

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.

A CALVINISTIC SHOT AT SPIRITUALISM.

WHEN will our ministers learn charity? Are the terrible lessons of intolerance, as taught by history, to avail nothing? Are we ever to have Pagan shams and wretched dogmas of eternal woe substituted for Religion? Are anathemas ever to be the consequences of honesty of thought and freedom of expression? Is the name of Christ ever to be the stock-in-trade of evangelical pietists, who take it in vain in almost every act of their lives—who not only swear by it, but curse by it, defame by it, lie by it, and so on, to the end of the sad chapter of moral obliquity? We fear these dreadful things will endure, so long as formalism and anti-Christ, in the character of cant, are acknowledged supreme by the living acts of Churchmen and Dissenters of all grades. Who is to decide when Doctors of Divinity differ? and who is to cry "Forbear" when Doctors of Divinity utter their blasphemous imprecations in the name of Christ against the devout people who differ from them? Surely clerical madness can reach no further climax than to deal in the diabolical heresies of priestly intolerance.

As an example of the kind of pious madness to which we allude, we beg to bring from obscurity a Leicester Calvinist preacher, the Rev. Wm. Garrard, a name not very great in theology, and one, without he sees the error of his ways, not likely to do Religion much service. This Rev. gentleman belongs to the Nangle school of opponents to Spiritualism, but has done less than Nangle, even in the way of cleverness. He treats the subject as one to whom the secrets of all hearts are open. There is no modesty in his manner, but there is its opposite—much disgusting boldness. He treats his readers to a page or two of reckless, impudent assumptions, all in the name of Christ. A small tract, "Leicester Gospel Essays, No. 4," contains Mr. Garrard's fulminations against Spiritualism "With all his conscience and (both) eyes askew," this Rev. defender of orthodoxy writes—"That which is called a medium, or *clairvoyant*, is an earthly image of old Adam, dead in trespasses and sins, the very dupe of Satan to deceive others, 'Deceiving and being deceived.'" What a piece of pious impudence this! Can any of our readers inform us where Mr. Garrard obtained his information? Did some devil from the lower spheres make use of him as a medium to convey this piece of wondrous intelligence to the world through the medium of the "Leicester Gospel Essays?" If so, then he has himself "fallen from grace" in having dealings with the dead, and certainly he is as much "dead in trespasses and sins" as those whom he condemns.

Again, "That which is called *Spiritualism*, conversing

with departed spirits through a crystal sphere, a medium, or so-called *clairvoyant*, may rather be called devilism invoking devils, and consulting devils." We have looked carefully over Mr. Garrard's tract, and cannot discover a single sentence in which we can perceive that the author has the slightest knowledge of *Spiritualism*. He sums up all he knows in the single word "Devil," and imagines himself wise, no doubt. Where his instincts naturally lead there he is to be found. Having his "eyes askew," the object he observes looks awry; but lacking modesty, he fails to trace the *appearance*, to his own defective vision. Surely he must have a more than ordinary affinity for the devil than most people; he talks quite like an outspoken, honest man; if "murder will out," surely *sovereignty* will; and if ever man was guilty of that great sin, he is; for his soul was in his work, or he could not have forgotten both charity and modesty at the same time.

Not a word about angels. Mr. Garrard seems to have no affinity for them, and being honest, does not mention them in the treatment of his subject. Devils are the beings he most delights to talk about, and we must needs take him as he is, or not at all.

We have, however, quite a different view of Spiritualism to that put forth in the "Leicester Gospel Essays," and can honestly assert that its teachings have had the effect of healing the conscience-wounds of millions of people who were groping along in the mire of dead theology. Its mediums and *clairvoyants* have been the instruments of convincing, not only Atheists and sturdy sceptics of all grades, but pulpit materialists as well, of the Immortality of the soul. It has, more than all the systems of theology put together, shown man his real soul-condition, and made him aware that no secrets are hidden, even in his own soul, from the invisibles. Hence, where Spiritualism has worked a proper change in his heart, he has discovered the patent fact that his "sins will surely find him out;" and as William Howitt expresses it, that "No deathbed hocus pocus will transform a sinner into a saint," but that "a whole life of crime or sensuality here will require a whole life of penitence and purgation" hereafter. If Mr. Garrard would wisely bestow half the time honestly pursuing the truth he has done pursuing the devil, he might learn something of the charity which belongs to the spiritual philosophy, and be in a condition for repentance; for, surely, if man ever needed repentance for misjudging his fellow creatures, this Leicester minister does; and until he shall seek repentance, for his wholesale anathematizing, we fear very much for him. If Spiritualism did no more than prove to us that such men as Mr. Garrard are many leagues from Jesus, who spoke words of peace, gentleness, and charity, it would be worthy our acceptance. But we are grateful to know that Spiritualism gives us a clearer atmosphere than theology—that, in reality, it proves the false character of priestly phariseism and pietistic cant—holding the life, and not the imagined faith, or pageant formularies of worship, as the *only* true test of Religion. It lifts the soul above the dead, decaying materials of worship, to the living, ever-progressive spiritual realms,

where the soul can truly feel that "God is a Spirit," and can really "worship Him in spirit and in truth." It teaches us that Divine Love flows from the Father, not only to His child, Mr. Garrard, but to the mediums and *clairvoyants*, whom he so brutally, though honestly, condemns to the continued society of devils. Sad, indeed, would be the condition of humanity, both here and hereafter, were God the monster Mr. Garrard and others picture Him. But thanks to Spiritualism, we have sacred assurance, that all the horrifying doctrines of priests cannot disturb, that God is a God of Infinite Love, a Father we can cling to without terror, but with a child-like confidence in His affectionate regard, not only for us, but for all His children. But we can understand some clerical authority, such as Mr. Garrard, crying out, "Ah! but He is a Just God, and He must punish the transgressor." What, eternally, with devils?" If so, woe to humanity. Spiritualism recognises, as one of the most useful of its doctrines, that Justice is the ruling attribute of God, and in that Justice we see salvation; verily the evil-doer shall pay the penalty of his misdeeds, and shall not escape by any theological process of praying and singing. The sin committed must be atoned for by the sinner. Teach him the contrary, and you practically set a premium on sin. If a proof of this is needed, let it come from the increasing murderers and criminals of all the varied grades of sin which blacken the fair pages of civilisation.

We have given theology a very long trial, and our daily experiences teach us that it is continually being weighed in the balance of truth and found wanting. Yet we cling to it as drowning men are said to cling to straws.

Spiritualism comes, bringing with it hope for humanity—pure and undefiled Christianity; and how do our modern pulpites receive it? They say of it as the Jews said of Christ, that it hath a devil; or in the language of Mr. Garrard, that it "is consulting with devils." By their "fruits" we are taught to know spirits in and out of the flesh. Dare we presume to judge when we are told to "Judge not lest we be judged;" if we did so, how would Mr. Garrard appear in the court of Human Justice? But he himself has failed to remember this injunction, and has gone on judging with a vengeance. Not only have the Spiritualists been assailed by Mr. Garrard's honest anathemas, but the Roman Catholics are beaten with a still heavier vengeance by this devout member of the Protestant Church, who finds "anti-Christ" in their "deeper and more delusive" teachings. But we must leave the Catholics to defend themselves. Hear Mr. Garrard again—

"Much of this witchery and delusion called *Spiritualism* had been brought here from America, by Satan's agents, and I must think that the late unparalleled slaughter there, hath been a signal visitation of God upon that nation for their abominable wickednesses, in some instances too disgusting to be written." One feels while reading Mr. Garrard's words, that he must either be in Satan's Council Chambers, or in the character of an eavesdropper obtain his information, since he always speaks with such authority. He does not say he is of opinion that so and so is the result; but he boldly asserts (that is when speaking of the devil), that it is so and so. After all we are not disposed to believe that Mr. Garrard has actually sat in council with "Old Nick;" or that he has been obtaining his information surreptitiously, because we see very plainly that the man is a chip of the old block of Theology, and has never been let out of leading strings. He speaks as his creed directs, and his conscience approves; but what a shame it is that such a naturally disingenuous preacher should have been made to swallow the articles of his creed, and should feel none the worse for the huge dose! His appetite, even then, it seems, was not appeased, for he has since gluttonously filled himself with hosts of "devils" *non consecratus*.

His ignorance of Spiritualism is seen in the statement which implies that Spiritualism had its origin in America. If he will read Mr. Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," he will see how wide he is of the mark. Spiritualism is older than the Bible, or the book could not have been written by inspired men. It is only the form of its manifestations adapting itself to climate and circumstance in different countries, which attracts the eyes of superficial observers. Had we space we could easily prove to Mr. Garrard that he must either himself accept Spiritualism or close the pages of the Bible, which is its great authority as regards even its phenomenal phases. Respecting the "unparalleled slaughter" which has taken place in America, there is no dispute but that it has resulted from "wickednesses;" but Mr. Garrard's remarks implicate Spiritualism as the primal cause of

"the slaughter." What of slavery, ambition, and all the train of evils that flow therefrom? Will Mr. Garrard tell us how much theology, as taught by himself, aided to bring about that frightful war? Truly the abominations laid unjustly to the charge of Spiritualism, by this Leicester luminary, are scarcely more despicable than his impudent assumptions and uncharitable assertions. He has quoted a few texts to "heave" at us, which are neither millstones nor bullets; so we need have little fear of being bruised; but which, taken in their literal sense, teach us not to give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, which Spiritualists themselves, desiring to "try the spirits," fail to do without the knowledge of the consequences. "Evil communications" and evil spirits corrupt good manners. Heaven save us from the corrupt teachings of Mr. Garrard.

INSTITUTIONS AND SOULS.

Man is greater than institutions. The latter are but temporary in their purpose, to serve an urgent and present need, having no living root in spiritual life and no lasting lease of existence among men. They are variable and vanishing. We need but look back over our own history to see it. What satisfied people one hundred years ago—and in the life of a human soul one hundred years is no more than a single day—will by no means satisfy them now. A creed does not hold men together now as it used to do; hence men look around them and declare that all things are come to chaos and confusion. Men who agree to throw away creeds, are at open variance in their estimate of politics; and those who think they quite agree on political opinions and views, are sharply opposed on their religious creed and subscription. There is an indiscriminate breaking up; what we used to think settled and established, is nothing of the kind, but elastic as the air, fitting itself to the changing necessities of souls in a state of development.

We put no faith in what they call the inspiration and sacredness of an institution, let it be called by whatever name. It is but a means, at best; a medium, an instrument, a stair to step upon that we may get up still higher. We never regarded it as the proprietors regard their wonderful machinery at the Waltham factory, which turns out watches exactly like one another of exactly the same size and style and quality of subordinate pieces, made to keep exactly the same time, and never to produce individual variations. The soul of man is something too noble and fine, too mysterious and indescribable, to be put into the machinery of one of these institutions as you would pour kernels of corn in between millstones, to be ground out into fine meal for the use of one just as much as another. Neither is an institution a powerful something that is capable of prescribing for us the law of life, of dictating to us what we shall spiritually eat and drink, and of keeping us in a sort of nursery, where we are to be coddled and cosseted to the end of our days. Man made institutions, and he only. They are for an end, a purpose; but no man can impart to them enough of power, of authority, and of spirituality, to make them answer for all time, or for all men. They are merely temporary and for convenience; conventional, in the original sense of that word which means only the coming together; that is to say, the object had in their construction is to aid in bringing souls into closer and truer relation.

But when we are taught that we sin if we do not stop and do reverence to the machine which has been put together only for our convenience, we are instructed to practice nothing less than idolatry. It is the same thing as the Persian saying his prayers by machinery; the Catholic counting his beads and falling down before the images of the saints; and the Hindoo worshipping his ugly little idols of wood and stone. Idolatry is idolatry still, no matter in what country it is practised, or what actual form it takes; the proof of it is to be found in the spirit with which the devotion is carried on. One man worships riches, though he attends upon a Christian church regularly. Another worships his ambition, which is a blind sort of brazen deity his imagination has set up before him, and his standing in the religious societies, will not remove from his character the stigma of idolatry. Very little true freedom is there practised, at most; and chiefly because men's spiritual eyes are glued together by the manipulations of teachers whose education in turn has only been in the everlastingly blind mysteries of superstition.

This day in which we live is witnessing countless break-ups and overturns. Political parties are not more in a chaotic state than are the parties that subscribe to creeds. Ecclesiastical machinery is getting to be considered less inspired, and far less stable than it used to be. The Churches have been insensibly led into fierce conflict of politics, until they feel the fearful ground swell now, and find themselves unable to escape from its power. The spirit of discussion is as active to-day among them on matters of form and faith, as it ever was between the North and South on the subject of slavery and free institutions. Some of the Churches have hoped to keep out of the maelstrom by having nothing to say, pro or con., while the roaring debate was going on; but they unexpectedly discover that their very abstemiousness has called more attention to them than it they had, at the first, plunged into the thickest of the fight. They find there is no rest for their feet in this era of reorganization and reforming; that they must come forward and lend a hand on behalf of the souls they assume to train and keep; that they do not live in the dark ages of the world, when nobody is responsible, and no work is going on, but in the bright light of an era which searches every corner and cranny of human life and human belief, to clear up doubt and drive out error, to expound the true laws of the universe, and bring the children into the closest possible relation with the Father.

Hence, when these ecclesiastical conveniences—as an excellent writer styles them—have become inconvenient, we are to seek to break with them rather than to perpetuate them, or tie ourselves up with their destiny. As the same writer fitly expresses it, mending and emending them are all in vain. They are worn-out instruments, and not only worn-out, but obsolete, like the old wooden ploughs. Our task is, simply to

rescue from them the ideas and uses which these institutions once served, but which they now only disguise and hinder. And let that be the last of them. It may be, and as we are constituted, it naturally will be, that association will long keep alive the affection we have felt for these past conveniences which time and events require us to give up; but we need feel no special regret at that. It is no more of a pang than the tree feels when it is transplanted; and the better soil, air, nourishment, and surroundings repay a thousand-fold the cost of what seems a present sacrifice.

The true way to take life, if we would really enjoy it most, is to court and covet these changes. Let the mind be kept open to the New, no matter through what quarter or instrumentality it comes. Let us challenge the morning by being up before it, and going forth to meet it. Let us welcome all new-born thoughts, open our minds to all fresh and noble ideas, hold out our hands to the influences of all high spiritual visitations, and resolve to build up and expand and strengthen these souls of ours, though all the institutions and customs of mere convenience about us, crumble and disappear as fast as they are put to personal use. Nothing but the soul is perpetual. There is no eternity for the inventions by the aid of which it grows.—*Banner of Light.*

LETTER FROM THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

DEAR BANNER,—Two months have now elapsed since we left England, where we found it impossible to continue our labours without exposing our lives to the greatest danger at the hands of organized Cabinet-smashing mobs. And finding, after making the experiment, that we had as little reason to look for justice from the lawful authorities as we had from English mobs, we concluded to leave the country where mobocracy was resorted to, and brute force brought to bear against us, as the only effectual method of opposing facts which had created the most intense excitement, not only in England but throughout all Europe, and which had stood the severest tests that the savans of England could impose, which had challenged the scrutiny of Faraday, and effectually silenced the pretensions of the most skilful magicians, which had shaken the scepticism of the most obstinate, and forced from many of the most distinguished men of England, after long and severe investigations, public acknowledgment of the reality of the facts connected with the phenomena occurring in our presence.

It is now two months since our arrival in France, during which time we have been vainly endeavouring to obtain a Government permit to give *séances* to the scientific and literary men of Paris. And the result is, that after being held in suspense for two months, we can get neither a permit nor refusal. But what can be expected of a Government in a land where political freedom is unknown?—where no gatherings, religious or political, are allowed without a permit from the police, sanctioned by Catholic priests? But we do not intend to be thwarted by religious intolerance, and superstitious bigotry. We have been visited by a number of the first and most influential men of the empire, who are deeply interested in the investigation of Spiritualism, and through their instrumentality, we shall, in all probability, succeed in accomplishing our designs sooner or later. Were we mere jugglers, we would meet with none of these difficulties. For while Anderson and other jugglers are allowed to reap a plentiful harvest by their miserable imitations in England, we are mobbed from town to town, our property destroyed, and our lives imperilled. And here in France, while the Government refuses us permission to present the genuine, permissions are freely given to Houdin, Robin, and other jugglers, to present the counterfeit. But believing in the final triumph of our cause, it is our intention to persevere in the work in which we are engaged.—As ever yours,

IRA E. DAVENPORT,
WM. H. DAVENPORT.

Petit Chateau, Gennevillers, Asniers,
Paris, June 23, 1865.

Banner of Light.

The Committee appointed to assist Mr. COOPER and Mr. POWELL in the more efficient working of the Spiritual Lyceum, &c., have issued the following manifesto:—

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND ITS OBJECTS.

The London Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W., was inaugurated in January, 1865. With a steady, self-sacrificing spirit of devotion, rarely seen, Robert Cooper, Esq., its founder, has hitherto sustained the almost entire weight of the heavy liabilities belonging to it, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. It was impossible for those who hold the principles of Christian Spiritualism to stand on one side without admiring the heroic self-devotion of Mr. Cooper; but more than admiration was needed; hence a number of gentlemen have voluntarily formed themselves into a committee, subject to Mr. Cooper's approval, and upon the principle that co-operated effort can effect objects which individual effort alone must inevitably fail to effect, we have in all sincerity set ourselves to work. To those who may read this who have had evidences of immortal existence through the medium of spirit-manifestations,

there needs no argument to prove the utility, nay, the necessity, of some organized system of diffusing the light of knowledge abroad, so that others, who may be involved in the darkness of Materialism, whose souls, by reason of the mournful conditions by which they are surrounded, are dead to religious life, may be enabled to see the way through the present to the future with a stimulated assurance that in God's Divine plan there is redemption for all, and eternal condemnation for none; but to those who aim at True Life, who have no evidence of the spirit's hereafter, other than that which faith may supply, who mistake and mis-state the facts and teachings of modern Spiritualism, it will be necessary to offer a brief summary of the spiritualistic teachings as they have, in an especial manner, appealed to us:—

1st. All of us, under conditions precluding the possibility of deception of any kind, have in various ways held communication with, and received messages from, spirits. Besides this, some of us have witnessed phenomena of a strong physical nature that would seem to have the special mission of staggering the otherwise settled convictions of scientific Materialists. Many of us can bear grateful testimony to the never-to-be-forgotten fact—that such manifestations have redeemed our souls from the paralyzing thralldom of Atheistic or Materialistic teachings. We could fill books, did we give all our personal experiences. We assert our solemn convictions that what we state of these things is absolutely true; and being satisfied, not from one or two sittings at circles with professional or private mediums, but from many months, in some cases years, of careful observation, that if, on the occasions we witnessed spirit-manifestations, we were, as some of our opponents say, under some occult psychologic influence, we are so now, and have been so through every moment of our wakeful existence. As phenomena simply, these things are wonderful; but were there no beautiful philosophy of a beneficent and holy character immediately connected with them, we should not labour a day in the cause of Spiritualism, and we feel sure Mr. Cooper would not have started the *Spiritual Times* and opened the Spiritual Lyceum. Spiritualism not only by its philosophy asserts, but by its phenomena proves,

1st—That death is only another name for change. That the body only goes down to dust, whilst its tenant or spirit lives to fulfil new destinies.

2nd—That Eternal Progression is the great law of God; consequently, the evil that men do lives with them hereafter, until their spirits have thoroughly repented, and become purified by the baptism of suffering; whilst the good they do is *not*, as Shakspeare says, "buried in their graves," but gives them the power to aspire nearer to God.

3rd—That mere Faith, without Self-effort, in the way of Life-purification, is deceptive and dangerous, because the spirit realises happiness or misery according not to its belief, but its *life*. We are thus taught that the consequences of Life are inevitable, and that reward follows Virtue and punishment Vice with an unerring certainty.

Responsibility is one of the principal clauses in the charter of Human Life. When men not simply think, but *know* this, we feel they will find a stronger preventive of crime than all the gibbets, prisons, and false theological teachings of modern society put together. We have only glanced at the practical and philosophical bearings of the subject of Spiritualism; yet we feel that we have done sufficient to inspire the true philanthropist with the desire to aid a work so exalted as that offered in the service of Spiritualism.

Mr. Cooper has done his part nobly. He has placed a weekly spiritual publication and commodious premises at the service of the Spiritualists. All that is required to render these institutions effective is—money. We therefore earnestly appeal to those who have means, who deem our work worthy, to aid us, that Mr. Cooper may not be permitted longer to bear heavy responsibilities, "enough to sink a royal merchant down," and that the objects of the Lyceum, in supplying books, lectures, tracts, and mediums, may be fully and usefully carried out by the committee. (Signed on behalf of the Committee)

HENRY NORMAN LIVERMORE, *Chairman, Pro. Tem.*
16, Moreton-place, Belgrave-road, Pimlico.

Communications and subscriptions to be forwarded to Henry Norman Livermore, Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-st., Oxford-street, W. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged.

Post-Office Orders payable at Rathbone-place, Oxford-street.

I AM perfectly satisfied that phenomena, such as you describe, are genuine, and this from what I have seen and heard on evidence which I cannot doubt. What they arise from I cannot tell. The physical phenomena which you describe are beyond all explanation; but still there may be physical forces we know nothing of. The mental phenomena are vastly more difficult. There must be, so far as we can see, some unseen intelligence mixed up in the matter. Spirit or no spirit, there is, at least, a reading of one mind by something out of that mind.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.

EMMA HARDINGE'S FAREWELL TO HER AMERICAN FRIENDS.

PART THIRD.

From the *Banner of Light*.

"EMMA, you must go out and lecture!" Such were the words that constantly assailed my ears from every person and source, to wit: inspired mediums, friends, and strangers, visitors at my circles, and ordinary acquaintances; and this irruption of coincident advice was poured upon me in direct opposition to my own wishes, in antagonism to my cherished opinions and English prejudices against woman's speaking in public, and determined spirit of resistance to the universal fiat. I can hardly now remember how the "hateful" proposition was first presented to me, until "Emma, you must go out and lecture" seemed to be their cant phrase. The phases of test mediumship which I had been industriously and successfully practising during the eighteen months alluded to—strange though they appeared to me, as originating from the control of disembodied human souls—were not altogether abnormal to my youthful experiences. The review of my past life convinced me that all its problematical strangenesses were accounted for in the fact of my ever having been by nature a "medium"—that I had always possessed the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices, dreaming dreams, uttering spontaneous prophecies, beholding visions in the pictured air, and, in my singular "weird youth," and "witch-like" characteristics, that I was a real born "medium." All this I had grown to believe and acknowledge as the solution to much that to myself and my friends had been incomprehensible in my character; but this idea of a *lady* lecturing, or, I should say, in more strict American vernacular, a *woman*, was altogether too shocking to my English prejudices to be endured, even for the sake of that Spiritualism which, with each day's fresh experience of its truth and beauty, I was beginning to love devotedly, and for which I had already made great pecuniary and social sacrifices.

In England, the title of "lady" is bestowed upon persons who, by birth and education, are in certain portions of society where their occupations are of a "lady like" character, while the term "woman" is generally applied, not by way of reproach, but merely in distinction, as significant of the industrial or labouring classes of the sex. In America it is otherwise: the person who aspires to the honour of being your cook, housemaid, or laundress, is "the lady," whilst the mistress, employer, or really educated female is "the woman." After going through the somewhat repulsive process of learning these nice distinctions, I determined that an English "lady" could not be an American "woman", and that I would escape from the weird bonds that held me—bonds that, whenever I proposed to return to my native land and "proper sphere," restrained me with some mysterious obstacles, and that break this spell I would, somehow; the only question that remained was, the way. I foresaw that if I continued amongst the Spiritualists, their strange, magnetic influence over me, and above all, the ecstatic effects of the spirit-circles I was holding and attending, would, sooner or later, subjugate any shadow of will I had left, and have me out in the character of a "strong-minded woman" on their platforms, whether I would or no. I at length concluded that I neither ought or could break away from those mystics suddenly. To effect my liberation, then, gradually and naturally, I resolved to put an advertisement in the paper, offering what I knew to be valuable service as "a musical governess in a family," where my own and my mother's board would be received in lieu of compensation. In this way, I thought, I shall break up this odious spell, be employed without the indignity of service (as I would receive no salary), and as soon as I recover my self-possession by absence from these magicians, and calmness obtained by ordinary employments, my mother and self will quietly return home to decent life and rational occupations once more.

My scheme, even now, appears to me to have been well planned, and to effect the object I had in view, only required that some other person than myself should have carried it out. How far I was under the peculiar influence that made me instrumental in outworking the destiny I had to fulfil, may be gathered from the fact that instead of carrying my advertisement to some of the New York daily papers for insertion, I found myself presenting it to the editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the very surest channel in which I might expect to run into the arms of, rather than flee from, the spiritual demons I feared. I cannot now account for the fatality that took me there; it is enough that thither I went, presented my advertisement to Mr. S. B. Brittan, who, after glancing over it, looked steadily at me, saying, "This notice is for yourself; why in the world, Emma, do you take such a step as this? Do be persuaded, and go out and lecture." &c., &c. Whilst hating falsehood in every shape, the desperation of my case had to be met, and I boldly declared the advertisement was "for a friend of mine," and must appear. As for myself, of course I was a medium, and did not need such advice.

My advertisement produced me three offers of marriage from gentlemen in search of "affinities," five or six chances of taking full charge of "little families," numbering not over twelve small children, and a sprinkling of other equally attractive positions. Almost in despair, I had resolved to give up hope in this quarter, when I received a call from a gentleman who desired to secure my services and my mother's companionship for his young wife, who resided in a lonely country village, and was in want both of musical instruction and society. The prospects seemed agreeable, the gentleman very intelligent and friendly; all preliminaries began to arrange themselves satisfactorily, when my visitor disrupted the whole scheme by remarking, "By-the-bye, Miss Hardinge, are you not a medium?" I stammered out something of the slight knowledge I had on the subject of Spiritualism, adding that "I desired to devote my time and attention in other directions, and really did not feel much interest in the matter." My visitor was surprised. From the fact of my advertisement appearing in a spiritual paper, he thought I must be identified with the cause—"Any fool but myself might have known that," I mentally ejaculated—besides, he added he was no medium, yet received strong impressions, and these pointed to me and my advertisement as coming from a very remarkable medium.

Before I could reply to this embarrassing speech, the door opened, and my friend with whom I was then boarding, Mrs. E. J. French, entered the room fully entranced. Walking up to my visitor, she addressed him by name, and though a total stranger to him, and entirely unaware of his business with me, or the nature of our interview, she addressed him as if familiar with the whole subject, bade him return to Troy, near which he resided, request the Committee on Spiritual Lectures to send me an invitation to speak on their platform, winding up with the assurance that by so doing he would be obedient to the will of wise, beneficent, and powerful spirits, who had destined me for great uses which I was endeavouring to evade.

My visitor was delighted, and too much accustomed to mediumistic eccentricities to be in the least surprised at this *coup d'etat*. As for me, I found that my famous advertisement had been sweeping and garnishing my house free of one devil only to prepare it for the reception of seven devils worse than the former. I had cut open a way to escape from half-a-dozen spiritual foes, and fallen upon an army.

Mrs. French, and her new ally, General Bullard, of Waterford, N. Y., were a host, against whom I was powerless. The General said the Troy platform was very select; that none but first-class speakers had ever been engaged there, and that it was a chance if the Committee would lend themselves to the *début* of an untried speaker; but he would inquire about it, and in case of failure, secure me "scores of other opportunities." Mrs. French knew the Committee would consent. I was sure, if the said Committee were commonly sane, they would not; and of this I was so confident, that I concluded the discussion by the promise that if the said Committee were fools enough to invite me on such a risk, I would add another fool to the crowd by accepting the invitation. Three days later, Mrs. French again entered my room with an unopened letter in her hand, which the postman had just left. Before I could break the envelope, she informed me, in the trance state, that the letter contained a cordial invitation for me to speak at Troy, on the following Sunday. She gave several sentences in the letter word for word, as they were written, and then dictated an answer of acceptance on my part, which I wrote and mailed almost within ten minutes of the receipt of the Troy letter, and quite an hour before I had a very thorough perception of where I was, and what I was doing. When this desirable knowledge did dawn upon me, I found I was committed beyond the possibility of retreat. This was Monday. On the very next Sunday, July 5th, 1857, the deed was to be accomplished, and I, that had never spoken an unstudied word in public in my life, or, indeed, in private circles either—except in such a state of semi-trance as left me no capacity to judge of the effect of my speech—I, the scornful denunciator of all such exhibitions in others, was to go on a public platform and speak on two consecutive occasions; about what I knew nothing, and how I knew not. Racked with self-reproach and anticipation of disgrace, I at last set to work to write a discourse for one of these occasions. This performance occupied me until Wednesday morning. At its conclusion, one of my familiar spirits, addressing me, as usual, in a form of analytical cross-examination, to which my guides constantly subject me, asked—

What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?—I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you, I replied.

For whom, Emma?—For spirits, I answered sulkily; since you will have it so.

Spirits will not let Emma read lectures, was the rejoinder. She will speak, not read, for spirits.—I cannot speak, I pleaded, I have not courage; I dare not; I must read.

We shall take away your eyesight, was the cool answer. AND I KNEW, from eighteen months' complete experience of their power and promises, that they would and could do this. A new thought struck me. I never attempted to remonstrate.

I do not now, never did, find that the spirits I can best trust ever change. I would study my lecture. I had a very large apartment I used for a musical academy and choice meeting-room. Up and down this I paced unceasingly until late on Thursday night. I did not make much headway, for somehow I seemed to have lost the faculty of memorising; but thought I could at least recollect the leading points I had written of one lecture, whilst for the second I had already determined I would be taken seriously ill, or commit suicide.

About eleven o'clock on Friday morning, as I was pacing my apartment for the final rehearsal of my part, *the voice demanded*—

Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment? And how many more miles is Emma going to walk here?—I am trying to study this stuff, I answered, since I may not read it.

We shall take away your memory, was the satisfactory response.

And then followed an assurance that if I would trust to spirits, and by their counsel work for the world, never put in a newspaper puff, never write to solicit an engagement, but be faithful to them and the truth, they would inspire and guard, and care for me; that they had led me on through all the varied and romantic incidents of a very strange life, from my cradle up to this point; that my peculiar education, occupations, associations, and misfortunes, had all been links in the chain that fettered me to that hour. Promises followed, unnecessary here to transcribe. Suffice it to say, every year, month, day, and hour of my subsequent life has witnessed some part of their fulfilment.

It must be remembered, however, that I did not enter into my part of the compact then and there. In fact I was fairly aghast at the desperation of my position, and demanded the lapse of the fearful trial Sunday before I dared say, "I CAN trust the spirits."

(To be concluded in our next.)

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Concluded from Page 239.)

In February, 1864, Monsieur Auguste Bez passing through the department of Charente Inférieure, went round by Le Brion on purpose to see Hillaire, who promised him a *séance*. Everything was proceeding as usual, and Hillaire had announced three spirits; Catherine Begeon, M. Bez's mother, Felicia, before mentioned, and St. Bernard, who seems especially to protect the spiritual society of St. Jean d'Angely.

Catherine Begeon held a ring in her hand, and the two other spirits were concentrating all their power upon her. Suddenly, with one bound, the medium sprang upon the table, stretched forth his hand, and received the longed-for ring; it lay on the palm of his hand, visible to every one. After a few minutes he let it fall upon the table, but it seemed fixed to the table, and did not roll, as under other conditions it must have done. The ring was now passed round, and proved, on examination, to be made of very solid gold. Hillaire, in the meantime, inquired of the spirits whether it was material, or whether it would vanish as suddenly as it had come. He was impressed to write these words—

This ring is for you, dear Hillaire, and may you keep it all your life.—

Catherine Begeon.

Having expressed thanks for the special grace vouchsafed to him, the medium asked which finger he should wear the ring on; and the third finger of the left hand was selected. It was found to be much too large, and would have fallen off the thumb, even. Several of the sceptical spectators said—

This time the spirits have surely made a mistake; they did not measure exactly.

Twice Hillaire took off the ring, and passed it round for general inspection. After replacing it on his finger he endeavoured to take it off, but found it impossible, for it had grown smaller. Everyone thought he must injure his finger in his efforts to withdraw it. He then threaded his way through the crowd, and singling out a Monsieur Batard, exclaimed—

Ab, you who are still so sceptical and doubtful, take it off, if you can!

This person grasped his finger, and after many efforts, only succeeded in breaking the skin; but the ring was ever immovable. He acknowledged that at the moment Hillaire approached him, he was entertaining doubts of the medium's veracity, but that they were now set at rest for ever. Hillaire, still asleep, passed into the adjoining apartment, and returned bearing in his arms the large glass case containing the bouquet and the inscription, which he had determined, before the meeting, upon putting into the next room, because he thought it ought not to be exposed to general view. He now deposited it on a table where all might view it, saying—

The truth must not be hid.

That same evening, after the *séance* had been brought to a conclusion, Hillaire saw the spirit of St. Bernard. A current of some subtle fluid seemed passing from his right hand to the ring, which then became tighter and tighter, but as he withdrew the fluid it expanded. All these manifestations, however, exhausted the medium excessively, and his friends were anxious that there should be no more *séances* until he had gained strength. One evening he was quietly seated with the Vitt family around their hearth. Monsieur Bez being present, and they determined not to mention the spirits on Hillaire's account; the conversation fell on mesmerism, and Monsieur Bez tried his powers on Hillaire, who speedily fell asleep, but taking up a pencil, he wrote that spirits had mesmerised him, and not Monsieur Bez, whose mother gave the com-

munication, adding, that good spirits would take charge of the medium. Hillaire then arose, and addressing Catherine Begeon, asked, "Whither am I going, good spirit?" and passed through the kitchen into his bedroom. He described travelling through unknown lands, passing snow clad mountains, bad weather, terrific winds blowing the snow all round him; and shivering, with a trembling voice, exclaimed—

Oh, it is too cold!

He crouched under his blankets, and for about ten minutes seemed suffering from great exposure to inclement atmosphere. Then getting up, he said—

What town can this be. Oh, my father, I am so cold. Who can understand me here?

Monsieur Bez touched Hillaire's hand and found it burning; a clear proof that his spirit was completely separated from the body, and capable of very different sensations. To Monsieur Bez every word uttered by Hillaire had a meaning. He recognised the journey as that leading to his home, in a village on a mountain near the Pyrenees. At that time of year (February), he knew that the cold must be intense in those parts. Hillaire then described a house most minutely, and said—

But what do I see in the chamber on the first floor looking on to the court yard? A corpse richly dressed, and it seems to smile at me.

Monsieur Bez feared lest he was about to learn the death of some relative; but Hillaire wrote—

Fear nothing, my son, this corpse is mine, Catherine Begeon.

He then described the death-bed of Monsieur Bez's mother, which had taken place nine years previously. Even the last words she uttered were recorded—

Tell my son, Auguste, to remember his mother, and to think on these, her last words, "My son, fear God, and keep His commandments."

Hillaire described Monsieur Bez entering the room, and kissing the corpse, and wrote—

My son, though you knew I was really dead, yet when you saw me you thought I was still alive, and it was only at the moment that your lips touched my icy cheek, that the truth was forced upon you.

Several messages of affection were given by this spirit to her son, and the *séance* was prolonged till late, and at its close Hillaire felt excessively fatigued and ill. In a few days he was obliged to take to his bed, and was totally unable to eat or sleep. For nearly a month his life was despaired of. His friends assembled round him, and nursed him with the greatest care, he alone talking of his recovery. One great source of disappointment to him was the total absence of his spirit friends. He continued in this weak state throughout the month of March; but one day, early in April, his friends had the great happiness to see him sink into a peaceful slumber, for he had not slept for more than thirty days; but they were much alarmed when, raising himself, Hillaire begged for pencil and paper, and commenced writing very rapidly. They earnestly prayed that God would not allow the spirits to exhaust the invalid, but he exclaimed—

Fear not, this is my angel doctor come to cure me.

His right hand now passed slowly over every portion of his body, commencing at the crown of his head. He seemed listening very attentively to the sound produced as he tapped his body. His friends held their breath, and were speechless with amazement, when suddenly loud screams burst in upon the silence, and Hillaire was seized with violent convulsions. His hand was tapping his left side, just over the region of the heart. He wrote—

No, I will not undertake the whole responsibility. I require a consultation; and added, my angel doctor has left me, and reposed quietly.

In the course of five minutes he started up, exclaiming—

He has returned.

The same scene took place, the same screams, the same contortions. Evidently the doctors could not agree, and a long discussion ensued, audible to all, uttered by Hillaire's lips. It lasted for twenty minutes, and was filled with technical expressions, and Latin and Greek words, which no one present could understand; but this discussion led to no results, and a third doctor had to be called. Everything passed as before; but it was obvious to all how different were the intonations and manner of the medium as the different physicians spoke through him. Finally he wrote a prescription, and awoke much fatigued. A decoction was to be made of twenty different ingredients—flowers, roots, branches, leaves, &c., with all the quantities prescribed to be taken several times a day until the patient was quite restored to health. By the end of the month Hillaire had regained his appetite and usual strength. Sleep refreshed him, and he was enabled to receive spiritual manifestations without any great fatigue.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I have read, with extreme interest, as I do everything emanating from the same well-filled and happily proportioned mind, Mr. Brevior's address on Organization in your last number; and as I find myself at odds with him on both the general principle and some of the details of his article, perhaps you will find room for a few strictures thereon, which I shall endeavour to compress into as narrow a compass as justice to the subject will permit.

It is not often I find myself in disagreement with Mr. Brevior; and I have so much respect for his ability, and thoughtfulness, and amplitude of information, as well as earnest desire to do justice to whatever theme he considers, that I cannot but with extreme diffidence present opposing

conclusions. Nevertheless, I shall speak as freely as I believe he would wish me, and illustrate my respect for him by no circumlocutory deference of phrase, but rather by the assumption that he will understand the spirit and object of my remarks, and accept even the severest criticism, should any come, in the same genial temper in which it is delivered.

Upon the abstract question of Organization—of Organization of *some* kind, and directed to *some* ends—there seems to be a pretty general agreement. Mr. Brevior himself, indeed, advocates “some kind of Organization to sustain and render more efficient the work carried on in the Spiritual Lyceum:—to lighten the responsibility of its proprietor, and the labours of its manager;” and “to manage the regular delivery of lectures, the issue of tracts, to make the place as neat, and orderly, and attractive, and useful as possible.” But having done this, he adds that Organization of a much larger scope is contemplated—“a general Organization of Spiritualists into a distinct body—a Society according to some, a Church according to others, for the better defence and diffusion of the principles we hold;” and it is against this latter that he directs his most powerful artillery of erudition, wit and wisdom.

Sympathising extensively with him—agreeing entirely with him. in fact, in all his strictures upon the evils incident to the Organizations he specifically alludes to—I still think that his opposition is overdone,—that evils are attributed to Organization, which are more properly referable to the bases and objects of the particular Organizations criticised,—that some of his conclusions are not fairly deducible from his premises,—that, indeed, in more than one instance, the very opposite is the legitimate conclusion to be drawn; and I believe that a middle ground can be reached within which, avoiding the vicious extremes of both sides, very beneficent objects are to be accomplished by Organization which are attainable by no other means.

Mr. Brevior points out the very obvious distinction between Organizations for material purposes and those for spiritual purposes; he admits their perfect adaptation in the one case and denies it in the other: “A joint-stock company may do very well for a bank, or a brewery, or a cotton manufactory; but a joint-stock company, with limited liability, for the promotion of Spiritualism, would, I am afraid, turn out a very bad speculation.” He roguishly adds, “I could not recommend anyone to take stock in it: it would stand no chance in competition with the elegant simplicity of the three-per-cents, or the Post Office Savings Bank.”

Now, it so happens that in this world, though the spiritual is capable of being discriminated from the material, it is never divorced from it; and in many cases their union is so intimate that the attainment of the one involves the attainment of the other. Take, for example, the publication and sale of spiritual works, or, to confine our view to one, let us say the “SPIRITUAL TIMES.” Could not a greater success be had, viewing it primarily as a commercial speculation, were the Organization for its production and distribution more complete than it is? Were an individual appointed who should make it his business to find an agent in each important town in the kingdom, and such other plans taken as would quickly suggest themselves to an active committee, or sub-committee of publications—would not its success be more assured? And with that—its mere material result—would there not necessarily be another, the result spiritual, in the propagation of the truth and all the beneficent issues thereof? An Organization which should earnestly take up this matter, which should devote itself to sharing the responsibility with the present proprietor, supplying new capital for the improvement of the journal, and securing its distribution, would possibly accomplish the double object of making it *pay*, and propagate the truths of Spiritualism at the same time.

But if it did *not* pay? Well, Mr. Brevior has said, “we must count not to gain, but to lose; we must appeal not to selfish but to self-denying motives.” Why, then, should he not invite his friends to take stock in this company? They don’t go in to make three or any other per cents. They go in to do service to mankind. In this object they—I was going to say cannot fail—but certainly they need not contemplate failure. A certain amount of success cannot be denied them. Going in with pure intent, and operating with wise means, their success may be quite beyond all expectation; and may yield them a spiritual profit, compared with which that of the three-per-cents, or the Post-Office Savings Bank is unworthy of mention. And yet this may be done mainly by this decried Organization: and, curiously enough, Organization primarily applied to the material object of circulating a journal!

Herein, according to Mr. Brevior, Organization has its fitting purpose. But who does not see that in this very thing, as in “managing the delivery of lectures,” and “the issue of tracts,” would be involved all the pernicious consequences attributed by him to Organization of the grander kind, if such consequences be, as he assumes, inherent in the Organization itself, and not merely in the errors combined with it?

Ought this not to beget the query, whether he has not committed some mistake?—whether the wrongs he denounces are not rather the accidents than the necessary consequences of Organization, referable, as I have said, to the narrow bases and objects of the Organizations, rather than to the Organizations themselves? Mr. Brevior points out the varieties of opinion among Spiritualists, and maintains that their existence would preclude united action. He alludes, in very strong terms, to one class of Spiritualists, at present mainly to be found in France and on the Continent, who hold theories which, to him, “are simply absurd and blasphemous;” but “another speaker, on the contrary, has asserted that those who entertain these vagaries are the ‘liberal and advanced Spiritualists;’” and then he adds, “You see the difference is radical and fundamental,” and “does not admit of reconciliation.” Therefore (this, or nothing, appears to be the necessary inference, though Mr. B., in the present case, rather leaves it to implication than avows it by direct expression), an Organization to include these extremes is an impossibility; or, if a possibility, it could lead to no good end,—“the very object of the Organization would be defeated.”

Now, if these objections have any validity at all, it must be obvious, on the mere statement that they apply as forcibly to a committee “to manage the regular delivery of lectures” and the “issue of tracts,” as they can do to any other Organization, even the “more comprehensive union”

against which the heavy artillery of Mr. Brevior’s discourse is levelled. If a “free platform” can be erected for managing the lectures and printed publications of the Society, and I can see no difficulty in that, surely the same safeguards can be taken for protecting the individual conscience in the larger Organization within which the committee charged with these duties may abide? The only thing needful to this appears to be the frank and faithful acceptance and acknowledgment, on the part of every member, and of the whole Society, of the right of individual judgment: nay, I would rather say, as implying the ethical basis and object of the Society, the *duty* of individual judgment; since, in the fulfilment of this duty, the mastering of every truth which comes within the range of the human mind, every opportunity within the individual’s power ought to be availed of, and the general object of the Society should surely be to encourage and aid the free spiritual development of its members.

I, for one, cannot conceive of any opinion conscientiously entertained which ought to exclude an individual from such a Society. I may think many of the opinions held by members, or would-be members, absurd, and even “detestable;” but so far from that operating as a reason for refusing them admission, or precluding my co-operation with them, it would be an additional incentive towards both. Their opinions *appear* to me to be foolish. Give them the opportunity of developing them before me, and either their folly may be made apparent to themselves, or the imperfection of my view may be rectified. Even the doctrine of Mr. Brevior’s especial detestation, earnestly entertained, as it is said to be, by men who may be presumed to be as anxious to get at the truth as ourselves, why should it not be fully exposed? It is perfectly possible there may be a truth in it which our prejudices merely prevent us from seeing. If not, would not the healthy horror of the doctrine, if it be healthy, which some of us could not but manifest, be itself a reason for its upholders reconsidering it? And if it be the vagary which it is supposed, are we doing our duty by its advocates and proselytes in excluding them from association with those who could possibly convert them to higher and nobler views?

This brings me to the inherent vice, not of association or Organization in itself, but of all associations *based on creeds*, and not providing within themselves for change and development of opinion. All the evils which the censor of the various religious Organizations of the world has pointed out, are distinctly referable to this conservatism of the opinions of their originators, and to the mis-developed feelings of their partizans. A true Spiritual Society will be as broad as humanity, and will make provision for the inclusion of every thinker willing to join it. It will erect no barrier of opinion against any man. On the other hand, and by natural consequence, it will be responsible for the opinions of none; nor will its members be compromised by the opinions of each other. It should be a body of truth-seekers, not dogmatists, though no dogmatist need be, or should be, excluded, except by his own will. I should be extremely surprised if the particular “Truth-seeker,” to whose hasty thoughts I am now replying, should refuse to join such a Society as this. Surely an Organization like this, rejecting all “outward bonds,” “light and elastic” in all its parts, illustrating unity of spirit amidst diversity of opinion, and seeking always more harmony by the union of seeming opposites, is not a mere dream, but a possibility of the ages? It is not too soon to attempt it, if a clear judgment of its basis and objects can be formed and concurred in. I quite agree with Mr. Brevior, however, that right thinking in this matter, as in most others, is essential to right doing; and I should deprecate any hasty and inconsiderate action, which might beget failure. Let the subject, therefore, be well canvassed, and let there be no misunderstanding as to what is going to be attempted. It is not necessary that your plan shall be all realised at once. But it is necessary that whatever you do shall bear relation to, or at least not be inconsistent with, the larger plan which may exist, for the present, in idea merely. This, I think, is guarded sufficiently by adopting the principle of the right and duty of individual judgment, fully, frankly, and unreservedly. Even the implication which would necessarily be at the bottom of an Organization of Spiritualists ought not to be dogmatically asserted to the *exclusion* of Materialists. The Society should court the criticism of even its most cherished faith; and if so in its widest principle, then necessarily and freely so in all subordinate ones, and in every variety of thought concerning them.

Mr. Brevior asserts that the desire for Organization implies a consciousness of weakness, a want of vitality, and is not the sign of life, but rather of incipient decay. It *may* be so, though equally it may not. He states no universal and unconditional principle, but rather an individual, or if a general, at least, a conditional, fact. Either this, or he is inconsistent with himself. “Organization,” says he, “is the poor human substitute for deep conviction and earnest faith;” “we want more and fuller life, and in its place we are offered a sorry piece of mechanism.” Yet he afterwards says, and says truly, that “Organization is not the cause, but the *product* of life.” This is the universal principle; he must reconcile it with his previous assertion. If the vitality be low, the Organization will be weak and shortlived; but that it is the sign of *some* life is indisputable. It may be that those now most anxious for Organization desire to supplement their own weakness by the added vitality of others. It may be that there are not pith and enthusiasm, and self-denial enough in the whole scattered flock of Spiritualists to originate and develop a healthy, powerful Organism. This is the fact to be proved; but that can never be done by inconsistent arguments against the principle. Certainly those known to me who desire some Organization, are not the least earnest and vital of the body. The desire for Organization is at once the result of a consciousness of individual weakness, and the proof of a certain degree of vital power, and of a belief that united effort will accomplish what individual effort cannot. How much power there is will become apparent by the final result. But every Organization the world has seen has had its origin in vitality, not decay. Strange, that the very cases alluded to by Mr. Brevior, did not save him from error on this point. True, that every successful Organization has had its pivotal man. Is there no one among the Spiritualists who, having a superfluous of the principle of life in himself, will not attract others into relationship, and so subsidise their powers as to build up a suitable Organism for the accomplishment of all that is desirable? Will not Mr. Cooper be the Wesley

of Spiritualism, and, avoiding the errors of his suggested prototype, evolve an Organization which shall do for Spiritualists something commensurate with what Methodism has done for Wesleyans?

But, says Mr. Brevior, in allusion to the law of individual liberty, which is the corrective of the wrongs inflicted by all creed-bound associations upon their members, "If you admit freedom into your Organization, just to the extent that you do so, you impair its efficiency." That, I reply, depends entirely upon the objects of your Organization. Should its purpose be to make mere machines of its members, as in the case of an army—yes. But if its design be to preserve them free men, voluntarily co-operating towards such ends as their individual consciences approve, and their faculties and inclinations qualify and induce them to engage in attaining—assuredly no. The methods of the one Organization must be different from those of the other. It will not, to minds hasty for results, seem to accomplish as much as the other. Yet it may really do more. But into questions of this kind I may not at present enter. All I am concerned to do is to negative the influence of false analogies, which can tend only to confuse the subject in some minds. And Mr. Brevior, besides the fallacious general analogy now partially exposed, has, contrary to his wont, made confusion worse confounded, by throwing in several subordinate tropes and figures, which are made to do duty for arguments, but which could only tell with individuals in a condition of fog wherein the relations of things were not clearly perceived. Liberty and Organization, says he, "Are the opposite poles of the magnet;" and then changing his figure, he adds, "You may have your money, or you may have your cake; but you cannot have both." I prefer the former analogy to the latter. I think it is considerably more exact. But it is far from supporting Mr. Brevior's view of the case, and I suspect that it was this—perhaps unconsciously to himself—which made his mind flit to a less happy, but, for his purpose, more suitable analogy. Granted, that they "are the opposite poles of the magnet." When has Mr. B. ever seen the poles of the magnet divorced from each other? A more unfortunate analogy for his argument could not have been hit upon. Not only can both be had together, but you literally cannot have the one without the other! Given, the magnet, the opposite poles must be there. It is for us so to relate them as to produce the alternate action and reaction, whence progression comes. The perfect application of antagonical forces is the whole art of life. I am persuaded that Mr. Brevior will review his dis-course upon this subject, and give the benefit of his fine intellect to the movement in favour of associated action. He sees the folly of certain applications which have been made of the doctrine of the "Sovereignty of the individual." Let him apply his mind to the resolution of the problem of Individual Sovereignty combined with Social Activity, and I doubt not, ere long, a scheme will be evolved which, whilst it may not accomplish all that the ardent desire, will afford a clear ground of co-operative usefulness for all classes of Spiritualists, and finally present to the world their "Spirit" of united Law and Liberty enshrined in a perfectly fitting, elastic, healthy and robust, though needlessly-dreaded "Organization."—I am, sir, yours &c., L.

P.S.—I am very much dissatisfied with the foregoing comments, they so imperfectly express the ideas I wished to develop. I can, however, at the moment, do no better. Some future opportunity may be allowed me to supplement their deficiencies. L.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN NOTTINGHAM.

CONFESSION OF THE SPIRIT OF DR. PRITCHARD.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I have this morning read your remarks concerning Dr. Pritchard, in your excellent article, on "Civilisation—its Supreme Criminals," and which I think every lover of truth and justice must appreciate. I also noticed the article on "Spirit-Knocking." On the night of the 2nd instant I attended a meeting of Spiritualists, at the house of Mr. Jeddiah Hitchcock, Great Alfred-street, Nottingham, whose wife is a medium through whom the spirits speak. Several spirits gave lengthy and instructive addresses to those assembled. At some meetings the spirits of the departed are permitted to address their friends, who are still in the flesh.

A spirit manifested himself who said he had terminated his mortal life a few days previously, in satisfying the law for the murder of his wife by poison. He said he was guilty of the crime for which he had suffered, and begged of all present to pray for him. He seemed very dejected and conscience-stricken, and his wretchedness and misery so great, that he had scarcely power sufficient to raise the medium from the earth. Indeed, when he first manifested himself, he seemed so afraid or ashamed to make himself known, that evidently he would not have done so, had not a higher power impelled him forward. While some were praying for him, according to his request, and one was asking him whether he had a ray of hope, or if any light had broken in upon him as to what was in store for him in the future—his wife manifested herself through another medium, and slowly made her way to him. He was already kneeling upon the floor, but upon her approach he sank still lower; his misery seemed so great at the sight of his murdered wife, that if it were possible he would have hidden himself in the earth. He asked her why she had come there to torment him? (What greater devil do we need than conscience?) The sight of his murdered victim seemed more than he could bear. He tried to wave her off with his hand and to keep her from him, but the fond and affectionate spirit of his faithful wife, although the victim of his

cruelty, would not be repulsed. She pressed forward, dropped on her knees by his side, tried to raise him, and clasped her arms around him; pressing him to her bosom, and laying her head on his shoulder, she wept in grief for the sufferings of her still beloved husband. She begged of him to speak to her, and told him that she still loved him, and had come there to comfort and pray for him. She had forgiven him, and he must ask God to do so. This more than human kindness—this fountain of love and affection opened for him in the pure heart of his wife, and the concern which she manifested for him, seemed more than he could withstand. It heaped coals of fire upon his head, and added so much to his wretchedness, and misery, and remorse of conscience, that he could no longer bear her presence, and he tried vigorously to shake her off, but without success. But vain were her efforts to effect a reconciliation, for although she again pleaded earnestly with him to speak to her, he answered not a word. In a short time she arose from her knees, complained of his unkindness, and hoped we would pray for both him and herself.

Such was the affecting scene witnessed by many, who will not soon forget the lesson thus taught them. Make what use you think proper of this letter, and believe me, sir,

Yours sincerely

August 9, 1865.

THOMAS TAYLOR.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The following extract, from the *Biography of the Empress Josephine*, in connection with prophecy or seership, may not prove uninteresting. The writer says:—

"We can hardly neglect the record here of an incident which may provoke the smile of many a reader, but it was so strange an event that it put forth an influence upon the fancy of Josephine till the last day of her life. If it may seem to border upon the realm of superstition, it is not below the realm of history to record it; for its business is to make men familiar with whatever sways human fortunes. Therefore, in Josephine's own words as she recorded them some years afterwards, and before their prophetic significance could possibly have dictated what we copy, she said—

"One day, before my first marriage, in taking my morning walk, I observed several negro girls gathered round an old woman, who was telling their fortunes. When I came up the old sybil screamed out, and seized my hand in the greatest agitation. Yielding to the absurdity, I gave it to her and said, 'You discover, then, something wonderful in my destiny? is it happiness or misfortune?' 'Misfortune—and—stop; happiness, too. I am not permitted to render them more clearly,' she said, as she looked up towards heaven. But beginning to be interested, I asked, 'Can you tell me my futurity?' 'Will you believe me, if I do speak it?' 'Yes,' I said, 'good mother, I will.' 'On your own head be it, then. Listen! You will soon be married, but you will not be happy. You will be a widow, and then—then you will be Queen of France! Some happy days will be yours; but you will die in an hospital, amid civil commotion!' 'As she finished these words,' says Josephine, 'she burst away from the crowd, and hurried as fast as her feeble limbs could carry her. I forbade the bystanders from troubling the old prophetess about this ridiculous prediction, and told the girls that they must never heed such stories. I laughed at it myself with my friends, but when my husband died on the scaffold, I could not keep this scene out of my fancy; and though I was in prison, when its fulfilment seemed less probable than ever, so deeply did it overshadow me, I could not feel it would not all become a reality.'"

The marvellous similarity of this prophecy of the old sybil, with the events which happened in after years to Josephine, will strike all readers; and if, as there is no reason to disbelieve, there was truth in her account of this meeting, it deserves the highest rank in the annals of fortune-telling.—Yours,

THOMAS COURT.

THE PRESS AGAIN.

"Miss MENKEN has sailed with the Davenports to America." This is the latest bit of the Flaneur's scandal, and has, of course, gone the round of the press. We should think the public will soon lose faith in the "fourth estate" and cease to regard it as an authority, at any rate on the subject of Spiritualism. We believe Miss Menken has sailed for America, but the Davenports are still in Paris. How many of the editors who have published this mis-statement will have the honour and honesty to contradict it? We believe, not one!

The Editor of the "SOUTHPORT VISITOR" quotes the account we lately reprinted from the "BANNER OF LIGHT" of the Physical Manifestations of the Eddy Brothers, and says—"If true they go far towards proving that Ferguson, Fay, and the Davenport Brothers were not the humbugs which they have been generally accounted."

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.

BAULDY—Declined with thanks.

NOTICE.

THOSE of our subscribers who are interested in Spiritualism, and desirous of diffusing information on the subject amongst inquirers, can have some copies of Spiritual periodical literature, free of charge, by addressing Mr. W. Tebb, 24, Park Road, Dalston, London, N.

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