

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.

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIRMINGHAM AND NOTTINGHAM.

BEING invited to deliver a lecture in Nottingham, and to spend a few days at the house of a friend to the cause, we had opportunities of witnessing some manifestations, and observing the state of the provincial mind and the mediumship of mediums with whom we came in contact. On our way we called at Birmingham, and ascertained that Mrs. Marshall had given a couple of *séances* there, but that the scribes and ink-pharisees, who had been doing duty for the press had, as is usual in such cases, denounced her as a "cheat," and, as is still usual, charged upon Spiritualism all her so-termed failures, ridiculous rappings, &c., &c. The gentlemen who were instrumental in getting Mrs. Marshall to Birmingham say, that her first *séance* was not so good or so wonderful as they had witnessed at her house in London, but her second *séance*, which she gave on account of her first not being so successful as she desired, was a very good one, and that several hardy sceptics were obliged to confess themselves puzzled. Letters and articles have appeared in the principal Birmingham papers, and considerable excitement prevails in that town. All this looks well; the mind of the metallic men of Birmingham is made to ring with no insignificant sound. What the result will be time will show. But, as far as the press is concerned, it has fought like a partizan against Mrs. Marshall and Spiritualism, but has neither injured the one nor the other.

At one of the sittings a clergyman and his wife were present; the gentleman grew strangely surprised at what he saw, and might have been convinced of the genuineness of what he saw, but for the suspicious dimensions of the medium's crinoline. What could be done in the way of his conversion while his suspicion lurked there? At length, unable to account for the phenomena upon any hypothesis but one made up of crinoline, or, at least, needing the crinoline for a cloak, he very politely asked Mrs. Marshall if she would allow his wife to examine her crinoline. Whether Mrs. Marshall blushed or not we did not think to inquire, but she assented to the trying ceremony; accordingly, all the gentlemen left the room. What followed we have not heard, only that the clergyman was informed by his wife that Mrs. Marshall's crinoline gave no explanation of the phenomena. Of course, the clergyman apologised and the *séance* proceeded. The Birmingham papers hint at the crinoline hypothesis, but do not know how completely it has been exploded. The old style of recrimination and literary jargon make up the anti articles in the Birmingham papers. It appears to us there are more "Brummagem counterfeits" on the press than there are amongst Spiritualists. One thing is self-evident—the

counterfeits of the press at Birmingham in this late Marshall affair would not be so likely to pass through an examination of their motives as Mrs. Marshall has done of her crinoline. Let them think of this and blush for their audacity in dealing with persons and questions they know as much as a door-nail about.

Nottingham is embosomed in rare scenery, and ought to be free from stocking-weaving poverty and theological prejudice. We wandered by the ever memorable Clifton Grove immortalised in Kirke White's verse, and reflected on the "everlasting," as we lost all thought of the fog and bricks of London beside the Trent flowing with gentle laziness beneath the burnishing sun. But our work is not here to describe nature's varied beauties, but things related to Spiritualism in its developing aspects.

Our readers will recollect that we published an account of some extraordinary physical manifestations which took place at the house of Mr. Henry Smith, of Nottingham. At that gentleman's house we were entertained by him and his wife, who is a drawing medium. A *séance* was specially arranged for our benefit, at which we marked several very noteworthy facts. In the first place—the medium, William T., is a French-polisher, between twenty and twenty-four years of age; he is not an unintelligent, but certainly not a learned man. From all we could ascertain, we should not hesitate to affirm that it would be an impossibility for him, from his own knowledge, to pour forth such floods of intellectual beauty as came from his lips while entranced.

Mr. Smith has received from a spirit the following prayers for opening and closing his *séances*—

"Almighty and unsearchable God, who alone knoweth the hidden secrets of the spirit-life—we, Thy humble servants, do ask that through the communion of Thy celestial angels, thou wilt condescend to impart unto us mortals whatever may be useful in this life and in the life hereafter. This we ask in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Amen."

"Almighty God, eternal Creator of all things, we, Thine earthly servants, thank Thee for the blessings bestowed upon us this night. Grant, O Lord, that they may not be given in vain; but that our souls may be filled with Thy goodness, so as to wean our affections from the false allurements of sin, and the vain follies of this world; that we, with freer and purer spirits, may turn our thoughts to Thee, with the hope of life everlasting in that glorious kingdom of heaven. Almighty Father, may Thy grace and the peace of Christ remain with us now and for ever.—Amen."

The *séances* are conducted almost in silence, no disputations of the visitors being allowed to disturb in any way the necessary conditions. Sometimes Mr. Smith magnetises William, the medium, into the sleep himself, at others the spirits perform that office; on the occasion we were present Mr. Smith put the medium to sleep. After a few minutes he began to speak slowly, allowing us to report in long-hand what he said. He gave us a discourse in verse, then under another influence addressed us on the Origin of Evil, Free Will, &c. A lengthened and interesting discussion between the Spirit and Mr. Smith ensued, and the *séance* closed. The medium was clairvoyante; he

described several spirits whilst entranced. They appear to him holding scrolls in their hands, from which he reads the discourses he delivers. A short-hand reporter is generally in attendance at these *séances*. We saw some beautiful communications which came from the spirit-world, some of which we hope shortly to publish.

On the morning of the day of the lecture we visited a working-man Spiritualist, named Turner. After a general conversation, a Mr. Hadfield, a local Primitive Wesleyan preacher, who has, within the last fortnight or three weeks, begun to develop as a medium, offered some slight objections to certain views of ours on Providence, Christ, and Man's Responsibility and Future Destiny. He sat down to the table, more in jest, we imagine, than earnest, when it began to tilt. The alphabet being called over, there was spelt out—"Go to the lecture to-night, and we will try to give you some new light to your darkened understanding. It may not come all at once; but the time will arrive when you will see more clearly. William Hadfield."

The local preacher smiled, and said the name belonged to his spirit-father. We were then called to the table by the spirit communicating, and immediately received the following through the alphabet—"Dear friend, we would advise you not to soar too high this evening; the greater portion of the audience cannot comprehend your meaning. Give them little this time and more next." Whether the local preacher profited by his spirit-father's advice and our lecture or not we have no means of knowing, but he was one of the most attentive of a very attentive audience. The advice to us seemed reasonable, therefore we endeavoured to act upon it. Amongst numerous communications given at Mr. Turner's table we think the following worth preservation. They were given to two Secularists who have, at different times, sought and found, we should say, more in them than any arguments on the side of doubt can account for—"I am your father," says the spirit to Mr. R., a well known Secularist, and a man holding a responsible position in Nottingham, "I am delighted to see you here again. I do hope you will be led to see these things as they really are. I endeavour to impress you with the all-important subject of Immortality. You must not be surprised when I tell you that I watch around you, and through my influence you have been kept from many temptations. You know it is true. I hope you will examine and read and search for the truth. You must become a child of God, and not fear the scorn of the world; for all will have to know, soon or late, the truth of this. Would that I had thought of these things more when in the flesh. God bless you, my boy. Good-bye." To Mr. P., another Nottingham Secularist, his supposed spirit-father said—"I am glad to meet you again. Do, oh, do give up your un-Christian and unholy sentiments. By so doing you will escape much suffering. *Will you—will you?* Be advised by one who is ever near you and anxious for your eternal welfare. Oh, think of these things, and may God bless you is the sincere prayer of your father."

Our readers will, we think, fail to see the devil in such communications as these. We saw, likewise, a gentleman, Mr. B., who is made to draw in a promising manner, but, unfortunately, he is at times disheartened by the idea of the lowness of the spirit that comes to him. He says he knew nothing of drawing himself, which fact weighs, at least, in favour of the genuine character of his spiritual fruit and flowers. Our lecture was reported in three Nottingham daily papers. The following, clipped from the *Express*, shows, at least, that every paper does not go out of its way to abuse the subject or its advocates—

#### LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The lecturer began by remarking that of all the wars with which the world had been afflicted, none had been more severe than those which had attended the struggle to establish intellectual freedom; and Spiritualism had met with as much antagonism as any other subject he knew of. Therefore it could not be taken up or advocated by persons who were not prepared to do battle in defending it. He invited any persons who differed from him, or required information, to put questions to him at the end of his remarks; and he also requested those present to reserve all their opposition and prejudices until the close of the lecture. He did not believe his mission was to make converts, but only to depose to certain incontrovertible facts, and teach the philosophy which might be deduced from those facts. Mesmerism was denounced some years ago by those who knew nothing about it as the grossest humbug; and similar remarks had been made about Spiritualism. But all he asked for was a patient examination of facts, and a careful study

of the experiences which he should lay before them. Spiritualism had its origin some sixteen or seventeen years ago in America, and now there were in that country four or five millions of earnest believers, besides more than a million in Europe. There were also hundreds of thousands in London and the provinces who believed in the manifestations made, but did not choose or like to say so. Since he had been in Nottingham he had attended *séances*, and had discovered that there were a number of persons who had manifestations, and who were convinced that there must be some cause, although they knew not what. As to the question of such manifestations being the result of trickery, he contended that if one clear case of extraordinary manifestation were made out, in which the persons concerned were known to be thoroughly honest, the theory of trickery must be given up; and then, nothing but the theory of Spiritualism was left as a means of explanation. He also contended that, inasmuch as many salutary changes had been made in the course of men's lives by means of the warnings given by spirits, Spiritualism must take credit for having done some good in the world. Spiritualism was that which connected the soul with Deity, and although table-turning was not Spiritualism, it was a part of it. Some kind of spiritual manifestations had been going on since the world began, and formed the subject matter of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. What he contended was that similar spiritual manifestations were continued now; so that even sceptics, who did not believe in the Bible, might, by believing in Spiritualism, find that the time had come when even they might be saved. The lecturer then went on to defend the Davenport Brothers from all the charges of trickery brought against them; to declare that they had no confederates, and to positively assert that their manifestations must be the result of Spiritualism. He also complained that the press of the kingdom had treated the Davenports in an unfair manner, and, while saying much against them, had admitted very little evidence in their favour. The lecturer also argued that insanity was often the result of Spiritualism, and when insanity doctors understood Spiritualism better, they would better understand the causes and cure of insanity. Objections were also taken to the arguments brought forward by Professors Faraday, Brewster, and Pepper. The greater portion of the lecture was taken up by the recital of revelations alleged to have been made by persons who, at the time, were under spiritual influences. The "philosophy" of Spiritualism was represented to consist of these principles (we are putting them in an abstract form): That there is no such thing as everlasting damnation, although temporary punishment in another world does follow upon sin in this, and in exact proportion to the amount of that sin; that the omnipresence of the Deity renders the existence of the devil impossible as a logical fact; that the law which governs the world is a law of progress, which makes every man a law unto himself, and carries him up from one stage to another until he arrives at "perfect love"—that is absolute perfection. Discussion being invited, some young man entered into a protest against the doctrines laid down, but his speech was unfortunately more didactic than argumentative.

#### REVIEWS.

(First Notice.)

*Supra-Mundane Facts in the Life of the Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, M.A., LL.D.* Edited by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D. Ten Shillings, Post Free. Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

Few who have had the privilege of listening to the masterly eloquence of Mr. Ferguson will fail to feel intensely interested in his career. His connection with the Brothers Davenport, in England, has had the effect of intensifying the interest in their manifestations. The book we are reviewing contains some astonishing revelations of Providential or spiritual interposition. If we mistake not, the spiritual experiences herein described will set inquiry on the *qui vive*, and give a fresh impetus to metaphysical and psychical research. The increase of books of this character must afford an antidote to the poison of Materialism. We cannot do better than present the following extracts, from the "Biographical Sketch" of Mr. Ferguson, with which the editor has judiciously preceded the extraordinary spiritual and deeply philosophical experiences which make up the book.

JESSE BABCOCK FERGUSON was born in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America January 19, 1819. His father, Robert French Ferguson, was of Scottish descent, and his mother, Hannah Champlain Babcock, of English. His grandmother, on the father's side, was of the Quaker family of French, among the early settlers of New Jersey, while he was connected on the mother's side with the Babcocks and Champlains of Rhode Island, mingling thus Scotch and English, Puritan and Quaker.

Though born in Philadelphia, Mr. Ferguson was taken in his childhood to the Valley of Virginia, better known in England as the Valley of the Shenandoah, a fertile and beautiful region between the Blue Ridge and the main chain of the Alleghenies, since so ruthlessly desolated by its northern invaders. His father resided near Winchester, of late so often occupied in turn by hostile armies. At the age of eleven he was placed at Fair View Academy, and after three months' attendance, was so-

lected by the principal as his usher or assistant, and by diligent study, was able to keep so much in advance of the entire school as to be qualified to teach the branches he was studying, to the satisfaction and admiration of the principal and his patrons.

It has often been remarked that the most zealous and successful teachers are those who keep just in advance of their pupils, and the success of young Ferguson was so great, and the character he established, both intellectual and moral, so remarkable, that it soon opened for him another sphere of usefulness of a still more extraordinary character.

At that day there were wild valleys of the Alleghanies, where the settlers had preceded the preacher and schoolmaster, and religion and education had been alike neglected. The Presbyterian Missionary Society of Shenandoah and Frederick counties having established a mission in one of these regions, wished also to open a school, for which they required a teacher, and young Ferguson, now a boy of thirteen, was considered the best qualified and most suitable person that could be selected for that situation. With the consent of his father, a firm, religious man, he entered upon his duties, and opened the school in a log house, one end of which was separated from the rest by a thin partition, and occupied by a shoemaker; an arrangement the young teacher did not understand at the time, but which was intended to be of service in case of any difficulty with some of his older and rougher pupils. No such difficulty occurred. The boy of thirteen, of his own volition, opened his school every morning with an extempore prayer, and by his kindness and dignity won the love and respect of all his pupils, among whom were young men and women of twenty, to whom he taught the alphabet and first rudiments of learning. So successful was this school of the backwoods, that the county trustees paid most of its expenses, and the magistrates sent the young teacher a gratifying testimonial and pecuniary reward.

At the age of fourteen, young Ferguson met with a severe disappointment. His elder brothers had been educated at William and Mary College, one of the oldest educational establishments in Virginia, and he had expected, in due time, to take his turn as a student. But some pecuniary reverses having overtaken his father, he was told that he must abandon his ambition to acquire a classical education, and learn some trade that would ensure him a living. The lad and his mother found it hard to yield to this decision. An American boy, with a love of learning and literature, and an ambition for distinction, and yet obliged to learn a trade, chooses that one which offers him the readiest means of mental improvement and advancement, and becomes, like Franklin, a printer. Young Ferguson made this choice, and went alone to Winchester, the principal town of that region, offered himself as an apprentice in the printing office of the *Republican* newspaper, and was accepted, receiving from the first sufficient wages for his support.

The editor of the *Republican* was James Gordon Brooks, a poet and author of considerable ability, but lacking those business habits necessary to success. A year after young Ferguson had entered the office as an apprentice, his employer, who had also become his friend, failed in business, and was obliged to relinquish the publication of the newspaper and to leave Winchester. Before doing so he released the youth from his obligations, and telling him that he had already acquired sufficient knowledge of his trade, advised him to obtain a classical education. But his Scotch-Quaker father was not to be balked of his determination, and insisted that he must complete his knowledge of the "art preservative of all arts," and found him a situation in a book-printing establishment of one of his friends in Baltimore, Maryland. He had been there but a few weeks, however, when his health gave way, and he went home to endure a long, painful, and, as his friends believed, a dangerous illness. After three months of great suffering he was able to resume his studies, but was supposed to be lame for life.

At this time an elder brother—R. F. Ferguson—was editor of the *Woodstock Sentinel*, and one of the most promising young lawyers and politicians of the Valley of Virginia. To him Jesse, as soon as his health was sufficiently restored, applied for a situation, in which, by superintending the printing establishment and keeping the books, he might support himself and pay for his education; and, whilst sustaining himself by his labour, he became a good Latin and Greek scholar.

Having completed the course of study he had laid out for himself, and attained his majority, young Ferguson, seeing no suitable sphere for his ambition in Virginia, crossed the Alleghanies, to seek his fortunes in the great West. Before leaving Ohio, he met with a congenial spirit in a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Crichfield, of Logan county, whom he visited, and who induced him to open a school in the village in which he resided. He soon became distinguished as the editor of a religious miscellany, which gained a large circulation.

While engaged in these labours, he married a daughter of Jas. Mark, Esq., one of the earliest emigrants from Kentucky to Ohio, and a highly respected magistrate of Madison county. But he was not destined to remain long in that uncongenial northern latitude. Many of his friends and relations in Virginia had crossed the Alleghanies, and found a beautiful home in Southern

Kentucky, and Mr. Ferguson was invited to become a missionary. He had no regular salary, but the voluntary contributions of his friends were not only sufficient for the support of himself and his family, but enabled him to give relief to the helpless and destitute.

When the missionary labours of these five years had resulted in the building up of religious societies, able to support regular pastors, Mr. Ferguson accepted a call to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, which he had often visited, and where he was highly esteemed. A new and splendid edifice was erected, with sittings for 1,500 persons, and he became the most popular preacher of that region.

While engaged in his pastoral duties, he also became the editor of the *Christian Magazine*, commenced by him in Nashville, 1848, and which, from its containing for several years many of his sermons, lectures and other writings, gained a very large circulation.

For eleven years Mr. Ferguson resided at Nashville, occupying the same pulpit with undiminished popularity and success, and serving the public also in many highly responsible situations.

The time came, however, when Mr. Ferguson recognised so much a divergence between his own views and those held by the majority of the society of which he had been considered a member, that he felt it his duty to voluntarily resign the church edifice erected for him to those who might have been called its doctrinal claimants. He had advanced beyond many of his flock, and while not ready to leave those who had been the companions of his progress, he would not stand in a false position towards those who had not been able to make the same advancement.

This voluntary abandonment of a property to which he had probably a good legal claim, disarmed all opposition, and enabled him to take what he considered a higher and broader position, in which he claimed the world as his church, and all mankind as his brethren.

As candidate for a seat in the Legislature of 1861, Mr. Ferguson also gave a series of most eloquent and stirring addresses throughout the district of which Nashville is the centre, which will be found in the local newspapers of that stirring period.

When Fort Donaldson was attacked, he was called upon to address the State Legislature at Nashville, and he predicted the capture of the fortress when his hearers believed such an event impossible. His prediction was fulfilled, and the enemy was at the gates of Nashville.

The establishment of the Federal military authorities in Nashville was the signal for the imprisonment of many of her best citizens. It was not to be expected that when so many prominent men were arrested and imprisoned, he would be allowed to escape, but he did so in a very remarkable manner, and made his way to Canada, whence he was commissioned by his friends to visit England, and present his views of the policy which he believed should govern the Confederate States to their commissioners and their friends in Europe. Returning from England, and seeking to find his way to Richmond, with the object of urging his views upon the Confederate Government, his safe transit through the lines was unconsciously promoted by an order of General Rosencranz for his arrest and banishment to the Confederate States, within whose military lines he was safely escorted.

While at the capital of the Confederate States, where he had the opportunity of stating his views upon the war, slavery, and the policy of the Confederacy, Mr. Ferguson embodied some of these views in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Times; or, the Flag of Truce, dedicated to the Cabinets at Washington and Richmond, by a White Republican." (Richmond, 1865.)

It would have been easy, from the materials before me, to have very much extended this sketch of the life of Mr. Ferguson. I might have copied many eloquent and suggestive passages from his published sermons, essays, lectures, and political addresses, which would have illustrated the character of his mind, his genius, and shown something of the basis of the position he has occupied, and the popularity he has enjoyed. Few men in America occupied a more enviable position, were more trusted, or more worthy of trust, than Mr. Ferguson. His testimony to any fact within his observation or knowledge is not to be lightly questioned. His opinions or deductions from those facts are entitled to as much respect, as his character may warrant, and I believe there are few men whose opinions, judged by this standard, are entitled to more consideration than those of Jesse Babcock Ferguson.

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*Testimonies Concerning Slavery*, by M. D. CONWAY. Chapman and Hall. Price 3s 6d.

This is a delightful book; the author has given to fact all the charm of fiction. His early experiences as the son of a slaveholder, the cruelties perpetrated upon the blacks, the arguments *pro and con* on slavery, the capacities of slaves for freedom, and other subjects in connection with the question, are admirably treated. Mr. Conway places himself in the vanguard and logically and humanly defends the negro. Altogether we have been fascinated with these "testimonies," and can cordially recommend the work. The author writes with the clearness of a logician and the pathos of a patriot.

## SPIRIT MESSAGE.

GUARDIAN witnesses, we most gladly and entirely confess the Cross and Passion of Jesus Christ, the Lord of lords, who left the glory of His Father, to die upon the Cross, that all who believe in Him, though they were dead in sins, should live unto righteousness. Oh, we are willing to write for you this day, on holy subjects, greet us lovingly, willingly we come to the charge of our hearts, and to the daughter of the Lord, who would flee from the wrath to come.

Hear how comfortably the Saviour calls to thee; "fear not, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." In the intermediate state of spirit-land, there are many good homes prepared for all who try to do my will. Be not faithless but believing. He will give you faith. Did He not say lovingly unto Thomas, "Reach here thy hand and thrust it into my side." Blessed (Ah, glorious promise for the Gentiles of these latter days) blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed. Oh, try earnestly to comprehend the depth and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. You may, by this gift, discern His love in its full intensity; be ready always to endeavour to have much grace given unto you. "A certain man had a friend who came unto him and he had no bread; he called unto his neighbour, but he would not give unto him—but by reason of his much asking, he arose and gave him whatsoever he wished. While the man sought lightly, he was not relieved, but by reason of his repeated endeavours he obtained all he desired. What encouragement to give to seek after good gifts! Desire spiritual gifts, but chiefly that you may prophesy, as that will be of use to others, and the gift of tongues is only useful to yourself. God himself has said, "Ask and it shall be given you," and it is no presumption to ask spiritual gifts, seeing He so freely giveth you all you have wished for so far; and if you pray constantly, earnestly, faithfully, for higher gifts, God will give you all, richly to enjoy. Desire the gifts of prophesy, of healing, and of tongues, and be sure what you ask will be done, and you shall receive. The way of the world is, to pray lightly, once and if their request is not granted, they think the Lord is not pleased to grant their request, and there they leave off asking. But did He not in His own words, tell His people to be importunate in prayer, in two parables. Therefore whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in His name, believing, ye shall receive. Nothing shall be denied to those who ask through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, always the meek and lowly Jesus, who went about doing good, weeping over Jerusalem, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest all those that are sent unto thee, how often could I have gathered your children together, as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." Oh, love the Lord, who was so loving on earth and is so loving in heaven. He has been raised up, that he might draw all men unto Him. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, rest upon Him while he is near. Behold, now is the appointed time; behold, now is the day of salvation. Never say "to-morrow, if it please God, I shall do this or that," if it may be done to-day, for ye know not whether there be any to-morrow. Be ye children of the night and of the day; call earnestly "Lord help me" while it is yet time. Behold the day cometh when ye shall call earnestly, and He will not hear; then it will be too late to cry "Lord, help me," when the door of salvation is shut. The day is at hand, and the hours are not long, though no man, no, not the angels of God, not the Son, but the Father knoweth the day and hour, but all know the time and season, "when the fig-tree is green and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." The summer is very nigh and the fig tree very green. Have ye not heard of wars and rumours of wars, brother divided against brother, and nation against nation? What is the fearful war in America but brother against brother? Never was any war so long, so bitter, so unceasing, so relentless, and so awful. Kindred people divided against each other, thirsting for the blood that flows alike in each other's veins—the kindred armies of the American Continent. Oh, if the world, which shrinks from the never-dying news, month after month, year after year, coming from those worse than enemies, fighting for no good cause, making slavery a blind to darken the eyes of the world to the hideousness of the reality, could see the troops of evil ones, arrayed in glad ranks over the field dyed in the blood of fellow-countrymen, and watching with fiendish joy, the battles which array themselves against kinsmen and former friends, and hear off the souls in triumph to their well-earned home, as one by one, they fall under the blood-stained banners of a war-worn country! Oh, how can they hope to save themselves from the day of wrath, when they break every law of God, and pollute His holy day with their unnatural conflict? Woe to the bloody country, shout the willing angels, as afar off they gaze on the scene of desolation, and shrink before the triumphant evil ones, who gloat over their prey. Oh, how can you hear this in so cold a manner—has this no terror for you? Has the long conflict wearied you, as it has all the world! They are yet human beings with immortal souls; and they are losing, not life only, but hope, and winning for themselves misery. Oh, Willingness,\* it is an awful thing to hear this without sorrow for them, and to hear that their immortal souls are sinking, without praying to be guided to pray aright for them. Oh, yes, the effectual fervent prayer availeth much, and every time you pray in private prayers, and in your public prayers, add a fervent supplication that the souls of those who are warring in America, brother against brother, kinsman against kinsman, may be turned to repentance, ere it be too late. Oh, do pray for them now, and we will join in the prayer.

That is right; do as we tell you in all, and be sure that the prayer that is given for the wars of others is never lost, and will be borne by the angels and laid on the altar of God.

The war in Denmark was another awful war, without any offence; nation rising against nation, princes and kings continuing to overwhelm a small country and its pious king, and none to help. "When the wicked riseth up against you, the Lord shall be thy shield;" and He was the defence of that Christian king, and delivered him out of all his troubles, yea, and made him to be mighty before all men, and his sons

and daughters to be mightily exalted in all great nations, from a poor humble prince the Lord exalted him to be king, and overwhelmed those who would have taken his kingdom from him. Why not love his worthy goodness, and it is a worthy example to princes and kings to see his steadfast humility and trust in God. Oh, how wonderful are the ways of God. He exalteth the humble and meek, and giveth grace unto the lowly. He lifteth the beggar out of the mire, to set him upon a heap, and he pulleth down the mighty from their seat. Why boastest thou thyself, thou mighty, and liftest up thy head? The man who had filled his barns said, "Now my soul, be at ease, and take thy rest, for thou hast much goods laid up for many years; but the Lord saith unto him, "Thou fool this night shall thy soul be required of thee." Oh, let England the great nation, so proud, so wealthy, so prosperous, in land and sea, who hath extended her dominions to the uttermost parts of the earth, beware lest a worse thing come upon her. When she thinketh she standeth, oh, let her take heed lest she fall; behold destruction cometh upon her suddenly, as travail upon a woman with child, and she shall fall, and great will be that fall.

All prophecy is from above, and will come direct to you without intervention of spirits, and you will prophecy with your own lips and not through our words. The day is at hand when God shall come from heaven to reign upon earth, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; the graves shall give up the bodies of the saints that slept; all who died in the faith and love of God and repented them of their former sins, will arise in that first resurrection, and will be caught up into the cloud of witnesses. "Seeing that ye have then so great a cloud of witnesses," watch and pray that you may join them at that day of reckoning, not of judgment, for Elijah must first come and reprove the world of righteousness and of judgment, but I say unto you that Elijah is come already, he is going to and fro, and unknown, unseen, is purifying a chosen few to be God's people on the earth when He cometh. Ye cannot see him, as he is translated and a heavenly messenger, and he cannot come in human form to be seen of men, though men believe that that was the reason he was taken up to heaven without dying, but it was not so. No man could live in heaven and be like unto ordinary men. He was translated into a spiritual body, and that made him invisible to men. He never died, and his body and soul were never parted, but he was changed, as the faithful who are alive on the earth at the first resurrection, who also shall never die, but shall all be changed, in a moment; for ye are born in a natural body, and ye must live in a spiritual body, before ye can ascend into heaven. Jesus Christ rose in a spiritual body, and appeared to His chosen people to show them He had risen from the dead; and on Mount Tabor, He with Moses and Elijah, appeared to Peter, James, and John; and then, when they were seen of these three, a cloud received them out of the sight of men. This is the spiritual body that knows no sin, no pain, no decay, no change, no weariness, entirely new, entirely pure, quite unspotted, unblemished, without any infirmity or any trouble, immortal and glorious, shining with love and peace and joy, and fit to live for ever with angels and all the host of heaven. Strive for the first resurrection, blessed, ye blessed are they who are made partakers of the first resurrection. Ye shall rise again in spiritual bodies, leaving in the grave all the sin, infirmities and blemishes and corruptions of evil, and new-born with wings of white glittering pinions (figurative word this.) Wings are mentioned all through the Bible as an attribute of the most High, of the son of righteousness, of the archangels, of the ministering angels, and they will be given to the blessed in their first resurrection, to fly to the cloud of witnesses assembled to greet their new birth. Glory to God in the highest, sang the seraph host, the morn that Christ was born; glory to God in the highest will resound through all that great cloud when the Lord will visit His people, and a new heaven and a new earth purified from all the pollutions of Willingness. Will you see that when you are tempted to say that the earth is 6,000 years old, and that it will be only 6,000 years old at the last, it is eternal, and the bodies of those who sleep shall be more in number than the sands of the sea. The world was without form, and void the world mind; there was no blank span, there was a world there, without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the earth, the earth, remark. The earth, that was no mere word, it was a great fact in the beginning, (what beginning?) God created the heavens and the earth: the beginning of eternity, when heaven was created, earth was. Willingness, this is, indeed, a wonderful thought! Poor sons of Adam! you think that the world was made for you, and that before 6,000 years ago no one ever walked upon the face of the earth! It was without shape and void, and darkness was upon it; and when God said let there be light, there was light, and paradise grew out of the dark earth, with flowers of heavenly dyes, and fruits good for food; and the wolf and the lamb lay down together; and the lion ate grass; and the lion ate grass like an ass; and the holy beings wandered through the paradise of God, hand in hand, happy and pure, without thought of sin; and the Lord walked in the garden at morning and evening, and conversed with His children. Do you ever meditate upon this, the full glory of paradise? Read it all entirely, and think what a glorious time that must have been, when the Lord Himself walked and talked with His chosen servants; and when the earth shall be once more without form and void; after a generation has been swept away, and the good are caught up to the clouds, and the evil are in the abode of shades, then the heavenly new Jerusalem shall reign, and the sun of righteousness shall rise; and there will be needed no earthly sun, for Christ is the Light of the World, and His brightness will far exceed the sun of paradise beaming in pure brightness at noon-day; and then the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together; as they fell with man, with man shall they recover their first estate; and the weaned child a hundred years old shall play on the cockatrice's den.

Oh! think often on that blessed time, lest it come upon you suddenly, and you fear to meet God, knowing that you are naked—that your soul has not on the wedding garment; then shall He say, wherefore wert thou afraid? And it will be no use telling the Searcher of Hearts that anyone tempted you, for He knows better than you what is in man, and He will drive you out of paradise, and place His angel at the golden gates of Jerusalem, lest any should

\* A name the guardian spirits gave to L.

strive still to enter, when they hear the far-off sound of melody, and the soft breezes of perfumed flowers, and the voices of angels, and sweet tunes of harmonious love and heavenly concord are wafted over the crystal walls to the wilderness without, making the desolation ten times more awful, and the Gentiles shall look from the walls of the heavenly city, and behold the misery of all those who have neglected so great salvation. Oh no; they will be of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and will have a full sense of God's justice and long-suffering in bearing so long with His rebellious people. No human heart can comprehend that angels' eyes can look upon the sins of men, and not be harmed or made wretched by their awfulness; but they are of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. They see the end, and look to that, and by the nearness or farness of that—the darkness of doom or the brightness of salvation—know how their charge is progressing; and so acute is their sense, that the least thought or deed is quite enough for them to know if their charge is journeying or down the dark path, or turning to the light. Oh! be very careful to press towards the mark of your high calling, dear L. We have been glad to tell you these things, and to have you gladly listening to them, eager to hear what we tell, and not presumptuously striving after what you may not hear. Ah! be ever thus, ready and humble, and you shall have revelations that will shame the pride of the most learned, and make many wise men come to you for the revelations that they have spent a lifetime to discern, and have failed. Oh! take heed to rightly feel the great responsibility of this gift, and use it rightly, and always try to be guided by the angel band, the ambassadors of God, and leave no spot in your heart unarm'd, lest Satan assail you as an angel of light, and wound your soul. Farewell, awhile, dear Willingness; take heed to spend the remainder of the Lord's Day to His glory, and thank Him for His gift, and for permitting us to tell you such good news of Him. Your own guardian angels greet you friendly, and leave their glorious benediction on the soul at peace with God and man. Amen.

[This communication was given to a young lady writing-medium, on placing her hand on the *planchette* for the first time. Spiritualism is new to her.—ED. S. T.]

## THE NATURE OF PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION.

### DISCUSSION WITH SPIRITS.

*The following is one of a number of interesting conversations carried on between the spirits of S. Smith, Levi Roffing, and myself, respecting the Physical Manifestations. It will serve to show to what extent, and for what reasons, such manifestations are sanctioned by spirits in high spheres.*

*The subject of Physical Manifestations has been discussed at our séances. The opinions of spirits respecting them may be gathered from the following conversation, taken from my note-book:—*

FROM THE SPIRIT OF S. SMITH.

I will now speak concerning the physical manifestations. I do not like them; and I have told you before that the medium is fast losing his power. I will explain to you why. If you take a transparent vessel that is empty, you can see through it; fill it with mud or impurity, and what is beyond is obscured by it. But add more clear fluid until the impurity is washed out of it, and you may again see the other side. Do you understand the figure?

An affirmative reply was given, followed by a question.—Mr. W. wishes to know whether you can suggest another medium, in case this medium loses his power?

Spirit.—*In case?* It is certain to be lost for a time. When the medium's mind was not occupied by any serious thoughts of his own, then we could see through it—or we could communicate, as spirit can act on mind; but not when body and mind are active and in full action, can we find opportunity to act on it. Yet, when the higher organs of the brain are more clarified, then he may become a higher medium. Last Thursday he was entranced by spirits of no higher an order than his own. They entranced him quickly, because nearer to him; yet they could not awake him, because your influence had not been sufficiently removed from him at the time he was under your hands. So he had to wait until you willed him to awake.

Mr. S.—I have a question to ask you, if you have finished what you had to say, and will allow me—a question respecting the physical manifestations.

Spirit.—You may occasionally experiment with low spirits, but not more frequently than with higher ones, or the nearest will soon become the dearest. The spirit of Levi Roffing shall say a few words to you before the medium awakes.

Mr. S.—But I wish to speak to you first, if you will allow me to do so. Will you answer my question?

Spirit.—I am prepared.

Mr. S.—You say you do not like physical manifestations. Now, there is a class of men called materialists—men who disbelieve in the existence of a God; who disbelieve in a spiritual world. These persons ask for physical manifestations; nothing less will satisfy them. Physical manifestations only will convince them that there is a spiritual world. If we ask for physical manifestations, for the purpose of convincing such individuals of the reality of a spiritual state, and the existence of a God, does not the end to be attained justify the means?

Spirit.—I say, under *some* circumstances you may occasionally experiment with low spirits; but not more frequently than with higher ones.

Mr. S.—Why did you say you did not like the lower manifestations?

Spirit.—The reason I said it was, because I knew the medium was fast losing his power; that he was not a physical medium only when in a trance state, which is not very convincing to sceptical minds. A trance medium cannot become a very powerful physical medium, as he must be entranced by low spirits before he can produce any manifestations. Therefore I do not like a medium who has the power of receiving communications from a higher source than himself, to be entranced by lower spirits, who might fill his mind with thoughts of them, which would cause him to be more delighted with their influence than with the influence of higher spirits.

Mr. S.—Then you do not condemn the practice of invoking the lower spirits, when it is for a good purpose?

Spirit.—I do not at all condemn you for communing with lower spirits when in your natural state, but when a medium is entirely given up to their guidance, it is dangerous. A man with his reasoning faculties fully awake, is in a position always superior to lower spirits, and may safely invoke them, though he is liable to be tempted by them; but a trance medium is liable to be compelled.

Mr. S.—I understand now. If we had a powerful physical medium at our service, and by using him as such, could convince materialists of a future state, by exhibiting the lower manifestations, you would not condemn it, but would consider the end justified the means.

Spirit.—No; we could not condemn it then, for out of evil would spring good.

Mr. S.—Mr. W. wishes to know whether the Davenport Brothers are assisted by low spirits; or are their manifestations simply the tricks of conjurors?

Spirit.—Undoubtedly they are assisted by low spirits. I will now leave the medium. Conclude with the concluding prayer, after Levi Roffing has given his communication.

From the spirit of Levi Roffing.—Beloved mortals,—Do not be prejudiced against me. If I am not so high as the other communicants, I hope to be in time. I only suggested the experiment on Thursday night as a means of convincing the medium. He will never make a powerful physical medium, as he would have to be entranced before we could form any affinity with the atoms of his body. But to satisfy him, or any other mortal who is sceptical, I would at any time assist in producing physical manifestations, or in guarding the medium from injury whilst subject to the influence of my companions. I will not stay longer, as I am aware that I oppress the medium.

Mr. S.—Will you explain how the ropes are untied?

Spirit.—I did explain how they would be untied.

Mr. S.—But it was not taken down. Will you repeat it?

Spirit.—I said I would assist the medium. I did not say we would untie the ropes. We assisted him in untying them, and he assisted us, though unknown to himself, as we had power over his mind, and then over his body.

Mr. S.—Then the spirit-power does not touch the knot of the rope, and untie it—does it?

Spirit.—Yes; a spirit, when it has communication with the atoms of the body, can also have affinity with the atoms of anything that surrounds the body, so as to relax or tighten it, or undo any knot.

Mr. S.—Then, if we could see the knots untied, we should see the rope untwist, or untie, without any visible fingers touching it?

Spirit.—Yes; and the medium, when partly released, would assist in releasing the remaining part; in untying the remaining knots and straightening the ropes.

Mr. S.—Suppose we tied one of the medium's hands fast behind him, and the other before him, we suppose you would untie one hand, and then the medium would untie the other himself?

Spirit.—Yes; that is my meaning.

Mr. S.—If you have the power of untying one knot, unassisted by the medium, why can you not untie the whole of them?

Spirit.—We could do so—only the other is a quicker way. We did on Tuesday night, untie the whole of the knots, as the medium was too deeply entranced; his position was never shifted, nor a limb stirred. I was only explaining what I said on Thursday night, before the experiments began. I then said we would assist.

Mr. S.—I may tell you, that however high and good the communications from the higher spirits may have been the lower spirits have done more than they have to convince us of the truth of Spiritualism.

Spirit.—I am thankful for that. I am aware of the power of low spirits, yet I can also agree with what the higher spirits say, that if lower spirits convince sceptics, they may also make mediums of them and lead them further from the right course than if they had never been aware of the spirit-life.

Mr. S.—Can you explain to us how it is that darkness, or a negative state, is necessary to the production of the Davenport phenomena?

Spirit.—Can you not explain why plants throw off more odour in the dark than in the light?

Mr. S.—Yes; because darkness is a negative state—there is an absence of the material matter, sunlight.

Spirit.—Part of the force which is expelled from plants in the night-time is what surrounds us, and keeps us from advancing to the higher spheres. Sunlight would distress us, as we have to gather all the phosphoric force we can around us to produce the physical manifestations, and sunlight would tend to dissipate it.

Mr. S.—Will you give us instructions how to proceed to-morrow night. May we put flour in the medium's hands, and seal the rope, as a test? Will you tell us the conditions to-morrow night?

Spirit.—I would rather the medium were not entranced by you previous to being entranced by us.

Mr. S.—Will you give us the instructions to-morrow night through the indicator?

Spirit.—I will tell you now. Do not be mistaken any more in what our promise was. We said we would assist, not untie him. We did untie him on Thursday evening, though it greatly distressed him, as he was thrown into a deeper state than was requisite. He is not a physical medium—he is a trance medium; and the manifestations produced by the Davenports can only be produced by true physical mediums, who can commune with spirits while in their natural state. I have only to say, tie the medium in any manner you may think fit—seal the knots of the rope—tie him to the walls—handcuff him—or fasten him in any way; but we will not guarantee to do more than assist. That was the promise, and we will not be compelled to go beyond it. If left alone, the signal for his awaking shall be three distinct knocks in some part of the room: then may you enter; and if it has been possible to entrance the medium—which it will be to-morrow—you will find him awake, in his natural state, as you left him, his bonds shall be loosened.

Mr. S.—Then you would not allow us to form a dark circle, and stand round him?

Spirit.—Not at present.

Mr. S.—Shall you be able to play any musical instrument, ring a bell, or anything of that kind?

Spirit.—You may leave a bell in the room out of the medium's reach. If we can, we will stir it; though we will not promise. Do not seek too much at once. Though we could do it, we might distress the medium, as he is a trance medium, and we should be wholly upon his mind, which, by any very powerful manifestations, might be injured. Do not wish us to injure the medium's mind, merely to gratify your curiosity, or to fulfil your desires of convincing any sceptic.

Mr. S.—Can these manifestations of spirit power only be produced through a medium? Can you not of yourselves enter a room and move the furniture, &c.?

Spirit.—They can only be produced by some connecting link. There are laws and there are bounds which keep us from mingling with the mortal world. If it were not so, mortals could not exist; there are circumstances which permit us to break through the bonds which confine us to our sphere and enable us to produce manifestations where there are no mediums.

#### THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 4th: FROM THE SPIRIT OF S. S.

Spirit.—I wish to speak of the proposed physical manifestations. I will not assist you in any physical manifestations produced through William's mediumship. You may think it strange. I am aware that it might convince some sceptics, and gain believers in the spirit-life; yet proofs are becoming more plentiful, and occurring under more favourable conditions for them to be convinced; so that it is not requisite for us to manifest ourselves through a medium when it would injure him. As the medium advances in knowledge, the higher portions of his brain become more illuminated by that knowledge; so will he naturally progress nearer towards us—and be repaid for the time that the brain has been cut off from communication with us.

HENRY SMITH.

4, Park-terrace, Nottingham.

#### HEALING BY TOUCH.

Dr. Newton, the great healer, was in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, Feb. 26th, and from a notice given out at the morning lecture, received the deaf, the blind, and the lame, from half-past two to five o'clock, to whom he administered the healing power "without money and without price." To one boy whom he healed of a stiff knee and lameness, requiring two crutches to hobble about, he gave five dollars. Truly this is a wonderful man. Why do not the people see that the days of Christ's Dispensation are at hand.—*Progressive Age*.

#### PROGRESSIVE LIFE.

ETERNAL Father! all-pervading God!  
My soul struck speechless by Thy chastening rod,  
Subdu'd by sacred sorrow, yearns towards Thee,  
In dumb contrition struggles to be free—  
Free from the bondage of perplexing strife—  
Free from the doubts that haunt the walks of life—  
Free from the false in every form and creed—  
Free as Thyself from meanness, pride, and greed.  
She struggles with a too impatient will  
To soar to Thee from all the powers of Ill.

Teach me, Great Father, lessons of Thy love,  
And bid my spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Wing upward towards the firmament of Being,  
Where Love's celestial orb glows pure—  
And the soul's eye gains power of sense and seeing,  
Where Time and sin cannot endure.  
But, Father, teach me first to know Thy Will,  
And battle bravely 'gainst the slaves of Ill.

This lower world, and this fair body frail,  
Have uses, Father, for Thy child.  
The rustling corn, when beaten by the flail,  
Starts from its ear in freedom wild—  
And like that corn, my hidden spirit grows,  
And gains its freedom by Life's flail-like blows.

Created by Thy fiat we are here  
To learn to live in Love's immortal sphere.  
Endowed with reason, we are born to feel  
The precious pleasures that Thy works reveal.  
The burning sun—the birds that fill the air  
With liquid songs of praise and prayer—  
The flowers' rich perfume borne upon the breeze—  
The laughing streamlets, and the leafy trees—  
The ocean's epic grandeur—mountains vast—  
The cataract—the comet—havoc's blast—  
The kindly summer's rain—the thunder's crash—  
The moon, its lunar light—the lightning's flash—  
The four-faced Year, and Nature's changeless laws—  
The causes of effects—effects of Cause;  
All, all proclaim Progressive Life to man—  
A Life that is not compass'd by "a span."

Teach me to feel, O Father, kind,  
Whate'er befall me, Thou art near;  
Then may I bear Life's adverse wind,  
Without a sad complaining tear.

Teach me to know the false from true,  
That I may wholly live to Thee;  
And as I know, oh, may I do,  
Till my imprison'd soul is free.

Eternal Father, if I err  
Through false instruction, give me light;  
If I am blind, O God, forbear  
To leave me to my mental night.

I pray Thee, Father, grant me sight  
To see the winding walks of creed;  
Oh, make me see by living light  
The Heavenward ways of holy deed.

My soul aspires to God the more she breasts Life's wars,  
Her eager hopes ascend from sorrow's sudden'd graves.  
Father, how wonderful Thy ways! Thy love, how deep!  
My spirit mounts to Thee—in death there is no sleep.  
This earth is but a passage to the Spirit-Spheres;  
This body but the shell that lasts some three-score years!

May 20th, 1865.

J. H. POWELL

#### A HORRID DOCTRINE.

A father in Wisconsin recently murdered his two children, because, as he says, he expected to go to hell himself, but he wished to have his children saved, by dying before they should come to years of accountability. This man gave evidence of his sincerity. He evidently believed the doctrine of his Church, and deserves the sympathy of all Christians. But who can believe that a religion which leads to such horrid results can be the religion of a loving Father in heaven! The Apostle says "There is great joy and peace in believing,"—that is in believing the truth—believing the true religion of Christ. The doctrine of endless misery; then, cannot be the truth, for it destroys all peace and drives its sincere believers to insanity and murder. We thank God that there are but few real believers in the horrid sentiment of endless woe! But many profess it and uphold the preaching of it, while they see these murderous effects of such a doctrine. God in mercy grant that the time may soon come when that most horrid doctrine of heathenism may pass from the world. It has cursed the world long enough. God is dishonoured by such a faith. Many children have been murdered by loving parents to save them from such a doom. "God is love," and Christ is the Saviour of all men. Believe this and you will find great "joy and peace."—*Manford's Magazine*.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF  
A CLERGYMAN.

(Continued from page 158.)

Four nights afterwards the following: present, two daughters two sons, and myself, at the table. There was spelled, William Groves.

Do any of us know you?—No.  
What countryman are you?—An African.

Spell on.  
I helped to mutiny against George Fernando, my captain. Will you be so kind as to ask him if he forgives me. You will oblige me very much if you would give me the answer to the affirmative.

I replied, I will when he comes.  
He thanked me by repeating many knocks.  
He then, in answer to what we were speaking of to ourselves, said,—

For I dare not ask him, after what I have done to him.  
Again he thanked me by knocks.

Who told you that I knew George Fernando?  
I saw you both conversing.  
In a little time came a spirit, and in answer to my question, Who are you? he spelled out—

George Fernando.  
I said, I am very glad you have come. There has been a spirit here speaking to me. His name is William Groves; do you know him?—Yes.

I then read over what Groves said, and George Fernando immediately answered, I freely forgive him. Will he be happy now?—Yes.

Then I said, My dear friend, will you be here on Thursday evening, according to promise, to try and draw?—I will try.  
(George Fernando gone.)

There was spelled out William Groves. I told him what Fernando said. He spelled out, I thank you, my dear sir; you have been the cause of my happiness—I am happy.  
(Four spirits knocked.)

I said, Spell on.  
They spelled, John Wilkins, Thomas Tincil, David Wilberforce, and Frank Stubbs, who helped to mutiny against Captain Fernando, have given our names to you to ask you a great favour.  
Very well, say on, and if I can do it I will.

(Thanks, many times repeated.)  
After which,  
If you please, my dear sir, will you be so kind as to ask our captain to forgive us. We will be much obliged to you.

I said, I will ask your captain as soon as ever he comes here.  
(Thanks again.)

Who told you to come here?—William Groves.  
Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?—Yes.  
If you can get your captain's forgiveness, will you then be happy?—Yes.

Are you forgiven by Christ?—Yes.  
Why don't you ask the captain yourselves?—Shame.  
Are there any more mutineers?—Yes, ten more.  
(After a while three knocks.)

Is that George Fernando?—Yes.  
I read over the foregoing; he replied to the question,  
Do you freely forgive them all?—Yes.

I may tell them that?—Yes.  
Who was your chief mate?—Wilberforce.  
Who was your second mate?—Stubbs. William Groves was my steward.

Which was the ringleader?—Wilberforce.  
What countryman was he?—An Italian.  
How could an Italian have the name of Wilberforce?—I don't know!

(The four are come—they knock impatiently.)  
Are you four here?—Yes.  
The captain freely forgives you all.  
(Knocks.)

I said, and I am very glad of it.  
(Knocks.)

I then said, David Wilberforce, don't you go till I speak to you. You were an Italian; how is it that you were called Wilberforce?—I was called Segarious at first, but my mother married a second time to a man named Wilberforce, and I was called after him; he was English.

Now, you will excuse me for asking you this question?—Yes, yes, yes.

(Good night.)  
Ten spirits knocked and spelled out

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| JAMES STANLEY  | BENJAMIN FEALMAN |
| JOSEPH DANFORD | HENRY BEANCURN   |
| SAMUEL FINCH   | PHILIP RAMSBY    |
| ROBERT GOULDER | JOHN WEBSTER     |
| CHARLES GUADZE | GEORGE LOBSTER   |

We all wish you to grant us one favour, will you?  
I will, if in my power.

(Thanks by knocks.)  
I said, say on. There was spelled the following, exactly:—  
Have the kindness to ask our captain if he really forgives us, if you please.

I replied, I will as soon as he comes.  
Are you all unhappy because of it?—Yes.

Will this make you happy?—Yes.  
Which is the spokesman?—Grader.  
Are you Irish?—Yes.

(Presently George Fernando knocks.)  
All the foregoing is read to him. All are freely forgiven as before.

(He goes.)  
They come knocking. I call over their names, and tell them all are forgiven. They thank me as before.

Another time they will give me the history of the mutiny—it is now half past twelve o'clock.

Such *séances* as those just mentioned are curious specimens of what we sometimes receive; at other times we have had some of the most wonderful histories of the creation and of individuals that have ever been heard of in this world. Sometimes my eldest son is the medium for speaking, while in a trance state; at other times some young men who have been in the habit of sitting with us, through one of whom we have had most wonderful communications, and some of a most serious nature, purporting to come from spirits departed who were well known in the neighbourhood although not by us, and who have proved their identity beyond a doubt to those present who knew them while in the body.

(To be continued in our next.)

SEEING THE WIND.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—In a book called *The Life of a Radical*, by Samuel Bamford—the following remarkable statement is made—(vol 2. p. 226):—

We walked to the height of Hattersage-Grange, and there stopped to survey the vast, solitary, yet pleasing scenes. My wife was seated on a grassy knoll, while I stood beside her—my back towards the sun, whose beams were mitigated by light clouds, and my looks directed over the wold towards the Yorkshire border. "I can see the wind," I said! "What's it like," she said? "The most beautiful thing I ever saw, and if thou wilt come here, thou shall see it also. Look over the top of the brown heath, with a steady eye, and see if thou canst discern a remarkably bright substance—brighter than glass or pearly water, deeply clear and lucid, swimming, not like a stream, but like a quick spirit, up and down, and forward, or if hurrying to be gone!" "Nonsense," she said, "there is not anything." "Look again—I still behold it." "There is—there is—Oh! what a beautiful thing." "Is that the wind," she asked? "That is the wind of heaven," I said, "now sweeping over the earth, and visible. It is the great element of vitality, water quickened by fire, the spirit of life."

"We stood gazing in wonder and admiration, for still, like a spirit-stream, it kept hurrying past, and so we left it glittering and sweeping away. This was on the morning of the 19th day of May, 1821."

The seer adds, "Reader, if you, having a good pair of eyes, at the same season, and on a day like ours, with a mild sun and a quick breeze out of Yorkshire, should climb to the top of Hattersage-Grange, and stand with thy back to the sun, Mam Tor, visible on thy left hand, there also shalt thou see the beautiful apparition, the spirit of life, which we saw. Neither I nor mine can ever forget it while memory is ours."

Here we find a singular instance of the invisible, or generally it is considered to be, apparent to human eyes.

In the New Testament we are informed in one passage only, I think, that he followed the seeing of the south wind, according to the English translation; and Jesus, upon a certain occasion, asked whether the people went out to see "A reed shaken with the wind;" and at the time of the Pentecost, cloven tongues were seen by the apostles "like fire." In the interview with Nicodemus, Jesus said, "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it (the wind) cometh, and whether it goeth." Neither in Scripture nor out of Scripture, have I seen an account otherwise of seeing the wind! It has appeared to me that this subject may be, perhaps, interesting to some of your readers, especially to those who have read Judge Edmond's description of death, which account should be read by every Spiritualist, as seen by himself, Mr. Davis, and probably by other seers. Therefore, I send you the above-mentioned extract selected from a book written by a respectable mechanic, which chiefly described wordly events, social and political.—Yours obediently,  
CHRISTOPHER COOK.

May 23, 1865.

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