

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

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

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

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but 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.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM BENEFIT;

DR. FERGUSON'S SPEECH AND THE "TOM-FOOL'S KNOT."

The exhibitions of spirit power, manifested through the mediumship of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. M. Fay, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday last, were satisfactory to the highest degree. The interest evinced by the crowded and respectable audience in these remarkable men, is no small tribute to their honesty. The *séances* were given for the benefit of the "Spiritual Lyceum," for which we thank the mediums, Dr. Ferguson, and Mr. Palmer. Our friends will be pleased to learn that the "benefit" was "a bumper." There was, however, something more gratifying to us than the substantial fact that the proceedings of Saturday brought in "a good round sum" of money—it was the more important fact that the rowdies of Liverpool, Huddersfield, and Leeds, had set an example which London has not dared to imitate. If we may take the gathering of Saturday last as a fair sample of the London public, we are justified in saying that, the good sense of cockneydom triumphed over rowdyism and butchery. We were very much gratified to hear Dr. Ferguson, before introducing the Brothers, without being interrupted, give expression to the following:

Ladies and gentlemen,—We meet you to-day on this platform where we have so often demonstrated the verity of the phenomena attending the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay under a somewhat strange ordering of circumstances. It has been our pride and pleasure to meet here men of the first eminence in science, in literature, in social rank, and in every department of practical skill. The result is before the British public. The facts presented were only rendered more palpable and undeniable in every presentation. The press, abounded in reports, and a portion of it in attempts at a so-called exposure and a solution of the mystery; but they have solved no mystery—they have exposed no fraud. Their fallacies, not to say falsities, have not satisfied either the writers or the public. True, where they have persisted in denials in the degree in which all fair and impartial investigation only rendered the facts more unmistakable, they have petted and flattered the conjurers and seemingly hoped they would yet unravel the tangled web of their only too ready sophistry. But in the degree of the genuineness and value of a fact, have we seen the number and extent of the imitations. Men do not usually command so much labour and skill to imitate the already false and fraudulent—the exposed and branded.

It remained for brutality and violence to attempt what partial investigation had failed to understand and obstatinate denial could not destroy. At Liverpool, Huddersfield, and Leeds, organized mobs invaded our platform, took possession of our rights as exhibitors, destroyed our property, broke or purloined our instruments, and menaced our lives! Have their violent proceedings relieved the mind of either editors or people? They "smashed" our cabinet and broke our instruments. Did they find the "double-backs," "secret cells," the "unseen springs," the "clandestine machinery," or any mechanical arrangement? Not at all. Even the audacity which, in free and powerful England, could urge on hundreds of infuriated men to insult and assail four unarmed, unoffending, and unprotected foreigners, has not dared to utter the falsity of any such discovery. True, the telegraph and the journals have spoken with trumpet tongues of an exposure of the Davenports, once, twice, thrice

effected—but where is the exposure? Who or what is exposed? If anything, save the stupid denials of palpable facts, and the vain attempts of brutal ignorance to invade the sanctity of human rights, to drive away what it could not, or would not, explain, I have not heard it—I have not seen it.

Hence, we stand before you to day erect in the assertion and maintenance of a truth that neither denial, nor imitation, nor violence, can destroy.

We have been called impostors, swindlers, scoundrels. To denounce is easy, to think, to observe, to reason, to some, at least, appears hard. Upon whom have we imposed? Who can, in manly truthfulness, say we have swindled him?

Anonymous and irresponsible dealers in vulgar slander may cater for a vitiated taste, and call us by whatever names are current in their vocabulary of detraction. They may, as in one instance, report us "exposed," and in the same breath call on us to turn Queen's evidence and expose the exposure, but what honest man feels the need of a Queen's witness to expose what is already "exposed?" We have neither taste nor time for bandying epithets. We have invaded no man's rights. We have trespassed upon no man's hopes. The conjurers and their patrons have reaped a rich reward of profit and gratification. Surely they have no right to complain. And it is rather a sorry return they give us for their newly extended traffic to pay us in efforts at detraction and slander.

We are not moved by contemptible slander, no more than by violent destruction of property and interests. And we will go on in the work we have chosen. We are neither intimidated nor discouraged. We may be prevented in England from exhibiting these phenomena. Halls are denied us, for their proprietors fear the result to *their* property as well as ours. Government may fail to provide the protection all have a right to claim. The press may incite to mob-violence against what they have failed to explain, or expose. But even then, we will go forward; and should we fail, the truth we represent will only proclaim itself in new forms, above the mad waves of conflict that vainly seek to impede its ever onward and upward way.

It is also vain to say we are afraid of any particular "knot" or mode of fastening. We are here to-day to be tied by any knot. We have never objected to any method of fastening, fairly applied. We have refused to be tortured, and no amount of bravado can induce us to gratify the low and brutal taste that would inflict it.

If we are afraid of a "knot," if we have been "exposed," tell me, ye truth-loving men, why all England is excited over our attempts to present the facts or frauds attending us? We would be beneath contempt if what is said were true. Why will not the exposure of Anderson and Tolmaque answer? Why will not the Liverpool outrage suffice? Why repeat it at Huddersfield, and by the same hands? Why prevent an exhibition at Hull? Why organize anew at Leeds? Plain, palpable frauds, so often exposed, it would seem have some strange life or power that requires the exposure to be repeated, and re-repeated, and re-repeated again.

We are not only willing and ready to be tied by the "Tom-fool's knot," but after being untied, we are ready to be retied and untied by the use of this knot, by the power that unties it—the power that no knot can fasten, and no mob invade. But some may tell us that medical men pronounced the fastenings we call brutal, humane. That may be. An honest surgeon at Leeds did so pronounce, but it was after the knot was relieved by the hand that was handling it. A respectable gentleman of the profession, Mr. Smith, was ordered from the audience to examine the knot of which Mr. Davenport complained. The moment he did so, the cord was unbound, and I could have put my hand between it and the wrist when the doctor examined and reported. No sooner did the doctor report and retire, and the audience had acquiesced by a yell, than the knot was again drawn so that it could not be endured; and the attempt to expose the brutal fraud was denied amid hootings and howlings, that in a few minutes destroyed all hope of proceeding. The effect of that drawing was upon Mr. Davenport for one week. So much for the appeal to doctors, when brutes preside.

Will you now select a committee to tie the "Tom-fool's knot?"

At the first *séance* considerable noise was exhibited by some delectable members of the stock exchange, who had come well-primed for a row; but these stock exchange

crucifiers had to retire in the end, quite discomforted; for the manifestations, as usual, were presented; the "Tom-fool's knot" applied and untied, and the whole proceedings culminated in a triumph for the Brothers they may be well proud of. One little incident, which is not, however, too small to pass over, marked the character as brutal of the elected rope-tyer, of the stock exchange fraternity, who had loudly demanded that a third committee-man should be allowed to act with Drs. Wilson and Metcalf. This image of his Maker, whose name is Addison—the very, man whose feats of legerdemain, were palmed off as spiritual, was the chosen Hulley for the occasion. This wonder-working prodigy of humanity tied, not with the "Tom-fool's-knot," but with the "common square knot," William Davenport; but his manner of securing the medium was boldly resisted. Why? Because he execrated the medium's arm, which, on being displayed to the audience, produced cries of "shame! shame!" from every part of the house. Mr. Addison, not being allowed to proceed in his dexterous method of brutality, retired from the platform—satisfied, no doubt, that he, like Hulley and Cummins of Liverpool, could tie the Davenports in inextricable knots. Poor man, let him go to his "strait waist-coats," "hand-cuffs," and "wooden box," and astonish his stock exchange fellows, until perhaps, he himself, may find some Hulley to tie him, as he tied William Davenport. There is this patent fact for the sceptics to note—the "Tom-fool's-knot" was applied on the Davenports, and they were released. The knot which Mr. Addison applied, which caused William Davenport's arm to swell, and severely gored the flesh, was a common "square-knot."

The retirement of Mr. Addison enabled the mediums to take their seats, and amidst the clamour of sceptics the manifestations were witnessed. In addition to hands, we heard several persons declare they saw a face at the aperture of the cabinet.

At the dark *séance*, which was given before a larger number of persons than have been present at any one of the sittings which have taken place at the Hanover-square Rooms; there was no want of decorum; the phenomena were exhibited with wonderful effect, considering the crowded state of the room. So far we may congratulate London on being more dignified than brutal. At the Liverpool, Huddersfield, and Leeds riots, the audience sympathized with the Hulleys and Cummins's, leaving the Davenport party to the fates or furies. At the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday; when that delightful specimen of the *Genus Homo* from the stock exchange assumed the part of brute, he was met by the expressed opprobrium of the majority of the audience—and the majority were not Spiritualists.

On this occasion, the mediums can only complain of one brute and a handful of his supporters; whose un-English yellings were expended during the cabinet *séance*. Perhaps they had consciences and feared to molest the ear with their frantic hootings in the dark, lest the instruments should be used for purposes which might not prove congenial to them. If this be so, they displayed, by their silence secret instinctive feelings that spirits can operate in the dark. We think John King a very forgiving and good-natured spirit, that he lets so many brutal opponents to the mediums escape unhurt; because, having the power to carry the instruments round the room, he has likewise the power to beat them with decisive violence about their heads. But John may feel that all damages in that direction would be charged to the Brothers rather heavily.

The position of the Davenports will be established; the effects of the late cabinet smashing has already produced as we foresaw, a reaction in their favour. Newspapers which had eagerly condemned them, begin to speak in the interest of fair-play, and to talk of the majesty of English law and the rights of foreigners. Everywhere people are excited—some looking for "proofs of imposture," others asking for fair-play for the Americans, who have so wondrously presented facts in occult science, which neither broken cabinets nor *press* "tattlers" could explain. John Bull, although a very stubborn, hard-headed, old fellow; has the redeeming quality of talking, if not doing, justice; but whilst he talks, he clears the way for it. We doubt not, before the Brothers leave this country they will consider themselves amply recompensed for the damages created by rowdiness, in the generous recognition of their thorough

integrity which England is bound to yield. We cannot reconcile our idea of the intellect of England with continued yells, execrating knots, and broken cabinets. If we could do so, we should think, instead of having progressed, we have retrograded 200 years. We do not, however, expect the future career of these men, in this country, will be free from interruptions; but let us hope, at least, the good sense of Englishmen will protect their persons and their property. Let us hear no more of scenes which degrade the chief actors to the level of savages. The Brothers have done no single act deserving other than gentlemanly treatment at the hands of those who enter their halls. Why, then, should yelling and cabinet smashing, and worst of all, brutal tying be the sole characteristics which anti-spiritualists exhibit?

We inserted in our correspondence columns of last week a letter from "a puzzled one," on the subject of Mr. Addison's exhibitions of trickery; but fortunately, we cautiously reserved our opinion as to the character of the phenomena described. We are not surprised to learn that a deep plot has been laid to entrap the Spiritualists; but the eagerness of the earnestness of some two or three well-known Spiritualists, can only have the legitimate use of causing them and their friends to be more cautious in the future. All the conjurers in the universe cannot, however puzzling their "tricks" may be, make Spiritualism a lie. Mr. Addison may be considered, according to stock exchange morality, a gentleman; but he is, to our thinking, like his legerdemain—a counterfoit.

The Davenports came forward in a true spirit of chivalry and invited the Messrs. Hulley and Cummins to tie them with the "Tom-fool's knot," before a jury of twelve gentlemen of known respectability, and two surgeons to see that no brutality was exercised. Messrs. Hulley and Cummins would tie them *without* a jury, not with one, that is, if the Davenport company would take all responsibility, have six nights' trial and be content with a guinea a-week each for their services. The exceeding modesty of this makes us blush.

The *Morning Star* chuckles over the crafty stock exchange "trickster," who has, in the interests of humanity, set a trap for the Spiritualists. It denies, in a leader, that the Davenports can get out of a "Tom-fool's-knot," yet a correspondent of the stock exchange, no doubt in the same paper, says Ira and William Davenport were both tied with the "Tom-fool's-knot" on Saturday. Mr. Lucas, Mr. Lucas, where's your judgment? Has it departed with your sense of fair-play?

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DAVENPORTS AT CHELTENHAM.

THREATENED VIOLENCE TURNED TO THEIR TRIUMPH.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

I was a spectator in the signal triumph of the Brothers Davenport on Tuesday night last, and I assure you it was all that their warmest admirers could have desired. They gave the first *séance* at three o'clock under every indication of violence, and which seemed only delayed for a re-inforcement of the mobocrats at night. In that *séance* the brothers were tied by one of the party selected for the threatened mob, and no sooner did he find his "Tom-fool's knot" untied than he sought an opportunity for retiring from the platform, evidently disappointed in his failure to secure them, and maddened by his unexpected discomfiture. It was said that he busied himself during the remainder of the evening in preparing for the proposed riot at night. The crowd lingered after the *séance* and boisterously threatened that the scenes of Liverpool and Leeds should be re-enacted at night and only left the hall by the order of the Chief of Police.

A most tumultuous assembly came together at night, and Dr. Ferguson and the brothers were greeted with hootings, threats, and jeers as they ascended the platform. The doctor, preserving his calmness of demeanour, was heard at length and his remarks were loudly and heartily applauded by the respectable portion of the audience. Two gentlemen, Mr. Lillywhite and Mr. Freschel, both members of some noted club of the town, and who had been practising for weeks in the best methods of rope tying, were selected by storm, as the committee. They came forward with their own ropes, and spent three quarters of an hour in fastening the brothers. They tied them with need-

less severity, but their demeanor was gentlemanly throughout. Surgeon Morris was called by the committee to pronounce upon the character of the fastening, who reported that they were painfully tied, which called forth the derision of the mob, but when he gave his opinion that no "permanent injury" would be the result if not left tied more than half an hour the mob gave him three rousing cheers. The audience continued their hootings at the Davenports and cheers to the committee during all the time of the fastening, and were held in check from rushing upon the platform by the presence of the police.

The Davenports, bound hands, arms, and body, entered the cabinet, when their feet and persons were tied fast with many cords and knots, literally using all their rope, and that of the committee. The doors were closed amid the uproar, and the audience would not allow the lights to be lowered. Several times there was every indication that the crowd would rush to the cabinet and overthrow it with the brothers helplessly tied within. They cried out to their committee to upset it, but the committee were firm; and, though evidently confident they had the Davenports secure, did not disgrace themselves by doing the brutal bidding of the mob. They manfully appealed to the crowd for fair play; and when, at last, they were heard, they stated that the Davenports had not objected to their manner of tying, to the long time they had expended, and that the audience should now wait to see if they could be got out of it. In the midst of the uproar the brothers stepped forth from all the complicated and elaborate fastenings, every knot untied, and one of the committee said he had placed no less than forty on each. The committee acknowledged frankly and fully that the brothers had triumphed, and that they could not fasten them by any better method. Then, sir, the tide was turned. The audience threw up their hats, shouted loud and long, and vociferously applauded the brothers. Dr. Ferguson then asked if they desired to witness something more than a feat of rope-tying. They responded to him in loud cries to go on! He placed Mr. Lillywhite in the cabinet, who came forth acknowledging himself completely baffled. The usual phenomena were witnessed; the flour test given, and the brothers came forth again, looking much fatigued, but calm and collected. They retired amid the applause of the audience, and many waited till after the dark *seance*, who followed them to their hotel, and there, in congratulatory speeches, acknowledged they had gone to the Hull for a "row," but now they knew the falsity of all the reports that the brothers feared the "Hulley-knot," or any kind of fastening. Never was there a more complete triumph. True, one of the brothers, I learn, has been very ill from the long and painful manner of the fastening and is now prostrate, but he held out even amid every threat and danger of violence, and I trust will not long be confined from his suffering.

I only wish to add, that now having triumphed over all efforts to dispute their claims, and finally yielding to the most severe fastening in the presence of a mob, when their committee and surgeon applauded their triumph,—surely men having any claim to a sense of humanity will not again inflict a punishment where they should seek the knowledge of a great truth. All Cheltenham is loud in their praise to-day, but Ira Davenport, carried to his hotel, and now paralysed and in partial delirium, from pain endured, presents a sad and fearful commentary on the low state of our civilisation, and the brutal tendencies of even respectable people.—Very truly yours,

AN EYE WITNESS.

Cheltenham, March 8, 1865.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—I certainly was much astonished at the *seance* on Saturday last that Mr. Addison should have tied Mr. Davenport in so inhuman a manner. As a medium himself, as a Spiritualist, or as a Christian, it appeared to me quite inconsistent, but I must own that I now feel relieved to learn that he has no claims to mediumship, and that his so-called manifestations (whatever they may have been) proved to have been only one of those boyish tricks, which I understand are not uncommon among the youthful members of the body to which he belongs.

Englishmen should not forget, when employing their powers in tying these young men, that their muscles are as undeveloped as those of a woman; their life having been entirely a spiritual one, instead of being devoted to all athletic sports, as is the case among our countrymen. It is needless to sign my name to these few lines, as I am sure I am only expressing the general opinion of those who were present on the occasion referred to.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—I can readily understand Mr. Holyoake's want of recollection of his having received Adin Ballou's book from me. He was at the time engaged in editing the *Reasoner* and frequently occupied in country lectures and discussions. The book was sent to him through the post-office, simply with the editor's compliments, and nothing else to identify any person with it, so as to become associated in Mr. Holyoake's mind with anything likely to fix it in his memory. The probability altogether is, that its very title, "Modern Spirit Manifestations," would be considered, in Mr. Holyoake's then state of mind, quite enough; and that the book would be thrown aside as unworthy of attention. I am certain, however, that it was sent; for I have not only a clear recollection of the fact, but a written memorandum of it. I remember of looking into the *Reasoner* week after week, for a little time afterwards, in expectation of seeing a notice of the work; but as none appeared, I concluded that the editor of that paper did not deem it worthy of the attention of his readers. About the same time I also sent sundry communications to the same paper, containing facts and arguments in relation to the general question of Spiritualism, and quotations from a work, brought out through the mediumship of Mr. J. M. Spear, which were treated with the same neglect. Possibly a stronger word than neglect would be more appropriate to the case, but I do not care to import into it possibilities, which might be construed into offensive imputations. I have now the pleasure of sending through you, as I don't know Mr. Holyoake's present address, another copy of Adin Ballou's work, which you will oblige me by handing to Mr. H., at your earliest convenience, with my compliments, and the additional assurance which you will probably be able to give from your own side, as you certainly are authorized to give from mine—that it is never too late to expose "errors of argument" which are so widely accepted by the readers of the *Spiritual Times*, as mine have been, not as errors but as truths; and that as the exposure of an error is really the vindication of a truth, we shall overlook the lapse of time and consider ourselves indebted to Mr. Holyoake, if he will yet take the trouble to exhibit the errors of argument to which he refers.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.,
ANDREW LEIGHTON.

Liverpool, 4th March, 1865.

THE DAVENPORTS.

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

DEAR SIR,—Without controversy, the popular prejudice against the genuineness of the Davenport manifestations has greatly increased since the riotous proceedings, which have taken place in Liverpool and Huddersfield; it is equally without controversy that merely miscellaneous opinion is of no value, or of infinitesimally small value in evidence in reference to occult matters, that can only be decided by close and careful investigation. The proceedings in Liverpool and Huddersfield prove nothing but that mob-law, exercised by 1000 persons, can crush, for the time being, the resistance of three or four persons. No really impartial person will determine on the evidence of the reports of the meetings which appeared in the Liverpool and Huddersfield papers, whether the non-success of the *seances* arose from the cruel tying of the amateur gymnasts, or from the fact that the Messrs. Davenport knew that if they were really securely tied so that they, of themselves, could not get loose, that the phenomena which usually take place would not occur. Those two positions are yet open questions, and the only way to dispose of them to the satisfaction of the more critical and reasonable of the general public, is for the Messrs. Davenport to allow themselves to be so securely fastened by tapes and straight waiscoats, which may be so arranged as to secure them firmly, without the possible plea of injuring their persons, and then, when so fastened, to have the phenomena occur as usual. I think that much they are bound, as honest men, to admit; because, after all, the whole question resolves itself into this—do they produce the phenomena, or do their invisible associates produce them? If the Messrs. Davenport produce them, then it is easily to be seen why they refuse to be absolutely firmly bound. If they do not produce them, then surely, we have a sufficient number of ingenious people in England to fix them, without injuring them, so that it would be physically impossible for them to move; and if, when so fixed, the spiritual phenomena take place, then the question would be settled, so far as rational and intelligent people are concerned, and as regards the remainder, well; it is of no moment whether they believe or not.

I am,

Yours truly,
T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Feb. 26, 1865.

A WORD OF CAUTION TO SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—In the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month Mr. Coleman relates the professed manifestations of a Mr. A—, of the Stock Exchange, and expresses his belief in their genuineness. A correspondent of your own in this week's *Spiritual Times* also treats us to similar statements regarding this Mr. A—, who is there undisguisedly announced as Mr. John Addison, of St. John's-wood. The feats performed by Mr. Addison are executed behind a screen, while the spectators are put out of the room. Now, let me ask, what is this but what all the professed conjurers are doing all over the kingdom? They are performing, according to their account, all the manifestations of the Davenport's by the use of screens. I have no faith in any such performances beyond their being mere feats of legerdemain or confederacy. As to getting out of a box with a padlock locked on the outside when the visitors are sent out of the room, though they take the key with them—that either I or you could do. It needs no conjuror and no spirit; it requires only a confederate with another key to the same lock. When Mr. Addison will come forward under the same conditions as the Davenport's, when he will consent to enter their cabinet and be tied even by the two medical gentlemen whom his friends, on Saturday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, pronounced, most insolently, humbugs; and when he can be untied, and walk out of the cabinet, in the manner that the Davenport's do, I shall think it time to put some faith in him. I have none whatever in men who go behind screens.

Mr. Coleman says that Mr. Addison's "exhibition has all the appearance of the mysterious powers possessed by the magicians of old, and the so-called Indian Jugglers. I am sorry not to be able, in this case, to agree with my valued friend Coleman. I do not perceive a single similarity of circumstances to the Indian Jugglers. These men do not go behind screens to perform their truly wonderful deeds. On the contrary, they perform them in the open air in a circle of careful spectators, and with nothing on them or with them but a single cloth round their loins, and an empty basket in their hands. I draw my information not only from the common accounts of these exhibitions, but from personal friends well acquainted with India. The case mentioned by Mr. Coleman, of a child put under a tall basket by a Fakir, and you then being asked to run a sword through the basket in all directions, has been performed in the open air thousands of times. It has been performed in the open square of a city with a regiment of British soldiers drawn up all around, who would permit no native to enter the area, except the Fakir and the child. The mystery, therefore, cannot be explained as a writer in one of our periodicals the other day endeavoured to explain it, by saying that a number of natives being about the juggler, some one does something to draw away the attention of the spectators whilst the child is dexterously released from the basket.

These same jugglers will, in the same state of destitution of all clothing, except the cloth round their loins, and with only a small empty basket, which you are allowed to examine, grow you a pine-apple, a mangosteen, or a common Windsor bean, on the open street, or on the carpet of your own room, and you shall eat of it. To say that Mr. Addison's behind-the-screen work bears any, the most distant, resemblance to these things, is, to say the least, not accordant with my friend Coleman's usual accuracy of statement.

A gentleman belonging to the press in London at this time, who has spent many years in India, told me this circumstance the other day. He and a friend were travelling from Allahabad to Delhi. They had stopped to dine and avoid the intense heat of the weather, at a *Dauk Bungelow*, a wayside inn. After dinner, and while taking a cigar under the verandah facing the high road, a Fakir came up and asked if they would like to see some of his performances. They replied that they were just in the humour. As usual, he had nothing on him but the cloth round his loins. He asked that one of the common tall water-pots, I believe about a yard high, should be placed in the road, and filled to the brim with water. This was done. The Fakir then took off his cloth, spread it over the jar, muttered an invocation, withdrew the cloth, and asked them to look into the water-vessel. To their astonishment, there was not a single drop of water in it! To satisfy themselves that it had not run out at the bottom they had it removed. The dust under it was as dry as everywhere else—there was not a trace of the escape of a drop of water into the road! Still further to satisfy themselves that the vessel had not absorbed the water, they kicked the jar all to pieces, but its texture was as dry as the exterior.

Now, these are the sort of things common to Indian Jugglers so-called, and it is because they profess that they are done by spiritual agency that these men are held sacred. Does Mr. Addison's behind-the-screen work bear any likeness whatever to such things?

On Saturday afternoon at the Davenport's *seance* at the Hanover-square Rooms, a very rowdy set had obviously concerted to defeat the *seance* after the fashion of Liverpool and Leeds.

Though two medical gentlemen of reputation were elected by the audience to act as the tyers and examiners of the Davenport's, this most noisy and ungentlemanly clique forced by their overbearing and obstreperous vehemence, a third person on the Davenport's, and who should appear under the mingled calls for Dyson and Addison, but this very Mr. John Addison, as Addison, or Dyson, as you please. And what did Mr. Dyson, or Addison, do? He proceeded to tie one of the brothers with the same savage violence as had been done by the rowdies at Liverpool and Leeds. I was sitting in the front row, within a few yards of Mr. Addison and his victim, and saw, with indignation, the cord actually imbedded in the young man's wrist, and the viens from the wrist to the elbow swollen like thick cords! When the medical men declared that this binding was cruel and injurious; what did Mr. Addison, or Dyson (whichever may be his real name), do? Did he, like a fair and humane man, relax the cords at all? No! on the contrary; he said to the audience—"Mr. Davenport objects to my tying, and, therefore, I decline to proceed."

Now, if Mr. Addison was not the agent of this concerted scheme to repeat the disgraceful proceedings of Liverpool, and once more to defeat the *seance*, or endeavour to damage the reputation of the Davenport's, appearances are greatly against him. I shall add nothing further than that, had I put any faith in the report of Mr. Addison's performances before, which I never have for a moment,—his appearance on such an occasion, and the attempt once more to violate the conditions of these *seances*, by a repetition of the cruelties so justly condemned by every honourable mind, would have taught me that, at least, he was no Spiritualist. Spiritualists have hitherto shown themselves reasonable and humane.

I warn Spiritualists to beware of accepting phenomena without the most careful examination and the fullest proof. If they do not exercise this care, they will find traps laid for them by the designing, who will only be too happy to convict them of that easy credulity with which they have so long and so freely charged them. Of Mr. Addison's character I know nothing. I speak only of his performances as the narrative of them strikes me, and of his appearance on the Davenport platform, as it must have struck every fair and honourable person present. I congratulate the Davenport's and the Spiritualists on the triumph which their calm determination, eventually secured on Saturday last over a most vulgar and disgusting attempt by a party to import the barbarisms of the North into the metropolis.

Monday, March 6th.

Yours,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

SPIRITUALISM IN HARMONY WITH SCIENCE.

AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. DR. FERGUSON,

Delivered in the Spiritual Lyceum Hall, on Sunday Evening,
March 4th, 1865.

MEMBERS of the Spiritual Lyceum—Ladies and Gentlemen—I assure you I appreciate the kindness, not to say partiality, which has been extended to me hitherto in my visits to your interesting and instructive meetings; and I trust I have evinced that appreciation in some degree in my willingness to address you extemporaneously as heretofore in the addresses which you had the goodness to call forth. But I stand in your midst to-night under rather strangely ordered circumstances, and you will pardon me for making a brief allusion to these circumstances. For the past five months it has been my privilege to stand before the audiences of the metropolis—before men of science, men of letters, men of every degree of practical skill—that I might demonstrate the existence of a great truth, and you are aware of the results of our efforts in that direction—they are, indeed, before the British public. Having proceeded in this orderly manner, it was also our privilege to meet the somewhat tumultuous audiences of the north of England, and doubtless you have heard of that result. I wish to state that while the phenomena that I have the honour of presenting to the public were made the subject of discussion, and very naturally the subject of various estimates on the part of the press and the public, at the same time I feel that, in the very evidences that have since been presented, we have at least some assurance that in some degree there is that connected with the phenomena that has not been seen or appreciated so as to solve the difficulties that have arisen with regard to them. The phenomena have been ascribed to dexterous efforts of the hand; they have been called legerdemain; they have been supposed to be only new forms of clever conjuring; and there have been numberless imitations of them all through this realm. That this mode of solving the difficulty is not satisfactory must be seen from the fact everywhere patent, that in the exact degree in which anything is appreciated as genuine and valuable, in that degree always it commands imitation. Consequently, the more numerous the imitations, the better evidence you have from this point of view of the actuality of that which they seek to imitate. What an imperfect investigation, or—may I say it with no disrespect?—an obstinate disposition to deny could not effect, brutality attempted; and I stand before you to-day with the consciousness that even brutality in its worst form of manifestation in this age, in this realm, has not added one single iota to the solution of the difficulty connected with these phenomena. It is with no reference to any personal relation to these tumults that I now make these remarks, but simply that I may make this statement—they have broken our cabinet, but they have found no "secret cells," no "double backs," no "clandestine machinery." Consequently, what

previously depended more or less on our assertion, that no springs or machinery produced that which the people witnessed, has now been demonstrated to be a fact by brutality, and that fact is patent to all who have ears to hear; to all who have read the proceedings in the North, for even the audacity that would invade our rights as exhibitors, that would take possession of our cabinet and instruments; that would purloin them; even that audacity has not dared to say it has discovered in the broken fragments any evidence of deception or fraud. Hence I have no complaint to make; and when I give this declaration, it is not that I have sympathy with demonstrations of violence against that which is not understood—certainly not. I trust I have a proper appreciation of the tendency to which all such demonstrations naturally lead. I know that it is not merely an invasion of our rights, but an invasion of the basis of all rights; that it is not merely trespass upon our property, but trespass upon the law which sanctions the security of property to any and every man. It is not merely unjust to us, and probably we might be justified in depicting the degree of that injustice (which I will not do), but it is a violation of the great, the sacred, the eternal principle of justice that lies at the basis of all right. While, therefore, I express this unyielding appreciation of that form of human manifestation—certainly not very spiritual—while I show you this estimate, at the same time I have no complaint. And why? If we are sincere men; if we are true men in the presentation of a great fact before the enlightenment of the people, then if reasoning cannot explain, if denial cannot remove, if imitation cannot brand, violence cannot destroy. And it, therefore, stands as fresh, as vigorous as the source from whence it is derived, and the destiny beneficent to which it must tend in the just appreciation and application of all men. Why then should I complain? As well complain of the frosts of winter because they are not the genial sunshine of summer, and yet is each equally necessary to the production of that which makes the grand, the good, the enduring, and the beautiful in nature. So the storms of human prejudice, however undesired, however unwelcome the behests they bring to order-loving and rational men, may be as necessary to give depth to the root of the plant of that truth now being established anew in this realm and the whole world, as any amount of sincerity, honesty, or even carefully observed experience which in our humble measure we can bring to bear in view of its propagation and its appreciation. Thus and therefore I have no complaint. Enough then, with regard to the circumstances, which are but, as it were, a yielding to the breath of the occasion that brings us together, and the natural interest awakened with regard to recent events, with the details of which you are familiar. Enough, I say, with this additional statement,—that there is no method of fastening, no matter what is said to the contrary, to which I myself, or those whom I in any measure represent to the public have ever objected. I assert it here, as a truth, that to the brutality of the manner of application alone have we objected; and we must object, or renounce our manhood, and show ourselves unworthy of the protection of the commonest interests committed to our care.

As I have alluded to these facts, permit me to take them as an index to the subject I propose to discuss in your presence. With your permission I will undertake to show—perhaps I should say to indicate—that to-day there is no war or conflict between any established or recognised theories of science, any recognised or practical principle of religion, or any truth in any other department of human investigation or realisation, with any principle, fact, or actuality of experience connected with that movement which in some measure it is my pride and pleasure to represent in your presence. I wish to show this to you by the most familiar, yet, I trust not uninteresting examples. There are states of mind common to us all, marking more our status in intellectual and moral growth than the truth of what we often asseverate. There are states of mind in which everything seems to be discordant; states of mind in which there seems to be war in the elements; the great contrasts of nature's wondrous presentation even to our eyes, when they are immature in their sight and observation make them appear as contradictions. The day is, seemingly at least, opposed to night, winter to summer. The vast arid waste of desert to the mind's conception seems useless; the trackless waters often confound us in their vast extent, and nature seems, even contemplated in her most tangible forms of presentation to our senses, antagonistic. Again there seems to be conflict in human society also; conflict in the very elements that constitute that society. Hence the great contrast between ignorance and so-called knowledge; between the feeling of the idiot, who scarcely more than feels, and the grand conceptions of the man of genius, who stands enrapt beneath the wondrous unfoldings of truth that pass through his open vision; between vice and its sad and hideous features, and virtue and its calm and not always joyful countenance. There seems, I say, to be in our first conception of these appearances and experiences in life, actual conflict; and man, if we are to believe his psalms and poetry, and often his philosophy, and perhaps oftener still his theology—man, if he is to be believed in his utterances, has conceived even the heavens invaded by conflicting hosts, nature opposed to herself, and God's great kingdom at war. Is it so? There is an intuitive recognition in every human breast that instinctively says it cannot be so. I wish to justify that instinct by going into the actuality of the human recognition of truth in science, and show you that there is no conflict between it and what even you call spiritual evidences in this high noon of the nineteenth century. I will draw my illustrations from modern and not ancient history; and I will take them, if you please, from the more actual recognition of the English mind rather than from what might be supposed purer forms of history of my own young country. I do this because I am making this address in free and powerful England, and for no other reason. Neither will I go back to the past further than to the last generation—nay, scarcely to that—for the patent facts to which I will call your attention.

It was thought and taught by Turretin, that to recognise the revolution of the earth around the sun, was to deny the revelation of Almighty God. It is not 50 years since he was an authority, and to some extent is still an authority, in the highest schools of theological study. Now, notwithstanding that strong asseveration, which has led many an honest, devoted, and just man, to believe that so-called science, or actual science,

was an adversary to religion, I ask you, is it not true to-night, that astronomical observations have established the fact that the earth does revolve round the sun? And is it not merely a vulgar conception to-day in the estimation of religionists of the highest order, for any man to dispute it. But that is not the fact that interests me now. Your own Chalmers, having mind enough, if I may so speak, to see a unity between the established facts of science and the actual intuition of the human heart, often called religion, as it takes specific forms, revealed that unity in what were called his astronomical sermons, which gave him his character and popularity. He did this in most eloquent strains—'tis 15 or 20 years since I read them, but they still linger in my memory—and he did it satisfactorily to the largest class of Protestant students in theology in this country from that day to the present. He went into the older forms of Divine revelation, as they were considered, and he found—what? He supposed that he found—and I will not discuss that now—some intimation at least in the revelations contained in the Bible of all the discoveries of astronomical science. But I will tell you what he did find. He found utterances in the high inspiration of prophets and apostles, that could have had no meaning, save in the conception of a boundless universe; and more than that—in the correct conception of the intimate relations of a blended universe. The illustrations which he gave were such as these—“to the intent that unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be made known by the church,” certain things were done; thus showing that whoever wrote that, or by whatever inspiration it was written, the conception existed that intelligences, outside of human form, had not only interest, but a most intense interest in all that appertained to the evolution and development of human nature and human character. I give you but a specimen, when a dozen would come to my memory, if time allowed. Now, so far from conceiving the facts demonstrated by astronomical research to be at war with the intuitions of the human heart, properly appreciated, they were seen to blend and to gather significance from each other. Mind, extended beyond this planet, saw a boundless universe; and, consequently, saw that which was calculated to elevate, to dignify, and to beautify all that appertains to so high, and grand, and true a conception. But there was this difficulty then. “If there is a boundless universe,” fear said—for fear is as natural as faith, and said it in high—places, said it in pulpits, and in lengthy treatises—“if there is a boundless universe, a mere atom is this globe in the midst of the globes of the universe; and man himself is, as it were, but a speck upon that atom: he is so utterly insignificant that it cannot be possible that any other intelligence, much less the great God himself, can have the slightest interest in him”—and men trembled at that thought. Right upon the heels (to use a vulgarism) of the grand discoveries that gave astronomical demonstrations to the world by the aid of a telescope, was another instrument, called the microscope; and in the exercise of the same bright mind, that sought in the depths and heights of heaven, as it were, to recognise the laws regulating the orbs that wend their mystic way there—that same intelligence, penetrating closely down to an atom, or drop, beheld as bright and perfect evidences of all-wise law there, as in the grandeur of the heavens. So that at last, instead of the fear that there was no care in heaven, no regard in that vast ocean that surrounds us, as though it were tenantless and only a waste, in view of intellect, thought, emotion, sentiment, it was seen that a straw was as important as a sun—that an atom was of as indefeasible value in the great whole, as the greatest and bulkiest of the globes. With such a fact before the nineteenth century—I speak with respect—with such a fact before the devoted men who are dedicated to the spiritual interests of mankind, called clergymen—for it is as patent as the open day, and only a child's tale; oh! it does seem to me that a man should blush when he speaks of any new development in science being at war with religion. What better evidence can he give that his religion is a vain conception, an idle dogmatism, a degenerate estimate of his fellow, perhaps equally entitled to all the rights of a man, which, permit me to say dogmatically, for I cannot stop to prove it, he will assert, wherever he is, either in life or death, and for the reason that he is a part of the universal plan. Then, if the same Divinity—call it nature, you know I do not quarrel about names: call it life, call it spirit, call it God, no name embodies it; if that same Divinity is seen, as it were, keeping the stars from falling, whereby the ancient heavens are preserved fresh and strong—if that same Divinity is seen in an atom, where, oh where! are your omnipotent devils? Where, oh where! are the Gorgon eyes of fiends, dogging the path of man? A raging devil behind, a roaring hell before, was the picture of superstitious fear. It was not the result of an enlightened appreciation of nature's, to us often dark, and always in some form mysterious, but yet ever beneficent, and ever defensive operation in all her departments. If it were not treating a serious subject lightly, I would go home to America for an illustration here. Your ancestors have peopled that country, you must remember; do not forget it, and in settling upon portions of the most sterile of the hills of that country, they were, in many instances, afraid of the valleys. I will tell you why. There came up from the morasses and savannas, now, by dint of hard labour, ditched and canalised, and beautified; and, but for the mad fury of war, ministering to all that would add to the comfort of man, there came up a pestilential malaria, which produced sad and disastrous diseases. Their science was not equal to their fear, and their superstition believed that the devil had possession of those morasses. The spade, opening up the way for the sluggish waters, the ditches dug by hard labour, sent devils and superstitions down the sluices to a gulph from which I trust they will never be brought back. And their immediate descendants went down into the valley, and the rich prosperity of that country, sending its stores all over the world, was the result. Now if you can realise such a fact in the actuality of human development in physical and utilitarian life—oh, do make it a source of encouragement, at least, to believe that in the vast empire of mind these sad relics of bygone fears will depart, and not to injure you. Oh no! not to injure you, but as it were to take off this robe of superstition, on which the night of imagination has painted those images, that we may say, as in the malarial savannas, each can find

at last that which will enlarge the mind, expand the judgment, elevate the hope, fortify the sentiment, and dignify the man.

But next came Geology. Now, geology taught us—and if any religious person is present thinking I am invading his faith, I ask him to hear what Geologists say,—Geology taught us that this earth was a great deal older than we thought it was. Instead of counting its age by thousands of years, we might count it by hundreds and thousands of ages. Again, holy hands were held up deprecatingly, but this time not so high as before, when Chalmers had shown the harmony that existed between all truth in religion and science. When, however, it had established this great truth, do you suppose that the establishment of that great truth has deteriorated, or could deteriorate, from any other truth that was established? Certainly not. But in every inscription of hieroglyphics upon the granite or vegetable deposits of the ages that was properly read there came forth a benefit to man that he can appreciate even in the grossness of his conception. Do you know where that light came from? (pointing to the gas). That insignificant gas-light escaped from some mine, I believe of Wales or of this country; some men accidentally touched a taper to that escaping gas, and London is lighted by it to-night. An accident you call it. Be it so. With me there are no accidents. But that is not the point I wish to make. The knowledge of the deposits of the past ages, of the almost inconceivable ages of this planet—the knowledge of the expansion of the mind that led to that research and knowledge has made all that now dignifies the improvements in agriculture and the additions to the ordinary comforts of man. With such a fact before us shall we still tremble when in any other department of human research new truths are brought forth?

One other point. Next came palæontology—I do not like these big words—I will tell you exactly what I mean: Next came the conception of the age of man; for as we were interested in the orbs above us in the land beneath us, and gave distinctive names to the sciences and dignity to those who had mastered them, it was very natural we should come at last to study man himself, and in studying him the first utterance was also uttered with fear. It was somewhat doubtful where he originated; and, as to when, "Oh," says one, "do not touch that subject." If you have any feeling of that kind, that is the disposition I wish to speak to. The flora and fauna of every zone of the earth were seen to be distinct and distinctly discriminated in the vast discoveries that were made by the discovery of our continent;—not a plant, not an animal, on the whole face of that vast world was the same as those known here—they were similar but not the same. The idea came out that it was probable that men, with the flora and fauna of every zone of the earth, were poured forth, like bees, to people these zones. Now, I wish to show that if that is inspected, it cannot invade the sanctity of any truth recognized by the intuitive sentiment in relation to man, or any demonstrative fact in human experience; and by a single sentence. No matter where we originated, nor when; the unity of the race of man does not depend on the where or the when. Upon what, then, does it depend? Upon his being a man; upon his having the nature of a man. The unity is in the nature, and not in the circumstances and conditions of his origin. No matter, therefore, where he originated, no matter when. Are we not all the offspring of God? And does not a common origin prove a common destiny? The intuitive utterances of past ages have made this declaration sacred. He has made not at one place, nor at one time, but he has made of one blood—the Jewish word for nature. He has made of one blood all the nations that people the earth. I wish you now to realize the point I am making. Doubt even the fact which I state, still you cannot doubt the principle which I illustrate—namely: That in any truth demonstrated if the highest claim of those who have made great and wondrous researches in this department, were recognised to-day by every pulpit and from every throne in the world, it would not effect the grand point of unity that binds man to his fellows. On the contrary, when it shall be seen that the lingual, the tribal, the clannish, the sectarian, and even the national distinctions of men that perpetuate themselves rightly and properly through ages—when it shall be seen that these distinctions do not invade his nature, you have got a basis for a common interest,—above international association, above prejudice and fashion, which is, to-night, the only hope—as God is my witness—the recognition of that single hope, the only hope, amid all the blaze of science in this century, to which I direct my eye when I contemplate the tumultuous tendencies of this age. Then what is the difference between age and age and between country and country? Simply—oh, that as a child I could say it—simply the difference between the realizations in the vast empire of all truth, of one age from another, of one man from another. There is no difference to-night between any two men in this house, or in this world, but in the difference of their realizations in the same common and infinite empire of thought and mind. In the moment you have recognised that, if any thought oppresses you, it is the brightest evidence that God could give you that you have not mustered it.

If you are afraid of the night, go into it and get rid of the fear. If you are afraid of ghosts, and whistle as you pass the church-yard to keep your courage up, think more about ghosts, and you will chase the fancy connected with them, and, perchance, you will touch on the basis of a grand reality. If you are afraid of the investigations of science, investigate more. Your fear arises from the immaturity of your conception. Hence, I say, there is no inharmony in heaven; the house is not divided against itself, to use an oft-repeated expression, or it would come to desolation. The inharmony is in the immaturity of your conception. No matter whether sanctioned by the pulpit, or the throne the conception of man is the only inharmony in the mental universe of God, and every science is demonstrating this fact.

But we come to Chemistry. We all have our favourites. To me this is the greatest of all sciences; because, to me, it includes them all. Chemistry, to me, is simply a recognition on the part of man of the law of affinity. It is the science of affinities; it shows the relation of one element to another, and the conditions under which they may be, or may not be, combined. It shows, therefore, metaphysically estimated, the relations of the diverse and distinct discriminative elements in nature to the whole, and reveals a unity, perfect throughout the whole. Geology is but one of its branches; and when you bring this science,

with the attendant sciences, and branches of science, called anatomy, and physiology, to bear upon your thought, I will tell you what you will realise—you will realise that there is not a single atom of your body, not a single drop of your blood, but what has its relation to every other atom,—to other drops of blood, in every other part of the universe—has its actual law of relation—has its present form of existence—will have its changes under that same law, and you will have formed the basis for a thought than which I am not capable of a grander. There is not a thought in my brain, not an emotion in my heart, not an aspiration associated with my hope, but what has its kindred relation to every other thought, hope, emotion, and aspiration, throughout the infinite empire of mind; and there is the philosophy of spiritual communion. So, then, gentlemen of scientific research, permit me to say to you, with unpretending claim, that to suppose there is war between the actual experiences of the nineteenth century in spiritual communion, and the true and veritable discoveries of scientific research, is simply to admit that your minds (though we talk of the superstitious ignorance of the past) are held in slavery to some conventional conception that does not allow us to be men,—to be men is to think; for what is it that makes a man? Six feet? I have seen men pigmies in stature. What is it, I say, that makes a man? Freedom to think. A word that measures time and eternity—the most ponderous in our language. What gives freedom to think? Unfolding of capacity. Not law; law may protect you in it; God grant that it may do so in this country. But law never made freedom, and never will. My freedom is the exact measure of my capacity to-night. My freedom to see is my eye. Law, senates, parliaments, do not make that eye. My freedom to eat is my capacity to digest, and men are apt to overload that capacity. My freedom to think is my capacity of thought. Now that capacity is under the constant, the never-ceasing operation of the vast empire of mind in all men. If, therefore, you have gained a truth, call it scientific-physical, if you will; call it scientific-metaphysical, if you can; and, if you are not too much afraid, call it spiritual if you must—the moment you have got a truth and are false to it, you become a slave; from that hour no priest, no law, can free you; you must free yourself. Hence, I have stood before your audiences in this country not to advance theories; many suppose there is some policy in that—never was there a greater mistake. I stand there upon the broadest principles of human recognition possible to my mind. Every man must think for himself, or his thought is not worth a stiver.

Suppose he were governed by the mere *ipse dixit* of the day or hour; suppose he were governed by the utterances of the priest, where would he be to-morrow? When I see men poring over the conflicting statements of the press on any given subject that they have never studied or attempted to study, I really have a sympathy for them that no language can express; and if I have to meet such a man to-morrow on the commonest demonstration, either in physical or metaphysical revelations, I have such a work before me, that I would rather do what our president did in his earliest days; I would rather make rails. There is no work equal to it. Why, you are not labouring with that man's capacity; you are labouring with some film that he everlastingly keeps before his eyes. "Oh," says one, "if the press were to represent your side of the question, you would be in favour of the press." No, I would not, if it merely did it because it was thought the popular thing to do so. If the representation calls into exercise your own God-like faculties of discrimination, if reason and judgment are permitted to mature, then you are under spiritual power every moment; your condemnation of yourself is a proof of it, as well as your own solace and satisfaction in the consciousness of duty performed. When the reason is matured, then, and not till then, are you prepared to appropriate truth for your own sake, and stand in strength though the heavens fall. That is the only position that dignifies or makes the true manhood of our nature. You go back over the past ages, and with laudable zeal you bestow honour here and there. That is all very well, but that is simply your conception gathered from the amount of knowledge which you may have.

And now permit me to tell you one reason for supposing there is conflict between truth as discovered by scientific research and truth as discovered in spiritual realisations. I will not go into the common assertion on that subject, and tell you when it happened and who is to be blamed. I have nothing to do with the old controversies of Catholics and Protestants; but I wish to give you the principle from which this supposition originates amongst your people and mine, for we are descended from the same. The great reason is this—when the world was awakened to the realisations of the wonders of science and devoted investigations brought forth from the earth, from the air, from the seas, from the depths of research—working, if you please, the revival of literature and distinguishing the centuries immediately preceding it from those beyond, there was so much of supposed or real folly, tyranny, corruption, and fraud associated with what was called spiritual or religious, that the people rebounded from it, and the pendulum has not got back yet. That is the reason, as everybody knows who has given any attention to the scholasticism of literature from the 15th century to the present. Do I address a man—and I do not designate him for the sake of distinction from another—who calls himself an atheist? I have a word to say to him, but not in a spirit of condemnation or opposition. When I say "God," in view of this great knowledge of the researches of man into the material department of nature—when I speak to this man and say "God," I wish to show him that, through my position, he is compelled to recognise that word. I do not wish him to accept any peculiar views I may have of Divinity, but, as he boasts of science, and stands upon that platform—and often noble men assume some form of error—I wish to show him that the harmony I am seeking to enforce in these imperfect remarks embrace enough to convince him of what I call God. You acknowledge birth, do you not? Do you own that a man is born? Yes. Then all beyond that with me is "God." You acknowledge he dies—you cannot deny it. All beyond that is, also, "God." Now, tell me no more that you cannot receive this word. Who can think of his origin without having the thought reaching back (for he must not confine it to the mere law of generation, from father to father, backwards), he knows not where? That is what I mean by

"God," metaphysically appreciated. Who, as he places the form of the loved, perhaps adored, in the silent clod, does not have his thoughts, whether he will or no, go beyond? That is what I mean by "God;" and I insist upon it with a firmness that is not obstinacy or dogmatism. By the consciousness of a conviction that must irradiate the darkest thoughts of my mind, I insist upon it, that no man can get rid of that position. Now, the conception we may have of that infinity is only our conception; hence the folly of quarrelling about religion. If you do not grant a man his existing conception he will never grant you yours. Therefore, if I do not grant the atheist all the truth he demonstrates I shall not be entitled to respect. It is, therefore, on the basis of experience that we are to meet; we must demonstrate our abstractions or they are nothing. Abstractly, God is nothing; there is no such thing as God. "Oh," says one, "do not say that." Wait for the remainder. Then, intuitively, God is everything, above everything. When I say abstractly He is nothing, the abstraction is your thought. Your thought must be actualised somewhere, or it is only a dream—a pleasant one, a delightful one. You are entitled to it, it makes good poetry.

I rejoice that some men can transcend me in it for it holds me above this dull plodding condition; but, at the same time the actuality of life you have to meet. Birth—you have made it,—you have to meet death, you have to meet severance, a breaking up of all that renders life dear and endearing; and in meeting it, I ask you to meet it not by denying experience, not by clouding all the best hope that has registered its inscriptions in the history of the world, but by applying yourselves to the task of disrobing it of superstition for yourselves and those with whom you are associated. Hence spiritual evidences of this day have done what? To any man who has realised their actuality; to any man who knows that life in form is but one phase of life; to any man who knows that those who have lived to honour and to dignify their nature still live's, that those who have been less fortunate also live to gain the same right and the same claim; the man or woman who knows to-night that this life of his or hers is to be extended indefinitely; that nothing is lost in mind any more than in matter, and I ought to have told you that scientific investigations demonstrate that an atom cannot be destroyed—that annihilation is an absurdity—any man who has such a realisation has one of the grandest truths possible for mind to conceive. That which is true in the loyalty of mind to principle, in the devotion of heart, to right, in the sacredness of virtue, is true for ever. And I ask you, as sensible men, if there is a principle enunciated in the creeds of this age superior to that, to elevate, to dignify, and to beautify all that makes life desirable? It is true for ever. Hence every man must attain this truth in the possession of a common nature. He that has it must ultimately grow up to its appreciation; and he grows beneath the dew of a mother's thought, though he may have buried her form twenty years ago; beneath the sisterly affection that no longer ministers at the altar as once it did. But, oh, miserable conception, of a sublimely related universe, which now, from the scientific researches of the age, is not to us as perfectly blended in all its diversities and departments—oh! miserable conception! If all that which made the love that held me to my mother's breast, to my father's wisdom, to my brother's strength and affection, to my sister's sympathy, is lost, or placed in some feeble, selfish heaven. 'Tis a dream and the sooner vanished the better. They live to mingle with my thought. Why did they die in the flesh? Have they lost any power by ascending above this gross condition? Surely not. In the exact position in which spirit ascends above form or condition, it holds subordinate the dition through which it may pass, that it may from the ascent minister to that position, precisely as a father ministers to a child, he himself having been once a child. So grant the ascent of spirit above fleshy form; it still ministers. But you say you do not realise it. Whence came your thought? Why walk you beneath the heavens so sadly oppressed? Why, again, delighted with your conceptions? Why do you feel all as dry as dust? Why do you feel it when you have to go over the old arguments of past theology, however good or great they were in their day? Because within you there is an upspringing thought that asks for unfoldment, that begs for development, asks for projection; and the moment you have gained it your faith no longer rests upon another. The inviolability of your own nature to yourself alone is established, and God and man are at last recognised as one and, inseparable—not one in the past, not one in the future, but one in the eternal present. God, working in all, and working out of all conditions, the image of himself in all that makes the hope you bear or the trust you cherish.

Here then, ladies and gentlemen, through this course of rapid thought we have brought you in this direction, I trust to one single conception, and that is that all truth is one. You give it names, because of certain particular forms in which our researches have been directed. If we direct our research to the heavens, it is "astronomical," if to the earth "geological," if to the functions of the human body "physical," if to the structure of the body "anatomical," and if to the study of the origin of man "paleontological." Truth then, you see, is the same. It is immortal. All truth is eternal in Divinity, in that which goes before birth, and in that which follows after birth, which comprehends the little span you call "this life," from the cradle to the grave. Our realisations of that truth will be legitimate or right, however perfect or imperfect they may be. But they are no standard, because no conception can be a finality. All science is one. Religious science, and physical science, will be found to be a unity. All nations are one—one in nature I mean,—the difference of their distinction makes all that tends to the progress and elevation of humanity. All nature is one. The diversity of her manifestations does not effect her unity. Now, one illustration of that. What is the unity of my body? Here is a tangible form before you—we will not talk of spirit now. What is the unity of my body? That it has a unity you cannot deny. I move, and all moves. Then, what is the unity of my body? The free and perfect exercise of every member thereof,—not that my hand is my foot, nor that one member is another, but that each filling its legitimate function—makes the unity of the whole. What is the unity of nature? Her infinite diversity. There is unity in nothing—remember it—I would rather leave you that thought than any memory of my person, than anything that may characterise me in your minds—there is unity in nothing, save in its

diversity. All nature is diverse, or she would not be. When, therefore, you recognise the legitimate office of that which may be adverse to you, it will assume quite a different aspect from what it did before. This adverse conception may be difficult to you, but the moment you have mastered it that moment it ministers to you. Steam misapplied carries death and desolation in its course, but if mastered and directed aright, it spreads peace and plenty all over the earth.

The discoveries of science are linking the distant countries of the world into one great city, and enabling men to contemplate the very antipodes, with comparative ease and celerity. When, therefore, we contemplate the fact that all true discoveries—not pretensions—all actuality of knowledge, tend to blend together what seemed not only separate but antagonistic, brings, as it were, the contrasted seasons of the year into one beautiful round, brings the orb'd universe to send forth one common anthem of praise to the intelligence that sustains, and holds, and perfects all—when you realise that thought, then you will know that all that marks mind in its most immature, seemingly false and contradictory conceptions, are at last links of the great chain of human unfolding, and the inscriptions on man's nature, undenied and undeniable, independent of the facts claimed by spiritual evidences in this day, are the proof that all science tends to the spiritual, which is the universal and the eternal.

But some men may say, "I do not understand you." I feel that. "What do you mean," they ask, "by the inscription on man's nature, independent of the evidences of Spiritualism?" I will tell you. The first thing I mean is instinct. He has that whereby he places himself to the snowy fountain of his mother's breast. Or if you wish for a further analysis, I will say he has sensation. You do not deny that. He cries He has instinct next; that instinct unfolds knowledge. We know there is no effect without a cause. How could sensation unfold into instinct if there were not a cause at the back of it all, operating constantly, for which you need make no provision. You need not provide light in this universe in the day-time. The energies of the mind are made, and light flows in. It is not merely what the mother says—which makes its impression; but there is something back of it that makes other impressions. Sensation unfolds into instinct, instinct into thought, thought into feeling, affection blooms amid sorrows and rejoicings; we have the positive and negative—vibrating continually. Now, what makes the genius? Simply a more refined unfolding of those inscriptions—oh! you will not think me merely professional when I say it—of Almighty God upon every human being, nothing less. Metaphysical science, when it denies it, is simply stupid; your science, when it ignores it, is simply absorbed, engrossed, like a miser for his gold, forgetting wife, and children, and country. So the scientific may be absorbed in what is a laudable and honest investigation so as to deny the inscription of an infinite hand upon every fibre of the body, upon every atom of his bones, upon every drop in his circling veins, as well upon every instinct, sensibility, and affectional unfolding of his nature. You can legitimatise and render lawful every affection, thought, feeling, emotion of your nature. Do you not see it? And the legitimacy of your right is the unfolding of the capacity. And your law, your judge, your society—are what? When exercising their legitimate function, they are the protectors of the unfolding capacity of their people. When they cease to be that, the capacity turns inwards. Look to my own country as a picture, a sad one, to-day; there you have it. You had it here 100 years ago. In the degree in which you protect the unfolding capacity of your child—she may be a spiritual medium, if so you have a responsibility you never dreamt of—in the degree in which you protect her from idle curiosity, from false estimates, from mere trifling, for the tendency here in human nature is the same—oh! do think me sincere when I say that many have made a toy, a plaything, of the noblest gift God ever bestowed upon their nature, and the result is before the world,—but in the degree in which you protect them by simply being a student along a new line of mental realization, in that degree you may bless yourself, your house, and friends; and you may realise that over the archway of the grave hosts of the beatified, and the elevated, and the true, form as it were an encircling rainbow of hope from which they are depositing the light of a new and a brighter day, whose ascending morn is recognised in this our century, amid all the conflict of the ages, and whose meridian of blended science and religion, of blended hope and endeavour, of blended thought and feeling, bind soul to soul in that long-wished-for, and yet eternal brotherhood of man. As that meridian, I say, ascends, it challenges my admiration. Anew I dedicate myself to it; 'tis my only hope; 'tis your only hope. The meridian of that day will show no antagonism, in God's great empire, but from the feeblest to the loftest attainments, each will be irradiated and blessed by the descending light of ascending spirits. Yes, you can have ascending spirits giving to you their sad experiences, that they may save you from the same—giving you their glad experiences that they may solace you where no other heart of hope can minister. Oh! with such a thought to illuminate your prospects, can you, members of this Lycæum, be otherwise than true to the experiences which you have so fondly and devotedly cherished? I feel my heart beat symphonious, and my soul is at one with yours, when I say that no man, no matter how feeble his struggle to see how God unites his race, so to speak, independent of those sad and dreadful differences that often lead to war, and the heaviest form of desolation; may find peace and joy and comfort, where they could not previously be bestowed. And, then, ye men of boasted science, instead of standing afar off from these noble and ennobling struggles of human experience, and with folded arms, crying out "Bosh! all from the spirits is unworthy respect," you would remember that you are spirits, and perchance did you give the weight of your character, your clever research to the condition you despise, you would realise a truth that has vainly sought recognition at every stage of your own progress.

I wished to show that all that is true in the so-called spiritual facts of this day will be found in harmony with every discovery in all departments of the sciences that give dignity and glory to our century; and as all truth, they are tending to the union of all the diversified interests of a common humanity.

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