

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1866.

TO OUR READERS.

It is now six years since the first number of *The Spiritual Magazine* was issued. Its motive and aim were alike out of the track of ordinary journalism. Its conductors have not been professed *litterateurs*, and it was started with little promise of support, literary or otherwise. It was a commercial speculation only in the sense that its promoters had to calculate the probable loss on its publication which at the end of the year they would be called upon to make up. And as to reputation, they knew well enough that the only repute it was likely to bring them was that of being knaves, fools, and madmen. It may be asked, what then urged them to so unpromising an undertaking? and how has it succeeded? To this they answer, that they knew themselves to have a strong grip of a class of facts which involved as they felt the most momentous issues, and for want of a right knowledge and just appreciation of which, the most pernicious errors were extensively held, and were spreading fast among all classes of society. To record and establish these facts, to discuss their bearings, and to trace their consequences, seemed to them well worth any labour and any sacrifice that they might be called upon, and that it was in their power, to make. They were anxious to extend to others that knowledge which in their own experience, and in that of many others had proved so precious.

And we have fared perhaps better than we have deserved, certainly better than we expected. Our printer's bills have been punctually paid; and we have no dread of the Rhadamanthus of Basinghall-street. Our circulation though not large, has been steady and progressive. That our medicine has done some good to our brethren of the press is shown by the many little angry blotches of articles—eruptions on the skin as it were, into which our refractory patients have broken out, indicating a wholesome effort of beneficent Mother Nature to send out to the surface the corruptions which had been gathering in the centres of their life. Especially would we point as an evidence of the interest which

our humble labours have called forth to our list of contributors on the wrapper of the present number.

In this new series we hope to retain the valued services of most of our old contributors, and to enlist the support of new ones. It has been, and will continue to be our aim to present Spiritualism from no narrow or sectarian point of view, but, so far as we are able to appreciate it, in its own Christian, Catholic spirit. And while chronicling its passing events, we hope not to lose sight of those deep questions they awaken, and which have ever a perennial freshness and an abiding interest; that thus our Magazine may be not undeserving of after reference, and may take its place among those solid and standard works to which this movement has given birth. At all events, we feel sure that the result will be not the worse, but the better, for setting this before us for our aim, though our arrows may fall short of the mark. We rejoice to know that during the past six years the evidences of spirit-life have been more varied and wide-spread among us, and have been more generally recognised, especially by the educated and thinking men and women of our land who have gone more fairly into its investigation, than ever before. And it has been a pleasing part of our duty to chronicle the many valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism which these years have furnished.

We have no fear of exhausting the interest of our great theme, though we are painfully conscious how inadequately we are able to represent it. Ere entering upon our work, we looked anxiously around in the hope to see it undertaken by worthier men; but having now put our hand to the plough we do not mean to turn back; and if we have in any degree, established or strengthened any in the great faith of the immortal life and a present spiritual communion, and in all which that faith rightly understood implies, we feel how great in this respect is the privilege to which we have been called.

We can most truly aver that the magnitude of this faith, with its wide and varied applications grows upon us the more we think of them. And as the years come and go, and the shadows deepen on life's journey,—the new world, at first looming small and hazily in the distance, grows larger and brighter; and as we near it our eyes and hearts are gladdened to see the first beams of the morning sun fall on the peaks of the Delectable Mountains, and the balmy gales comfort and strengthen us on our way: And when we cross the separating river, no longer dark, but bright with the shining ones who troop to meet us, may you, and we, dear readers, feel as we pass through the gates of the golden city, that we have indeed entered upon an ETERNAL and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE ARTESIAN WELL OF CHICAGO, AND THE SPIRITS.

THE silly people—and they outnumber the wise ones in a vast proportion—are often asking what is the good of some of God's facts, which happened to be new to them for the moment. The *cui bono* part of our population goes whimpering about, repeating its cuckoo note, and looking very wise, whenever it comes upon something which it does not understand. The sweet Psalmist of Israel, whose very soul was penetrated not only with the mercy but with the power of the Creation, sings, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the Earth is full of thy riches," and we are told that when the Allwise and Allmerciful God looked upon His work, He saw that it was good. This, however, is not enough for them. It is not enough for them that in the vast range of discoveries hitherto made through human intelligence, nothing has yet been found which has not proved of ever-increasing usefulness to man, and that its usefulness is only limited by our knowledge. But still, with each new discovery, and before there has been time to develope its uses, these poor people wander about the vestibule, dropping their mournful words, *cui bono*. They are the very Herods of the time, striving to strangle the babes as they are born, and their parents have for the time to fly with them to Egypt to save their lives. All new truths, it seems, must be born, like the Christ himself, in a manger and an outhouse; for there is no room for them in the inn, which is fully occupied by these well-dressed stupid guests.

And yet it is well, and of God's Providence that it should be so. If the positions were reversed, and these poor creatures were born in mangers they would never get out of them, for there is no force of life residing in them competent to the operation; whereas truth has dynamics, which make it good for it that it should be born in the lowest place, and even amongst the animals, that they may have the occasional tendency, at all events, to rise, if it be only by the force of the vacuum which the truth leaves behind it as it ascends.

We have a very mean opinion of the *cui bonos*, and we almost fail to follow out our own statement of the case, for it is difficult to say what is the good of them, at all events, in that peculiar phase of their minds to which we refer. It must be left to explorers of some future day to designate their uses. Perhaps some borer into the artesian wells of the soul, at some time in the long future may sink through the rocks which cover them, and tap a spring of pellucid flowing crystal which lies too deep for our discovery now.

Somewhat allied to these, too—for the various types of nature run pretty closely out of one another, according to the theory of development—are they who are always looking for tests, and seeking for a sign. It is interesting enough, and necessary up to a certain point, but these make it the business of their lives to be seeking after tests, and, however many they get, their appetites are only whetted for more. Like the children of Israel in their forty years of the wilderness, they want to be converted afresh every morning and every night. A pillar of cloud each day, and a pillar of fire each night—manna for breakfast, dinner, and tea—quails when they hankered after the flesh pots of Egypt—water when they murmured at the rock of Horeb—and shoes that waxed not old. They conquer, too, when Moses holds up his hand with the rod of God in it. Well did Moses understand the people who want tests, and how soon they forget them, when he said, “Fill an omer of it, to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness.” And yet after this had been going on daily and nightly for forty years, and when the time was come when their pilgrimage was over, and they were about to enter on their promised land—on that great day when all was to culminate on Mount Sinai, and Moses reminded them of all that had been done for them; after the most solemn adjurations, amidst thunders and lightnings and the thick cloud, and when he had brought them out of the camp even to meet with God—when “Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire, and the whole Mount quaked greatly”—when they were so near that, “the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish”—when the decalogue had been given to them, and Moses had gone again up the Mount, and remained for only forty days instead of forty years—then they shewed the true value of tests.

“When the people found that Moses delayed to come down out of the Mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods which shall go before us; for, as for this Moses, we wot not what is become of him.” And they wanted another god so much, that they sacrificed even their jewellery to him—“the golden ear-rings in the ears of your wives and your sons and your daughters”—and then they made them into a golden calf, and built an altar, and worshipped and danced around it. Well might Moses, when he came down with the tables of stone in his hands, and found them dancing naked round the calf, break the stones in his rage that his people were so utterly unfitted for such knowledge. Where were their tests then, when they had expressed themselves in this act of poetic justice? Surely they must have fallen upon stony ground,

like the minds of those who are always looking for tests in our day. Colenso himself can hardly snuff out a story like this by arithmetic. It is a tale of the human soul, true to-day as it was thousands of years ago. It has the verisimilitude of man in it, and can be recognized at once, and applied by each one of us to fifty of our acquaintances, though we may fail to apply it to ourselves. What matters it whether or not shoes are made now of those enduring materials—we had almost said whether they ever were made so or not. The story loses none of its humanity for want of such a test as an old shoe.

Our readers must by this time be wondering what all this has to do with an Artesian Well at Chicago. Perhaps it may have a connexion with it notwithstanding, for it has all come into our mind when we sat down to give them an account of how this well was found. There have been many tests before this given to the world, and its appetite only grows the more, the more it devours. Artesian wells have often enough before been sunk into the depths, and it is only thus that the living waters have ever sprung gushing through the soul of man; but no sooner does one spring through, but we forget it and begin looking for another—and so, obedient to the murmurings of these Israelites, here, in mercy, is another for them. We shall notice with interest how long it will last them.

We find this last test in a little book, the title of which is—*"History of the Chicago Artesian Well—a Demonstration of the Truth of the Spiritual Philosophy: by George A. Shufeldt, jun., Chicago. 1865."*

Chicago is the newest and most go-ahead city of the world. Water is, of course, one of the first necessities of its inhabitants, and one can hardly imagine that of the teeming thousands of its people, there is not some one who would not have been overjoyed if he could have discovered an unfailing spring of what is said to be the finest water in the world, in quantity sufficient for all the town. It remained, however, undiscovered, until now it appears in the form of a test of Spiritualism, and it will elicit from the *cui bonos* and from the test-seekers the observation, "Well, that is very curious indeed," and then we suppose they will relapse into the *cui bono* and test state again.

MR. ABRAHAM JAMES.

The author tells us that—

The medium through whom the revelation of the existence of this water came, (Mr. Abraham James), was born in Pennsylvania. He is of Quaker origin, and was unfortunate enough in early life to be deprived of even the rudiments of a common school education. As he himself expresses it—"his father, instead of sending him to school in the winter kept him laying stone walls." Later in life he has been employed by different railway companies in the West, sometimes as conductor, at other times as pilot, earning only ordinary wages. It is known to

me to be a fact that he is entirely ignorant of any language except the English ; that he does not know the meaning of a single French, German, Italian, or Spanish word. He is a simple-minded man, perfectly truthful and upright in his character, unostentatious, and seeking no publicity or notoriety, and he pursues his own way in the world, a natural honest man. His mind is as free from a knowledge of the sciences as that of a child of five years. He has had no instruction in drawing, and, in his normal state, has no knowledge of the art. There are hundreds and thousands of people here among us who know him well, and who can testify to these facts. Now, with a full knowledge of this man—his antecedents, education, and history—I know it to be a perfect impossibility for him, in his natural state, or unaided by the higher powers, to do what he has done and what he is doing every day of his life.

GEOLOGICAL SPIRIT-DRAWINGS.

Here on this ground, and in the rooms of this building, can be seen, by all persons who choose to visit the spot, some of the most elaborate and beautiful pencil drawings in the world. A series of geological pictures, illustrating the formation and stratification of the earth's crust—some shewing the simple strata of the formation in this vicinity, which were drawn before the drill was even started, and which were demonstrated to be accurate and truthful by the descent of the drill for over seven hundred feet—other pictures show great caves and caverns in the rock, created either by vast upheavals, or by erosion—the action of water upon soluble rocks. The floors of some of these caverns are composed of great masses of the most beautiful fossil shells, which, in their shadings and perfection, are evidently the work of a master hand. The elaborate character of this shell-work, which runs through all these geological pictures—the millions of accurate pencil strokes necessary to complete them, and the very short time in which they were executed—are matters of great wonder and astonishment to all who have seen them. Many of these drawings are on full-sized sheets of paper, 26 by 40 inches, and cover the entire surface ; they were completed in from three to nine hours each—the latter being the longest time given to any one picture. Mr. James has also made many smaller sketches illustrating the same subject, viz., the fossils of earth. These latter are perfect gems of beauty, and all of his work seems to be geologically correct, and is so pronounced by those who understand these matters. By reference to standard works on geology, I find their accuracy proved to a demonstration. A greater work than all is now on exhibition here. It is a diagram of this stream of water, fifteen feet in length and twenty-six inches in width. It is understood as a clairvoyant view of the stream from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its outlet on this ground. It may be called a "bird's eye" view. It exhibits on a general scale the principles of artesian wells, and demonstrates the manner in which water finds its way through the rocks and sands of earth, and finally rises to the level of its fountain head. This picture is composed of six sheets of drawing paper, each one of which was finished separately, and without any apparent reference to the others, by the medium, and they were joined together afterwards, when they were all found to match exactly and make one complete work. This was the labour of only sixty hours. Persons familiar with the subject say that no ordinary artist can do the same amount of work in many weeks.

A PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There has been recently added to this collection a full-length portrait of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln ; this also is a work done through the same medium. The sheet of paper on which this likeness is drawn is seven and a half feet long by four and a half in width ; it exhibits the President, life-size, as standing upon a rock, the broken chain of African slavery beneath his feet, and in his left hand the scroll of American liberty. This picture was put upon paper in about twenty-four hours, and is in itself a remarkable production, even of the power through which it is claimed to be received.

THE MEDIUM AT WORK.

A not less wonderful part of the matter is the manner in which the work is done. The medium labours in an unconscious state, with from two to six

pencils, and with one or both hands. The pencils are placed between the fingers, and the hand moves with a rapidity which troubles the eye to follow, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time, and it makes no difference whether it be in the dark or light; indeed his best pictures are made in a dark room. I have frequently bandaged his eyes, and held a paper between his face and his picture, and it made no difference; the pencils did their work equally as well as when his eyes were free and there were no obstructions.

There is another theory illustrated in these works, *i. e.* the medium draws a square or a circle to accurate measurement, without other implements, than the mere pencil, and this with the right hand or the left.

AN INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

Mr. James has gone further than these physical manifestations of the spirit-power. In common with hundreds of others who can verify the facts here stated, I have for the past two years heard through him a series of discourses on all conceivable subjects, political, scientific, and philosophical, which would not disgrace the greatest intellects that ever lived. With equal freedom and facility he discusses questions of political economy and political science, geology, chemistry, medicine, astronomy, the philosophy of life, the structure of the earth, and all of the physical and natural sciences.

A distinguished professor of the science and a State Geologist, after listening to a discourse from Mr. James on his subject, remarked, that "I have met a man who knows more about geology than I do."

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

I have also heard him speak fluently, and with an evident knowledge of the whole in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and an Indian tongue, and I am confident of the fact that he is, in his natural state, wholly ignorant of any other than the English language. There is neither deception nor fraud about this man. He is beyond all question above suspicion. He makes no exhibition for money, gets no money out of it, and lives a retired and secluded life. Now what is it? Upon what hypothesis can this seeming mystery be solved? These things are facts, hard, stubborn, unyielding facts. Let those who do not believe as I do in the intelligence which operating through this instrument, performs all of these wonders, solve the mystery. It is not for me.

GEOLOGISTS DENY THE EXISTENCE OF WATER OR OIL.

The revelation of the existence of water and oil underneath this ground, where geologists declared they did not exist, and the proof of the truth of that revelation, by actual boring into the ground, the result of which can now be seen by all, in the perpetual, never-ending flow of this splendid fountain, is the great fact to which we point, as conclusive proof of the matters which are here alleged.

HOW THE REVELATIONS WERE MADE.

It was some time in the summer of 1863—in July or August—two gentlemen from Maine, Mr. Thomas J. Whitehead, and Mr. A. E. Swift, visited Chicago on private business of their own. They were strangers here, ignorant of Chicago, of its soil, surface and surroundings, and bent wholly upon matters foreign to the subject and substance of this narrative.

These gentlemen happened to be of the Spiritual faith, and met many times in a circle formed by themselves, Mrs. Caroline Jordan, a writing medium, and Mr. Abraham James. Attention was first attracted by a communication in writing given through Mrs. Jordan—that a matter of great importance and significance would soon be made known; and, in pursuance of this intimation, it was shortly thereafter written, with an explanatory preface, to the effect that great doubts prevailed in the human mind as to the reality and truth of the spiritual communion, many persons altogether disbelieving in the existence of any of the alleged phenomena; hence, that a practical test or demonstration was necessary, in order to place this fact beyond the possibility of cavil and dispute; and then the revelation came: *That beneath a certain tract or piece of land, near the city of Chicago, Petroleum existed in large quantities, and could be obtained*

by the ordinary process used for that purpose. And it was further declared and stated that underneath this ground would also be found a well or stream of the best, purest, and healthiest water known anywhere, which would rush to the surface with great force and power, and was in quantities sufficient to supply the people of this city for all time to come, and that this water would be found and used for that purpose. No very great degree of attention was paid to these statements until after many earnest repetitions of the same story *and a specific location of the land was made.* The medium, Mr. James, was taken to the ground, was there entranced, and, in that state, selected a point for boring the first well; and at that precise spot this well is now flowing 600,000 gallons per day of the best and purest water in the world.

THE AUTHOR JOINS THE CIRCLE.

About the time of the occurrence of these matters, my attention was called to it by Messrs. Whitehead and Swift, but not then understanding the object of the communication, and thinking that it was a mere search after money, which I knew was never sanctioned by spirits of truthful character, I declined to have anything to do with it, and for the time I paid no further attention to it. But, as these gentlemen were persistent in their efforts and evidently honest in their faith, I was finally induced to attend the circle, which I did for the purpose of learning more definitely the character of the communications and the probable truthfulness of the matters referred to—and here, for the first time, I heard this revelation in full, and its objects and purposes explicitly stated, and being convinced that such objects and purposes were for the accomplishment of a great good, negotiations were opened for the purchase of the land. This purchase being consummated in the month of October, 1863, the drill was shortly thereafter started, in pursuit of the facts which had been thus revealed. The one fact—the water—has been found; the other will come in due season.

Many times during the progress of the work—I may say many hundreds of times—these things were repeated and insisted upon by different spirits through the same medium. A diagram was made showing the location of the water, and the workmen were advised to be on the look out for it only one or two days before it was finally reached.

PETROLEUM.

As to the existence of oil beneath this ground, we who have carefully watched the descent of the drill and studied its products, have no doubt of the fact—for we see it every day and every time the sediment comes to the surface. We were told that the oil was to be found in quantities below this water some fifty or sixty feet, and, when the proper time arrives, we shall demonstrate the truth of this assertion, or prove its falsity. At present our business is with the water, and our efforts are directed to the one result, *i.e.*, to make this the largest and most magnificent fountain of pure cold water to be found anywhere in the world.

NEW ILLUMINATING POWER.

It has been also frequently stated, through the medium, that the Petroleum and gases from this ground, and their products, would be used for the purpose of illuminating the streets and houses of this city, but as this statement may seem extremely problematical to many, I simply give it as it came, and leave the future to prove or disprove it.

The gas now made from coal, costs from two dollars and a half to four dollars per thousand cubic feet. It can be made from Benzine—a product retained in the refining of petroleum, for less than one quarter the price of ordinary coal gas—and it will yet be done. This question has been already opened, and a number of machines have been constructed to convert atmospheric air into illuminating gas, by simply passing it through or over the surface of Benzine, and these machines work successfully. One city, La Crosse, in Wisconsin, is now lighted in this manner, and several large factories in the East are lighted in the same way. Among many others, a part of the United States Armoury at Springfield, Massachusetts; and Parker Snow and Company's factory at West Meriden, Connecticut. Other cities, towns, and villages, will follow the example, and soon the cheapness and utility of this method will supersede the old one,

and coal gas will pass out of existence. A new machine has been recently introduced in the West, which for simplicity of construction and practicability appears to be unequalled. It consists simply of a series of shallow pans, placed one above another. These pans are partially filled with Benzine; the pans are connected, and from the lower one the main gas-pipe issues. Here the inventor avails himself of a well-known law in Natural Philosophy—that the gas is heavier than air—calls it to his aid and makes it do his work. This is all the machinery there is; the burner is opened, the current of air commences passing downward and over the fluid, and by the time it enters the pipe, is sufficiently charged. This operation continues until the Benzine is consumed, when the pans are again filled. This machine can be placed anywhere in a dwelling house, and makes gas for less than fifty cents per thousand feet.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

In December, 1863, the boring was commenced, with a diameter of five inches. In January following, the well was lost at a depth of sixty-five feet—the tools getting fast at the bottom. Another was commenced in February, 1864, and the work progressed slowly and gradually until November, when the water was struck at a depth of seven hundred and eleven feet. And this water is now flowing to the surface, with a head of about eighty feet. There are no striking geological peculiarities found in this boring.

The alluvial formation or deposit around Chicago is about one hundred feet in depth; *at this particular point, however, by a natural upheaval of the earth's crust, the rock is thrown to the surface*, so that, instead of sinking the usual soil-pipe, common to the boring of Artesian wells, *the drill was started in the rock itself directly from the surface*; and, with a single exception, the boring was continued through the rock all the way down.

The first thirty-five feet is limestone, *saturated with and greatly discoloured with petroleum* to such an extent that the rock will burn as freely as coal; and frequently, in blasting, petroleum in quantities of one and two gallons have been thrown out with a single charge of powder. Immediately underlying this is a stratum of what we call here Joliet marble, one hundred feet in thickness.

Below this marble lies a stratum of conglomerate of sand and flint about one hundred and twenty-five feet in thickness. This band was marked by the occasional presence of iron pyrites, and with one trace of copper. The drill went through it very slowly. Wherever crevices appeared in this rock *strong indications of oil were found*. Beneath this conglomerate we entered the shale, a blue clay or unformed rock, which separates the upper and lower silurians. This band is one hundred and fifty-six feet thick, characterized by no special peculiarities; but *it was saturated with petroleum*, the sediment coming up like putty, thick and greasy. A test by distillation afforded a small quantity of oil, and naphtha in abundance. Gas now began to escape and signs of oil were abundant. After this the drill penetrated the upper surface of the Galena limestone; and where this shale rests upon the underlying rocks, at a depth of five hundred and twenty-seven feet, *the largest quantity of oil yet seen was found*. The drill and drill rods were covered so thickly that the oil ran from them in considerable quantities.

At five hundred and thirty-nine feet the first regular band of sandstone was entered, and *here again oil was visible* in quantities sufficient to produce satisfaction. This sandstone is seventy-one feet thick, and shows oil through the entire stratum. At six hundred and eight feet another band of limestone containing flint and sulphurets of iron was struck. It was very hard and the progress through it slow.

At this point the well was in constant commotion from the action of escaping gases—the water at times fell thirty and sixty feet and then suddenly rose to the surface. Shortly after this the water commenced overflowing the well. The quantity was small, but sufficient to carry up with the sediment from the bottom, and hence from this point, the chippings of the drill being washed away and lost, we had nothing by which to determine anything further in relation to the geological formation.

THE WATER GUSHES FORTH.

The drill continued to go down until, at the depth of seven hundred and

eleven feet, the arch of the rock was penetrated, and the water suddenly burst forth. This was about the 25th November, 1864. The water flows at the rate of about six hundred thousand gallons per twenty-four hours, through an orifice four and a quarter inches in diameter at the bottom. The temperature is fifty-eight degrees F. and is uniform. It is clear as crystal, as pure as the diamond, free from all animal or vegetable matter, and from any injurious mineral substances, and its composition is such that it is better adapted for drinking purposes, and for health, than any other water known.

Taking into account the low temperature of this water, the great depth from whence it comes, its head, or the force with which it comes to the surface, and the quantity discharged, it may be said to be the finest Artesian well in the world. There is no well known which discharges so large a quantity of pure healthy cold water. There is one well—that of Passy, near Paris—of large bore, which furnishes more water; but it is warm, and can only be used to supply the Bois de Boulogne, and for irrigating purposes. The water of the well of Grenelle, also, is unfit for other than mechanical uses, and this is true of the majority of deep wells in this country.

Immediately after reaching this water, we proceeded to tube the well through the thirty-five feet of surface rock, which was much broken by the commotion and upheaval. To that end a four-inch pipe was inserted and driven down forty feet, until it reached the solid marble. This tube, or pipe, is now carried twenty-five feet above the surface, and out of the top of this pipe the water flows into a flume, and is conveyed to the water wheel, twenty feet in diameter, which is used as power to drive the drills and machinery for other wells which are now in process of construction.

We have a power which is as nearly perpetual motion as can be got. The water flows on and on in undiminished force and undiminished quantity—the water flows and the wheel revolves. We are now engaged in boring a well, which, when completed, will be fifteen inches in diameter, and will discharge ten and a half millions of gallons per day. When that is done we shall rim out the other well to the same diameter, and will then have a quantity of water equal to twenty millions of gallons per day.

THE QUALITY OF THE WATER.

The water is perfectly, chemically pure—free from all animal and vegetable matter—and consequently not obnoxious to the charges of disease and death which now lie at the door of the present Chicago Water Works. When this water is once in common use, erysipelas, boils, and eruptive diseases, will disappear, and that bane of our Western cities, low typhoid fever, will be abated in Chicago. The advantages which attend upon this present comparatively insignificant well of water are too great to be reported here. Let it be sufficient to say, that there are in the not distant future, blessings connected with it which cannot be paid for in dollars, nor rendered in detail upon paper.

This living well of water will be the poor man's friend for all time to come, and the doctor's enemy for eternity.

BORING FOR OIL.

Shortly after reaching the water, as above described, we sunk another well to the depth of about forty feet, for the purpose of finding oil. This well will eventually go down to the depth of fifteen hundred feet, if necessary; but at present it is stopped to test the surface rock and to see if any oil can be obtained from it. This well has been pumped for about three weeks, and about seventy-five to one hundred gallons of petroleum secured. But this surface stratum of fossiliferous limestone, before mentioned as being saturated with petroleum, is so broken and distorted by the upheavals that it seems to be impossible to exclude the surface water and produce a vacuum below, so as to draw the oil into the well from the seams and crevices. That oil exists here, and can, with perseverance be obtained, there is no manner of doubt; eventually that question will be decided by actual experiment.

LOCATION OF THE LAND.

The tract of land on which this well is located is forty acres in extent, and

lies at the city limits of Chicago—at the corner of Chicago and Western avenues—three and one-half miles from the Court House, or centre of the city. Buildings of all kinds are gradually approaching it, and the onward course of the great city of the West will soon surround it. The elevation is thirty-one feet above the level of the lake, *and it is the highest ground within the corporation limits*; the water has a head of at least eighty feet above the surface of the ground, giving one hundred and eleven feet above the lake, thus warranting an ample head for all practical and useful purposes.

WHAT THE SPIRITS PROMISE.

There is also a promise on record, of the spiritual intelligence who made this revelation, that the main object and design of this work, not being to put money into the hands of one or two or more individuals—nor for the mere accumulation of wealth by particular persons—that the day will come when the funds, to be derived from this source, will be applied to charitable, benevolent and educational purposes, and for the spreading and dissemination of the principles of this simple and beautiful philosophy.

That, on this ground, a great and magnificent temple will be reared to the Supreme Intelligence of the universe, whose portals will ever be open to the entire human family, and where all, casting aside the old creeds, forms, and theologies, may enter the vast halls of mind, and learn the eternal truths of God. Free schools and colleges will grow up about it, in which the children of poverty may enter, and receive that education and instruction which will enable them to advance their condition in life, and to contribute to the general welfare and progress of the country in which we live. Hospitals will be erected for the sick and destitute, and schools of the arts and sciences will be established to promote that intellectual culture which goes so far towards that refinement which is indispensable for a great people.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The following are among the principal wells of the world:—

The Grenelle well, at Paris, depth 1,806 feet, flows 500,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours—temperature of the water 82 degrees F., and salt—used only for heating the hospitals.

The well of Passy, in the same basin, and about the same depth, is the largest well in the world—two feet in diameter and discharges 5,660,000 gallons of water per day.

The Belcher well, at St. Louis, is 2,199 feet deep, and discharges 75 gallons per minute. Water 73 degrees F., highly impregnated with mineral substances, and has a strong odour—useless for any except medicinal purposes.

The Kissingen well, in Bavaria, is 1,878½ feet in depth and four inches in diameter. Temperature 66 degrees F.—discharges 750 gallons per minute.

The well of Munden, in Hanover, is nearly 2,000 feet in depth; other particulars not known.

Two wells at Charleston, S. C., are 1,250 feet in depth, each discharge about 1,200 gallons per hour; water salt, temperature 87 degrees, F.

The well at Jackson, Mich., is over 2,000 feet deep—no water, and is now abandoned.

There is also a deep well at Columbus, Ohio, and another at Louisville, Kentucky; and hundreds of others scattered over the United States, which, however, have no special public significance.



THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Dublin Review* is the quarterly organ of the English Romanists, and we find in the September number of it, the first great public avowal of the truth of modern Spiritualism by the heads of any class of Religionists. Honour is due to the Roman Catholics for being thus the first to cease breaking themselves against the rocks of fact; but it is a wonder why they did not find it out and proclaim it long ago, for it has been a fact all the time, both when they ignored it, and now when they admit it. There is a great disbelief in miracles at the present day, but there is hardly a greater miracle than to see a mass of people who profess to believe in the Bible, and whose religion is utterly based upon it and upon the miracles it relates, deny the whole range of analogous facts which are not only found throughout all history, but are actually occurring constantly in their midst, and are supported by ten times the testimony of those in the Scriptures. Such a power of rejecting facts by the human mind is of itself a miracle and greatly to be wondered at.

But we know enough of the mind to be sure that such an absurd position cannot last for ever, and so when we commenced the work of placing the facts before the public, we were able to predict that they would prevail. The prediction is now fulfilled in the case of the large body of Roman Catholics, so far as the public admission in their great organ can be taken as evidence, that the facts have become too big and too patent to be longer ignored. It was likely to come first, too, from the Roman Catholics, seeing that they have kept on hand so large a stock of winking Madonnas, apparitions of the Virgin, miraculous healings, and chapels of Loretto. We have often reminded them of the relationship between us, though they have shewn no alacrity in claiming our acquaintance. One reason for their backwardness, perhaps, was that we have not looked on their so-called miracles as proving the correctness of their dogmas, but only as evidence that there exists an innate power in human nature, which for want of a better term is called mediumship. According to their ideas, mediumship amongst Roman Catholics becomes saintship, and everywhere out of their body it becomes devilship.

We predicted also that in this country, the belief in Spiritualism would go through the phase firstly of admitting the facts, and secondly of attributing them to the devil. Into this groove the *Dublin Review* quietly walks, and talks to us from the ruts which wall it in on each side.

The September number contains not fewer than three articles

to which we refer our readers. The first, "Spiritism in the Modern World," argues for all the facts as earnestly as we have ever done in these pages. It admits them all, and shews the stupidities of scientific men who deny them, and it analyzes the reasons which are at the bottom of their ignorance and their wilfulness. It acknowledges the all-pervading power and variety of the manifestations, and the easy way in which they adapt themselves to all classes of minds, and herein it sees both the greatest danger, and the reason for the rapid spread of Spiritualism. Characteristically, too, it attributes its birth as a natural offspring of Protestantism, of which the primary assertion is *the independence of man's reason*. This assertion, which it finds so wicked, has two extreme, and both of them fatal, consequences. "Either man will lack subjective evidence of the supernatural, and flatly deny its existence; he will be a Materialist, a Rationalist, a Pantheist, according to the mode and degree in which error has developed itself in his mind, or he will possess subjective evidence through the influence of the spirits of darkness, and then he will become superstitious; he will be a visionary, a spiritist." These are neither of them very comfortable horns of our dilemma, but the way out of them is simple enough. By his very condition the Catholic is shielded from this peril, for "he does not believe because he sees, but because the church attests to him that God has revealed to the world the truth which he believes." Only become a Catholic and your medium becomes a saint. Only believe on the assurance of the church, and then you will believe, and the facts will add nothing to your assurance. The recommendation shapes itself at once into a platitude, for it ignores the patent, blatant fact that it is not given to all men to believe in the Roman Church, and we trust in God that it never will be; and assuredly that will be the last church that will ever wish or insist, or allow that its followers shall deny their reason in order to follow their faith. There will in every true church be a holy marriage between reason and faith, which will make it no longer possible to separate the two greatest powers of the soul. There is a truth, however, in this, that the solifidian dogma of Protestantism, and its other hardnesses, have been a part of the cause of the pendulum having swung too far in the other direction, but it has already attained its greatest divergence, and will now have to travel back again a portion of its journey.

The Romish Church, which is devoured by the dogma of its infallibility, and of its being the only true church, cannot see this; and it is driven by its position to find outside of it none but devils either *in esse* or *in posse*. The mere fact of supernatural visions, predictions and healings occurring out of its body, determines their origin to be diabolic, and they are able to draw an easy

geographical line outside themselves, beyond which is hell, whilst within is heaven.

Their arguments, therefore, are both simple and absurd, and do not accord with either every-day fact, or with the common sense and observation of mankind. Neither can they accord with the justice and the love of our Heavenly Father.

The *Dublin Review* sees in the spread of the belief in spiritual phenomena a proof that the "last times" are upon us. We should be very glad if that were at all likely to be true, for the "last times" are only the beginning of the first times, and the new birth is sadly needed, though we fear we shall have to wait some time for it yet, and when it does come, it will not be through the portals erected by Roman Catholics.

With their ideas, it is not surprising to find that the writer promises, in a future article, to prove that his church has the inheritance which gives it the power over hell, and that it will be able to reduce these manifestations into order. The first step towards this, however, must be taken after it shews that it understands their nature and origin, and that so far from belonging to any particular church, they are generic in man, and that they must be ruled and judged of from their intrinsic values, instead of being attributed wholesale to either God or the Devil, according as they may happen to come from the inside or the outside of a particular church organization.

Our readers will remember the startling and eloquent description given some time back in our pages by Mr. Howitt, of the miracles of healing and feeding the people performed by Jean Baptiste Vienney, the Curè d'Ars, near Lyons. A translation has recently appeared from the French of M. Monnin, *The Spirit of the Curè of Ars*, and in noticing this book in the same number of the *Dublin Review*, the writer forgets what he has just been writing against Spiritualism, and tells of the height of sanctity of the good Curè "who attained such a mastery over the powers of nature, in the region of inanimate matter, and his state of sublime perfection." He is to be made a saint; and we are told "The Holy Father (the Pope) has expressed great interest in the beatification of the Curè of Ars, and has desired that his cause may be introduced to the Roman congregation as soon as possible." The performance of miracles is essential to the manufacturing of a saint, and truly there are plenty in the case of the good Curè, but there is not one of them that is not common to the inquirers into modern Spiritualism. In the same article are mentioned the names of Ignatius, Francis Xavier, and Teresa, all of whom exhibited amongst other strange powers that of being lifted, like Mr. Squire and Mr. Home, and many others, into the air. Why in one case should the fact betoken

a heavenly and in the other a demoniac power? Are they not equally the evidences of a power generic in the soul which proves no doctrine? To hold otherwise is running into needless contradiction; and yet this good Catholic cannot see how untenable are his pretensions. We, on the contrary, are the students of a subject which we have at least had the wit to make large enough to cover and include all the facts which appear in every religion, and which are common to all history, both before and after Christianity was divinely given to men. There is Christian Spiritualism, and there is the contrary; but we judge of them, each by its own intrinsic evidences, and we find a great mixture in all. None are altogether and finally good, and none altogether and finally bad. Our inquiry is into the whole subject, and not into a part of it; and if some proceed from hell it is just as necessary to investigate them and prove their hellship, as to search into Roman miracles, and find the divine value of a winking Madonna, or of the transport from Nazareth to Loretto of the house in which the Divine Child was born.

We have now touched upon two of the articles, and proceed to the third, which is a review of Mousseaux's *Les Mediateurs et les Moyens de la Magie*. It is written in the same style, and will not detain us. The devil again is at the bottom of all that is not Catholic, including Magnetism and Somnambulism in the list. "The history of all times exhibits to us the idolatrous pontiff (the devil) as the principal agent in the production of preternatural phenomena, *but above all in the character of the curative and divining medium*. Satan has his religion and worship, the counterfeit and caricature of the divine." We have met before with the strange, grotesque dogma of the Roman Catholics, that the healing of diseases is one of the worst signs of the devil, and here it is produced again in the fullness of the writer's absurd prejudices. We sit in wonder as we read his next words, "The medium even has his holy counterpart *in those occasional (Roman) ministers of God's healing mercy, whom He has from time to time invested with powers above nature*. There is a *permanent* example of this sort in the cures operated by *St. Hubert's intercession* on cases of the most incurable of maladies—for instance, cancer, insanity, but especially of hydrophobia. The priest of the church of St. Hubert, in the province of Luxembourg, in Belgium, has been the *permanent* 'mediator' (*we will not use the desecrated appellation of medium*) *for many centuries* of these wonderful cures, and St. Hubert's shrine is still visited from all parts of Europe." This is enough to take one's breath away. A succession of priests for centuries, have been the mediums for curing hydrophobia and other diseases through the intercession of St. Hubert.

How is it that St. Hubert was not a child of Satan, he having in himself this devilish power of healing the sick, in common with the other modern mediums? It is passing strange to find Christian and educated gentlemen thus expressing their ideas, and that their madness should only attack them when they write on religious subjects. What a blinding power has dogmatism!

CHRISTMAS.

The trees are leafless now and bare,
The sky an ashen grey,
The snow lies heavy in the air,
No sunshine glads the day.

The wind is keen and piercing cold,
We gather round the fire,
And tell again the tales of old,
And pile the Yule log higher.

We tell of many a gallant deed,
On land, or far at sea;
Of shipwrecked men in sorest need,
Of prisoners set free:—

We tell of sprites of guilty men
That wander o'er the earth,
Doom'd for to haunt the scenes again
Where fearful crimes had birth.

And then we pause awhile, and muse
On Christmas Days gone by,
And that first Christmas Day's glad news—
“Glory to God on High!

“On earth, to men of peace, good-will:
“The Saviour Christ is born!”
And Ages shall re-echo still
The Angels' song that morn.

T. S.

SPIRITES, FUSIONISTS, AND RE-INCARNATIONISTS IN FRANCE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

DEEP in the heart of Germany; deep in a German forest, in the golden month of September, I was lying in a lovely glade, beneath the shadow of the grand old beech trees, my head pillowed on a mossy rock, with a splendid pile of purple grapes (price twopence a pound), lying at my side, and within arms-length of them my wife and daughter, seated on the grass, deep in some new and fascinating Swiss books. It was a situation just such as made the Cid Ruy Diaz exclaim:—

O! pleasant is the greenwood,
Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures,
And many a spreading tree.

For miles around stretched the glorious old woods over valley, hill, and mountain; on one hand, into the Black Forest; on the other, into the Odenwald. Quiet villages here and there, with their few and simple inhabitants, embosomed in silence, was the only life, except of bird and butterfly and happy four-footed creature, lapsing streams, and the sough of the mighty Tannen pines—

Nature's ceaseless hum,—
Voice of the desert never dumb.

It was the realization of Cowper's wish—

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness;
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more!

As I lifted my eyes occasionally from my book, as some cautious salamander, gorgeous in his black and gold, stole from his concealment, I gazed along the solemn brown shade beneath the sun-twinkling canopy of the beech-wood; amongst projecting rocks, behind which you might image an Undine peeping, or her great protector Kühleborn, waving his mysterious white beard. But instead of these children of fable, two ruddy squirrels unwitting or unmindful of our presence, leaped and sported together in many a charming bound and twirl of their bushy tails. A family of jays, brilliant as with a shower of jewels all over them, came noisily demanding in their own language, what we were doing there? Had we guns? had we traps, those torture-engines of Englishmen? And they cried indignantly—"Shame! shame!"

N. S.—I.

B

Near us in the denser thicket, was heard a quaint call of "Gau! gau!" And a cautious answer of "Hau! hau!" from the Birkhühner, or wood-grouse. And it was difficult to imagine that I had ever been in the Hanover-square Rooms, and seen rowdy stock-jobbers raving and rioting against the poor innocent Davenports because they wished to shew them a few "transactions" that paid no per centage. It was most delicious in that charming "Wald-einsamkeit," as the Germans call it, to imagine one's self there hermitizing for ever—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Suddenly, however, recollecting a French letter received that morning, I drew it from my pocket and opened it—"Rat, tat, tat! ran-tan-tara! rattle, battle, bang!" "What a hubbub! all the spirite journals of Paris in a fiery tantrum, vapouring and cutting capers over my poor devoted head." Monsieur Howitt had made an onslaught on their beloved Re-incarnation in the London *Spiritual Magazine*. Monsieur Howitt had been trying to shut and bolt the door to prevent any poor rogues who wanted to be back again from the other world, getting into fresh bodies here. Monsieur Howitt had laughed at the idea of having a toad for his grandfather, and a newt for his great uncle. Monsieur Howitt had falsely accused M. André Pezzani of sympathising with this funny doctrine of men originating in invisible water whirligigs, called infusoria, and progressing by genealogy through lizards, fish, tadpoles, and monkeys into men, and M. André Pezzani, author of *La Pluralité des Existences de l'Ame*, demanded "imperieusement" my retraction. Alas! for my "Wald-einsamkeit" and my hermitizing—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." How soon and how rudely one's dreams are broken!

And all these vials of wrath had been poured on my devoted head by a Mr. J. Mitchell, Englishman, but French spirite, and advocate of Re-incarnation, of which he proclaimed, in one breath with my vast erudition, my ignorance, and of which, certainly, I wish to remain ignorant to all eternity. This Mr. J. Mitchell, in *L'Avenir*, July 22nd, 1865, expressed his astonishment to see my name attached to an article condemnatory of his beloved Re-incarnation in the *Spiritual Magazine* for that month. Truly, there was great reason for Mr. Mitchell's astonishment, for my name *not* being attached to the said article, the ability to see it there was the greatest miracle of the present age. On the authority of Mr. Mitchell's amazing clairvoyance all this hail-storm of execration had been let loose on me. Mr. Mitchell, indeed, in the next number of the *Avenir* confessed that he really had not seen my name appended to this article, and that it really was not there, but the mischief was done; I was cruci-

fied in Paris, whilst I thought I was luxuriously lying in a German wood feasting on magnificent grapes, twopence a pound.

Now, I think we could not have a more edifying example of the *légereté*, the gay *nonchalance* with which our French neighbours assume facts, or assume doctrines without the slightest evidence. There is just as much evidence of the doctrine of Re-incarnation as there was of my name appearing to the article in question, just as much and no more. An English correspondent of the *Revue Spiritualiste* in the last number, says admirably:—"Vos Français sont toujours les mêmes: têtes légères, passant d'un excès à l'excès contraire, ne sachant pas plus examiner quand il s'agit de nier que quand il s'agit d'affirmer."

Well, this being the case, it is not worth the while to repeat the arguments of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* against Re-incarnation—there they stand—nor is it worth while to reply to the squibs and crackers of the spirite journals. But M. Pezzani demands a rigorous recantation of my assumed offence in dubbing him an advocate of reptile ancestry; declaring that "ni dans ses nombreux ouvrages, ni dans ses derniers, ni dans aucun numéro de *L'Avenir*, il n'ai traité cette question." Perhaps the writer of the article referred to would have been more correct if he had said, that M. Pezzani sympathised with M. Xavier and that school than fully avowed himself. He tells us that he has nowhere treated that question, but he does not deny his belief in it. He does not say, like the editor of *La Vérité*, "let Spiritualism go and hang itself before I will believe such degrading doctrine." For my part, indeed, I cannot see what else M. Pezzani does believe. Let us see.

In *L'Avenir* of the 15th of June, 1865, M. Pezzani, in a long article, "Le Ciel du Spiritisme," tells us that the human soul commences as a *monad*, and commencing at one extremity of God's creation proceeds progressively to the other: that it advances and develops itself by *fusion*, and with every fresh fusion it acquires *rayonnements*, or radiations; meaning, I suppose, that it acquires faculties and additional consciousness. When it has arrived at *fusionnement solidaire* it obtains fresh *rayonnements*, and real thoughts, and perceives and fuses, or *fusions*, with other spirits. "Plus on monte, plus la monade acquiert de rayonnements." It then proceeds through "tous les mondes de la création, dans tous les univers infinis." If it pass through everything and everywhere and commences as a mere monad, of course it passes through all animals before it reaches the condition of man. "Mais quoi! dira-ton," says M. Pezzani, "monter, toujours monter, toujours *se transformer*, toujours passer par des myriades de morts?" But he assures us

that such is our fate. Now if there be any sense in this, M. Pezzani fully indorses the reptile ancestry of M. Xavier, and that of the spirit Eraste, of our having to pass through innumerable deaths and all the worlds in the universe. By the doctrine of fusion it passes through every possible thing. The language of M. Pezzani is precisely the same as that of M. Xavier in his articles in *L'Avenir*, "Comment les animaux progressent." The progress of the soul is by the same *fusions* and *rayonnements* through an ascending series. See M. Xavier's Article I., *L'Avenir*, June 1st, 1865. "Si, dans chaque rayon du règne animal," &c. . . . "Pendant que le double besoin de l'incarnation et de la reproduction les rapproche instinctivement, les analogie les rassemble par groupes divers selon leurs affinités, et dans chaque de ces groupes viennent se fondre les dissemblances les moins prononcées. C'est de cette fusion que naît l'informaté du type pour chaque espèce," &c.

Now if M. Pezzani uses this very language of M. Xavier, and contends for the human soul passing through the whole extent of the universe from a monad to an angel, from the very lowest scale of life to the very highest, where is the difference betwixt M. Xavier and himself? As to the extravagances of Eraste, M. Pezzani embraces them all. He commends the statements of Eraste as excellently put. He says, we have already existed not in ten, "tourbillons, or vortices," but in "milliards de mondes," thousands of millions of worlds. After such insane extravagances, why should M. Pezzani so *imperieusement* resent being supposed to believe in "*les hommes huitres, les hommes-moustiques, les hommes-têtards?*" If he does not believe in them, he has made himself ill understood. If he does not approve of this doctrine, why does he continually appear amongst this class of writers? Why mix himself up with them, and pat them on the back, as he does? "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you who you are"—is a proverb good as it is old.

But the fact is that M. Pezzani, like M. Xavier, is a Fusionist, and this language is the jargon of Fusionism—that of a class, I was assured in the South of France, far more numerous than the Spirites. These phantasmagorians teach that commencing in a monad, or indivisible point or atom of spirit, the human soul is carried onward in a succession of tourbillons or vortices, which, impinging one on the other, propel the monad from stage to stage of development. At every fresh stage or impingement of tourbillon on tourbillon, the monad developes by radiation, and by fusion with other developing monads. But the question is, how these fusionizing and radiating monads advance to full human beings, as we are assured that at every stage they must have a body of some sort, and M. Xavier's

insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds offer the only apparent solution of the difficulty—the only bridges between the monad and the man. In fact, it is the express doctrine of the founder of Fusionism, M. Tourriel the master and Gamaliel of M. Pezzani, that we ascend through the aquatic, mineral, atmospheric, vegetable, and animal kingdoms into men.—See Tourriel's great work, Part III., chapter iii.

Let a common-sense Englishman digest all this if he can. We have congratulated ourselves that Spiritualism would sweep away the whole system of German metaphysics, and replace it by a system of psychology, proceeding strictly on the Baconian plan, and advancing step by step on an ascending scale of solid and tangible facts. But here we have a French so-called philosophy which at once plunges into the infinite profound of bottomless speculation, where there is not a single nucleus of fact to rest upon. "Within the lowest depth a lowest still;" a region of vapours and phantasies, airy, elusive, impassable, and more dark and hideous than the images excited by twenty nightmares. How much simpler, how much more sublime the philosophy of Moses, "And God breathed into the nostrils of the man, the breath of life, and he became a living soul." There we have the scriptural origin of man, immediate, complete, and without any need of monads and tourbillons.

In the *Avenir* of November 2nd, M. Pezzani thinks he has silenced M. Pièrart, by asserting that without re-incarnation all is chaos and all is injustice in God's creation. In this world there are rich and poor, oppressed and oppressors, and without re-incarnation God's justice could not be vindicated. That is to say, in M. Pezzani's conception, God has not room enough in the infinite future to punish every wrong, and redress every wrong, without sending back souls again and again into the flesh. M. Pezzani's idea, and that of his brother Re-incarnationists is, that the best way to get from Paris to London is to travel any number of times from Paris to Calais or Boulogne and back again. We English think the only way is to go on to London at once.

In a word, I so far agree with the writer of the article in the *Spiritual Magazine* of July, that the doctrine of Re-incarnation is, in my opinion, merely the desire of re-incarnation in certain sensual minds. There are minds, and too many of them, who prefer this world with its sensual enjoyments infinitely more than any idea of a purely spiritual and intellectual world. They feel an unconquerable repugnance to being dismissed out of the earthly body into a world which appears to them so thin and airy, that they think it a bad exchange for this world, abounding with its rich *cuisines*, its roast beef and turtle, wine, tobacco,

and all the lusts of the flesh and the eye. That is the root and ground of all ideas of re-incarnation. Like Plato's gross ghosts, who hang about tombs and charnel-houses, and can rise no higher, they hang about the sensual luxuries and bodily comforts of this condition of existence, and desire earnestly, if they must leave them, to get back again into them as quickly as possible. "The wish is father to the thought." As to M. Pezzani's notions of God's injustice without re-incarnation, if souls were re-incarnated a score of times, injustice between man and man, riches and poverty, oppression and wrong, all the enigmas of social inequality would remain just then as now. The compensation lies in the future, as pointed out in the case of Dives and Lazarus; and if re-incarnation availed, the souls of the criminals who were swept away by Noah's flood, would not have remained all those ages cooped up in Hades for the coming of Christ to preach to them. They would have been incarnated over and over, and if re-incarnation could cure them, would have been long ago cured and sent forward. That fact is itself demonstrative of the folly of the notion of re-incarnation.

One of the best consequences of this discussion is, that it has brought the Lyons Spirite journal, *La Verité*, to disavow the doctrine of men originating in lower animals totally and energetically. M. Edoux, a man equally learned and amiable, says (*La Verité*, August 13th, 1865) Moses says, (Genesis i., 26 and 27) God created man in the image of himself; not in that of a beast; and that he repeats this three times as if he foresaw the unhappy efforts of men in later times to cast darkness on this point where the light shines so luminously. "But," adds M. Edoux, "if you think animals are your brothers, be at least consistent, and don't cut their throats, in order to eat them—that is absolute cannibalism!" Rather, he continues, than have insects, newts, toads and monkeys for his ancestors, he would say, "Let Spiritism go and hang itself." And this he puts into capitals.

It is consoling to see that the large body of the Spiritists of the South of France remain uncontaminated by the animal doctrines of *L'Avenir*. That it is only the little coterie of that journal, the Messrs. Xavier, Pezzani, D'Ambel, &c., who amuse themselves with such fancies.

There is another fact of the very highest importance connected with the Spiritists of the South of France. In *La Verité* has appeared a very able series of articles, twelve in number, under the title of L'ÉGLISE NOUVELLE. In these articles it has been asserted that inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church has violated all the grand commands of Christ to his church—the love of your neighbour, the freedom of worship and conscience;

inasmuch as in violation of these commands, it has endeavoured to crush freedom of opinion, to put into chains the human mind; to suppress the Gospels; has persecuted and tortured and spilled the blood of the saints, and has not in the present enlightened times renounced its past errors and crimes, but has continued to endeavour to ride on the back of humanity and chain up all intellectual and spiritual progress, it declares that it has ceased to be a church of Christ—that no persecuting church *can* be a church of Christ. The Spiritists, therefore, propose to form themselves into a new church, which shall not be called the Spiritist Church, Spiritism being only a movement in the divine education of humanity, a phase of revelation in the general church of Christ. They will not call the new church the *Catholic*, because that name has been for ever desecrated by Popery, but the Universal Church, open to all sincere followers of the Saviour of Mankind. We shall see how this great design will be carried out. Meantime, it is a noble idea, and must be regarded with ominous apprehension by the Catholics of France. It bids fair to carry away with it the great mass of the population of Middle and Southern France, withdrawing it from the rule of the Catholic hierarchy, and rising up, a colossal institution, before it.

In noticing these movements in the Spiritist camp in France, we should be doing a great injustice if we did not refer to the zealous, eloquent, and unremitting exertions of M. Pièrart in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, to expose and resist the errors of the Spiritists to which we have alluded. M. Pièrart, and that section of the spiritual body which thinks with him, deserve especially well of the English Spiritualists for the stanch manner in which, at all costs, he and they have maintained what we believe to be the genuine principles of the Gospel. The doctrine of Re-incarnation, of man's origin in the lowest grade of animal existence; a doctrine utterly opposed to that of the Bible, which says that God created man originally as man, and every kind of beast as beast, reptile and insect, M. Pièrart has persistently, through eight volumes of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, resisted and denounced as at once false, unfounded on any evidence, and most pernicious to the character of Spiritualism. Such, he tells us, in the last number of this review, has been his reward for his advocacy of the truths in which we believe and sympathise, that he has been compelled to retire from Paris to the woods of Villiers-sur-Marne. Even the Davenports, whom he was the first to introduce to the notice of the French public, and for whom he paved the way by continual notices of their *séances* and manifestations in America and England, whilst sending tickets of admission to their *séances* in or near Paris to almost every editor of a journal, have not only omitted to send one to the editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*,

but have not even called on him. This is what ought not to have been, and is a cause of just censure on those young men. Notwithstanding, M. Pièrart most generously has devoted the whole of his last number of the review to the proceedings and defence of the Davenports against all their enemies and calumniators of the Press, especially against M. Edmond About. He takes the ground that, having been unworthily treated by the American brothers, he is not likely to flatter them, but he treats them as justly as if they had treated him justly. This is noble conduct, and most unlike what we commonly see in members of the Press in this country, who are ever ready to avenge bitterly any slight or personal ill-treatment. Besides this very praiseworthy proceeding, M. Pièrart has for some time been writing a series of important articles in his review, such as the "Marvellous Practices of the Eastern Nations," "Studies on the Familiar Genius of Socrates," on the "Miraculous, or Divinely Permanent," and on the "Rock of Golgotha," demonstrating the truth of the origin of Christianity. We shall take an opportunity to make our readers acquainted with these valuable articles. But in the meantime, we cannot but remark, that a journal like the *Revue Spiritualiste*, which is the almost only organ in France for the defence of purely Christian Spiritualism, and the bold and able opponent of the heresies of Re-incarnation, and of the monstrous and degrading theory of the origin of man in the region of reptile life, deserves the patronage of English Spiritualism. Such a journal ought not to be suffered to languish in neglect, whilst the heretical journals are supported by a very numerous public. The organ which maintains principles dear to every English Spiritualist, should enjoy the benefit of English sympathy. Its cause is our cause, and the purchase of a large number of this review in England would at once extend our knowledge of what is doing on the Continent, and invigorate the true Spiritualism in France, which cannot suffer without re-acting on the same vital question here.

In closing this article, we cannot but regret that at this early epoch of the history of Spiritualism, there should be such serious causes for dissent betwixt different bodies of its votaries. In all questions which vitally affect humanity differences of opinion are certain to arise, but it is the duty of every friend of truth to protest against palpable deviations from principles attested by historic fact. Mr. Mitchell in his article in the *Avenir*, accuses the *Spiritual Magazine* of endeavouring to contract the ground of spiritual belief as much as possible, and to avoid the philosophical side of the question. These are words of which the meaning requires to be clearly settled before a verdict is taken upon them. The English Spiritualist takes his stand on Chris-

tianity as the only religion which is based on a thoroughly authenticated history, authenticated both by its earliest adherents, and by its direct opponents the Jews in their cotemporary account of Jesus and John the Baptist in the *Toldoth Jeschu*. Taking their stand, therefore, on this authenticated religion, they place its revelations paramount to the communications of all or any lower spirits than those of our Saviour and his Apostles. To this test they rigorously bring every communicating spirit, and no pretences of "philosophy" will cause them to swerve from this test. Every Spiritualist knows that spirits will tell us all kinds of things—to the Jew, Judaism; to the Mohammedan, Islamism; to the Mormon, Mormonism; to the Pezzanis and Xaviers the wild speculations which they dignify with the name of philosophy. But if these gentlemen and others had adopted the sound and reasonable rule of the British Spiritualists, and "tried the spirits" by the touchstone of Christianity, the world would have already been spared much worthless seed which is clearly sown by the Evil One, to damage and scandalize the progress of spiritual truth. There is no spiritual philosophy which can bear any comparison with the divine philosophy of Christ: and the truest friends of a sound Spiritualism are those who stand by it, and reject all the vain babblings of "philosophy falsely so called."


What are the fruits which this serpent doctrine of Re-incarnation have already begun to produce in the South of France? There the extraordinary medium, Hilaire, having run away with his neighbour's wife, it is stated that the unhappy husband appealed to their great leader, Kardec, to use his influence to bring back the fugitive wife, with the money which she and her paramour had carried off. But the answer is stated to have been from Kardec that he could do no such thing, as the husband was, no doubt, thus punished for a similar crime in some former state of existence !!!

M. Pièrart, in his able article on the Rock of Golgotha, comments with just indignation on a doctrine pregnant with such fruits:—"Two currents of a deplorable nature at the present time draw the Spirites to the side of that ultramontane Catholicism which has petrified and perverted Christianity, and which stupefies souls devoted to it. On the one hand, a blind Materialism, on the other an erroneous spiritualistic bias, originating a false route, carrying its victims two thousand years backwards, and resuscitating the desolating principles which sterilized and threw into atrophy the ancient societies. In a word, it changes, corrupts and distorts the true Christian principles. In the South of France a people has only re-awoke to a religious life in order to embrace a principle of death. There a tribunal has lately heard the doctrine enunciated, that it is

necessary to tolerate theft and adultery, because these crimes can only happen as the punishment of like sins in a former existence. There we see poor workmen of that Gallic race so full of mind, of activity and enterprise, laid asleep in the enervating doctrines of fatalism and predestination. In the places where Pothinus, Irenæus, and Blandinus maintained so courageously the vivifying principles which overthrew Paganism and its iniquities, we see the deceitful doctrines of Brahminism reviving and propagating themselves. The artizan of Lyons, bending incessantly at his severe labour which enslaves and enfeebles him, beholds as the climax of his sufferings, the path of the last hope of progress, of every possible alleviation of his wretched destiny, closing before him. The earth, divided into punishers and the punished, must for ever remain for him a hell of expiation. He comes to regard himself as the chastised of God—he knows not why! That great spiritual movement which has arisen in the middle of this century, he beholds for him retrograding, and wheeling backwards from the light of Christianity to the religious darkness of antiquity. What an aberration!

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

Regretting the wide departures in France and in America from the Christian standard, we still, however, have faith that Spiritualism will be purified from its errors, and made more and more capable of accomplishing its great mission, the routing of the Materialism and Sensualism of the present age. If we are compelled to speak the stern words of truth in the ears of those deluded by Spirites, who mislead and disserve and scandalize, we yet desire to do it in a spirit of love and charity. “To err is human,” but to speak the words of warning to the erring in friendship is yet the duty of every true son of truth. Hostility to false principles is not necessary hostility to those who hold them. People may be as sincere in their errors as others in their truths. We are bound to reject the errors, but we can still hold



out the hand of friendship to their maintainers. Mr. Mitchell thinks a former statement of mine, that we are all going to the same goal though by different routes inconsistent with, what he supposed, my article of July. There is no inconsistency whatever. The English Spiritualist sees in the infinite future, and the infinite love and wisdom of God, power and means enough to bring us all eventually, however widely we diverge at present, into one fold and one focus. We only regret that people should be sent roundabout ways by fantastic doctrines, when they might travel by the safe and direct path of Christianity; and that these wild and bottomless theories of the Spirites, the Fusionists, the Monadites and Animal-origin-ites, should enable the enemies of Spiritualism to attack it through such follies. All these notions, however, are no part of a sound and healthy Spiritualism; they are but parasites, funguses and Jews-ears on the great spiritual tree, which may be rent off, and will be rent off in the progressive future of truth, without any damage to the tree itself. We repudiate the parasites—we stand by the tree.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A SPIRITUALIST.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

IN its broad, literal, and modern sense, a Spiritualist is one who believes in the manifestations of disembodied spirits to men still in the flesh; but this definition gives no idea of the character of the believer, or of the significance and value of his creed. It includes the Shaker Celibate and the Mormon Polygamist; the African Obi-man, the Hindoo Fakir, and the Christian Saint; the sensual Idolator, and the pious Mystic. It may mean only "table-turning and spirit-rapping;" and it may mean the communion of the devout soul with its Creator. It may be, that even in its rudest, its lowest, and most perverted forms, the belief in Spiritual Powers, and an Unseen World which every man is destined soon to enter, is better than *no belief* in spiritual existence—no belief in aught save the animal body and its material surroundings. It raises its possessor above the brutes—above the animal nature and appetites common to both; and it contains within it the possibility of expansion, of correction, and of indefinite progress. But between Spiritualism in its lowest types and its highest ideal, how vast the chasm that is to be bridged over!

If then we employ the word Spiritualism as a common generic term, to designate all these diverse beliefs and moral

states, it is the more necessary to discriminate as to their several orders and varieties; and if we take the name of Spiritualist, to define the sense in which we are so, and the mark at which we aim, in order to clear away the fog and mist of obscurity and vagueness which have gathered around it, so that our position may be clearly seen, and that we may not be confounded with others with whom we possibly have little in common but the name.

Every Spiritualist should, at least, consider for himself where he is—where he wishes to be—in the ascending, or descending scale:—the *kind* of Spiritualism he is working for, in what direction and whither it is conducting him. This duty will, I think, become the more apparent, if we glance for a moment at some of the different senses in which the term “Spiritualism” is now commonly employed and understood among us.

Our newspapers, and the public in general, shew clearly in what they think Spiritualism chiefly consists, in calling it “Spirit-rapping;” and they evidently have little or no conception of it, other than this term implies. Even among Spiritualists there are some who understand by Spiritualism only a somewhat wider range of phenomena—the direct manifestations of spirits through human media. M. Kardec and his followers, in this view call themselves “Spiritists,” and with this limitation of their creed, rightly so. To others, Spiritualism means attending *séances*, witnessing spirit manifestations, and receiving communications from spirits. To others, Spiritualism means the doctrines and the supposed general scope and tendency of the body of teachings put forth by spirits, or by those who believe in the reality of communion with them. And yet, again, to others, it means not only the outward phenomena of spiritual agency, but the facts of spiritual influx which belong to the inward consciousness, and whatever conclusions are fairly deducible from these phenomena and these experiences; and which they deem cover a wide field, are of great significance, and admit of varied application in relation to subjects of momentous interest.

Spiritualism, in short, has different meanings, and is variously regarded by individuals according to their several characters and states. Here, as elsewhere, “The eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing.” The man accustomed to regard things from the external, will see only—and will care to see only—the outward manifestations of spirits; while the philosophic thinker will look beyond, and seek to discover the principles and internal truths to which they lead. He will try to gain from them new insight into the affinities and laws of spirit and matter, and their bearings on the speculations of philosophy and the theories of science; which he may, perchance,

conclude will need to be rectified, to meet the new facts and the evidence of a "new force" which reasonable men, attentive to what is going on around them, are beginning to take note of and consider. Again, to the student of human nature and human history, Spiritualism, regarded as a body of facts, will show a new element in some of the difficult problems and obscure passages which these studies present, and which may go far to their solution. To the physician, it will bring new light on the causes of insanity and disease;—to the artist, on the sources of inspiration;—to the jurist, on the value of testimony;—to the theologian it will supply new demonstrations of the great truths of religion, and conclusive answers to the most formidable objections brought against it;—indeed, he will see that, more or less directly, it bears upon all the great questions of theology and metaphysics,—Providence, Moral Freedom, Temptation, Punishment, the Future Life, Intuition, Illumination, Inspiration, Prophecy, Miracle, Prayer. As in most subjects, so in this, the earnest student will find that the more carefully and thoroughly it is investigated, the more does its horizon open towards the Infinite.

But Spiritualism has other interests than those merely speculative, however great and absorbing these may be. It is something more than a theme for the exercitation of the intellect, and the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. In its full and true sense, he alone is a Spiritualist who strives to bring his life into entire harmony with the great truths which its facts demonstrate; in whom they are outwrought in the character, and their effects made visible in the home, in business, in social intercourse, in times of trial and of suffering, and in the daily affairs of common life. Such an one, so far as he realizes Spiritualism, as it is embodied in him, is all of a piece, without shoddy, of the same web and woof throughout. He is not the creature of Time, but the heir of all the ages to come. He knows that the life that now is shapes that life that is to be, and to endure through the evermore; and he cannot regulate his conduct by merely temporal considerations. He has a higher ground of action than worldly prudence. He subordinates desire to duty, his lower perishable appetites to the nobler spiritual faculties which alone are his true permanent endowment. Whatever opinions may cling around the surface of the intellect, in the central point and core of character, the true consistent Spiritualist is thus Christian—Christ-like; working out his highest ideal through all the varied uses of a well-ordered life.

While then, Spiritualism, in its elementary sense, is simply a recognition of the facts of spirit-manifestation, followed out to its consequences, it has to the open, discerning, and truly catholic

mind, important lessons in science, art, philosophy and history ; and in its ultimate issue, its crowning development, it coincides with the highest Christian aspiration and endeavour. It is the life of God in the soul of man. To realize this, to aspire after this communion and blending with the Divine, is (in my judgment) to be a Spiritualist indeed :—a Spiritualist of the truest, noblest type ; and here Spiritualism, in its moral, its religious, its divine aspects, in its lessons and its influence, is open alike to all :—the lowliest as well as the loftiest minds may be taught, consoled, strengthened, purified by it ; made fitter, not only for the present life, but for that fuller, that eternal life for which God created man in his own image.

P R A Y E R.

A DISCUSSION STATED.

THE Prayer ordered to be read against the threatened visitation of cholera, caused recently a controversy in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on "Prayer."

The *Gazette* maintained that, "to pray for the abatement of pestilence was not philosophically absurd," and the argument briefly stated was this—"Laws are unchangeable in their operations, but these operations vary according to the varieties in the combination of laws. We, who are mere mortals are perpetually interfering with the operation of physical law by instituting fresh combinations : that is seen every day in the means by which we live. And since the Almighty permits us to modify the action of physical law *directly* with our own hands, there is reason for believing that the same modifications may be obtained for us *mediately*, by asking Him to effect them by His own power." Professor Tyndal, their chief opponent, replied in two letters, to the effect that prayer was a Pagan method of meeting a difficulty ; that "science shews that certain consequents follow certain antecedents with such undeviating uniformity, that the association between antecedent and consequent has become inseparable in thought," so as to make "the ideas of prayer, and of a change in the course of natural phenomena, refuse to be connected in thought." "Would," he says, "the suppliant voice of a whole nation have atoned for the bad engineering, or caused a suspension of the laws of hydraulic pressure in the case of the Bradfield reservoir?" Another correspondent, on the side of the *Gazette*, maintained that prayer could only be reverential if made for certain ends. Thus to pray for a rise in consols would be obviously profane.

THE KNOWN EFFICACY OF CERTAIN PRAYERS.

To those whose one resort in doubt and trouble is prayer, and who by habit know not how to take any step of moment without reverential up-lifting of the thoughts to God, the unchangeableness of scientific law cannot be more certain than the mental efficacy of prayer, and its need to brace and encourage the mind under difficulty. They cannot mentally regard themselves apart from prayer. The effort to do so is an effort to transplant themselves out of God's paradise into the desert. They must, moving in the world, disrobe themselves. They must reduce themselves to orphanage. Upon the nourishing power then of the prayers "encourage, enlighten, guide, strengthen, enable me to bear," I need say no more, nor need I more than hint at the fact that such prayers in the calmness and trust produced are themselves a shield against cholera and all disease better than most medicine. But prayer is not confined to such desires alone.

OTHER PRAYERS INEFFICIENT FROM WANT OF FAITH.

"I believe," says Professor Tyndal, "that water will wet, that iron will sink in it, that fire will burn, that the sun will rise to-morrow, and hold that no prayer at the present day will alter such facts." And yet Christ worked miracles, and promises all who believe on Him, that they shall do greater things than He did. That, then, we cannot work miracles, may surely arise from want of belief, for if we believe in Christ perfectly, our natures enter into unbroken unity with his, and we then use all our gifts, as indeed we then live for the blending of heaven with earth, and for this alone; a blending to be worked out by us, not by retirement, but by bringing into contact with the world our heavenly side, though it may thus become scarred and gory. For myself, when I search my own soul I perceive that I am not holy enough for the gift of working miracles. Want of trustworthiness in men is surely the cause of this harsh unchangeableness in physical law, and to bow down before it even in our case now, is to yield ourselves to our own unworthiness. If I cannot use manifest miracles with their open glory in God's service only, I will not however, cease to pray, being assured that God will hear and answer, veiling the answer from my certain knowledge, if by thus withholding from me all power of self-glorification, all power of abuse is also withheld. The unchangeableness, therefore, of physical law may be, as the *Gazette* practically maintains, but in seeming. To Spiritualists, indeed, aberrations from it are of known daily occurrence, and if thus common with

them, will they not one day be equally common with all the prayerful?

A FUTURE UNION IN THE POSITIONS OF THE GAZETTE AND
PROFESSOR TYNDAL.

The unchangeableness of physical law is I say but in seeming. I should rather say that physical law is itself the expression of a higher law, of which our knowledge is most imperfect. Cholera leaves its deadly trail wherever filth invites it, but filth itself is the vile clothing of an evil spiritual nature, either social or individual, and to make a man sink down on his knees and deplore his own filthiness is surely the wise way to deal with him, forcing him first to remove the tolerance of filth from his soul, when its removal from the body also will soon follow; and though differing from Professor Tyndal by thinking that the humiliation alone may lessen the power of Cholera—did we not feel all his assurance that it can never be destroyed till filth is removed—how inoperative would the mental teaching be, because no outer action would be then induced in us to seal our humiliation and commence our repentance. So far we can see, but the rule of spirit over matter extends far beyond.

To our Lord, I do not doubt, his miracles would be no wonders, because he was operating in the sphere of that higher law into which it is the duty of each of us to endeavour to climb; to him they would be the natural external forms of the spiritual states he produced; * a growth from them as certain as that of a plant from a seed, and so will it be with men when at one with God; nay, if indeed at that time men's doings are to remain as much seemingly their own as they now do—and we have every reason to think that entering into our birthright, the heirship of God, can but increase our feeling of ownership—it cannot but be so; and the miracles worked by the men of that day—sensitive and rulers over spiritual state as they must be, and observant of the outer effects inner changes produce—will, rather than miracles, resemble to them the wonderful discoveries of the external men of our day—the electric telegraph, the steam engine, the railway, and the thousand inventions by which man is already recovering his rulership over nature—and such men living at one with God in Christ are essentially prayerful men, and yet their prayerfulness, rather than in direct appeal, will shew itself in inability to endure anything at variance with God—filth and every other

* I consider that the main source of vitality in modern Spiritualism arises from its upholding as it does, amid intense obloquy, the necessary influence of mental state over physical manifestations.

accompaniment of disease—and in the immediate removal of these hot-beds by the multiplicity of their miracles or inventions which will rule and train nature to become an outer form of their union with God, and thus the positions held by the *Gazette* and Professor Tyndal, dissolved in the solvent of holy desire, will become a one. We are, however, far from this state now, and meanwhile what? Where we cannot see our way from whatever cause, we must anew take our humble place, try to recover the lost union—Pray. And the prayer? Against cholera, of the kind “Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me, nevertheless not my will but Thine be done,” and if the humility of soul this prayer indicates be genuine, it will flow into all the knowledge we possess, and will urge us with tearful eye and abasement at our own remissness, to purge, scour, and cleanse with all our skill and all our inventiveness.

PRAYER, WITH ALL ITS INEFFICIENCY, ONE ELEMENT THAT GOVERNS THE FUTURE NOW.

I believe, indeed, that to the eye of God certain consequents will always follow from certain antecedents, yet in foreseeing the future, spiritual states must previously be grasped, and foremost among such antecedents is the reverential or prayerful attitude of man—that attitude which is the acknowledgement in man himself that he recognises his true position towards God in God’s creation, and works so far therefore in order instead of out of order.

EVERY ACT OF MAN EVEN NOW THE ANSWER TO PRAYER.—
IN THE GOOD OF PRAYER TO GOD; IN THE EVIL OF
PRAYER TO THE SOURCE OF EVIL.

And all men pray—the good to God, the evil to the devil. The mental world finds types and images in the physical, and God, the soul’s sun, draws forth prayer, as the physical sun draws forth vapour and emanations from the earth—nothing living, indeed, can escape the power of its respective sun. These vapours are unobservable during the growth and labour of the day, but shew external signs become noticeable, as rising mist when evening approaches, just as the inarticulate yearning of the soul towards God—whose existence has been the life of the day’s action seen by God in its aspiration, though not seen by man—takes articulate and outer expression when darkness threatens the mental world. We cannot escape this universal law, but inarticulately, if not articulately, we each breathe forth prayer in every desire; prayer that is good, wholesome and health-giving, so far as it is full of trust and reverence, bad, foul, and among evil emanations, the

source of disease, so far as it is full of self-conceit, self-exaltation, or self-aggrandizement.

NO PRAYER OF THE GOOD IRREVERENT.

And as to reverence in prayer. There is no irreverence in prayer for a rise in consols, if such a rise be desired for unselfish ends. He, indeed, who labours or transacts business from a desire to be the best and most useful possible in the sphere in which God has placed him, and looks on material success as indicative only of such well-doing, cannot be irreverent in any prayer, for success to him means a proof that he is excellent and useful, and a desire for excellence and usefulness is a desire to become a son of God.

How still Thy voice, our Father!—Considerate!—Aye, yet we abased, see in the stillness the tale of our unworthiness. We do not rest here, but open-handed willingly receive all we are fitted for, and full of trust, wait on Thee for the hour when our delight in Thee shall merge all lesser feelings in itself, and make us broad, clear-headed, gentle-hearted, true prophets, one with Thee as thou art one with Him from whom all breath is drawn.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

MR. L——, OF NEW YORK.

MY friend, Mr. L——, of New York, whose recent visit to London I mentioned in a former paper, has returned home, and I have received a letter from him with some extracts from his diary recounting the incidents of several *séances* which he had prior to his leaving for Europe, but which have not been recorded in this journal, and one of a very interesting character he has had since his return to New York. It will be seen that the phenomena are as marvellous as any that I have yet mentioned, and that those occurring at the last sitting were witnessed by his friend Dr. Gray, the well-known physician.

The curious coincidence to which Mr. L—— alludes in his letter to me, and which he made the subject of a spiritual test, arose from the following circumstances.

Estelle's family were travelling in Europe in 1851, when Mr. L—— joined them at Baden-Baden. The principal rooms of the hotel being occupied when they arrived there, they were accommodated in a small cottage detached from and situated in

the garden of the hotel, and there it was that Mr. L—— first made proposals of marriage and gave the ring of betrothal to Estelle, who shortly after became his wife.

Being in Switzerland during his recent visit to Europe in the summer of last year in company with his sister, he telegraphed to Baden-Baden to secure apartments at the same hotel at which he had stayed in 1851. Upon their arrival the house was crowded with visitors, and he had allotted to him the identical bed-room in the cottage which Estelle had occupied before their marriage fourteen years ago. Mentioning the incident to me upon his return to London on his way home, I suggested that he should at the earliest opportunity make it a test, and he now relates the result in the following letter:—

“New York, Nov. 20th, 1865.

“My dear Mr. Coleman,—You will no doubt be interested to learn that my first spiritual manifestation, since my return from Europe, was in my own house, in the presence of Dr. Gray, and resulted in the tangible, real, visible presence of my wife in my own room, where there could by no possibility have been any other persons than Dr. Gray, the medium, and myself. This was on Friday evening, November 10th, 1865. The atmosphere was moderately electrical, cold and overcast. The medium and Dr. Gray having called to see me, we determined to have a sitting in a room upstairs, there being no persons in the house but the servants who were three flights below. The door was carefully locked, and, after seating ourselves at the table in the middle of the room, I turned out the gas. In about fifteen minutes a spirit-light rose from the floor on the side of the table opposite to the medium, and after describing a semi-circle over and above the table three times consecutively, it rested upon Dr. Gray's head and disappeared. The medium and myself were then requested to stand up. Upon our doing so, the light again made its appearance between us and the window, pressing us back a little, as though to give it more room. Vigorous rustlings succeeded this movement, and the next instant the figure of my wife stood before us holding a single flower in her hand, with every feature radiant, and vividly visible. She was dressed in white gossamer, which enveloped her head, a transparent veil falling just before her right eye, but thrown back. The veil was subsequently removed altogether. Her dress or robe was carefully plaited around the neck, but with that exception it was loose and flowing. It was of thicker material than that about her head, and seemed to be of the texture of silk and gossamer. As Dr. Gray was seated during this time (we standing between him and the spirit) he saw only the light and drapery, as she came and glided away, which she did five or six times during a period of about three quarters.

of an hour. For some cause, unknown to me, the spirit could not on this occasion remain visible to me when Dr. Gray approached. You will, perhaps, remember a suggestion you made to me in London, that upon my return I should make certain interesting circumstances which occurred to me on the Continent the subject of a spiritual test. I am happy to say, that it has been done with a most satisfactory result.

"I had mentioned the circumstances to no one on this side the ocean. At a second *séance*, two days after that which I have just described, I applied the test, as follows:—I wrote two questions without the medium's knowledge. The questions and answers were as follows:—

"My dear Wife,—I desire you this morning to write me a word about your appearance on Friday night last. Also something in reference to the interesting circumstance now on my mind, which occurred on the Continent during my late visit to Europe.'

"Answer (*written on a card by the spirit*).—'My dear Husband,—I was most happy to come to you in form in our own house. It gave me joy greater than words can express. The next time I wish to wear a different dress. One entirely covered with violets and roses so that you may perfectly see their color. I was with you at Baden-Baden, and saw your thoughts of me while there. I was very near you—as near as at the time when I there promised to be yours for ever. I was near you when this thought came. I heard the echo go forth from your heart and my spirit was drawn at once to your side. Sacred memories are attached to that place. Do you remember, dear Charles, how happy we both were then? Be happy now, for I am ever near you.—ESTELLE.'

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*First Evening*.—Cold and clear. A bright fire was burning in the grate. I turned the gas down partially, but still sufficient to make all objects distinctly visible. I then opened the table about six inches in the middle, placing a large musical box across one side, and the table cover across the other, leaving an opening of about six inches square in the centre. After a few minutes a white fleshy hand rose pointing its fingers upward through this opening. A snow-white envelope encircled it from the wrist downwards. It was natural in shape, size, and colour. A few moments elapsed, when the hand again made its appearance, but now held a flower which with its stem was about three inches in length. I reached out my hand to touch it, and the instant it came in contact with the flower there was a snap like the discharge of electricity. By request I now turned up the gas, making the

room fully light. The hand again rose, holding the flower, which it placed upon a sheet of white paper which I had placed next the opening. I lifted the paper and examined the flower, which was to all appearance a lovely pink rosebud, with green leaves. Miss Fox took it in her fingers and held it up for examination. It was damp, cold, and glutinous. As expressions of dissatisfaction from the unseen agents of this wonder were here manifested, she replaced the flower upon the paper, when the hand rose, seized, and took it away instantly. Various flowers of different sizes, shapes, and colours, were presented. One was a small white flower like a daisy. By raps it was said, 'Obey directions; you wither the flowers by your touch.'

"*Second Evening.*—Foggy and damp, conditions unfavourable. A very fine light made its appearance, demonstrating or illustrating the method of making the raps—the light was in the form of a cylinder, with its usual accompaniment of envelope. It was placed in my hand to test its weight. On closing the hand, and pressing it, I found that the shell or surface gave way and became indented. I received by visible raps, the following message:—'It is true that this communion brings to you blessings in your daily life. Value these rare blessings, for there are few whose souls have been breathed upon by us. There is a life within a life; mortal and immortal; perishable and lasting. They walk side by side; the one is made of changes and cares; the other is hallowed by peace and hope; smiles and tears form one; eternal bliss and happiness the other.'

"*Third Evening.*—Cold and clear. The spirit-light soon rose divided into two, and discovered before us standing the beautiful spirit-form of my wife, so often described. She was vividly visible, but differently dressed from her usual style, apparently typical of something which I did not understand. A kind of turban was wreathed about the head, of gossamer and gold, sparkling with bright points like diamonds, her head resting upon her right hand. After remaining visible for some time we crossed the room, where she again appeared similarly dressed. The shining head-dress was entirely new. After she had disappeared the light floated about; as answering questions by rapid circular motions. The light then rose near to the ceiling, describing revolutions the reverse of its previous motions. At times these revolutions described circles of six to eight feet in diameter. I asked that the light might pass around us, which was immediately done with great rapidity. A large roll of drawing paper was taken up during these gyrations, and carried with the light. The light itself, as well as the envelope, was heard occasionally to strike against the table or ceiling with considerable force as it passed about.

" *Fourth Evening.*—Cold and overcast, with threatened storm. Shortly after the gas was turned out heavy rustlings were heard, a brilliant electric light rose, and the well-known countenance of Dr. Franklin beamed upon us. No words can convey an idea of the calm peaceful serenity, the dignity, the spirituality which shone out from that face. Although I have so often before seen it, yet on this occasion I was more than ever impressed, for his every feature was radiant. The light was very powerful, rendering him distinctly visible. He appeared in four different parts of the room, and each time differently draped or dressed. My hat, which had been left upon the bureau, was worn by him a portion of the time, and then taken from his head in full view, and placed upon mine by the spirit. Immediately afterwards, while my hat was still upon my head, he was seen wearing a three-cornered hat, a ruffled shirt, white neckerchief without collar, his grey hair behind the ears. He was enveloped in a dark robe, which passed down by the side of his face, partially shielding that side, and was drawn across his breast about six or eight inches below the chin. This mantle I examined both by sight and touch, and found that it resembled in fabric rather coarse dark flannel or worsted stuff. Beneath this his dress was perfect, the cravat and ruffler were spotless white, and the vest and coat real, for I pulled aside the mantle with my own hand. His face was like the crystallization of expression, the expression changing during the intervals of invisibility. The formation being instant and temporary, no doubt lacks the nerves and muscles of the human physical organization, and hence can of necessity only exhibit one attitude or phase of expression, for each crystallization (or naturalization) during which the features and expression are *en permanence*.

" *Fifth Evening.*—Snow and rain. The spirit (or electric) light first appeared suspended about two feet above the table, when we were requested to notice it carefully. Descending, it struck the table with a metallic sound, like two tumblers striking together. It was cylindrical in form, about three and a half inches in height, and a little less in width or thickness. The spiritual envelope (or covering) was thrown over it like a handkerchief, the illumination shining through and giving it the appearance of a glass globe or lighted lantern covered with gossamer. We were particularly directed to notice the order *now*. The envelope was then partially withdrawn and disclosed a cluster of the most exquisite illuminated crystals which can be imagined. It seemed like a mass of diamond points of about three inches, cubic shape. These points of light were very brilliant and beautiful. The envelope was now withdrawn entirely—the cluster rose reaching a point distant about a foot from our eyes, when the vehicle of

light was inclined towards us, and discovered to be a hollow tube—the crystals forming the outward wall, while in its depth at the bottom, inside, was a ring or circle of light, dark at the centre, but very brilliant on the outer rim. This vessel was then inclined towards us quickly, and raised again to a perpendicular. Rings of luminous vapour escaped in the direction of our faces, and were found to exhale a most exquisite perfume. This was frequently repeated, the vapour remaining luminous for some seconds after it was thrown off, and while floating through the atmosphere. This odour can scarcely be described—it was as evanescent as ether, peculiarly exhilarating and delightful. Descending again, the envelope was thrown over the cluster, when a single brilliant point of light appeared on the envelope, traversing it in all directions, and appearing precisely like the focus of a burning or sun glass. The room was filled with odour from this source. There was no perfume on the outside of the vessel, but it escaped in profusion from the inside. We followed this light through the room, and passed around it constantly, seeing and smelling the illuminated vapour as it was thrown off in rings and clouds.

“NOTE.—Every manifestation varies from the preceding one. No two sittings ever result in exactly the same phenomena.

“*Sixth Evening.*—Atmosphere clear. A bright coal fire and gas burning, the latter about half turned off. Opened the table about the width of six to eight inches. Soon a white female hand rose through the opening; answered my questions by significant movements. It touched my own hand, took hold of my fingers, &c. I placed my handkerchief upon a large musical box on the table. The hand rose, grasped it, and carried it away. This hand was at times amorphous or clumsily shaped. Again it would appear perfect or more nearly so. At times the fingers were widely spread, seemingly stiff, and moving with difficulty—again, flexible and natural. It was fleshly in colour and to the touch, but unnaturally white. I did not see it beyond the wrist. I had frequently by the spirit-light seen that the formation ended at the wrist. There was no envelope or covering, such as generally accompanies these temporary formations in the spirit-light.

“*Seventh Evening.*—Weather clear and cold. At the conclusion of a message a light rose from the floor, discovering to us the spirit of my wife standing before us in all her beauty. My hat was asked for, to shield the light, I held it with the opening towards the spirit, the light being shaken quickly inside the hat (by the spirit), threw out brilliant radiations until her face was radiant. A delicate veil of gossamer (white) depended from above her forehead, which we took in our hands for examina-

tion. I held it myself before her face, found it transparent, and of such delicate tissue that it heightened her beauty and made her seem still more ethereal. We now crossed the room to a sofa. The spirit said (by raps) "*I wish to recline on the sofa.*" Loud rustlings and movements were heard, when we found that a sofa-pillow, forming one end of the sofa, was in the process of being detached, and afterwards we saw it placed on end in the corner of the sofa, against which she was now seen reclining. We bent over and examined with great care her face and dress. The dress was white, a narrow ribbon was across her forehead, over which was a small white rose. A bunch of violets over her left temple and a pink rose behind her ear. Her hair fell loosely, so that I took locks of it and placed it over the white robe, which I also took hold of and examined carefully. It was neatly trimmed, with a narrow ruffle and plaited in front. Some very interesting experiments were made after she had disappeared. We stood in the middle of the room, the spirit-light hanging suspended in front, swinging like a pendulum. I noticed it was like a glass tube, or piece of crystal, about two inches in diameter, six inches long, and was suspended in its envelope like a bag. This bag was luminous some four to six inches above the top of the crystal, fading into a darker material. By my request it was placed in my hand (on a level with my chest) and while I was in the act of holding it, a hand about two feet above took hold of the rim of my hat which I had on my head, and I noticed that the bag in my hand was held by the hand above. This light was then placed upon the rim of my hat, and allowed to remain there whilst I moved about the room. It felt solid and heavy—say from one to two pounds in weight. Subsequently I made a very careful examination of the light, which at my request was placed in my hand, and removed again at my bidding. It was hard and flint-like, with the appearance of liquid electricity, or light flowing inside in livid coruscations. The hand which held the light thus suspended above, at the same time took off my hat, and both the light and the hat were raised and lowered by the same agency. I noticed that the envelope became coarse and dark in proportion to its distance from the reservoir of electrical light. This was made to revolve, shewing that it was propelled by a hand invisible, but holding that portion of the bag which was dark. The revolutions were rapid, describing a circle the entire circumference of the room, with such rapidity and effect that it seemed a continuous wheel or circle of light.

"*Eighth Evening.*—A card was privately marked by myself. The spirit-light came upon the table covered with its envelope. The card was by request placed upon the light, where it remained for about half-a minute. I then took it in my hand and found it

was covered on both sides with writing in large letters. On one side I read as follows:—

“‘There is great joy in the Future for you. Be not too much absorbed in business.—ESTELLE.’

“After reading it, I again placed the card upon the light for the same length of time, and upon re-examination found the writing had entirely disappeared. I replaced it, received other messages, and saw them disappear in the same manner several times. The last writing was particularly distinct, and upon its disappearance I retained the card, which had not been out of my sight for one moment during the manifestations, found my private mark upon it, but no other mark or sign of that which I had read. The writing appeared to be in pencil, but there was no pencil in the room at the time.

MR. SOTHERN AND THE MIRACLE CIRCLE.

The Glasgow papers having reproduced the “Miracle Circle” article which appeared in my last Paper on Passing Events, Mr. Sothern who was performing in that city at the time, felt compelled to notice it, and the following letter from him addressed to the *Evening Citizen* is sufficiently remarkable to merit a place where it may stand “to point a moral.” After a long preamble and apology for “excavating from the gloomy obscurity of their original source the mis-statements of spiritual writers,” and reciting “the main count in the indictment” against him, he proceeds to give the following history of his own most discreditable conduct in connexion with the MIRACLE CIRCLE OF NEW YORK:—

“The ‘actor named Stuart’ is now better known as ‘the actor named Sothern.’ Following sufficiently illustrious precedents, I used an assumed name when I entered on my profession, and I only resumed my own by the advice of my friend Mr. James Wallack. The ‘party of Spiritualists’ was *not* composed chiefly of ‘actors and actresses.’ It would have been none the worse if it had been; but in reality it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high position in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity and interest, joined in a thorough, practical, and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of ‘Spiritualism.’ We were quite ready for either result: to believe it if it were true; to reject it if found false; and in the latter case I at least resolved in due time to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing not only all the wonderful ‘manifestations’ of the professional ‘media,’ but other

effects still more startling. We simply tried to reproduce the appearances and the results which we had heard of, and read of, and seen—and we succeeded. Pushing our practice, and experiments further, we attained the capacity to execute feats much more remarkable than those presented at any of the ‘spiritual *séances*.’ An American gentleman and myself took the part of the ‘media;’ the rest of the company assisted; and I do not hesitate to say that we outdid everything ever attempted or accomplished by Home or the Davenport, or any of the other more notorious spiritual exhibitors.

“Not the least of our discoveries was that the whole thing was a myth. We did all that the Spiritualists did and more; but we were our own ‘agents,’ and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences had we had the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement book, and to make appointments. People came from all parts of America and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronised. The only difference was, we didn’t charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment, being free, was liberally supported; and when I add that the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that ‘The Miracle Circle’ was much favoured and warmly encouraged. The indulgence of our love of fun cost us some money, but yielded us an immensity of pleasure. To speak colloquially, it was an expensive but extensive ‘sell.’ We did put pens under the table, and get signatures of Shakespere and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we did produce spirit-hands and spirit-forms; people did float in the air—at least we made our audience really believe they did, which was quite sufficient for our purpose and theirs. We exhibited phenomena which was startling enough in all conscience and we made our visitors believe in their reality. How we succeeded in doing this—how we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only fancied they saw and felt—how we produced results the causes of which were not apparent to the physical senses of the spectators—how, in fine, we did things which must have seemed to be, and what many of our visitors believed to be supernatural and miraculous—I do not intend to explain. We *did* them: how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. Yet professional and paid

'media' came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over 'the spirits!'

"I have been told by many scientific persons—even in this city where I am now residing—that I am a 'wonderful psychologist.' It is extremely pleasant and very flattering to be told that. Perhaps I am a 'wonderful psychologist'—I hope I am, but I doubt it. At all events—whatever psychological or quasi-spiritual powers I may possess—I have never exhibited them in public; I have never made money by displaying them; I have recognised the difference between performing an interesting and amusing delusion to entertain myself and a private company, and swindling the public by taking guineas from people for shewing them, as 'spiritual manifestations,' feats which I could perform by physical and mechanical forces of my own.

"I do not know the Messrs. Davenport; I never saw them but once, when I paid some 15s., I believe, and came away powerfully impressed with the conviction that either their supporters and believers were mad or that I was, and yet with a comfortable belief in my own sanity. I had nothing to do with their memorable exposures in England and France.

"The object of this writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* has been to represent me as having exhibited 'spiritual manifestations' in America, and of having exposed them here. I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the 'manifestations' and did exhibit them, but they were not 'spiritual,' and I did not exhibit them, in public, nor for money. I therefore consider myself free from the imputations of having obtained money under false pretences, encouraged idle superstitions, or perpetrated blasphemous burlesques of sacred things. I look upon every Spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that, I have proved it. I have done all that they can do, and more. The history of 'Spiritualism' in this country and America is, on the one hand a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, and irreligion: and on the other, of fraud, and impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. I do not say that there are not 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' but I do say that, as the result of such a practical investigation of 'Spiritualism' as I believe few other men have made, I must honestly and fearlessly denounce it as a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle.—

Yours, &c.,

"E. A. SOTHERN.

"Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Dec. 6, 1865."

A correspondent sent me the letter to which I made the following reply:—

“51, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater,
“London, Dec. 9, 1865.

“Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken in sending me Mr. Sothern’s letter to the *Evening Citizen*. It is well that Mr. Sothern does not deny the statements made by me in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and that he admits the part he played at the “Miracle Circle” in New York, where he was only famous as Mr. Stuart the wonder-worker.

“It is to be regretted, for his own sake; that Mr. Sothern has not had the candour to proclaim these facts before: and it remains to be seen whether his present version of the proceedings carried on at the Miracle Circle “for more than two years” does not produce a flat contradiction from some who took part in them.

“Mr. Sothern’s anomalous admissions and affected indignation at the conduct of those whom he designates “impostors,” “swindlers,” “idiots,” &c., are a curiosity in their way, and prove that his fame as the great exemplar of a certain type of humanity is well earned.

“Mr. Sothern says ‘that people *did* float in the air;’ ‘that we *did* produce spirit-hands, and spirit-forms; that we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only believed that they saw and felt,’ that ‘things were done which many visitors who came from all parts of the country believed to be supernatural and miraculous;’ that ‘we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies;’ but how these impostures were and still are accomplished by him he does ‘not intend to explain,’ and that he forsooth ‘looks upon every Spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot.’

“Now I am not disposed to accept Mr. Sothern as an authority upon this subject. I am not inclined to believe that four millions of persons, including ‘the most intelligent men in America,’ and hundreds of thousands in Europe who believe in spiritual manifestations, are either knaves or imbeciles. ‘This is a thing no fellah can understand.’ But what Mr. Sothern *really* believes, and what I do not, is of small importance. He asserts that he is not a medium for spiritual manifestations, but he does not venture, though he encourages the inference, and allows others to say it—that *he is only a juggler*, and this is *the point at issue*. I repeat, that *if the conditions* under which he and Mr. Addison perform their ‘miracles’ for the amusement of their private friends are truly stated by themselves, their performances are *not* accomplished by legerdemain. The *phenomena* are *real*, and the power they possess to produce them is the same power that the Davenportes, *and many others*, including a townsman of yours,

possess, be that power what it may. Until, therefore, Mr. Sothern and Mr. Addison distinctly assert, and undertake to prove it to the satisfaction of a committee of gentlemen, that their pretended exposures of what they call 'the Davenport swindle' are not 'sells,' as Mr. Sothern elegantly expresses it, practised upon their own friends, they must both lie under the imputation of having acted a most ungenerous and unmanly part in pandering to the prejudices of the public, and misleading the press to do a great wrong to the American youths, who, notwithstanding the great excitement which their *honest* exhibitions has created in this and other countries, have never yet being convicted of fraud.

"The Davenports are, however, again in London, giving private *séances*, and Mr. Sothern, if he dare, has still the opportunity of unmasking 'the swindle' if he can, and thus allowing the public to decide *who* are the impostors in this controversy.

"I do not object, if you wish it, to your publishing this letter; and if Mr. Sothern ventures to make the distinct assertion—which you will see he will not do—that he cheats the senses of his auditors by an adroit conjuring trick, which can be taught and practised by an expert, I shall be able to show that that at least is not the explanation which 'the American gentleman' gives to their exhibitions at the *Miracle Circle* in New York.—I am, &c.

"BENJAMIN COLEMAN."

It will be seen from this letter that I am still of opinion that Mr. Sothern and his *confrère* Mr. Addison are mediums—that the phenomena, like the Davenport manifestations, are produced by an occult power possessed by them, and consequently that the phenomena are not and cannot be effected by jugglery, and which *they* do not say they are, but which the editor of the *Star* pretends to believe them to be, and thus finds a justification for the course he has pursued by the false and one-sided advocacy he has taken up in the Davenport controversy. The editor of the *Star* having reproduced Mr. Sothern's letter, I called upon him, and asked if he intended to publish my reply, expressing at the same time my conviction that he would not—and of course he did not. Mr. Sothern's letter, he said, was interesting because it *was* Mr. Sothern's; overlooking the fact that the moral delinquencies to which this actor unblushingly pleads guilty, are disgraceful to himself and to all who abet him in his present and past conduct in these matters.

Here is a man who, whilst denouncing in hypocritical and canting language Spiritualism as "a blasphemous burlesque of sacred things," and every Spiritualist as "either an impostor or an idiot," confesses that for "two years" he practised the grossest impostures on the credulity of his auditors, amongst whom were

some of "the most intelligent men in America," by making them believe that they were witnessing something that was "supernatural and miraculous," when the whole thing was "a swindle," got up and continued from his "love of fun," and which "yielded him an immensity of pleasure." If his statement of the part he played be really true, does he not confess himself a blasphemer of "sacred things;" and if it be not true, does he not exhibit a "cowardly terror" of the consequences of confessing himself a medium in this country, where Spiritualism is as yet an unpopular belief, whilst in America, where the belief in and knowledge of spiritual phenomena is universal, he aimed only to be considered as the prince of miracle-workers?

Such conduct is indeed a wicked trifling with "sacred things." The most "impudent chicanery and blasphemous indecency," practised by a man who cannot believe in the Spiritualism of the Bible, or he would not insult a Christian community by confessing himself a practical joker of the most reckless character, and canting about "religion" in the same breath.

According to this man's moral code, it is "blasphemous indecency" to impose upon the credulity of your fellow-man if you take money for the exhibition; but it is a highly meritorious act if you do the same thing "for fun." We shall see, however, where this remarkable confession will land Mr. Sothern. We shall see whether public opinion will suffer him to stigmatize Spiritualism as a "wilful self-delusion," and "all mediums as swindlers," without being compelled to prove it.

By his own admissions Mr. Sothern has acted very wickedly, for how stands the case. For two years he carries on, at a great expense to himself, his imitations of well-known and accredited phenomena, and which there is of course a possibility of imitating to some extent, and in this way he hoaxes a great many observers—some of them Spiritualists and some not—into a belief of spiritual powers. His wickedness is shewn in his leaving the matter there, because to have made the hoax complete, he should not only have undeceived them as early as possible afterwards, but he should have laid the whole mode of operation before the public, in order to put them on their guard for the future, as well as to undeceive them as to the past. He should have done this especially when he visited the Davenport exhibition. But he does neither, and never for eight years has taken a single step to give his dupes the benefit of his knowledge. He has therefore, on his own shewing, done them a serious injury, and even now, though he says he intended at a proper time to undeceive the world, after the lapse of eight years, he does not feel that the proper time has come to expose the counterfeit coin which he says he had palmed upon them. Until he not only does this in print, but shews

before Spiritualists that his words are true, by performing his feats before them, he has done nothing, for of course no one can believe what such a person says, after the account which he has given of himself.

I say, therefore, let Mr. Sothern perform his tricks, surpassing those of the Davenports, before a committee properly selected, so that his words may be proved. I utterly disbelieve him, or that it is possible for him to do what he says he can do, in the presence of half a dozen intelligent Spiritualists. But if he can, let him do it at once, and he shall have at all events the credit of doing what all our best conjurors in both London and Paris have hopelessly failed in. It will still leave Spiritualism untouched until it be proved that the mediums do the same things in the same way, and not through an occult power. In the meantime, whether he succeed, or whether he fail, his own character and conduct, upon his own shewing, must become a heavy burden to him. Mark the result, and then decide *who* are the impostors in this controversy.

MR. SOTHERN IN A NEW CHARACTER AT THE HOLLOWAY CIRCLE.

There lives at 129, George's-road, Holloway, a very respectable, quiet, inoffensive, and humble couple named Wallace, man and wife, who are, I am told, good test mediums. Some few months past, Mr. T——, an earnest and highly reliable man, a Spiritualist, made an appointment at the request of Mr. Addison with the Wallaces to hold a *séance* at their cottage; and accompanied by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Toole the comedian, and two or three others, they assembled at the Wallace's, and took their seats in the usual way around a circular table.

The table moved about, despite the efforts of Mr. Toole to restrain it. Mental questions were correctly answered; tippings, rappings, and all the usual manifestations which accompany this class of mediumship were taking place, when at length Mr. Sothern, who was very serious throughout, turned pale, and falling from his chair in violent convulsions, put an end to the *séance*. He foamed at the mouth, barked like a dog, bit his own fingers and attempted to bite others. He tried to beat his head against the floor, and exhibited all the symptoms of a raving madman. Mr. Sothern's friends were much alarmed, and wished to send for a doctor, but Mr. T——, believing it to be a case of "evil possession," begged them to leave their friend to him. They anxiously enquired if Mr. T—— had ever seen such a case before. He said he had, and he believed he could exorcise the evil influence. Then placing his legs astride their prostrate companion, he lifted him from the floor, and solemnly commanding

the evil one to leave the man, Mr. Sothern, in an exhausted condition, with moisture streaming from his nose, and inflamed eyes, was taken out to the fresh air, and as soon as sufficiently restored, he was led in feeble condition to the carriage which awaited him, and drove away with his friends.

The facts as I have stated them being indisputable, what is *your* explanation, Mr. Sothern, of this extraordinary exhibition? Were you, on that occasion, practising upon your companions an "extensive sell" by re-producing appearances which you "had heard of, and read of, and seen?" Were you "making them believe *they* saw what they only fancied they saw," and that you did *not* roll upon the floor, and foam at the mouth and bark like a dog? That all was deception, done for the purpose of annoying two humble and inoffensive people, *whom you had sought in their obscure dwelling and paid for their trouble*, merely for the purpose of exposing their "self-delusion, imbecility, fraud, impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency?" Were you only indulging your "love of fun," and giving yourself an "immensity of pleasure" by such an idle, worthless, and degrading exhibition of histrionic power? Or were you indeed under an irresistible influence, known to the initiated, which you could not control?

You have already frankly confessed the impostures which *you* say you successfully practised for "two years," upon some "of the most eminent men in America," at the "Miracle Circle." Will you now explain to your friends and sympathizers the meaning of that crowning act of your achievements, performed before some of the least eminent persons in England, at the Holloway Circle?

THE WINTER SOIREE.

MISS HARDINGE has delivered seven Addresses at these private gatherings, which have been attended by the leading Spiritualists and others, who have been attracted to the full extent of the accommodation which the Rooms could afford, to hear this noble and highly-gifted woman. Each successive Address has only created a higher interest in the unparalleled beauty and force of Miss Hardinge's eloquence. The last Address on "Hades" was a masterpiece of touching pathos and powerful illustration.

Miss Hardinge is to speak for the first time in public on Saturday, the 13th January, at 3 o'clock, in the Great Hall at St. James's, Regent-street, when we hope there will be a large attendance to welcome her.