

R. M. M.

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 missing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

A NATIONAL REFORMER.

It will be remembered by our readers that Mr. Powell wrote a letter to the *National Reformer* a few weeks ago, in which he asked the *Reformer* to prove its previous statement that the Brothers Davenport were "spiritual pretenders." The *National Reformer* of the 24th of September contained Mr. Powell's letter, with these remarks:—

[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 as pretenders. We join not in any prejudices against the Davenports, neither would we interfere with their performances in any unfair manner. All we care to do is to show, as M. Robin has shown in Paris, the folly of supposing the presence or the agency of "spirits." We doubt not that there are many undiscovered natural laws, and for the very reason that they are undiscovered, we object to Mr. Powell's inconsistency in editing the *Spiritual Times*, and discovering that all the undiscovered laws are merely the result of some fancied spiritual operation.—Ed.]

The next week the *Spiritual Times* contained a short leader, mildly informing the *Reformer* that Reason is not confined to Materialism. The same week the *Reformer*, in its Notices to Correspondents, puts forth the following:—

J. H. POWELL.—In the last number of the *Spiritual Times* you have printed, we see, the letter you forwarded to us, and which we readily inserted. In your introduction to the letter, you recommend the Freethought party to use their influence to make the *Reformer* "the advocate of truth." Are you not a little too hasty, and rather injudicious? The *Reformer* now does, and long has advocated truths, but to insist that it shall be "the advocate of truth" is rather too exacting. Besides, in such case, what would become of the *Spiritual Times*? We believe that to be an advocate of error; and if our dictum were received—which as the advocates of truth it should be—you would be spared the anxiety of a weekly issue. Let us tell you, in the most private and confidential manner, that a Spiritualist is as far from truth as a drunkard is from temperance, or a bishop is from a Christian. Spiritualism, so called, has been a monstrous curse to mankind, and those who strive to perpetuate its influence are great enemies to the human race. How truly did Mr. Maccall say in our last number—"But Spiritualism, that fatal phantom, came on the scene, and for more than two thousand years it has been frightening men into the maddest excesses. The Crusades were not a solitary delirium; how many other insanities has Spiritualism engendered, to be followed in every instance by whatsoever is filthiest in the sensual, Spiritualism stimulates every foul and furious lust, and does not heal the woes it pretends to heal." May these words, from one we know you highly esteem, have their legitimate effect upon an imagination more fervid than desirable.

The following is a copy of Mr. Powell's second letter to the *Reformer*:—

To the Editor of the *National Reformer*.

Dear Sir,—I frankly acknowledge that I was "a little too hasty and rather injudicious" in using the definite instead of the indefinite article, in my reference to the *Reformer* in the *Spiritual Times* of Sept. 23rd; I therefore thank you for the correction. But my thanks only apply to the mistake in question. Will you allow me in all kindness to ask if you are not very "hasty and injudicious" in saying, "A Spiritualist is as far from truth as a drunkard is from temperance, or a bishop is from a Christian"? And you must forgive me for adding that my over haste and injudiciousness are confined to an error in grammar (and who does not sometimes err in this?), involving, at most, offence to literary taste, whilst your over haste and injudiciousness cause you to stigmatize most unjustly millions of human beings, who may be as earnest as yourself, or any of the best men devoted to a defence of the principles you term "Free Thought." The utter absence of charity, which should ever distinguish the well-wisher of mankind, which your "over hasty and injudicious" assertion betrays, convinces me that I am not likely to receive at the hands of the *Reformer* (which, by the way, according to its Editor's mode of criticism, should be *A Reformer*) credit either for sincerity or sanity. To assert that Spiritualists are as far from truth as a drunkard is from temperance, and a bishop is from a Christian, indicates, by inference, at least, that the *Reformer* values temperance more than a drunkard (which every one, I suppose, will say is right) and a Christian more than a bishop. A new light dawns upon my otherwise bewildered brain. I had all along understood that the *Reformer* made it a specific work to trace most of the abuses of society to Christianity. (if I have made another "over hasty and injudicious" blunder I shall be glad of additional correction.) Bishops, therefore, according to the *Reformer*, are abuses chargeable upon Christianity. The *Reformer* now says, "a bishop is (far) from a Christian." Hear it, ye abused and honest believers in the spiritual! Surely good spirits have prompted the *Reformer* to this valuable admission, for spirit-promptings are as natural, and of as frequent occurrence as the minutes of Eternity which we poor diminutive mortals christen Time.

I am not unmindful of the various differences existing in men's minds regarding the word "Spiritualist," and I simply claim an individual right to call myself one, and expect no other person's opinion of what Spiritualism is, or is not, to frighten me out of my convictions or into "maddest excesses." At the same time, I am not so foolishly wedded to a term as to act the part of a fanatic in its defence. I should have no objection to be called a Reasoner, if I might so far, without ignoring the Material, presume to reason upon matters appertaining to the Spiritual. I have such confidence in my Spiritualism as to unhesitatingly, and not over hastily, assert that there is nothing which I have been able to perceive unreasonable in it. I go with all reformers in the direction of progress here, but through the instrumentality of spirits who have communed with me beyond all reasonable doubt, I have arrived at the conviction that I live on—hereafter; and must, whether I will or not, mould my future beyond the grave by my present conduct. This conviction is *with me*, therefore what boots it that Mr. Maccall, whom you rightly say I esteem, calls Spiritualism "a fatal phantom," and adds that "it stimulates every foul and foolish lust, and does not heal the woes it pretends to heal"? Is my esteem for a man possessing remarkable genius, whom I esteem because he seems to me true to his own ideal, and knows how to suffer rather than be suckled at the breast of orthodoxy, or at that which he designates "a fatal phantom, Spiritualism"—is my esteem for Mr. Maccall to close from my soul the perennial springs of Spiritual Truth, and, consequently, to make me pronounce what I know to be facts,

fancies, or the excesses of madness? No, sir; I have entered the gladiatorial arena armoured for fight, under the generalship of a Truth which to me is not a "fatal phantom," but a heavenly deliverer; a deliverer from cold, almost hopeless, and decaying Materialism on the one hand, and God-degrading, life-paralysing dogmatism on the other. You say, those who strive to "perpetuate (Spiritualism) are great enemies to the human race." Make your vaunting true, but do not charge upon the facts and philosophy known as "Modern Spiritualism" all the excesses of all the human demons in the world's history. You apply Mr. Maccall's language as though you were the judge of *my* soul's ideal, and that ideal were only a reflection of all that is "foul and furious." I tell you, and I was never more in earnest, that you had better be silent than insolent, for the insolence of such a mode of dealing with me is too apparent to pass notice; although, lest you should "fancy" I am angry, I say in all sincerity, I forgive you, because I verily believe you know not what you do.—Yours, in the cause of the Truth,

J. H. POWELL.

Instead of inserting the above letter, the *National Reformer* of last week, in Notices to Correspondents, says:—

J. H. POWELL.—Your communication just received would not, we think, be sufficiently interesting to our readers to justify its insertion. You acknowledge, it is true, that you were "hasty and injudicious," and as you thank us for "the correction," we hereby make our readers aware of your gratitude.

This is the cool way in which the *Reformer* throws dust in the eyes of its readers. It cannot afford, even with all its boasted freedom of thought, to allow the side it condemns "a fair field and no favour." It first prints a calumny against the Davenports, and replies to a letter which it inserts, by giving Robin the merit of doing what no conjuror can do, that is, exposing the *modus operandi* of the Davenport manifestations. The only way we can account for the extreme absurdity of this mode of dealing with modern Spiritualists is, that the editor of the *Reformer* knows nothing whatever of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and that having, like a peevish child, been playing with fire, has got his fingers burnt. It does not appear palatable to him to let his readers see how weak he is, so he adopts a stratagem, and thereby gags his opponent.

The *National Reformer*, which has generally been loud in its advocacy for a *Free Press* and a *Free Platform*, sets the very discreditable example of excluding from its columns a letter which might not "interest its readers," but which ought to have been inserted in justice to the writer, nevertheless.

We are sorry that a paper which has on several occasions taken a bold stand in the face of persecution, and displayed a spirit of inquiry worthy of imitation, should descend to its present low level in its bearing towards Spiritualism. We had hoped that the *Reformer*, whilst differing from us as to the *cause* of the phenomena we designate spiritual, would have recommended its readers to undertake a scientific investigation of the subject, and, above all, would have refrained from bald assertion and vulgar epithet. But vain our hope. It has entered the arena of conflict under the excitement of prejudice; hence its wild, vehement statements, and (failing to be able to support them) its rejection of Mr. Powell's letter. We are not amongst those who indulge in cant exclamations as terms of reproach to those who advocate strong opposing views. Neither do we think because a newspaper displays a theological bias that it necessarily does no good in the various departments of science. We incline to the opinion that even the *Reformer* has many redeeming points, and shall not, therefore, imitate its own bad example by calling it names.

What we have said hitherto on the press generally has been said in defence of our own glorious principles. What we have said relating to the *Reformer* has been said likewise in a defensive vein. We have no ambition to appear in the columns of the *Reformer*; that is a matter of no importance to us. But we shall, as far as ability and strength will admit, advocate truth apart from either policy or personality. If the *Reformer* can teach us anything, either in the way of Grammar or Reason, we shall willingly express our gratitude. We cannot at present say that an equal willingness to learn from us manifests itself in the conduct of the *Reformer*. We think it quite convincing of the weakness of an opponent when he finds it

convenient to hunt for grammatical blunders, and failing to present arguments, makes bald, barofaced assertions, and calls names.

The *Reformer*, which claims to possess a tolerably large share of Reason, has taken this weak position. How will it defend it? If the facts are against its dictum, even though it be a *National Reformer*, it cannot logically continue the war. But it could, in a manly manner, say that it had been "hasty and injudicious," and was sorry for it, promising to be more guarded in its manner of attacking opponents in future. But no; this would wound the self-sufficient mind which dictated the assumptions and aspersions with which we have been dealing. Hence, does not the reader see the motive for the last notice to Mr. Powell?

After all, we do not see that we could reasonably expect better treatment at the hands of the *Reformer*, which holds all "Spiritualism to be pretension, and its advocates pretenders." With such an idea predominant, how can we expect even freedom of expression in defence of the alleged "pretension" in the columns of the advocate of a "free press and a free platform?" The thing is absurd. The *National Reformer* is the organ of a body of men and women who pride themselves on the strength of opinions they say are founded on Reason. Let them rejoice at the solemn fact that the opinions we think founded on Reason applied to Spiritualism have been ignored by their own organ! One of the most valuable lessons an editor can learn is to allow his prejudices and predilections to have no weight in his judgment of what is legitimately due to his correspondents. And this lesson, which is hard to learn, must be learnt before ever a paper can rightfully hold its title to "Reformer." The old *regime* of Imperialism, combined with Despotism, blights the very life of England's *Free Press*, and even the *National Reformer*, which has earned for itself the reputation of risking social status, and even legal persecution, for the sake of "Reform," bears upon its face the same baneful blight. It can afford to be liberal to orthodox opponents, whose position is easily assailed, because, with its own readers, at least, its arguments will have weight on account of the inherent force of Reason. But when unorthodox Spiritualists enter the field unsupported by prevailing theological dogmas, it finds it easier to suppress than to insert a letter, lest it should not "interest its readers," who, by the inherent force of Reason, might be induced to pronounce a verdict antagonistic to itself.

THE ANGEL FLIGHT.

White, white were the Angel's wings,
As it hover'd o'er the child:—
The child it dream'd of unseen things,
And its brow was calm and mild.

Snow-white were the Angel's wings,
Its eyes were an unknown blue,
And shone with the love that ever clings
To the holy and the true.

Gold-tipp'd were the Angels' wings,
A halo was round its head,
That shone like a many waving rings
As it stood by the infant's bed.

Fluttering were the Angel's wings
As if ready for a flight,—
A flight that ever to children brings
The cloudless morn of light!

Calmer waved the Angel's wings
As the mother kiss'd her son,—
As if she would burst her poor heart-strings—
Though his glory had near begun!

Motionless were the Angel's wings
As the mother knelt in prayer—
And prayed to Him who ever brings
Solace to sorrow and care.

Expanded were the snowy wings—
All flowing the golden hair—
The blue eyes upturn'd, and murmurings
Of music were in the air.

Waving were the Angel's wings,
And triumphant were its eyes,—
And many a Seraph in Heaven sings
As two Angels cleave the skies!

EDWIN EDDISON.

SPIRITUALISM—SPIRIT-RAPPING.

(From an old number of the "Weekly Dispatch.")

THERE is a profound practical scepticism at the bottom of the minds of the most orthodox people. Even Catholic priests do not believe enough in the right way. In fact, a "living faith" in the substantial elementary principles of religion is the rarest commodity of our day and generation. The mind of the million has been led away from religion to theology—from the substance of faith to the shadows of mythology—until "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" has been depraved and metamorphosed into a sort of logical Paganism. If men substantially realized to their conceptions the fact that "Man is born in the image of his Maker," that at the first he is "only a little lower than the angels, and is crowned with glory and honour;" that in the sight of the common Father of All the least and greatest of us are the same, and all are "precious;" that we are in very deed all equal, all of one blood, all heirs of the same deathless inheritance; that none of us shall ever die, but in Him shall "live and move, and have our being," on and on, for ever and ever; why should men be so awe-struck at ghosts; or think death so mysterious; or be so surprised at, and incredulous of "great marvels;" or think it necessary to have recourse to that universal, spiritual solvent, the Devil, for every wonder we cannot account for; or alarmed at portents and apparitions; or think it so impossible that the spiritual should commune and mingle with the real world, the metaphysical with the physical? Every pebble dropped into the ocean agitates and alters it in its degree to the very uttermost parts of the earth. The human faculty of tradition, of transfusion of ideas, of using signs of thought, palpable images of the soul in words and books, and works, practically transmits the life and spirit of every man in his degree to all men. Their thoughts are, in fact, their souls in action present to us; for the soul is without substance, and we can make it present to us only in its manifestations, perhaps, for we know not, only through a "spiritual body." We believe that Adam is immortal, that his Maker "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." Pray where has he been these six thousand years? Fast asleep? Neither dead nor alive? Is this progression, is this immortality? Is this world only a school for the next in this sense, that here is the waking day, and there we go to bed and snore? If the resurrection of Christ be the symbol of our own, why do we not reason the analogy out, and know that all who have died live and think and feel, and have a local habitation and a name? What is a spirit but a man who has thrown off the encumbrance of his flesh and blood? what is a man but a spirit in its clothes? A ghost, an apparition, a disembodied spirit! Why, what else is that than the multitudinous sea of life I breast every day in Chempside or on London-bridge? What more is it? what other is it? Why should it inspire me with mysterious awe? why should I be afraid of it, "being a thing immortal as itself?" What is death but a flitting to the next town; rejoining the society of those who have gone before me, leaving that of those who come after? "Why should it seem a thing incredible among you that one should rise from the dead?" He has but been to see his father and mother, and comes to look upon his children, perhaps to watch over them, invisibly guide them, "comfort them."

We have never seen a table turned, heard a spirit rap, felt a hand pinch, listened while, without apparent agency, an accordion "discoursed most eloquent music." The silly, impossible, altogether disingenuous and stupid solutions of these phenomena, hitherto attempted by Faraday, "Once a Week," and others, only convince us of the trite aporism that no *gobemouche* is so omnivorous in his credulity as the man who believes that there is nothing to be believed. Our especial desire has been to place and keep ourselves in the position of our readers in this discussion; to treat it purely dialectically, and with reference to the credibility of human testimony. We have never entertained for one moment the idea that the Author of Nature ever tolerated any violation of it; that the order of the universe was ever interrupted or suspended; that the laws of causation are ever interrupted. It does not, in our view, in the least follow that, because phenomena are eccentric and unaccountable, that, therefore, they are supernatural; or that, because a man does what no other man has done, therefore he is preternatural. The distinction which has been raised between a general and a special Providence, is really purely gratuitous. The God who ordains the one ordains the other. Where is the difference? He "upholds all things by the word of His power;" He said, "Be light!" and light was. He numbers the hairs of our heads, and marks the fall of the sparrow; and it is totally unphilosophical, and nothing but a mere theological assumption, to pretend that He has two ways of governing the world, one by winding it up, and setting it to go by itself, without more interposition on His part; another by stopping the pendulum, turning back the hands, and striking twelve when the index marks six. As to that orthodox *Dues ex machina*, the Devil, who is made perpetually to turn the whole arrangements of the Creator *witherkins*, who, it is alleged, has been outgeneralling the Almighty ever since he bamboozled Eve into eating an apple, and is too many for him now, we leave the enjoyment of belief in his personality to those whose orthodoxy comes the nearest to his spirit.

Whatever there may be in this spirit-rapping, table-turning, deviation from the apparent rigidity of the law of gravitation, we assume, therefore, to be in conformity with the real uniformity of sequence. It would occur at all times, and in all places, under the same circumstances. It would manifest itself through all persons having the same natural gifts; or, if you will, the same spiritual gifts, which are natural, as congenital as the complexion or the constitution. There is nothing preternatural about the phenomena, whatever they are; there is nothing miraculous; nothing is or ever was miraculous; nothing that would not occur for ever under the same sequence of antecedents. The Algerines think Houdin miraculous. We have discovered his secrets, and know him to be but a conjuror. It has been the failing of fools in all ages to disbelieve whatever they could not account for. Even David Hume took it for granted that whatever did not quadrate with his experience never happened; as-

sumed, with most unphilosophical precipitation, that everything that was marvellous must be false. If Aristotle or Pliny had been told that Mr. Green, with two corpulent companions, with heavy sand-bags, provisions, and philosophical instruments mounted high up into the clouds, sailed along the air, rose and fell at pleasure, and defied the inexorable law of gravitation, they would have utterly disbelieved it. Would it have been the less true or natural? A reperusal of "Hume's Essay on Miracles" ought to be very instructive to his stolid successors. To prove the utter incredibility of human testimony in attestation of that which contradicts what he assumed to be uniform experience, he singles out the case of the Emperor Vespasian, whom Tacitus, Suetonius, and other eminent men, declare cured a man of blindness by his spittle, and a lame man by the touch of his foot. He also dwells upon the fact that thousands of the most enlightened and least superstitious men in France attested the curing of sickness, deafness, and blindness upon the tomb of the Abbé Paris, "with whose sanctity the people were so long deluded." Hume jumps *per sultum* to the conclusion that these results could have been realized only by a miracle, and that, as miracles never happened, the witnesses must have been either impostors or dupes. He never conceived of a *mezzo termine*; he could not come by so very simple a solution of the mystery as that the phenomena might be true, without being preternatural. But we have lived to discover the law which governs these phenomena, and to find that by mesmeric passes, by force of belief, and the nervous agency of the imagination, these cures might be perfectly accounted for from natural causes, which may, indeed, be seen in full operation daily in every large city, and yearly at the sacred wells in Ireland, and are called into requisition by physicians, as addenda to their dispensary. Tacitus, Suetonius, the witnesses to the wonders of the Jansenist then, saw what they describe. They were *not* impostors or dupes. To the people of their time, the wonders appeared to be superhuman; to David Hume, the half-thinker, they seemed incredible by the greatest amount of human testimony. According to the scientific attainment and proficiency in intelligence of the time, these were, perhaps, excusable, if not very philosophical, conclusions; but they were totally unsound, and gratuitously presumptuous. The circumstances *did* happen; the witnesses did *not* lie; there was nothing miraculous in the matter.

It is strange how stupidity repeats itself. Gaping fools insist upon it, after all the revelations of history and science have prepared mankind by ten thousand examples to find that "truth is stranger than fiction," that whatever they cannot account for must be miraculous; and that, as miracles have ceased, nothing that is marvellous has ever happened. A goose that quacks in the "Lancet," finding that his blunderbuss misses fire, takes the usual alternative of trying to knock down truth and fracture inquiry with the butt-end. There is not, for example, a better authenticated phenomenon in physiology than what is called clairvoyance, so far as human testimony can vouch for anything. It was conclusively established by the Report of the French Academy of the 21st and 28th of June, 1831, composed of the most eminent physiologists and natural philosophers of their time, and has been witnessed by thousands since. By what law it acts is still undiscovered. What the conditions are essential to its development, we are as yet imperfectly informed. But nobody but an idiot would attempt to overbear all reasoning on the subject by maintaining that no person ever saw without eyes, else they would be sure to decipher the number of Sir Philip Crampton's note enveloped at the Dublin Bank. If there be any truth in the second sight attributed to Spiritualism, this learned Theban contends, Home will let me see it. Why doesn't it tell people whether their speculation will be lucky for half-a-crown? There can be no truth in *any* manifestations, because every medium fails to keep on *always* manifesting. Why doesn't Mrs. Marshall become a police-inspector, if she can get spirits to be communicative at a *séance*? Mr. Howitt is a liar in all he says, else he would at once reveal the Road murder! And this in a periodical pretending to science, to Wakley philosophy, and Pinsbury refinement. These are just the sort of coarse-minded natures who have in all ages persecuted truth and clung to absurdity; who have disbelieved every wonder they could not comprehend; who are so destitute of observation, so deficient in knowledge, so utterly unteachable and unobservant, that their minds have no preparatory excogitation, to train them to accept the probability of new phenomena. They would have argued that blindness and lameness were never cured by faith in the patient and mesmeric power in the Emperor, because Vespasian did not cure every disease in the whole Roman Empire. They would have contended that all the witnesses to the sanitive wonders wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris were knaves and dupes, because they could do nothing of the sort in Cripple-gate Graveyard or Norwood Cemetery, or at the grave of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher. The logic is not new. The rabble of Jerusalem jeered the Messiah with the self-same dialectics—"He has saved others, himself he cannot save." Because of men's unbelief Christ would do no miracles; your "Lancet" logicians would call the latter the sure sign that there were none, and that the Devil and the Pharisees were very much in the right.

The "Lancet" stupidities proceed on the assumption that the manifestations described are preternatural gifts, entirely at the command of those who indicate them, and producible by causation of which they perfectly know and understand the series, sequence, and principle. No wonder that ever occurred in connection with human agency might not be disproved by such logic. If one somnambulist can read with the pit of his stomach, or see into a box with his eyes blindfolded, why are not *all* somnambulists clairvoyant? If the telegraph can work across the Mediterranean, or carry messages up the Red Sea, why can't it fly across the Atlantic? The plain answer is, Nobody knows. Because the laws and principles of physics which regulate the phenomena, are not understood, even by those who develop them, they do not comprehend why they reveal themselves at some times and not at others. "One thing I know, whereas once I was blind, now I see." We must wait upon Nature, reverently listen to what she chooses to tell us, and in the way she chooses to utter it; deal with the facts that are manifested, without ignoring them because others are not manifested. We must be glad to learn her lessons on the conditions she chooses to prescribe, thankful

to accept such insight into her arcana as she vouchsafes to grant. Our minds must be open and ready to receive facts when they are creditably attested, and for their own sake, without prejudice and presumption. When Newton saw the apple fall, he asked, why did it not rise? If we would attain to his knowledge, we will keep our intelligence equally divested of foregone conclusions.

We thought that Bacon had long since exploded *a priori* objections to the verity of attested facts. "Man, the servant and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more." Her miracles burst upon us with every new day; why should we wonder at and doubt the lesser marvels of a medium? The law which bound the needle to the pole existed when God made the earth elliptic; Adam would have thought it incredible or miraculous; the crew of Columbus saw magic in its devorication; the Chinese knew it for centuries after Europe was dodging along the shore for want of it. The law of gravitation had commanded the order of the spheres since ever they had "pealed their first notes to sound the march of time;" yet it had to wait for Newton to reveal, and if he had kept it to himself, and predicted by it the phenomena of the planets, who would have hesitated to reverence him as a prophet? The principle of the balloon, the photograph, the steam-engine, the telegraph, was in action at the Creation: we have had to wait for 6000 years to unfold their secrets. Who a hundred years ago would have thought that air through pipes could give us light and heat; that we could procure flame by instantaneous friction, or kill at six miles, or draw portraits and landscapes, absolute reflexes of life, by a moment's glance of the sun? My thought takes the spinal column for its telegraph wire, and signals my foot to walk. Two souls dwell 3,000 miles apart, they never saw, they knew nothing of each other, to each other they are only thoughts that cannot even make themselves mutually manifest, except through a material medium. The Atlantic cable is their spinal column; they calmly speak through the roaring sea, the fathomless deeps, an eighth part of the "thick rotundity o' the world." Had David Hume been told this fact, without being made acquainted with the scientific economy which produced it, would he not have ridiculed the attestors of it as puerile impostors? We know the law which, in an instant, sends the lightning speech three thousand miles from hand to hand, have we yet discovered the law which sends the thought to the hand at the one end, and the eye and ear to the thought at the other end? The telegraph is the medium of those two; the body is the medium whereby each soul manifests itself to every other. Are not immortal creatures spiritual beings; if our souls are spiritual, and never die, where is the improbability that the souls of the departed, by a normal law, by a principle of the ordinary operation of nature, should telegraph to us as we do to our limbs? Are we asked why, if this be so, it has never been observed from the Creation until now? The answer is easy. All ages have asserted its existence; our instincts involuntarily favour the belief, even in spite of the dogmatism of the understanding; but if we had not the intuitive feelings, even the express declarations, of every people in all ages, in affirmation of spiritual communion with the living, the alleged discovery keeps company with the sun-picture and the telegraph, which *might* have worked millions of years ago, but have only been made manifest within the lives of the present generation.

Piety is shocked that we should have challenged comparison in testimony to sensuous observation, to visible scientific facts, of the witnesses to the wonders of the New Testament, with those to mesmerism, table-turning, and the marvels of Mr. Home. "Not to speak it profanely," were the Apostles and the first Christians more than immortal, their souls more than spirits, their parentage higher than that of our common Creator? Are our contemporaries less the children of God, more finite, more grossly material, crudely physical, less metaphysical, than the disciples? Are they not infinitely better educated, more scientific, less credulous, and more observing? We are assured that the age of miracles is past. If there ever were miracles, where is the pretence in reason or revelation for saying when they began, or when, where, or whether they have ended? On the contrary, the plainest canons of dialectics lead to the inference that what has happened will happen, and that the past existence of a fact justifies the expectation of its future reappearance.

We have, we own, another solution of the enigma. We do not believe the phenomena now passing before us are miraculous; we do not believe those which astonished the disciples were miraculous. Both were normal; in conformity to, not in violation of, the order of nature—obedient to the uniformity of causation links in the chain of the regular sequence of the universe—examples of the ordinary operation of the laws of the Creator, of which, simply, mankind had not discovered the principle. Christ himself tells us the Almighty is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living; we are as much subjects of His spiritual economy as the Hebrews 1,800 years ago. We refuse to believe assertions without evidence; we decline to reject testimony merely because it vouches what is new or strange. It is not in the least impossible, it is not even improbable, it is probable, reasoning from the past it is even certain, that real phenomena should reveal themselves totally inexplicable by any known law, apparently a violation of physical laws; perhaps new principles pregnant with marvels to which the fictions of the past are prosaic. What Paul ever thought of making the sun paint? what Joseph or Elisha could ever converse with a friend three thousand miles across the ocean? Talk of prophecy! Why, Halley predicted the very day and minute of the appearance of a comet myriads of miles away, scores of years after he was in his grave. There is no event better authenticated in history than Swedenborg's vision of the great fire of Stockholm. The perfectly ascertained facts of mesmerism, clairvoyance, electricity, prepare us to wait with reverence and candour upon the unfolding of such phenomena as are attested by Bell, Gully, and Collier; and we shall never be ashamed to own that, as truth in all ages has owed very much more to credulity than conceited scepticism and self-sufficient prejudice, so there is no phenomenon, however marvellous, we should *a priori* reject as impossible, in the face of cognate facts, and accumulated, intelligent, and unexceptionable testimony. A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE NEWSPAPER WARS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Perceval has, he thinks, discovered a light-house to guide spiritual mariners. Be he right or not, there is sore need of such a thing. The elements are disturbed; why should the spiritual atmosphere be placid? Lions feed on men, and men term them ferocious brutes for so doing. Men feed on lambs when they can, and, could the lambs express themselves by word or pen, there can be no doubt that they would regard men as ferocious monsters, too, who smack their lips over "fore-quarters" on which the juice of the lemon has been squeezed. The vulture attacks carrion, the eagle and the hawk their peculiar prey. The inhabitants of the deep eat the smaller inhabitants thereof, as bloated man eats his bloaters and red-herrings. Probably if a Red Indian fell into the sea, the red-herrings would eat him, and like the meal. If Chang, the Chinese giant, displaced the waters of the sea, and sank to the coral-reefs, mermaids might make a meal of him, or he might delectate some huge and hungry Chinese eel. The *Times* newspaper attempts to devour the *Morning Star*, but, as there are forms of resistance as well as of attack, the said *Star* rises next morning, sometimes in a serene, sometimes in a troubled atmosphere. In the latter case, the *Star's* enemies say that it is like a certain fish which, when pursued, stirs up the mud to facilitate its escape from the *Times* shark. Sometimes the *Star* is serene in its setting, and then there is no notice of the fact by *Telegraph*. The *Star* falls foul, and in a pall-mall way of the smaller fry of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* falls foul of the *Spiritual Times*; and so the world wags on. Were it not for the clash and flint-and-steelism of life, of what use were life? Spiritualists and Materialists eat oysters, and oysters, it may be, at times eat them, but not at the same price. The world may be said to be constantly eating itself; in fact, always giving itself blows. Can you, therefore, and your fellow-workers, expect to escape? The *Illustrated News*, as it cannot see a form that you may see, or hear a voice that you may hear, and so illustrate it in some woodcut, grins at you in words. There was a saying once that Parr's Life Pills established that same *News*. It might be true, it might be false. If the former, quackery was its literary or quack-surgeon accouchour; if false, it has, like yourself, been maligned.

The *Morning Star*, through its contributor, the *Flaneur* (the great E. Y., who was "broken to harness," and whose name it is to be inferred, if I read the self-satisfied allusion in this morning's *Star* aright, has been inserted by Mr. Walford in his "Menu of the Time"—I don't say time-serving men—as having been born!—Oh, stupendous fact!—in the year 1831), the *Star*, through E. Y. (fresh from Lord Wardenborough) describes you Spiritualists as fools, impostors, witchcraft-men, jugglers, mountebanks. Cobden drags Mr. Delane, as a dog would a badger, into the light, and forthwith the world knows that the great Chang of literature, the *one* Chang, for there is no other Chang (and the Chinese Chang is literary, too, it appears), is a gentleman who lives somewhere in Serjeant's Inn, I think. The gentleman who might once have passed along the streets, or dined off a plate of beef and mashed potatoes at Anderton's without notice, now is great before men, and the beams of the *Morning Star* illuminate him still more, until, as Mr. Babbage did with the organ-grinders, he gets angry, and forthwith proceeds to obscure the *Star* with the fumes of his wrath. Whereupon the *Star*, which had attempted to swallow the Lyceum spirits, as Fee-Fo-Fi-Fun wanted to swallow an Englishman, turns its barbed beak not only against the literary whale of the press, but also against the Jonasses (excuse the pun) who fatten on its blubber inside. The *Star* blubbers, or, rather, resents the attacks in this wise, in this morning's leader. Thus it directs its harpoon at the satellites of the Printing-House monster:—

"The little dogs have been barking at us pretty constantly, and in agreeable chorus, during the last few days. The tiny yelps of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, the ill-mannered snarl of the *Saturday Review*, the mumbled whine of the *Globe*," &c., &c.

Content yourself, Mr. Editor; you are not the only one attacked. The rebels attempt to scale the vault of Heaven, to quench the light of the *Morning Star*, and to surround by clouds of diabolic origin the glory of its setting. But no more of the Stars, for they cannot escape calumny no more than could Shakspeare's pure ice and chaste snow. And so wags the *Times*, in its variable and many seasons, under the awful nod of the great Cobden's thitherto (that is, until Cobden's time) unknown Delane. The *Times* represents the literary sun, and is, perhaps, amenable to gold. The *Evening Star* has but its silver rays; but I respect its rays, because I believe them to be pure. This

world is carried on by antagonistic action, and although that action sometimes roughly uses us, we should not repine. If the great organ of a few minor Government clerks, and which hails from Pall-Mall, attacks the *Spiritual Times*, does not the *Star* attack *Pall-Mall*, and does not the great literary giant, *Chang-Times*, attack the *Star*?

Were I to mark at billiards for a night, I should not, therefore, be a billiard-marker by profession. If I look favourably on Spiritualism, and defend it, it does not follow that I am of those named Spiritualists. I shall never be a Spiritualist until I care less for rump-steaks, sirloins, haunches of venison and mutton, grouse, pheasant, partridge, and other tempting, material things; but still, as a Perceval-Eddison-Lighthouse, I can attempt to defend those who are unjustly attacked; and, by the lighthouse tower, I can discern the shoals and breakers, and the disturbed elements, and the angry sea, and the lurking pirate. When lies are told of the "Spiritualists," I can sometimes detect lies which, pirate-like, attempt to rob men of their fair fame. By that light I know that the *Pall-Mall Gazette* tells lies. It said (knowing, of course, my motives better than I did myself) that I wrote to your magazine in answer to an invitation to send accounts of apparitions, hauntings, &c. Therein, from intention, or ignorance, or very carelessness, it, to use the fashionable phraseology of the *Saturday Review*, told a lie. But how could its readers detect the lie unless they were also readers of the *Spiritual Times*?

It introduces the names of contributors to your magazine, to attempt to hold them up to ridicule. It does not give their arguments, for the reason, it may be, that better English, better reasoning, chaster language, a higher style of thought and expression, might be found in your pages than in theirs, and so make the contrast unfavourable to them. They ridicule, (or attempt, rather, to do so) writers in your paper for signing initials. Why, the scribbler who impressed with pen and ink the vapid article to which I allude, from under a fool's-cap on to his foolscap, in accusing your contributors of shielding themselves under initials, forgets that he dare not, or does not, sign his own name to his own article! Were some small Cobden to drag him from his otter-hole, or dingy Government-desk, into the light of outer day, perhaps he might turn out to be not even a Delane. It seems clear to me, Mr. Editor, when so many what are termed respectable and influential journals descend from the lofty regions they inhabit, and from the gilded saloons and gorgeous palaces which are their natural and normal dwelling-places, to attack you, that you must be growing in importance. One small newspaper—was it the weak-brained *Standard*?—said it thought it—*it*, the "ginger-bread-button" *Standard*—must in etiquette term you its contemporary! Perhaps it wasn't the *Standard*, but don't get spiritually proud, Mr. Editor, whatever the paper was.

One delectable organ admitted that amongst your correspondents were men of "some education." I think it was the one that hails from the regions of Pall-Mall. Were I a woman, and in possession of a fan, I should hide my blushing cheek, and say, "Oh, don't!"—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN EDDISON.

Oct. 9, 1865.

ORGANIZATION.

My Dear L.,—I think our correspondence has attained what should be the end and aim of all controversy—the discovery of the points of agreement rather than of difference. With some real or apparent differences, we have found a substantial agreement on the main point in debate. The proposition which called forth the address from me which has elicited your friendly criticisms, was for the establishment of a Church or Society on the basis of a belief in the truth of Spiritualism, and for the diffusion of that faith. I think we now agree that that course is not advisable.

But the suggestion of Mr. Grant, with which you concur, and invite me and others to think over, and, if possible, come to an agreement upon; viz., the establishment of a Society for the scientific investigation of Psychological and kindred subjects, on a similar basis to that of the British Association, is altogether another matter, and one well worthy of consideration. I may at once say that I see no objection to it in principle. Indeed, seven or eight years ago, a few friends associated with me projected a society with the very title and objects you suggest; and, if I remember rightly, we went so far as to draw up rules for it, but, like similar projects, it came to nought. My only doubt is, if such a society be not now premature. In this country, at all events, the subject does not seem yet to have taken hold of a sufficient number of educated and thoughtful minds, who would be willing to make it a matter of earnest and patient study, to give one reasonable ground of confidence in the success of such an undertaking. At the same time it may be well to have a beginning, and I expect that very shortly a beginning will be made by instituting in London a series of social meetings, for conversation and discussion on the class of topics referred to. Such a modest experiment will at least deserve success, and may be a prelude to further action.

In the meantime, while we have the "Spiritual Times" to note current facts and comment on the successive phases of opinion presented by the press from week to week, we have the "Spiritual Magazine" for the insertion of articles of permanent value, corresponding, in some measure, to the papers that would be read before such an association as

Mr. Grant and yourself suggest. For six years it has served as a medium of communication between independent thinkers, and as a register of the principal facts and ideas among us concerning man's spiritual nature and relations. Of course, the plan and limits of a magazine cannot reach all the objects which might be carried out by a society, but I would point out the duty of sustaining and making the fullest and best use we can of existing agencies, before establishing new ones. I know that you will quite concur in this; and, when the time is ripe for further developments, none will more gladly welcome, and, to the extent of his humble ability, aid them, than

Your correspondent and friend,

THOMAS BREVIOR.

Oct. 7, 1865.

MAGIC CRYSTALS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—In Vallancey's "Collectanea 'de Rebus Hibernicis,'" vol. iv., there is an engraving of the Druidical magical stone of speculation, which was believed to attract the *logh*, or spiritual fire. Quartz crystals are borne, even now, by the priests of Van Diemen's Land, as sacred stones, which are religiously preserved.—(Mitchell's "Australia," vol. ii.)

The crystals of Paracelsus, of Joachim Camerarius, and of Dr. Dee, are well known. The latter one is in the British Museum, and it resembles one which was discovered some years since in a Kentish barrow, and probably it is a relic of Druidism.

About the year 1465 there lived at Wombwell, in the south of Yorkshire, a famous crystal seer, who earned his livelihood by recovering stolen property. He was prosecuted upon a charge of heresy, and punished for his offence. He was ordered to walk at the head of a procession, in the Cathedral Church of York, with a lighted torch in his right hand, and a rod with his books hanging to it by a string, in his left hand. An inscription, *ecce sortilegus*, was to be affixed to his head, and a similar title was appended to his shoulders, by means of a sheet of paper. On his breast and back two other sheets were to be placed, each of them bearing the words, "Invocata Spiritum." In this attire he recanted, and sealed the recantation by burning the book. He also recanted in four of the Yorkshire churches. The Latin confession of this "heretic," William Byg, is contained in the 13th volume of the "Archæological Journal," pages 373-4.

In connection with buried crystals I may add in this place, that some years before the golden corslet, at the "Goblen's Hill," near Mold, was discovered, and which is now in the British Museum, an elderly female, returning in the evening from Mold, imagined that she had seen a spectre cross her path, to the mound where the skeleton encased in gold was found afterwards. She stated that the spectre was large, and shone like the sun. The next morning she mentioned the fact to the farmer—whose workmen found the corslet in 1833. The Dean of St. Asaph was well acquainted with the seeress, and he confirmed this account of her vision.

Bishop Gibson, in his edition of "Camder's Britannia," stated that a gold plate, now in the Ashmalla Museum, was found near Ballyshannon, in consequence of the song of a harper, a seer. He said that at a certain spot a man of large stature lay buried, his back covered with a golden plate, and with golden rings on his fingers. Search was made, and the plate was discovered.

The "Zoist," for the month of November, 1849, contains an interesting and able article upon the subject of crystal, written by Mr. F. Hockley, which will repay perusal.—I am, sir, yours obediently,
London, Sept. 50th, 1862.

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

P.S.—Byg mixed up the names of persons of note in his confession as confederates, or probably he would have been punished more severely. But he was not obliged to take out a license for conjuring or divining. That course has been reserved for the enlightened nineteenth century.
C. C.

VISION OF HENRY I.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Some six months since I sent to the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine" an account of the remarkable vision of Henry I.

As no notice has been taken of it, I venture to forward the narrative to you, and leave to your judgment whether it is or not worth insertion in the "Spiritual Times."

I cannot, however, but think that the knowledge of matters of the like kind, when well authenticated, ought to be circulated, as it helps on the cause we all have at heart.—I remain, sir, yours obediently,

THOS. SHERRAT.

P.S. The account is extracted from the Journal of the British Archæological Association of which I am an associate, and would not have been entered therein without a foundation for it had existed.

T. S.

9, Westmorland-place, Baywater, August 28, 1865.

REMARKABLE VISION OF HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.

This occurred to the King while journeying into Normandy, and was composed of what may be termed three tableaux,—farmers, soldiers, and priests, its object apparently being to reproach the monarch for his evil course of life; this it is recorded to have effected.

It is as follows from Capgrave's "Chronicle of England," the phraseology only being altered to that of the present time:—

"Soon after appeared unto this king marvellous visions. First he saw in his sleep a great multitude of ploughmen, with such instruments as they use, come against him as though they would kill him. Then saw he a multitude of armed men, with spears and darts against him. In the third vision came prelates, with crosses and croziers, sorely threatening him. The king woke, rose, and took his sword in his hand, supposing it had been sooth. This same vision was shown to a leech. They called him Grimbold, and he warned the king as Daniel did Nebuchadnezzar, to redeem his sins with alms. Soon after this he went into Normandy, to ascertain if his daughter were with child, and as he came from hunting he desired greatly to eat a lamprey, for that meat loved he well, and ever it did him harm. This meat caused a fever, of which he died. He reigned thirty-five years."

VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—At the beginning of last year I was almost daily in communication with the spirit-world. On one occasion I said to my principal communicant, "Do you see the great men who have lived on the earth?" "Yes." "Have you seen Shakespeare?" "No." "Have you seen Mendelssohn?" "No." "Have you seen Prince Albert?" "Yes, frequently." "Could you bring him here?" "I will try." The next day I enquired as to the probability of a visit from Prince Albert, and was informed he had consented to come and would be present at half-past eleven the following morning. We accordingly assembled at the appointed time, and were at once in communication with our spirit-friends, who said "Prince Albert is coming in five minutes, so be ready for him." I said, "We will sing his Christmas Hymn. I may observe that we were in the habit of having music at our *séances*, which we found greatly to facilitate the manifestations. So, on the Prince being announced, we commenced the hymn alluded to, and he at once began to beat time with a stick which was resting against the wall beside the harmonium. The hymn finished, the Prince wrote these words.

"It is very kind of you all to learn it to sing to me; you did it very nicely indeed. ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURGH AND GOTHA died at WINDSOR CASTLE IN 1861."

At the conclusion of this writing, the large dining-room table, at which my daughter (the medium) was sitting, was raised at one end. This was a phenomenon I had never before witnessed, never having elicited table movements without resting our hands on the surface; but in this case the table was covered with a cloth and not a hand had touched it. I have since seen this table, which weighs about a hundred-weight, raised in the air by spirit power. I next proposed some more singing, and observed that I had composed a Christmas Hymn. The Prince asked us to sing it but wished his own to be sung again first. This request was complied with, and on the completion of my hymn, the words "It is worthy" were written. We then sang a piece from Mozart, which happened to be on the instrument, to which the Prince beat the time with the ability of a Costa. I then asked "Are you often with the Queen?" "Yes, very often." "Are you pleased at the birth of a Prince?" at which great delight was manifested.

After a few remarks concerning Spiritualism, in which the Prince expressed himself greatly interested, and which he said, would be pretty generally believed in five years, the interview terminated. I need not say that it afforded us all great gratification. At a *séance* the following day, allusion was made to these proceedings, and the words, "We were very pleased he came to see you," were rapped out.

Eastbourne, Oct. 9, 1865.

I remain, yours faithfully,
ROBERT COOPER.

EXTRACT FROM A WORK BY J. PERCEVAL, ESQ.

Published by Mr. Ffingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1840.

(Concluded from our last.)

Only a short time before I was confined to my bed, I began to hear voices, at first only close to my ear, afterwards in my head, or as if some one was whispering in my ear, or in various parts of the room. These voices I obeyed, or endeavoured to obey, and believed almost implicitly; especially after my mind was entirely deranged; I understood them to be the words of the Lord or of His Spirits. Afterwards, when I was very faint and ill, I saw visions of various kinds, the countenances of my friends and relations, now white, now red, as if in flames; venerable countenances with flowing locks and silvery beards; the pale hand and arm of death stretched over me, and processions, beautifully delineated, like those of the ancient pagans.

Those voices commanded me to do, and made me believe, a number of false and terrible things. I threw myself out of bed; I tried to twist my neck; I struggled with my keepers. When I came to Dr. Fox's I threw myself over a style, absolutely head over heels, wrestled with the keepers to get a violent fall, asked them to strangle me, endeavoured to suffocate myself on my pillow. &c., threw myself flat on my face down steep slopes and upon the gravel walk, called after people as my mother, brothers, and sisters, and cried out a number of sentences, usually in verse, as I heard them prompted to me; in short, for a whole year I scarcely uttered a syllable, or did a single act, but from inspiration; though I now know that scarcely one of the things I said, or one of the things I did, was I intended to perform.

During this year, also, I heard very beautiful voices singing to me in the most touching manner; and on one occasion I heard the sounds of the cattle lowing, and of other beasts in the

fields, convey articulate sentences to me, as it is written of Balaam. On another I was threatened terribly by the thunder in heaven: in short, nearly all sounds that I heard were clothed with articulation. I saw also visions, and on the same day that I heard the cattle addressing me, on looking up into heaven, as I was leaving Dr. Fox's premises, I saw a beautiful vision of the Lord descending with all His saints. During the same year, I also saw the faces of persons who approached me, clothed with the features of my nearest relations and earliest acquaintance, so that I called out their names, and could have sworn, but for the immediate change of countenance, that my friends had been there. As they were walking at some distance their stature also changed.

I recollect that even at the height of my delusions I refused to obey these voices on several occasions, when by obeying them I was afraid of taking the life of my attendants; for instance, I was often desired to push a man named Hobbs backwards into an empty bath, but I was afraid to do it, lest I should injure him. I also often, through disappointment and rage, through fatigue and despair of comprehending them, rebelled against them, and refused to do anything, choosing melancholy, sulkiness, and inactivity, or my own will. On another occasion, being desired to throw myself over a steep precipice near the river Avon, with the promise that, if I did so, I should be in heavenly places, or immediately at home, I refused to do so, for fear of death, and retired from the edge of the precipice to avoid the temptation; but this last was not till after repeated experiments of other kinds had proved to me that I might be deluded. For I was cured at last, and only cured of each of these delusions respecting throwing myself about, &c., &c., by the experience that the promises attendant upon each of them were false. When I had fairly performed what I was commanded, and found that I remained as I was, I desisted from trying it with any sincerity, and soon left it off.

I was tempted to do these things very often from hearing the voices tell me that my fellow-prisoners were suffering for me, and that if I did so-and-so I should relieve them; but at last I was warned that a change would take place in my situation, and when the voices one day said to me, "Mr. — is suffering or suffocating for you," another, or the same voice, added, "to think of, or to reflect on, with shame and contrition, too," or words of that kind; than my mind began to have peace, and I began to breathe again. I knew I had been deceived, and when any voice came to order me to do anything, I conceived it my duty to wait and hear if that order was explained and followed by another, and, indeed, I often rejected the voice altogether; and thus I became of a sudden, from a dangerous lunatic, a mere imbecile, half-witted, though wretched being; and this was the first stage of my recovery.

This took place in the cricket season, about six months before the end of the year 1831, and the consequence of it was, that during the day I was released from my fastenings, though not at night for a long time after. My limbs being more at liberty, having more exercise, more occupation, more amusement, my health and tone of mind soon made rapid advances towards restoration; and though afterwards I once struck my keeper and one of the patients, it was from ample provocation, and not from delusion or insanity. From this time, in truth, I needed nothing but observation, and not coercion.

During the time of my greatest infirmities, I also called my keepers and others by various names, and some by the names of my brothers or sisters; some I addressed as my father. This last was either on account of some resemblance in the features or in the dispositions, or on account of their age. I also called the keepers by inspiration, Honesty, Sincerity, Simplicity, Joviality, &c., according to their characters, though I did not then comprehend my own manner of address, and I knew not that I was in a madhouse; but after I began to recover from my frightful dream, to become alive to the dreadful reality of my position, I understood both things and persons to be really what they were, though not always, nor for some time; for long after I worshipped one of my keepers as the Lord Jesus, even a few weeks before my departure from Dr. Fox's.

It is curious, and it is contrary to the theory of the doctors, who deprecate all excitement among their patients, that every dispute and struggle I had with those controlling me, served to strengthen my mind and to dissipate my errors; particularly that occasion on which I struck the keeper Hobbs, upon his attempting to collar me, and to force me to come and be shaved. I cannot recollect accurately whether then I had already begun to doubt the truths of Christianity; but I had begun to reason with myself how often I had been deceived through life in adopting upon trust the opinions of others, and in following the fashions and habits of society; and I determined, when I was released from confinement, to do nothing whatever which I could not prove reasonable; and, among other things, as more consistent with nature and reason, I resolved to wear my beard and long hair. I had no sooner come to this resolution, than the voices I used to hear taunted me with cowardice and subserviency to those around me in not putting it into instant execution, on account, even, of the filthy manner in which I was

shaved; and I was made to feel that I was guilty of gross ingratitude to my Saviour in not insisting upon my right to do this, in spite of any opposition that might be made to it. The consequence was, that I replied in thought to these voices, "We will see if it is so," and I was soon after engaged in a desperate struggle with the keepers in support of my right, in which one of them wilfully dislocated my thumb, and another knelt on my belly, and seized my throat, to suffocate me into submission. My spirits were completely aroused by this affair, and I gained a self-confidence, and a liberty of thought for some time lost to me; the absurdity of my Saviour having desired me in such circumstances to expose myself to such disgraceful treatment was self-evident, and my resolution became the stronger to exercise a great control over myself, and cautiously and steadily to resist being led away again into any situation of difficulty by these voices. Still, however, I fancied the voices were holy, sent to try and to instruct me, and that I was bound to respect and pay attention to them; but I was no longer afraid of being led into any danger by obeying them, though I thought that I might expose myself to ridicule. For this reason I was desirous of being placed under observation, and I should voluntarily have sought retirement, and have submitted to the control of a physician or clergyman, if I had then received my liberty; and in this state of mind continued, in this respect, for two or three months afterwards. The reason of this was, that many of the guidances I received proved themselves by their results to be true and reasonable, so that I could not doubt but that they were benevolent and divine; but often, when I had submitted either to the directions of a voice, or to the motions of a spirit to a certain extent, I found myself left in the lurch, and unable to understand further what I was to do; and this in circumstances of great embarrassment, likely to excite much laughter and astonishment in those with whom I had to do. For instance, I have been often desired to open my mouth, and to address persons in different manners, and I have begun without premeditation a very rational and consecutive speech, but, in a singular, and, as might be styled, original manner, but, in the midst of my sentence, the power has either left me, or words have been suggested contradictory of those that went before, and I have been deserted, gaping, speechless, or stuttering in great confusion. Conceiving at that time that the inspirations I received were true, but that I misunderstood them, I imagined that I was to blame, as the voices told me I was, through affectation or insincerity, or want of faith; that it was still my duty to attend to what I heard; and that if I were in quiet circumstances, and in private, I might at length discover the mystery of my difficulty in comprehending what I was to do or say; but I judged that it was impossible to do so without many failures, and that these might expose me to great contempt; I was, therefore, desirous that these failures might not take place in public. The letters that I wrote from Dr. Fox's asylum will serve as another example of what I mean. I may say that every syllable of these letters I saw by illusion on the paper before I wrote them; but many other sentences also appeared besides those which I chose, and often these sentences made light of, or contradicted, what went before, turning me to ridicule, and that ridicule goading me to anger and madness, and I had great labour and difficulty to collect myself to seize those that were at all consecutive, or not too violent, or not too impassioned. This was extremely painful. My readers will find in these letters a good deal of sense and forcible writing, mixed with a great deal of weakness and imbecility; thus the inspirations and guidances I have received have been often good and becoming, and, therefore, I conceive, in the sense in which the term is usually employed, divine: often they were defective, and much my judgment ought to have rejected, and would have rejected in calmer circumstances. But I was in a room with other madmen, continually interrupted by the entrance of one servant or another, liable to impertinent questions, how I was getting on with my letters, to threats of having the pen and ink taken away if I did not get on faster, and to have my paper snatched up to see what I had written. Oh! my Countrymen! Oh! Humanity! Oh! Christianity? Pahaw!

THE ALLEN BOY MANIFESTATIONS.

Some time since I read several communications in the *Banner* concerning the "Allen Boy" and the manifestations made through him. I will now relate to you what I saw of him last winter, at Glover, Vt. The circles held were in darkened rooms. One evening I held the boy's right hand, another gentleman held the left. Soon I visibly felt the touch of a hand upon my arm, shoulder, head, face, and breast. I could feel the pressure of fingers, and their various movements, as plainly as I ever felt the touch of any person's hand in my life. Occasionally I would be slapped upon the shoulders, which I felt and heard as sensibly as I ever did anything; more than thirty persons present also heard the sounds. The hand unbuttoned my shirt bosom, took

from my pocket various articles, combed my head, and patted my face very tenderly and lovingly.

The hand also took candy from some one's pocket, and placed the same in my mouth, holding it for me to bite off a piece, then put the rest between my lips, by which means I could distinctly feel the fingers with my tongue. I heard the drum beaten with a force which seemingly must have broken in the head. The hand would obey my mental requests as readily as though I had spoken aloud. The manifestations were various, and some of them were executed very rapidly indeed, such as moving things into different parts of the room; and noises were heard, first in one place, then in another, almost at the same moment. The boy was raised up out of his chair while I had hold of his hand.

The boy seemed unsophisticated, plain, and, I verily believe, truthful. And though I had been a believer for some time in Spiritualism, yet I confess I was surprised at what I saw and heard, not quite realizing that it could be so plainly demonstrated. I have said that these circles were held in the dark, yet I have heard that the hand had been seen a day or two previous to the date which I speak of, by truthful and reliable persons in every respect. The hand was seen to take up shears, and clip a lock of hair from another lad's head!—F. V. POWERS, in the *Banner of Light*.

REVIEW.

LOVE: A selection from the best Poets, by THOMAS SHORTER, London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Shorter is a diligent and careful student. He does not fail to bestow the necessary labour over any literary work he undertakes. It is always to us a pleasure to advert to any work to which he attaches his name, either in the capacity of Editor or Author. The work before us is a worthy contribution to the literature of Love. It not only reflects credit on the Editor, but on the Publisher, for the taste displayed in its production. The theme is one of universal significance, old and young alike, owe, in greater or less degree, dutiful obedience to Love. Here is a rare rosary of riches, most of them perfect. Altogether, we have no hesitation in saying that the reader will find no other collection of Love poems of equal bulk in which the legitimate gems of verse on that theme are better and more correctly preserved. We abominate the conventional system of fault-finding, which is applied to good, bad, and indifferent, alike. Therefore, we make no effort to discover faults; whilst the beauties of the work force themselves upon us at almost every page. We read and admire, and feel that our readers will have no cause for regret, should they invest the small sum of 3s. 6d. in "Love," which olden sages say is blind, but which sends its darts into the hearts of most persons with a marvellously unerring aim, nevertheless.

THE REV. W. KER'S TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.

THE Rev. W. Ker, M.A., in a work just published, says:—

"The writer of these pages has, for a length of time, bestowed great attention upon the subject, and is in a position to affirm with all confidence, from his own experience and repeated trials, that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are, for by far the most part, the products neither of imposture nor delusion. They are true, and that to the fullest extent. Nay, the marvels which he himself has witnessed in the private retirement of his own home, with only a few select friends, and without having even so much as ever seen a public medium, are in many respects fully equal to any of the startling narratives which have appeared in print. He has found that there is an intelligence behind, or under, those varied manifestations, which can read our inmost thoughts; can in many cases truly predict coming events; can tell what may be at the moment passing in distant places; can answer mental questions; and which, in his experience, has not only replied correctly to those queries, but even to the secret thoughts and unspoken desires which gave rise to them."

DURING the dearth of news occasioned by the Parliamentary recess, the "penny-a-liners" of the cheap press are driven to their usual work—and very dirty work it is—of abusing Spiritualism and Spiritualists. One of these ignorant scribblers, in a long letter, classes Spiritualism in his list of popular quackeries, which, of course, includes Homoeopathy and Mesmerism; but there is one species of quackery to which he does not allude, and which is, of all others, the most contemptible and offensive—*Newspaper quackery*. Public instructors, save the mark! Arrant impostors, rather! Conceited Know-Nothings, who have the effrontery to lecture men of learning and celebrity, who have devoted years to the investigation of the subject. Such, however, is the usual ignorance of insolence.—*Spiritual Magazine*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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