the metazoa.

Before considering these objections which have been urged against the view of the immortality of the protozoa, it will be advisable to clearly define what is meant by death. Our conceptions of death have been acquired almost exclusively from the higher animals, and may possibly be too one-sided. The death of the cells and tissues which follows upon the death of the organism they compose must be included in order to differentiate clearly between genuine death and trance, or other conditions of suspended animation, when the vital functions are reduced to a minimum. Death may then be defined as a 'definite standstill of life;' it is an irretrievable loss of life.

Some of those philosophers who hold that death is a necessity inherent in life itself, have seen in the process of encystment among the protozoa a phenomenon analogous with the death of higher organisms. They consider that during this process the structure of the individual undergoes a dissolution into organic, non-living matter, and that this matter is able after a certain period of quiescence to give rise to a new individual of the same species.

The idea of death is inseparably associated in our minds with something that dies, but in an encysted protozoon what is it that dies? where is the corpse? If the animal within the cyst really dies, then in the birth of the succeeding individual an animal is raised from the dead, a phenomenon infinitely more startling than that it should never cease to live, and only comparable to the palingenesis of the fabulous phoenix. Further, it is a well-known fact that after death an organism undergoes a rapid oxidation, but in the case of an encysted protozoon no such decay occurs. It is even possible to perform

experiments demonstrating the error of this view. An encysted protozoon placed in fresh water produces a living individual; one which has been killed, in the same circumstances produces only decomposition of the dead organic matter. Here the same external conditions produce different results because they act upon bodies in two different conditions, and it is inconsistent to designate by the same name conditions so entirely different.

One of the most important reasons for regarding encystment as death is the cessation of vital activity and the simplification of structure which accompanies the process. But these are by no means universal accompaniments of the encysted condition; one of the larger infusoria, when encysted, retains not only its complex organism, but its mobility, continuing to rotate vigorously whilst within the cyst. It is surely absurd to speak of this as death.

A more reasonable explanation, and one which is accepted by the majority of biologists who have especially devoted themselves to the study of unicellular organisms, is that encystment is an adaptation for purposes of protection against drought, cold, any or other external influences which might prove fatal to the life of the mobile form. It is a device to enable the organism to tide over unfavorable periods.

Another class of critics who have attacked Professor Weismann's views maintain that though the protozoa do not die, still the individual ceases to exist at the moment of the fission which will produce two daughter individuals. It is impossible here to enter into a discussion as to the significance of the term individual, and the relation which a unicellular individual bears to a multicellular. But it is worth while pointing out that "the identity of a living person depends not upon the identity of matter, but upon the continuity of the independent living body." If this were not the case, the man of to-day would be a different individual from the boy of twenty years ago, for it is a well-known fact that the actual matter of the body is undergoing a continual change. On the other hand, loss of substance involves no change of individuality; a man who has lost an arm, or a leg, or both, is the same individual as he was before the loss of his limbs.

The protozoa, then, are endowed with the potentiality of eternal life. This does not imply that they, like the gods of

the ancients, cannot die, but only that, if a kind Providence shields them from all fatal accidents, they do not die a natural death, but live on and on, growing continually in size, and when the limit of the size is reached, dividing into two or more protozoa. Thus, every protozoa of the present day is infinitely older than the human race, almost as old as life itself.

The metazoa or multicellular plants and animals, however, do die a natural death. The greatest care and foresight which can be exercised in protecting them from such accidental deaths as arise from diseases, etc., will only succeed in staving off the inevitable dissolution for a very short time. But multicellular organisms are without doubt descended from unicellular ones, which are endowed with the capability of everlasting life; hence the multicellular beings must have developed the power of dying when they ceased to consist of a single cell. This power is closely connected with the physiological division of labor, which is one of the most advantageous results of a multicellular manner of living. Certain cells in these more complex organisms are grouped into organs which have certain definite functions to carry on in the economy of the plant or animal, to the more or less complete exclusion of other functions.

In the unicellular animal, the whole body is engaged in feeding, moving, respiring, reproducing, etc.; but in the multicellular organism certain groups of cells are set apart to perform these functions for the whole animal. This division of labor becomes more marked as the organism becomes more specialized; the number of functions a cell performs becomes more and more limited as the body becomes more complex.

The cells of the multicellular beings reproduce, like the protozoa, by division, but only a certain group of them possess that power of unlimited division which characterizes the protozoa, and these are the reproductive cells. The remaining cells of the plant or animal possess only a limited power of division, and it is to this limitation that we owe the phenomenon of death. The cells which compose the complex body of the metazoon can, from this point of view, be divided into two categories—the reproductive cells, and the somatic cells. The former have inherited from the protozoa the capability of unlimited reproduction; the latter have but a limited power of reproducing themselves, and, since they com-

pose the organism, with the attainment of that limit the individual dies. The reproductive cells are the essential factors for the species, the somatic for the individual.

The separation into these two kinds of cells is very gradual; among the lower animals the somatic cells still retain considerable power of reproducing the organism; very small pieces of a hydra or a sea anemone will grow up into a new hydra or sea anemone; but as the complexity of the body is increased, the power of reproducing large portions of the organism is lost, though it is a well-known fact that a lizard can replace its lost tail, or a frog its lost toes.

Death was thus rendered possible among the metazoa by the division into reproductive and somatic cells, and as we see, it has made its appearance. Among the unicellular organisms it was not possible, since the individual and the reproductive cell were one and the same, and the death of the former would involve the loss of the latter, and with that the extinction of the species. But so far only the possibility of death has been shown; the advantage of such an arrangement is perhaps not quite so obvious.

At present no physiological reasons can be given to explain why the somatic cells divide a certain number of times and then cease to do so—why the cells of a carp divide such a number of times, and at such a rate, as to enable it to live over a century, whilst those of a mayfly multiply only to such an extent as to allow it to exist for only a few hours. But when viewed from the point of view of the species and not of the individual, the advantages of death become more apparent. It cannot be too strongly insisted that the individual exists for the good of the species of which it is a member, and not for any selfish and private ends. And any arrangement which promotes the interests of the species and which is compatible with the structure of the individual is likely sooner or later to make its appearance in the life-history of the latter. The advantage which death possesses for the species is rendered apparent by considering the consequences which would ensue, were one of the more complex animals endowed with the potentiality of immortal life. Such an animal would lose all value for its species. Even supposing it was able to avoid all fatal accidents so that it was not killed, it would be impossible to avoid minor accidents, each of which would perma-

nently affect its welfare. Time would injure it as it injured Tithonus—

“But thy strong hours indignant work’d their wills,
And beat me down and marr’d and wasted me,
And tho’ they could not end me, left me maim’d.”

An immortal animal would but cumber the earth, occupying the place of younger and more vigorous forms which are better adapted to fill the place in nature set apart for the species in question. Organisms become injured by their surroundings, and it is therefore advantageous for them to be replaced by younger and more perfect forms, and this substitution is rendered possible by death.

These considerations do not apply to unicellular organisms; the simplicity of their structure renders any such arrangement as death superfluous. When slightly injured, they can replace the part affected in such a way that their structure becomes as complete as before. Each half of an infusorian which has been bisected can reproduce its complementary half. If, however, the injury is too severe, they are killed, the alternative is always perfect integrity or total destruction. Thus to insure a succession of perfect and healthy organisms any such arrangement as death is unnecessary among unicellular beings; but it is necessary among the more complex multicellular organisms, and it has made its appearance. Having once appeared, it has become hereditary, and, although, as the above considerations are intended to show, death is but a secondary adaptation, it can no more be avoided by the more complex organism than if it were a phenomenon inherent in the nature of life itself.

Dying at the Top.

THE GRADUAL DECAY OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.

JUDGE CLIFFORD—HIS DEATH COMMENCED AT THE TOP—SECOND CHILDHOOD—THE DRUNKARD AND SPIRIT-LIFE—THE OLD MAN AND HIS REVERSED CONDITION—DYING AT THE TOP PECULIAR TO AMERICA.

“In the pride of intellectual greatness and physical strength, no man can say he is safe,” says the *Chicago Express*. “Ahead of him there may be the awful doom of senility, the death of the mind while the body lives on, a dismantled hulk, a ship without a helmsman and without a headlight. Judge Clifford, of the Supreme Court at Washington, furnished one of the most melancholy instances of that awful travesty on manhood, second childhood. His fine mind slipped away from him so gradually, that his associates never noticed it until the opinions he sent the court became mere incoherent babblings. Like a splendid tree which had stood against the storms of centuries, proud in its power, secure in its strength, he ‘died at the top,’ and for a time still lived on—if it could be called living to exist without a mind—a spectacle for pitying souls to weep over; a sight to remind the proudest that in their highest exaltation they may be humbled.”

It is, indeed, a very sad sight to witness a man of towering genius, brilliant intellect and sound judgment, failing, gradually, losing his magnificent intellectual powers, and dying at the top. When such is the case, however, the mind fails to observe its own defects, and chides others for realizing its exact status or condition. When the faculties begin to decay, the judgment becoming imbecile and ideas confused, the brain filled, as it were, with a mist. it is well, perhaps, that the

affected one does not sense his own inherent weakness. If he fully comprehended his exact condition, realizing that he was gradually dying at the top, life would become a burden and a curse to him. The fact that he does not observe the advancing symptoms of death, enables him to overlook his defects, and imagine himself still crowned with greatness. While dying at the top, one side of the brain may be paralyzed, and still the other side perform its functions quite well, enabling the mind to take cognizance of the external world.

He who is in his second childhood is gradually dying at the top. Life in his brain is incessantly fading away, and in proportion that it does this, the childishness becomes more complete, and the playthings of the babe often amuse the veteran of eighty.

It is very rarely that the brain retains its full force and vigor at extreme old age. It may have been dying, probably, for years, but the change had been so exceedingly gradual, that at the age of one hundred the possessor vainly thinks he has the vigor of youth.

By dying at the top, men are brought face to face with the dreaded change, yet do not realize the fact. Old age creeps upon them; they become enfeebled in body, imbecile in mind, and exceedingly petulant, but the change has been so slow that they cannot fully comprehend it has taken place. To such persons death is never a welcome visitant—never expected, and constantly held at arm's length.

To die at the top in a good cause, in efforts to ameliorate the condition of humanity; to make the world better and happier—falling, as it were, in the battle of life, engaged in philanthropic purposes, verily great shall be the reward of such a person. But the debauchee, the licentious and depraved—those whose brains have been addled and softened through the instrumentality of intoxicating liquors,—in fact, dying at the top in consequence of leading a pernicious life—will all be compelled in the Spirit-world to walk through the Valley of Humiliation, and learn lessons of wisdom therefrom.

There are thousands in all the walks of life dying at the top. Such a death does not consist in the hair turning gray, but the brain has lost its functional activity; the blood no longer distends to their natural capacity its blood vessels, and decay has commenced.

An old man, whom we often met on the streets, was a few years ago wealthy. Vigorous then, spirits buoyant and intellect active, he was successful in all branches of business; but he commenced dying at the top, and then reverses came one after another, and he could not beat back the tide of impending ruin, and he was overwhelmed by it—lost all! Once he was an excellent musician, tidy in appearance, sprightly in action, and possessed fine conversational powers. Now he is filthy, dressed in the cast-off garments of others, and is a first-class professional beggar. We have frequently stopped him on the streets and talked with him. Poor man, dying at the top, he has but a dim recollection of his former greatness.

Men fail in business, the shock shatters their constitution, and they cannot rise again. Perhaps, poor souls, they are dying at the top, and must henceforth act a subordinate part in all the affairs of life. Bad luck follows them—they know not why. It is because they are dying at the top, and cannot perceive clearly the methods that lead one grandly on to success. Younger minds, those not impaired by wrecked brains, go bravely forth to conquer.

To die at the top first is inverting the order of nature. The brain should be carefully guarded, but in order to do that all other parts of the body should be attended to with scrupulous care. Intemperance should be avoided; all bad habits should be banished at once, and every effort made to give the brain the advantage. Every drop of liquor that enters into the sacred precincts of the brain, prepares it for an early death. The brain should be the last to yield up its powers—the last to relinquish its hold on earth—the last to become unbalanced. Men dying at the top are not responsible morally; they are not competent to conduct their own business; they have not the requisite ability to make a will; in fact, they should be under the guardianship of some one.

It has been well said that “old age is the foe of human life, far more to be dreaded than death, because it may hold the nameless terrors of imbecility. Death is the destiny of all, and it is met with submission, with courage and with faith that its unknown portals may open to something that will be a recompense for the unknown failures and disappointments of life. Men face danger unflinchingly, and endure pain and sorrow with fortitude, but the strongest tremble in terror at the

thought of the seventh stage—that awful period of impaired faculties, of an idiocy which mocks and burlesques the colossal mentality it has supplanted. Nature, even in her grimmest moods, is not wholly unmerciful. She mitigates this phase of her wrath by making the subjects of it unconscious of their pitiable condition. They never know of their own decay; and though this makes them more pathetic objects of pity to others, it is to them the divine grace of heaven. They always work on, believing that they fill the same place they always did. Judge Clifford still sent his opinions to the court which he served efficiently for years. The activity of a lifetime is not to be destroyed even by second childhood. The lunatic asylums are full of preachers who continually write sermons, lawyers who are always pleading at the bar, doctors who diagnose imaginary cases, poets who fancy the world reads their poems with rapture, and authors whose novels never see the light. Intellectually, people never experience the delights of leisure. The machinery of the brain once started never stops while the heart beats. After reason has been dethroned and sense has gone glimmering, it only works in a weak and childish way, to no purpose, but it works, all the same, like the mill in the fairy story, which was set in motion by the hand of a child, who was soon afterward imprisoned, and which must grind on until the spell was removed or the child died. And so the machinery of the gristless mill kept in motion, the millstone turned, and year in and year out the useless work went on, until the child, who had become an old man, died in his prison. Then the grinding stopped, and the people who came to look at the ruins of the mill found only a wreck of matter which had been held together for so long by a force they could not understand.

“Dying at the top is peculiar to America. It is not common in other lands. Softening of the brain belongs by right of monopoly to this nationality. It is cultivated here, though not consciously. The rapid gait at which intellects are made to travel and the way they are overburdened are responsible for much of it. The wastefulness which characterizes us as a people extends even to muscle and mind. We are as lavish with our mental strength as with our food and money; and as reckless with our physical force as with our brains, and we pay the penalty. There is a malady, far too frequent, which

has become known over the world as 'The American Disease.' It is nervous prostration, and comes from the same wicked waste of the intellectual energies which causes people to die at the top. Young men endowed with health and ability start in the race for fortune and honor, and after a few years' restless activity, die of nervous exhaustion, and their friends lament that they died prematurely. School-girls and boys, ambitious to crowd the time and accomplish a great deal in a little while, use up their nerve strength before they know it, and are 'prematurely' put into graves. The American disease gathers its victims from the middle-aged also. It is sure to get the men and women of bright minds, those who are known as 'promising,' and for whom great successes have been prophesied. The idle and the commonplace never fall within its grasp. Those whose brains outwork their bodies fill its ranks. Nature is merciful in these cases also. She spares the mortals who have outraged her laws by overtaxing their own strength the misery of living on with clear heads and crippled bodies. Not often does she mete out severe justice by this means. Mercifully she lets them die. The duty of rest is something America has yet to learn, and until she does learn it she will have an army of imbeciles who were once intellectual giants, and an appalling number of graves which contain what might under less pressure have lived to bless society."

Try to avoid dying at the top, but if you ever should, bear in mind now, please, that the ordinances of nature are overflowing with mercy and kindness, and that in such a sad condition there is a pleasing illusion that drives away in a measure its dark side.

The Dance of Death.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF PAST AGES EXHIBITED TO VIEW.

DEATH SYMBOLIZED—DEATH THE ELDEST BROTHER OF SLEEP—
HERODOTUS—THE EGYPTIANS—THE LARVÆ AND LEMURES—
PETRONIUS AND SENECA—THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

*The manner in which the poets and artists of antiquity have symbolized death has excited considerable discussion; and the various opinions of Lessing, Herder, Klotz, and other conversationalists, have only tended to demonstrate that the ancients adopted many different modes to accomplish this purpose. Some witnesses have maintained that they exclusively represented death as a mere skeleton; while others have contended that this figure, so frequently to be found upon gems and sepulchral monuments, was never intended to personify the extinction of human life, but only as a simple and abstract representation. They insist that the ancients adopted a more elegant and allegorical method for this purpose; that they represented human mortality by various symbols of destruction, as birds devouring lizards or serpents, or picking fruits and flowers; by goats browsing on vines; cocks fighting, or even by a Medusa's or Gorgon's head. The Romans seem to have adopted Homer's definition of Death as the eldest brother of Sleep; and, accordingly, on several of their monumental and other sculptures, we find two-winged genii as the representations of the above personages, and sometimes a genius bearing a sepulchral vase on his shoulder, and with a torch reversed in one of his hands. It is very well known that the ancients often symbolized the human soul by the figure of a butterfly, an idea that is extremely obvious and appropriate, as well as

*Holbein's Dance of Death.

elegant. In a very interesting sepulchral monument, engraved in page seven of Spon's "*Miscellanea Eruditæ Antiquitatis*," a prostrate form is seen, and over it a butterfly that has just escaped from the *mouth* of the deceased, or as Homer expresses it, "from the teeth's enclosure." The above excellent antiquary has added the following very curious sepulchral inscription that was found in Spain: "*Hæredeby's meis mando etiam einere v'tmeo volitet ebriv's papilio ossa ipsa tegant mea*," etc. Rejecting this heathen symbol altogether, the painters and engravers of the middle ages have substituted a small human figure escaping from the mouths of dying persons—as it were, breathing out their souls.

We have, however, the authority of Herodotus, that in the banquets of the Egyptians, a person was introduced who carried around the table at which the guests were seated, the figure of a dead body placed in a coffin, exclaiming at the same time: "Behold this image of what yourself will be; eat and drink, therefore, and be happy." Montfaucon has referred to an ancient manuscript to prove this sentiment was a Lacedæmonian proverb, also occurring in the beautiful poem of Coppas, ascribed to Virgil, in which he is supposed to invite Mæcenas to a rural banquet.

The phrase of pulling the ear is admonitory, that organ being regarded by the ancients as the seat of memory. It was customary, also, and for the same reason, to take an oath by laying hold of the ear. It is impossible on this occasion to forget the passage in Isaiah 22:13, afterwards used by St. Paul, in the beautiful parable in Luke 12. Plutarch also, in his banquet of the wise men, has remarked that the Egyptians exhibited a skeleton at their feasts to remind the parties of the brevity of human life. The same custom, as adopted by the Romans, is exemplified by Petronius's description of the feast of Tremalchio, where a jointed puppet, as a skeleton, is brought in by a boy, and this practice is also noted by Silius Italicus.

Some have imagined that these skeletons were intended to represent the larvæ and lemures, the good and evil shadows of the dead, that occasionally made their appearance on earth. The larvæ, or lares, were of a beneficent nature, friendly to man; in other words, the good demon of Socrates; the lemures, spirits of mischief and wickedness. The larvæ in Petronius was designed to admonish only, not to terrify; and this is

proved from Seneca. There is, however, some confusion, even among the ancients themselves, as to the respective qualities of the larvæ and lemures.

It is among Christian writers and artists that the personification of death as a skeleton is intended to convey terrific ideas, conformably to the system that death is a punishment for original sin.

The circumstances that lead to death [in a Christian point of view], and not our actual dissolution, are alone of a terrific nature; for death is, in fact, the end and cure of all the previous sufferings and horrors with which it is so frequently accompanied. In the dark ages of monkish bigotry and superstition, the deluded people, seduced into a belief that the fear of death was acceptable to the great and beneficent author of their existence, appear to have derived one of their principal gratifications in contemplating this necessary termination of humanity, yet amidst ideas and impressions of the most horrible and disgusting nature; hence the frequent allusions to it in all possible ways, among their preachers, and their personification of it in their books of religious offices, as well as in the paintings and sculptures of their ecclesiastical and other edifices.

There are, indeed, some exceptions to this remark, for we may still trace the imbecility of former ages on many of our sepulchral monuments; which are occasionally tricked out with the silly appendages of death, heads, bones, and other useless remains of mortality, equally repulsive to the imagination and to the elegance of art.

If it be necessary on any occasion to personify death, this was surely better accomplished by means of some graceful and impressive figure of the Angel of Death, for whom we have the authority of scripture; and such might become an established representative. The skulls and bones of modern, and the entire skeletons of former times, especially during the middle ages, had, probably, derived their origin from the vast quantities of sanctified human relics that were continually before the eyes, or otherwise in the recollection of the early Christians; but the favorite and principal emblem of mortality among our ancestors appears to have been the moral and allegorical pageant familiarly known by the appellation of the *Dance of Death*, which it has, in part, derived from the grotesque and

often ludicrous attitudes of the figures that composed it, and especially from the active and sarcastical mockery of the ruthless tyrant upon its victims, which may be, in a great measure, attributed to the whims and notions of the artists who were employed to represent the subject.

It is very well known to have been the practice, in very early times, to profane the temples of the Deity with ludicrous dancing and ludicrous processions, either within or near them, in imitation, probably, of similar proceedings in Pagan times. Sirabo mentions a custom of this nature among the Celtiberians, and it obtained also among several of the northern nations before their conversion to Christianity.

These riotous and irreverent tripodists and caperers appear to have possessed themselves of the churchyards to exhibit their dancing fooleries, till this profanation of consecrated ground was punished, as monkish histories inform us, with divine vengeance. The well-known *Nuremberg Chronicle* has recorded that in the time of the Emperor Henry II., while a priest was saying mass on Christmas eve, in the church of St. Magnus, in the diocese of Magdeburg, a company of eighteen men and ten women amused themselves with dancing and singing in the churchyard, to the hindrance of the priest in his duty. Notwithstanding his admonition, they refused to desist, and even derided the words he addressed to them. The priest being greatly provoked at their conduct, prayed to God that they might remain dancing and singing for a whole year without intermission; and so it happened, neither dew nor rain falling upon them. Hunger and fatigue were set at defiance, nor were their shoes or garments in the least worn away. At the end of the year they were released from their situation by Herbert, the Archbishop of the diocese in which the event took place, and obtained forgiveness before the altar of the church; but not before a daughter of the priest and two others had perished; the rest, after sleeping for the space of three whole nights, died soon afterwards. Ubert, one of the party, left this story behind him, which is elsewhere recorded, with some variations and additional matter. The dance is called St. Vitus's, and the girl is made the daughter of a church-warden, who, having taken her by the arm, it came off, but she continued dancing. By the continual motion of the dancers they buried themselves in the earth to their waists.

Many princes and others went to behold this strange spectacle, till the bishops of Cologne and Hildesheim, and some other devout priests, by their prayers, obtained the deliverance of the culprits. Four of the party, however, died immediately; some slept three days and three nights, some three years, and others had trembling in their limbs during the whole of their lives. The *Nuremberg Chronicle*, crowded as it is with wood-cut embellishments by the hand of Wohlgemuth, the master of Albert Durer, has not omitted to exhibit the representations of the above unhappy persons, equally correct, no doubt, as the story itself, though the same warranty cannot be offered for a similar representation in Gottfried's *Chronicle*, and that copious repertory of monstrosities, Boistuu and Belleforest's *Histoires Prodigieuses*. The *Nuremberg Chronicle* has yet another relation on this subject, of some persons who continued dancing and singing on a bridge while the eucharist was passing over it. The bridge gave way in the middle, and from one end of it two hundred persons were precipitated into the river Moselle, the other end remaining so as to permit the priests and the host to pass uninjured.

A sort of Death's Dance was not unknown to the ancients. It was the revelry of the departed souls in Elysium, as may be collected from the end of the fourth ode of Anacreon.

In the year 1801 several fragments of sculptured sarcophagi were accidentally discovered near Cuma, on one of which were represented three dancing skeletons, indicating, as it is ingeniously supposed, that the passage from death to another state of existence has nothing in it that is sorrowful, or capable of exciting fear.

At a meeting of the Archæological Society at Rome, in December, 1731, M. Kestner exhibited a Roman lamp, on which were three dancing skeletons, and such are said to occur in one of the paintings at Pompeii.

In the Grand Duke of Tuscany's Museum at Florence there is an ancient gem, that, from its singularity and connection with the present subject, is well deserving of notice. It represents an old man, probably a shepherd, clothed in a hairy garment. He sits upon a stone, his right foot resting on a globe, and is piping on a double-flute, whilst a skeleton dances grotesquely before him.

Notwithstanding the interdiction in several councils against the practice of dancing in churches and churchyards, it was found impossible to abolish it altogether, and it therefore became necessary that something of a similar, but more decorous, nature, should be substituted, which, whilst it afforded recreation and amusement, might at the same time convey with it a moral and religious sensation. It is therefore extremely probable that in furtherance of this intention, the clergy continued to introduce the Dance or Pageant of Death, or, as it was sometimes called, the Dance of Macabre.

M. Barenta, in his history, *The Dukes of Burgundy*, advertg to the entertainments that took place at Paris, when Phillip le Bon visited that city in 1824, observes that these dances were not solely made for the nobility, the common people being likewise amused from the month of August to the following season of Lent with the Dance of Death, in the churchyard of the Innocents, the English being particularly gratified with this exhibition, which included all ranks and conditions of men, Death being, morally, the principal character. When these exercises terminated on the part of the people, cannot easily be traced.

The Chinese and Death.

THEY VIEW DEATH AS A VERY LIGHT AND TRIVIAL OCCURRENCE.

EXECUTION GROUND AT CANTON—BURIAL PLACES FOR THE DEAD—
HUNGRY SPIRITS—RENEWED MOURNING—ANCESTRAL TEM-
PLES—FORMS OF ELEGY..

A writer in *Temple Bar* says: The Chinese are almost indifferent to the phenomenon of dissolution, and frequently compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the star-lit road; and parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer. Still more remarkable is the custom of selling their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies which are considered to insure the body in safety for the future resurrection. A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with his jailer to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money, to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and preservation of his body. Should he have parents, so much is usually paid to them in compensation for their son's life. Chinamen invariably support their parents; filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virtue and religious precept, in which they rarely fail. Regarding death as inevitable, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and cunningly and comically gets paid for dying. The wholesale destruction of life in this country is greatly the result of indifference. Hence the massacre of Europeans, so terrible to us, seems to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make such a fuss about it. They regard our indignant protestation very much as we might treat our irate neighbor whose dog we had shot. "Well, well, be pacified; if it was such a favorite, I am

sorry; but it is only a dog, and there are plenty more. How much do you want to be paid for it?" "You English think so much of a life," argue the Chinese; "have you not plenty of people at home?" Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offenses, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A story was told as a fact that, during the visit of one of our royal princes, a theft was committed of a watch and chain belonging to the royal guest. The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without further ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the Prince as a delicate attention, showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the Prince expressed his regret that the thief's head had been taken off. "Your highness," cried the obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, "it shall immediately be put on again!" so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken and not the severed head. In times of insurrection or famine the mowing down of human life like corn-stalks at harvest time is appalling to European ideas. I must confess to a nervous shuddering when I stood upon the execution ground at Canton—a narrow lane or potter's field—where so many hundreds had been butchered per diem during weeks together, the executioner requiring the aid of two smiths to sharpen his swords, for many of the wretched victims were not allowed to be destroyed at one fell swoop, but sentenced to be "hacked to pieces" by twenty or fifty blows. I was informed by a European who had traveled much and seen most of the frightful sides of life, that witnessing Chinese executions for offences was far more than his iron nerves could stand; and in some of the details which he was narrating I was obliged to beg him to desist. And yet he said there was nothing solemn about it, and the spectators looked on amused. It was the horrible and grotesque combined.

CHINESE "FUNERAL BAKED MEATS"—CUSTOMS IN CALIFORNIA.

*There is much that is sentimental; indeed, there is true poetry in the manner of burial which some of our American Indians give their deceased friends, in the place and occupations which their fancy paints in the realms where the departed

*Overland Monthly, Vol. 3.

spirits live again, and in the longings of their own souls still to commune with the dead. In this way they cultivate the habit of day-dreamers, encouraging their imagination to surround them with their lost loved ones, or in the solitudes of the forests, where there are no sounds but the moaning winds, they fancy to themselves their own spirits taking wing to soar away amongst the clouds and beyond the azure sky. When the young brave follows to her long resting-place the remains of her who but recently was his bride, and while a congregation of Indians, young and old, stand around as erect and as mute as the trees in those dark woods, the widowed husband himself fills up the grave, and builds over it a little hut, apparently unwilling that any other hand should share with his in these last offices for the departed.

There is something affecting in the sight of a decrepit, gray-haired Indian going daily to kindle a fire beside the newly-made grave of the wife who, having served him for scores of years, has now gone over to the happy hunting-grounds before him. Here, for many days after the decease, he spreads her morning and evening meal, and here he waits for her, and seems to be conversing with her. There was sentiment also in that nature which suggested the hut itself as a fitting tomb for the wife—which suggested that the house made desolate and dark by the going out of that life which had been the light of this solitary cabin in the little clearing in the wilds, should be closed forever, and be never more profaned by subjecting it to the uses of ordinary life; and therefore her grave is dug beneath the floor, the door and windows battened up, a high fence built around this mausoleum, while another cabin is constructed for the bereaved family.

In like manner there is much that is pleasing in the care bestowed by the Chinese upon the burial-places of their dead, and in the various devices for preserving the fragrance of their memory. The deceased are spoken of as "having departed," "passed from this world," as "not here," or as "having left this dusty earth," and as "gone to heaven." So delicately do they touch upon the subject of death. Various devices have been invented to perpetuate the memory of departed ones; such as by portraits hung up in the house; by tablets on which are inscribed the names and titles of the deceased; the tomb itself and the inscription upon it; the room or niche in the

dwelling entirely devoted to the spirits of ancestors and departed members of the family; the remembrance of these departed spirits at all times of family rejoicings; the provision made for them at the season of the New Year's festival the same as though they were present and personally participating in the festivities; but especially by the annual festival in the spring of the year called the "pure and resplendent festival;" when the gates of the tombs and of hades are supposed to be unbarred and left open for the space of thirty days, to give liberty to all the spirits to revisit the earth, to mingle once more in former scenes and to be regaled by the feasts which the living may make for them, and to carry back with them to the reign of shades supplies which it is supposed they will need till the gates shall be opened again. At this season all who can command the means visit their ancestral burial-places in families, spend much time in repairing them, and sometimes in planting flowers and trimming the trees and shrubbery; and people who only see these marks of respect for the dead, and know not how much idolatry is mixed with it, see nothing which is reprehensible, but much that is commendable. When, however, we become acquainted with some of their superstitions respecting the dead, and when we know that they not only presume that the souls of those who have left the world need to be fed and clothed and amused the same as while in the body, but that they also fear their wrath or seek their aid, and therefore worship them with religious rites and address petitions to them, our admiration changes to pity. Some of these superstitions the residents of California have had opportunities of observing, but the exact meaning of many of these funeral ceremonies may not be generally understood.

In the treatment of those nigh unto death there is sometimes that which seems inexplicable, for in one case those about making their exchange of worlds are waited upon with great tenderness, and the best room in the house assigned them as the place in which the last act of life's drama shall be performed; while in another case the dying one seems to be almost abandoned by former associates, and some desolate corner, a place in the cellar, or an out-house, is given him as the place where his dying bed shall be made.

It is, indeed, sad to see what we sometimes have to witness—poor, friendless mortal that has fought life's many bat-

tles, and fought them to the end, to find himself at last without a comfortable place to lay his worn-out, aching body; no friends to minister to him during the days of increasing weakness and in the old hour of dissolution. And why is there such treatment of some of the sick who are supposed to be near to death? The reason is, because those within whose house or upon whose premises a person may die will be under the necessity of making provision for his burial (if there are no relatives or friends to do it), for if they refuse to do this they may expect to be troubled by the spirit of the deceased. There are also bad omens connected with death, which none are willing to have about their houses if it can be avoided.

The body after death is laid upon the floor. The precise reason for this very few can tell; but when an aged Chinaman accounted for the practice by quoting from some of their books the phrase, "Born of the earth and changed back again to earth," we fancied that we saw a trace of tradition following down through all the generations since the guilty pair in Paradise heard their sentence: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." While lying on the ground or on the floor it is that the soul or souls are supposed to be taking their departure from their original tenement. The Chinese speak of the "three souls and seven spirits" of a person. The first, or three *Wan*, are the spiritual soul, and are supposed to be the energy of the Yang or the male principle of the Dual powers; while the seven *Peh*, or the animal soul, are supposed to partake of the Yin or the female principle of the Dual powers; these are sometimes defined as the "powers or faculties of the senses, nervous perceptions, and animal spirits, as distinguished from the reason."

No Chinaman can give a very clear account as to the disposition of all these souls and spirits after death; but in some parts of the country there is this belief, viz.: that of the three souls, one abides with the body and the coffin, and hovers about the tomb; the second takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, and is the spirit which is worshiped in the hall of ancestors; and the third goes direct to appear before the king who is represented as holding his court in the infernal regions. There this soul is judged, and the sentence is passed according to the character and deeds of the person while living, or

according to the intercessions and offerings made for it by survivors.

Rites for the dead vary somewhat in different parts of the country. In some places while the body is on the ground and the souls are departing, a Tauist priest is employed to chant portions of their ritual, accompanied with the beating of gongs and drums and the explosion of powder-crackers. The noise of drums, gongs, and crackers is for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits. The firing of guns and crackers, however, is not common amongst the Cantonese at their funerals, we are told.

After death articles of food are placed near the body; abundant or meagre according to the ability of the friends. These are supposed to be for the supply of the departed spirit. Some of the provisions are presented to the mouth of the deceased by the oldest son, or if there is no son present, then by some other relative or friend, who kneels beside the body while feeding the spirit.

Large sums are often expended in dressing the body for its journey to the world of spirits. The best suit is put on, or new garments are provided throughout, and of costly materials where there is sufficient means to meet the expense; and where there are not means, cheaper materials are used, and even garments of paper have been employed, which may be put together in such a way as to resemble clothing very closely.

Much solicitude is expended on the subject of the "longevity boards," or coffin, the desire being to procure that which is most durable. In China the aged often provide coffins for themselves beforehand, or sons make presents of this article to their parents, thus furnishing a proof of filial regard, and putting at rest any solicitude of the parent, lest when dead, there might not be funds sufficient to procure "longevity boards," and furnish them a becoming burial.

When the body is washed, dressed, and prepared for the coffin, and covered with a white cloth, tables of provisions are set for the regaling of this particular spirit, and also to appease such other spirits as may be hovering around. Among these provisions there must be five kinds of animal food uncooked, and then five kinds which are cooked; also a variety of cakes and dishes of vegetables, with fruits, wine and tea

The spectator may notice whole fowls and fish fantastically ornamented; also a pig's head, or an entire hog; with pyramids of cakes and fruits, and vases of flowers. All these are borne to the grave at the time of the interment, where they are again arranged in order, and suffered to remain awhile as an offering to the dead, and are then brought home to furnish a repast to the family and friends.

Before the body is placed in the coffin, and while the offerings remain upon the tables, mourning women are gathered around, who cause the air to resound with their wailings. The wife, concubines, and daughters-in-law, or any friend, may join in these wailings; but often there are only hired mourners.

These lamentations are exceedingly lugubrious, and are a mixture of sobbing, of eulogies of the dead, and of regrets for the bereavement, and deprecating the sad lot of those who have been robbed of a friend, or of a support and provider. The speeches are generally improvised; but sometimes are according to formulas which have long been wailed over myriads of corpses.

Any relation or friend who is so disposed may contribute his quota to these audible demonstrations of grief; and one will say: "O, thou departed one, I am thy relative; this day hast thou suddenly deceased. Never can our affection perish; it is impossible to restrain weeping; from this time never more may we behold thee. In the parting our heart is torn; but we hope that after death thy soul has joy and peace, having ascended to the heavenly palace, there continually to confer prosperity on thy children and grandchildren. While in life, all thy dealings with men were benevolent and righteous; with an upright heart dwelling amongst men, performing thy business with wisdom. By right, heaven ought to have prolonged thy age to a hundred years. Wherefore, then, by this one sickness art thou already dead? We are thy relatives, we are thy friends; and how shall not our bowels be sundered by the force of our distress and lamentations!"

When one mourner ceases another commences and chants his or her dirge, and says: "Alas, alas! Why was it not I that had died rather than be doomed to remain in the land of the living, an inheritor of trouble and grief, while thou art removed? Thou, so talented and wise; thou oughtest to have been spared to become an officer of the empire, even as a pillar

of the royal palace." And perhaps another adds: "O, thou oughtest to have been spared to thy active town, the hope of the inhabitants, and to whom they look. Thou wast one who wert able to teach thy sons all righteousness, and all upright measures. But now thou art gone. Alas, alas!"

We have been told that it is not an uncommon occurrence for old family troubles to be referred to in some indirect way, as when a secondary wife (with no occasion for the use of counterfeit sorrow) will wail out: "Ah, me! Who now will take my part when oppressed by the mistress?" and as when the daughter-in-law sobs out her apprehensions of increased tyranny from the mother-in-law, by saying: "Alas! what will become of me since my only friend is departed?"

At Chinese funerals in San Francisco these hired mourning women are sometimes put into carriages to follow the body to the grave. They may be known by the white garments and white hoods which they wear—white being the funeral color.

In many cases a band of Chinese musicians is employed to join in the procession, and escort the deceased to his last resting-place. Whatever may be the design in furnishing this music, we outside barbarians are apt to regard it as better adapted to frighten away evil spirits than to furnish entertainment to a disembodied soul.

Funerals of aged men, or dignitaries, which are designed to be very impressive, often have one or more young men following the hearse on foot. These represent the sons of the deceased, and are dressed scantily in some coarse fabric of dirty white; they are barefooted, leaning upon a cane, and go bowing down with their face towards the earth, being supported by a friend on either side. All this is emblematical not only of their crushing sorrow, but also of the irreparable loss sustained by the family; intimating that now, as the head and support of the house is removed, the survivors will be left without a provider, and must therefore pursue the remainder of life's journey in poverty and sorrow, which to them is very unpleasant.

Those strips of brown paper, pierced with holes, to represent strings of copper coin, and which are scattered in such profusion as a Chinese *cortege* proceeds to the place of interment, are denominated "money for buying the road."

The theory is, that everywhere there may be hungry or

ill-disposed spirits who have it in their power to stop on the way the spirit of the deceased, or by other means to interfere and prevent his peaceful settlement at the tomb provided for him; therefore this paper, representing money, is scattered everywhere along the road to buy from the vagrant spirits the right of way.

At the place of sepulture those provisions previously mentioned are again arranged before the grave; and libations of wine and tea are poured out; and large supplies of money, clothing, and other things, supposed to be needed by the deceased in the world to which he has gone, are sent on after him. The money is paper, cut and folded so as to represent gold and silver bars, or copper cash; and this is burned in large amounts. Paper is made into boxes to represent chests of clothing. There may be paper servants; also a sedan chair with its bearers; and all these are burned and thus sent over into the world of spirits. While the corpse remained in the house, before the funeral, these images and paper representations of furniture were arranged around the body; the servants being represented as in the act of waiting upon their master.

We have mentioned but a few of the most prominent and common customs of the Chinese in the burying of their dead, as they are witnessed in San Francisco, Cal. Were we to give a full account of all their superstitions and practices, in relation to their dead, as they are learned by living amongst this people in their own land, a good-sized volume would be needed to contain the record of them. After the death there are at certain intervals days prescribed for renewed mourning; and each day has its prescribed ceremonies.

We have noticed that the fourteenth day after the decease of a friend is often observed as a day of renewed mourning; then each recurring thirtieth day, for the space of a year; and then afterwards each anniversary is remembered by the family as a day of mourning and of making offerings to the dead. It is, however, necessary to remark that the mourning rites are varied according to the age and relative position of the deceased. Parents are most lamented, and the offerings to their names are the most abundant, and the anniversaries of their death longest remembered; while the young members of a family are buried with comparatively little ceremony; and

young girls and infants receive very little attention, either in the burial or afterwards.

Children wear mourning for parents for the space of three years; and this badge of mourning is whitish or slate-colored garments, with a white collar, and a white cord braided into the cue. During the latter part of this season of mourning the white collar and white cord are exchanged for those which are colored blue.

During the first forty-nine days of mourning there may be seen suspended on the wall of the room formerly occupied by the deceased some form of elegy, such as the following: "While thou wert living we rejoiced; but now, being dead, it is impossible for us not to wail. We are cut from the hearing of thy voice, and thy form no more we meet again. How many times we cry with mournful voice and lacerated hearts, and pearly tears dropping to the earth." Another is like this: "After thy departure we remember what thou wast while living. It shames us that we are not able more fully to record thy virtues. Approaching thy funeral car, we only have grief and tears to offer."

It is not uncommon to mingle with these expressions of praise for the dead and grief for their own bereavement, some petitions to the deceased, that as he has opportunity he will personally aid or employ his intercession in behalf of his surviving relatives or friends. Prayers are addressed to ancestors, imploring them to appear for the curing of diseases, to avert calamities, and in whatever way they may be able, to bestow prosperity and happiness upon their posterity.

A full discussion of this subject, viz: the care bestowed upon the dead and the provisions made for the souls of the departed, would require us to give an account of the Buddhist doctrine, of purgatory, and of the transmigration of souls; of the Tauists' notions respecting spirits—their agency and interference in human affairs, and the methods of dealing with them. It would require, also, that we describe the whole manner of, and the reasons for, ancestral worship, which is older than the religions of Buddha and Tau. No such task, however, do we propose to undertake at present.

The religion of which we have spoken as more ancient than either that of Buddha or Tau, included the worship of heaven and earth, the gods of the land and grain, and the hills

and rivers, and the spirits of ancestors. The worship of the sages and of the Emperor has been added to the list of objects worshiped. While, however, there are these separate sects, still it is very seldom indeed we may meet with a Chinaman who has not his head full of the superstitions of all the three. All Chinamen worship ancestors; all live in the dread of the spirits; scarce any are sure that there may not be purgatorial torments, or that they may not be doomed to myriads of births in the unending series of transmigrations. Without enlarging upon either of these topics, this much it seemed necessary to say in order to furnish a clue to reasons for the various rites performed for the dead, and we will in what follows speak merely of two or three additional ceremonies of the Chinese in behalf of the deceased, and respecting which questions are so often asked.

On the second month of the Chinese year, and twenty-fourth day, corresponding to April 4th of our calendar, which day this year occurred on the Sabbath, every man, woman and child in the Chinese quarter seemed to be excited about something. Great numbers of hacks and baggage-wagons were standing at their doors, and all day long there were streams of vehicles going and returning on the Lone Mountain road; and every wagon, beside its load of human beings, carried a baked hog, with trays of provisions of various kinds, and baskets of paper money, candles, and incense.

What was the cause of that extraordinary excitement? That was *Tsing Ming*, the pure and resplendent festival. It was the day on which the doors of the tombs and the gates of Hades were thrown open, and all the spirits were set at liberty, and granted an entire month's holiday; therefore all their surviving relatives, friends and neighbors hastened to meet them on their coming forth, with congratulations, with feasting, and presents, and gayety.

One hundred and twenty hogs had previously been selected at the butcher's for the occasion; these were baked whole in their large ovens, having been previously prepared by boning and spicing. The chickens, ducks and fish made ready for the day were in much greater numbers, with an unlimited amount of pastry, fruit and wine.

A visit to the Chinese burying-ground on the following day would give one some idea of what had been done by the

worshippers at the tombs on Sunday. Before the vault in which some of their dead are deposited, and all around amongst the graves, were piles of ashes, where had been burned the paper money; half-burned candles and stumps of incense-sticks standing everywhere, showed what an amount of money must have been expended on these articles; heaps of boiled rice lay here and there; for it seems that a more abundant meal was provided than the spirits were able to consume. Each company of worshippers had spread out their provisions before the graves of their own dead, had poured out libations of wine upon the ground, had repaired the tombs, and had prostrated themselves, and bowed in the various attitudes of worship before the graves, and had said some form of prayer. Before leaving the place they had scattered broadcast many handfuls of rice, and sprinkled wine upon the ground around them, which might be appropriated by any forlorn spirits who had no friends or kindred to meet and feast them.

The Chinese spirits at Lone Mountain appear to be as clannish as are their surviving relatives in the city; for the dead of the different companies lie in separate enclosures.

Those poor women, the courtesans, while their bodies are buried amongst the people of whose district they were natives, yet there is a separate tablet and a rude altar erected to their memory; which tablet and altar are enclosed with a wall; and here also were the evidences that expensive sacrifices had been offered to feast the spirits of these unfortunates.

This worship at the tombs is designed to be not only for the benefit of those who have recently deceased, but for the many ancestors, reaching back to the very beginning, even to the original parents of the family.

The sacrifices and prayers are offered and the worship rendered to the entire line of ancestors in the one ceremony. Written prayers are sometimes laid upon the tomb, and left there till the spirits may have sufficient time to consider them, or until the winds tear them to fragments. We add here a specimen of such prayers: "I, —— (say, I, Wong Ah Ching), in behalf of this family (or this company of individuals), with sincerity of purpose, present these hogs and sheep and fowls, and the five cooked sacrifices, together with fruit, candles, incense, and money, with the prescribed ceremonies; and we presume to announce that —— and —— and —— (men-

tioning the names of the several worshipers) are now before thy tomb, and are saying *thus*: 'Ages following in their order, a flowing stream of years, it has come so quickly to the second month of this present spring; following down far from the origin (from the head of the ancestral line), yet not so far as to obliterate our memory *of our ancestors*. With exceeding circumspection we take now the offerings and presents, our annual sacrifices, praying and expecting that illustrious blessings will be conferred upon *us*, your posterity. Our ancestors have souls; let them now descend and accept these offerings.'"

The worship being ended, the tombs having been repaired, the barbecued hog and other provisions are gathered up, and the party returns home to spend the remainder of the day in feasting upon that portion of the meats which the spirits have been unable to devour; and not unlikely some portions of the "golden pig" may find their way back to the butcher's shop again, to be "sold in the shambles."

The belief that the disembodied spirit needs such attentions from survivors, leads the Chinaman to make provision, should he die away from home, that his remains may be conveyed back to his native village, where kindred to remote generations may visit the resting-place of his ashes, and minister to the wants of the spirit, which it is hoped may be called home by the ceremonies appointed for this purpose, and which are employed in the case of those who die abroad.

In their native country also is the ancestral temple, in which are deposited the ancestral tablets of the family, or the clan, and which is thrown open for feasting, or worship, or theatrical performances, at certain seasons which are memorable in that particular family. Such entertainments are supposed to be gratifying to the spirits, and will propitiate their favor.

The want of ancestral temples in California is, to a certain extent, supplied by a provision which is made by the several companies. In each of the *Ui Kuus*, or company houses, a room is devoted to the dead. Instead of separate tablets for each individual that has deceased, the name of the person whose death has been reported is inscribed on one common tablet, and before the constantly increasing mortuary record an altar is erected, and above the altar a lamp is suspended, the light of which must never go out. Here relatives and fellow-villagers come to drop a tear, and to present the offer-

ings to the souls of those whose fathers and mothers, wives and children have long been waiting their return, but who wait in vain.

Besides the attentions paid to their own dead, there remain, as is supposed, myriads of souls who have no surviving friends to care for them. "Orphan souls," "wandering souls." Not only does the feeling of benevolence prompt them to devise measures to meet the necessities of such friendless spirits, but self-interest also; because these souls, as is believed, have it in their power to torment and harm whomsoever they may harbor spite against; and if allowed to remain houseless, or hungry and naked, they may follow with persecution those who might have relieved them but did not. For this reason the fourteenth day of the seventh month of every year is set apart as the festival for vagrant, orphan, and pauper spirits, when the streets of every Chinese city, village and borough are decorated with miniature garments made of paper; when feasts are spread by the roadside; when bands of music are employed to regale the ears of the spirits with notes they once delighted in, and which they are believed still to love; and when priests are employed to chant prayers for the release of any friendless souls still shut up in purgatory. Such occasions do not pass without the consumption of large amounts of fire-crackers, paper money, incense, and candles, accompanied with ceremonies and noises already too familiar to the ears of all who have resided long in the neighborhood of these people so mad upon their idols.

Partly because of the Chinaman's love for his native land, and the desire that his last resting-place shall be where the ashes of his kindred lie, but principally in order that his bones may receive from his relatives and descendants the attentions which are above described, it is that so much solicitude is exhibited that the remains of those who die abroad may be returned for final interment in the ancient tombs. Consequently a large number of the Chinese in California have secured this object by the prepayment of a special sum to their *Ui Kuu*, or to some independent association, which guarantees to find the body wherever it may be buried, and at the proper time to send it to his friends. The reception of the body, or the ashes, and its reinterment when it arrives in China, involve a considerable expense. Also there must be religious cere-

monies to lure home the spirit, as well as the care in bringing home the body, so that, as we see, it must cost a large amount for a Chinaman to die and get finally laid down where "the weary may be at rest."

Perhaps there is no thought more prominent in a Chinaman's mind than this which concerns his future condition. In China, as before remarked, old people in some instances buy coffins for themselves long before they need them; and filial sons present coffins to their parents against the day of their departure. Likewise many prayers are said, alms given, and good works performed, in order to procure a favorable reception in the world of spirits; but above all there is a desire for male children, and descendants who may perpetuate the family line, and so secure the ancestral offerings from generation to generation, and thus on forever.

From the evidence here presented, few, we think, will doubt that the spirits of the Chinese dead, if they still retain the animal appetites and human sensibilities unrefined, have any ground of complaint that their surviving friends or descendants have not done all that was in their power to secure for them an eternity of bliss according to their estimate as to what constitutes the essence of bliss; nevertheless, much as we ourselves might relish a savory dish of pig and chicken, none of us, we think, would be willing to exchange the anticipations of a paradise in which hunger, thirst, and carnal desires may never more torment us, for a heaven of tinsel money, tallow candles, paper garments, boiled rice, and samshu,* with Chinese theatricals and Buddhistic mummeries intermingled. Neither is there one of us who does not admire the earnestness with which they endeavor to make provision for a future state, while at the same time it makes us very sad to see how utterly mistaken they are. There is room for them in that place where "the many mansions be," and there is a power which is able to fit them for companionship with prophets and apostles.

A Scientific View of Death.

IT ILLUSTRATES THE FACT THAT IT IS PAINLESS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL—DEATH AND LIGHTNING—HELMHOLTZ'S EXPERIMENTS—NERVOUS TRANSMISSION—THE WHALE—A LUMINOUS IMPRESSION—A COLOR TOP AND LIGHTNING—PROFESSOR DOVE—THE REV. DR. BARTOL.

*In one of his lectures Professor Tyndall spoke of the probabilities in favor of the entire absence of pain accompanying death by lightning. It is popularly supposed that an impression made upon the nerves—a blow or puncture—is felt at the precise instant it is inflicted; but such is not the fact. The seat of sensation is the brain, and intelligence of the injury must be transmitted to this organ through a certain set of nerves, acting as telegraph wires, before we become conscious of pain. This transmission or telegraphing from the seat of injury to the brain requires time, longer or shorter, according to the distance of the injured part from the brain, and according to the susceptibility of the particular nervous system operated upon.

Helmholtz, by experiments, determined the velocity of this nervous transmission in the frog to be a little over eighty-five feet per second; in the whale, about one hundred feet per second; and in man, at an average of two hundred feet per second. If, for instance, a whale fifty feet long were wounded in the tail, it would not be conscious of the injury till half a second after the injury had been inflicted. But this is not the only ingredient of delay. It is believed that to every act of consciousness belongs a determinate molecular arrangement of the brain, so that, besides the interval of transmission, a

*Medical National Review.

still further time is necessary for the brain to put itself in order for its molecules to take up the motions or positions necessary to the completion of consciousness. Helmholtz considers that one-tenth of a second is required for this purpose. Thus, in the case of the whale, there is, first, half a second consumed in the transmission of the intelligence through the sensor nerves to the brain, about one-tenth of a second consumed by the brain in completing the arrangement necessary to consciousness, and, if the velocity of transmission from the brain to the motor nerves be the same as that through the sensor, about half a second more is consumed in sending the message to the tail to defend itself. Therefore, one second and one-tenth would elapse before an impression made upon its caudal nerves could be responded to by a whale fifty feet long.

If we regard as correct the calculations representing the average velocity of transmission in the human nerves, and if we estimate the distance from the origin of the filaments in the brain to their termination in the foot as five feet, the time required, in case one steps on your favorite corn, for the news to be telegraphed to the brain, for the brain to prepare a message and to telegraph the same to the muscles of the leg to draw the foot away, would be about one-twentieth of a second. Now, it is quite conceivable that an injury might be inflicted which would render the nerves unfit to be conductors of sensation, and if this occurred, no matter how severe the injury might be, there would be no consciousness of it. Or it might happen that the power of the brain to complete the molecular arrangement necessary to consciousness would be wholly suspended before there would be time for the transmission of the intelligence of the injury. In such a case, also, although the injury might be of a nature to cause death, this would occur without feeling of any kind. Death in this case would be simply the sudden negation of life, without any intervention of consciousness whatever.

Doubtless there are many kinds of death of this character. The passage of a rifle-bullet through the brain is a case in point. The time required for the bullet in full velocity to pass clean through a man's head may be roughly estimated at a thousandth part of a second. Here, therefore, would be no room for sensation, and death would be painless. But there is

another action which far transcends in rapidity that of the rifle ball. A flash of lightning cleaves a cloud, appearing and disappearing in less than a hundred-thousandth part of a second, and the velocity of electricity is such as would carry it in a single second of time over a distance almost equal to that which separates the earth and moon.

A luminous impression once made upon the retina endures for about one-sixth of a second, and this is why we see a ribbon of light when a glowing coal is caused to pass rapidly through the air. A body illuminated by an instantaneous flash continues to be seen for the sixth of a second after the flash has become extinct; and if the body thus illuminated be in motion, it appears at rest at the place where the flash falls upon it.

The color-top is familiar to most of us. By this instrument a disk with differently-colored sectors is caused to rotate rapidly; the colors blend together, and, if they are chosen in the proper proportions, the disk will appear white when the motion is sufficiently rapid. Such a top rotating in a dark room and illuminated by an electric spark appears motionless, each distinct color being clearly seen. Professor Dove has found that an illumination by a flash of lightning produces the same effect. During a thunderstorm he put a color-top in exceedingly rapid motion, and found that every flash revealed the top as a motionless object with its colors distinct. If illuminated solely by a flash of lightning, the motion of all bodies on the earth's surface would, according to Professor Dove, appear suspended. A cannon-ball, for example, would appear to have its flight arrested, and would seem to hang motionless in space as long as the luminous impression which revealed the ball remained upon the eye. If, then, a rifle bullet, passing through the brain, move with sufficient rapidity to destroy life without the interposition of sensation, much more is a flash of lightning competent to produce this effect. We have well-authenticated cases of people being struck by lightning who, on recovery, had no recollection of pain.

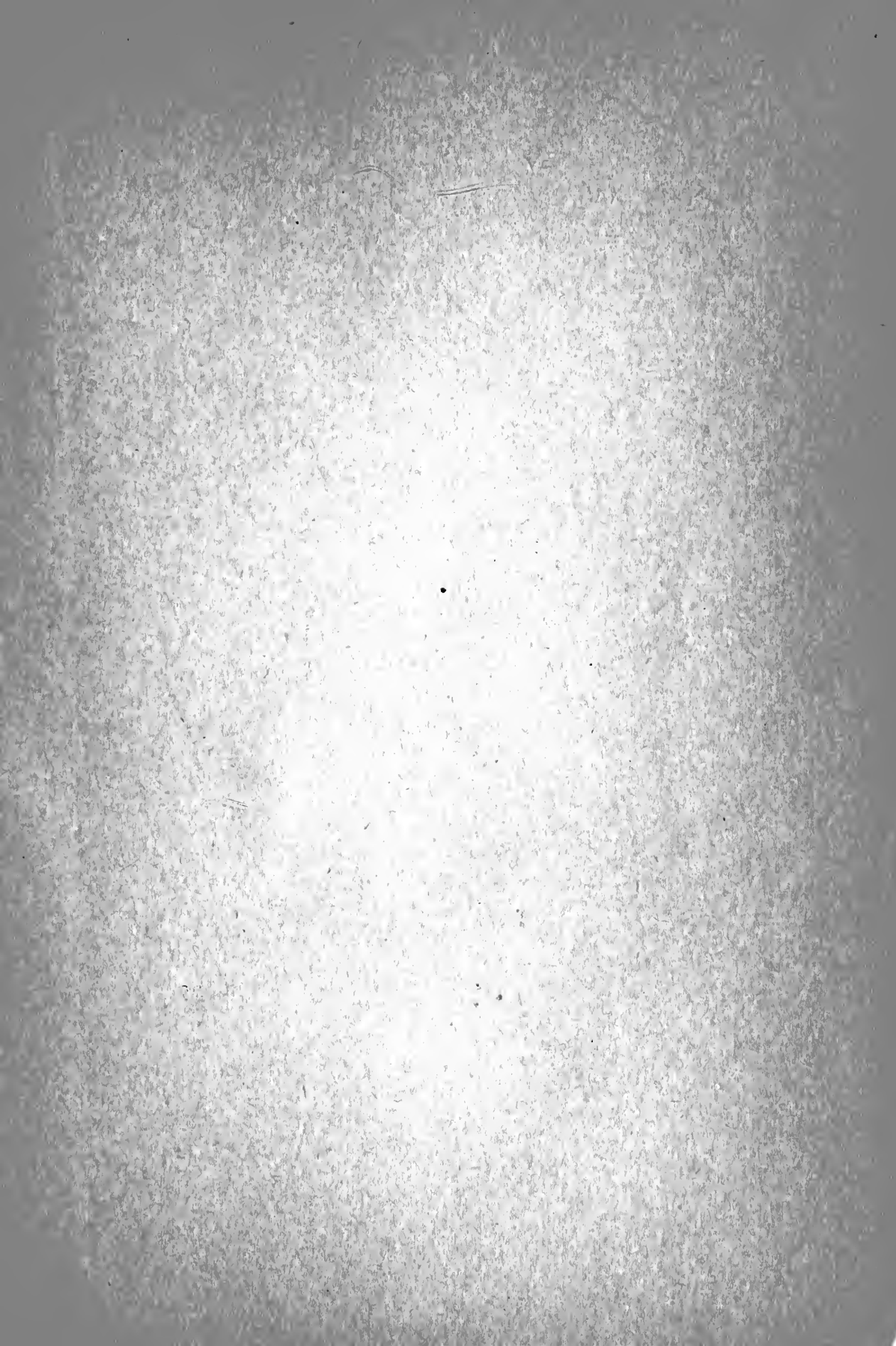
The Rev. Dr. Bartol, who was lately nearly killed by lightning, expressed the belief that if the stroke proved fatal, it must produce the most agreeable mode of death; but to be stunned, as he was, is very unpleasant. As soon as consciousness returned he experienced a terrible sense of oppression,

and an irresistible weight seemed passing through him, while his mind was dazed so that for awhile it seemed he had suddenly been precipitated into Wonderland. His recovery was attended by headache, continued for a week.

The following case is described by Hemmer: On June 30, 1788, a soldier in the neighborhood of Mannheim, being overtaken by rain, stationed himself under a tree beneath which a woman had previously taken shelter. He looked upward to see whether the branches were thick enough to shed the rain, and in doing so was struck by lightning, and fell senseless to the earth. The woman at his side experienced the shock in her foot, but was not struck down. Some hours afterward the man recovered, but remembered nothing about what had occurred, save the fact of his looking up at the branches. This was his last act of consciousness, and he passed into the unconscious condition without pain. The visible marks of a lightning stroke are usually insignificant, the hair being sometimes burnt, slight wounds occasioned, or a red streak marking the track of the electric discharge over the skin.

Professor Tyndall relates—standing in the presence of an audience, about to lecture—that he accidentally touched a wire leading from a charged battery of fifteen Leyden jars, and the current passed through his body. He says life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In another second or so consciousness returned. He saw himself in the presence of the audience and in contact with the apparatus, and immediately realized that he had received the battery discharge. The intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so the optical consciousness. To prevent the audience being alarmed he stated that it had often been his desire to receive, accidentally, such a shock, and that his wish had at length been gratified. But while making this explanation the appearance which his body presented to himself was that of being in separate pieces. His arms, for example, seemed to be detached from his body and suspended in the air. Memory and the power of reasoning and speech were complete long before the optic nerve recovered from the electric shock.

(THE END OF VOL. I.)







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