

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

THE OPPOSITION OF THE PRESS.

THE opposition of the press to Spiritualism is no proof that it is false, but, if we are to judge by history, which tells us that *all* Truths have been tried by opposition, it rather leads us to ask, taking purely independent ground;—May not there be, despite what the press have protested, something really valuable in it? This, we urge, is a fair way of treating the subject of Spiritualism in view simply of the opposition it is sustaining at the hands of the press. But we know, and so do thousands whom the press would be compelled to acknowledge—intelligent men and women in this country know, that under the surface of all that wears the aspect of ludicrousness and puerility, there are great facts and soul-elevating Truths. We, therefore, do not feel depressed when the Oracles of Inkdom blacken the characters of those who dare to be true, even when treating on such a commonly despised subject as Spiritualism.

We have lately had a somewhat heavy assault from several of our contemporaries in succession, and we beg to acknowledge our thanks, not because of the motives which dictated the assaults, but the assaults themselves. A citadel is not worth a dump that cannot withstand a rather heavy battery; and we are so confident that the citadel of Spiritualism is shell-proof, that we fearlessly look on whilst the heaviest guns of the enemy are set against it. Who does not see that the constantly recurring attacks from Inkdom are in themselves arguments in defence of the vitality of Spiritualism? Repeatedly has the self-laudatory assertion of the *Illustrated London News* that "the only effectual weapon which can be used against Spiritualists is the press" been employed, and yet, what is the fact? The press admit, because the fact is too plain to be ignored, that "not an inconsiderable number of tolerably comprehensively educated persons in England are Spiritualists." How comes it, then, "the only effectual weapon, the press," has not, and no one can say it has not been employed against Spiritualism, proved itself effectual? We answer—Because Spiritualism is a solemn and a grand Truth which cannot, by all the illustrious scribes of all the illustrated periodicals of all time, be hurt to the extent of a hair. Poor, petty, intolerable, impertinent, drawling "illustrators" of your own peevishness and weakness, go, as Mrs. Partington is said to have done, and attempt, with a besom, to hurl back the advancing waves of the ocean, or, standing at the base of Mount Vesuvius, bid the volcano disgorge its quenchless liquid lava; or, still more impotently, challenge the Almighty to a war of words as to the way He should cause His ministering angels to commune

with mortals; and then you may safely climax your erudite, majestic cleverness, by effectually *pressing* down Spiritualism. The press an effectual weapon against Spiritualism(?) We should like our friends to contrast the two powers. Spiritualism—what is it? The press—what is it? Spiritualism is a power which connects the human to the universal soul, and teaches lessons of purity and love. It proves man immortal, and assures him beyond all doubt that "The life that now is shapes the life that is to be." The press is a power which has branched out of the Great Eternal Life-Tree, and, had it maintained its empire pure, would have been worthy of inheritance with the purest, holiest Spiritualism. But we are informed that "Spirits tell lies;" and we answer—True; but not all spirits. But, dare we ask—Do the press tell lies? Their own members must answer, "Sometimes." We say, "Often." Well, then, here is their logic,—"Spirits tell lies," therefore, Spiritualism stands convicted, and is unworthy. The press say we "tell lies," therefore, the press stands convicted, and are unworthy. If this be so, who can place any reliance on the assertions of convicted liars? Surely, none. But we are not disposed to be so extravagant as to assert that all the press tell lies; and we trust that there are many members of the press who are sufficiently enlightened in Spiritualism to admit that all spirits do not tell lies. Those at least who do so will have little to charge Spiritualists with that the press are not themselves guilty of. We have said before that we accept Spiritualism with its devil side as well as its angel side; and, from considerable investigation, feel doubly assured that Spiritualism has nothing in it more degrading than we can find in the press, and in the associations of men ignoring Spiritualism all the world over; whilst we feel pleasure in stating, it has on its angel side, heavenly beatitudes far above the ordinary systems of mere mundane felicities. The *Illustrated London News*, the *Standard*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and other papers, have favoured their readers with articles against Spiritualists. Last week we reproduced the one from the *Illustrated London News*, which may be pronounced a lengthy tirade of fulsome abuse and deliberate mis-statements; nor do we state this without proof. We refer the reader to the article entire for the abuse, and to the passages intimating that the Davenport Brothers caused it to be circulated that they had gone back to America to throw the "English press off the scent," and the inference that the Brothers have bribed the French press to notice them favourably, for the mis-statements. It is not a little amusing to read—"Portions of the French press are as unprincipled as portions of that in America," whilst the self-righteous scribe who writes this is silent about the English press. We should like to know if his conscience was at peace while he forebore to attack venality to portions of the English press.

When the Brothers Davenport gave their first *séances* in London, portions of the English press, including the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, contained fair notices of them. Will the bilious critic of the *Illustrated London News*, the man who can prostitute his pen to the vilest abuse and most dastardly insinuations, say—Did the Davenports bribe

a single London Newspaper? If they did, let us have knowledge thereof. If they did not, which we are bold enough to assert, is it reasonable to suppose they would bribe the French papers? We hold that all such disreputable innuendoes as the hiring scribe of the *Illustrated London News* gives vent to, are disfigurements on the face of the press, and discreditable in the highest degree. A few more words and we have done with the *Illustrated London News*. It calls for an "Amendment of the Vagabond Act," in order that the "Spiritualists may be left to the policeman and hemp-picking." Thus we have, in the heart of London, "a respectable paper," working to re-inaugurate State persecution for religious opinion. For shame! Is civil and religious liberty still to be merely a byword, for respectable newspaper noodles to ridicule? We honestly believe the Vagabond Act, if amended, would be better brought into force by subjecting the quacks of the press, who pick the pockets of the public, by writing lies and scandal, to the policeman and hemp-picking, than by employing it against any honest Spiritualist-medium. Dishonest mediums are vagabonds; we do not defend them. What are dishonest scribes? Echo, answer. As another specimen of the rank nonsense and impudent know-little, yet, withal, aspersive character of that "effectual weapon" which is to put down Spiritualism, we reproduce in our columns, a leader from the *Standard*, September 20. It opens by an allusion to Zadkiel, and ends by telling us there are 70,000 lunatics in the kingdom—a glaring fact, which ought, we think, to cause our lunacy doctors to halt in their insane system of treating lunacy, as we attempted to shew in our articles on Insanity which appeared in the *Spiritual Times*, some weeks back. We believe it will be impossible for any reasonable man to read carefully through the *Standard's* attack upon us, without concluding that the writer was suffering from an attack of chronic indigestion, while he was inking out his distress to "stun, muddle and stupify" his readers. Surely "the vapours" of his brain are not easy to dissipate, or long ere this, he would have escaped from the "haze" into which his imagination has wandered. If the reader will kindly take out all the big words, and venomous epithets which can neither break hearts nor heads, and will candidly analyze the whole of the sentences, being content to have "the truth and nothing but the truth," he may gaze on the *Standard* article "with calm eternal eyes" before he will acknowledge that it is any more than a flustering, fulsome, fulmination against Spiritualism, which cannot possibly receive the slightest injury from its blows. The writer is too furious to strike straight, he reels and raves, just for all the world like some drunken maniac. Spiritualists need have no fear of such a man, if they will only quietly move on, he is sure, while aiming futile blows at them, to stagger on one side.

The *Standard* quotes a portion of the communication of the alleged spirit of Pritchard. It places a — in the place of "Hell," and says "the rest is too atrocious to be cited." Why need it betray such mock modesty? There is no more harm, surely, in a spirit expressing the word—Hell—than the word being used as a terrifier in all theology. "Hell" finds a place in the popular Faith of Christendom. It is appropriately employed with "Devil" in all Catechisms, Bibles, Prayer-books, and Hymn books. It is mouthed forth by every orthodox divine. And yet the *Standard* is so mock modest, that it places a — in its place, and says "the rest is too atrocious to be cited." When the *Standard* shall look at the two sides of Spiritualism, instead of directing its eyes obliquely to one side only, and that partially obscured by the "vapours" of the writer's brain, we shall be pleased to direct attention to it. In the meantime, we beg that our readers will not be *Standard*-odilyed by it.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has devoted a column and a half to our "demolition." It says the *Spiritual Times* generally has a leader not very grammatically written, strongly abusive of everybody who is not a "Philadelphian." But the misfortune for the *Gazette* is, that it alters the text to prove its assertion. Out of one extract it omits the word "those"—whilst to another, it adds the word "other," and necessarily perverts the meaning intended. We do not strongly abuse everybody who is not a Philadelphian.

We only defend Spiritualism from the attacks of the mountebanks of literature. Why does not the *Gazette* confine itself to banter? Does it need a lie to prop up its assertion? It ends, however, by a feeling animadversion on the "Law Officers of the Crown," for remaining passive in the matter of Dr. Beevor's "impudent and cruel blasphemy."

"Madmen's dreams" is considered by the *East Sussex News*, to be the fitting title of an article against Spiritualism. It commences:—"Spiritualists have undoubtedly now arrived at the culminating point, and the only question remaining for decision would soon be, how soon their friends, or the law, will have to intercede, and put them under proper restraint. That they are suffering from a delusion, bordering on monomania, is self-evident, and their pitiable state cannot fail to arouse on their behalf the deepest feelings of sympathy and regret in the hearts of all right-minded and well-meaning persons." Possibly a consideration of the subject,—Who are the madmen? might be a useful one. We cannot help thinking that the kind of namby-pamby stuff here given smells of madness, at least, quite as much as anything we have yet known to take place on the side of Spiritualism. Surely, the only question remaining for decision would seem to be, how soon his friends, or the law, will have to put the literary "monomaniac" of the *East Sussex News*, under proper restraint. We have only turned the argument of the writer the other way round, and what does it amount to? simply words. In very truth, we have no desire to see the peripatetic literary chatterbox of the *East Sussex News*, in a madhouse. We only desire that he should either keep his little rattling tongue still, or write sensibly. What is the use of constantly prattling about "Madmen's dreams," and "hallucination," "blasphemy," and "witchcraft?" There is no philosophy, no, not so much as would fill the brain of any very little canarybird, in such silly exclamations. We are well aware that hard, ugly names, and exceedingly "pitiable" mandlin vanity, eked out in conventional phrases, go a long way with the *all-wise*, yet, in no-wise thinking Public. We hope, after this, the whimsical, wearisome little tomtit, that sits chirping in the *News* office at Lowes, will refrain from poking its naughty beak into Spiritualism.

The *National Reformer* inserted Mr. Powell's letter, a copy of which we inserted last week. The *Reformer* says:—"Mr. Powell is quite right in stating that we deify Reason, and Reason compels us to pronounce all 'Spiritualism' as pretension, and, as a consequence, its advocates pretenders." We, of course, may misconstrue the *Reformer's* idea of Reason; likewise the meaning he attaches to "pretension." Reason, as we take it, is that quality of the mind which compares. Men who truly reason do not attach, on prejudicial grounds, ugly names to opponents, but they proceed to draw inferences, not from fancies, but from facts. We contend that the *National Reformer* attaches the name "pretenders" to all Spiritualists from altogether fancied premises. We say further, that the facts of Spiritualism are as "stubborn" as facts in so-called physical science; and that all laws, discovered and undiscovered, have a spiritual origin. The *Reformer* prides itself on its Reason, which ultimates in Atheism, which is neither more nor less than a chasm where the spiritual is buried. This is not the fault of Reason; the province of Reason is to compare, deduce, take captive the judgment. But if it is set working the opposite way to truth, it inevitably works on the road to error. The Spiritualist claims Reason equally with the Atheist, and, we feel quite sure, has it as much in exercise. Spiritualism is not a fancy, but a fact. Whoever doubts this, let him devote half the time to an investigation of its phenomena which he devotes to ordinary scientific theories, and he will discover that Reason is not all on the side of Materialism. To make an assertion that "Spiritualists are all pretenders," the *Reformer* needs to have more than ordinary knowledge of Nature's laws, discovered and undiscovered. We do not pretend, but know we have (not fancied) witnessed manifestations of disembodied intelligence which have appealed to our senses as palpably as any physical facts ever did; and Reason, directed to a solution of the mystery, has forced us to pronounce ourselves not "pretenders," but Spiritualists.

On the whole, we may well admire the instinct which made the old Germans regard woman as penetrating nearer to the mind of God than man does. That none can enter the kingdom of heaven without becoming a little child, guileless and simple-minded, is a sentiment long known. But behind this there is a greater mystery, revealed to but few, which thou, O reader, must take to heart; namely, if thy soul is to go into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become as a woman's; yes, how ever manly thou be among men.

F. W. NEWMAN.

THE MINISTRATION OF OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

(By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on viewless wings,
The spirits of the dead."

WHILE every year is taking one and another from the ranks of life and usefulness, or the charmed circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remember that the spiritual world is gaining in riches through the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us, hearing their voices, cheered by their smiles, death and the spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half-fabulous; but, as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on the hill-side of life, the soul, by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this.

For, with every friend that dies, dies also some especial form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend; till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world in successive portions half his own spirit; and poor, indeed, is he who has not familiarized himself with that unknown bourne whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending.

One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the veil, is for some assurance that they still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expresses it, "Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage;" hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship and ministration of departed spirits a favourite theme of poetic fiction.

But is it, then fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none here? Is there no sober certainty to correspond to the inborn and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed spirits in verity retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes? All that revelation says of a spiritual state is more intimation than assertion; it has no distinct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague, glorious images, while now and then some accidental ray of intelligence looks out—

"Like eyes of cherubs shining
From out the veil that hid the ark."

But out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inferential argument might be constructed to prove the ministration of departed spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed in its day for the height of orthodoxy.

First, then, the Bible distinctly says that there is a class of invisible spirits who minister to the children of men: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" It is said of little children that "their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." This last passage, from the words of our Saviour, taken in connection with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian spirits, for God's government over mind is, it seems, throughout, one of intermediate agencies, and these not chosen at random, but with the nicest reference to their adaptation to the purpose intended. Not even the All-Seeing, All-Knowing One was deemed perfectly adapted to become a human Saviour without a human experience. Knowledge intuitive, gained from above, of human wants and woes was not enough; to it must be added the home-born certainty of consciousness and memory; the Head of all mediation must become human. Is it likely, then, that, in selecting subordinate agencies, this so necessary a requisite of a human life and experience is overlooked? While around the throne of God stand spirits, now sainted and glorified, yet thrillingly conscious of a past experience of sin and sorrow, and trembling in sympathy with temptations and struggles like their own, is it likely that He would pass by these souls, thus burning for the work, and commit it to those bright abstract beings whose knowledge and experience are comparatively so distant and so cold?

It is strongly in confirmation of this idea that in the transfiguration scene (which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master) we find Him attended by two spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which appeared with Him in glory, and spake of His death which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future. In coincidence with

this idea are all those passages which speak of the redeemed of earth as being closely and indissolubly identified with Christ, members of His body, of His flesh, and His bones. It is not to be supposed that those united to Jesus above all others by so vivid a sympathy and community of interests, are left out as instruments in that great work of human regeneration which so engrosses Him; and when we hear Christians spoken of as kings and priests unto God, as those who shall judge angels, we see it more than intimated that they are to be the partners and actors in that great work of spiritual regeneration of which Jesus is the head.

What then? May we look among the band of ministering spirits for our own departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core? a friend to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs? If we are to have a ministering spirit, who better adapted? Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up?" Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing thought been wafted over us, as if an angel had shaken from his wings the odours of paradise? Many a one, we are confident, can remember such things. And whence come they? Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and imminent as the crossing Mohammed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, and yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that attendant form, that face, where the angel conceals not the mother, our question would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the Divine One sees that his ministry can act more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse. Here the soul distracted and hemmed in by human events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impression on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a spiritual and holy life; but all her own weaknesses, faults and mortal cares cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters, and then, first truly alive, risen, purified, and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly, and certainly what, amid the tempests and tossings of life, she laboured for painfully and fitfully. So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of man, who deplore the shortness of life, and the little that is permitted to any individual agency on earth, does this belief open a heavenly field. Think not, father or brother, long labouring for man, till thy sun stands on the western mountains, think not that thy day in this world is over. Perhaps, like Jesus, thou hast lived a human life, and gained a human experience, to become, under and like Him, a Saviour of thousands; thou hast been through the preparation, but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing, is yet to begin.

But again: there are some spirits (and those of earth's choicest) to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others is concerned, this life seems to have been a total failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way through life, seems to have been laid upon them; they seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we lay them in the grave at last in mournful silence. To such, what a vision is opened by this belief! This hard discipline has been the school and task-work by which their soul has been fitted for their invisible labours in a future life, and when they pass the gates of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors of what through many years they have sighed for—the power of doing good. The year just passed, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just, and the beloved; there are spots in a thousand graveyards which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us! They still may move about in our homes, shedding around an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good and reproofs of evil. We are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success. How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace! They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us: "So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainting, so we doubted; but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen, we have found; and in our victory behold the certainty of thy own."

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets, most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth.

EMERSON.

A REMARKABLY PRECOCIOUS MEDIUM.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

I AM happy to be able to lay before the readers of the *Banner* an account of the most wonderful spiritual phenomena of the age. A Mr. and Mrs. —, whose names they refuse to the public, at least, for the present, are each precisely forty-four years of age, both having been born on the 10th of August, 1821. They were married quite young. During their courtship they mutually agreed not only to be true to each other as wife and husband, but also agreed to abandon the use of all kinds of flesh as food just as soon as they were married, and became masters of their own household, which pledge they declare they never have violated.

During the first eight years of their married life they had four children, one son and three daughters. The daughters all died in infancy, the eldest at the age of sixteen months. This child was named Anna, and, from the parents' account, must have been a wonderful child and medium, yet the parents kept most of her peculiarities to themselves.

About one week before little Anna died, she was controlled to write with a pencil a few lines of poetry. These lines have been very carefully preserved, and were shown me yesterday.

A little over eleven months since, these same parents, now forty-four years of age, had the fifth child born, which was a daughter. This child, though the parents keep the precious gift as quiet as possible, is really a wonder of wonders. I have been acquainted with the family over thirty years, and know them to be scrupulously exact and just in all they say or do, and it is only my long acquaintance that gave me an opportunity to witness the great manifestations through the child. Last night was the third time I have been permitted to witness the manifestations, two other friends only being with me. Before commencing, we were obliged to promise on oath or affirmation that we would not reveal the names of the parents until the time appointed by the child—for the child gives every direction in regard to the course to be pursued. This done, we were admitted to the room. The child sat on the floor, with a small slate and pencil in its hands. As soon as we entered, the child wrote our names on the slate, and handed it to us to read. They were handsomely written and correctly spelled. I returned the slate, and the child wrote, saying of herself, "My name is Anna, and I am nineteen years old." This would have been the age of the first Anna, had she lived. I remarked, "You seem small of your age." She then threw her slate aside, and leaped upon her feet, and then on to the table, and began dancing a beautiful figure. This being done, she rose to the ceiling of the house, about ten feet high, saying, "Now, sir, am I small?" This I had never witnessed before, and my heart was too full to speak; indeed, I felt that I had almost blasphemed the wonderful works of God in making such a careless remark.

The child then spoke in a clear, full voice, saying, "These things appear strange to you; but when the people of this world learn and obey the divine law of reproduction, their children will be angels instead of animals, as you now see them. My parents begot me quite too soon. At that time they had nothing to spare, and had I and all of the others lived, my parents would have died years ago; but, as they were the stronger, we poor children had to go down; but I am now here, and my name is Anna the first. And now, as my parents have gained strength, through obedience to the law of their spiritual and physical natures, I shall live and continue my individualization for ever and ever. When my little temple arrives at full stature, the world will see and hear what it now believes to be a lie, or as some say, a false and ruinous doctrine; but what is false to your present notions will become beautiful and attractive in less than twenty-five years. But let me tell you now to preserve the whole man, if you would share the glories which will soon break upon the earth. Good-bye."

The child was now carefully let down, and resumed its seat on the floor, and we left the room.

JOHN WINDSOR.

The above is a true statement of what we saw and heard—

ALFRED DODGE.
AMY DODGE.

Cincinnati, O., August 10, 1865.

DR. NEWTON, "THE HEALER."

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

[Knowing that Dr. Newton had engaged a large hall in Portland, Me., and had offered to heal, free of charge, all those who would call on him on Sunday, August 27th, we requested Hudson Tuttle, Esq., who was spending a few days in this

city, to visit Portland on that occasion, and observe what was done. The following letter from Mr. T. briefly gives the result.—Ed. *Banner*.]

I premise that I was extremely prejudiced against Dr. Newton. My prejudice had grown from the various rumours floating about his extreme severity of manner and repeated failures in his treatment. In justice to him I make this statement, for the purpose of showing how very different is his true character. He is gentle and suave in his manners, and even when treating an eager throng of over a thousand patients, he preserved perfect equanimity, and evinced no more sternness than the positive condition he assumed necessitated.

The first cures I saw him perform were at the office of the *Banner of Light*. A lady and gentleman came in, and were treated before those in the room. The lady deaf in both ears; the gentleman in one. Hearing was restored to both by a few manipulations.

Interested in the phenomena, I visited Portland to witness the free healing of all those who chose to come on Sunday, August 27th, and the scene of that day my pen utterly fails to describe.

More than a thousand people were present in the hall. After a short speech, explaining his method of cure, the doctor requested any one who was suffering to come forward and be healed. Such a rush as then occurred is rarely seen. From the centre of the dense mass, as fast as they received the magnetism, the cured sufferers made their way rejoicing, and their number was not few. By this method great confusion was created, and he was obliged to retire to an ante-room, and allow the people to pass continuously before him as they left the hall. I preserved many names of those who were cured, but the crowd was so dense that your reporter found it almost impossible to obtain the names of all those treated.

An old lady nearly blind left the room in a delirium of delight, saying she could see as well as when a child.

Another lady with lung complaint said she was perfectly well.

A gentleman walking with difficulty with a cane, walked away as well as anyone.

Miss S. A. Southworth, of Neponset, the well-known authoress, received treatment for deafness, with very satisfactory results.

Mrs. Sawyer, of Portland, Me., was successfully treated for blindness.

J. E. Baker, Portland, Me., had deficient sight restored.

F. E. Dow, of Portland, subject to catarrh for several years, was completely cured.

I might multiply cases indefinitely, but it would be simply a repetition of the same story, only using different names. But, you ask, did he cure all who came? No, nor did Jesus Christ. Many cases are beyond the reach of any power. Organic difficulties, such as fractured limbs and distortions from birth, are not benefitted. Diseases originating in a disturbance of the balance of the vital fluids, such as can be traced to a nervous origin, were cured as by the touch of a magician's wand, and, so far as I could learn, almost without exception.

The physiognomy of the crowd passing by him would have furnished a fine subject for an artist. The joy lighting on the faces of the cured, the disappointment depicted on those who were incurable, and the eagerness of those who rushed in to have their cases decided, can only be told by a brush daring as Angelo's. Amidst this scene stood Dr. Newton, with a smile and a cheerful word to all, and a positive command for the suffering, "Be healed!"

He is as gentle and meek as a child, wishing to ascribe all his power to the spiritual world rather than himself, and using it not for his own benefit, but for the good of mankind. He is doing a great and good work, and we hope, wherever he goes, success may attend him.

On the 10th of October next he intends to commence practice at Columbus, Ohio, and we congratulate the people of that State on the opportunity he thus will afford them, of not only being cured of disease, but investigating phenomena far exceeding what are called the miracles of Christ and the Apostles.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Boston, August 30, 1865.

THE "STANDARD'S" ESTIMATE OF SPIRITUALISM,
INTERSPERSED WITH REMARKS OF OURS.

"WHAT limit there may be to the innocence of the human imagination, it will, in all likelihood, never be possible to know. No imposture, it would seem, is so glaring but that it will attract belief; no trick so shallow as not to amaze; no pill so worthless as not to make its concoctor's fortune. Every Zadkiel has his dupe, and every Rantier his congregation. But when to charlatanism is allied a profane impudence such as that of our contemporary Spiritualist quacks, it becomes a marvel that there should be discovered in a civilized country any class so African in its ignorance, so primeval in its credulity, as to make it worth

the while of a few crazed or scheming speculators to] publish a weekly journal for the exclusive bewilderment of Gotham.—(Crazed or scheming—which of these terms applies to the *Standard*?) Yet such there exists, and a number of it has been published in this present month containing the record of an interview held between a living physician of Edinburgh and the ghost of the dead Dr. Pritchard. We shall advertise neither the man nor the paper by name, but the narrative runs to the following effect. (No, because we suppose the *Standard* likes “hard cash” for its literary puffing, and is not likely to get it from us, because we are not ‘crazed’ or ‘scheming’ enough to attach the sin of bribery to our (according to our contemporary) numerous faults.) A private *séance* was held the other day at the house of a convinced lady, and the spirit invoked was that of the Scotch poisoner. They asked him who he was, and he answered ‘Pritchard.’ Why did he murder his wife? ‘Through love of gold.’ Was his sentence just? ‘Yes.’ Had he been forgiven? ‘No.’ We must from this point quote the hideous farrago of impiety and folly, if we would convince the public that there actually exists in England a set of persons sufficiently numerous to support an organ of their own, who can put faith in the ‘revelations’ of this drawing-room insanity. (Is it not a pity that in England there are persons sufficiently numerous to support a *Standard* which can descend to the editorial ‘insanity’ of writing such an ‘hideous farrago’ of impudence and folly as this article.)—The answer, in each case, follows the question immediately:—

“Are you miserable?—Yes.

“What message have you to give us?—Keep from evil, if it be ever so small, for one false step will lead to another.

“What was the first false step you took?—Ostentatious pride.

“Can we do you good?—Yes.

“Do you know my name? (Name given.)

“How can we do you good?—Pray for me.

“In what sphere are you?—In the first sphere, but I hope to gain the third sphere. (The spirit had been studying Dante.)

“Can you see?—There is no light.

“Are you hungry?—Yes; but no food.

“Are you thirsty?—Yes, very.

“Is there drink?—Yes; bitter as gall.

“Are you sleepless?—Yes; but no rest. (The spiritual *non sequitur* is worth remarking.

“Have you any knowledge of God?—No.

“Have you seen your wife?—Yes.

“And your mother?—Yes.

“Were they happy?—Yes.

“Do you suffer from heat?—No.

“From cold?—I suffer cold from no clothes or houses. (Whatever that may mean.)

“Then you are in —?—Yes; in torment.

“But this must suffice; the rest is too atrocious to be cited. And yet this is a quotation from a newspaper published in the heart of London in September, 1865, and the account of the conversation is signed by an M.D. of Edinburgh.—(What is there to make such an ado about? Nothing; at least, nothing flagrant in view of the orthodox teachings of the age, and the double-dealings of some of our gloriously *free* press. The question with us is, was this a *bona-fide* spirit-message? If so, and we have no reason to dispute it, we simply published that which comes under the category—*Phenomena*. We should rejoice to find the *Standard* preaching as pure a philosophy as this message, with all its grammatical faults, inculcates.)—In the same number is an appeal to the Legislature for an act of Parliament to protect her Majesty’s subjects from the conspirators of the Evil Eye.—(By inserting the advertisement alluded to, we were simply setting a good example to some few of the papers by showing that we do not recognize the too-common practice of excluding men who have a right to be heard, whether we think so or not. The weakness of the *Standard* descends here pitifully. Where is the Editor willing to hold himself responsible for the advertisements which appear in his columns?)—After this the Davenport juggle is reduced to intellectual curds and whey. Table and hat turning are nothing to it. It excels all that is to be found in the spiritual cosmogony of Mazel. A gentleman, also of Scottish blood, announced, last October, in the same columns, that he had compiled four thick quarto volumes, containing nearly five thousand responses elicited by his power from the grave. We wonder how many of them were murderers, capable of informing us, as Dr. Pritchard is said to do—“My hair is pulled, and I am nothing but bruises. Hung! oh, I would sooner be hung a thousand times!” Yet there is a man calling himself an editor who approves of this degraded trash; there are printers to put it in type, and there is a public to buy and read it.—(The degraded trash term is a rather degraded one, but we suppose it is the best the *Standard* can employ. It is astonishing where the affinities of some men lead to.)

“The assassins, however, are not the only disembodiments provoked to speech by our modern magicians. The Second Edward of England, through the courtesy of ‘the Editor,’ was permitted to state that he was slain at Berkeley Castle, that his slaughterers were seven, that he was twenty-three minutes in dying, that his greatest enemy was Mortimer, and that the deed was done on a Wednesday.—(Through the courtesy of ‘the

Editor’ of the *Standard*, we hope some day to learn from some of the *Standard*’s contributors the standard of the *Standard*’s morale.)—But then we must bear in mind that the eminent lady Spiritualist of America, Miss Laura Cuppy, confesses that her deceased friends occasionally ‘tell lies,’ having contracted that bad habit in this wicked world.—(Yes, but only ‘occasionally;’ sometimes they tell truths, and such truths as the *Standard* would tremble to hear. They say that editors of newspapers may not lie, and cheat, and defame character, and worship the golden calf, and wholly escape punishment in this world or the next.)—However, it would be idle to rake out of obscurity more of this miserable jargon, the concomitant of American blasphemy, which millions are continually repeating on the other side of the Atlantic, and which, astounding as the fact may appear, finds its disciples, and not an inconsiderable number of them, among ourselves. And the striking element in the case is that some of these persons must have received a tolerably comprehensive education. They write well; they argue ingeniously; they have read many books; but many have done this and been madmen, or knaves, nevertheless.—(Spiritualists should not feel complimented, because the *Standard* would not have said this had the facts not forced it to the statement. Many edit anti-spiritual papers, and are ‘madmen, or knaves, nevertheless.’)—Their Spiritualism, of course, is a vapour of the brain, not easy to dissipate; being a haze of the brain, concerning which there never has been a discovery, it is all the more difficult to discredit; in this it resembles witchcraft, prophecy, and the power of calling up apparitions. We are told of appearances and sounds; a doctor of medicine assures us that he has been in articulate converse with the soul of a man who was hanged several weeks ago, and, if doubtful, we are asked, ‘What do you know for certain about dead men?’ No more, assuredly, than of any creatures which may exist in the planet Saturn; no more than of pokers and shovels walking arm-in-arm, than of people who can carry ten tons weight on their heads, than of growing tulips made of solid gold, or of the impossible in any form. When they come to discuss these matters, it is with the dismay of the Lincolnshire boor, who, coming to a question of theology, confessed himself altogether stunned, muddled, and stupified. The truth, however, is manifest; which is, that our spirit-rappers never perform any service to society.—(Will the *Standard* make this statement good?) They never throw light upon a hidden crime, or recover a stolen watch, or assist a speculator in Consols, or lay bare the secrets of Continental policy.—(Here we have the miserable desire of gain, the worship of self, uppermost. The writer would have the soul of his departed mother, or sister, or wife, possibly, return to assist some money-grubbing speculator! If spirits were to lay bare the policy of the *Standard* even, what a rumpus we might expect!)—All their talk is with obsolete monarchs, or maudlin poets, or murderers of whom this earth never wished to hear again. With their mesmerism, electro-biology, odylism, table-turning, incantations, dead languages, and dead poisoners, their second sight, clamorous cabinets, and ‘Satanic wonders,’ was any mortal ever by one fraction the better for any of them? Yet they persist, like the Sphinx whose riddles they pretend to solve, in ‘staring right on with calm eternal eyes;’ they dream, they Pythonize, and they in imagination, are perpetually afflicted, as if by the dancing mania of the middle ages, or that which, in Scotland, was once called the leaping ague. But we doubt whether the Scotch gentleman who vouches for his interview with Dr. Pritchard, had really ‘biologised’ himself into such a condition that he honestly believed what he was writing. There is a point at which the raukee folly degenerates into imposture. He may have been somnambulizing, and fancied he was walking with Dante, instead of only staggering upstairs after a hospitable Edinburgh entertainment; and yet even this suggestion of charity does not explain why a man conducting a newspaper in London should be so utterly ‘hypnotised’—as the slang of the spiritualistic driveler runs—as to publish and expect the public to believe it. (Now, why should an editor allow himself to be ‘hypnotised’ after the manner of the *Standard*—for never, surely, did a man wide awake, say such silly, exceedingly stale, and excessively useless things? Without we conclude he was ‘literally frantic,’ we are utterly at a loss to understand the reason ‘Why.’) He, very likely, is subject to mesmeric reveries; he may have seen sparks, blue moons, naked hands moving rhythmically over paper, and forked hazel twigs doing duty as telegraph signals from the nether world. Still, this communication from the Glasgow murderer is so ludicrously like the confession of Alfred Brown, and the elucidations drawn from a table ‘literally frantic’ by Mr. Gilson, a few years ago, that we are inclined to charge the ghost of Dr. Pritchard of plagiarism. However, if the contributor and editor have, in good faith, so crystalodyled, thermodyled, electrodyled, photodyled, magnetodyled, chemodyled, heliodyled, and pantodyled themselves into the belief that the Edinburgh physician did talk with the Glasgow murderer, no wonder that Miss Socratania Smith saw the whole universe in a bandbox, or that, as the Park-street practitioner who advertises himself in the columns of the spiritual organ as a professor of remedies against the Evil Eye reminds us, there are seventy thousand lunatics in the kingdom.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

ORGANIZATION.

My dear L.,—So far as the immediate subject which occasioned my address, namely, the proposal for Spiritualists to organize themselves into a body for the diffusion of their faith, is concerned, there would seem to be really no question at issue between us. Some regard Spiritualism as a religious, others as a philosophical, belief. In either view so far as Organization on such a basis is concerned, your judgment is now pronounced, without hesitation or qualification. You will none of it. You put your foot down firmly, and say, "I will swallow none at all." Very good! and may all the congregation respond, "Amen!"

And if "here we are entirely at one," we are, I think, equally so as to the Organization of Hospitals, of the Sisters of Mercy, and of Sanitary Commissions. These are useful Organizations for definite ends, and belong to that sphere of the "external and the administrative," which I have sought to show is the sphere to which Organization properly belongs.

But at this point you seem to lose your firm foothold of principle, and slide back again into a confusion of the two distinct, though allied, spheres of life and action, the physical and the spiritual; a distinction which had just received your clear and full recognition. Because man is both spiritual and material, "Organization," you contend, "is surely capable of compassing spiritual as well as material ends." No doubt. But the question is not whether Organization is "capable" of being so applied, but whether it can be rightly, and usefully, and wisely so applied? whether reason and experience do not condemn such an application of it? In expressing my conviction that they do so condemn it, I speak of Organization as contrived and fitted from without, not as it is naturally evolved from the life within. It is because you have not fastened on this radical distinction that I have seemed to you to take "both sides," and that you find a difficulty in determining whether my "real thought" "is not to be found in one series of utterances rather than in another." In human society, no doubt, there should be ample provision both for man's material and spiritual wants. The principles of liberty and authority each have in it their fitting place. I have protested against that anarchical "Individuality" which would disintegrate society, no less than against that perversion of Organization which would usurp an illegitimate authority, and place itself at the centre of the active energies of the soul, directing its movements as the engineer controls the course of the locomotive. I do not wish men to become followers of St. Anthony or St. Simeon Stylites. Society is the collective man; hence it includes the Material and the Spiritual, law and order; it is necessarily and wisely catholic, comprehensive, all-embracing. It is only the proper sphere and right adjustment of these several forces and principles within it that admit of debate. But no minor or special Organization can be equally comprehensive. The State deals with things secular, the Church with things spiritual. Society is both Church and State, and therefore includes the distinctive principles of both.

As applied, then, to human society in general, Organization and Individuality, Law and Liberty, have each their place and functions; but, in regard to special and minor Organizations, we must distinguish and discriminate them according to their more limited and specific character.

Society may be despotic in some things, and leave perfect freedom to its members in regard to other things; but it cannot be both despotic and free at the same time, and in relation to the same things. The dilemma still remains. Where, and in so far as an Organization leaves its members free, it renounces that unity, that effectiveness and force, which result from despotism; where and in so far as it is despotic, it sacrifices individual freedom. These things are as plain as mathematical axioms. It is like saying a circle may include a triangle; but the lines which form the triangle cannot constitute the circle, or possess its properties.

You seem to think our difference is mainly one of terms. At present, it seems to me more than that; or, if it be not with us individually, it is so at least with many who are most clamorous for Organization. Organization, as the term is commonly used (and as some portions of your letters seem to imply that you understand it) is not, I apprehend, the same thing that I seek to express by such terms as "Co-operation" and "organic growth." What is the former, as, for instance, it is generally employed in speaking of an Organization of Spiritualists? It means a Society with rules and officers, the members agreeing to some particular formula expressive of their belief "that spirits can and do communicate," and the payment of a certain subscription to carry out the purposes of the Society. Now, here it is evident that the only bond of union is intellectual agreement on a particular proposition. All who agree to this may join it, whatever may be their diversities and contrarieties of creed, character, and disposition: it has no regard to the personal harmony and fitness to work together of its several members. In a Society so constituted, incompatible ties in these respects must soon manifest themselves: it may be without fault on either side, but from natural idiosyncracies; and jangling and irritation, division and discord must necessarily ensue; as, in point of fact, has been the case when the experiment has been attempted.

The kind of Union and Co-operation at which I would aim is that of friends who know each other, whose dispositions assimilate, whose union goes deeper than mere agreement in a particular opinion; who are "of one heart and of one mind," and, it may be, like the Apostles of old, "assembled of one accord in one place," whose Co-operation grows out of common work, and who combine together, that by mutual sympathy and concerted action they may do that work more effectually; whose union extends as their work enlarges and kindred souls are drawn towards

them as like-minded fellow-labourers in the Master's vineyard. Men who are animated by a deep sense of duty, who place their work first and themselves last, who look not for results, but whose care it is to be faithful to the work given them to do, and who thus consciously or unconsciously draw upon the never-failing fountains of spiritual strength, and who hence in their weakness, become mighty in battling against all the organized forces of evil and falsehood which the world, the flesh, and the devil may array against them.

Though hastily thrown off, that is something like what I mean by Organization as an outgrowth from the living spiritual forces in the souls of men, rather than some ingenious plan elaborated in the closet, and which seeks to gather into its net fish of every kind.

Which of these approaches nearest to your "ideal," friend L? From your statement that the Organization you defend "is altogether of the natural order, the voluntary co-operation of minds having mutual affinities and common objects," I should infer that again "here we are entirely at one;" but then, can this be reconciled with Organization according to the common type, with its defective basis, its loose, ill-assorted materials, its incongruous parts and disordered elements, and above all, a lack of earnest, working faith, penetrating below the surface of the intellect into the depths of the soul?

THOMAS BREVIER.

September 23, 1865.

AN ALLEGORY.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—The enclosed paper will doubtless prove interesting to your readers, when accompanied by the remarks I am about to make on the occasion of my acquaintance with its writer. When in London, in the month of July, I received a letter, forwarded to me from New York by my publisher. Pursuant to the desire expressed in the letter, on arriving in New York in October, I lost no time in calling at the house of the writer. I went there one morning, and made an appointment for the same day.

During this interval it appears Mrs. H. was inspired to write the accompanying paper, mechanically, and without being at all aware of what she was writing. She told me this story, she believed, was intended for me. She read me the paper, and I thought it so interesting that I begged her to allow me to print it, to which, with some hesitation, she consented, only withholding her name. She stated that she never could write of herself, and that her compositions were, when at school, thought most mediocre. This, therefore, is a direct communication.

THE HISTORY OF A STAR.

HIGH above the heavens arose a star, which glided swiftly to a place which it was supposed by all would be a superior one. When this star first started on its pilgrimage it seemed to outward observers to be self-satisfied that it would attain the point which it seemed to be intended by its Maker to reach. This star was brighter, by reason of its attractiveness, than many which had been made by the same All-Powerful Hand. That Hand had made it, and fashioned it with peculiar care, for the Maker of this star, having an All-Seeing Eye, naught was hidden from His gaze, of what had been, nor of what would be, and He foresaw the future of this star to be one which would be peculiar, and which would add glory to His Holy name. The poor little star knew naught of this, however, for the Maker of all these wondrous things thought best to hide from all His works knowledge of that which was to come. So He handled this star with peculiar handling, and launched it forth with this command: "Go, do my will; work out thy destiny, which I foresee, but which, all thy life, thou shalt not know, until I arise and awaken thee to my work." The star, as before said, left its Maker's hand, and rose high above the heavens, to a place which was supposed by all would be superior to all others. It shone brightly, with gladness, and singing, and mirth; and it shone, and shone, and shone, and it thought within itself, "My Maker must have designed me to rise still higher; men look at me, and exclaim, 'How bright! that star must surely be a little sun, and not a star; let us examine it with a telescope, it may indeed be a planet, or a new miracle of wonder from the Maker's hand.'" Now, the people who said these things did not know that the Maker—although great, wise, wonderful—the Mighty God the Everlasting Father, had been on earth amongst them as a humble being, even taking the form of the son of a carpenter, and, if His history had been closely inquired into, having had no earthly Father whom He could acknowledge as His own, and His mother consequently before, and, indeed, after His birth, had been considered a name and a reproach in Israel; so much so that even the man whom she loved, and who loved her had "minded to put her away privily," but, being a just man, had concluded to hide her reproach from the world by uniting himself to her in marriage. Now, this very Maker of the star, which, because He had so launched it forth with His command, had attained so high a position in the heavens, having become thus lowly thing, had determined in His Almighty counsels that all who should be with Him hereafter, and see His glory as the Mighty God, should have some trial of humility, that they might be like unto Him. So whilst the people of earth were observing this star, and wondering and getting the telescopes ready, what did its Maker do but cast His Almighty eye, too, upon the star, and, lo! went forth the mandate, "Star, in thy

heart thou hast devised great things for thyself, and art forgetting thy Maker, and now I will cast thee down lower than the lowest of my stars, and thou shalt learn of me to be meek, humble, and of a lowly heart." The star heard not the mandate; having no ears, how could it hear? having no mouth, how could it ask questions? having no eyes, how could it see? No, it could do nought but shine, shine, until the star itself became almost weary of shining; for within it had a heart, if it had not eyes, ears, or mouth. Suddenly, and without warning, the angels of the Maker went up to the star, and began to unloose it from its place; lower, lower by degrees they placed it, taking care that the star might not feel it too much, for the Maker knew the end from the beginning, and He had given His messengers command to do it gently, for that He had loved it from the beginning. As the star descended and came nearer to earth, the shining became less and less, and gradually went out, and beheld in the hands of the messengers, a ball of earth without light. The angels first showed it to the people who had been preparing the telescope, then commenced to laugh and sneer at the star, saying, "Pooh! when you see it close, this is nothing better than ourselves; do not let us gaze at stars any more; if we had the chance we might shine too, for are not we, too, made of earth like that poor fallen star?" But the angels smiled sweetly, and said to each other, "Our mission is not yet fulfilled; we must guide the star back to its Maker. Let us hasten, for the people are sneering, and we know our Lord loves this star, or He would not have made us do this thing, for we all know He hath said, "Whom He loves He chastens, and scourges every son whom He receives." Thus saying, they rose to the heaven of heavens with the poor little piece of earth which had been a star, and, laying it at the feet of its Maker, said, "Lord, we have brought Thee the star, and our mission is over." The Lord reached forth His divine hand, and, placing it on the star, said, "Whereas thou hast been of a haughty spirit, and hast thought, as Lucifer, that thou wouldst ascend to great heights, I, the Lord thy God, out of love to thee, have cast thee down, and now be thou what I will thee to be, not what thou wilt!" The inward heart of the star, which it had always preserved, drank in these words, and it seemed to assume light and life when near its God. The Lord furthermore said unto the star, "Whereas thy light has shone from without, and thou hast fallen, from within shall thy brightness now come, and all of earth shall pass away, and thou shalt become spirit." The Lord then gave forth another mandate: "Earth, that has once been a star, return to thy mother earth, and remain there for a space." The poor little star suddenly found itself alone upon earth, but the heart within having received an impulse from its Maker, commenced to throb and beat wildly. It grew, and daily expanded, and suddenly the heart became eyes, ears, mouth, and all. A shining commenced in all these; first the eyes sought out those in affliction, for had it not been chastened, and with looks of bright love won their hearts, with sympathetic glances; then the ears opened to the call of the needy, then the mouth spoke great things for its God, and anon the people began to look again; "Why this is that fallen star; where has it been to get so much beauty?" They pressed around it; as the children of earth ever do to that which is curious, saying, "Tell us how you shine now again; we can scarcely bear your light." "Ah!" said the star, "this time it is from within." "Yes, but," replied the people, "your eyes are like diamonds, your lips drop pearls, and you are a novelty greater than when we looked upon you as a star." The poor star that had been, held down its head meekly—for it now had a head—and said, "I did not go unto Him that I might have life, but shone by the brightness which, after all, He gave me from my beginning, and He, seeing pride and folly, withdrew from me the shining, that He might renew me of His own likeness, for are ye not all children of earth?" The Lord gave the star great power over the hearts of men; for had it not once a heart and naught else? So, when its head came, the heart had spread there, so also in its eyes, ears, &c., and what appeared to be a form was all heart, like Jesus, its master. To the hands of the star also was power given, because there, too, lay the heart unseen; and on whomsoever the hands of the star were laid, an influence emanated from God, and the person was gifted with like power to become a child of God. In the midst of working, this poor little star, which now shone with the brightness from within, heard a voice saying, "Come up higher; nearer, dearer to God art thou now, whilst at work amongst thy fellow men, than when shining even by God's light in the arch of heaven. Daughter, thy faith has made thee what thou art, and thou shalt shine by the light of Christ for ever."

A. H.

ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir.—I have read with much interest the able letters of Mr. Thomas Brevier and L. upon this subject, and I think some of your correspondents might with advantage, and for the credit of your journal, imitate the courtesy and fine Christian spirit which breathes throughout all the contributions of these gentlemen.

Will you allow me to point out a form of Organization which appears to have been overlooked by all who have yet written upon the subject; that is, an Organization upon a *scientific* basis, which, I think, would be free from most of the objections that have been raised, and would yet, directly or indirectly, accomplish all that is desired?

I conceive it is a great desideratum at the present time that Spiritualism, in all its various branches, including animal magnetism, clairvoyance, somnambulism, psychometry, physical manifestations, dreams, apparitions, inspiration, &c., &c., should be taken up by our men of science in a thoroughly scientific manner, and for this purpose an Organization might be applied, such as is found suitable for the working of the numerous scientific societies that flourish in all other departments of knowledge. A more comprehensive and less questionable title than that of Spiritualism would have to be substituted, and one that would be broad enough

to cover the whole subject, and to exclude none on account of their opinions. I would suggest the word Psychology.

Any person who has read the intensely interesting experiments in Psychometry in Denton's "Soul of Things," will have some idea of the boundless field of discovery that lies open to any society devoted to mental or spiritual science, even in that single direction, and all the other branches are equally attractive, and important beyond measure or exaggeration. I see no reason why a society, well started, should not aspire to a *locus standi* in the British Association, and command public attention by a display of substantial results.

I throw out this suggestion, thinking it may possibly give a direction to the discussion calculated to bring together many who differ, and likely to be acceptable to a large number who at present look coldly upon the subject.—Yours obediently,

THOMAS GRANT.

Maidstone, Sept. 20, 1865.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

WHAT shall we say when friends grow cold,
And loved ones turn their heads away,
Because we speak in language bold
What Truth and Honour bid us say?

When Persecution's iron hand,
And Slander's harsh and cruel tongue,
Affixes Falschood's hateful brand
To wound the heart by trial wrung—

Or, when the light and flippant wit
With shaft of ridicule assails,
Or, Judges stern in Judgment sit,
Or egotistic Wrangler rails?

When Priesthood, in dogmatic ire,
God's boundless mercy would arraign,
Make Heaven decree a quenchless fire
Of everlasting grief and pain—

Who threaten with a sword of ire,
The mind from Dogma's thrall set free;
And make division's torch afire,
With tomes of dry divinity.

When words to man, divinely wise,
God's ministering angels bear;
Deep Erudition's scaly eyes
See only Satan working there!

What shall we say? at least forbear,
While smarting 'neath the chastening rod,
To speak the angry word. In prayer
Let us approach the throne of God.

When on the Cross the Saviour bled
And died, a martyr pure and true,
Father forgive them, Jesus said,
They know not what they do!

The Faith that shall through trials last
Which would unite all human kind,
Like gold that through the fire has passed,
Leaves Anger's worthless dross behind.

So, be the fruits Life's tree shall bear;
Peace; Charity ne'er failing Love,
If we immortal Truth declare,
And shew the way to realms above.

What need we fear the madman, Strife,
The Babel tongues of Mammon's tools,
If we but lead a hallow'd life,
And bow not down where Custom rules?

If we in Virtue's raiment shine,
Our deeds shall bear the light of day;
With spirit graced by Love divine
Why need we ask—What shall we say?

Worcester.

G. C.

SAW A SPIRIT.

THE following item is going the rounds of the secular press as "a singular affair," although among Spiritualists the seeing the spirits of those who have once lived with them in the form, is but an every-day occurrence. The story is, that a young lady in Chicago was betrothed at the beginning of the war to a Lieutenant in the army. He was killed in battle, and his body taken home and buried by his nearest friend and comrade who was with him when he fell. To this young man the lady's affections were transferred in time, and she engaged to marry him. On the day that they were to be united, and while the clergyman was about to join their hands, the lady suddenly fainted. On recovering she said she had seen the spirit of her lover, who had forbidden the marriage.—

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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.

Mr. J. M. Spear's address—is Hotel de la Havana, 44, Rue de Trévisé, Paris.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two lines and under, 2s.; every additional line, 3d.; a reduction for a series.

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