

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 DAVENPORT BROTHERS, MR. W. M. FAY, AND THEIR FAREWELL SEANCES.

THE Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay gave their farewell public *séances* at the Hanover-square Rooms on Saturday last. The attendance was large, and, we may add, the satisfaction great. In all the *séances* which during the past six months it has been our privilege to attend, we can honestly say no better evidence has been afforded than that of Saturday of the action of an invisible intelligence. The curiosity in us has long tempered down, whilst a simple sense of duty has alone stimulated us to repeated visits to the brothers' *séances*. Yet every additional *séance* we have attended has had the effect of confirming our faith in the genuineness of the mediums. The closer we have observed the various phenomena of the cabinet and dark *séances* the more convincing the facts have been. In fact, from a somewhat large acquaintance with the mediums we feel it due to them, as it certainly is to ourselves, to say, that nothing of a suspicious character has transpired in our presence. All, even the darkness, is produced without the faintest effort at fraud—and, indeed, it would be the height of folly to assume that fraud could in any degree aid some of the manifestations witnessed. Take the coat experiment as an example—What number of confederates, and what system of fraud could perform the feat? We say, unhesitatingly, that it alone transcends all possible trick, and if it does not alone upset physical science, so-termed, it at least gives it a problem it is not likely at present to solve. On Saturday last, Mr. Fay's coat came off with the usual rushing sound, and was suspended to the chandelier; a gentleman from the company having been solicited, handed his coat to be put on in its stead. It was done with lightning rapidity. Mr. Fay then asked that the gentleman's coat might be taken off himself and placed inside-out on Mr. Ira Davenport. A slight pause—the request was reperted—whiz!—the coat, inside-out was on Mr. Ira Davenport, whose hands were fastened behind him. What conjuror, unaided by mediumship, will attempt a feat of this kind? When conjuring *can* perform such a feat, there will be reason in supposing the idea of conjuring a correct answer to the puzzling question—"How is it done?"

The cabinet *séance* was commenced with the tedious process of tying. A Mr. Tyler, a gymnast, known to the notorious Mr. Hulley, of Liverpool, tied William Davenport in a manner, it was said, without the brutality, similar to the tying adopted by Hulley. But it is needless to add that all his complications of rope were unfastened. Mr. Coleman was elected to sit in the cabinet; when the doors flew open there sat Mr. Coleman, his head enveloped in a white handkerchief which was so neatly and tightly tied that it took a minute or two to undo the knots. There was much laughter excited by this incident, which was a novelty in its way. Besides the handkerchief having been tied over Mr. Coleman's head, his scarf-pin was taken from his neckcloth and stuck in his coat at the back.

At the close of the dark *séance* John King's peculiar gruff voice was heard, the only time, we believe, before an English public; he said—"Now I wish you all farewell."

A few weeks ago Mr. W. M. Fay gave a *séance* at a gentleman's house, at which the Davenports did not appear. Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Palmer, who were the only "confederates" in the flesh possible, were taken proper and gentlemanly care of by trustworthy persons. Mr. Fay allowed his person to be held by two equally reliable individuals. Yet the musical instruments took their swallow-like flight, and were thrummed at the same time by invisible fingers.

Let the sceptics, with Faraday, Tolmaque, and Addison at their head, account for the marvels which have attended the mediums during their career in England if they can. What confederacy, under such conditions as Mr. Fay submitted to, could exist?

The bare suggestion of trickery involves the mind in labyrinths of "confusion worse confounded." The sceptics will have it that Tolmaque, the prestidigitateur, who is "sailing under false colours," can perform all the wonders of the "structure," and perhaps more. Alas! to what flimsy expedients do they submit who talk so ignorantly! Tolmaque presents a figure no doubt graceful to the eye of a *connoisseur*, but it is certainly not Figure One in the circular of figures which make up the sum total of human beings. If moral dignity is to be valued as an ingredient in our estimate of individual character, we should like to ask the admirers of Mr. Tolmaque what are his credentials? He assumes a position he knows to be false; and then, in the country, as at Eastbourne, the other night, has the bare-faced offrontery to set it forth that he has accepted Mr. Palmer's challenge. We perfectly appreciate his policy of tracking the steps of the Davenports, assuring his patrons he regards his mission as sacred, and that he has a reputation to stake, and is determined to hunt the "spiritual impostors" out of the field.

We lately heard a gentleman connected with the press, who is opposed to our view of the Davenports, declare that Tolmaque had once expressed himself condescending to allow his name to appear in connection with that of the Davenports, lest they should thrive on his reputation!!!! What modesty! After this we may bid farewell—a long farewell—to Houden and Frikell, and all the great caglios-

tros of the world. Tolmaque alone is great. Why, talk of the chiefs of Spartan prowess—the heroes of Olympus—they are the quintessence only of dwarfishness compared to Tolmaque, who, though “sailing under false colours,” is, nevertheless, king of the great captains of magic. Is it not sickening to know such mongrel performances as Tolmaque presents are taken for *exposés* of the Davenport manifestations? Where is the rope-tying company which has been challenged to test the Davenports, and win, if they can, £2,000? Echo, answer. Where are the *Star-ry* Yates and his *Power-ful* rays of light to lighten the darkness of Spiritualism now? Has Mr. Lucas still faith in Tolmaque? If so, why does he not persuade the impudent *feller* to go in at once for Mr. Palmer’s £100? Why? Because he has *scarcely* faith enough in his remarkable *protégée* to expect success.

Mr. Palmer once offered to take Mr. Fay to the *Star* office and allow Mr. Lucas to sit and hold his hands and tread lightly on his feet. If the manifestations came off successfully, Mr. Lucas was expected to write a leader in the *Star*, undoing what he had unfairly done. But no. Mr. Lucas could not see the way clear, and the sitting never came off. Since then, however, several sittings of a similar character have come off, with what result let the facts attest.

The *fracas* amongst the conjurors and the press respecting these remarkable mediums has somewhat subsided. The puzzle seems too perplexing for the thinking portion of the latter. They are either beginning to bow it out of court, or to admit its perplexing character. A reaction in the public mind is sure to succeed the late incipient rage of declamation and defamation. And then the conjuring fraternity may pass to that bourne from whence they may return, for aught their present patrons will care.

Mr. W. M. Fay and the Brothers Davenport have quietly and wondrously shown their readiness, at all times, to submit to tests. To us it is a simple matter which of the three is the best medium. We only care to know they are all mediums, and that they are honest. Their work is not altogether a work of gratification to themselves, although it may be to their friends, or the friends of Spiritualism. It is no pleasant matter to have your honest efforts taken for charlatanism, and to find every would-be “greatest conjuring wonder of the world” assuming with “tricks” to expose that which infinitely transcends mortal trickery. Yet the Davenports, Mr. Fay, and especially Dr. Ferguson, have had to endure all this.

It is curious to find that just in proportion to the current demand, the evidences given through these mediums of spirit-life have been forthcoming. Faces, and even whole figures, have been seen at some of the *séances*! What will Tolmaque say to this?

The solons of science have had their say, and said nothing either very witty or clever that should cause us to clap our hands. The conjurors have had *their* say, and will continue to say on whilst they find it sufficiently sensational. The clergy are tolerably quiet, although a few of them have had *their* say, which is—“It all proceeds from the devil!” Still the marvels of spirit are working our material figures into confusion, and directing our thoughts towards the great Hereafter. Inasmuch as the Davenports and Mr. Fay are the mediums of this power, we cannot but rejoice to hear of their success, and feel ourselves indebted, in no small degree, to them for the impetus they have given to Spiritualism. May they still prove, as hitherto, great enough for all occasions.

THE CHELSEA SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

Sir,—In consequence of the erroneous statements which have appeared in several papers respecting the Chelsea spirit who made himself visible to three of the family of the Wards, it becomes necessary that I should state facts to put this subject in a truthful and useful manner before the public. It will be recollected that the spirit of the poet Shelley directed me to go with the two mediums to Pond Terrace on Saturday at five o’clock. I therefore requested the mediums to come to my residence at that hour. When they arrived, I desired the rapping medium to ascertain if any spirit would come to say anything more to us

upon the subject. The medium soon discovered that some spirit was making raps, and appeared by them to be anxious to say something to us. I inquired what spirit was present—the name was immediately given. It was the spirit of one of the most pure, intellectual, and good young persons I have ever met with—a lady of high attainments, who, before she was twenty years old, sacrificed her life by visiting the poor in Edinburgh during the prevalence of a most malignant typhus fever. I asked this spirit what she desired to say to me?—I wish you to go to Chelsea.

Why do you wish me to go?—To relieve the spirit of Ward.

Is the spirit now suffering?—Yes.

Should I take the two mediums with me?—Yes.

When should we go?—Immediately.

Will you accompany us, and make yourself known when we may need your advice?—Yes.

We at once drove there, and were rather reluctantly admitted, the father not wishing to admit strangers. We sat at a small table, and the medium asked for a spirit, and the same superior spirit announced herself by the alphabet. I asked her,—

What are we now to do?—Try to get into the room where the spirit of Ward is.

We cannot get in, the door is locked; tell us who has the key?—The landlord.

This was true, and some one went to the landlord for it. I proceeded to ask more questions, and said,—

Can you tell us the christian name of the spirit?—Yes; his name is James Ward.

Can the spirit in the room rap on this letter before us?—No.

We then went to the door of the room, in which the spirit was seen, and the medium put her hand on the door and asked for raps, when she heard low, rumbling raps beginning to become more distinct, when the landlord and three or four men with him came up stairs in great anger because parties had been admitted into the house.

Seeing that these men were not in a frame of mind to be conversed with, I requested the mediums to leave the house with me, which they did; for the spirits, above all things, deprecate contention. Their uniform recommendation is, kindness, charity, love, and great forbearance on account of the present prejudices of education of the human race. We returned to my residence, where, after a short time, a party of eight sat round a table, and the mediums soon obtained raps from a spirit. Upon inquiring, by the alphabet, the name of Richard Owen (my youngest brother, who had died more than half a century ago) was given. I asked him what he wished to say to me? He replied,—

You have been very obedient to-night. It is true, although it is denied, there is a spirit in the room, and you will see it. They must unlock the door for you.

At this time the father of the Wards and one of his daughters called and wished to see me. I had them both introduced into the circle. We asked the cause of their coming. It was to tell the *real truth* respecting the spirit. It was seen first by his daughter for a considerable time while she lay in bed, when at length she became so frightened she went for her sister and brother, who both saw the spirit, and were equally frightened, and much confusion then arose, as one of the brothers was in a violent fit, requiring many to hold him, and the police was called in. He, the policeman, told me, when we went to the house, that he saw no spirit, and that is probable; because, as it subsequently appeared, the spirit desired to speak to the Wards, and not to divulge his secret to indifferent strangers. While the father and daughter were with me, the spirit present with us said the name of the spirit was James Ward. They said that they had heard [the opening and slamming of the doors before and after they saw the spirit. They then returned home. The spirit of my brother Richard added, that he wished I would meet him to-morrow (this day) at the house of the mediums, which I promised to do in the afternoon. Subsequently, other spirits announced their presence to the party, and they gave me much valuable information upon other important subjects, which shall soon be given to the public. Thus ended Saturday’s proceedings.

On Sunday morning, about ten or eleven o’clock, I went to Mr. Hayden’s, at 22, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, to see the medium, Mrs. Hayden, after her return from Paris and Ireland. I asked for a *séance*—raps were soon heard, and I inquired what spirits were present? My father, mother, wife, and two daughters (who almost always come as soon as I ask for any spirits), and, in addition, my old and much-valued friend, President Jefferson, who often comes and gives me interesting information respecting the spirit-world, and other matters of general importance. I asked what my relatives and friend wished to say? The President became the speaker for the party, and added,—

Do you know anything about the spirits in Chelsea?—Yes.

Will you tell me the name of the spirit?—Yes; it is James Ward.

What relation is the spirit to the father and daughter who were with me last night?—Grandfather, and great grandfather.

Can you tell me where he died?—Yes; in a fort. He then

added, The spirit is not confined in the room, as you suppose, but he haunts it: he is troubled, and you can do much to relieve him.

In what way?—By going and talking to him at the house where he is.

When should we go to him?—As soon as you can.

To-day?—No.

To-morrow?—(Slowly), Yes.

Who should go?—Mrs. Hayden, Mr. Hayden, and myself.

Should Dr. Ashburner go?—No.

Why?—The fewer the better, to get accurate answers.

Ask the spirit, in the name of God, to reveal to you what troubles him.

If we went to-day, should we obtain access and admittance into the house?—No.

To-morrow?—Yes.

Should the proceedings of last night and to-day be published in the newspapers?—Yes.

In the afternoon I went to the other mediums to keep my appointment with my brother Richard's spirit. He was punctually present. I asked him what he wished to say to me? He replied, You have been very obedient to the spirits to night. My dear brother, the spirit in Pond-terrace is in great distress, and he wants to make Jane Ward a medium, as the spirit wants to tell her about some property; he wants to tell her where he has hidden it.

A faithful statement,
ROBERT OWEN.

London, Sunday night,
11th Sept, 1853.

P.S. Since the preceding was written, much communication has been had with the Wards, who appear to be simple, honest people, afraid of their insolent landlord, who thinks his property will be injured if they made the truth known to the public. Other spirits have, also, since I wrote this statement, interfered to urge inquiry for the relief of the spirit of James Ward.—R.O.

The *Morning Post* and the *Globe*, who had published the erroneous statement, declined to give the public the correction of the error.

SPEECH OF DR. FERGUSON,

Concluding the Davenport Séances in London.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We conclude our oft-repeated séances in the Queen's Concert Rooms to-day. For over six months we have been engaged in the presentation of the remarkable phenomena you are present to witness—to the public of this realm, and for more than half this time in these rooms, and in the private residences of the nobility and gentry of the Metropolis. Our exhibition has been witnessed by the representatives of all classes and conditions of society. And I feel that we may in truth say that no facts have ever, in the same length of time, commanded a greater amount of attention or called forth more variety of estimate. We have met gentility and rowdiness; learning and ignorance; crudeness and refined practical skill; the most respectful and enquiring investigations, and the most boorish attempts at ridicule and sometimes violent efforts for destruction. Our integrity as exhibitors of facts is to-day untarnished and the facts themselves undeniable and undenied by all who have given to them a faithful and impartial investigation. They have been reported in almost every journal of the United Kingdom. They have been imitated, with more or less cleverness, by all the conjurors and amateur rope-dancers of this realm. They have been denied, denounced, doubted, and acknowledged in turn, in almost every club, coterie and drawing-room. They have been subjected to the greatest variety of tests that the skill and ingenuity of this great people could devise. And the man lives not who can say he has ever proven them unreal, or detected in us, or in what we exhibit, the slightest evidence of fraud or imposition upon popular credulity. Many objections have been urged against them, and all, so far as they have come before the public, have been met and fairly answered. Hence we hesitate not to say that no truth has been more fairly and honestly demonstrated than this, that a power, beyond and above the active agency of man in fleshly form, can and does under appropriate conditions, make itself manifest; and it has done so beyond all rational denial or doubt, in the presence of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay, before all classes of the British public. (Hear, hear.) In the consciousness of this truth we have our reward to-day, for all that has fallen to our lot to do, to meet or to bear in the relation I sustain to these gentlemen and to you. We have met the ridicule of "sham cleverness," the abuse and slander of inconsiderate literateurs; the doubt and suspicion awakened by the pretensions of conjurors; the serious and enquiring questionings of minds anxious only for truth; the fear of friends and the abuse of the enemies of the renewed hope of humanity in the knowledge of its spiritual destiny,—and before heaven and earth I fearlessly affirm that I have not deceived you nor any, but have without hope of earthly reward presented an honest exhibition of truth that no estimate of time can destroy. Therefore, I have no complaints to make—none whatever. Strangers to you, with strange experiences, we have appeared unheralded in your midst, asking nothing but what one man may ever legitimately ask of another irrespective of national, social, or any conventional distinctions. My work is now done. And I leave to time and the Eternal Power that transmits to man his duty and destiny, the result of that work. For many kindnesses at the hands of this people, we are profoundly grateful; and I

fondly trust our future career will never bring to any a cause of regret. I have laboured to establish the recognition of a principle as eternal as God, and as Humanitarian—no matter how estimated—as the hope that bears us all on to an unseen and untried future, that no one can prevent. Freely we have received. Tell us we have as freely given, and we ask no other earthly recognition, and not that unless your hearts and souls award it freely. (Hear, hear.) I know these and their kindred evidences have a purpose with men and nations, no temporal estimate can measure. I know that the teeming millions are to be benefited by them and that all will be compelled to acknowledge their verity and uses. I know by evidences no time can measure or invade, that they are a disclosure of a Deific Purpose in man, for man, that transcends the faults and foibles of many who reflect them, and that only too much engross attention and distrust. I know they prove the immortal origin of all good, aye, of all that tends to the amelioration and elevation of a common race. I know that if true to them and the immortal behests they bear to all, I shall never regret my willingness to bear their proofs to you, nor to any, no matter what their position in mortal estimation. Then, ladies and gentlemen, men and women, creatures of God eternal, and sufferers in time ephemeral, I leave you to-day, of nothing more conscious than the truth I have from time to time presented from this platform; and I leave you with a hope and trust that brings a responsibility, that asks of Nature, of men, of time, nothing so much as my own fidelity to the trust in some degree committed to my care. Deceive not yourselves with the thought that you have witnessed a new form of conjuring; deceive not yourselves, that I have assumed the character of a showman in your presence; deceive not yourselves that avarice or ambition have prompted these displays of a strange power before the world. 'Tis not so! I have known many duties—none more sacred than what I have performed here. I have known some responsibilities—none more weighty than those which have devolved upon me in my relation to the evidences attending these remarkable young men. Believe it or not, it is nevertheless true, and all time will attest it before men and angels! My best wishes attend your every effort for truth, and your own right in justice eternal, without respect to approbation or disapprobation, seeing that neither mantle the heavens or cloud the face of an honest man. I will not attempt an application or an adaptation of these evidences to your mind. It stands, however, not in the dimness of a distant future. They will assert their nature and purpose before the eyes of all mankind. On this point I would love to express myself more understandingly before the British public, but at present must be content to reflect anew the facts, and express most sincerely my best wishes for you all. (Prolonged cheers.)

FRESH EVIDENCES.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I suppose all donations (in the shape of facts) will be thankfully received. If so, I beg to lay before your readers some interesting spiritual matters connected with my family; and what I write will be short and to the point.

First, with regard to myself. Until I met the medium FOSTER, I believed in nothing beyond the "evidences of my own senses." Since then I am not the same individual; and I have no words to describe the change which has come over me. I have also seen and "performed" upon the Brothers Davenport.

I had furnished myself with welded fishhooks for the occasion, but didn't use them, as our "fixins," in other respects, were quite satisfactory. And a few days before their arrival in Newcastle, a bell rang twice—or something like a bell—in my chamber, a little after midnight, which was also heard by my wife, and was quite loud enough to be heard in the next house. No Mistake.

Second.—With regard to my wife, who has been all her life a most devoted Christian—even in the face of my opinion, and bitter winter of unbelief. She has been favoured, on several occasions with visits from the "Unseen," the "Dreary regions of the dead," "Land of deepest shade," "The bourne from whence no traveller returns," and many other long-considered out-of-the-way places. I am under the impression that she is a medium who requires development.

Third and last.—My daughter (and this completes our little family) also possesses powers akin to those of her mother; and her little brother, my only son, who died last April, aged eleven years, is very often with her. He was a long time in showing his face to her, but now he does so, and speaks to her! We have plenty of knockings, faint and loud, at intervals all over the house, but more particularly on a table in my chamber, close to the bed's head. Beyond what is here stated, I, myself, can go no further.

I have a great desire to learn, hear and see more, and shall take the first opportunity of visiting the friends in London for that purpose.

I am, dear sir,
4, Brunswick-place,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH ST. CLAIR McLEOD, R.M.S.

REASONABLE PERSONS.—There are but two sort of persons who can properly be styled reasonable; those who serve God with all their heart, because they know him; and those who seek him with all their heart, because as yet they know him not.—PASCAL.

ON DIVINE AID UPON EARTH.

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

(Concluded from page 83.)

Judge Edmonds has a passage in one of his tracts that may be appropriately introduced here: "In every convulsion of nature, in the pestilence that walked at noonday, and in individual suffering and degradation, the early Christians acknowledged the ever-abiding presence of fallen angels, at the same time that they recognised the daily communion of saints, the spirits of just men made perfect. So wide spread was the belief in this evil presence, and so baneful its influence, that one of the Fathers of the Church, St. Augustine, as early as the sixth century, found it necessary to attempt to mitigate the evil, if not to eradicate the idea." According to the above extract, matters were much the same in the early Christian world as they are now, with the addition of a little more superstition; and materialistic doctrines may have been taught to avert the dread of evil spirits; in this case the remedy was worse than the disease, according to the sayings that knowledge is power, and that forewarned is forearmed.

Though only indirectly connected with the heading of this article, I think it advisable to enter into a short investigation in regard to the kingdom of heaven, or the state of happiness of the blessed in the spiritual world, for such absurd opinions have prevailed concerning it, that it is necessary to take the subject a little into rational consideration. I believe that nothing very certain is known in relation to it, but it is clear that some individual spirits find amusement in practising upon the credulity of man in the flesh, which they find an easy matter, as the superstitious faith of most people induces them to receive the communications of any intelligent spirit as a truth confided to them by sacred revelation. Our American friends seem to have been particularly misled by spiritual misinformation; I allude to a work published by Hudson Tuttle on the Spiritual Spheres. The following is a short abstract of the information which he received on the subject:—

"Spirit, a refined gas, essence or vapour set free by the inherent principle of progress and by chemical force, from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, is carried by magnetic polar currents, which raise it to the second sphere (the first heaven), which exists about sixty miles from the earth in a solid belt extending sixty miles on each side of the equator, and fifty miles in thickness, leaving a distance of thirty miles round each pole. The above-mentioned belt rotates round the earth once in about twenty-four hours, and is constantly increasing by ascending currents. It is inhabited on the surface only like our earth, and it has fruits, flowers, and beautiful singing birds; also, metals, timber, trees, &c. which are worked, like those on earth for instruments, machines, dwellings, &c. Spirits called non-identified spirits build the houses of others called identified spirits. There are three spheres attached to our earth; the earth spiritual sphere, for the worst class of spirits; the second sphere, which is a heaven; and the third, a higher heaven; this is a hundred miles above the last, or two hundred miles from our earth. Another book, said to be written by the spirit of Thomas Paine, the author of the *Age of Reason*, increases the number of spiritual spheres to six or seven. The idea contained in both works is probably derived from the Buddhist religion, which also represents the abodes of spiritual happiness to be situated at a great distance above the earth. One of these is placed on a mountain, called Maha Mera, in the centre of the earth, whose height is so great that, were a stone to fall from its summit, it would be four months and fifteen days in reaching the plane ground. In opposition to these doctrines of the spirits, which I cannot but consider imaginative and erroneous, I would allege that the atmosphere immediately surrounding our earth seems to have been alone intended for the support of living creatures. As we depart from its surface, and elevate ourselves into the surrounding space, the temperature becomes colder and colder, according to a fixed ratio; so that when two of our modern aeronauts, not long since had ascended in their balloon to the height of seven miles, one became quite insensible, and the other lost the use of his hands, and was only enabled to save himself and his companion from destruction by pulling the cord of the safety valve with his teeth in order to lower their machine. At fifty miles distance from the earth's surface, therefore, the strongest alcohol would be frozen into a solid mass; and at the distance of one hundred, where the temperature is calculated to be 112 degrees lower than on *terra firma*, the strongest spirits that ever derived their origin from human bodies would undergo a similar condensation; the more so, as, contrary to our natural expectation, it is found that at great altitudes the sun loses its power of heating; for a thermometer was used in the above-mentioned ascent, which had its bulb blackened for the purpose of absorbing the sun's rays, and was fully exposed to them, yet it rose only one or two degrees above another placed in the shade.

There is still another reason which prevents human beings from attaining any great height in the air, or, in other words, departing to any great distance from the earth's surface. This is described by the illustrious adventurer, Horace Saussure, the first scientific naturalist who ascended Mont Blanc. The density of the atmosphere undergoes a diminution according to elevation in a corresponding ratio to that in which the cold increases under similar circumstances.

On the top of Mont Blanc the sound of the voice is much weakened, and the discharge of a pistol makes no more noise than the explosion of a little cracker. But of all the effects of the attenuation of the air, the most manifest was the extreme acceleration of man's respiratory movements. On the top of this mountain, where the barometric column undergoes a depression of nearly half, and where the lungs receive at each inspiration a quantity of oxygen half less than in the plain, it is necessary that the inspirations should be twice as numerous, in order that the purification and life-preserving powers of the blood should be maintained in the ordinary and natural conditions; but at the same time that the respiration is accelerated, the circulation of the blood is increased in the same proportion, the pulse beating twice as quickly, or nearly so, as in the atmosphere of the plains; consequently, Saussure and his companions

suffered from fatigue, thirst, and fever, which, however, may have been partly caused by the soil of the ascent. Moisture also decreases like the temperature of the air, according to distance from the earth, till at 25,000 feet it contains only one-fiftieth part of that found near its surface, and above this height there would seem to be an almost entire absence of aqueous vapour. The want of heat, vital air, and moisture so disastrous to man in the flesh, cannot, in all probability, be much more bearable by man in the spirit. The account we have in the Revelations of St. John of the river of the water of life and the tree of life bearing a different kind of fruit in each of the twelve months of the year, is, like the account of the tree of life and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which we read of in Genesis, of course purely mystical. The idea of some visionaries of the saints being clothed in white garments, and wearing golden crowns and golden girdles, and spending their time somewhere up in the sky in playing on golden harps and singing praises to God, is purely ridiculous, for their state would be no paradise; they would have neither sensual nor intellectual pleasures, and, what is worse still, their life would be quite useless to the rest of God's creatures. We cannot, indeed, conceive the idea of God the Creator being so weakly vain as to require such constant adulation. No; laying all argument aside, we feel sure that the good spirits are here with us, labouring in the cause of human salvation; but we ought not to expect from them more than they can perform, as their powers must necessarily be limited; and especially we ought not to confuse them with, or mistake them for, the Great First Cause that operated our salvation.

I am afraid that the opinions which I have expressed in this article, and which I have gradually adopted during a period of twenty-five years passed under spiritual restraint, will give offence to many good Christians, at which I grieve; but it is necessary for human welfare to remove the film of misbelief from the eyes of all. In writing this and my preceding contributions, I have had at heart only the good of my fellow-man, the redressing of religious wrongs, and the restoration of primitive Christian rights and blessings. Having now done all that lies in my power to do, I wish my readers farewell, and resign my pen.

THE SPIRITUAL CONTROVERSY AT PRESTON.

The controversy raised by a Rev. Mr. Evans Lewis at Preston against Spiritualism, apparently in anticipation of the Davenport's going there, and which has now been raging for some weeks betwixt the said Evans Lewis and Mr. Thomas Bullock of Manchester, is still going on, but to the evident and sore discomfiture of Mr. Lewis. The daring, reckless assertions of the man of the church militant, who confesses that he has neither seen the manifestations of the Davenport's nor any other spiritual manifestations, are the more amusing because he denounces, weekly, everything like "hearsay." Every fact brought against him is, according to him mere "hearsay." Yet he attacks the veracity of Mr. Bullock, as regarded the sham manifestations at Manchester, which Mr. Bullock manfully exposed, and that on "hearsay." On this point Mr. Bullock puts some awkward questions to this self-confident caviller, and which may be well put to many men of his stamp:—

"Hearsay," of course, answers all comers. And, after all, what is this frightful "hearsay?" Does not Mr. Lewis believe in anything on "hearsay?" Then he does not believe in the Bible nor Christianity, for the whole of it is "hearsay," "hearsay" of 2,000 to 4,000 years ago. Mr. Lewis was not there to hear and see Christ and his apostles; it is all "hearsay" to him, and, therefore, he does not believe it! That, on Mr. Lewis's own doctrine, is his own confession. If not, then he is inconsistent and talks pure nonsense. All history, sir, as you well know, is "hearsay;" all the reports of the newspapers are hearsay; all that they tell us from abroad of the American war, of the invasion and seizure of Denmark, is "hearsay;" and so is the report he got of the burlesque *séance* at Manchester. Does Mr. Lewis believe these things? Then he believes "hearsay" every hour of his life. If he be consistent and does not believe these, because they are "hearsay," then why does he believe Owen, Faraday, Brewster, and Frank Buckland, the deans and the archbishop, and all the rest of his "giants," for almost every word they speak and write is absolute "hearsay" to him? It is very easy indeed for a man to make himself ridiculous by attempting to reject reasonable evidence.

Mr. Bullock again replies to Mr. Lewis's objection to toads, etc., living for a long time inclosed in rock, giving fresh instances and also facts connected with lizards and crocodiles, recorded by Humboldt, a man sufficiently sceptical in many matters, but a princely authority on facts of natural science. Having given Mr. Lewis a long list of eminent believers in Spiritualism, to which the arrogant sciolist retorted, "what are names?" though he had before reproached Spiritualism with having no great names amongst its professors, Mr. Bullock then, to his observation, "tell me what they believe," quotes to him a long extract from Mr. S. C. Hall's "Use of Spiritualism;" having

seen it had produced a practical Christian faith in him when nothing else could; a posing answer to Mr. Lewis's assertion, "I prefer Infidels and Atheists to such converts as these."

But Mr. Bullock has made a grand discovery—that is, why Mr. Lewis is so much attached to Sir David Brewster. Sir David has for years been charged with being a wholesale plagiarist, and he shows that it is a fellow feeling which makes this preferer of Atheists and Infidels to Spiritualists so wondrous kind. The following exposures are really excruciating:—

I am afraid, sir, Mr. Lewis is given to meddle with things he knows little about. In his lecture on "Science and the Bible," it would appear he has been dealing in other men's "inventions." (See the lecture in the *Preston Guardian* of the 19th.) He there talks about the different theories of various men on the Creation as given in the book of Genesis. He speaks of this theory and of that, with which he does not agree, and then he says he will give his hearers a "theory of his own." His theory he declares is this—that Adam got on the top of a hill, fell fast asleep, and dreamed a dream or had a "vision;" that this dream, or vision rather, showed him how the world was made and so forth, and that in this way the writer of Genesis was put in possession of the truth. Why, the fact is, sir, that this theory is not Mr. Lewis's at all but Hugh Miller's, which may be seen by any one who will just turn over the leaves of "Testimony of the Rocks," Go to that book and decide for yourself, and take no heed of this borrowed "analysing." I said it was Hugh Miller's theory, but the idea was first suggested by Coleridge, in his "Aids to Reflection," where he says, "Let us carry ourselves back into the mysterious week—the week of Creation—the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian." Here is the origin of the theory, sir, in Coleridge's imagination, and Hugh Miller seized on the idea, and with his practical knowledge of geology, he worked it out and tried to show its harmony with the course of creation as given in Genesis, and the evidences of the fossil remains in his "Testimony of the Rocks." Miller says, in substance, that the Creation, as given in Genesis, is *evidently a vision*, from the constantly recurring expression, "and the evening and the morning were the first day," &c., and that they included the first day as seen in *vision*; in no other sense, he says, could "the evening and morning" be a day.

But, sir, there is one precious theory in his lecture which belongs neither to Hugh Miller nor to Coleridge, but which is indisputably original. Let every man have his due whatever comes. Mr. Lewis speaks of Adam "transcribing," or having "transcribed," this said "vision," as it was then on his memory, "to tell," he says, "succeeding ages how Paradise and its population were made." Most certainly, sir, this is the most unadulterated hearsay I have ever heard of, for I never heard a whisper before of any one who had heard of any one else having heard of Adam's *writing* in Paradise. Tradition may have handed such a vision down or hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, and this would have been "hearsay" with a vengeance; but if the theory is a fact, it must certainly have been the case, as many many ages must have elapsed ere there was any recording of events. But what business has Mr. Lewis to believe in such a theory as this? None at all; and, therefore, he gets Adam *writing* in Paradise at once. One thing is plain, however, that whether Mr. Lewis believes in Spiritualism and Davenportism or not, he has great faith in Hugh Miller and Coleridge, and has no objection to bedizen himself in their clothes.

After this Mr. Lewis had better be silent. He is a striking example of what may happen to men who come forward to assail Spiritualism in lectures, just because they knew nothing about it. If in any quarter where such silly swashbucklers come out, they were attacked with the vigour and good will of Mr. Bullock there would soon be a rapid radiation of spiritual truth. A keen third person has also started up under the name of "Spectator," who professing to be no partizan of Spiritualism, has yet dealt Mr. Lewis some stunning blows on his arrogant and dishonest mode of disputation. Certainly, no unhappy wight of the knowledge yet pretend-all school has met with such a drubbing for a long time past. Mr. Bullock happily compares this Evans Lewis's mode of reasoning to that of Fluellen in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, whom he supposes to be a countryman of his:—

"If you look into the maps of the world," said Fluellen to Gower, "I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon and there is also moreover, a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; put it out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both;" and therefore, that was "proof" after this due analysing that Alexander the Great, like King Henry V., was born at Monmouth!!

As the *Preston Guardian* has a large circulation in the North of England, this controversy must do much good, and we congratulate Mr. Bullock on the very able manner in which he has defended this great cause.

SPIRITUALISM ASSAILED AGAIN.

SPIRITUALISM is doing its work. Dr. Bannister, the minister of Old Basford Baptist Chapel, has lately delivered two lectures full of high sound, and significant nonsense, with a view to put down Spiritualism. He has signalled out some local advocates of Spiritualism, and evidently judged Spiritualism from them and their works. The learned doctor would scarcely like, we should think, any single advocate of Christianity who, by the way, was characterised for some peculiar eccentricities distasteful to the general idea of what a Christian should be, taken as a fair representative of Christianity. Hear this, ye sages—"Respecting the physical or pysical phenomena of Spiritualism, he had very little to say. They might be true, or they might not, and he did not care which." After such a remark from an opponent, it seems to us, instead of saying "little," the doctor should have said nothing, because it is self-evident he does not comprehend the subject at issue.

We quote the following from one of Dr. Bannister's lectures, as testimony:—

[SPIRITUALISM] is a fair subject for investigation and inquiry, as much as is electricity or magnetism. If the investigation be conducted by competent men and in a philosophic spirit, it may lead to important results. It cannot be denied that certain phenomena have recently presented themselves to our notice of a very astonishing character, which it is extremely difficult to account for by the ordinary laws which govern matter and motion. I have seen some of these phenomena myself. I have seen tables move about in a most tumultuous manner, and with considerable force—turning themselves topsyturvy, and even passing into another room, and apparently answering questions; but in all cases that I have seen, there has been contact with human agency. I never saw tables move on their own accord, or without human hands being placed upon them. But I have read, and been told by persons in whose veracity I can rely, that tables and other articles of furniture have moved when no one has been touching them; that they have been raised several feet from the floor, and suspended in mid-air; and that pianos and accordions have played when no one has been near them. One gentleman assured me that he was lifted, chair and all, by some invisible power, and carried to the other end of the room. [The learned lecturer here read an account of the strange sensations experienced by a gentleman who was present when what are termed spiritual manifestations were being given, which were certainly of a most wonderful character. He then went on to say:]—I should like to see this class of phenomena, and *mut* see them before I can be fully satisfied. But, for the sake of argument I will admit them. I suppose that they have really occurred, but I do not feel bound to account for them. Our knowledge of the laws and powers in operation around us is very limited. We cannot trace the links in the chain which connects mind with matter, or expound the laws by which they are respectively governed. That mind *does* control matter, and that matter *does* obey the volitions of mind, are indisputable facts; but *why*, or in obedience to what law, it is beyond our province to determine. The *modus operandi* of many natural phenomena is involved in impenetrable obscurity. The philosopher—*ergo*, the thoughtful inquirer—avoids all hasty generalisation; he accumulates and investigates facts; he compares them; he sifts the evidence by which they are supported; but waits until he has sufficient data on which to construct a rational and demonstrable theory. Dr. Gully, after stating that he had seen a man weighing ten or eleven stones raised bodily from floor to ceiling, and float in air overhead, says, "I believe that we are yet very far from having accumulated facts enough upon which to frame any laws or build any theory regarding the agent at work in their production." In this remark I fully concur. I accept the facts, but wait for further evidence before I will venture to pronounce any positive opinion as to the cause or agency by which these effects are produced. Should it eventually be proved that the agency is supernatural; that spirits of our departed friends are still permitted to commune with us, so far from being alarmed at the discovery, I shall rejoice.

On Sunday evening last, at the Spiritual Lyceum, R. Cooper, Esq., Proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, gave an instructive and interesting Lecture on "Inanimate and Animate Nature." The Lecturer gave a rapid glance at astronomy, touched upon chemistry, animadverted on the physiology of plants, and interspersed the whole with some good practical remarks. The Lecture was listened to with marked interest, and at its close, a vote of thanks was passed to the Lecturer, and a request made for its publication.

THE JOURNEY INTO REAL LIFE.

A SPIRIT'S ESSAY.

IN order to explain this essay, a few preliminary words are necessary. I have long been in communication with the spirit of a clergyman long since deceased, and from him have received many hundreds of responses to questions of all kinds since 1858, when he first came to us. On the 5th of August, 1858, I said to him :

Can you at all, for our information, describe the sensations of death?—It is differently felt; the life has much influence over the sensations at death. I had passed a quiet, studious life, endeavouring to do good, above want, but no riches. The fear of death I never felt, as I trusted that my endeavours to act rightly would be accepted. I had lived moderately, neither abusing nor refusing the blessings granted us by a bountiful Providence; consequently, there was neither a mental nor a bodily struggle; with a fainting and gasping sensation, the spirit was released. Many suffer much, but I think not so much as is generally thought. Greater pain is endured in illness than at the actual death.

What first struck you on your entrance into the spiritual world?—A pleasing calm seemed to envelope the whole being.

Did you perceive spiritual personages round you in the human form?—Yes; but without the feeling of surprise that might be expected.

May I ask what your hopes and opinions on the future life had been while on this earth?—I had been taught principally by my mother according to the opinions of that time, but without any stress on forms and ceremonies, and also not to attach blame to those who considered them necessary.

On the 14th of August, being again in conversation with the spirit, the following questions and answers took place:—

You spoke the other day of receiving spirits, will you describe this?—It is hardly an amissible subject for writing. What I am permitted I will tell you. Many spirits, when they leave the body, are in a very unfit state to enter into spiritual life. Many have had their last conscious thoughts fixed upon the grandeur of the world; some upon the sensual enjoyments of it; some have departed from the body with blasphemous words almost on their lips; and yet these may not have been very wicked or evil during their lives. To such spirits it is desirable that, on their entrance into spiritual life, a merciful indulgence should be extended, and that they should be withdrawn from the evil atmosphere by which they have surrounded themselves; and, by the influence of some good spirit deputed by God, prevented from falling into the power of evil spirits. This is a labour of love, and every spirit who is received and led on to repentance, and thus to future happiness, causes a joy unutterable to the receiving spirit. To those who have on earth loved their fellow creatures this work is granted. Such are not called upon to receive the spirits of those who have led bad lives, or who have wilfully done wrong, that would cause them spiritual pain.

How long does the spirit remain in the body after death?—That depends. Some appear dead for many hours, or even days, before the spirit is gone; and in others, the spirit departs imperceptibly and quickly.

The subject then dropped, and was not thought further of specially until the 7th of March, 1861, when an essay, under the title at the head of this article, was commenced.

Will you begin the essay this evening?—I will endeavour to tell you what I can upon the passage (called death) from one life to the other, and the sensations felt during the time. I think this is what you desire?

Yes. Can I go on with my other writing, while you write?—Certainly.

Then may I ask you, first, to give your title, and then proceed to the essay?—"The Journey into Real Life." Will that do?—Oh, yes.

It was then commenced, and he wrote that evening to the words "Awaking from a dream." On the next evening he wrote as far as "Condemnation upon themselves;" and the essay was concluded on Sunday, the 11th of March, 1861.

We will now proceed to the essay itself, and after it is transcribed I will conclude with a copy of the conversation which ensued thereupon.

You read me the description Swedenborg gives of the sensations of death which he imagined he felt, but this was not so. No one has felt them really who has not passed through the ideal. Swedenborg's description is correct as far as the action of the heart and various parts of the material body are concerned. He was a good anatomist, therefore could judge justly as to the action of the vital parts, but he would not tell you now that he had passed through the pangs of what is called death in his somnambulant visions. He was a highly favoured seer, and what he says is more to be heeded than the numerous descriptions which are given by different mediums.

I think it very incorrect to talk of the spirit leaving the body entirely and going into it again, as it never really does so until death. The perceptive organs are opened, and such visions are

shown to persons in the somnambulant trance, or similar states,—as spirits are allowed to make objects visible to them,—but mediums must not think that they actually are carried into the worlds beyond the grave. These they will not really visit till they have died to the earthly life. It is, I think, more easy for man to understand the scenes being laid open before the spiritual perceptions, than for him to suppose that the body is left inanimate and (as it would be) dead, and the spirit carried away. Indeed, the body bears evidence itself, by the various movements and the breathing, which never entirely ceases, though it may be almost imperceptible. Also, many of these scenes are laid before the perceptive organs of mediums in their normal state, and are quite as beautiful and instructive as those seen by those who imagine they are separated from their bodies.

The sensations caused by the transition from the one life to the other are, as I have before told you, very different in different persons. The actual pain at the time of death is very seldom as great as the suffering during illness. Some feel little more than if they were falling asleep; some have a struggle when the muscular action of the body appears to endeavour to prevent the spirit from departing; and some feel it gradually going; but the sensation is that of great weakness coming on, and a faintness pervading the whole system. None know the actual moment of the passing, as it is as much hidden from the mind as the birth into the mortal world is; and all is oblivion from the time the spirit begins to quit the body, till it wakes (as we may say), united with the atmospheric spirit in the world of spirits.

The spirit is sometimes three days before it entirely leaves the body, but, in some cases, it is released immediately. When it awakes to real life is the true time when the sensations are the most important, as it is then that the consequences of the mortal life are felt. Most persons feel an uneasiness and astonishment at first, till the memory returns, and they feel what has happened to them. The receiving spirits endeavour to tranquilize them, and they mostly feel as awaking from a dream. When the spirit is fully aware of what change has taken place, then the effect of death upon them is felt, and the influence which their earthly life has had upon them is perceived. Many feel a happy tranquillity, a relief from an oppressive weight, and a sense as if first freed from a great sorrow.

Some feel an ecstatic delight and an happiness not to be described; others bring all their worldly troubles with them, and can scarcely be persuaded that they have died to the world. Although they are delivered from the burthen of the body they have all the restlessness and uneasiness they felt during their mortal life. I will hardly speak of those who have committed fearful crimes, the remorse and consciousness of them is an indelible punishment, but of course proportioned to the temptations and the means of resisting them, and of the situation in which the earthly life had been passed; in a word, each is judged according to the light within. No man should dare to judge another, as many who appear to be leading a proper life will be found more deserving of punishment than others who may even have violated the law of the world, and brought down their condemnation upon themselves.

The sensations on first entering the spirit world must, of course, be very different. I have told you that no person ever feels the spirit leaving the body; all are quite insensible to this important moment. As the spirit rises from its earthly prison, it immediately unites with the atmospheric spirit, and the receiving spirits then approach to tend, and to endeavour to free it from its worldly ideas. With almost all, the first idea is one of astonishment, but many, who have been aware of the approach of what is styled death, feel instantly where they are. If their lives have been guided by the principles of Christian charity and morality, their first sensations are supremely happy, but as few have done so well as not to have some actions to repent of, a degree of regret and anxiety comes over them as the events of their earthly life present themselves vividly before them. If no repentance be real, the receiving spirit can, by its influence, soften these painful feelings, and are also often able to take them away altogether; this is one of the most rejoicing labours of spirits. From this class the ministering and receiving spirits are often taken; the charity they felt or exercised on earth following them and fitting them for this duty.

The spirit leaves the body instantly when it is dead, but there is no particular appearance of its going out of the body. I can only say—the body is dead, the spirit is free. It is there in its ethereality, no one can say how it left it. If spirit can penetrate all material, it is not, I think, difficult for a mortal to imagine how it can instantaneously cast off the mortal encumbrance.

S. J.

The following conversation then ensued:—

There is a curious question in relation to persons murdered—killed in battle, or by accident, as to the expiation of their sins. Would you conclude by a few observations upon this?—All sins must be expiated. A murdered person is hurried away from the world, and possibly by being so, his affairs are left in a state which is most distressing to him. These ideas will follow him, and will form a portion of the necessary expiation. The greater part of the misery of leaving the world by being

murdered, by accident, or sudden death in any mode, falls on those behind. To the person killed it makes little difference, as all receive equal justice in the spirit-world. The innermost heart is judged, not what is seen by man.

I thank you?—I do not like to find fault with any spirit's communication, but many things told to man throw a wonder and difficulty over things, which, if properly told, would be easily understood. All spiritual changes are beautiful from their simplicity and harmony. The body may struggle to retain the life, but we cannot suppose that, when it is dead, it is necessary to drag the spirit from it.

Such was the series of communications upon this all-important point that I received from my spirit friend, who has continued, even to the very evening on which I write, his friendly intercourse.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, April 12th, 1865.

SPIRIT VISION OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTE TO GEORGE TURNER,

About two months after her decease, namely, February 23rd, 1815.

SPIRIT VOICE:—Joanna Southcote is beside thee (George Turner), reviewing the writing: hear what she hath to say:—
"Mr. Turner, the Lord hath put you over His people. Be not cast down, but obey His voice. I see the crown you will receive. I see what my brother is doing; and I see Townley and Underwood judging I was not doing the will of the Lord; but, let them know, it was the Lord working by me for His glory; and I now rejoice in glory. I am permitted to come to you, as my mother was permitted to come to me, to encourage you not to fear; because the work is great for you to do; but be not dismayed, the Lord will protect you, and work by you in the execution of His will. Oh! what glory I see, and what happiness I feel and know! I have done the will of the Lord. Say unto Townley and Underwood, Faint not. My brother will not prevail. I now see how closely you and I have been united to the Lord; and the angels rejoice to see you stand steadfast. Oh, the beauty of my Lord! the light around His throne, who can declare the glory, and the smiles streaming from His presence of holy life? that sweetness of His voice that goes through all Heaven, and echoes return in praises, which your ears have not heard; delight unspeakable. All rest in His embrace, where I am; but there are many heavens with not so bright a glory there, but safe from the wicked one and at rest; but you will come where I am. But the Lord will work by you; be faithful and the Lord will give you strength and comfort, as you will stand in need, but the Lord is careful over you to refresh. Now, Mr. Turner, till I am permitted again to speak with you, think upon my words. Adieu."

Mr. Turner said, "Two days after Joanna had spoken the foregoing words she appeared visibly to me, her countenance was that of a happy being, and as in glory, and she then spoke these words, 'Mr. Turner, don't you see me?' I said, 'Joanna, I do see you,' and, as I was thinking of words to ask her a question, she was gone."

DANIEL JONES.

MRS. MARSHALL AT THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Marshall attended the Lyceum Hall and gave a sitting for the benefit of the Spiritual Lyceum. The rappings and tiltings were strong; several times the table—a heavy round one—rose above *terra firma*; a ring was dropped by some invisible power into a tumbler under the table; the alphabet was held by a gentleman under the table and was seized by an invisible hand. A great number of test questions were put, the majority of which received correct responses. We asked a gentleman who sat at the table and who appeared to us to get very satisfactory answers to give us a copy of his notes, which we present from his own pen.

A gentleman, who had never previously been at any Séance, nor asked, nor heard any other person ask, any questions of spirits, being told by the medium, whom he had never previously seen, that the spirits, from the indications or movements of the table towards him, wished him to ask them some questions, addressed the following to the spirits by writing the queries on a sheet of note-paper in presence of the whole party—a mixed one of ladies and gentlemen, old and young—who sat and stood around, not one of whom did the inquirer ever speak to or see before, and none of whom knew him.

The queries and answers were as follow:—

How many sons have I?—Five.

How many sons in India?—Four.

How many soldiers?—Three.

Any lately in battle?—Yes.

How many?—Two.
Any wounded?—Yes.
How many?—One.
How often?—Twice.
In what part of the body—head?—No.
Shoulder?—No.
Leg?—No.
Knee?—Yes.
Has he arrived at Calcutta?—Yes.
Is he now on his way home?—Yes.
The names of the two sons—Joseph?—No.
James?—No.
Donald?—Yes.
Hugh?—No.
Keith?—Yes.
Has the wounded son any other names?—Yes.
How many?—Four.
All exactly right.

14, Newman-street,
12th April, 1865.

H. J. C., the Querist.

A TEST SEANCE

Will be given at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, by Mrs. Marshall, on Wednesday evening next. Séance to commence precisely at eight o'clock. Admission 5s. Tickets to be had at the Spiritual Lyceum.

PERSECUTION IN AMERICA.

The *Progressive Age* of Jan. 28th, printed at Kalamazoo, Mich., contains an account of another case of "persecution" in the West by a few narrow-minded "regulators." It is briefly thus: Mr. W. F. Jamieson, the well-known lecturer on Spiritualism, in connexion with Mr. John McQueen, a medium for physical manifestations, have been recently holding séances in Kalamazoo. Although the usual manifestations were given, still a complaint was made against the parties, and Mr. McQueen was lodged in jail, after first being threatened with tar and feathers. We quote the closing part of the *Age's* account:

"The witnesses could prove that bells were rang out of the reach of the medium, that concussions were as frequent and loud where there were no tin pans as where there were; that the marks on the ceiling, ten feet from the table, would prove all that was claimed by the defendant; but such testimony was irrelevant. The holding of a handsome lady's hand was not irrelevant.

M. J. Smalley, Esq., the council for the defendant, is wholly unacquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism, and had no time to inform himself, or of the facts regarding his client. He only knew that a peaceable stranger had been thrust, under mob rule, into jail. He knew that justice was dethroned, and that cowed demagoguism bore rule. He nevertheless made a splendid plea—a plea that made even those keepers of the peace a little warlike.

Mr. Justice Wood, who no doubt could have decided the case without a hearing, decided that John McQueen was a disturber of the peace, and a mountebank, and required bail of 100 dollars to keep the peace one year. Then, as if moved upon by some mysterious power, he said solemnly, 'This Spiritualism is breaking up families and filling the lunatic asylums.'

Mr. McQueen left the justice's office, bearing with him the good will and blessing of seven eighths of the listeners. The end is not yet."

PUBLIC DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM.

On Monday evening last a Public Discussion on "Spiritualism, and the Character of the Manifestations of the Brothers Davenport," took place in Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, between John Bedford Leno and J. H. Powell.

Before commencing, Mr. Leno, the challenger, claimed the right of reply, although it had been arranged otherwise. Mr. Powell objected, but Mr. Leno was firm. The question was put to the meeting, and decided in the opener's favour, consequently, Mr. Leno delivered three speeches and Mr. Powell two. Mr. Davis was chairman for Mr. Leno, and Mr. Cooper for Mr. Powell. We shall not attempt a further report of the Discussion in these columns, as the speeches of the Disputants will be fully issued in a pamphlet form for 3d.

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 Communion* 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 has established the Lyceum, and earnestly solicits 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 free. 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.

A printing press is now in operation upon the premises for printing of the *Spiritual Times* and Tracts and Pamphlets on spiritual topics. Friends desirous of spreading the truths of Spiritualism may aid the cause materially by purchasing such pamphlets and distributing them. All works of a spiritual and progressive character can be supplied by us. Friends will therefore kindly bear in mind this fact, as by purchasing their books of us they aid the Lyceum.

We feel persuaded our work will not be in vain, being assured amongst the many thousands of true Spiritualists in this country alone there are many who will gladly aid us.

APPLICATIONS FOR LECTURES WILL RECEIVE ATTENTION.

All communications and remittances to be forwarded to Mr. J. H. Powell, Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

The payment of 2s. 6d. per quarter will admit persons to Lectures and Discussions only.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

On Sunday, April 16th, J. Perceval, Esq.—“The Teachings of Certain Preternatural Phenomena.” Sunday, April 23rd, J. H. Powell, Esq.—“Tennyson's ‘‘Enoch Arden.’’” Commence at 7, p.m. Admission Free.

MRS. MARSHALL.—MEDIUM.
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