

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

## THE HOPELESS CAMPAIGN. THE PRESS AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

"Spiritualism will yet be a greater disturbing element in the religious and literary world than it is at present."—*The Rev. G. W. Skinner.*

The continued falsities propagated by the press in this country against Spiritualism render it necessary to keep a sharp eye upon its proceedings in order to resist and destroy its prolific progeny of lies. The almost weekly necessity for this sort of surveillance and work of demolition has a tendency, however, to create a false impression on the public mind; an impression of a greater importance attaching to the efforts of the press than really exists. In truth, these endeavours on the part of a corrupt or bigotted press are of no strength or value whatever. If a doctrine or demonstration of facts be from God, nothing can arrest its progress; if it be not from Him, it will, as the countryman said to the soldier, of his non-necessity for killing his enemies—"It will die of itself if they let it alone." Now, in spite of all the efforts of press-gangs and rowdies in this and other countries; in spite of all the vulgar scorn cast by *sot-disant litterateurs*, and quarterly and other reviewers, on Spiritualism; from the moment of its renewed birth in America, fifteen years ago, to this hour, it has held on its way, unshaken, unwavering, for ever increasing and for ever extending its field of action. No attacks, however ferocious, no slander, however venomous, no violence, however furious, no pretended exposures, however subtly concocted for the time, have produced the smallest impression upon it. On the contrary, it has gone on as if not an enemy existed, as if no little or big dog of Belial barked at it. It has spread itself over the whole of North, and penetrated far into South America. It has enlisted in its ranks the learned, the members of the bar and of the senate in the Northern States, its late lamented and shrowd President being one of its most steady disciples. It has spread through the intelligent ranks of society in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Spain. It has made its appearance in Turkey, Algeria, Australia, and India, and is now calculated to number twenty millions of proselytes—**TWENTY MILLIONS OF PROSELYTES IN FIFTEEN YEARS!** That, in fact, is the answer to all calumnies, all sneers, all mob outrages. A magnificent answer is this, truly; a magnificent fact in the world's history! Whenever a little dog without a collar on his neck to tell his name issues rabidly from some newspaper kennel, be it *Star*, *Daily Telegraph*, or *Illustrated News*, to snap at the heels of Spiritualism, that is the whip to switch him back to his den with. We have only to point

these cavillers and carpers to that great spectacle of onward-marching Spiritualism, and say, "stop it if you can!"

It is simply because they cannot stop it that the "dogs and sons of Belial go about the city," and howl lamentably, and curse fiercely. Spiritualism is now become so great and world-wide a fact, that no one need for a moment trouble his head about the "dogs and sons of Belial" who assail her. It is because all their censures, and sneers, and predictions, which they imagined could annihilate her at once, have slid like water from a duck's back, that they are more and more embittered every day. Yet we know that amongst these barkers there are a very considerable number who are secretly Spiritualists. The office of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Star*, contain such, but as has been well observed by one of us, neither those nor any other journal can afford to avow their conviction till their readers, or a majority, have done it before them. It has been said, and said truly, in the *Morning Post*, that if the public were converted to Spiritualism over night, every journal in London, literary and critical, would be Spiritualist the next morning, and that in the face of all they have said against it. Bread, now-a-days, is only buttered on one side, and, therefore, those who write for their bread can only be on one side. So be it! and Spiritualism will march on calm and victorious while they eat their bread-and-butter and snarl, poor wretches, over it.

There requires a word or two saying about the *Morning Star*, which has of late distinguished and disgraced itself by a venom against Spiritualism which has rapidly condensed into a perfect mania. This *Star* was one of the first to open its columns to the discussion of this great question. The *Star* has always been a struggling journal, and has, therefore, cast out its hooks to draw in all sorts of logs and floating rubbish to buoy it up on the stream of publicity. It has, we understand, allured to it a great number of Dissenting Ministers, who can beat the drum ecclesiastic in their different wealthy and numerous congregations; consequently, these sable gentry are in omnipotent power in the *sanctum* of the *Star*. Probably, these gentlemen who are educated and bound to preach only certain dogmas, and are themselves, therefore, slaves of the congregation, as the *Star* is said to be their slave, thought that they, under various sham names, could speedily demolish the whole body of Spiritualist correspondents. But to their consternation the conflict soon showed a different complexion; the Spiritualists were armed at all points with irresistible facts, facts known to thousands, and facts of the moment. The opponents took the field with nothing but surmises, empty assumptions, an astounding stock of ignorance, and lies too transparent to darken the truth for a second. The defeat of the know-nothings was so complete, and the peril of admitting the truth in such torrents into the *Star*, and consequently into all the congregations of these reverend *Star*-gazers, so glaring that that journal precipitately closed the discussion, and announced that henceforth not another word about Spiritualism should ever again enter its columns. How it

has kept its word everybody knows. The rankling sense of the utter and shameful defeat of the whole body of reverend conventiclers, and of the *Star* as their organ, would not permit them or it to rest wisely in silence.

With the same anxiety to scrape together readers, the proprietor of the *Star* sought to make it interesting to the theatre-goers, the actors and actresses, and all the body of street loungers. For this purpose they engaged a notorious player, who had been most deservedly kicked out of the Garrick Club by Thackeray, and who, though he said he repented of his insolence to that great and esteemed writer, was ready to insult anybody else, at so much a column. As this *Flaneur* saw the particular animosity of the Dissenting preachers in the back-parlour as the *Star*, he found it advisable policy to fling dirt, not only at Spiritualism, but at every distinguished person connected with it.

There we have the whole secret of the impotent railings and continual lying inventions of the *Star*—inventions sure to be exposed the next day: and there we have the secret of its employing the black-coated prophets of Dissent on the one hand, and the collector of all sorts of playhouse and street filth on the other—the actors of the religious and the irreligious stages hobnobbing together to bring the extremes of custom to the *Star*, no doubt standing in great need of it.

Standing in need! Don't all English journals stand in need of such topics? The number of them is now so great, their dimensions so enormous, that no natural and ordinary course of events can supply the ravenous demand of exciting matter for their readers. The American war was a wonderful godsend for them. That suddenly ceasing, there was imminent danger of a collapse of our newspapers. The cholera and the cattle-disease have helped, in some degree, to supply the deficit. For this purpose, it is notorious to all people living in the country, every means has been used to exaggerate and invent the startling details of these evils. What these sources cannot do is sought for in scraping together every atom of crime—murder, infanticide, suicide, adultery, robbery, and swindling, which transpires in the obscurest corners of the kingdom. Truly, this is "a dainty dish to set before a king," or a people. Is it not infinitely better to diffuse a sound and ennobling Spiritualism amongst the community than such a measled and cancerous mass of pestiferous corruption as this?

The weekly complement of this garbage raked together in our hebdomadal newspapers, presents a picture of national infamy such as is not to be found in the collective newspapers of the whole world besides. Foreign nations stand aghast at this perpetual emblazonment of English villainies and abominations. No Englishman can open his mouth abroad on any instance of immorality that he may see. "You!" reply the natives; "you talk of crime! You! Read your own newspapers, and be dumb. There, your own newspapers depict you as the most debased, dissolute, debauched, and murderous nation on earth." Thus it is that our virtuous newspapers, which affect to shudder at Spiritualism, shudder at nothing else, however monstrous. Like Mithridates, they live on poisons, and propagate poison throughout the whole constitution of society. They make the name of England stink in the nostrils of the whole world, and that simply that they may batten on the wages of this iniquity. Oh! virtuous abhorers of Spiritualism! "O! tempora! O! mores!"

Readers of the *Spiritual Times*, bear only these facts in your memories, and you will need no further key to the malign glances of the *Star*, or that sewage flung about by the *Flaneur*. The moon sails through the sky on her serene course, unconscious of the little dogs who bark at her below, and Spiritualism goes on her way from country to country, and from million to million, unconscious that there is a thing calling itself *The Morning Star*, in a back lane of Fleet-street, or a dirty *Flaneur* in its columns. We who follow in the train of this ever-augmenting power, may safely imitate her calm indifference; and whilst we amuse ourselves with the piteous outcries of the men of the press, we can also feel for them. Poor souls! they must do it to live.

Well, let them live; for it is very certain that they cannot prevent Spiritualism from living, and, what is more, prospering. If they would only take some quiet moment over their cigars to reconnoitre the field of battle on which they have been so long cannonading; if they would coolly look at what amount of success they have had, how many of the spiritual army they have killed or wounded, what is the force of the enemy, compared with what it was when they first marched out against it; if they have any wisdom or power of calculation left, they will at least find it prudent to be silent. Better for these men to go on dabbling in murder and adulteries than meddle with Spiritualism, for this now, compared with what it was then, is as a mighty army to a single battalion. It is as a mighty oak where it was but a sapling; a royal city where it was but a group of cabins in a wilderness. Not a man has fallen; not a breach of a hair-

breadth has been made in her walls, by all their firing, bayoneting, and bombarding; but the power which they hoped to annihilate, has expanded from a pigmy into a Titan; from a handful of people, poor and simple, into a multitude equal to the population of all England, and sufficient to people Scotland six times over.

Of all the disgraceful campaigns in history, never was there one so disgraceful as that of the press against Spiritualism. Of all the glorious campaigns, never was there a more glorious one than that of Spiritualism against the press, with all its allies of stereotyped physical philosophers, stupid tory souls who hate all light and movement, and the mass of sensualists, who recoil from the idea of a state of retribution, as they shrink from the touch of fire. In truth, Spiritualism grows and strengthens on opposition. As the tempests which assail the oak only cause it to strike deeper its roots into the eternal rocks, and give tenfold vigour and tenacity to its fibres, so at every renewed assault on Spiritualism she expands her frame, elevates her stature, *et vires acquirit eundo*. We say, therefore, not merely let the enemies live—let them flourish. God grant them strength and ability if he deny them common sense and common eyesight to see what fools they are, and how they are propagating what they wish to destroy, by calling all men's attention to it. Go on, brave boys! still be the pioneers and heralds of Spiritualism! *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. In your hallucination, so beneficial to us, strike valiantly right and left. May your success be as great as it has been hitherto, and we shall still cry—

"Lay on Macduff,  
And damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

### THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The sublime has howled once more. Another startling blow has been aimed at Spiritualism by the "Superfine Review," and has again fallen wide of its mark. I allude to an article which embellished the pages of that terrific organ on the 21st October, and which, I have no doubt, will be considered a clencher by those who imagine that all knowledge will die with that journal. My attention was drawn to the article in question through a conversation which took place in the reading-room of the Mechanics' Institution, not more than fifty miles from London. Jones and myself were the only occupants of the room, when Mr. Brown entered for his morning dose of the "Times." We were sitting at the reading-table; Jones was drawing his inspiration from the "Superfine Review," and I was looking down the *Flaneur's* column, and wondering whether an advertising medium got as well paid as a spiritual medium.

"Any fresh news this morning, gentlemen?" said Brown, seating himself at the table, and polishing his spectacles with his silk handkerchief preparatory to reading.

"Yes," replied Jones; "here's a slashing exposure of Spiritualism in the 'Saturday Review,' if that is any news to you."

"Oh! that's nothing; they have exposed that thing so often," said Brown, taking up the "Times." (Here I would remark that it seemed instinctive in Brown to take up the "Times." I have met him in the room frequently during the last few years, but I have never seen him take up any other paper.) "I know very little about the matter," he continued; "but, if I could have my will, I'd have them all locked up. The thing is getting quite a nuisance."

"I should infer from your remarks, sir," said I, addressing Brown, "that this Spiritualism has proved a serious annoyance to you. May I ask how, and in what way?"

"Well, I don't exactly know in what way," returned Brown; "but fanatics are a nuisance to everyone."

"But are all Spiritualists fanatics?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know about all. I have only heard of two or three in England, that came over with Boucicault, or some one, and were tied up in a cabinet, and proposed to get out by galvanism, or something; but they were exposed, weren't they, in Devonport?—oh! no, I recollect, were called the Davenportes—and they were obliged to cut the ropes, and"

"Beg pardon," said Jones, interrupting, "but this article does not refer to the Davenportes in particular, but cuts up the whole fraternity of mediums, root and branch. It appears that as they cannot fog them in America, they mean to fine them as jugglers, and I think that course should be adopted in England. What say you?"

"Yes, it wouldn't be a bad plan, for I hate imposition," replied Brown, as he adjusted his glasses, smoothed the newspaper, and glanced at its contents.

After a short interval of silence, Jones exclaims—

"By jingo! there is a deep truth in these closing lines, listen!—The enlightenment of America has produced Spiritualism, a more monstrous delusion than any that have prevailed in the Old World's darkest ages. What do you think of that, sir?"

"Well," returned Brown, "I don't exactly see how enlightenment can produce ignorance or delusion. But I thought these spiritual revivals had died out. The 'Times' has said nothing about them lately, but I sup-

pose we shan't hear the last of this Spiritualism and Davenportism till a better system is established for educating the lower classes."

"And, in the meantime," said I, "don't you think it would be a step in the right direction if the London 'Spiritual Magazine' and 'Times' were seized and stopped, in the same way as the Fenian organ, 'The Irish People,' was in Dublin. It would be striking at the root or main-springs of the delusion, would it not?"

"Roots, magazines, books!" exclaimed Jones. "You don't mean to say, sir, that any English magazine or book could emanate from these ignorant impostors?"

"One or two," I replied.  
 "Oh! yes," said Brown, looking up from the "Times," into which he had again plunged; "I saw a work advertised the other day. It was—let me see—oh! I know—'Incidents in Dr. Nicholson's Life, illustrated by Ferguson, in connection with the Davenport cabinet.' I expect it was in connection with this spirit-rapping, or mesmerism, or some other humbugism."

"It is quite evident, gentlemen," said I, rising to go after this luminous piece of information, "that for the present we must put up with fools and ignoramuses. But, if I were you, Mr. Brown, I would send a letter to the 'Times,' suggesting, as an expeditious way of clearing off the national debt, that every man who proves himself a fool or impostor by condemning a subject he is utterly ignorant of, should have the choice of being either flogged or fined. Good morning."

"Since this little incident of the news-room, I have read the slashing article for myself, and it appears to me, sir, that the writer on the staff of this review to whom is assigned the task of attacking and abusing Spiritualism and its advocates, is either ill paid for his work, and does not care to display any amount of sound logic, or even common sense, in dealing with his subject, or is utterly incompetent to do so. We expect when a smart, clever, superficial—I mean superfine—writer talks about Spiritualism being a degrading superstition and a monstrous delusion, I say we expect him to prove himself conversant with its uses as well as its abuses. If I never read the "Saturday Review," should I be justified in pronouncing it as an organ devoted to vulgar sarcasm and shallow reasoning, because now and then a windy, vaporous, abusive article appears, which the conductor is obliged to throw in, in order to make up weight?"

"We have heard lately, with considerable satisfaction," says the writer, "that a so-called spiritual medium was convicted by an American court of law for juggling without a license, &c. &c. "We should infer from a perusal of advertisements in the 'Banner of Light,' that the business of a medium is much and profitably pursued, and, without desiring to have recourse to the extreme measures of the early Puritans, we should hope that the modern revenue officers will be vigilant and severe, so that if the pretenders are not flogged they may be fined." Oh, Jenkins! Jenkins! I should think your joy must have been intense on hearing this little piece of Spiritualistic news, for it opened up another opportunity for one of your masterly attacks on the degrading superstition, and, I'll be bound to say, in your virtuous indignation you scorned the idea of remuneration, and you would have all mediums flogged or fined. When will you learn, Jenkins, that a man can no more help being a medium than he can prevent the sun shining, and that it is through such instruments God has illumined the world, and will continue to illumine it, despite the rabid invectives of all the sapient reviewers in Christendom. It would be a waste of time and space to follow this Solon in his quotations from lectures delivered by certain American Spiritualists, and his extracts from advertisements in the "Banner of Light" which he considers offensive and objectionable. Admitting such to be the case, it says nothing as to the truth or falsity of the question at issue. Men who measure a truth by its perversions are always catching at straws, and in the same way as infidelity and scepticism will hunt down and gloat over a tipy and licentious person, so this oracle vainly imagines he has extinguished Spiritualism, with all its august manifestations, by holding up an objectionable advertisement. Why does this man run to an American newspaper for his weapons of attack and information? Surely there is sufficient testimony at home, if prejudice has not destroyed his power of weighing evidence, to convince him that Spiritualism is something more than a monstrous delusion. But this literary Jenkins, in his closing remarks, is bound to acknowledge one significant fact. Like Mr. Montague Tigg, who, in diving for his dirty shirt collar, succeeded in bringing up a string, so he, in diving for a lie, brings up a truth, for he says, "The ignorance of Europe leaves many of its people pagans, but the enlightenment of America has produced Spiritualism." Verily, the ignorance of Europe has left one living illustration of paganism. You never spoke a truer word, Jenkins; and the sooner you accept the teachings of many of America's deepest thinkers and ripest scholars, who have become enlightened by God's spiritual truths, the better will it be for yourself and the "Saturday Review." The crass ignorance these windbags display who float on the surface of English literature, is worse than paganism, for the most benighted savage is at times conscious of the operation and effects of spiritual causation. These reviewers, and the rest of the genus who are always quacking about monstrous delusions, seem utterly ignorant of what Spiritualism really is. They imagine that it is a something which commenced with table-turning and rapping, and are unconscious that it existed before ever the earth was, and that by it we exist, and from its source draw our inspirations. Scarcely a great philosopher, poet, painter, sculptor, or musician has ever lived who was not conscious of drawing his inspiration from the spiritual world. Wordsworth sings—

"Descend, prophetic spirit, that inspir'et  
 The human soul of universal earth,  
 Dreaming on thigs to come; and dost possess  
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
 Of mighty poets! Upon me bestow  
 A gift of genuine insight."

If Spiritualism, in its modern phases of manifestation, produces such creations as the poet Harris has given to the world, we can afford to dispense with a few objectionable advertisements or unmeaning raps, if

such there be, although these, in God's providence, may serve His solemn ends; and while the "Saturday Review" is swept away with the garbage of the world, the inspired works of Harris, such as the "Epic of the Starry Heavens" and "Lyric of the Golden Age," will live in the hearts of the people for ever.

We do not expect men to become converts to Spiritualism without exercising caution, common sense, and intelligent investigation. Neither do we suppose that men who have become the slaves of a materialistic superstition, will readily open their eyes to the light of these spiritual truths which God has flashed in upon the world in these later times; but we do expect and demand, as members of a civilized community, that gentlemanly courtesy should characterize all journalistic attacks upon us or our belief, rather than scurrilous abuse and insolence, which are now the substitute for honest argument and logical consistency, and a disgrace to the literature of England.—Yours,

THOMAS COURT.

November 2, 1865.

THE DAVENPORTS AT ST. CLOUD.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

"The Davenport Brothers performed at St. Cloud on Saturday, in the presence of the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, and all the court. On Sunday Robert Houdin, their scientific rival, was likewise summoned to the palace. He initiated the court into the mysterious manoeuvres of his predecessors with such success that both their imperial majesties thanked him for having unveiled this piece of charlatanism."

Will the Editor of the "Spiritual Times" inform his subscribers if the above is another Editorial lie?

When will our newspapers become the means of teaching on these subjects? Few at the present day, says a great writer, believe at all in the existence of spirits, still less that anyone can have intercourse with them. Few believe in the reality of a life after death, the learned especially, who stick in words and terms. That all spirits and angels have been men is a great fact, nowhere disproved by the Bible. On the contrary, man was so created as to be capable of conversing with spirits and angels, and this was really the case in the most ancient times. This open intercourse between men and spirits was closed, when, in course of time, men immersed themselves in worldly and corporeal things; hence it is that in our day, by withdrawing from corporeal and gross habits, the way is opened again, and spirits and angels of a particular character serve as means of communication.—Yours respectfully,

T. GARDINER.

Liverpool, November 3, 1865.

[We must have something more than the above to convince us that the latter portion of it is anything more than a vile fabrication. The press said the Davenports were exposed in Paris, and the French people would have no more of them. The press said they had gone to Germany only a day or two before their appearance at St. Cloud. And yet the fact is, the Brothers are still in Paris, drawing good houses. Is it reasonable to suppose the Emperor will permit them to continue their *séances* if Houdin, or any other conjuror had "unveiled this piece of charlatanism." Some of the papers give Robin, and not Houdin, the credit of having received the thanks of the Emperor for "initiating the court into the mysterious manoeuvres." It is evident "some one has blundered."—Ed. S. T.]

SUPERSTITION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Sir Walter Scott, in his letters on Demonology, &c., generally discountenanced "superstitious stories," yet several curious events occurred within his own knowledge. One of these happened at Abbotsford in the month of April, 1818. "On the night of the 28th," he wrote to his friend Terry, "we were awaked by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S. is rather timbersome, so up got I, with Beardie's broadsword under my arm, but nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter in London, Mr. William Erskine breakfasted with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of Mr. George Bullock, the London upholsterer of Scott, who was employed in fitting up Abbotsford, and who died, as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep as above-mentioned.

The late Mr. George Coombe expressed his belief to the effect that Sir W. Scott had a rare quality of brain, which conferred upon him his remarkable memory; and it would appear that in early life he was a seer. Mrs. Churnside, a friend of his family, related that "he was accustomed to tell the visions which he had when lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to

church on a Sunday by ill health." She adds, "I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen, his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. The expression of his face changed greatly while he was thinking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital. This good lady attributed his gift of seership to superstition, and Scott himself, on hearing of the lamentable suicide of Lord Castlereagh, attributed to "aberration of mind" Lord C.'s account of his interview with the "radiant child" in Ireland, early in life. Waking in the night, the embers on the hearth, according to Lord C., blazed up, and a child stepped from among them upon the floor. It advanced, assuming the appearance of a giant, with a wound on the brow. Lord C. confronted this strange and unexpected apparition, when it retreated gradually, and the original childlike form became invisible amongst the embers.

It appeared from the statement of a member of the family, in whose house this vision occurred, that it was well known as a legend, and considered to be a good omen. I have heard a similar story told, as attested by several witnesses, respecting a house in the north of England, still preserved.

By some singular arrangement, a ghost story, which emanated originally from Dr. Johnson's "Miss Seward," has been tacked on to the Waverley Novels. Can any of your readers give me the original of the "Old lady in the sacque"? If so, I shall be grateful.—Yours obediently,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

London, Oct. 30, 1865.

#### LETTER TO THE REV. W. KER.

Rev. Sir,—With very great interest I read your work on "Everlasting Punishment," &c., and especially that part of it where you refer to your own experiences in spiritual manifestations.

During a considerable period I have been investigating that matter, and have read nearly all the standard works relating thereto, and those, also, to which you have referred in your notes, as leading you to conclusions on the subject.

At the commencement of my inquiries, I was also led to form unfavourable opinions, from the nature of some of the communications; which at various times opposed and denied what must be received as the great leading and fundamental principles of Christianity. And not only from such had I arrived at those conclusions, but also from the tendency to similar errors and heresies, which I perceived originated in a great measure from spiritual teachings, as exemplified to some extent by the writings of Judge Edmonds, and more fully by those of the late Professor Hare and others, and also by the pantheistical writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, and the Deistical doctrines so unequivocally expounded by the *Banner of Light* newspaper, the leading organ of that section of Spiritualists in America.

On such premises as I have stated, serious misgivings arose, and I had almost arrived at the conclusion that the whole of the spiritual phenomena of the day was of Satanic origin.

With such doubts and uncertainties I was for a considerable time perplexed, but I began at last to discover that it did not follow as an essential necessity that because falsities and errors existed, all should be so.

Like the experiences you have described as taking place with yourself, being all of the most "Christian, Scriptural, and loving character," such have been our experiences also, with few exceptions, the following being a sample of the general character of those we have received, such as—"Search the Scriptures; they make wise unto salvation." "You must depend on the Scriptures first." "Believe in Jesus." "Jesus, the way, the truth, and life." "Love all men." "Forget not the poor." "Forgive your enemies." And, in reply to a Protestant clergyman, the following was written:—"Give your heart to God; be righteous, temperate, honest; love your neighbour as yourself; trust in Christ; this is what forms true religion."

From these communications we do not find the intelligences drawing or directing to themselves, but only to the Scriptures, as the source for spiritual enlightenment; and the general tenor being in accordance not only with the teachings of the Bible, but with our own intuitions of true and genuine religion.

Under such circumstances, how can it be inferred that those communications could emanate from a demoniacal source. We might as well come to similar conclusions in reference to the teachings propounded in the Christian Churches, and what means have we to know the quality of the tree but by the fruit it produces. Or could we imagine that from the unseen world Satan has become an expounder of the highest morality, love, and benevolence; upholding the testimony and authority of the Scriptures, and the supremacy of Christ. Surely we may say with the sacred writings, if Satan be divided against himself, how can his kingdom stand?

I cannot understand, therefore, why the writings of quondam Unitarians, Pantheists, Atheists, and Deists, some of whom had been converted to a belief in a supreme intelligence and a spiritual existence, and who framed and expounded their views very much in accordance with their preconceived ideas, and who were, no doubt, in communication with an order of beings possessing similar affinities, why such should have outbalanced the favourable testimony adduced of the "Christian, Scriptural, and loving character"—of your own experiences, together with similar evidence by many of the most learned and enlightened of your own countrymen, and that such should have led you to the conclusion, in the face of that testimony, that all spiritual manifestations are of Satanic origin.

I am yet an investigator in this most wonderful subject, that spiritual beings can and do communicate with mortals on earth, and its nature and aims. And I am open to conviction in reference thereto, on good and reasonable grounds; but I must say, from the testimony of facts, coming from the most truthful and reliable sources, from private experiences, which are scarcely or ever published or made known to the world, from your own very valuable testimony, also showing that good, of the most Christian and moral character, is to be found by those who seek it aright—from such it appears unreasonable to set aside such weighty testimony in favour, and receive that only as satisfactory and conclusive which shows that evil is also mixed up, and on such evidence come to the conclusion you have arrived at.

To me, and perhaps millions of others, the subject of Spiritualism is one of the deepest and most vital importance, in reference to the right understanding of its origin and its aims. But so far I feel thankful for the great privilege I enjoy in having a tangible and reasonable proof of the existence of a spiritual state, and the confirmation from thence of the great fundamental principles of Christianity; but, at the same time it is well that the phenomena should always be watched and investigated in all their developments, and errors and falsities exposed whenever and wherever they exist; but to avoid a premature condemnation on one-sided testimony of an agency which is undoubtedly and decidedly the enemy of the infidel philosophies of the age, and which is so well calculated to keep alive a faith in a spiritual existence.

Should you kindly favour me with any further information you may have acquired in reference to that subject since the publication of your very interesting work, which may throw more light on the matter, you will confer a favour on—Yours, very obediently,

EDWIN S. LAUDER.

To the Rev. W. Ker, Tipton.

32, Westmorland-street, Dublin, Oct. 30, 1865.

#### CIRCULAR.

The Spiritualists of Darlington have issued the following—

"Our Religion is Love, 'tis the noblest and purest—  
And our Temple the Universe widest and surest."

"It is the spirit that quickeneth—the flesh profiteth nothing."

At Darlington, on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1865, was inaugurated the First Convocation of the above-named society.

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS we have in view, are, as an association, to meet once a year, or oftener, if it be deemed desirable, for the purpose of social communion, interchange of sentiment or opinion; to record and catalogue our united experiences, and the progress which Spiritualism is making in and around us; to devise means for propagating and diffusing among our fellow men and women the principles and soul-saving truths of this divine philosophy, by the distribution of the best tracts and books we have upon the subject, and the delivery throughout the kingdom of lectures by persons of approved character and ability.

THE SECOND GENERAL CONVENTION is appointed by common consent, to be held on a day to be named hereafter in the last week of July, 1866, in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne; due notice of which will be given, and to, which all spiritual friends are respectfully and earnestly invited.

ALL SPIRITUALISTS are most affectionately solicited to join our association, by the simple and easy process of forwarding their names and addresses to the undersigned Secretary; and donations, subscriptions, (the "Sinews of War,") or books (carriage free), to our Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Bondgate, Darlington, who will thankfully receive and acknowledge the same.

THE PRESENT PROMOTERS have no other objects or end

in view, so far as they are individually concerned, but the eternal welfare of mankind, the glory of God, in the most enlarged sense of the expression, and socially, morally, and religiously, the regeneration, sanctification, and redemption of the whole Human Family.

By authority, Dr. HUGH ST. CLAIR McLEOD,  
Newcastle, September, 1865. Secretary.

N. B.—Enquirers are kindly informed concerning a few of those things which Spiritualism teaches:—

1. That the spirit is the real man, the body only its physical envelopment during this initiatory, or caterpillar state of man's existence. That, as a caterpillar, passing through the chrysolid state, puts forth the perfect form and all the limbs of the butterfly, which naturalists tell us were all wrapped up in the caterpillar; so, the spirit stepping out of the body, stands revealed to the spiritual-world a perfect man, or woman—perfect in all the powers and members of man. That he steps into no shadowy, or sky, region, but into an actual world, with its woods, rivers, green fields, mountains, cities and various employments of life, as on earth, but in a more vivid and real status.

2. That there is no such thing as *death*; it is but a name given to the issue of the soul from the body. "That which thou sowest is not that body which shall be. There is a natural, and there is a spiritual body" (St. Paul). The spirit-man is perfect spirit-man, and goes to his place in the "many mansions," and here, in the body, men and women choose, for themselves, by their conduct generally, the "mansion" they would prefer, and to which they will assuredly go—*by preference*. This point will be better understood by those who choose to study and enlarge their knowledge of spiritual matters.

3. That there is no such place as *Hell*—as it is popularly preached and understood; but places of PROGRESSION, which truly are full of torment of various kinds—according to the *deeds done in the body*. The word purgatory conveys the idea of such places, where the souls of the abandoned (here) the murderer, adulterer, seducer, the cruel, lying, hypocritical, &c., go to expiate their offences, and so to speak, learn better things when they will receive promotion to a happier and higher sphere; though what term it may take to do this expiation, God only knows! and thus it is infinitely preferable for us all to despise everything in our present state, except *virtus* alone. Those who sin in ignorance, will assuredly be forgiven. Spiritualism teaches, in this regard, a succession of spheres and stages; a succession of regions of abode on the great journey towards the central heaven of God.

4. That there is a communion of saints and a besetment of devils, evil spirits. "Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;" but thank God! we all have the power to choose our own company; at every hour, every moment that mediums sit down to a *séance*, there is a pressing levée of spirits. It is not that Spiritualism brings or evokes them, it is that they are ever there, in our streets, our fields, houses, bedrooms, workrooms, churches and chapels. If our spiritual eyes could be opened suddenly, it would be a sight more astounding than that which the prophet at Samaria displayed to the army of the Syrians. This is one of the greatest facts which Spiritualism teaches. It is thus that we have the blissful communion of departed saints, and of such saints as never had their niche in any ecclesiastic calendar. Saints of our own lineage and family; saints of our early friends, departed in the youthful bloom and ardour of affection; saints of children whom we cradled and nursed, but whom God took softly from our enfolding arms, and who now watch over us with the love we sent with them, fresh dipped in the warmest fountains of the Divine. Saints of elder friends whom we knew in our youth, and whom we revered; saints, by scores, forgotten, at the moment, in our long busy pilgrimage, but who now start up, with familiar voices, and recal lovely memories, making us feel how infinitely rich in love, and widely-spreading soul-alliance is that infinite world—where—though dogs and sorcerers, and other abominables haunt its threshold, all within lie the measureless sunny realms of beauty and peace.

5. No fear of Death—hence purity of life and thought, the result of the constant presence and observation of the angels; the obvious and general sensuality and profligacy from the absence of this consciousness.

6. And Finally—Spiritualism teaches a system of religious truths—based upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and affirmed afresh by spiritual ministries to this commonplace age. It is now illustrating and making known to us the laws and conditions of man's mental and soul life of angelic and spiritual existences, and is opening up new glorious and interesting regions of discovery, and that Spiritualism in its legitimate action does this, we appeal to thousands who have mentally and morally benefitted by it. Why then should the timid Churches fear and tremble? Why should good men fear its approach, and call out "Demonology!" and run away? It is the *evil* only who need fear; and blessed are they who hear, see, and believe; \* but thrice blessed they who have not seen and yet believe. It serves to develop the normal capabilities of the mind, to purify the natural affections, to rationalize our views of religion, nature and God, to quicken the soul's aspirations after a higher life, ennobling the whole character.

7. Spiritualism teaches the most delightful truths, which should be thrice welcome to all good Christian souls. It has converted thousands from gross infidelity. It will cure millions of involuntary semi-scepticism. It will render a future existence *real* to the whole human race. It will re-energize every great religious and moral truth, heretofore revealed to mankind. It will intensify all the sublime motives—all the sublime feelings that urge human nature on to a heavenly destiny. It will advance from step to step of demonstration till death shall be disarmed of all its terrors. It will usher in a new era of Faith, Hope, and Charity. It will bind us closer in love to one another, and ultimately bring us all home to the bosom of our Father and our God.

#### DIRECTIONS HOW ENQUIRERS ARE TO COMMENCE THE STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY ADIN BALLOU.

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth come *whence* or *how* it may.
2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them *decently*.
3. Procure all the reliable testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning Spirit-Manifestations, ancient and modern, weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases, until you have good opportunities; then improve them.
4. Hold no sittings with a Medium whom you believe morally capable of deception or trick. *Confide* or *refrain*.
5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible, and well behaved ones.
6. Be serious, deliberate, frank, and unaffected; propose what tests you please, and abstain from all pettifoggery, lawyerism, pertinacity, and over-urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much, and get very little. Remember you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.
7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the Medium by long sittings, or undue excitement. Keep an *even* mind.
8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.
9. Accept or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons if the same came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.
10. Treat all persons concerned—whether departed or un-departed spirits, as enjoined in the golden rule, and if there be evil, overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate and kind.

PRESIDENT, Mr. John Hodge, Darlington. TREASURER, Mr. Joseph Dixon, Darlington. SECRETARY, Dr. H. St. Clair McLeod, Newcastle-on-Tyne. COMMITTEE, The Members of the First Convention.

\* See Tracts on Spiritualism, by William Howitt (from which the above is chiefly compiled). Pitman: London.

## GOD'S PRESENCE.\*

BY J. H. POWELL.

To Thee, oh God! we raise our eyes,  
And humbly praise Thy name—  
For Thou dost fill the earth and skies  
With Love's immortal flame.

Where can we turn to 'scape Thy glance,  
O'er distant lands and seas?  
Thou' pierced by Sin's swift-pointed lance,  
We bow to Thy decrees.

The morning sun—the birds that sing,  
The truant zephyrs mild,  
Inspired by praise, proclaim Thee King,  
With voices undefil'd.

The mountains, forests, rocks, and plains,  
Obey Thy regal sway;  
While changing seasons, winds, and rains,  
Thy majesty display.

Thy mercies, Lord, are like the dew,  
Shower'd upon the flowers;  
Thy goodness comes each day anew,  
Like Morn's delicious hours.

Teach us to praise Thee as we ought—  
To live our life in Truth—  
To know that Thou art found when sought,  
Possess'd with heavenly rath.

Each hour we live, we feel how frail,  
Uncertain, insecure,  
Are works of men—which crumble—fail,  
While Time and Death endure.

We look around and see Thy smile,  
Like sunlight everywhere—  
We feel Thy presence free from guile,  
And bow in grateful prayer.

## SPIRIT-MESSAGE. No. 2.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

(Addressed to a Little Boy.)

I am come. Come here. "The spirit and the voice say, come." It is to you I am come to speak this night. Tarry not, but come. The world would hold you back; break from its bonds. Come forth; break from the net that is being cast over you. Here are many (spirits) waiting to lead you onward. Resist them not. Your future welfare depends on your choice now. There are two paths open before you. Choose. One path looks full of beautiful flowers, whose fragrance is delicious. You would like to tread this path, but there is end to it. It looks pleasant. There souls beckon you onwards. But what are they? They are the Will-o'-the-wisps of mankind. They strew upon the path attractive beauties to ensnare you.

There is another path; crooked, rugged, and full of flints. Where does that path lead to? If you are dutiful, and press on, it will lead you to happiness. But you cannot expect to press along this narrow path without your feet being cut with the flints upon which you tread. But each cut you receive will be, as it were, a lesson you must learn, and as you step over each flint, though it cut you, it nevertheless becomes the stepping-stone to your progress. In this path you will find many things displeasing to you. You may even meet serpents, but they cannot coil around you unawares. If you are cautious, and will heed them not, they cannot sting you. But in the path I described first, which to the eye looks so beautiful, there venomous serpents lie hidden, ready to fascinate the traveller, at the moment he is exulting in the seeming beauty around him. So beware, and press along the narrow path. Never mind the flints. What if the skin of your feet gets cut? Your heart will gain strength. You cannot tread securely this difficult path without assistance, therefore you must ask God to assist you. Step firmly, faithfully, and trustfully, and He will guide you up the narrow, flinty pathway leading to Himself, and you will be as a light set forth to lead others upwards.

(The medium, turning to the reporter, said)—

Your path has been briary. You have seen that light. Pray that it may so shine on the pathway of him that shall follow after. Pray in faith. There is a battle to fight; there must be soldiers to fight it. Go forth; heed not the enemies oppressing you. Put on the holy armour of God, and you will be secure. You are needed. You will stand forward, and your breastplate will shine brighter after the battle. Heed not the sneers and jeers of sceptics. They cannot dim the lustre of your breastplate, because it is overlaid with God's love, and the more it is fought against, the more it will shine. Fear nothing. There never was a battle fought like the one coming on now. It needs soldiers firm and true. Such soldiers God will provide. I would that I could speak more clearly, but with God's help and blessing I will come again and tell you more.

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

## A WORD FROM THE SPIRIT OF THEODORE PARKER.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. A. DANSKIN.

THEODORE Parker from the morning land, brings flowers fresh with the dews of heaven to shed their fragrance upon the hearts and minds of men.

When I dwelt on earth my labours seemed marked out for me. To take down the scaffolding of superstition which had been built up around the temple of truth; to tear away the evils which priestly cunning had hung up between the eyes of the people and the one true God; to rend asunder the shackles with which ignorance had bound the free thoughts of men. Such was my mission; and with fearless heart and honest purpose I brought the energy of a strong will to the task. While thus employed, no angry feelings filled my breast; while I destroyed the idol, my soul yearned with love toward the blinded worshipper of the fallacious god. Showing the impotency of the object of his adoration, displaying the hideousness of that which he deemed the perfection of loveliness, I led him to seek a more divine master, to look in brighter realms for a God that he could worship without fear, and approach without trembling. This was my work. I did not draw in the thought which some gave forth of a reopening the paths between the visible and the unseen worlds. Uncertainty seemed to surround those who claimed to be its exponents; therefore it did not come to me with that force and beauty with which now it comes. Standing, as I do, within a home where every stream breathes music from its rippling eddies, where every bird grows vocal with praises to the Infinite One, I now feel within the inmost centre of the fount of feeling, an intense desire to have all men know that the avenues of thought are open wide between the dwellers of the interior and those of the external life.

To this fact—this great fact—for in it lies more of beauty and grandeur than hath yet been conceived by mortal, I wish to bear witness, as I this day impress my thoughts upon an instrument attuned by angel fingers; I have listened with deep interest to the many eulogies which have been so eloquently spoken; to the many loving testimonies which have been so freely given as to the purity of my earth-life, the extent of my scholastic acquirements, the earnest zeal which I exhibited in every cause that enlisted my sympathies; and my soul has been exalted by the manly freedom, with which my dearest friends have referred to the defects, while they blazoned in colours all too bright, the excellencies of my character. I have hovered o'er their heads, have stood within their homes, have mingled in their assemblages, and then have I felt how sublimely grand was that manifestation of the teacher Jesus, when his body having been nailed upon a cross and laid in a sepulchre his spirit was seen in the midst of His friends, not only giving comfort to their affliction, but demonstrating by His presence His great central doctrine, "the resurrection and the life." What joy would be mine could I walk among you once more, and with spirit-voice tell of the glories of the bright land where now I dwell, give expression to the deep-toned love I feel for the dear ones whom I have left awhile to linger on the outer shore, and speak in kindly words to those who, misunderstanding my purpose, or failing to comprehend my views, have stood in the pulpit, or on the platform, apparently my enemies. I now can feel how great a boon to human life and love it is, this blending of thought across the grave. I now can see, with mental vision bright and clear, that elevation of the race will come; not through warfare, even for the holiest cause; not through controversial discussion even of the most profound doctrines taught by theologic lore; not through scientific dogmatism; not through classic scholarship; not through historic research; not one nor all of these can draw the thoughts of man from earth. They bind him closer to his clayey idols. They hold him in their firmer grasp more closely bound below. They give zest and variety to the pursuits of the lower life. They give man consequence among his fellows, and thereby fill his mind with arrogance and self-esteem. Thus they hold him to the surface of the little globe on which he stands, and, by the force of an immutable law, prevent his rising.

Attraction ever asserts its power, and the man whose acquirements are of the earth, clings to that sphere in which they can be best displayed, and will be most fully understood and rewarded. But when the influence of the angelic host is felt; when the avenues are widened and the channels are deepened through which thought can descend from the celestial home; when man can feel the breath of the loved ones who have passed from his sight like gentle zephyrs wafted o'er his brow; when the tones of angelic voices come like the distant music of Æolian harps, filling the ear with sweetest melodies; when benighted scenes of spirit-life do greet his quickened vision, then will the soul leap for joy, then will the aspirations for the higher flow in spiral waves from the lowliest child of earth to the Omnipotent Ruler of the heavens; then will man rise in his divine humanity, and claim his birthright with his brethren of the skies. No longer a weary delver in the dark workshops of earth, he will, on wings of thought, pass into the ethereal realm, and there gather in strength and vigour while contemplating the unspeakable grandeur of the home which is eternal. He will then learn that the labours of earth are but awakensers of his dormant faculties, that the trials of earth are but the quickeners of his intellectual powers, that the pleasures of earth are but the shadowy foretaste of the joys that await him. He will then not turn with disgust from the materialities which surround him, but, understanding their uses, will gratefully accept whatever experiences attend his earthly pilgrimage.

In all the past the power of Jehovah has been felt and feared; in the coming future the love and wisdom of the Father will be seen and acknowledged.

While man deems his earth-life but a term of probation, to be followed by speedy judgment and sentence, that may consign him to endless and infernal torture, we do not wonder that he looks with dread upon his judge, and with fear and trembling to the doom which, perhaps, awaits him. But when the trials of earth are known to be only the primary lessons of the immortal spirit; when, like the earthworm, which draws nourishment from the leaf on which it crawls, only to give vitality and beauty to the ethereal flutterer that wings its way among the flowers; the

earth-life is used to bring into activity and blend into harmony all the many faculties with which man has been endowed, then will fear vanish; perfect love will be the inmate of his bosom; and, like the birdling, which, when ignorant of its powers, made timid flight of limited extent, but, wiser grown, soars high into the blue empyrean, caroling songs of praise, his outgushing tribute to the creative power, so will man rise, with aspiration strong, to revel amid the golden glories of the morning land.

But not by miraculous interposition, not by solemn rites nor gaudy spectacles, not by pompous ceremonials nor unmeaning professions will man arise. This can only come from the direct action of divine law. The same force that binds man to earth-life lifts him into the heavens. Attraction is the universal law of nature, and when man rests his thoughts above the grosser world, the magnetic currents from his brain ascend and meet the flow of angelic thought which ever streams in living radiance from the celestial home. The brightest angel in the home of love cannot, however, penetrate with his thought-essence that mind whose action lies within the basic portion of the brain, where only lower aims are cherished, where the acquisitive or the sensual organs only are brought into exercise, the spiritual faculties of the man lie dormant, and consequently impracticable to the descending influence. The law asserts its power. The man grows strong for the time in the sphere of his material labours, but the hour comes when earthly pabulum will not sustain immortal life, when the indwelling spirit must seek its food in other fields; then, with vigorous effort, it awakens the inert functions of the brain. As the newly aroused organs are brought into activity, scintillations, as it were, of light are projected into the atmosphere above the superior portions of the cerebral structure, and, being more subtle, more refined than the surrounding air, rise into the regions beyond, and there, as shining harbingers, are welcomed by those who are ever prompt to impart that knowledge which has been transmitted to themselves. These mental emanations from mortals are distinctly visible to spirits, and, like the electric spark which clicks into the ear of the telegraphist the wants of some distant one, so do these glistening thought-sparks carry to the dwellers of the eternal land the desire of the pilgrim below for knowledge of that home to which he is hastening, for knowledge of that God from whose creative hand he came. Man lives but in his thought, and thus do angels live. Thought answers thought, and from the radiant heights descend the currents of magnetic fire, which, falling upon the more sensitive brain, implant rich, glowing images of spirit-life. This chain once formed, with every link complete, is the bright ladder which the ancient Hebrew saw with angels passing to and fro, descending and ascending between the heavens and the earth; and Jacob's dream was but a prophecy of that which now is fact.

Not by miracle, not by special interposition of the Divine will, but by the unceasing action of this constituent principle of Deity, by the force of this immutable law of attraction, which is ever drawing the weaker unto the stronger, the lower unto the higher, and with resistless power is ever moulding in forms of beauty the crude material which nature offers to her God for the adornment of that vast temple of the Infinite—illimitable space.

### VODOUISM.

(From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

Voodoo spells, tricks, enchantments and sorceries are as prevalent in New Orleans as frogs in a western morass. The thing that goes by that name is a vestige of ancient African Fetishism and the so-called "diabolical" Obi worship of the sunny land, and it consists in compacts between embodied persons and other intelligences, invisible, but powerful, whom some wise people assert to be the devil and his angels, but whom other people affirm to be disembodied human spirits; but, whatever be the real facts as to the origin of Voudouism, certain it is that most astonishing things are performed by its votaries, and effects produced, mainly of a malignant nature, of so wonderful a character as to challenge the most serious and earnest attention of the wisest and best in the entire community in the midst of which its very strange antics are played.

All dark races are more or less spiritual, and the degree thereof depends, of course, upon their moral and intellectual culture. If a people, or person, is of plain No. 1 in point of cultivation, refinement (or grossness), and mental power, as a matter of course, their or his spiritual affinities will correspond; hence it is no wonder that the negroes have attracted to themselves spirits in unison with themselves, and whose delight it is to deal in the black art or black magic. In New Orleans there are thousands of believers in this thing, not all of whom are either coloured, ignorant, or poor, for secretly there are hundreds of wealthy and white, and worldly-wise men and women who do not scruple on the score of conscience to avail themselves of the aid which it unquestionably affords them to carry out their schemes, which usually lay in the direction of love, money, or revenge. The Voudous have tribes or families, at the head of each of which there is a queen, and over all a supreme queen or empress, with the latter of whom I am personally acquainted, and some of whose revelations in regard to the matter I propose to receive and transmit to you at an early day.

The rationale of the whole matter is, as might be expected, simply magnetic and spiritual. B loves A, and is rejected by or cannot approach her, whereupon B goes to a "Boubou," C, who exacts all the money that B can muster—often to the tune of thousands—which being paid, she, C, immediately calls a

council of from ten to fifty of the fraternity, and a grand supper and dance is forthwith on the *tapis*, and during that dance, or Orgie Delphic Ridivivus, the spell is worked by means of which B carries his point with A, and A finds herself suddenly beset with the most diabolical infestations; she makes herself obnoxious to all her other lovers, and it usually ends in her utter subjugation to the will of B. Do not think I am romancing, for these things are verifiable here by hundreds of persons, and I have seen more than one case of its successful action with my own eyes, and publicly lectured on it, said lecture being attended by three of the leading Voudous of Louisiana.

Gathered round an obscurely-lighted room, in the centre of which is a table sumptuously spread, the weird sisters dance and whirl, slowly at first, and then faster and more furiously, as I have often seen the dervishes do in Africa, until a wild and terrible madness seizes upon them, and they lose all respect, decency, and self-command, and a scene too abominable for description ensues, during the whole of which they invoke the aid of Voud—i.e. Astarte? Dagen? Moloch?—and they implore whatever aid they want at his hands. In the midst of this orgie the food on the table is often removed, as if eaten, but not by mortal or visible consumers; and an audible voice promises to help them, and from that moment the victim, asleep or awake, is continually infested, harrassed, and troubled, until longer resistance is impossible, and another victim is added to the thousands already gone before. Spirits beset them day and night, nor can the spells be easily shaken off.

Revenge is obtained by spells (magnetic) that look puerile, but are really far from it.

The hell-broth of Shakspeare's *Macbeth* is an absolute fact today in New Orleans, and nothing is more common than for those who have offended the fraternity to find their doorsteps smeared with some damnable compound of pepper and salt, orlure and vinegar, snakes' heads and live lizards, red beans and broken needles, which are supposed to exert a baneful influence on intended victims.

In a love or revenge case, they resort to a singular practice, that of filling your bed or pillow with curiously-wrought wreaths and woven rolls of feathers, bits of coffins, and dead children's bones (easily obtained here, where no one is buried in the ground but in little cells above it), all of which are not only thought to, but actually do exert a wonderfully disturbing magnetic power over you, so great that you can scarce get a wink of sleep for weeks together, as I know to my cost, and by my own personal experience. Of course, these low spiritual effects can be counteracted by resorting to higher spiritual aid, but in no other way. At first the victim succumbs, and visibly becomes emaciated, until higher powers are invoked, whereupon he is surrounded by a wall of fire, utterly impregnable to low assaults, and impassable to the infesting forces of Astarte, or Voud.

A. H., the "Empress" of the fraternity, promises to recount her experience to me, and you shall have it; thrilling it must be, true beyond a doubt. Lovers go to them, and purchase charmed rings, which, when worn by the recipient, exert a very powerful magnetic influence, through which and by which the lover is enabled to exert a strong subduing force; nor will it do to laugh at this, for it occurs here daily. More anon.

P. B. R.

New Orleans, Sept. 4, 1865.

### PROPHECY REGARDING THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION

Of Seth Darwin, a Quaker, in the Reign of Charles I., and Author of Many Strange and Wonderful Prophecies.

THIS fair kingdom travaileth with sore travail; but as a woman bringeth forth with sore pain, so are kingdoms regenerated with toil and trouble. There must be many births among us before perfection cometh. For, lo! wisdom is tardy, and when she fully comes, she shall not be long tarrying; because when you behold the tide at full it pauseth but a short season, and neither sun nor seasons stand still. All things change; yea, men's minds change more than all things, and they who are most blind and the greatest enemies to truth, shall, amongst our posterity, become the grand restorers of it. Our neighbour kingdom of France is now at peace, but before the death of the next hundred years she shall be in travail, and bring forth such plagues that the like has not been known in the latter ages of the world. In those days the life of man shall be valued at naught, and men shall see truth and own it, but belie it in their deeds; and their hand shall be upon all the world, and all the world upon them; and their fashion shall prevail over all the west."

This was spoken before a magistrate, before whom he was taken, for going naked up from the waist, into a church. It was committed to writing by the clerk, and a copy of it given to the publisher by the Rev. John Wesley in 1750.

**NOTICE.**

**A CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS**, will take place at the Spiritual Lyceum on Sunday Evening, November 12th, 1865, at 7 o'clock.

**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.

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