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PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF
SPIRITUALISM.

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MR. SOTHERN AT THE MIRACLE CIRCLE.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Sothern's celebrated manifesto against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, it has gone the round of the press. Numbers of very shallow thinkers have seized upon it, and have sent copies to their friends, who are believers in Spiritualism, as a triumphant exposure of their presumed "self-delusions," whilst Mr. Sothern has, no doubt, chuckled over the "extensive sell" he was practising upon a whole community of Englishmen and women, in the hope that he might thereby continue to sustain his popularity as an actor. The infatuation which has led this person for months past to parade his real or pretended occult powers in private society, whilst he has publicly denounced other mediums as "swindlers and impostors," and the audacious character of the letter which he addressed to the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, is, to my mind, the plainest proof that he is being lured on by "spirits" to his own inevitable destruction in the social scale, and that the Almighty Ruler works in this mysterious way to establish His truths in the hearts and minds of an unbelieving generation.

Mr. Sothern's letter, it will be recollected, was a reply to the MIRACLE CIRCLE article, in which I gave a history of his proceedings as a miracle-worker in America, and in that letter he attempts to throw discredit upon my account of the MIRACLE CIRCLE, and says: "Nobody, I suspect, will be perverted to a belief in Spiritualism by reading the mis-statements of spiritual writers. The object of the writer," he continues, "in the *Spiritual Magazine* has been to represent me as having exhibited

spiritual manifestations in America, and 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." "The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that. I have proved it," &c., &c.

How, when, and where, I ask, has Mr. Sothern *proved* anything that supports his daring assertions? He could only prove them by showing the *modus operandi*, and explaining it. But so far from doing anything so honest, so simple, and so obviously necessary to entitle his statements to the slightest respect, he coolly declines to explain anything. "We *did* them," he says; "how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare." He charges thousands of innocent people, his superiors in every way, who possess only the same power, it may be, that he himself possesses, with being cheats and swindlers; and all who believe in the reality of phenomena produced by them "as either impostors or idiots;" and yet he declines to give an explanation. This absurd and mendacious mode of dealing with a grave and important truth, or a so-called "delusion," is eagerly accepted by the uninformed multitude as a complete exposure of Spiritualism; and Mr. Sothern, under a spiritually-influenced "self-delusion," like the ostrich in the desert sticks his head in the sand, in the comforting belief that no one sees him, that no one will follow him, and that he will, at least, make capital for a time by "out-Barnuming Barnum," "the Prince of Humbugs," who was at one time his employer, and from whom he no doubt learnt the art of imposing upon public credulity.

Credulity is the common cry made by the sceptical against Spiritualists, whose faith is based upon demonstrable facts. What then must be the intellectual condition of the masses; what the strength of the opposition of those who eagerly adopt the testimony of such a witness to satisfy their prejudices? Credulity, indeed, of the most humiliating character, is the fitting term to apply to those who take the word of a self-confessed impostor, in preference to the testimony of the most intelligent and honoured men on both sides of the Atlantic! Mr. Sothern speaks of the mis-statements of spiritual writers, but the *only* mis-statement, according to his version, which I made, was in asserting that the MIRACLE CIRCLE was composed chiefly of actors and actresses. He says—"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 positions in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity, joined in a thorough practical and exhaustive investigation of Spiritualism." "We were quite

ready for either result,—to believe it if 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 held 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.” “Professional media came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over the spirits.”

According to this veracious Barnumite, the Miracle Circle was absolutely composed of twelve professional men of high position, *not* actors, and these twelve men of high character carried on the gross deceptions described by Mr. Sothern, “for more than two years,” and though “they had jolly little suppers” and an “immensity of pleasure” in “selling” the numerous persons who came from all parts, including “some of the most intelligent men in America,” they ultimately came to the conclusion “that the whole thing was a myth;” and the history of Spiritualism in America and England is, in Mr. Sothern’s opinion, “a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, irreligion, fraud, impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency.”

The questions which arise upon a calm consideration of Mr. Sothern’s very bold statements are—Could professional mediums, who were themselves deceivers, be deceived by Mr. Sothern’s impostures? Did these twelve gentlemen of high professional positions, ever make a public or even a private declaration of their convictions, after their thorough and searching investigations?

Is there any record of their verdict to be found anywhere? Is it possible that twelve intelligent men should require two years to discover a myth which they were themselves performing? Is it likely that twelve men of high character ever lent themselves to such gross impositions as Mr. Sothern attributes to them? and what is to be said of Mr. Sothern himself, who resolved in, what he calls, due time to expose it, and who, whilst declaring that men like Judge Edmonds, Dr. Gray, Professor Hare, Governor Tallmadge, Professor Mapes, the Honourable Robert Dale Owen, and many others of “*the most intelligent men in America,*” are either “impostors or idiots,” that “he knows it and has proved that these things are not done by spiritual or supernatural means,” and yet, as I have said, still declines to explain anything!!! Surely, of all the gross impostures to which this person pleads guilty, none is so great as this most impudent attempt to impose upon the credulity of the British public, influenced, as I can only conceive him to be, by the most sordid motives and a “cowardly terror” of the consequences to his popularity as an actor. Mr. Sothern’s letter I now fearlessly

stigmatize as an impudently audacious and untruthful document, and I am about to offer evidence, daring Mr. Sothern to controvert my statements if he can.

The Miracle Circle was *not* composed of twelve gentlemen of "high position in their respective professions." The members of that celebrated circle were, as I originally stated, composed chiefly of actors and actresses, and those, too, belonging to a theatre of the least repute in New York. Here are their names:

JOHN BRIDGMAN, *an actor at Barnum's Museum!*

THOMAS HADDAWAY, *an actor at Barnum's Museum!*

DOUGLAS STUART (now E. A. Sothern), *an actor at Barnum's Museum!*

BENJAMIN WOOLF, sen., *Leader of the Orchestra at Barnum's Museum!*

HENRY ISHERWOOD, *Scene-painter at Wallack's Theatre!*

Mrs. BENJAMIN WOOLF,

Miss ORTON, *a ballet girl at Barnum's Museum!* and

BENJAMIN WOOLF, jun!

Mr. Sothern was the promoter of this circle, and was thought by some to be a most powerful spirit-medium, both for writing and for physical manifestations. But by others, and especially by the leading Spiritualists of New York, he was then denounced as a mean impostor (such as he now admits himself to have been), having, possibly, some mediumistic power, but mixing up with it a great deal of charlatanism. He aimed, however, in a country where mediumship was common, and where very extraordinary manifestations were witnessed in all parts, at establishing his fame as a miracle-worker, and he never disclaimed the honour of being a medium at any time.

At the Miracle Circle Mr. Sothern always presided, and the usual directions for forming it were professedly written by the spirits through his hand. Hundreds of persons stood upon the list for admission, but not more than twenty visitors were permitted to be present at each sitting, and they were selected according to the spirits' dictation by Mr. Sothern writing out their names automatically.

The meetings were held at Benjamin Woolf's house, in Elm-street, on every Sunday evening, and records of their proceedings were kept by Mr. Isherwood, *which are still in existence*. The room was carpeted and nicely furnished. The walls were hung with pictures, which Sothern and Woolf assured their visitors had been painted by the spirits of Rembrandt, Guido, and others.

The *séances* were conducted in the most open manner; every visitor being permitted to make, according to the statements of some, a thorough examination of the table and general arrange-

ments of the room. *The gas* WAS GENERALLY BURNING THROUGHOUT THE SEANCE. THERE WERE FEW DARK CIRCLES; the results were wonderful. The following are the incidents of one evening, as described to me by a visitor, himself a non-professional medium, whom I will call, John Smith.

Mr. Sothern was seated at the head of a long table, Mr. Benjamin Woolf, jun., who was also considered a good medium, sat at the other end.

Mr. Sothern, spiritually influenced, wrote: "John Smith, put your hand under the table." My informant said: "I did as desired, all other persons' hands being visible, and resting upon the table."

"An envelope was immediately placed in my hand by the invisibles. I opened it and found enclosed a neat water colour drawing, I was told to replace it in the envelope, and to hold it under the table. I did so, when it was taken from me in an instant, and again returned to me. Upon opening the envelope again, I found, to my surprise, that the drawing had vanished. I knew that it was the same paper on which I had seen the drawing, a few moments before, for I had secretly torn a piece from the corner. The room was lighted, the fire and gas were burning, and none of the persons had moved from their seats. I was then told to throw my pocket handkerchief under the table, which I did, in a few seconds it was returned to me, tightly knotted and strongly perfumed with *Eau de Cologne*. I was assured that there was no such perfume in the house, and if there had been, the manifestation would have been none the less curious.

"I then witnessed a very extraordinary fact—a sheet of foolscap paper, and several letters addressed to persons present, came fluttering from the ceiling and they were dropped upon the table. The sheet of paper was covered with writing, and purported to contain translations from Homer, and it was signed "Ben Jonson." My informant, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Sothern, added that Mr. Sothern was never known to have expressed a doubt of these things being produced by spirits, nor has he ever declared publicly in America that he was not a medium; on the contrary, he was too proud of the celebrity which it gave him, for he had none at that time as an actor at Barnum's Museum. When he obtained an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, a Mr. Stewart was the acting manager, and *he* objecting to the probable confusion which would arise from two of the name, though not spelt the same, Mr. Sothern changed his to that of his own family name.

Mr. Sothern's letter, it appears, soon found its way to America, and its tenor is thus commented upon by *The New*

York Sunday Times, the writer in which seems to have been well acquainted with him.

“LORD DUNDREARY A MEDIUM.—Mr. Sothern, the actor, celebrated as the original personator of ‘Lord Dundreary,’ and who is now living in London upon the handsome competence accumulated by his ‘hit’ in the Dundreary rôle, has published a letter ridiculing ‘Spiritualism’ as a gross imposition. He relates his very curious experience in this city when, under the *nom de plume* of Stuart, he sustained a leading part in a ‘miracle circle.’ We remember Mr. Sothern very well when, as Mr. Stuart, he played the ‘walking gentleman’ at Barnum’s Museum, and was considered hardly worth his meagre salary of fifteen dollars a week. We also remember the same Mr. Stuart when, as a small actor at some place of amusement here, he professed to be a mesmeriser. He created quite a sensation by admitting the truth of an accusation brought against him, by a certain young actress, that he had * * * * * † after placing her in a state of mesmeric influence. We were all well acquainted at the time with the ‘spiritual circle’ at which he was the ‘operator,’ and of which young Mr. Wolf, son of Wolf, the Museum orchestra leader, and now husband of Josephine Orton, late the heroine of ‘Arrah-na-Pogue’ at Niblo’s, but then a ballet girl at the Museum, was the writing medium. Andrews, the actor, ‡ was an ‘outside medium’ in the same ‘circle,’ and used to paint some very fine landscapes which he asserted were produced under the immediate inspiration of the spirits of Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo, and so on. Mr. Wolf was an uncommonly skilful impostor, and readily produced a variety of chirography as the *fac similes* of the handwriting of departed people. Mr. Sothern was the least gifted of the entire company of simulators. He was a good-looking, gay, vivacious, ‘fast’ young man, whose pretty wife continually won the sympathy of those who were witnesses to her husband’s * * * * * † Mr. Sothern, therefore, boasts entirely too much, of his ‘fame as a medium,’ for, in justice to spiritualism, (in which we admit that we have no faith) we must confess that he never *was* a ‘medium’ of any importance, all his tricks being transparent, and the collusion between him and his confederates self-evident. Possibly he thinks it safe, at such a distance from the scene of his folly, to magnify the success of his fraud; but there are too many persons in New York cognisant of the facts to let his self-complacency go undiscredited.”—*New York Sunday Times*, December 31, 1865.

† I have omitted these passages, which relate to matters into which I do not desire to enter.

‡ Perhaps the same Mr. Andrews who is mentioned above as being present at the house of Mr. Addison.

MR. SOTHERN IN A FARCE AT THE MAIDA-HILL CIRCLE.

The well-known mediums, Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Marshall, reside at 7, Bristol-gardens, Maida-hill.

I have known these persons, mother and daughter, for more than ten years: they are not educated women, but they are respectable in their conduct, unobtrusive in their manners, kindly in their dispositions, and, before they were so much sought after by persons in search of spiritual evidence, extremely industrious; obtaining their livelihood as workers in hair, which trade they have abandoned only, since the younger Mrs. Marshall became fully developed as a spiritual test-medium for physical manifestations. Many hundreds of visitors of the higher classes of London society, who have become familiar, through the Marshalls' mediumship, with spiritual phenomena, will, I am sure, attest all that I say of them.

One morning in the month of July last, Mrs. Marshall received a telegram from a Captain Stuart, announcing that he and a party of friends would visit them in the course of that day, and about the appointed hour Mr. Edward Sothern, under the name of Captain Stuart, Mr. J. H. Addison, "the medium *malgré lui*," Mr. John L. Toole, the comedian, and another, all strangers to the Marshalls, arrived at the house, and expressed their desire to have a sitting. Selecting the largest of two round tables which stood in the room, the four visitors took their seats, and showed by their manner that they were not strangers to the subject. The rapping sounds were profuse, and, amongst other evidences of an invisible power, the table was raised clearly from the floor.

Mr. Sothern conducted the *séance*, and as each manifestation occurred, he undertook to explain how "the trick" was accomplished; and to show how easily a table could be raised, he and Mr. Toole placed their feet under its base, and actually succeeded in raising it, though somewhat clumsily, from the floor. It was then suggested that a sheet of paper and pencil should be put under the table, Mr. Sothern asking that the name of one of those present should be written upon it. In an instant his request was complied with, and the name EDWARD was found written upon the paper, in a bold, legible hand. Mr. Sothern, like Mr. G. A. Sala on a former similar occasion, of his going *incognito*, declared that the "guess" was a failure. No one of the party he said answered to that name; then putting the paper and pencil again upon the floor, he said he could, with a little practice easily write a name by holding the pencil between his feet. This he tried in vain to do; after many efforts he could

do no more than make scratches by rolling the pencil under the sole of his boot.

Mr. Toole then went to a distant part of the room, and wrote a number of names upon a paper, requesting the spirits to rap at the name he wanted, which was done at the name JOHN, his own name.

Finding that the test experiments were becoming too strong for them, Mr. Toole then commenced the enactment of a scene, which, I have no doubt, was the express object of their visit. He affected to be overcome with the astounding character of the manifestations. He felt faint, and begging for a glass of water, upon its being handed to him, he was so violently agitated that he could not hold it, and let the glass with its contents fall to the floor. Mr. Sothern looked reprovingly at the medium and said, "I was afraid something of this kind would happen." Mr. Toole then threw himself upon the ground, called despairingly for his "Eliza," bellowed, kicked, tore his hair, and went through as close an imitation as he could, of the scene at the Holloway Circle, where his friend, Mr. Sothern, was, or pretended to be, possessed by an "evil spirit." "Ah," said Mr. Sothern, addressing the younger Mrs. Marshall, "you see what you have done; he's clean gone out of his senses." Mrs. Marshall and her husband in their innocence, really believing that the poor man was very ill, got a pillow, laid his head comfortably upon it, bathed his face with vinegar, and were about to send for a doctor, when Mr. Sothern prevented them, and said they would rather take his friend away. Mr. Sothern then asked for a comb, to put Mr. Toole's dishevelled locks in order. Mr. Toole snatched it in a wild manner from him, combed his hair straight up on end, went to the glass, and turning to his friends, with a wild stare and lachrymose tone, appealed to them to look what "a miserable fright they had made him." Mr. Sothern soothed his injured feelings, and begging him to come away with them, turned to Mrs. Mary Marshall, in a serious remonstrative manner, as if to impress her with the enormity of her conduct, in producing such sad results, and asked her what he had to pay for all this? "Our usual fee," said Mrs. Marshall, "is 5s. each; but as the *séance* has been disturbed by this unfortunate event, I would rather not make any charge." Mr. Sothern, however, having succeeded in cheapening their claim, generously threw down half a sovereign for the party of four, and led his afflicted friend away. A few days afterwards a large poster was sent to several of the tradesmen in their neighbourhood, enclosed in envelopes,—“With Mrs. Marshall's compliments, at No. 7.—Please shew the bill.”

The butcher and greengrocer put the posters in their windows, and kept them there for some days, when one of them calling for orders, asked Mrs. Marshall how long he should keep

the bill in his window. This circumstance, together with the facts which had transpired at the Holloway Circle a few days before, coming to their knowledge, they were for the first time made aware of the imposture which had been practised upon them by four persons in the garb of gentlemen, who left behind them a paper, upon which is written a test question, which may serve to show the intellectual character of the party, *viz.*: "How many beans make five?"

The poster is another evidence, supposing it to have emanated from one or all of Mr. Sothern's friends of a similar kind, and it also serves to shew the *animus* by which they were actuated against these unoffending people. It runs thus—

SPIRITUALISM.

PROFESSOR SOLFERINO,
CHAMPION MEDIUM & SPIRITUALIST,

Begs to return his sincere thanks to the nobility, gentry, &c.
He has constantly in stock a large assortment of

TRICK HANDCUFFS, COFFINS, ROPES, GUITARS,
MECHANICAL TABLES, &c.

His celebrated Davenport Noiseless Boots still continue to give
great satisfaction.

PROFESSOR SOLFERINO also offers to Ladies, his celebrated Marshall Genuefaction Crinoline, especially adapted for Table Rapping, concealing mechanism, knocking down china, &c., in the dark. Used in connexion with his Loaded Kid Boots, the most startling effects can be produced on weak-minded people without fear of detection.

Persons of the highest respectability constantly on hand, prepared to swear and testify to anything required of them. Moderate swearing, 2s. 6d. per hour. Very hard swearing, 5s. (oaths extra.)

Graveyards and Tombstones thoroughly searched and examined.

Sole Agent for Mustapha's far-famed Phinoen Vanishing Fluid, 32s. 6d. per quart bottle; Grimshawe's Patent Eye-Corroding Powder, for non-believers, 15s. 6d. per pound packet.

Apply at the Blue-tailed Fly, after Three.

The foregoing, though not all which the placard contains, will be sufficient to enable the reader to form an opinion of the wit and wisdom of this interesting document. To me, it appears to have special reference to Mr. Addison. I know that it was he who sent the bills about, and he is the only person I have heard of, who performs with handcuffs and coffins (or boxes), and who may possibly use noiseless boots and mechanical tables to produce "the startling effects" which have been attributed to

his wonderful performances. But that of course would be an imputation on Mr. Addison's honesty and truthfulness, for he has over and over again assured his puzzled auditors, "upon his honor as a gentleman," that he "does *not* use trick hand-cuffs, nor false-bottomed boxes, and that he is *not* assisted by any confederacy whatever." And hence it is, that relying upon his honor as a gentleman, I have been led to look upon him as a MEDIUM, possessing occult powers, rather than suppose him a CONJUROR, which implies and indeed necessitates the use of accessories which he distinctly disclaims. It is true that if my view should prove the right one, it would place Mr. Addison's conduct to other mediums or persons possessing the same gifts in a very shameful light; but this, as I have said before, is the tom-fools' knot, with which he and his friends have so dexterously bound him, and from which I don't think he will ever extricate himself. Recollecting the incidents which occurred at the HOLLOWAY CIRCLE, when Mr. Sothern rolled on the floor and barked like a dog, it will be naturally supposed that Mr. Toole's exhibition at the Maida-hill Circle was of the same character, and that both were merely rehearsing a part for some special occasion when they had to appear before a distinguished circle of "self-delusionists," for which purpose, they thought it worth while to travel to two extremes of the Metropolis, paying sixteen shillings to the Wallace's, and ten shillings to the Marshall's for permission to roll about their floors and conduct themselves like lunatics, to see what effect they could produce, I suppose, upon poor Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and the unsuspecting Marshalls.

But I am not disposed to do either of these celebrated actors an injustice, and I therefore think in Mr. Sothern's case he was "possessed by an unclean spirit," which was exorcised, as I have before stated, by a gentleman who was present, and which perhaps would prove that Mr. Sothern *is* a medium. But fearing that this untoward incident would be bruited about to his discredit as the great exposèr of "blasphemous indecencies," he was anxious to cover his dilemma, and the happy idea occurred to him of getting up a scene at the Marshall's "as a blind," when his good-natured friend, Mr. Toole, undertook the rôle in the farce, for the first and only time on those boards, before a very small and very undistinguished audience. What *could* be Mr. Sothern's object in making a buffoon of himself at Holloway, and inducing Mr. Toole to conduct himself like "an idiot" at the Marshall's, if my surmise of the two exhibitions be not the true explanation? He had, according to his own showing, become a proficient in the art of simulating spiritual manifestations. He had given the subject "an exhaustive investigation," and had discovered "that it was

all a myth" years ago. Then what in the name of common sense *could* be Mr. Sothern's motives for *seeking* these humble inoffensive people at all?

But having done so, what possible object could he have in rolling about the floor and barking like a dog, as he did at Holloway, if, as his friends still say, he were only hoaxing Mr. and Mrs. Wallace? The poorest clown in a travelling circus would not care to make such a gratuitous and wicked exhibition of himself. The charitable explanation therefore is the one I have given. Mr. Sothern *cannot help* it. He cannot help visiting every spiritual circle, as was his wont when in America. If he be a medium, he is open to spiritual influences, and as a man of his habits is not likely to attract the gentle and the good, if he be overcome at all it is most likely to be by an "evil or unclean spirit," which may have been the case in that instance, and which is a condition as well known in these days as it was in the days of the Apostles.

I may, however, be entirely wrong in my view of these disgraceful and most degrading exhibitions.

Mr. Sothern may, and, as I believe, he has another explanation to give, which will disappoint his followers. But ultimately—to use his own simile—"Like a detected pickpocket," I hope he will feel compelled to "make a clean breast of it," and ask pardon for *his* "irreligious and blasphemous indecencies!" For his manifold offences against society! and especially for the injustice which he has done to so many unoffending people who, like himself, possess occult powers, but who have not, like him, been moved by "a cowardly terror" to abuse and prostitute the Almighty's gifts to satisfy the prejudices of a sceptical multitude.

MR. SOTHERN AT "AN EVENING PARTY."

I believe that I have as keen a sense of right and wrong as most men. I would not gratuitously intrude into scenes of private life for the mere purpose of exposing the weakness and folly of others. But I am, in my humble way, the historian of passing events, and in defence of our cherished belief the duty is forced upon me of exposing all charlatanism connected with the subject, whether within or without the pale of Spiritualism. I feel that it is especially my duty to lay bare the conduct of all who seek notoriety by recklessly and untruthfully attacking our faith, or the characters of honest, humble and defenceless men and women. This is my excuse for following Mr. Sothern again into one of his orgies, and of exposing the habits of a man, whom some portions of the press, and a large portion of the public, are disposed to accept as an authority in spiritual matters.

For many months past, Mr. Sothern and Mr. J. H. Addison have been conspicuously disporting their real or simulated powers as spiritual mediums, or conjurors, for the avowed purpose of discrediting Spiritualism and its phenomena.

Mr. Addison, who resides at 43, Marlborough-hill, St. John's Wood, has from time to time given extraordinary exhibitions at his own residence, and has succeeded in obtaining a notoriety only second to Mr. Sothern's as a miracle-worker, and something more. At one of his evening parties he recently entertained at, what Mr. Sothern calls, "a jolly little supper" the following persons:—

Mr. E. A. Sothern, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Billington, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Chas. Hunneman, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Tiffin, and two or three others.

Messrs. Addison, Sothern, Toole, Billington, Abraham, and Hunneman, were in collusion, to carry out, what Mr. Sothern also calls "a sell," and the victims on this occasion were Mr. Andrews and Mr. Tiffin, strangers to each other, both professed believers in Spiritualism, both past seventy years of age, and one of them, Mr. Andrews, a very nervous and excitable person.

To those who are familiar with the practice of Mesmerism, it is well known and fully recognized, that a strong magnetiser has the power of producing upon susceptible persons, an abnormal condition by psychologising, or biologising them (synonymous terms), and of causing the magnetised subject to believe that things are not what they appear to be; the magnetiser forcing by his will a belief that pure water is wine, brandy, &c. Mr. Sothern, I know, professes to have this power, which in a greater or lesser degree is really possessed by many men. But it is equally well understood, that this power is limited and can only be exercised under special conditions. When, therefore, he ventures to explain hereafter "how we did things (at the Miracle Circle), which *must have seemed to be*, and what many of our visitors *believed to be*, supernatural and miraculous." "How we produced spirit-hands and spirit-forms, and how people floated in the air—or at least, *how we made them really believe they did*,"—he may make the pretence that this is but the exercise of a biological power; and that when, for instance, a party of twenty persons hear rapping sounds, see a table rise from the ground, or see it move about without human contact, or when five hundred people, at one of the Davenport exhibitions, see hands and arms, and hear musical instruments playing under apparently impossible circumstances—Mr. Sothern, to be consistent, must say, that it was all moonshine, all imagination, "certainly not spiritual," but only a simple exercise of this biological power, acting in a mysterious way *somehow*. This is the "sell," I think, he has in store for such persons as the Editor of the *Star*, and the profound

philosophers of the "Flanêur" type. PSYCHOLOGISING THEIR AUDITORS is the process, that is the great secret, which in due time is to expose "the wilful delusion" of Spiritualists! To prepare the way for the grand denouement these midnight revelries are, no doubt, got up; unsuspecting, honest, and kindly old men are invited to sumptuous suppers, and with the help of a select band of confederates, the imaginations of their victims are worked upon by cajolery and menaces, until they are driven wild with terror, and thus the "shocking consequences" of believing in Spiritualism are, I presume, to be triumphantly exposed.

Here is an illustration of what I mean, and to the everlasting disgrace of those who converted Mr. Addison's house into a pandemonium; the following is a true history of the incidents and events which took place at his "Evening Party," held on Wednesday, the 3rd of January last, commencing at ten, and ending with a catastrophe at five in the morning.

After some general conversation, the company were invited to test Mr. Sothern's power of psychologising Mr. Andrews, who was thus to be enabled to read the thoughts of those around him. Each one was requested to think of a number of figures, say, 3, 6, 9—another, 5, 2, 4, &c. This being arranged, Mr. Andrews was commanded by Mr. Sothern to tell the number thought of by Mr. Abraham.

He at once guessed 5, 3, 2, which Mr. Abraham, affecting great surprise, admitted were correct! In this way all of those whom I have named (except Mr. Tiffin and two gentlemen who were lookers on), falsely assented to the correctness of the numbers named by poor Mr. Andrews, and thus he was impressed with the belief that Mr. Sothern had really endowed him with an uncommon power. Mr. Tiffin, who is an old mesmerist, became interested in this exhibition of apparent psychological influence, and the more so as Mr. Hunneman, who had brought him there, and whom he could not suspect of being in league with Mr. Sothern, had said that Mr. Andrews had correctly read *his* thoughts. Rapping sounds were then heard, which I am told were merely produced by an electric battery placed outside of the room; and I am also told that Mr. Addison had a small one in his pocket with which he gave slight shocks to all who touched his watch-chain.

Mr. Sothern then said, he could make Mr. Andrews hear those sounds when no one else could hear them, and *vice versa*, which in like manner by the assent and dissent of the confederates was done to the complete astonishment of Mr. Andrews.

Mr. Sothern, who was sitting some distance from Mr. Toole, whispered to those near him that Mr. Toole was a very susceptible subject; they were to watch him; and sending an empty glass to Mr. Toole, *he* at once exclaimed "Ah, that's sherry,"

then another was "brandy," and a third "very bitter beer," after which Mr. Sothern placed his hand upon Mr. Toole's head, who at once responded by imitating notes of birds and the bellowing of beasts, and shewed that he was quite at home in the habits of the brute creation. All this was done in an earnest quiet manner, and served to prepare the way and to impress a belief in the reality of the violent and extraordinary exhibition which followed.

Mr. Sothern had now been sitting for some time quietly smoking a cigar, when Mr. Tiffin observed a wild strangeness in his manner, and dropping presently from his chair, Mr. Sothern repeated the old scene—he rolled upon the floor, ran about on all fours like a dog, barked and bit at every one in his way, and actually tore with his teeth a piece out of his own trousers.

Mr. Tiffin, who had been present, and had witnessed Mr. Sothern's conduct at the Holloway Circle, when he believed him to be "possessed," hereupon became alarmed. Mr. Toole was screaming, Mr. Addison was yelling, most of the party were standing on chairs in the greatest excitement, when Mr. Tiffin retired hastily through the door leading to the garden, followed by Mr. Sothern, who fiercely brandished a table-knife in a threatening manner. The confederates followed them, pretending to restrain Mr. Sothern, who broke away and jumped over the garden wall into the neighbouring garden, whither Mr. Tiffin had fled for safety, from thence into another and a third garden, until at length Mr. Tiffin found an exit into the road, and in a state of great trepidation made his way home without his overcoat and stick, at three o'clock in the morning.

The whole party of confederates then returned to the house, where their other victim, Mr. Andrews, had remained in the greatest bewilderment and terror—a state which might well have claimed the sympathy of any man possessing human feelings. But these men were moved by no such sentiment. Mr. Toole, seeing the condition of Mr. Andrews, simulated a maniacal appearance, and grasping a handful of cigars, hurled them across the table at this white-haired man of seventy! Then seizing two knives in each hand, and looking fiercely at him, in a menacing manner, Mr. Toole rose from his seat, as if to attack Mr. Andrews. Mr. Addison and Mr. Sothern pretended to restrain and appease the violence of Mr. Toole; they wrested the knives from his hands, but secretly returned them to him. Mr. Toole stormed at the poor old man, rushed after him with other knives, which he apparently drew from his person, saying it was no use, he "was all knives;" and pursuing him round and round the table, upsetting and smashing decanters and glasses in the race, drove him ultimately into the street, where Mr. Toole and his

companions followed, yelling and hooting after him for some distance, whilst the old man, fully believing his life in danger, ran frantically away as fast as his aged limbs could carry him, and did not stop as I have since heard until he dropped down exhausted upon Hampstead-heath, where he was found in a ditch at daybreak, without hat or coat, by some workmen, to whom he told his piteous tale and asked for help.

I think I hear the startled reader exclaiming, "What has happened to you, Mr. Coleman? Where did you pick up this fabulous story? Surely *you* must be biologized! Where is there to be found a man in all London who would suffer such outrages to be perpetrated under his own roof and the cover of his hospitality? Is it possible that six men, holding any position in society, could stand by and assist in such heartless, wanton cruelty?"

Alas, my friends! I grieve to say this is not an imaginary scene—the story I have told is true to the letter; and here, at least, is a partial corroboration of it, taken from the *Standard* of the 6th of January last, not communicated by me, nor by any one known to me; and let me also add that the poor victim, Andrews, is an entire stranger to me; I have never seen him. Here is the paragraph:—

A GENTLEMAN IN A STATE OF CYCOLOGY (*sic*).—An elderly man was found in the fields at Hampstead, on Thursday morning, by some labourers, without hat or coat, and his clothes completely covered with mud. He was in a very exhausted state, and had evidently been out in the rain all night. On being asked how he got in such a condition, he said he had been to Mr. Addison's house in St. John's Wood, to see some spiritual manifestations, and that, under Mr. Sothern's directions, he had endeavoured to cycologise some of the gentlemen present; that he succeeded with one, who became very violent, and who, after throwing everything in the room at him, seized a knife and swore to have his life; that he fled the house, and to escape his pursuer, ran into the fields and hid himself in a ditch, where he remained all night, afraid to move. The poor man was taken home, declaring he would never again try the effect of such a dangerous power, and which had nearly cost him his life. The gentleman he cycologised, he stated, was Mr. Toole, the favourite comedian of the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN AT THE POLICE COURT.

A day or two after Mr. Addison's evening party, Mr. Tiffin applied to the presiding magistrate at Marylebone Police Court and obtained a summons against Mr. Edward Askew Sothern to answer a charge of assault and putting him in bodily fear. The hearing was fixed for Saturday, the 13th of January, when Mr. Sothern and Mr. Toole were present; but before the case was called great anxiety was evinced by Mr. Sothern to have it settled privately.

The solicitors conferred together and both pressed upon Mr. Tiffin to forego the public exposure, Mr. Tiffin's own solicitor

urging him to accept an apology, as that was the way, he said, these cases were always settled between gentlemen. Mr. Tiffin so repeatedly urged, at length yielded, upon the condition that the apology should be made in writing, which was done, Mr. Sothern expressing his extreme regret that he should have committed such a folly, which he meant only as a joke, and the affair was thus settled, Mr. Sothern paying all costs, which I am told amounted to about £15.

The reader will no doubt rise from the perusal of these extraordinary chapters in Mr. Sothern's history, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. But those who are accustomed to trust the integrity of my statements, will not doubt me when I say, that I have ample evidence to support the revelations made in these pages.

If Mr. Sothern should be disposed to dispute any of my statements, I may have to recur to the subject, but I expect that he will see the wisdom of giving in future as wide a berth to Spiritualism as his friend Mr. Edmund Yates, the *Flaneur*, has found it prudent to give to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, since the severe castigation which the editor so mercilessly bestowed upon him.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. P. A——, the Glasgow medium, has sent me the following account of his spiritual experiences, which will take rank amongst the most extraordinary upon record.

When I first heard of the marvellous phenomena witnessed at the circles which were being held at Mr. R. M——'s house, I wrote to that gentleman for his corroboration of the incidents. I subsequently had an interview with his brother, Mr. W. M——, in London, who confirmed in general terms the statements which had been previously made to me by a correspondent; but as Mr. R. M—— had not seen so much as his brother, he referred me to him and Mr. P. A——, who, as I have before said, is an engineer in the employment of Messrs. R. and W. M——.

Many persons, I am told, have attended these *séances*, which have been held at various times during the past two years, but in the following narrative which Mr. P. A—— has written, he has confined himself only to those occasions when Mr. R. M—— has been present and witnessed the facts related, and which *he* has formally attested. I therefore place the statement before my readers with the most perfect confidence in the good faith and integrity of Mr. P. A——.

“*The Table*.—Tipping or tilting, raps, levitation of the table with and without contact of hands, legs phosphorised, which enabled us to see the table when it had risen up to the ceiling.

The table has danced in the air two feet from the floor (with our hands laid lightly on its top) occasionally turning two or three rapid somersaults: then it would resume its mid-air dance to our music, keeping excellent time: this class of manifestations sometimes lasts fully five minutes. The table has been lifted and thrown with tremendous force a distance of upwards of nineteen feet, leaving on one occasion a splint of itself, eight inches long, imbedded nearly out of sight in the wall of the room; it then continued its course (turning round for the evident purpose of obtaining a better blow) till it came in collision with the panel of the door, nineteen feet distant. Several tables have been broken up; some having their legs torn away, others the top neatly wrenched off in an instant. We have repeatedly seen the table rise about four feet from the floor, when no person touched it, the gas being turned half down. Five persons were present and witnessed this. We have also had it made light and heavy, at request, and can always procure intelligent answers when desired. I have had the chair drawn away violently to a distance of five or six feet in broad daylight, just when about to sit down on it, so that I came to the floor; and a small table has defied the united efforts of five or six strong men to hold it, sending them reeling about the room as if they had received a powerful shock.

“Throwing of Articles.—We have had pillows, blankets, sheets, and even the mattresses taken out of the bed and thrown at us; sometimes the former were very neatly wound round a person, enveloping him from head to feet in a kind of swathe, the whole being surmounted with a pillow or bolster. This is only the work of an instant, and has often happened. We have had a shower of ashes, mixed with bits of newspaper torn inconceivably small, which seemed to fall on the table from the ceiling; and we have been frequently sprinkled with some odorous liquid, three and four persons being present. All sorts of articles have been in motion in the room—table, chairs, sofa—and a large and heavy four-posted bed following the table across the room. What seemed to us as shaving soap has been lathered over a person’s face, nothing of the kind being in the house. It seemed a peculiar kind of soap. On one occasion, we were desired to place a piece of clay on the table, which Mr. M—— did, and, in a minute, a stream of fire burst forth, lighting up the whole apartment *distinctly*; it burned with a vivid and brilliant light for two or three minutes, and disappeared as suddenly as it commenced, leaving some sort of residuum on the clay and the room filled with a dense cloud of a sulphurous odour. Some persons have had their eyes neatly painted with a sort of black pigment, giving them a rather questionable appearance.

" Spirit Touch.—The touching is frequent during the *séance*; the hands apparently being large and small, hard and soft, masculine and feminine. We have been shaken by the hand, and the touching, in a word, has varied from a velvet-like pressure to a sound thrashing, leaving black and blue marks all over the body.

Writing.—"I have written under spirit influence in the dark, a sheet over my head, the ruled lines being neatly followed even where a necessity existed for skipping three or four lines. Sometimes the rapidity is extreme, at others moderate, the writing and communication being characteristic of the spirit. I have also drawn in Mr. M——'s presence (I do not draw myself). Mr. M——, though not a medium, has yet, on one occasion, at his desire, been taken by the wrist, he holding a piece of chalk, and the spirits have moved his hand with great rapidity all over the table, till the chalk was worn down to his fingers. We have had, during a *séance*, writing on the table done among our very hands, on the bottoms of the chairs we sat on, and on the walls in different parts of the room; several ingenious attempts to lay hold of the spirit-hands, when touching, have been tried in vain, unless when the spirit chooses to shake hands, in which case they can be felt. We have had independent or direct writing—the spirit furnishing the pencil while we furnished the paper only.

" Spirit Vision.—I have never seen any of my own relations in the spirit, but I commonly see the friends of others, both living and dead, and describe them accurately. As a rule, I see those still living in the day; and those supposed to be in the spirit-land, in the dark or dusk. My double has been seen in several instances, and occasionally spoken to, with and without my own knowledge. Mr. M—— has not seen my double himself as yet. Non-mediums, or at all events, undeveloped mediums, have seen spirit-lights and spirit-shadows when I am present.

" Knockings.—We have had every variety of knocks upon the table, the sounds being characteristic of the spirit; we have had them at the same moment on the ceiling, walls, door, and table, perhaps a dozen at once; this at times lasts from two to three minutes. We have had, as it were, the room filled with the sound of a rushing wind—sighing, moaning, whistling, and going in blasts through the room; at such times the wind has been felt cold and icy, by others as well as myself, during the *séance*.

" Spirit Voices.—We have had *upwards of a score* of spirits speaking to us, one after the other, during the same *séance*; this occurs often, indeed we seldom, if ever, sit now without getting, at least, a *dozen* to address us,—the chief features of the speaking are the remarkable consistency of the different voices—their tone

being always the same ; but none of the voices bear any resemblance to the natural voices of any one present. The spirit purporting to be Dr. Franklin is the chief speaker ; he has spoken to us upwards of half an hour at a time—two, three, and four persons being in the room with me. It was Dr. Franklin's spirit that gave the theories mentioned in a former account. The advice and remarks on all topics broached, and the criticism is both sound and searching ; some of the female spirits sing beautifully and so loudly that not only are their voices heard throughout the house, but also in the street, the *séance* being conducted on the second floor of the house, and every crevice stopped up carefully—to the very keyhole—shutters shut, and large blankets nailed over them and the door to exclude light and draft. One of the female voices has an extraordinary compass, ranging nearly four octaves—the high notes being of full volume, and very sweet, clear, and thrilling. Sometimes they favour us with what they term a concert, on which occasions we have a multitude of sounds no instruments have as yet been tried ; but we intend making a fair trial of the experiment by-and-bye.

“ *Transportation.*—As you have already had some particulars of this manifestation, I need not do more at present than give you the more salient features of the case. Of course, as I was unconscious, I can only give it as I received it from Mr. M—— and Miss D——, who were present on this particular occasion. We three were sitting at table, in the dark, and had been getting manifestations, partly physical and partly intellectual, when I was gradually lifted from beside Mr. M—— till my feet were level with the table top ; I then gently inclined to the angle of, say sixty degrees, my cloak in so doing falling down on Mr. M——'s hands. One of the female spirits then came rustling past Mr. M—— and took my left hand, Dr. Franklin taking my right ; then being surrounded by twelve spirits (to prevent, as they said, my magnetism being dissipated) I took my departure, passing up to the ceiling through the cornice, into the next room. Now, it seems that, after my departure, some of the spirits left at the table told the two sitters that I was not there, that I had been carried away, on which Mr. M—— requested permission to light the gas, this was accorded, and both he and the lady told me they searched all the room thoroughly for ten minutes, in the full blaze of gas light. They were quite satisfied that I was not in the room ; the door and windows were fastened very securely, as was also the fireplace—the cupboards being locked, they were opened and searched—in short, the active search satisfied them of my positive absence from the apartment. The only thing to be done then was to put out the gas, sit down

at the table, and wait my return. I may remark here that, it was during *this* flight that it seemed to me that I passed over Arrochar and Kilmun, not under the circumstances as you have previously stated it. The manifestations of a similar character, which have occurred out of Mr. M——'s presence, and they have been numerous, I purposely avoid mentioning. One evening a round-headed walking stick was set up, on the smooth window sill on its round end, the point of contact could not exceed the eighth part of an inch of surface, yet there it stood for half an hour, leaning about two inches off the perpendicular, and offering a very positive resistance to the fingers when handled; Mr. M—— ultimately took it down himself. Several persons beside Mr. M—— have been present at *some* of the *séances*; but as they are intimate acquaintances of Mr. M——, I am not at liberty to give their names myself, even to you, as they might not wish their connection with Spiritualism to become known; but if you will write a few lines to Mr. M——, I believe he will willingly furnish you with the names and addresses."

P. A——.

Having read the foregoing list of manifestations as drawn up by Mr. P. A——, I have no hesitation in affixing my signature as a testimony to their truth and accuracy.

(Signed) R. M.

JUDGE EDMONDS AND THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

In the October number of the *Edinburgh Review* there was an article on American psychomancy, which reviewed at considerable length the writings of the late Professor Hare, Andrew Jackson Davies, and Judge Edmonds. The article was written with considerable force, and the author showed an extensive acquaintance with the history and literature of modern Spiritualism, but it was not truthful in some important points. I reviewed this article in the November number of the *Spiritual Magazine* and expressed my belief that American psychomancy was written by a Spiritualist in disguise, or at all events, by one who believed more than he dare avow in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. I especially commented upon the false statement that "Spiritualism had produced or developed a tendency to insanity in innumerable instances, and that the Bedlams of America are overcharged with its victims."

Since then a lady of a somewhat fanatical turn in religious matters called upon me to warn me of the dangers of a belief in Spiritualism, and, like most of those who denounce it from the religious side, she assured me, that, having been in America

she knew that the asylums were filled with insane Spiritualists. I asked for her authority. I too had been in America, and my inquiries there had satisfied me that it was not true. She said that several clergymen had so informed her—and I need hardly say that theirs is not the most reliable authority on such a subject. Here is a sample of the teaching of one of these American divines—the Rev. Dr. Gardner Spring—“When the Omnipotent and angry God who has access to all the avenues of distress in the corporeal frame, and all the inlets to agony in the intellectual constitution, undertakes to punish, he will convince the universe that he does not gird himself for the work of retribution in vain. It will be a glorious deed when he who hung on Calvary shall cast those who have trodden his blood under their feet, into the furnace of fire, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

Now, supposing that this Christian lady, who kindly wishes to convert me, has an erring son or refractory daughter whom she cannot bring to think as she does, or who may be Spiritualists, and who are suddenly removed by the hand of death from her maternal love—where in such a doctrine would she find consolation? Would she, and all mothers who accept such belief, not be driven mad with agony? Her children lost to her for ever; consumed in eternal fires never to be again united. Look on the other hand at the mother whose spiritual faith teaches her the law of progression, and that the Almighty is a God of love and not an angry and revengeful Father; that mother who feels full faith that she and those who have gone before *will* meet again; which of these bereaved parents is the one most likely to find her home in Bedlam?

But the statement made by the *Edinburgh Review*, and reiterated by so many opponents to Spiritualism, is a weak invention of the enemy—it is not true. Judge Edmonds has written a letter recently, which confirms my previous statements on this point. He says—“A few years ago such a charge was made by a respectable periodical in this country. I carefully examined, at that time, the reports of nearly all the lunatic asylums in this country, (we have no ‘bedlams’ here—they are purely indigenous to British soil,) and very few such cases were found; not to be compared with the numbers whose insanity was owing to religious excitement, disappointment in love, or pecuniary difficulties. I published the refutation, at that time, in the same periodical, and henceforth the idea has slumbered in America, now to be revived among the *savans* of what Byron called Modern Athens.

“The writer in the *Edinburgh* could never have examined, never have seen, even the statistics of insanity in this country,

for if he had he never would have ventured an assertion so diametrically at war with the facts as there disclosed."

It can be necessary to notice only one other mis-statement of the *Review*. It says:—

"It is equally undeniable that enormous fortunes have been speedily realized by professional mediums, who have practised on the weakness and credulity of their clients."

Every word of this is the sheerest fabrication in the world. No such instance has ever been known in this country, as everybody here knows. But suppose it was as he states—what of it? The success of the movement has very little depended upon or been indebted to "Professional Mediums." It is the private mediums who have been the great instruments in the work, and they outnumber the professional ones, a hundred or a thousand to one. And what think you, is the explanation this very unreliable writer gives of the phenomena of Spiritualism? My mediumship is hypnotism, or mesmeric sleep, or self-induced somnambulism, and the residue is fraud and deception! It is at once a shame and a pity that a work claiming such a high position in the literary world should display such profound ignorance in its pages.

New York, Dec. 10, 1865.

J. W. EDMONDS.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

This gifted lady continues to deliver her addresses at the Winter *soirées* to crowded and delighted audiences, upon various subjects which have generally been submitted to her only after she had taken her place upon the platform, and, therefore, have been spoken *extempore* without a moment's preparation. It is impossible to conceive anything more perfect of its kind, both in the matter and the manner of its delivery.

If I had had any remaining doubt of the power of spirit to control and to influence our thoughts and actions, it would have been removed by what I have heard flowing so eloquently from the lips of this highly inspired lady.

There is no reasonable explanation which can be given, short of spirit, to account for such a power as Miss Hardinge exhibits. No attribute of natural genius, no scholastic and careful training could accomplish what she does with so much apparent ease. It is, indeed, marvellous and to me the highest phase of spiritual development.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN AND SPIRITUALISM.

From Matter to Spirit is the title of one of the most valuable

and interesting volumes ever contributed to the cause and truth of Spiritualism, and should find a place in the library of every student of the spiritualistic philosophy. The preface of forty-five pages is in itself a study, and evidently the production of a master-mind. This book was published two years ago, and was deprived of half its value by being placed before the public anonymously.

It is a good sign of the advance which Spiritualism is making when the authors of this work are not deterred, after two years' additional expense, from proclaiming their names to the world, and that the leading firm in the trade has undertaken its publication. It is now announced that *From Matter to Spirit, the result of ten years' inquiry into Spiritual Manifestations*, is published by Longman, post 8vo., 8s. 6d., and that the work is from the pen of Mrs. de Morgan, with a preface by Professor de Morgan, who is the well-known and celebrated mathematician. It will be interesting to see how the learned professor's "delusion" is received by his compeers, and especially by the *Athenæum*, which so pertinaciously opposes Spiritualism, and to which paper the professor is a frequent contributor.

DR. KANE, THE ARCTIC NAVIGATOR.

A work has been just published in America, called *Dr. Kane's Love Life*: it is reviewed in the *Banner of Light*, which shews that Dr. Kane was married to Miss Margaret Fox, one of the young ladies of the celebrated "Fox Family," of Rochester, U.S.A.

INTERESTING SPIRITUAL TEST.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December last, I called with my wife and daughter to pay a complimentary visit to Miss Emma Hardinge. At her residence I met Dr. McLeod, of Newcastle, and Mr. Lauder, of Dublin. The former, who was about to leave for his home that evening, agreed, at the suggestion of Miss Hardinge, to go at once to the Marshalls to try a test experiment. Miss Hardinge said: "I will send a spirit with you, who shall give you his name and tell you who he is." After Dr. McLeod had left us Miss Hardinge said: "I have mentally requested my guardian spirit, brother 'Tom,' to accompany Dr. McLeod. I frequently hear his voice, and, although I know it is wrong to doubt him, I am constantly applying tests for my own satisfaction." She then wrote upon a slip of paper, which I have, the words, "My brother Tom, a sailor, and sometimes called by himself, 'going and coming.'"

On the following morning, Thursday, I received a note from

my friend, Mr. Morton, of Malton, in which he says, "I was at the Marshalls when Dr. McLeod arrived on his interesting mission; I hope the spirits were correct as to the name 'Tom.'"

On Saturday morning I received, from Newcastle, Dr. McLeod's account of his interview, "Giving no clue whatever," he says, "to the Marshalls." "I asked the spirits if they could tell me from whence I had come and for what purpose?" Answer, made by rapping, "You have come from Emma Hardinge's. She should know better than to put foolish questions to the spirits." And after exhibiting reluctance to satisfy his further enquiries, Dr. McLeod begged they would, at least, give him "the name of a spirit Miss Hardinge may have written upon a slip of paper and handed to a friend." The answer was, "Tom. I am her guardian spirit. You should not trouble yourself with small things."

It will be seen that this test, though not quite complete, is sufficiently so to establish the existence of an intelligence entirely independent of both the enquirer and the medium.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE celebrated Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, passed away, in consequence of a cold, which ended in inflammation of the lungs, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, the last day of the old year, at the seat of Arsta, in the parish of Ossehamminge, some eighteen miles south-east of Stockholm.

Fredrika Bremer was born at Abo, in Finland, in August 1801, and had consequently attained her sixty-fourth year. She, herself, expected to die before the end of 1865, owing to a dream which she dreamed thirty years since, and which had left an indelible impression on her mind. It was partly owing to this that she removed to Arsta, the old home of her youth and early womanhood, in the course of last summer, and there she quietly spent her remaining days in cheerful, resigned preparation. She enjoyed her usual good health to within a week of her decease, and her friends in no wise shared her presentiment. She gave a Christmas tree to the children on the estate, on Christmas eve, and attended service at the Church of Ossehamminge, on Christmas-day, when she took the chill which ended fatally.

Her writings, which are especially distinguished for their accurate pictures of family life, and for their genial, happy spirit, have made her name known far beyond the boundaries of her native land, and are translated into the principal European languages.

In the latter years of her life she became a great traveller, and visited America, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Palestine.

Nor is this all; she threw her heart into innumerable philanthropic undertakings, effecting thereby, both in greater and lesser circles, an incredible amount of good.

Her amiable character made her universally beloved, and her name will be treasured in countless minds; not merely in those of the great mass who have enjoyed her writings, but by all those who came into personal contact with her, and learned to prize her as a loving human being.

In the closing portion of her life she became much interested in Spiritualism, and read *From Matter to Spirit* with intense emotion. She says of it, "It is *the book* I needed to enter fully into the interest and understanding of Spiritualism in its recent form as a science. It is certainly an admirable work, as to its mind and spirit. Its theory and exposure of the natural laws, working in this class of phenomena, deserve the highest attention and appreciation of every intelligent and truth-loving mind." Still some "buts" arise in her mind against Spiritualism as the basis for a science and religion. These were fully and ably answered last autumn, by various deep-thinking Spiritualists. Her acceptance of their views has not, however, become known, but of this we are certain, that her mind was thoroughly opened to conviction; a great step—since she had been prejudiced by some of the manifestations she witnessed in America, and which made her declare "that the spiritual world had its 'humbugs,' even as our world has, and it did not seem to her extraordinary that they endeavoured to make fools of us."

Do not let us say that Fredrika Bremer is dead, but rather that "she passed into the spiritual world on such a day." For this mode of speech, even in 1853, she considered beautiful and true, and wrote in the words of Tholuck, the German theologian, and an upholder of the supernatural:—

"Why say that our friend is *dead*? *Dead!* That word is so heavy, so lifeless, so gloomy, so unmeaning. Say that our friend has departed; that he has left us for a short time. That is better and truer!"

VOLTAIRE'S BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.—This soul, this shadow, which subsists separate from the body, may very well be able to show itself on occasion; to return to its relatives, its family, and speak with them and instruct them. There is no impossibility in all this. That which exists can appear.

THE "ATHENÆUM" AND STRAUSS.

OUR contemporary, the *Athenæum*, is now giving to its readers a series of long and ably-written articles on the *New Life of Jesus*, by D. F. Strauss. As these are editorial articles we may throw on the journal all responsibility for whatever of sound or fallacious reasoning they contain, and also for their consistency or otherwise with the tone assumed by the *Athenæum* in treating of kindred subjects. A very few extracts will shew how wise and just are the principles applied by the critic in reviewing the German sceptic, and how very little he has been guided by his own rules in disposing of the spiritual question, not one of the least important questions of the time.

Speaking of Strauss's *Misuse of Hume's Argument*, the *Athenæum* says:—

"Hume lays it down as a rule to which no lawyer will object, when he says that on a new and strange fact being stated, one hard of belief, contrary to usage, it is right to consider the nature and weight of the evidence in favour of it; whether the witnesses of its truth are few or many, whether they are wise or foolish, whether they saw and heard what they report, and whether they agree in the main one with another. But Hume gets upon dangerous ground when he assumes that if facts contrary to common experience are reported, it is more philosophical to reject the testimony than to believe the report. *Why, everything that is new is contrary to experience. The first observed eclipse was against experience. The first observed earthquake was against experience. The motion of a boomerang, the variation of a compass, the rising of a coral reef, are all contrary to experience. The safe rule is to consider the evidence. No judge on the bench will reject testimony, on a point of fact because the attested fact is new or out of the way.*"*—*Athenæum*, January 6th, 1866, p. 11.

Farther on:—

"But he (Hume) does not pretend to say that everything must be considered false and fraudulent which cannot be explained by what is already known. How could he? Bacon had taught him better. Hale had taught him better. Hume knew that nature herself—visible, material nature—is full of surprises. Every science has its own tale of wonder, of mystery, of revelation. A rule which rejected facts because they were unknown to experience might do for Chinese and Iroquois, but would

* The Italics are ours.

never have been proposed by the countryman of Newton, the contemporary of Boyle." * * * *

"Hume's elaborate reasoning goes no farther than to shew that a miracle *is* a miracle, an event out of order, an interruption of usual laws. Herr Strauss, unable to pursue the chain of reasoning, leaps to the conclusion that Hume has been proving that a miracle is *not* a miracle, but a fable, an imposture, and a fraud. On this entirely false foundation he builds as though it were solid rock. *Ibid*, p. 11.

* * * "But we expect a man to be consistent with himself. We can admire the beauty of a life based on religious faith; we can smile, though sadly, at the wicked wit, who, dying, said he had nothing to regret, for he had never denied himself anything. Such lives are logical, but Herr Strauss is unable to see how he stands in the world of his own making. After denying angels and spirits, like an old Sadducee, he speaks of his own 'spiritual intimacies,' after rejecting every element of the supernatural from God's relation to man, he talks about "this divinely teeming world,' after repudiating heaven and renouncing a future life, he can still pique himself on 'the faith in which men honourably live and tranquilly die.' Is such a man fit to be our guide, philosopher, and friend?" *Ibid*, p. 12.

The continuation of this review in the next week's *Athenæum* (January 13, 1865) begins thus:—

"A little of that free inquiry which implies hearing all sides and caring only for the truth has shewn us Herr Strauss as a logician in his habit, as he lives and writes. Putting dogma out of sight as beyond our province, looking solely to such facts as lie open to lay judgments, this glimpse of his method of proceeding will be of service when we meet our critic on the wide neutral ground of history, where the facts are so few and the deductions so many."

The reviewer has not yet enumerated, among Strauss's inconsistencies, the dedication of the *New Life of Jesus* to the spirit of the author's brother.* It seems that the German has all the spiritual instincts of his nation, while some defect in the working of his mental apparatus, makes him refuse to uphold those intuitions by reason. His logical errors and inconsistencies have been well dealt with by his reviewer, and, if the principles on which the criticism is based are very close upon truisms, they are well applied; and an old coat that fits is a better thing than a new one which cannot be put on. But why should German sceptics only have the benefit of these broad principles and fitting applications? If, like the reviewer himself, "*we expect a*

* A similar dedication was made by Renan.

man to be consistent with himself," we shall soon find that, according to the proverb, we had better have expected nothing, and we should not have been disappointed. Who among us does not remember the tone assumed by the *Athenæum*, in its few notices of records of Spiritual phenomena? Has Hume's rule, "to which no lawyer will object," that "on a new and strange fact being stated, one hard of belief, contrary to usage, it is right to consider the nature and weight of the evidence in favour of it, whether the witnesses of its truth are few or many, whether they are wise or foolish, whether they saw and heard what they report and whether they agree in the main, one with another"—has this rule been applied to the testing of evidence in favour of Spiritualism? On the contrary, it is unquestionable that the number and character of witnesses, their asserted large experience, and their close agreement in the main one with another, have up to this time had no influence whatever on the judgment of the *Athenæum* or its representative. Let that representative turn his mental mirror round upon himself, and he will look in vain for a trace of that "free inquiry which implies hearing all sides and caring only for the truth," in that little corner whereon his judgment on the question of Spiritualism is reflected.

Spiritualists bring evidence "which no judge on the bench would reject," of having seen, heard, and in many other ways had experience of the existence of "angels and spirits," and of the truth of future life. The phenomena proving these realities, and attested by an overwhelming amount of evidence, are the same in kind, if different in degree, as those recorded in the Scriptures, for whose truth the *Athenæum* so learnedly contends: Healing the sick; communication of the Spirit by laying on of hands; spiritual vision, spiritual voices, spiritual writing and drawing, opening of doors, and moving of heavy substances, are facts, not one of which is without its counterpart in sacred history. It is true that the difference in degree alluded to, and, still more, the halo of antiquity and oriental colour which hangs over the apostolic miracles, throw into shade the more familiar wonders of our time; but their identity in kind is no less certain. It is equally certain, though less marvellous, that these later facts, when brought forward by a cloud of living witnesses, have been ridiculed or ignored by a journal which terms Strauss an old Sadducee for reflecting, with a want of fairness equal to its own, the honest testimony of men who lived eighteen hundred years ago.

While the old Sadducees were enacting the part of Strauss against the believers of their time, there was another sect among the Jews who held the doctrines of "angels, spirits, and a future state," yet when living proof was brought home to them, ridi-

culed the facts which would have confirmed their own doctrines, crucified Him of whom their own Scriptures testified, and condemned His followers as madmen or criminals.

When the Apostle Paul was brought to trial for proclaiming a truth of which he was himself the witness, he appealed to those who professed to hold this truth.

“Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee. Of the hope and resurrection of the dead am I called in question.”

Spiritualists appeal to those “who profess to believe in angels, spirits, and a future state,” with all the miraculous facts of Our Lord’s history.

“Men and brethren, we are Christians believing, not *only* because our fathers have declared unto us, but because we have heard with our ears, and seen with our eyes, the works of the Spirit. Of the hope and resurrection of the dead, and of the truth of every spiritual gift promised by Our Lord to his faithful followers, we are this day called in question.”

The manner in which this appeal has been met by those who profess to examine testimony with fairness, “caring only for the truth,” leads naturally enough to a comparison of their principles and their practice in relation to the phenomena of Spiritualism. This comparison leads again to a suspicion that if the new wonders have their counterparts in the old, so, as to their mutual relations, do the three of our time—the Spiritualist, the Sceptic, and the Reviewer—find *their* counterparts in that ancient three—the Apostle Paul, the old Sadducee, and the Pharisee.

S. E. De M.

CAROLINE VON GÜNDERODE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THIS young lady, who was of a poetical and highly sensitive nature, had the misfortune to live in Germany at the time when Goethe’s *Werther* had created in the public mind of that country a taste not only for sentimentality, but for a much worse thing—suicide! Fräulein von Günderode was, like Goethe himself, of Frankfort-on-the Main. Bettina Brentano, afterwards Bettina von Arnim, was also of Frankfort; and a romantic friendship existed betwixt these gifted but very excitable young ladies. They spent some time together in the Rheingau, and there, at Offenbach, Caroline Günderode opened to Bettina her intention of committing suicide. She had purchased a dagger with a silver handle, and showed this to Bettina; and also told her that a surgeon had showed her exactly where the spot lay in which to

pierce the heart, and that he assured her that it was very easy to destroy yourself. Bettina, in her celebrated book, *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*, relates the scene which took place betwixt them on this occasion. Bettina was one of the most romantic and impulsive of young girls. She seized the dagger and threatened G nderode with it in order to drive, by terror, the idea out of her head. She cut her own finger with the dagger to horrify her with the sight of blood; and then, as inspired with fury, pursued her with the dagger into her bedroom, and, as the alarmed G nderode secured herself behind a leathern easy chair, stabbed the chair frantically several times, and then flung the dagger away. G nderode was greatly alarmed; but there were causes, deeper than a mere poetical theory, which she professed to entertain, that it was the best thing to learn much, to comprehend much through the spirit, and then not to overlive the charm of youth. G nderode was attached to Professor Creuzer, of Heidelberg, celebrated for his classical knowledge. This man is described by Bettina as a remarkably ugly fellow, and more, according to her notions; calculated to disgust than to fascinate a woman. She herself expressed undisguisedly to him her disgust of him, and probably this was the cause that G nderode broke off her friendship with Bettina, to Bettina's excessive grief and wonder. Creuzer; moreover, was a married man, but lived unhappily with his wife, and had assured G nderode that he was about to be divorced, and would afterwards marry her.

Having left her with these assurances, he, however, fell seriously ill, and was so affectionately nursed by his wife that, on his recovery, he wrote to G nderode that he could not think any longer of a divorce, and their attachment must take the soberer ground of friendship. The consequence was, that soon after Die G nderode was found near Winckel, in the Rheingau, not far from the celebrated Johannisberg, lying on the edge of the Rhine, in a willow-holt, with a napkin filled with stones tied round her neck, and the silver-hafted dagger plunged in her heart. The river there is extremely deep, and it appears that to make her death certain, if the stab were not instantly fatal, she meant to throw herself into the water. The blow, however, was effectual; and a peasant finding her, to his great horror, lying dead on the brink of the river, drew forth and flung the dagger into the deep stream, and fled to carry the news to Winckel.

The catastrophe created a great and universal sensation in Germany. Goethe, in his *Journal of a Tour on the Rhine*, describes visiting the spot, but does not seem to have reflected for a moment that the false and morbid sentiment propagated by his

Werther had been the means of this tragedy. Bettina not only narrates the circumstances in her *Briefwechsel*, but afterwards wrote a work expressly on them, under the title of *Die Gnderode*.

When I formerly heard the Gnderode talked of in Germany, and read these publications, I had no idea that the deep interest connected with this unhappy event arose out of more than its own tragic character; but a recent perusal of her poems and prose essays, under the title of *Gedichte und Phantasien von Tian*, published in Hamburg and Frankfort, in 1804, shows her to have possessed a mind of high and remarkable power; and explains that the deep and lasting feeling created by her fate, arose out of the knowledge that in her a soul capable of casting great lustre on the literature of her native land, had been thus cut off from its proper career.

There are, indeed, many circumstances connected with *Die Gnderode* which are of peculiar interest to Spiritualists. Gnderode was a Spiritualist. She had not only discovered the fact of its reality, and acquired great knowledge of its phenomena; but had indoctrinated Bettina Brentano, in those years of her effervescing sensibilities and vivid imagination, to a degree that made even the Gnderode tremble at her own work. Neither of these young ladies lived in a time and amongst people who could be safe guides through the first intricate labyrinths of this philosophy of life. The facility with which Gnderode accepted the idea of Creuzer divorcing his wife in order to marry her, will, perhaps, startle our English ideas less now than it would before the erection of our divorce court, and its sad revelations; but the ease with which divorces have long been procured, and the indifference with which they have been regarded in Germany, made the acceptance of a lover by Gnderode, under such circumstances, nothing remarkable in that country and age. To the national ideas on this subject were, however, then added the morbid condition of sentiment, and the even fashionable notion of suicide, propagated by Gethe. These, in two young and enthusiastic girls, were not favourable elements for Spiritualism to develop itself in. Spiritualism, however, had clearly nothing to do with Gnderode's catastrophe: it arose from the *Werther* sentimentalism operating on disappointed affection. In Bettina von Arnim's peculiar temperament, one of poetic sensibility of the most delicate and quivering kind, with a daring disregard of conventional ideas and customs, its effects were extraordinary, but happily not permanently injurious.

She describes Gnderode as of a tall and graceful figure, with a style of countenance full of spirit and intellect. "She had brown hair, but blue eyes shaded with long eyelashes. When she laughed it was not loudly, but with a soft bubbling, as it

were, of pleasure and mirth. She did not walk, she glided: but that does not express what I mean. The movement of her tall figure could neither be expressed by the word flowing, nor her form by the terms slender and elegant. Her dress fell in attractive folds, catching an indescribable charm from her figure and action. In manner she was most gentle, friendly, and unassuming."

Günderode was what is called a *Stütsdame*, or Canoness. That is, she lived at this time in a Convent, but without taking the veil. On ceremonial occasions she wore the dress of the Order, and, says Bettina, when people saw her sitting silently in this costume on such occasions, with her fine, soulful, illuminated face, they sometimes thought that she looked like a spirit about to take its flight. Both Günderode and Bettina were Catholics, and this may account for their so readily accepting the baptism of spiritual truth. "She would teach me philosophy," says Bettina, then a girl, according to her own statement, of thirteen. She taught her that the common notions of imagination were false because they were superficial. That through and beyond the imagination there lay the adytum of spirit-life. Through and beyond this much-talked-of and little understood power, lay the actual highway to the inner and only real world of being. This great mystery she taught had been concealed and typified in the mysteries of all the ancient nations—Greek, Egyptian, and Indian. It was a truth too profound for the commonplace minds of every age, but it was the eternal truth underlying all true philosophy, and proclaimed only in full light by the Hebrew theology. "Yet, dost thou not understand how deep these entrances into the mines of the spirit lead! But the time will come when it will be most important for thee; for men go often along desolate paths. The more they possess the power to press forward on them, the more awful becomes their loneliness; the more boundless the desert. If thou wert but aware, however, how deeply thou hast here descended into the wells of thought, and hast already caught glimpses far beneath, of a new morning redness, and that thou shalt re-ascend with joy, and speak of this the deeper world, then shall it be thy great comfort, for the world and thee can never hang together in unity. Thou wilt find no other way of escape from it, but through this fountain in the magic garden of thy phantasy. But it is no phantasy; it is the truth which mirrors itself in phantasy. Genius avails itself of phantasy, in order, under its form, to communicate or insinuate what man is not otherwise capable of receiving. No, thou wilt find no other way to the enjoyment of thy life but that which the children have known from age to age—when they love to talk of deep wells, passing

through which men find flowery gardens, marvellous fruits, crystal palaces, whence peal ravishing music, and where the sun with his rays builds bridges, over which, with firm footing, men can march into the grand centrum. Ah! how true it is, that the souls of children behold the face of God and speak the grandest truths in the hours of their mere pastime, whilst great and learned men labour and labour in the world of mere abstractions, and think they have built up a philosophy when they have merely diffused a deeper darkness."

The effect upon the sensitive Bettina was, that she found herself in a new world, which made the outer look a mere dream-land, and began to biologize herself by gazing on a vase of flowers placed behind a transparent curtain, when the outer scenes around her passed away. She describes the effect of the colours of the bouquet of flowers upon her as a ray of sunshine fell upon it through a crack in the shutters, as she sat in the darkened room. The flowers were spiritualized. Her keen inner eye, she says, was opened, and the colours, odours, forms of the flowers, assumed a new life; an overpowering beauty. This beauty she felt to be the Divine Spirit, diffused through the bosom of nature; a beauty greater than man: higher than all physical beauty. These colours, odours, forms, and the marvellous light which played about them, gave her dreams which were realities. "If I were to say all I saw, it would be regarded as madness and folly. Yet why should I suppress it? I speak it before God," she says. "I had an inner world—a secret capacity. I saw great appearances when my eyes were closed. I saw the heavenly bodies. They circulated before me in immeasurable vastness, so that I could not perceive their limits, yet I had a conception of their rotundity. The host of stars passed by me on a dark ground." She saw stars as pure spiritual figures dancing, which, she says, she comprehended as a spirit. There stood ranges of lofty columns, and other figures behind, while the stars wheeled far away and then descended into a sea of colour. She saw flowers of gorgeous shapes and hues, and gigantic growth, and heard mysterious music, which, while it transported her, strengthened her heart inconceivably.

Another singular experience seized her: As she rambled in the garden by moonlight she felt herself lifted from the ground. With a light spring she floated in the air, and glided forward two or three feet above the earth, but soon alighted again. She was enraptured with this discovery. She floated down the flights of steps; she raised herself to the boughs of the trees, and passed amongst them. "Thus," she says, "I danced and floated about in the moonlight garden to my inexpressible delight." But it was only thus by night. The next morning she was quite cer-

tain that she could fly, but in the daytime she seemed to forget it. Bettina did not understand this great law of the night-side of nature, but she boldly asserted the facts which resulted from it.

She possessed the faculty of seeing spirits. G nderode's deceased sister appeared to her as she lay in bed. To convince herself of being awake, she rose up in bed and gazed at the well-known figure. The sister took up, apparently, the well-known dagger, lifted it aloft, then laid it noiselessly down, nodding to her as if to make the act significant. Then she advanced to the lamp, which was burning; lifted it aloft in the same manner; then blew it out, leaving Bettina in darkness and terror.

She was convinced that G nderode had killed herself, and she urged her brother and Mr. Fritz Schlosser to hasten to Winckel. She went with them. On the way, at an inn where they passed the night, between Frankfort and Winckel, she had three dreams successively, confirming the impression that G nderode was lying dead in her blood: and every time that she awoke, she ran to her brother's chamber, and told him what she had dreamed, and her certainty that they would find G nderode dead. It was too true!

There are curious relations by Bettina of her frequently climbing some decayed and dangerous ladders to the top of the old castle of Marburg, which she did not dare to attempt by day; and of sitting on the top of the tower walls, with her legs hanging down outside, and of running to and fro on this lofty and dizzy wall, without fear and with perfect safety. No doubt she was in a somnambulist state at the time, for it was at night that she rose from her bed, flung on a cloak, and in frost and snow made these perilous ascents, wondering at the world of stars above her head.

Bettina married Achim von Arnim, a gentleman of fortune, as well as a poet and literary man. In conjunction with her brother, Clemens Brentano, her husband did for Germany, to a certain extent, what Bishop Percy did for England. These attached and gifted friends collected the fine old romantic ballads which were floating in the popular memory, and published them under the title of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Von Arnim was also the author of many original and popular works of imagination. In such auspicious circumstances, Bettina electrified Germany by the boldness and passionate intensity of her productions. That flood of impulsive enthusiasm which filled her whole being, she had already poured out on the great poet G ethe, with all the ardour of a romantic girl in her teens, the poet being about sixty. This adoration was evidently very flattering to the elderly bard, and he treated her with great tenderness; hoarded up her letters, and said to her once, showing the drawer

where he kept them, "These I read every day." The publication of this correspondence by her afterwards, with all its fervid gush of life and love, its dashing intrepidity of thought and expression, its *näivetè* amounting to super-*näivetè*, excited an indescribable sensation throughout Germany. To some she was mad; to some she was inspired. Grave men, and Göethe himself, turned the glowing diction of some of her letters into poems; grave philosophers lamented that she thus "laid bare the subjectivity of her inner being." They talked much of her subjective impressions.

Subjectivity and objectivity—those juggler's balls of German metaphysicians, contrived to prevent the human understanding perceiving the truth! As if the objective were the real, the subjective the imaginary. Had they only dared to call them the outward and the inward, the truth might have been approached. But Bettina had discovered that which gave a new life to her writings, and, amid all her apparent extravagancies and eccentricities, that is the spell which draws the imagination after them, and makes the uninitiated reader wonder, and kindle as he wonders. Let us now, however, turn to the little volume of Gündorode's youthful effusions. In them we shall find evidences, not so glittering and piquant as those in Bettina, yet genuine evidences of what is now called Spiritualism. These are especially conspicuous in a little dialogue, called *Die Manen, ein Fragment*, and what she calls, *Immortalita, ein Dramolet*.

The first is a dialogue betwixt a scholar and his master. The scholar, impressed with the greatness of past heroes and men of genius, wishes that he could come into actual communication with their souls. The master tells him, to his astonishment, that this is possible, for that we stand in a perpetual union with the minds of those gone into the other world, with whom we have not ceased to harmonize. We may give the remainder of the dialogue as it stands.

"MASTER: Thus all harmonious things exist in a certain connection, whether visible or invisible, and as certainly as we stand in *rapport* with that part of the spirit-world which is in harmony with us. A similar or kindred thought in different heads, even when these heads are not conscious of it, or these souls are not known to each other, is, in a spiritual sense, a union. The death of a person who stands in such a relation to us, does not destroy this relation. Death is a chemical process, a separation of forces, but no destroyer; it rends not the bond betwixt us and kindred souls: the progress of the one, and the retrogression of the other only, can break up this communion; as a man who has progressed in everything that is excellent no longer harmonizes with a youthful friend who has remained rude and ignorant. You can easily apply what I have said, both generally and particularly.

“ SCHOLAR: Perfectly. You say that harmony of forces is union; death destroys not this union because he only separates, does not destroy.

“ MASTER: I add, also, this; that the cessation of those conditions in which the harmony properly consisted, for instance, a total change of views and opinions, must necessarily destroy this union.

“ SCHOLAR: That I have not lost sight of.

“ MASTER: Good. Then a union with the dead, who have not ceased to harmonize with us, may still continue?

“ SCHOLAR: I admit it.

“ MASTER: It remains, therefore, only to become conscious of this union. Simply spiritual forces cannot become visible to our outward senses; they do not operate through our physical organs upon us, but through that organ by means of which only a union or *rapport* is possible, through the inner sense on which they operate immediately. This inner sense, the deepest and finest organ of the soul, is, in the great majority of mankind, totally undeveloped; merely the germ is existing in them. The bustle of the world; the pursuit of business; the habit of dwelling and looking only on the surface of things, prevents us arriving at any spiritual growth—any clear spiritual consciousness. Thus this great psychical fact of our nature remains, for the most part, unacknowledged; and the revelation of it, in different times and persons, has always had so many doubters and sneerers, that to this present time there is no reception or operation of it but in men of rarest occurrence, or the most especial individuality.

“ I am, indeed, far from putting faith in the many ridiculous stories of apparitions; but I am quite persuaded that the inner sense may be cultivated to a degree in which the apparition of the spiritual being may be able to make itself palpable to the outward eye, or, as more usually the case, the outward apparition may present itself to the spiritual eye. I need not, therefore, talk of the miraculous, or of trickery, or of illusion of the senses, in order to explain this phenomenon. Yet I am well aware that, in the language of the world, people term this development of the inner sense—overstrained imagination. He in whom this inner sense, this eye of the Spirit has opened, sees those things invisible to others, which are in union with him. From this inner sense religions have proceeded, and so, many of the apocalypses of the olden and of recent times. Out of this capacity of the inner sense, objects which are invisible to other men, whose spiritual eyes are still closed, become palpable, and prophecy, which is no other than this gift of seeing the connection of the present and the past with the future—the necessary cohesion of cause and effect—arises. Prophecy is the sense or

perceptive faculty for the future. Man cannot learn the art of prophecy; the faculty for it is mysterious—it unfolds itself in a mysterious manner; it bursts forth frequently, like the lightning's flash, and again buries itself in deeper night. You cannot call forth spirits by conjurations, but they can reveal themselves to the spirit; the receptive can receive them: they can show themselves to the inner sense.

“The teacher was silent, and his listener departed; but many thoughts were busy in his mind, and his whole soul yearned to make himself master of the conditions necessary to the possession of so noble a power.”

In another little paper, called an apocalyptic fragment, the *Günderode* imagines herself passed into the spirit-world:—“I seemed no longer myself, and yet more than myself. I could no longer find my accustomed limits. My consciousness had outgrown itself; it was greater, different, and yet I felt myself in it. I was released from the narrow bonds of my being, and was no longer an isolated drop in the ocean; I now belonged to everything and everything to me. I thought and felt, swam in the billows of the sea, glittered in the sun, circled with the stars, felt myself in all, and enjoyed all in myself.

“Therefore, he who has ears to hear, let him hear! It is not two, nor three, nor a thousand: it is one and all. It is not body and soul separated, so that one belongs to time and the other to eternity; it is One; belongs to itself and eternity at once; visible and invisible; fixed in movement, an illimitable life.”

In the little dramatic sketch of *Immortalita*, Immortality is represented as inclosed in a circle formed of a vast serpent which holds its tail fast in its mouth. She is in a gloomy region thus environed, conscious of a great nature, but unaware of her real sovereignty. Hecate, whom she invokes to explain the mystery of her condition, tells her that she is the queen of all things, though she does not know it, and that the hour is coming for her enfranchisement. Soon a beautiful youth named Erodion, the son of Love and Beauty, springs on shore near her from Charon's boat, in which he has passed over. He recognizes Immortality as the being after whom he has always yearned, and Hecate again appearing, tells Erodion to step into the serpent-formed circle, when instantly the serpent unrolls itself and disappears, and Immortality finds herself, freed from all bonds, a denizen of the universe.

This little drama, under a classic form, describes the condition of man at the period of the approach of Christianity. Human wisdom, then as now, had clouded the soul, and in its shape of serpent, or serpentine cunning, had cooped up the knowledge of our immortality within the narrow circle of its

own limited nature. The human mind, restless and unsatisfied, haunted by its immortal instincts, knows not how to comprehend its situation, much less how to escape from its duration. But man enlightened by Christianity, in the shape of Erodion, the son of divine Love and Beauty, arrives, the serpent circle of human wisdom is dissolved and the soul re-asserts its native claims. Life and immortality are in reality brought to light. Erodion, or Christianity, embodied in man, throws down the rocks which human erudition had piled up betwixt this life and the next. Immortality exclaims—

“Triumph! the rocks are thrown down! From this time and for ever it is given to the thoughts of love, the dreams of desire, the inspirations of the poet, to descend out of the land of the living to the realm of shadows, and to return again.”

“HECATE: Hail! threefold immortal life will ensoul this pale realm of shadows, now thy kingdom is established.”

“IMMORTALITY: Come, Erodion, ascend with me into the eternal light, and all love and every excellence shall flourish in my kingdom. And thou, Charon, smooth thy brow, and become the friendly conductor of those who shall enter my dominions.”

“ERODION: Blessed am I, that I held fast in heart like a festal fire, its sacred presentiment! Blessed, that I had the courage to die the death of mortals, and live the life of the immortals, offering up the visible to the invisible!”

These immature fruits of a great soul show us what might have been the splendid results of a natural term of its existence here. The free and bold imagination, the undaunted action of an understanding which cut, with an independent edge, through all the weak sophistries and metaphysics of the time, and seized on the underlying truth, and openly proclaimed it, give us assurance that in its more advanced period she would have left some noble monument of the highest science of life, and have placed her name on the same substantial platform as Stilling, Kerner, Schubert, Eschenmayer, Meyer, Eckartshausen, and Hornung. The shock of circumstances on a too-sensitive nature deprived *this* world of the full blossom of those genial and intrepid talents and carried them to some more auspicious sphere. Let us, however, gather up lovingly the few fallen garlands of a hapless child of the morning, and hang them up on a fair column in our spiritual Walhalla. Some day, in some far inner land we shall recognize by them the traces of that onward-marching maiden, and say, “Here has passed that same G nderode,” still following the footsteps and hymning the anthems of IMMORTALITA!

MISS HARDINGE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

WE hope that all our readers who appreciate eloquence which evinces the highest moral and intellectual endowments, have been present at the addresses of this lady, and that they will neglect no opportunity of enjoying the flow of impassioned truth and poetry which is calculated to refresh and invigorate the minds of those who are privileged to listen to her. We could not but feel, before we heard her, that her chosen subject of America was a most threadbare and difficult one upon which to discourse before an English audience, but the manner in which she has treated it, shews that her genius is capable of overcoming any such obstacles, and of investing the most unpromising subject with attractive freshness, and of making it suggestive of profound reflection.

We are glad to find that she has received highly appreciative notices from nearly all the leading organs of the press, as indeed she was fairly entitled to do. Had she been infinitely less deserving of this praise, we should have expected from the sympathies of gentlemen some kindly treatment of a lady, who, at all events, has brought back with her to her native country a character for philanthropy, and for zeal in every noble cause, manifested through ten years of the most laborious exertions in America. During that period she has sacrificed on behalf of the suffering and ignorant of all classes, her energies, her health, her noble powers, and every shilling she could earn in the lecturing field, and has given it all freely to those on whose behalf she laboured. If we were asked who of all living men and women, has during the last ten long and eventful years, toiled the most effectually, and followed the most closely the steps of the Divine Master in aid of suffering humanity, we should have a difficulty in naming one whom we would select in preference to this lady, and we make this statement with a full knowledge of the grounds upon which it is based.

It should be hardly credible that any one acquainted with her history, both public and private, should not have for her the highest esteem and admiration. We have heard that she has by some been confounded with two others of the same name, but without having this excuse for their judgment being prejudiced against the intrinsic value of Miss Hardinge's character and singular endowments, it has remained for the *Saturday Review* to distinguish itself by a coarse brutality which we are happy to say is all its own. We use these strong and just words, because we see in the article of the *Saturday Review* quotations

from a paper in this journal, which gave a full detailed account of her career, and, therefore, the writer has, with full knowledge of this, been guilty of a degree of misrepresentation and foul-mouthed abuse which would have disgraced the casual ward of Lambeth workhouse.

We think it ominous for society that a journal conducted on the general principles of the *Saturday Review*, which are studiously opposed to everything relating to the higher life of man, should be able to attain so large a circulation and such influence amongst the higher classes.

To what peculiar perversity of the *Saturday Review* mind are we to look for a solution of the problem that an English educated gentleman could listen to the exhibition of Miss Hardinge's wonderful powers in St. James's Hall, and that he could afterwards sit down and deliberately write such an unjust, senseless, and disgraceful criticism, not upon her address alone, but upon her character and history which were so well known to him? Coleridge says that it takes far more education to make a pair of shoes, than to write articles for a newspaper. We can only regret that a far-seeing parent of a degenerate son did not put him in the way of making good shoes, rather than of writing articles which should bring the blush of shame to every manly cheek.

We have been informed that Mr. Scott, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, was himself the writer of the article. If it be not so, we shall be happy to give this gentleman the opportunity of relieving himself from the odium of its authorship.

THE SPIRITUAL JOURNALS AND THEIR ADVISERS.

MR. GARDNER, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mr. Burns, of London, discussed the subject of the literature of Spiritualism, at the Darlington Convention, in July last, and the report of the proceedings of the convention has been recently forwarded to us. In the course of this they both alluded to the *Spiritual Magazine* and the *Spiritual Times*, and their opinions are by no means complimentary either to us or to our contemporary. They may not be the less true on that account, and as our wish is not to conceal the truth, whether it make for us or against us, we are glad to be able to reproduce the most pungent parts of these gentlemen's objections.

Mr. Gardner said:—

One thing is patent, of which any superficial observer will feel conscious,

that there is a great difference between the English and American spiritual publications. We seem content to announce a fact or tell a story; they reduce it to a philosophy, proclaim a principle, and then shape it into a practical use. The Americans have facts, but they make them speak in tones of eloquence all the progressive principles of the age, and contrive to give them a niche in the temple of science. Our facts are expected to speak for themselves; but poor dumb things, they have no mouths, they are only good substantial facts, about which people are left to form their own opinions, and it comes to pass that most people are not accustomed to form opinions for themselves, and if anything else occurs, they attach the opinions of our opponents to the facts we have prepared for them. But we are conservative in our spiritual literature, while the Americans are radical. They are not afraid to speak contrary to certain dignities, while we seem only anxious that the same sort of dignities should speak well of us. We think Spiritualism looks very well with a creed about its neck, while the Spiritualists of America have been pulverising and destroying all the creeds they could lay hold of for the last sixteen years. Our spiritual literature is very harmless, and might be swallowed by almost any sect with perfect impunity. Theirs is fatal to orthodoxy wherever it is received. *In fact, ours only claims to be a higher kind of Christianity*, which is no more than what every other sect claims. But American spiritual literature has gone a long way to prove that Christianity is not the religion of Spiritualists, but of sectarians, who deny there is any way to appease the wrath of God but by the death of his Son. Some of our writers affirm that Spiritualism is based on Christianity, and others boast that no English Spiritualist denies the divine authority of the Bible; neither of which positions could have been retained by the writers themselves if they had paid any attention to the more advanced literature of America. If Spiritualism was based on Christianity, how is it that it existed before its foundation was laid? If they would content themselves by saying the first Christians were Spiritualists, they would save themselves from much inconsistency. And if they would simply affirm, speaking of the Bible, that it contains many accounts of ancient spiritual manifestations, no one could charge them with using duplicity.

Some may wonder why the spiritual press of this country is not so decided in its tone and progressive in its tendency as the American literature. Well, I will tell you why it is said to be so. They think if they were to be so radical as to deny the old systems, their publications would be strangled. We think that could be prevented if Spiritualists would say it should be; and I think many Spiritualists would be glad to support a paper that fully echoed their own principles against the conservatism of orthodoxy. I don't think strangulation and death would supervene if the whole truth was brought out by our publications. It did not do so in America, and progressive thinkers are always ill at ease with any publication that seems to be on the side of conservatism in theology.

Mr. BURNS referred to the schemes for supplying the Spiritualists with a periodical. He said that the cause was not at all served by what already existed. There was no free press or popular organ; those in existence did not serve the people, but wanted the people to serve them; they were not the organs of truth or investigation, but of a sect. The speaker deprecated that anonymous journalism which put a sheet of printed paper before you as if from the hand of an automaton. This was only the ghost of what a periodical should be, having the advocacy of a great truth at stake, and enjoying the co-operation of hearty, earnest men. But what do these papers care for the truth? Why, the first question with them all is, their paltry individual existence. The good will of their subscribers is of more importance to them than the greatest law or principle that ever emanated from the Divine mind. They dare not even advertise a book that is accredited to advocate a sentiment ahead of the old-womanisms that pass current with their constituents; and their declared policy is to exclude all articles tending to explode theological errors—the roots of sectarian tyrannies. And does such a miserable system pay financially? No. The publications already in existence in this country subsist on charity; not one of them earns its bread. An out and out progressive broadsheet could not fare worse. Such an organ is wanted, and living real men that are not ashamed of being its editors or publishers. It is rather an incongruity to be laughed at for being a

Spiritualist and have to defend its facts and principles every time you go to buy its books at these business publishers. Even their trade terms are stiff and illiberal, showing that it is a matter of no consequence to them whether the books have a chance or not.

The speaker did not mean to imply that the existing periodicals had not been of some service, yet he contended that they were open to the objections he had stated. They might even be useful in promoting a "respectable" form of "Christian Spiritualism;" but when the object contended for was truth and progress, and not foregone conclusions and the "powers that be," it would be seen that they were worthless. He knew that the promoters of these journals were gentlemen of honour and respectability; he made no personal allusion to them, but to the periodicals as they were. He thought that such a criticism was healthy and was wanted. Candour and honesty was a better policy than selfish conservatism—the quality which he found fault with in those papers, which would rather sacrifice the truth than their own success or reputation. He was a friend of politeness, suavity, and fraternity, and had experienced much kindness from the promoters of these journals; but he considered it cowardly and a desertion of duty to cry "Peace, peace, when there was no peace," and in the end was neither kindness nor justice.

The idea of both these gentlemen seems to be, that Spiritualism is a new religion, and that it is their religion, whilst we do not adequately represent this religion of theirs, and of Spiritualism. If they are right in the opinion that Spiritualism is a new religion, then we own ourselves to be in the wrong, but we maintain that there is not a new religion in Spiritualism, but on the contrary that Spiritualism is the life essence of every religion. It is not easy at the present day, nor has been for a long period, to invent a new religion. It was once asked by a bigoted Catholic, "Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?" To which the answer was a pertinent one, "Where was your face before you washed it?" The mistake of these gentlemen is to wish that we should aid in making another new sect out of Spiritualism, but we have no intention of doing so. It is a very common mistake of Spiritualists, and has already produced all the disunion which exists in their ranks. Hitherto in England Spiritualism has been kept considerably free from the public expression of this unfortunate idea. Look at the effects which it has produced in France. There the dominant party makes the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism to consist in the dogma of re-incarnation, which is violently, and we think properly opposed by the other and larger-minded party. In America Spiritualism is broken up into other sects. There is the religio-philosophical party, which finds its sole expression in the Harmonial philosophy of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. There is another party which says that the religion of Spiritualism consists in doctrines and beliefs similar to those held by what is known as the Broad-Church in England. Again, there is another which goes for the religion of reason, and kicks down all the old and grand religious beliefs and faith of the Bible. Which then, we ask, is the real religion of

Spiritualism, which Spiritualists so diametrically disagree about? What folly in us to be quarrelling on this subject amongst ourselves, whilst we have before us the all important work of enlightening the outside world upon the stupendous facts and fair deductions of this new science! Why should we voluntarily sacrifice the subject to this necessarily disintegrating process? and what right have we to say to one—"You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in the dogma of Re-incarnation; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in Andrew Jackson Davis; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you accept the teachings of Theodore Parker, who himself denied and derided it; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you are a Broad Churchman; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you are a Swedenborgian; to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist if you believe in Christ and the Bible; or even to another—You cannot be a true Spiritualist unless you believe in Christ and in the Bible in the same sense in which we do?"

We have no intention of jeopardizing Spiritualism by putting it upon any such issues, any the more than we would insist upon the notion that no one can be a true believer in gravitation, unless he is also of some particular religious persuasion, or unless he wear clothes of a particular colour.

Our course, on the contrary, has been to give to Spiritualism a more broad and catholic expression, and to make it large enough to take in all religions and forms of thought, at the same time that it shall give its essential life to each. We want no new religion, but we plead for men of all classes of religious opinions that they should not be excluded from the blessings of spiritual light by any such narrow constructions as are put upon it by some Spiritualists. Is it not more logically true to find Spiritualism in every religion, than to seek to confine it to one, and that a new one? Is it not better and broader to point to the spiritual origin of each religion, and thus to allow its followers again to recognize the true essence of its earliest and best days, than to attempt the impossible task of harnessing them all to our particular chariot? We may carry out our plan with little knowledge and to but small effect, but the direction, we submit, is the right one, and therefore it will not fail us in the end. We repeat that in our opinion Spiritualism is not of itself a religion, but it is the way and the life of all religions. With this idea kept full in view, Spiritualists can speak to the earnest souls of all religions from that of Christ to that of Mahomet, and to the latest developments of Irvingism, Swedenborgianism, and the Shakers, as well as to the disciples of Confucius, and the votaries of Vishnu and Brahma.

We are taught this by the history of Spiritualism itself, which

has been recruited from the ranks of every known religion. Each follower of these, in our view, may add as much of his own religion as he pleases to Spiritualism, but we object to his telling us that this compound of his, makes it the religion of Spiritualism; because were he to have the right to do so, he would have the right to say that none but those of his views were true Spiritualists. We claim this freedom for all, and we should as decidedly object to the Established Church of England calling its own faith the religion of Spiritualism, as we should that any other religious body should give to its own views the same appellation. True Spiritualism is of God. Religions have all of them too much of man in them, and they are consequently always changing and going to decay. Spiritualism has never changed, and will endure to the end. "We prefer, therefore, to say that religion should be spiritualized—that is, purged of all error, grossness, and Formalism. There is but one religion, namely, to be good, and to do good." "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

THE DAVENPORTS IN IRELAND.

THE Davenports and Mr. Fay have been some weeks in Ireland, accompanied by Mr. R. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, and from our contemporary we quote the opinions of several of the most influential journals of Dublin. They are much more sensible and far more consonant with the wonderful nature of the facts exhibited through the Davenports, than those of our English journals. Our journals however began pretty fairly when the Davenports first appeared, and it was only when the phenomena attracted a large share of public attention, and therefore of the *odium theologicum et scientificum*, that our press was forced to shew its craven spirit, and that it commenced to deny the facts and to eat its own words. Now, it does not even pretend to any fairness, but pursues its course in utter defiance of truth and fair dealing. Our *Times* and other daily papers seize with avidity upon such canards as Sothern's letter, and Mr. Fay's turning Queen's evidence upon the Davenports, but it actually refuses to publish Mr. Fay's denial. The *Star* too can afford to publish Sothern's letter, but the editor, Mr. Dymond, in a personal interview, emphatically refuses to publish the contradiction. Can anything be more supremely disgraceful and dishonest in those who should supply truth to the public?

The *Freeman's Journal*, after describing the phenomena witnessed, sums up thus:—

It would be, perhaps, wearisome to go further into detail—suffice it to say that *we witnessed last night the strangest and most unaccountable performance that could be thought of, next to the sacred miracles.* The Messrs. Davenport could not, certainly have had assistance in the cabinet from any human being whatever. It is nothing but a thin shell of wood placed upon three trestles, and all who wished could watch every outside part of it during the whole night. During the dark part of the performance Messrs. Fay and Davenport sat on the same floor as the audience, and within reach almost of a dozen of them. They certainly succeeded in astonishing all who had the pleasure of attending their *soirée* yesterday evening.

The *Irish Times* has the following sensible remarks:—

The Davenports, respecting whom so much has been written, have visited Dublin, and last evening held a *séance* in the Queen's Arms Hotel, Upper Sackville-street. *That they are possessed with mysterious power, bordering almost on the supernatural, would appear to be undoubted.* The phenomena which they present astound the audience, and *defy all efforts at discovery.* It is better to abstain from the expression of any decided opinion as to the agency employed in the manifestations, and simply relate what one has witnessed. Many opinions respecting them have been formed, and some of an adverse character urged with a degree of acerbity by the English press. Statements, too, have been made that their agency has been discovered, and that the manifestations produced were merely the efforts of successful conjurors. In that opinion *few impartial persons can concur*, and, certainly, *none who were present at the séance last evening.*

Saunders' News Letter and Daily Advertiser says of the first *séance*:—

For three hours we were in an atmosphere so pervaded with mystery and wonder that long ere the performance was over *we had given up all hope of finding the key to anything we saw.*

The *Daily Express*, equally bewildered, goes on to say:—

Much has been said and published at the surprising feats performed by these young men—and however prepared those present might have been to witness all that the most extravagant fancy could imagine—and notwithstanding the scepticism of many was openly expressed, the proceedings last evening eclipsed the anticipations of the most sanguine, *staggered the prejudices of those the last to admit of supernatural agency*, and evoked from all the most unequivocal and decided marks of approbation. To account for them by ordinary laws of nature seems impossible, that a supernatural agency should be invoked common sense forbade believing, and the audience, while acknowledging the unaccountable nature of the means employed, were content to express their astonishment and give the Brothers every credit for candour and extraordinary ability.

The *Dublin Advertising Gazette* says:—

Popular delusions have been at all times considered remarkable, and one of the most singular of that class is the perfect faith with which the gross misrepresentation of the Brothers Davenport have been received. The English press stated that these gentlemen were nothing but “indifferent conjurors,” and that their *séances* were totally devoid of the smallest element of wonder. Such statements we have no hesitation in branding as being without the smallest foundation of truth.

Since these notices appeared some gentlemen have made the usual discovery of cheating, but we have seen far too much of the Davenport manifestations, to be misled by any such discoveries. We repeat our entire confidence in the truthfulness of the manifestations.

BICORPOREITY.

IN the twentieth and twenty-first numbers of *L'Union Spirite*, are interesting chapters, taking up nearly half of the pamphlet, entitled "Studies upon the *Bi-Corporéité*," one of the most curious and most instructive of the phenomena that Spiritism has studied and explained; that the spirit of a person living, isolated from the body, can make itself a *tangible appearance*, with all the appearance of reality, is a phenomenon designated *Bi-Corporéité*, which has given rise to the histories of *double men*, that is to say, of individuals whose simultaneous presence has been proved in two different places at the same time. They give two examples, drawn, they say, not from popular legend, but from ecclesiastical history. One Saint Alphonse de Liguori, who was canonized for having shown himself simultaneously at two different places. He was thrown into a kind of trance, in which he remained one day and night. He neither ate, spoke, nor gave any signs of life. When he came to consciousness, he said he had been to assist at the Pope's death, and it was afterwards verified, and the historian of the Popes cites it as a miracle, in relating the death of Clement XVI., that he was assisted by the generals of the different Catholic orders who were present, "but most miraculously by the blessed Alphonse de Liguori, although he was then far from his body." The other was "St. Antoine de Padoue, who, being in Spain, where he then preached, his father at Padoue was sent to punishment, accused of murder. At the moment St. Antoine appeared, demonstrated the innocence of his father, and made known the true criminal, who, later, submitted to the punishment. It was proved that St. Antoine had not quitted Spain." The editor, M. Bez, held a *séance* with a medium (who was ignorant of these histories), and evoked the spirit of St. Alphonse, who came and gave his account of the singular phenomenon, and answered questions as to how it was performed. M. Bez enquired more particularly how visibility and tangibility were obtained? The incarnate spirit is almost always assisted by disincarnated spirits. It is not indispensable that the medium whose spirit is to be disengaged should be sanctified by his virtues. It results more from the physical organization and the presence of indispensable fluids. When disengaged from the body, it is as a free spirit, and is drawn toward the place where the spirits desire. It remains always connected to its body by a "fluidic" cord, which serves to conduct the fluids which the soul and the assisting spirits take without ceasing to form the new body, which is called the

péresprit. It is by the condensation of these fluids and their mixture with those emanating from the *péresprits* of the soul and the disincarnated, that it first acquires visibility, then tangibility. How operates the condensation that produces this tangibility? By a magnetic action, the fluids obeying the force of the will. How had it the ability to use the articulate human word? Sometimes the *péresprit* is rendered tangible, and gifted with all the organs of the human body. Each of these organs acquires, by the same magnetic action upon the fluids, the properties of the corresponding organ of the veritable material body. Thus the limbs of the *péresprit* move, the eyes can see, the tongue speak. During the time my *péresprit* was visible and tangible, my body was in a complete state of catalepsy. It quitted that state as soon as my spirit retook its vaporous form, and gradually returned to its normal state in passing through the different degrees of magnetic awakening."—*Banner of Light*.

A SEANCE AT DIEPPE, IN SEPTEMBER, 1865.

THE circle consisted of Madame M—— and seven others. We held our circle in a room where there was no furniture, we had merely the chairs on which we sat, two folding screens, and a table on which we placed a guitar, two tambourines, a bell and a trumpet. We bound Camille to a chair with three ropes, and we formed a chain round him by holding each other's hands. M. Jules took away the light and then the table was violently jerked, the instruments were played upon and flung about with great force, making a whistling noise in the air. In a few minutes all noise ceased except that of the untying and falling of the ropes. Camille then exclaimed that he was free. Monsieur Jules opened the door, and on the lamp having been brought in, we found the three ropes on the floor with which Camille had been bound. Madame D—— then produced a chain with handcuffs, or rather, heavy rings, which she had caused to be made expressly. We now bound Camille with the chain to a chair, having fastened his hands behind him, and passed the rings round his arms in a manner to prevent the least movement. We then locked the chain with a padlock, the key of which Madame D—— put into her pocket. Monsieur Jules removed the light, and we again formed a circle round Camille. Immediately the instruments were played upon and thrown about, my knee was patted, and the others too said they were touched. The tinkling of the chain and a heavy clang were soon heard, and, on the door being re-opened, Camille was found unbound. Later in the evening we formed a sort of little room

with the two folding screens. We placed Camille bound in a chair in the centre, and the musical instruments on another close to him. Miss B—— volunteered to sit by his side, and then, while closing the screen, a hand was seen—evidently not Miss B——’s—but a large red hand. She described the action and sound of the instruments to have been most powerful and wonderful. A quarter of an hour later I took her place, sitting on the right side of Camille, with my left hand on his right hand, which was bound to his knee. Mons. Jules sat on his left, holding his left hand similarly bound; the chair with the instruments was in front of us. Miss B—— then closed the screen. I was touched most gently though the manifestations were extremely powerful. Every instrument was played around us at the same time, one of the tambourines keeping time by tapping on my knee. The screens were shaken by violent raps. I then requested Monsieur Alfred ——, who was outside the screen, to sing, upon doing which the spirits kept time with all the instruments, and with loud raps upon the screens—most boisterously during a chorus, in which we all joined—and at the end of which they placed one of the tambourines on Monsieur Jules’s head, and the other on mine. We then felt the chair which had held the instruments rising. I put my hand all round it at a little distance, and felt that nothing tangible supported it. It was slowly lifted above our heads and placed upon our shoulders, and on the lights called for having been brought, we were found in this ludicrous position with the instruments scattered around us.

F. M.

THE COUNTRY WHERE THE CHRISTIANS LIVE.

SHE was a virgin called Antonia Bourignon, born in the town of Lisle, in Flanders, in the year 1716; the daughter of a rich man there, and baptized and bred up by her parents in the communion of the Church of Rome. Being taught to read in her childhood, and having read the Gospels, and being told of the life of Jesus Christ, how poor, and mean, and despised, and self-denied he was, and seeing almost all people live very unlike to him in ease, and abundance, and pleasures, and honours, she asked her parents, “Where are the Christians? Let us go to the country where the Christians live.” And though her parents derided her for this, yet this impression ever remained with her, and it was her constant theme to let the world see what a true Christian is, and that very few such are to be found.—*Light of the World*, p. 27.