

W. H. Chapman

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.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE public ear is almost incessantly assailed by the horrying accounts of murder which grows upon what it feeds, and finds its hellish appetite ever greedy for more. Either our system of treating crime is seriously defective, or there is an undiscovered instinct in human nature for the horrible which defies all legal enactments and gibbets, or else the national system of theological and social training is at fault. Which is it? Experience teaches us that the present mode of dealing with the murderer, is not one which has the salutary effect of preventing crime. Is it not high time, therefore, that the Government adopted some wiser and more effectual mode? The demands upon the skill of Calcraft are becoming seriously numerous; and even the most thorough converts to the present system of hanging, find it a sorry answer to the question—do public executions prevent crime? To say "murder increases, the average yearly number of its victims." What plainer evidence can be needed, that Capital Punishment is a failure? Society groans at the present hour from its horrible effects. Will not some of the new Liberals lately returned to Parliament, deal with this question, and show the madness of continuing a system, not only opposed to Christianity, but to common sense? The murderer very justly earns outlawry from those of his kind whose hands are free from the stain of blood. But the question naturally arises—Is the state upon Christian or civil grounds justified in taking life? If on civil grounds, we suppose justification for so doing would be urged in the names of wisdom and morality—that is, the state by taking the life of the murderer, recognises the "eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," barbarism of Moses—and from the best of motives founded upon life-taking, desires to set an example which shall appal the guilty, and thus prevent capital offences. We have already shown, that instead of capital punishment re-acting upon society to the deterrent, they rather excite, indirectly, at least, to the commission of murder. At any rate, the criminal lists show a frightful increase in that particular crime. If we take into the calculation the murderers who escape the capital charge, and those who get clear altogether, with those who are every few days forfeiting their lives on the gallows, we shall have a rough idea of the awful extent to which murder is perpetrated, and an argument too strong to be ignored, why, public hangings are ineffectual.

We hear of men attempting murder and wildly exclaiming that they are willing to swing the gratification of ridding the world of their victims these men count the drop scene as a triumph, rather than an ignominious finale

to the drama of their terrible lives. Of course, there is the chance of the culprit propitiating the Almighty in the name of orthodoxy, and finding, as he has been taught, forgiveness and bliss, just before the fatal drop scene—and this, we doubt not, is very gratifying to the world of professing believers in "faith without works," and possibly forms a strong incentive to defend the gallows. But the awful hardihood displayed by the majority of criminals who forfeit their lives on the scaffold, gives quite another aspect to the dreadful ceremony which, in the eyes of the morbid crowds who witness their final adieu elevates them into heroes. Hence the slang remarks about swinging—dying game, &c., cause a sensation of sickening horror to vibrate the whole physical frames of the refined and virtuous, whose ears are unwillingly made familiar with the indecent jargon of the crowds of renegades who frequent executions. No decent writer fails to lament this state of things, even whilst he may defend capital punishment. What can be done? Some would continue the use of the gallows, but have the executions private, which in our opinion, next to the abrogation of capital punishment, is the best to be done under the circumstances; but there is the demand to keep executions public, because of the possibility of the state-functionaries occasionally cheating the gallows. Continue the services of Calcraft, and the subject becomes involved on all hands. The present system encourages the most brutal and bestial scenes. It makes heroes of murderers, and recognises the law of Moses beyond that of Christ; and this is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that theology has battered on robbery and murder, and patronized hypocrisy, rather than sanctioned freedom of conscience. Always holding by the skirts of formalism, it has grown so thoroughly materialistic, that the world has learnt to laugh at Supernaturalism and Christian practice. What then can be expected if our churches hold their possessions by the right of force, and systematize the modes of teaching "damnable heresies?" Can a people be taught that God our Almighty Father will consign to eternal flames the souls of his creatures who fail to see as the churches see, and not be the worse for it? It is impossible. In the doctrine of damnation, is to be found the defence of all the most excruciating tortures which can be devised, for they can only affect the body which, in a few brief hours at most, will cease to feel, whilst God's alleged tortures affect the spirit which lives for ever, and is supposed without orthodox repentance in this life, to suffer for ever. No wonder the nation clings to its weapons of barbarism, and defies the lessons of experience, reason, and Christianity, in its dogged retention of the gallows. Everywhere is the retaliative spirit manifested, mothers and fathers castigate their children with the rod or stick; schoolmasters imitate the sublime example, and occasionally a fearful mistake is made, as was the case at Eastbourne, a few years back. Magistrates sometimes inflict severe penalties for very small offences. The law knows no mercy, its weapons are mostly retaliative. What is the result in the case of a small theft, say of a few apples taken by a child, without the magistrate "tempers justice with mercy?"—the child is imprisoned, and

ruined. Take the list of juvenile offenders, and what can be more patent than the fact, that children find their strongest promptings to sin *after* leaving a prison. Surely, reforming is better than punishing. But we are now dealing with capital punishment, and must leave the consideration of minor offences. The following extracts from a letter which appeared in the *Morning Star*, by the Secretary for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, give an accurate account of how murder thrives:—

Muller was executed November 14th, and on the evening of the very same day William Jessemer, an engineer, stabbed Leonard Blackburn, in Berwick-street, exclaiming, presently afterwards, "I will be hung for him, as Muller was for Briggs." The same week Elizabeth Burns cut the throat of her son, in Southwark, and stated to the magistrate (Mr. Woolrych) "yes, I intended to murder them all, as I wish to die—I want to be hung." A few days previously, Wm. Greenwood, a soldier, attempted to murder Margaret Sullivan, in Grays-inn-road, and, on his apprehension, said to a policeman: "I will be hung for her. I don't mind swinging with Muller for such as her." Again, just after Muller's sentence another foreigner (Kohlje) committed the horrible murder at Plais-tow for which he was shortly afterwards hanged. And nine days after Muller's execution, Alfred Jackson murdered Thomas Roberts, at Clerkenwell, almost under the shadow of the gallows of the Old Bailey. Yet another murder also took place at Hatcham, near London, in the interval between Muller's sentence and execution. Such an extraordinary outbreak of homicidal crimes in the metropolitan district is, I believe, utterly unprecedented, and if capital sentences are efficient to deter, the period of their occurrence should have been the very last one where they might have been looked for.

The notorious quadruple execution at Liverpool two years ago, instead of deterring from murder in that place, for some considerable subsequent period, at least, was followed in a few weeks by five murders and one attempt to murder; all the crimes being committed in the same town.

In like manner a recent execution for the murder of a child at Chatham, by Burton (who had expressed a wish to be hanged,) was followed in a few weeks by another murder of a child in the same town by Alfred Holder, who also repeatedly uttered a desire to be hanged, a wish which was not refused; and a third murder was perpetrated at Chatham shortly after these two executions.

Recent events strongly exhibit the anomalous and very irregular treatment of murderers which is inevitably necessitated by the enactment of death-penalties. Juries will persist in acquitting murderers even in peculiarly atrocious cases. The Home Office is again and again importuned by deputations and individuals; and necessarily so. Pleas of insanity are raised on murder trials, both rightly and wrongly in various cases according to the respective circumstances, but equally bewildering and undesirable whether such pleas are well founded or not.

The result of all this is confusion, wide-spread dissatisfaction, and encouragement to the most violent persons. Thus two men have just been sentenced to death at Winchester. One (Hughes) was hung whilst the mob outside the gallows were calling loudly for the authorities to bring out the other (Broomfield,) whose sentence had been commuted. At the last Lent Assizes at Exeter, when the atrocious child murderer, Charlotte Winsor, was first put on her trial, the jury could not agree, eight being for an acquittal, and four for a verdict of guilty. A second jury have now found her guilty on the same charge, but the irregularity has necessitated her reprieve. At the recent Maidstone Summer Assizes, 1865, the bystanders were astounded at the extraordinary and most unexpected acquittals of Thomas Jones and Elizabeth Inglis, both charged with murder on evidence apparently clear and strong. By a like special uncertainty in the enforcement of capital penalties, a Dr. Sneathurst was acquitted, and a Dr. Pritchard hanged. At the execution of the latter the mob loudly cheered Calcraft, whilst at Wright's execution in Southwark, yells and groans evinced the general sense of an inconsistent departure from the recent precedents of Hall and Fownley commutations.

But if capital punishment were abolished, there would then be removed the chief cause of nearly all this irregularity, this sympathy for the criminal rather than for the victim, this unwillingness of juries to convict this inevitable danger of a metamorphosis of a vast tolerant mental affliction or disease with a fatal punishment, and this wide-spread popular apprehension of administrative partiality or inequitable distinction.

May the repeated experiences of these evils more and more awaken and direct public attention to the superior efficacy of severe secondary punishments for murder, with certainty of infliction, rather than capital penalties necessarily and inevitably encompassed with uncertainty and with many chances of partial or total escape for the most atrocious and dangerous criminals.

We agree with the writer, and urge the abolition of capital punishment, not from any morbid sympathy for the murderer, but from a deep rooted conviction that society is wronged by the continuance of a system which has repeatedly proved itself ineffectual. The question will arise, whenever the nation abandons the gallows, what shall be done with the murderers? There will, doubtless, be numerous plans proposed; we would have them conveyed to an island where they should be made to work; the profits of their labour, over and above the cost of their passage and their own support, to go to the families of their murdered victims. It seems to us that such a fate would materially lessen the inducement to murder; and whilst it saved the country the disgrace of assembled multitudes witnessing the fall of the fatal drop, it would at the same time destroy that morbid taste for the heroic on the part of the murder-disposed, which has of late been signally exhibited. In dealing with murderers, we have case-hardened evidences of that want of spiritual culture which would make murder impossible

without the murderer *knowing* he shall be haunted by his victim, and that no expiation on a scaffold, however painful to him it may be, can *fully* atone for his guilt. What therefore seems necessary, is to resuscitate the spiritual which has been for ages almost dead to the Protestant Churches. Let them seek revivification from the never failing sources of spiritual Truth, then having life in them, they will be in a condition to put life into the consciences of their flocks. Whilst the Present is made the alpha and omega of life, instead of the passage to the Hereafter; it is not to be wondered at, that men worship self in their struggles for wealth and power, and by their purblind policy, ignore the higher life altogether, or hold it in the leading strings of dogma. The mere cultivation of the intellect without regard to the conscience, whilst it may make men acute in the ways of the world, can never lead them to the Fount of all Truth. The heart must be in unison with the Divine, and find its only happiness in that which is pure and eternal, the character will then be found to withstand the force of evil temptations. We cannot too strongly urge upon our age the necessity of seeking the light of Spiritualism, which not only dwells with the so-called Spiritualist, but with humanity, waiting to emit its lustre abroad. The churches have it hidden behind the dark curtains of dogmatism, and fear to draw them back—hence the ghosts of fancy affright them from their propriety—and darkness covers them. But the time approaches when the spiritual light will appear, and a new reformation heralded by hosts of miracles and spirit-prophecies will rise phoenix-like from the ashes of dogmatism; then will the old doctrines of Retaliation be superseded by those of Divine Love. When the churches shall feel the earthquake-convulsions of their flocks, and the conscience-pangs—the Nemesis which their own sins have invoked, something may be expected from them in the way of Duty, and society may own less criminals of all grades. In the meantime, it is the duty of Spiritualists to work for the diffusion of more spiritual light, and to urge upon ministers, teachers, and statesmen, the necessity of inculcating lessons which shall improve society. If this is done faithfully, Capital Punishment will soon be a barbarism of the past.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—I have received the following letter from Mr. Mulock this morning, in which he states "that I have wasted some ink in criticising him upon the strength of the reference in his circular to 1 Cor., c. xi., v. 10—16, whereas he quoted 1 Cor., c. ii., v. 10—16," and requesting me to correct the error into which I was led by the inaccuracy of his printer or of his original manuscript. I have great pleasure in doing so, and of admitting that the latter quotation does not afford any such ground of suspicion of a fanatical reverence for scripture which the former would have done. I send the antagonistic circular.—I remain, yours truly,

JOHN PERCEVAL.

London, August 23, 1865.

My dear Mr. Perceval,—Your introductory letter is all that could be desired as to manner. You never forget in your warmest controversy that you are a gentleman, which very few fanatical religionists are. Mr. Crole and his gang of pietists have fulminated an anonymous bolt against me, which they meant to be deadly, but "tecum in bellum sine ictu" is the result, for I never notice anonymous assassins.

But you have wasted some ink in criticising me upon the strength of a reference to 1 Cor., c. xi., v. 10—16, whereas it was 1 Cor., c. ii., v. 10—16 that I quoted or cited. Thus you will see that while your attack on Paul the apostle stands as good as ever, you were totally in error with respect to me, and if you retain a love of accuracy (very much set at naught in our days) you will be glad to notify and correct your error in a line to the editor. By the way, I could not help smiling at the said clever editor's exposure of the sad state of Christian civilization, which is all true, but the editor's remedy is, I apprehend, somewhat delusive. Not knowing what regeneration is (viz., a new birth in the soul effected by the almighty agency of the Holy Ghost), the editor earnestly urges men to *regenerate themselves*, upon which I venture to remark that people might as well be requested to make a new sun and moon!

As for the *spiritual* marvels recorded in the *Times* you were good enough to send me, I don't cherish the slightest incredulity about them. They may all have taken place, and infinitely more surprising ones. With me this spiritualism is not a question of disputed facts, collusion, &c., &c.; I look simply to the *agency*, and I have no doubt whatever that in every case the Devil and his host of evil spirits are the promoters of the entire system. Nothing short of God's omnipotence can rescue misled mortals from such horrible subjection to Satan.—Yours faithfully,

Stafford, August 22, 1865.

T. M. LOCK.

EMMA HARDINGE.

Emma Hardinge has arrived, and is staying with a sister in Manchester, where, we believe, she intends resting for a few weeks. When she is ready for service; we are sure the friends of Truth everywhere will welcome her. Those of our readers who read her farewell to the American people, cannot, we presume, fail to appreciate the highly intellectual and withal humanly-loving woman, who for eight years devoted her whole time and abilities (which we are persuaded are of a very superior order) to the cause of humanity. We shall deem it a pleasure to aid her all we can, and hope our friends will not prove themselves less warm in their sympathies than our American brothers and sisters, whose real feelings towards Emma Hardinge may be seen in the following extract from the *Banner of Light* :—

MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES IN NEW YORK.

Miss Hardinge has just closed her sixteenth lecture to "The First Society of Spiritualists," in Hope Chapel, New York. Notwithstanding the very warm weather, Miss H. has drawn full and sometimes crowded houses. She has spoken on some of the most intricate phases of psychological science, and has treated them I will not say as with "supernatural" wisdom, but with a master mind. Her lectures have been very valuable in "resurrecting from the dead" many persons who had not dreamed that there is a future life, who are now in concern of mind as to their own chances and position, and also have instructed and inspired Spiritualists to greater efforts to force the new dispensation on public attention. We feel (as the Church would say) that a revival of Spiritualism has commenced here.

I forward with this the preamble and resolutions passed unanimously and with emphasis by a crowded house of intelligent and delighted listeners at the close of her lectures.

Miss Hardinge very happily replied to the resolutions, and signified her consent to our publishing such of her lectures as we choose. I am sorry to say that we have reports of only four or five of them, which will be published in due time.

For truth and human elevation, I am respectfully yours,
CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

The undersigned having been appointed at the close of the lectures of Miss Emma Hardinge to the First Spiritualist Society, New York, 30th July, 1865, as a Committee to draw up some suitable expression of their appreciation of her lectures, and of the sentiments occasioned by her intended departure from our shores, would, on behalf of this Society, submit the following :—

WHEREAS, Miss Emma Hardinge has been engaged for years with great success as a lecturer in the field of reform in the different parts of the United States and especially on the subject of Modern Spiritualism; and

WHEREAS, She has just delivered her parting lecture, previous to leaving for Europe, and we feel unwilling to part with her without tendering her our sincere thanks for the grand and noble utterances with which she has delighted and instructed us from time to time! therefore,

RESOLVED, that the thanks of the Spiritualists of America are due to Miss Hardinge for her indefatigable labours and untiring zeal in the great cause of Truth and Humanity, and that the thanks especially of the Spiritualists of the City of New York are due, and are hereby tendered to her for her recent highly acceptable and edifying lectures among us.

RESOLVED, That in leaving our shores for her native land she carries with her the love, good will and kindred regards not only of this Society but of thousands who have listened to her soul-stirring expositions of the noble Truth and appeals in behalf of the cause of Righteousness, of God, and of Humanity.

RESOLVED, That we commend Miss Hardinge to the English public, and especially to the Spiritualists among them, as worthy of every kindly attention they may bestow upon her, and of every effort they may put forth for the furtherance of her mission of truth and love; and that when her work shall have been accomplished on the other side of the Atlantic, we will take supreme delight in welcoming her again to our shores.

RESOLVED, That we respectfully solicit permission from Miss Hardinge to publish such of her recent lectures as have been reported, as a monument to her efforts, and highly esteemed legacy to us and to the American people.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE,
ALBERT DAY,
GEORGE BUSH,
T. C. BENNING,
I. M. KING,
WILLIAM FISHBROUGH

NATURE AND SUPER-NATURE.

Is it a fact the operations in the world are uniform? The whole external phenomena of nature and the internal of man with one voice bear testimony to the contrary. If they were so, then we would, for instance, be able to predict the exact state of the weather on any given day in the year, just as we are able to predict the moment of the rising and setting of the sun, or an eclipse of the moon: we should have no storms, or, if we had, they would come regularly, or on some particular day, well known from long experience and observation. But, perhaps, it may be replied that meteorology is becoming a science, and forecasts of the weather are actually made with remarkable precision. This is true, but it does not affect our position, which is, that these phenomena are not uniform: if we see frost and cold at the summer solstice, and mild warm weather at Christmas, we cannot assert that there is uniformity in the operations of nature. Again, are not all the extraordinary variations that we daily see in the growth of trees and flowers, monstrosities in animal births, madness, idiocy in human beings, proofs of an entire absence of uniformity in nature? If it is again replied that, for aught, all these, which we are accustomed to call irregularities and monstrosities, are really the regular operation of some law, or laws, of nature with which we are unacquainted, we answer, May not the supernatural in the Bible which you object to, be likewise the operation of certain Divine laws, equally incomprehensible? nay, less incomprehensible, for we see a reason for the latter, but we see no reason for the former? For if we believe that man is intended for another life beyond this present, and that it is God's will to give that life to all who make themselves worthy of it, it is more comprehensible that He should reveal Himself to man, in what is called a supernatural way, than that these irregularities in nature should take place, for which we are utterly unable to assign any reason. In truth, instead of the course of nature being uniform, all evidence of every portion of it proves that variations of the most incomprehensible character pervade the whole. The only portion of God's creation where uniformity can safely be even approximately predicated, is some of the heavenly bodies, the planets and their satellites, which are wholly external to this earth of ours. To go a step higher and come to that part of the Creation of God, which more nearly resembles Himself, the invisible qualities of the soul of man, his will his reason, his intellect; do we find uniformity here? there is surely no need to waste words in giving proofs of what is familiar to us, that even the wisest and best of men act often as if they were almost destitute of those high qualities. It cannot, then, be considered to be inconsistent with such a state of irregularity, or want of uniformity, to assert that there is an antecedent possibility, not to say probability, that the Divine will may also be discovered as operating immediately in such a state of things as are here presented to our view. The only possible objection which can be brought is this, that if it is in accordance with nature that Divine Power should intervene in the earlier ages of the world, then it is also to be expected that such operation should continue. Why should we have a history of God's intervention—we use the word in its popular sense, not as wholly approving of the idea connected with it—in (let us say) the first four thousand years of man's existence on earth, and not see it also in (we will say) the last two thousand? We answer, that if the purpose for which such intervention took place is fulfilled, it is not incumbent to suppose that the visible manifestations will cease. We desire to lay stress on the adjective "visible," because we do not wish it to be thought that we in any way countenance the notion that God's supernatural intervention has ceased, because there are no more Divine writings to record them. On the contrary, we hold most strongly with the expressed doctrine of the Church, and as often expressed faith of the nation, that plagues, pestilences, famines, and war, are as direct interventions of the Divine Power now, as they were in the days of the judges and kings of Israel; nay more, we are ready to endorse a popular opinion that "judgments" are inflicted on individual men for individual sins.—*Englishman's Magazine*.

HARVEST HYMN.

We thank Thee for the glowing fruit :—
We thank Thee for the golden grain :—
For lavish life from Nature's root,
For gladdest sunshine, richest rain.

The cup of plenty gushes o'er :—
The cup we taste, the feast we praise :—
O, boundless as Thy boundless store,
Be Lord, our worship of thy ways.

Thou art the giver of our bread :
Lord, be the Giver of our peace :—
May we with nobler food be fed,
Than Earth's sweet manifold increase.

There is a manna of the soul,
A mystic corn,—a mystic wine :—
And nourishing while making whole,
There is a banquet all divine.

O may Thy holy Angels bring
To us, O God, this pure repast :—
May we a harvest anthem sing
In scenes where tempests never blast.

Each Spirit has its harvest home :—
Be our last harvest home with Thee :
We cease to suffer,—cease to roam
Are sanctified,—exultant, free.

WILLIAM MACCALL

L'Avenir contains an elaborate account by J. Mitchell, of a seance which took place with the Davenport's, at Mr. Guppy's Chateau Gennevilliers, on the 25th of July. The manifestations were in every way satisfactory, and we are glad to observe the thorough hearty spirit with which Mr. Mitchell writes. He unhesitatingly affirms that the demonstrations were *bona fide* the work of spirits.

ORGANIZATION.

London, August 14, 1865.

My dear L.—It is so much more pleasant and less formal to write to you than to write at you, that, without ceremony, I address myself direct to you in reference to your criticism in the *SPIRITUAL TIMES*, of the 12th inst., on my Address in the previous number.

After all the kind and civil things you have said of me it would seem discourteous, and my silence might be misconstrued, were I not to reply: otherwise, I should feel content with simply asking all whom it might concern to read your letter and my Address together, to restore in the latter the quotations made by you to their context, and to bear in mind the particular point which the paragraph was meant to prove or illustrate, and its connexion and bearing on the general argument. I should then be quite willing to leave them to draw their own conclusions without note or comment.

Swedenborg tells us that the angels have no need of speech: that they can read each other's thoughts without the use of words. Happy angels! But we, poor earth-dwellers, must continue to use words as the symbols of thought—imperfect and inadequate as they are, and often conveying to the hearer or reader an idea totally different to that intended by the speaker or writer. And so—not being “on the side of the angels,” this seems to be my unhappy lot on the present occasion. I thought I had made my meaning clear, but as it seems I have not, I must by explanation, amplification, reiteration, and I am afraid, botheration, try my hand at it again; and if you, my dear and amiable L., will in this (as I know you do in so many matters) try and act the part of a good angel, by reading the thoughts as well as the words, I shall, perhaps, this time, have better luck. It is not often you find yourself in disagreement with me, you say. Could we converse (or correspond) as the Angels do, I don't think you would disagree with me now, your long letter notwithstanding.

It is not to Organization in itself and as applied to any and every purpose that I am opposed. Whatever my errors of judgment may be, I trust

“I'm too discreet

To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.”

I have said that Organization is “implied in the very existence of Society,” that it is “reasonable, and right, and even necessary;” I have even pointed out how there is a legitimate sphere for its action in connection with Spiritualism; so far from my not recognizing Liberty and Organization as the opposite poles of the magnet, and as necessary to each other, it is just my contention that they are so, that as in Society you must have Organization at the one pole—i.e., the Physical side of life, so, on the other, you must have Liberty on the Spiritual side; and my whole argument has been to show this distinction, (not “destruction,” as misprinted) and the mischiefs that have resulted, and that must result from confounding together what God has made distinct, and not recognizing their true limits and boundaries, and separate spheres of action. You speak of “the inherent vice of all Associations based on creeds, and not providing within themselves for change and development of opinion.” The inherent vice of all Associations based on creeds is the very thesis which my Address went to sustain. A Church or Society for promoting the belief in spiritual communion would be an Association based on a creed, and be subject to the “inherent vice” of “all Associations” so based. As to an Association “providing within itself for change and development of opinion;” that is quite conceivable for a Church based on the idea of *Worship*; or of a Society for *Investigation* and *Discussion*, but not for a Church or a Society, based on a definite Creed, Doctrine, or Opinion, such as has been proposed with relation to the spiritual Faith, and against which your letter, as it seems to me, not less than my Address, is an emphatic protest.

As to “a true Spiritual Society as broad as humanity,” and including “every thinker willing to join it,” and which would not even assert “the exclusion of Materialists,” I need scarcely point out that that would not be a distinctive Society of Spiritualists at all. It is a proposal to neutralize the “inherent vice of all Associations based on creeds,” by knocking away the basis altogether. It is the Play of Hamlet without the character of Hamlet. It is a whimsical way of supporting a proposition to form a distinctive congregation or Society of Spiritualists, by adding to it a rider “to include all thinkers”—Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Ranters, Dunces, Mormons, Muggletonians, Musclemen, Re-incarnationists, Resurrectionists, Destructionists, Harmonial-Philosophers, New Jerusalemites, Shakers, Quakers, Jumpers, and Jews, and “not to the exclusion of the Materialists.”

Seriously, what need of a special Organization for this purpose? Human Society is just such an Organization, with other elements combined. Of course, you may have a more definite Organization in which these discordant elements may be brought into more immediate collision. You may institute a Temple-Forum, or a Cogers'-Hall, or some other Intellectual Gymnasium, in which all the Churches and Nationalities may join the Spiritualists in smoking the pipe of peace and wrangling over their respective differences. Such an Organization may possibly be useful to sprouting Junius Brutuses and Marylebone vestrymen, but surely, L., you and I may find some more useful work to do than taking part in it.

You admit that my fundamental distinction between Organization for material purposes, and Organization for spiritual purposes is “very obvious.” But to this you append two remarks, which I will take in their order. First, you say—“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.” The remark is perfectly just. But this only renders it the more requisite that the work of each should be restricted to its own sphere, which is quite wide enough, and in which it can be most usefully applied. There is a strict unity in physical science; but though the labours of the geologist, the geographer, the botanist, and the zoologist, are mutually helpful, the progress of each department, and consequently of the whole, it is found is best promoted

by the division of labour, each science being kept distinct from its sister sciences.

Take another illustration. The most intimate union of the spiritual and the physical is in man himself. He is a Spirit with a bodily organization, each acting and reacting on the other. Health of body is conducive to health of mind, while mental emotion affects the bodily frame:—the more violent emotions, fear, rage, or sudden joy, sometimes even destroying its very life. Yet, notwithstanding this intimate union, we find it not only practicable, but highly useful to keep distinct the offices of the clergyman and the physician; and each pursues his own proper and special method of treatment. We don't give a Tract to expel the measles, nor seek to convert a sinner from the error of his ways by *nux vomica* and a mustard poultice.

You ask, “Would not the publication and sale of spiritual works have a greater success were the Organization for their production and distribution more complete than it is?” I decidedly think it would, and should be glad to see it effected. Need I repeat what I have said?—The proper sphere of Organization, it seems to me, is the external and the physical.” If useful spiritual results can be effected by the Organization of better business arrangements; so far from objecting, I should rejoice at it; but, as I have already said, “If you propose to organize to build a creed, or to impose one, I cry—Hold, there; you have no business with that!” Surely, however, the appointment of agents for the sale of spiritual books and publications does not imply this; and I may, without inconsistency, approve the one and condemn the other. Surely, too, the difference is obvious between a small Committee, (the smaller the better, a self-appointed Committee of *one*, with power to add to the number, is, for most purposes, the best) in “general agreement,” for arranging for the delivery of lectures; and a large heterogeneous society in general disagreement, “including every thinker willing to join it;” or a narrower one “based on a creed.”

Your second remark takes the form of a question. You ask, concerning the proposed Organization, “What if it should not pay? The success may be quite beyond all expectation, and may yield a spiritual profit.” Well, I am quite aware that Associations for certain purposes may be eminently successful without yielding a pecuniary profit. But you will please call to mind the purpose of the observations criticised. The advocates of Organization had appealed to Joint-Stock Companies as an example for Spiritualists to imitate. I showed that commercial undertakings necessarily rested on a different basis and appealed to different motives;—i.e., selfishness and the love of gain. If they “did not pay,” if shareholders must count “not to gain, but to lose,” such undertakings would soon cease to be pointed to as examples of successful Organization. Their example was the point at issue. My answer applied to that, and to that only, and I think it is complete.

You quote with approval my statement, that “Life is the cause, not the product of Organization;” but you think it inconsistent with a previous assertion that “Organization is a sign, not of strength, but of weakness.” Permit me to point out that you have here fallen into the prevalent mistake of confounding, under a common name, things in their nature distinct, and which it was my object to distinguish. The one remark applies to natural organization, as the human body; the other, to a Society formed for a particular purpose; in the case before us, a Society “based on a creed,” namely, the belief in spiritual agency. The one is a *growth*, the other a *manufacture*. Both may be called an Organization, as consisting of parts or organs forming a complex whole; but the difference is as between a flower and a mouse-trap. It is not by mechanism, but by deepening and quickening the life within, that there can be any *true growth*. Organization in the one sense, is as it were the instinct of weakness to strengthen itself by mechanical union—of sticks to form themselves into a bundle, that they may not so easily be broken; in the other sense, it is as the tree which becomes strong by the vital forces within it developing its powers to their full maturity. I would have association assimilate as near as may be to this natural type. You refer to Wesley and the Methodists. I take your instance as an illustration of the difference.

In John Wesley's time there was a great decay both of sound morals and of religious faith. All parties agree that we are largely indebted to him for the great improvement in these respects that has taken place. How was it effected? Did he call a public meeting to pass resolutions that they would have a religious revival, drawing up a declaration of principles, and a code of rules, and appointing officers and collecting subscriptions to carry it out? Nothing of the kind. If I remember rightly, he and his brother Charles met together with one or two friends in their college-rooms for early morning prayer-meeting and the reading of the Scriptures. They felt deeply the corruption and the lack of piety all around them, and they sought help, not of Organization, but of God. They opened their own souls to the baptism of a divine Inspiration, and they felt impelled by its holy fires to go forth in streets, and fields, and market places. As of old, the common people heard them gladly; they felt a spirit of worship, and the need of religious instruction, and they built churches to meet the want. Here was the principle of natural growth from a germinal centre. But then came the crave for Organization, and even so good a man as Wesley did not escape its influence. The greatest weakness in his character—the love of rule, was developed in him by the Organization at the head of which he was placed. And what has the Methodist Organization become? An unmitigated despotism. In the language of Ebenezer Elliot, the Methodist Conference may be called

“The hundred Popes of England's Jesuitry.”

The ministry is subject to their authority. They must go where they are sent, and do as they are bid. They are cross-examined even as to the works they read. And if any of their number venture to publish “Fly Leaves,” reporting the proceedings of the Conference, the whole body is subject to the most inquisitorial examination to discover the daring offenders; and when found, the culprits are expelled, and a great schism in the Organization takes place. The movement originated and was the product of the activity of spiritual life; the Organization was an after-growth, a fungus on the original stock.

The Methodist Organization is not, as far as I know, worse than others I could go on giving similar instances till the editor of this paper and its readers cried—"Hold, enough!" I ask, is history of no more use than an old Almanack? Are we never to learn by any other experience than our own? Must we all go on like big babies putting our fingers in the fire to be sure that it still burns?

Organization must be of one of two types; either a strict Organization to insure the strength derived from unity, and then you have Despotism; or a lax, elastic Organization, and then you have not only weakness, but ANARCHY. Take which form of the dilemma you will. It is not that it is the purpose (as you affirm) of Organizations to make men machines, neither the Jesuits, the Methodists, nor any other Society based on a creed, have ever made that their purpose. But they have found it necessary to do this as a means to carry out their purposes. They have found that the individual will of its members must be kept in abeyance, for the Organization to wield its full powers in carrying out its ends.

You express a confident persuasion that I shall review what I have said on this subject, and give my support to the movement for associated action. I trust my remarks have by this time convinced you that I have never been otherwise than in favour of associated action on right principles—spontaneous, voluntary, free association; not mechanical, nor dogmatic; based on no creed, dogma, articles, or subscription to formulæ of any kind: but founded on the attraction of moral gravitation in kindred natures, working in free harmonious activity for common ends; not, therefore, a single huge conglomerate association; but manifold, diversified, forming into several distinctive groups, working in their several varied ways according to their affinities and attractions; not a fixed, bony framework, petrifying the free life; but having the flow and spontaneity of free spiritual activities, and with Organization, limited to its proper sphere of the external and the administrative.

I have not formed or expressed these views hastily, or on merely speculative grounds. From boyhood—for now a quarter of a century, I have been an interested observer, and have taken a more or less active part in associated efforts, and in Organizations for various purposes. The conclusions derived from such an experience ought to be of some value to anyone who is the subject of them, and who is not altogether a fool. The following, then, to me, is as Joseph Hume would have said, "the tattle of the whole."

An Organization, or Society, should have a single, clear, definite aim. It should apply itself to that, and to that alone; and that aim should be one admitting of an external, manifest, palpable realization—the obtaining of an Act of Parliament; the repeal of an obnoxious law; the raising of funds to build a meeting-place or to circulate certain writings; or to some equally single, distinct, obvious work, requiring the strength of numbers and united action to carry it through. What an Organization of the stricter sort, "based on a creed," is, and what it must lead to, I have already shown, both from the nature and the facts of the case.

But it may be said, the instances referred to were ecclesiastical Organizations, for the conservation of theological opinions, they were not "as broad as humanity." Very well! I will not insist further on the obvious truth that a Society for the promotion of Spiritualism, or any other ism believed to be true, must labour for its conservation as well as its extension. But now let me trace the actual course of an Organization based on a philosophical creed, with a "free platform," erecting "no barrier of opinion against any man," and the ultimate aims of which were "as broad as humanity." It is no fancy sketch; many will recognize it as "taken from life." The Society was one of which I was, for many years, a close and deeply interested, and not altogether idle, observer. It was the nearest approximation I know of to that kind of Society which seems to be your ideal: it may be taken therefore, as a type of its class.

The Society grows out of the labours of an earnest and untiring philanthropist, with very decided and unpopular opinions. A band of friends gather around him as fellow-workers. They must have a Society with its branches all over the kingdom. The usual machinery for propaganda is set in motion. The leaders are earnest, able men, and their energy carries conviction wherever they labour. But soon, as their Organization extends, a very different order of men spring up among them. Ignorant, arrogant, conceited, crotchety, they rush to the front and insist on being heard. What! would the members suppress liberty of speech and become tyrants? Are they not organized on a broad and free platform? And so all sorts of questions foreign to the prime object of the Society are fastened on to it. Every opinion destitute of a home; every wandering heresy claims shelter. Every man with a political crotchet, or a theological conceit, or a panacea for reforming the world, or a whimsey about diet or dress, or, in short, an absurdity or extravagance of any kind, insists on riding his hobby in public on the free platform of the Organization. The reasonable men of the party, those in particular to whom it owes its birth, struggle against all this wild confusion and perversion of the Society; but modest and sensitive natures shrink from the prolonged and apparently interminable conflict, and overborne by the more coarse and turbulent elements, they, one by one, wearied and disgusted, withdraw to their private studies, or to more hopeful labours; and so the Society come ultimately to be represented by its most vain, violent, erratic, least-qualified members; and, its course perverted, its principles travestied, it becomes a by-word and a hissing; and long after it has itself gone to wrack, its worst influence survives to retard, more than ought else, the progress of those principles, it was designed and established to accelerate.

I have written a longer letter than I intended, and yet I feel that for want of fuller explanations, there are points which may seem to you inconsistent, or be otherwise misapprehended. Would we could have talked as do the angels, so that I might have saved you a correspondence which I fear must have become wearisome, and which, at all events, I certainly am not desirous of extending. And so, wishing that you and all my fellow Spiritualists may stand fast in their liberty, and refuse to be entangled in any yoke of Organization,

I remain, my dear L.,

Yours for Truth and Freedom,

THOMAS BREVIER.

REMARKABLE SPIRIT-VISITATION.

DR. G. A. LATHROP, from the Pacific coast, while in our office a few days since, related some remarkable facts occurring in the experience of a distinguished gentleman of his acquaintance, a man of vigorous intellectual powers and of high reputation for candour and intelligence. One day, while at work in his garden, he observed, on suddenly looking up, that a deceased friend who left the form some twenty years since, was standing by him, looking as youthful as when he last saw him in the body. This unexpected visitor, whose countenance was distinctly recognised, proceeded to inform his mundane friend that he was his guardian spirit, and had come to warn him against entering into a contemplated business relation with a certain man who was, at the same time, represented as unworthy of his confidence. This interview lasted about half-an-hour, when all at once the mysterious visitor disappeared.

Subsequently this guardian came to his earthly friend on several different occasions, usually in the night. At one time the clothes were abruptly drawn from the bed, and on awaking he discovered a luminous cloud in his apartment, which gradually assumed the form of his well-remembered friend, who approached, and, seating himself on the bedside, conversed familiarly for two hours. In the course of this interview the gentleman inquired of his transmundane friend how he should know that the character of the person against whom he had been warned was such as the spirit had represented. The latter promised to show him the past life of the man referred to, and to convince him of the correctness of his statements. Subsequently, the whole life of that man, embracing his most secret and reprehensible deeds, together with the various localities known to him, came up in remembrance before the medium; he seemed to see them, and they appeared as familiar as the scenes and incidents of his own existence.

Since that time the gentleman, who was favoured with this extraordinary experience has been forced to yield to the conviction that spirits do converse with mortals. Prosecuting his inquiries through external channels, with a view either to disprove or verify his spiritual impressions, he has found already that, to a great extent at least, the picture presented to his interior vision was drawn faithfully and to the life. It is worthy of remark that this gentleman had no knowledge of the phenomena and claims of Spiritualism at the time his guardian spirit first visited him in the garden. Other spirits now come to him, and their visits are constantly increasing in frequency and interest.—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

MONOPOLY IN RELIGION.

The test of a faith is its power to cast out demons. But who shall tell us what the demons are? It is very easy to say, Cast out devils; but thus far it has resulted in Christians trying to cast out one another, and letting the devils remain in possession. Who shall tell us what the devils are? O friends! we cannot know what they are, till we are delivered from the prince of them, which is the spirit of Phariseism, and exclusiveness, and monopoly. We cannot know what they are, until we come out of our sectarian corners and ecclesiastical closets, where we have been so long barricaded, and standing in the open plains of humanity, ask ourselves what it is that injures MAN; what curses society at large; what depraves and eradicates human nature; not what weakens our party, shakes our organization, enfeebles the influence of our church. When we can forget the personal pronoun entirely—forget that we have an establishment to build up—forget that we have a denomination to sustain—forget that we have a church to fill—forget that we have a private spiritual interest to serve—forget that we have a system to defend and promulgate—and only remember God has a truth to serve—then, and not till then, shall we know what the demons are that we are called to cast out. Then we may discover, possibly, that the first demon is the spirit which we have been all along cherishing as angel: the hunger for personal or partisan appropriation—the rage for spoils in the heavenly kingdom. The faith that makes men large and liberal—call itself what it may—is the true faith. The faith that delivers men from their limitations, stirs them from their stupor, makes them ashamed of their ignorance, puts down unwarranted authority, expels from their bosoms the fear of God, exorcises the spirit of distrust and timidity, of doubt respecting themselves and the world they live in—the faith that gives them confidence in their power to find the truth, and in the power of natural and providential agencies to get them out of their misery—no matter what ugly name it may happen to bear—is good faith. Call it orthodoxy, heterodoxy, heresy, infidelity, secularism, pantheism, or whatever else is obnoxious in title—if it casts out the demons of ignorance, lethargy, stupor, blindness, and servility of mind—if it expels the spirit of tame acquiescence and dumb submission to want and misery—if it drives out cowardice and credulity and superstition—if it is a spirit of liberation, it is good. It may not be for our church—it cannot be against our influence.—*Friend of Progress.*

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS, an American Monthly, which succeeded THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, has stopped short at the 10th No. The proprietors had determined to complete a volume but a fire destroyed a considerable part of their property, and rendered an immediate discontinuance necessary. We are sorry for the misfortune, but let us hope another publication, as ably conducted, with better prospects may be forthcoming in its stead.

MR. AND MRS. WALLACE; AND "ALL THE YEAR ROUND" ON ITS WEAKEST LEGS.

(To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.)

DEAR SIR,—Had I read the number of the 5th of the present month of "All the Year Round," I should, in all probability, have never called upon Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who have been honored by mention in its pages. Entertaining the idea that some of its writers, although but a few years ago so penniless as not to be able to pay for a dinner more than three times a week (and I do not allude to this as a reproach) were, at least, truthful men, I should have believed in the truth of what they stated, and kept away. There is now one writer in that publication whose word I would not believe; and as I have an intimate friend amongst its contributors, I hope for his own sake that he was not the writer who penned the miserable compound of trash, vulgarity, and lies, which appeared under the heading of "Spirits on their Last Legs."

Had I not have gone to the Wallaces, I should not, probably, have read the article in question. Had I read that article yesterday morning (August 21st), I should have said, "What a pity it is that impostors, such as these Wallaces, cast discredit on Spiritualism by Spiritualism be true! Reading it that morning by the light of my own acquired knowledge, I thought, "What a pity it is that such a miserable snob as the writer of this article (that article on Legs, seemingly written by a Blackleg) should be allowed, by such a man as Charles Dickens, to pollute the latter's pages with, not only such miserable twaddle, but with such lies, for I now know them to be lies. I use, it will be seen, the word "lie." I use it because it is a more expressive word than any other I can find in the English language to express my meaning.

I forget the year or date when table-turning caused such a sensation. I think it was ten or twelve years ago, but that matters little; our friend of the "last legs" (perhaps they were drunken ones) will probably remember the time for me. At that time I tried what was termed the "key and book test." Answers were given me that, to say the least, surprised me. I communicated them to the *Leader*, and Mr. Lewes did me the honor, if honor it was, to devote a leading article to the communication. Our "last legs" friend would say about the honour—no; never mind what he would say.

From that time until 1862 I did not repeat any such experiment. Then I met with, Sir, as you are aware, yourself and Mr. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, ("price two-pence, weekly, advertisements two shilling a line," as our drunkenlegged friend quotes) and we had a "sitting," (we did not hatch eggs, as he has done.) No eggs came—that is, to drop both the yoke and shell of metaphor—no manifestations came. Had you been a humbug, probably we should have succeeded to an extent.

I was at your house in Newman-street a week or two ago four of us had a sitting:—still no eggs.

I called on you by appointment yesterday, August 21st, to meet Mr. Cooper. He had left for Eastbourne. I said to you, "You promised me that you would introduce me to Mrs. Marshall in order that I should, if possible, be convinced of the truth or untruth of Spiritualism."

I will give your answer in your own words—"Well, old fellow, we will go." (Blacklegs, I am old, you see.) You afterwards said, "I have been thinking (and to be extremely truthful and particular, for fear of Drunkenlegs. I will add that you did not then add 'old fellow') that Mrs. Marshall will be out. If you like, we will go to the Wallaces. They have a sitting to night."

"Wallace, Wallace, Wallace," I said, "Why, those are the people who advertise in your paper." "Yes," I assented, and we went. The way was tedious and long, and we had a pint of bitter beer on the way.

I allude to "bitter beer" for this purpose.—I am told that the writers in *All the Year Round* are paid (lucky dogs!) from twenty-five shillings to thirty shillings for the miserable trash that appears in the August the 5th number, under the head of "A Serpent in Arendia," and "Spirits on their Last Legs."

Well, "Legs" has to gain his daily bread, and went with a party of "jolly dogs" to poke fun out of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace; the dastard who wrote that infamous article, intending to take it out of the mouth of another. I calculate that he would receive for the article he wrote, 4l. 10s. or 5l. Now, how does he dish up his article, and relieve Mr. Dickens' pocket—no, the pockets of the people who, in that month of the year, read "Legs'" article!

He alludes to "dirty little parlours in Holloway," and "dingy back shops in the neighbourhood of Holborn." Now, were the truth known, I will venture to say that the time has been, before the prostitution of his mind paid him so well, when he occupied dingier rooms than the "dingy parlour in Holloway." Let that pass. Then we find him with—(Oh, supreme snobbery!) a "dish-guished friend." Was it the comic actor, Drunkenlegs, or Lord Dunsire?

Then—and let it be borne in mind he was writing for his twenty-five shillings a page—we find him in a Stay shop, where, as a result, he earned, by an allusion to it—suppose we say the amount that he once wanted for a dinner in a third rate cook shop. Then he gets to a gentleman in high lows and corduroys.

How well up "Legs" is in slang. Has he studied Mr. Hotten's Dictionary, advertised so well by Edmund Yates?

Faugh! Mr. Dickens. Is this one of your writers and low-bred imitators?

I will not follow the man to the time when, having mentally anticipated the 4l. 10s. to come, he arrived at Mr. Wallace's door. I will not call him an unmitigated snob, for such language would be unparliamentary; but what does this literary sneak do? He enters this man's house, not only to gain his own dirty bread, but to insult a woman whom he had never seen before, and with whom he did not hold any converse. Oh, immaculate, highly polished, fastidious, literary Blacklegs! Oh, fie upon you! And shame it is that Mr. Dickens allows such a robber of men's fame—such a dastard to pollute his pages.

Hear the low-bred gentleman—

"Mrs. Wallace presented a very striking contrast to her husband. She had a sharp, cunning look" (I truly believe the look of cunning here alluded to was the detective glance, with which she recognized a snob) "with a lively twinkle in her small dark eyes."

Now, setting aside the fact that Mrs. Wallace has not dark eyes, and setting aside, if it were possible, the fog that Blacklegs got into as to dead walls and numbers (caused, probably, by the beer he had imbibed) what will be thought of this literary dastard who enters a private house, and then goes home to write not only miserable twaddle, which disgraces the pages in which it appears, but represents the owner of the house, with whom he had had but an afternoon's conversation, if so much, as a sneak and impostor, and his wife as worse.

Mr. Dickens, will this man write lies in your pages again to amuse your public?

The fellow writes this and dare not sign his name to the slander. If a man merely reasons in a public paper, he may be anonymous, but when he attacks character, he is a miserable coward if he conceals his name. Some people in Mr. Wallace's position, would soon make this little swell know more of the law of libel, or rather Mr. Dickens, for he is responsible for the writings of his obscure hireling underlings. I will allude to this man little more than to say, that I conscientiously believe that Mr. Wallace, poor, though he may be, connected with trade as he may have been, is so much a true gentleman, that he would not defame Drunkenlegs' character, and call him an impostor and a humbug (however strongly he might feel Blacklegs to be one) after a knowledge, or conversation of some two or three hours; at least, if he did so, he could sign his name.

And so these miserable swells raised 16s. for Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who, it appears, were so doubtful as to the people they had to deal with, that they expected Drunkenlegs and his companions to bolt without paying them for their loss of time. As to Spirits not answering Blacklegs, and I only term him so, because I have not the facility that would result from an acquaintance with him, and his, of course, aristocratic name why, there are many men amongst Sweeps, who would not apparently endorse his untruths by companionship with him. Let him haunt the Dens in Fleet-street, where he and the like of him love to congregate—that is, when they are at their "Club;" (we vulgar persons term the Club the —— Tavern, but we do it in ignorance.)

Enough of Blacklegs.

You Mr. Editor, and myself, came at last (as, oh blissful fact! had Drunkenlegs before us) to Mr. Wallace's door. To be particular, we, or rather you, knocked.

No answer.

Said I, "I believe they have gone to bed." Blacklegs would here say, "did you?"

Mr. Wallace opened the door. We entered. It was late, but Mr. Wallace showed that he was a real gentleman by conducting us in without any fuss, and as a true gentleman would do.

Blacklegs of *All the Year Round*, I have studied men as much, perhaps more than you have. Had I the supreme privilege of having ten minutes talk with you, as I have had ten minutes acquaintance with your lucubrations, I might deem you a snob. That in your opinion would be the result of my ignorance.

Yes, Blacklegs, I have studied men and mankind. And what think you was the impression Mr. Wallace produced upon me? You may take it as a compliment or not, but I thought him as unlike what, after reading your article this morning, I imagine you to be as possible. He seemed an unassuming, kind and sensible man. Poor, no doubt, but you Drunkenlegs are rich—rich, because you have been liberally paid for the dirt with which you have bespattered better men than yourself.

Of Mrs. Wallace, I shall simply say that she appeared to me a simple truthful woman. But let that pass. I record my experience. Instead of saying you, Mr. Editor, I will write "Mr. J. H. Powell said to Mr. Wallace, this is a friend of mine."

He cannot afford to pay you anything, but I thought you would give him a sitting.

I will here say, that a week ago I was talking to a lady, and the subject of spiritualism was introduced. She said, "but you surely don't believe in it." I answered, "I neither believe it, nor disbelieve. I have nothing to form an opinion upon; if the spirits could answer questions I could put to them, then I should believe."

Mr. Wallace said, "oh yes, I shall be pleased to do so." And here I may remark that I noticed no such thing as "hanswer" for 'answer'; and, Blacklegs. I notice such things more than you do. Had I lived in his time, probably I should have noticed that your relation So and So made such mistakes, but he is none the worse for them now. I would rather have his grammatical defect than your heart, and your dirty pen, Blacklegs.

Blacklegs has told us of the large table and the little table. It was at the little table we sat. We "laid hands" on it. Mr. Wallace said (I will not insult him, as poor Blacklegs attempted to do by mimicking him) "is there any spirit present that wishes to communicate with our friend on my right?"

A pause.

In about two minutes the table raised itself three times (it had been arranged that this was to signify assent.)

Will you answer questions, our friend wishes to ask?" The table was raised three times, for which expression I shall substitute the word "yes" afterwards. I said "is the spirit of which I am thinking present?"

Yes.

Will you spell the name you had when on earth? "Yes."

I said "I will think of the name, and when in uttering the alphabet aloud, I come to the first letter of the first Christian name, will the table move; and so on with each letter?"

"Yes" Now no one knew that name in that room but myself; and had they done so, I was only *silently thinking* of the particular spirit, that I alone of those present had seen and known on earth.

Slowly, and with equal intervals between the letters, I commenced.

The table—(that little table of which Blacklegs wrote, and at which his high mightiness had sat—unutterable honor as it was) moved three times, when I arrived at G., again at E., again at R., again at A., again at L.

"Enough," said I, "I need ask more."

"What was the name," said Mr. Powell.

"Gerald," I answered.

I will now ask your age when you died.

"Let the table move," said Mr. Wallace, for the number of years.

"It must be counted by months," said I.

The table moved in assent.

"One," the table said. "Two. Three." It then stopped, and there was what I may term a half rise.

"Ah" said I, "I know what that means. Our little boy was three months and a half old when he died. My wife had been uncomfortable, that he had not been christened.

Notwithstanding that you were not christened, are you happy?"

The table was demon-strative but did not exceed the number three as it did with Drunkenlegs,

Is christening necessary?"

One move. "No."

I felt comfortable, for my long line of quaker ancestors had not been christened.

"Now I wish to ask where you were buried?" Addressing Mr. Powell, I said "I will write it on that slate." Do you remember that big slate Blacklegs, which you saw when you went to visit the two you despised and defamed, and I respected? Then I went to the other end of that "dingy room"; that dingy room Blacklegs, (for it was not like your own splendid room was it?) and wrote down the names of five places.

Reader, I asked many questions which were all truly answered, but need I write more? Would you have been convinced if your thought-questions had been so answered?

Before each name placed a figure, thus:—

1. Scarborough.
2. Manchester.
3. The Isle of Wight.
4. Fairlight.
5. Blackheath.

or some such names. At all events the name "Fairlight" stood opposite to 4. I counted 1, 2, 3, 4. The table moved—yes Blacklegs, that table which would not move at your high and mighty 16s. bidding moved to the bidding of one who did not contribute the quota to a 16s remuneration, and answered correctly where the tenement of that sweet soul rests in beautiful Fairlight Church-yard—that church-yard which overlooks that beautiful and sounding sea, which wails and murmurs round our sweet southern coast. The soul which inhabited that little tiny frame is in Heaven—the Heaven which is around us and about us, but the tenement in which it dwelt for three and a half short months, rests in the church yard of beautiful Fairlight.

May you, the writer of that article in *All the Year Round* be

privileged in the glory of the time which is coming, to be where is that little child, that beautiful spirit, and soul.

After that, I am a charlatan, a humbug, an impostor, an enthusiast, a wild fanatic—am I not Blacklegs? Oh Blacklegs, would that you could be Blacklegs no longer.

I then asked, have you met with a spirit of which I am THINKING? He said "Yes"

Can you spell the name? not Blackleg, her name? "Yes,"

A, B, C etc.

The name spelt was Adelaide. Correct said I.

I asked many questions which were all truly answered, but Reader, need I write any more; would you have been convinced had your, thought-questions been so answered?

I will not speak of the trance in which Mr. Wallace spoke, for that might be the mere acting of another person. I write simply of thought-questions of my own, answered; and if, Blacklegs you think that I am an accomplice, or whatever word expresses your doubt, I will refer you to a friend of mine who is, like yourself, a contributor to *All the Year Round*, who is paid as much or more than you for his really interesting papers, whilst you receive perhaps the same amount for your twaddle. He will, perhaps, tell you that I am as truthful as you. The fact may be, and I say it as a possible excuse for you, that you were, when writing that article, possessed by a lying spirit. Don't let lying spirits dictate to you that you may gain your daily bread, for the bread so gained nourishes not—nourishes no more than the beer or the grog you and your distinguished friend—was it now, Blacklegs, Lord Dundreary?—imbibed on that night when you tried to take the bread from a poor, and I believe honest, man's mouth and vulgarly traduced a woman who may be as pure and good as your own mother and sister was or is.

EDWIN EDDISON.

SECOND SIGHT.

THIS, in all parts of Ireland, is the well-known superstition (if I may be allowed the expression) of the *Fetch*, and which is the foundation of the sweetest and most touching poem in the English language, by Banim, in one of his exquisite novels. The Irish belief is, that when a person is about to expire, the ghost or spirit—if such can be so called, whilst the person is still in the flesh—of that person appears to some one at a distance from the place of residence of such person, where it would be physically impossible that he could be at the time. When I was a boy I knew a very remarkable case. In the north end of the county of Wexford, adjoining Wicklow a gentleman of veracity asserted that, one evening, just at dusk, he saw a neighbouring gentleman walking rapidly towards a churchyard, which was about four miles from where he resided. The observer made haste to overtake his friend, but failed, as the other ran out of his sight in a moment. On his way home he called at the house of his neighbour, and found, to his horror, that the man had died a short time before, after a few hours' illness; but at the time of the alleged apparition, the man was alive, so that it was his *fetch* that had been seen. This story was credited by high and low in the district, and created a vast sensation for a long time, and is still remembered in the locality. *Notes and Queries.*

MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.

AN extraordinary case of violation has just been tried at the Assize Court of the Var, in France. A young man of 24, named Castellan, presented himself at the house of a respectable farmer named Hughes, and pretending to be deaf and dumb, obtained supper and a night's lodging. In the morning he persuaded the farmer's daughter, a modest girl, to run away with him, and an indictment alleged that he obtained an irresistible influence over her entirely by means of magnetism. The moment she came to her senses she was filled with remorse, but whenever he magnetised her she was a mere instrument in his hands, and submitted to whatever he told her. Three doctors of Toulon gave their opinion in accordance with that of Dr. Fardieu, of Paris, and many other medical men of the highest reputation, that it is possible, by means of what is called magnetism, to obtain such influence over a young girl as completely to annihilate her will. Castellan boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetise the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetise the Procureur Imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, with hard labour.

The *Banner of Light* has reprinted Mr. Howitt's letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, "Found it all out," and has the following Editorial remarks thereon.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S LETTER.

It has not been our privilege, for a long time, to offer to the readers of the *Banner* so thoroughly good, so excellently searching, so entirely plain and satisfactory a statement as to the growth and influence of the philosophy of Spiritualism abroad, as is furnished in the letter from William Howitt, the distinguished English author, in another part of this week's issue. It is a letter in reply to some anonymous and superficial scribbler on spiritual matters, who hails from Scotland, and hence is properly addressed to the *Glasgow Herald*. It is rapid and racy in style, pungent in many of its expressions, bristling all over with facts, and yet as candid, and frank, and honest in spirit as we all of us know the pure man to be by whose hand it was penned.

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.

D'ESPRIIT has written to us again urging "a protest against the false, unmanly, unchristian and vile attack" made upon him in our correspondence columns last week. If false, how is it that we know no Spiritualist of any standing who has not received begging letters from D'Espriit. We are at a loss to understand how there can be anything unmanly in the course we have been driven to by his own letter, in which he asks why we do not insert his articles. Can there be anything wrong in telling him the exact reason? If we could see anything "unchristian" in the act we would apologise, but we are not "vile" enough, we trust, to believe that our readers will do us the injustice to believe we had or have the slightest desire to injure D'Espriit. All we wish is that he will spare us in future the necessity of writing about him. He tells us he is battling with poverty, and is willing to work, but cannot obtain it, and that he has a wife subject to fits, &c. If there are any readers of the SPIRITUAL TIMES who can give D'Espriit employment, or aid him to secure it, we shall be much gratified by their doing so, and will undertake the onus of communicating with them on his behalf. A man should not be crushed because he is poor, but he cannot expect to escape scot free when he becomes a bore.

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TO THE TRADE.—The *Spiritual Times* is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, at the *Spiritual Times* Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st. and by Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 8s. 8d. per quarter.

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of eliminating truth, from spirit-fact and duty from truth. Secular in the sense of moulding the future by a wise realisation of the present and a spiritual conception of its uses.

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

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The sum of the matter is, that if one has a curiosity to know what Spiritualism is, and what it actually aims at, he will gain a better and clearer view of it from Mr. Powell's volume than from any other that has yet been published, not even excepting that of the great apostle medium, Mr. Home himself.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 12, 1864.

This is the fourth book that has recently come to our hands on the same subject, and, whilst it is the smallest, it is yet the most striking of all the former, perhaps, from the brevity with which the subject is presented, and the nature of the facts or assumptions with which it is crammed from first to last. * * * There is much, very much to excite thought, whether to compel conviction, or not. The enquiry is by no means the contemptible thing that many people wish to consider it. It deals with alleged facts, which, if true, are astounding; and, if false, still they are objects of interest, and they ought to be disposed of.—*British Standard*, March 18th, 1864.

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