

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1875.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN taking upon myself the Editorship of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I shall in no sense alter its character, but strive to follow as closely as I can in the footsteps of my predecessor, who for fifteen years wielded the editorial baton with so much success. From the first the *Spiritual Magazine* has taken a very high stand in the literature of the movement, having numbered amongst its contributors men of the greatest literary ability, and contained only such articles as were likely to have a permanent interest. In this respect it has differed somewhat from the other journals, which have been, as a rule, mere records of news, and—although rendering valuable aid to the cause—only likely to have an ephemeral value. The *Spiritual Magazine* has always aimed at supplying its readers with a higher kind of literature, and such as may fairly bear comparison with the articles contained in the general monthly Magazines and quarterly Reviews. The late Editor worked indefatigably to accomplish this result, and devoted the greater part of his time to the task. That he succeeded will be obvious to all those who month by month have perused the valuable papers contained in the pages of the Magazine, many of which have been reprinted, and now form standard works on the various phases of Spiritualism. The name of Mr. Shorter will long be held in grateful remembrance in connection with our movement, and although he will no longer conduct the Magazine, I trust it will be long before he altogether lays aside the pen which has been so active in the past. As one of the contributors—which he will still continue to be—his articles are sure to be appreciated in the pages of a journal so long and so ably conducted by his skill.

Since the Magazine was commenced, in 1860, Spiritualists



Wilhelm Hütchen an

have enormously increased in number, and the movement has made itself felt in every part of the civilized world. Men of the very highest scientific eminence and literary culture have enlisted themselves under its banner, and there is now, therefore, more than ever a necessity for a journal which shall represent the higher phases of the philosophy of Spiritualism. To produce such an organ will be my aim in the task which I have undertaken, and if I fail it shall not be for want of an earnest endeavour to succeed.

Spiritualism has to-day a literature of its own which may bear comparison with that of any movement of the same age. On every hand works based on the Spiritual philosophy, more or less, and emanating from the brains of men of high literary culture, are being flung upon the world. Periodicals devoted to the cause are more numerous than ever, which is of itself a conclusive proof that readers are also increasing in number. If the materialistic philosophy be accepted and enunciated by men of high standing and of brilliant mental achievements, the principles of Spiritualism are daily becoming more widely known and more generally appreciated. When the contest between the two takes place in real earnest, as soon it must, we need have no fear for the result. God will not leave himself without witnesses; and the spirituality of man's nature can never long be smothered. For a time Materialism may become fashionable, and atheistic theories, under the guise of science, popular; dogma may take the place of investigation, and whimsical speculations supplant the thorough search after truth. But theories born of mist, and enveloped in gloom, can never wholly smother the vital forces of the heart, the aspiration of the soul after God, and the fulness of ever-active pervading life felt everywhere in Nature. As Goethe has it:—

“Grau theurer Freund ist alle theorie
Und Grün das lebens goldner Baum.”

Spiritualism, being the outcome of man's highest nature and the influx from the kingdom of light and life into humanity, is calculated to enable us to realize this to an extent which but for it we had never known.

The *Spiritual Magazine* will aim at recording the facts and expounding the philosophy of Spiritualism. It will not deal simply with the modern manifestations—although to them will be given the most prominent place in its pages—but will expound the great spiritual truths of all ages and all climes. Spiritualism is as old as humanity, and wherever human pulses beat its manifestations in some shape or other are experienced. To-day it comes upon us in a new form and with marvellously increased power, but it is after all a phase of that which is to be found

prevailing in times as far back as history can point, and which alike with the savage and the sage has ever borne testimony to man's immortal destiny. To place these facts before the world will be one aim of this journal.

The old contributors to the Magazine will still write as before, and their articles will, I doubt not, be perused with delight by those who read its pages. The services of these men are too valuable to be lost and the journal would go on badly without them. Some of them are men whose works are known wherever the English language is spoken, and are appreciated as widely as they are known. Of William Howitt what can I say that would add to the lustre of his brilliant reputation. His literary productions will live as long as the English language endures, and his fame will ride down the ages increasing and acquiring fresh splendour as the generations pass by. Of the other contributors too numerous to be singled out for individual mention, they are men many of them whose equals it would be difficult to find.

My own share in the labour will not be heavy. Trained as I have been to literature from my earliest days, and following it as a profession as I have done for many years, my own articles I trust may not be unacceptable. I shall print in the pages of the Magazine some of the orations which I have given—and am still giving—with so much success to public audiences. American, German, and French Spiritualists promise me assistance, and I hope, therefore, to be able month by month to show the progress of Spiritualism in other lands. In this number appears a paper from Robert Dale Owen—worthy son of a noble sire—which cannot but be highly appreciated.

There is one other point and one which I would much prefer not referring to, were I not compelled. The Magazine has never been a pecuniary success. In the present state of the movement, however, it ought to be remunerative, and may speedily be made so if friends will only assist in promoting its circulation. That it will ultimately become successful even in this respect I have no doubt whatever; and with full faith and trust in God, I leave the matter in His hands and bow to the result.

GEORGE SEXTON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. HITCHMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOMAS CARLYLE remarks with that vigour and truthfulness so characteristic of his productions—"Man's sociality of nature evinces itself, in spite of all that can be said, with abundant evidence by this one fact were there no other: the unspeakable delight he takes in biography. It is written, 'The proper study of mankind is man,' to which study let us candidly admit he by true or false methods applies himself nothing loth. Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it there is nothing else interesting. How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decypher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it, so that we can theoretically construe him, and could almost practically personate him, and do now thoroughly discern both what manner of man he is and what manner of thing he has got to work on and live on. . . . Observe, accordingly, to what extent in the actual course of things this business of biography is practised and relished. Define to thyself, judicious reader, the real significance of these phenomena named gossip, egoism, personal narrative (miraculous or not), scandal, raillery, slander, and such like, the sum total of which (with some fractional addition of a better ingredient, generally too small to be noticeable) constitutes that other grand phenomenon still called conversation. Do they not wholly mean biography and autobiography, not only in the common speech of men, but in all Art, too,—which is, or should be, the concentrated and conserved essence of what men can speak and shew? Biography is almost the one thing needful." To know how our fellow-men and women move through the great mass of human society, what they speak, and how they act, and the direction of the general current of their thoughts, cannot but prove highly interesting, and at the same time instructive. One never gazes upon a work of art or witnesses the triumphs achieved by a scientific discovery without wishing to know something of the man who produced the one and brought to light the other. Biography has probably a greater charm than any other kind of literature; for even fiction borrows its interest from the biographical element which it contains, and is only fascinating in proportion to the accuracy with which real life is painted. The greatest writers of fiction are those in whose works the characters, fitting to and fro, are truest to nature,

and, therefore, most real. Hence Thackeray, with a great deal of snarling cynicism about him, leading you at times to think that he believes in no one but the author of *Pendennis*, still unquestionably stands at the head of British novelists for the natural character of the portraits his master-hand has sketched. Some of the heroes, and most of the heroines in Dickens's works are more loveable and more perfect, but the perfection is angelic, not human; and you are led, after being fascinated with a character, to become disgusted with the world, because no such person is to be found in real life—having existed solely in the brain of the author. The truthfulness with which Shakespeare has portrayed men and women, their language, actions, and even innermost thoughts, it is that elevates him above all other authors. His characters are as real as those we meet with in ordinary every-day life. They are made of flesh and blood, they speak human words, think human thoughts, and perform human actions. No biography can equal those glorious plays which the Bard of Avon flung upon the world as a lasting memorial of a genius such as has never been seen before or since.

In writing the biography of real, living persons, the great difficulty to contend with is to make it sufficiently accurate and extensive to meet the demands arising from that almost universal feeling to which reference has been made. No one can portray another so as to describe his internal as well as external character, unless the two have come very frequently into close contact, and have led a lifetime together of the most intimate friendship. Hence the superiority of Boswell's life of Johnson to all other biographies in the English language. The old lexicographer appears to us "just in his habit as he lived;" we hear his voice, see his well-known figure, and listen to his conversation. Of very few persons can such a biography be written.

In a short sketch of this kind it would, of course, be utterly out of the question to give anything like a biography in the true sense of the word, of the illustrious man whose portrait adorns this number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. Long and intimately have we known him, dearly do we love him, and thoroughly do we appreciate his wonderful talents; and between him and ourselves there is a sort of magnetic sympathy which Spiritualists will well understand; yet with all this we doubt our ability, even had we a goodly volume in which to perform the task instead of a short Magazine article, to place him before the world in his true light. He is kind and amiable to a degree seldom witnessed, and to his goodness of heart is added an intellectual power calculated to make him honoured wherever

he is known. The versatility of his genius is so great that he might have won fame in any one of a dozen different fields. Physician, poet, philosopher, scientist, author and orator, he combines in his own individuality the talent of almost any half dozen men that could be named. The free and independent tone of his mind leading him to reject the trammels of authority, and to burst asunder the bonds with which custom binds men down to obsolete theories and exploded dogmas, has frequently not only destroyed that appreciation of his worth which he would otherwise have received, but has raised up frequently around him a host of enemies amongst the insignificant nobodies with whom he has been brought into contact. In medicine in early life he ceased to be orthodox, and in so doing closed against himself the portals that led to the very highest positions in connection with his profession; in science he scorns materialism, and is therefore unfashionable; in philosophy he is profound, consequently not understood. And now that he has embraced Spiritualism, the gaping mob shake their heads and affect to treat with contempt one of the greatest men of this age. In all times, however, this has been the lot, alike of the prophet and of the man of transcendent genius; and William Hitchman, therefore, but shares the fate of the illustrious worthies of every age and every clime. With him truth is all and custom nought. To learn what is right and then follow it regardless of consequences has ever been his guiding principle. The originality of his mind was certain to lead him out of the beaten tracks, and this it has done, greatly to his hurt. In the practice of his profession he might long ere this have occupied a chair at some of the best of our colleges, had he not preferred to follow his conscience and his own judgment with regard to medical theories. In science he has always been a bitter opponent of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, *et hoc genus omne*, and at meetings of the British Association has frequently bearded these lions in their own den, the consequences of which have been by no means favourable to his own material advancement. In almost any other country in the world he must have won his way to the very highest position in society, but in England—alas! that it should be so—to escape from the beaten path of custom and to mark out a course for oneself is certain to result in a mild form of martyrdom. Even as it is he is probably far better known among the *savans* of foreign lands than those of his own country. There is hardly an academy or learned society of any note abroad to which he does not belong; and in Germany and Italy in particular his name is as familiar among the learned as a household word.

The following short sketch of his eventful life appeared in the *Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York*, 1871-2, and is from the pen of Dr. P. A. Morrow, an illustrious American physician.

“ William Hitchman, the senior Eclectic physician of Great Britain, first saw the light at North Leach—a small town on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire, where his father, John Hitchman, Esq., of Kempsford Manor House,* in the same county, had, for a long series of years, been engaged in trade as a maltster, hop merchant, &c. The subject of our brief notice—having commenced his career somewhat more than half a century since—followed the usual medical course of that day, by serving articles of ‘apprenticeship’ with a country general practitioner for the space of five years, during which time he enjoyed (?) abundant opportunities in the midst of a large agricultural population, of bleeding, blistering, salivating, bone-setting, vaccinating—in short attesting the virtues and vices (not improbably both) of regular, legitimate, orthodox practice either called, or miscalled, medical and surgical ‘science!’ It must not be forgotten, however, that in this same ‘Northleach’ there is an excellent free grammar school, or collegiate institution of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, by attendance upon which the future Eclectic physician became entitled (after successfully passing the requisite classical examination) to a valuable exhibition or scholarship at Pembroke College, Oxford, tenable for four years at £80 per annum. Young Hitchman did not avail himself of this educational privilege but continued his attendance upon the sick poor in the Union Workhouse, and scarcely less sick prisoners, likewise, in the House of Correction—for, although Northleach is blessed with one of the most magnificent churches (viewed in the sense of Gothic architecture) to be found in old England, or elsewhere, as well as the Townsend scholarship, belonging to Westwood College, it possesses not only a poor-law bastille, but a tread-mill, applied to the grinding of corn, which constitutes the ‘hard labour’ to which Her Majesty’s refractory subjects, in this particular neighbourhood, are not unfrequently subjected by way of condign punishment for divers kinds of immorality and breaches of the peace!

“ From thence he went, as a lover of psychology, to Fairford Asylum for the Insane, an establishment of acknowledged reputation for the care and cure of lunatics of both sexes. Subsequently he entered as a perpetual pupil of Guy’s Hospital,

* This ancient manorial residence has been the seat of John or William Hitchman (Hychman as formerly spelt) for more than five hundred years. The Hon. William Hitchman, of New York City, is a descendant of the same family.

London, where he remained for upwards of three years, and having passed the Royal College of Surgeons of England, he became medical officer of Cirencester Poor-law Union and surgeon to the workhouse infirmary for a period of seven years—meanwhile continuing to lecture occasionally in London and the provinces on ‘Mesmerism,’ ‘Vegetarianism,’ ‘Homœopathy,’ ‘Hydrophathy,’ ‘Turkish Baths,’ ‘Botanic Practice’—in short, Eclecticism in medicine, with not a few public debates and journalistic controversies, from 1841 to 1871, inclusive.

“ Dr. Hitchman having visited the chief Continental universities in Holland, France, and Germany, ultimately graduated in the year 1841 as a doctor of medicine, at the well-known Protestant University of Bavaria, located at Erlangen.* His practical knowledge of the various specialities pertaining to medicine, surgery, and the obstetric art has been acquired by personal attendance in the wards of some of the most distinguished institutions now set apart for such purposes, both at home and abroad. His career as a medical reformer, scientific author, and last, but not least, genial philanthropist, has been most appropriately recorded by *The Age We Live In* and the leading organs of the Liverpool press.

“ In concluding this slight biographical sketch of our English brother it is but just to add that, quite independently of the several volumes already mentioned, *viz.*, on *Inflammation*, *Consumption*, and *Philosophy of Spirit*, he is the author of numerous letters, leading articles, and miscellaneous essays, scientific papers, &c., in British and foreign periodicals, more particularly in connection with those numerous academies of science and *belles lettres*, in Europe, of which for the past quarter of a century he has been an active ‘corresponding’ and working member—sufficient literary matter, in truth, to occupy half a dozen royal octavos, and more than adequate to show an active part in the great and good drama of human life.”

Much, very much, could we add of our own knowledge to this brief Transatlantic sketch had we the necessary space at our disposal. The election of Dr. Hitchman into several foreign academies has been signalised by marks of distinguished honour; and from personal knowledge we can speak of the high esteem in which he is held by the most illustrious foreign *savans* of our time. In 1873, when the far-famed Royal Society of Arezzo enrolled William Hitchman amongst its Fellows, we wrote an article on the subject in another journal, a portion of which it

* The fact that this eminent academy had been the *alma mater* of Samuel Hahnemann no doubt operated largely in determining this particular selection *con amore*.

may not be out of place to copy here. Having given a short account of glorious Arezzo—if not the birthplace of human knowledge, yet most assuredly the greatest seat of science, of literature, and of art, both in ancient and modern times—and of her famous academy, to which none but the most illustrious belong, we remarked:—

“ Into this far-famed academy of Petrarch has been recently elected the learned and noble-minded President of the British Medical Reform Association. Well-earned honour to be bestowed upon so illustrious a man. Nowhere else in the world could William Hitchman be felt to be so thoroughly at home as here, where his name is enrolled with the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen, and where it will be handed down to generations yet unborn in company with the brightest lights that have ever shone out in the firmament of intellect. Scholar, philosopher, scientist, physician, and above all philanthropist and finished gentleman all will admit Dr. Hitchman to be, whilst those who are honoured with his friendship cannot help discerning such noble traits in his character as are seldom seen elsewhere. Long may he live to enjoy his last and greatest—but certainly well merited—honour.”

The following list of titles obtained and publications issued will give our readers some faint idea of the intellectual status of the man.

Doctor in Medicine of the University of Munich, Erlangen and Würzburg, (*ad eundem* throughout Germany). Doctor in Science of the North-Western University. Doctor in Laws of the University of New Orleans. Doctor in Literature of the University of Rome. Doctor in Physic of various Medical Colleges in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, &c. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Licentiate in Medicine for Ireland, Licentiate of the London Society of Apothecaries, and Licentiate in Midwifery, Dublin. Fellow of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, Fellow of the Royal Society of Naples; Member of the Royal Academy of Science in Arezzo, Member of the Ciceronian Society of Arpino, Member of the Academy of *Belles Lettres*, Rome, Member of the German Congress of Philosophers in Dresden, Member of the Association of Physicians and Naturalists of the University of Naples, Member of the Society of Anthropologists of London, Liverpool, Paris, Vienna, Florence, New York, &c., Member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and other National Societies. Honorary Member of the Edinburgh Psychological Society, Member of the Liverpool Psychological Society, Society of Spiritualists in Madrid, Valencia, Florence, &c., &c., &c. Author of 100 Essays, Lectures and Papers on

the "Spiritual Constitution of Man," in British and Foreign Academies of Literature, Science, and Philosophy; *Treatise on the Physiology of Inflammation, Consumption and its Successful Treatment; Lectures on Homœopathy, Hydropathy, and Mesmerism, &c.*; "Sleep Bravest, Best," "Gem of my Heart," "Sympathy of Soul," "Beautiful Flowers," "Fair Isabel," and other Lyrical Poems. Formerly Physician to Institution for Chest Diseases in Toxteth Park. Surgeon to Liverpool Hospital for Cancer and Skin Diseases. Joint author with Dr. Smyth of *Reports on Cancer*, annually, &c., &c., &c.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

TWELVE of the clock and the year is
gone!

Never again can we borrow
One of its noons, or one of its nights,
One of its joys or its sorrow.

And yet there are noons we would fain
recall,

And paint with a golden glory,—
And yet there are nights whose shadows
dim

We would banish with song and
story;
And joys there are we would taste
again—

The wines of life so cheery!
And sorrows whose burdens we now
would bear

With a heart and hand ne'er weary!

Twelve of the clock and the year is
gone!

And this is the lesson it carried—
That the night and the noon, the sun
and the moon,

With the hour and the minute are
married;
With the hour and the minute they
vanish from sight

With their promise of brightness
and beauty—

With the throb of the heart and the
beat of the pulse

They are gone with their care and
their duty;—

And into the past our hands may not
cast

A balm or a blessing so cheery,
But only regrets for our duties unmet,
Because of the heart that was
weary.

Twelve of the clock and the year has
come;

Come with hundreds of morrows,
With its promise of births, its promise
of biers,

Its hours of joys and of sorrows.
And whether we live or whether we
die,

Whether cross or crown we carry,
Its minutes in footsteps soft will fall,
And for smile nor tear will tarry.

And whether we do the wrong or the
right,—

Howe'er our deeds may measure,—
Its minutes will come, its minutes
will go,

And with them our pain and plea-
sure.

Twelve of the clock and the year has
come!

Let us give it a kindly meeting,
Let us wipe from our eyes the dimness
of sighs,

And our hands be warm in greeting!
Ere the hour and the minute have
vanished from sight

Let us fill them with brightness
and beauty,

That the psalm and the song as they
float along,

May be sweet with the music of
duty.

That into the past our hands may have
cast

Only balms and blessings so cheery,
And we never regret our duties un-
met,

Because of a heart that was weary!

ROMAN CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM.

THE APPEARANCES OF THE HOLY VIRGIN IN FRANCE AND
ALSACE IN 1872-3.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

“ One half of Europe worships a Jew and the other half a Jewess.”
Benjamin Disraeli.

THE miraculous appearances of the Virgin Mary during these last years in France are amongst the most prominent features of the age. Whether we regard them as real or fictitious, they are none the less remarkable. The Protestant world at large laughs at them, and sets them down as the work of priestcraft—a desperate means to sustain the fast-falling fabric of Roman superstition. There are very obvious and potent reasons for this opinion. For many ages Catholicism has seen no such ruinous attacks on its position and pretensions. Since the Reformation no such calamities have befallen the most ambitious and domineering of all churches. For many years the Roman hierarchy, feeling the inauspicious progress of general enlightenment; feeling the shocks of the French Revolution; the change of opinion in even Ultra-Catholic Spain, leading to the abolition of the monastic orders; feeling how rapidly disbelief in its pretended celestial charter of universal, spiritual, and exclusive truth, was spreading throughout Italy, and in Rome itself, the ancient seat of its power, had endeavoured through means of concordats with the different Catholic sovereigns to check at least outwardly the defection of its followers. But these compacts were soon perceived to be merely political, and no real remedies for the dry-rot in the very timbers of its ecclesiastical fabric. The people were every day overleaping the dykes and weirs erected by priests and despotic ministers on the great rivers of thought. The over-accumulating waters of knowledge flowed over all these obstructions, and passed on in calm indifference. Everywhere the ancient mystery of darkness and deception was being broken in upon. The machinery and properties of the papal theatre of religious mystification were left exposed to the public gaze, and looked most wretchedly shabby and contemptible in the broad daylight. The black-robed actors were suddenly startled into a consciousness that the danger was imminent. That if the daylight increased; if knowledge accumulated; if civilization advanced, and men saw the foulness of naked superstition, and became practical and

logical, the golden hoax of more than a thousand years was at an end. That Babylon would be really fallen.

To arrest this fatal progress towards science and common sense, the Jesuits, before driven away and declared the worst enemies of the Church by the infallible popes, were now recalled by the same infallible authorities, and were required to put forth all their cunning. Thus made masters of the Vatican, they alarmed Pio Nono into an agent passive in their hands, obstinant and recalcitrant to all the world besides. They led him to the accomplishment of feats never dreamed of by the most audaciously ambitious of his predecessors. Through him they proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and then forced down the throats of struggling and vainly vomiting bishops and priests the astonishing dogma of Papal Infallibility! By these means they hoped to cause both princes and peoples to prostrate themselves in the dust before the newly created pontifical omnipotence, and to allow the Jesuits in the wake of their papal tool to walk calmly victorious over the terrified body of universal man! The attempt was simply a few ages too late. Instead of arresting the world, they only arrested themselves. The most Catholic monarchs, those formerly such facile beings, now refused to be any longer the slaves of Italian eunuchs. They denounced the fiction of the fallibility; broke loose at once on its framers and upholders as arch-heretics and overturners of the ancient orthodoxy of the Church, and the enemies of every State. The aimers at a sacred and unquestioned supremacy found that they had run their head against a wall. What little practical sense they had left, perished in the shock, and they have since continued to run their heads against every wall they can find. They declared through the Papal syllabus open war against all modern knowledge, all science, all secular authority, all civilization. Nothing with them was henceforth to be sacred but the blackness of darkness. They had long shut up the Bible, they now endeavoured to shut up every other book that presumed to teach humanity its rights, and its intellectual and political independence.

This Roman declaration of the divine right of ignorance and priestcraft has already produced astonishing fruits, and will assuredly produce fruits more astonishing. Not only has Germany commenced a great campaign against prelatical pretensions, and is compelling the Roman hierarchy to submit to civil rule as well as other men; not only has Switzerland, like Germany partly Catholic, taken up the same brave policy, but the very body of Popery, that unerring, indivisible body, which has so long taunted Protestantism with its perpetual schisms and sects, split asunder and exhibited the instructive spectacle

of Catholics, old and new, taunting each other with error. The Italians have not been contented with denying the œcumenical pretensions of Rome, they have marched into Rome and deposed the Pope from his temporal throne. They have reduced him from a triple-crowned monarch to the simple high-priest of a church, and the German seceders have reduced him to the head of a sect!

Astounding work of Anno Domini 1870! Simultaneously with this, and, in fact, its immediate cause, France, the supporter of the effete popedom, fell before Protestant Germany, and there remained nothing for the shattered power of the Vatican but the insane schemes of Ultramontanism. Hence the amazing crop of pilgrimages, societies of the Sacred Heart, leagues of priestcraft and legitimacy to overturn liberal governments, and prepare fanatic monarchies to inaugurate crusades for the restoration of the fallen Dagon of the Seven Hills with all his black array of priests, monks, nuns, antiquated dogmas, and mountebank ceremonies; his *Index Expurgatorius*, the scarecrow of books and their knowledge; his monster shop of horrors, the Inquisition—the annihilator of free thought in man. Hence all the array of spiritual apparitions. The Queen of the papal heaven descending in miraculous glory at La Salette, at Lourdes, and in Alsace. Hence so many erections of new churches dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Hence the drum ecclesiastical beaten from one end of Europe to the other; the inflammatory fire of instigation burning up from every seat of Roman faith, from cardinals, monsignors, archbishops, bishops, and priests of every grade and in every place. Hence your Don Carloses and Chambords brought upon the scene again, ready to perpetrate any atrocity, and to crush every free institution, and once more, if possible, to plant in their place the loathsome rule of priestly obstruction and insatiable avarice.

Fortunately, however, the sun does not go backwards; does not find any modern Joshua who can command it to stand still, even for a single day. In vain do the papal hordes of wealthy devotees and aristocratic zealots stream forth from England and from America, to visit in mock gravity the miraculous spots of France and Rome. The very people smile at these grotesque anachronisms as they skim past in comfortable railway carriages, or walk in prim procession through astonished cities of the nineteenth century. They are but the galvanised frogs' legs of an out-of-date superstition that have no real life in them, and must lie still and dead the moment that the wily agents of Jesuitism cease to work the holy galvanic machine. The papal hoax is dead at the centre, it cannot long exist in the extremities. The Italian philosophers declare that all religion in their country

has been destroyed by the impostor church. No matter, be it so. The ground is cleared for the true religion once more to take its place. Christ may once more take his stand where the great anti-Christ has so long incumbered the ground. The rotten carcase of the Beast of the Seven Hills, and his impure brood, may fertilize the ground for a new crop of heavenly truths which Infallibility cannot dominate, nor the syllabus blast.

What I propose to treat of here, out of all this busy parade of priestly schemes and prodigies, are the professed miracles of the so-called Holy Mother of God, proclaimed by the priests as occurring in different places. When I treat the bulk of them as spurious, as fungi generated artificially in the hot dunghills of popish priestcraft, I shall be immediately asked how I can believe the phenomena of Protestant Spiritualism and disbelieve those of Papal Spiritualism? I reply that I do not altogether dispute the miracles of the Catholics now alluded to. I believe that Spiritualism is inherent in human nature, and takes very much the form and colour of the faiths amidst which it displays itself. But when we look at Spiritualism in its two aspects—Protestant and Catholic—we must be blind indeed not to see a wide difference in the motives and causation of the two classes. Rome has always made a great trade in miracles. The miracles of Protestant Spiritualism have never been proved false, that is to say, charlatans may have appeared amongst Protestant Spiritualists and played off tricks, but the body of Spiritualists have themselves been amongst the first to expose and denounce them. The body of Spiritualists has remained sound and honest on this head; not so Popery. The pretended miracles in past ages have been over and over detected and exposed, and at this very day its winking Virgins and its blood of St. Januarius, still publicly exhibited and liquified on that saint's day, are impositions too gross to deceive any but the most ignorant dupes. With them "the end justifies the means." Protestantism has no such axioms; Popery, on the other hand, in the present crisis of its history, has more than ever incentives to feign miracles for the prolongation of its very existence. Drowning men catch at straws, and many of these vaunted miracles are doubtless such straws, though there may also be floating spars in the troubled waters of the church to which some of its believers may cling.

But as to Protestant Spiritualism, what are its motives to feign miracles? It has nothing to gain, and all to lose by such fictions. It has no church as yet, no priests as yet who may live and flourish upon it. Whatever may hereafter happen to it, it is as yet a thing hated and despised by the bulk of the wealthy, the wise and the worldly. If it be sought after it will not be

for its honour or its profit. A thousand keen eyes are upon it to detect any flaws. It must walk straight on and circumspectly or it must fall. But the Romish church has always put a bold face on its delusions; has clothed them in holy garb, and has kept down the light amongst the multitudes on which it lives and prospers. It is amongst these stupified multitudes of the Catholic continent that it works its present miracles. No one who knows the peasantry of France, of Italy, of the Catholic parts of Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, will be surprised at anything that they may believe. What do not the peasantry of the Tyrol believe? We have a collection of their legends and popular beliefs, the most extraordinary specimen of superstition that can be conceived. They believe that on the night of the Ascension of the Virgin, the cattle talk to each other in their stalls and criticise their masters. Plenty of people living, they tell you, have heard them. They firmly believe that the ringing of the church bells defends the towns and villages from lightning. They believe that some birds kept in a house are lucky, others unlucky. They confidently assure you that the Virgin has just appeared here and there. In Belgium they believe that the Pope is really a prisoner, and have photographs of him peeping through his prison bars. They believe that he lies in his dungeon on rotten straw; and in the Tyrol that the Catholic priests in Italy and Germany are not allowed to marry, baptize, or bury their parishioners. Surely we ought to be a little dubious of the truth of miracles asserted by people so profoundly ignorant, and so thoroughly priest-ridden.

I have just found amongst the people here two books that are zealously circulated all over the Catholic countries. I will give a little account of them. The first is a small book of 96 pages, entitled *The Appearances of Maria in Alsace*, collected from the public journals. Fifth edition; published by Wohlgemuth, Botzen. The sources of its details are these, *Historico-political Leaves*; *The Folks Friend*, published in Alsace; *The Pilgrim*, Vienna; *The Monthly Rose of Innspruck*; *The Boniface Calendar*, for the year 1874; *The Christian Evening-Rest of Solothurn*; and *Le Surnaturel au Dix-neuvième Siècle, ou les Apparitions de la très sainte Vierge*.

The salient points of this great demonstration may be said to be the following,—the first miraculous appearance to children; the flocking in of the curious; the opposition of the Prussian government; the vast numbers of devotees who profess to have seen the glorified apparition of the Virgin; the characteristics of these manifestations; and the miraculous cures performed by the Madonna.

It is a curious fact that in these recent French wonders

children have been the first to witness them. La Salette owes its celebrity to a much earlier prodigy—the visions of Mary Alacoque of the burning heart of Jesus; but at Lourdes it was a little girl to whom the blessed Virgin is said first to have revealed herself. So also here in Alsace she is said graciously to have appeared to four children. The place where this occurred is in the Vosges mountains, just where the former departments of the Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin divided, in a valley called the Weilerthal. There, on opposite hills, stand two ruined castles, Hoch-Königsburg and Frankenburg. On the hill near the ruin of Frankenburg, on a Sunday evening, July 7, 1872, four little girls from the village of Krüth, or as called by the French, Neubois, just below, went up to the ruin and into the adjoining wood, called Kastenholz, or Chestnut-wood. These little girls were Leonie and Odilie Martin, Maria Marcot, and Filomena Atzenberger. The youngest was seven, the eldest eleven years of age. They were gathering bilberries. These children had already heard much talk of the persecutions of the Catholics in their families. The sad, sanguinary events of the last war had also given to the children a quicker feeling and understanding of things. In the school of suffering people speedily become acute, but at the same time magnanimous. These children talked together of the persecutions to which the people of Alsace would probably be subjected by the Prussians; and they declared that they would rather lose their lives than abandon their religion. "Let us," they said, "pray to the Mother of God to defend us." As they wandered in the wood, they repeated the "Memoria,"—"Think of us, O sweetest Virgin."

Suddenly the little Leonie, who had been stooping down, saw a White Lady, who, she said, wore a golden crown, on which stood a cross. On her breast she also wore a cross, but that was black. She pointed to the apparition, and then all the children saw it, with the cross on the crown and the cross on the breast. The two youngest children were frightened, and ran away. Odilie Martin and Filomena Atzenberger remained. They now saw the White Lady threateningly wave a sword over the heads of soldier-forms which flocked beneath her. Then they too, were seized with terror, and ran home. There they related what they had seen, but got little credit for their story, least of all from their school-sister, a nun who was their school-mistress.

Such is the opening account of this affair. There quickly followed other visits to this wood by other and more numerous children, some of whom saw the same apparition, and some of whom did not, and said the rest lied. On the 12th of July, the apparition withdrew as the children approached it, into the wood,

and they followed it to a cross-wood, where it vanished. On the 14th the flock of children were at the wood again, and saw the White Lady appear and disappear repeatedly, going still higher and higher into the hill, beckoning with her hand, and saying "Come." On the 15th, as they were in the wood, they heard the sweet ringing of a bell, and they followed the apparition as they listened to it. The next day was the festival of the Scapulier: and the White Lady appeared with a blue girdle, and surrounded by angels.

The girl Bernadine, at Lourdes, declared that before the appearance of the Virgin there blew a wind; these children at Krüth also declared that every appearance of the White Lady was preceded by a wind. At Lourdes, too, the people saw first a light, and out of this light stepped forth the heavenly figure. When the apparition was about to cease, first the figure disappeared, and then the light died away. At Krüth the same phenomena exactly took place. Spiritualists will recognise these as facts familiar to them; the cool wind, so often announcing the approach of spiritual presence, and the figure issuing from a mass of light, as in the case of Mr. Livermore's spirit-wife. So far these circumstances give an air of reality to the phenomena. But it will be asked, how did these children know that it was the Madonna? How did they recognise their own mothers? From their earliest perception of anything at all, Catholic children are as familiar with the portraits of the Holy Mother as they are with the persons of their own parents. They are always before their eyes in their own cottages or other houses, often, it is true, very rudely painted, but always bearing the same characteristics. At every turn out of doors, on the fronts of churches, within the churches, over the altars; on shrines by the way-side, in woods and hills, everywhere stands or sits the Holy Mother, with the Child on her arm, and a crown on her head. So the children called the White Lady at once the Blessed "Mutter Gottes" (Mother of God). Nor long did she wait to declare herself. She was asked who she really was, and replied, "The Mother of Mercy."

The narrative is too long to be followed in detail. Very soon the people began to flock up this enchanted hill and into this mysterious wood. It was a beautiful open place, half-way up the mountain, and commanding a splendid view of the country below, where the Mutter Gottes showed herself. It was a place that for a long time had been made sacred by an image of the Madonna, as seen at Einsiedln, in Switzerland, which had been placed in a little niche cut in the bole of a large pine tree. For fifteen years this had caused a great resort to the spot. Here these enthusiastic children asserted that they often saw

the Mutter Gottes floating with expanded arms, in the fashion of a cross, between two great trees ; surrounded by angels, in fact, as all their lives long they had seen her picture in the church.

As was to be expected, numbers of adult people soon ascended the hill to test the truth of the children's reports. First they came by dozens, then by scores, then hundreds, then thousands. A railway runs near from Schlettstadt to Marienkirch, and this soon brought enthusiastic trains of pilgrims prepared to see wonders, and who all declared that they saw everything that the children had seen. They saw the Holy Mother crowned and sceptred, the child on her arm, the world or the moon, or both, under her feet, and sometimes with a lamb at her right side. They saw St. Joseph and numbers of angels, and more amazing still, they sometimes saw Pope Pius IX., with his tiara on his head. Often he was leaning on the Virgin for support. Sometimes he stretched out his hand to bless the people, and when the Holy Mother vanished, he vanished too !

On witnessing such marvellous appearances, the crowds prayed, sang, and were beside themselves, yet committed no actual breach of the peace. At first the priests, like the school-sister, stood aloof. This, to say the least, was politic. Had they appeared in it at the commencement, they would, of course, have had the whole spectacle affiliated to them. But the priests in such matters are no novices. They kept back till the affair had become fully acknowledged by the people. Then they confessed themselves convinced of its heavenly origin. Even the school-sister became not only convinced but the most ardent of believers. She declared to an inquiring priest, that she would be cut to pieces before she would deny the truths of what she had seen.

Some time ago, in this Magazine, an account of supernatural drawings on certain window panes in Alsace was given. The Prussians, who saw that these pictures were hostile to them, removed the panes, but the invisible artists restored them on the new glass. So these demonstrations at Krüth were equally hostile to Prussia, and first gendarmes and then soldiers were sent to clear the hill and prevent any fresh ascensions. Wonderful stories are related of a gendarme who was so rash as to fire at the apparition, and was suddenly unhorsed by unseen power, his clothes torn, and himself obliged to flee for his life. The soldiers however managed to keep the hill clear, with the exception of a few who knew the secret paths and kept out of sight. In fact, it was quite unnecessary to ascend the hill, for the Holy Mother showed herself in the air to the crowds below, surrounded by an intense light and legions of angels, amongst them St. Joseph and the Pope. These crowds, returning home, spread the fame of these marvels everywhere. The Government

appointed a Commission of Enquiry into the facts, which reported to Berlin.

A chapel of boards was erected on the hill before the arrival of the Prussian soldiers, in honour of the Virgin, but this they pulled down, nor does it appear that any calamity befell them on account of the sacrilege. The picture of the Madonna in the niche of the tree the Prussians left there, as it was of prior date. The numbers of people professing to have witnessed these apparitions were estimated at first at 300, then 500, then 1,000, then 2,000, then 5,000, and finally from 12 to 15,000 are said to have been spectators from below at one and the same time. It is stated that numbers "who came to scoff remained to pray." That there were great numbers of conversions of infidels and amended lives of notorious sinners. Still more, that crowds of invalids, blind, lame, paralytic, epileptic, and sufferers from chronic evils were suddenly and permanently cured. We need not call a fair share of these miraculous cures in question, for why should Valentine Greatorex, the Pastor Gasner of the Voralberg, the Zouave Jacob, or Dr. Newton monopolize all such power, and the Catholics be excluded from their exercise?

The characteristics of these French manifestations were of the strictest Roman Catholic stamp. The so-called Mother of God was habited exactly as her pictures are costumed everywhere. Sometimes she appeared in a white robe descending to the ground, her orthodox sky-blue mantle, her crown on her head, and the child in her arms. Sometimes her dress was of cloth of gold decorated with silver stars; round her waist a girdle of dark red and gold embroidered. Sometimes instead of her golden crown, she wore a wreath of white roses, and a veil flowing down from each side of her head to her feet. Sometimes her mantle was gold colour, and her white dress scattered with golden roses. Sometimes her veil was rose colour, at others of celestial blue. At times with the Christ-child on her right arm, she had a golden globe in her left hand. At others her hands were crossed on her breast, and a sword in her right hand. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and that of the infant Jesus of a golden hue.

All these are the exact transcripts of the pictures as painted by the great masters who have done so much to popularize the Roman superstition, and which have been copied in every degree of art, or the lack of it, throughout the Catholic world. Thus the representations of the painters who show Mary as they imagined her soon after the birth of Jesus, have by time and perpetual contemplation, come by the common people, and by thousands of others, to be regarded as the actual appear-

ances and conditions of Mary and Jesus Christ at the present moment. Mary, the wife of the poor carpenter, is represented as a queen, and believed by the people to have been a queen. Jesus, who nearly two thousand years ago grew up to man's estate, died, and ascended to the right hand of the Divine Majesty, is still verily believed to be only a baby! Many Catholics literally know nothing of Him but as an eternal baby in His mother's arms.

Now none but Catholics whose minds have been moulded by the false legends and delusive pictures of their Church, would expect the Mother of Christ or the Saviour himself to appear under such absurd and truthless forms. In one or two cases the Madonna was seen with a black face. Here, again, we have the effect of the pictures of black Madonnas that exist at various places on the Continent, and are there greatly venerated from their supposed antiquity. The common people who don't know anything of the Gospels, imagine that some of their many Virgins were veritable negresses.

St. Joseph, too, they saw on these occasions as an old man leaning on a staff, as the painters have drawn him without any Scripture authority, for no one knew his real age, and probably he was no older than Mary. All these representations are absolutely and grossly Catholic, and opposed to both common sense and Apostolic Christianity. Sometimes they actually saw an altar with the monstrance upon it, the burning lights, and Mary in the background incensed by angels dressed as white-robed acolytes; and around her floating angels and crowds of cherub heads.

What are we to think of these things? Simply, that so far as they were real representations, they were dramatic representations got up by Catholic spirits from Hades to assist the Catholic Church in its endeavour to maintain itself against the progress of the general spirit of enlightenment which is fast battering it down. It is a grand strife in which the Catholic spirits in Hades, headed no doubt, by the Dominics, Loyolas, and Torquemados are invoking the zealous co-operation with the Roman Court and Jesuits on earth. That they are real spirits and real scenes we need not deny, but that the Mother of Jesus, or Jesus himself is concerned in these shows in any form or manner whatever we must most positively disbelieve. Is it to be supposed that Christ, who on earth foreseeing the idolatry which the corrupted Church of Rome, paganized by the inrushing heathen priests under Constantine, would revive in the person of His mother as a substitute for their Ceres or Cybele, sharply snubbed her at the marriage of Cana for meddling in His divine mission, saying to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—that He

would allow her to be arrayed in all the fetish finery of a Church that has falsified every doctrine that He himself delivered to the saints ; thus to bolster up a Church which for ages has revelled in the blood of His most faithful followers ; which has trodden His Gospel under foot ; declared it " a vile and impious book," which has maintained spiritual darkness for above a thousand years, at the cost of murders by millions, and by the destruction of all possible knowledge !

The thing is too ridiculous for a thought, yet the attempt will for a time be successful in strengthening the faith of the ignorant in this domineering and unabashed Church. But it can be only for a time. The Catholic Congress lately at Mayence, echoing the syllabus of Pio Nono, declared that modern civilization was incompatible with the Roman Church. True, but which, then, of these two powers is likely to give way—Civilization or Popery? The question contains its own answer. Popery, the outbirth of a daring priestcraft in the dark ages : Civilization, the steady growth of knowledge in alliance with the noblest system of morals, the purely Christian. The one must inevitably decrease, the other increase. The one is Night, sinking with nonentity before the eternal dawn, a dawn widening and spreading over the universal earth, and turning into the illimitable Day of light-giving, light-loving, light-diffusing God !

It is a significant fact that Pius the Ninth appeared in these holy Catholic shows in the French heavens, came with them, vanished with them. There are Spiritualists who believe men feeling strongly on some particular subject, thinking intensely on some particular person, can project their spirits, making them even visible to such person in distant places. I am not aware that the Catholic Church teaches this phenomenon as one of its articles of faith, and certainly the Alsatian enthusiasts had no knowledge of such a theory, yet they saw repeatedly the present Pope as well as the professed Holy Mother. No doubt one as well as the other was simply a dramatic personage. They were spirits of Catholic zealots who played these rôles. The people have been taught to connect Pio Nono with the suffering Church and suffering France, and to throw in the Pope was to create a wondrous sympathy in the spectators. The common people, in fact, imagine Infallibility to mean an impossibility of failing, the endowment with miraculous powers, in short, Divinity. They believe him made immortal, a Pope to last for ever !

The whole dramatic *caste* has been of a clever character, the entire arrangements eminently correct in historic and scenic fact. The Roman Church is famous for spectacle and imposing presentations, and the highest art has consequently been con-

spicuous in all these religious tableaux at Lourdes, Pontmain, Fontet in the Gironde, at Krüth, at Lichtenberg near Savergne, also in the Vosges, at Walbach near Colmar, and other places. The departed leaders of Catholicism have forgotten none of their cunning. They brought it out vigorously in aid of their fellows yet on earth. Not only was splendid spectacle exhibited, but the charms of music were, as usual, added. The Magnificat and the Memoria were enthusiastically chanted by thousands of voices, and it is stated that at the sound the Holy Mother and her attendant angels, saints and cherub heads, grew visibly brighter and more joyous.

One thing, however, is remarkable. Though so many miracles were said to have been wrought on behalf of the sick and decrepit, the all-important and earnestly-desired miracle of saving the sick and decrepit Church did not appear. The papal power has not been restored. The monasteries and convents have been ruthlessly suppressed. The Jesuits, the great scheming and operating body, have been broken up in Rome, and expelled Germany. All the efforts to render France and Spain subject to ultra-Catholic monarchs have proved vain. Vainly have vast amounts of treasure, collected from the ignorant poor and fanatic rich throughout Europe and America, been spent by the Vatican to foist Legitimacy, with all its calamities, on those nations. They have only excited the horror and awoke the liberal sympathies in the freer nations for those priest-cursed countries. Prussia and Switzerland continue to deal the most deadly blows to the dignitaries of the Church of Rome. No miracle has appeared to arrest this disastrous course. The so-called Old Catholics have cut themselves loose from the modern heresies of Rome, declared the Pope and his counsellors traitors to the truth, and no thunder-bolt has fallen on any of those iconoclastic heads. The sacred phantasmagoria of France, which has put in motion so many pious pilgrimages, from even common-sense England and independent-thoughted America, has failed to benefit the Church, though it has benefited railroads and innkeepers. It remains *vox et præterea nihil*. It has glittered and passed away, showy and innocuous as the Aurora Borealis. Mary has been agonizingly implored to save the Church, and Joseph has been prayed to help her, but they could effect nothing but amuse children and empty-headed pilgrims in the hills and woods of France by *tableaux vivants*. Earthquakes, tornadoes, droughts, deluges, have shaken and afflicted the earth; a comet has presented his fiery apparition in the sky, but all has passed harmlessly over the heads of Victor Emanuel, Emperor William, and Bismarck himself; although the dark power that preaches assassinations of kings and princes, not

only from pulpits, but from the learned pages of Mariana,* Liguori, and Moullet, preaches the same doctrines which armed Jacques Clement and Ravailac against the lives of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, and has incited the poor cooper, Kullman, at Kissingen to shoot the great German Chancellor. After the sky-comedy of France, is Rome seeking to enact tragedy in Germany? This looks, at least, as if the Catholic priests felt that the passion-plays of Lourdes and Krüth had been shown off in vain. Every one, indeed, perceives that these have been but the work of inferior but zealot spirits, whilst the power of the Omnipotent and All-wise rides forth over their heads serenely, prostrating the ancient idolatry, and sapping the time-worn foundations of the gigantic delusion that has had its day.

The second book of the two referred to is published in quarto numbers at Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati, by Frederick Pastel. This cheap serial is called *Marianum*, and is a collection of the *Legends of the Dear, Holy, and God-blessed Servants of our Dear Lady; and of the most Celebrated Places favoured by our High Queen of Heaven*. By George Ott, Parish Priest, of Atensberg.

This work is widely circulated amongst the common people, and especially the country population, throughout Bavaria, Austria, the Catholic parts of Switzerland, and all Tyrol; as well as amongst the numerous German settlers in America. It is to consist of fifteen parts, each of about 200 pages, and sold at twenty-four kreutzers, or sixpence the part, so that when completed it will form a work in quarto of about 3,000 pages for seven and sixpence. It is to be illustrated with 300 wood engravings, some large, some only vignettes, including portraits of saints, and views of the celebrated places of pilgrimage, pictures of the Virgin and Child, &c.

This work is not only patronized by the Bishop of Ratisbon, but has been expressly blessed and recommended by the present Pope; and a letter containing this blessing and recommendation in Latin is prefixed to it. It is therefore an authorized and even canonical work, having the highest sanction of Pio Nono, the Infallible, and expressing his earnest wish for its spread into the most distant lands, and that it may produce the most abundant fruits.

What then does this book teach to all Catholics, but especially to the vast multitude of the ignorant? Whilst it professes that

* See the Jesuit *Mariana's System of Morals*; chapter 6: For the fullest justification of assassination of princes hostile to the Church. Also the works of Alphonso Liguori, canonized by Pius VII., Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.; and the *Compendium of Jesuit Logic*, by Moullet. All these are works of highest authority, and taught in the Catholic colleges.

it is a calumny of the Protestants that the Catholics *worship* the Virgin Mary, it gives the most zealous, unequivocal, abundant and varied proofs of this worship. What indeed is worship? It is to pay the highest possible honour to a certain being. To attribute to this being the greatest possible power, the most divine virtue, and the most perfect benevolence. To build churches to this being, to pray to it, to make the most precious offerings, to believe in its omnipotence, and its performance of any amount of miracles. To place on it the most unbounded reliance, and in it the most implicit faith. To believe that this being can save and help beyond all others. To sing praises to this exalted being, and pay to it their most ardent vows. Is this worship? Then the Catholics, high and low, worship the Virgin with all the soul of adoration, and with more fervour and faith than they worship God. It is one of the things most patent to all familiar with Catholic worship, and moreover, that it has almost entirely thrust aside the worship of God and His Christ. Of this gross and rabid idolatry the work now before me abounds with infinite proofs, even were there no other. On the very page (the 26th), on which it asserts that the Church has put a limit to the honours of the Holy Mother, which is—that though the most blessed of women, she is but a created being, and not God, therefore not to be divinely honoured—it at once oversteps this limit, and pays her the most divine honours. It is in fact, an acknowledgment of the limit they ought to put, but forgetting that limit, it brands them with the idolatry they affect to disclaim. It declares her not only the Mother of God, reiterating the assertion many times in capitals at the head of numerous paragraphs, but it declares as the Mother of God her glory exceeds all human comprehension (p. 27). That St. Anselm declared this glory to be second only to the majesty of God, *i.e.*, above that of Christ; and that St. Bernard declared himself perfectly terrified as he contemplated the inconceivable glory (p. 27). That St. Basil declared that no one *could* transcend the proper limits of her praise, since no words could express the greatness of her worth. That becoming intimately united with God in the production of her son, she became a partner in God's infinite attributes (p. 29). That as Sara became the mother of the faithful through Abraham, Mary is become *the mother of all living* through being the Mother of Christ.

Though the Church may pretend to put a limit to the honours of the Virgin, the saints whom the Church has canonized and approved for ages thus tell you that her honours cannot be limited—the partaker of God's *infinite* attributes. Let it be remembered that the Book which contains this and much more

is expressly blessed and sanctioned by the present infallible head of the Church. And what follows goes far beyond this. At page 37 it declares, on the authority of St. Raymond, that Maria is "our intercessor with God." In order to reconcile this monstrosity with the declaration of St. Paul that there is but one mediator betwixt God and man—Jesus Christ (1 Tim. ii. 6), this book declares with true Jesuit logic that Jesus is our Mediator through His infinite merits, but Maria is our mediator through the merits of Christ! But if there be but one mediator there can be no second. Christ declares that His grace is sufficient for us, and to thrust Mary into the mediumship is absolute blasphemy. But this book shows that the Catholics now put her before Christ as a mediator. They make St. Bernard say that she is almighty, because her intercessions are never refused of God (p. 46). As such they heap all divine titles upon her as "Lady of Mercy, Lady of Help, Lady of Good Counsel, Lady of Joy, Lady of Grace, Lady of Peace, Lady of Refuge, Lady of the Sea-coasts, Lady of Harbours, Lady of Hospitals, Lady of Victory, Lady of Comfort, Lady of the Angels, and of Salvation."

It is to this omnipotent woman that all good Catholics must resort for aid, and not to God. These poor ignorant people are taught that Protestantism is a cold and loveless heresy, because it does not include the worship of Mary. "The Protestants," says this work, "keep up a busy stir in life. There is always a bustle and a thronging amongst them; they come and go, they work, they buy and sell, but all is cold; they are shut out from all true feeling and sentiment. And the Catholic feels a want of something that has grown up with him. Their life is like that of a house where no mother lives and manages." Is not this, however, exactly the condition of the houses of their priests?

Again, says this book blessed by the Infallible, "The endeavour after perfection is placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin, because it is her own right as the Queen of the Saints" (p. 62). It adds that St. Bonaventure declares that "He who bears in himself the token of being a servant of Maria has his name written in the Book of Life" (p. 70). Another Catholic says that the immense crowds who flock yearly to Loretto prove that Maria is really the almighty intercessor at the throne of God. We thought that was Christ, but the Catholics insist that it is Mary (p. 82). They make St. Germanus say of Mary, "None, O thou the holiest, will be happy but through thee; none will be preserved from evil but through thee" (p. 107). And again, they make St. Anthony, whether of the Desert or of Padua is not noted, say, "To thee, O lady,

is given all power in heaven and in earth, and whatever thou wilt thou canst accomplish" (p. 116). According to Saint Ildephonsas, Athanasius, Anselm, and John Damascenas, "Maria sits on the right hand of God, arrayed in a robe of refulgent gold, adorned with all the splendour of the heavens; a crown of twelve stars upon her head, surrounded by the sun, at her feet the world. She sits on the throne of honour, on the royal throne near her Son. Yes, she is exalted to the same throne on which Jesus, the eternal Son of God, in His glorified humanity shines. He is the King, she is the Queen."

The Catholics cannot find terms of worship sufficient to heap upon her. She is the treasury of grace; the irresistible intercessor; the certain answerer of prayer for help; the divinest teacher; the sure support; the most tender consoler; the healer of all sickness and injuries, being the great Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven and Earth. In a hymn to the honour of the Virgin of Montserrat, in Spain, she is called "loving rose, beaming sun, shining star, jewel of holy love, chaste topaz, pure diamond, precious ruby, glowing carbuncle, lily that transcends all other flowers, wonderful morning red, clearness without shadow, helper in all trouble, sure haven in the greatest storm, eagle that flies to the highest, royal chamber of the Great Almighty."

And after all this the Catholics pretend that they don't worship her! What do they mean by worship? They set her on the throne of heaven and earth, on the right hand of God. They usurp for her all the honours and offices of Christ. They declare that to her is given all power in heaven and earth, though the Gospel asserts that these are only given to the Saviour. Though the Gospel declares that there are but one God and one Mediator, they make her not only mediator but the most powerful one-Almighty, through the immediate and invariable grantings of her requests by God. In fact, in face of the Scriptures, where Christ allows her no interference in His divine mission, not only snubbing her at the marriage of Cana for her intrusion into it, but afterwards, when she and her other children stood at the door asking for Him, instead of going out to so almighty a personage, letting her wait, and declaring that every man and woman who did His Father's will was His mother, His brother, and sister.

If she be all they assert, and they do not worship her, they ought to do so. If they do not worship her, why do they build so many churches to her? Why, do not tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, go in pilgrimages to her shrines every year? In Catholic countries these places of pilgrimage—not to God, nor to Christ, but to the Almighty Mary—abound.

Switzerland has its Einsiedeln, Austria its Maria-Zell, Bavaria its Altötting, Spain its Montserrat, Italy its famous Loretto, Upper Bavaria its Maria-Eck, and its Marianburg; besides lesser places of Marian-pilgrimage, as Mannenkapelle near Roggenburg in Swabia, at Lucca in Italy, and Puy in France, and scores of others, with all their lists of miracles, and all these, independent of the newly-established ones. This book itself rates the pilgrims annually to Maria-Zell at 100,000; those to Einsiedeln at 3,000, but pamphlets published near Einsiedeln rate them as 80,000; to Loretto this work states them to be 100,000 annually on an average, but says as many as 115,000 have been known to arrive in one month—September. To these places kings, queens, popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests without end have pilgrimed, and, prostrate in the dust before the “Almighty Queen of Heaven,” have paid warmer vows than they ever paid to God or the Saviour of the world, and piled upon her altars wealth such as they never laid on the altars of God. Some of these Marian shrines, as that of Loretto, are almost entire masses of gold and precious jewels. It is believed that the wealth of the little house of Loretto would more than pay the national debt of Italy. And yet they don't worship the Virgin! The denial is as grossly, impudently false, as the worship is the most astounding and blasphemous idolatry that the world ever saw. To the temples of God, to those of Christ you hear of no such enthusiastic pilgrimage; to them no such worship is paid. From the days of Diana of the Ephesians till now superstition must mingle with worship to give it its zest. They are not the pure and enlightened Christians who rush off in ostentatious pilgrimages, but the fanatic idolators. The followers of Christ can find and worship Him everywhere, without priests, banners, and grotesque attire. Wherever two or three are met together in His name, He is in the midst of them.

Pilgrimages are almost always to the Madonna, or to a particular saint. Their votaries are of the sensational class. Their devotion is not the mature product of the serious heart and well-informed, well-balanced mind, it is the fire of excited feeling and imagination, and must rush into action, intoxicated by all the accompaniments addressed to the senses;—banners, music, singing of hymns, loud recital of prayers as they go, and the dropping altogether on their knees at every way-side shrine, or cross. There is an unmistakable resemblance, an undisguisable kinship betwixt these processions and those of every false faith—Islamism, and the fetish worship of India and Africa. No such eccentricities or extravagances belong to the pure and noble worship of the great and all-wise God, or to

the simple but sublime Saviour. Their worship is too orderly, too rational, too true to the august dignity and celestial wisdom of the objects adored for such devotees. In this, as in all things, "by their fruits shall ye know them."

The Catholics admit Mary to be merely a created being, yet they worship a creature, contrary to the strictest commands of the Scriptures; and have churches with regular bodies of priests appointed for this service. God in the prophets declared His anger against all who worship the Queen of Heaven, yet the Catholics, in open defiance of this divine declaration, have again set up a Queen of Heaven; and the fact of a pilgrimage is a confession that the object worshipped is local and limited. A true Divinity is omnipresent, and can be worshipped just as well in one place as another; but to go scores and hundreds of miles to get within reach of your Deity, there to prefer your vows or to make your petitions, is a proof that your object of adoration is spurious—is no Deity at all—and that, like Elijah on Mount Carmel, we might bid you cry aloud; for your goddess may be asleep, or on a journey, and not be aware of you. To all, therefore, who duly reflect on the characteristics of the worship of the Virgin, the nature of the French apparitions of the Madonna can be no mystery. As I have said once before, though they may be true in one sense, they are false in another and far higher. They may belong to Spiritualism, but not to the Spiritualism of the pure and unadulterated Christian faith. The nature of the *dramatis personæ* may be dubious, but the nature of their action is only too clear. It is to bolster up, if possible, the most ancient and pernicious of superstitions, which is being extinguished by the sun of modern intelligence, just as the material sun puts out a fire.

Since this article was written, the *Times* has published a most decisive document as to the worship of the Virgin by the Catholic Church. It proves beyond all dispute that whatever Catholics may pretend before the Protestant world, amongst themselves and to their converts they not only openly avow but insist on this worship. In the oath taken by Frederick Augustus II, of Saxony on becoming a Catholic for the sake of the Polish crown, in 1697, the original of which is kept in the Royal Library at Berlin, amongst other outrageous Catholic dogmas imposed upon him as indispensable were these:—

Clause 16.—"I profess that the Holy Virgin Mary is the Queen of Heaven; that she reigns together with her son, and that the Son must do as she pleases."

Clause 17.—"I profess that the Holy Virgin Mary ought to be more highly regarded, by both angels and men, than Christ the Son of God."

"SUPERNATURAL RELIGION" CONSIDERED.

BY NEWTON M. CROSLAND.

UNDER the title of *Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation*, a work in two large volumes has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans and Co.,—a respectable house which has lately given the sanction of its name to the circulation of some books of a rather sceptical and infidel character. Holywell Street seems to be drifting dangerously near to Paternoster Row.

The purpose of the production now before the world, is, avowedly, to prove that miracles are merely the fables or illusions of imagination or superstitious ignorance; and that the four Gospels in which the life of our Saviour is recorded; are not true; and that they were not recognised by the early Christians—during the first two hundred years of our era, at least—as authoritatively binding on their belief.

We have been told a great deal of this kind of stuff already by such spiritual paralytics as Spinoza, Hume, Strauss, Voltaire, and Paine; and the world knows the impotent result of the ribaldry and rationalism of such writers. Our new controversialist is more learned and polite than Paine: he lifts his academical cap to Christianity, and is profuse in his compliments to its "moral teaching." On this low ground he is probably sincere, but Christianity can afford to dispense with such vulgar homage, and does not need the aid of his officious courtesy.

Our author commences his erudite task by professing to be guided by a regard for truth; and he shows his qualifications as a reasoner by taking as the basis of his arguments two most obvious fallacies. His choice of these blunders as the foundation of his system, proves how utterly incompetent he is to conduct a grand intellectual controversy. He assumes, in the first place, that there is such a thing as "complete induction," which is not established, except, perhaps, in the lowest forms of material science. In relation to religion and the power of man to enter into fresh treaties with Deity for the government of the world, induction must be always an imperfect, shifting, and progressive element.

In the next place he asserts a positive untruth, that "miracles are extinct; knowledge has annihilated them." Knowledge has done nothing of the kind; the highest knowledge has achieved the opposite result, and brought a conviction of the

reality of miracles home to the meanest as well as to the most enlightened understanding. The phenomena of Spiritualism has demonstrated the verity of miracles beyond the possibility of cavil.

There is a class of defenders of Christianity with whom we have no particular sympathy, and whom we are not interested in supporting. They are the old conventional theologians who deny the continuity of the evidences of Christianity, who limit miracles to apostolic times and apostolic influences, and who brand as spurious all miraculous testimony which has been adduced during the last 1,700 years, or which has been brought forward in proof of other religions. Such champions, in their rusty, rattling old armour, have no chance against the mysterious knight who has met them in the tournament of debate. One by one they have fallen by the spear of this skilful opponent, who, behind the shield and visor of "supernatural religion," has made his antagonists bite the dust. The lists are literally strewn with the prostrate forms of the defeated combatants; but this redoubtable Goliath is, in his turn, doomed to be overwhelmed by a formidable pebble, "miracle," taken from the stream of modern Spiritualism, and which, fortunately, does not require a David to hurl the missile at the forehead of the learned Philistine. In these three words, "miracles are extinct," expressing a falsehood, our author has utterly destroyed his position, and brought down upon himself condign refutation. If he had devoted himself for twelve months to carefully studying "spiritual manifestations," his book could never have been written.

The great question with the world in general appears to be this: Does the verity of the Christian religion, historically and morally, depend upon proving the genuineness and authenticity of the four Gospels? To the Spiritualist the question is simply preposterous; he believes that no such momentous issue is involved in legally establishing, one way or the other, the points raised by the inquiry; he can afford to be supremely indifferent respecting the authorship of the Gospels, or the exact date of their production: he knows that the incidents related in these Gospels are substantially true, as they completely harmonise with his own verified, present experience: they are so exactly in accord with the phenomena which he frequently witnesses, that he would not dream of raising a doubt of the sufficient accuracy and reliability of the narratives of both the Old and New Testaments.

So long as he can reasonably infer that the miracles related in the Scriptures are given upon good authority, or copied from veracious records, the Spiritualist would fly in the face of his

own living experience and steadfast knowledge, if he hesitated, even for a moment, to accept the Bible in all its sacredness and integrity, as a genuine and authentic revelation of God's dealings with mankind—a revelation shown and operating through the instrumentality of good and evil angels, and in the creation and development of His holy religion—a revelation intended to be the guidance of all men in their journey to the kingdom of heaven.

I am quite prepared to admit that the Gospels were not, in the early ages of the Church, treated with the homage which was afterwards rendered to them. Like all other great works which have been given to the world, the superiority of the Gospels would gradually dawn upon the minds of the people who used them. The great truths they conveyed would, step by step, be realised by those who experienced the efficacy of their teaching; and slowly, the more childishly entertaining books—narrating the history of our Saviour, probably multitudinous in their production—would be superseded by the simpler, grander, and more edifying records attributed to the Evangelists: and whether these Gospels were, or were not, correctly ascribed to their supposed authors, is a point which does not affect their vital truth. I for one would not care to devote ten minutes to a discussion of this question.

It would be absurd to deny that in these four Gospels there are several discrepancies of statement and errors of fact; but these defects have, I believe, their use and value, in preventing our becoming Bible-worshippers—devotees of the letter rather than of the spirit. Bibliolatry is as much a foe to Christianity, and a barrier in the way of true progress, as any other narrow sentiment or system which has the power to cramp the soul of man. The Bible, we may be sure, was never intended to set the highest and most cultivated common-sense at defiance. The early Christians were more guided by common-sense and experience than we are in the habit of imagining; and except in certain mechanical arts, sciences and contrivances, there is not such a vast difference between those days and our own. On the other hand, in mental power and grandeur of belief, the Ancients were in many respects our superiors.

The evidences of the Christian religion cannot be too severely tested by the most enlightened experience. The more rigidly they are arraigned before this tribunal, the more clearly in the right will their claims appear. Deity, in time, exercises a specially consecrating influence on all worthy work. Let us regard the Scriptures by the light of spiritual common-sense, and then the more divinely-human will they appear; and all difficulties in understanding the mode of establishing the Christian

religion will disappear, and be for ever banished to the limbo of infidel bugbears. *Supernatural Religion* is a dull work. It is a mass of learning collected without any noble object, and a display of logical force and acumen starting from false premisses and ending in nothing. As a specimen of literary art it cannot rank high—being replete with tedious iteration; and any man who can venture nowadays to write an essay on miracles without studying—at the cost of a little out-of-the-way trouble—the modern phenomena of Spiritualism, must be considered an arrogant “know-nothing” and entirely disqualified for the task he has undertaken.

One of the modes of fallacious argument adopted by our author may perhaps be best illustrated by an example—thus: Let us suppose that in the Year of Grace, 3874, a learned, scholastic and cultivated Positivist, should undertake to critically examine and discuss the miracles and phenomena of Spiritualism, now among the most certain facts of this nineteenth century; and let us further suppose that for the purposes of his argument, he were to take up this very book, *Supernatural Religion*, and finding there not a word about the phenomena in question, he would infer that they were entirely fabulous. He would tell his confiding readers, “Now here is a book written specially on the subject of miracles, and published at the very time when these so-called spiritual phenomena were reputed to be so evident, A.D. 1874, and yet the industrious and able author does not even allude to their existence. He lived, as is alleged, surrounded by these wonders, and yet he never mentions them! Indeed the evidence against them is still more conclusive than is indicated by this ominous silence; the author of this book goes so far as distinctly and emphatically to assert that ‘miracles are extinct, and that knowledge has annihilated them.’ Could any testimony be more conclusive that the spiritual phenomena of the year 1874 never existed, except in the crazy brains of the ignorant, the bewildered, and the superstitious?” So much for the false style of reasoning deduced from the silence of contemporaries respecting any circumstances which are the subject of controversy.

The nature of a divine revelation ought to be clearly understood. It cannot be completely and absolutely good in all respects; it is a disclosure of the principles of good and evil by which God governs man and the universe. God only is perfection; therefore, unless He re-makes Himself, all His creations must necessarily be inferior to Himself; if inferior, they are imperfect; if imperfect, they contain the elements of evil; if evil, they come into antagonism with good. Man is endowed by his Creator with a free will, and by revelation he is taught

how to overcome evil by good, although he can never attain a knowledge and realization of entire truth and goodness apart from all admixture of evil. Man, by right of his origin, by right of his free will, by right of the specialty of his creation, is able to co-operate with his Maker in modifying and superseding some of the laws of nature—not only those laws which regulate physical life, but more especially those which concern the attributes of the soul and mind. If, therefore, we cannot ensure absolute truth and perfection in the relation between man and God, how can we expect unadulterated good and entire accuracy in the books devoted to the incidents of this divine relationship? It is certainly to be expected that special revelations of God to man would be inaugurated by miracles, as guarantees of the supernatural intervention, whether good or evil; but I should be among the last to maintain that the Christian was the only religion revealed to man by miraculous agency. On the contrary I should be prepared to support the opinion that we can draw no limit to the possibilities of this mode of divine dispensation and government. God never leaves any people without a religion of some kind, but the revelation is always suited to the capacity of the recipient.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* considers it impossible that St. John the Apostle could have written the Gospel attributed to him, and also the Apocalypse, by reason of the vast difference in the style of the two compositions: the Gospel being in elegant Greek and the Apocalypse corrupted by Hebraic idioms. Spiritualism here throws some light on this difficulty. If St. John was in 'a trance when he saw the Apocalyptic visions, he would naturally describe them to some amanuensis, who, if a Hebrew, would express in his own style the descriptive utterances of the inspired seer. Our author considers that St. John could not have written the fourth Gospel, because there is so much that is gentle, dogmatic, mystical and attractive in the work; whereas the author is represented to be in real life vehement, egotistical and arrogant. But surely it was possible to become a reformed character during a long life spent in the service of his Divine Master. Might not the teaching and the example of our Saviour have had a softening and refining influence upon the rude nature of the Apostle, when he was first enlisted, and might not these holy and illustrious manifestations of Jesus have at last produced their intended effect of regenerating the life and conduct of the disciple?

I am very much afraid that the author of *Supernatural Religion* possesses none of the qualifications requisite for properly discussing the grand theme which he has vainly attempted to grasp. In fact he has written an elaborate work on a sub-

ject respecting which he is terribly and profoundly ignorant. He knows nothing practically of the supernatural; he knows nothing of religion in its highest and truest sense; he knows nothing of the office and efficacy of prayer; he knows nothing of a regenerating Redeemer sent to fallen man.

The new dispensation which our author offers to the world is something which he calls "the Science of Religion," whatever that may mean. He gives us no details of this "nice" Gospel; but we infer that it is intended to teach humanity to observe the most courteous and moral terms with the laws of Nature, as revealed by "complete induction."

Our author quotes with approval Mr. Spencer's doctrine that man progresses by the law of natural selection, and that civilization is destined to secure his perfectibility and "the survival of the fittest." No opinion could be more absurd and fallacious; it is the very opposite to the truth. The tendency of civilization is towards ensuring the survival also of the unfittest, and it is only religion which teaches us how to convert these *carnally* unfit into the spiritually regenerate. Observe with what care we preserve our idiots, our insane, our poor and helpless of all sorts and degrees. Even our criminals are objects of our anxious solicitude; we are never comfortable till we have caught them, and then we are miserable till we have let them loose again. The fact that civilization promotes the growth and survival of the unfittest, is conspicuously shown in the promotion and honour which society confers upon such misleading teachers as Hume, Mill, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Carpenter, Darwin, and Co.

Heaven protect us from such intruders into the region of Religion! If our Saviour had taught little else than that His mysteries were to be revealed to babes and concealed from the wise, He would have said and done enough to prove the divinity of His mission. Our author speaks slightingly of anonymous writers in ancient times? why does he not give us his own name? For a very prudent reason. He would probably turn out to be an eminent dignitary of a church or college, whose sanctuary, succour, and pay he receives, to teach a belief which he secretly despises. He wears a mask because he is a mental, moral, and physical coward. The vulgar, brutal, burglar, who breaks open our houses and steals our spoons, is a saint, compared with the insidious Rationalist, who creeps into a sorrowful and poverty-stricken home, and attempts to steal away from an afflicted heart, a belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the special care of an Almighty Father. What an automaton Divine Providence would seem if our prayers were to be shaped to the laws of a "Science of Religion!"

The great battle now raging between Science and Religion will not be fought in vain, if it compels the ecclesiastical champions to fall back upon Spiritualism, as a line of defence of Christianity, against which no artillery of Rationalism and Infidelity can ever prevail.

In this discussion I may have used "strong language;" but not stronger, I think, than the occasion demands. There are times and seasons when indignation against wrong thinking and wrong teaching should be vehemently uttered. Our Saviour would never have established His holy religion, if he had addressed the Pharisees and sceptics of His day, as "His honourable friends."

Blackheath, Nov., 1874.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

THOSE who are familiar with the signs of the times will bear me out in the assertion that the progress made by Spiritualism in the United States, within the last six or eight months, has exceeded that which had been reached in as many preceding years. This is chiefly due to a new and striking phase in its manifestation—to wit, the higher phenomena connected with spirit-materialization.

The first impetus toward this recent movement was given last Spring, on your side of the water, by the courageous utterances of certain scientists who preferred truth to an ephemeral reputation. The reports they sent us across the Atlantic touching the sayings and doings of Katie King and cognate phenomena, fell on the ear of a public which had been gradually coming to the conclusion that there must be *something* in this irrepressible subject which was supplying accounts of marvel after marvel, now in one shape, now in another, to the daily newspapers. Then the English press showed incipient symptoms of sympathy with the movement. A year before, a popular scientific Quarterly had admitted, among its notices of scientific works, a favourable ten-page review of an American treatise on Spiritualism. Next, an old-established London Magazine gave place in its pages to two long and able articles on the hitherto tabooed subject, by a gentleman who shares with Darwin the honour of bringing to the notice of the world the great principle of "Natural Selection." Fashion added her tribute, and London

society read—many of its members perhaps for the first time—of the wonders that come to light during spiritual *séances*.

Then it so happened that we, here in Philadelphia, were fortunate enough to witness the reproduction, last Summer, of the same phenomena which Messrs. Crookes, Wallace and Varley had observed in London, with additions of some importance, and—this was noteworthy—with the mediums seated outside among the spectators and unentranced.

Though the news of these manifestations produced a great sensation, it was exceeded by the excitement caused by a series of articles minutely describing the *séances* held by the Eddy family, in the interior of the State of Vermont, published in New York. A large eight-page daily of that city, the *Graphic*—the first daily illustrated paper ever published, I believe, in the world—startled, and finally amazed the public by publishing, twice a week for more than two months past, illustrated reports from a special correspondent, whom it had detailed to visit Chittenden, the village where the Eddys live, and investigate the marvels there nightly witnessed. Colonel Henry S. Olcott—so the correspondent is called—performed the task assigned to him in a masterly manner. He went there, and continued for some time, a sceptic; but gradually, as he eliminated every element that rendered deception possible, he became a believer in the genuine character of the phenomena. I see it stated in a Philadelphia paper of this morning (November 29), that his articles, and various others on the subject of Spiritualism lately published by the *Graphic*, have trebled the circulation of that paper.

Other journals—especially a widely-circulating New York daily, the *Sun*—have followed suit; and the result has been, as this morning's paper (already referred to) expresses it, that "Spiritualism is becoming one of the absorbing questions of the day." Scarcely a newspaper of repute but what has noticed it; sometimes hesitatingly indeed; but, with rare exceptions, in respectful terms. Many concede the reality of the phenomena, reserving opinion, however, as to the *cui bono*—the uses, and the moral and religious results, of the movement.

Our magazines are taking it up, also, one by one. The December number of the *Galaxy*, a popular New York monthly, has a thirteen-page article entitled: "Was it 'Katie King?'" I myself have furnished, by request, to the *Atlantic Monthly*—than which no magazine in the United States has a higher literary standing—three papers on the subject; the first entitled, "Some Results of my Spiritual Studies," appeared in the November number; the second, discussing the claims of Spiritualism, if true, as a religious element, and its influence and

results in connection with the civilization and soul-progress of man. These, copied entire into various periodicals, have already obtained a circulation exceeding 100,000 copies. A third paper entitled, "Touching Visitants from a Higher Life," and giving a detailed report of our "Katie King" *séances* of last Summer, will appear (in 18 days) in the January number of the *Atlantic*.

I here select, as a specimen of the frequent editorials one sees on the general subject, the following from the daily *Springfield Republican*, of November 21. As journalistic authority this paper is second to none in New England, nor, it may be added, in the Union; being noted alike for its ability and for its independence. It seems, however, as might be expected, to have limited its attention chiefly to the evidences for the phenomena; not yet duly estimating their beneficial influence on mankind. The world can but advance step by step. Here is the article:—

THE NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.

No one can have followed closely the daily records of the past year without perceiving that the perplexing questions raised by the varied phenomena grouped under the title of Spiritualism have assumed a surprising prominence, and challenge a closer attention than ever before. It is not merely that they are more emphatically pressed, and find advocates so much more numerous among the ranks of culture and thought, but they take new shape, and present appearances hitherto only known in the realms of fable and fancy, that so far defy the easy explanations of the incredulous, and that have compelled the reluctant faith of even men of science.

We have, from time to time, taken note of the more extraordinary forms of the mystery. The minor developments of *séances*, whether dark or light, of psychometric powers, of magnetic influences, of sympathies and affinities, and what not else, we pass without debate. They have existed and stimulated curiosity for ages; many of them can be simulated by fraud; all of them are, more or less, mixed with fraud; and not even the most remarkable have offered anything of real value to the world. The one thing that awakens a deeper wonder, and demands a more serious scrutiny, is this stepping of the ghost into society, called "materialization." This is the remarkable phenomenon of Spiritualism to-day.

Of the most striking instances of this marvel occurring in this country, we have taken especial note of the performances at the house of the Eddys at Chittenden, Vermont, and at a series of *séances* held in Philadelphia, the past Summer and Fall, because the two exhibit all the characteristics of this mode of manifestation, from the rudest to the most refined. The Eddys present the visitors, as it were, to the democracy of the spirit-world, seen in a vague, grey gloom, and with an entranced medium in a pitch-black cabinet; but in Philadelphia the daughter of the buccaneer Morgan, an aristocrat of the celestial spheres, with her mediums outside the cabinet, greets her earthly friends in clear daylight or in illumed rooms. These things furnish something new to the investigator.

These are the things that convinced Professors Varley, Wallace and Crookes in England, and that are making such an impression all over this country as has not been equalled since the Home sensation, twenty years ago. To-day, there is not a newspaper, hardly a periodical, in the land that does not feel it necessary to devote more or less attention to the theme. With all this interest, something efficient ought to be done toward the elucidation of these riddles of a future life. The world does not accept Robert Dale Owen's investigations, because, as it truly remarks, he was a believer in the communication of departed spirits with the living before Katie King appeared. It will not believe Varley

or Crookes, although they were total sceptics when they began their investigations; because there is some strange influence in the thing that destroys human judgment. At best people will only consent so far as this: to believe that the thing is; just as they believe the stories of the jugglery of Robert Houdin or the Hindoo magicians. And as they know that these are explicable by mere terrestrial means, so they are sure even the materialization of spirits will yet be found explicable.

Meanwhile, the Spiritualists complain that the world coldly and unsympathetically refuses to respect their doctrine or acknowledge it as beneficial. But the world looks at results, and has seen little but evil results, as yet. The medley of social experiments which have followed and clustered around Spiritualism have disinclined the sober and self-respecting to have anything to do with it. The spiritual element has been practically swamped beneath trivialities and impurities.

Yet it is plain that there must be some food for soul and mind in Spiritualism. The fact that William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and other eminent and estimable persons in England—that T. W. Higginson, Robert Dale Owen, the late Judge Edmonds, and others of as high standing, both intellectual and moral, in this country—are Spiritualists, proves so much. Mr. Owen in the *Atlantic Monthly* endeavours to tell us what this food is—to answer the inevitable *cui bono*. Mrs. Andrews, in a letter which we publish, this morning, clearly and beautifully presents the best knowledge the spirits have afforded of the life beyond. And Katie King and her father have told their own stories, as we learn from this little pamphlet before us. All these, especially the latter, bear singular correspondence with portions of the revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg, the fountain-head of Spiritualist theories of the future, but they bear also marked differences. They should be read and considered with rational attention, for the doctrine of progress in the world to come which they set forth is one which has had no little share in modifying the belief of the Christian churches.

English readers may like to see the letter of my friend, Mrs. Andrews, of Springfield, justly spoken of in the above as “clearly and beautifully presenting the best knowledge the spirits have afforded of the life beyond.” Here it is:—

THE LIFE BEYOND.—WHAT SPIRITS HAVE REVEALED
CONCERNING THEIR DAILY LIFE.

To the Editor of the "Republican."

There were many, I am assured, who, like myself, were glad to see the short notice (which appeared in your issue of November 11th) of Dr. Beard's statements relative to the Eddy mediums, which notice was, I think, just, and almost as little favourable to this new Daniel who has come to judgment as were the opinions expressed, by Yale professors and others in New Haven, in regard to his verdict against young Brown, the thought-reader, based, as it was, upon a merely nominal and most unfair and inconclusive investigation of facts.

Hundreds of persons, intelligent and disinterested, who have visited the Eddys, have been thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of their mediumship. Many of these persons *know* that they have seen forms at their *séances* which could not by any possibility have been William Eddy, and some among them are entirely satisfied that they have recognised and talked with friends and relatives, whose words, as well as their appearance, proved, if anything can, their identity. Not a few have, like Colonel Olcott, felt, at first, dissatisfied and suspicious, but have become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena by weeks of investigation, as faithful and thorough as it was possible to make it.

These things are so bewilderingly inconsistent with our preconceived ideas of the possible, that even the most trustworthy evidence may well fail to satisfy those who have seen nothing of them; but, if the united testimony of so many unprejudiced witnesses be, by some, regarded as insufficient, what, in the face

of such evidence, does a charge of fraud amount to when made by one who, on his own showing, has seen next to nothing, and who has hitherto made himself conspicuous only by his unsustained charges against the honesty of others, and not at all through having won respect and confidence as a just, unprejudiced, and reliable investigator. He seems, indeed, to be a degenerate sort of Quixote, who considers it his mission to fight, as fraud, whatever he fails to comprehend as truth, and who, perhaps, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, does not hesitate to resort to deception, in order that he may prevent others from being cheated by somebody else. Quite unfit are all such as he to decide upon phenomena which perplex the wisest, and which many, who are thoroughly competent to investigate, declare to be a reality.

Every attempt to account for these phenomena, as seen at Chittenden, fails when one has studied the attendant circumstances, making one's-self acquainted with the conditions and capabilities of these mediums and of the old, bare house in which the *séances* are held. I believe that anyone who is anxious to learn the truth may, by a stay sufficiently prolonged to admit of investigation, convince himself that, as mediums, the Eddys are thoroughly genuine; but those who go there bent upon discovering fraud (predetermined by them to be the only rational explanation) may probably be gratified by seeing as little as Dr. Beard saw, and by coming away, as he has done, no wiser than they went.

While upon the subject of Spiritualism, I wish to notice a remark made in a short, but very fair, critique of Mr. Leon Case's lengthy article published in the *Republican* of October 20th—the article and the remarks upon it appearing in the same paper. The writer says, "The information the apparitions vouchsafe is as valueless as all such information has been. None of them have told us yet about the new life. We are no wiser than of old." Such a statement as this shows only, as do many others on the same subject, made even by those who seem willing to be just, much ignorance of facts. It should be remembered that we can, at best, comprehend only in a very partial and limited way things which appertain exclusively to another state of existence; and the truths which might be intelligible to us we often refuse to accept, because they do not suit our preconceived ideas, and because they often appear all too simple and natural to satisfy the demands of an irrational fancy. But in so far as we can understand the life to come, its nature and the relation it bears to this, I should say that, so far from our having learned nothing from returning spirits, we have learned well-nigh everything which, in our present state of being, we are able to receive and to make use of. I have seen autograph letters enough to fill a volume written by spirits, under strictest test conditions, upon paper untouched by the medium, and containing descriptions of life, daily life (so to speak) in the other world, which gave as vivid a conception of existence there as it seems to me possible for those still in the flesh to form. It is true that such full and minute descriptions are rare, but none can hold frequent communication with spirits, seeking seriously and reverently to learn the truth, without finding that much of the mist and cloud has been cleared away which had shut from our sight that spiritual but actually existent and most real world.

Spirits tell us that, on entering upon the other life, we are neither lifted up into supreme blessedness nor cast down into utter misery, nor, indeed, made either happy or miserable in any degree, by a power outside ourselves. We are told that we not only build, while here, the "house not made with hands," but mould the very form of the being who is to dwell in it; that every word, act, thought and feeling indulged in here helps to determine what shall be, both in ourselves and our surroundings, there; and that, neither here nor hereafter, is there any possible escape from the natural law of inevitable result. We are taught that sin cannot be forgiven, any more than poison can be made wholesome and nutritious, or its ill effects arrested by repentance for having swallowed it; that nothing can save us from ourselves; and that we are now making that deathless self either fair or foul, exalted or degraded.

We learn, too, that, as the life's love has been, so shall be, in beauty or ugliness, in delightsomeness or desolation, our home in that many-mansioned abode where, day by day, we are preparing a place for ourselves, whether we know it or not. Spirits teach us that always, in the past as now, here and hereafter, the great creative and sustaining spirit acts through laws which are

all-sufficing, and which never need nor can be broken. No spirit, that I am aware of, has spoken of a God visible to the angels, sitting like a king upon a great white throne and delighting to be glorified by ceaseless hallelujahs and psalms of praise; but they do tell us of an infinite, all-vitalizing Power, the great central Sun and Fountain of all universes, material and spiritual, whose emanations are forces essential to the existence of everything that is, not less to the brain that thinks and the heart that loves, than to the worlds that revolve in space, to every grain of dust and every blade of grass. They teach us, too, that the acceptable worship of such a Being must be a worship which exalts and ennobles the worshipper. A life of stedfast upward striving, a heart of tender, helpful sympathy for the weak and the erring, good deeds bravely done, suffering patiently endured and cheerful obedience to Divine law, this is the worship worthy of our giving and of his receiving. And let none dream that this idea of the great eternal Unity brings to the heart no warmth or comfort, because it fails to picture a Deity "so definitely that man's doubt grows self-defined the other side the line." No, this is not so, for now and hereafter (only then, as we trust, with a fuller realization of its truth), can we say in fullest trust—

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

In telling us of the life beyond the grave, the spirits assure us that we shall there meet, and recognize and love the dear ones from whom death only seems to part us here, being bound together by ties of affection and sympathy in families and societies. We are told that our existence hereafter will be one of progress in knowledge, as well as in virtue, of earnest, congenial work for the good of others—in a word, a life of rational human activity and enjoyment, enjoyment, at least, for all to whom such joy is possible; and, as none are wholly evil, we are taught to hope that none will be utterly miserable, but that, ignorance being the origin of sin, all will, as they learn to understand goodness and truth, become receptive of happiness, in a measure exactly commensurate with the greater or less purity and elevation to which they have attained. Still, indeed, are we told of suffering and desolation long endured and terrible, for those who will not or cannot, because of evil propensities long indulged, open their hearts to let the sunlight in; and who, having in the earth-life encouraged selfishness, cruelty, and all the baser passions, cannot at once become happy in a world purely spiritual, where nothing is adventitious, but where everything flows from the inner life, forming the external as its ultimate expression.

Also, are we not constantly assured of the ministering love and guardianship of those gone before, and although this, too, can only act upon us through inevitable laws which necessarily limit the power of all created beings, still must not the knowledge of this ever-present, watchful affection be a ceaseless joy to all who are striving to do right, as well as a blessed restraint, of which no one who really believes this truth can ever become unconscious? When we know that by no secretive effort can we hide our sins from loving eyes, which even yet may weep because of our wrong-doing, surely such knowledge cannot but help us to keep our lives and our hearts true and pure. But is it not dreadful, some will ask, to think that *they* should weep whom we have learned to regard as having "done with tears?" Truest thoughts are not always those which, superficially considered, are most cheering; but can we not understand that, instead of revelling in a selfish, earth-forgetting bliss, the friends who love us on the other side may have a holy work to do for the suffering and the tempted, which may sometimes bring them pain; and that this pain is a thing as much more worthy, exalting and beautiful than any mere self-centred enjoyment (made cloudless by forgetfulness of or indifference to the suffering and the sin of those they have loved here) as the highest ideals of goodness and happiness is above the basest imaginings of bliss ever dreamed by man when his higher faculties were all asleep in ignorance?

So far from being "no wiser than of old," I am assured that the conception of the other life has been greatly modified, even in the case of those who have no belief in Spiritualism, by the light cast upon it through spirit-teaching. The little leaven has worked well, and there are now comparatively few who believe

in the old orthodox heaven and hell. I think that, in demanding from spirits some entirely new and wonderful revelation, the nature of which we cannot even guess we lose sight of the fact that no truth which we are capable of comprehending can long remain completely hidden. When we talk thoughtlessly of some wonderful knowledge which we fancy that spirits, if indeed they return, might bring to us, we imagine an impossibility. There is nothing conceivable, relative to a future state, of which a more or less distinct idea has not been formed in thinking minds, and that which is inconceivable would of course make no impression even if higher intelligences should utter it. Intuition and reason have brought to us, even if but dimly, all that the mind is sufficiently advanced to receive; but that much truth has been made clearer, and many errors corrected, by direct spirit-teaching, no one who has studied the subject can question; and there are thousands of hearts ready to echo my words when I declare that from spirits I have learned many things which are a joy and help to me during every day of my life.

Springfield, November 14, 1874.

L. ANDREWS.

The battle which Spiritualism has been waging with popular opinion may be said to have been virtually won. But the results of the victory will come in more or less slowly, in proportion as Spiritualists themselves do or do not act up to its best teachings: in proportion, too, in my judgment, as they learn to distinguish alike the divergence of these teachings from dogmatic theologies, and their general accordance with the ethical and spiritual principles and doings which, on a critical and liberal view of the Gospels, we may fairly ascribe to Christ.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1874.

SCIENCE, RELIGION, AND THE MISSING LINK.

BY THOMAS BREVIOR.

IN the keen controversy between materialistic scientists and theologians, it is insisted by the former that, while the facts of science are known and demonstrable and may be verified, the asserted truths of religion are only speculations; matters of opinion not admitting of verification, concerning which certainty is unattainable, and which should be relegated wholly to the sphere of the emotions.

Now to this it may be sufficient to reply that the evidence for any kind of truth must be such as is proper to the subject, and that it admits of none other. For truth in history we require historical evidence; for scientific truth the evidence of observation and experiment; for the properties of number and form mathematical evidence; for æsthetic truth conformity to the laws of art; and for ethical and spiritual truth we must seek the evidence in man's moral and spiritual nature to which they are related; as colour is related to the eye, or music to the ear, or art to

the sense of beauty, or science to the powers of observation and reasoning. To require other evidence would be absurd. Would chemical analysis of Trajan's column help you to determine the character of the Roman Emperor? Can you demonstrate the fragrance of the rose by the integral calculus? Will any telescope enable you to discover a constellation of the virtues? Can the Royal Geographical Society aid in the exploration of the spiritual world? The distinction between natural and spiritual truth, and the evidence proper to each, was clearly pointed out by a great philosopher many centuries ago, when he affirmed "The natural man discerneth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned."

The truths of science are ascertained by the senses and the intellect; the truths of religion are apprehended by the conscience, the affections, and the reason. Are we then to infer that the former alone are certain, while in the latter we can never reach beyond conjecture? can we *know* only that which we can see, and handle, and smell, and taste, and count, and weigh, and measure? Are the lower faculties of our nature—those least distinctively human, alone unerring; while those which are highest, which raise man so immeasurably above the brute creation, are totally misleading? Is the appeal to be made from the highest tribunal of the mind, and its judgment to be reversed by the final verdict of the lower court?

Nature is the common meeting-place between Science and Religion, but in dealing with it their methods and aims are alike different. Thus, while Science investigates its methods; Religion inquires into its cause; while Science applies itself to man's physical and temporal relations, Religion concerns herself with his relations to the spiritual and eternal. When either trespasses upon the domain of the other, it is properly warned off as an intruder; it speaks with no authority, its interposition is impertinent, and it must retire humiliated from a scene on which it had no business to enter.

So far the Spiritualist may reason in common with thoughtful religious men of various creed, but he can now go farther, and meet the scientist on his own ground. Thus, when we are told that Nature is self-sufficient; that it can do all things of itself; that matter has in it the promise and potency of every form and quality of life; that man is but a mechanical arrangement of its atoms; that his mind is but a product or property or function of his physical organization, which has been evolved from lower forms, and must cease with it;—the Spiritualist meets these bold assertions by an appeal to facts, which though passing common experience, have been fully proven by those who have made them the subject of thorough investigation.

These investigations have shown that those whom we call dead can, under suitable conditions, manifest themselves visibly, audibly, palpably; that they can so clothe themselves with material elements that their forms can be seen and touched; that they can hold open audible converse with those present; write with the pencil, move objects, play musical instruments, and give other sensible and intelligent demonstrations of their presence; and this not merely to the solitary investigator, but to companies of a dozen or a score persons. These are facts attested by hundreds of independent, intelligent and reliable living witnesses, among whom are Fellows of the Royal Society, Professors in our Universities, and men holding high places in literature and the learned professions. More than even this: the "dead" register their appearance on the photographic plate, and thus leave behind permanent records, which in hundreds of instances have been recognized as portraits of departed friends and kindred.

The evidence of these things has been set forth at large in this Magazine and in books and journals devoted to the subject. But the evidence is not closed, the facts are still recurring, and can be verified.

Science demands sensuous demonstration and experimental evidence: Spiritualism supplies both. Religion requires the recognition of man's spiritual nature, and the reality of the Eternal World: Spiritualism furnishes the demonstration of their truth; and throws much light besides on other questions important both to Science and Religion. It thus supplies the "missing link" to unite them in friendly agreement. It holds the key of the Materialist's position, and demonstrates that though materialistic theories may be promulgated from the high places of Science, they are but baseless speculations, which with the light of advancing knowledge, must soon, "like streaks of morning cloud, melt into the infinite azure of the past."

ORGANIC ELECTRICITY.

BY W. HITCHMAN, M.D., LL.D.

Not improbably several *distinct* forces are now in operation to produce those phenomena termed "supernatural," in the world of nescience or superstition—but the chief is magnetism, or electricity.

That intelligent beings co-exist with ourselves in connection with this planet, but under spiritual conditions, or in an order

of nature having different perceptions from, and more ethereal activities than the ORGANIC, is a fact no longer doubted by the most experienced *savans* with whom I have recently conversed in England or Germany. In very truth, such beings are scientifically demonstrable as materialised evanescent forms, &c., in perfect accord with reason, logic, and philosophy. Such acting moving forces are clearly ubiquitous and eternal, with as much indestructibility of spirit as of matter, throughout each planetary sphere; in short, there is an everlasting harmonious continuity of intelligent life, and every atomic body, therefore, being an integral portion of Universal Existence, Spiritualism is the deathless link scientifically in the chain of connection between all the inhabited worlds—their temporary bodies or immortal souls; and not only historic, but unhistoric races of men, have left us examples of communications, previsions, presentiments, and intervention of apparitions.

There is not a physicist living, at home or abroad, whose opinion is entitled to respect, but will most readily admit that the evidence of continuity of life, from matter to spirit, is daily growing stronger and stronger; and that *all* the laws of nature, whether pertaining to gravitation, molecular constitution, chemical analysis, by the spectrum, or what not, have now demonstrated the significant truth, that the very elements of which men, animals, or plants are composed, have the same essential characteristics—solid, liquid, and gaseous, in other worlds than the third in order from our chief star. The spectroscope gives a spectrum, for example, which we know to be analogous to that of the sun, when formed by the light of an incandescent solid, or liquid photosphere, which has suffered absorption by the vapours of an envelope cooler than itself. And in like manner may we proceed to bodies celestial, or terrestrial, and examine the bright lines furnished by nucleus, nebula, fog, cloud, and constellation of the northern crown—of whatever magnitude—the light emitted by matter is yet in the condition of luminous gas—probably hydrogen of very exalted temperature. Gradation from the like to the *seemingly* unlike prevails. The composition of spirit and matter, of which the universe of being, animate and inanimate, consists,—yields certain *properties* to the chemist and philosopher. Thus the “hardness,” or “softness,” of a given body is solely due to the attraction of cohesive particles, which unites together any given mass of matter, solid, liquid, or heterogeneous, as when fine capillary tubes imbibe various fluid substances. And whenever motion is resisted in a train of wheels,—friction of ice, or the blood of man, ELECTRICITY is the result. Reciprocal action, quantitative relation, and necessary dependence of all the

forces of matter and spirit, simultaneously deduce the law of conservative energy. Heat of stars radiated into space is an enormous source of palpable motive power. Magnetism in man, here, involves magnetism in matter, elsewhere, since where there is light and heat, there is electricity, organic and inorganic. Electric currents ALWAYS produce lines of magnetic force, *at right angles to their lines of action*,—not only in the organisms of men, animals, and plants, but throughout the material or spiritual universe, inductively;—magnetism, I say, is not terrestrial,—rather is it cosmical, *between spots on the earth and spots on the sun!* And if as is now probable, we can trace magnetism in this,—and other planets and suns, as a force manifested in the *same* meridional lines, cutting at right angles the curves formed by their rotation round an axis—organic electricity will have a recurrent cycle of coincidence with all the currents of magnetic force—throughout the vortices or circular disturbances of every orb, and progressive inter-communion with the most distant luminous bodies, whose heat now radiates into boundless space! If there be loss of *vis viva* occasioned by friction of the tidal waves, to such an extent that they form a heavy drag as it were upon the wheels of our earth's rotatory movement, and diminish its velocity without compensatory action—changes commensurate must ensue in the solar system, as well as other distant luminous bodies, and scarcely less in that free organic electricity which circulates in the mind and matter of man, with entire independence of *all* mechanical and chemical actions in the body, or external to it—electrical antagonism between the transverse and vertical sections of each nerve, notwithstanding. Verily, electricity *does* play an important part in spirit and matter, since without it, no act of volition could have existence in organic nature. *No* sensation could be produced, which constitutes memory;—thought, intellectuality, emotion, passion, were not—no object could the eye perceive—with it, genius can reside in two worlds for ever and ever!

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE *Spiritual Scientist*—an able weekly paper issued in Boston, U. S.—remarks with great truth:—The year 1874, among its other historic associations, will be noted in future history for the extraordinary multiplication of spiritual phenomena which have occurred during its progress. At no period since the “advent of Modern Spiritualism,” as it is called, through the mediumship

of the Fox sisters at Rochester, 24 years ago, have the spirits manifested such remarkable activity. The wonderful "materialization" of Katie King in England, the marvels associated with Foster, Slade, and others; the series of "materializations" at the Eddy homestead in Vermont; the reappearance of Katie King in Philadelphia; the "mind-reading" of Brown, and a host of minor wonders, all go to mark this as a period of remarkable activity in this department of biology.

A correspondent writing to the same journal from Brooklyn has the following remarks on direct spirit-writing on slates without a pencil. "I have often read accounts of Mr. Slade's mediumship, and in many respects they are quite marvellous. One of his well-known specialities is the writing which appears in locked slates; with only a crumb of pencil for the invisible hand to make marks with. These phenomena are certainly wonderful, and what I am about to relate may hardly be regarded by some as any more perplexing, particularly to the believer. To the sceptic, however, who is still so unenlightened as to hold that all alleged spiritual phenomena are trickery, it should excite some interest. I have witnessed in this city (now sometime since), in the private circles of separate vicinities, the phenomena of slate writing where *no pencil nor fragment of pencil were used*. These were not paid mediums, nor have they since been, to my knowledge, paid for such service. One, indeed, was rapidly developing into a powerful medium, when he became alarmed apparently, and soon abandoned the circle. I have seen one of these gentlemen in a darkened parlour, in the presence of only two others, where the outline of his person was distinctly visible, extend his right hand upward at an angle, his left being extended behind him. He was standing. Between the thumb and fingers of his right hand was a small slate. I could distinctly hear the peculiar sound of the writing. He would change his position sometimes, extending the slate close to my ear. After this was over (his hands still as widely apart as ever) we looked at the slate which had been apparently so much written upon, and it only bore these words, "This is from all of us."

A very able work has recently been issued by the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.R.S., entitled *Man and Beast Here and Hereafter*. The *Saturday Review*, in noticing this book a few weeks since, remarks:—

"For Mr. Wood now appears to be a believer in ghosts. He inserts at the end of his second volume the story of a lady he knows who saw the ghost of an ugly old woman that had hanged herself in a French château. The ghost, a hideous

little hag, with a glare of fiendish wickedness in her eyes, was sitting in a high-backed arm chair by the fireside. The lady's cat first saw this apparition and then the lady herself saw it. Mr. Wood believes this story, because he has read in Scripture that Balaam's ass saw the angel before Balaam did. Further, he takes it as a proof that the lower animals possess 'spirit' because they are capable of 'spiritual as well material vision.' This instance accordingly becomes the crowning example in proof of his contention for the immortality of the lower animals."

SPIRIT-TEACHING.

'Twas summer, and the flowers were
 gay,
 And day was melting into night;
 I sat and watched the changing
 light,
 While Philomela trilled her lay.
 Then as pale stars lit up the sky,
 And hushed was all the scene around,
 A spirit by my side I found,
 One I well knew in days gone by.
 It seemed so like the days of old,
 I questioned not how it could be,
 But harkened as it turned to me
 With signs to list: and this it told:
 "Though lost to sight we're ever near
 And light the dreary paths you tread;
 There is more life among the dead
 Than with the living forms so dear.

"Forms which decay as grows within
 The spirit-life, which longs to free
 Itself from earth's impurity,
 Thus life and light eterne to win.

"No more we seek our body-home;
 It sinks to perish in the dust,
 Never again to nurture lust,
 Nor to reform in years to come.

"Give up false creed that life is sown
 In mouldering clay whose mission's
 past:
 God's plan allows not a return
 To bodies dead, nor creeds outgrown.

"Your earthly body, as it dies,
 Yields up its resurrection joy
 In Spirit-life without alloy;
 Fit remnant for God's holy skies."

Hendon.

M. T.

Correspondence.

A CENTRAL HALL FOR THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As Mr. N. Crosland's letter on the subject of Public Circles in connection with the British National Association has appeared in the last number of your Journal, I shall feel obliged if you will kindly insert my reply to him in your next.

Yours faithfully,

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

Chard, Somerset, October 17th, 1874.

"I am requested to write a few lines in answer to your letter on the subject of the Central Establishment proposed by our Association—the introduction of Public Circles as a part of the scheme being founded, I believe, on a motion which I had the honour to propose.

"It comes constantly within my experience, as doubtless also within your own, that persons interested in Spiritualism, who would gladly make further enquiry into the subject, are deterred from doing so on learning that the only *séances* to which they can have access are held by public mediums in their *own*

rooms and under their *own* conditions. All adepts in Spiritualism know that even these are necessarily kept much closer than formerly; private sittings are beyond the means of the majority of enquirers: and all are not able, as we often hear kindly recommended, to conduct experiments in their own homes. If a responsible body, like our Association, could guarantee the character of the mediums they employ, and by placing the circles under proper guidance, were to assure as good conditions as possible to the mediums, I venture to think that such circles would become a powerful means for diffusing the knowledge of Spiritualism in a less pernicious form than it is now sometimes tendered to the inexperienced; they would create a demand for well-developed mediumship, would take from Spiritualism the stigma of secrecy and mysticism, and would raise the status of both mediums and Spiritualists in the eyes of the public. Further, the Association, by giving its sanction and aid to the multiplication of the phenomena for public purposes, instead of for private gain, would invest the spirit-circle with a dignity which would command for it more public respect and confidence than it can at present be said to enjoy; and it would be a standing and eloquent refutation of the insolent pretensions of conjurors, and a wholesome discouragement to the dishonesty of quacks.

"It will of course be necessary to place the guidance of the circles in wise and experienced hands; printed rules, for the conduct of the public, who would be admitted in fixed and limited numbers, would be hung up in every *séance* room, and rigidly enforced; these would, of course, have been first sanctioned by the Council, and the entire affair would be under the supervision of a Committee.

"For myself, I can conceive of no more powerful agent for good than such circles might become under wise administration; and I respectfully submit this view of the case to your judgment, believing that, to a practical mind, it will be deemed not unworthy of consideration, seeing how inadequate are the means at present within reach of the public for a due investigation into the most important subject that can occupy or influence the human mind.

"Newton Crosland, Esq."

WITCHCRAFT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—At Boswell's house, in Edinburgh, A.D., 1773, a Mr. Crosbie, advocate, stated in the presence of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that it was "the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity and raising storms, &c. to destroy his creatures." Dr. J. observed, "Why, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits, than evil men, evil unembodied spirits than evil embodied spirits." And as to storms, "we know that there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them than that they rise." Mr. C. observed, "But it is not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in stories to have done?" Dr. J. remarked, "I am not defending their credibility. I am only saying that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft. Then you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence—you must consider that wise and great men have condemned witches to die." Mr. C. maintained that, "an Act of Parliament put an end to witchcraft." Dr. J. denied this allegation. "No," said he, "witchcraft had ceased, and therefore an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things." Thus we find Dr. Johnson arguing as Sir W. Blackstone argued, in his *Commentaries*, for the possibility and past prevalence of evil spirits, and in favour of their mundane influence; but neither of these eminent authorities appears to have stated at what particular period the evil ceased. This question arises—Has the evil altogether ceased? The opinions upon this subject differ much.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, CHR. COOKE.

Swalcliffe, Oxon, April, 1874.