

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.

No. 88, VOL. II.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

PRICE 2d.

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.

## SPIRITUALISM IN POETRY.

TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

(Continued from page 379.)

Both "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" have a melancholy ending. But there is little similarity between the two poems; the shadow of one seems to be reflected in the other, but it is only the shadow of melancholy; the characters differ, the images differ, and the music differs. This is a noteworthy charm about most that Tennyson writes, and proves him to be a master of measures, and a measurer of men and things. Perhaps more single lines containing a prettily conceived image or thought might be taken from "Aylmer's Field" than from "Enoch Arden," but it is to our taste by far the least poem of the two. "Enoch Arden" runs smoothly, like glass, in which its touching pathos reflects itself. "Aylmer's Field" flashes and spreads like sudden streams of lightning, dazzling and bewildering the eye. There is more nature than art underlying the surface of "Enoch Arden;" there is more art than nature overlying "Aylmer's Field." The two poems represent two principles, which flow out of beauty—the one grace and strength, the other brilliance and fire. But the rich lustre of the latter lasts not so long as the pure living virtues of the former.

If there be a cause for murmuring, it is that Tennyson is such a devotee of art that he is apt to sacrifice nature. But he is never so sweet as when he is natural, and never so dreary as when he is the slave of art.

To give the reader an idea of "Aylmer's Field," we will select a portion of Averill's soul-stirring address on the double death of Edith and Leolin—

GASH thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Baäl,  
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,  
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.  
Then came a Lord in no wise like to Baäl,  
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.  
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts!—  
No coarse and blockish god of acreage  
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—  
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves  
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,  
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,  
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.  
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God,  
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him; for thine  
Fares richly in fine linen, not a hair  
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while  
The deathless ruler of thy dying house  
Is wounded to the death that cannot die;  
And tho' thou numberest with the followers  
Of One who cried 'leave all and follow me.'

Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,  
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,  
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,  
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,  
Wonderful, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,  
Count the more base idolator of the two;  
Crueller: as not passing thro' the fire  
Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro' the smoke,  
The blight of low desires—darkening thine own  
To thine own likeness; or if one of these,  
Thy better born unhappily from thee,  
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—  
Friends, I was bid to speak of such an one  
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—  
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,  
Fair as the Angel that said 'Hail!' she seem'd,  
Who entering filled the house with sudden light.  
For so mine own was brighten'd: where indeed  
The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven  
Dawn'd sometime through the doorway? whose the babe  
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,  
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child of shame,  
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt  
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,  
As with the mother he had never known,  
In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes  
Had such a star of morning in their blue,  
That all neglected places of the field  
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.  
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way  
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one  
Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—  
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers  
Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones;  
How often placed upon the sick man's brow  
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!  
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?  
One burthen and she would not lighten it?  
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?  
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,  
How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,  
And steal you from each other! for she walk'd  
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,  
Who still'd the rolling wave of Gallilee!  
And one—of him I was not bid to speak—  
Was always with her, whom you also knew.  
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.  
And these had been together from the first;  
They might have been together till the last.  
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,  
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,  
Without the captain's knowledge: hope with me.  
Whose shame is that if he went hence with shame?  
Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these  
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,  
"My house is left unto me desolate."

Nor yours the blame—for who beside your hearths  
Can take her place—if echoing me you cry  
"Our house is left unto us desolate?"  
But thou, O thou that killest, had'st thou known,  
O thou that stonest, had'st thou understood  
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!  
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls  
Doom upon kings, or in the waste 'Repent'?  
Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
Who down to those that saunter in the broad  
Cries 'come up hither,' as a prophet to us?  
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?  
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—

No desolation but by sword and fire?  
 Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself  
 Am lonelier, darker, earthlier, for my loss.  
 Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,  
 Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.  
 But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,  
 Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the words  
 Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean  
 Vileness, we are grown so proud—I wished my voice  
 A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
 To blow these sacrifices through the world—  
 Sent like the twelve-divided concubine  
 To inflame the tribes; but there—out yonder—earth  
 Lightens from her own central Hell—O there  
 The red fruit of an old idolatry—  
 The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,  
 They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
 The land of shambles—naked marriages  
 Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,  
 By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,  
 Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.  
 Is this a time to madden madness, then?  
 Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?

"Behold,  
 Your house is left unto you desolate."

Succeeding "Aylmer's Field" is a poem entitled "Sea Dreams." A city clerk and his wife tell each other their dreams. The husband has an enemy, and speaks strong harsh words because the man

With all his conscience and one eye askew,  
 So false, he partly took himself for true;  
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,  
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;  
 Who, never naming God except for gain,  
 So never took that useful name in vain;  
 Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,  
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;  
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
 And snakelike, slimed his victim ere he gorged;  
 And oft at Bible-meetings, o'er the rest  
 Arising, did his holy oily best,  
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
 To spread the Word by which he himself had thriven.

had taken mean advantage of him. The wife acts as the mediator; she preaches peace and forgiveness. The husband still urges feelings of hatred. But the wife triumphs; she tells him he must forgive the dead, and assures him his enemy is dead. They have a little child, Margaret, who occupies a pleasing place in the poem. The city clerk has a storm in his heart, and dreams of storm, out of which he learns a moral. His wife dreams of peace, and peace is in her heart. Peace allays the storm, and the angel forgiveness triumphs, whilst the mother sings a little song to Margaret, "What does little Birdie say?" and the poem closes.

The theme of "Sea Dreams" is quite as common-place as that of "Enoch Arden," but it has very little to recommend it after "Enoch Arden," still a few passages of Tennysonian strength give it a character. The song which the wife sings at the end might have been left out and not been missed. It is certainly one of the worst of Tennyson's compositions; but even a master like him cannot always rise to his own altitude. It is rarely, indeed, that Tennyson sings in a lyrical or ballad strain without making you feel that he is no mere chirping sparrow, but a regular singing nightingale. Some of his ballads make the blood dance to the heart, and the dew of affection fill the eye. Read his immortal "May Queen," and wonder at your lyrical king! Among the gems in this book, "The Grandmother" is one which will become a household favourite. Every child will be pleased to read it, and many full-grown persons applaud its life-like reality.

The picture of "The Grandmother" is a poetic-painting with here and there touches of that rustic simplicity, which makes the English home sacred to innocence and love. And so natural is the portrait that all the accessories of art fall in the shade. The Grandmother naturally enough has her long life's past ever present to her, and she talks to "little Annie" of her "eldest born" Willie, just gone to the world of spirits, and makes reference to Willie's wife, who "never was overwise," "Never the wife for Willie," because her father "hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into the grave." Yet she was "pretty," but that was no reason for her being wedded to Willie, whom she describes as—

My eldest born, the flower of the flock;  
 Never a man could fling him: for Willie stood like a rock.  
 'Here's a leg for a babe of a week!' says doctor; and he would be bound,  
 There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.  
 Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!  
 I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.  
 I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;  
 Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

So for a time she moralises, until her attention is attracted by her "little Annie," who is her only listener, then she asks—

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;  
 But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:  
 I cannot weep for Willie, nor can I weep for the rest;  
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

and immediately reverts to the past, telling of a quarrel she had with Annie's grandfather "seventy years ago," which resulted from Jonny, her cousin, being a "base little liar," and injuring her reputation in her lover's eyes.

As the "Grandmother's" story unfolds itself, the lies of the cousin afford a theme for this piece of rare philosophy—

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
 That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,  
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willie had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;  
 And all things looked half dead tho' it was the middle of May.  
 Jenny to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!  
 But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

It is interesting to read how the slanderous Jenny succeeds in getting Willie to pay attentions to her, and how at length our heroine is married to Willie; (and here we must quote to give the reader a true idea of the touching pathos which is depicted in the Grandmother's loss of her firstborn)—

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;  
 And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.  
 But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
 Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.  
 There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.  
 I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;  
 But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:  
 I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.  
 For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn;  
 But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:  
 Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:  
 Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;  
 And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died.  
 I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.  
 And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:  
 But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,  
 Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:  
 Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,  
 While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team.  
 Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.  
 They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
 I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;  
 For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:  
 And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh three score and ten;  
 I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

Call it fancy or reality, there is yet, in the above tender reminiscences of the departed, something so pure and life-like, yet withal, so simple, that we are compelled to pronounce "The Grandmother" one of England's household poetic pictures. It is full of pathos, rich in the simplest details of life, and thoroughly natural. Then with what rare delicacy is the spiritual conception realized! Tennyson delights to be real, even in his sketches of the ideal. He shrinks not from the dutiful task of introducing the dead where necessary, and, as in *In Memoriam*, calmly to exclaim—

Dare I say  
 No spirit ever brake the band  
 That stays him from the native land,  
 Where first he walked when clasped in clay?

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

*A Triad of Essays to Define the Inspiration of Nature, Genius, and Holy Scripture.* By "A RECONCILER." p.p. 99. London: Murray and Co.

In these ninety-and-nine pages we have one of the most masterly expositions of true Spiritualism, Christian Spiritualism, which has yet issued from the press. The writer does not make an avowal of Spiritualism, but the whole work is a living, eloquent, and philosophical effusion of it in its highest and noblest essence. It is one of the most animating signs of the times, that spiritual life begins to breathe and burn through the pages of works, and from the utterances of the pulpit, in persons who have never ranged themselves under the open banner of Spiritualism, showing that whilst hard and unconvertible natures are battering fiercely the branches of Spiritualistic fruit above, the streams of its life are filtering through the soil beneath, and permeating, often, no doubt, unconsciously, the ground out of which the same growth proceeds in a thousand instances, making us feel that the world is transforming through the repugnant power, even while it is denying it.

How far this expression of a perfect Spiritualism in the present little work is unconscious to its writer, we do not profess to discover; but two things we do assure ourselves of, namely, that though the mind displayed in it is masculine, vigorously logical, and highly philosophical, we have no hesitation in asserting it to be the work of a lady, and of one who, if she persists in the spiritual and intellectual power given her, will do service to the cause of psychological science and of religious truth inferior to none, man or woman.

The three essays are successively on the Inspirations of Nature, Genius, and Scripture. We recommend to all Spiritualistic readers the careful perusal and digestion of the progressive development of one great and ever-ascending truth in these essays. No attempt within our limited space can give an adequate idea of its grasp, progression, and perfect completion. There can be no mistake about the identity of the author's faith and ours in the opening passage: "The first motion of the spirit which we read of in sacred story, is, indeed, when rightly interpreted, a great revelation for all ages, ever more clearly discerned as it becomes more humanly operative. We feel it coursing through our veins in a flood of joy, or miss it as the beating heart is checked by sorrow. We see it in the light of the human eye, and the facile play of the human countenance. The language of the lip is an acknowledged testimony that by every outward there is an inward signified; a subtle, real presence, necessarily indicated to us here by material terms, but not to be rigidly defined or demonstrated within the bounds of a material nature, because it flows with intelligent, invisible power. The physician, while investigating various phases of disease, finds himself baffled whenever the spirit puts itself forth in opposition to his dogmas; and as the study of a living rather than a dead chemical action is prosecuted, specific bodily complaints range themselves under the dominion of specific mental conditions. To apprehend the visible token of invisible spirit is the great philosophy to which all men of earnest hearts must apply themselves now that the treasures of science are heaped up and agitated with a fresh revelation of life. In order to obtain any clear notion of different modes of inspiration, we must pass in review our distinct, yet mingled, planes of existence, and try to define our idea of the GREAT INSPIRER; for although spirit cannot be defined within material law, it has in us and to us an outline of Divine formation from where that law issues."

In tracing the differences of matter and spirit, the author says: "It is only in this frame of oxygen, nitrogen, &c., that we are bound by the special laws of gravitation, attraction, and dissolution, extending over the world, and viewed as a system in the sciences of chemistry and natural philosophy. One great distinction between the human spirit and matter is, that while the conscious identity of the former is never lost, but progresses onward into an eternity of graduated existence, the latter is always in a condition of disintegration or reconstruction." And farther on she adds: "Every step or plane of our life has specific laws of succession, only to be modified by altered succession in the one above it, but the substance of the lower can never become the substance of the higher; the clothing of matter can never become the soul of spirit. 'Corruption cannot inherit incorruption.' 1 Cor. xv. 50."

We especially recommend the treatment of the early operation of soul in man, in what is called the history of the fall; and we cannot refrain from selecting those passages, the burden of which we have so often pointed out to Spiritualists, entreating them not to commit the mistake of seeking spiritual guidance for what their own faculties are given them to attain:—

"All external knowledge we may seek and gain for our own use here. We may pluck and eat it like the many fruits of Eden for our nourishment, but we can never, from the contracted and inferior level of corporeal sense, discover any truth out of material extension. Such truth must be derived from another

source. Let us remember that the knowledge of good and evil was already in Paradise; they could see and comprehend that compliance with a will divinely uttered was good, and disobedience an evil possibility; but they wanted to eat, or experience the evil state as well as the good, and so they were to pass through the dark shadow of death. . . . I once heard a boy ask for milk; he was told there was nothing in the jug. 'Let me see *nothing!*' he cried. And so we must insist on seeing and feeling the nothingness of evil. . . . The life within man is determined to a boundary without, lest he should use its power for the destruction of himself and his fellow-creatures, and thus subvert the purposes of divine love. In this transition state, angels guard from him the full possession of life. . . . If such be the cause of our present limitation, does it not follow that, were man's will more consciously at work with the divine will, his intellect more suffused with the divine wisdom, his boundary of action would be enlarged, and his dominion over the external world increased? Such a state, indeed, must expand his horizon into heaven, while opposition to God mercifully tends to bind him still more within the straight confines of hell."

Hell the author afterwards explains to be a condition of divine discipline with the purpose of reform:—

"If the spiritual world is indeed peopled by us, can the links that bind us ever entirely snap asunder? Do the evil ones, mercifully kept within the rule of terror, still linger about us as with whispered temptation? Do the good shed their influence with adaptive thought? This double solicitation has been revealed to us, and see what an awful truth is wrought out of it. If man may incline to the good or evil, he holds in his hands the balance of heaven and hell; but, graciously for us, when evil preponderates, there is a Saviour God-man to redress the balance and set us free from threatened shame. At such a time there is deliverance even from Hades.—See St. Matthew xxvii. 52, 53."

Such is a brief specimen of this eloquent work, but if we quoted all we admire, we should quote the whole. The essay on the nature and operation of Genius, including its action amongst the sensitive and beauty-loving Greeks, is singularly rich and spiritual. The essay on Inspiration in the Scriptures, is, in our opinion, equally excellent and equally sound. We must, however, request our readers to read it and enjoy it for themselves, and shall content ourselves with a single extract from the conclusion. Speaking of causation in both ancient and modern phenomena, she says:—

"We must either leave the cause in the phenomena without room for miracle, deny the phenomena any existence beyond our own sensation, or substantiate them as the efflux of a sphere above them and us. As we are always learning more, and never completing our knowledge of the harmony displayed in our sensible universe, it must exist out of us, through a medium more vast and intelligent than our own consciousness, and yet in close conjunction with it.

"A modern theory is about to resolve all phenomena into one ever-active force, changing its aspect, but always the same. Recent discoveries in electricity are tending to a similar result, and perhaps they may render it easier to believe there is no such thing in true religion as an unthinkable substratum, independent of God, out of which creation *once* upon a time arose, but instead thereof a pervading, single, creative force, or active emanation, always issuing from His substantial personality, with indestructible and infinite might. Is this Pantheism, or, rather, is it not the only way of leading us out of heathenism by conviction that God is love, and love the only substance, life, power, force, or motion? That, consequently, what we call Nature, is a melodious vibration from thence, in unison with the electric nerves vibrating through our mediate form of inspired life."

In closing this notice of an admirable work by "a Reconciler," it strikes us as a most timely and emphatic warning to the Spiritualists of both this country and France. If the wide and warm-hearted philosophy of religion which streams through this little work, were dominant in the hearts of the avowed professors of Spiritualism, could there possibly exist amongst them the petty animosities and antagonisms which present already so melancholy a spectacle to the world? How everlasting and inevitable is the victory of human obliquity over the noblest principles and the sublimest professions! Already Swedenborgianism has settled down into the mould of sectarian narrowness and littleness, while the spirit of Swedenborg passes serenely on to remodel the world. Already Spiritualism, the heritage of undivided mankind, destined to overleap all forms, and pass with a lightning current through all folds, has little knots of men endeavoring to catch and hedge it in with thorns of jealousy and egotism, as the wise men of Gotham endeavoured to hedge in the cuckoo. Thank God that Spiritualism has swifter, mightier wings than even the cuckoo, and will soar above the heads that would fain appropriate her, and expand herself—the soul of humanity, the pioneer of the skies—over the wide fields of life, through the solitary but fertile seclusions of the thinker, till the divine leaven shall have leavened the whole earth. Such a little

book as this is a warning to all who seek truth, and not petty distinction or pettier party, to steer clear of everything but the one great and eternal object of being in unity with all for the recovery and regeneration of all. To vary a single word of Coleridge:—

He teacheth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

W. H.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE  
TO THE "BANNER OF LIGHT."

Dear Friends of the *Banner*.—To those who send a stray thought across the wide waste of waters that separate me from my ever-remembered American friends, my long silence before the public, and absence from the columns of spiritualistic record, must form food for the conjecture that I am spiritually dead and buried. The contrast which my present life affords, to the rush of activity in which my American existence has been passed, must appear to those who trouble their heads about me, so confirmatory of this opinion, that, destitute as my pen at present is of interesting matter to communicate, I determined to employ it in the suggestive record that "I still live," and still love America, Americans, and Spiritualism. Any service I can render by public addresses to either of these, my heart's loves, however, has been prevented by several causes, the first of which was a severe illness, which seized me a few days after my landing in England, and in the shape of violent cold, and partly rheumatic, partly nervous fever, confined me to the house for above five weeks; hence it was not till the beginning of the present month that I found myself in this Babylon, multiplied from the ancient by a hundred times, and made modern.

I intended to hire a suburban cottage near London for my mother, and thus form a home for her. My first week in London, then, was spent in trying to find a suburb, but in vain. A friend who volunteered to assist me, commenced by placing me in the very heart of the city, and then bade me travel for fourteen miles, east, west, north and south, and for every square yard of ground that was not London city, and covered densely with brick and mortar—always excepting the streets between walls of houses—he proposed to give me a handsome annual income, a yard. As to rents, the description of a house agent, to whom amongst others I applied, will form an admirable compendium of the conditions under which rentals are to be calculated. "There are about four square miles of noblemen's palaces here; ditto, ditto, rich commoner's palaces; ditto, ditto, rich gentlemen's houses; an immense city of shops, a circuit of young London all round the city, where tradesmen, merchants' clerks, and well-to-do artisans live; odds and ends of corners everywhere, filled up with houses, where every grade of income lodge on different floors, and garrets and cellars at top and bottom, where the *very poor* family lives in the centre of the room, and lets the corners; and in all classes of dwellings the rent takes generally from one to two-thirds of everybody's income." I could say a great deal more on the house question, but time, space, and the bitter memory of house-hunting martyrdom, forbids. Suffice it to add, therefore, that we are established in furnished lodgings for the winter, waiting "for something to turn up." I believe it is generally known to most of my personal friends that the object of my journey to England was the settlement of private family business, which required my own and my mother's presence in this country; and I allude to this first to show why I could not before occupy myself, as has been my custom, solely with the dearer business of my life—the advocacy of the cause of Spiritualism.

Health being restored, however, house-hunting ended, and the wearisome details of law business put in trim, I am anxiously casting my eyes in the direction of the bright homes of the better land, whose gates I hope to enter on condition of informing earth's inhabitants of their locality. But, alas! thick as are the mists that surge up from the Thames, which flows opposite my window; laden as are the skies through which the stars are drearily, wearily, faintly gleaming down upon me; and dark as are the heavy waves of air through which gloomy rains, blackened by London smoke, are falling, river, skies, and air are clear as a California summer morning, compared to the twilight which obscures the sun of Spiritualism to the eyes of bold Britons. I think, in all candour, much exaggeration of opinion exists on the subject of the *progress* of this cause in Europe. In the same spirit, I believe it has suffered greatly in the estimation of the public from the *peculiar representations* that have been made of it through migratory American Spiritualists. These things, combined with local characteristics and incidental causes, have contributed so vastly to retard its progress, and *misrepresent* it before the public, that, had I come as a Spiritualist missionary, I should have deemed my close proximity to the Thames as

affording myself, like countless multitudes, a safe and eternal retreat from utter despair, as the greatest boon I have yet experienced in England.

The real truth is, that very few people in England know anything about Spiritualism, except through public and most injurious representations of it. This favoured few are warm-hearted, generous, and earnest souls, but live miles apart, and, therefore, seldom meet; or, what is worse still, are separated by the stern law of caste; or, stranger yet for Spiritualists, by strong differences of religious belief.

Then, again, there is no such thing here as a public rostrum. "These English are not a lecture-going people," with truth writes an American divine. Public speaking, especially by ladies, is almost unknown, except in the pulpit, senate, or lyceum.

As to lecturers on Spiritualism, question good, whole-souled, inspired Mr. Ferguson, and he will tell you of a dark upper chamber, and a pitiful handful of listeners to discourses that ought to have sounded their clarion notes through the length and breadth of London.

[The room in which Dr. Ferguson poured forth his noble, soul-inspiring utterances, is much of the same kind and commodiousness, we believe, as the one in which Miss Hardinge is now speaking. We could have provided her, free of cost, a good hall, seating sixteen hundred persons, if she had only expressed a wish for us to do so, but we could not rush headlong, single-handed, into hiring halls, such as St. James's Hall or St. Martin's, with a fact before us that had come to our knowledge, that the sum of £50 had been incurred for a lecture at St. Martin's Hall by a lecturer of repute, which resulted in the attendance of some fifty persons. When the Lyceum Hall was found not capacious enough for Dr. Ferguson, he was contemplating going out into the highways and byways, and arrangements were then made for the delivery of lectures in London and the provinces. At this juncture, in consequence of the termination of the American war, Dr. F. unexpectedly left England, and his proposed lectures were postponed till his promised return.]

It is well known that Mr. Cooper, without any reasonable prospect of a monetary return, has expended a heavy sum in establishing and maintaining "the dark upper chamber," and we cannot help thinking if Miss H. was too proud to lecture for us, she ought at least to have had the modesty to say nothing in print derogatory to an institution which has been so liberally placed at the disposal of the Spiritualists. Mr. Ferguson delighted to draw Spiritualists together, and teach them the supremacy of love. Miss H., if she is to be judged from her printed letters, seems to us to take an opposite course. We observe that she has a letter likewise in the *National Reformer* of last week, in which she says some very unkind, to say nothing of untrue, things. We much regret that a lady should so manifestly display a spirit so much at variance with Christian feeling as she has done. "The dark upper chamber" we modestly think light enough and respectable enough for any person to lecture in who has the cause of Truth more than self at heart. We hope to print the letter we have alluded to next week.—Ed. S. T.]

SELECTIONS FROM EMMA HARDINGE'S FIRST  
INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE IN LONDON.

(From the *Spiritual Magazine*.)

Now turn to the *facts* recorded in the Gospels. This Spirit Christ of whom you ask; this man of sorrows, child of the people, reformer of the highways and byways, this rejected and scorned of men I by what power does He, once lifted up on the cross of suffering and shame, compel all men to bow unto Him? What are those facts that made Christ the Spirit, God the worshipped? I answer, the *facts of Spiritualism*, for there were in His ministry precisely the same character and phenomena as those which (subject now to human observation and modern interpretation) you call "Spiritualism." First, note the action of the wondrous power of magnetic life, which, flowing through the human form, and projected by the spiritual power of will upon another, becomes "the gift of healing." There was the clairvoyant eye, which pierced the gross atmosphere of earth, and beheld the angels that the Jews saw not; the spiritual ear that heard the voice which sounded as "thunder" in their ears. There was the power of prophetic vision, which gathered up the fragments of causation in the past, and strung them in one long chain of eternal law, connecting present events and the distant future, until the eye of the heaven-instructed seer could behold, far down the stream of time that the day should come when He, "lifted up on the cross" of suffering, should lift all men up unto Him. There, too, was the power whose wonderful results engage even now our thoughts this night, and make us pause in dim uncertainty, to search those lines which to some appear to separate, to others to unite, the strange and phenomenal spiritual life of the past, with the movement vaguely known in the present day as "Modern Spiritualism." Yet, in the close analysis of what that power reveals in the present day, and points to in the past, we judge that the basic law by which each was and is produced is absolutely one and the same, and that both can be referred at last to the science known as *Chemistry*. By Chemistry man learns, through scientific processes, to dissolve and re-compose, in changed form, every existing atom.

Time, instruments, and material processes alone are asked for the chemistry of science to accomplish these results. To the spirit (whose knowledge comprehends all laws revealed to man) such chemistry is possible, and truly is achieved, *without* the lapse of time, or the aid of human science yet known *as such* to man. Such power it was, that acting on the elements of matter, extends them to satisfy a multitude; to change the suffering form, worn by disease (through the chemistry of pure magnetic life), to rejoicing strength and health; to procure the miraculous draught of fishes; to transfigure the humble garments of the houseless wanderer into raiments of dazzling white; and to change the man of sorrows into the likeness of some shining messenger from heaven on the Mount of Transfiguration. Translated through the solemn utterance of dim antiquity, all this is "Miracle," in simple modern science it is "Chemistry," requiring only knowledge to effect these changes; in modern spiritualistic phrase it is mediumship, or chemistry employing subtler forces to effect, in yet more rapid time and simpler mode than man's, the self-same changes which man can make by science. To-day you listen to the tap, tap, of the electric telegraph of the soul; you translate into sentences that strange and grotesque form of telegraphy; you behold inscribed on the blank page the name of some beloved one, written by no mortal hand; you feel the baptism of the falling water, you know not from whence; and the fragrance of flowers not gathered by mortal power, appeals to your startled senses. You call this Spiritualism; and what is this but the chemistry of the spirit? It is the self-same power by which, through the eternal repetition of God's laws, all matter can be decomposed and re-composed, and all the facts of the Gospels, grand and sublime as they come to you through the splendid veil of antiquity; the entire of those miraculous acts, so-called, each one of which seems, in the glorious haze that surrounds the long-ago, as superhuman, and nothing short of Godlike, may be reproduced. I translate thus the power of spirits, through simple laws of chemistry, to act upon the forms of earth, and to change the forms of substantial matter.

Ask your psychologists what they deem the purpose of prayer to be. They will answer, "To unlock the heart for the entrance of the Holy Spirit." Think you we can by prayer move the Eternal? Never! Think you that we can change by supplication that vast and immutable order of nature that wrote the law and being of a dew-drop, even from eternity? Never! The result of humble prayer lays open your souls to the efflux of the Divine response. You arise, and go to your Father, not to change Him, but yourselves, in the act of prayer. Such is its purpose; such its sole effect.

It was to build up a church, to found a new religion, to sweep away the mass of darkness and of gross sensuality which had grown up on the mere dry letter of the law, that Christ came. The Jews of old had striven to convert the Spiritualism of other nations, and bind it in with the customs and traditions of Jewish law, until the very soul had fled from the cold external forms. And it was to rebuild the Church in its holy place within the human soul, to replace the glittering far-off heaven of the Orientals within the human heart, that Jesus came. It was not to tell you of the God of Sinai, the Jehovah of the burning bush and the awful thunder, the God whom His creatures might not look upon and live, but to bid you come unto a Father; a Father who cared for the falling sparrow, and numbered the hairs of your heads; a Father who pitied the Magdalen; a Father who heard the voice of the publican, and answered the sinner with pardon; a Father whose word is ever made flesh, and dwells amongst men; a Father who received as an act of worship the mite of the widow; a Father who, whilst He puts the cross of martyrdom upon us, and leads us fainting up the hill of Calvary, answers our piteous cry in the hour of deepest agony, responds in the woe of sad Gethsemane by clasping us about with angel-hands, receives our spirits when the gates of life are torn apart by the agony that rends them; transmutes the darkness, sorrow, cold, and pain, the shame and scorn of earth, to the glorious light of eternal day; and crowns our brows with amaranths born of the thorns of earth, in the land where all tears are dried, and sorrow never comes. Such was the God that Jesus came to manifest; such the religion Jesus came to teach. And Christ the Spirit formed His Church on the lone hill-side, in the corn fields or the highway, in the homes of the poor and rich alike. With Him a synagogue was everywhere, the whole earth was His Church. For Him each day was a Sabbath, and every act a prayer.

### SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 6.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

Would that ye were wise. Be ye as the deaf-adder, that heedeth not the charmer, charm he never so wisely; and be like Mary, who chose the good part, which shall not be taken away. Charmers are they that stand on high mountains; they shout and make a noise. Their shoutings are as tinkling brass. The tinkling sound of their music is the world's idolatry;—is what the children of this world worship—gold. They seek to lay up treasures for themselves here, because their hearts are full of deceit and greediness. They care not to seek that which Mary sought, but like Martha, they are cumbered about many things. This that you call Spiritualism is the gift of God. It is given for a use, but it is received and used not as it should be. Many, I say, abuse the gift of Spiritualism. They take it as if it came as a legacy or a fortune from their parents, and they abuse it as they would a fortune. Understand me rightly; be as Mary was, and choose the good part. The world would take that good part from you, but hold it fast. Be firm and faithful, and true to your God. Heed not the petty tyrannies, the sneers and jeers of those that abuse this great gift. Let them fall as hail-stones on glass, making no impression thereon. When you are out in a storm, and

the wind blows fiercely at the time, it is very unpleasant; but when you get under shelter, you think it a mere trifle. Let the slanderer, and those that speak ill of you, not disturb you. Remember the shelter after the storm. I know it is very hard to bear, but with the breast-plate of truth, and the shield of uprightness, and the helmet of peace, you cannot hurt. You will then be as the deaf-adder, and heed not that which tinkles in the distance, which, if cared for or troubled about, will come closer, and make a louder noise. Let the tinkling still go on in the distance. Still wear your helmet and your breast-plate, and that will be choosing the good part, which cannot be taken away. Hold fast that which is good, let no man take it from you.

Question. Is Truth and Justice here?

Spirit. I was a pilgrim on this earth for many years.

Q. Any more to say?

S. I sought and obtained that you must seek and obtain—the crown of everlasting life.

Q. Have you a name?

S. You must be patient; things come not so quickly as you expect. The seed put into the ground in one day, does not spring up into a beautiful flower the next.

The time is coming; the time has verily come. We will manifest ourselves. Be patient; be faithful to your God and to yourself; be firm, and we will reveal unto you what we have to reveal. Patience, patience, courage. Tread down the thorns under your feet; don't let them grow up.

### INVOCATION.

Father, thou whose love dost fill this earth with light; Thou whose truth dost strengthen the arms of Thy children; Thou whose grace dost elevate their thoughts and fill their hearts with love for Thee; Thou whose mercy is boundless and deep as the ocean; Thou who art all-powerful, a God of love and justice—to Thee we humble, penitent, and contrite children of the earth would bow with submission, trusting to Thee, not in fear but in love—to Thee, great and good, just and true as Thou art, we, weak, erring, sinful creatures as we are—great as Thou art, we know Thy love is full of mercy, and we dare look up to Thee, supplicating Thee to hear and help us. We know we are sinful, and deserve not even a look, much less a smile from Thee. Yet, knowing we are such, we dare ask Thee for Thy protection. Bless, I beseech Thee, Father, the down-trodden sons of the earth; those who try to look up to Thee, while the troubles of the way, and the persecutions of their so-called brethren assail them, even while they look up to Thee, as it were with stones. Give such faith, deep and strong, give such hope that they may be firm, and quiver not at the idle blast. Give such Thy grace, and throw around them Thy arms of compassion. Pour down Thy love upon them; let it refresh them as the dews refresh the earth.

### SPIRIT-COMMUNICATION.

An Address delivered at the Circle of the "Christian Spiritual Inquirers," at the Alliance Hall, Old-street, through the Mediumship of Joseph Davies, on Sunday evening, November 19, 1865.

We messengers of light and love from above, come to commune with you and minister to your wants. According to your desire for good or evil, you may receive guidance from the spirit-world; whether you desire to live to the honour and glory of God, or in conformity to the carnal desires of the flesh. We desire that you should devote yourselves to the love of God, accepting Christ as your rock. Trials and persecutions you will have to undergo. But at all times endeavour to bring your will in conformity to the will of God, keeping yourselves in love and good will to all men, regardless of creed or colour; without you can do this, you are not of God's people.

Remember, dear friends, you cannot serve two masters. If you do good you will detest evil; if you let your mind ponder over the vanities of your daily life, you are sure to be effectually drawn from all nobler aspirations of spiritual life. We do not speak to your carnal mind, but to your spirit—the spiritual man within you—that spirit, dear friends, of which your earthly body forms but the covering or shell; which is to live in the countless ages of eternity, either in brightness and glory, or darkness and long despair, according to your deeds in your probationary existence. That spirit, to be fit to enter into heavenly bliss, and become the companion of angels, must realize spiritual truths while it is in the mortal body. There are some among you whose minds are wavering in these things, who cannot see clearly or understand. No, my friends, you cannot see or understand until you receive spiritual light, which must alone be imparted to you by the God of your life, the God of your salvation, your eternal Father, in whom you live, and move, and have your being, which light you will not fail to receive if you ask for it in faith, believing God will not refuse to answer the earnest supplication of even the vilest sinner. Dear friends, be sure you are in earnest; retire to your closet; let no one know your desires; offer up your prayers to God as a living God and a God of the living, the result of which will be a glorious conviction to your souls that no mortal could impart unto you. Be faithful and truthful. God is always merciful; His acts are always worthy our Father. Be we never so unworthy as children, He is always burning with love for us; though we are continually at enmity with Him, endeavouring to walk in our own strength, without one thought of gratitude for the great gift of life, and scarcely a serious thought of the destiny of the spirit.

Dear friends, let not these few words be lost upon you. Take the advice that is given to you this night, and you will be enabled to read your Scriptures in a spiritual sense. We would remind you, dear friends, what the divine Book says upon that matter. It tells us that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth light. To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.



## SPIRIT-POWER DEMONSTRATED IN WELL-BORING.

(From the *History of the Chicago Artesian Well*. By George A. Shufeldt, Jr.)

In December, 1863, the boring was commenced, with a diameter of five inches. In January following, the well was lost at a depth of sixty-five feet—the tools getting fast at the bottom. Another was commenced in February, 1864, and the work progressed slowly and gradually until November, when the water was struck, at a depth of seven hundred and eleven feet. And the water is now flowing to the surface, with a head of about eighty feet. There are no striking geological peculiarities found in this boring.

The alluvial formation or deposit around Chicago is about one hundred feet in depth; at this particular point, however, by a natural upheaval of the earth's crust, the rock is thrown to the surface, so that, instead of sinking the usual soil-pipe, common to the boring of Artesian wells, the drill was started in the rock itself directly from the surface; and, with a single exception, the boring was continued through the rock all the way down.

At the surface, this rock is the upper stratum of the upper silurian, the formation in this part of the State being usually in the Devonian. The first thirty-five feet is limestone, saturated with and greatly discoloured with petroleum to such an extent that the rock will burn as freely as coal; and frequently, in blasting, petroleum in quantities of one or two gallons have been thrown out with a single charge of powder. Immediately underlying this is a stratum of what we call here Joliet marble, one hundred feet in thickness. This is one of the very best building stones in existence, and many of the public buildings in Chicago are constructed from it. It crops out of Athens and Joliet, about thirty or forty miles from here, at which places it is obtained for use.

Below this marble lies a stratum of conglomerate of sand and flint about one hundred and twenty five feet in thickness. This band was marked by the occasional presence of iron pyrites, and with one trace of copper. The drill went through it very slowly. Wherever crevices appeared in this rock strong indications of oil were found. Beneath this conglomerate we entered the shale, a blue clay or unforned rock, which separates the upper and lower silurians. This band is one hundred and fifty-six feet thick, characterized by no special peculiarities. We met with nothing but a few bushels of nodules, or more perfectly formed shale, which occasionally dropped into the well; but this entire band was saturated with petroleum, the sediment coming up like putty, thick and greasy. A test by distillation afforded a small quantity of oil, and naphtha in abundance. Gas now began to escape and signs of oil were abundant. After this the drill penetrated the upper surface of Galena limestone; and where this shale rests upon the underlying rock, at a depth of five hundred and twenty-seven feet, the largest quantity of oil yet seen was found. The drill and drill rods were covered so thickly that the oil ran from them in considerable quantities.

At five hundred and thirty-nine feet the first regular band of sandstone was entered, and here again oil was visible in quantities sufficient to produce satisfaction. This sandstone is seventy-one feet thick, and shows oil through the entire stratum. At six hundred and eight feet another band of limestone containing flint and sulphurets of iron was struck. It was very hard, and the progress through it slow.

At this point the well was in constant commotion from the action of escaping gases—the water at times fell thirty and sixty feet, and then suddenly rose to the surface. Shortly after this the water commenced overflowing the well. The quantity was small, but sufficient to carry up with it the sediment from the bottom, and hence from this point, the chippings of the drill being washed away and lost, we had nothing by which to determine anything further in relation to the geological formation. The drill continued to go down, until at the depth of seven hundred and eleven feet, the arch of the rock was penetrated, and the water suddenly burst forth. This was about the 25th of November, 1864. The water flows at the rate of about six hundred thousand gallons per twenty-four hours, through an orifice four and a quarter inches in diameter at the bottom. The temperature is 53° F. and is uniform. It is clear as crystal, as pure as the diamond, free from all animal or vegetable matter, and from any injurious mineral substances, and its composition is such that it is better adapted for drinking purposes, and for health, than any other water known.

Taking into account the low temperature of this water, the great depth from whence it comes, its head, or the force with which it comes to the surface, and the quantity discharged, it may be said to be the finest Artesian well in the world. There is no well known which discharges so large a quantity of pure healthy cold water. There is one well—that of Passy, near Paris—of large bore, which furnishes more water; but it is warm, and can only be used to supply the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne, and for irrigating purposes. The water of the well

in Grenelle, also, is unfit for other than mechanical uses, and this is true of the majority of deep wells in this country.

Immediately after reaching this water, we proceeded to tube the well through the thirty-five feet of surface rock, which was much broken by the commotion and upheaval. To that end a four-inch pipe was inserted and driven down forty feet, until it reached the solid marble. This tube, or pipe, is now carried twenty-five feet above the surface, and out of the top of this pipe the water flows into a flume, and is conveyed to the water wheel, twenty feet in diameter, which is used as power to drive the drills and machinery for other wells which are now in process of construction.

We have a power which is as near perpetual motion as can be got. The water flows on and on in undiminished force and undiminished quantity—the water flows and the wheel revolves. We are now engaged in boring a well, which, when completed, will be fifteen inches in diameter, and will discharge ten and a half millions of gallons per day. When that is done, we shall run out the other well to the same diameter, and will then have a quantity of water equal to twenty millions of gallons per day.

It is the object and intention of this work to supply the city of Chicago with pure and wholesome water. We can do it at one half the cost of the present method, and then we shall have the great advantages—

1st. That neither expensive engines nor fuel is required; there is no labour; no work; no machinery. It will flow into the reservoir with a force and power which steam engines and force pumps cannot expect to equal.

2nd. It can be done at one-half the cost to the poor man which the present method entails.

3rd. The water is perfectly, chemically pure—free from all animal or vegetable matter—and consequently not obnoxious to the charges of disease and death which now lie at the door of the present Chicago Water Works. When this water is once in common use, erysipelas, boils, eruptive diseases, will disappear and that bane of our Western cities, low typhoid fever, will be abated in Chicago. The advantages which attend upon this present comparatively insignificant well of water are too great to be reported here. Let it be sufficient to say, there is in the not distant future blessings connected with it which cannot be paid for in dollars, nor rendered in detail upon paper.

This living well of water will be the poor man's friend for all time to come and the doctor's enemy for eternity.

## BORING FOR OIL.

Shortly after reaching the water, as above described, we sunk another well, to the depth of about forty feet, for the purpose of finding oil. This well will eventually go down to the depth of fifteen hundred feet, if necessary; but at present it is stopped to test the surface rock and see if any oil can be obtained from it. This well has been pumped for about three weeks, and about seventy-five to one hundred gallons Petroleum secured. But this surface stratum of fossiliferous limestone, before mentioned as being saturated with Petroleum, is so broken and distorted by the upheavals that it seems to be impossible to exclude the surface water and produce a vacuum below so as to draw the oil into the well from the seams and crevices. That oil exists here, and can, with perseverance, be obtained, there is no manner of doubt; eventually that question will be decided by actual experiment.

## LOCATION OF THE LAND.

The tract of land on which this well is located is forty acres in extent, and lies at the city limits of Chicago—at the corner of Chicago and Western avenues—three and one-half miles from the Court House, or centre of the city. Buildings of all kinds are gradually approaching it, and the onward course of the great city of the West will soon surround it. The elevation is thirty-one feet above the level of the lake, and is the highest ground within the corporation limits; the water has a head of at least eighty feet above the surface of the ground, giving one hundred and eleven feet above the lake, thus warranting an ample head for all practical and useful purposes.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THIS WELL.

Most persons of the present day have heard of the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism. Some, whose educational or other feelings teach them a different theory of religion, treat it with derision and ridicule. Others who do not profess to understand it, but pursue a wiser course, and are content to await the developments of time and experience, neither reject nor adopt that which they cannot explain or understand; there is yet another class who profess to understand what they teach, and can give reasons for their faith, who have adopted the principles of this beautiful philosophy as their rules of conduct in life, and on which they base their knowledge of immortality and the Eternal World. We do not intend to enter deeply into this subject at present, nor to take issue with any person who sees fit to differ with us in the conclusions, to which after a careful investigation we have arrived. That is no part of our business now; holding to

the broad doctrine that every man is entitled to the fullest scope in the enjoyment of his religious opinions—that he alone is his own saviour and accountable to God for his own actions—and hence we ask no man to believe as we do, nor to adopt our faith. We may place before him certain facts on which our knowledge is based, and they may be accepted or rejected as may seem to him fit.

True Spiritualism, as it exists in its beauty and purity, and divested of the charlatany, humbug and imposture, with which knaves and rogues sometimes encumber it, is nothing more nor less than the philosophy of life—of your life and mine—Life in the physical and in the material world, and life in the spiritual and the eternal world—nothing but human existence—here and there.

Many persons doubt, or altogether disbelieve, in the power of the spirit after leaving its form to communicate with those remaining in the body, while those who believe in the truths of spiritual philosophy know this to be a demonstrated fact, and also know that through this means the great truths of the life hereafter—the immortality of the soul and the existence and manner of life of the human spirit—may be learned. Its birth and education on earth, the death of the body, and the passing on of the spirit to immortality, become facts cognizable to the human intellect and comprehension. It is these facts, viz.: The existence of the Spirit after death, and its consequent immortality—its power to communicate with those still in the body, and from this source and through this means to learn the truths of immortal life—to which we are now calling the attention of man, and which we hope to demonstrate beyond question or dispute, and so to establish forever that there may be no further cause for contradiction, we desire to make it plain to the mind of every man capable of forming a thought, that his spirit lives always—that when he passes through the dark valley called death it is but the changing of a garment, not death, but eternal life—that he becomes neither an angel nor a demon—that he is not raised up to an incomprehensible heaven nor cast down into an impossible hell, but that he remains, himself, an existing, individualized spirit, whose future life is development and eternal progress.

While Spiritualism is as old as history, running through the records of all ages, times and people, manifesting itself in one way and another for thousands of years, yet it is only in comparatively modern times—within our own generation—that the spirit-world has been able to make such communications to man as to lead his mind in the right direction in pursuit of that knowledge which is of itself immortality.

These communications, or manifestations, have assumed all conceivable forms and shapes—physical, as table-tippings and movings, ringing of bells, playing on musical instruments, raising persons from the floor, sustaining heavy bodies in the air, and thousands of things of like character too numerous to repeat in detail; mental, as talking in strange tongues; ignorant men, uneducated women, and little children, delivering discourses on political and scientific subjects with all the freedom of men of great education and wisdom, and displaying a knowledge which is only acquired by men of studious habits and great experience.

Such manifestations have been made for the one purpose, among others, of calling the attention of man to the great truths of life—what he is and what he is to be—that he may understand his existence here and his immortal life beyond the grave; that darkness, ignorance and bigotry may be dispelled; that superstition may be destroyed, and the light of the new truth be installed in its supreme majesty and glory.

Long and fearfully has the world struggled with ignorance and barbarity; thousands of martyrs to liberty and religion have perished on the scaffold or at the stake of fire. Imprisonment and disgrace were thrust upon Copernicus and Galileo for the utterance of a simple and sublime truth. Cranmer perished in the flames, and thousands died under the tortures of the Inquisition, that ignorance might live, and that bigotry might rule with fire and sword. But we thank the Eternal God that these times have passed away—that a new era is inaugurated—that a new light has dawned upon a regenerated world, and no more need man fear a return to the darkness and prejudices of past ages; to dark ignorance and blind bigotry. In our country and our times the fullest scope of religious liberty is the birth-right of every freeman.

(To be continued.)

### SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

The Rev. J. M. Spear gave an interesting discourse at the Lyceum on Sunday evening, founded on Luke iv. 18-19, in which he showed that the spirit of Christ should be exhibited among professed Spiritualists, and if it were, it would be found that the same objections which the ancient Scribes and Pharisees urged against him would now be urged against them.

The address was a very earnest and interesting one.

The wisest man who speaks in ignorance speaks foolishly to the ears of those who perceive his ignorance.—PROFESSOR HARE.

### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN BALTIMORE COUNTY, MARYLAND.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

SOME three months ago I gave your readers an account of extraordinary manifestations which had occurred on the eastern shore of Virginia. I will now relate some, equally remarkable, that I witnessed while on a visit to a friend at Baltimore county, Maryland.

It was proposed to form a circle. There were present two sons and daughters of the host, Judge G—, Dr. P—, and myself, the medium, now in my sixty-ninth year.

The doctor, two sons, a daughter, and myself, placed our hands on a small pine table. After tipping and moving awhile, it rose up, turned over, placed itself on my head, then continued to rise, until three of us could only reach it with the tips of the fingers; there it rested a moment, and then suddenly sprang up a foot higher, turned over, and came down gently to the floor.

With hands resting fairly on the top, the table rose up four several times a foot high, and so remained while I, with moderate speed, counted six, sixteen, thirty-one, fifty.

Three of us placed the tips of our fingers under the edge of one end, raising it a few inches. In about two minutes it rose, horizontally, two feet from the floor, and so remained while I counted sixty! I consider this the most conclusive test that can be offered a sceptic, because to raise the table with the fingers so placed, is utterly impossible.

The lights were then extinguished, and we formed a circle round the table, no one touching it. Very soon loud raps were heard on the table, and from every part of the room. Each of us were sprinkled with water, although none previously was near. The spirit-lights were seen floating about, and the names of Benjamin Peters and my own were written rapidly on the table in letters of fire! The tune of "My Maryland" was given in a tone as if coming from a toy trumpet. A waltz was played on the guitar, then away from the circle, and also an accompaniment to a song from one of the ladies. The accordeon was played while moving about; then the door leading to an adjoining room was opened, the accordeon taken into it, the door shut with a slam, and music still heard from it there. Next morning the instrument was found in the basement dining-room, and every member of the family declared they had not touched it. While the above was going on, the roll was called and everyone answered from their seat.

The drum was beaten artistically upon the table, which was frequently moved about during the evening, turned upside down and back again several times, and finally passed over our heads, and set down gently outside the circle. The drawing of a champagne cork, and pouring out wine, were admirably imitated more than twenty times, with four or five going on at once.

I was lifted in my chair, so also was one of the gentlemen, and, while up, turned completely round and set down. He was then taken from his chair and seated on the table. Strange to tell, in all this, he says, *no touch of hand was felt*. Not so with me. They have bound me, on a former occasion, with a rope, fast in my chair, lifted me four or five feet from the floor, laid me gently down, taken off an I replaced my shoe, unbound me, removed the chair, and, with a hand under each arm, lifted me up to my feet. All this felt to me precisely as if done by mortal hands, yet I know that it was not.

The spirit-hand grasped mine several times—it was large and rough—and once with such force as to make my fingers ache. Then came a delicate lady's hand, which remained fully five minutes to allow others to feel it. Judge G— and the two ladies separately placed their hands upon it, felt a signet-ring on the third finger, followed the naked arm up to just below the elbow, where there was a tight-fitting dress. We all agree in these particulars. But the two sons and Dr. P— could not feel it, though I placed their hands, as I thought, directly upon the arm, even bent the fingers around it, and told them to close the hand, which they say was done upon *nothing*.

A folded paper was placed in my hand, which, thinking it to be of no import, I laid aside. When the circle was over, it was found addressed to me with these words:—

"Spirit-World.—I have been a good and faithful servant to you, but have received no kindness at your hands. I therefore desert you.

"B. PETERS."

This spirit, your readers will remember, has been my "Satanic Associate" for more than two years.

A leathern thong was brought, from whence none could tell, and with it my ankles tied fast together with four or five knots drawn very tight, as seen by all when the light was brought, but in a few moments after it was dark again, I was unloosed, and my boot drawn and thrown into a lady's lap.

The above lines have been read by Judge G—, Dr. P—, a son and a daughter, and all pronounce them to be correct.

It is now too late to cry, "Humbug! delusion! fraud!" That day is past. These marvels are now increasing in number, and are witnessed on all sides, not only in the public circles, but in the privacy of the domestic parlour, where the integrity of the parties is not to be questioned.

If, indeed, the veil is withdrawn which separated the seen from the unseen, and the barrier thrown down which prevented all intercourse between us and those who have gone on before, then it is a subject of such transcendent importance that all others fade into insignificance beside it. Let it, then, be investigated scientifically by the savans, if you will, as a philosophical problem, but let the search be made calmly, and with an eye single for the discovery of truth; and let those who now so bitterly oppose it beware, "lest they be found fighting against God."

FRANK.

Towson, Md., Oct. 28, 1865.

**A RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE** on "LOVE" will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, December 10th, 1865, at 7 o'clock.

By Mr. J. H. POWELL.  
A Collection on behalf of the Lyceum.

**SPIRITUAL LYCEUM SUNDAY EVENING RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.** A Course of Six Discourses will be delivered in the Lyceum Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W., By Mr. J. H. POWELL.

Subjects:—  
I. Love. II. Charity. III. Riches. IV. Poverty. V. Character. VI. Immortality. Admission Free.

**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.

Mrs EMMA HARDING'S Address is—Manor House, 7, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. At home on Mondays and Wednesdays from 2 till 5.

PARTIES interested in Spiritualism, and wishing to extend information on the subject amongst inquirers, may receive some copies of the "Spiritual Magazine," free of charge, by addressing Mr. TENN, 24, Park-rd, Dalston, N. E. JOHN MURRAY SPEAR has returned to his old address—146, Albany-street, Regent's-park, where he will be glad to receive visitors, as usual.

**SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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

All Advertisements, payable in advance, may be forwarded to Mr. J. H. Powell, Spiritual Times Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st. Advertisements for insertion in the current week must reach the Office on or before nine o'clock on Wednesday morning.

**TO THE TRADE.**—The *Spiritual Times* is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, at the *Spiritual Times Office*, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st. and by Job Caudwell, 325, Strand. COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 8s. 8d. per quarter.

**THE "SPIRITUAL TIMES" BY POST.**

To facilitate the obtaining of the *Spiritual Times*, packets will be sent direct from the Office post free to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting, in advance, as under:—

Copies.	Weeks.	Weeks.	Weeks.
1, 3d., or for 13, 3s. 3d.	26, 6s. 6d.	52, 13s.	
2, 6d., " " 5s. 5d.	" 10s. 6d.	" 21s.	
3, 9d., " " 8s. 6d.	" 13s. 0d.	" 26s.	
6, 1s., " " 13s. 0d.	" 26s. 0d.	" 52s.	

Post Office Orders must be made payable to Mr. J. H. Powell, at the Post Office, Rathbone-pl.

**THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS** and MR. W. M. FAY are prepared to give Private Séances.

Application to be made at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

Price, 3s. 6d. Post free, 4s.

**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE**, by D. D. HOME, neatly bound. A few Copies of this admirable Work may be had at the *SPIRITUAL LYCEUM*, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.

Price Twopence. Post-free Threepence.  
**"WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS TAUGHT."** Reprinted from the *Spiritual Magazine*, may be had at the *Spiritual Lyceum*, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W. This pamphlet is one of the most vigorous of Mr. Howitt's numerous writings on Spiritualism. It is in every way suitable for circulation.

Now Ready, In one Vol., well bound. Post free, price, 5s. Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

**LIFE INCIDENTS AND POETIC PICTURES**, by J. H. POWELL.

This work contains an account of the Author's remarkable Experiences in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, together with a judicious selection from his Poems.

May be obtained of the Author, *SPIRITUAL LYCEUM*, 14, Newman Street Oxford Street, W.

From the Examiner.

There are some curious details in his account of his life—good, because genuine transcripts of experience.

From the Observer, Oct. 22nd 1865.

Replete with interest . . . Will be found both instructive and amusing . . . The "Poetic Pictures" contain many passages of sterling merit.

From the Illustrated London News.

Mr. Powell's verse is better than his prose. The former is sometimes really vigorous, graceful and pathetic; the latter is nearly always loose and pretentious.

From the Morning Star.

An interesting, and, in many respects, a mournful book. . . Mr. Powell's prose is very readable.

From the Illustrated Times.

Mr. Powell is, we are inclined to think, a thoroughly honest fellow, not without chivalry, but decidedly without any sense of humour.

From the "Illustrated News of the World."

The narrative is a sad but striking picture of the difficulties which beset the poor man who attempts a literary life. The poems are short, and from the circumstances under which they are written may be considered to possess real merit.

From the "British Standard."

His life has been one of ups and downs and locomotion—one of prosperity and adversity—disappointments and triumphs. He is unquestionably a man of genius, considerably cultivated, and he possesses a large amount of general knowledge.

From the "Christian World."

Mr. Powell, through all his trials and heart-struggles, has preserved faith in God, Christ, and Immortality; and the drifts of this world's sorrows have not blinded him to the sublimities of life. Let him, by all means, go forward in his efforts, neither extravagantly elated by praise, nor depressed by dispraise. He may never become a Poet-Laureate, but he will write true Poetry, nevertheless.

From the Spiritual Magazine.

An honest, brave heart and ardent temperament seems to have carried him through struggles and misfortunes under which a weaker nature, or a less buoyant and hopeful disposition would have sunk. . . His book will interest many readers, and we hope its author will have no reason to regret its publication.

From the News of the World.

It illustrates forcibly the difficulty experienced in what is called "getting on in the world," and some of the Incidents are not a little interesting.

From the Author of "Forty years of American Life."

I have read every line of your "Life Incidents," and I like the book, so far as I have read,—the prose portion—very much and almost entirely. There is a simple honesty in your description of your life struggle, which is truly pathetic, and which cannot fail to find a wide sympathy.

From the Author of "Tangles and Tales."

Your book will, I think, be a success, if it gets into the right quarters. It is very nicely got up and printed, and the "Life Incidents" are throughout highly interesting and often pathetic.

**ALPHABETS FOR SEANCES**, TWOPENCE EACH, to be had at the Lyceum.

**MISS D. COGMAN'S SEANCES.**

Miss Cogman will hold séances at her residence, 22, New Road, Commercial Road, E., every Tuesday and Wednesday, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

**MR. AND MRS. WALLACE** beg to announce that they have taken the Lyceum Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, for a series of Friday Evening Séances to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 1s.

**SPIRITUAL LYCEUM TRACTS.**

**NO. 1.—NICODEMIANS AND THOMASIANS**, by WILLIAM HOWITT.

**NO. 2.—SPIRITUALISM IN HARMONY WITH SCIENCE**, by Dr. J. B. FERGUSON.

**NO. 3.—AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM**, by ONE OF THEMSELVES. Now ready. Price Threepence.

**NO. 4.—WHAT IT IS TO BE A SPIRITUALIST**, by Thomas Brevior.

**NO. 5.—FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS**, by Robert Cooper.

**NO. 6.—SPIRITUALISM IN HARMONY WITH DIVINE REVELATIONS**, by Dr. J. B. FERGUSON.

**NO. 7.—LETTERS ON SPIRITUALISM**, by William Howitt. Price Threepence.

An assortment of the above, 1s.

**SPIRITUALISM; ITS FACTS AND PHASES**, Illustrated with Personal Experiences, and Fac-Similes of Spirit-Writing, by J. H. POWELL.

As an individual contribution to the general mass of testimony on this great topic of the age, it is very valuable.—*William Howitt*.

Mr. Powell's statements of the answers he received to queries are remarkable, and as he is evidently a truthful writer, we cannot do otherwise than advise the public to consult the work. . . . Many persons will read Mr. Powell's narrative with interest, for it has no lack of the marvellous set forth in vigorous language.—*Public Opinion*, March 12th, 1864.

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

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

To be had of the Author at the Lyceum. Price 2s., post free.

Now ready. In one volume, Demy 8vo., Post free, price 7s. 6d.

**SUPRA-MUNDANE FACTS, IN THE LIFE OF J. B. FERGUSON;**

Including twenty years' observation of Preternatural Phenomena.

Edited by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., author of "Forty Years of American Life," "Biography of the Brothers Davenport," &c., &c.

This book contains the personal experiences of Mr. Ferguson, and his observations, during twenty years, under favourable circumstances, and over a wide range of territory, of very remarkable phenomena, from the most striking physical, to the higher forms of psychical or spiritual, manifestations. It will also present, from the copious records of Mr. Ferguson, specimens of wisdom and philosophy given from the interior, and many facts orally related. The work of the editor will be the selection and the arrangement of the records furnished him, and the orderly narration of the facts, and he has reason to believe that no work of the present time contains accounts of more remarkable, varied and important phenomena than will be found in this volume.

All orders to be sent to Mr. J. H. POWELL, Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT COOPER, at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-st., Oxford-st., in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Dec. 9th, 1865.