

THE

# SPRITUAL 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.

## THE CHELTENHAM FORCES FOILED.

CHELTENHAM is down on the list of English towns which have disgraced themselves by mobbing. Henceforth, in all the histories of English civilization, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Leeds, and last, but not least, Cheltenham, will be held up as specimens of the nineteenth century enlightenment—that is, if the historians are faithful to their mission. The Davenport Brothers have become heroes, and very near martyrs; all through England their name is known, and excitement runs high in the discussion of their peculiar claims. We cannot expect any new principle or idea to advance free from obstructions; neither is it desirable, seeing that progress gains strength from antagonism. But we do expect life and property to be protected. What intellect fails to discover, brutality is not likely to find. It needs no wondrous wisdom to know this; yet respectable men presume not to test by fair tests, but to destroy the necessary conditions of all tests, and to yell, destroy cabinets, and endanger the lives of the mediums—this was done at Liverpool and Leeds. We had hoped that the fact of two cabinets being smashed would have been sufficiently satisfactory, as regards "the secret springs and clandestine machinery," to have saved the brothers from a renewal of such barbaric processes. But vain our hope. Cheltenham climaxed the rowdiness of the north; and not only threatened injury, but actually injured the person of Ira Davenport—he and his brother were tied with all the rope the committee brought with them, and all the rope belonging to the brothers. The process of tying was skilful, but scientifically cruel. Three quarters of an hour was the time taken to secure them. The cabinet doors were closed upon them. The committee were satisfied their knots were Gordians which neither spirit nor flesh could untie. The immense audience, without a spark of sympathy for the brothers, cracked their ironical jokes, refused to allow the gas to be lowered, and grow boisterously impatient. The mediums were released in twenty-seven minutes. But Ira Davenport, owing to the length of time the knots had been on, the closeness of the cabinet, and the exhausting effects resulting from the light, was in a fainting condition, and eventually became delirious. He stated that whilst he was fainting, John King took the tambourine and fanned him. This was a sympathetic act very creditable to John.

The length of rope and skilful knots which had been placed by a practised hand upon the brothers, like the celebrated "Tom fool's knot," were proved, even under unfavourable conditions, to be useless. The brothers triumphed and the "gods" applauded. Thus, by Divine ordering, rowdiness was defeated and turned to enthusiastic admiration.

We trust this will teach, not only Cheltenham, but all England a lesson. Cheltenham seems to us to nurse her old-fashioned institutions with a degree of jealousy. Mr. Holyoake lately went there, after an absence of thirteen years, to lecture, but his lecture was suppressed; he determined to deliver the suppressed lecture, but was obliged to return to London, having been foiled and robbed to the tune of his expenses. In his case the law of force was applied to save the town from losing faith in immortality. But what inconsistency! The Davenports were mobbed for endeavouring to give the town faith in immortality.

Of course, the papers have been, with one or two exceptions, silent on the subject of the Davenport triumph at Cheltenham: they are ready enough to insert damaging reports. This is a free country, and we have a free press; the freedom of the country generates mobs—the freedom of the press, scandal. But we do not lose sight of the many other results of our freedom, which might be expatiated on by the poet and philosopher as marking our nation great. Whilst, however, the Davenports are subjected to disturbances, their property destroyed and their lives jeopardised—and, to crown all, the press sides with the mobs; what can we say of the freedom, either of the nation or its press, other than that they are veritable shams?

We have, however, still faith, as we said last week, in England's sense of justice. We cannot believe mobbing will be the order of the future as well as the present. The reaction of feeling came at Cheltenham, and it will yet come in other parts of England. In plain words, the Davenports will make their honesty felt. It is not in the nature of mobs to extinguish the eternal spark of living truth; but they may make it burn the brighter, and possibly that is their mission, although they are too blind to recognise it. Were the Davenports simple mountebanks, they could not, for an hour, venture before the public after their late receptions in the north. But with a consciousness of integrity equal to the heroism of ancient times, they still hold themselves prepared to demonstrate the fact that unseen intelligences live and move in our midst.

We trust sincerely the Davenports will be allowed to give their exhibitions with the same freedom that is allowed to mountebanks. That is all we ask. No person is obliged to enter their halls if their exhibition is of an objectionable character to him; but when there, he is bound, in common fairness, to recognise their conditions, and above all, to protect them from insult and theft. No battle with material conditions ever demanded more sacrifice and fierce conflict than the battle of Spiritualism. It requires all our courage and discretion, but if we have faith in our principles, we must have faith in God; and can we believe He will desert us? Let us, then, be true to ourselves—true to each other—and then, although our mediums are ignored by the press, their cabinets smashed, and their integrity impugned, we shall feel secure, since neither death, nor time, nor principalities, nor powers, can annihilate facts which are adamantine bulwarks of our glorious cause. If logic be the weapon necessary to defeat our foes, let us use it. If manly self-sacrifice and noble endurance—aye—even

martyrdom be necessary, what need the Spiritualist fear? Does he not know that he lives in eternity? That in proportion as he is devoted to his recognitions of truth will he realize in the future glorious results.

#### A NEW PHYSICAL BOY MEDIUM.

Within the last few days a little boy, between nine and ten years of age, named William Terketine, a mere child in his manner, giving no idea of precocity, living with his uncle, Mr. W. J. Champernowne, at Kingston-on-Thames, has been discovered to possess mediumistic powers of an extraordinary physical kind. He has been tied in a chair placed in a darkened room, and has been released by invisible fingers, ropes have been placed at his feet and he has been more elaborately secured than he had been before; he has held a violin in such a manner that his own hands could not touch the strings, and it has been played; he has likewise held a flute at arms' length, and it has been made to discourse notes—likewise an accordion held by him in one hand has been played. He is a good writing medium, and gets strong table-tilting. We have been to Kingston; and from what we have witnessed, and the testimony of persons who vouch for these facts, we have no hesitation in placing them before our readers. If all we state be true—which everything we saw and heard goes to favour—we have in this boy an evidence that manifestations, similar to those of the Davenports, are not confined to them.

On Tuesday evening some friends assembled at the Spiritual Lyceum to witness the mediumship of Master Terketine. He was placed in the centre of our room, with the ropes at his feet; the gas was extinguished; the whole company left the room, excepting a little fellow less than himself, who was permitted by the spirits to sit on the sofa a considerable distance from him. We distinctly heard the ropes being fastened about his limbs. The little boy on the sofa we knew did not move, because we distinctly heard him talking to the medium during the operation, and there could be no mistake as to his whereabouts. When we entered the room and relit the gas—there, sure enough, sat little Terketine, bound securely to his chair. The gas was again lowered, and in due course he was released from the ropes. One or two sounds like the cawing of birds were heard; nothing further of importance transpired at this sitting; but we doubt not, had curiosity not been too prominent on the part of the numerous company, other manifestations would have been given. We are informed by the boy's uncle that, at a sitting which took place in Kingston, the medium's coat was taken off, and, by request, his waistcoat followed suit. That numerous birds described by the medium were heard by the circle. It seems to us there is great promise in this boy. If his friends will only guard his peculiar mediumship from the idle curiosity both of friends and foes, and cultivate it with judgment, at no very distant period he may be submitted to tests which cannot be successfully applied at present.

We had no distrust from the first of the genuineness of the Brothers and Mr. Fay; everything we have witnessed since, has only confirmed our faith. Now that a medium promises we feel it our duty to encourage him, not in a spirit of rivalry to the Davenports, but in the way of a common truth. The more mediums, whose powers can be demonstrated, the better; and we cannot doubt but the invisible intelligences will develop others. The sceptical mind of England needs proofs, irrefragable proofs of spirit-power; but the misfortune is that it ever aims to overturn the conditions necessary to its conversion. This is the strongest fortress Spiritualists have to batter down.

#### MISS CHAPMAN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

We have been favoured with sittings of late with Miss Chapman, of Huddersfield. She is a trance medium of no mean order; her replies to questions are always pointed, sometimes witty, and never tedious. She likewise sings, or to speak correctly, is made to sing very sweetly. Her organism seems extremely pliable to the mysterious messengers controlling her.

#### LECTURE AT THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

Thomas Brevior, (author of the "Two Worlds,") gave a very instructive and exceedingly interesting lecture at the Lyceum Hall on Sunday evening last. He answered the question so often asked—What is the good of Spiritualism? Those who heard him will not, we are convinced, easily forget the masterly manner in which he chopped up the logic of our clever opponents. At the close of the lecture short speeches were delivered by Mr. J. H. Powell, Mr. Spear, Dr. Ferguson and others. A vote of thanks to the lecturer closed the proceedings. We regret not being able to report the lecture.

#### A FACT FROM HAMBURG.

We copy the following from an Hamburg paper of January 23rd of this year. Unfortunately, a friend who sent it to us only clipped out the incident, so that we do not know the name of the paper, or we would have given it. It is entitled cautiously "Sonderbares Zutreffin," Curious Coincidence.

A woman in Oppendorf, formerly a nurse in the hospital, but now married, has had the care of a child, the mother of which was in the general hospital, Hamburg. Day before yesterday an official went to the nurse to enquire after its state. For sometime nothing had been heard of the mother, and the official said to the nurse, "It is quite necessary that I should go and see the mother." "Don't trouble yourself," said the nurse, in a firm tone; "She died to-night." The officer went away to the town-house, but as nothing of the kind was known there, he returned to the nurse and said, "How do you know that the mother is dead?" "Well," replied the nurse, "She appeared to me to-night; passed her ice-cold hand over my face, and spoke affectionately to me." "And is it on this that you believe her to be dead?" said the official. "Yes, certainly," replied the nurse. "But, good woman," added the official, "That is merely a vague fancy, and totally unworthy of reliance." The nurse, smiling compassionately and shrugging her shoulders, replied in a tone of the fullest conviction—"No, sir, there is no doubt at all about it; I have experienced the same thing for many years; and such an appearance never deceives me."

The official saw that it was no use contending with her; he returned to the city, and communicated what had taken place to the proper officer. "At all events," said the officer, "It is necessary that the mother of the child should be seen." "Certainly," said the official, and went away to the general hospital. On enquiring there for the mother of the child, and desiring to speak with her, the answer, taking him with no little surprise, was—"You come too late, she died in the night."

Thus the nurse in the village at a distance, knew the fact of the death before the people just near the invalid in the city, and stated another fact which ought to set some people a-thinking a little—namely, that such announcements had been usual to her for years; only they are the simple ones, who have no pride to support, who have the use of their faculties—have eyes to see and ears to hear what the "Spirit saith to the churches," and to individuals too.

#### MR. ADDISON.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Mr. Howitt's letter in your last number, coupled with the disclaimer in the *Morning Star* written by Mr. Addison himself, made an impression upon me similar to that which was probably produced in the majority of your readers; and I have on several occasions lately heard expressions of regret and sympathy with Mr. Coleman that, in an unguarded moment, he should have allowed himself to be victimised by a bit of Stock Exchange chaff, which, although it would leave the Davenport controversy pretty well as it found it, could not fail to be somewhat humiliating and vexatious to Mr. Coleman. The matter, however, assumes a new aspect. I have just read the correspondence that passed between Mr. Addison and Mr. Coleman, and have also learned that the statements made by the latter gentleman in the *Spiritual Magazine* far from being based, as I feared, upon the assertions of persons who might be imagined to have purposely exaggerated and distorted facts, for the sake of getting up a little fun at the expense of an unpopular subject—just as the *Morning Star* purposely overrated Mr. Tolmaque's achievements in a recent notorious puff—were derived from the testimony of persons whose known position, intelligence, and—I will add—fidelity to the cause your journal is interested in, make the idea of any deception almost inconceivable.

Will you allow me to suggest, therefore, that, until this question has been more thoroughly ventilated, and Mr. Addison has been compelled either to acknowledge that his "word of honour" as to the non-existence of confederacy, duplicate keys and mechanical contrivances, must go for nought, or that his strange achievements have, after all, been produced by an influence beyond his control and comprehension, and one which his peculiar position in the Stock Exchange renders him afraid to admit—Spiritualists and the public generally will do well to reserve any very decided opinion concerning the amount of credulity Mr. Coleman has displayed.

I am, &c.,

14th March, 1865.

H. A. RUDALL.

## ON DIVINE AID UPON EARTH.

By the Author of "A Few Words on the Pentateuch," &amp;c.

(Continued from page 68)

But here I must protest against being misunderstood, as having in view the purpose of undermining the Christian faith; I hold to its truths, doctrines and principles as firmly as any one possibly can do; but like the Ebionites as some of the early Jewish converts to Christianity were called, and the modern sects known by the names of Socinians and Unitarians, I believe only in the humanity of Christ; I think this restricted belief absolutely needful to the peace and welfare of mankind. It was from having allowed authority to supersede the dictates of reason, that the wrongs and sufferings of mankind have arisen, and the clerical caste has been permitted in support of its pretended mission from the Almighty to shed a sea of human blood. I need only recall to the reader's remembrance the Inquisition of Rome, which is said to have destroyed 70,000 persons; the crusade against the Albigenses in the South of France in which at least an equal number of victims were destroyed; and the horrible massacre of the Vaudois in their native vallies. Without doubt they can remember that many martyrs were made in this country; and even so late as the reign of James the Second, five hundred persons were put to death in our western counties, for being Presbyterians and Republicans; in fact, for adopting the very principles and organisation of primitive Christianity; principles to which, as they effected Christian brotherhood and equality, were probably intended to be secured by the sacred injunction of 'community of goods which has been forgotten or ignored by modern Christians.

It cannot be too much insisted on, that reason, though occasionally erring, is the only reliable guide of the human conduct. Had reason been allowed fair play, it seems impossible so many persons could have been destroyed on account of abstract points of faith. Religion at present is so unfaithful and hypocritical, that it does nothing to put an end to the enormity of war, and thereby disregards the common brotherhood of humanity. If the sword is ever to be converted into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook, which is certainly humanly possible; it can only happen through the triumph of reason over false religion and the subjecting in all respects, the tyranny of a class to the principles of humanity and justice. If we had listened to reason, indeed, we should already have enjoyed a satisfactory Christian garden, from which the weeds called works of the flesh, (Gal. 5c. 19v.) would have been rooted out, and the fruits of the Spirit have taken their place, for every one knows that these will not grow in soured, sterile or rocky ground, but require good ground, with depth of soil and careful cultivation. In the trying time of spring, also, they need protection against the frosts of disappointment, and at other seasons from the blights of hopelessness and despair.

Let us consider what reason has done for mankind, who were originally created naked savages; it has clothed them in sumptuous garments woven with extreme ingenuity, from both animal and vegetable substances; it has sheltered them from the weather in warm comfortable and even splendid habitations; appropriated for their food the whole animal creation of birds, beasts and fishes; converted a worthless weed of the sea shore into bread, the staff of life, other plants into wholesome vegetables, and the wild productions of the forest into the delicious fruits that regale our palates, whilst by their antiputrescent juices, they continue to preserve our health. It has enabled man to perforate the ground and extract from the bowels of the earth, coal, and the useful metals; by the aid of fire to forge them for his use, and then to make them effective in converting to useful purposes the grand discoveries of the powers of steam and electricity. I need but allude to the more wonderful and glorious results of intellectual application and perseverance in establishing the laws of astronomy and geography. If religion had not stood in the way, reason would have organised the populations of all civilised countries; distributed through the whole mass of the people health, comfort and contentment, and elevate them by intellectual and spiritual blessings.

Reason and experience tell us that there is no personal God; supreme, omnipotent and eternal (such as Christians have been taught to believe in) governing and protecting the creatures he had formed with wisdom, mercy and benevolence; yet of Gods in the shape of churches or religious systems in the scripture sense of the word (see Josh. 24c. 15v., Jud. 10c. 6v., Micah 4c. 5v. and 1st. Corin. 8c. 5v.) there is no lack; and I think it can be traced, that in past times the leading minds of these associations gratified themselves upon and afterwards identified themselves with the idea of God the Creator, at least so far as to pretend that they acted as His servants and by His express command. Some suppose that this was a pious fraud designed alone for the welfare of society, as it enabled churches to place restraint upon the conduct of evilly disposed people: I must say I think this is a mistake. In all those parts of the world that have been known to Europeans at a comparatively recent period, such as China, Japan, New Zealand, Ceylon, the Sandwich Islands and Mexico, we found an aristocracy consisting of priests and nobles; and there can be little doubt, that in the spiritual, as in the temporal world, it contrived things for its own superour elevation and the depression and robbery of the mass of the people. If it be asked, how could they do this, of course no perfectly convincing answer can be given, as this can only come from the spiritual world, which is not accustomed to reveal much to man in his fleshy state; yet the truth may be guessed pretty nearly. The investigations of Spiritualists amongst all peoples and nations, have made it a matter of certainty that spiritual life is universally distributed. It is a reasonable conclusion to draw, therefore, from this circumstance, that spiritual life was an original gift to man from his Creator, as well as free intergence; and if this be so, we may assume it as probable, that it may have been very considerably developed and improved upon by countless generations that must have succeeded each other down the stream of time, long before the invention of written language. In support of this view, I must quote the text of Genesis, which says, that man did not remain in his primitive state, and that all flesh had corrupted its way before God. Also judging by what man is in the present age of globe, and probably always was, we may conclude that as the antecede-

dent generations had the succeeding ones wholly at their mercy from birth until death; the more intelligent and designing amongst the former would be moved by the ordinary feelings of pride, malice, and selfishness to destroy the republicanism of nature; to make the mass of the people inferior in mind and spirit to themselves, and make use of them in all ways that they could contrive for their own aggrandisement; also, that they would allow a certain number only to attain eternal salvation. This is merely a probability, but the testimony of many passages in Scripture, make it almost amount to an article of belief, particularly that in which we are told (Matt. 10c. 25v.) to fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell, and that in which Christ (Matt. 23c. 4v. and Luke 11c. 46v.) condemns the Scribes and Pharisees for laying heavy burdens on the people. It is probable the spiritual world is just the counterpart of the world of the flesh, as man must take with him thither his mind, character and disposition; it is difficult to conceive that it can be otherwise; the priest, the lawyer, the medical man will be there, much as they are here. The spirits of good and benevolent men will be a blessing to their brothers in the flesh, whilst spirits of an opposite character must be the reverse; indeed, it is a fact, that spirits of the latter class are continually afflicting mankind in all imaginable ways, opposing their proper salvation, depriving them of health and strength of body, grieving their hearts and crushing their affections, injuring their mental faculties, tempting people to lose character and social position, to waste their property, to indulge in criminal desires. Some spirits use our tongues to our shame or detriment, all which things they are enabled to do with great facility, because unsuspected where people hold to materialism and disbelieve in spiritual existence. If we contemplate the social position of many of our fellow creatures here, we shall not wonder at their becoming curses to us in the spiritual state. We have seen already that religion has its evils, and we read besides, that St. Paul in a figurative sense delivered unruly christian disciples over to Satan for the gratification of his anger and vengeance; doubtless every church has its ferocious gang of ruffians attached to it for similar purposes; these increase in number according to the increase of conflicting religious bodies, and if we add to this large number the evil-minded retainers attached to political parties, we may reckon upon a vast sun total of spirits taking their journey annually to the wrong side of the spiritual world; and that many more take with them feelings so embittered and envenomed by privations, miseries or sufferings endured more or less undeservedly, that they cannot be expected to be serviceable to humanity in after time (Corin. 11 20v).

(To be continued.)

Extract from WELD'S *Last Winter in Rome*, relating to Mr. Thackeray.

The following, told by Mr. Weld, will surprise many readers; but we could mention the names of other living men, well known to fame, who have shown themselves as utterly incapable of comprehending the laws of evidence, when the supposed supernatural is in question, as the author of *Vanity Fair*. The first sentence should also be noted, as a specimen of Mr. Weld's slipshod English. Of course his meaning is that men of education imagine themselves favoured by spiritual manifestations:—

Nothing [he says] is more surprising than the manner in which persons of education and keen perception are either deluded by the tricks of jugglers, or are favoured by real spiritual manifestations. I remember well meeting the late Mr. Thackeray at a large dinner-party, shortly after the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*, then edited by him, of the paper entitled "Stranger than Fiction." In this paper, as will be remembered by many readers, a detailed account was given of a spiritual *séance*, at which Mr. Home performed, or caused to be performed many surprising things, the most astounding being his floating in the air above the heads of persons in the room. There were several scientific men at the dinner-party, all of whom availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to reproach Mr. Thackeray with having permitted the paper in question to appear in a periodical of which he was editor—holding, as he did, the highest rank in the world of letters. Mr. Thackeray, with that imperatible calmness which he could so well assume, heard all that was said against him and the paper in question, and thus replied: "It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but, had you seen what I have witnessed, you would hold a different opinion." He then proceeded to inform us that, when in New York at a dinner-party, he saw the large and heavy dinner-table, covered with decanters, glasses, dishes, plates—in short, everything appertaining to dessert—rise fully two feet from the ground, the *modus operandi* being, as he alleged, spiritual force. No possible jugglery, he declared was or could have been employed on the occasion; and he felt so convinced that the motive force was supernatural, that he then and there gave in his adhesion to the truth of Spiritualism, and consequently accepted the article on Mr. Home's *séance*. Whether Mr. Thackeray thought differently before he died, I cannot say; but this I know, that every possible argument was used by those present to endeavour to shake his faith in Mr. Home's spiritual manifestations, which were, as they declared, after all but sorry performances compared to the surprising tricks of Houdin or Frikell.—*Saturday Review*, February 25th, 1865.

## WORDS OF BALM FOR SUFFERING HUMANITY.

FROM A RELEASED SPIRIT.

From the beginning of the world we may perceive how many troubles and sorrows have fallen to the lot of man; even to those who appear to have been worthy of a very different fate. Indeed, it may be even sometimes imagined that the good have more to endure than the bad, but how can we know and judge of the internal feelings of any one?

Real happiness is from the interior, not from external surroundings; therefore, those who, in a worldly point of view, may appear the most unfortunate—may, in reality, be the most happy; and let no one doubt of the love and mercy of the Lord, whatever may be the privations, or the griefs which may overwhelm him.

Let him act justly, and look into his own heart to find comfort and happiness; this he will most assuredly find, if he act according to the precept laid down, to love God and to do to others as he would be done by. The longest life is but short, and when the end is come, of how little consequence it will appear, in what station that life has been passed, or what hardships may have been endured.

Let each reflect on this subject, and, I think, the spirit of envy and discontent will be banished from the world. How many hours of discomfort would be saved, if each person would endeavour to make light of small troubles, to repress irritable feelings, and instead of being angry at small omissions of others, to bear such things patiently, and to endeavour to soften to others the crosses they may have to bear. By doing so, how much happiness would be spread around, and each one might become, in this manner, a ministering angel, and, like the sun, shed his rays of happiness around, and also feel them in his own heart.

More of the misery of mankind arises from the want of forbearance in trifles than from real misfortunes. The small discomforts which arise from the humours of others wear and distress, whereas the mind rises up to support itself against a great or real trouble. Thus let each do his part in speaking words of comfort, which will soothe and drop like balm into the wounded spirit.

If we examine the actions of Christ we shall find Him healing the sick and dropping words of consolation at the same time. We never find Him using harsh expressions, even to sinners—all His words are gentle, and calculated rather to persuade sinners to repent than to frighten. Is it not better to lead by love than to drive by a rod of iron? One will induce repentance, the other will harden, and perhaps confirm in evil.

When Christ also installed his disciples in their office, it was one of mercy and kindness. He gave them power to heal the sick, and preach the gospel to all. We also see his kindness when Peter wounded the servant when He was betrayed. His words were—"Put up thy sword," and He healed the wound; His last words were also those of mercy to the thief crucified with Him. They were—"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" and before He passed away, His words were, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Let us all strive to merit this forgiveness by casting off our sins.

I think more need hardly be said. It would be needless to repeat all the kind expressions used by our Lord, as they can be read in the New Testament; and if we consider the longest life must end after a few years, and we leave this world and all and everything in it, and that then shall we be, through the goodness and mercy of our Lord, rewarded according to our actions in the state of life in which the Almighty had placed us. God will judge, and it will be seen that the duties of some have been very different to the duties of others. Things will appear in their true light.

Many who have suffered punishment by man's judgment will be exonerated by God's, and many who have gone through the world glorying in their pride, and keeping clear from condemnation by the laws of man, will find their dishonourable and wicked actions laid bare before the laws of God. Let, then, the suffering recollect the words of our Lord—"Come unto me, ye heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Let each, then, strive earnestly and cheerfully, for such must be the end. S. J.

The foregoing essay was written through the hand of a very near relative who is a writing medium. The title of it was originally proposed by the spirit-author as a general title to my records of spirit-communication through that method, on the 8th of November, 1858, but was subsequently replaced by a more simple and applicable name; and the essay was substituted under the title, and written in scraps on the evenings of the 9th, 10th, 12th, and fourteenth of the same month and year. From its simple diction and quiet tone—so eminently characteristic of its author—once a country clergyman, it may interest the reader.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, March 14th, 1865.

## THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR.—As I perceive by the London papers that the Davenport Brothers are with you, and knowing, by experience, the great variety of opposing opinions that their extraordinary manifestations have called forth, even here, in America, where believers in the spiritual origin of the phenomena are "plenty as blackberries," I submit to you as an addenda to other of the Davenport marvels, two rather unusual manifestations of "the power" and its *modus operandi*.

Ira and William Davenport (in accordance with the general practices of the law, the church, etc., in connexion with spiritual manifestations) have been subject to every species of insult, persecution, and injustice, that the civilized and christian community could inflict, within the pale of the law, and of the peculiar modes of obedience to the apostolic charge "to try the spirits," resorted to in the case of "the Brothers," has been to arrest and try them in several sections of country, for performing "juggling tricks without a licence." The Brothers, by payment of a fine, could easily have evaded the penalty inflicted "by justice" on their offence, but by the advice of the spirits, they invariably refused the tender of their many friends and admirers to do this; alleging that they might be compelled to yield obedience to violence, but would never sanction illegal law, by paying the fine.

In pursuance of this resolve, the Davenports submitted to the disgrace (?) of imprisonment in several instances, for having perpetrated the enormous offence of sitting tied hand and foot, whilst the disembodied souls of dead men, telegraphed to each the intelligence that they still lived. It was on the occasion of their imprisonment in Oswego Jail, New York State, the following *seance* took place.

The Davenport Brothers had as usual been tried and convicted of the felony of proving immortality, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in Oswego Jail. Somehow the committal had an odd effect on the citizens of Oswego, who (instead of being deterred from following in the baneful footsteps of the culprits, by a warning of their awful fate,) not only visited them and filled their cells with presents of fruit, flowers, books, and testimonials of every kind, but testified their abhorrence of their crime by encouraging them to its repetition by holding *seances* in the precincts of the prison cell itself. On a certain Monday evening, I, in company with my mother, a lady, and two gentlemen who ranked amongst the oldest and most respectable citizens of the town, went to visit the boys, in their cell, they having expressed a desire to see me during my stay in Oswego, where I was delivering Sabbath-day lectures for the Spiritualists' Society. Shortly after my arrival, I was introduced with my friend into the cell by the warden of the prison, Mr. P., who informed us that, though after hours, he was willing to oblige us beyond his custom. Our party completely filled the cell; and Mr. P., the jailer or warden, who seemed on friendly terms with the Messrs. Davenport and my companions, stationed himself at the open door of the cell. I had not been seated above five-minutes when I perceived, in the glowing light of the evening, several spirits in our midst, whose company was both unlooked-for and unknown to the rest of the party. Amongst them was one of particularly grotesque appearance; he looked like what they call, in New York, a regular "rowdy," was dressed in an old tarnished military suit, much too small for him, but worn with ludicrous affectation of finery. On his head appeared an old battered general's hat, with a broken feather, and, altogether, an odder or more comic looking genius I never beheld on any stage, while the swagger which he assumed in strutting about the cell, completed a marked and singular individuality. On describing what I saw to the Messrs. Davenport, they at once explained—"The figure you describe must be a spirit who calls himself General Murch; he is evidently dressed up in honour of you, and his presence and readiness to appear betokens that he wishes us to hold a circle." At this intimation, Mr. P., our worthy jailer, declared that his feelings were so hurt by our irreverent mention of spirits, that he must withdraw, and thought the best thing he could do in the absence of a magistrate to commit us was to lock us up, adding, however, that in respect to me as "the Spiritualists' Minister," he would leave us some instruments of music to amuse ourselves with; thereupon, he pushed into the cell a guitar, tambourine, horns, a drum, and several other instruments commonly used in such circles. Before quitting us, he expressed his decided opinion that we should all eventually come to be hanged, and to illustrate this belief more forcibly, he threw in a large coil of new rope, as suggestive of our fate. This done, he shut, locked, and bolted the door, leaving us with the instruments aforesaid, a lamp, and box of matches, all of which looked as if the said jailer was pretty well aware of what was to follow. All "secure," however, we proceeded to make the best use of our time, the first occupation of which on my own part and that of my two gentlemen friends (one of whom was an old sea captain) was to tie

the Messrs. Davenport to their chairs and then again to staples in the wall, all of which consumed nearly thirty minutes, solved were we to secure ourselves against any imposition. I must reiterate my assertion about the size of the cell, which was so completely filled up by our party that I, who was crowded in between the two mediums, must have felt the slightest movement made by either of them.

Unless, then, my very much astonished and considerably frightened mother and lady friend were the performers, or the magistrate, one of my male companions, or the venerable old sceptical sea captain the other, turned jugglers for the *séance*, invisible, numerous, and very strong hands were there busy enough in that cell to play several of the instruments at once, whirl them in the air, and perform noise, music, and indescribable feats of the usual character at these circles, with a power and rapidity marvellous enough had we all engaged in the fun instead of cowering in tremulous *statu quo*.

Several times, at the request of the spirits, a light was struck, and the knots which still confined the boys to the iron rings, &c., carefully inspected. The spirits favoured us with some conversation through the horn, principally addressed to myself, whom they politely styled the "big preacher." Their remarks, though highly complimentary in character, were seasoned with considerable spice of what might be termed "slang," but that they had some means of scrutinizing our countenances was evident, for though my mother never said a word, or expressed any fear of the invisible performances, they seemed to remark what she afterwards confessed to, namely, her unmitigated terror of the whole proceeding, by gruffly observing,—"Old lady is frightened—very; never mind, ma'am, you've got to be initiated." After about three quarters of an hour of as considerable a pandemonium as could be got up in so narrow a space, the invisibles called out—"Look out! be still! we're going to untie the boys!" and before one of the party could finish the counting of seventy, and the ropes, which had occupied us half an hour to knot up, were untied, and very gently, but with incredible swiftness, wound around my neck and waist, until, when the light was struck immediately after, a loud signal rap was given, I was found sitting between the mediums in a perfect coil of ropes.

I have no comment to make on this narrative, one of many that have occurred in my experience of *séances* with these mediums, except to add that anyone acquainted with the City of Oswego, the names of my companions shall be especially given by application to myself, Emma Hardinge, No. 8, Fourth Avenue, New York City. I had intended to give another and very different narrative of a spiritual manifestation in connexion with the Davenports, but as I have already occupied more space in your columns than I had at first intended, I shall reserve my second narration for another occasion, and have the honour to subscribe myself,

Yours for the truth,

EMMA HARDINGE.

### THE POWER OF REAPPEARING.

In answer to those who are ever speaking of the want of dignity in spirit manifestations, I have often said, "well a fact is a fact;" it might not be so respectable and dignified a fact as you or I might wish, but as we don't make the facts, but are observers of them, why we must take them for what they are and make the best of them.

A Mr. Holyoake or a "Flaneur" may think it so terribly shocking, that a "ticket-of-leave man," after having escaped into the other world, should presume to escape back again to this,—

To tread on their toes  
Or rap on their nose.

That they, sooner than attribute it to the spirit of the "ticket-of-leave man" who presumably "left this country for his country's good," and is now "they know not what—they know not where," sooner than admit that anything lower or undignified should come in "such questionable shapes," between the wind and their nobility, they would rather not have the facts at all, they would rather shuffle out of the facts by attributing them to anything however insufficient or absurd, sooner than attribute them to spirit; even as the very scientific Brewster said, "spirit is the last thing I'll give in to." So our penmen of light literature may laugh at a fact or chaff at a fact, but the fact remains still to be accounted for, and will ever and anon obstruct the way and "demand an explanation."

Now the rougher facts of spirit manifestations may come from rough sources or from rough unpoetical intelligences, but then they have to do rough work and may knock at the doors of our understanding in a rough way, like the parson told of, who, seeing one of his hearers in a profound sleep, startled his flock by saying (and by suiting the action to the word) "If you will not hear the word of God you shall feel it," and thence ensued a concussion between the Book and the sleeper's brain, which, though it woke him up, may not have converted him for perhaps he remains an unbeliever unto this day.

It used to be said that "seeing was believing," but now we are so advanced that it is a question whether we can or do ever see anything at all; we only fancy we see, or fancy we feel,

even as a learned professor said of a table, *the table seemed to rise*. And so some "free lance" critics fancy that no spirits of the departed do ever return in any undignified manner, and, to be logical, (which of course such wise men are) spirits never did return, and never can return, in any unstately or prosaic manner. They must come, if come they do, amid blue flames and all the respectable accessories of the stage, and speak to us in language so sublime and so prophetic as to make even the *Star* say "he's a very respectable ghost—hear ye him."

I will relate for the benefit of such gentlemen as well as for the profit of all who wish to garner up a treasury of facts the following account of a reappearance as related by the lady who was the witness thereof and who is housekeeper to a gentleman I know. She said:—"It happened during the Crimean war. My husband was a soldier and was at the time serving with the army before Sebastapol. One night I went to rest as usual, my little girl sleeping in a separate bed to myself. I am not aware of anything being on my mind; but suddenly in the night I was woke up by a cold hand being placed upon me. I rose up; saw immediately that it was my husband standing before me, seemingly pale and streaming with blood. I called out to him, 'O, William, what is the matter?' He seemed to say quite distinctly in return, 'I have been shot—shot in the trenches;' and, in the midst of my sad amazement, he kissed me and wished me good bye. Whilst remaining bewildered and wondering what it could all mean, my daughter called out to me 'O, mother, mother, here's father, father, he's shot; he's shot.' Having to pacify her but being still more sadly affected, not knowing what could have happened, I anxiously waited for the morning and told what I and my daughter had seen, and still, for a week or two, waited as anxiously for news from my husband, fearing something must have happened to him. At length a letter came from a comrade of his, stating that my husband had been shot by a shell in the trenches, and he was killed on that very night, that I and my daughter saw him come to us to bid us good bye."

It was a consolation to this poor young widow thus to have seen her husband; it told of his undying love to her and his child, but she has neither heard nor seen anything of him since; perhaps not believing it to be possible, and never having heard of any power of communication between the "two worlds."

Many persons I have heard say they believe in the possible reappearance immediately after death because they themselves had known cases of the kind, but they say not after the spirit has clean gone away. Well, for the benefit of such, I will relate another case that only occurred a week or so ago to a neighbour of mine.

A little boy about eight years old I saw playing about only a few days ago, but suddenly he was taken ill from cold, grew worse and worse, and in a week from the time of his being taken ill expired. His mother and father were anxiously waiting upon him; the doctor had given up hopes of recovery, but the parents, still hoping against hope, were waiting by his bedside on the last morning of his earthly life, the child looked more calm and comfortable, and the mother's tremulous heart indulged a hope that the dear one might still be spared; but suddenly looking up into his mother's eyes, her child said to her, "Mother, here's my sister Jane, my dear sister. She has got hold of my head; she has kissed me, and is going to carry me away, and there are lots of angels with her. I know mother I am going to Heaven." And soon he went, escorted, as we may suppose, by his heavenly convoy—especially by the sister he spoke of who had departed to the spirit home some three years ago, but who now it appeared came openly to greet her little brother, and to convey him to his new home.

I will just relate one somewhat similar case. My own mother, lingering for some time on the very edge of the spirit world, spoke often of having seen her dear husband, and I remember her being very dull because, as she said, she had not had her husband to visit her for a day or two. Well, the morning of my mother's departure, she said to the servant "Ann, I am going to my husband to-day, for I've seen two angels that have come for me."

To those who live in the cold shade of mere Materialism, these spontaneous manifestations may appear rather curious coincidences—or mere atomic evolutions—and they may require like many of the Davenport audiences, the break-nose manifestations of "ticket-of-leave spirits;" but the lesson which I wish to draw from the above accounts of reappearances is simply that spirits seem to do the best they can to make themselves and their existence known; that they come when they can, and how they can. We cannot lay down the law for them, for "they are a law unto themselves," and that they do according to God's law or their power to make themselves known to us; even as we are prepared to receive them. They may not come when we like, and will not come how we like, but whatever way they come, whether as "angel ministers of grace" to the life-weary drooping and dying; whether as poor unfortunate spirits haunting the abodes of happier memories or of tragical deeds; or whether as spirits commissioned to rap on the thick skulls of mortals so as to make them think; they, in all their varied degrees and phases of manifestation, proclaim this one leading truth, that there is a power of correspondence, a law of attraction and sympathy between man material and man spiritual.

S. WILKS.

## THE TESTIMONY OF OUR SENSES.

Now-a-days, when we are required to believe without question the miraculous relations of tradition, on pain of being considered wickedly sceptical, and to disbelieve the wondrous evidence of our own senses, on pain of being called gullible and credulous;—it will not, perhaps be inconvenient to examine briefly the value we are justified in attaching to this "testimony of our senses;" under what conditions it becomes our duty to regard it with a measure of distrust; and wherein consists the error of those who deny facts, seriously attested by thousands, merely because these facts lie outside the bounds of their own limited experience.

The case of the conjuror is a very favourite one with such, because they think it successfully shows that, in spite of the most minute and careful scrutiny, our powers of observation are, at any time, at the mercy of the charlatan, who has devoted sufficient time and ingenuity in the production of successful illusions; such illusions being attained, for the most part, by the concealment of one operation, while the attention of the audience is carefully and ostentatiously diverted to another.

It is not easy, at the first glance, to understand what philosophers of this school really mean. If a conjuror produce an effect apparently miraculous, and the spectators can honestly confess not only that they do not know how it is done, but that they know of no conceivable means by which it could be done—a rare event indeed, in any of the conjuring entertainments it has been our fortune to witness—it appears to us, a dilemma arises very similar to the difficulty offered by the most startling account of supernatural manifestation, and the so-called trick may have been produced, for all we know, by means quite as exceptional and extraordinary, as any acknowledged miracle on record. It is needless to state, however, that the majority of tricks never fulfil anything like these conditions; being for the most part illusions favoured by distance, and performed from a standing point chosen by the operator because a closer examination of his doings would be avowedly fatal to his object.

In illustration of the distinction we desire to make, we will suppose in the first instance that a conjuror, in the course of his entertainment, really does succeed in producing the effects of mental clairvoyance. If for example, he tells ten persons consecutively and without fail, the names of cards thought of, we shall be justified in saying, this is no imitation of a thing, but the thing itself. Let him, however, connect this operation in any way with the manipulation of the cards themselves, exacting from these ten persons information, however remote, and to a novice, unsuggestive of the cards thought of, and a new set of conditions comes into play; for we have at once a conceivable, though unknown, expedient by which the trickster could have obtained a knowledge of the cards selected, independently of immediate thought-reading.

The first instance, we contend, could not be well cited as an example of the fallibility of our senses; for the thing itself, not an appearance of it, would have been achieved; in the second case, the performer's avowal would be probably quite superfluous, that the experiment had been achieved by natural, and perhaps when explained, ludicrously simple means. In the one case the evidence of our senses may be relied on, for the appeal is made to them direct, without relation to any extraneous circumstances; in the other, we may choose that explanation of the phenomenon which appears most easy of acceptance.

"Evidence of your senses. sir!" said a German doctor to the writer, on one occasion. "I'll soon prove to you, you must place no faith in that—bring me a piece of bread."

The experiment he then tried—now a sufficiently familiar one—consists in rolling up two small balls, and desiring the subject, after he has closed his eyes and lapped his second finger over the forefinger, to feel the two bread pellets (common marbles would do better) placed upon the table before him. Instead of two only one ball is placed under the fingers; but the sense of touch is deceived by this arrangement, and without the aid of his eyes to help him out of the difficulty, the patient, if unaware of the trick, can be got firmly to assert he is touching two; and, on the strength of this simple experiment the doctor wished us henceforth to treat our senses, the only avenues through which we obtain a knowledge of the external world, as utterly false witnesses never to be trusted again.

An obvious answer to this kind of reasoning lay in the counter question—"In this case, doctor, how do you know there is only one ball, or indeed that there is any ball whatever?"

In fact, the only thing proved was one that scarcely needs proof at all; viz., that the operation of our senses must be artificially restricted and crippled before they can be deceived, and that when we employ them all, and allow them to the best of our ability to act as checks one upon the other, and they are not diseased, we have a right to accept the net result thus obtained, as actually demonstrated facts, to be believed while anything like belief exists in the world. Of course, however, another source of possible error still exists, when we come to draw inferences from facts thus established, and confuse our mere inferences with the facts themselves.

The same senses that are misled by trickery or false appearances, are employed in the subsequent discovery of them. When travellers in deserts see, suddenly rising before them with every semblance of reality, mountains, cities and rivers, the same perceptive powers which were at first misled, show him, as he wanders onwards, that the vision had no substantial reality, but was only a mirage—nature's dream. The sceptic who denied that the traveller saw any vision whatever, because no city was to be found on the place where it appeared, would be the one really in the wrong.

The application of these considerations to any new form of asserted spiritual manifestation more nearly concerns those who still regard the subject as a legitimate field for the exercise of their comic powers, than those others who are aided in their view of such phenomena by the light of many years quiet, patient, investigation of other forms of Spiritualism, and are thus able to bring to bear upon the matter an accumulation of corroborative evidences, small, perhaps, when regarded as isolated circumstances, but huge, indeed, in the one clear, unmistakable result they all unerringly point to. The sceptic, however, coming fresh to the subject, on his first introduction to the manifestations of the now much discussed Davenport Brothers, has to begin at the A, B, C; and if at the end of the *séance* he is brought to acknowledge that certain effects have been produced without any sign, or conceivable possibility of trickery, in the ordinary sense of the term—perhaps we ought to be content with this result at present.

Supposing him to have witnessed, as many did the other night, the erection of the cabinet, plank by plank; to have examined carefully the ropes and the musical instruments, and finally, the persons of the two mediums—the objects on which he has to concentrate his attention are reduced to a very small compass. There he has, cabinets, ropes, instruments, men.

The question is, can he tie these men in such a manner as shall prevent their releasing themselves? If he confesses he cannot—if, while his own sealed knots remain evidently intact, active agencies are audibly, and often visibly at work—producing discordant sounds, wielding instruments, bells, and heavy trumpet, he must also acknowledge the existence of a certain presence within the cabinet, independent of the two prisoners.

It may be urged, with a certain semblance of justice, that the conditions we have just been stating as necessary for perfect and unshackled observation have not been fulfilled, in the absence of light, sometimes entirely, at other times partially required for the production of these effects. Admitting this objection, for the sake of argument, in its fullest force, we ask—does this darkness, when produced in a cabinet, of which every screw and plank may be minutely examined a second beforehand, which is immediately closed and isolated from all communication with the world without, render the facts any easier of explanation?

The fact of his being unable to see all the occurrences within, of which his other senses give him abundant testimony, will perhaps naturally give rise to many speculations in the mind of the doubter; but he will find all such speculations of the wildest and most impossible nature—quite as irreconcilable with his preconceived notions, as would be the simple admission of that supernatural agency he is so anxious to repudiate. We do not envy the condition of mind of any one who, at the very moment the door is opened, sees a hand floating above the head of the bound medium, and can yet believe that the effect is produced by the instantaneous untying and re-tying of the cords exactly as before, by natural (*i. e.*, known natural) means: nor are we struck with admiration at the ingenuity of a suggestion, made the other evening by a friend, in other matters practical and hard-headed enough, that probably they loosened the knots, which tightly secured their hands behind their backs,—“with their teeth!”

H. A. R.

## THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT IN BATH.

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

Sir,—The four *séances* in this ancient and respectable town came off as a triumph to the Davenport, of which they may be proud. Tied by expert rope-men, with the "Tom-fool's-knot," and almost instantly released; all the most wonderful phenomena attended in palpable demonstrations. Their cabinet and dark *séances* gave general satisfaction, and called forth long and loud applause. Here the conditions were not interrupted by ignorance and prejudice dictating how something it had never witnessed, much less investigated, should take place. And a highly intelligent and respectable audience secured order and set an example that Leeds, Liverpool, and Huddersfield might imitate with profit to their people and credit to the good sense of the English public. The reaction from the violent and disgraceful proceedings, a portion of the press has been only too ready to applaud is everywhere apparent, and the certain spread and triumph of the great principle of truth these Americans so unflinchingly and perseveringly represent is certain wherever reason prevails over brute force. Yours faithfully,

AN EYE-WITNESS.

## SPIRITUALISM IN TYRONE.

The following wonderful story appears in a letter addressed to the *Tyrone Constitution*. Our contemporary states that it reached him at the time of its date, and has been held over till now. He adds: "As it has created considerable curiosity in the neighbourhood of the occurrence, we have been requested to publish it. We therefore, give the communication of the constable as it came to us. There is not the least doubt as to its authenticity." The writer proceeds, saying:—"I send you the following details of the most curious case that ever came under my notice, and for its authenticity I could supply abundant evidence, who were eyewitnesses to the greater portion hereinafter mentioned. The scene of the occurrence is the townland of Lenah, about one and a half mile from Mountfield. Here an honest, respectable man, named Peter M'Crory, occupies a house in which he resides, with a mountainous farm of land attached. Approximating to the dwelling-house there is one of those large mountain breaks usual in such places. The situation of the house is lonely, as his nearest neighbour is a quarter of a mile distant. M'Crory is a married man, and the only persons residing in the house with him are his wife and a small female child, about seven years old. M'Crory and his wife were never blessed with any family of their own, and lived comparatively comfortable. Some time in the harvest of last year Peter's cat was, one fine morning, *non est*, but returned in the month of November, and was observed to be most ravenous and vicious; after taking some food it lay down for an unusual long time on a frock coat, and when removed therefrom it again disappeared, but not without force being found necessary. After the removal of the animal, the coat was discovered to be full of vermin of different hue; from this time, up to a recent date, the house was polluted with them. The roof of the house and all the interior was similarly situated, baskets full having been swept together and burned. This obnoxious nuisance having been got rid of, everything seemed in its usual way until Thursday night last. As the family, as before mentioned, were sitting round the fire, some invisible person threw some turf clods at them, but nothing more than the clods were resorted to on this night; but the attack was renewed on the following morning in clear daylight with greater violence. Some bricks were lying at the corner of the kitchen fire, and these were thrown from all angles of the house at the inmates, until they were reluctantly obliged to beat a retreat. In the course of some time Peter returned and again joined his usual avocations, when a man entered the house on private business, named Jemmy Carland, to whom all the particulars were related. Jemmy, not believing it a feasible story, shouted out at the top of his stentorian voice—'Why the—do not they clod me now?' The words were hardly expressed when poor Jemmy received one, two, three, blows of stones on his back. The poor man picked up the stones, left them alongside the fire, and, as he himself says, precipitately left for home, not again to return for some time. On this night Peter's wife and little girl joined issue with Jemmy, and remained at her neighbour's all night.

I should here remark that during the females' exit they were assailed on their entire route by some invisible parties keeping up stone throwing, and most particularly directed against the young female, Peter keeping close and covering their rear, as it appears up to this period he was less obnoxious than the females. Peter returned and was determined to maintain his position, exclaiming aloud, 'Whatever you are, if I have injured you, in the name of God, speak, and I will make you any reparation required,' but to this there was no response. However, Peter was possessed of strong nerves, and remained alone in the house on Friday night, except the early part, when a strong body of the neighbours collected, but returned to their homes before midnight. All passed off quietly save some slight symptoms unworthy of notice. At an early hour on Saturday morning Mrs. M'Crory and the little girl returned. Peter placed a pot of water on the fire for the purpose of making their breakfast, and it appears the moment the females arrived hostilities again began. The little girl was, from the effect of a blow of a hard turf, thrown into a tub of water. Nothing very material after this occurred until the evening, when a regular hand to hand fight took place between the invisible parties on the one side, and Peter, supported by his family, and a man named M'Bride, who casually happened to be on the spot, on the other. Peter brought in a quantity of turf for the Sabbath's use, piling them opposite the kitchen fire, where the persons named above were sitting. Suddenly, and in the presence of

all, the turf was all thrown at Peter, striking him about the breast. Peter in retaliation, flung every one of them back from whence they came, exclaiming he would not be banished from his home. After these occurrences Peter's wife and little girl went to bed, but the latter kept constantly shouting that they were biting her. On examination, five pins, three inches long, were found in the bed, some of them having penetrated the flesh of the little girl. The latter is left and peace is restored. The above are the principal headings, not exaggerated, and I am fully confident no human being is behind the screen in this case, and if you consider it worth the perusal of your readers, you are at liberty to use it.

"JEREMIAH M'MEILLY, Constable.

"Mountfield, Feb, 15, 1865.

"P.S.—The vermin mentioned in this document were very large, some the size of small seed potatoes, and covered with a woolly substance."

## THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

No night in heaven! that place of bliss,  
Where "pleasure in perfection is;"  
Where happy spirits sing their lay  
Through one eternity of day.

No night in heaven! unconscious sleep  
O'er their blest eyelids cannot creep;  
No interruption shall there be  
To heaven's awakened ecstasy.

No night of sorrow! there the mind  
A balm for every wound shall find;  
There parted friends shall meet again,  
No more to feel the parting pain.

No night of trouble! there the saints  
Shall praises speak, and not complaints;  
For the wicked shall not come,  
To spoil the weary of their home.

No night of sickness shall be there,  
For under our physician's care  
The saints, nor faint, nor sick shall be  
Throughout a blest eternity.

No night of death! pale terror's king  
Not there his poisoned darts shall fling;  
For saints in glory feel no woe,  
And life in heaven no end shall know.

A SPIRITUALIST.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 4th inst., there are two mistakes in the report of the Manchester Athenæum affair. These, by your permission, I will correct. They are not very important, but they had better be put right. Your correspondent, or reporter, or whatever he may be, says that "Mr. Bullock" states that one of the gentlemen tied, was not tied at all. This I said, in the sense of not being *tied securely*. Certainly there were ropes, or a rope, about Mr. Maccabe, but they were fastened in such a way that the tying virtually amounted to *no tying at all*. Again, your correspondent, or reporter, says that the ropes fastening Mr. Day, the gentleman I tied, were cleared away *without* a knife. Now, I am not in a position to say they were not, but I am strongly inclined to believe that a knife *was* used. In this Manchester Athenæum business whatever the Davenport *séances* may be, the whole may be accounted for by any sharp child of a dozen years.

The most remarkable circumstance in the affair is, that the Manchester press should have treated a mere farce—freely confessed to be nothing else, as a serious thing.

Respectfully,

THOS. BULLOCK.

March, 6th, 1865.

P.S.—A second private *séance*, I am told, was held on Saturday, (4th.) 750 tickets (free) were issued, I believe, but they were kept out of my reach; and I see the papers are silent, or nearly so, this morning on the matter.

## THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM

14, Newman Street, Oxford Street.  
This Institution is established for the advancement of spiritual phenomena and philosophy. It offers opportunities for investigators to collect facts and obtain proofs of Spirit Life. It brings together friends to the cause, and presents a platform for the freest Discussion. Its rules are such as to preclude no sectary, whilst it aims to eschew all sectarianism. Based on the cardinal facts of *Spirit Communism* and *Immortality*, it invites all who recognise, or desire to recognise, these truths.

The Lyceum has both religious and secular aims,—religious in the highest sense of eliminating truth, from spirit-fact and duty from truth. Secular in the sense of moulding the future by a wise realisation of the present and a spiritual conception of its uses.

The growing spread of Spiritualism in England renders a central institution necessary to organize means to give distinctive life to the various methods which abound in isolated forms all over the kingdom. To effect this most desirable object Mr. R. Cooper, the Proprietor, and Mr. J. H. Powell, the Editor, of the *Spiritual Times*, have established the Lyceum. They have put the machinery in motion, (Mr. Cooper bearing the monetary, and Mr. Powell the practical working, responsibilities) and earnestly solicit aid from all friends. Many sincere and influential Spiritualists have already subscribed, some two, others one guinea each (the latter subscription being the minimum). Those who subscribe one or more guineas annually will be entitled to the privilege of attending all Lectures and the Reading Room free. The Reading Room is open daily from twelve, a.m. to ten p.m., and contains the principal spiritual publications of America, France, and England. Spirit Drawings and Works of a progressive character will be added from time to time. Mediums of recognised integrity and power will be encouraged, and it is hoped facilities may be afforded for the development of such connected with the Lyceum.

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