

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.

## MORE PRESS MISTAKES.

IF we had nothing else to do than to notice and correct the mis-statements of the press relative to Spiritualists and Spiritualism, we should find our time and space pretty fully occupied; however, we must content ourselves with giving such limited attention to the subject as circumstances will permit. Our readers may pursue the theme *ad libitum* for themselves.

The *Illustrated London News*, one of the London respectable weeklies, eagerly seizes upon a paragraph said to have originated in the *Scotsman*, stating that the Davenports avow themselves conjurers. Why did not the *Illustrated London News* ascertain whether there was any foundation for the paragraph before extending the circulation of the scandal? The Davenports have all along pursued a policy before the public which has, at least, been consistent. They have instructed their lecturers to declare emphatically to their audiences that they wish to offer no theory for the strange phenomena witnessed in their presence, but that there is no jugglery—no trick at the bottom of them. Over and over again the newspapers have theorized for them, and settled their manifestations upon the scapegoat of conjuring. But that is no fault of the Davenports. We humbly think the press should have some conscience even in its attacks upon Spiritualists.

The *English Leader*, in which we vainly indulged the hope something like conscience would be found, has of late, in the midst of a few smart things, said some very extravagant and false things of Spiritualists. Here is a specimen of its want of conscience:—

## "SOUTHERN SPIRITS.

"It appears not only from what the New York papers say, and from other facts, that Miss Emma Hardinge, the late orator at St. James's Hall, is none other than 'Belle Floyd,' the famous Confederate agent, whose unscrupulous and bitter career, and heroic adventures, were oftentimes the topic of the papers during the American war. Floyd is a family name of the lady's. The flag of the Union was thrown over the table at which she spoke at St. James's Hall. What did that mean? Her career in America and her speeches here were irreconcilable. Why did she conceal herself? Did Mr. Dove, who introduced her, know

who she was? And if so, how came he to lend himself to the secrecy? Mr. Mason or Mr. Slidell should have been her chairman. She talked of having seen a good deal of America—she did not say how she got her knowledge. She might have told us much more than she did, and of things far more interesting than the tame statistics she at length indulged in. In her proper character and on her proper subject, she would have been far more interesting, and would have commanded considerable respect for her courage and spirit, whatever else might have been thought of her. We understand now all about the Spirit World with which she was said to be in communication. The *Banner of Light* she represents is a banner of darkness, of tyranny, and slavery. No woman ever served a more hateful cause. When she next speaks let us hope it will be in her own name. An oration by 'Belle Floyd, the Confederate Adventuress,' will secure her a much larger and very different audience."

We should like to know an editor, if there be one, who, though amusing, can be considered less reliable after this than the editor of the *English Leader*. Emma Hardinge is no more Belle Boyd than the editor of the *English Leader* is Emma Hardinge. Belle Boyd came over to this country, married a man named Hardinge, wrote a book, and is we believe in this country still. Miss Emma Hardinge was in California at the time Belle Boyd was the theme of the American press, delivering orations in favour of the Re-election of President Lincoln. Before Miss Hardinge appeared at St. James's Hall, a pamphlet, detailing her career in California in favour of the Union, was circulated, and we have every reason to believe that the editor of the *English Leader* received a copy. At any rate, he ought to know better than issue a scandal so full of mis-statements as the one we quote. Had the editor of the *English Leader* questioned those who know Miss Hardinge and are acquainted with her history, he would have avoided cutting this ludicrous figure.

How any editor of ordinary experience could pen such a disgraceful paragraph without other evidence than "gossiping rumour" supplies is to us a problem. The editor of the *English Leader* has circulated a most damaging and false report, which is calculated to injure the reputation of Miss Hardinge. He has committed the same offence for which he censures Mr. Cooper and Mr. Coleman, and he owes Miss Hardinge an ample apology.

Lately he has issued a few of his senseless diatribes and jests on the spirits and Spiritualists. Had he kept within the arena of fair criticism, although we might be amused at him, we could scarcely have cared, after our past remarks, when he said the "spirits did not pay for their salt," to have taken further notice of him; but his insult to and scandal of Miss Hardinge is quite a different affair. He who can write so uniquely of the spirits and Spiritualists relating to the Southern-libel case can yet, with unblushing effrontery, for the sake we suppose of assailing a Spiritualist, assail the reputation of a lady, of whom he has no reliable information. For shame Mr. Editor of the *English Leader*.

## EMMA HARDINGE.

So far as I know anything of modern orators, there is not one who is fit to carry Miss Hardinge's shoes after her. In her you have none of the hums and ha's and repetitions which try your nerves so dreadfully in many of the best of them, though, thanks to the reporter, they read pretty well the next morning in the papers. Her language is free, flowing, without a limp, a halt, or a shuffle; and that is the least of her perfections. On whatever subject she speaks, though proposed on the instant, she gives you a grand *coup d'œil* of it. You have the great facts and truths of the topic, and in an order as lucid as if it were the effect of the most careful study and arrangement. Rising from a simple but solid proposition, she ascends by a truly musical scale to the very highest reach of the theme, and leaves you at once enlightened, charmed, and astonished. The elocution, the action, and delivery, if a little theatrical, are feminine in their mode, masculine in their vigour, and angelic in their sentiment. The wide range and grasp of mind are as conspicuous as the energy with which her thoughts are enunciated. All this she says the spirits give her. Well, good and kind souls! they do themselves and herself the greatest credit, for their deliveries are of the most noble conceptions, most advanced opinions, the most philanthropic aspirations. I don't think that these invisible prompters are always quite perfect in their mundane science any more than Professor Owen is when he says toads cannot live in rocks, though thousands of people with their heads right side foremost have seen them; but perhaps they seem sometimes wrong because we are wrong—who knows?

For the rest, if Miss Hardinge did not lecture on the most unpopular of subjects—a subject which the public abhors because it is suffering under the hallucinations of priestcraft and science-craft—she would be the enthusiasm of the day. Had she come to uphold the favourite notions of the times—could she cant on evangelism, or adorn the shrines of a popery without a pope, or preach the dilettabilities of materialism, or show that Mammon is the most wise of devils, and Belial the most blessed of saints—all London, all England, would run after her—she would be incensed by the press, and killed with the kindness of late, heavy dinners, and by lionizing in fashionable midnights in the poisonous atmosphere of the West-End.

As it is, she is going on a more quiet and healthy way, teaching the great truths of a divine philosophy, with an unparalleled eloquence; the truths of a philosophy, rejected because it is hateful to the spirit of those who would fain persuade themselves and us that this is our abiding city, though we every day and hour see those who have comfortably seated themselves deep in the cushions of an imaginary abidance, most unceremoniously ejected into their unknown, because they wished it to be unknown. Her truths are the truths of a philosophy which has already convinced the whole of our press of its reality: a fact demonstrated by the most certain signs, for when a cause has struck its convictions into the hearts of its enemies, then those enemies cease to mock and begin to revile. It is now accepted as the most certain proof of such conviction when the enemies of any cause begin to practise every unfair stratagem against it. When they won't let it speak. When they will propagate any silly lie against it, and won't admit any the plainest truth in its defence. When this is the case, all men see that the thing is a reality; that the enemy's cause is lost; that he has discovered that he cannot deal with the thing which he fights against. It is too big, too substantial, too mighty for him, and he resorts to subterfuges, calumnies, and cowardly meannesses against it. This is the attitude at this moment of the whole English press against Spiritualism, and that because they now know it as real as they hate its reality.

As for Miss Hardinge, coldly as her labours have been received here, they won't be lost. Hard as is the old feudalized soul of this England, the arrows of Heaven are everywhere piercing its pachydermatous coat of worldly interests and worldly wisdom. Everywhere the cry of the wounded is heard, and they are seeking for healing from the hand that smote them. The enemies of Christ called Him devil-inspired and killed Him and stoned and mur-

dered His disciples; yet Christianity lives. The enemies of Spiritualism have not yet killed us or stoned or pilloried us; let them do their worst, and then the best is sure to come out of it. In the meantime, if England has an orator who can stand on the same platform with Miss Hardinge and deliver an address on any instant given subject with the same clear, unfaltering, forcible and splendid mind and manner, let him come forth, for we don't yet know of him, and if he can match Miss Hardinge he is worth knowing; and we fain would hear him. If no such champion can be found, let the noisy revilers at least be silent, and let Spiritualism, in her person wear the palm of eloquence.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## THE CASE OF MR. COLEMAN.

WE expect from Englishmen, and the English press, manliness, fair dealing, and the love of justice; but there are times when these qualities seem wholly wanting; and we have seldom seen a case in which they were more utterly forgotten than in that of Mr. Coleman, as shown in the comments of the press on the Sothern libel prosecutions.

The first great wrong is that the press has, in almost every instance, ignored the fact that the alleged libel on Mr. Sothern did not originate with Mr. Coleman, but was copied from an old, respectable, conservative and well-conducted New York journal. Mr. Coleman's offence was precisely that which every editor and every writer is liable to commit, who copies statements from reputable sources without a knowledge of their truth. It is the offence of every man who hands a spicy personal paragraph to his neighbour. It is wrong, no doubt, and he who does it is legally a libeller; but who is not sometimes guilty of such offences? There is not a newspaper in England that does not sometimes copy from American or Continental papers false and injurious paragraphs.

Mr. Coleman wrote to *The Times* that he was ready to prove the truth of his statements respecting Mr. Sothern. In this he intended to refer only to his own statements, and not to that of the New York editor. Mr. Sothern did not challenge out Mr. Coleman's statements through fifteen pages as containing the smallest untruth.

But it is said, he pleaded guilty to the indictment which charged him with publishing "a false and malicious libel, knowing it to be such." Lawyers draw indictments and plead to them in their own fashion. A man forced suddenly to trial on a criminal charge, puts himself in the hands of the best counsel he can get, just as a man taken violently ill sends for a doctor, and takes his prescription. No doubt, he admitted also that "moved by the instigation of the devil, he had by force and arms, evil and malice, imagined, concocted, written, printed, and published" the paragraph, out from a New York paper. But is Mr. Coleman to be held literally responsible for all this antiquated verbiage? He consented, when time was refused him even to ascertain whether the paragraph was true or false, to allow his lawyer to enter a plea of guilty. The indictment is a form, and the plea another; but Mr. Coleman did not and could not know the accusation against Mr. Sothern to be false, though he might hope it was, and be willing to admit it to be false, as he ought, not knowing it to be true. In fact, Mr. Coleman could not, from the very nature of the case, have known it to be false any more than he could know it to be true. His offence legally consisted in publishing it without knowing anything about it.

Among the most culpable of the libellers of Mr. Coleman is the *English Leader*, a paper professing extreme liberalism. It says, "He declares himself to have fabricated and published a calumny," which he "never expected to have any means of proving." Where can be the conscience of a man who, with a knowledge of all the facts of the case, could write this astounding statement?—a statement as clearly libellous as the American charge against Mr. Sothern.

For his imprudence or inadvertence, Mr. Coleman was punished at the discretion of the Court, but he has been abused by the press without any discretion whatever.

After all, this was the mere echo of a transatlantic scandal.

We wish to see what Colonel Du Solle, the able and experienced editor of the *New York Sunday Times*, has to say in this matter. There is no doubt of what he ought to do. He should first of all send Mr. Coleman a draft for fifty pounds, and then either furnish substantial proof of the truth of his statement, or an ample and humble apology to Mr. Sothorn and those he has led into difficulties of so unpleasant a character.

### ON MORAL PRINCIPLES AS A BASIS OF RELIGIOUS UNION.

THOUGH the religious rights and blessings connected with Spiritualism can alone form for Spiritualists the fundamental basis of union, and being members of the same household of faith, and partakers of the same spiritual benefits, ought to bind now, as formerly, all individuals enjoying them, into a friendly benefit society, as I think is to be understood from St. Paul (1st Timothy, ch. 6, v. 2), who also considers religion as a "mystery" to which, of course, there must be an initiation, and whose privileges are held in "fellowship;" yet in a secondary degree moral principles are certainly necessary to regulate the intercourse of members of the same society with each other, to establish good feeling between them; and by mutual trust and confidence, and mutual personal respect, to convert them from cold-hearted strangers into attached brothers and sisters.

In my first appeal to the public\* I pointed out the moral precepts of Christianity as being incalculably beneficial to human welfare; and especially the one golden rule, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them, for this is the law and the prophets." My belief in the sacred inspiration of this text, added to a profound conviction of its deep wisdom and great practical utility, always caused me to hold it in peculiar veneration, and to make it as far as possible the rule of my conduct. I considered this text with its fellow, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," to be honourably characteristic of the Christian religion, and to form a concise code of morality, higher and better than any other could boast of. Further investigation, the perusal of new works relating to the grounds of our faith, and an acquaintance with the leading principles of other religions have, however, somewhat modified my views in regard to them. A recent apologist for the Jewish religion, in answer to Bishop Colenso, claims all the merit of the latter text, which is to be found in Leviticus. In regard to the former, the anonymous author of "A voice from the Ganges," writes as follows:—

"The reader may remark that this passage, from its naturalness and the universality of its application, has been put into the mouth of Jesus, and declared to be a part of the Jewish law and prophets; but it is one of those apothegms well known all over the east, and which the Jews learned of the Persians during their captivity. It may be seen in the Persian fables of Bilpay (Bedpae), and in the poems of Hafiz, written, says Sir William Jones, at least three centuries before our era, and known to the Chinese, for ages, in the works of their celebrated moralist, Confucius."

A lady,† who has lately much distinguished herself by her religious and moral writings, attributes this doctrine, in its negative form (according to a tradition in the Talmud), to the celebrated Rabbi Hillel, one of the princes of the Jews in Babylon; also to Isocrates, an Athenian orator and moralist, who died 338 years before Christ, and in both its negative and positive form to Confucius. "Do to another what you would he should do to you; and do not unto another what you would not should be done unto you. Thou only needest this law alone. It is the foundation and principle of all the rest." Confucius, maxim 24 Yun Lu.

After reading the above quotations, we cannot help perceiving that the halo surrounding these precepts which was derived from their sacred origin and divine authority, vanishes at once, and if we still retain them as infallible rules for human conduct, it ought to be, as in the deductions of ordinary science, only after subjecting them to all such tests as our reason can suggest. We shall have no trouble, however, in doing this, for their justice and social policy seem to be so universally acknowledged

that they may be considered as received intuitively as true and undeniable without any effort of the reason.

If then, in like manner as circumstances is said (John, ch. 7, v. 22), to have come to the Jews from the fathers, through Moses, these precepts should be considered to have come to us from the fathers of other churches, through Christ, and from the Evangelists and early apostles, who devoted themselves at great self-sacrifice, to the diffusion of the knowledge of Christianity, and the bestowal of the spiritual blessings it reveals, they must still be regarded as having been sanctified by His approval, and that of wise good men who could find out no better means of making men good angels in the spiritual world, than by embuing the hearts and minds of their disciples, whilst here, with good feelings and principles.

The book from which I have made the above quotations, contains a full and clear account of the religion of the Zorastrians (the modern Parsees), probably the noblest, purest, and best of all the religions of antiquity, from which Christianity appears to have borrowed much. Truth-seeking Spiritualists will read it with pleasure and benefit, and will feel thankful to the authoress for giving them an instructive lesson whilst tracing the religious and secular history of a most interesting and exemplary people.

I have made no further extracts from books now, or previously, than were strictly necessary for the purposes I had in view; though, it seems, some have condemned me for making use of other people's labours. I conceive, however, that I have been guilty of no petty larceny, or any moral wrong, in gleaming from the public domain of literature, scraps of knowledge useful to Spiritualists, in imitating the humble occupation of the industrious bee, that makes the best use it can of its hours of sunshine, collects such store of sweets as chance enables it to find, and carries them home for the sole and special use of its own community.

T. E. P.

### THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

MR. KINGSLEY had an immense congregation to hear his sermon at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday afternoon, the Bishop of London, as well as a great many peers and members of the House of Commons, being present. The preacher, taking his text from the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Yet once more, and I will shake not the earth only but the heavens," declared that the prophecy was being fulfilled once again now, as it was in the first, the fifth, the eleventh, and the sixteenth centuries. All systems of ethics, theology, and science, seemed changing, he said. Some talked of this as the glorious nineteenth century, the age of progress, the eve of a new reformation of all sorts of blessings to humanity; others spoke of it as the unhappy nineteenth century, the age of scepticism and atheism. Both parties were right and both wrong. God was shaking not the physical world only, but our conceptions of the spiritual world. With increased knowledge had come not increased doubt ("That," said Mr. Kingsley, "I deny"), but increased reverence, and the truly irreverent time was the middle ages, with their system-making and their system-mongering, and their cosmogonies framed in the cloister, when the earth was supposed to be a flat plane (the notion of antipodes being unscriptural), heaven above it with the good people in it, and hell below it with the wicked—what could be clearer, since Virgil said so?—when Tartarus, Styx, and Phlegethon were recognised Christian entities, and Tartarology was as firmly believed in as astronomy now. Astronomy had shaken the theories of the size of the earth, geology those of the age of it. Again, in an age which hated torture, reformed criminals, and hesitated rightly and wrongly about continuing capital punishment, people asked whether Scripture really endorsed all the middle-age notions of future punishment—whether such phrases as "outer darkness," the "undying worm," "a Gehenna of fire," were to be taken as implying torment hereafter, or as the sure punishment of sin in this life—whether heaven might not be the moral world full of goodness, beneficence, and purity, in which God reigned, and hell a condition of hatred, malice, impurity. If men were to believe in the same theories of religion as men in medieval times believed, when criminals were racked, heretics burnt alive, and every Musulman slain by the Crusaders was consigned to eternal torture, tearful times were coming for the Church and the people. What, then, remained for us? Surely not an unchangeable cosmogony or ethical system, or dogmatic theology, but an unchangeable King, an unchangeable kingdom. If we believe in that kingdom, surely Christ, the King who governed it, knew how to govern it better than we did. He it was who was shaking the earth and heaven, changing opinions, burning the chaff and stubble from about the one foundation of Truth. The Reformation was a change back to apostolic doctrine—might not the new Reformation be still more so?—*Pall-mall Gazette*.

MISS HARRINGE answered questions with surprising readiness on Monday evening last at the Harley-street Rooms. We have only space to say that her answers *apropos* to the subjects of "Death," "The Fall," "The Difference between Hysteria and Mediumship," and her remarks on "Insanity," were magical in their effects upon her auditors.

\* "A few words on the Pentateuch, &c." Price 6d. James Burns, Camberwell.

† "Studies, new and old on Ethical and Social subjects," by Frances P. Cobbe. Trubner and Co., Paternoster-row.

## NEW FACTS.

We lately witnessed some extraordinary spiritual manifestations at the house of Mrs. Berry. Jessie was entranced and made to go through an exciting Indian dance, and to speak in a peculiar dialect, and afterwards to address us in English about wigwams, pale-faces, and Indians. The dance and war exercise which characterised Jessie's movements were considered by the company most perfect. At the close of the *séance* Mrs. Berry, Jessie and two others sat round a small work-table when the manifestation of the *séance*, the levitation of the table without hands touching it, took place several times. Mrs. Berry requested her "darling Em—" to kiss her, when, to the delight of all present, the little table rose gracefully from the floor and reached her lips. The table favoured others of the company in the same manner. We never witnessed a physical phenomenon more convincing and beautiful. Mrs. Berry's medium power is placed by this circumstance above all suspicion. May she continue as earnest as she is, and develop to yet higher uses.

As an instance of the marvellous appropriateness of some of the texts selected through the mediumship of Mrs. Berry, we think the following may be cited:—"The lady had been reading some papers relating to the grave at Norwood Cemetery, where the child whose spirit is mostly with her was entombed. She was directed to the Bible, and was made at once to point out the following:—"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for the living."—Job xxx. v. 23.

## NEW PHYSICAL MEDIUMS.

Two brothers, Arthur Melville and Courtenay Melville, have lately visited us, and described some manifestations which have taken place in their presence. It seems to us their power somewhat resembles that of the Brothers Davenport, but as yet is only manifested in a limited degree.

We present our readers with the communications we have received from them:—

9th March, 1866.

Dear Sir,—You having desired us to acquaint you of all phenomena which may take place at our sittings, I will endeavour to describe some as minutely as possible.

We sat at 8.30 to-day (in total darkness) at the table, and asked the spirits if they were present. After some time we heard three faint raps. We asked, also, whether the instruments would be played upon. The same answer was given. We then placed the instruments on the table, and after a little time, they were carried about the room, sometimes rising to the ceiling, and sometimes falling to the ground and rising again, being played upon at intervals; the instruments consisted of guitar, bell, and tambourine. We again sat at the table, and I was entranced, the particulars of what I said you will find enclosed, written by my brother.

I remain, dear sir, yours, &c.,  
ARTHUR MELVILLE.

March 5th, 1866.

Dear Sir,—Being desired by you to write an account of all phenomena which take place, I take the liberty of addressing this to you to ask your opinion. On March 3rd, I retired to rest at 12 o'clock, and had scarcely closed my eyes, when I felt myself lifted into the air, and then quickly let down again, so that I could feel the wind on my back pass by me through the rapidity of my descent. I opened my eyes, but could see nothing, nor could I hear any raps, or anything that I was accustomed to hear. What is your opinion of this? You can do what you like with these letters.

A Copy of the Speech given by my brother while entranced, at 9.30, P.M. on March 5th, 1866—

"I come here to-night to tell you to persevere in this good cause. These phenomena have appeared this evening to prove to you that this is not done by earthly power. They are manifested unto you to encourage you to persevere in this holy cause. Sit regularly and often, and you will become great and useful mediums under power of a Higher Hand. I will tell you more anon. Farewell."

I have enclosed a drawing done by my brother under spiritual guidance, which I should like your opinion of.

I remain, yours, &c.,

COURTENAY MELVILLE.

[The drawing gives evidence of the first stage of drawing development, but is not good enough to exhibit.—Ed. & T.]

## THOMAS MARTIN OF GALLARDON.

(Concluded from our last.)

MARTIN's constancy began to be shaken. Was he always to submit this to the guidance of an unknown spirit, which, perchance, might cause him to risk the danger of imprisonment, or confinement in a lunatic asylum? He was thus reflecting, on the 10th of March, when the spirit appeared, determined to impress him even more vividly, and to use his religious faith for this purpose, to render him still more submissive, and heroically disposed to suffer. The spirit told him that he made use of him, an uneducated peasant, to humble the pride of the learned, and convince the incredulous. He then added—

"I wished my name to remain unknown, but since unbelief is so strong, I must disclose it to you. I am the angel Raphael, and I have received the power to strike France with every kind of plague."

The good villager was seized with fear and trembling, on hearing these words, and informed the gendarme, as before, of this new revelation; and he, much surprised by all these wonders, felt a strong wish to be present at the next celestial manifestation. The wished for opportunity soon occurred. On the 12th of March, about seven o'clock in the evening, as Martin was dressing, the angel appeared near the window, and announced that if his instructions were not followed, several French towns would be destroyed; that no stone should be left untouched, and that the kingdom should be convulsed by every kind of calamity and misery. Martin at once hastened to inform the officer that the angel was there, and had spoken to him. Andre leaped out of bed, and ran to the spot, extending his arms and feeling everywhere, without seeing or discovering anything. Martin remarked that during the search, the angel continually changed places, as if to avoid being touched. The gendarme, astonished at neither seeing or hearing what the peasant saw or heard, exclaimed—

"Even if I cannot see, I ought to hear."

If the officer had understood the laws governing the manifestations of spiritual phenomena, he would have known that in certain cases spirits can be perceived and heard without the material eyesight or hearing being required.

The same day, at ten o'clock, Martin had another apparition, and the angel told him inquiries were about to be made concerning him. He at once informed his brother by a letter, which reached Gallardon on the 14th. A ministerial despatch was addressed to the Prefet on the 15th, who instantly wrote to the Cure, at Gallardon, who received the letter on the 16th, thus conjoining all particulars of the angel's prediction. The ministerial despatch and Martin's letter, were sent later to Dr. Dinel and Dr. Bayor Collard, intact, to confirm the truth of the statement, and were placed by them among the documents at the Royal Hospital, at Charenton.

On the 13th, Martin was warned that his companion was about to quit him, and return to his department, while he would be conducted to a house, and detained there. He was taken to the asylum at Charenton and confined there, in consequence of the statement made by Dr. Pinel, and had to submit to a fresh interrogation the same day. This was a severe trial for a poor man, who was but the submissive and devoted instrument of another will. Without the later apparition assuring him that the controlling power was that of an Archangel, his courage would have failed; and Raphael did not abandon him, but whispered words of comfort and support during his trial. On the morning of the 15th the angel again appeared, and as the medical men continued to regard Martin as a visionary, the angel told him—

"His only doctors of theology, initiated in the history of all the phenomena of apparitions and the communications of spirits, who can understand the seriousness of the revelations made through you, let them be consulted, and they will recognise the stamp of truth; but if they will not believe that which is predicted, place your confidence in God, and be assured no harm shall befall you. Peace be upon you, be not troubled."

The medical report mentions that although Martin had always enjoyed perfect mental tranquility after this last apparition, he appeared to be filled with even a greater degree of internal peace and tranquility; also, that the simple man, not knowing the meaning of doctor of theology mentioned by the angel, inquired the meaning of the word from the superintendent of the house.

During the three weeks of his detention at Charenton, Martin had several other visions that proved to him the future, and even the thoughts of men were known to the angel. This strengthened him, even more, in the conviction that these extraordinary revelations emanated from a Divine source.

The spirit told him that if he were detained in that house, it was to examine into his state of health and mind, but that no doctor could discover any disease. In fact they could not find any complaint in body or mind, and all was set down to hallucination. The report, at last, reached the court, of the extraordinary manifestations constantly occurring, and the

Archbishop of Reims, Grand Almour of France, made known the medical reports, and M. de Montmorency, and De la Rochefoucauld, visited Martin, and declared him to be a man of sense and probity.

The report, also, of the Prefet d'Eure-et-Loir of Martin and his family being excellent, the king, curious to see him, determined to send for Martin.

On the 2nd of April he was taken from the Royal Asylum, and conducted to the Tuilleries, dressed in his brown gaiters and every-day clothes. Raphael appeared to him in the minister's cabinet. It was the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth appearance and the last, he said—

"You are about to be presented to the king, and you will be alone with him. Have no care or fear for what you have to say. The words shall be put into your mouth."

Effectively Martin declared that before he entered the presence of the king, he knew not what he had to say to him, yet he had no hesitation or difficulty in speaking from first to last in the long interview that took place between them.

When introduced into the royal presence, the king desired all to leave the room. The subsequent confidences of the king and the peasant relate, that having saluted his majesty, and inquired for his health, Martin briefly related the apparitions he had seen, and the mission he had received from an unknown, in the name of the Most High, as a proof of the truth of the facts. Martin recalled to the king peculiar circumstances that had occurred during his youth and his exile. The words came to him, even as the angel had promised, without effort or thought, and it appeared as though some one were speaking through his mouth. The king was much surprised, and exclaimed—

"Oh, my God, it is indeed true." and he added, "Those facts were only known to God, myself, and now to you. Promise me inviolable secrecy."

The relation of these circumstances was printed the same year, consequently under the king's sanction, testifying that Martin was neither silly nor mad, and that he had communicated things unknown to any save God, the King, and himself; also, that the facility of speaking had ceased as soon as he had fulfilled his mission.

In 1839, in republishing this narrative, the author adds—

"That the king replied to the Duchesse de Bern, during breakfast, before several witnesses, on her questioning about Martin." "That he was a very honest man, and had given good advice, by which he hoped to profit."

The only account of this interview, then allowed to be published, says—

"That Martin, after alluding to the vicissitudes of the king's life, predicted new misfortunes, if the king did not commit acts of great intolerance, and force the incredulous to return to the bosom of the church, to observe the Sabbath day, and to suppress the excesses of the *fête* days; that if this were not done France would once more be smitten with new calamities, and cities destroyed. 'Sire, you are too kind,' (Martin is supposed to have said), your excessive leniency will conduct you to disastrous results, if you do not apply a remedy. In order to succeed, you must have a strict police and make some example which will awe the people who betray you."

Such is the substance of the revelations made by the peasant, according to the only publication permitted at that time. Is it possible that an Archangel could descend from heaven for such an object? We cannot credit it, the interview having taken place without any witness being present the king having placed Martin under an obligation, by settling an annuity upon him from his privy purse, and having thus secured his silence, merely stated, "That revelations had been made to him of things unknown to any save God and himself, and that good advice had also been tendered, of which he hoped to profit."

How then could the author give a correct statement of that which occurred in a private interview between the peasant and the king. This report is therefore most dubious.

## SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 12.

July 9, 1865.

THE body of fallen man, having by its growth in evil, and by assimilating to its physical nature the evil forms, thus becoming materialized and earth-bound in the extreme, is the entire cause of the death of the earth-body, producing pain, and being feared so much by all whose spirit-life has not opened to them the truth, and enabled them to fully realize, by the force and power of spirit over body, that by Christ the last enemy of the earth-body, has been subdued, and that death is but the birth into spirit-life. Death to the earth-body severs the imprisoned spirit from its bonds, and then does the spirit, when its last clings to earth and undevelopment have passed by, become clothed in the spiritual body, which is in every way, like the earth-body, but without sin, or deformities produced by sin. Evil spirits, on the contrary, are the very opposite to forms of beauty, and are frightful to look upon or to be near. Leave off.

To the sinless and pure inhabitants of the plane's, the passing away is welcomed, and looked upon as a great delight, being proof to them that they are considered worthy of higher attainments in spirit-life and to greater expansion, by being removed to the spirit home, in the higher and holier spheres of God's own presence. Their bodies being ethereal, and in the same form as your bodies were made before evil transformed them. Suffer nought, suffering is not known, even in name, apart from evil; therefore is it truly a passing away, and being clothed upon. There is, with them, no material body left to be returned to its mother earth, as with you; but the time being come for their spirits to go on higher, God, by His angels, takes them; and by a process which I cannot yet tell you of, does the transformation occur, leaving to their loved ones (who rejoice in their happiness on being chosen), in the place of their own forms, some lovely symbol of beauty, which is, as it were, a magnet of spirit communication with them. Whenever the desire to meet is great, this symbol is, as it were, the visible magnet, the key to the spirit-life that has gone to its higher home; and is therefore cherished and—

Suddenly the writing ceased.

July 13, 1865.

The spirit forms of the planet inhabitants are different to the disembodied spirits of the high sphere. We use the term "disembodied" to humour your earth idea, and to distinguish our own spiritual bodies from your material one; but all who have not entered the spheres, are clothed in a body more material, but, in no wise, to be compared to the coarse earthly frame of the fallen humanity, as I have told you, that has, from being given up to evil, become materialized to an extent beyond your conception. Could you see these planet spirit-men, your earth senses would take them for etherealized spirits; but there is yet a great difference between their frames during their residence in their planet homes, and the body spiritual, which inhabits only the heavens. Their spirits, as yours, are germs of spirit-life, and very pure from sin and evil. Their lives are peaceful, harmonious, free from sordid ambition, as there is nought to lead to it, but ever striving after higher life. Such must, of necessity, be the yearnings of divinity, of which all spirit-life has its existence. Their houses are simple, oftentimes beautiful; but they are formed by the manual labour of these spirit-men; for they employ their time in such various ways as we do here in our spirit home. We walk in their midst, and live with them at will, and thereby train them as we do you all; but inasmuch as, with them, we have no evil to combat with, the training is ever pleasurable and easy. The life time allotted to them to pass in their germ-like state before passing on to high spirit-life, is varied in limitation in various planets; and the limitation is again varied by the power and will, or mind, of the spirit, and the capabilities of rising, which varies there and everywhere, as on your your earth. Abilities, more or less, and power of mind or spirit, must ever vary.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. J. T.

## SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

To Mrs. Craig, mother of Mrs. Sansom, who had been ill and confined to her bed, and had got up this afternoon, and down stairs for the first time.

Mother up and in your proper place. Thank God. Oh, you must thank Him. Many are apt to wish to depart their earthly life before it is time. Be not so, but wait patiently by God's will; and when the blessed spirits attend at the last moments, be ye ready. Oh, ye will not wish to live any more upon earth. God Almighty give you health and strength while you remain mortal. Then, O then, immortality will reign supreme. God bless you at all times, and your very dear daughter and kind friends.

J. C.

Sunday, November 26, 1865.

At Mr. Champernowne's, Kingston. Medium, Mrs. Champernowne.

"To Mr. Champernowne and Mr. Constable, after a sitting for the purpose of their speaking to us.

Mr. Champernowne, we could not speak to you to-night, but meet another night and we will see again. We will if we can. It will take time. My dear friends you must not mind waiting for us, as the time is long to you. God will send us to you, and we will speak in a few nights; but sit till we can. Now, friends, meet again for speaking. It may be through one, if not ourselves. Waiting for our speaking, it is like watch night, but seek and ye shall find, for God will not let you seek in vain. Pray to Him by day, as well as by night, for He will answer prayer. This is His day of rest for the body. The body will rest, but the poor spirit will take its flight when the poor body is quiet. But what is this like, my friends, to the home in heaven? Think not so much of this life, for it is not for long in this world. The time will come when you all must go; for Jesus Christ, our dear Saviour, will visit your house with death. So watch and pray, for you know not how soon the call will come for all of you. God will send. The time is His; so be happy, and all meet again, for the dear spirit friends are pleased to see you. It is God's will that we should visit you. Try and fear not evil, for God is stronger than Satan. He will send his evil ones to try you, and—

Here an interruption, from an evil spirit, took place, and the communication could not be completed.

On Monday evening, the 27th, Mrs. C— was again impressed to write, and wrote as follows, being a continuation of the preceding:—

And try to do mischief, but, my dear brother, you seek good spirits and the evil fly from you. Jesus Christ, our dear Saviour, can see all, and knows all in this world below; for He has been on earth, and has suffered on the cross for all. He will come the second time to judge all on earth. Love God, for God is love, kind and good to all that are good.



I shall be pleased to meet you here again, my dear brother. From  
your spirit sister,  
JANE MORRIS.

The above Jane Morris was a sister of my neighbour, Mr. Constable,  
some portions of the communication being to me, and other portions to  
him.

J. W. C.

December 3, 1865.

At Mrs. Sansom's, Twickenham.

To Mr. Pilborough from his father. Medium, Mr. Fisher.

O, God bless my son, I will just say a few words to you, because you  
have earned it by travelling so far. I am here because you are, and you  
are here because you desire me to be here. Now while you desire me  
to be near you, I will, while God permits. O, it looks well for you.  
It repays me for all I have done, to see you still depending upon spirit-  
teachings, to lead you to eternal happiness. Obey, my son, what I have  
told you often, and you will have no cause to regret meeting with me at  
your communion table. God be your guide.

We shall meet again soon. Good night. God bless you.

J. P.

Sunday Evening, December 3, 1865.

At Mrs. Sansom's, Twickenham.

To Mr. Jones, from his deceased mother. Medium, Mr. Fisher.

O, I am glad to see you, my boy, with your friends, once more. God  
is good. Put your trust in Him on earth. You must all suffer more  
or less in spirit. There are divers reasons for it. Say not it is hard for  
you to suffer so much, and so and so, so little. It is wrong to say it.  
Look around you, you will see others have suffered much more. O, very  
much more, suffered without hope; verily they suffered much. Forget  
not the burning at the stake, and forget not the thumb screw. Look at  
them, I say, and weep, and call not yours sufferings. God bless you,  
Thomas, God bless you all.

E. J.

J. W. CHAMPERNOWNE.

## GREAT SPIRITUAL EXCITEMENT IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

(From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

I CAME from Vineland here on January 6th, for the purpose of  
lecturing on the 7th and 14th. On my arrival I found much  
excitement on the subject of spiritual manifestations, and was  
informed that it was caused by Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, a resident  
of this place, he having procured the services of a newly de-  
veloped medium, a Miss Ella Vanwie, of Lansing, Michigan, in  
whose presence occur all the phenomena given by the Daven-  
ports, and other remarkable mediums of that class. The public  
séances had been held in Odd Fellows' Hall for several successive  
evenings, and were denominated "Lectures and Illustrations by  
Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, assisted by Miss Ella Vanwie." The  
public were invited to witness the manifestations, and if possible  
ascertain the cause of them, which consisted of bell ringing, drum  
beating, showing of hands, etc., if they could. A cabinet was  
used for the medium. The audience soon became large, and  
opposition as usual was aroused; many cried hubbub and  
threats were made. Mayor Maria, to his honour be it recorded,  
determined that no rowdiness should be permitted in this goodly  
city, while under his care, so he ordered the police to keep  
order and if necessary to arrest and hold in custody such as did  
not remain quiet. The consequence was that on Saturday  
evening, January 6th, some of the disorderly were arrested and  
detained for further treatment. Some of these persons had  
made confusion in the proceedings of the night previous, and the  
manager, Dr. Fitzgibbon, ordered the police to prevent those  
who were known to be the authors of such disturbance from  
entering the hall, on Saturday night, but some of them forcibly  
went in, were arrested and conveyed away. Their cases came  
up before the Mayor on Monday, but as there was no desire on  
the part of the doctor to prosecute them they were released.  
But these turbulent parties, calling themselves the "very  
respectable class," were much incensed, and determined not to  
"give it up so." These went from the Mayor's office to the  
office of Squire Staats, and caused a warrant on behalf of the  
State to be issued against Dr. Fitzgibbon, on a charge of assault  
and battery, in ordering the police to arrest and take out of the  
hall these disturbers of the peace. The trial was to come off on  
Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at which time I, with a host  
of others, repaired to the Squire's office to see what would come  
of it. When the case was called, the doctor gave notice that he  
should appeal to the General Court, to be holden at Newcastle  
some time next May, and gave bonds in 100 dollars for his  
appearance there at that time. Our good reformer Thomas  
Garrett, entered the bond with the doctor. The prosecuting  
parties had given the names of a dozen as witnesses for the State  
which were called by Squire Staats and required to give bonds,  
each in the sum of 100 dollars, to be on hand as witnesses for  
the State. That was an unexpected damper on them, and

while they were squirming in reference to the course to be  
pursued in the matter, I left the office, hearing as I retired, the  
remark, "we have got a wet blanket thrown on us now."

The city officers here deserve all praise for their gentlemanly  
bearing and impartiality in the investigation of Spiritualism.  
Dr Fitzgibbon seems well posted in the manner of proceeding  
with the "respectable" rowdiness of the times. Miss Vanwie is  
truly a very remarkable medium, with a development in this  
phase of only about three months since; the manifestations are  
equal to the most wonderful in the dark circles. At a private  
séance last week she was sewed up in a bag, and the manifesta-  
tions were as potent as when in the usual cabinet, the instru-  
ments being carried around the room, different persons being  
touched by hands. I attended one of the séances this week at  
the house of Bro. Garrett. There were several inveterate  
sceptics present. Miss Vanwie at that time had the bottom of  
her dress sewed to the carpet, and in the same way fastened  
around the wrists and neck, and was sitting on a small stool,  
leaning her body on a sofa. The room was excessively cold:  
bells were placed on the mantelpiece ten feet from her; the  
drum was the same distance off, and by the side of one of the  
sceptics, yet it was taken out into the room, beaten, the bells  
taken down and thrown about, and hands passed over, around,  
and upon the heads of the disbelievers.

Yours truly,

L. K. COONLEY.

## "PADDY CAUGHT NAPPING."

SOME time ago an article appeared in the "East Sussex News"  
headed as above. It was intimated that the Davenportes were  
reaping a rich harvest in Dublin by their clever tricks, duping  
the citizens, and were aided by Mr. Cooper. The remarks were  
rather humorous in style, and in their next issue the following  
correspondence appeared:—

To the Editor of the "East Sussex News."

Sir:— Would you please to tell me what you mean by this? Was  
there ever a wink on Paddy, or a thing where brains were of use, but he  
showed he was wide awake. John should never forget that Ireland  
exports the best of brains as well as of beef and pork; and that half the  
English press has Irish editors. And if our preference for the "spirits"  
makes us a little lively, it does not stupify like your stouts, beers, and  
ales. We have given a hearty welcome to the Davenport Brothers and  
Mr. Fay as Americans, and Mr. Cooper as a really intelligent English-  
man (no doubt his mother was Irish). We welcome them all as  
curiosities in science, but not as conjurors or impostors, and if your  
correspondent of the 13th inst. attempts to throw a slight on their  
integrity or our intelligence, I just send this as the tail of my coat for  
him to put a foot on, and if you, sir, will only give me the chance, by all  
the powers of hard argument, tough facts, and plain common sense, I  
promise to give him as sound a thrashing as I gave father O'Finnigan  
when he said my ancestors had Saxon blood in them. Now, we don't  
swallow Spiritualism at all—the dose is too big, and not compounded to  
Irish taste, but I defend our extraordinary visitors; and on behalf of  
them and our national ability to examine and appreciate facts, am  
prepared to flourish a cudgel and give and take my share in a row when  
a neighbour jokes us.—Your brother-in-law, PADDY MURPHY.

Dublin, January 16th, 1866.

To the Editor of the "East Sussex News."

Sir:— Pray who is this, your Irish friend? I write these few lines  
really with the view of "drawing him out." As he has spread the tail  
of his coat, allow me just to put my foot on it. And now, Mr. Paddy,  
flourish your cudgel. I am ready, and flatter myself I can hit quite as  
hard as Paddy can. He says the Davenportes are neither spiritual  
mediums, conjurors, or impostors, but "curiosities in science." This is  
a curious idea, certainly, and I am beginning to think that the drain,  
that Paddy speaks of, among the Irish brains has become very effectual.  
However I refrain from saying more at present. I put my foot upon  
Paddy's coat tail, and take my stand upon his "curiosities in science."  
What are these?—Yours faithfully, SAXON.

Maresfield Jan. 22, 1866.

To the Editor of the "East Sussex News."

Sir:— So a "Saxon" has dared to put his foot upon my coat. I like  
him the more for that—it shows some pluck. He wants to draw me out,  
does he? Here I am, and the first hit I give him is on his organ of  
conscientiousness, for misquotation of my words. I said, "We welcome  
the Davenportes as curiosities in science, but not as conjurors or im-  
postors." He perverts my meaning thus, "They are neither spiritual  
mediums, conjurors, or impostors." I did not use the words "spiritual  
mediums" at all. Had I done so, I would be prejudging a matter not  
fully examined, (that's one for him—let him get up, come on again, and  
quote honestly next time). I blame the stout for goggling his eyes, and  
this confuses my clumsy scrawl, for my poor fingers are more used to

handle the blackthorn than the pen. If "the drain has been effectual on my brains" it has clarified them. The Saxon "flatters himself he can hit as hard as Paddy," truly he does flatter himself, for in his letter there is not one blow, but a mere footty attempt.

We have seen the Davenports for twelve nights in Dublin, and watched them closely. "Saxon" takes his stand on my words "curiosities in science." I now say "wonders" in science. Not all the knots of conjurers, nor eyes of sharp enquirers, could detect anything to warrant us in doubting they were passive agents to some power not yet understood. I will even go further, and say they are "demonstrators" of this mysterious science; and if he ventures to grip that word let him take the consequences. Curiosities was the exact term, having seen them only a few times—conviction of the genuineness of the men now warrants the strongest testimony.

As yet all the intelligence of London and provinces has failed to "detect the trick." As well might they look for napping among the Paddy's, agreement with theologians, or birds nest's in Father Finnigan's beard. Good man, he always shaves close. How often after vespers we sat down in the little back, parlour, and when he called for hot water to shave himself, somehow the smell of whisky punch got into the room, and 'twas then he gave me any bits of knowledge of this wicked world that I may have. Shame on the gentry mobs of Liverpool and Leeds who smashed the Davenports' cabinet to discover the machinery not there. English bulls are always bigger than Irish ones (that's another for Saxon! We poor Irish looked upon it with scrutiny and wonder, and felt ourselves humbled at our ignorance of the nature of these facts. Och hone! wirristrue' that the intolerant spirit that smashed Galileo's telescope because it revealed world's beyond the eyesight of the ignorant crowd, should show itself in these days, and happy am I to think it has not been in on my side the channel (hit him again!)

Away then with too knowing scepticism, and over-nice incredulity; rather would I believe in all the fairies and goblins of the glen and mountain, than deny what only my senses reveal. Faith is above sight and though it may have its abuses, still it is the very doorway of truth; and is infinitely above that grubbish sordid taste for the present, which believes only in cogged wheels, steam power and bank notes.

Your valuable space, sir, is too precious to be occupied further on this occasion, than by hitting the few points presented by your correspondent; so let him take breath, rub a little mesmerism on any sore spot, stand up again, and if the Davenport knots made no impression on his mind, perhaps the knots of my blackthorn may abraise his cuticle a little, and if in condition I will be glad to see him next week.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

PADDY MURPHY.

To the Editor of the "East Sussex News."

DEAR SIR,—Where was the "Saxon" last week? While the dust of his shoe is on my coat I'll seek him, and if I find him out I'll take the dust out of his jacket, just to show him I am not napping. I hope I didn't hit too hard in the last round; indeed, I was only trying my man, and, perhaps, the flavour of my argumentative cudgel gave him some idea of the consequences of meeting me again. I still say that the Davenports are not merely "curiosities in science," but *wonderful demonstrators of a new truth we know nothing about*. This is the point for him to grip, or any other he likes, and if he does not choose to follow up the fight he so readily entered just let him say so, and confess he was not wide awake, and as I hope for absolution from Father Finegan I'll forgive him his offence to the intelligence of my countrymen. So let the "Saxon" clean his dust from my frizze, give me his hand and say he made a slip, and all's right; but if not, and you, sir, allow me the fair play-ground of your columns, I'll thrash him, or any three others who decide adversely to the Davenports, or insinuate the Irish are sleepy-headed. As for yourself, Mr. Editor, I owe you all the compliments of a good backer, and if you should cross the channel you'll find a seat and a welcome in the cabin of your obliged and humble neighbour,

PADDY MURPHY.

[No communication has reached us from "Saxon." He seems to be "backing out."—Ed.]

### ILLUSIONS.

IN this kingdom of illusions we grope eagerly for stays and foundations. There is none but a strict and faithful dealing at home, a severe barring out of all duplicity or illusion there. Whatever games are played with us, we must play no games with ourselves, but deal in privacy with the last honesty and truth. I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty, as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.

I prefer to be owned as sound and solvent, and my word as good as my bond, and to be what cannot be skipped, or dissipated or undermined, to all the eclat in the universe. This reality is the foundation of friendship, religion, poetry and art. At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearance in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.

EMERSON.

The Soiree given to Mr. J. H. Powell came off most harmoniously on Thursday evening. We hope to give a report of the proceedings in our next issue.

### POEM

(Impromptu),

On the important occasion of presenting

### A HORN!

To the BROTHERS DAVENPORT and Mr. FAY, (the former one being battered into disuse), by Iver MacDonnell, of Dublin, while on a lecturing excursion in Belfast, as Deputy for ROBERT COOPER, Esq., whose engagement in a Sothern transaction took him away from his Northern journey, February 24th, 1866.

DEAR stranger friends, accept this Horn

To pay my friendship's debt;

I give it that it may adorn

Your wondrous cabinet.

Long may its striking facts prove full

What sceptics won't admit;

And may it ever reach the fool,

To make its greatest hit.

Go on brave trio, fight your part

Before the opposing world,

Remember that the soldier's heart

Lies in his flag unfurled.

So you your banner high shall raise.

And lead Truth's valiant few,

To win the glory and the praise

Of Champions brave and true.

Remember you are Pioneers

In a most glorious cause;

The very name of which Man fears,

Its power his folly awes.

Dash to the dust material views,

Cry loud that man ne'er dies;

And then ere long the joyful news

Will spread beneath the skies.

Take from poor Ireland's humble son,

A wish that you'll succeed;

And when your useful life is done

We'll meet again indeed.

And thus we'll smile at all the past,

And still press upward high;

High aims, high thoughts, unto the last,

Excelsior! be our cry.

Then Davenports, I say, God speed,

And may your name be read,

Through Nations where the mind is free,

And never be FAY-DEAD.

May William join with Ira strong,

And soon change toil for sport;

Like storm-tossed Mariners who long

Their bark they'd 'AVE-IN-PORT.

13, Anglesea-street, Dublin.

### ACTIVITY OF THE SOUL.

THE intellectual heart (the spirit and soul of man), is not only the fountain of action and motion, but the most active and most rapidly moving thing in the world. This heart is always beating; the pulses of it never rest; thought rises upon thought, and desire succeeds desire. The motion is perpetual, constant, and vehement; so vehement, that the swiftest bodily motion, no not that of the starry orb, is comparable to it; so vehement, that it cannot be discerned or numbered, and comes nearer to a rest than a motion, as the swiftest turnings round of a globe look like standing still. Now what a dangerous thing is such a motion as this, if not rightly determined! Of what vast heights in goodness is it capable! And to what vast heights of wickedness may it rise, if not well governed! There is, therefore great necessity that this heart of man should be kept with all diligence, and that it should be kept pure and undefiled.

NORRIS.

E'en here congenial spirits still

Entwine in friendship's bond,

But purer love our hearts shall feel

In brighter realms beyond.

Oh hope! that cheers the sadden'd heart

Descend on us we pray;

And when with cherished friends we part

Chase all our fears away.

MARCIA.

**THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS** and Mr **FAY**, having made a successful tour in Ireland and Scotland, will give a series of *séances*, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, commencing Monday, April 2. An introductory address will be delivered by Mr. R. Cooper. Admission to the Cabinet *séance*, 3s. and 2s. Dark *séance* Tickets 5s. To commence a Eight o'clock.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

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

**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.

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

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This book has been favourably noticed in various London and Provincial Journals. The Spiritualism is taken chiefly from the first volume of Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," Sold by Arthur Hall, 23, Paternoster-row, London.

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**TO THE TRADE.**—The *Spiritual Times* is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, at the *Spiritual Times* Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st. and by F. FARRAH, 282, Strand

**COMPLAINTS** have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 8s. 8d. per quarter.

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