

Ridgway

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY ON SPIRITUALISM.

The *British Quarterly Review* for July, 1865, contains an article on "Magic" and Spiritualism, in which the writer, in a maze of words, loses himself, if not his theme. We have little to say about his expositions of Magic, where he assumes to show "how it is all done," and to us appears only "too clever by half." But where he unwarrantably drags in Spiritualism, and, in the most brazen-faced manner, presumes to account for it as a species of bungling conjuring too contemptible for men of sense to admit, we think "it is permissible, if we can, to prove" that our very clever writer knows little or nothing of the subject he attacks, and even less of logic—that is, if his present article is to be taken as a fair sample of his abilities in that department. If our readers feel disposed to invest six shillings in the purchase of the *Review*, solely for the article we are considering, they will, we feel confident, discover the melancholy fact that they have not got value for their outlay. We never read a more complete school-boy composition. From beginning to end it is a dreary string of dismal dottings about what everybody knows, and nobody cares a jot for. The part which would have been interesting, had it been decently treated—Spiritualism is brought on the stage to be disposed of without consideration, and the reader is treated to a wild ridiculous tirade about the Brothers Davenport, as though Spiritualism owed its existence to them instead of *vice versa*. Then, again, to make the matter worse, all the truth is not stated about the Brothers, lest the *animus* of the writer should lose its prominence. The reason why such a mongrel production in all the bombast of learning was introduced into the pages of one of our quarterlies may not be difficult to explain, seeing how greedily the public swallow literary boluses made up of popular prejudice. We are not, therefore, surprised that an article *against* Spiritualism should appear in the pages of the *British Quarterly*, but we are surprised that one so utterly free from the ordinary smartness which characterises the writings of our best writers should find a place there. We pass over several pages especially devoted to a treatment of Magic, and come at once to the audacious onslaught on Spiritualism, as the writer supposes it to be, by making a special feature of the Davenports' manifestations. This is how he begins—"It is permissible for us to prove, if we can, that the Davenports and their tribe are not conjurers but impostors." We do not object, but we must have the proof before we believe them to be impostors, which we unhesitatingly assert that the writer in the *British Quarterly* cannot give. There have been plenty of

alleged discoveries circulated most satisfactory to those who have eyes and will not see—ears and will not hear, defamatory of the Brothers, but they have all become stale, whilst the manifestations of the "mediums" have been witnessed and proved to be genuine in presence of men of culture and scientific attainments. Speaking of "mediums," we may notice that our clever writer exclaims—"What a plural!" No doubt he thinks that Spiritualist writers know much less of grammar than himself. But whatever he thinks, we think the plural *media* is not so good as that of "mediums" when it has reference to human beings; and if our grammarians, not being gifted with prescience, did not foresee the power which Spiritualism is manifesting, how is it to be supposed that they would make two plurals—one to embrace inanimate or animate and inanimate conditions—the other to embrace the animate alone? And because they did not provide for a future necessity, are we to yield absolute obedience to their authority? We think not, and shall beg, with due deference to the *British Quarterly*, to employ the word *mediums* as a plural for the reason we assign. Take the following as a specimen of our reviewer's grammar—"Nor are we obliged to own that if the Brothers *did* produce the manifestations, they were loosed from their bonds, and again secured as before *without any exertion of their own*." Who but a person unacquainted with the mode of constructing language, would ask this writer to own that if the Brothers *did* do their own active agency what took place in their presence that it was all done *without* their own exertion? The statement is an egregious piece of ignorance, and if it can be called grammatical, then grammar does *not* always teach the proper use of words. The believers in the Davenports' manifestations never say that the Brothers *did*, but that they *did not* do the phenomena which were produced in their presence. Will the writer in the *Quarterly* prove that they *did* them? If he will only make the effort in a common sense manner he would, at least, command respect, since he would then cease to write so feebly as he now does upon the subject.

Again, he says—"We have peeped into the Davenport cabinet and seen there the flour they spilt under the seats, whereas, the flour had been placed in their hands *above* the seats." It is not at all improbable that a dust of flour may have been seen as the writer describes, but how does he prove that the Davenports spilt it? May not the committee, or Dr. Ferguson, have spilt it in placing it in their hands? and may it not have dropped under through a crack in the seats? But to dispose of the supposition that the Brothers had to get rid of the flour to extricate themselves, we say, if they had to do so once, it is reasonable to suppose they always had to do so, and that more than once would a little dust of flour be found under the seat.

Now, the number of persons of position and credibility who have been chosen as Committeemen at the Davenport *séances* in London alone, who asserted before the audiences that there was *no* flour under or on the seats before and after the flour test had been applied, to us infinitely

outweighs the single assertion of the writer in the *Quarterly*, who certainly is not free from the suspicion of having dust in his eyes. Not satisfied with these remarks, the reviewer throws out the suspicion that "confederates from the audience may tie them with a plotted arrangement of loops and slip-knots, seeing that the audience cannot inspect the tying for themselves." This is a suspicion which could only escape the little mind of a man invulnerable to evidence, and of the most case-hardened impertinence. Had this writer only known the commonest facts in connection with the subject, he would have had a host of contradictions start into his brain the moment he conceived such a suspicion. Why, those who had the best opportunities of judging the character of the phenomena of the Brothers' *séances*, know well that no confederates assisted them. Besides, what nonsense it is to talk of confederates, when it is a well-known fact that the tying at Liverpool was done by avowed enemies; and in all the towns where the riots took place, and their cabinet was either threatened or smashed, men were chosen to tie them who believed them to be humbugs. Had they adopted the system of confederacy, they might easily have escaped mobbing, because there are plenty of men in every town ready to do any dirty work for a consideration. The facts speak for themselves. They went to the provinces, trusting to fair-play, and were deceived. But the manner in which they were treated served to establish the fact that they had no confederates. But what is the use? Brutes like Hulley, and writers like the one whose article we are reviewing, cannot afford to be either humane or just, and so they do their work with a reckless disregard of either humanity or truth.

The writer dishes up anew the aspersions and ignorant statements which have gone the round of the press, and which have been answered by us and the *Spiritual Magazine* over and over again. He talks of the Brothers refusing the "Tom-fool's-knot;" of Mr. Addison stretching out his legs at one of their *séances*, and blowing flour on Mr. Fay. But the silliest piece of all is this—"A child would perceive how easy it is to hold your shoes firmly upon the ground with your hands, while you draw your feet out of them—a thing you naturally would do if you wished to flit unheard, like an invisible spectre, through the darkness." But how you are to get back into your shoes in the darkness we are not informed. We should think if this exquisite reviewer had spent the time it took him in writing his article trying to escape from his boots, after they had been marked on the floor, and getting back into them without moving them from the marks, all in the darkness, he would have occupied his time much better than in wasting ink and paper writing such twaddle.

The "Tom-fool's-knot" never held the Davenports so that they were not released. We venture to assert the mental knot by which our writer is secured is one that will hold him until doomsday, if he do not cut it.

A word about Mr. Addison blowing flour on the back of Mr. Fay, whom, he asserted, tumbled over his legs, or the legs of his friend. If it ever took place, why did not Mr. Addison appeal to the audience, there and then, to convince them of the act? And after the unmanly and savage manner in which he treated the mediums, ought his bare statement to be taken as evidence against them, whilst the thousands of testimonies which can be produced in their favour are not admitted? The next time the *British Quarterly* takes up the subject, we hope it will not falsify and ignore facts.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the universal opposition of the various Christian sects, as bodies, to the doctrine of an existing inter-communication between mortals and the spirits of the departed, perhaps every one of those sects may be confronted with the testimonies of distinguished individuals of its own members, in favour of this very doctrine. It is well known that the Catholic Church has never disputed this doctrine, however she may discountenance the current spiritual manifestations on the grounds of legitimacy. This doctrine was never formally repudiated by Protestant sects, or, so far as we know, directly discountenanced in any of the written creeds or confessions of faith which have served as charts to the numerous religious bodies which have sprung up since the Reformation. The views of Martin Luther upon this important subject are well known; and these did not differ essentially from those of Malancthon, nor, we

believe, from those of Calvin. The Church of England, throughout its early history, was generally favourable to the idea that departed spirits could, and frequently did, manifest their presence to mortals; and less than two hundred years ago, Rev. Joseph Glanvil, then Chaplain to the King of England, and the learned Dr. Henry Moore, severally wrote works on spiritual-manifestations, for the express purpose of confuting the Atheist, and demonstrating the immortality of the soul. This doctrine was also holden by the various dissentient churches, as may be learned from the writings of George Fox, Cotton Mather, John Wesley, and others; and essentially coinciding with their testimony was that of the philanthropic Oberlin, the pious and amiable Stilling, the unpretending but Christ-like George de Benneville, and the devoted and self-sacrificing John Murray. These remarks are intended as prefatory to the following extracts from an article upon the same general theme, which we find in the Cincinnati SPIRITUAL MESSENGER. The citations therein presented are commended to the special attention of the admirers of the distinguished worthies from whose writings they are taken; and it is hoped that these citations, together with the preceding remarks, will have the effect of shaming certain of our sectarian opposers into a more respectful attention to the claims of the alleged spiritual phenomena, before condemning them.

DR. CHANNING'S TESTIMONY.—"Did I think of those who are gone as dying to those they left, I should honour and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their Brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change? All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed before their eyes—the capacities, the mysteries of the human soul. The significance of that word "Immortality," is now apprehended, and every being destined to it, rises in unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price. . . . A new soul or a new eye might show the spiritual world encompassing us on every side. . . . They love us more than ever, but with a refined, pure, spiritual love. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. It would be a reproach to heaven and the good, to say that their happiness is founded on their ignorance of our wants or sufferings."—Channing's Sermons *Future Life*, Vol. 4, pp. 232, 233.

DR. ALBERT BARNES' TESTIMONY.—"In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is no more impossible that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one man should aid another; certainly not as impossible as that the Son of God should come down not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Angelic ministration "constitutes the beauty of the moral arrangements on earth." "Is there any impropriety in supposing that they do now what the Bible says they ever have done?" They attend the redeemed; they wait on their steps; they sustain them in trial; they accompany them in departing to heaven.

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love,
In heavenly Spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; But O! the exceeding grace,
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all His works of mercy does embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!
How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us who succour want!
How do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying pursuitant,
Against foul foes to aid us militant;
For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
O! why should Heavenly God to men have such regard!"

—Albert Barnes, Com. on Heb., chap. 1.

DR. CHALMERS' TESTIMONY.—Angels "walk in the sight of God. They rejoice in the beatitudes of His presence. The veil is from off their eyes, and they see the character of a Presiding Divinity in every scene, and in every event to which the Divinity has given birth. When they see a new evolution in the history of created things, the reason they bend toward it so attentive an eye is, that it speaks to their understanding some new evolution in the purposes of God; some new manifestation of His high attributes; some new and interesting steps in the history of His sublime administration."—Dr. Chalmers' Sermons, vol 2, p. 386. See the Sermons *passim*. Did the spirit, by the writer, anticipate our day?"

DR. NEANDER'S TESTIMONY.—"The Centurion heard that Christ, in compliance with the request of the Elders, was approaching his house. But the thought arose, Hast thou not gone too far in asking the Son of God, who has spirits at his command, to come to thy house? Could he not have employed one of His host of ministering spirits to accomplish it? "Christ employed spiritual agencies in the cure of disease, though we cannot bring all the instances of His healing under this class." "Little as we know of the connection between the mind and body, we know enough to make it, in some degree, clear, that an extraordinary spiritual impression produces marvellous effects upon the bodily organism."—Dr.

Neander's Life of Christ, pp. 141, 142, 209.—The doctor further argues, that it was not a power of the imagination, or what is called a natural power, to throw off disease, but a susceptibility of impression on the part of the subject—to spirits, or Divine influences; and he continues, 'there is no instance of Christ working a miracle where a hostile tendency of mind prevailed.'—P. 142. Modern spiritual cures attest the same great law of mind. Man cannot receive, spiritually, what his own spirit is unwilling to receive."

TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.

ONE year ago last August, after we had been travelling in the United States a month or more, for the benefit of my husband, who was suffering from an attack of chronic rheumatism, we were recommended to try the effect of the mineral waters of Saratoga, in the State of New York. We accordingly went there, and remained two weeks; but, my husband growing worse from the use of the mineral spring waters, we were strongly recommended by some friends to get the advice of one Dr. Newton, a resident physician of Saratoga, who went under the reputation of a "Spiritual Doctor." We saw a number of persons who certified to his having performed many remarkable cures in a variety of chronic diseases.

Upon inquiring in the place, we learned that Dr. N. bore the reputation of an honourable man and worthy citizen. The only charge we heard brought against him was, that within the last five years he had become a great Spiritualist.

It was said of him that he had discovered he was a medium, through which, by the aid of spirits, he healed diseases. As we had had the advice of the most eminent medical men in America, with but little satisfaction as to the means that could be used for my husband's recovery, I begged of him (Mr. R.), to let us go and see this remarkable man.

After much persuasion, and after I had myself called and seen Dr. N., who promised me that he would not do my husband any harm, even if he did not do him any good, he consented to go and see him. Dr. N. told me that he gave no medicine, and his mode of healing the sick was by "laying on of hands."

My husband, at the time, could not walk any distance. He could not raise up his left leg, which had shrank to one third less than his right one. He had to be lifted in and out of a carriage, and suffered greatly from pains in almost every part of his body; but on the very first visit (at which Dr. Newton did nothing but rub his limb), he was greatly benefited.

We continued our visits to the doctor two weeks, daily. In the meantime we became acquainted with a number of his patients who were boarding at his house. They were from different parts of the United States, and some from Canada, and were afflicted with different diseases; and all of them felt they were being restored to health, and advised us to come and board there too.

Previously, I must confess, I felt a little timid, as I was always present with my husband when he was under the influence of "the laying on of hands." I saw from its effects, and the daily improvement of my husband's health, that there was something beyond what could be accounted for on the ordinary doctrines of the Healing Art; but so great was my desire for his recovery, that we concluded to go and reside at the doctor's for a few days. One lady boarder told me that she had only been there six weeks; that when she came she walked on crutches, and that she was then about returning to her home, cured. Dr. Newton never intruded the subject of Spiritualism on his inmates, and we were there several days without having conversation with any one on the subject, until this lady (Mrs. S.), who was restored to health, mentioned to me that one of the patients there was a remarkable medium. She pointed her out to me, calling her Mrs. B., from New Hampshire, who was suffering from sciatica, caused by a fall she had met with several years previously.

Mrs. B. was an unassuming uneducated woman, between fifty and sixty years of age, very retiring in her manners, and naturally of a strong healthy constitution; not over sensitive or nervous. She could not walk any distance. All that she did was to go occasionally from one room to another, and then only by the aid of a cane. She lay in a reclining position on a lounge or sofa most of her time. My informant, Mrs. S., asked me if I would like to see some spiritual manifestations, and added, that she thought Mrs. B. would gratify me, as she had taken a fancy to us. I replied, "most certainly," as my husband had never witnessed anything of the kind, and we were speculating as to how much reality there was in Dr. Newton's performing alleged cures by the aid of spirits. Mrs. S. referred the subject to Mrs. B., who said she would join myself and husband, with herself, in the private parlour the next evening, if she felt well enough.

The next evening we all four met in the parlour. Without previous allusion as to the object, we entered into conversation. Mrs. B. was giving an account of her illness, when suddenly she ceased speaking. I looked at her as she sat opposite to me on the sofa, half reclining. Her eyes were closed, as though she had fallen asleep, and we remained silent for a few minutes, when suddenly Mrs. B. sprang up, and commenced singing and speaking in the tone and language of an Indian woman. She rose up, apparently as light as air, and came immediately to me. She caught hold of me, and whirled me round in the mode of an Indian dance. Her hands were cold, so cold as to strike me with a chill, and her strength was supernatural. I was frightened, and commenced at once to repeat the Lord's Prayer mentally, "deliver us from evil;" for my first impression was that it was not Mrs. B. who had hold of me. Certainly it was not her in her natural character. She was evidently possessed. She said she was an old squaw, meaning an Indian wife; but while I was repeating the prayer, she let me go, and commenced dancing round the room. Some one asked her if she had ever been there before? "Oh, yes," was the reply, "often, and two hundred years ago I and my *brave* lived here; but things were not then as they are now."

I asked her what she did now, and where she was. Her reply was, "that she had to do good to the sick on earth;" and I was continuing my inquiry, when she reprimanded me, saying, that "she answered no questions out of curiosity;" but in all her movements, she was apparently carried about like air. She sat down upon the carpet, and went through the pantomime of a squaw tending her "papooses," or little ones. Soon after this she rose and rushed across the room to my husband, and commenced rubbing his lame limb with supernatural strength, earnestly repeating how much she wished him to be restored to health. After a little pause, she sat silent by the side of my husband; and while we were all looking on in amazement, we saw a change come over the expression of her countenance and her whole appearance. There was a movement of the muscles of her face, and she put her hands together, slowly raising them up in the attitude of prayer. Soon we perceived that there seemed to be some impediment to her utterance. It was suggested that my husband should move away from her side. He did so, and she was left alone on the sofa, and there came from her lips a voice in prayer, which was new and strange to all of us. The tone was most devout and solemn. The language was most elegant; in fact entirely beyond any which Mrs. B. was capable of using in her natural state.

Petitions were offered in behalf of the country; and the cause assigned for the war was the aggression of which the nation had been guilty; not only as regards the African, but the Indian aborigines of America. Then an offering of thanks was made to the Great Father of the universe, that the people on the earth were beginning to realise the wrongs they had committed; then the prayer closed by offering all those petitions in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

We all sat in profound reverence and awe, for the tone of voice was loud and clear, the articulation slow and impressive; and for once I could not but feel that the veil of the unseen world had been partly lifted, and that the departed were speaking to us. Soon as the prayer ceased, and while we were still gazing in awe, we saw another change in Mrs. B.'s countenance. Gradually it came over her, and then the squaw returned and retook possession of her. She rose up again, singing her Indian song, danced round the room, and again went up to my husband and gave him instructions about his health. Then she turned about and reprimanded me severely, saying, that I did not rub him enough in those spots where he suffered pain. She added that she should come and help me to do it.

Soon after this she sat down and seemed exhausted; but in a short time she re-appeared as Mrs. B., and said she felt as refreshed as if she had had a good sleep. She said she recollected nothing that had passed while she was under the influence of the Squaw; but that she could tell from her own feelings when that spirit wanted to influence her, and sometimes she would resist the power until every one of her bones would be in pain: and that several times, when she had been near my husband in conversation, she had felt the influence of the squaw upon her.

After this scene we conversed freely with Mrs. B. on the subject. She informed us her husband was a medium, and that when they were at home together, they received very remarkable communications from his attendant spirits. From her conversation we did not judge her to be at all ultra, or carried away with the subject. I was amazed at the calmness and composure with which she spoke. She evidently was a religious-minded woman.

I should add that at the first visit we paid Dr. Newton, before he did anything to my husband, he said he put himself in communication with spirits who advised him of the nature of my husband's disease, and the best treatment to adopt in his case. This mode of communication was by writing, that is to say, he took a pencil and a piece of paper, and the spirits guided his hand. He said they were Indians, more than two hundred in number, who had, at some remote period, dwelt in the vicinity, which was their great hunting ground; but I became so nervous with fear, in consequence of the wonders we heard, and notwithstanding my husband was being benefited, that we remained there not more than one day after the scene with Mrs. B.

P. M. C. READ.

35, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.
July 20th, 1865.

IN A TRANCE.

THE *Newcastle Chronicle* contains an account of an "extraordinary case of suspended animation." The facts in the case are briefly these:—A boy named Batey, twelve years of age, having eaten too freely of rhubarb tart, his father gave him some simple remedy to relieve his pain; but his efforts were of no avail, and the boy apparently died. The Registrar refused to give a certificate of burial until after a *post-mortem* examination. Fortunately some delay was occasioned in finding a surgeon. After the body had lain two days, Dr. Carr was prevailed on to undertake the task, being assured "that the body would not keep longer this hot weather." The doctor and Mr. Bush, with their implements of dissection, repaired to the "house of mourning," but, to their great surprise, met the boy at the door in a good state of health—thus narrowly escaping the effects of the surgeon's knife. Mr. Bush very gravely said to him that "it was a good thing that he had 'come to life' when he did; if he had been but half an hour later he would probably have been killed in the attempt to ascertain why he had ceased to exist." The circumstance is disturbing the equilibrium of the *wise Solons*, who cannot understand that "miracles" are the result of natural laws. The lad was merely in a state of trance, and his "wonderful restoration to life" was simply a return of the normal powers to a state of activity, after having lain dormant long enough for the invisibles to affect a cure.]

VALEDICTORY.

EMMA HARDINGE'S FAREWELL TO HER AMERICAN FRIENDS.

From the *Banner of Light*.

On the 5th day of August, 1865, I propose to embark from these shores, *en route* for my native land, after a residence of ten years, lacking a few days only, on this Western Hemisphere. On announcing my intended departure to our friend, Luther Colby, he suggested, as a wish of his own—which would probably "find an echo in many hearts"—that I should briefly reiterate some points of my spiritual experiences in America, as a subject of both use and interest to some of the readers of the *Banner of Light*.

So many petty sketches have already appeared of these same spiritual experiences of mine, and so much remains to be told which the limits of such a journal could not compass, without which, what is recorded would be still a problem, that I feel as if sketch-writing was equally egotistical and unprofitable. But I am about to leave you my American friends; the precious chords of deep affection and strong sympathy that familiar personal intercourse have woven between us, must now be drawn out to the far, far distant shores of the broad Atlantic. No more may we exchange those heart-stirring, electric counsels, that fired the souls alike of listener and orator. No more may your beloved hands minister to the wanderer's necessities, or my grateful eyes turn wistfully back to put the spell of loving witchery on the dear homes that have sheltered me. I shall miss the kind greetings of your half shy, half tender little children, who have lisped out "our Emma" in my ears, until I have learned to love the name for their sakes who so sweetly spoke it; nor know again the trembling pressure of the withered hand of age, which my precious messages from the bright world to which they were hastening, have cheered and "made young again."

I am parting from you all, my American friends; and the first parting of the mother from her child is scarcely more fraught with sadness. And so, since I cannot in earnest words spoken, or kind glances exchanged, bid you farewell, I will send you these few memorial works of greeting, very, very full of my love for you, and yet more overflowing with gratitude for the precious land in which my spiritual birth has taken place.

I entered this city of New York, by the ship *Pacific* (since lost), August 22nd, 1855. I came here to fulfil a six months' engagement with Mr. Marshall, of the Broadway Theatre. A decided difference of views developed itself between myself and my excellent employers, very soon after my arrival in the country. I deemed myself cruelly treated—viewed the whole American nation through a few very poor specimens thereof, and anxiously counting the days until my rash escapade to this "wild country" should end, I unconsciously resigned myself to the study of my first spiritual lesson, which was given me through the very rod beneath which I was smarting, and given in this wise:—For reasons unnecessary to detail here, I found a considerable amount of leisure on my hands. My previous life had invariably been the rush of the torrent, varied by the occasional cataclysm of earthquakes of change. My very gentlemanly employers thought to punish me for the slight difference of views before alluded to, by keeping me back from the public. To beguile the tedium and monotony of my life, therefore, I suffered myself to be taken to a strange, unheard of thing, or person—I hardly knew which—called "a medium." I wanted amusement, which was one reason for my investigation; I wanted to carry back to Europe with me subjects for racy articles on America, for the benefit of certain journals to which I was a contributor, and this was a second reason; and nothing I had heard of since my residence in America—all of which, I of course deemed could be comprehended in six months of New York experience—struck me as so eminently ridiculous, and illustrative of the technical phrase, "Yankee notions," as the daring humbug which pretended to give communications from heaven itself. Let any of my readers educated in strict Orthodox faith, recal their early theologic opinions concerning ghosts, death, resurrection, heaven, hell, spirits and angels, and even then they will form but a faint conception of a rather piously inclined young English girl's horror, when informed that souls in bliss descended from their bright abode to make tables dance, and that angels left "The Throne of God" to say their alphabets to earth, and tell its inhabitants the price of stocks, and the best time to buy and sell!

At first I heard of "the thing" with unmitigated horror and indignation. Becoming familiarised with what they said about "the spirits," much of which I heard from some persons with whom I boarded, and certain of my professional visitors, I subsided from religious horror into the certainty of its being some gross and clumsy species of "magic," and though I still felt indignant at the pretence of associating this with anything so sacred as an immortal soul, I thought I might learn some characteristics of the people from the so-called Spiritualists, even more daringly impudent in trick and folly than Barnum and his "What Is It."

It was in such a frame of mind, and with such views as these, that I consented to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. Under such a stimulus to search, I accompanied one of my fellow boarders to the rooms of Mr. J. B. Conklin. A large party was assembled there, every one of whom was (in singular contrast to a similar assemblage of English people), very pale, and, as I deemed from that circumstance, rather ghost-like. This was a good beginning, and suggested ideas of mystics wan and worn with midnight vigils amongst the dead. Presently I heard some of those sitting at the table talking familiarly with nothing, and responded to by very rude and clumsy gyrations of the table. Amused at this proceeding, which really looked as if those deluded ones were in earnest, I quietly directed my attention to the table, and, though unable at the time to discover the machinery by which it was moved, I knew it was there. I knew it just as certainly as did Mr. Faraday, Sir David Brewster, and the Harvard Professors in their investigations with tables, and from the same reliable source, too—a source common to us all—namely, our own insufferable self-conceit and untractable prejudices.

All passed off well, however, until a sentence was "spelled out," as they said, which seemed to me to comment irreverently on the Bible. This was enough—I don't know now, even, what the sentence was, I did not know then whether the sentence was true or false—it was sufficient for me that "the Holy Word of God" was lightly spoken of in that company of ghouls, and that I impiously sat by to hear it. The next moment I was in the street, and that night, with tearful petitions to heaven for forgiveness in daring to hear it—I did not know what—and solemn promises never again to listen to anything about the Bible but the book itself, I dropped to sleep, fervently resolving never again to visit so blasphemous a place as a "Spirit Circle;" a promise I kept for the space of a whole week. And so ends the first chapter in my spiritual experience.

My next experience was more fortunate. My friend, Mr. Augustus Fenno, so captivated me with the promise of revelations through "the raps," and assurances that spirit-rappings were rarely of a theological character, that I consented to accompany him to visit the now celebrated Miss Ada Hoyt. Dire were the misgivings with which I set out on this second investigation, and intense the disgust with which the cool indifference of Miss Hoyt's manner inspired me. A medium for departed spirits, I thought, should be, if not saintly, witch-like in appearance; if not ecstatic in gesture and speech, weird-like and fantastic; and so the perfectly plain, matter-of-fact characteristics of this live medium threw me fairly *hors de combat*. Arrived there, however, I scorned to retract; and yet if dislike and determined scepticism could have an invariably neutralising effect on spiritual manifestations, I could not at this day be writing my spiritual experiences. I have too often marvelled at the foolish verbosity which induces people to rehearse over the tests they have received, and read whole pages of purely personal communications to others entirely uninterested, to inflict the same penalty on my readers; let it suffice, then, to state that I rose up after a two hours *séance* with Miss Hoyt, having received all the ordinary tests of name, age, death, &c., &c., &c., from almost every relative and friend I had in the spirit-world. And those obstinate, clear raps came, not only on the table and under it, but on the walls, my chair, following my footsteps around the room, and in every conceivable way that could assure me they were not produced by machinery connected either with the table or the person of the medium. Thus far I was satisfied, that is to say, of the entire absence of any imposture or delusion.

Miss Hoyt, to my inexpressible disgust, assured me that I was myself "a great medium," an expression reiterated through the raps by the invisibles; hence, she asserted, the manifestations were more than usually clear and abundant; certain it is that the chief of my questions were unspoken, and, therefore, responded to by some intelligence capable of reading my mind. This, together with the number of names and trivial circumstances of identity that were volunteered by the rappers, deprived me of the remotest chance of attributing the communications to the minds of any one present, including my own. This *séance* terminated with instructions for me "to sit for communications" through myself—a proposition as startling to me as it was embarrassing, since the idea of my putting myself in an attitude of preparation for the performances of *ghosts*, opened up to me a train of probabilities beginning with the Witch of Endor, and concluding with the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

Returned home, the confession of my second visit to a medium drew from my mother a mild but emphatic declaration, that although she had hitherto followed my erratic footsteps over the wide world, and was still ready to shelter me even in disgrace, or accompany me, if needs were, to the grave—yet for this horrible and blasphemous subject she had no spark of sympathy left, and should I still persist in its investigation, I might prepare to see her depart for England by the next ship; for beneath the roof where such abominations were practiced, she never would consent to stay.

Finding that I was far more disposed to echo her sentiments than to oppose them, my mother next inquired of me the result of the weird interview I had come from. In answer, I read her, without comment, the questions and answers that formed the *séance*, together with the notes, in full, of the whole scene, and then it was that plain common-sense triumphed over bigotry and prejudice; the latter amiable qualities—with which, I believe, I was liberally endowed—blinded my eyes to the reasonableness of attributing all the mass of intelligence my notes revealed to

to its true source; but when my unprejudiced common-sense mother heard precious little sentences read, and tests rehearsed too clearly identical with her son, husband, father, and dearest relatives, to be by any possibility mistaken for others—and when by straightforward questions she succeeded in eliciting from me a perfect detail of the whole scene, her reason recognised the spiritual truth as the only solution of the problem, and after making me go over and over again the instructions I had received as to sitting at a table for development, she closed this chapter of my spiritual experience by placing a small table before me and herself, and a young lady at that time visiting us on the opposite side, with our three pairs of hands solemnly spread out on its surface, and there, in awful silence, we sat "waiting for the spirits."

For many succeeding days, at every available leisure moment, we continued this mystical arrangement, sometimes with our simple trio, and occasionally joined by other marvel-seekers of our own stamp. We were "waiting for the spirits," and as I imagined the only mode of obtaining spiritual communications was by raps or tips, and neither of these forms were manifested, so I deemed we waited in vain. Meantime I was perplexed and my friends alarmed by the singular effect of these sittings on myself. If the table did not move of itself, it kept up a perpetual St. Vitus dance in vibration to my own involuntary movements, especially of my restless, constantly twitching hands—poundings, jerkings, grimacings, and all the formulae of physical development succeeding each other with such violence and rapidity, that I should soon have come to the conclusion that I was completely bewitched, had I not fortunately received a visit from a gentleman well versed in these preliminary mediumistic eccentricities.

From him I learned that there were many other spiritual gifts besides those I had witnessed, and in a course of exercises which this high priest put me through, he pronounced me to be a fine "magnetic, psychologic, sympathetic, clairvoyant, clairaudient," and every other kind of fine subject generally, concluding with the promise to take me to a few celebrated public mediums, through whose influence, he felt confident, I should be "developed right away."

In proof of the excessive distrust that possessed my mind at this time, I replied to this latter offer, that I would go, provided he would take me then and there, without (as I thought) allowing any time or opportunity for collusion; for, uncertain what the process of development might be, or what fearful changes I might suffer by becoming a medium, I at last resolved to march to the sacrifice with my eyes open. My friend, no doubt apprehending the nature of my very flattering distrust of himself, good-naturally replied that he would just step over to his store and return at once and fetch me. But I would go with him, and go with him I did, carefully watching him to see that he did not write some secret paper, to be slipped into some one's hand, with mysterious instructions to do some unknown thing with me; and so carefully did I scrutinise every look, word, and movement, that I could have testified on oath that I never lost sight of my conductor for one single instant, until I stood with him in an upper room in Broadway, where a large party were already gathered together to hold a circle with Mrs. Kellogg, one of the best test mediums I ever had the good fortune to meet, and withal an accomplished and interesting lady.

As I find that any use to be derived from this recital must depend much upon minutes which occupy more space than I feel willing to trespass upon, I shall reserve the results of this *séance* for another issue, and the commencement of a fresh chapter.

SPIRIT-TEACHINGS.

No. 2.

I AM looking at all your minds here, in a measure examining your desires, hence your thoughts. Some of you are much gratified at the improvement of our medium's health; God grant that it may be permanent, and not a sudden blaze to be hereafter extinguished. God grant that it may continue, that you may be filled. We have so much to tell you, that we scarcely know what first to lay before you. You shall receive all in God's good time, and as you are fitted for it. We shall have to-morrow a message for our friend ———, to convey comfort, and perhaps knowledge to him. We endeavour to teach you patience, and of late much have we tried your patience. We must try it still further. We desire to see you become as perfect as possible, that we may more joyfully receive you when you join us in the spirit-world. You are too much inclined to look upon the things of the world as likely to last, to look forward to to-morrow and to-morrow. We were once too much like you, but God, who knoweth all things, will do what is best for you. You have seen imperfection in us; there is none perfect but One—that is God; but though our teachings are small and feeble, they should be received in all humility—in all simplicity. As ye so receive them, they will bud forth in God's time, and be fruitful unto your souls. Use, then, your time in this world as if you were about to leave it, for you know not what a day may bring forth. Every soul that you shall save—every heart that you shall comfort, shall be a glory to you, and a crown of rejoicing when you enter the spirit-land. See what good there is in your heart, and put it into exercise. Pray with the spirit of a child, which will most effectually prepare you for the kingdom of God. For every opportunity you neglect of doing good, you will hereafter reproach yourselves, and feel as a punishment the consequences of your neglect. Your minds will then be in a far better state—far more capable of receiving knowledge—more sensitive to good and evil than you are now. Let none, then, whoever they may be, receive a word from you capable of giving a moment's unhappiness. Oh,

that the blessing of God may descend on you—that His smile may rest upon you—that you may so live that others, seeing your good works, may glorify the Good Master (for He is a Good Master) whom you serve! Oh, how good and pleasant it is that you should receive knowledge! When you have got it, hold it fast, and communicate it to others freely as ye have received it. Be affectionate and kind to all, even as your Master, who loved all. May His blessing descend upon you to-night, and those near and dear to you, that you may become more and more as He would have you to be!

We are much delighted to see the progress in mind, small though it yet be; the few faint rays of light that have entered the mind of our friend ———. We had hoped that he would have made greater progress—that we should have been able to make him more passive, that he might find a dry spot on which to rest his foot. Though we have much to do with you, my brother, we do not despair; you are willing to be led, you are affectionate in heart, and have a fervent desire to know the truth. It will require much time and labour to bring you out of the paths of error into which you have strayed. Your own soul is a witness that in the paths you are now pursuing there is no abiding peace, no perfect rest for the soul. We yet trust to enable you to perceive the position in which you are placed; that you have something else to live for than is to be found on the material earth. We would have you look upon our Master's works and upon our teaching; compare our teaching, and in so far as they agree, receive them. Treasure them up, if they fall short, forgive us; if we have taught more. If we have taught that which is not in accordance with His will, receive it not, and may He pardon us.

If you would enjoy happiness, which you have not yet done, you must seek for it, not in wealth, not in material things, but in that heavenly wisdom where alone it is to be found. Could you tell, my brother, what we feel for you, how earnestly we seek your welfare, how anxiously we hover o'er you, and seek to impress you for your good, you would be grateful, and love us though you know us not. We have told you that we are hovering over you; it is true; millions of spirits are around you. We spirits who leave this earth are not satisfied to rest in our happy sphere while there is so much error and evil in the world to be removed; while those who would be the disciples of Christ are labouring with doubts and unable to approach Him. We look for the time when all men shall know the Lord, when all shall worship Him as members of one family; then our joy will be complete. How true are the words, "Ye are all gone astray: there is none that doeth good." How many are there to-night, calling upon the name of God, pitying and praying for the poor, the sorrowing, and suffering, humbling themselves before God *outwardly*; how many of those who are doing thus are paying homage to the rich and neglecting the poor; worshipping God with their lips, but neglecting Him in their hearts. What you say to one another say with all faith and love. When you take your brother by the hand, let there be no disguise; be perfect in that, at least, for you have the power. If you permit evils like these to grow upon you, you will be sowing the seeds of remorse and misery. If you are Christ's children you *must* be happy here, despite the evils that surround you, because you well know that you are pilgrims to a better land, and that whatever disappointments you may meet with on the way, you are journeying to the haven of eternal rest.

Let every action of your lives, however small or apparently insignificant, be all openness and truth, that your light may shine before men. Arm yourself for the conflict, that you may fight with the errors and evils of the world, "being steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." So long as you cast your burden upon God and say, "I will that Thou should'st guide me," you are safe. My brother, you are sailing on the troubled ocean, you have a rough and stormy passage, but your path will be brighter. You are called upon to do much, for much has been given to you; you have been brought by a way that you know not; you are being prepared for a state where you may be more perfect: do not despond, do not feel sad, God will help you, He will lead you. Again I tell you there is a God overshadowing you, whose glory fills the heavens and the earth, but who can enter into your heart and fill you with His love. Oh, believe this for your own happiness sake! He has given you much, be faithful, He will give you more.

I have only a few words to add. Endeavour to carry out the plan with which you have been impressed; do not let it drop; consult each other; bind yourselves together, so that the good one cannot do, others may help to do. May the Spirit of God direct you in all your doings, that in all your actions there may be harmony and love! Farewell, children of earth—ye loved ones! May the prayer that God may bless you that is offered by all the happy spirits that surround you be wafted to Him who is perfect, that He may shower down upon you eternal bliss!

The vitality of life, so to speak, affords the highest evidence of its immortality. A soul that upon the borders of time, gathers up its powers, can never die; it may change, only to assume holier offices, and to enter an eternity of existence.

LETTER TO THE "ROTHESAY CHRONICLE."

Dear Sir,—It would be a great happiness to me if I had the time to devote wholly to this great subject of Spiritualism—a power which has been evidently sent by God to destroy the greatest curse of modern times—that deadly Materialism which has been started by the Infidel philosophers, taught by the learned and scientific, suffered by the Church to damp out the vitality of faith, and is now causing such broad-cast misery to men of the highest talents and fame, who find nothing in it but darkness and despair. If those who ignorantly ridicule Spiritualism knew as I do, from a vast correspondence in this country and on the Continent, the agonies of a continual death which men, whose position in the eye of the world is most enviable, are enduring from the mental poison of infidelity—if they knew the ineffable consolation, the peace, the assurance of life and immortality which thousands and tens of thousands have derived from the assured truths of Spiritualism, they would, at least, pause, and learn practically something of it before they began to condemn it in their most utter ignorance. But my time does not allow me to do more than to point inquirers to the works whence they may draw ample information of the truths of Spiritualism. In two letters lately addressed to the *Glasgow Herald*, I pointed these out, and I will now add, that those who are desirous to inform themselves, and direct the inquiries of their neighbours; should take in the *Spiritual Magazine*, published by Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row, London. It is only sixpence monthly, and contains a constant view of what is doing and saying all over the world on the subject. It is edited by an able lawyer, and read by the first men of the age. It will there be seen how the practical knowledge of Spiritualism is spreading all over the Continent, from Gibraltar to Siberia. How in France it numbers its tens of thousands in all the large cities, and how, to-morrow, the 10th March, a great banquet is to be held in Paris to celebrate its triumphs. They will see what ought to interest ultra-Protestant Scotland, how Spiritualism is leading its now immense hosts to throw off the dictations of Popery, and bringing the Catholics back to the liberty of the Gospel as taught in the New Testament. Surely these are things of great interest to all thinking men, and who must be satisfied that such a power consists in something beyond the mere movements of tables, which are but the lowest rudiments of the truth, given to attract attention, and to lead people to far higher realities.

But Scotland to me at this moment is a most extraordinary spectacle. This is a country famed for its sagacity, its logical spirit, and its acquirements both in science, literature, and theology, and yet for fifteen years the whole civilised world besides has been agitated from end to end by a great question. Facts of a most startling kind have been announced. They have been examined, tested, and pronounced to be facts, by men of all ranks, professions, and creeds. By judges, governors, members of national councils; by clergymen of all grades, by philosophers and literary men of the highest truth and ability; whole libraries have been written on the subject; and at this point of time canny Scotland just wakes up, like another Rip Van Winkle, rubs its eyes, and wonders what it is all about! An average generation of men has rolled away almost, and for the first time Scotland and the Modern Athens hear what has been the great battle of the century; and which has ended in the conviction of at least six millions of people.

If such were not the case, it would not be possible for a writer in the *Glasgow Herald*, signing himself *Pluto*, to say that the dreadful catastrophe of the burning church in Chili was a direct answer to Spiritualism, whereas, it was a direct answer to priestcraft, of which Spiritualism is the mortal enemy. To assert a certain thing as an answer to Spiritualism, and in the very next sentence to avow that he did not know what Spiritualism was! It would not be possible for those writers in the *Rothsay Chronicle* of March 5, signing themselves "Orthodox" and "Lunacy Board," to print whole columns of such pitiable trash. If for "Lunacy Board" we read *Lunatic Board*, the wonder may cease, but in the whole two epistles there is not a single idea worth a moment's notice, except that in the letter of Orthodox, that intercourse with spirits is forbidden in the Scriptures, and this has not only been answered a hundred times, but has been pitched without ceremony into the limbo of all obsolete stupidities.

If you or your neighbours will peruse the *Spiritual Magazine* of August 1863, you will see that question most completely answered, and for ever settled. Is Orthodox a Jew? If not, why does he refer us to the Jewish and not the Christian Scriptures? Let him look through the New Testament, the code of Christianity, and see if he can find any such prohibition? If we are to take the Mosaic code as our law, what does Moses say? We must take the whole code. It is not a warehouse of cudgels out of which you may select one wherewith to break your neighbour's head, without your neighbours immediately snatching a dozen, not simply to break your head, but to batter you to pieces. Moses will not thank Orthodox, nor any one else, to take this single prohibition and leave the rest. Instead of thanking him, he will curse him for doing it—"Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them."—Deut. xxvii., 26.

Is Orthodox, then, prepared, for the sake of this prohibition, to take the whole mass of Mosaic prohibition? Is he ready to call in the surgeon and be circumcised, "he and all the males of his house?" For this is absolutely indispensable under Moses. Is he prepared to stone to death all his neighbours who gather sticks on a Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath? Who eat swine's flesh, hares, rabbits, tortoises, and eels? All who eat blood in black puddings, or who are "presumptuous," who swear, or blaspheme, or disobey parents? Is he ready to immolate all our sculptors and painters, engravers and lithographers, and other artists and manufacturers who make the likeness of anything in the world? But this he must do if he seek to impose the Jewish laws on us, for we cannot take one part without the other. He must prepare to make a bloody hecatomb of all his neighbours, for they are all living in open and universal defiance of the laws of the Old Testament, and finally, to be hanged himself for thus breaking the laws of England.

There is no exaggeration in all this. It is the sober and simple fact. And well might the Apostle of the new and more merciful dispensation say that this old Jewish dispensation was a "yoke which neither they nor their fathers could bear;" and must by no means be imposed on the Gentiles. Well did St. Paul say that the law of Moses was "but a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ;" and to go back to that law, we "must become debtors to the whole law." What Moses says Paul says, and more—That if we put ourselves under this old and barbarous law, we have voluntarily resigned the liberty of the Gospel, and "being under the law, we are fallen from grace." See his epistle to the Galatians, iv. 5, and elsewhere.

Let, then, Orthodox, and all the Orthodoxes, choose their own part. Let them be under the law and "fallen from grace" if they will, but the Spiritualists choose that more rational and more Divine "liberty with which Christ has made us free." We embrace the New Testament as our standard; a system in which spirits become the ministers of God, "sent to minister to all those who shall be heirs to salvation." And we may tell Orthodox what, no doubt, will astonish him, for he does not seem many fathoms deep in his theology, that Christianity is especially and essentially founded on the doctrine of "seeking to the dead," and that in direct opposition to the law of Moses, on which he relies. Christ having, as a Jew, fulfilled the whole of this law, openly and purposely broke this clause of it, in the face of Moses himself. He took three of His disciples and ascended the Mount of Transfiguration, "to seek to the dead," that is, to Moses himself, who came there with Elias, and He took up these disciples who were to be the heralds of His system to the world, that they might see Him there abolish this injunction. And this was absolutely necessary, for Christ was about to become "a spirit of the dead." As He was the fountain of all life, so He was about to become the Prince of the Dead. He died and arose, as He says in the Apocalypse, "I am He that liveth, and was dead: and, behold, I am alive for evermore."—Rev. i., 18. And in Him do all the dead live also. And as no man can come to the Father but through Christ, so from that time forward and for evermore, could or can no man come to God except by "seeking to the dead;" that is, to Christ, at once "a spirit of the dead," and the spirit of all life. Your Orthodoxes will, therefore, look in vain in the New Testament for any prohibition of such communion with the so-called dead, that is with the saints and souls of the departed, who are neither dead nor acknowledge any death, but the death to the evil of the Divine Life. On the contrary, Christians are enjoined "to try the spirits whether they be of God," or not, a thing manifestly impossible if they were not allowed to converse with them.

And, let it be emphatically understood, this is the great duty of all Spiritualists—to try the spirits. To seek by earnest prayer and faith in the Divine guidance, to receive strength, and consolation, and unshakable assurance of immortal life from God the Father and Jesus Christ our Lord, through the ministry of His redeemed spirits. And to shun and to reject all fellowship with the spirits of darkness. For whether we know it or not, spirits of both kinds are continually about us, seeking to lead or to mislead. This is a substantial part of our great trial in this preparatory world of trial, and woe to those who seek in the sacred mysteries of spirit manifestations a more subject of amusement. Let all be assured that it is a real and mighty power sent of God to rekindle the perished faith of mankind, and will prove a scourge of fire to those who oppose it.

Dear Sir, I have hastily penned you these observations on a subject of enormous extent, and can again only refer you and all others to the ample sources of information pointed out by me in my letters to the *Glasgow Herald*. You are at liberty to use this letter as you please.

There is a view of the question regarding the command of Moses to the Jews against consulting the spirits and the dead through wizards, which should be clearly understood, namely—The morality of the question stands precisely on the same ground with Jews and Christians. Though the law of the Old Testament on the subject is abrogated, the morality of it remains. We may exercise our Christian liberty in consulting good or bad spirits, but for that exercise we are responsible. If we consult

evil spirits we commit evil and shall be condemned for it. But as to the Jews, they had both sides of Spiritualism—the good and the bad—and there could be no excuse for them when they had a perpetual race of seers and prophets who, by direct inspiration or by Urim and Thummim, communicated for them with the Divine Spirit; and when the spirit-ministers of God, in the form of angels, came, from time to time, acting as the celestial mediums of a paternal duty. Every seer was, in other words, a medium; and to reject the offices of these and go to wizards and evil spirits was monstrous, and is equally so under the Christian dispensation. Though the Jewish law is fulfilled and done with, the moral law remains in Christianity, and is acknowledged and cherished by every good Spiritualist as eternal, unchangeable, and of a value the most precious and conducive to salvation.

The two letters in last Saturday's *Chronicle* are very good indeed, as from parties themselves only in the early days of inquiry. For us, who have studied the subject for these seven and ten years, in all its forms, and in all the learned works which have been written by practical men on the subject in every language of Europe, to have to go back and argue the case *de novo* with beginners, is like an able professor, *au fait* in his faculty, being asked to go down and teach a dame school its alphabet.—Yours faithfully,
J. — H. —, Esq.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Continued from Page 227.)

EARLY in January, 1864, the following circumstances took place:—Hillaire and Monsieur Vitit were going together to see Monsieur Vincent. When about half way to Fontaine des Marais, both experienced most singular sensations, and were unable to resist weeping! They stared at one another in amazement; and soon recovering from the extraordinary sensibility, so foreign to their natures, laughed heartily, and determined to keep the affair dark. At Monsieur Vincent's, the conversation turned on matters of general interest. Hillaire had some papers with him which he was anxious to show to the mayor. Putting his hand in his pocket, he was much surprised to find in it something which he had never seen before. It was a tiny hatchet made of sugar. Instantly he was impressed to write, and in the communication was told that the spirit of Jean Vitit intended this hatchet for his great grandson, Oscar Vitit, in remembrance of his former trade; and that the strong current of mediumistic fluid, necessary to enable the spirit to place it in Hillaire's pocket, had caused the agitation he had experienced on the road. This great grandfather of Monsieur Vitit's had been a carpenter; and notwithstanding the persecutions of the clergy, had wrought many instantaneous cures on his neighbours by touching their affected parts with his hatchet. This spirit promised to show them many wondrous things, and, ere long, carried his promises into effect. Hillaire returned to Le Brion, and when in his natural condition, saw this Jean Vitit holding a most magnificent bouquet. He stretched out his hand to obtain it, but lo! his fingers closed on air. For nearly a week this vision was constantly repeated, with even the same disappointment to the medium, who repeatedly asked his companions if they saw not the beautiful flowers, to which they replied in the negative. On the 14th January, Monsieur Vitit, again unable to lie down on account of asthma, was seated near the fire, when Hillaire perceived the same spirit appear looking more majestic than before. By his side were two others, those of Hillaire's father, and Madame Vitit's mother, both held torches in their hands. Monsieur Vitit, suddenly becoming very restless, got up, and limped towards his bed in a little recess at the farther end of the kitchen. He was about to lay hold of the bed when he felt something in his hand; and to his amazement found it was nothing less than the bouquet which Hillaire had so often described. The latter had seen the three spirits standing near the invalid, charging him with magnetic fluid, impelling him across the kitchen; and finally Jean Vitit passing the bouquet into his grasp. In this part of the country they had never seen a bouquet so exquisitely arranged. There were about twenty kinds of artificial flowers, whose colours were most tastefully harmonised; the leaves made of fine green muslin, some were gilt and some silvered, clustering round, and the whole surrounded by one of those embossed papers, so common among our flowerists; but which had never been seen in this remote village before. The great charm of the bouquet, however, was its exquisite perfume, which filled the apartment, and continued to do so during the fortnight that it remained exposed to the air. Some day's after this precious gift had been vouchsafed to the inhabitants of Le Brion, a long communication was given to them, with the advice to fasten it to the bouquet, and place the whole under a glass case, in order to be shown to those who were not present at this wonderful manifestation. The case was made with great care and taste by the man Mulon, already mentioned in this history, and was composed of walnut wood and glass. When it was finished the spirits gave a second communication, which they said they wished placed like a crown round the bouquet. The Vitit's and Hillaire tried in vain to arrange these words, so that none should be hidden, either by the bouquet or the frame; they could not succeed in making them fit exactly as they wished, and nearly gave it up as hopeless, when one day Hillaire fell asleep, and seizing a pencil wrote out the words in a circle, cut the paper precisely to the size desired, so that not so much as a letter was concealed in any way.

Monsieur Vitit's asthma was making him a confirmed invalid. He could never leave his chair now, and continued to get worse in spite of the doctor's treatment. He at last made up his mind to consult Madame X., who was well known in those parts as a lucid clairvoyant. He determined, however, not to tell Hillaire, as he had no very exalted

opinion of Madame X.'s powers. This lady prescribed for him, and he was resolved upon following her advice. The same evening, Hillaire became entranced, and described Jean Vitit as being present to forbid his grandson following Madame X.'s advice, who, he said, though occasionally very lucid, was not always clairvoyant; but always prescribed some remedy, in order to obtain a fee. The spirit added, that he himself would, in a few days provide a cure, with God's assistance.

The Vitit's speedily threw Madame X.'s prescription in the fire, and patiently awaited the commands of their ancestor. The invalid, in the meantime, was getting daily worse, but towards the end of January the desired information was given. A poultice was ordered, composed of dried bramble twigs, briar leaves, and a poppy head, all to be burnt together; the ashes mixed with linseed meal, and then applied to the chest on three consecutive nights; also, a drink consisting of a decoction of primrose roots, dandelions, and dog's grass, mixed with gum and lemon juice.

The necessary herbs were gathered near the house, the tisane made, and the invalid drank largely of the mixture. Within half-an-hour he felt almost cured; and next day was able to attend to his usual duties. The cure was so complete that they did not consider the poultice necessary; and since that time, whenever suffering from a cold, Monsieur Vitit has always found a small cup of the tisane sufficient to cure him.

DR. PATERSON.

ON the 17th of March he attended her for the last time, and we infer from the mild description which he gave of his conduct at that time, that his former surmises must have ripened into moral certainty. In short, he was virtually in possession of this terrible secret for three weeks, and yet kept it to himself. He prescribed certain things, and then felt that his duty was done. "The etiquette of the profession" restrained him from inquiring further, even as to the effect of his own medicines. He did not venture to whisper his suspicions to Dr. Pritchard himself, for it would not have been a very satisfactory matter to have done so; and so the poor woman was poisoned by slow degrees, we may say, in the presence of a witness. That witness, however, was no accomplice of the murder, but tongue-tied under all the duress, not of bodily terror, but of "professional etiquette."—*The Times*.

[This Dr. Paterson is no other than the one who played a leading part in the Conkling drama, and wrote the silly pamphlet which was published to expose Mr. Conkling and bring Spiritualism into contempt. His conduct on that occasion was free from the influence of etiquette altogether, for he acted the part of a man reckless of consequence, so that he could have the poor satisfaction of badgering a medium. How differently he has acted in the case of the wretched Pritchard is clearly shown in the extract we have given.—Ed. S. T.]

"LORD GIE US A GUDE CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—On reading the paragraph from the *East Sussex News*, quoted in your last, in which the writer takes credit to the country folks for their superior power of discernment over us dull Londoners with regard to the Davenports, it occurred to me that the writer could be none other than the original "young man from the country," who is not to be "got over."

BOW BELLE.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS, BY LONGFELLOW.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Oh Land! Oh Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

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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