

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.

DR. FERGUSON.

It has always been to us a pleasure and a profit to listen to Dr. Ferguson. He never addresses an audience on subjects of which he has not a clear and full conception. Hence his addresses are all marked by thought, and full of practical happy illustrations. When he came to introduce the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. M. Fay to the British public we noticed in an especial manner his superior comprehension of the great facts and philosophies of spiritual realisations. He has stood forward in various characters, but none that had not their basis in Spiritualism. At the Hanover-square Rooms he met scientific and literary savans and men of position and rank; and added the gentleman to the scholar in the numerous short addresses he delivered. Many who went away unconvinced of the spiritual reality of the "manifestations" carried with them a feeling of respect for his sincerity and majesty of oratory. Many set him down in the deep recesses of their secret souls as one of the grandest humbugs of the age; and not a few, who were mystified by the marvels of the cabinet and dark *séance*, went away to reflect, venturing to suspend all judgment, for further evidence, because, as they said, "such a man as Dr. Ferguson could not possibly lend himself to practice a diabolical hoax upon the public." All kinds of conflicting opinions regarding the Davenports, and the relation in which Dr. Ferguson stood to them were afloat, and, in the midst of them all, we know that numbers who have schooled their minds to severe thinking and common-sense practices, found in Dr. Ferguson a man able to combat all their opposition to Spiritualism, and are now believers in consequence. It is due to the Doctor to state that we have, perhaps, been as much in his company since he has been in England as any other person, and from a faithful review of his character, as far as our knowledge extends, we can say of him, "Take him for all in all, he is a man." Bold in the extreme, he is yet free from useless extravagances of speech. We listen to him and wonder at his self-possession and wonderful store of information. He speaks from the depths of his soul, and his words hold his listeners spell-bound.

Those whose privilege it has been to listen to him during the past week will not easily forget his power as a speaker. Our attempts to find fault only enhance our appreciation, and we find ourselves forced to eulogise him. He speaks with the utmost freedom from cant-phraseology, and although his ideas submit to no cramped theology or polity, he holds his listeners electrified by his eloquence. This is the charm of natural oratory that the truest, freest, and consequently divinest words take hold of the heart in spite of its most conventional idols. We have from our

boyhood delighted to listen to the utterances of the world's heroes, and we can, at this moment, recal the names of those who have lived with us from the past, but while feeling proud to remember them, still we feel that none of them ever, even in their happiest moments, spoke with such natural eloquence and manly independence as Dr. Ferguson has done.

On Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday evenings the Doctor addressed the friends of Spiritualism, and such as chose to hear him who would not like to be designated as its friends. Our present issue will give the reader some faint idea of the proceedings of Sunday and Wednesday evenings. The last meeting was one of deep interest, the more so from the occasion that gave it birth, viz., the speedy departure of Dr. Ferguson for America. His friends, who all along have recognised his high worth and the services he has rendered the cause of Spiritualism since he has been with us, had the gratification of presenting him with an Address and a Purse of Gold. The proceedings were in every way satisfactory, and we hope may be an augury of good for the future. We are delighted to know that the hearts of our friends beat in unison to the feeling that dictated the tribute paid to Dr. Ferguson on Wednesday last. It is an evidence that genius and devotion to high principle are impressive, and that honour is freely given where honour is due.

During the past nine months the Doctor has been doing good service in England. He has shrunk from no duty, and has turned away from no danger where duty directed him. He stood before the cabinet-smashing mobs of the North, and has stood firm as a rock amidst the yellings of the ignorant and the insults of the intelligent when it has been his mission to present spiritual evidences through the mediumship of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay. He has performed his work in this country for the present, and in a few days will set sail for his own land. We part with him with some regret, but with more joy—regret that circumstances have called him from our midst just as we hoped to see him engaged throughout England continuing the lectures he so ably delivers—joy, because the condition of America at this hour needs him. He is a man beloved in his own land by those who know him best. We feel that his mission is to heal the wounded souls of Southmen and Northmen—to plead for justice and peace. We hope he may lose no time in placing himself in the vanguard of the healers of his nation. Sad and long has been the feud of blood between the two peoples. We pray that it may cease in the recognition of justice. Our knowledge of Dr. Ferguson convinces us that whilst he will yield to no faction, as such, he will act for the common good. And we cannot help rejoicing that he is about to return to his home because there is need of his kindly counsels and loving sympathies. With the original causes of the war we care not to deal. We have the present painful aspects of the condition of America to consider; great and momentous events have come to pass only within the past few weeks, and we cannot help feeling that the greatest war of modern history has closed, leaving a terrific source of human grief and hopelessness to dry up.

He who shall reconcile the conflicting feelings of North and South, and save the two peoples from further war will be, in our humble opinion, greater than Washington. We trust Dr. Ferguson may work in that direction, and win the self-abnegating consciousness of loyalty to the holiest feelings of the soul.

It will be seen that the Doctor meditates colonising a portion of Southern America: should he carry this idea out, we are sure he will perform a service which mere words cannot fully estimate. The war has devastated so me of the fairest parts of the South, leaving a waste of ruins which time and labour must renovate. For those who possess energy, mind, and means, there will, doubtless, be a field in America for useful and profitable occupation. All we can say, however, on this subject is, that a further and more extended development of plan from him will be required.

It is with no common feelings that we wish Dr. Ferguson a prosperous and speedy voyage to the land of his birth. May he break the manacles of the black and white slaves. May he inculcate universal principles of love and charity, and link the Americans in bonds of brotherhood. And should he ever revisit England, may he realise the knowledge that the numerous friends who have gathered around him to listen to his heroic utterances and give him kindly greetings are still the same in heart, ready to yield him renewed sympathy and aid for the work of regeneration.

Doubtless, strangers who read this will consider our eulogium fulsome, but our answer is, the man we honour is so true to manhood and nature—so kindly in disposition—in fact, he is so full of those virtues we esteem above price, that we cannot be fastidious in our remarks. It is, however, more because we have seen him in dangers and difficulties, and know him superior to them, that we give him our heartfelt "God bless you," and hope our readers will know he deserves it.

LECTURE BY DR. J. B. FERGUSON ON THE NECESSITY OF ORGANISATION.

On Sunday evening last, Dr. J. B. Ferguson delivered a lecture, at the Lyceum Hall, on the "Necessity of Organisation." He beautifully illustrated the principles of Individuality and Unity by a reference to the commonest experiences of life, and without attempting to direct the course which British Spiritualists should adopt, made a convincing speech on the subject, which must, we should say, have a useful effect. A very beautiful evidence on the side of immortality was given by him, somewhat thus:—

We know not the burdens that oppress us most, though all know that not a single burden rest upon them. We all yield, whether we define the feeling or not, in an unmeasured degree to the unseen; for we feel that here reigns supreme a sphere unlimited. The congregated dead of all ages—what and where are they? The founders of your present greatness as a people; the fathers of all we are and all we inherit; the martyrs to your truth, your liberty; is it a light question—their destiny? Their abiding presence—where? To feel their guiding and sustaining agency through which you act. That they are the teachers, through you, of the Great Ruler's laws. That they are still men and women daily and hourly ascending, and helping you to ascend to angelhood, and reflecting back to the beloved of earth bright gleams of their progress; each, all, steps of ascent by which we reach the great source of all life—God the Infinite. What greater thought can ever fill your mind? And shall such a thought still prove a beggar on the wastes of time, and in the desert path that all are treading?

Did you never reflect that your laws, and all law, are but reflections of the universal law which become bright or dim reflections, as universal justice is recognised, and harmonising as each views it from his own peculiar angle of vision? Why, all that humanity ever uttered, sung, or acted, is but an attempt at plagiarism upon the Divine; and that Divine is ever proved by whatever is. You are, for example; but you could not be, were it not that there is something *from* which you are; nor can you be without tending to what you are to be. Here you have the Divine—the Trinity of the Past, the Present, and Future. I think, but what stirs or impels my thought? I act, but where is the unseen spring of action? And who ever controlled all the issues or consequences of a single act. Your government, your lodge, your diversion, your interest, your policy, your hopes, your design, your end, are but the consequence of multiplied condition, nothing more. Mathematically considered, there must be a beginning—therefore, there must be an ending; which is but saying that the cause is, and the effect is but an intolerable enumeration of the beginning and the end designed; while God, Spirit, comprehends and embraces all you can ever mean by beginning and ending.

Men's shadows are immortal—can they be less than their shadows? Their shadows are seen in law, in government, literature. Man finding this lesson on the wearying page of his history, may see one of the brightest proofs of his immortality. Is the shadow less than the substance?

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. J. B. FERGUSON.

ON Wednesday evening last, at the Cambridge Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, the friends of Dr. Ferguson met and presented him with an address and a purse of gold, previous to his return to America. The assemblage was good.

The Chair was taken by BENJAMIN COLEMAN, Esq., who briefly explained the object for which the meeting had been called, and paid a just tribute to the talents and worth of Dr. F.

The Rev. J. M. SPEAR then offered up the following prayer:—

Oh, thou Infinite Presence! the Soul of our souls, the Safeguard of the world, we offer Thee the gratitude of our hearts, that it hath been in harmony with Thy holy will and pleasure to reveal Thyself to man in various ages and in divers manners, as he has become capable of receiving and appreciating. While we thank Thee for the light of the past, we bless Thee yet more for the revelations of the present, giving joy for sorrow, love for hate, freedom for bondage, peace for war, faith for doubt. We thank Thee that noble ones are to-day commissioned to proclaim the modern revelations, not only in the lands where they receive them, but they are willing to go from nation to nation, declaring them to those who are afar off, who sit in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death. We thank Thee for the timely visit of our dearly beloved brother to these shores, of whom to-night we take our leave. Give him love to labour, wisdom to see the right, fidelity to move on in his work through evil or through good report. We thank Thee that his valuable life has been preserved, when surrounded by brutal mobs; that his reputation is unstained, though it has been assailed by a venal press. May he have no feeling towards such but those of pity and love, saying, with his Lord and Master, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Assist the worthy President and others who shall take part in this meeting; touch their lips as with a live coal from off Thine holy altar. And may our beloved brother be assisted, should he be called to stand before the powers that be, to give forth the best thoughts of his time. Bless him in his basket and in his store, in his private relations and in his public ministrations; and if it shall please Thee, may he return in good time to our shores, to tell us yet more of the good tidings and the high responsibilities of the New Age.

The CHAIRMAN said that Mr. Cooper was about to read an address which had been prepared, to Dr. Ferguson, and also to present a purse of gold to him. He would suggest, however, that the presentation of the purse be delayed for the present, as he knew that there were one or two gentlemen who intended to contribute who had not yet arrived.

Mr. COOPER then read the following address:—

DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—

I have been requested, on behalf of the subscribers, to present you this testimonial as a slight token of their confidence and esteem. In doing so I may say, on their behalf and on my own, that we feel it is no equivalent—that we can render none for your services among us; we would only mark by it our sense of your integrity and earnestness, and your fidelity to principle in the hour of trial. We have seen you in the elegant mansion, associating with the accomplished of our land,—have heard you with delight in our public halls, and have especially sympathised with you and felt eager solicitude for your safety when, calm and self-possessed, and doubtless strengthened and sustained by the invisible but potent allies of Truth and Right, you have, with words of soberness and wisdom, confronted the ignorance and brutality which have assailed you. In all these varied circumstances of your position, you have never wavered or turned aside from the high path of duty. Identified as you have been in your own country with the progressive movements of the age—however unpopular they may have been—avowing your faith in the communion and intercourse of man with the great world of departed humanity, and particularly in those phenomena and facts, which in your country, and in your own experience have, in so marked a degree, demonstrated this truth in our day and generation: and aiding there in promoting the general recognition of this truth, and all that it implies, we know that you have been no less faithful to the same work here. Our hearts will go with you across the great and wide sea, and wherever, in the dispensations of Providence, you may be placed; and we beg you to be assured that, whether we again see you in the flesh or not, it is our hope and expectation to meet in higher realms—there as here to work for our kind—if need be, to return to greet beloved ones on earth, and to inspire them, and others also, to thoughts and deeds of Love and Wisdom.

We would wish to convey by you to our brethren in America some expression of our feelings of good-will and friendly regard towards them. Tell, we beg of you, the friends of Freedom and Progress in your country that the ocean cannot separate our sympathies,—that we are one with them in all labours for the good of our common humanity; we share their aspirations and their hopes, and believe that not we alone, but the great and good whom we honour and revere—Washington, Lincoln, Clarkson, Cobden, La Fayette—live, and in their sphere of action, as we in ours, labour for the same Divine ends. Say to our brethren that we feel united to them, not alone by ties of kindred, of language, and of many dear associations which we hold in common, but by spiritual ties which we trust may knit us ever more closely together, and that we would cordially welcome all ministrations from them that tend to this result. While we look hopefully forward to the early connection of our respective countries by the

electric telegraph, we feel how far more important than all external, visible connection, is the union of Mind with Mind, of Heart with Heart; the consciousness of a common Labour, Duty, and Destiny.

Tell your countrymen, our brethren, that we rejoice with them in the restoration of Peace in their midst, and in the establishment of Freedom without restriction of Race or Colour; that while we abhor War in all its varied forms, still more do we detest Bondage of every sort and degree; that we regard Humanity as an Organic Unity of many members, or races, and that if one member suffer, the others also must suffer with it.

Tell them, too, that we shall encourage some of our labouring millions to emigrate to their shores, to tunnel their mountains, level their forests, build their factories, work their mines, cultivate their fields, and in all ways we sincerely hope to aid them in carrying forward the work of civilisation throughout their great Republic, to whose future the toiling millions of all lands look with the utmost interest and hope.

In a word, dear friend, we wish you to carry the assurance that, as Spiritualists, we seek the temporal and spiritual good of all, and desire ill to none.

In the name of the subscribers, and in behalf of those you see before you, and of many absent who would, but could not, be present, we now bid you FAREWELL; and may the choicest of Heaven's blessings rest upon, guide, and sustain you in all your future labours.

The reading of the address was received with evident pleasure by the audience.

The CHAIRMAN—Is it your pleasure that this address be presented to Dr. Ferguson?

An unanimous expression of assent having been given,

The CHAIRMAN accordingly handed the address to Dr. Ferguson.

Turning to the Chairman, Dr. FERGUSON said, he should carry with him to his home a deep remembrance of his many acts of kindness, and an appreciation of his many efforts, amidst the storms of prejudice, to establish the claims of Spiritualism. Turning to Mr. Cooper the Doctor said—You, sir, command too, my sincerest feelings of regard. I have watched your career with no common interest during my stay in your country. I have marked your generous devotion to principle, and your sacrifices, which have been great. You have opened this Lyceum with a purity of purpose deserving not only my gratitude, but that of all who hold the spiritual evidences of the nineteenth century sacred. May Heaven's choicest blessing attend your every effort.

In reply to the address, Dr. FERGUSON said—

MR. CHAIRMAN,—With no ordinary emotions I arise to address you in response to the kind and complimentary manner in which you and my British friends have chosen to testify your appreciation of me and my labours. Most sincerely do I thank you; and your tokens of friendship and esteem come home to my heart, as I recount the strange and varied scenes through which I have been called to pass. The noble impulse which prompted your generous sympathy I feel and acknowledge, and I shall regard it as the bounty of Heaven in the unfolding of its good, so that all may partake and receive as one, of the Divine munificence to be everywhere dispensed. Feeling that you truly estimate the incentives that have prompted my action, I embrace you as one with a friendly regard, that cannot be erased from my memory while reason holds her throne and the pulsations of my heart vibrate to the touch of immortality.

A few months since I found myself, by a series of unexpected events, in your midst. It was my first visit to the mother country, but it was not my good fortune to make many and cherished acquaintances until during the visit now about to terminate. My connection with the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay is known to all before me, and doubtless to most of those who shall read these my last words to the British public. During that association, and the duties and responsibilities it involved, my heart has at times been pained by the untoward misjudgment we were called to meet; but more frequently has it been comforted, since, in a somewhat eventful life, I have learned that no truth is ever recognised by large classes of men save as it is seen to pass successfully through the furnace of passionate conflict. Thus the lower, ever in the assertion of its existence and power, strives, though it strives in vain, to bear down the higher; while, in the end, truth must ascend above all irrational opposition and justice prevail. Therefore, I have no fears for truth—none! Let that truth come from where or how it may,—whether from the earth on which we tread, the elements we breathe, or the heavens from which descend light and love. Spiritual evidences I know must yet take their place in all practical, and especially in all truthful and religious minds. Mediums of every grade will do their work, and gradually the new era comes, when the great thought that spirit pervades and must control all forms of matter and all events of human destiny, will be recognised and acknowledged. As, therefore, I take my leave of you, I desire to say that it is the living consciousness of this truth that enables me to see in every man I meet a brother, inheriting with me a common nature, however diversified in its unfolding, and destined to meet and share a common destiny. This is no more true of you, my honoured friends, than of the teeming millions that make up the pale of humanity at large. The scavenger in the streets, the minister in the pulpit, the lord on his manor, the queen on her throne, and the labourers in your vast mines and extensive factories—nay, the very prostitutes of the midnight hour, of whom man is ashamed beneath the mid-day glare—the criminals in your prisons or on your scaffolds, are all equally dear, as they go forward to make up that family whose Father is One, whose destiny is the same. In the sight of High Heaven, I have learned to cull and feel no man common or unclean. The Gospel which I bring you is for all, and its banner is held up by angel-hands over the so-called doomed and damned, above the gates of death, and its inscrip-

tion, in lettering that all shall read, is—HOPE TO ALL. Consequently, with the knowledge of this relation of man to man and man to God, I can no longer be a mere Nationalist or Sectist; I can be but a man, and do the work that Heaven has assigned me, in the short time that I may dwell among the conflicts of earthly diversity. And I hope I shall not be less active or intelligent in any other world that may open before me.

When I turn to my own native shores it is with tearful eyes, as I see the land of promise bedewed with the blood of slaughtered brothers. But even for its future of Freedom, Peace, and Progress I have no fears. I return to work as Providence may open the way before me. It may be my lot to be connected quite directly with the American Government. The present President was for years an occasional, and often a regular attendant upon my ministrations as one of my parishioners. Him I know, and, knowing, look forward to his Presidential career with an estimate different, perhaps, from that of all others. I have followed his extraordinary history, and have freely communed with him upon all the great questions the revolution has forced upon our people. I trust, also, that something may be done towards opening fields of useful labour there for some of your surplus populations, and I trust to be able to show British capitalists how permanent investments may be made on the American continent. Without indulging in any Utopian speculations, on the most practical basis, I hope to found a colony in one of the fairest and most fertile regions of that country. Any information I may be able to communicate shall be most cheerfully forwarded through such channels as may be open. Labourers, artisans, teachers, will be needed there, and opportunities for moral, social, and religious reforms equal, if not superior, to any offered in the palmiest days of Colonial enterprise.

I return to the State of my adoption with the deep consciousness that I have not been a careless observer of men and things in the Old World; and it is my hope that some of the valuable institutions of the mother country may find a place in the hearts of her American daughters. She must be expected to hold on to all that is useful from the Past, while at the same time they are equally bound to press rapidly on to the Future. Old men and old nations for counsel: young men and young nations for action.

Before I resume my seat, allow me to say, for the benefit of some who may hear me to-night, who may fear that I am mistaken with regard to spiritual manifestations, that my own mind, heart, and conscience are at rest in that regard. I have done in this country, as at home, what I felt was my highest duty, and in harmony with my highest love. I have nothing to regret—nothing to retract. And as I bid you farewell, I have no consciousness of truth or right that does not respond Amen to the evidences of hope and good these proofs of man's immortal life are giving. I only wish the great English mind was fully aroused to their examination. No man's views or labours could then prevent their appreciation and power. And this I also confidently expect in their certain and onward progress. Should Providence again send me across the stormy Atlantic, I shall not forget your kind greetings, your ardent prayers, nor the tokens of good in word and deed you have made it my honour to accept. If so sent, as Paul of old, I shall not be disobedient to the Heavenly vision; and if not, and my labours here and at home have a speedy end, I trust in still higher and fairer worlds, with the vast multitudes of the ascended hosts of our human brethren, I shall carry up my humble note to the swelling anthem of glory to God Eternal and peace to man universal.

In reply to an allusion to his country, he said—As frequent allusion is made to my views of, and action in, the great American revolution, I beg to present you a brief reference to it, and my hopes with respect to it. Descriptions of it are common, and some of its sad scenes beggar description; therefore, I shall not detain you by attempting a picture of America in war. When I saw that the struggle impended and could not be averted, I sought for its cause or causes, independent of all sectional or passionate estimates, and I think I found them. I found them in the contrasted differences of soil, climate, and culture, marking the two great divisions of the American family, as North and South. These, with colonisation and emigration from all quarters of the globe, revealed the disjointed character of our institutions, and the inadequacy of any recognised or Statesman-like policy to meet the questions which our differences in sentiment and our contrariety of interests naturally and necessarily involved. I asked for a Conference of all the States, with a view to an understanding and redress of grievances, ere the fatal appeal to arms was made. This failed. I asked of my own people, or the Southern people, a Convention of all the Southern States, that they might unite in their demands for justice under the Constitution, and in the event of a failure to secure redress, declare a Nationality. This also failed. State after State seceded, and our differences came forth like an Ajax to disturb a mighty and a peaceful people, and even age, sage experience, reason, judgment—all yielded to the terrible arbitrament of war. War fully inaugurated, carnage sweeping with its ensanguined tide over the weak and the prosperous alike, I sought armistice and negotiation with a view to peace, allowing the people, according to the spirit of all our institutions, to say in unfettered election how the frightful and seemingly objectless slaughter might cease.

My views of negro slavery were well known. Though reared in the South I had never owned a slave. I had refused them as presents or as inheritances, I scarcely knew why, and this fact, perhaps, enabled me to study impartially the whole question involved. I soon saw there had been no legitimate or free legislation upon this subject in the United States for over forty years. I did not stop to attach blame or indulge in crimination either of North or South. A higher aim animated my purpose, and a nobler purpose directed my action. The fact was and is undeniable, and I knew it would be heard, though death and desolation became the trumpet-tongue of its utterance. We had agitation, political, social, religious. We had legislation, also, fanatical on the one side and retaliative on the other, and always at the expense of the negro. We had, as a consequence, freedom and no citizenship in the North—slavery, only more chained, with less prospect of a legitimate or natural outlet, in the South. In a word, we placed the negro between our upper and nether millstone, as if to grind him to powder; so that I came to fear that if the

war was kept up long enough, *extermination* would become the battle-cry of our Christianity. And recent events have not removed this fear; for even yet, with all our plains stained with fratricidal blood, there is but little care what becomes of the thousands of ignorant negroes turned loose to starve, or steal, or die; or, in turn, to become rebellious and attempt to destroy, where they cannot understand.

I laboured to show that while the North and South were contrasted, they need not necessarily be antagonistic. War, no matter who became victorious, would not destroy the fact that there is a North and there is a South: in nature, in climate born and by God ordained. Two relatively they certainly are, and their unity could only be seen and maintained by a recognition of the just claims of each. No waste of blood and treasure—no slaughter of men nor expenditure of money—no ebullition of feeling can ever annihilate this fact. Nor will the war make a black man a white man, no more than it will transfer the vegetable or animal products of the torrid to the frigid zone. Would we dissolve the passions of our people, I insisted, we must study our natural contrasts. The North is not in nature a contradiction to the South, but a contrast; so she must be in law, in policy, in social intercourse. Cold is not heat, day is not night, summer is not winter, but each reveals an Omnific purpose, that bestows in good to all and succumbs not to the pretension of any. These contrasts of nature make her infinite variety and beauty—her inexhaustible utility, and her sublime and ever-advancing harmony. As there are two arms to the human body, contrasted, but not antagonistic, so these two marked divisions of the great American man or polity appear to the rational and unbiassed contemplation. They form a unity, but it is a unity in diversity. And hence I insisted that the impress of nature was the same; and could we give ourselves to nature as she gives herself to God, we might live as a people, and not die to ambition and mammon; and acrimony, that then laid waste our fairest prospects of labour and hope, would prove a skeleton beneath the power of thought and the Divine administering of our contrariety in climate and culture.

On this broad principle I asked then, and I ask now, Have we not had enough of war, of carnage, of waste, of destruction? What can it effect in its continuance, but desolation to the natural hopes and just claims of each section? Is it not time to hold passion in abeyance, and come home to reason and judgment? Do we need a government? All answer yes. Should it not be equal to the frozen isles of Maine and the burning sands of Texas? Can it exist without a full recognition of the natural differences of opinion and unavoidable contrariety of interests that contrasted climate, soil, and culture must ever give forth as the spontaneous behests of God to man universal? Can we, as a people, on such an extended territory, expect to hold a place in nature unless we recognise our natural differences, and form our unity in the recognition? As well expect the hand of my body to be in unity with the foot, while labouring to cut it off. Can any people hold a place in nature unless they hold themselves to nature as nature holds herself to God—free to receive, equally free to dispense for the good of all? Can any people be free themselves without awarding the boon to all whose capacity opens to desire and appreciate the privilege? Nature does not change her ordinances to suit the whims or caprices of men; nor does she belie her power to propitiate the rapacity of the would-be gods of an hour. Man, in an imperceptible degree, adapts himself to her circling contrasts. He does not clothe himself in the boisterous North as in the sunny shade; nor need he expect to change the marked peculiarities of men who stand to each other in contrasts quite as great as any that distinguish the vegetable and animal kingdoms of her Eternal Empire.

Would we close then our Book of Battle—would we roll back its bloody curtain? We must seek a policy that will do justice to all conditions of our varied people—a policy that will retain our people, white, black, or however tinted by Nature's wise painting, and extermination must be blotted from the vocabulary of American exigency, to be heard no more. I go to contribute my humble mite to this result, and as I leave this land of law and order, I will say to our President, "Shed no more blood, or you do it at a still greater peril than has yet attended us. Carry not our people again into the Red sea, lest your chariots of power be overwhelmed, and our people perish?" I will say to him, "The man who can now succeed in the restoration of a real union between the States and people of America, will win more glory than any conqueror in the world. Such a union can only be founded in mutual esteem, and that cannot come, save from magnanimity and generosity of the conquerors and the conquered. Every drop of blood shed, therefore, beyond the necessities of war, will make peace more difficult, union less and less possible." I will tell him, "That the universal sentiment of Europe, among the warmest friends of the Union, as among those who have not believed in its restoration, is in favour of magnanimity to the vanquished." Will this be true? In the opinion of Europe it would be a blot on the fame of America, if those, who for years have been treated as belligerents and recognised as exercising the power of a *de facto* Government, were now to be executed for the doubtful crime of treason. If such were guilty of treason, hundreds and thousands are equally guilty. If every man is to be hanged who believes in the right of secession or revolution, for the last includes the first, who are to be the executioners? Who does not see the death of hope so far as peace is concerned. There can be no glory, no gain, in acts of revenge to a conquered and powerless opponent. The feeling of the whole world is against it, and my hope is that our President sees this as plainly as any.

The present form of slavery gone; the armies of the Confederacy surrendered and dispersed.—May we hope the day of extreme men and measures may be succeeded by one that shall place peace on a solid basis, and then my country will again be the pride and glory of the Free Nations of the earth!

And I cannot close without expressing the hope that with our sad lesson of war before the world, the nations of the earth may see the necessity of inaugurating an International Council to settle all questions that lead to war, so that no nation can involve the world in bloody strife at will; and thus enthroned, on judgment's high seat, the principle of peace, and not merely a tribe or a people fulfil the vision of the prophet, but *all men dwell together in unity!*

This speech was received with prolonged and hearty cheers.

MR. J. H. POWELL said—It is with no common feeling of pleasure that I add my humble mite of appreciation to Dr. Ferguson. I have seen him strong when most men would have been weak—strong in that self-consciousness of right which ever sustains the patriot and the martyr. I have seen him triumphant when apparently defeated, because Hope and unswerving Integrity were with him. He has never, during his career in England, seemed for an instant to doubt the eternal truth of the glorious principles he so ably and devotedly advocates. I have heard him defend the Truth, fearless of all conventional estimates, as a man inspired with the genius of a Socrates, and the unconquerable enthusiasm of a Luther. For this I honour him with no vain feeling that he regards praise for more than it is worth as the tribute of sincerity, but with the consciousness that he will accept our humble recognition of his services, as valuable in proportion only as the sentiment which dictated it is conserved in our expressions, and he feels himself deserving. The speaker then delivered the following lines he had composed for the occasion:—

A conqueror, thou, o'er Selfishness and Wrong:
A man ennobled, God-reposing, strong
In principles that make the ages grand—
A worker for mankind in every land:
A soul-ascending, truth-inspiring one,
Whose holy zeal burns brightly as a sun—
Accept our tribute of sincerest praise.
And, oh, may blessings cheer thy future days!
As one whose head in Suffering's thorny crown
Has bled, while Love's fair orb in blood went down,
Because of Slavery's wail and War's red brand,
While savage carnage swept Columbia's land:
As one baptised in Freedom's sacred sea,
Whose every thought and act essayed to free
The sons of God of every clime and hue,
To mould the Future modelled by "The True"—
Did'st thou perform, at Duty's highest call,
The work that crowns thee patriot of all.
We pray that Wisdom's voice may speak thy worth,
And purest natures walk with thee on earth.
And when, at last, the world's stern strife is o'er,
Thy spirit, in its home beyond earth's shore,
May work with angels, quenchless in its zeal,
Where life and love expand, and spheres reveal
Immortal fruits, and flowers divinely chaste,
And pictures that eclipse e'en Raphael's taste.
Go, thou, oh, friend of Truth, across the sea!
Where Duty beckons, still stand firm and free.
With trust in God, and hope in man, go forth
And plead for justice—peace—for South and North.

JOHN PERCEVAL, Esq., then in a few remarks bore high testimony to the moral worth and intellectual power of Dr. Ferguson, at the same time saying that he should be glad if the Rev. Dr. would give him some information as to the reason of his leaving the Davenport, and what was likely to become of the young men.

DR. FERGUSON assured his friends that he had parted with the Davenport on the best terms of friendship, but he could not continue as their introducer, inasmuch as he was unacquainted with the French language, and he had had a month's idleness already, which he considered was quite sufficient for him; besides he had a call from home—from his family—the only call he had since he had been away, and which he looked upon as Provisional; and these were the reasons why he was not now with the Davenports.

The CHAIRMAN said he attributed to the natural delicacy of Dr. Ferguson the fact that he had not alluded to his disconnection with the Davenports, but he (the Chairman) would tell them what he knew about it. They had become connected with Mr. Guppy, the author of the celebrated work, "Mary Jane," and who had peculiar views as to the origin of so-called spiritual manifestations, and which he accounted for by some theory of "chemical fluids" or "phosphoric essence." Mr. Guppy, it was said, had fitted up a chateau five miles from Paris, and had acted with great magnanimity, having spent £500, with the intention of converting the savans of Europe; but he (the Chairman) believed that there was no magnanimity about it at all, but that it was entirely a private speculation on the part of Mr. Guppy. One very singular condition which Mr. Guppy attaches to his conversion of the savans is, that they shall commit themselves in print; but as the exhibition, the admission to which was to be one guinea each, had not been commenced, it was thought that probably no scientific man had been found who would accept Mr. Guppy's condition.

After some earnest observations from Mr. HARRIS, and a soul-stirring speech from MR. SPEAR on the horrors of war, and the evils of slavery, a vote of thanks was passed to the worthy chairman, and the meeting dispersed, or rather adjourned, to the Lyceum Hall upstairs, where another meeting was held of a snug and social character, and of which we hope to give our readers a report in our next impression.

A SPIRITUAL MEDIUM has been arrested in Rochester, by the United States Internal Revenue officers, for not taking out a licence as a juggler.—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
June 3, 1865.

SPIRITUAL FACTS AND PASSAGES FROM
CONTINENTAL JOURNALS.

La Vérité, of Lyons says:—"The ancients were not such sceptics as we are. Whilst the Romans made war in Macedonia, Pute- lius Vatinius, returning to Rome, suddenly saw before him two young men, very handsome, and mounted on white horses, who announced to him that the King of Persia was taken prisoner that evening, by the consul Paulus Emilius. He went and com- municated this happy news to the Senate, who deeming their dignity compromised by the reception of such ridiculous stuff, put Pute- lius in prison. In a while, however, letters arrived from the consul giving the information of the capture of the Persian monarch, by him, on that very same day. On this the Senate not only liberated Pute- lius, but settled on him extensive lands, feeling convinced, says Valerius Maximus, that Castor and Pollux had appeared to him, and that they were the protectors of Rome."

Dionysius, of Syracuse, awoke one night, hearing a great noise, and arose to see what it was. He saw at the end of a gallery a woman of huge stature, and hideous as one of the furies, who was sweeping his house. He sent to a number of his friends, and begged of them to pass the night with him; but the apparition did not appear again. Some days after, a son of Dionysius threw himself from a window, and was killed. In a few more days, his family was destroyed, swept out of Syracuse, as it were, and exterminated, as the evil spirit which had appeared had prefigured by her besom.

When Cimon had made a journey to Heracleum to see the spirit of his beloved mother, and when she, thus invoked, had made known her murderer, and the fate which awaited him, how could Cimon doubt that it was really herself who had appeared to him?

When at Marathon, two apparitions, one bearing the exact image of Theseus, and the other of the labourer Erectheus, pre- sented themselves, and caused the victory, the first by mounting at the head of the army, and the other by breaking the ranks of the enemy by the blows of a ploughshare. How could it be doubted that these apparitions were the very persons they appeared to be.

When on this same battle-field, as on that of Thrasymene, three hundred years later, as Pausanias avers, were still heard the cries, groans, and shouts of men and horses; how could those who heard them doubt that they were the voices of the victims of those fields of slaughter.

When heroes appeared at their tombs, perhaps more frequently than in the temples, and healed those who sought to them, how could they doubt them?

Valerius Maximus, a historian worthy of faith, solemnly declares that he has himself seen the spirits of men, thus called upon, appear as Achilles, Esculapius and Hercules (Dissertation, 26 and 27.) This persuasion became still more profound, when, on nearly all the spots where assassinations, suicides, violated or incompleated sepulture had taken place, spectres became visible and recurrent. Thus Caligula haunted his palace till it was burned down. Nero did the same by his till it was destroyed. So also on every spot where Otho was followed by the spirit of Golba, his victim, and where he was seen frequently struggling with it, and rolling at the foot of his bed, from the very first night of his reign. (See Suetonius, under Otho.) The house of Athenodorus, where Pliny affirms that the spectre him- self showed the place where his murdered remains were deposi- ted. The house at Erebatidas, at Corinth, where Lucian asserts a precisely similar phenomenon to have taken place. (Letter 7, 27.) The house of Dion, where a feminine spectre came and menaced him, striking him with terror, a few days after the suicide of his son. (Plutarch in Dion.)

We should never have done if we endeavoured to uncoil the interminable chain of the prophetic and avenging apparitions which, in antiquity, decided frequently the fortunes both of illustrious persons and of kingdoms.

The Count de Gabaris, a *satan* of the Hague, cites, in 1718, the following case:—A learned man of Dijon, one evening after vain efforts to discover the meaning of a passage in a Greek author, fell asleep. In a dream he was conveyed to Stockholm, and found himself standing before the shelves of the library of Queen Christina of Sweden. His eyes were arrested by the title of a small volume hitherto unknown to him. He opened it and found the difficulty of the previous evening completely dis- sipated. The emotion caused by this discovery awoke the learned Hellenist; he arose and determined to verify as far as possible this fact. He noted down the exact appearance of the royal library, and of the exact spot where he saw this book, and also of every page where the explanation occurred. The first thing which he did in the morning was to write to M. Chanut, the French ambassador of Stockholm, and request him to ask Descartes, who was resident in that capital, whether these things were as he had seen them. The great philosopher replied to the ambassador, that a bibliopole who had frequented

the library for twenty years, could not have more accurately described it, and that the passage, as the learned dreamer had seen it, was exact, and on the very page described.

Madame J. lived, in 1856, in a house of the Prince of ———, who occupied a high post at Naples in the embassy of the Emperor Nicholas. One evening between eleven and twelve o'clock she was in a cabinet which was only separated from the bedroom of the princess by a piece of tapestry, and heard as she thought, the princess enter, and walk about a good while after she had put down her candle. She waited in expectation that the princess, according to her custom, would come into the cabinet, but to her surprise again, heard her open the door, go out, and descend the stairs. Twenty minutes later the princess came and Madame J. then convinced herself that it was for the first time. The next day she learned from the mouth of the princess that the family often received mysterious visits on the approach of something happening to it. That they had to quit one palace in consequence of nocturnal noises, and that these had renewed themselves in this. That one of their daughters had continually heard some one walking by her side before her marriage and sometimes with the rustling sound of a silk dress.

At this time there was in the palace a young chamber-maid, named Louise, of whom Madame J. was very fond, and who was then ill. One evening, Madame J. went to lie down after having learned from the family physician that Louise was better. About two o'clock in the morning, she seemed to feel something pass over her, and then felt herself touched by a cold hand. Her first thought on awaking in the morning was that Louise had died in the night at two o'clock, and this proved to be true.

The young woman who succeeded Louise as chamber-maid, frequently heard noises in the night, and saw distinctly a form, which by her description resembled Louise, whom she had never known in life. About five weeks after the death of Louise, Madame J. ascending the stairs after midnight with a light, saw an obscure form cross the staircase above from left to right. This form was transparent, for Madame J. was able to see through it the pane of a window beyond. A piercing cry at the same moment came from the chamber of Louise's successor. All the house rushed to the room, and found the poor chamber-maid in convulsions. When she came to herself she related that the same form which she had repeatedly seen, had come and leaned over her so that she seemed to perceive its respiration. She then uttered the cry which they had heard, and lost consciousness. A young man to whom Louise had been engaged, wrote desiring her effects to be sent to him. The chamber-maid assisted in packing them, but on taking up one dress, she let it fall in terror, declaring that the form she had seen wore one exactly like it. All these manifestations ceased on the removal of Louise's effects. This account was confirmed by General Wynyard.

OBSESSION OF SILVIO PELLICO.

AMONGST the maladies, says *L'Avenir*, which appear mysterious, are those attributed to the obsessing intervention of spirits. Silvio Pellico in his celebrated work "My Prisons," speaks of a very singular affection which he experienced in 1821 in the prisons of Venice, which are called the "Leads," an affection which he himself regarded as a species of somnam- bulism, and what he believed to be the effect of great exhaustion, the result of extreme tension of spirit, and of his long vigils. As his nights, full of disquiet, were constantly sleepless and most frequently agitated by fevile heat, he resolved not to lie down at all. He, therefore, kept the candle burning the whole night, and seated himself at his table to read or write, and when his head, through excess of fatigue and of wakefulness, no longer maintained the rule over his thoughts, he copied out something, without comprehending it, his mind being at the time occupied by some wholly different things. If he lay down for an instant, it was worse; every position in bed was intolerable to him; he was agitated, convulsively, and if for a moment he slept, he suffered still more than when awake, from frightful dreams.

During these horrible nights, when perfectly awake, he seemed to hear in the prison now deep groans, now stifled laughter. Often he seized in terror the candle, and looked round to see whether some one was not concealed beneath his bed, and was thus mocking him; often seated at his table, he seemed to be pulled by his clothes, or his book was struck out of his hand to the floor, and somebody behind him seemed endeavouring to blow out his candle. "Then," said he, I sprung to my feet, looked round me, took some steps in a defiant manner, and asked my- self whether I were not become mad. I did not know whether what I saw and heard was reality or illusion, but I said, in my agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

He relates that once he lay in bed a little before day, he awoke after an instant of drowsiness, as if he were being strangled, and found that his handkerchief, which he had placed under his pillow, was found in many tight knots around his mouth. "I must," he says, have tied these knots in a dream, or in a moment of delirium, without recollecting it. But he could not convince himself of this, and believed himself to be the sport of mischievous spirits, who took a malicious pleasure in his sufferings. These terrors came regularly, with the night, and vanished with the rising of the sun.

Anyone who has witnessed the manifestations of the Davenports will understand perfectly how the handkerchief was tied, and by whom. Those who saw Mr. Coleman come out of their cabinet, when both he and the Brothers had been securely bound, with his handkerchief tied in curious knots over his face, and very difficult to be undone, will comprehend how Silvio Pellico's handkerchief had been knotted up. Pellico, by his physical sufferings under the burning leads of the state prison of Venice, and the anxieties of his mind, was brought into a condition in which his whole inner being was opened up to the spiritual world, and there were plenty of mischievous spirits ready to obsess and torment him. Had he understood that denounced and ridiculed thing, Spiritualism, as it is our good fortune now to understand it, from the numerous facts brought before us, he could have known the remedy as well as the disease—namely, that it consisted in throwing himself confidently on God and his good angels to drive out those spiritual vagabonds, and send them into some herd of swine, or some knot of swinish philosophers, such for instance, as Mr. Lewis, of the "Cornhill Magazine," who says that, "rather than 'give in' to anything of spirit, we must refuse to believe our own senses, that is, we must proclaim ourselves lunatics; for when we cease to put faith in our senses, we are lunatics to all intents and purposes." Such are the miserable shifts of our modern philosophers, who prefer to be thought lunatics rather than "give in to spirit."

Yet even to these come occasionally strange and overpowering convictions. One of these, on his death-bed, not long ago, said to his family, "After my decease, quit this house; it is a very old one, and I have now seen for several days that it is inhabited by spirits who dwell in it formerly—generations of them. They are wicked and hateful men, and you must not remain amongst them and their influences." Our dying philosopher was perfectly calm and free from any delusion or wanderings of thought. He repeated his assurances and injunctions on this head again and again, and his family followed his advice. The near separation of soul and body had brought this learned and good man, for such he was, into the condition in which the world he was about to enter was become open to him, and he saw and knew as realities what no arguments and no eloquence of his best and wisest friends could have persuaded him of, in the scientific pride of his normal state.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

No. 2.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—It appears from the correspondence that there were other occurrences of a spiritual character, narrated to Von Humboldt, besides those already described in my last paper, and the interest he felt in them will be seen in the following extract from one of his letters:—

"The history of the ghost-like warning you gave me is very wonderful. It would be so to you at the moment when you first signified your consent to a union which involved you in infinite suffering. Still more wonderful, too, was it as an announcement of the death of your mother. It cannot be denied that you did really hear yourself called. It is equally certain that no mortal man called you in the entirely secluded solitude in which you heard the warning voice. You say that you have latterly adopted the opinion which is laid down by Jung Stelling in his theory of the Doctrine of Spirits, that those who have gone before us, being possessed of clearer powers of mental vision, accompany us with love, and often wishing to protect us, seek to make themselves known to us for the purpose of warning; and that in order to effect a deeper impression upon us, they avail themselves of some significant and important event, whence it arises that they are able to place themselves *en rapport* with us, and this depends upon the degree in which the spiritual condition is free from the influences of the external senses. In this free condition, into which no one can bring himself at will, you perhaps believe yourself to have been in that frame of mind, when setting aside all ordinary considerations, you wrote down the conclusions at which you had arrived. These remarks of yours I have deeply thought over, and felt. Undoubtedly there is a quiet mysterious presence not comprehended by earthly senses, which surrounds us without our being aware of it, and why should not this veil be raised for a moment, and give a transient view of what in this life, leaves no perceptible trace? You were here in a moment warned how you should write down a thought, till now, known only to yourself; to make one stroke of the pen, which should involve your life in many unhappy embarrassments. You were warned by the voice, and, as you remark, in order to lead you more certainly to reflect upon it, the precise moment was significantly marked, for your mother died a week afterwards at that very moment. Manifestly, it was not of this world. It was one of those signs which are sometimes, although seldom, made to us from a region, separated from us during life by an impassable gulf.

I thank you very much that you have not omitted mention of this.

Humboldt again touches on the subject in another letter and says:—

"It is scarcely possible to conceive that a beloved person should be invested with the power of appearing to the outward eye, either at the moment of departure or afterwards; but yet the human mind has experiences within itself, which would lead to the supposition that it is possible to penetrate such things though only through a veil darkly. Any one who knows what

it is to experience a longing, must be conscious that it has the power of allowing a degree of strength capable of breaking through the usual limits of nature. A certain susceptibility towards the perception of spiritual appearances may, however, be necessary on the part of those who are said to have seen them, and we may often be surrounded by spirits, without knowing or dreaming of such a thing. The reason why fewer spirits are seen now than formerly, and less is heard of visions, may be easily explained. Among the stories of former times, many certainly were either false—not exactly invented, but suffered to remain without inquiry—or they were natural, though misunderstood, phenomena. There was then more faith generally, and more also in such things. Men were more addicted to fear of the supernatural. The opinion that there was an evil spirit which had the power of torturing and seducing, was then received in a more literal and positive sense. It may, however, for all that, be quite correct that many of these accounts are true, and that there were actual supernatural appearances, such as the one seen by you; and if that be the case, then the explanation is certainly very different, especially, when an effect of the kind you describe is observed by several persons at a time, and those of various characters, as was the case in your house. I have already said that a certain susceptibility belongs to the perception of the supernatural. Now, people may have possessed more of this in those days, because they lived in a condition less exposed to worldly distractions. They had more piety and earnestness and concentration of thought, and their minds were more directed towards a state of existence beyond this earthly world. This may, very probably, have been the case with such an excellent man as your father. The account has interested me in a manner quite unusual. I thank you heartily for it."

As I have already trespassed too much upon your space, I will leave, for a third and concluding paper, another extract, and a few remarks in reference to the same.—Yours,
Maidstone, June 12.

THOS. COURT.

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Continued from Page 181.)

HILLAIRE'S powers continued to increase. On the 15th of Aug. a new and wonderful manifestation took place at the house of M. Vilet, whose name will often be mentioned in conjunction with Hillaire. The medium was receiving communications in writing, as he was in the habit of doing, when suddenly the pencil was seized from between his fingers, and flung into a distant corner of the room, without any movement of his hand or arm. Mme. Vilet was advancing to pick it up, when all present saw it rise alone, pass through the air, and replace itself in Hillaire's grasp. He alone had seen a spirit hand bearing it towards him; the message was then continued as though nothing had interrupted it.

About this time Daniel Home's interesting work arrived at Sonnac, and was read with true joy by the believers there. Hillaire, however, expressed many doubts as to the veracity of the great American medium, who, had he lived a few centuries ago, would assuredly have been burned as a sorcerer, but in these days is only driven from the Eternal City, lest he should disturb the odour of sanctity pervading it. Hillaire especially objected to the aerial wanderings of Mr. Home, because they always took place in the dark, and many angry debates ensued among the people of Sonnac as to the possibility of such manifestations. One evening towards the end of August, several persons were assembled at Brissoneau, discussing the new work, Hillaire among the number, who, the more he read of Mr. Home's accounts, the less he seemed inclined to believe them. At the close of the meeting he returned home, reflecting on the extraordinary phenomena so completely adverse to the known laws of nature, when he felt himself become strangely agitated, and discovered that his feet no longer touched earth—that he was being slowly but irresistibly drawn upwards. Extreme fear seized him, but he soon found himself among the branches of a poplar tree, one of which he grasped firmly with his right hand—all in vain; the invisible power dragged him away, and gently he floated down to earth. He remained standing amazed and puzzled, but suddenly perceived a piece of bark in his right hand, about the size of a five shilling piece; and on looking at the poplar, discovered the place from which it had been evidently freshly taken, about twenty feet above his head. From that moment he could no longer doubt Mr. Home's assertion, for the spirits had given him a convincing proof of its feasibility.

About this time he removed to a house at a little distance from Sonnac, but kept a room prepared for himself at the cottage in the village, in case he wished to sleep there. One evening he had been at a *séance*, and finding it late, went to his old abode for the night.

As I am alone, and fear nothing, good spirits, he exclaimed, pray show me strong physical manifestations.

Hardly had he uttered these words when loud knocks proceeded from the garret above. He lighted a candle and went up;

all was still; he put his foot on the ladder to descend, when it began spinning violently round and round, upon itself. He was thrown down, but speedily regaining his feet, tried with all his strength to stop the ladder, but in vain; it span round faster and faster. All this time the knocks grew louder, and Hillaire, in spite of his courage, became seriously alarmed, thinking that evil spirits must be at work; but in time the ladder stopped, and he regained his own room. The knocks continued throughout the night, and at early dawn Hillaire left the house, determined to remain silent about his night's experiences. However, it was ordained that they should teach a lesson to many. At a *séance* some days later, Hillaire fell asleep, and addressing a spirit who, apparently, was dragging him by the hand, said—

"Oh, good spirit! what do you want of me? Where do you wish me to go? You tell me to go with you and not to doubt.

With these words he got up, and followed by the spectators, threaded his way through the narrow alleys of the village, stopping at his own cottage. He at once produced the key, and without hesitation unlocked the door. Taking pencil and paper in his hand he wrote—

Pray, pray, my friends, that God may only permit good spirits to be with us, and may keep from us all those whose inspiration might be hurtful.

Then getting up he said, addressing his invisible guide—

Dear spirit, you say you wish me to go up higher. I have full confidence in you; lead the way and I will follow.

With these words he sprang up the ladder into the garret. His friends all followed, and found him apparently clasping some one in his arms. He addressed it as the spirit of a little girl he had lost, and thanked God for His infinite goodness, in permitting him once more to behold his lost darling. He then described a group of spirits in the corner, and said they were endeavouring to hide themselves, and looked abashed.

Why, said he to his guide, are these spirits not near us? Why do they look ashamed? You tell me not to heed them, but why?

Because they only have pleasure in wickedness!

Then they are bad, but much to be pitied; see how they tremble! You say they suffer at being unmasked, and would fain escape from my sight, but cannot. Ah, they frightened me the other night! God will assuredly punish them. But why do they cause me no fear to-day?

Because the good spirits are more potent round you. If you had called us to your aid, instead of trusting to yourself,—if you had prayed earnestly for help from God, He would have sent us, and they would have lost their power.

The spirit, then speaking through the lips of the medium, held forth on the danger of making special requests of the spirits, and of asking for information to gratify curiosity, explaining that inferior spirits could then communicate, who generally succeed in mystifying the imprudent questioner. From that time no questions were ever asked at the *Sonnac* meetings.

On the 5th of October, 1863, a meeting was held at St. Jean d'Angely, by the Spiritual Society of that place, Hillaire having promised to attend. The President made the usual prayer for the assistance of good spirits, and the medium speedily fell asleep. The secretary took the following notes of what he said:—

Oh, dear spirit, what have you in your hand? Lay it on the table I pray, or give it me in my hand. Give it me to show, for it will dispel doubts. Oh, my father, what is it? It would not harm me, for it is only a fragment of rock. Why won't you put it down? You say you will give it to me at Bordeaux, but this is the third time you have promised me things. I am not to insist, but it would make me very happy to possess it. I shall have to wait for it long, but if you would only put it where I can see it and feel it, I should be content. Promise me that you will give it me at Bordeaux, and I will believe you?

The Spiritualists of Bordeaux were most anxiously awaiting a visit from this wonderful medium, and he arrived on the 7th of Oct., on which day a *séance* occurred, when forty people were present. Hillaire, as usual, fell asleep, and announced that he saw a spirit by the side of Madame Sabo, wife of the President of the Society. He described it as an old woman with grey hair, a pale face, a grey striped gown, and a handkerchief tied over her head. Monsieur Bex, the principal medium of the society, was then taking notes; his hand was suddenly and convulsively removed, and the word "Felicia" written. The spirit was then recognised by several persons present. Hillaire continued—

Dear spirit, give me a proof of your truth—give me what you hold in your hand as a remembrance for your family.

Then throwing himself on his knees, with outstretched arms, and great emotion, he appeared to receive something between his hands, and then, obedient to the directions of his spiritual guide, arose, and turning to his father, exclaimed—

I am very grateful; this is, indeed, a disperser of doubts.

Then again falling on his knees, he thanked God for this wonderful manifestation of power, and calling for vinegar and water, drank, and afterwards awoke. Every one examined the curiosity, which was about the size of an egg, though of an irregular form, and seemed to be a piece of petrified rock, such as is seen adhering to rocks by the seaside.

A REVELATION AND PROPHECY.

By JOSEPH SMITH.

"VERILY, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The day will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; for, behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called; and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations. And, it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war. And it shall come to pass, also, that the remnants that are left of this land, will marshal themselves, and shall become exceeding angry, and shall use the Gentiles with a sore vexation, and thus, with sword and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine and plague, and earthquakes, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations. That the cry of the saints, and of the blood of the saints, shall cease to come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies. Wherefore stand ye in holy places, and be not moved, until the day of the Lord come, for, behold, it cometh quickly saith the Lord.—Amen."

The above is extracted from the Mormon pamphlet, entitled "Pearl of Great Price," published in the year 1851.

Given December 25th, 1832.

MORE MANIFESTATIONS.—Within the last few weeks phenomena of rather an extraordinary character have taken place in the village of Stourton, Higher Bebbington. These manifestations have developed themselves in the cottage of John Haimes, who has been a gamekeeper in the neighbourhood for twenty or thirty years. It seems that soon after Christmas, mysterious noises were heard about the house at night; the furniture was roughly moved about from one place to another, unearthly voices were heard, panes of glass were broken, his dogs were turned loose, his ferrets disappeared, dead rabbits, which had been hung up on his premises, were found scattered about the place, and other unaccountable doings took place. Of course the family were alarmed, especially as the phenomena continued at intervals, week after week. The cottage has been narrowly watched, but neither Haimes nor any of the villagers have as yet been able to find out the cause of the manifestations.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

A STRANGE STORY ABOUT LINCOLN.—The Spiritualists are getting up odd stories about President Lincoln. Here is the latest which has come to hand—When Mr. Lincoln received the news of his first election, he came home to tell Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was upstairs in the bed-room, and after telling the news, in walking about the room, his eye fell upon the bureau glass. Immediately he threw himself down upon the lounge, and told Mrs. Lincoln he thought he must be ill, for he saw a second reflection of his face in the glass which he could not account for. It was perfect, but very pale. "Oh," said Mrs. Lincoln, "that means that you will be re-elected, but I don't like its looking so pale," she added—"that looks as if you would not live through the second term." Mr. Lincoln himself told the story, and, according to the American correspondent who supplies it, it can be well confirmed.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM LECTURE.

On Sunday evening next, June 18, Mr. John Orvis, from America, will deliver "an address"—to commence at half-past seven. Admission free.

On Sunday, June 25, a tea meeting will be held. Admission by tickets 1s. each. Tea on table at five p.m., after which, The question of "Organisation" will be considered. Tickets may be obtained at the Lyceum.

THE DAVENPORTS have been sent for by the Prefect of Police in Paris, respecting their mission to the French metropolis; but they cannot obtain a "Yes" or "No," whether or not they are at liberty to give their *séances*. Such is the state of political freedom in France.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE, the American trance medium, is about leaving America for Europe.

MR. HOME has gone to Paris.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

OUR readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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