

Reviews

THE
SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND
PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND A MISCELLANY
OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE AND THE DAVENPORTS.

The Davenports have set the scientific and the literary savans in a maze. They cannot find their way out; all they can do is to question and assume, or to give in at once and confess themselves outwitted. Amongst the various articles which have appeared in the different papers on the Davenports and their doings, or, to speak properly, the doings of the agencies that act in their presence, few are written with more apparent temperateness and skill than the one we this week quote from the pen of Mr G. J. Holyoake, from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

Believing Mr Holyoake without hope in a future life, yet with candour and courage—candour to relate a fact truly, and courage to maintain it in the face of danger, if need be, we determined to invite him to sit with us at a seance which took place at the Hanover-square Rooms. After witnessing the cabinet and dark seances twice, he wrote his paper, which, for his sake and the benefit of our readers, who may think it a clencher to Spiritualism, we beg to analyse.

Passing over the introduction, which does not convey the exact truth, although it is a little smart, we come to the manifestations as witnessed by Mr Holyoake, and quite agree with him in his conclusion, that unless the Davenports can be proved to be jugglers, &c., "it is a violation of the strictness of speech to call them such." In this Mr Holyoake displays more judgment and courtesy—to say nothing of justice—than any other opponent to the spiritual hypothesis we know of. Here, in the first part of his article, the writer starts well, leading us to expect that the measure he metes to others he will certainly mete to himself; but is it so? Certainly not. He talks of this "pretended Spiritualism," which, in away, proves him to be a "spiritual know-nothing;" and as he does not know that the manifestations of Spiritualism are pretensions, he ought not to "think it fair to say it." If Mr Holyoake admit that it is a violation of the strictness of language to call the Davenports "clever," or "jugglers," &c., to be consistent he ought not to call Spiritualists "pretenders," which is implied in the language he employs; or if he do, as he has done, "he is bound to show by what contrivance the thing is done." Speaking of the Davenports, and admitting that they have "baffled everybody for a time," our loquacious critic, says, "True, they surrounded themselves

with conditions which precluded personal investigation." This is not a fact; every fair test was applied even in Mr Holyoake's presence. He "himself" was allowed to "investigate"; he was taken by us to the cabinet, and desired to thoroughly inspect it. He did so, getting inside and seating himself on one of the seats occupied generally by the brothers. He expressed himself quite satisfied with the mechanism of the box. At the dark seance, he was called from the audience by Dr Ferguson to "investigate" the sealed knots round the wrists of Mr Fay. And had he possessed skill in "tying" he knows he might have tied one of the mediums. To say that they surround themselves with conditions which preclude personal investigation, when such opportunities were afforded him, is manifestly unfair. Mr Holyoake knows that a committeeman went into the cabinet with the mediums; but then he objects to his hands being fastened by the "inevitable Mr Fay" to their limbs. But whilst his hands are in contact with the Brothers, he cannot be surrounded with conditions precluding "personal investigation." If they were to rise, which they must do to reach the aperture or to place a tambourine on the top of the committeeman's head, Mr Holyoake had opportunity of knowing they could not do so without detection. To talk about conditions precluding personal investigation under such circumstances is "a violation of the strictness of speech." Why is it necessary to tie the hands of the gentleman who sits in the cabinet between the Brothers to their persons?

1. Because the Davenports have no guarantee that some spiteful sceptic at some time or other, will not, excited by his indomitable prejudices, use violence upon their persons of a greater or less extent.

2. Because the individual who sits with them shall not have liberty to throw his arms about whilst the instruments are flying, lest he should knock them violently against the mediums.

3. Because the audience should not be at liberty even to suspect that hands which appear at the aperture belong either to the mediums or to the committeeman.

These are a few reasons, we think, Mr Holyoake ought to be the last person in the world to overlook. The Indian jugglers are alluded to as affording evidence, because their marvels are as wonderful as the Davenports' seances, that what is done through the Brothers is non-spiritual. But, by what process of logic does Mr Holyoake arrive at the origin of what are termed "Indian juggleries?" May it not be that spirits aid the Indian Exhibitor in the same way as they aid the Davenports and Mr Fay? Perhaps Mr Holyoake may say he is not satisfied with "may-be's" in the matter; that he must know. Well, be it so; for our part we only hope he will know; then we are certain he will never give us a second edition of the article we are reviewing.

There is more humour than truth in saying—"no one can prudently look after the phosphorised fiddles, for if he does he gets a ferocious bang in the eye or upon the nose, and in this state the circle are asked to give an opinion as to

whether it is human or spiritual agency at work." We can say, having sat in the majority of seances that have taken place at the Hanover-square Rooms, that we always look after the phosphorised fiddles, and never once have we been made to *feel* their progress. That others have we are well aware; but we have reason to believe that all damages to beautiful Roman noses result not from ferocity on the part of the acting agent or agency, but from a violation on the part of one or more of the company of the strictness of conditions. This charge of *ferociousness* implies intelligence, which Mr Holyoake in another place *cannot see* has anything to do with the manifestations. But surely the "strictness of language" ought not to be thus violated. If Mr Holyoake cannot, according to the "strictness of language," qualify dead matter with active, intelligent ferociousness, to use the term, he must imply an intelligence of some kind or other. How, then, does he reconcile, according to "the strictness of language," the incongruity of repudiating terms which imply "jugglery," &c., and then implying not only "jugglery," but cruelty in his own term—"ferocious"? Either the agents must be human or spiritual, we say. (Although Dr Ferguson does not, as Mr Holyoake says, "ask the circle to give an opinion as to whether it is human or spiritual agency at work.") If human, then either there must be in man's organism powers which infinitely transcend all our accredited knowledge of man's nature, which powers act without the necessary exercise of his will, and in a manner, too, which betrays very often intelligence beyond his own consciousness, and power beyond his own strength—or there must be confederates. If the former, Mr Holyoake does not well to banter, but should, like a philosopher, proceed to new experiences in the same direction. If the latter, then no terms of "jugglery," "imposition," "mountebankism," &c., are strong enough to convey, "according to the strictness of language," with full force, the awful character of the mediums.

We cannot find space to devote as much attention to other portions of Mr Holyoake's article, as we should like. Like an intellectual Cagliostro, he plays fantastic tricks with the dictionary, and seems to us to descend to the level of low thoughts more than he does to ascend to the Heaven of high hopes. He writes like one who claims to be "Sir Oracle," but he sits on low ground, and cannot see the extent of view before him. He needs elevating, then he will observe with better effect. He does with Spiritualism what opponents of Secularism have so often done to his annoyance, presented its worst side uppermost. Mr Holyoake is unfortunate; he begins by informing us he is a gentleman, and will not call names; although he would "call out" the agent that banged the instrument against his daughter. But having joked by way of giving relish to his strictures he has lost himself in his own "strictness of language" and said that which had he not joked he never could have said.

Mesmerism he accepts as a miracle of "intelligence and mercy," and *knows* its workings are by *human* agency. But it seems to us rather a convenience to assert this because *we know* that the manifestations of Mesmerism cannot be proved to result solely from human agency. But what shall we say to Mr Holyoake's knowledge of the mysteries of mesmerism, (when he is told by Dr Ferguson, that, if he were to puncture with a stilet the hands as they appeared at the aperture, one or both of the mediums, would suffer pain,) saying, it gave him the idea that the Davenports were at the bottom of the manifestation, and the personal physical cause of it, whatever it might be?" Dr Ferguson gave him a reason, which, had he been well initiated in magnetic psychology or mesmerism, he must have understood. Had he fully known the silent wonders which magnetic laws produce, he could not have failed to recognise the reasonableness of the Doctor's statement that a law of sympathy magnetically connects the hands seen at the aperture with the tied hands of the mediums. We could understand Mr Holyoake's *idea* had he said nothing of mesmerism. But having made a scapegoat of that science to rid himself of Spiritualism, we think he should be prepared to accept statements which mesmerism makes clear.

We think it bad taste, on the part of any writer applying vile names to spirits either in or out of the flesh. It may gratify the vulgar, but it is to say the least, "a violation of the strictness of language." All Mr Holyoake has given us in the way of "chaff" is soon blown off, and that takes up the greater portion of his ground. What he gives in the shape of argument, may be put in a nutshell, and replied to with ease.

His own account of the Davenports is one which relates some extraordinary facts—he tells us very sagely, are impossible to explain, and equally impossible to believe. We don't believe this; over and over again explanations founded on reason and philosophy have been given. And belief in them is not an impossibility. In fact, many millions witness that they are not impossible of belief. The whole spirit of the article is one of assumption and banter, but yet here and there we are compelled to admire the skill and to trust the sincerity of the writer. But if ever a sceptic allowed forgone conclusions to weigh against new facts, Mr Holyoake has done so. View his article from what point we may we see the priest beneath his robes.

Every manifestation he witnessed at the Hanover-square rooms, was as much a manifestation of intelligence as the article he has written, although differing in degree and purpose. How he can ignore "confederacy," and yet by inference assume its existence is a puzzle we should like him to solve.

We would fain believe, our critic has fallen into the too common error of being too quick in giving judgement; that he will yet come to see that the lower manifestations, like the rounds of a ladder, lead to the higher in spiritualism as in materialism. If Mr Holyoake does not witness the higher phenomena, he is certainly not in a position to give a verdict in the "all important case of Spiritualism."

J. H. POWELL.

THE DAVENPORTS' LAST SEANCE.

On Saturday the last of the present series of seances was given at the Hanover-square Rooms. Dr Ferguson delivered an address, which, for force of argument and correctness of illustration, could scarcely be surpassed. He told his listeners that the Davenports had already given about 200 public and private seances in England, and the man did not live who could honestly say he had detected the slightest fraud or trick. He thought it no violation of truth to say that the seances had taken place in the presence of some of the acutest and cleverest intellects in this country, and he was proud to say that he felt a conscious satisfaction at that moment of having performed a sacred duty regardless alike of pecuniary or personal considerations.

Respecting the Conjurers, he said he was not an advocate for betting, nevertheless he would suggest that a Rope-tying Company should be formed, whose mission it should be to tie the mediums, without stopping the circulation of the blood. If any of them succeeded in tying them so that they were not loosened without their own active agency, £2000 on their part and £500 on the part of the rope-tyers, were to be the stakes.

In addition to this, we may say, a gentleman we know will stake £10,000 to £500 that the Davenports are not proved, by a committee appointed for the purpose, to trick or use their own active agency in the production of the manifestations. This gentleman will give a month for the investigation. We print this to show the confidence men of betting proclivities have in the mediums. For ourselves, we hope no betting will take place, because we agree with Dr Ferguson, that betting is not the way to settle scientific questions. Besides we believe it positively immoral.

LECTURE AT BRIGHTON.

On Friday, the 13th, Mr Cooper delivered a lecture at the Town Hall, Brighton, on "Spiritualism and the Davenports." Owing to the boisterous state of the weather the audience was not large. The lecture, however, was listened to with marked attention and no opposition was manifested. The object of the lecturer was to establish the integrity of the Davenports and the spiritual origin of their manifestations.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

NOTICE!—The Inaugural Soiree will take place at the Lyceum Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, on Sunday evening, Jan. 22nd, 1865. Addresses by Dr. J. B. Ferguson, Mr J. M. Spear, and other gentlemen, interspersed with selections of sacred music. Doors open at half-past six. Admission free to the friends of Spiritualism.

“LET THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD OUR GOD BE
UPON US.”

Yes, He will bring His beauty forth
In light, and living bloom,
Then all the gaudy glare of pride
Shall sink into the tomb;
And heart and life, in every line
And attitude be made divine.

The beauty of the lily bloom
Shall yet its roots disclose!
Man yet shall see them planted deep,
In God's own heart repose;
Man yet shall know that love hath power
To make his life a lily flower.

A lily flower in spotless wealth,
Of God's own beauty clad,
A richer robe than Solomon
In all his glory had,—
Engemmed with jewels of living thought,
From the great heart of Love outwrought.

Then Love shall crown all human life
With blooms of deathless peace,
And all the care that cankers hearts
Forevermore shall cease;
For Love inherits Nature's wealth,
And bathes itself in God's own health.

And man no more shall stoop to toil,
Bent down by servile chain,
But lovingly he'll tend the flowers
Of Eden once again;
Restored to more than primeval bliss,
Uncareful as the lily is.

For He who comes to crush the ill
By Satan's falsehood wrought,
Contains within Himself the life
Of God's eternal thought,—
Contains within Himself the power
To make our world a lily flower.

Oh! even now His Spirit's breath
Brings Eden on its wing,
And even now we wake to hear
The Sons of Morning sing;
Now angel choirs descend, again
With joyful news to watching men.

His Life—It is the lily flower
That spheres all lesser bloom,
Our lives,—the viewless particles
That float in his perfume;
From Him they gain their all of worth,
And bear his fragrance to the earth.

B. H. F.

APPARITION IN A WILL CASE.

(From “Visits from the World of Spirits,” 1791.)

(Concluded from our last.)

After some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went down accordingly into Somersetshire, and finding the gentlemans house very readily, by the direction, knocked at the door, and asked if he was at home; and after being told he was, and the servants informing their master it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteously invited him in.

After the doctor had been there some time, he observed the gentleman received him with unexpected civility, though a stranger, and without business. They entered upon many friendly discourses, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family, (as so indeed he had) and of his grandfather; from whom, sir, says he, I perceive the estate more immediately descends to yourself.

Aye, says the gentleman, and shook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things so confused, that for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of cousins, my grandfather's brother's children who have put me to very great expenses about it. And with that the doctor seemed a little inquisitive.

But I hope you have got over it, sir? says he.

No truly, says the gentleman, to be so open with you, we shall never get quite over it, unless we can find this old deed: which however, I hope we shall find, for I intend to make a general search after it.

I wish with all my heart you may find it, sir, says the doctor.

I don't doubt but we shall; I had a strange dream about it last night, says the gentleman.

A dream about the writing! says the doctor, I hope it was that you should find it then.

I dreamed, says the other, that a strange gentleman came to me that I had never seen in my life, and helped me to look for it.

I don't know but that you are the man.

I should be very glad to be the man, I'm sure, says the doctor. Nay, says the gentleman, you may be the man to help me to look after it.

Aye, sir, says the doctor, I may help you to look after it indeed, and I'll do that with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that should help you to find it: Pray when do you intend to search?

To-morrow, says the gentleman, I have appointed to do it.

But, says the doctor, in what manner do you intend to search?

Why, replies the gentleman, 'tis all our opinions that my grandfather was so very much concerned to preserve this writing, and had so much jealousy that some that were about him would take it from him if they could, that he hid it in some secret place; and I am resolved to pull half the house down but I'll find it, if it is above ground.

Truly, says the doctor, he may have hid it, so that you may pull the whole house down before you find it, and perhaps not then. I have known such things utterly lost by the very care taken to preserve them.

If it was made of something the fire would not destroy, says the gentleman, I would burn the house down, but I would find it.

I suppose you have searched all the old gentleman's chests and trunks and coffers over and over, says the doctor.

Aye, says the gentleman, and turned them all inside outward, and there they lay in a heap up in a great loft, or garret, with nothing in them; nay, we knocked three or four of them in pieces to search for private drawers, and then I burnt them for anger, though they were fine old cypress chests that cost money enough when they were in fashion.

I am sorry you burnt them, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, I did not burn a scrap of them till they were all split to pieces, and it was not possible there could be anything there.

This made the doctor a little easy, for he began to be surprised when he told him he had split some of them, and burnt them.

Well, says the doctor, if I cannot do you any service in your search, I'll come to see you again to-morrow, and wait upon you during it with my best good wishes.

Nay, says the gentleman, I don't design to part with you, since you are so kind to offer me your help; you shall stay all night then, and be at the first of it.

The doctor had now gained his point so far as to make himself acquainted and desirable in the house; and to have a kind of intimacy; so that though he made as if he would go, he did not want many intreaties to make him stay; therefore he consented to lay in the house all night.

A little before evening, the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park; but he put it off with a jest. I had rather, sir, said he, smiling, you'd let me see this fine old mansion house, that is to be demolished to-morrow. Methinks I'd fain see the house once, before you pull it down.

With all my heart, says the gentleman. So he took him immediately upstairs, shewed him all the best apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures. And coming to the head of the stair-case where they came up, offered to go down again.

But, sir, says the doctor, shall we not go up higher?

There is nothing there, said he, but garrets and old lofts full of rubbish, and a place to go out in the turret, and the clock-house.

O, let me see it all, now we are going, says the doctor, I love to see the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our ancestors, though they are out of fashion now. Pray let us see all now.

Why, 'twill tire you, says the gentleman.

No, no, says the doctor, if it don't tire you that have seen it so often, it won't tire me, I assure you. Pray let us go up. So away the gentleman goes, and the doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of this large house, I need not describe, he passed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in it a great deal of lumber.—And what place is it this, pray? says the doctor, but not offering to go in.

O, that's the room, says the gentleman, softly, because there was a servant attending them, that's the room I told you of, where all the rubbish lay, the chests, coffers, and trunks; look there, see how they are piled up one upon another almost to the ceiling.

With this the doctor goes and looks about him; for this was the place he was directed to, and which he went to see. He was not in the room two minutes but he found everything, just as the spectre in London had described. He went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixed his eye upon the very chest with the old rusty lock upon it, with the key in it, which would neither turn round nor come out.

On my word, sir, says the doctor, you have taken pains enough, if you have rummaged all the drawers, chests, and coffers, and every thing that may have been in them.

Indeed, sir, says the gentleman, I have emptied every one of them myself, and over all the old musty writings one by one. With some help indeed: but they every one passed through my hand, and under my eye.

Well, sir, says the doctor, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great consequence to you; I have a strange

fancy come into my head this very moment ; will you gratify my curiosity with opening and emptying one small chest or coffer that I have cast my eye upon ? There may be nothing in it ; you are satisfied, I believe that I was never here before, yet I have a strange notion there are some private places in it, which you have not found —perhaps there may be nothing in them when they are found.

The gentleman looking at the chest, said, smiling, I remember opening it very well. And turning to his servant, Will, says he, don't you remember that chest ? Yes, sir, says Will, very well, I remember you were so weary you sat down upon the chest when every thing was out of it ; you clapped down the lid and sat down, and sent me to my lady to bring you a dram of citron. You said you was ready to faint.

Well, sir, 'tis only a fancy of mine, and very likely to have nothing in it.

No matter for that, says the gentleman, you shall see it turned bottom up again before your face, and so you shall all the rest, if you do but speak the word.

Well, sir, says the doctor, if you will oblige me with this one I will trouble you no farther.

Immediately the gentleman causes the coffer to be dragged out and opened. For it could not be locked, the key would neither lock it nor unlock it. When the papers were all out, the doctor turning his face another way, as if he would look among the papers, but taking little or no notice of the chest, stooped down, and as if supporting himself with his cane, strikes his cane into his chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake, and turning to the chest, he claps the lid of it down, and sits down upon it, as if he was weary too.

However he takes an opportunity to speak to the gentleman softly, to send away his man, a moment. For I would speak a word or two with you, sir, says he, out of his hearing. And [then, recollecting himself continued aloud, cannot you send for a hammer and a chisel ?

Yes, sir, says the gentleman. Go, Will, fetch a hammer and chisel.

As soon as Will was gone, Now, sir, says he, let me say a bold word to you. I have found your writing. I have found your grand deed of settlement—I'll lay you a hundred guineas I have it in this coffer.

The gentleman takes up the lid again, handles the chest, looks over every part of it, but could see nothing. He is confounded and amazed ! What do you mean says he to the doctor, you have no unusual art I hope, no conjuring in hand, here is nothing but an empty coffer.

Not I, upon my word, says the doctor. I am no magician, no cunning man, I abhor it. I tell you again the writing is in this coffer.

The gentleman knocks, and calls as if he was frightened, for his man with the hammer, but the doctor sat composed again upon the lid of the coffer. At last up comes the man with the hammer and chisel, and the doctor goes to work with the chest, knocks upon the flat of the bottom : Hark ! says he, don't you hear it, sir ? don't you hear it plainly ?

Hear what ? says the gentleman. I don't understand you, indeed.

Why the chest has a double bottom, sir, a false bottom, says the doctor. Don't you hear it sound hollow ?

In a word, they immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.

It is impossible for me to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman, and soon after of the whole family, for the gentleman sent for his lady, and two of his daughters, up into the garret among all the rubbish, to see not the writing only, but the place where it was found and the manner how.

You may easily suppose the doctor was caressed with uncommon civilities in the family, and sent up (after about a week's stay) in the gentleman's own coach to London. I do not remember whether he disclosed the secret to the gentleman or no ; I mean the secret of the apparition, by which the place where the writing was to be found was discovered to him, and who obliged him to come down and find it ; I say, I do not remember that part, neither is it material. As far as I have had the story related, so far I have handed it forward, and I have the truth of it affirmed in such a manner that I cannot doubt it.

STRICT RELIGION.—All would reign with Christ, but would not suffer with him. Many would only hear of Christ's dying for sin, of his being crucified for them ; but to hear their dying to sin, and their own corrupt will, of their being crucified with him, and suffering their wills to be resigned to that of their Father as Christ's was ; to hear of making an entire oblation of themselves to God ; this is a hard saying, few will hear it : it is very unpleasing to flesh and blood ; it is too spiritual a gospel for the carnal mind to relish.—**DR WORTHINGTON.**

THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCES OF THE DEAD :

OR, THE DARK DAVENPORT SEANCES.

There was a time when the dead were supposed to lie still in their graves. This is a delusion. Two young adventurous Americans have come among us to expose this mistake. The dead are active and enterprising. The Davenportes have picked up a profitable acquaintance with them. Instead of acting the reserved part of shy ghosts flitting among kindred moonbeams, the dead are caught, carried about, and made a public show of. Mr Palmer farms them and Dr Ferguson introduces them to a London audience. The grave is not morose, you may make friends with the inmates. Death is no longer the King of Terrors ; he turns out to be a showman, with an eye to business matters. At least such is the aspect under which modern spiritualism presents him.

If President Davis and General Lee had both paid their expected visit to London, they could not have caused more correspondence in the press than have the Davenport Brothers. These two perturbing young men were accompanied by Dr Ferguson. This gentleman bears an unfortunate name. In the days of Garibaldi's late visit the public heard too much of Dr Ferguson and many thought the redoubtable doctor was come again. This was not the case for Dr (Fay) Ferguson hails from Nashville, and the whole party are understood to be a detachment of the "Southern Chivalry," and this has been against them again, as the Northern part of the press were disposed to repudiate them on that account. It happened that the biographer of the Davenportes and chief advocate of the manifestations was Dr Nicholls, a well-known Copperhead author, and this further lent a Southern colouring to the spiritual band.

When these spiritual pioneers first made their appearance in London, they were very coy as to the mission with which they assumed themselves to be charged. The Davenportes were as dark as their seances. For some time they represented themselves as spiritual know-nothings. They were silent as to their personal communications with the bushrangers on the boundaries of another world. At last it was avowed they were the mediums of spiritual manifestations, when they were well rewarded for their audacity of the amusement, by the London press staring at them with all its eyes ; and no wonder, for their pretensions amounted to the following startling propositions :—

First, that if Christianity is found unsatisfactory to any minds as to the evidence of another life, it is not so serious a matter as it might be, for the Davenport Brothers are prepared to supplement the defect.

Second, the general supposition of Christendom that the dead are not dead and await the resurrection—is a British mistake. The dead are not dead : some of them are in personal communication with the two American Davenportes and Mr Fay.

Third, that the belief in another life need no longer be a matter of faith. The Davenport Brothers can show that to be a matter of demonstration. For the matter of a guinea the public can see the dead at work, can hear them pulling ropes like sailors, and witness their hands ringing bells like distracted showmen.

No wonder Uncle Sam calculated he should astonish those 'ternal Britishers when he came to London with this astounding programme, and to do the dear, industrious, enterprising, go-ahead old Uncle justice, he succeeded.

The Davenport Brothers are small, quiet, rather slim, dreamy persons. Mr Fay is not slim, but has a wilful-looking dreaminess about him. Dr Ferguson is not dreamy at all. The two brothers are rather prepossessing in their manners. Dr Ferguson gave the impression to those who had the advantage of knowing him personally, of being a sincere kind of gentleman, really believing in the spiritual part of the proceedings he conducted. By his courtesy and that of the editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES, I had the opportunity of witnessing two light and two dark seances. I decline to call the proceedings "performances," as that implies the manifestations were got up, and as I don't know that, I do not deem it fair to say it. For the same reason I avoid saying that what I witnessed was very "clever," for that implies a trick, and as I am not prepared to prove that, it would be a violation of the strictness of speech to use such a term. To call them "jugglers" or "clever mountebanks" or "skilful necromancers" seems to me quite unjustifiable terms. Those who have used such language are bound to show by what contrivance the thing is done. Nobody is said to have succeeded in this until last week. No professional conjurors had until then imitated the most important features of the phenomena which these notable friends of the dead displayed. I had publicly offered me opportunities of examining the condition of Mr Fay, the most powerful of the operators, and I did not see the explanation of what I witnessed : nor has any explanation yet been given through the press which would enable the public to account satisfactorily for what has occurred. The supposition that spirits do it I don't believe for a moment. But the credit certainly belongs to this party of having baffled everybody for a time to find out the Davenportes' secret. True, they surrounded themselves with conditions which precluded personal investigation ; still, within those conditions they exhibited actions both new and notable. The wardrobe looking box which they use clearly contained themselves. In the dim light in which the box was seen, the naked eye could but imperfectly discern objects presented at the aperture or half-open doors. I used a powerful glass to assist me in

discerning what took place. When the men were bound, hands were instantly projected forward, and instantly when the lights were thrown on, the men were found in the position in which they were bound. Instruments were thrown out of the hole in the door, hands were seen ringing a muffin bell, the Davenports could not reach the hole without getting up, and if, in the short time in which these acts were done they got their hands at liberty and replaced them, it was an act of muscular activity amounting almost to a miracle. Whether the instruments were thrown out with their teeth, or by whatever personal means, the ability displayed was equally surprising. Supposing Mr Fay to have taken his own coat off, and replaced his hands in the sealed cords, it was still a miracle of adroitness which would have made him an apostle among the Jews for ever. Whether these acts were skilful conjuring, the audience were not in a condition to tell. Indian jugglers, we have it upon the best of testimony, do things so marvellous that the strongest men shudder to witness them, and the wisest men utterly fail to explain them. The present Maharagh Dhuleep Singh astonishes you in this way like a true Oriental Davenport Brother. He amuses his own tenantry in England in this way. For myself I don't feel justified in rushing into the hypothesis of spiritual agency until my knowledge assures me that the operations are not accompanied by human agency. The conditions the Davenport Brothers impose prevent anyone giving an opinion as to the kind of agency which is really at work. The moment a stranger goes into the cabinet with the brothers the inevitable Mr Fay appears upon the scene, and ties the unlucky investigator to the limbs of the brethren, so that he cannot make any movement, and shuts him up in the dark, so that he cannot see. Even in this helpless state his mere presence always has the effect of nearly arresting the phenomena. The violins are seen with faintness, the bells are still, and the trumpet is mute. In the dark seance the spectators sit like a circle of fools. They are made to join hands so that they can touch nothing: they are put in total darkness so that they can see nothing: and when the flying fiddles are phosphorised no one can prudently look after them, for if he holds up his head he gets a ferocious bang in the eye or upon the nose, and in this imbecile state the circle are asked to give an opinion as to whether it is human or spiritual agency at work. Investigation is out of the question. It is impossible to explain and equally impossible to believe.

It is now reported that Herr Tolmaque has actually succeeded in producing all the "manifestations," including the flight of the coat, without any aid from the spirits at all; so that the Davenport and Fay labours prove nothing as yet if Herr Tolmaque can establish his points to the satisfaction of the committee, whom Mr Palmer, in a well-written, and temperate challenge, proposes to submit the rival Tolmaque and Davenport claims. Stakes of the "Manifestation Match" are fixed at £100 a side.

Passing now to another view of the question, where one may speak of performances without imputation, we have to consider the monstrous proposition that, after the silence, modesty, and reserve of centuries, the spirit world has made up its mind to appear in public, for the special benefit of two young Yankees; and to give public performances of the dead by advertisement and appointment. The public are asked to believe that Mr Palmer, an American speculator, has actually farmed out our grandfathers for exhibition. The "intelligencies" whom Dr Ferguson shows off must be quite aware of the uses to which their activity is being put, and must have consented to attend, by arrangement, and go through their supernatural paces. We knew our American cousins had a wrinkle or two, but the idea of making a show of the Dead is certainly the most advanced "Yankee notion" out. If spiritualism be not true this is a surprising step, and if it be true, it is still more surprising.

Viewing the matter, therefore, as spiritual phenomena, taking it on the ground on which the Davenports put it, these "manifestations" are very uncomfortable things. Dr Ferguson said "they were done by a power manifestly guided by intelligence." I thought very differently. A gentleman who sat next to me myself, had his fine Roman nose ferociously broken, and the blood ran down his face, and then the violoncello which did it was thrown three times against my daughter in a manner for which I should have felt bound to have "called out" the "intelligence," had it been amenable to the ordinary laws of civilization. On certain nights in the week, precisely at eight o'clock, the spirits who are no doubt strangers to London, find their way without enquiring of a policeman, to Hanover Square Rooms; and as soon as the house is made they enter the cabinet and begin to operate. They are certainly "broken to harness," for they are punctual to the minute, and very hard they work until ten o'clock. The cabinet, which is made of oak, and cleverly panelled and hinged, is said to have been dictated by themselves. If so, the spirits have evidently some knowledge of the carpentering business. From their bell-ringing, rope-tying, tambourine playing, and other acts of that description, it is impossible to regard them other than as disembodied necromancers, who, dismissed for incompetency when in the flesh, are still endeavouring to improve their talents. For, regarded as persons operating upon the brothers, and not on their own account, they are very sorry hands with very low tastes. At times they are quick; generally they are slow; and they do not perform a single cultivated, instructive or useful act. They have neither sympathy nor kindness, nor service in them. Their hands and arms are ugly, and they shake them like fools. A Frankenstein sort of arm, with sprawling fingers and bony elbow, is thrust out. The spirits excite neither sympathy nor respect, and you feel as though you would rather not know them. They are a burlesque upon all that is sacred or hopeful in another life, and you cannot fancy why such frantic, coarse, and incoherent creatures, should be the first who are permitted publicly to break over the silent boundaries of another world. They appear to belong to the class of spiritual ticket-of-leave men.

I asked Mr Ira Davenport to tell me upon his honour that he took no personal part in the production of the phenomena.

He didn't answer, but appeared to acquiesce.

I asked him if he were not conscious while the manifestations were going on.

He answered that he was.

I said "conscious of what?"

He replied of something about him.

Mr Fay said he was conscious of hands being about him.

I asked Mr Ira Davenport whether he was not very much surprised when they first came to him.

He gave a very natural answer; he said "he was more than surprised, he was alarmed." Dr Ferguson, I must do him the justice to say, always appeared to seriously believe in the spirituality of Mr Fay's visitors. The Davenports never appeared to care at all whether they were spirits or not. And William Davenport bobbed his head about with a profane levity. Blake the artist, whose wierd fancy produced so many wondrous forms, said boldly, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outer creation, and that it is to me hindrance and not action, 'What' it will be questioned 'when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire something like a guinea.' Oh, no, no. I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it." This is an outspoken and thorough way of putting the spiritual question. Dr Ferguson appears to belong to this school of which Mr Howitt is one of the believers, and whose personal integrity is unquestionable. But this proves nothing as to the outer world or of another world. It is only another form of the truth that "we see nothing but that which we bring the power of seeing." We know very little at present of the actual physical capacity of the human organisation. Mesmerism works miracles of intelligence as well as mercy, beyond the powers of belief of an earlier generation to accept, who ascribed to divine influence what we know to be human agency. Whether these unlikely Davenport Brothers who are dreamy as Adah Isaacs Menken, who is constantly at their seances, have any peculiar powers remains yet to be ascertained. I asked Dr Ferguson what objection there was to puncturing with a stilet the hands as they appeared at the aperture. He said, "if it was done the Davenports would feel it"—giving me the idea they were at the bottom of the manifestation and the personal physical cause of it, whatever it might be. I think the new spiritual school do much to arrest the proper study of human nature by connecting every new manifestation with a spiritual theory, which outrages our best feelings and the commonest probabilities. They make fanatics and sceptics where with more wisdom and moderation they would make students.

It is an old weakness of the human mind to be impatient of doubt, and to account for anything new by an immediate inference that it has a supernatural cause. No doubt many cultivated and sincere persons are imposed upon by this frailty, and come to believe unwillingly in spirits.

Many materialists accept this pretended spiritualism in a purely material sense. Many heretics, from motives of policy which I disapprove, countenance these exhibitions because they tend to break up the old petrifications of theological opinions, and hence many persons consider sceptics have a tendency to extreme credulity. I asked the late Robert Owen "how it was that so many answers received by him from the spirits were absurd?" He said, there were two kinds of spirits, grey spirits and white spirits. The grey spirits lied, and the white ones told the truth." It was clear that he only knew which was which by testing their replies by experience, which merely gave new trouble and no new knowledge. None of the spirits have added anything to our knowledge which they would be able to do if they were spirits. No intelligent man could live in another world without knowing something he didn't know in this. Considering how many persons leave this world whom we are glad are gone, it is an uncomfortable thing to think of their coming back at discretion, banging our heads, stunning our ears, and creeping into table legs. The spirits who have pretended to come hitherto are rather a nuisance. They remove food, break crockery ware, and do all that the household cats used to do. They can eat, they can drink, they have strong muscles, and know how to behave unseemly. If they could be put to work they might become useful. We are invited to receive visitants from Goethe's "calm pensive spirit-land," and we are assailed by the perilous caprices of the rowdy population of the spheres whom the world is better without. Instead of a gate in Heaven being opened you rather suspect that a trap-door in Purgatory has given way, and the blacklegs have escaped. There is some comfort in believing that we have this world to ourselves, and that we have no one to contend with except living men and women. If this world is to be infested with such ghosts as Dickens writes about, or as the Chambers have given us such a sickening dose in Tenants at Will this year, a general lunacy will supervene among the young, the credulous, and sensitive.

Your townsman Mr Binney has told us how to make the best of both worlds. No one, however, has told us how to live in both worlds at once. We can't do it. If the denizens located in the other world were to intrude in this and mix themselves up in our affairs, they would frighten, confuse, and drive us mad. Whether there are spirits or not in another world we do not want them here.

When I first met Dr Ferguson he mentioned to me a cherished name which he had read in America in an early work of mine. In a letter afterwards received from him he said:—

"My reference to a memory at our first meeting, that must be regarded as sacred and inviolate, grew out of the Spontaneity of my Soul, as I took the hand of one, it is her pleasure to recognize whatever organizations and conditions allow. Like the sunlight breaking from a dark cloud these recognitions come to us all; but I ever remember they are a light in darkness, and not to be measured by that darkness. When we come to recognise the allied power of all thought, of all memory, of all hope, the evidences of an intuitive impress upon or within our nature, will no longer be regarded as hallucinations; for Thought will be seen as a distinct entity, indefeasible and ministrant

to the very demand we so constantly make of the unseen. All self-communion is Spiritual Communion. All life is Divinity, and as drops make the Ocean so each individualised Love in life or death, so called, has its part and fills it whether we recognise it or not. When, therefore, I followed your experiences—only too much illustrative of Christian development—to where earth in its grossness of form could not minister, in your graphic or truthful narrative, I could but see the office of the transformed sweet child dropping the dew of thought upon the brain of her loved and honoured Father. To express it I needed only to meet the Father. You will pardon if pardon be needed."

There is delicate thought, refinement, tenderness and sincerity in this—but I cannot understand how one who can write thus can be otherwise than shocked or pained at the pretensions of the "Cabinet," and its necromantic-looking feats. More poetry hems in our secular state than attends any of these spiritual theories. It is better to believe with Blake.

That a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

It is difficult to believe that any persons with a true respect for the sanctities of the grave, would connive at such an exhibition as the Davenport Brothers, even, if true, in a spirit sense. It lowers your idea of a future life, and makes it ridiculous and undesirable. If messengers ever come to us from the Silent Land, may we not expect they will come with gentleness and speak with wisdom, revealing the wondrous experience of untold life; exciting no fear, effecting no mystery, doing no capricious, purposeless, cruel or ridiculous thing? Such visitants would minister to those moods of the mind which come to all who have known sorrow—when the heart says:—

What I possess, I see afar off lying,
And what I lost is—real and undying.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

THE IMPRESSIONAL ENTRANCED MEDIUM. A SPIRIT LECTURE.

(To the Editor of the "Spiritual Times.")

DEAR SIR,—At the weekly circle of an earnest Spiritualist, a series of lectures are in course of delivery on the various kinds of mediumship, and at one of which, a few weeks ago, I had the good fortune to be present. I took the lecture in short-hand, and in the hope that it may be interesting, if not to your readers generally, to the class of mediums to which it more especially relates, I place a transcription of it at your service.

Strand, Jan. 1864.

Yours faithfully,

W. P.

God teaches you all to be merciful. Are you? He also teaches you to be honest. Are you? Also He teaches you to be truthful. Are you all these? Do you obey God in all His doctrines, in all the laws He has laid down to you? Do you obey Him in any one of the many laws He has laid down to you? Why not? Because you have not been told the right way. The world was set going, but you don't know how. Because you have not been told. But do you think the world would ever have been finished if you had sat and looked at it? What did God give you your arms, your eyes, and your other senses for? To do His will. What did he form man's brain for? To fear Him that made you, and He gave you your hearts from which to love Him.

My address to-night is upon the Impressional Entranced Medium; how he should be, in what state of mind, and how we can get full possession of his body for the purposes we require. Many of you think the words "mediums using a body," sound rather strange. You ask, why can't they use me as well as another body, have they not the power? Yes; the power is above you all, and it is God who permits it to be exercised. When the spirits first use a body the senses are taken from that body, leaving its own spirit free to roam, and it is far away when we are using the body. There are, however, certain conditions to be attended to. The mind of the body should be perfectly free. This is, perhaps, somewhat difficult, but you will find persons who are careless, not thinking of the world they are engaged in, but who can give themselves freely up to God. On the other hand, there are those not thinking of their God, but with their minds intently fixed on things material. Then their mind wars with the spirit, and we cannot get possession of their bodies; and this is one reason why all cannot be mediums. It is owing to this, also, that many misdirections from spirits are received. It is not, however, the fault of the spirit, but it is the mind of the man which is not in a fit state. If the mind is clear we then take possession of the faculties of the body, and do with them as we think proper; then you won't be led astray; you will then hear the truth; there will be no working of the mind then. Well, and after some of you have heard the truth, what do you say? What have some of you said, over and over again? You will not speak for yourselves, then I will speak for you. You exclaim, "Fudge, nonsense! it's the 'weakness of the mind;' or you say, "The body is in a weak state, that's how it occurs." Others say it is the body itself, or, it is no

weakness of the body, it is falsehood from the lip. Would your God allow it? If you believe in a God, you must believe that that God has power; and if you believe in His power you must believe in the working of the spirit—for God is the spirit. You have the spirit, but you use it wrongfully. Your senses work on the spirit; they are jealous of it; they overpower it and despise it. Is there not jealousy amongst yourselves? How many of you are jealous of an action done by another? Would you wish to do the same thing yourselves? then, why not the other be jealous of you? So it is with the spirit and the senses. Are you friends? Do you meet as friends—with jealousy raging in your hearts? Did God call you brothers to be jealous of one another? Did He give you minds to be at variance with each other? Then why does He allow it? To show you his power, and the evil of what you do. Then, when you are friends again, and all is cleared up, you grasp each other's hand, and feel light-hearted and happy. You feel better than when you began—you now know the good from the bad.

Well, then, we are in possession of the body. From whence come the words, say you—from the body itself? You can all hear. You can all see. But you can't all believe. But you are to believe. Look to yourself—God's work is for you all. The words, then, come through the body, by the power of the spirit on the faculties of that body. Take, as an illustration, a dead body, that is, a body from which the spirit has departed. Can that body speak? No. Then why not the spirit use that body? Many of you have asked such questions as this. I tell you that it is because the faculties are gone. The faculties must be there for the spirit to use. If they are gone the spirit cannot use that body. God has taken away the faculties. The man is dead to the world—has gone to the life everlasting.

We cannot, therefore, use the body because the faculties are gone. You ask, then why does God make idiots? and, in your own minds, a very proper question too. If God gives you the proper number of limbs, eyes, ears, and understanding, why not to every living man and woman the same? Ah, why? It is God's work. The idiot in a family has been formed for a purpose. If you take the family's life-history from the time that child was born, you will find that the idiot was formed for a purpose—a purpose throughout that life-history. Still the spirit is there—more pure than any of yours who have the blessings of understanding. The idiot knows not what death is, and has, therefore, nothing to be afraid of. He knows not what God is, and, therefore, cannot go against his God, nor take His name in vain, because he has not the power. The idiot is better off than any of you here.

What is your spirit, then? A nothing—and yet a something. Your spirit has the power of carrying on a daily toil—of earning an existence for your body, and yet it is a nothing. Your spirit is in yourself, and in the form of yourself; yet if that spirit is taken from you, where is your form? And where is the spirit? No one can see it; yet they can see the largest portion of you, which now lies cold. But the spirit, how far different! It is warmer in spiritual existence than it was in earthly clothing. The work that has taken you years to do, is now done in a moment. Your thoughts are gone, you are dead to the world, you have done your lot, and you travel either to the glorious spheres of light, or to the spheres of darkness. Then what would you not give to have continued working out your own salvation? But no, you have lost your opportunity, and you now have to work it out in God's spheres, and where you will find it much more difficult to do. I tell you that prayer from the heart while on earth, has far more effect than when you are in the spirit spheres. You argue that you love God sufficiently, and that you believe in him as a Supreme Being. At the same time, in arguing, you argue against God: you believe in him and yet argue about him—no argument need be used. Spirits are sent down to tell you and confirm to you what you have heard and read—to tell you that God is a good God; that he wishes you to love Him, to pray to Him, and He will love you in return, and will answer your prayers. Let them travel to him.

Yet, some call this mockery. Why is it mockery? Because the table is used? Because there is a power in this body that he can't help? Because we speak to you of God? Is that mockery? Is it mockery to lead you in the right path? Many that are on your earth make use of the words "devilish," "devilish work." Supposing any of you has a foe—a worldly foe, also a friend; your friend and foe are friends to each other; but on meeting on some occasion your foe speaks ill of you to your friend, and your friend, who is attached to you, does not like it. The result is, that those two, from that time, part as friends. Thus two friends become foes. You have still your friend, but the foe is now against you both—this is devilish—the Evil One is at work there. Where are the two friends? They are more devilish than the foe. Why so? Because they can't forgive that foe for what he has said about you. You say, "Why should I forgive him? he has spoken against me, has wronged me, cruelly wronged me." Never mind; you must forgive him in your spirit. Think no more of him. Pray to God to take that feeling of revenge from you. God is a friend to all, and has power over all. You know not how long you have to live, nor how soon you may have to die; yet you still go on, not thinking that God knows all, but trying to find out this spiritual truth when it is clear to you. It is nothing at all; it is God you have to look to. I told you in my first lecture why the table moved. What have some of you come here to-night for? To see it move without any power of your own to move it. You want to find out what moved it; I told you in my second lecture what moved it. What power was there over your senses and faculties for it to be moved without your perceiving it? It is your own power, but in a peculiar form. Your power is worked by a higher power, but you can't perceive it; as I told you that the words come from the body, but the body knows it not. We have full possession of this body; we take full possession of all who give themselves up with their minds free, thinking of nothing but

God. Yet this body is not purer than some of you here; you think the body must be clean, and religion formed in the mind—must know no evil feeling nor action—must not lie; must do nothing wrong; but there you are mistaken. Any one of you who puts his faith in spiritual work, who puts his trust in God, believes truly in God, believing that He can do everything or anything, they are those we wish for, those we can work upon. Faith is what your God requires. Yes, you have faith, you all have faith. But what do I ask you at the commencement? Are you honest with that faith? No; you can't say that you are quite sincere; there is a doubt resting on your mind; you can't clear up that doubt—you think about it, and the more you think the more you doubt: yet, if you could have some proof— Can you do material work without first learning it? Can one man do the work of another? Then you have got a new life to learn. This life you learn spiritually; the other you are being taught materially. You are a child once more. If you think more of what you learn, you would believe more; but we must have no doubting. We will teach you first, and then you can place your faith honestly and truthfully; wishing for one thing—to serve the Lord.

That many souls have been drawn to God through this spiritual work each and all of you know. All the world knows, because it receives spiritual information day by day, and yet the public can't bring their minds to believe that God works these wonders. Yet you believe that God gave you the spirit, that God can take the spirit from you, but you never ask yourself this question—"What did God give me this spirit for?" Think of these words; fathom out their depth. You will know what he gave it for. So you will get to know this spiritual work. But how? you ask. I answer, by impression. Impression of what? Impression of the mind; spirit influence on the mind of man. You can hear that, (clapping his hands,) so can you feel impression. Do you ever sit down and think of what happened when you were young, or about words which come to your mind very frequently without any apparent effort at recollection? What brings them there? Thought. What places it in your thoughts? The spirit. Who sends the spirit to you? The spirit above all. God sends His messenger down to you as quick as thought to tell you what He wishes. Thought is spirit and spirit is thought; so you receive impressions in your worldly state. When you place your faith in God, the spirits have power to entrance your body, and they can use it for impressions then with much greater effect.

The impressional entranced medium knows all that is spoken through him, because his own spirit remains with the body. The words come also with the impressions, and the body, while the power is on it, can't stop the words—the spirit has, for the time, the greater power. His own spirit is, as it were, crushed—has no weight or power to act. As a proof, I can refer some of you to your last meeting, when this body was taken. He had no power, yet his senses were there. The power was above him; he was crushed—useless. He was in spirit hands. If you came to find out this glorious secret, you will all be mistaken. You came to find out the secret? Your God a secret to you? You all know of God, therefore he is no secret. Oh, no, you would like to see the secret of moving the table. Why not know the secret of moving the stars? Men of earth try to find even that out, but they can't. You have come here to-night, some of you, to find out the secret of the table moving. What secret? It is a secret only to those who have not God's faith instilled into their minds, and they will not know it until they get that faith; until they know how to pray to God. Then you will not find it out yourself, but your God will impress you, will show it to your hearts, when, in His goodness, He sees fit. He has given you mightier proofs of His working day by day, but they are mysteries to you. He is doing this so that when your spirits leave here you may be happy in your life everlasting. But you don't see it. One sense blinds another. You have spirits working with you, but you give way to the body. Evil seems the easier; good seems so hard to do, so very hard; yet, when once the faith is there, it is the easiest, because there is then no evil in the mind, and because also you better know the difference between good and evil.

I do not say that it is necessary for you to go to the table, or to attend a spiritual meeting, in order to cultivate spirituality. If you go to your church and read your Bible, and do it in spirit and in truth, it is just the same. Or if you don't go to church, but read your Bible at home, it is just the same. And if you neither go to church nor read your Bible, then pray from your heart to God, it is just the same. It is meant that you should be happy, and love God as God loves you. Therefore don't trouble about sects and creeds. Let all the religions on the earth prosper; it is all the same in the end, and that is, love to the Supreme Being.

Come here again, if you like. Set your mind at work to find out all about it. The more you seek the more you will find. As the truth comes, so will faith come afterwards. Think more of your God and pray to Him from your heart in silence, but at the same time meaning in your heart what you are praying for. Look up to him as the giver of all good. Pray to Him alike for your friends and foes, all those who are around you. Be not greedy, think of others as well as yourself. One word from the heart does more good for others than you are aware of. Have any of you wished to commune with friends that are departed? Sit at your table with your minds fixed on God, praying to Him for comfort, and fear not that you will receive it. Let not doubts arise in your mind as to whether your table will move or not. Sit down with a free mind, and God will assist you.

If we cannot convince you by using the power that God has given us, we tell you to pray to the Supreme Being that made you. This is all we wish you to do. Love Him from your heart, pray to Him from your heart; believe in that God, and in His Son Jesus Christ.

God's peace be with you all; God's love-light on you all. Farewell.

Kingston, January 16, 1865.

SENSATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

SIR,—Everyone, I believe, is aware of a peculiar sensation sometimes experienced when alone; a sensation as if one was *not* alone. What this arises from is no doubt a matter of speculation. The doctor would probably suggest a slight derangement of the digestive organs, or nerves; while the Davenport Brothers, or Mr Hume, would I opine, attribute it to the presence of unseen spirits. Of the two opinions, I confess to a leaning to the latter; though I am well aware such a confession excites much ridicule among the vast majority of my fellow countrymen, whose creed too often is, only to believe what they see, and sometimes to disbelieve this, if it clashes with their preconceived opinions. Yet, notwithstanding all the learning of the age, notwithstanding railroads and telegraphs, it is just possible that there are some things which escape the grasp of intellect of the sages of society, and are revealed as it were to babes and sucklings.

Perhaps, therefore, there is something in spirits after all; for somehow or other science seems strangely unable to disprove anything connected with them, which it would evidently do if it could; and those who choose, therefore, have some excuse for their belief in things supernatural; a belief, by the bye, which has existed throughout all ages of the world, and which, I verily believe, is shared in by all human beings, *more or less*, however they may outwardly deny it.

As for the manifestations of spirits, and the so-called seances of these latter times, that is quite another pair of shoes; and I confess one does not feel inclined to swallow a gulp all the accounts which are reserved up to one, without a considerable grain of salt intermixed.

Fraud is doubtless sometimes present, and imagination must play no inconsiderable part; but still, after all allowances are made; a sufficient substratum seems to exist to warrant a belief "that there is something in 'it.'" To look back, however, I should be glad to hear whether the sensation when alone, "of being not alone," is one which has been noticed by Spiritualists, and whether an explanation of the phenomena has been attempted. For instance, it is supposed that we are not always surrounded by spirits, but only sometimes; or else why does the sensation only occasionally occur?

The almost universal fear of darkness, inherent in the whole human family though more particularly felt in youth, has always seemed to me most inexplicable, save in connection with the unseen world; there being nothing per se frightful in darkness, apart from innate associations of ideas. I should like to hear whether it is supposed that during darkness more intimate communion between mortals and immortals is probable, and can be assigned as an explanation?

There is another curious sensation to which I may allude: the sensation that we have lived before; that this has been felt throughout all ages I think the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans sufficiently prove; not to mention the Buddhist religion, which is founded upon the conviction of succeeding births and deaths in the same individual being. To attempt to account for this is beyond my power; can you obtain me any light upon the subject?

Each day, to my mind, proves more fully the truth of Shakspeare's words:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

And now with reference to the Davenport Brothers. I have witnessed their performances in public, twice, and have been like other people extremely puzzled by what I saw. I halt in my belief between two opinions. I would be glad to believe these to be spiritual manifestations, but cannot at present; although I am unable to explain by natural causes what I saw.

Many things in connection with this may occur to me; and among others may I ask, Why should spirits not be able to untie knots instantaneously, if at all? Is their power like ours limited by time? Does one sort of knot take them longer to untie than another? And how can this be when applied to material beings? Would the Davenports allow themselves to be tied with the pack thread and the knots sealed?

I hope shortly to be present at a private seance, when, if they will submit to this and some other conditions, and succeed, I will, for one, believe. And I hope to send you the result in due time. Meanwhile

I remain, yours faithfully,
ENQUIRER.

London, Dec 16th, 1864.

(To the Editor of the "Spiritual Times.")

SIR,—On Thursday last I attended a meeting of friends, at Twickenham, and we held a seance privately. One person present was a preaching medium, and, when entranced, gave us some wonderful communications, both on theology and science; but it is quite impossible for me to say enough to convince, for such things must be witnessed to be appreciated.

I was told by the medium, in his trance state, to write to you in London, for the spirits have an object.

The medium's name was Mr Wallace, of Holloway, a friend of the hostess, and having been a spiritualist for nearly seven years, I have taken the liberty of writing this letter, hoping that others may be induced to search into this great truth.

Yours truly, in the truth,
JOHN GEORGE PILBOROUGH.

PRIDE.—Pride is in the front of those sins which God hates, and is an abomination to him.....Pride is the most pernicious of all vices: for whereas any single vice is opposite to its contrary virtue; uncleanness expels chastity; covetousness, liberality; pride like an infectious disease, taints the sound parts, corrupts the actions of every virtue, and depraves them of their true grace and virtue.—DR BATES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received several names as yearly subscribers of One Guinea to the Spiritual Lyceum. We shall be glad to receive others, and shall shortly publish a list of the subscribers. Those who have already given their names will favour us by forwarding their subscriptions.

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