

Robt Cooper

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.

MISS HARDINGE v. THE LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.

WHEN as boys we used to laugh at the adventures of that artful-dodge, Ulysses in the cave of Polypheme, we never expected to find ourselves in any case of actual, modern life quoting the wondering words of the honest Cyclops, his neighbours. The incident is known to everybody, but deserves repeating. Ulysses, under the name of No-Man, having bored out the only eye of Polypheme as he slept at midnight:—

Loud calls the Cyclops all that round him dwell
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air. :
All haste assembled at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
"Who hurts thee, Polypheme, what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal in the unguarded hour
Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?"
Thus they, the Cyclops from his den replies:—
"Tis No-Man kills me; No-Man in the hour
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudulent power."
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign.
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray."
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.

"If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain?" were the words which instantly rose to our lips as we read the extraordinary letter in the *National Reformer* by Emma Hardinge, dated Nov. 14th. In this letter Miss Hardinge makes the most sweeping and most damaging charges against the whole body of London Spiritualists which were ever made against any body of men whatever. The orations of Cicero against Verres were distilled water compared to it. Not one of them had a good word for any other one. "I have been written to," she says, "and called on by at least fifty Spiritualists, no six of whom speak to or will associate with any other outside of their own little clique; every one of whom has something to say against some other one, or a warning to give me very like a threat if I consort with certain other ones."

Meantime Miss Hardinge, telling the public that she is not come to lecture, but to look after her own affairs, appears greatly indignant that no one enables her to lecture. "Tell your friends in America that unless they send means I can do nothing here. Tell them we have no committees, no organization, no spirit; and that Emma Hardinge, their friend and faithful worker, can do nothing for want of

the warm hearts and ready hands of America to help her; and when duty is ended here, please God she will go back amongst them."

Still the sensible words of the wondering Cyclops occur to us again—"If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain?" If Emma Hardinge came here not to lecture but to look after her "long-neglected affairs," what could be kinder than to allow her to look after them? If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain? If thou dost not want to lecture, why complain so bitterly of no preparations made for thy lecturing? Why that there is "no committees, no organizations, no spirit?" These are not wanted for Miss Hardinge's attention to her "long-neglected affairs," and to have protruded them upon her would have been a nuisance and a discourtesy. Then, "If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain?" The simple fact is, that Miss Hardinge *did* want to lecture, and had come with the fixed resolve to lecture. She did not mean to hide her light under a bushel, but then she wanted to be asked, like many other coy young ladies. The whole startling outcry, the "hurt," is evidently one of wounded vanity in not being immediately called forth before a London audience. In a letter now before us from one of Miss Hardinge's friends, dated New York, March 4th, 1865, after feeling the way for an invitation for Miss Jenny Lord, the musical medium, and Mr. Anderson, the spirit-artist, it is added, "As for Emma Hardinge, she will go and lecture in London and Paris."

Very good; and Emma Hardinge would be most welcome, but, like almost every other American, or Anglo-American, she contrives to arrive in London in the autumn, when nobody is in town, and when, therefore, "committees, organizations, and spirit" are simple impossibilities. John Bull has, with his annual custom, shut up his great talking-shop at Westminster, seized his Alpine-stock, his field-glass, and his courier-pouch, and under the name of M. Tout-le-Monde, is off to the continent. There, with his long legs and short jacket, his billycock hat and simple Saxon stare, he is climbing the most dare-devil peaks and glaciers that he can hear of, scouring all picturesque valleys, boating on all lakes, tramping through the ruined corridors of Rome, the galleries of Florence, the vineyards of Naples, luxuriating at *tables d'hote*, plunging into mud or sulphur baths, or trying his ubiquitous hand at roulette or *rouge et noir*. M. Tout-le-Monde is just then anywhere but in London.

Now, one may imagine a creature from the back-side of the moon, or a red Indian from beyond the Rocky Mountains, or a very, very green American arriving in London in this desert season of autumn and expecting to find "committees and organizations and spirit" for public lectures, but for an Englishwoman and an English actress, who *should* know something of English life, to expect such a thing at such a time, and not finding it, like a spoiled child, to begin crying lustily, "Oh, these English Spiritualists are all nought; do fetch me home again, dear, warm-hearted Americans!" is—what shall we say—a little bit of simplicity truly refreshing.

But, "If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain?" Miss Hardinge cannot surely have felt neglected. "At least fifty Spiritualists," she says, had called upon her. Can this be possible? Fifty Spiritualists in London in the months of the autumn hegira! Astounding!! It appears to us the greatest of modern miracles. Let Miss Hardinge be assured that if fifty Spiritualists called on her before the 14th of November, she was honoured like a queen, and the gods themselves must have conspired for her.

But what of Miss Hardinge's description of "ALL" of us? for she makes no exception. Are we all so ill-conditioned that no one of us can speak well of the other? Are we all such slaves of caste and cliques that no six will associate with any other beyond his own little fiddle-faddle set? If this be true, and Emma Hardinge has said it, and published it to the world, and shouted it to all America, then—we say what then? It is high time we reformed ourselves. The very credit and well-being of Spiritualism is at stake. Miss Hardinge herself, clearly, is no exception to the rule, for she does not speak evil of "another one," but of *everyone*; we are all branded with her capacious brand. If it be *not* true—then what of Emma Hardinge?

Miss Hardinge is greatly scandalized at our slavery to caste. She herself, she tells us, is quite above caste, loves the poor, and works for them. But she discovers that the Spiritual Lyceum is poor, and she will none of it. In another letter to the *Banner of Light*, she describes it as a sort of coal-hole without light. We have always seen in it a large room, well-lighted, capable of accommodating an audience of 150 persons.* But it is poor, and frequented by the poor, and, therefore, Emma Hardinge, who loves and works for the poor, goes at once, gives a lecture there, and does the poor Spiritualists good, and shows her contempt of caste. Ah, no! that is only what she should have done.

Let us pray, brother Spiritualists, that God will send us no more mediums from America, unless they come in the spirit of the Lord and of His Christ. In that spirit which is ready to do and suffer, if necessary, for the truth. In that spirit of "charity which suffereth long, and is kind; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; which is not easily provoked, and THINKETH NO EVIL." If America can send us none such, let us wait till God shall raise up, from the stones of our streets, children unto Abraham. For our own parts, we are persuaded that Spiritualism does not depend, in any degree, upon public mediums, especially upon such as go about calumniating one another, and calumniating the brethren at large; but that its real and great growth does and will spring from the domestic circle, and its sacred influences and affections. These circles are spreading with wonderful celerity, and from them the purest, deepest life of Spiritualism is percolating through the tissues of society, and will spread like the waters of a celestial ocean, though no public medium should ever again appear. Brother Spiritualists, let us remember our high and holy calling. Let us remember the divine gift of God to us—a certainty of an eternal life, not preached, but demonstrated; and let us show our gratitude by loving and bearing with one another, and let us take assured care that no stranger shall ever again come amongst us and say, "Behold a generation of calumniators, each maligning the other, and all the slaves of caste!"

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS AND MR. W. M. FAY.

THESE extraordinary mediums are again in London, and we are pleased to say that they will commence on Monday next, December 18th, at the Hanover-square rooms, a series of five *séances*. After passing through the rough treatment of cabinet-smashing, &c., in the North of England, and visiting France, being "exposed," so termed, for the hundredth time, and appearing before the Emperor of the French and the Imperial Court, the Brothers and Mr. Fay, still in the prime of their mediumship, are prepared to submit the phenomena which occur in their presence to the most searching scientific tests. What will the *Flaneur of the Star* say now? Surely he will feel some slight dissatisfaction that this is *not* "the last" of these mediums. We must await another issue to report phenomena.

SPIRIT-MARVELS AT BAYSWATER.

THE Kingston boy-medium, Master Turketine, accompanied by his enthusiastic uncle, Mr. W. J. Champernowne, visited Mr. Broad, of Bayswater, on Thursday evening, December 7th. A circle was formed, and the invisibles announced their presence by sundry rappings in the table, on the legs of chairs, and on a harmonium, which stood on the other side of the table, opposite the medium. Many questions were asked, which were unanswered, until the question was put, "Do you wish to address

* Besides this, there is a large hall on the ground floor, which holds about 1,600 persons, which we hire occasionally.

Mr. P.?" An affirmative answer was given, after which "Jessie" was influenced to speak as follows:—

Be wise. Let your wisdom be clothed with faithfulness. Take truth for your motto. Be not deceived, nor led aside by false allurements. Act justly to every man. Be faithful to yourself, and true to your God. If you feel that you lack wisdom, seek it not from men. He that gave you life, can He not also give you that that shall carry you through? Many will be the difficulties you will have to overcome, and many obstacles will lay in your path; but if your motto be perseverance, patience, faith in Him and His protection, you will overcome them all. Fear not, nor turn back, but press forward. You are not the only soldier in the battle; and, thanks to His holy power, there will be more soldiers who will join the cause than there are against it. Be ye all brethren united, each having truth for his motto.

I will say no more now. There are other spirits waiting. Farewell.

Then we were told to darken the room, which had scarcely been done before some movements of furniture were heard, and, apparently from the little boy's body, there issued some beautiful phosphorescent lights, seen by all present. These lights are of the most pleasing brilliancy, and, we modestly think, would settle the question of Master Turketine's mediumship, even with the most confirmed sceptics. During the sitting, we were favoured with a variety of physical proofs of the presence of the invisibles. A voice was heard singing in rough tones, accompanied by members of the circle. A lady's pocket-handkerchief was taken, according to her own statement, from her pocket, and tied in a most beautiful manner. Another lady's handkerchief was partly tied in a similar way. We all placed our handkerchiefs on the table, when a rushing sound, similar to that made in the taking off of Mr. Fay's coat, was heard, and one of the handkerchiefs was found in a lady's lap partly tied. In addition to this, the lady whose handkerchief had been so beautifully knotted, had her watch and chain, at her own request, taken from her neck. It was found in her lap, with a small pendant, consisting of a heart and two anchors, detached from it. Some of the company declared they saw lights round the head of "Jessie," whilst a gentleman, whom we believe was the only sceptic present, affirmed that palpable warm fingers touched his hand.

There seemed to us but one thing wanted, viz., for the medium to be held or tied fast in his chair. We suggested something of the kind, and well we knew it, for in an instant a heavy round table was tumbled over with a violence that no single hand could have exhibited, and struck us on the knee-cap, causing considerable pain. But we rejoice to say no serious injury resulted, which to us is one of the most marvellous of all the phenomena of that sitting. There was a cry that we were assailed by an evil influence, and "Jessie" was heard to ask for a prayer, when Mr. Broad repeated the Lord's prayer. There was commotion as to the desirability of continuing the sitting, lest the so-called evil influence should do further mischief. We at once expressed our ready forgiveness to the spirit, and, after a few more wonders, the circle, much gratified, broke up.

It is but right to add that there were assembled no less than four other mediums, whose presence, it is but reasonable to suppose, added much to the success of the *séance*.

SPIRIT-TEACHINGS.—No. 4.

No longer is our medium dwelling in your material sphere. Let all things around be as passive and quiet as possible, that our influence may be undisturbed.

The spiritual world—would to God that you could behold it! It is above you and around you; would that you could perceive the brightness, the glory that is surrounding you! And why cannot you? It is because you are too materialized; you must become spiritualised in order to behold these things. A little we would tell you about them. All that you would behold we dare not tell you. One thing we would tell you, as it is important to you and to us: you are all living too near the earth, too much occupied with the things of the earth. These words may seem harsh to your minds; alas! that they should be true. You will perhaps excuse yourselves by pleading the necessity of attending to your worldly affairs. It is true you must attend to these things; we would not have you neglect them, but we would have you prepare yourselves as you have not yet done for your hereafter—your immortal condition.

My beloved friend, you are still living in the material world, in the land of the dying. Do not think we are forgetting you; do not doubt our love, our sympathy, our forbearance with you. You are a human being, surrounded with temptations and trials; we seek to guide and warn you, and we pray that God may shower down His mercy and His blessings upon you. You are one of God's own children, whose name shall not be lost; one that shall shine bright in the spirit-land, and sing the praises of Christ through the countless ages of eternity. When you to-morrow look over the notes you are now taking, and think of these words, you will smile, and doubt of Him and of His messengers. O, that you should know no better, that you should doubt of His love! Sometimes we have much to do with certain individuals; we have much to do with you. You think we should appear to you in visions; that we should reveal to you more of the state of your mind. We cannot do more than we are sent to accomplish. God and His Son are our Masters. We cannot make you perfect; we are not perfect ourselves. You smile at our words. Be patient. Shall we tell you, my brother, what day, what hour you shall

call upon God, and say, "Lord, be patient with me, and forgive me!" If you smile with neglect, may God forgive you; and when that day shall come, may you smile, not with neglect or doubt, but in faith and love. Remember that you are but mortal; you scarce know whence you came, nor whither you shall go; but the foundation of your hopes should be that God is Love, that He is a rock of safety, on whom you can trust. We have much more to say to you, much that we wish to impress upon you, but time will not permit. Again I say, do not smile nor ridicule; you will know bye-and-bye the truth of what we have said. The time will come when you, and all who are present will be thankful for the messages we have been permitted to bring you.

My beloved sister D.—It is with a spirit of love, of spiritual love, that I call upon you, that I would speak to you. I know your difficulties. Endeavour by all that is pure in your nature, by all that is lovable in you, to lay bare your burden before my Master, my God, who has created you and me; His eye is upon you. Regard these things as sacred, not as things of the earth. It is to you your spirit friends would appeal, it is your soul which we would brighten, and show before our Master. He knows of the evils and trials that surround you; He is your God.

Many sorrows, many mountains, accumulate before your vision; you cannot tell from whence they arise. Forgive us, sister, if we tell you they arise from your own imagination. Do not fear; everlasting love and mercy are around you. Do not speak lightly or think lightly of them, for a time will come when you will have to answer if you disregard them. Seek knowledge, mercy, and truth while they may be found. Call upon God while He is near; let your words be mild, merciful, loving, gentle. Oh! think how much is required of a Christian. Endeavour to forget those things which bind you to the earth. Leave those who are false and unjust to you to meet with their reward. Be you just, be you merciful, be you ready; for, when you think not, the Son of Man cometh. Heed not the smiles and unbelief you may meet with. Let your heart be as full of love and energy as it was wont to be. Be you as perfect as God's grace can make you; do not disregard His love. Examine well your own heart ere you criticize the heart of another. If there has been a want of love, of faith, of perfectness, forgive me if I say it is in your own heart. But all are imperfect in His sight; none other but God can sustain you. Be you loving, affectionate, fervent in spirit, serving God, remembering that this life is but as a dream, a show, while the joys of Heaven are lasting and secure. May God in His love and mercy bless you, our heart-beloved sister, and may our shelter in death be thine! We know that your heart is loving and faithful; woe be to him or her who would betray such love; but we would give you a word of warning and admonition. It is necessary, as your husband has been claimed as one of God's own children, that you should do as desired by us, who are the messengers. You know not how much is involved in it. We would bind you together to promote His truth, which is your duty. Forgive me if I tell you you must be more forbearing, more persevering, above all, more loving. I mean in your outward actions; in your heart you cannot be. You must launch forth from this to another and a brighter world. Be, then, more blind to external things, which are but temporary; be more inclined to think of the spiritual power and influence that surrounds you. Love your partner the more for his spiritual knowledge; help him in this work; remember you will one day have to lose him, and will meet his smile no more on earth. May God receive him and you, and may your souls be so bound together that nothing shall separate them; that they may be as one when you enter the Spirit-world. Remember that if God should look upon you, and upon all of us, as we look upon one another, how mean, how despicable should we be in His sight!

We leave you to the care of Him who is alone perfect.

My sister E.—The Evil One has had less power over you of late. I perceive that we have but time to ask you two or three questions. Is your faith as perfect, your prayers as sincere, your zeal as ardent as it should be—as it might be? You have been imposed upon and afflicted by a supernatural power; you have suffered much. It is not to be expected that you could receive these truths at once; you must wholly depend upon a better and stronger Power. My sister, persevere. We shall have more to say to you, but our power is gone. Forget not the things that pertain to your everlasting condition.

EXTRACT FROM A WORK BY J. PERCEVAL, ESQ.

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Concluded from page 373.

Those who have the conduct of little children, will find great pleasure and benefit in attending to this rule, particularly if they are of a fractious and passionate disposition. Children should be respected, not only as our children, but as little temples of the eternal spirit, and temples in which the operations of the mind are more pure and more orderly, in which the moral sense is more perfect than in vessels which have been bandied about in, and polluted by, the world, and wherein the mental machinery is deranged and clogged by disorderly appetites. Servants set over them will order them abruptly to leave their little sports, hurry them here, frighten them there, snatch things out of their tiny, clinging fingers; by doing so the order of nature is disturbed, time is not given or method employed to let their wills chime in with those of the person set over them; they become cross and ill-humoured, crying, passionate, and violent. But I say, yield to them that they may yield to you;

watch the moods of their minds, and, according to their dispositions, or to the humour they are in, play with them; in the manner you conduct yourselves to them, play with them as a skilful angler will play with a fish that he has just struck, and would safely bring to land. Is not the prize worthy of your attention.

What more shall I say? Lunacy is a confusion of the understanding, but it is also the emancipation of the mental faculties from the control of a natural, but often erroneous, that is, already confused, judgment; so that the talents become free which have before been cramped, and those discover themselves which were before smothered. Lunacy is like drunkenness, only that it is worse and more lasting; and many poets, many painters, many singers, many actors, and even orators, have never spoken, acted, sung, designed, or written so well as when intoxicated; because inebriety overturns the natural judgment, which sets right for wrong, sweet for bitter, and with it the sense of many improprieties, which embarrass speech and action. Now, the judgment of man was intended, with humour, to control and moderate; but, being sinful, it is liable to spoil everything by false taste, affectation, and hypocrisy, and to fetter, oppress, and mislead. When the power of judgment is taken away, then passion and feeling take the lead, and splendid diction, splendid action, and splendid delineation follow; but such as a sober mind still condemns as needing correction, which, however, the critic himself often cannot apply. I think, therefore, that by the observation of the operations of the mind under such circumstances, much spiritual, and even *physical*, knowledge may be obtained, because I am convinced that the mind is a piece of excellent machinery, like to a musical instrument, whose movements we are yet to discover how to regulate by certain fixed and, if I may call them so without offence, mechanical laws. I am witness that there is a power in man which, independent of his natural thought and will, can form ideas upon his imagination, control his voice, and even wield his limbs. Twice my arm has been raised and moved suddenly, as by a galvanic force, without my having any intention to do so that I was conscious of. This, also, is curious, that when I was eating my breakfast the voice about me often said, "If you will do so and so, we will ask for another piece of bread-and-butter for you;" and if I obeyed, without my needing to speak, the servant, after looking attentively at me, would come and offer me the bread-and-butter. I conceive now, that by my countenance or manner I was made to express the desire for more food; but it is a proof that the voices I heard were in some manner connected with my well-being and with the operations of my mind, or rather that I was made to fancy that I heard those voices by a power in me, intimately acquainted with the operations of my mind.

On one occasion, shortly before I left Dr. Fox's, as I was leaving the house and walking through a back gate, I was desired by the spirit to "lift up my head and open my voice, and see what I should see," and I looked up to heaven, and yielded my voice to the power upon me, and forthwith I uttered horrible oaths and blasphemies, so that I was frightened, and refused to speak. Again I was desired to lift up my head, and open my mouth as before, and I did so, looking up into the sky, and forthwith I uttered the most gross and revolting obscenities, by the influence of a similar power, and I again chose to be silent rather than to obey. I was thus cured of my folly that I was to yield my voice up to the control of any spirit at hap-hazard, without regard to circumstances, and without discrimination, and thus my mind was set at rest in a great measure from another delusion; or, rather, the superstitious belief that I was blindly to yield myself up to an extraordinary guidance was done away.*

[We have presented at some length the extract from Mr. Perceval's book, without prefacing it with any remarks of our own; but now that we bring it to a close, we feel it necessary to offer a word or two. Mr. Perceval has described in a most simple and particular manner, his experiences as a lunatic, under the ordinary treatment. In doing so, he seems to us, in an unaffected manner, to portray incidents, and their influence on his

* Three observations I have overlooked, which may be of importance. The first, to prove that there was a method in the mystery of my disorder; the second, in a Scriptural; the third, in a medical point of view.

I. The voices gave the appellation of Herminet Herbert only to the keepers, but several of the patients they called Fitzherbert.

II. One of the keepers they styled "God Almighty," another "Jeau," another the "Holy Ghost;" whether on account of their several characters, or in good-humoured and innocent buffoonery, I do not know. One of the patients, also, a stout, good-humoured old gentleman, was pointed out to me as the "Trinity in Unity," and named also "Benevolence" and "Jehovah."

III. My loss of all control over my will, and belief, and imagination, and even of certain muscles, was immediately preceded by three successive crepitations, like that of electrical sparks, in the right temple, not on the same spot, but in a line, one after the other, from left to right.

mind, in a way to cause many who boast of not being mad, to set particular parts down as only the effervescence of madness. We have printed the extract with a view to give our readers the benefit of facts in connection with Mr. Perceval's experience in lunacy, as a contribution to psychological phenomena. Of course, we do not expect in any instance to be called upon to subscribe to the author's theory. The *Spiritual Times* would ill perform its mission were the facts and explanations of others wholly suppressed, to gratify the whims of either the Editor or the reader. We could extract much more of an interesting, and, we venture to add, instructive character, from this work, but we think our purpose is already served. Mr. Perceval commands our respect for his philanthropic and persistent efforts in the way of lunacy reform.—Ed. S. T.]

HOW A POET, TAKEN BY AN ANGEL, IS SHOWN A
VISION OF ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGES.

Method out that with a gentle dame I rode,
Borne in a sculptured chariot, speeding forth,
Self-impell'd, swiftly, towards a blessed abode,
Which lay before us in the mystic north.

Its mountain-girdled terraces we saw,
Gleaming across a gray, sun-scorched plain;
Long-yearned for city, aureoled with awe,
Whose gates sin-burdened man can ne'er attain.

Nathless, to us those bright gates seemed anigh;
Each heaven-kissing pinnacle, each dome,
Each banner dallying with the lucent sky,
Beckon'd us ever onward to our home.

With joy-brimm'd heart, folding my palms, I said,
"We enter now beneath Love's canopy!"
When suddenly all blissful vision fled;
Nought saw we save drear gates and frowning sky.

Before a gate of Hell in truth we stood;
Stern portals sad, begirt with gloomy towers,
Terribly high, window-less, red as blood;
Black clouds above, weeping incessant showers.

Wide open flew the gates, as, self-impelled,
Rolled on the chariot in its mystic track;
No sight of anguish that our eyes beheld
Could stay that dauntless car, nor turn it back.

An inward, spiritual force upheld
Its whirling spokes, rolling it swiftly on,
Hurrying us whither we would have withheld
Our tearful eyes from gazing; where seared, wan,
Desolate multitudes around us lay:
In penury of body, heart, and mind;
Ill-mated souls, whom Ignorance doth slay,
While she, in name of God, their bonds doth bind.

Ah me! their wan, dull, hopeless eyes aghast,
All turned upon us! Those thin hands upraised,
As with black, waving garments, on we passed
Amidst these doleful wretches, anguish-crazed,

Chained close together, man and woman lean;
Crowded in masses, spite of sex and age,
As they had penned-up, soulless cattle been;
No space for growth; nought left but mutual rage.

"O, Pity! Love! O, Liberty!" from far
They hoarsely cried, stretching their yellow hands,
Snatching at our black garments, whilst the car
Paused suddenly betwixt their loathly bands.

Shudd'ring I turned to fly; when spake my friend:
"Behold the labour Christ appointeth thee;
Till this sad serfdom draweth to its end,
Needs must we bring to Hell, Love's Holy Key."

A. M. H. W.

THE LATE QUAKER PHILANTHROPIST, PETER
BEDFORD, A SPIRITUALIST.

LIKE all genuine followers of George Fox, Peter Bedford listened for the "movings of the spirit," and delighted to be not disobedient to what he deemed to be impressions and monitions from above. His biographer narrates several striking instances of good service done through such docility. Of this nature was an occurrence at Ramsgate. Mr. Bedford was at the seaside with two of his nephews, intending to return home on the following Monday; but on the morning of Saturday Mr. Bedford awoke very early, with a strong impression on his mind that he must not wait till Monday, but must straightway return to London. He accordingly arose, went to the bedrooms of his nephews, told them that they must go to London at once, partook with them of an early breakfast, and accompanied them on board the first packet for the metropolis. At home all was well, and the rest of the day passed unvaried by anything worthy of

record. The doubt now arose whether, after all, he had not been played with; whether he had acted wisely in yielding to the impression. Sunday came, and still no sign. He went to meeting as usual in the forenoon, and still no sign. The afternoon passed, and yet nothing unusual occurred to justify his hasty removal from Ramsgate. Must it not have been a delusion? In the evening, however, he was startled, whilst at the supper-table with his friends, by a violent ringing of the door-bell. A sudden conviction came into his mind that now he was about to learn the reason of his return to London. He left his friends at the supper-table, and went to meet his visitor in another room. A young man, pale and agitated, entered, and threw himself on a sofa. On recovering somewhat from his excitement, he told Mr. Bedford that a very near relative had just left his home and family, in most distressing circumstances, intending totally to desert them and go off to America; and he besought Mr. Bedford to use his personal influence to prevent the accomplishment of this ruinous resolve. After learning all the details of the case, Mr. Bedford returned to his friends, pleaded pressing necessity as his excuse for so abruptly leaving them, went off with the young man at once, and obtained an interview with another relative of the culprit, with whom they succeeded in making such arrangements as prevented the threatened flight to America. The delinquent was persuaded to remain in England, became penitent for the past, and peace was at last restored to his family. And thus it proved to be very fortunate for all parties that Mr. Bedford had so suddenly returned from Ramsgate.

The same class of incident appeared in the course of the relationships arising between Mr. Bedford and his quondam friend, John Tawell. In the shop of a friend, working as a porter, John Tawell, then a young man, first became known to Mr. Bedford. Though diligent and complaisant, he was not entirely liked; there was a want of openness and straightforwardness in him; and although his abilities soon raised him to a more responsible employment, and although he hoisted a large flag of religious profession, he did not altogether succeed in making it felt that his piety was sincere. Mr. Bedford especially failed to be satisfied with him, and at length came to the conclusion that there was something very wrong underneath the specious demeanour of this man; and became moved, at last, with an almost irresistible impulse to tell Tawell that, though devoid of outward information or proof, he believed Tawell had committed some crime which would bring him to the gallows. Now this was a very awkward message to convey to any man, all the more to a man seemingly benevolent and religious, and Mr. Bedford might well feel disinclined to the attempt. Very seriously and long did he deliberate, but the more he thought it over, the more did he become convinced that it was no mere fancy of his own, but was a communication which ought to be obeyed. At length he resolved to act upon it, and with this design he set off towards the residence of Tawell. Passing along the City-road, he was again overtaken by the misgivings, and after he had left the turnpike-bar at St. Luke's at some distance behind him, his reluctance became so strong as to cause him to turn back again. But upon reaching the bar a second time, the impression again became so vivid, that he once more resolved to be obedient to it, and he proceeded on his way to the house without further interruption. Tawell and his wife received him pleasantly. Requesting the withdrawal of Mrs. Tawell, Mr. Bedford addressed the husband in a very serious and impressive manner, and finally spoke of the mysterious but very deep impression he had received, that his auditor had been so false to his professions of religion as to commit a crime which would, if discovered, subject him to the extreme penalty of the law. Tawell received this unexpected message with astonishment and awe. He was much affected, and at length confessed that it was quite true, that he had been guilty of such an offence, but he added that it was not yet too late to prevent the completion and consequences of the crime, for he had still in his possession the notes which he had forged.

After such a remarkable warning, it might have been thought that Tawell would have thoroughly repented of his crime; but at a subsequent period of his life the infatuated man again yielded to the like temptation, and was convicted and transported for forging bank-notes by means of ingeniously forged plates. In Australia, whither he was sent, he conducted himself so well as to obtain his liberty in a few years, and his talents and industry in New South Wales soon enabled him to establish a business, and to amass a large sum of money. To ingratiate himself with religious persons he again assumed a profession of piety; built, at his own cost, a chapel for a small body of Quakers in the colony, and presented it to them as a sign of his hearty good wishes for their spiritual interests. Having secured a competency, he at length returned to England to enjoy it. His old friends were pleased to see his apparently penitent and satisfactory condition; and he entertained so great a respect for Mr. Bedford, that he took a house at Southend, Croydon, on purpose to be near the venerable man who had in former times been to him so faithful a monitor. After a time he removed further into the country. Unhappily, his religious profession

did not prevent him from forming a criminal connection, and to escape the exposure of this, he poisoned the partner of his guilt. His arrest by help of the electric telegraph, which then, for the first time, was employed as an arrestor of criminals, is still vividly remembered. Before his execution, Mr. Bedford once more visited, and had a very solemn and affecting interview with him. It is remarkable that just before the perpetration of the act which cost him his life, Tawell received a solemn warning, though not through Mr. Bedford. At a Quakers' meeting, attended by Tawell and his wife one Sunday, as was their wont, a minister from Yorkshire was present, and to whom Tawell's position was entirely unknown. After the usual silent preliminaries, the minister rose and delivered an address of extraordinary earnestness and solemnity. A feeling, he said, had taken possession of his mind for which he could not account, except that some one present contemplated a very wicked act; and then, proceeding in his discourse, he expressed his belief that if his warning voice now raised were not heeded, the unknown individual to whom his words applied would never again receive a similar offer of mercy and recall. Mr. Tallack (the author of the "Life of Peter Bedford, just published) declares that he has repeatedly heard this striking circumstance related, and has been told that, after leaving the meeting-house, Tawell's wife said, "John, what a remarkable sermon that was! Why, one would think we had a murderer amongst us!" — *Meliora*, October, 1865.

MR. SOTHERN AND SPIRITUALISM.

(From the *Morning Star*.)

Mr. Sothorn has addressed the following letter to the "Glasgow Citizen," which paper published an extract from the "Spiritual Magazine," in which certain statements as to Mr. Sothorn were made. The nature of those statements will be gathered from Mr. Sothorn's reply:—

"Sir,—There is an article in the 'Spiritual Magazine' in which I am referred to. I should not dream of noticing any article in any such publication had I not found respectable and rational journals such as yours reproducing statements affecting my credit and candour. I consider it due to the conductors of the daily press of these countries, as well as to myself, to notice remarks on me and my conduct, when I find them transferred to their columns. Had not they been excavated from the gloomy obscurity of their original source, they might never have attracted my observation, and, certainly, would never have obtained my notice.

"Possibly it may be thought I am doing this spiritual publication a service by bringing it into notice. I do not think so. When you prosecute a pickpocket, you go before the bench as a matter of public duty; the pickpocket is certainly brought into public prominence for the time, but it is only that he may be the more effectually recognized, punished, and exposed. Nobody, I suspect, will be converted to a belief in Spiritualism by reading an exposition of the mis-statements of spiritual writers.

"Now for the article. The main count in the indictment against me is thus stated:—

"A few years ago a party of Spiritualists in New York, composed chiefly of actors and actresses, held regular sittings for the production of spiritual phenomena. One of the members of this circle was an actor named Stuart, who was recognised by all as a most powerful medium. The manifestations witnessed at these *séances* were so wonderful as to give to the meeting the distinguishing title of "The Miracle Circle." They created so much interest that it was considered a special privilege to be admitted to this magic chamber. Mr. Stuart at that period was better known as Stuart the magnetizer, or magic-worker, than Stuart the actor."

"The 'actor named Stuart' is now better known as 'the actor named Sothorn.' Following sufficiently illustrious precedents, I used an assumed name when I entered on my profession, and I only resumed my own by the advice of my friend, Mr. James Wallack. The party of 'Spiritualists' was not composed chiefly of 'actors and actresses.' It would have been none the worse if it had been; but, in reality, it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high position in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity and interest, joined in a thorough, practical, and exhaustive investigation of the subject of 'Spiritualism.' We were quite ready for either result; to believe it if it were true; to reject it if found false; and, in the latter case, I, at least, resolved in due time to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing not only all the wonderful 'manifestations' of the professional 'media,' but other effects still more startling. We simply tried to reproduce the appearances and the results which we had heard of, and read of, and seen—and we succeeded. Pushing our practice and experiments further, we attained the capacity to execute feats much more remarkable than those presented at any of the 'spiritual *séances*.' An American gentleman and myself took the part of the 'media,' the rest of the company assisted; and I do not hesitate to say that we outdid everything ever attempted or accomplished by Home or the Davenport, or any of the other more notorious spiritual exhibitors.

"Not the least of our discoveries was that the whole thing was a myth. We did all that the Spiritualists did, and more; but we were our own 'agents,' and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences, had we had the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement-book, and to make

appointments. People came from all parts of America, and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronized. The only difference was, we did not charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment, being free, was liberally supported; and when I add that the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that 'The Miracle Circle,' was much favoured and warmly encouraged. The indulgence of our love of fun cost us some money, but yielded us an immensity of pleasure. To speak colloquially, it was an expensive but extensive 'sell.' We did put pens under the table, and get signatures of Shakspeare and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we did produce spirit-hands and spirit-forms; people did float in the air—at least, we made our audience really believe they did, which was sufficient for our purpose and theirs. We exhibited phenomena which were startling enough, in all conscience, and we made our visitors believe in their reality. How we succeeded in doing this; how we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only fancied they saw and felt; how we produced results, the causes of which were not apparent to the physical senses of the spectators; how, in fine, we did things which must have seemed to be, and what many of our visitors believed to be, supernatural and miraculous, I do not intend to explain. We *did* them; how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. Yet professional and paid 'media' came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over 'the spirits!'

"I have been told by many scientific persons, even in this city where I am now residing, that I am a 'wonderful psychologist.' It is extremely pleasant and very flattering to be told that. Perhaps I am a 'wonderful psychologist'—I hope I am, but I doubt it. At all events, whatever psychological or spiritual powers I may possess, I have never exhibited them in public; I have never made money by displaying them; I have recognised the difference between performing an interesting and amusing delusion to entertain myself and a private company, and swindling the public by taking guineas from people for showing them, as 'spiritual manifestations, feats which I could perform by physical and mechanical forces of my own.

"I do not know the Messrs. Davenport; I never saw them but once, when I paid some 15s., I believe, and came away powerfully impressed with the conviction that either their supporters and believers were mad or that I was, and yet with a comfortable belief in my own sanity. I had nothing to do with their memorable exposures in England and France.

"The object of this writer in the 'Spiritual Magazine' has been to represent me as having exhibited 'spiritual manifestations' in America, and having exposed them here. I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the 'manifestations,' and did exhibit them; but they were not 'spiritual,' nor did I exhibit them in public, nor for money. I therefore consider myself free from the imputations of having obtained money under false pretences, encouraged idle superstitions, or perpetrated blasphemous burlesques of sacred things. I look upon every Spiritualist as either an impostor or an idiot. I regard every spiritual exhibitor who makes money by his exhibitions as a swindler. The things that these people do are *not* done by spiritual or supernatural means. I know that, I have proved it. I have done all that they can do, and more. The history of Spiritualism in this country and in America is, on the one hand, a chronicle of imbecility, cowardly terror of the supernatural, wilful self-delusion, and irreligion; on the other, of fraud, and impudent chicanery, and blasphemous indecency. I do not say that there are not 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' but I do say that, as the result of such a practical investigation of 'Spiritualism,' as I believe few other men have made, I must honestly and fearlessly denounce it as a mockery, a delusion, a snare, and a swindle.—Yours, &c.,

"E. A. SOTHERN.

"Theatre-royal, Glasgow, Dec. 6, 1865."

[Mr. Sothorn no doubt imagines that he has for ever settled the Spiritualists. But does he expect any person as "sane" as himself to accept his statement that for more than *two years* he was engaged hoaxing the public at his own expense? If Mr. Sothorn *did* produce, unaided by spirit-power, the phenomena he mentions, must he not have been all that time consciously cheating his visitors? If so, he stands convicted, on his own premises, of being a gigantic humbug. And, pray, what credence can be given to statements from such a man? If, on the contrary, Mr. Sothorn is a medium, he must be likewise a terrific liar. Which of the horns of this dilemma does he prefer? Ed. S. T.]

ONCE admit that the body is all, its dissolution a total death, and you are gone for ever. One intuition of the spirit, seizing the conscious supports of eternal ideas, casts contempt on—

"The doubtful prospects of our painted dust,"

and out-values all the gross hopes of materialism. Between nonentity and being yawns the untraversable gulf of infinity. No; the body of flesh turns to dust and air; the soul, emancipated, rejoices, and soars heavenwards, and is its own incorruptible frame, mocking at death; a celestial house, whose maker and builder is God.—*Alger's "Doctrine of a Future Life."*

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE ERRORS, ETC., OF SO-CALLED "ORTHODOX" TEACHING.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—That the Fall, if true, and of whatever nature, was not such as is represented in the third chapter of Genesis, may be seen from the following.

The fourth chapter appears to clearly imply that Adam was not the only original progenitor of the human race.

It sets before us the fact that, of the four persons supposed by our divines to be only then living, Cain alone for his sin becomes for ever banished from his family, to be a fugitive on the earth.

If at that period Adam had also daughters living, the account does not lead us to infer that either of them partook with him of the punishment of banishment, or became the companion of his exile.

The sentence of banishment is seen to receive its bitterness from the fear that any persons finding him would take his life.

Without a knowledge of there being others upon the earth beside his own family, or with the knowledge that his family were the only ones in existence, and with the certainty of his being for ever banished from their presence, what could possibly have given rise to this fear, and the complaint of Cain?

It is after his banishment that it is said Cain knew his wife, who bare Enoch. Where was he so likely to have obtained his wife as among the people he met with in his place of sojourn. He built a city, too. Could this have been for his children only, who with himself most probably and chiefly became subject to a "fugitive" or nomadic order of life?

This view of the history of Cain naturally impresses the reader with the fact of there being other primordial men in existence as well as Adam, and that, most likely, in every zone of the earth a people originated suited to the varied climates.

It doubtless was the design of Moses to furnish his people with an account of Adam as the progenitor of the Hebrew race.

Supposing the above to be a true version, and that mankind sprang from other "originals" besides Adam, all men cannot be said, as his children, to have been subjected to a fall while in this life, and to have partaken of his personal conditions and supposed condemnation.

But, supposing it otherwise, and that all men came into the world in a state of "total depravity," owing to the sin and fall of Adam; if God repented of His having created men, and for their wickedness destroyed all but "one"—said to be "righteous"—by a universal deluge, it does not speak strongly for the power, goodness, and wisdom of God, that, after this extinction of the wicked, he could not prevent the renewal and growth of the former conditions of wickedness and condemnation among men.

We venture to think that the circumstance of the spirit in man having to become united to inferior Adamic or earthly conditions most possibly constituted his Fall, that, gloriously rising therein and therefrom, he may develop through what is called evil into ultimate good, and thus be able to manifest the glory of the God principle implanted deep within him.—I remain, &c.,

B. D.

LETTER FOR MR. SOTHERN.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Having seen in your columns a letter from Mr. Sothern, of the 6th inst., in reply to an article which appeared in this month's number of the "Spiritual Magazine" (with the editor of that journal, or the author of the article Mr. Sothern refers to, I have not the honour of being acquainted), but simply as an investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism, fully believing in its truths and realities; and, therefore, falling under the approbrious category and denunciations of Mr. Sothern, as being either an idiot or an impostor, I therefore take the liberty, in reply to those assertions, of addressing to the public, through your kind permission, the following communication.

I may here premise that I desire it to be plainly understood that I do not, in any sense, come forward as an exponent or defender of Spiritualism—I feel I am totally unqualified for the task—but merely to place before the public an unvarnished and plain statement of my own experience, and what I have witnessed.

My first attention was directed to Spiritualism by reading Mr. Home's book, called "Incidents of my Life." I then decided on investigating the matter for myself, and in my own family circle soon received the ordinary physical manifestations. These gradually increased, until communications of the most reliable and Christian character were obtained. Various forms of physical manifestations also took place, demonstrating power and intelligence. A table was frequently raised completely from the floor, and remained suspended, waving in the air, with only the hands of myself and little boy, a lad of about twelve years of age, resting on it.

Being desirous to witness still further manifestations in the presence of powerful mediums, and being invited to see Mr. Home, who has just arrived in London from a thirteen weeks' stay with the Emperor of Russia, I had the honour and pleasure of attending a *séance* given at the residence of a gentleman well known to the public, both here and in Ireland, as one of the many who adorn this country by their literary acquirements.

I cannot do more than refer to some of the incidents which there took place, without specifying names, which I do not feel at liberty to do, but which comprised within its number, not exceeding eight or nine individuals in all, two Church of England clergymen, and a gentleman closely connected with one of the leading periodicals of the day.

Soon after the opening of the *séance*, a violent and tremulous motion commenced in the room, which vibrated and trembled as if a steam-engine were attached underneath. During an hour and a half this phenomenon at intervals took place, and on each occasion for a considerable time the motion continued. Soon after the first vibratory manifestations had ceased, loud knockings were heard in various places around on the walls; flashes of light were plainly discernable darting through the room; a lady was moved about, sitting on a chair; an accordeon belonging to the host was played, producing the most exquisite music, sometimes drawn out until the strains, like a fine silvery cord, appeared to die away far into the distance, returning again without dissembling the link, and resuming a melody not like any earthly music with which I am acquainted, but, from its character and tone, would appear as if adapted for sacred purposes.

All that I have described and very much more, took place in the ordinary light of the room, and the motion of the bellows of the accordeon, while held by Mr. Home at the end opposite the keys, was visible, moving upwards and downwards in the usual way, and one of the clergymen present declared that a portion of the accordeon appeared enveloped in a white phosphorescent light.

As a mark of intelligence, in addition to the other manifestations, the following communication was received, by such means as convinced all present that Mr. Home could exercise no control whatever in the matter:—

"We come to teach that God is love, and that we live."

I may now briefly pass on to a *séance* I attended the following day at Mrs. Marshall's, the celebrated medium, where the following incidents took place. I was moved about several times while sitting on a chair; another visitor was similarly served. Twice I felt a hand grasping my leg, as distinct and palpable to the touch as human fingers. Names of individuals whom Mrs. Marshall could never have heard of, were spelled out, as proofs of identity, and in order to baffle the possibility of trickery or collusion, mental questions were truthfully answered. Information was also given to parties with which they were unacquainted, but which they intended afterwards to test when the necessary information could be procured as to their accuracy and truthfulness.

Many other extraordinary occurrences took place during the two hours' sitting, all of which time the visitors had ample opportunity to exercise their discriminating powers in detecting fraud or contrivances, if such should exist.

Now, such manifestations as I have referred to, witnessed by myself and others, whom I may not take the liberty of naming, cannot be explained or set aside by Mr. Sothern's mechanical theory; neither can they be attributed to illusion or jugglery. But other phenomena, of a still more extraordinary nature, have been attested to, such as writing on paper without human agency; the ringing of a bell, which was carried round a room by a visible spiritual hand; besides the higher phenomena of trance-seeing and trance-speaking mediums; the speaking in many languages by those whom it is well known never understood them; the healing of the sick by the operator's touch, all of which have occurred in presence of the most literary and scientific men in England and America, many of whom commenced their investigations determined to unravel and expose what they had considered a delusion, and numbering in their ranks the late Professor Hare, the great electrician and Faraday of America, who devoted at least ten years of his life to the investigation of the subject, and concluded his inquiries by becoming a thorough believer, and writing a voluminous work on the subject, wherein he shows clearly the mode in which he examined the matter, and gives drawings of the various apparatus and contrivances he employed for the purpose.

We also find such men as the Hon. Judge Edmunds, of New York, spending the last fifteen years in a similar pursuit; and concluding, as Professor Hare had done, by affirming himself a believer in spiritual manifestations, and writing two large works and numerous tracts on the subject.

I will not here name many of England's most illustrious stars, both in the literary and scientific world, whose names would be sufficient to ensure them the confidence and respect of their countrymen, whose talents and acquirements best qualify them to unravel and explain any subject or theory, however abstruse or difficult it might be, provided it came within the intellectual range of man to understand, and who, after years of patient investigation, have given their adhesion and support to the truth of the spiritual phenomena. And soon will those facts which are now so calumniated and despised, be triumphantly hailed, as an evidence so long sought after and desired, giving to the senses tangible proof of the continued existence and individuality of the spirit, beyond the boundaries of time.

Have truth, justice, humanity, and religion influence on Mr. Sothern to cause him to disclose to the world—not how he can imitate, by mechanical means, which he states he has within his control—those manifestations I have described, but how these things can be performed where no mechanical contrivances exist? and how the intelligence and senses of the witnesses I referred to can be deceived in the matter?

Such statements are too sweeping to be borne, and in justice to those whom he has endeavoured to traduce, he is bound at once to substantiate the statements he has made; or, failing to do so, before competent authorities selected for the purpose, he should at once be scouted as the veriest of impostors who ever dared to traduce and calumniate some of the most honoured and intelligent of our countrymen, and that too by the most deliberate and perverted assertions denying a truth to which they and millions of others have given their unanimous assent.

My address in Ireland is 45, Sackville-street, and 32, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

I am, sir, yours very obediently,

EDWIN S. LAUNDER.

14, Salisbury-square, London, Dec. 13, 1866.

A LETTER FROM MISS HARDINGE.

(From the *National Reformer*.)

Manor House, 7, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, Nov. 14, 1865.

Sir,—I do not quite see the point of your letter, except to find fault with me for not doing something which belongs to others to do for me. Perhaps, even, you imply censure upon me for not performing "mighty works" here in this modern Nazareth. It might be as well to inquire whether there are any conditions for me to do with, and why I am here at all. The English Spiritualists all seem to demand of me to do a great work for them. Now, my dear sir, let me, in the first place, inform you (as one I may consider as belonging to the above class) that I came here on my own business, and to look after family matters that I had neglected for years, in order to labour for the public. In view of this business, I may be detained here until after May; and, as I have never made any announcement of my coming to England for any other purpose, it seems rather hard that I should not be permitted to effect it without reproach. In the next place, having come, and most devoutly loving the cause of Spiritualism, for which no one in America has made more sacrifice and effort than myself, I am willing to give all the time and strength I have to spare to its advocacy. To do this, however, be good enough to remember that certain conditions are needed. I want a hall hired, a committee to arrange details, advertisements, bills, &c., &c., printed, and paid for. I want divers persons to do all this, and pay for all this. And I have neither committees nor money to do this with. I have been written to and called on, by at least fifty Spiritualists; no six of whom speak to, or will associate with, any other one outside of their own little clique; every one of whom has something to say against some other one, or a warning to give me, very like a threat, if I consort with certain other ones. Meantime, I have no income but such as I earn. My mother's means are far too limited to permit of any expenditure on public experiments, and as yet not one single person here I found who will come forward to give me aid, counsel, or "means," to make a public appearance with. Now, my dear sir, if, in this position, a set of ladies and gentlemen choose to hire rooms, and give *soirees* at their own expense and in their own way, and invite me, not as a paid medium, but as their friend, to come there, and if the spirit moves me to address them, why do I hear such a clamour on every side of me, because I am "going among the rich." Nine or ten years of my life have proved my willingness to go amongst the poor, and labour for them, too; but to do this, I repeat, I must have means to go with, and persons to help me, and here I have none of either, and have only gone to the only opening that has been made for me. Tell your friends in America that unless they send means I can do nothing here. Tell them we have no committees, no organization, no *spirit*; and that Emma Hardinge, their friend and faithful worker, can do nothing for want of the warm hearts and ready hands of America to help her, and that when duty is ended here, please God, she will go back amongst them—and to work again before long. Now, my dear sir, you can make what use you please of this letter; and if you know of those who are anxious to profit by labours here, tell them to come forward and help, not stand back and dictate what I ought to do, without knowing what I can do. The Spiritual Lyceum, so-called, is not a suitable place, nor yet an acceptable place, for the public or the majority of Spiritualists to meet in, hence it would be worse than useless, it would be absolutely ruinous for me to go there to try to work. I have the kindest feelings and highest respect for Mr. Cooper and Mr. Powell, but the Spiritual Lyceum, as they know, is not a place where the public and the majority of the Spiritualists will go. Give me a fit place, a large hall, and but a tenth part of the numbers that have greeted me in America, and I will do you, and the cause of reform, all the service I am capable of. I have not much time nor strength to make visits, but shall be happy to see you if disposed to call, and am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

EMMA HARDINGE.

Mr. G. E. Harris.

N. P. TALLMADGE.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

My friends, I am glad to be the recipient of this glorious blessing of return after death; glad for more reasons than one, but principally to add my testimony to thousands who have preceded me, demonstrating the immortality of souls. We do live beyond the tomb. There is no gainsaying that truth, and it is high time that there is not one left in this enlightened America who is unacquainted with spiritual return.

Why, my dear brethren and sisters, I feel to pity every one of you who don't realize this as a truth. I do pity you, because I know you will not have that glorious, sustaining light that

cheered my dying hours. Why, friends, I cannot describe to you the sweet peace of mind and implicit faith I had at that time.

I had investigated the glorious phenomena of Spiritualism for years before I changed worlds. I think I stood upon a platform altogether secure. Why, I felt certain that I should return and communicate to my friends after death. And I felt just as sure of what I was going to realize in the spirit-world, as I was when I did realize its beauties. Spiritualism was not mere belief with me. My belief had grown into knowledge, and I sang a glad song of great joy the moment my imprisoned soul was free.

Oh, I would that everyone could realize the joy I did when I was freed from the body. I was repaid for all the scorn I had incurred during my investigation of Spiritualism. I was a thousand times repaid for all I had suffered.

Spiritualism, I now perceive, is getting to be exceedingly fashionable. It has not only crept into the high places of our land, but every place is open to it. It is the ruling power, believe it or not. Fashion forces you all at her feet. You cannot deny it. There is proof in abundance to sustain my statement.

This Spiritualism is going to take her seat in the fashionable circles. Then you will be paying her homage. Now, if you must wait for Spiritualism to become fashionable, why wait and suffer, wait and be in doubt; and if the angel of death should happen to knock at your door before that day, and say, "Come, your time on earth is no longer," why, then you will have paid dear for your waiting, that is all.

I would say to the many dear friends I have left in the West, who look for my return: Go on your way rejoicing. Investigate everything that comes to you. Turn it over, look it through and through, measure everything by your own common sense, and receive all that appeals to your human reason for truth.

I am with you day after day. I guide you, but I do not take away your individuality. I would not if I could. You ask if I am happy? Yes, entirely so. Would I return if I could? No, not if I could have the wealth of earth. Do I regret the course I took? No, no; a thousand times no! I am only sorry that it did not extend into the soft years of my childhood. But it is well.

N. P. TALLMADGE, of Wisconsin.

October 12th, 1865.

THE EDDY FAMILY.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

PRIVILEGED to have met this family of mediums, and attend their public *séances* it is but justice done to them, and to myself, also, to say that their demonstrations were not only satisfactory to the audience, but absolutely startling and wonderful, defying any reasonable explanation save the spiritual hypothesis.

The mediums are quiet, unassuming, and unpretending, utterly uneducated in the arts and wiles of the world, as a glance at their physiognomy and phrenological indications demonstrate. When tied as securely as a sceptical committee could tie them, music would be heard upon several instruments at the same time; hands, arms, and faces shown at the aperture; coats taken off and replaced; with other things equally astounding; and all, too, while tied so tightly that the blood partially ceased to circulate, the indentations made by the rope remaining a long time. Some of the tyings were almost brutal, and should not be submitted to.

One or two items I wish to specially note. On Friday evening, after the committee chosen from the audience had tied the three mediums to the best of their ability, and stood a moment before the cabinet, discussing some minor matter, the young lady exclaimed, "I'm untied!" And truly she was; that is, while the committee were standing by the cabinet, the doors wide open, the gaslight shining clearly therein, this lady was by spirit-power untied, right in the face of the entire congregation; also, during the exhibition of faces, a young man sitting on the same seat with myself spoke out somewhat excited, "That's my uncle, it certainly was!" Again he shouted aloud, "That's my uncle, William Livingston; he bowed to me!" With others, I saw the face distinctly, and it was as literally unlike any of those in the cabinet, as yours is unlike mine, good reader. These phases of manifestations are indispensable to those who need them in demonstration of immortality, and accordingly these Eddy Brothers, with Dr. Randall, are faithfully, nobly outworking their several missions. It was necessary for old, proud, Pharisic Paul to be "felled to the earth." Some modern Pauls need to pass through similar processes, preparatory to the comprehension of the spiritual philosophy.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

On Sunday last, Mr. J. H. Powell delivered a religious discourse on "Love." The subject for next Sunday will be "Charity."

NOTHING can be theologically true that is scientifically and philosophically false.—A. J. DAVIS.

A RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE on "CHARITY" will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, December 17th, 1865, at 7 o'clock.

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

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

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

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From the Observer, Oct. 22nd 1865.

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