

*Robt Cooper*

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.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE HOAX.

SPIRITUALISM is not only the great fact, but it is becoming the great question of the age. In spite of prejudice and ignorant misrepresentation—banter and bravado of every form—the subject will out. The scientifics have over and over again set their veto against it, but up it rises, grand and authoritative. How comes it to pass that these scientifics fail to extinguish the lights of Spiritualism? Because they are inextinguishable—being eternal. We have heard the old cry of "humbug" so often that we now begin to look for some other; and the Materialists are almost tired of it, since it proves nothing further than that they are too idle or too clever to investigate. The "saints" are almost silent, and when they break the silence, they will be sure not to cry "humbug," but "devil!" Spiritualists have so often heard these two exceedingly philosophical exclamations that they must, by this time, feel somewhat sick at heart to think that science can only shout "humbug," and religion, "devil." Oh for a new mode of antagonism, if it be only to inspire us with novelty! But whether the Shibboleths of the "opposition" be named "humbug," "devil," or not, the fact is patent at this hour—that England is agitated with the question of Spiritualism. Is it not strange that a few public exhibitions of rope-tying and instrument flying, as given by the Brothers Davenport, should create such excitement that all England, to say nothing of the continent, is agitated like a troubled ocean? All our philosophers are at sea, in search of "the new force," which will be as difficult for them to discover as "humbug," or the "devil." In the mean time our attention is drawn to the Stock Exchange actors in the Addison farce. The *Standard*, March 18th, contains a correspondence between Mr. Coleman and Mr. Addison, respecting the character of the manifestations, alleged to have taken place in the presence of certain trustworthy members of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Coleman, as our readers are aware, placing the most child-like reliance on the testimony of two gentlemen connected with the "Exchange," reported a *seance* given by Mr. Addison which was said to be of a very wonderful character. Mr. Coleman's witnesses stated to him that Mr. Addison had declared upon his honour as a gentleman, (heaven save the name) that none of the wonders he exhibited were the result of confederacy or legerdemain. Mr. Coleman, naturally enough, feeling honourable himself, and knowing his witnesses to be honourable, thought Mr. Addison honourable. The result was, he eagerly gave the facts as he heard them to the *Spiritual Magazine*, and characterised them as spiritual. So far Mr. Coleman may be adjudged hasty, and certainly straightforward. But mark his astonish-

ment to read a letter in the *Star* in which Mr. Addison altogether ignores Spiritualism, and infers that all his "tricks" were *bona-fide* tricks of legerdemain. After this Mr. Addison, may pride himself on being connected with the Stock Exchange, and call himself gentleman—can he wear the name without the honour? He has distinctly declared to those who witnessed his "tricks" that they were in no way brought about by conjuring; yet in his letter to the *Star* he impeaches his own honour by inferring that he is neither more nor less than a conjuror. It is easy to see the mistake the gentleman who gave this information to Mr. Coleman made, and why they made it. They relied upon Mr. Addison's gentility as a proof of his veracity. The result has shown them that they were tricked. Alas! for the *morale* of the Stock Exchange, that is, if Mr. Addison is a fair type of its members. A friend, speaking to us on this subject, said very shrewdly, he should think the question was not, whether Mr. Addison was a humbug, but what sort of a one? We care not to discuss the character of the "tricks" presented by him. Before we accept the idea that he is a medium, and fears to avow it, we must have stronger evidences than we at present possess. But whether he is a medium or simply a conjuror, there is no mistaking the fact that he has acted the part of a charlatan, and has cut such a sorry figure in type that we should think his friends must blush for him, and would scarcely care to preserve his portrait, without it were to remind them that a member of the Stock Exchange even, could cheat. Mr. Coleman still believes in Mr. Addison's mediumship, and maintains his belief with considerable calmness. He has corresponded with Mr. Addison, whose replies to his letters are all marked with "prevarication." In Mr. Coleman's letters there is nothing but plain, straightforward argument, calling upon Mr. Addison to give simply a negative or affirmative to his imperitative questions. But alas for the dignity of the Capulets! Mr. Addison is very reticent. To say "yes," or "no," would risk his life, so the doctor is introduced on the stage, and the curtain drops. The correspondence in the *Standard* is interesting, as marking the peculiarities of the two writers. Mr. Coleman is stolidly honest. Mr. Addison, unable to say "yes," or "no," because his medical adviser insists he shall not for the present undergo any unnecessary exertion. Gracious powers! what a conscience the man must have! So Mr. Coleman is where he was. His correspondence has drawn Mr. Addison out, and made him show himself in his original counterfeit character. Whether he will confess his sins to Mr. Coleman, call himself false, and say he is "a medium" we cannot say. If he do, we should hardly like to risk taking his word. He has cheated Mr. Coleman once, and may do so again. At any rate he had better be allowed a long season of repentance before his word is again taken "upon his honour as a gentleman." Mr. Coleman has acted all through this "Stock Exchange fracas" with heroic patience; he has (should it turn out at last that Mr. Addison is proved to be only a conjuror) been seriously imposed upon; and on their heads, who practised the wicked hoax, be the condemnation

poured. We shall be pleased to have evidence, however, that Mr. Addison is a *bona-fide* Spirit-medium, not for his sake, but for the sake of Mr. Coleman, whose monthly epitome of "Passing events" has always appeared to us a valuable contribution to spiritual literature. And it appears to us unfair that a man's authority should suffer because he has been made the unconscious victim of a Stock Exchange hoax. Doubtless the editor of the *Star* and the ignoble band of Flaneurs who deal in scandal and literary rubbish feel very grateful to Mr. Addison, and laugh very heartily at Mr. Coleman and the Spiritualists; but what does the whole affair amount to when placed in the witness box of investigation against Spiritualism? Simply to this—that the triumphant Addison is confessedly a "counterfeit," and his *confreres* betray their ignorance by taking him, like a bad bank note, for genuine—that Mr. Coleman has trusted to counterfeit "honour," and has been in the simplest manner possible, duped. But as far as Spiritualism is concerned, it is like a feather against a hurricane. All the Addisons in the world may allow themselves to counterfeit truth, and yet the truth will be truth still, and the counterfeit be counterfeit still.

Since writing the above, we see by the *Standard* that Mr. Addison has thoroughly and completely disclaimed all "spiritual" aid in the matter of his "tricks." This we expected, seeing that his first letter to the *Star* was a sufficient disclaimer. He talks of "the still more abusive articles of the *Spiritual Times*." We retort, Mr. Addison—would you like to have liberty to tell fibs, and brutally torture the Davenports, and have no one, in the interest of truth and humanity, to cry shame?

#### SHARP SPIRITUALISTIC CONTROVERSY AT PRESTON.

We have in this controversy, which has been raging in the *Preston Guardian* for some weeks, a pretty significant proof of what was preparing for the Davenports had they gone there; but previous to the smashing of their cabinet by the ruffians of Liverpool, the brothers were announced to visit Preston. Immediately a Rev. Evans Lewis began to beat the drum ecclesiastically against them. He gave a lecture to a large audience, of course, denouncing the Davenports as gross impostors, and thus exciting the Prestonians to the like exploits with the refuse of Liverpool and Leeds. Not contented with attacking them, he dealt out his fulminations against all who put any faith in them. Faraday, Owen, Brewster and Frank Buckland, in Mr. Lewis's opinion, were the only men to decide spiritual phenomena, simply, as it would seem, because "Spirit is the last thing that they will give in to." Our friend Mr. Howitt came in for a full deluge of the Rev. Lewis's ire. He represented him as nothing short of mad. But Mr. Lewis quickly found a formidable opponent in Mr. Thomas Bullock, who handled him in a most vigorous style. The reply of Mr. Lewis was lengthy but by no means strengthly; and Mr. Bullock has this week given him a refresher that is not likely to need renewing. It is one of the most able letters we have read for a long time, and crowded as are our columns, there are two passages which we shall endeavour to quote, as they are of general interest.

The first relates to the mock Davenport *science* at the Athenæum, Manchester:—

Again Mr. Lewis says that I "tied Mr. Day the other evening in Manchester," and that "I know that Messrs. Maccabe and Day did all that the Davenports pretended to do." Now this all comes from Mr. Lewis's "analysis" again, which is continually leading him astray; and I should advise him to fling it away or take it to Bishop Whatley to be tinkered a little. He says that Mr. Bullock *knows*. Now the simple fact is, sir, that Mr. Bullock *knows* nothing of the kind, nor anything approaching it. Mr. Bullock *knows* this—that the Manchester business, whatever the Davenports may be, was as thorough a sham as was ever palmed on a credulous public. Mr. Bullock *knows* that had he tied both Mr. Maccabe and Mr. Day, they would have remained fast enough for the night; he *knows* that while tying Mr. Day, the managers said to him, in a friendly manner, that it was only a "bit of fun;" he *knows* that when he had tied Mr. Day he offered to tie Mr. Maccabe; he *knows* that this offer was scouted; he *knows* that he told the managers at the time that his tying would be useless, as Mr. Maccabe was tied in such a way as virtually amounted to no tying at all; he *knows* that the managers tied one of the men themselves: he *knows* that when

he came away from the platform he told the managers that all that had to be done was for the insecurely tied man to slip out of his rope and untie or cut the ropes of the other; he *knows* that the reply to this was, "it is only for a little amusement, and there is no necessity to be so particular;" he *knows* that he charged Mr. Day with having been loosened by Mr. Maccabe, and that by silence Mr. Day admitted this; and he *knows* that the managers told him that had the Davenports been tied up as securely as Mr. Day, they never could have released themselves. This is what Mr. Bullock *knows*, and if Mr. Lewis by his "analytical" power can tell what he knows better than Mr. Bullock can, he is a cleverer man by half than the Davenport Brothers, and had better set up a "cabinet" performance without delay. I *know* this, too, Mr. Editor, whether the Davenports are impostors or not, they do not insist upon one of their own men doing half the tying; and one other thing I *know*—that the Davenports have sent to all the public papers a very fair challenge, as simple and straightforward as any one could desire, offering to submit to the decision of a jury of twelve respectable men, with two surgeons, whose decision shall be final as to cruelty in tying; and I *know* that though certain men followed the Davenports while they could depend on the help of a mob, these men have actually declined to accept this challenge.

The next quotation involves the toad and frog question which has only this connexion with Spiritualism, as it shows to what a condition of disbelief and moral cowardice these great physical professors are fallen, who are so often proposed as the only men to decide facts. But here are facts which show that they dare not look even physical facts in the face when they oppose their own theories. Mr. Bullock gives them as additional facts:—

Finally Mr. Lewis proposes to test Mr. Howitt's "sanity" and his own qualifications of judging of "genuine madness" by a reference to what Mr. Howitt has written on the longevity of frogs and toads. As a rule, Mr. Lewis rules in this wise—many great men have been "insane;" some great men have written remarkable books while "insane;" Mr. Howitt has written a remarkable book, and therefore Mr. Howitt is "insane." But in this case he has gone to facts the most absurd he could find in all Mr. Howitt's writings, and wants us to decide where the "insanity" is. Well, we will, in as few words as possible, review the evidence, and make Mr. Lewis a present of the issue, trusting that it may not compromise his liberty. In his last chapter of the "History of the Supernatural," Mr. Howitt falls on the frog and toad question to show that some scientific men are not only denying spiritual laws, but many important and wonderful facts in the physical world, especially if these facts do not square with their foregone theories. He shows that Professor Owen and Mr. Frank Buckland had denied that toads and lizards could live for ages embedded in solid rock, and then that their denial was in face of the most abundant and convincing testimony. Yes, Mr. Howitt does believe in frogs, toads and lizards living for ages in rocks, and that not from "hearsay," as Mr. Lewis says, but on the testimony of such men as Dr. Daniel Clarke, some time ago Geologic Professor of Cambridge; of the Rev. Mr. Cobbold, who has published what he himself saw, on the testimony of the wife of the coal-master of Paddington, who was ready to come forward and make affidavit of what she saw; on the evidence of a stonemason, who was ready to swear to the toad which he and his fellow workmen found alive, embedded in a block of stone, when building the Birmingham Town-hall; and, still more, on the evidence of Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, brother to the famous African lion-slayer, who addressed a letter to *The Times* on the 18th of May, 1863, inviting any gentleman who doubted toads living in solid rocks to go to Altyre, where a cutting of a railway was passing through his park, and he would have conglomerated rock blasted in their presence, in which numerous toads were embedded, and which, on the rock being split, came out alive. Did Faraday, or Owen, or Frank Buckland, or any of Mr. Lewis's materialized idols, accept this invitation? Certainly not! They knew too well that their absurd denials of facts thus easily proved, would be at once put an end to, and that they would have to eat "humble pie." Will Mr. Lewis call these hearsays? Scarcely that. But, really, after this, of what value are his statements? Besides, the authorities quoted—Baccaria, Drs. Phipson and Gosse,—fully avow the same faith in those facts as Mr. Howitt does. Does Mr. Lewis indulge the silly idea that his simple *ipse dixit* will set such facts as these aside? Will his *ipse dixit* authorise him in his self-sufficiency to deny the facts of such direct witnesses as have been named? Does not the vain authority of Mr. Lewis look much more like "insanity" than anything in these gentlemen, for they all have it, according to Mr. Lewis, with Mr. Howitt. As to his disparaging the experiments of M. Seguin, the scientific philosopher of Paris, it is really too much to reply to. Does Mr. Lewis know anything of the reputation of M. Seguin? Probably not; but he should know he is estimated in France quite as highly as Faraday, and much higher than Brewster, in England. In putting the matter to the test of experiment, he acted like a philosopher. Mr. Lewis says plaster of

Paris is porous and admits air. Who told Mr. Lewis so? What! plaster of Paris admit air, when it is put round the toads, as it must be at first, in a state of batter? I want to know who told Mr. Lewis this tale? Before the plaster of Paris could be sufficiently dry to be at all permeable to air, the toads must be dead a hundred times over, if it could kill them at all. In the face of these authorities, including the most distinguished naturalists as against Mr. Lewis's denial, it will be decisive enough as to who is "mad." This denial of hundreds of recorded facts is on a par with the denial of the existence of meteoric stones, which was the fashion of the material philosophers, some years ago.

At the time the facts recorded by Sir A. G. Cumming were exciting attention—the details may be found in the *Elgin Courier* and the *Forres Gazette* of the time (May, 1863)—I had almost daily intercourse with the son of a large quarry owner in Cumberland, who had worked, or overlooked in the quarries for years. He stated to me, without any theory to support, that he had seen toads—live toads—embedded in solid rocks, and without seam or crack, and that, to regular stone-diggers in their quarries, they were so common that the men had long ceased to regard them as extraordinary. I doubt not, if philosophers desire, he would come on his oath in reference to this matter. But Professor Owen and Mr. Lewis say, in reply, it is impossible. That, however, is not the question. These witnesses do not say it is not "impossible;" they only say they have seen it.

We learn from another source that the so-called Professor Redmond has been exhibiting his sack trick, by getting into a cabinet tied up in his sack, and then having instruments playing a *la Davenport*, and then coming out untied; and all this the credulous public receive as wonderful, without taking any means to prevent imposition, by having proper persons employed to see that no confederate has access to the cabinet by swivel doors, such as Mr. Coleman saw the other day in another conjurors exhibition. It is the old story, "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

THE REV. M. D. CONWAY gave a second discourse on Spiritualism at South-place Chapel on Sunday morning last. After aiming to discover in the very doubtful idea that the American people have a tissue of the skin less than Englishmen, and the influence of climate—a theory for the modern phenomena, known as Spiritualism, he grew excessively severe on the Davenports, betraying little but what may be termed leaning unduly to the popular "hue and cry." We presented Mr. Conway with tickets to the Hanover-square Rooms, on the occasion of the Lyceum Benefit, but unfortunately, the good kind feeling of Mr. Conway was absolutely destroyed; because, forsooth, we happened to say to him on his entering the hall, that we should be pleased if he would vote for Drs. Wilson and Metcalf. We did so, because we heard a friend say that they understood the "Tom-fool's knot," and were men of position, whom we thought at least would be less brutal than Messrs. Hulley and Cummins, whom we heard were present. This is the whole offence; no one is responsible but ourselves for our predilection for the committee men, one of whom we had no knowledge, the other we knew to be trustworthy. Mr. Conway certainly showed his gratitude for our kindness in presenting him with tickets, by inferring that we were criminal. Oh, human nature, how art thou abused! We have to say Mr. Conway promised to read to his audience, next Sunday, a short contra-statement from us, which we have sent to him. In other particulars we have little to say, further than this—Mr. Conway labours to do justice to the spiritual philosophy apart from Davenportism, and may possibly do good.

#### SPIRITUAL VISIONS IN A BOTTLE OF WATER.

On Monday evening, at 7 p.m., Mrs.— and J— prepared for a spiritual *séance*. After filling a bottle with water, Mrs.— prayed for guidance and help, and requested, silently, that some spiritual visions might be vouchsafed. J— looked into the water and saw a tall slight figure, clothed in white, with a white veil thrown back over her head, with a most beautiful and innocent countenance, standing in the water with a black board or book in her hand, on which she presently wrote, as if formed of white chalk, "Pray to God for everything; be as good as you can," and presently, "go to the table." A little round table appeared in the water, above which the spirit seemed to hover. She then wrote, "I will be with you at the table. Try it." Mrs.— and J— did so and were answered by tilting of the table, but when we did not at once understand the messages, the spirit would appear in the water and write her meaning. She presently wrote "try to be like the Saviour," pointing at the same time to a most beautiful representation of Our Lord on the Cross, that appeared also in the water. The spirit told Mrs.— and J— that she had never borne an earthly body, but was a spirit of the air, and very powerful, and that the purer and better our lives became, the more easily she could appear to us. Mrs.— wished and prayed silently for other visions of friends living and dead who also appeared.

#### A SOUL'S SACRIFICE.\*

The broad red sun rose slowly o'er the waves,  
As pacing silent, side by side, our hands  
Wreathed lovingly, palm clasping palm, we twain  
Skirted old ocean's silver-sanded marge.  
Her face I saw not; seaward was it turned;  
As with an Eagle's never-quailing gaze,  
Her calm eyes sought unmoveably the sun.  
Her long bright, golden hair swept the white sands,  
No single word we uttered, till a boat  
Fast moored beneath a veined rock we near'd,  
Smooth as pure marble, and all purple streaked,  
Was this old rock, polished by myriad waves.  
A carved Cupid, crowned with roses sate  
At the boat's prow, and feigned, with wilful wiles—  
Such seemed the thought of him who carved the child—  
To fling away a petulance or scorn,  
Arrows and quiver, whilst his merry feet,  
Crushed as in scornful pride the fallen bow.

Into the graceful boat then stepped we twain.  
Our warm hands linked in love—yet spake no word.  
Her face was still averted; seaward turned.  
Nor once quailed her calm eyes before the sun,  
Which rising made a path-way 'cross the waves;  
A path-way golden, widening round our boat;  
And round the ancient purple-veined rock.  
Nor she (whom well I loved, and yet whose face,  
I never yet, methought, had gazed upon;  
Nor yet had syllabled her name,  
Yet still had known her—so it seemed for years)  
Thus softly spake, still gazing at the sun:  
"I come to bathe. Beneath these waves descend,  
This self same hour; unto this end am here.  
Psyche must bathe; must wash away for thee—  
Her earthly self—all earthly sinful stains."  
And once again she said, "I come to bathe."

Then did I first perceive how standing there,  
With eyes undazzled by the glowing sun,  
Her long bright hair falling in golden folds  
Around her virginal, white, delicate form,  
She naked stood, except for her fair locks,  
Calm and undaunted, facing sea and sky,  
With soft, white arms laid cross-wise on her breast.  
Yet a third time she said, "I come to bathe."

"Thou shalt not bathe," I cried, "nor dare for me  
This sea so deep—so treacherously deep!  
Behold yon vessel anchored near the strand,  
Now do I first descry its curvèd prow!  
Manned is that vessel by a fiendish crew.  
With jeering yells, with miscreant loud mirth  
Thy gentle, virginal white form they mock!  
O, hide thyself, my Soul! I am thy shield,  
Thy garment, God bestowed, whilst here on earth,  
Thou shalt not dare these waves! Behold thy seethe  
In inky blackness dashing round our boat,  
Bearing unto us filth from that vile ship,  
Cast forth by Fiends to mar thy purity."

My cries she heeded not. Looked with calm brow  
And gaze unflinching towards the glowing sun,  
And stepping forth with white feet from the boat,  
Sank meekly midst the waves, and rose no more.  
I would have followed her in frantic haste.  
But a strong hand invisible, withheld  
And drew me backwards softly—and I woke!  
A cry of anguish on my lips for aid;  
A cry for help to that black jeering crew.  
I knew that I had dreamed a simple dream,  
Yet even with my waking ears I heard,  
Or seemed to hear, a voice of gentle love  
Which spake in tones of peace ineffable,  
"Thy soul must bathe herself, and may be drowned  
In sight of man, but, in the Father's time,  
Thou shalt again behold her still more fair,  
More white than any lily of the field  
Reclothed by angels' hands and crowned by love,  
And seated midst the virgins at Christ's feet."

A. M. H. W.

\* A real dream. The circumstances of the dream, after the lapse of two years, worked up into the above poetical form, and given by spiritual influx as it is now printed.

## THE "SPIRITS" IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

## INTERESTING MANIFESTATIONS.

*The Spirits of Len Woodruff and Col. Martin communicate with us.*

We are not of those who "run after strange gods," and are slow to believe that which is not made perfectly manifest to our sight or understanding. Hence we have taken up with few new theories and latter day isms, which we must confess we have not had the inclination to examine into or investigate. We have looked upon Spiritualism and the so-called manifestations of the spirits, as illusions of too vivid imaginations, or the tricks of unconscionable impostors, who deserved little short of the halter, for their deceptions, practised upon old women, half demented men and world-accused fanatics. We have always professed a willingness to be convinced, but studiously avoided the circles in which spirits were said to manifest themselves, and never, until last Thursday night, lent our presence to a gathering of those whose object it was to "call spirits from the vasty deep," or any other unknown locality.

Our paper of last week contained an extract from a letter written by Judge A. G. W. Carter, of this city, to the *Banner of Light*, a spiritual paper published at Boston, giving an account of a *séance* held in the city, at which the spirit of Len Woodruff, a well-known local editor, made itself manifest. This it was, we presume, which led the judge to propose having a *séance* in our office, to which we willingly assented, although with many doubts and misgivings as to any important results, confidently expecting that the judge would be disappointed in not securing the manifestations on account of the presence of such great sceptics and inveterate disbelievers generally, as ourselves.

We were requested to procure some musical instruments, a cord, and to invite a few friends—the only requisites for a spiritual *séance* actually necessary. We procured a snare drum, a tambourine, a guitar and fife, and a very strong new cord, and on Thursday night, duly provided, awaited the coming of our guests, who were as follows:

Judge A. G. W. Carter and lady, Charley Carter, Col. Wm. Oden, Capt. Smith, Thomas Shinkwin, short-hand reporter; Wm. P. Brannan, the poet-artist, and George J. Guilford, formerly of the press.

Mr. Oden was represented as a most powerful medium, and through him, it was expected the spirits would make themselves manifest on this occasion. He is a gentleman of medium height and apparently in not very robust health—has no theory in regard to the manifestations—only knows that the spirits do with him pretty much what they please, moving him about at pleasure.

A common office table was placed in the centre of the floor, and we seated ourselves around it, first placing the musical instruments and rope thereon; the lights were turned off, but the medium declared there was entirely too much light coming in at the windows and from the stove, although there were curtains at the former. We, however, improvised more substantial ones out of great coats and shawls, and smothered the fire with slack coal and water. Meanwhile, the spirits had taken advantage of the partial darkness, and completely tied Mr. Oden to the chair, the rope passing round his crossed hands so tightly as to prevent the free circulation of the blood, and knotted most firmly in several places. This was done so quickly that no one was aware of it but the medium himself, who gave us the first intimation thereof by declaring that he was tied, and that a little too tightly for his comfort.

The lights were put up, and we all satisfied ourselves that Mr. Oden could not possibly have tied himself in the manner in which we beheld him bound.

We find that we are going a little too fast in our narrative of the facts. Previous to putting out the lights, by way of experiment, we gathered around the table, and the medium, Mr. Oden, placed his hands thereon, and had scarcely done so ere several faint yet decided raps were heard.

Judge Carter at once pronounced questions, after explaining that one rap signified "No," two raps "Don't know," and three raps "Yes."

In order to ascertain what spirit was present, the alphabet was called, the spirit agreeing to reveal itself by spelling out its name, making three raps when each letter thereof was called. The name thus obtained was "Carson."

The question was then asked if it was Henry Carson, who died only a few months ago, and who was in this world a

medium. This reply was in the affirmative. The judge and his lady said they knew Carson when in the flesh, and used to receive frequent poetical communications of a high order through him from the spirit-world, which were published under the signature of "Pneuma."

Another spirit then made itself manifest, and this was ascertained by means of the alphabet to be the spirit of Len Woodruff, a double rap being given at the call of the letter O, but which at first was unremarked by the judge, and the name was put down Woodruff, but when asked if it was Len Woodruff, the raps were decidedly in the affirmative, as if the spirit was glad that it had been recognised.

The question was then asked, "Shall we have good manifestations to night?"

Answered by unmistakable raps in the affirmative.

He was asked if he would play upon the fife.

Answer—"Don't know; will try."

Pleased with the assurance that we were to have excellent manifestations, Mr. Shinkwin tied another rope around Mr. Oden's neck to the chair behind him, which, shortly after the lights were extinguished, was thrown into Mr. Shinkwin's lap, and upon raising the lights Mr. Oden was found tied as at first, with the single rope.

The lights were again put out, when almost as quick as thought the most ravishing sounds emanated from the guitar. Songs were hummed by some of the party, and the guitar accompanied the singing. It imitated the chimes and the ringing of bells, swinging too and fro almost the entire width of the room, the wind caused by its oscillations being felt by every one present. The sounds ensuing were most charming, and superior to those we ever heard produced by mortal hands from a similar instrument. It rang out a fire alarm, imitating the sound of bells to perfection. We could hear it above our heads, and ever and anon touching the ceiling high above us. Every few moments the lights were put up, and Mr. Oden, the medium, would be found tied as usual, and the guitar balanced sometimes on his shoulder and head, and at others upon the drum or upon the table. We would hold out our hands and the instruments would bound and rebound therefrom, every once in a while giving Mr. Shinkwin a tap over the head; sometimes a little more forcible than there was any actual necessity for to make its presence manifest. Not a soul in the circle moved, and conversation of the most general character was indulged in by all.

It was asked whose spirit it was thus manifesting itself, and we were given to understand that it was Len Woodruff's.

Another spirit now made itself manifest. The question was asked if it was the spirit of Col. Martin, and the reply was "yes." But few of our old citizens who do not remember "Poor Col." one of the best local editors our city ever gave birth to, formerly connected with various newspapers of this city, and who has been dead about twelve years.

This spirit took up the tambourine, and similar manifestations were made to those on the guitar.

Mr. Shinkwin asked the following:—

"Col., can't you give us a fist item to-night?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he received a pretty good tap on the head from the tambourine. We all concluded this was emphatically one of Col.'s "fist items"—a technical phrase among printers and editors, signifying a small item characterised by a fist. At one time the tambourine balanced itself on the head of the medium, where it still remained when the lights were put up, and Mr. Oden was found still tied. Towards the close of the manifestations three of the instruments were played at one and the same time—the guitar, tambourine and drum, while the table quivered like an aspen.

A new spirit made its appearance, whose personality, if we may use the expression, was not made manifest, but before it gave any decided manifestations the rope was taken from Mr. Oden by the spirits, and thrown into Mr. Shinkwin's lap.

Now as to attempting to explain the cause of these manifestations, or to say from whence they came, we beg to be excused. Not knowing, can't say.

Of one thing, however, we feel pretty certain; and that is, that there was no collusion and no trickery in the production of the manifestations on Thursday night in our editorial sanctum. An examination of the instruments after the *séance* showed that they were entirely uninjured, although they had been pretty well banged about against the ceiling and floor. The wrists of the medium were severely indented, showing plainly the marks of the rope—the imprints suggesting pain and the cessation of the vital fluid.

We have thus given a plain, straightforward and truthful statement of the scene at our office, for every word of which as true we pledge our honour as a public journalist. Our readers can draw their own conclusions, and may conclude with us "that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Cincinnati National Union*.

## THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

(From the *Bayswater Chronicle*.)

In the desire of making known to the public, (from an authority, the respectability and good faith of which will not, I trust, be called in question), certain experiences referring to an association with the Messrs. Davenport, I request you to admit the following account into your columns, to be received or rejected as the good sense or prejudice of readers may decide.

It must be understood, however, that I do not commit myself to one opinion or another as regards the phenomena which will be recorded, nor do I demand from any reader a surrender of his or her free-will or conviction. I have an object in making public my private experiences far above proselytizing one or many; and I desire in *this* account to lay a plain statement of facts before your readers, commending to their consideration what will be related, and assuring them that what is written here has not been paid for. First as to the persons concerned in the manifestations alluded to. Since my introduction to Dr. Ferguson (which occurred some time ago), I have had no cause, notwithstanding, I will confess, a close scrutiny of his manner and habits, to alter in the least degree the very high opinion of his ability and integrity with which I was impressed at our first meeting. He is a gentleman, learned, eloquent, and gentle in demeanour, fascinating in address, and of an affectionate heart. I mention these qualities as a tribute to the unvarying kindness with which I have always been received by him, and further because no justice has yet been shown to him in public, where, indeed, he is made to appear as a charlatan and showman to a brace of imposters. Of the Brothers Davenport, I may fairly say that they are gentle youths, full of *bonhomie* (though rather subdued and reserved with strangers), deeply impressed with a self-consciousness of mediumship; a feeling, of course, hardly definable on paper, but *utterly without an opinion as to what are the causes of this power or development*. Of the two brothers, William is by far the most powerful medium, since without him, neither Ira Davenport nor Mr. Fay can produce the more startling manifestations. What has been said of the brothers, as regards demeanour, &c., may be repeated in the case of Mr. Fay.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. D. Palmer, the manager of the entertainments carried on under the title of the "Davenport Brothers' Séances" I have had numerous opportunities of witnessing the public exhibitions at the Hanover-square Rooms, and it need hardly be added that, on each occasion, I have retired from both the dark and light séances more and more impressed. On the very first visit, however, I may state that I was made satisfied of one very important fact, viz., that whatever manifestations may be witnessed, the brothers Davenport *do not move hand or foot*; this I more fully established on the occasion of which I now proceed to write. Having arranged with Mr. Palmer for a private séance in my house, I invited the Messrs. Davenport, Mr. Fay, and Dr. Ferguson, on the evening of the 3rd instant. With the object of making our scrutiny as close as possible, I selected only a few friends to be witnesses of what might take place, and through their courtesy, I am permitted to give their names. They are as follows:—Messrs. H. A. Rudall, G. Rudall, J. G. Gill, C. Lancaster, T. Partridge, M.R.C.S., C. Cox, T. Grimes, Gibson, Chinnery, Le Brun, S. Walcott, R. B. Cooper, and Scholey.

At half-past eight, a semi-circle having been formed, which enclosed Messrs. Ira Davenport and Fay, each of whom sat in a chair on either side of the small round table, having the wall of the room at their back. I proposed, with a view of saving time, that the performers should not be tied by any of the gentlemen present, but that the ropes should be left by the side of the chairs, and the tying be entrusted to other agency. The proposal was accepted by all, and the chain of hands having been formed, William Davenport being held by myself at one end of the semi-circle, and Dr. Ferguson by Mr. Gill at the other, all light extinguished. Immediately the ropes were to be heard rapidly and roughly passing round the bodies of Messrs. Davenport and Fay, the ends occasionally striking some of the gentlemen in the semi-circle. During the process of tying, the instruments, (two guitars, a tambourine, and a bell, which were placed on the little round table) were rapidly carried round and round the room, the strings vibrating loudly and without special order of note. While the discord of the guitar, bell, and tambourine was at its height, and the ropes were actually being tied, a rough muscular hand passed over my hand, which held Mr. Davenport, and then patted my face, finally pushing my hair over my eyes. I mentioned this aloud, but while speaking I was interrupted by various exclamations from different parts of the room, as the gentlemen in the chain were struck or patted by the hands; many of the slaps resounding, and causing some little merriment. In about four minutes lights were called for. Dr. Ferguson was now released by Mr. Gill, and struck a match, with which he lighted

a candle placed on a table not far from him. All now came forward and inspected the complicated knotting which secured Messrs. Davenport and Fay. They were tied with more precision, and more elaborately than usual, the ropes having been wrapped several times round the table's legs, and reeved up in powerful knots. The gentlemen present having expressed their satisfaction at the security of the knotting, the lights were again extinguished, the instruments having been collected from various parts of the room and replaced on the table. Simultaneously with the removal of the lights, the instruments passed from the table, and now a perfect Babel of sounds ensued, the guitars roughly visiting the heads of the sitters in the chain, hands passed over faces or slapping the knees or heads, the tambourine and bell striking the floor with the utmost violence and with deafening noise. On the request of Mr. Fay for a light, the instruments were discovered in various parts of the room in great confusion, and in different positions. All this time hands were repeatedly felt by myself and others. The lights were again extinguished, and the instruments (which this time were anointed with phosphorized oil) could be seen floating and hovering round and about the circle with great velocity; at times they were carried to the ceiling of the room, where for a time they would stay, and then dart off elsewhere. Hands were also felt, and the table was twice upset. On each re-appearance of light the knots were closely inspected, and invariably found to be intact. The cords on Mr. Fay's wrists were now sealed by Mr. Lancaster and stamped with his signet ring. Immediately on the extinction of the light, a gentleman (I cannot accurately state who it was) made the request that Mr. Fay's coat might be taken off. As the desire was expressed, Mr. Fay cried out "It's off." Dr. Ferguson struck a light and the coat was flung across the room into my face and that of my neighbour, Mr. Scholey.

It must be understood that the wish, Mr. Fay's exclamation, Dr. Ferguson's striking off the match, and the flinging of the coat, occurred simultaneously with the velocity of thought. On inspection of the sealed knots they were found to be as they were left, and the seal perfectly uninjured. Mr. Lancaster now took his own coat off and laid it on the table by Mr. Fay. The light was extinguished, and Mr. Lancaster cried out "Will you put my coat on Mr. Fay?" With the rapidity of lightning the coat was jammed on Mr. Fay's arms and body over the ropes which were still sealed. Again the light was put out, and Mr. Rudall requested that Ira Davenport's waistcoat might be taken off from under his buttoned coat. The words were scarcely spoken when the waistcoat came off from under the coat with a "wisp," and the light being instantaneously struck, the waistcoat was found in a gentleman's lap, and with all the buttons fastened. Of course a minute inspection proved that the waistcoat was a *bona-fide* waistcoat, and not specially constructed. Ira Davenport's coat was buttoned as before. Having changed places with Mr. Chinnery, who now held Wm. Davenport, I sat between Mr. Gibson and Mr. Scholey, and at Mr. Rudall's suggestion took a small speaking trumpet, which I held between my knees with the bell towards my face. Light was removed, and the manifestations this time were very noisy. While speaking of this to Mr. Gibson a hand patted me five or six times, and then a stronger hand seized the trumpet, and before it could extricate it from the grip I had upon it, a voice, gruff and inharmonious, spoke through it to this effect, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" I now released the trumpet which then was applied to my ear, and the same words were repeated four or five times. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Scholey, and many others near me distinctly hearing the same. It now spoke to Mr. Gibson, then to Mr. Rudall, passed to the other side of the semi-circle, and spoke to Mr. G. Rudall, in whose lap it was found when a light was called for. Again darkness was required, and this time paper was placed under the feet of Messrs. Fay and Davenport, on which papers I and Mr. Cooper traced the outlines of the performer's feet, adding such private marks as we thought fit. The same phenomena occurred again, but on inspection of the paper, the pencilling was as perfect as we had left it, and the position of the feet corresponding to the private marks alluded to. After this Messrs. Fay and Davenport were rapidly released from their ropes, which slapped the floor, and noosed two gentlemen at one end of this circle, and myself at the other. Dr. Ferguson then permitted Mr. Cooper and myself to tie the performers with the "Tom-fool-knot." I tied Mr. Ira Davenport as tightly as I could in this rope-handcuff, and Mr. Fay was tied by Mr. Cooper. In less than a minute Mr. Fay was free, and Ira Davenport was shortly afterwards released from my knots. Various other phenomena occurred in the evening, all tending to convince most of the members of our circle that the executants, *whatever means they may have used to effect the manifestations, had not moved from their seats*. These plain facts are given out as experiences for the comment and consideration of all whom they may interest.

Yours, &amp;c.,

R. REECE, JUNR.

17, Chepstow-villas, West.

## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA

AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. M. SPEAR,

Delivered in the Spiritual Lyceum Hall, on Sunday Evening,  
March 19th, 1865.

Mr. Spear commenced by observing that for some cause or other it seemed to be a fact, that great thoughts generally germinated in the Old World, but afterwards developed themselves and flowered out into all their power in the New World, and that two remarkable instances of this were to be found in the lives of John Murray and Ann Lee. John Murray was the son of parents moving in a high social position; he was brought up in the strict Calvinist school, and was taught to despise everything of a liberal character. Passing one day through the streets of London, he heard John Raleigh preach, a man who was a believer in the final reunion of the human race, and had written a book called *The Union*, the argument of which was that as all the members of the human body constituted but one, so the human race formed but one vast body, with Jesus Christ at their head. At first, Murray wrapped himself up in his self-righteousness, thanked God that he was not left to believe a lie, but afterwards he was led to read Raleigh's book and to receive his doctrine. Soon after this, persecution set in upon him; his wife died, his business failed, and he was thrown into Newgate for debt; but while there, in the season of great darkness, with no one to sympathise with him, his cell one day, was filled with light; he beheld before him his loved though departed wife. This was his first experience of direct intercourse with the spirit-world and it gave him great consolation. He was afterwards impressed that he ought to go to America, there exclude himself from the world, and when in great depression of spirits at the very beginning of the voyage, he heard a voice telling him to be of good cheer, for his God would never forsake him. He left England for America in 1770, but owing to some mistake, the vessel instead of going to New York, got driven into an inlet and the boats had to be lowered with some of the cargo, to enable her to get to sea again; Murray was put on board one of the boats, which was left behind; going on shore, he went to a house to get provisions, and was told by the owner, Mr. Potter, that he had been waiting for him for a long time. Mr. Potter had long lived at the place and had built a chapel there, but could never get a proper preacher for it, till when he saw the ship in which Murray sailed, a voice told him that there was the man; Murray was induced, after great persuasion, to stop there, and went throughout the land teaching the great doctrines of the restitution of all things, and was a great instrument in God's hands in preparing the way for the advent of Spiritualism in America. Four years later, Ann Lee, as the leader of a little group calling themselves United Brethren and called in derision by others "shakers," left England in obedience to a spiritual revelation, for America, where she was told the second Christian church was to be established. These people at last formed eighteen communities who received spiritual manifestations and had books written by mediums. They were told however, that in the course a few years these manifestations would cease among them and appear in the outside world, and when they lately heard of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, it made them glad, because they saw the predictions of their mediums were about to be fulfilled.

But there was another series of events which were also preparing the people of America for the reception of the modern manifestations. The declaration of the Government of the United States, stated that all men were born free and equal, and yet strange to say, the Government recognised the right of property in man. At length the people woke up to this inconsistency and a great excitement prevailed; discussions in which many questions were used up, such as slavery, and the rights of women, were held all over the States, and he believed that it was this state of things which educated the people for the reception of the modern spiritual manifestations. While these discussions were going on, a very remarkable phenomenon appeared. It was found that a young man named Andrew Jackson Davis, son of a shoemaker, could be magnetised and be made under favourable circumstances to speak.

In this, many remarkable thoughts, new to all of them, were presented; and a volume of the communications, containing 700 pages, was published. This was entirely a new thing; a great deal of enquiry was created, and a periodical was started. At last it was said that sounds were heard in connection with the Fox girls; and people were convinced that they were produced by some new power of which they had heard nothing before, but which claimed itself to be a Spirit-power. The minds of the people who had been associated with John Murray and Ann Lee, were prepared for these things, but the professional scientific and theological world treated them with contempt. Investigations were commenced, and the common people, as usual, received the truth gladly; and it was not long before Dr. Phelps, a popular Doctor of Divinity, Judge Edmonds, judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, who was an unbeliever in immortality, but a distinguished man in the scientific world, and Governor Talmadge, of Wisconsin, were led to examine the subject, and all pronounced in favour of Spiritualism. The professors of Harvard College, and the University of America, also made investigations, and to this day they had never made a report, though at first they had promised to do. This, then, was a brief historical statement of the rise and progress of Spiritualism in the free States; and it should be remembered that discussions of this sort had not extensively prevailed in the South. The manifestations began with the simple sounds, which were followed by "tippings." Being one day invited by some friends, he (Mr. Spear) sat down at a table, and after the sounds had been heard he was asked by some of those present if he had a sister in the spirit-life; he answered that he had not, and rather prided himself on having shown the manifestation to be a fault. A message, however, came to the effect that Frances was there, and then he knew that it was his brother's wife, who had died a few months before; and that dear sister was the first messenger that came to him

from the Spirit-world. Mr. Spear then narrated several remarkable instances, in which he had himself received, through mediums, direct spiritual communications of the greatest importance to him at the time, and proceeded to show the various forms in which the manifestations developed themselves, till at last they arrived at the power of writing, healing, and prophesying. Some striking instances of the prophetic nature of the communications were given, including the case of Mr. Conway, whose removal from America to Europe had been predicted by Mr. Spear some three years ago, though at the time Mr. Conway had not the slightest intention of visiting England. Mr. Conway has now settled as a minister, in London, and had that very morning given a discourse in opposition to Spiritualism. He (Mr. Spear) did not believe that there was anything new in these spirit-manifestations. He thought that mankind moved round in spirals, and that about once in two thousand years they got round to where they were before, and that they were now bringing out the truth which Jesus taught, and that Spiritualism was a re-appearing of the Son of Man, or a new and third dispensation. The news of what was doing in America soon spread to England, and through the agency, first of Mrs. Haydon, and then of Mr. Harris and Mr. Home, and later still by the Davenport's, public attention had been called to the subject, and the belief in Spiritualism was now spreading on all hands. If he were asked what Spiritualism has done for America, he would answer that it had liberalized the public mind—breaking up the old crust, and giving man nobler views of his present duty, and shedding new light, new love, new wisdom upon him from the worlds above. After alluding, in a most touching and affecting manner to the death of his deeply-loved daughter, and her re-appearances to him, cheering him in times of difficulty and sorrow, when in the midst of strangers, with no one near to sympathise with him; and mentioning the good effects which Spiritualism had on all those who came in contact with it. Mr. Spear closed by asking why, with all these facts before him, he should not recognise Spiritualism as coming from God, and why he should not consecrate all his powers to its dissemination? It was to him the great work of his life, and all the great events which had happened during the last five and twenty years were in his view embraced in this spiritual unfolding: for he believed that Spiritualism was to give them a new church, or new state, a new commerce, and a new order of things. With this thought he set himself to work on this side the Atlantic, not to aid a clique, or a sect, or a party, or even a nation, for he felt that this work was planetary, and it was intended for the redemption of men of all climes and colours, and to bring every wanderer back to God; till the prayer of the poet should be answered:—

"When soon or late we reach the coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven;  
May we rejoice, no wanderer lost—  
A family in heaven."

Dr. J. B. Ferguson, being called upon, said he felt that he had something to say to them; but first of all he wished to allude to a matter which was somewhat personal to himself. There was a rather unpleasant though a very expressive word, which had become very current with the British public, ever since, at least, the Brothers Davenport had had any connection with England, in exhibiting certain facts which took place in their presence—it was the word "humbug." They would allow him to say that he knew of no humbug possible to the human mind, or to human propagandism, greater than that which a man imposed upon himself, to say nothing of his audience, when he undertook to speak upon a subject which he had not honestly and fairly investigated; and, without any disrespect to the individuality of any party, he was bound to say he knew of no department of human effort from which this form of humbug was constantly manifested in a greater degree than from the pulpit. His relation to the Davenport phenomena, as they were called, had brought him into contact with this word in such a form as to require at his hands a distinct statement. There had not been a riot in England in connection with the Davenports in which the mob had not assumed that they had a right to prevent the manifestations, because the brothers were humbugs, not to say impostors. Granting, for the sake of the argument, that there was nothing in it but legerdemain, and clever or bungling conjuring, he wished to ask one question. When a man paid a certain number of shillings to witness what he conscientiously believed to be a feat of legerdemain, professing to be something else, and he found it to be what he had before believed it to be, in what way had such a man been humbugged? If any body was humbugged it was surely the Spiritualists, who paid their money, believing the manifestations to be produced by spiritual agency, supposing, of course, the whole thing was a trick. Admitting that a riot was justifiable under any circumstances, it certainly could not be so in the present case, even on the principle of the rioters themselves; but the fact was, they did not believe it to be legerdemain, and therefore it was that they occupied such an inconsistent position. Had it never occurred to reflecting men, such as public writers were presumed to be, who reasoned upon the strange excitement caused by the phenomena, that if the Davenports were governed by the motives which were ascribed to them, they were acting at present in a very unwise manner, taking their own interest into consideration? Supposing they were only influenced by mercenary considerations, had not the British public demonstrated to the dullest perception that, if they would only say they were dexterous conjurers, they might make a fortune? At almost every exhibition they had been asked to declare that they were only conjurers, and if they would only do this, and so tell a lie, they would stand at least on an equal footing with the jugglers and professors of legerdemain in this country, and would certainly avoid all the violent proceedings which had lately been taken against them. He honestly confessed that he made these remarks with a personal object; for his name, position, and relationship had become the subjects of a discussion that was new to him, though none of them would ever know how it had entered into his calculation when he entered on his work, unless in the great hereafter they chose to look into his private records, and then they would see evidences from

the spiritual world on this subject, indicative of trial, misconception, and violent opposition, worse than anything which England had yet seen. Another remark he wished to make was with reference to certain so-called "clever" Spiritualists, who stated that they had progressed far beyond such simple forms of manifestations as table-tippings and tambourine movements. He had spent ten years of his life in the most consecrated devotion to what he considered to be the highest scope of humanity, not ignoring that form of manifestation, but certainly passing by it. He would not stop to tell them why, for that would be to justify himself, but during that time he had learned one fact, that every manifestation of divinity to man was equally great, and sanctified, and saintly, and angelic, and cherubic; hence he had found that it was not mere poetry to talk about the birth in the manger, or the death on the cross (though, alas! it was poetry only in much of the religion of the day) but that it was a reality in the actual experience of man, when he would devote himself to the service of himself and of his fellow. He did not mean by this that every man ought to go and see a table tipped every time that the table moved; he would not cross the street at present to see it for his own gratification, but he would walk barefoot to London Bridge to convince some people whom he esteemed of the fact that there was a higher inscription on their nature than materialism, with all its hoary registry of history and chronology, had ever written upon their brains, and if a rap would do it, he would seek every rap that he could. It was simply an exhibition of human vanity to despise that which we cannot ourselves accomplish. He could not himself produce a rap by putting his hand upon the table, but he did not know any twenty-four hours in his life, during the last fifteen years, in which raps had not been made upon his person; and he could not stand there in solemn abstraction for five minutes without having distinct evidence over his whole body of the presence of spirits. Of course, that would not be evidence to another person; he should never offer it as such, even to his wife, or his children, or his parents; but while he could not do this, yet if the most insignificant (conventionally insignificant) creature who trudged along the dark lanes of London, bearing the heavy burden of life's care could do it; he did not fold his hands and stand off indignantly: saying that he had progressed beyond such forms of manifestations. And what it showed philosophically was this: the Divine law was eternal in duration and infinite in adaptation, and consequently every condition of human existence was made recipient of a gift and a power which came from the Eternal "I am"; and this made the basis of hope for every condition of humanity. If they paused to discuss the obscurity of the place, the conventional position of the person, or the insignificance of the fact of a rap or a tap, they lost sight of one of the grandest impressions that was ever made upon any century. When he first witnessed these manifestations he was accompanied by a distinguished clergyman, who asked him on their way home what he thought of it all, and his answer was that he believed they had better evidence of their immortality given them that night than they had given in their pulpits during the whole of their ministry. Throughout ages men had been toiling as preachers and as philosophers, appealing to the desire of men for immortality, to the indestructibility of matter, and to the universality of the tradition or superstition, that there was a future life, and yet men had died without a hope of immortality; but no mortal man ever witnessed a distinct evidence similar to those now given, which was not the medium's, which was not his which he ever got rid of; and this was one reason why he devoted himself to the propagation of facts. Arguments were very good, and it was well sometimes to use them, but facts were demonstrations and proofs. Reference had been made to the distinguished philanthropist, Robert Owen, and he could himself bear witness to the gratitude and joy, and pleasure, which filled his heart when he thought of the evidences which had been given him, though all the arguments which could ever be used had failed to convince him before. Allowing that there might sometimes be deception, trickery, and fraud, and enjoining upon them that they ought to scan and scrutinize; he would say that there had been no movement in the progress of humanity which had borne a more vast or varied amount of testimony than this spiritual movement, which by some was so readily denominated "humbug". For his own part he could say that he had not accepted a single fact in the whole classification of facts which his humble measure of capacity and research had enabled him to make at second hand, not even from the sister of his love, or the brother of his right-hand. Of course he gave to them the respect they deserved, but his own knowledge was his own, and it was this which he wanted and must have. The rapidity with which these evidences had spread in America was truly wonderful, and there was a connecting link which he felt bound to call to their attention. At the beginning of the present century, there took place in America what was called the great Revival, and out of that there grew several of the largest and most influential Protestant sects of the country. Family associations had led him to trace the history of the Revival, and he had been told by some of his ancestors who were connected with it of the extraordinary things which then took place, such as the healing of the sick, the gift of tongues, and the power of prophecy, and he had found underlying the revival a principle which looked to an era in which the sentiments and precepts of their boasted Christianity were to be inaugurated and reduced to practical life. There was not a sect in Christendom now that did not profess principles and sentiment, which would relieve all humanity, if they were reduced to practice, which, alas! they were not. Hence it was that Theodore Parker said there was nothing new in Christianity. That was a truth, but another truth following upon its heels, was that it did not necessarily follow that Christianity borrowed from any book, or age, or people. The boast of originality was contemptible vanity, as every man knew whose researches had gone beneath the husk of thought which had claimed popular attention. God was the same and man the same in all conditions, whether in London or in New York, whether in the wilds of the American wilderness or the sands of Arabia, in civilized and powerful Rome, or in anarchical and revolutionary America; and what they gained from this, was no longer the vain boast of originality, but the practical application of the powers with which Nature or God had endowed man, doing something, if only for one single soul which would alleviate its burden and cause it to recognise

the Deitic impress which rested upon it. This was something which paid a man better than all the applause of the world; and the moment he realised this, he had a strength within him which was ministered to by spiritual power. He well remembered his feelings on discovering that Zoroaster had laid down the golden rule five hundred years before Christ lived; but now, instead of talking about the originality of thought, all he had to do was to attempt to reduce it to practice, and to do to others as he would they should do unto him. The same thing applied to all the doctrinal questions of the day, the greatest of which was the relative position of Jesus of Nazareth to the God-head; and on this point he would not disturb their prejudices, but would bring them to a practical view of it. Whatever of Divinity was reflected in him was universal Divinity, and in the exact degree in which any man would manifest any of that Divinity he was allied to Christ, no matter what his rank or condition might be. Was not Divinity the same in all nations, in all ages, and in all states? To say that it was not, was to admit that they had no recognitions of the nature of "Divinity." They did not mean by Divinity, England, Ireland, and Scotland, the four quarters of the globe, this or that form of philosophy, astrology, or astronomy, but what they did mean was the spirit that formed, made, ordered, directed, beautified, was evolved from, and that evolved all they met; to mean less was to mean something less than God, or even nature, but in the exact degree in which a man reflected that Divinity in himself, to that degree he had the spirit which dwelt in Jesus, in Socrates, and even in Judas. Yes, he would take the whole responsibility before heaven and earth of saying the spirit which was in Judas. It had nothing to do with justifying his betrayal, but what he said was, that the spirit which made Judas a man was the Spirit of God, and in the recognition of that Spirit of God he recognised a principle which triumphed over treachery, and ascended above it, though death came between the time of the man's seeing it and its triumph. That was the whole point, that the triumph of the principle did not depend on man's seeing it, but on the omnipotent working of the eternal will. Hence he would do justice even to an enemy, because it would send back its sweet responses to his own soul. While, then, all the facts which had been narrated were true, and while much more was true in his own experience, than he dared to tell in mortal ear, he wished to impress upon them that all the evidences which they had received, would only be beneficial to themselves and others as they applied them to practical and actual life. He did not choose his own way now, it was chosen for him, and he felt that his ministrations would prepare the way for another, and that at last the realisation of the new dispensation would be the realization of the life which was lived in Judea 1800 years ago.

People often wondered how the dead could come back, but the first question which they should ask was—how could the dead get away? That the dead did go away at all was an entire assumption; but if they did go, surely they could come back by the same road. The assumption was unphilosophical, and the inconsistency of the position should force them to the higher recognition that the dead had never left them, and that, in so far as the word had any significance of meaning, the dead were the living still. Hence, when they received a true ministry they should not judge of it by any standard, but receive it as true—knowing that the true was always good, and in that recognition go forth, faithfully and dutifully, to every department of work. What external or earthly reward could pay a man for standing in the position occupied by their friend Mr. Spear, or any man reflecting these spiritual evidences? If any man supposed that money or honour could do it, he had never made a greater mistake. No, in the recognition of the spiritual evidences, born to this day and generation, the man who followed them would find himself literally fulfilling supposed obsolete and paradoxical utterances found in the New Testament, and in the inspiration of all ages, that he who would save his life should lose it, and would save it by the loss, and that he who would be true to the kingdom of heaven in his own soul would have to forsake father, and mother, and children, and houses, and friends, and take his own life in his hand, relying on the invisible and the eternal. He made these allusions, not to commend himself to their sympathies, but to show them that this movement, heralding itself by raps and tips, which were considered to be insignificant, was a movement of the great pulse of humanity, which was Divinity eternal; beating here and moving there, over the face of the whole world, to bring it to what? To the realisation of an inheritance which would make life worth the gift of its bounteous Giver, no matter through what channel it had come. In this recognition their own life was the brightest evidence that they had of Divinity—their own thought, and feeling, and emotion. If true to each of these, they would find that, though they might be very much wedded to various 'isms,' it would be the greatest pleasure in their life to let them pass away, as new horizons expanded before them, and new conceptions were awakened, and new thoughts generated, and new hopes inspired.

The spiritual movement, in this generation, as he appreciated it, was neither new nor old, and had neither beginning nor end. What they called beginnings were but the beginnings of their realizations, and were to be counted only as they estimated all temporal events—events marking the great dial-board of eternity, upon which the index-finger of the Omnipotent was pointing to man the way through the wilderness—a way ablaze with the noble deeds and glorious utterances of men in every age of the world—a way to Canaan, which was no romance, nor a field of mere visionary anticipation, but where heart should beat responsive to heart in melodious sympathy—where every man they met should be a brother, where every house they entered should be their home; a life unending in its unfolding; a heaven, not of selfish localisation, but of expanded affections practically realised, and demonstrated in the binding of heart to heart, and soul to soul, that the treasury of all experience might be brought and deposited as the first fruits of the tree of eternal life, which was humanity, but which God had planted in the Eden of all infant innocence, and which he would bring to the heaven of eternal blessedness, as certainly as He was Omnipotent, and man immortal.

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