



THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

THE SOTHERN LIBEL.

THE public has learnt that the mistake of copying a libellous paragraph from an American newspaper, reflecting upon the private character of Mr. Sothorn, the actor, formerly of Barnum's Museum and the New York Miracle Circle, has been apologised for, regretted, lamented, and finally punished with exemplary, though not quite satisfactory, severity. Mr. Cooper, utterly unconscious that any offence had been committed, was dragged in custody from Dublin to London, and kept three nights "in durance vile." Mr. Coleman has paid a fine of fifty pounds to Her Majesty, for which sum our gracious Sovereign is indebted to Mr. Sothorn and the *New York Sunday Times*; and finally, Mr. Sothorn, like a late eminent statesman, went out of court "without a stain on his character," so far as this country is concerned, and he has only to prosecute and punish the New York journal, to stand clear of the slightest stain in both hemispheres.

How a respectable, conservative, long-established New York journal could have permitted itself to publish so gross an attack upon the private character of a gentleman of Mr. Sothorn's public position and private virtues, passes our comprehension; and if the mere blunder and inadvertence of copying the paragraph here merits a fine of fifty pounds, what must be the punishment awarded in New York to the original slanderer?

It was in no case at all necessary to bring into question Mr. Sothorn's private character and domestic life. His connection with the real or supposed manifestations of Spiritualism was all with which we had any business. But unjustifiable and inexcusable as it was to copy, and much more to originate the portion of the New York paragraph complained of, its purport has been needlessly exaggerated. *It did not charge Mr. Sothorn with the commission of a rape.* The libel, bad enough at the best, was that he had made a sensation by admitting, as foolish and unscrupulous men sometimes do, that he had committed some impropriety. It does not follow in such cases that the admission is true—probably it is not. When a man boasts of an offence against morality, it is charitable, and generally safe, to presume that he is guilty only of a mean and absurd vanity. If Mr. Sothorn had even made such an admission, it would be easy to prove that he had done so. The defendant would not be required to show that the admission was truthful, and the justification would be complete. But as Mr. Sothorn has sworn that he never made such a boast or sensational admission, and there is no proof before us that he ever did, we are bound in charity and in justice to hold him completely exonerated from a charge, most base

and malicious in its origin, and, as we fully admit, reprehensible in its reproduction.

Such personalities have no place in the discussion of facts. Character affects only the credibility of a witness, not the nature of a fact. Mr. Sothorn, and his supporters in his war on Spiritualism, which he has rather absurdly added to his roles of "Lord Dundreary" and "Brother Sam," have charged some hundreds of persons with being impostors, knaves, and swindlers, and many thousands, including some of the most eminent and distinguished personages in Europe and America, with being fools or madmen, and two-thirds of the newspapers in England echo this charge—this wholesale libel upon the character and capacity of thousands of persons, as honest and as intelligent as my Lord Dundreary. This is the real case before the public, compared with which, what Mr. Douglas Stuart did or said some years ago at New York is a matter of very trifling consequence.

Is there a conspiracy extending over two hemispheres, to deceive mankind, finding its dupes by millions in every class of society? And are the only wise people in the world the Editors of the *Morning Star*, the "Flaneurs," Mr. Sothorn, and similar enlighteners of public opinion?

PHENOMENALISM.

THE facts of spirit-power which are becoming rapidly recognised, even in sceptical England, bear with them evidences which are means of salvation to some minds—salvation from gross Materialism and hopeless Atheism; whilst to others they seem but the means of amusement. The converts to the strange phenomena which are exhibited in the modern *séance* are not all necessarily believers in Spiritualism. The word Spiritualism, to us, conveys a religious idea, which lifts the soul, standing on the broad basis of the phenomena, far into the "world of the unknown," only unknown to those who have never ventured to explore it. Spiritualism has both phenomenal and philosophical phases. It is a temple built of eternal facts, externally, phenomenal; internally, philosophical. It is the grandest and most comprehensive system of ethics the world has ever seen. No proscriptive rights of property or creed can keep its wide doors closed against the Pure, whether they be of patrician or plebeian origin. As Emma Hardinge expresses it—it comes "to widen the church doors to admit humanity."

Spiritualism is not a solitary plant growing up in some desert, but a mighty forest stretching itself wherever human beings congregate.

Diversity of opinion, but one central truth, exists among Spiritualists. All see this truth according to the sight they have; but all do not agree, neither is it necessary for them to agree on the various questions that branch out of it. This central truth is the reality of Spirit seen in its manifestations. Of course the manifestations of Spirit will be accepted by different minds

in different ways. But this does not complicate the one plain fact of spirit action.

Phenomena are indispensable to Spiritualism; but Phenomenalism is paganism, or the idoltry of form. If the facts of the Spirit-Circle have no other effect than to offer a man table tipplings, rappings, and other exciting evidences of spirit-power, they stop short in their mission.

The devotee of the *séance* may be none the better for his acquaintance with its facts, but that is his fault. He may become a mere Phenomenalist, and as such should be treated. A Spiritualist proper, is a man whose life keeps on the track of his belief. He acts nobly as he conceives nobly. A Phenomenalist proper, gets all the excitement he can out of the novelties of the *séance*, and craves for more, but only to gratify his increasing appetite for the marvellous. Who does not see the great gulf between Phenomenalism and Spiritualism. It is a duty we owe to ourselves to point out the distinction between the two. On all hands we get evidences of the tendency of the observer of many of the rough physical manifestations to sink into a worshipper of them, to become, in fact, a Phenomenalist. This accounts for most of the wicked things done in the name of Spiritualism, by wrongly named Spiritualists; and it teaches us more than anything, the necessity of some name, like Phenomenalists being given to distinguish such from Spiritualists. Not one word have we to say against physical or mental, low or high phenomena as such; all have their uses in the great work of Spiritualism. The danger of Phenomenalism lurks in the heart of the student rather than in the conditions of the phenomena. If seekers after mere facts have no higher aspirations than to be tickled and amused, and are not seekers after holiness, how can it be expected that spiritual things will possess for them Divine truths?

Seek and ye shall find, knock and the door of everlasting Truth will be opened by angel hands. Refuse to seek, how shall ye find? Decline to knock, how shall ye gain entrance to the beautiful Temple of Spiritualism? Every day brings us nearer the necessity for some distinguishing name by which the mere novelty-hunter may be known, in order that Spiritualists may be saved the unjust suspicion of being participators in the guilt which occasionally mars those who belong to the class we term Phenomenalists. We are not unmindful of the patent fact that all of us, however much we may be advanced in the philosophy of Spiritualism, come far short of the glory of the TRUE LIFE. Nevertheless, it is not justice to sweep the dirt from the doorsteps of Phenomenalists on to the doorsteps of the Spiritualists. If spirit phenomena do no more for a man than afford him novel means of excitement, they have for him no saving grace, and are as undecipherable as dead hieroglyphs. As Spiritualists, it behoves us to recognise the one grand lesson taught by Spiritualism, that we must live as we would die, and dare death for the Truth, or suffering will be inevitable. The mere recognition of a set of formularies without the practical uses of the Christian truths hidden beneath them is of no avail; it is in fact idoltry. If Spiritualism, like Phenomenalism, had no religious vitality, it would be of little consequence under which banner of the two we chose to march. But we thank God Spiritualism offers the Christian religion, pure and undefiled, as the perfect law of man's religious life; but it does not doctrinalise it, or turn it in any degree from its universal course. The more the religion of Christ is simplified the more beautiful it becomes and the more adapted to humanity.

Truth is a harmonious whole, not an antagonistic system of disintegrated parts. All truth is sacred; and is related to the Infinite. That which is true on Sunday is none the less true on Monday; neither time, place, nor circumstance can change its inherent character. Truth, therefore, as it belongs to all religious and secular things, has an unitive character, and can never be destroyed however much it may be despised, slandered, and persecuted. When a man is ready to risk all he possesses, or expects to possess, sooner than part with the Truth, he is in a condition of mind that bribery cannot taint nor martyrdom degrade. He is, in fact, the best example of a Spiritualist who makes his life the index of his faith. The seekers after holiness, not the seekers after novel excitement, are the Spiritualist men and

women; the Christians who count it gain to lose all the world can offer to lure them from heaven.

The phenomena of the spirit-circle have been of infinite service to millions, and are destined in God's good providence to be of service to millions upon millions more; they have struck terror into the soul of the crime-stained, and caused him to seek repentance by amending his life. They have brought "Life and Immortality to light" for Materialists and Atheists, and when properly active, have sweetened the bitter cup of many a lonesome mourner who, having seen the dear one of her heart depart, had thought, it may be, that she would never see him more, because to her he was no more. The phenomena of the spirit-circle have done this and more, yet the danger of Phenomenalism exists, and we need to be guarded against its worst consequences. If we sit for amusement we shall doubtless obtain it. If we sit for instruction and soul-profit, that will doubtless come to us likewise. We have to choose for ourselves whether Spiritualism shall be to us a vital redeeming power, or a body without a soul. If we will not harken how shall we hear even the thunders of the Sinai of Spiritualism? It is our duty to seek if we would find the Truth—to knock if we would enter its divine Temple. We rejoice to know that Spiritualism cannot suffer in the least by the follies of Phenomenalists or the assaults of opponents. It is ever grand in its solemn progress towards Freedom; it is the Hercules of humanity, full of divine strength.

We rejoice to know that mere hereditary descent or courtly preference availeth not in the kingdom of Truth—that Spiritualism offers its posts of honour only to the deserving; and that no man can deserve them who does not strive for them. Thus the anomalies of the world which give it may be a kingdom to a knave and crown the hero of a battle, who has been fighting for plunder as the mightiest of victors, will have no law of primogeniture or entail to sanction their right to occupy exalted positions in the spirit-world. It is this divinely just promise of Spiritualism which terrifies one half the investigators who remain in the ranks of Phenomenalism. They have so long been taught to value estate, title, birth, &c., that they cling to them tightly with one hand whilst they turn over the leaves of the book of Spiritualism with the other.

"Love to God and love to man. All men are brethren. A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one another." this is the teaching of Christ, the acme of religion, and the key by which we unlock the Temple of Spiritualism.

We have distinguished between Phenomenalism and Spiritualism, but we have recognized the value of its phenomena as well as its philosophy; true men accept both and come under the banner of Spiritualism. Those who do not are greatly unfit on account of their passion for some pet earthly idol—some "blockish god of acreage" or gold. We allude, of course, to those who, having entered the list of investigators, remain fixed to the phenomena with the force of gravity.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTATION AND SOIREE TO MR. J. H. POWELL.

The committee have much pleasure in announcing that the Presentation and Soirée, already announced in the "Spiritual Times," will take place at Westbourne Hall, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater, on Thursday evening, March 22nd; doors open at half-past seven. Chair to be taken at eight. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s. Full particulars in private circulars to be obtained of Mr. Thomas Brevior, and at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

Contributions for the Purse already received are acknowledged in the private circulars. Others may be sent to Mr. Brevior, 8, Great Ormond-street, Queen's-square, W.C. Post-office Orders payable at Lamb's-Conduit-street post-office.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE DOCTRINE OF RE-INCARNATION.

(Concluded from page 62.)

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sunday, September 27, 1863.

In the evening I read from M. Kardec (Rivail's). Book of Spirits, p. 76, 77, as follows, in English:—

Are all our bodily existences gone through upon this earth?—Not all, but in the different worlds. This below is neither the first nor the last, and it is one of the most material, one of those most removed from perfection.

R.—This, I think, is not right. Many go through the world but once, and man can as well complete his task on the earth as anywhere. Nor is the earth less perfect than the other worlds. All aspire, as I said before, to the same place. All have equal opportunities to arrive there. The different character of man is the cause of many of the changes the soul undergoes. It is often, in mercy, embodied where passions and inclinations combine with circumstances, bring forth good and thus become virtues; whereas, in another body, and other circumstances, these very qualities might be the cause of great evil, and thus become crimes. Do you understand?

Q.—Yes, I understand. I continued:—Would it not be more happy to remain spirits?

R.—No, no. One would be stationary in that case, and one desires to advance towards God.

Q.—Can spirits after having been incarnated in other worlds, be so in this, without ever having appeared here?

R.—Yes! as you may be in others. All worlds correspond (*tous les mondes sont solidaires*) that which is not accomplished in one, is so in another. In reference to the first part of this question, this, I think, is not correct, as man advances in the spirit world.

I continued to read from Kardec, p. 79:—

Q.—Have the beings inhabiting other worlds bodies like ours?

R.—Unquestionably they have bodies, because it is necessary that the spirit should be clothed with matter to act upon matter; but this covering is more or less material, according to the degree of purity at which the spirits have arrived, and that constitutes the difference in the worlds through which we have to pass; for with one father are many mansions, and besides many degrees. Some know this, and are conscious of it upon earth, and others are quite different. I think too much is said about this. Bodies are the same envelopes to the soul till man enters the spirit world, and, of course, they are chemically assimilated to the atmosphere of the world they inhabit.

Sunday, October 4, 1863.

Q.—In cases of Re-incarnation does the spirit immediately pass into a new body, or does it spend any period in the spirit-world?

R.—It mostly passes into a new body, as the state of infancy is almost a state of oblivion, except when a spirit or great mind returns to fulfil some special mission.

Q.—But in cases where there is an interval, what becomes of the spirit?

R.—It is then in the spirit-world, near the earth, but this is seldom.

Q.—Does it then possess cognizance of its former state?

R.—Not always. Many unimportant lives would be as one.

Q.—Can a spirit choose whether to be re-incarnated or not?

R.—No.

Q.—What is the occupation of a spirit in the interval of Re-incarnation?

R.—This is what happens very rarely, and they may be said to have none.

Q.—In that condition can spirits visit other earths and planets?

R.—No, it is almost a dormant state.

Q.—When does Re-incarnation cease, and a spirit leave the earth for ever?

R.—When the soul is fit to receive the purifying instructions of the spirits of higher spheres. Do you not often meet on earth with persons who are of such dull minds that they cannot enter into anything worse than the idea of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Such require a second life on earth, to ripen the mind, not as a punishment.

There was a pause, as I did not know what to ask.

R.—Many when they leave the earth have the full mind, but have not made good use of their talents. These suffer in the spirit-world; indeed they bring their suffering and punishment with them.

Q.—Therefore, to them Re-incarnation is a blessing?

R.—Yes.

Q.—The spirit communicating with M. Kardec, Mr. Dixon, and others constantly request to be prayed for. Is there any efficacy in prayer for the dead?

R.—The desire of the spirit to be prayed for is a sign that it is anxious to make an effort to rise from its low state; but unless the desire be sincere, no good would arise from it. The spirit may also feel a sense of its unworthiness to address the Almighty, which perhaps induces it to seek even a mortal as a mediator; but you must not think that any mortal can assist anyone who has left the earth. Your, or man's, work is in your own world, not this. Enough is before you to do, to ensure your own salvation, if you do it, and everyone may assist many of their fellow creatures.

Such were the conversations held upon the subject of Re-incarnation with my spirit friend S. J. (whose initials you know), in the year 1863. Of course, to those at all acquainted with Druidical traditions and belief, I need not say that this idea of Re-incarnation is a doctrine held by those ancient priests. M. Rivail, who has assumed the name of Allan Kardec, his name, he says, in his former earthly state as an inhabitant of Brittany, the last stronghold of the Druids in Gaul, was not unlikely to resume the doctrines of the race whence he supposes himself to have sprung. I had the pleasure of an interview with him in November 1861, at Paris, and found him a very unpretending, pleasant man, by no means, I should think, disposed to favour the re-introduction of felons and murderers, either of soul or body, among us. It is also worthy of notice that such Re-incarnations are not assumed by this school, always to take place upon this earth.

I now proceed to the practical consideration of the letter of T. E. P. in your number of the 10th current. The spirit, formerly a clergyman, who gave the previous replies, is now present, and I have read the letter to him and requested his opinion upon the arguments it contains.

Friday, February 9, 1866.

R.—There are very harsh points in it. Because parents sin, is it to be supposed that God refuses a soul to the innocent offspring; or if parents neglect baptism is it the fault of the child? It is now time when these doctrinal ideas must give way to reason. Is there any point you wish to remark upon?

Q.—I am more anxious for your opinion.

He wrote in a "me" between "you wish" and "to."

Q.—I should be very glad to hear anything you have to say upon it.

R.—Name the points, as I did not esteem the letter worthy much notice.

Q.—Perhaps I had better read the letter I have written with your former replies, and then you might say something upon the Doctrine of Re-incarnation altogether.

R.—If more is to be said, I will.

Q.—Will you stop me when you wish to make a remark?

R.—Yes.

I then read my letter to the words, "All cannot agree," where I have placed two parallel lines.

Note by S. J.—Has not the soul gone through the purifying of death? I continued to read to "the unseen world."

Note by S. J.—Very good. No mortal must dare to judge beyond the grave.

I read to the word "transcript," when S. J. again stopped me.

Note by S. J.—Your reasoning is sound and charitable.

Q.—I am sorry you somewhat stigmatize the other letter, but I feel bound to take down your words, and trust the writer will not be angry.

R.—I think if you will read it again you will see the prejudice in it.

I will now read the former responses. I did so to the words "the earth."

R.—I do not think more can be said.

This is all that has passed between myself and S. J. upon the subject of the two letters. If any specific questions on the subject are said to me in writing, I shall have great pleasure in placing them before the spirits with whom I occasionally communicate, but as those spirits are entities whom I can only influence to reply by politeness, of course I cannot pledge myself to the nature of the answers I may obtain; nor do I in all cases agree with the opinions expressed by spirits, where they clash with evident general principles.—I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, February 9, 1866.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 10.

February 15, 1864.

Q.—Can you teach me further upon the subject of the undeveloped sphere, and, also, upon the different other spheres?

S.—The sphere of undevelopment is, so to speak, a vast plain. Each spirit first entering that sphere, and, as I told you, bringing his own surroundings, thereby carries out God's way of compelling each undeveloped one to choose his own path unbiased. Each one then finds the utter insufficiency of his hitherto all too absorbing interests to feed the spirit-life, or to work out his own salvation. Those who yearn towards higher things of their own will, cast off their sinful earthly belongings and seek after the pure regions of the higher sphere; and having cast aside all self-sufficiency, and become clothed in the garments of humility, are trained even as little children, by the God-spirits, and gradually drawn higher and higher. Gradually as their spirit-life develops in purity, and the various earth-changings are cast aside, as useless husks, do they become clothed in the spiritual body, and thereby attain to the home prepared for those who love God; but think not that this work is always rapid. Constantly does it so happen that the earth-spirit who has neglected his privileges of earth, has so much to learn, so much to unlearn, that his spirit writhes in the just punishment wrought upon himself by his own acts, and neglect of God-laws of earth. Sin brings its own punishment; but, on the other hand, the undeveloped spirit, whose will turns to evil, draws towards all such, and goes on to his own destruction, as I have told you my child. The spheres belong to the varied stages of development, from the dark to the lowest blackness and nothingness, on the one hand, and from the dim twilight glimmer of the undeveloped aspiring spirit-land, to the bright pure holiness and light—the presence of the Divinity, the life, the God of all. Ever remember these words, "To whomsoever much is given, of him much is required;" and that earthly opportunities can never be neglected with impunity. Leave off.

S.—Many of your Spiritualists should rather be called "Spiritists,"

as they forget that the highest, holiest, and only true end of all these lower manifestations, valuable only, as steps to lead to higher developments, to purer regions. But the earnest truthful Spiritualists will climb to the heights, and leave the vale of darkness and ignorance, searching after light and life, my child. Thus may it be with you all. Oh, seek ever to show the purer and holier influences of Spiritualism. Let your light shine before men.

November 7, 1864.

Seek living truths, my child. Spiritualism is the work of God. Fear not. Go on in the spirit of prayer, then all must be well. Faintly must the echoes fall from our spirit-home through the din of the busy world, and the deadening evil that reigns around. But we are legion, and greater is He that is for us, than all that is against us. Oh, my child, open your heart and soul, and whole spirit to us. Then can we more and more breathe into your inner life the breath of life—the spirit breath of heaven—which must help to strengthen you, even bodily. Mediumship, that is unmingled good, and which is rarely attainable cannot be hurtful. Those whom you call wonderful mediums, on account of the materialistic manifestations given through them, are not necessarily of a high order of mediumship, my child, as all such material manifestations and workings are almost always wrought by the lower sphere of spirit-life, the influence of which, upon the bodily frame, is oftentimes very hurtful; or if not directly hurtful, is the reverse of healing. I do not mean by this expression to let you think that such mediums have always been of low degree of piety. No, my child. Many of our wonderful mediums have been of a high Christian character; but the more Spiritualism advances, the less will the outward works be sought after, and the more will the spirit-life be cultivated, and opened to the view of spiritual, in contra-distinction from material, manifestations.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. J. T.

THREE NIGHTS IN THE POLICE CELL.

I AM about to give, or rather attempt to give, a simple account of my premature and unexpected return from Dublin, and my incarceration in the police cell; and had I the practised hand of the writer of "A Night in a Workhouse," my experience might be as interesting to the public as that world-known narrative. Lacking this ability, a narrative of the following facts will doubtless be read with interest by my friends, independent of any sympathy they may have for the principal actor in the three nights' drama. The hero of the Casual Ward was an amateur. My sufferings, though not like his, self-imposed, were equally unmerited:—

At the instance of Mr. Sothern I was arrested by a police officer at the conclusion of a Davenport *séance*, at the Dublin Rotunda—fortunately the last but one in Dublin. I proceeded with the officer to the hotel to collect my luggage, where I took some tea. I was next conveyed in a cab to a Police Station. This was about eleven o'clock at night. Here I was conducted into a white-washed room, on the side of which were doors with little grated openings. This I afterwards discovered to be cells, in which offenders are temporarily confined. There was a fire in the room, at each side of which were forms, on which sat two or three policemen. The first object that arrested my attention on entering this place was a woman's face at the barred opening of one of the cells. This face was of an ashy paleness, and made grimaces, and uttered very hideous noises. In a little time the utterances became articulated, and an appeal to be let out for warmth was clearly heard, and persistently repeated. At first the appeal was met by a threat to exclude the light if she did not leave off; but after the application became more moderate, she was promised a five minutes' warmth at the fire. The bolts were drawn, the door opened, and out came a fine young woman, very dirtily dressed, who at once proceeded to take off her shoes and stockings, and dry them by the fire. After sitting a few minutes she was told she had been there long enough, and was again locked in the cell, when after a few remonstrances and complaints she became quiet. In the room were two benches, on one of which lay a poor miserable object, in the form of a man, to whom I shall presently refer. It was intimated that I could lie down on the other. I did so, making use of my portmanteau for a pillow. I had not been reclining long, when the Brothers Davenport called in to take another farewell. Allusion was made to their incarceration in Oswego Gaol, and they gave an account of the opening of the prison doors by the spirits. This naturally excited the attention of the big policemen (they were all over six feet, and appeared to be selected for their size, like the body guard of Frederick the Great), and I need not say they looked very incredulous. The Davenports also said that their prison was a much worse place, that they had to suspend their bed by ropes from the ceiling to keep clear of vermin. The Brothers also spoke of the kindness of friends, the number of visits they received, the quantity of good things they had brought them, that altogether they somewhat regretted when the term of imprisonment had expired. This visit ended, I lay down again, and got into a doze, when a fresh arrival disturbed my partial slumbers. It was a woman, or what was called a woman, in a dreadful state of intoxication. She wanted to go to the fire. Her wish was opposed, and she made an effort to go there by

force, which was resisted by the great policemen, who without any parleying, each taking hold of an arm, dragged her to the cell, and closed the door against her, as she vainly essayed to force her way out as it was being closed. Then began a storm of human rage such as I had never heard before, and could not have conceived possible. The iron door was frantically struck by the closed fists of the desperate wretch in her vain effort. A continuous howl, a mixture of rage and despair, through which an occasional articulate word could be heard, was kept up. Presently the wild howling relapsed into articulate cursing. She swore by all the saints in heaven and devils in hell. For five minutes, at least, her oburgations were made in the name of the Holy Ghost. "Let me out to warm myself. Give me a ha'porth of fire. My mother never brought me up to be a ———. If a woman comes here with fine clothes, you do not treat her so. If it was not for such as me you would not have such a good coat on your back." Such were the kind of utterances she gave forth, as soon as her rage allowed her to speak, to all of which the policemen were perfectly indifferent. They took but little notice of her, except to say now and then as they paced the room, "You shall have a ha'porth of fire when you are quiet." They said but little, knowing from experience that anything they could say would not avail in arresting the torrent of mad passions, but would only stimulate it. At one time she was threatened with having the little barred window closed up, so as to render the cell dark. This threat succeeded for a time in quelling the frantic noise, but a fresh outbreak caused the threat to be put in force, and increased for a time the wretch's cries and curses. I feel sure that had they allowed the poor creature to sit a short time by the fire, when she first came in, this dreadful scene would have been avoided. In process of time the noise ceased and once more asking for a "ha'porth of fire," she was allowed to come out and warm herself. And then was brought in a poor old woman. What her offence was did not transpire. Probably she was homeless. She was conducted to a cell without uttering a word or murmur. There were some more arrivals not calling for special notice.

About four o'clock, as I lay on my bench, I found the man who occupied the other bench had arisen and was seated by the fire adjusting his rags, one of the women looking through the bars volunteering to render him assistance with a needle. I looked up and saw he was a close-cropped, bullet-headed vagrant, who, from his appearance, had not been long out of prison. He was called by the policemen "Paddy," and judging from the conversation, appeared to be a "character," and "well known to the police;" one of those waifs and strays of society, whose life is passed between the gaol, the workhouse, and the public-house. He was seated among his custodians telling them tales; and as soon as he had finished one, was asked to "give us another tale, Paddy." I arose and was addressed by Paddy as "Doctor," and was asked my advice for his swelled throat.

At half-past five my policeman, in plain clothes, made his appearance, and announced that it was time to start. I had no other preparation to make than to put on my hat and take up my portmanteau, and was at his disposal: I thanked the police for the night's lodging they had afforded me, bade them "Good morning" and was taken in a cab to the railway station, and thence to the steam boat at Kingston. The morning was cold, the wind was biting, and the sea rough. During the passage my custodian came to me in my prostrate condition and charitably administered a little brandy. He was a good-natured, simple-minded man, and behaved very well to me; and I understand he reported that I had behaved very well to him. We were conveyed per Holyhead to London, nearly 300 miles, in six hours, and arrived at our destination (the Police-station, in John-street, Edgeware-road), about seven. Here my name and address and offence were entered in a book, and I was conducted to a cell similar to those I had seen in Dublin. There were three of these cells in a row, with a passage along the front, the middle one of the three being allotted to me. It was a place about eight feet long by six feet broad, built of brick, with a saw-dust covered floor. It was fitted with a broad seat running along the back and one side, ending in a water-closet. This was the only furniture it contained. In the centre of the door was a little opening covered by a perforated piece of metal arranged to slide up and down. A gas-light from the passage shone through the holes of this window, by the light of which I was enabled to read; but to do so I had to shift the paper, so as to cause the light to run along the lines. This reading under difficulties was at length removed by the Inspector ordering the slide to be let down. About ten I lay down for the night on my hard bed, but it was not long before I was disturbed by the unlocking of doors, and the flashing of a bull's-eye lantern, and by the inquiry if all was right, to which I had to answer. This process was gone through every hour of the night, and would be anything but pleasant to a sound sleeper. There were two or three fresh arrivals during the night, which were attended by some noise, but nothing like I had experienced in Dublin. I was assured that I had been greatly favoured, as it was the quietest Saturday night they had had for a long while. I dreaded, more than anything, having another prisoner put

in my cell. Early in the morning I heard a man's voice and a boy's in the cell on my right, and a considerable moaning on my left. About eight o'clock I was informed that I could have what I liked brought from a neighbouring coffee house, but nothing stronger than tea, and I ordered my breakfast accordingly. My neighbours were also asked whether they wanted any breakfast. Had they any money? The man said he had fourpence, and ordered provisions to the full amount. He was advised not to spend all at once as it was a long time till to-morrow morning. He decided, after some deliberation, on spending only three pence. The boy said he had also fourpence, and would like a cup of coffee and four slices of bread and butter. The policeman was astonished at such a large supply being wanted for so small a boy. The boy, however, said he would spend his fourpence all at once. "Well, growing boys do want as much to eat as men," was the answer; but the growing boy got nothing more till the next day. He asked for a little baccar, and was told that birch would be more suitable for him.

In the course of the day I managed to ascertain that my neighbours on my right were a man and two boys. The man was in for begging, and the boys for exhibiting white mice. Their conversation showed them to be professional beggars. In the other cell were three women, whose offence was drunkenness. All the first part of this Sunday (it was a glorious Sunday as I could see by a stream of sunlight that shot across the passage, and once actually found its way into my cell), I heard but little of my female neighbours; they had not recovered from their last night's debauch—an occasional yawn was all I heard of them. They were asked if they wanted anything to eat. They said they had no money, and were consequently without food till the next morning, when they were provided with some. One of the police was a pious character; he administered a little advice to the prisoners, reminding them where the broad road led to, and expressed his sorrow that they still persisted in walking in it. He was evidently a member of some little Zion, and judging from his familiarity with Scripture, and the readiness with which he met every argument with a text, I have no doubt he occasionally officiated as preacher to the congregation of which he was a member. We got into conversation about Spiritualism, but everything I advanced was met with a text. However, I succeeded in interesting him, and he was anxious for further information. I also spoke to one of the inspectors on the subject.

At noon Mr. W. came to consult and console. His visit was like the gleam of sunlight that had before entered my cell.

In the afternoon the females, having revived, began to talk among themselves, and at length opened up a conversation with the prisoners on the other side of me. Presently I was saluted with the familiar sound of raps on my wall, and was asked what I was in for? As I had but a dim idea of it, I could not give them much information. The "jolly beggars" now began singing, and in this way passed an hour or so merrily. The man was evidently a jovial companion, who could entertain his pot-house friends with a good song when called upon. His favourite song was "The Low-back'd Car." The boys also sung, and were well-up in the popular songs of the day. "Good-bye Sweetheart" and "Here we are Again" (not an inappropriate one) were the style of songs they delighted in; and when they were tired of singing, or had exhausted their repertoire, would whistle the "Mabel Waltz" and other popular melodies. One of the boys had an excellent idea of music, and with proper attention would make a good musician. I must do my companions in distress the justice to say, that I never heard anything immoral or censurable while I had the pleasure of their society.

In the midst of the singing the policeman enters and all is quiet. He opens the cell and enquires if all is right, and finds "all serene." He looks in upon me and then goes to the next cell, saying, "Now, then, ladies, is there anything I can do for you?" A conversation ensues; policeman retires, and I am again saluted by raps, and am asked a question I cannot, in consequence of the Scotch brogue of the speaker, catch. My neighbour, the "jolly beggar," answers. "I do not mean you, I mean the gentleman in the next cell." The Scotch voice proceeded to inform me that she had ascertained what I was in for.

She was entered "drunk and disorderly," and I was in for "a bad libel." She asked me if she made much noise when she came in. I said I heard a great noise in the night.

Have you been often here? I asked.

Yes, a good many times.

I wonder you don't take warning from this.

I can't help it. They treated me to some whiskey, and my old man takes no account of me.

Does your husband know where you are?

No, and would'nt care if he did.

What punishment do you expect to get?

That depends on who the magistrate is. Mr. Yardly let us off with seven days. The others give us a month.

Do they give you anything to do?

Yes, pick oakum.

Well, I think you pay dearly for a little pleasure. I advise you not to do it again.

I am afraid I shall though.

She now began to question me.

Where did they take you?

In Dublin.

Is that where you live?

No. I have not been home for two months.

Have you a wife?

No; but I have five children.

Poor things, I hope they are taken care of.

They have to take care of themselves at present.

Do they know you are here?

I don't think they do.

This colloquy, which helped to beguile the time, is sufficient to show that degraded as the poor creature was, there were gleams of goodness in her nature.

She asked me if I had a newspaper, and if there was any particular news in it. I looked to see if there were any murders, robberies, or suicides, and finding nothing very striking in that department, told her there was no news of importance. I thought it would be of no use telling her that the *Habeus Corpus* was about to be suspended.

The remainder of the day was spent in reading, and reflecting, and writing with a pencil a short lecture, which I now find difficult to decipher.

The night came, and the prisoners began to come in. I dreaded every fresh arrival, lest one should be put in my cell. Fortunately this did not occur. In the morning the beggars grumbled among themselves about lying on each other. Not being able to adjust themselves, they saluted the early morn with the songs they had sang the day before. At length they wished for hour of ten arrived. The prisoners were taken from their cells to the courtyard, when they went through the process of standing in a row, and answering to their names. I was left in my cell. My female friend, as she passed along the passage, looked at my window, and gave a smile of friendly recognition, and I saw by that glance, that sunken and degraded as this poor creature was, the "woman" was still there.

I thanked the police for their kindness to me, was conducted in a cab to the Police Court, and soon found myself in the presence of the great and impartial administrator of justice, the magnet of the Police Court. I there heard, for the first time, and rather to my astonishment, what a bad character I was, what a dreadful crime I had committed, that the libel was concocted by me in my office, and that I was captured in the theatre in Dublin. I was committed for trial at the Old Bailey for an offence I knew nothing of till I read, in an Irish paper, that a warrant was granted for my arrest.

I was at liberty again, and in the streets of London; but my mind was bewildered and as befogged as the black air I breathed. One street seemed as another to me; all seemed alike. In the evening I heard, for the first time, Emma Hardinge. She discoursed most eloquently on "Mystery," a fit subject, for everything seemed a mystery to me, even the kindness and consideration of so many friends. Miss Hardinge was said to excel herself on that occasion. Of that I know not; I only know she excelled everybody else I had ever heard. I would fain have addressed a few words to the meeting, in return for their expression of kindness and sympathy, but could not do so, my head was in a maze. I could not collect my thoughts, and was compelled to let my silence be the expression of my overburdened heart.

ROBERT COOPER.

A COMMUNICATION ON THE EXISTENCE OF A DEVIL.

(From the Spirit of Melior.)

The Spirit.—"Now there is a something which I, even I, cannot explain. A law that pervades all creation. A something which causes things that material nature cannot cause. A something that gives instinct to animals. A something that will guide the bird back to its home. A something that will cause the food to flow to the breast of a mother a few minutes before her offspring awakes. A something which will oft-times imprint the impression of a mother's desires on her future offspring. Can you account for any of these effects by material causes? No. Man is ignorant of nature's greatest secrets. But Christ was not ignorant of them. He knew that He possessed a power which other men did not possess. He felt He had that power of will which even creates, and when He was an hungry, His animal nature said, 'If you have this will-power; if you have a portion of the will that first created, cause these stones to be made bread.' But will you ask, 'Why have we not the true record of Christ's temptation translated to us?' Could the Jews, at that time, comprehend any force like that? No. The nearest that they could imagine was the working of some evil spirit—some tempter. Christ could not have explained Himself more fully than His disciples. Had He done so, He would have been treated as a later personage, Imanuel Swedenborg, was treated by his contemporaries,

as a visionary. Now, there is one point you will stop at. Christ asked, 'From whence do these works proceed—from God or from Belzebub?' I will not stop to give you the Hebrew of Belzebub, but it is formed from two words. Baal signifies a lord, or ruler, and zebub is what is formed by dead flies, &c.; so Belzebub was the god of putrefactions. You may ask, 'Why did Christ make use of that expression, as it almost seems to argue that He believed in the existence of a power contrary to God?' There is an old saying amongst you, that if you go to Rome, you must do as they do there. Christ, though He knew better, was obliged to favour the original belief of the Jews a little. St. Paul, in the verse from which I have written the original Greek, seems very near the truth, although he appears to think evil spirits can tempt more than what they have the power to do. The original Greek may thus be translated,—'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and spiritual powers in high places.' How few ever read those verses in the meaning they are intended to convey. Well, I have been referring you to your Scriptures, yet I have not come to any definite conclusion. But I have shown, I think, that you have no real foundation, in your Scriptures, for a personal Devil—no foundation that any man who exercises his reason would rely upon. I do not wish you, because I am more advanced than you, to take in all that I say, without using your reason. I wish to convince, not to command. What an uncharitable idea! to think that God, your Father in Heaven, who is constantly around you, to think that He who desires you all to become as Himself, should create a being to frustrate His desires. How absurd! You would ask, 'If God does not cause wickedness, who does?'

Mr. S.—'Although I do not believe in the existence of a personal Devil, still I am obliged to be believe in the existence of evil. May I not ask, Who created that evil?'

Spirit.—'Yes; you may ask anything. Tell me what evil can be taken away from you mortals. I will strive then to show whether good would result from the removal of that evil.'

Mr. S.—'Is there a state in the spirit-world where there is no evil?'

Spirit.—'I will answer that question also by asking another. Is there a God?'

Mr. S.—'A creative process exists, but whether there is a personal Deity, I have not been taught. Do you wish to teach that there is a personal Deity?'

Spirit.—'There is one thing I should very much like to explain to you, and I find it very difficult to make you comprehend it. You imagine distances. We, in the spirit-life, if we had no material thoughts, we should have no thoughts of places or distances. If we inhabited all space, we should not know but what we inhabited only one spot.'

Mr. S.—'You teach that God is omnipresent, and occupies all space?'

Spirit.—'I know what you would say. If the smallest atom was divided and divided again, you would make it appear that it was God. I will save you the trouble of proceeding further with your interrogations, by showing you that I comprehend them.'

Mr. S.—'But you have not answered the question, 'Does God occupy all space?' Whatever is omnipresent must occupy all space.'

Spirit.—'Even so; but you are now approaching a subject that I cannot explain. I believe that God is omnipresent, though I myself would ask the same question that you would ask. But until I become a portion of that creative essence, I do not think I shall comprehend its mysteries.'

Mr. S.—'I asked you whether there was a place in the spirit-world where there is no evil?'

Spirit.—'I hope to reach a state where I feel no evil. I have not yet passed a state where evil has not existed.'

Mr. S.—'Then you have not found a place in the spiritual spheres free from evil?'

Spirit.—'I have not found a place free from what you call evil.'

Mr. S.—'Then of course you cannot answer my question.'

Mr. S.—'I am waiting for your answer to my question. Take some particular evil; something you imagine to be evil, and we will consider mortals without it.'

Mr. S.—'You say that in the high sphere you have progressed to you have found what we consider to be evil. Will you tell me what the evil is?'

Spirit.—'In the sphere I now occupy?'

Mr. S.—'Yes. Give me an instance of what you have found that I consider to be evil.'

The Spirit.—'Neglect. If I neglect an opportunity of doing good to a mortal, or to an approaching spirit, I do an evil that I repent of afterwards. I consider neglect in this world an evil.'

Mr. S.—'But with whom does the evil originate?'

Spirit.—'You are delaying the communication, and asking questions that we could not come to any conclusion on. I am not God; neither do I know His secrets. I am willing and pleased to give all the knowledge I have obtained; I cannot do more.'

Mr. S.—'Then you deny the existence of a personal Devil?'

Spirit.—'I do. I had rather you had not interrupted me, as your questions and my answers will break the thread of the communication. Yet I do not like to leave any of your questions unanswered. I was remarking, ere you interrupted me, about the uncharitableness of supposing that God would create a devil to tempt you in this world, and torment you in the next. If I acknowledged the existence of a personal Devil, I suppose I must acknowledge his residence. I find more difficulty in communicating now, so I will say a few words, and then leave the medium. I would have said more, but I hope to have another opportunity. I would say a few words to you by way of advice. Do not think of God with fear. If you are going to commit a crime, and the fear of eternal torment, which is so instilled into your minds, prevents you from committing that crime, have you any claim on God's love because that fear has prevented you from committing it? No. Love God. He loves you; and He would not condemn the creatures He has created to eternal torment, as it would be condemning a portion of Himself. No. Look up to God as a Holy, Loving Father, who has the power of seeing all your actions; and if you should commit a crime, or

do anything that will cause the secret, hidden sting of conscience to prick you, with a feeling of sorrow for your transgressions against your Father's wishes, acknowledge your fault, and seek forgiveness from Him. Do not let the fear of eternal torment compel you, but do it from a feeling of love towards God. That is the religion we wish to teach. Do not any more imagine that God is frowning upon you. No. He smiles upon you with lovingkindness, waiting till you shake off all your earthly desires, to be embraced as a wanderer returning to his family. The medium is ill.

I must away,
Farewell, until another day."
(Concluded from our last.)

I DID NOT SAY IT WAS POSSIBLE; I ONLY SAID IT WAS TRUE.

VAIN-glorious men, inflated with a little smattering of knowledge of things in general, and of men in particular, sound their penny trumpets, and wield their free and easy lances against what they call the spiritual Jericho, but before whose child's rattle and tumult the stupid walls will not fall down. Sound on ye penny trumpeters of the press, wield your free pens as literary Arabs, "whose hands are against every man that crosses your path in your dust-encumbered desert. Blow on, waste breath and ink, yet still the walls will not fall down. Try the "rams' horns," and blow with all your might. Blow on ye Flaneurs, Sothens, Tooles of Anderson, blow on. Wage cruel war and show no mercy. Bring down Old Bailey law upon their heads, especially shoot down with poisoned arrows the watchmen on the towers; for they made the people laugh at you, and some returned hard words for your hard words; and some snapped their fingers in your very faces, and said, "Blow on till 'crack o' doom' with your penny whistles, the walls will not fall down." Then, maddened on with wildest cries, you rent the air, and called them rogues, and fools, humbugs, imbeciles. No libel this, you said, for you had tried the trade and failed. Truth was impossible, and facts were false, for you had acted so your part to simulate the truth, and had now proclaimed a grand crusade against the so-called Jericho; but, nevertheless, the walls would not fall down, they were so obstinate, such stubborn, stupid things; but presently you thought you had found a breach in the citidel—the famous Davenport breach—at which you tried your whole artillery, and gave hard knocks, and said you had knocked them down a hundred times, breached the high walls, and beat them out and out. But some way, most unaccountably to you, but easily accounted for by others, the walls of the spiritual temple remain entire, and the citidel unbroken; because the citizens thereof knew that they had truth, facts, God, and nature, on their side, and though they might fight in their defence awkwardly, though they might retaliate unwisely, though they might too rashly hurl stone for stone, and strike in the heat of the fight too hastily, yet they said and say, "You attackers of Spiritualism, you dealers in hard names, might be unable to see the truth. You might be unable to appreciate it, even if seen, and even if accepted you may, from fear of the world, deny it with your lips, whilst your inmost heart believed it; for it is said of the demons, "They blinded the eyes of those that believed not, lest they should be converted and healed."

O ye wild and random attackers of Spiritualism, know ye not that which ye talk of as the crumbling old walls of Jericho, are nothing but the outer works of individualism; but within is the new Jerusalem of truth, the Temple of the Lord, "the city of man's soul," which cannot be destroyed by man's power, but lives on for ever.

O yes, you cry, we believe all that, everybody believes that. Do they? Do they? Then you believe in what you can't give any evidence of, no token, no demonstration, no proof. Ah, then, the difference between you and Spiritualists is that we believe, and believe we know of an existence hereafter; and are anxious and willing to learn something of the nature and laws of that existence. Whereas, you attackers of Spiritualism say you believe so completely, that you want no evidence, and, indeed; won't have it, unless it comes very respectably and authoritatively clad. It must not come like the mission of the Carpenter's Son, who though moving for a time in a grand miracle circle, yet was sneered at by Pharisees and the respectable Scribes of the day—saying, "Is not this the Carpenter's Son, a Nazarene," and when they could no longer sneer Him out of His work by the wicked whisperings, "He hath a devil. He worketh by the power of the prince of devils." Then they cast Him out of the synogogue, and crucified him.

Well might it be said again, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, ye are blind leaders of the blind, and we bid you beware lest ye fall into the ditch." You may say all evidence of spiritual existence is impossible. We only say strange and impossible as you may think it, we know the facts are true, imitate them as you will. You may try to pass the counterfeit. We know we have the true metal—alloy it may have—but good current coin of the realm it is, however it might vary in its "image and superscription."

We will not argue now about your ideas of the possible or impossible. We say with the sentence at the heading, "I did not say it was possible, I only said it was true."

S. WILKS.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS IN EDINBURGH.

THE celebrated Davenport Brothers having arrived at Edinburgh to fulfil their engagement, gave a private *séance* last night to about sixty ladies and gentlemen in the large room of the Waterloo Hotel. The public are so familiar with, and, indeed, mentally effected by the, numerous adverse reports which have been given of the spiritual assumptions or necromancy of the Davenports, that were we to characterise the whole affair as "leather and prunella" we should be believed by a very large class. But the entertainment will not warrant this. Call it magic, and you must believe Professor Anderson, Wiljalba Frikell, and the hundred-and-one wizards, who come and go as "very small potatoes" to the Davenports. Call it Spiritualism, and you are confronted by Mr. Sothorn, who says Spiritualism is moonshine. Call it muscular contraction, and you are baffled to explain the possibility of muscular movement accounting for the mysterious process of a guitar floating in mid-air and emitting sound. Call it a kind of biology and mesmerism combined, and you are on the horns of a dilemma as to providing a reasonable explanation of the *media* by which the Davenports, tied, hand, leg, and ankle, and bound to a disinterested party, anxious to penetrate the mystery, can cause musical instruments to float around the head of the party in question, and fulfil his inaudible behests that one of the instruments might rest on a given part of his body. This was the case last night, and the Davenports gave every facility for the most searching inquiry. The gentleman we have referred to confessed that he was not conscious of vibration on the part of the Brothers, but of a species of muscular contraction. He had proffered a request to himself that a hand might touch his face, and immediately a hand did so, not of flesh and blood, but with the lifeless, attenuated impress as of parchment. From the aperture in the cabinet five hands were protruded at once, and while, with momentary precipitation, the cabinet was opened, there sat the Davenports with the same unmoved, provokingly placid faces as before a manifestation had been made. In the circumstances, incapable as any theorist may be to support his view with anything beyond the merest though most plausible argument, it is enough for our purpose to regard the entertainment purely as such, and as an entertainment to commend it. In a city which, with pardonable pride, boasts of possessing in Sir David Brewster the most distinguished *savant* in Europe in all that relates to cognate science, it is reasonable to hope that the secret or imposture, or whatever it may be called, will be unravelled. It was in Edinburgh the pretensions of the fanatical mesmerists were first exposed; and while we respectfully submit, the Davenports are entitled to what they claim—an impartial and peaceful trial—we hope the effort to penetrate the veil will be made earnestly and in good faith. Mere ruffianism, such as was witnessed at *séances* in English towns, will, we hope, never disgrace Edinburgh. The entertainers have the manners of gentlemen, give a highly pleasing and suggestive couple of hours' amusement, and whatever interest they may have claimed or had claimed for them in the land of spirits, let them now have a fair trial. They profess to give no opinion as to the directing causes of the phenomena, leaving the solution to others.—*Caledonian Mercury*.
March 3.

TEXTS

Given to Mrs. BERRY by the spirit-influence.

Revelations xiv. and part of v. 15.—"Thrust in the sickle, and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

Revelations x. and v. 7.—"But in the day of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God shall be finished, as He hath declared to His servants, the prophets."

Isaiah lxii. and v. 1.—"Behold my servant whom I uphold."

Revelations v. and v. 9.—"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof."

Revelations ii. and v. 25.—"That which ye have already hold fast till I come."

Revelations xiv. and part of v. 19.—"And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth."

Revelations xxi. and v. 6.—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of life freely."

St. John xv. and v. 16.—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

Revelations xii. and part of v. 16.—"And the earth helped the woman."

Revelations xii. and verses 1 and 10.—"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

"And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ."

1st Epistle of St. John iv. and verses 2 and 14.—"Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."

"And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."

Acts xxvi. and v. 6.—"And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers."

Romans vi. and v. 18.—"Being then made from sin ye became the servants of righteousness."

Romans viii. and v. 14.—"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God."

St. Luke xi. and v. 9.—"And I say unto you, ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

St. Luke ii. and v. 26.—"And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost."

St. Mark xiv. and v. 62.—"And Jesus said, I am."

St. Matthew xxi. and part of verses 21 and 22.—"Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done of the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Revelation xxii. and v. 3.—"And there shall be no more curse."

Hebrews xi. and v. 11.—"Through faith also Saru herself received strength."

St. Luke xxi. and v. 13.—"And it shall turn to you for a testimony."

Ecclesiastes ix. and v. 7.—"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works."

St. Matthew xix. and v. 2.—"And great multitudes followed Him and He healed them there."

Ezekiel xl. and v. 4.—"For to the intent that I might shew them unto thee art thou brought hither."

Epistle of St. James i. and v. 6.—"But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering."

St. John viii. and v. 23.—"And He said unto them, Ye are from beneath; I am from above: ye are of this world; I am not of this world."

Revelations i. and v. 17.—"And He laid His right hand on me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last."

2 Kings xix. and v. 25.—"Hast thou not heard long ago how I have done it, and of ancient times that I have formed it? now have I brought it to pass, that thou shouldest be to lay waste fenced cities into ruinous heaps."

St. John iv. and v. 12.—"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

St. John xiv. and v. 21.—"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him."

1 Corinthians xii. and v. 27.—"Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

Hebrews x. and v. 24.—"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works."

Psalms cviii. and v. 13.—"Through God we shall do valiantly."

Ephesians vi. and v. 16.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Philippians ii. and v. 6.—"Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God."

Psalms lxxvii. and v. 1.—"I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and He gave ear unto me."

Ruth i. and v. 16.—"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge."

1 Samuel iv. and v. 9.—"Be strong, and quit yourselves like men."

Acts xxiii. and part of v. 11.—"Be of good cheer."

2 Samuel xviii. and v. 4.—"What seemeth you best I will do."

2 Corinthians vi. and part of verses 17 and 18.—"And I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Ezra x. and v. 4.—"Arise; for this matter belongeth unto thee: we also will be with thee: be of good courage, and do it."

Job xxix. and part of v. 15.—"And feet was I to the lame."

Jeremiah xlix. and v. 14.—"I have heard a rumour from the Lord, and an ambassador is sent unto the heathen."

Acts xxviii. and v. 20.—"For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you."

1 Samuel xvii. and v. 47.—"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear."

2 Samuel v. and ver. 12.—"And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel."

2 Samuel v. and ver. 10.—"And David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of hosts was with him."

Ezekiel xix. and v. 4.—"The nations also heard of him."

These are separate daily texts, extending from the beginning of December last to the present time, under spirit-power; the Bible is opened and the finger passes over the page until it rests upon the text intended.

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