

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.

"LAYING ON OF HANDS."

It is very amusing to hear the patronizing tone of persons who, having made up their minds on the subject of Spiritualism, declare that it is all Mesmerism, in order to rid themselves of a logical difficulty, especially when those persons know nothing of Mesmerism. There is no fact more patent than this, that Mesmerism had to withstand years of intense, bitter antagonism directed against it by the great M.D.'s and D.D.'s of the age. Men of learning and position everywhere denounced it as a *material impossibility*. It was considered an evidence of imbecility or gross charlatanism for any person to assert that, under the effects of Mesmerism, clairvoyance could be manifested, cures effected, or surgical operations safely performed without the patient experiencing the slightest pain from the operation. The scientific Materialists declared the thing impossible a thousand times. The surgeon relied on chloroform which sometimes became fatally administered. The physician reposed confidence in drugs, which sometimes, perhaps often, killed more patients than they cured. Now and again some advanced mind, impatient of control by the rigid routine of the medical schools, broke the fetters in which, for years, they had proscribed, and lo! Esdaile, Elliotson, Ashburner, and others, one by one, became outlawed, as it were, from the legitimate profession for substituting Mesmerism for medicine. To repeat the history of the past struggles which only a few English medical men were destined to maintain, through the ignorance and prejudice of orthodox practitioners, would be a task scarcely necessary. It is too well known, in fact, to need repeating; but it opportunely teaches a lesson to those clever opponents who are constantly denouncing Spiritualism, whilst they ride Mesmerism as a kind of hobby-horse. It was said by the most approved medical practitioners, that it was impossible to extract a tumour, or amputate a limb, under any amount of mesmeric or nervo-vital influence. Yet Dr. Elliotson in England, and Dr. Esdaile in India, actually made the "impossible" thing possible. They not only proved that sensation could be deadened by "passes," but that diseases of long standing, which had been pronounced incurable, could be cured by them. Still the imperturbable orthodox medical fraternity remained stolidly unconvinced. But this was not the end. Dr. Elliotson lost a most lucrative practice, and not only this, he was necessitated to combat misrepresentations and imputations. We do not believe any class of men, without it be the clergy, are so slow to move out of established paths as the doctors. They are indubitably dogmatic. Besides, all innovations, of the nature of Elliotson's, stand so strongly opposed to their interests, that we

are not surprised at the antagonistic and cruel treatment which was displayed towards the pioneers of Mesmerism. It is, however, gratifying to learn that the Mesmeric Infirmary, of 26, Weymouth-street, is progressing with its cures; and that every fresh report issued by its Committee proves the fact that so-termed "incurables" can be cured by a process as simple as it is beautiful.

In London we have many noble institutions, and not the least to be acknowledged are the hospitals and infirmaries established for the poor; they are, all of them, monuments of real Christian charity (we speak of their use, not abuse.) But the question arises when we read the words—"Hospital," or "Home for Incurables," Have the true means of cure in all cases been applied? We have no hesitation in saying they have not. The reason is obvious. The orthodox system of Therapeutics being considered final, the doctors exhaust their skill and drugs in vain, and the result is, they pronounce incurable those patients whose maladies defy their prescriptions.

Experience has taught all who have diligently pursued Mesmerism, and applied it therapeutically, that various "incurable" cases can be cured. With this knowledge, it behoves them to make known the fact that Nature has, within her exhaustless arcanum, a remedy for many so-called incurable cases—and that remedy is simply Mesmerism. But what is Mesmerism? We think, a child of Spiritualism. How else can Clairvoyance be accounted for? how else the marvellous cures effected by a touch? Dr. Newton in America, at the present day, is astounding the Americans with his extraordinary cures produced by the "Laying on of hands," "without money and without price." Mr. Fradelle, of the Mesmeric Infirmary in London, without exaggeration, could a tale unfold relative to the patients who have been benefitted by Mesmerism, which would put to the blush a legion of learned doctors.

We had the pleasure, when visiting the infirmary lately, of conversing with the venerable Dr. Elliotson, and it was not a little gratifying to us to listen to his relations of the marvels of Spiritualism, which had occurred in his own experience. He said he used to scoff at religion, and hold the Bible in low esteem. Now he reads it every day, and finds therein parallel phenomena to those occurring in modern days. The fact of Dr. Elliotson becoming a Spiritualist, may have little weight with those who regarded his early mesmeric career with suspicion; but to those who have been blessed with the saving evidences of a reasonable faith in the spiritual it is a fact to be regarded with pride. No more bitter opponent to Modern Spiritualism existed than Dr. Elliotson. In the pages of the *Zoist* will be found strictures from him the most unfair and inconsistent on the, to him, then hateful subject. Yet there was no doubt of his sincerity. He stood towards Spiritualism as the orthodox doctors stood towards Mesmerism; hence his inconsistency. Now a pleasing change has come over his Materialism; he is no longer a scoffer, but a simple-minded believer. If no other fact, in the way of spiritual miracles could be presented, than that of Dr. Elliotson's conversion, it would be enough to convince us of its power.

We have briefly glanced at the subject of Mesmerism, alluding in a special manner to Dr. Elliotson and the Mesmeric Infirmary, because we believe the work being done under the doctor's direction therein is a holy work. The time is not far distant when this old world shall be turned dizzy by the startling effects of Spiritualism, which not only affords us Mesmerism to cure disease of body, but Philosophy and Religion to eradicate disease of soul. We are certain there only needs more faith on the part of our mediums; not faith in superstition, but in the power of God, and the uses of Spiritualism; and a willing sacrifice of selfish feelings which stand opposed to pure spiritual influx. Depend upon it, we shall never apply the profits of "Laying on of hands" to its full issues, until we are less self-sufficient, and more reliant on the Good Spirit who gives us life and light.

THE COLCHESTER CASE AGAIN.

THE English papers are rejoicing over the decision on the late Colchester case. It is asserted that Colchester paid a fine, with costs, amounting to 473 dollars, and that in the eye of the law he is a juggler. Perhaps he is one. If so, it does not affect Spiritualism one iota. Judge Hall, in his address to the jury at Buffalo, said, "The most obvious way of dealing with mediums would be to put them upon oath," or words signifying as much. We have little regard for those who swear, therefore we object to oaths, and believe them almost wholly ineffectual. But should mediums be called upon to swear they are mediums, will it alter the fact that they are such? Certainly not. It would be as sensible to ask a man to swear that he was not a woman, or a physician to swear that he was not a leech, although he called himself one. Mediums need have little dread of the oath; they may take ten thousand and lose no particle of mediumship in consequence.

If conjurors call themselves mediums they will be very likely to support the deception on oath, for what we have seen of many of them we don't think they would much mind the responsibility of swearing to deceive, since deception is their trade.

REMARKS ON THE WONDERFUL AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

This article, which we have translated from a French work, will perhaps suffice to show that there is something more than is generally believed to exist in the teaching of Spiritualism. It is only by opening little by little the multifarious folds of this doctrine, that we trust to be able to help them that choose to be enlightened.

Though the word "science" has been, and is, repeatedly used in relation with Spiritualism, we think that "doctrine" would be more appropriate. It should ever be remembered that science is human, while doctrine is divine; or, in other words, that the former exclusively serves to enlighten the intellect, whereas the latter cultivates the soul. For that reason we trust the new light brought to bear on the real purpose of Spiritualism will find less opposition than it has hitherto been its lot to meet with in this land of free discussion, sound judgment, and fair play.

If faith in spirits and their manifestations were a private conception, the result of a system, it might, with some appearance of reason, be suspected of being delusory; but who will be able to tell us why it should be found so strongly rooted amongst ancient as well as modern populations, and in all the books of known religions? Some critics say that it is because man has always been fond of what is wonderful. But what do they call wonderful? That which is supernatural. And what do they understand by supernatural? That which is contrary to the laws of nature? Are they, then, so conversant with those laws as to feel capable of assigning a limit to the power of God? Be it so! But then they must prove that the existence of spirits and their manifestations are adverse to nature's law; that, in fact, there is no such existence; and, moreover, that it cannot be in accordance with any of those laws. Now, follow the spiritual doctrine, and see if it does not possess all the features of a most admirable law. The power of thinking is an attribute of the spirit; the possibility of acting on matter, of making an

impression on the senses, and thence of transmitting thoughts, are altogether simple consequences of the physiological constitution; there is, therefore, nothing supernatural in this fact. People say, we admit that a spirit can lift up a table, and keep it in space without point of contact, which fact is contrary to the laws of gravitation. But, let us ask, has nature spoken her last word? Who would have said, when experiments had not yet proved the ascensional power of certain gases, that a heavy machine, loaded with many men, would have overcome the force of attraction? Was not that wonderful, supernatural, and, for the masses, diabolical? He who would have proposed a century ago to send a message five hundred miles off, and receive an answer in a few minutes, would have been thought a lunatic; and, if he had accomplished the feat, it would have been said that the devil was at his orders, since in those days it was thought that no one but Satan could go so fast. Could not an unknown fluid have the property, in particular circumstances, of counterbalancing the effect of gravity, as the hydrogen counteracts the weight of the balloon? This is a comparison, not an assimilation, and we merely mention it to show, by means of an analogy, that the feat is not physically impossible; for it is only when scientific men proceeded by assimilation in the observation of the phenomena that they misled themselves. But the fact does nevertheless exist, and cannot be denied. In our mind, however, there is nothing supernatural; which is all we can say, for the moment, at least.

If the fact be authenticated, some persons say, then we will believe in it, and moreover accept the explanation suggested on your part, viz., the action of an unknown fluid. But who can prove the intervention of spirits? This, and only this, can we call wonderful, supernatural.

A long demonstration would be necessary, and it would be out of place here; however, we may in a few words state it is theoretically founded on the principle that every intelligent effect must have an intelligent cause; and, practically, on the observation that, as spiritual phenomena have shown themselves to have been planned with intelligence, so they must spring from a greater power than that of matter. Furthermore, that as this intelligence is independent of witnesses, it necessarily follows that such intelligence springs from other external causes; and, lastly, as the action is not to be seen, the effect must necessarily be due to an invisible agency. Thus, after many observations, it was acknowledged that this invisible agency, to whom the name of spirit has been given, is nothing else than the soul of him who has lived corporally, of him who has dropped his tangible body, retaining a mere ethereal envelope, which in normal conditions is not to be seen. Here, then, is the simplest expression of facts generally considered supernatural. The existence of invisible beings once ascertained, their action on matter results from the nature of the fluidical principle, and it necessarily is an intelligent action, since death has affected nothing more than the flesh. This is the key of all phenomena wrongly called supernatural. The existence of spirits is, then, not a pre-conceived system, an imaginary hypothesis; it is the result of observation, and the natural consequence of the existence of the soul and its attributes. Let those who think themselves able to give a more rational solution to these intelligent performances—especially if they can give a reason for all facts—let them, we say, do it, and then a discussion on the merit of each will be of some use.

For persons who will look upon matter as the only power of nature, all that which is not explained by the laws of matter is wonderful or supernatural; for them wonder is synonymous with superstition. At this rate, religion founded on the existence of an immaterial principle, would be a tissue of superstitions; they do not dare to say so aloud, but they whisper it among one another, and they think they have saved appearances if they admit that a religion of some sort is necessary for the masses, and to keep children quiet. Now, we must either admit the truth of religion or declare its falsehood; then, if it be true, surely it is so for every one; and, if false, it cannot be better for the ignorant than for the enlightened.

Those who accuse Spiritualism on account of its wonders, take their stand on a material principle, because, by denying all extra material effect, they thereby deny the existence of the soul. Fathom their thoughts, as well as the meaning of their words, and you will find this principle repeatedly expressed under the spacious exterior of rational philosophy. If you ask them boldly whether they possess a soul, they may not dare to say no, but will answer that they do not know, or they are not certain about it. By calling supernatural everything that emanates from the existence of the soul, they are consequent with themselves, because as long as they reject the cause they cannot admit the effects; hence their prejudiced opinion, and their unfitness to judge Spiritualism correctly, because they commence by repudiating whatsoever is not matter. By admitting the effects which are the consequence of the existence of the soul, it must not be believed that we accept all things qualified as wonderful; we are not the champions of dreamers, of adepts to all Utopias, of all systematic eccentricities. Only those who have no knowledge of Spiritualism can think so; but our adversaries

do not trouble themselves about it; the necessity of having a knowledge of what they talk about is the least of their thoughts. According to their notions anything marvellous is absurd; and as Spiritualism rests on wonderful facts, Spiritualism is absurd. Their verdict is without appeal. The scientific inquiries instituted with regard to the Convulsionnaires de St. Medar, the Camisards des Cevennes, or the Nuns of Loudun, are brought forward as irrefutable arguments, because they reached at their foundation fraud and deceit; but do they mean to say that those impositions are the Gospel of Spiritualism? Have its partizans ever denied that charlatanism has sometimes taken advantage of certain facts, while imagination has invented others, and fanaticism exaggerated a great many? Spiritualism is no more answerable for the extravagances committed in its name, than true science is for the errors of ignorance or true religion for the excesses of bigotry. Many critics decide about Spiritualism on fairy tales and popular legends, which are mere fictions. It would be the same if we were to pass our opinion on history, without taking any better evidence than that furnished by historical novels or tragedies.

In elementary logic it is necessary to be well acquainted with the thing in discussion, and the statements of a critic can be of no value so long as he speaks without mastering his subject. Only then can his opinion, even when erroneous, be taken into consideration; but of what weight could its reasoning be, if it referred to matters unknown to him? The true critic must show not only erudition, but a thorough knowledge of the subject he treats of, a right judgment, and impartiality enough to disregard any temptation; were it not so, a common fiddler might claim the right of passing a verdict on Rossini, and a mere pencil-holder that of censuring the divine Raphael.

Spiritualism, then, does not accept all the facts called wonderful or supernatural; it, on the contrary, shows the absurdity of a great number of these facts, and the ridicule of certain ideas which, properly speaking, constitute the very essence of superstition. It is true that many things admitted by Spiritualism will appear to the incredulous as manifest proofs of superposition. Be it so if they so please, but then let us discuss those points and nothing more, since no objections can be raised against the others. But where are the boundaries of Spiritualism? When shall we attain its limits? To such questions we must answer thus: Read, and you will know. Science is only acquired by dint of time and study, and as Spiritualism is in itself a science connected with the most important questions of philosophy, social order, and morality, we must not expect to learn it in a few hours. It would be as childish to insist upon viewing Spiritualism only in the sphere of table-turning, as to pretend seeing the marvels of physical sciences in the amusing performances of modern toys. For anyone willing to look beyond the surface of things, it is not by hours, but by months and years that he must count the time necessary to master all the arcana concealed in our subject. It is easy, then to conceive what amount of knowledge is possessed by them who take upon themselves to decide, merely because they have assisted once or twice at some experiments, in many cases for the mere sake of fun. They will say, perhaps, that it is impossible for them to give the necessary time to that study. Very well, nobody compels them to do so; but when people have no time to study and learn, they must not meddle and talk about what they do not know, and still less pretend to criticize if they will not be accused of levity. The higher is one's scientific position, the less pardonable it is to treat with jocosity an unknown subject.

We must beg to conclude with the following propositions:—

1. All spiritual phenomena have as a principle the existence of the soul, its fact of outliving the body, and its manifestations.
2. These phenomena being founded on one of nature's laws, are neither wonderful nor supernatural, in the common sense of these words.
3. Many facts are thought supernatural only because their origin is unknown. Spiritualism, by assigning them a cause, brings them within the pale of natural phenomena.
4. Many of the facts qualified as supernatural are shown by Spiritualism as impossible, and by it considered as superstitions.
5. Though Spiritualism is ready to acknowledge a certain degree of truth in some of the most popular notions, it does not accept the responsibility of fantastical stories suggested by morbid imaginations.
6. To judge on facts not admitted by Spiritualism, is a mark of ignorance, and no value is to be attached to such an opinion.
7. The explanation of the facts admitted by Spiritualism, their causes, and their mortal consequences, constitute a real science, requiring a serious persevering study.
8. No one can be thought a sincere critic of Spiritualism but he who has studied it with the patience and perseverance of a conscientious observer; one who knows on this matter as much as the most enlightened adept; who derives his knowledge from other sources than novels, one to whom no fact can be opposed without his being acquainted with it; who refutes not merely

by degenerations, but by means of peremptory arguments, and can, in short, assign more logical causes to the effects which so frequently come under our notice.

Such a critic, we are happy to say, has not yet been discovered.

COMMUNICATION.

ON going home one day, I happened to come across a splendid tree covered with golden fruits. At this sight I could not resist the temptation of taking some home to my father. The tree was high, and gave me great trouble; eventually, however, I succeeded, and, with my load of fruits, was able to go homewards radiant with joy. When, fresh of my triumph, I had displayed my fruits before my father, what was my astonishment to hear him laughingly say, "See the results of ignorance! How often is not some such want of knowledge the main cause of the sterility that attends our work? These fruits, my dear boy, are sour. With more wisdom thou would'st not have taken so much trouble, knowing that a wild and uncultivated tree produces nothing that can be considered fit for man."

Moved to anger by these remarks, I seized my father's axe, and was on the point of rushing back to the traitorous tree, when my father stopped me and added, "Pause before condemning, and see whether it be possible to amend its nature. Let us try to graft this plant. Then, should our endeavours prove of no avail, it will be time enough to cut it down, and remove it from the spot it uselessly occupies. Remember, my son, that knowledge should precede judgment, and the spirit of improvement that of destruction."

This, friends, is what my father said.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR CONSIDERED AS THE TRUE BASIS OF THE SOCIAL ORGANISM.

THERE is a large number of men in our country who are interested in questions of social progress and improvement. The reforms which have agitated the minds of the people for the last thirty years, have excited in many, an ardent desire for the establishment of a true order of society on the earth, and for the social elevation of the human race. They would like to engage in, or aid in some way, a work that would promote the attainments of their great ends. The question is to know what to do, and how to begin. The problem of social re-organization is a rare and complex one. If they who undertake it do not begin rightly—begin at the beginning—and conduct their operations wisely they will fail.

After much experience and study, we do not hesitate to affirm that the true, practical commencement of a social re-organization—or rather of "Organization," for society is as yet in reality unorganized, and in an incoherent, transitional state—is in the ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

Labour—or to speak of it in its concrete form, productive industry, with its various branches of agriculture, manufactures, etc.—is the foundation of the social system. If the foundation is not rightly laid, if it is falsely constituted, the superstructure will be false. The great problem to be solved, the prior work to be done, by men who would accomplish something positive and practicable for the elevation of their race, is to organize labour on scientific principles and a basis of justice.

We present the plan of an enterprise which will test, and we believe, will solve this great problem. It is an industrial enterprise, based on the principle of association, in which labour will be organized in accordance with nature's laws of Organization. While the enterprise has for its object the demonstration of a great truth, it will offer to those who engage in it a broad and noble field of action, and scope for exercise of the higher faculties of the mind.

Before explaining the nature of the enterprise, we will explain briefly what labour is, and the functions which it performs in the social world. The reader will then better understand the supreme importance of its Organization, and the value of the enterprise which has that desire in view.

Labour is the physical activity of man, directed under the control of thought to the creation of the means and instrumentalities necessary to his material existence, happiness, greatness and power. It is the living force, the *vis viva* in man applied to the accomplishment of that part of his destiny on earth which depends on material or industrial creations. What can be more important than to organize this great and primary force to which the proper direction and application of all the forces and the life in nature are subject?

As to the functions which labour performs in the social world, we will sum up the leading ones under the following heads:—

First. Labour is the sole source of wealth. Adam Smith, in his great work on the wealth of nations, first proclaimed clearly in 1776 this truth. Since then, it has been held by all political economists. This truth appears however, self-evident, when we define in what wealth consists and how it is produced. Wealth consists in all those things which are necessary to, or promote man's physical wants and comforts, his material greatness and power. Now it is labour which creates them all. It is labour which clears, cultivates and beautifies the earth, which is his abode; which erects his edifices, produces his food and clothing, rears and tames his flocks and herds, constructs his means of conveyance, works mines and their metals, manufactures his implements and machinery, prints his

books, in short, creates the totality of material things, which are indispensable to his well being, in which we call wealth.

Second. Labour is the primary source of health and of physical development. Continual exercise and movement are, as is known, the conditions of a normal state for all higher animal organisms. It is only under a system of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY—which will be one of the results of its scientific Organization—that humanity will attain to integral health, and a natural state of longevity, which is something over a century; the longevity of the human race is in our false societies, about thirty-three years.

Third. Labour furnishes the conditions of man's intellectual and moral development; that is, the material means necessary to education and exercise of the arts and sciences.

Fourth. Labour is the material basis of the social system, the foundation on which the whole social superstructure rests. As it furnishes to man wealth, health, and the means of education, it is evident that no true social order can exist if these conditions are wanting.

We could lay down other propositions, but these are sufficient to demonstrate the importance of organizing labour, for the great results which labour can secure to man, can only be secured in their fulness by its scientific Organization.

Labour is at present unorganized, or imperfectly organized; it is in a rude and incoherent state; its exercise is difficult, repulsive and brutalizing, its product is small.

The condition of labour engenders a majority of the evils which exist in society, and which are falsely attributed to other causes, such as the imperfection or depravity of man, his fall, &c. It entails on the masses poverty with its cares and anxieties, or sinks them into ignorance, as it absorbs them in physical toil, and leaves them without the means of mental culture; it enslaves the mind and body, the spiritual to the material, and degrades man's moral and intellectual nature; it gives rise to unjust laws and institutions, such as slavery, the wages system, privileges and monopolies, by which the intelligent and cunning oppress the ignorant multitude and plunder them of the fruit of their labour; it creates general distrust and discord in society by the devices and frauds which are practised for the purpose of gain; it drives men of ambition, talent, and capacity from productive industry, and induces them to engage in the unproductive pursuits and professions which live on labour, and in which they obtain wealth without the toil producing it; it inflicts indirectly the rich with debility and disease, as it leads them to pass their lives in idleness; it impels members of the lower classes to resort to drunkenness, to forget their sufferings, or to crime, to obtain the means of existence, which labour often does not supply; it excites a contempt for work, and renders idle ease respectable, giving to society a false tone, which vitiates its whole tendency and spirit.

A true Organization of labour or of productive industry can alone remedy these evils. Let us see what it will effect.

It will DIGNIFY INDUSTRY, and RENDER IT ATTRACTIVE, and will induce all to engage voluntarily in it and become producers; it will thus secure the possession of universal HEALTH and universal WEALTH, which are the two primary conditions of human happiness; it will lead to the abolition of unjust laws and institutions, by which the minority live without labour on the toil of the masses, for which industry is rendered attractive, no one will wish to remain idle, and to cheat others out of the fruit of their labour; it will enlist the talent, enterprise and energy of society in industry, as they are now enlisted in commerce, banking, politics, etc., and will give to industry a gigantic development; it will supply the material means necessary to education; it will free the mind from slavery to matter by creating wealth in abundance, to satisfy all the physical wants, and by proper material arrangements in society; it will lead to unity of interest and action, and will establish the reign of real and practical liberty in the social world, for there can be no real liberty for the labouring classes, so long as they are forced to spend their lives in repulsive toil; it will give a tone to society that will render industry honourable, and idleness dishonourable, and will establish new standards of respectability and social position; and, lastly, it will open to ambition and genius—when the system shall be universalized—avenues to fame and fortune.

It is to test practically this great problem of the Organization of labour that we propose the undertaking we have in view. If a body of enterprising and intelligent men could be interested in the work—a hundred even with a capital of, from 2,000 to 5,000 dollars each—the enterprise could be begun, and if wisely managed, carried through with brilliant success, leading to results of unlooked for importance.

We propose a practical experiment on a comparatively small scale on a tract of land, less in extent than a township, and with a few hundred persons. The Organization of labour can be tried on this scale, as well as if made on a whole country, and its great and beneficent results clearly demonstrated. We believe that if a single successful experiment would be made, and the effects which a scientific Organization of labour would produce were exhibited to the world, it would be struck with astonishment at the sight of an industrial system that would create attraction and enthusiasm in labour, secure the possession of wealth to the extent of superfluity, and establish concord and unity in all interests and in all the industrial operations of society.

We have often seen in history great results spring from small causes. The invention of the spinning jenny and power-loom has revolutionized the manufacturing system of the world. The invention of the cotton gin at the beginning of the century, gave an immense impetus to the cotton culture, and with it to the spread of slavery, which in turn led to the mighty slave power that engendered a civil war, the most terrible in history. The idea of Stephenson of placing a steam-carriage, on a tram-road giving rise to the railway system, has changed the travel, and to some extent the social intercourse of the world. In like manner, we believe that a single example of a true Organization of industry and of the relations of those engaged in it, would lead to a fundamental and beneficial change in our whole industrial, commercial, and combining systems, which are radically false and demand a radical reform, and would lay the foundation of the elevation of the labouring classes or the masses of mankind.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

MARION'S GRAVE.*

By J. H. POWELL.

In a grave-yard near the Wye,
Where ripe, ruddy apples grow;
While the over-arching sky
Sun-eyed smiled on all below.

Near an ivied, ancient wall,
Where a sapling's branches wave,
And the grasses green and tall,
Decorate my Marion's grave—

I, her pilgrim parent, stood,
After half a score of years;
And my mind in memory's mood,
Gave my eyes no ready tears.

All the past, since she was here,
In her body pure and frail—
All her gentle graces dear,
And her features thin and pale—

All my hopes and anxious fears,
Daily watchings and caressings—
All her mother's painful tears
Mixed with Love's pure choicest blessings—

All—like loving spirits came,
From the sanctum of the years,
Whispering Marion's hallow'd name,
And I shed no ready tears—

For I felt her presence blessing—
And her kisses as of old;
While the zephyrs sailed caressing,
And the grave was touched with gold.

Buried 'neath a tiny mound,
Where the satin grasses wave,
And no tablet marks the ground;—
There I found my cherub's grave.

And I loved the sacred scene,
Sanctified by all that's true,
Decked by Summer's luscious sheen!
Bathed in Morning's glistening dew!

And I stood beside her grave,
While the zephyrs toyed with flowers,
Where the emerald grasses wave,
And sweet music charms the hours—

Saying—Marion! angel beauty!
Thou, my child, who knew no guile!
Guide me in the ways of Duty,
Where no shameless sins defile.

Often in Life's weakest season,
When the lights of Duty waned,
And my soul was dead to Reason,
And my love of Truth was feigned,

I have felt thy angel hand
Stay my footsteps—Guardian Soul!
And my feet have trod the land
Leading towards Life's heavenward goal.

In a grave yard near the Wye,
Where the rocks in pride arise;
In a grave yard where the eye
Gleets the verdure with surprise;

There I stood by Marion's grave,
Like a pilgrim at a shrine,
Where the soft green grasses wave,
With a feeling all divine.

SPIRITS RENDERING EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. E. H. Eddy, the medium who has been holding *séances* here this summer, is still engaged, astonishing sceptics and promulgating the truth of spirit-communion. New tests mark his development. Spirits materialize vocal organs, and speak audibly to the audience, J. W. Booth frequently rendering extracts from Shakspeare, occupying five and ten minutes for their recitation. All this taking place while the medium has his mouth filled with water, discharging it after the speaking ceases.

The spirits pass round the room rattling castanets, thrumming the guitar, singing, slapping the ceiling with hands, tracing their names with a pencil on cards, calling every person in the circle by name, and offering other tests, conclusive evidence of spirits' ability to return to earth and manifest. Mr. Eddy is doing good among inquiring minds, and stemming the tide of orthodox opposition.—*Banner of Light*.

* From "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures." Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row, London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

CRITICS AND REVIEWERS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—The majority of readers are like sheep, under and in more aspects and respects than one. Beau Window, or Beau Brummell, or some other beau sets a ridiculous fashion, and the human lambskins follow. Any Tomnoddy writes a review in what is termed a respectable publication, and the human sheep, without troubling themselves to think for themselves, or ask questions, accept the dictum or opinion there expressed as Gospel truth.

Before such an opinion is received, the following questions should suggest themselves. Was the review bought; and, if so, how? By money; by the amenities of trade; or was the favourable review granted as a gift of personal friendship? Was the hostile review the result of personal or literary spite? Who was the man who reviewed? What amount of brains had he? what of common sense? In fact, who and what is that anonymous man, and what his powers? Where a reviewer quotes passages which justify the hostile review, we are enabled to judge for ourselves whether his judgment is right or wrong. But when he merely poop-poohs a book on his own assertion—a book which a reader of this review knows to be of sterling worth, then we are led to ask who is this literary jackanapes that sits in judgment upon his superiors? in the same way that we might ask who are the conceitedly dull writers of sensational articles? Who are these nameless men? What brilliant and immortal works have they produced to illuminate a wondering and awe-struck world? We know nothing of them or their works. Even where reasons have to be given, any ordinary literary animal thinks himself competent to dissect, to pull to pieces, or to praise. But if reviews have so degenerated as to be but mere dogmatical assertions as to the merit or demerit of a work, why that learned pig, whose sides have, no doubt, been years ago converted into bacon (tough bacon, too, I opine), could have been a reviewer, even had he not opened or read a page of the work he reviewed—a practice that obtains, I believe, with human reviewers now. The ass that is said to have spoken, could, no doubt, have reviewed as well as some of the asses and false prophets of to-day.

The publication known as "Public Opinion" has its own superb reviewer, and it is his wont to say of a work, "Depart into darkness; thou art not worthy." To another, "Go forth into the world; the sunshine of our favour is upon thee." Would that he had been one of the reviewers of the "Hours of Idleness." No; he would have escaped. If I were to aim at our Chinese friend Chang's head, I should miss the little Hohgoblin (or whatever is his name) at Chang's side. Byron shooting at Jeffreys would miss pigmy reviewers such as our day has produced. I wish to bring under the notice of your readers two exquisite reviews from the pen of this omniscient and immaculate genius, whose lucubrations adorn the pages of "Public Opinion," but in doing so it is only fair to say that this periodical (P. O.) has only recently taken to reviewing, and its reviewer may have only just acquired the green goose feathers. These reviews shine in the number of October 14, in the year of grace, 1865.

Many of your readers have probably read Dr. Ferguson's "Supramundane Facts," edited by T. L. Nichols, M.D. Let me premise that many wiflings have made it their study, and it has become the fashion to ridicule Spiritualism, of which they probably know as little as they do of the convolutions and capacity (or, rather, want of capacity) of their own witless brains. Now, the reviewer, in adding his quota to the general bray—to the fashionable "E-Haw!" became likewise in fashion, and tickled, no doubt, his own long ears, as he did also the long ears of the other Jerusalem-ponies of literature.

He does not quote Messrs. Nichols or Ferguson, but the mentally and intellectually grand little man, finds in Dr. Ferguson but a showman, and dismisses his and Dr. Nichols's joint work as a "book full of ridiculous stories," which "may please those persons who are indifferent to sense and facts." After writing that clencher, our reviewer would probably walk into the Strand out of his little street, with his hands stuck into his white waistcoat pockets, and after regarding with natural admiration the patent-leather boots which encased his feet and ten toes, would perhaps turn into Simpson's and have his chop and subsequent cigar. Hadn't he enlightened the world? and hadn't he exposed humbugs? and didn't he deserve his chop? Yes, he did deserve a chop, but it was a chop which would have lessened those appendages which adorn the brethren ridden by little girls and boys on Clapham Common and Blackheath on ordinary days, and by reviewers on Sundays.

Many of your readers have, no doubt, thought the above work well written, singularly earnest, and seemingly truthful, and relating to subjects and ultimate consequences compared with which the lights and glories and the grandeur of this world are but as nothing. Now, readers of the "Spiritual Times," would you like to learn what his high mightiness the aforesaid reviewer, who sees nothing but humbug in Spiritualists and Spiritualism, who is of more renown than William Howitt, who is greater than Dr. Nichols, does really delight in? does really, with all his soul, and capacity, and instinct, and reason, all his thought and its parent brain, admire? I will tell you. It is the work entitled, "Artemus Ward (His Travels) among the Mormons."

He "gladly welcomes another book" from Ward—the kindred spirit Ward. He will "be glad to see Mr. Ward in England" (I wonder whether he will invite Ward to make a trio of Christmas geese?) Now I may be wanting in that power to discern merit which is vested in Artemus's friend, but I cannot, for the life of me, imagine what a sensible man can see to admire in the following trash, which he quotes from Artemus's book, and which fills his sublime brain, and over which he (the reviewer) holds his sides, for fear the gas it (Artemus's book) had evolved should cause an explosion of the reviewer's body.

I can imagine him on the banks of the Mersey even now, waiting to receive and welcome Artemus, as the dove was welcomed of old. Even now can I, in imagination, see him bestriding his long-eared steed on the banks or landing-stage of that dear old Mersey river.

"The following is headed 'Harvard College,' and happily displays A. Ward's unique facetiousness:—

"This celebrated institution of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the bar-room of Parker's, in School-street, and has poppils from all over the country.

"I had a letter yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, jr., who is at Bowdoin College, in Maine. He writes that he is a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his Childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American humourist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent 'Travellin' Vegerable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibition with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skarce 15 Summers had flow'd over my youthful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said, "go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock 'em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblingly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin' down his venerable chin, but it might have been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd."

What sensible writer, after reading this extract, would care to have the opinion of a reviewer? With the assurance of my distinguished consideration to our friend the reviewer, and the other reviewers who are wont to display the long ear, or, it may be, hold out the open purse, I remain, yours, &c.,

EDWIN EDDISON.

THE WHY'S-ACRES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I very seldom converse on the subject of Spiritualism for several reasons, amongst others, because I am not personally acquainted with many spiritualists, and among my own family and friends, though many of the phenomena are admitted to be probably true, there is a general dislike to the subject as unorthodox and a mistrust of the phenomena as, if not originating from an absolutely evil spirit, at least calculated to do evil, by unsettling men's opinions, and leading weak persons at least into error. I am myself also conscious from experience, that however beautiful and clear and beneficent these phenomena often are, they are sometimes also, very perplexing and may lead to great error and danger, and therefore considering the knowledge which I have of them, as a merciful gift and a truth, I am fearful of abusing that truth by communicating it indiscriminately to others, whose minds or moral and nervous sensibilities may be unprepared to receive the truth, or to exercise a sound judgment upon it. But besides this, the subject is to my feelings, not only of a wonderful, but of an affecting and tender nature, which one who has experience of its truth, should rather ponder over in his own heart, or allude to amongst fellow believers, or his intimate friends, than divulge and betray to the scoffs of the vulgar *flâneurs*, or, as the Latin poet Horace says, the "profanum vulgus" of his age. I also am inclined to think that it should not be mentioned without a certain degree of reverence and solemnity, and not in a familiar tone, though in this opinion I may be in error, and my mind is generally so much distracted by private affairs, by the politics and news of the day, by the vexatious examination of Dr. Colenso's minute criticisms upon the Hebrew Scriptures, by the study of Bunson's laborious and profound researches into the history of Ancient Egypt, and by the occasional heart-aching appeals for advice and assistance from victims of our iniquitous Lunacy Law system, that I am too much bewildered and agitated to address myself to this subject with the proper time and equanimity which I consider that it requires.

Amongst a few of my acquaintances, however, who are aware of my opinions, and who good-humouredly rally me upon them, especially when I meet them after some infallible article has appeared on the subject in the "Star" or "Evening Standard," or some calumny has been reported of the Davenportes, which I find people ready always immediately to accept as gospel, without waiting for any refutation or explanation; I do occasionally assert and defend my opinions when I find that I am usually met with questions—why should God Almighty, either by His own power or by spirits, employ such agents as Mrs. Marshall and the Davenportes, and do such trivial and ridiculous things as lift tables, spell out words by rapping, carry instruments through the air, and throw a trumpet and other things out of the hole of a door? Having been taught myself by a long and painful experience, not to ground my faith on received opinions and prejudices, but to study facts, as far as I can without prejudice, and having ascertained facts, to reason, if possible, from them, and, if not, to wait trustfully till other facts throw a light on those the certainty of which is already acquired, which is, in fact, the A, B, C of philosophy and science; I receive these interruptions with the disgust similar to that which an accomplished classical tutor might feel in having to teach the accidence of grammar to a pupil whilst reading a beautiful passage in Virgil. It is in vain that I reply that I am not gifted with their omniscience, and thus cannot tell either why the Almighty or the spirits should not do so, any more than with certainty and comprehensively why He should; any more than I can answer why He chose the Hebrew nation as the sole depositary of the truth of Monotheism amongst the ancients, and such a perverse, cruel, and odious nation; or why He chose a Socrates among the Greeks, or the adopted child of a Jewish carpenter in Galilee to give light to our understandings, but that one effect of these paltry,

miserable, and trivial manifestations had been the conversion of the minds of Atheists and Materialists to the acknowledgement of the existence of a Divine Being, and to faith in a future state after death, which appeared to me to be an object worthy of such or even sillier means. I am still assailed by these repented whys. Why could not the spirits advise the members of the Stock Exchange in their bargains? Why cannot they name the winner of the Derby? Why could they not reveal the fate of Captain Franklin and his crew at the North Pole? Why were they all silent during the war in the Crimea? and the like. At last, the other day, tired of these senseless observations, in which men, whilst pretending to candid inquiries after truth, and to be seeking conviction of facts, are really only taxing and asking questions of their own ignorance. I replied to a young friend that I say he was evidently one of the *why's*-*acres* of the present day, and just a reader of a calibre suited to the productions of *Flaneur*, *Lucifer*, or the "*Morning Star*," and the "*Pall-Mall Gazette*," or the writings of other half informed and prejudiced sceptics, who rush pell mell in where angels fear to tread. As a little well-deserved ridicule often has more effect in silencing or in bringing to a sound course of reason the snapping pretensions of scientiolist *cur's* (I use the word not so much in insolence as in joke, because *cur* is the Latin for *why*), I venture to offer these remarks for the pages of the "*Spiritual Times*."—I remain, your obedient servant,

JOHN PERCEVAL.

London, Oct. 16, 1865.

NATURE'S PROVIDENCES.

To my Friends in England.—The index-finger of some strange mysterious Fate invites us on to attainments and results no standard of faith and action can measure or define. What means the busy clamour of the day—the many songsters of an hour? Is not the world repaid with these strange and mysterious echoes, that come clothed in the garb of many ages? What are they in the aggregate but Nature's providences and power directing and superintending humanity at large, the offspring and creature of a Divine parentage. Look we either to the north or the south, to the east or the west, and our attention absorbs the same life-like and familiar features that have greeted man from time immemorial. The substance of all the past is there, not bereft of its intrinsic powers, but changed in its external form. God, Humanity, and the Devil are fighting in their threefold guise; the latter as some great imaginary balance wheel in creation, established for the purpose of dividing out God's immense estate into equalizing proportions. Such, at least, is the idea which takes possession of distempered minds.

I cannot recognize the least struggle between right and wrong. There is no war carried on between good and evil. Nature, in her gradations, recognizes in the most orderly and harmonious manner these disintegrated essences, with their departments, and I affirm there is no conflict. The change in the social state; the revolting wrinkles wrought upon the hoary visage of Time, are but as bubbles floating on the surface of mighty waters, beneath whose depth the evidences of Immortality lie buried. The physical and the mental are the same—two distinct and invaluable agencies for the promotion of the highest interests of God's bounty of providences; are the same to-day that they were yesterday, and will so remain for time immemorial. Confine not, my friends, your highest aspirations and thoughts to these contrasts, for they are merely eddying currents on the surface, that disturb not the great depths in which is concealed our all. They give to us not the highest offerings from the great storehouse of supreme wisdom. They flatter false hopes and vain ideas of ourselves and others. The throbbings of society's pulse to-day are but as the common fluctuations produced by some unseen, and may be unknown agency, which will build up from a common wreck the Eternal Rights of Man.

Allow me to ask, where is written the destiny of a nation? It is encased in the undeveloped evidences of that mysterious power which has wrought every change. Where lie the sacred interests of humanity? in a divine sense, I mean. Is it in the attempts to adjust and pacify the turbulent elements of physical organization or disorganization? Not so. Innate essences of power in all this is the great, refreshing well-spring to which our thirst is invited. We have embraced skeletons so long that life now grovels in the pit as if we could feed only on dead carcasses. It is time we had left them. We should be no longer children. Let us cast aside these glittering baubles. As men let us relax our hold on this bony structure, and plunge with what energy we have into the living tide, and be benefitted. It is not important, neither is it beneficial to discuss old forms and customs, to examine one garment after another shed from Theology's palsied limbs. But we should open our souls, and breathe the element of inspiration, the same which shed its mantle of glory upon the sacred shrines of Justice and Divine Humanity in the past. When this is done we are no longer inactive. We stay not as loiterers by the wayside, and the gifts of inspired mediumship are no longer mere toys with which to while away the tedium of a desert life. Mementoes of an All-wise Providence are at our

disposal, and the highest hope and promise are offered us. It is not the policy to draw unhappy contrasts. Nature developed in man, in the most crude state of existence, a recognition of this. But, upon the other hand, it is much the best to disentegrate in theory, and aggregate in practical results. We must learn the nature and importance of those relative agencies and dependencies of power which form the unbroken chain of connections between the great mental and physical world. An almost universal fault is in not appreciating this justly and as fully as we should. Naught being insignificant, let us reason upon and study what our manifest inconsistency still calls the lowest. We must study the root if we would know the fruit. I see nothing unsubstantial, or even intangible in a true philosophy; nothing. It is not necessary to draw man's attention to the brute creation beneath him to convince him of the difference between himself and the brute. It is not necessary to furnish him with a photograph of his own features to convince him of the resemblance he bears to the Hottentot. His physical characteristics are plain and unmistakable. He not only feels the resemblance and sees it, but intuitively he knows it. The reasoning process, linked in all its graspings of images and ideas, is at once dispensed with through this intuition. Our superiority is at once established, and our individual dignity unassailable. Why, then, are there these distinctions in nature in man? Have they come as some grand physical entertainment, to greet our vision and please our fancies, and lift us above the drear monotony of life? Not so; it serves a higher purpose than this. It points us to an invaluable truth, inexhaustible in resources and utterances, which we must ever realize and feel for ever. It informs us of an existing alliance, firmly establishing connections with that interior world of which the physical is but the type; extending to us the highest privileges which we could possibly claim from a divine inheritance; the bounty of inspiration, not measured by conventionalities, not contained in formularies. Its song has been chanted in lyric verse and Thought's prose for ages. While engaged in this train of reflections, ideas that are common to the speculative and practical mind and attention become attractive, with more interest to what we denominate the common phases and conditions of life. We recognize to some extent, even in the most trifling (as viewed from the external point), the ministrings of that self-same Providence that sanctified our rights and blessed each result and effort.

Say to the world for me, you can seek me not only in the full glory of the forthcoming day at noon, but when the sun declines and the earth's shadows linger. God's providences must now be manifested in the night-time of your adversities, for at such a time you can reject them not. That Providence in spiritual administering shall serve you as it served the children of Israel. It shall go before you as a mighty pillar of fire in the darkness. Remain faithful, and it deserts you not when your eye gazes on the fields of Elysium from afar off. It is not some adventurous interloper coming for the purpose of destruction. It promises a fulfillment, a righteous fulfillment, and I make no assumption when I say it will be full and everlasting, fraught not with those Utopian ideas which are ephemeral, and come but as the distempered answers of a misused brain, but visiting your hearthstone in the garb of citizen, stranger, friend, counsellor, inviting and promoting your confidence, and enlisting the most noble efforts of your mental nature.

I would whisper peace in the hearts of all who call me friend. It comes only from the inner breathings of a true, harmonial life. That life is seldom free to act, but its impulses, ever free to flow, are often clogged from our very infancy. Could nature be true to its birth, man would appreciate his immortal existence, and his conceptions expand to a degree of power of which now he realizes nothing. I cannot express to you the joy with which I behold consecutively the risings and expansions of the hope we are made to bear. The one illuminates the other's development, until they become emblazoned as ever-living mementoes of a God in man. The unfolding to view of the brilliant worlds above, are emblematical of the lofty ideas and unlimited good he is yet to realize. Then let us live and breathe in kindred harmony with the divine influences that minister at our altars, and permit the lofty impulses emanating from our inner nature to teach obedience. Let us shake from the mind the shackles that have corroded its vitality, and that have bound our race in misery and ignorance. Let us be truthfully sincere. This is the innermost actor or agent governing all actions. Nay, it is a spiritual gift and a guide. It will elevate all our faculties, and kindle them to vitality in our brother, and we will come to know of him who for ever says, "I will pour out into all divine inspiration."

Wishing is not all. Candour is what civilized man lacks, and 'tis an obstacle that must be overcome. For a candid man receiveth ever that which befiteth him for a happy career. Our cause is gradually unfolding its truthful purpose. Can we hurry its advance? Yes; by remaining true and uniting within ourselves. The dawning of a day is upon us, that will bring gladness and truth to our family circles, that will open a free channel for the divine emanations of an outflowing mind. Though far away and involved in most trying social and national conditions,

I still feel that I live with you under one wise and merciful administration, and governed by the same principles of nature. The consciousness of an eternal country and a united manhood, will give us the natural ties of a mutual sympathy, inherited from instinct, and destined to grow throughout eternity. In it I would bless you all and be blessed.

J. B. FERGUSON.

Mount Hope, Tennessee, Sept. 21, 1865.

CAN SPIRITS PASS THROUGH WALLS?

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Colenso will have it that the hare does not ruminate, but scores of people have seen it ruminate; Professor Owen will have it that toads cannot live excluded from the air, but a thousand times have they been found alive embedded in rocks. Mr. H. Harris will have it that spirits cannot pass through walls, but a thousand times have they been seen doing so. Facts are stubborn things, and must go before theories.

However, as facts are of no use with some people, I will enter a little into the theory which supports my view. In the first place, I beg to represent to Mr Harris that it is quite impossible to conceive the mind, soul, or spirit to be composed of myriads of concreting particles, but, quite the contrary, it must be admitted to be a simple particle, for everything composed of particles is divisible, and whatever is divisible is perishable; but the soul is not perishable, and, therefore, not composed of particles. Now, this being settled, we have only to do with one particle, and that, I maintain, may possess elasticity nearly as great as the particles of a ray of light. I say nearly as great, because spirits do not require the same elasticity, and Nature does nothing in vain. To get a free conception of the elasticity of light, let any one make a pinhole in a sheet of paper, and hold the eye close to it, and he may see a whole landscape through the aperture. But the light from perhaps miles of landscape must be compressed sufficiently to pass through the pinhole before it can impinge upon the retina, and expand and transmit the forms and colours unimpaired, which have just passed an inconceivable degree of compression. Now, every ray of light is composed of particles, and if, therefore, the rays have been compressed, every particle of which that ray is composed must have sustained the same process, and have come out unimpaired, as did the entire ray. The mind of man cannot grasp the inexplicable things, yet they may be true notwithstanding, and the laws which produce them are immutable. In the same way, every particle of light which passes through glass gets through unimpaired. Then why cannot that simple particle which constitutes the mind pass through glass likewise, or, indeed, through stone walls, which are far more porous than glass?—I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

H. WHITAKER.

Glasgow, Oct. 18, 1865.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—You will much oblige me by inserting in your next number this expression of my regret at seeing in your last my letter of August 28.

When I wrote it I had given up all idea of the appearance of the account of the Vision of Henry I. in the "*Spiritual Magazine*," since inserted in the "*Spiritual Times*."

You were out of town on both occasions of my calling at Newman-street, and thus inadvertently the error was no doubt committed.

Thanking the Editor of the "*Magazine*" for his courtesy on former occasions, and trusting that this mistake will not prevent the insertion of any further communications of mine in the "*Magazine*."—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

THOS. SIERRATT.

9, Westmoreland-place, Bayswater, Oct. 16, 1865.

AN EXTRAORDINARY NARRATION.

The following interesting and singular information is given with regard to the death of Lord Francis Douglas, who met with his death at the Matterhorn (says the "*Court Journal*"):—

"During the halt which took place, one of the guides, says an account, stated that he was 'frightened.' What really passed was, that the guide to whom Lord Francis was attached said, 'Gentlemen, there is great reason to fear that we may not be able to effect our descent without an accident; therefore, let each of us think about his soul.' Then Mr. Hudson took out his Bible and read; Lord Francis went apart from the others, and remained in silence and meditation for a whole hour. On the same day the Marchioness of Queensbury was in her garden in the Isle of Wight. She was working and praying, according to her usual custom. All at once she experienced a sudden revulsion of the heart; she thought she felt that her son was in danger, and she uttered a fervent prayer to his Angel Guardian to protect him. For three days the impression remained on her mind that Lord Francis was dying by famine. The same day a domestic had a vision, in which she saw the young man covered with wounds, and in the last stage of inanition. It was remarkable that, whilst the remains of the other travellers were found, nothing of Lord Francis could be recovered except his boots, which were unlaced, as if he had thrown them down the precipice. What was the fate of the young man? Could he have fallen down a crevasse, and there have perished of hunger?"

SOMETHING ABOUT DREAMS.

UNDER the head, "Opinions on Dreams," Mr. Seafield gives us much and varied information, culled from ancient and modern authors. Democritus, and after him, Epicurus and Lucretius, accounted for dreams by supposing that the *simulacra*, or images of corporeal beings are constantly floating in the atmosphere, and attack the soul in the hours of repose. Plato considered dreams as emanations from the Divinity. Aristotle thought that every outward scene makes a conscious or unconscious impression upon the human soul, and these, being recognized by the mind in sleep, give rise to visions and phantasies. Zeno held the study of dreams to be essential to self-knowledge. Poseidonius, the stoic, taught that men are warned by dreams in three different ways; first, by the dreams in which the mind, from its own likeness to the Deity, looks forward into futurity; second, by those in which the mind is affected by the countless immortal spirits that abound in the air, and which are all stamped with certain signs of truth; and, third, by those dreams in which the gods themselves commune with mortals. Strabo held the understanding to be more sensitive in dreams than at other times. Herophilus maintained that dreams divinely inspired came by necessity; and that natural dreams arose from the soul forming an image and representation of what is good and advantageous to it; and Epictetus advised that dreams should never be related, on the ground that, although the telling might be pleasant enough to the dreamer, the persons listening might not take interest in hearing them. Plutarch attached much importance to dreams, and is said to have regulated his life and conduct, and even governed his judgment and philosophy, according to the instruction delivered to him when his body was at rest. Porphyry referred dreams to the agency of a good or bad demon. Lucian, in his "*City of Dreaming*," introduces his readers to dreams that are all deceivers. Galen prescribed in accordance with the intelligence conveyed by dreams, and records cases in which this treatment was successful, as well as where a hopeless malady was symbolized and predicted in a dream. Tertullian seems to have imagined, like Sancho Panza, that a great deal was to be said on both sides, for while he says dreams may be attributed to the agency of demons, he is careful to explain that, although they are mostly vain, inefficient, and turbulent, full of mocking and impurity, some are honest and agreeable, and, moreover, that many dreams proceed from God. Lactantius is even more decided as to the divine origin of dreams; and Cyprian affirms that he was instructed in a dream to mix water with wine in the Eucharist. St. Basil recommends those upon whom dreams make undue impression, to rest satisfied with Scripture. Thomas Aquinas argues that, as it is not unlawful to apply to God for instruction, and that as instruction has been given by God in dreams, it is irrational to deny anything so well affirmed by general experience as that dreams give indications of future events, and that it is lawful to interpret them. Martin Luther says, "Let not any think the Devil is now dead, nor yet asleep: as He that keepeth Israel, so he that hateth Israel never slumbereth or sleepeth. And while he hates he is readiest to hurt, and may occasion many harms by evil dreams. Yea, we are day and night beset by millions of devils. When we walk abroad, sit at our board, lie in our bed, legions of devils are round about us, ready to fling whole hell into our hearts." Many old divines are quoted to the same effect, some insisting that it is the duty of the Christian to pray for and encourage good dreams. Dr. Johnson's affecting prayer may be quoted here, as proving his own belief in the spirits of the departed visiting the living in their dreams. It was headed, "April 26th, 1752, being after twelve at night of the 25th," and ran as follows:—"O Lord, Governor of heaven and earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if Thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have a care of me, grant that I may enjoy the effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to Thy government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance, and, however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of Thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Boswell adds: "What actually followed upon this most interesting piece of devotion by Johnson, we are not informed; but I, whom it has pleased God to afflict in a similar manner" (he, too, had lost his wife) "to that which occasioned it, have certain experience of benignant communication by dreams."—*Temple Bar Magazine*, October, 1865.

A WARNING.

(An Extract from the *Morning Advertiser*, August 31, 1865.)

A PERSON entirely ignorant of the Greek language was cautioned in three distinct words to leave his house. He had them translated, and obeyed the injunction. The following night the house fell to the ground.

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.

Received, with thanks, for the Lyceum, from the Countess Paulett, £1 0s. 0d.

Mr. W. Tebb, 24, Park-road, Dalston, N.E., has authorized us to state that he has on hand a number of copies of the "Spiritual Magazine," Tracts, &c., which he will gladly present to persons forwarding the price of transmission through the post.

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