

THE

SPRITUAL TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

MISS HARDINGE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

We heard, on Saturday last, at St. James's Hall, Miss Emma Hardinge deliver her first public oration. The subject, "America," was one which necessarily set politicians speculating in anticipation as to the position Miss Hardinge would take. It was well known that she had worked hard in favour of the Union party, and had in no inconsiderable a degree contributed to the re-election of President Lincoln in 1864. Doubtless there were hundreds who listened to Miss Hardinge on Saturday whose predilections were Southern as well as hundreds whose predilections were Northern. Hence the mere choice of the subject for the afternoon was necessarily attendant with circumstances of an exciting character. Snow had fallen heavily, and had thawed, frozen, and again thawed. The day was one the most uninviting that could be imagined—such a day as to make the timid tremble at the consequences if they ventured out; but in spite of the melancholic dreariness of the weather, out came hundreds of both sexes, some from very long distances, to hear Emma Hardinge. St. James's Hall was nearly full of eager listeners, and amongst them we sat not the least interested.

Besides the interest which an oratress, famed, like Miss Hardinge is, for eloquence of style and concentrated force of expression, would necessarily excite in us the fact that she is a Spiritualist, and one, moreover, who has devoted the last ten years of her life to spiritualist-themes, and that she is renowned through all America, and even in England, as a spiritual medium, could not fail to excite in more than ordinary interest. Accordingly we listened with marked attention to the oratress as she opened her budget of information and figures, and ever and anon broke into eloquence or pathos, and called forth the hearty cheers of the audience. During the entire oration not one word which could bear the interpretation of partizanship fell from the lady's lips; therefore, there was nothing to excite dissatisfaction in the mind of the most captious Southerner, unless he would say that all the stories of heroism related by Miss Hardinge were Northern.

Nothing was said on Saturday of Spiritualism, but much was said that to a Spiritualist, would convey the thought that the spiritual idea was not lost sight of, in fact, that it was the ruling idea of the entire oration. Instance the lady's references to Columbus and the "higher law," the work of inspiration.

Miss Hardinge has a strong, full-toned voice; she gives, apparently without effort, full compass to every word she utters. The oration itself gave us the idea of the most careful study; her gestures especially in pathos were

finely and beautifully expressed; once or twice her whole self seemed so lost to the scenes she was describing, that all idea of mechanical skill was lost to us, and we felt the supremacy of her powers. The peroration on "Civilization," which closed an oration which lasted nearly two hours, had one fault—it was too long; but it was a marvellous "thing of beauty," nevertheless, and failed not to elicit the continued cheers of the audience.

Miss Hardinge has evidently had all essential advantages for the cultivation of her wondrous powers. She has, doubtless, started well, having been educated for the stage. Her memory—her elocutionary powers—her deep sincerity—her masterly command of her theme—all are such as to make her success on the platform, as regards her power over her auditors, certain. We must not forget the strong prejudice nursed in this country against women appearing on the rostrum, and we feel, therefore, that Miss Hardinge from that fact alone should receive the sympathy and support of every true social reformer.

THE DAVENPORTS IN DUBLIN.

Go where they may the conjurers will make their boasts of having "exposed" the Brothers Davenport. Dr. Lynn, a conjuror, now performing in Dublin, has played upon the old pipe of "exposure," but without much effect. The following from the Brothers Davenport appeared in the *Irish Times*:—

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT AND DR. LYNN.

To the Editor of the *Irish Times*.

SIR.—We notice in your issue of this morning a letter from Dr. Lynn in which he states he exposed us in New York. We have simply to pledge our honour to the people of Dublin that we never heard of Dr. Lynn till we came to this city. Our object in visiting Dublin is not to hold controversies with conjurers, but to present facts to the public.—Yours, &c.,

BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

Queen's Arms Hotel, Jan. 10.

The mediums are now before the public and have been well received. They opened on Thursday week, at the request of many friends. The *Dublin Advertising Gazette* says—

Popular delusions have been at all times considered remarkable, and one of the most singular of that class is the perfect faith with which the gross misrepresentation of the Brothers Davenport have been received. The English press stated that these gentlemen were nothing but 'indifferent conjurers' and that their *séances* were totally devoid of the smallest element of wonder. Such statements we have no hesitation in branding as being without the smallest foundation of truth.

We should hope with the papers so favourable, that the mediums will have no cause to regret their visit to Dublin.

The following sensible letter appeared in the *Irish Times* of January 11th—

To the Editor of the "Irish Times."

SIR.—The question—What is your opinion of the Davenport Brothers? has been so frequently put to me, during last week, that I shall feel obliged for a small space in your valuable paper to reply.

I have now witnessed their exhibitions three times, once in London, in November, 1864 and twice at the Queen's Arms Hotel, in Sackville-street. On each occasion I have minutely inspected the cabinet, and am convinced that there is neither trap, spring, wire, nor any of the usual appliances made use of in illusory exhibitions. It is also totally impossible that there can be any confederacy or communications from without with the Davenports, when in the cabinet. The extraordinary rapidity with which the hands are often shown, before even the closing of the centre door, is one of the most remarkable parts of the exhibition, and, as the Brothers alone are in the cabinet, there is not any means of accounting for the appearance of these hands, especially as they are of different sizes, some being those of children, while others are evidently those of adults.

During the dark *séance* the motion of the musical instruments through the air is most astonishing. This could not be accomplished either by strings, wires, or any other mechanical contrivance, and I may mention that, while witnessing this part of the exhibition in London, some person suddenly lighted a wax match, hoping to discover the trick, but instead of making any discovery, the Messrs. Davenport and Fay were seen tightly bound in their chairs and the musical instruments were falling to the ground.

Many professors of conjuring and legerdemain have attempted to get up imitations of these extraordinary phenomena, but have all failed in producing anything but a caricature of the Davenport manifestations. Many of these professors have gone to great expense, and have thrown their energies and ingenuity into the production of an imitation, but without success.

The uproar created, and the bad treatment received by the Davenports in various towns in England, is no proof whatever that the Davenports are either conjurors or cheats.

Viewing all these matters, I have come to the conclusion that these phenomena are of a most extraordinary character, that they cannot be produced by any mechanical or physical means, and consequently that the Davenports possess a power which we do not understand.

In looking over an article on the occult sciences from the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," I see evidences of phenomena analogous to those exhibited by the Brothers.

I may also say that in reading over some of the sworn testimony given in the witchcraft trials in times gone by, I see glimmerings of the same.

No thinking mind can do otherwise than view these phenomena with interest; however extraordinary, however ridiculous, or contrary to our usual ideas they may be, it is no proof that the manifestations do not present themselves, or are the tricks of jugglers. — Yours very faithfully, JAMES ROBINSON.

Polytechnic Museum, 65, Grafton-street.

Thus the affair goes on, and we are much mistaken if many, very many of the Irish people do not find themselves resting on the broad, unyielding ground of Spiritualism, owing to the manifestations of the Davenports and Mr. Fay. Is it not strange that a few musical instruments and a trumpet and bell should be necessary to bring conviction of spirit-presence and power to the mind of the enlightened sceptic?

The *Daily Express* of Monday, speaking of one of the public *séances*, says:—

On the whole, nothing has tended to excite such a strange interest in Dublin for a long time as the unaccountable manifestations of these strangers, and those who visit their *salon* will be amply rewarded by witnessing their performances for any inconvenience they may be subjected to by their visit.

A gentleman named Mowatt has written to the *Irish Times*, pronouncing the Davenport and Fay *séances* "bungling," and attempting, in a very bungling manner, to explain the *modus operandi* of the whole thing. The following letters will give our readers a good idea of the way in which Mr. Mowatt has been met:—

To the Editor of the "Irish Times."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In one of the letters which appeared in your impression of yesterday, occur (if I read the document aright), the expressions "clumsy," "coarse," and "bungling," as applied to what is done during the *séances* of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay. A very close scrutiny, exercised upon three occasions—twice in a comparatively small apartment at the Queen's Arms Hotel, and subsequently on the evening of Thursday last, in the dining-room of the Antient Concert Society—have led me to quite an opposite conclusion. The agents pro-

ducing the very curious results then witnessed, left, at all events, no "botches in the work," although "rubs" there certainly were, when ropes were whisked about, cheeks very audibly patted, and knees and heads touched by phosphorically illuminated guitars.

From the days of the renowned Alexandre, upon whose tricks I gazed in boyish wonder, down to those of Anderson, Colonel Stodare, and other *magnètes thématurgie* I have seen many astonishing feats performed, some through ingenious mechanical contrivance, and others by sleight of hand brought to exquisite perfection, and I deem it but fair to say that whatever the method adopted to arrive at the results produced at the *séances*, which are now being held in this city, I could detect no evidence whatever of clumsiness, or bungling; but that, on the contrary there was not any discernible trace of imperfection attaching to the *modus operandi*.

Whatever theories may be put forward in explanation of the manner in which these strange things are done, several gentlemen, who may fairly be considered as well qualified to judge from observation as the writer of the letter to which I refer, have concurred in opinion with me that the finish and rapidity with which all is effected, during both the cabinet and the dark *séances*, are not the least remarkable features in what I have no hesitation in pronouncing the most extraordinary performance which I have ever witnessed. — I remain, dear Mr. Editor, very truly yours, CHARLES EDWARD TISDALL.

17, Temple-street Upper, January 12, 1866.

To the Editor of the "Irish Times."

SIR.—The letter of your correspondent, Mr. J. A. Mowatt, in to-day's "Irish Times," is so illogical and opposed to facts as to be hardly worthy a lengthened reply, but as it may serve to bamboozle persons who have not seen the Davenport exhibition, I propose, with your permission, to allude briefly to a few of the principal points. The letter of Mr. Robinson, the day before, appears to me, in itself, a sufficient answer to it. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that if Mr. Mowatt had seen Mr. Robinson's letter earlier, it would have prevented him writing his long and incongruous letter.

Mr. Mowatt is quite right with regard to what I said respecting the evidence of a great number of hands being at work at the same time in the cabinet, and also what I intended to convey by it, that there was an agency in operation independent of the Davenports. This is precisely our position, and we further say that, in our estimation, there are natural phenomena, darkness being a necessary condition for their production and not a shield for fraud; and it is only to prove that the Davenports are passive agents, in fact to render them so, that the binding process is resorted to. Last night, I may observe, Mr. Fay was held hand and foot by Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Wilson (two gentlemen unknown to us, but who, we believe, are well known in Dublin), and the usual results followed. The Messrs. Davenport and myself, were duly taken care of at the time. This can be certified to by nearly a hundred people.

Mr. Mowatt attempts to account for the flying of the instruments as follows:—"The places of their feet were marked, it is true, but they do not need to move their feet. They only require to free their hands, when they can stand erect, and with their hands they can pass round the violins 'in the air,' as it is called by them, for the violins never leave within the reach of their hands until they are caught. The whole motion of these instruments is quite simple; it is done on the same principle as balls and knives are thrown up in a circus, the only difference being that the violins are thrown horizontally, from one arm to the other." Hear what Mr. Robinson says on this subject:—"During the dark *séances* the motion of the musical instruments is most astonishing. This could not be accomplished either by strings, wires, or any other mechanical contrivance." With regard to Mr. Mowatt's statement, that "the instruments never leave within the reach of the hands until they are caught," I have only to observe that anyone who has been present at a dark *séance* will readily contradict this, for the instruments, when illuminated, are seen very often near the ceiling, far beyond the reach of the hands, and sounding during the whole time. Mr. Mowatt would have the public believe that Mr. Fay and Mr. Davenport see themselves from the ropes; and then, without moving a hair's breadth, play at catch-ball with the violins, as he calls the guitars. This is manifestly absurd, and is about as ridiculous an explanation as that of the gentleman who said they took off their boots and left them on the paper. Truly, there is no credulity like incredulity! "Only grant the hypothesis that they can take their hands out of and run them again into the ropes, and all that follow are the merest coarse, bungling tricks," says Mr. Mowatt. This is what we will not grant, without more proof than he brings forward. Let him bring forward the gentleman in this city who can get out of any ropes with which they are tied, and let us have the management of the tying, and we will engage to tie them up in two or three minutes in a manner that will take them as many days to undo, the ropes to be the same as the Davenports use.

Mr. Mowatt admits the appearance of five hands, and does not contradict my assertion that there was evidence of as many as eight within the cabinet; and how does he account for the effects taking place when each hand of the brothers is filled with flour? This, surely, must add to the difficulty, and is a feat never even attempted by conjurors.

With regard to the appearance of the five hands Mr. Mowatt, of course, may say that the Brothers have five hands, and with just as much consistency as there is in the bare assertions and sweeping assertions, unsupported by the least particle of evidence, or even attempt at explanation. For instance, he says, "Mr. Fay slips his hands," &c. Now, it is one thing to say Mr. Fay slips his hands, and another to show how he can do so when tied in a manner precluding the possibility of it. Again, it is consistent with reason to believe that Mr. Fay would call for a light before he had got the coat on and his hands into the ropes? I leave the public to judge whether, if Mr. Fay were playing a trick, he would expose himself, as Mr. Mowatt asserts. First he calls the thing a bungling lot of tricks, and then, with his characteristic inconsistency, says they are very cleverly executed. But enough. I have only to remark that in your account of last night's *séance* you say, "Mr. Cooper's coat was

taken off." It should have been Mr. Fay's. I have never been the subject of this extraordinary operation, and have not the slightest idea of how it is effected, neither do I think Mr. Fay has. However, I still assert it to be the greatest marvel this century has witnessed. Last evening Mr. Davenport's vest was taken from under his coat, buttoned as it was the moment before on his person. This I had never witnessed before.—I remain, &c.,

ROBERT COOPER,
Representative of the Davenport Brothers.

Queen's Arms Hotel, January 12.

There is also a letter in the *Irish Times* of another date from an "Illusionist" named Norman, who signs himself "Wizard of all Wizards" and Proprietor of "Marionettes," pronouncing most of the Davenport manifestations past his "finding out," and challenging Dr. Lynn to produce them if he can, and, at any rate, to study the useful motto, "Live and let live." So we find another illusionist honest enough to declare the truth.

MISS COGMAN.

This young lady, we are happy to say, still improves in her mediumship. She gave us a sitting at her house on Tuesday, when we were favoured with several trance discourses full of good teaching. The table, a long four-legged one, moved about freely, and there were an abundance of distinct knockings heard in the table. Miss Cogman, under influence, is a powerful magnetiser, and we feel certain that our first impressions of her were just. We think she should be encouraged and brought into the society of the best mediums.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS AT THE MARSHALLS.

We accompanied Jessie and Mrs. Lacy to Mrs. Marshall's on Saturday, and met there a lady, Mrs. B—, who has lately been developing remarkable mediumistic power. She has produced some curious drawings. We no sooner sat round the table, a large one, than it moved and tilted without human contact, owing, probably, to the addition of medium power of this lady. After a brief rest, Jessie was entranced, and uttered the following prayer:—

Father, Thou that did'st fill with inspiration Thy servants of old—Thou that did'st give them much strength, much power, much faith, much love, much hope, much clarity—may that same power spring forth abundantly, may that same inspiration descend to the children of this earth. May all hindrances be trodden under their feet, that the light may break through the dark places of the earth. Thou hast said, "Ask, and it shall be given." May these Thy children ask. Oh! may the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit dwell richly in Their hearts. May they go forth. May they put their hand to the plough, and may Thy grace push it forth. Bestow upon each one the abundance of Thy love, protect them, that they fall not into danger; and may their meeting be one that shall be registered.

Mrs. Lacy was then entranced, and delivered a brief address. Then followed a grotesque dance, in which the two entranced mediums took part. It appeared to us as though two Indian spirits had possessed Mrs. Lacy and Jessie. The dancing was not only ludicrously grotesque, but it was peculiarly wildly graceful. During the whole time the dance was on, Mrs. B— and Mrs. Marshall were made to beat time on the table as they held each other's hand. The power which was manifested in this wild dance was such as to assure anyone that the mediums could not of themselves maintain their equilibrium. The spirits assembled were evidently disposed to make all mirthful, and probably had a good object in view in so doing. They insisted on us getting upon the table, and rocked us about in a marvelous manner, without the table being touched by any person present; and eventually threw us over into the lap of Mr. Champenoigne, who formed one of the party.

We have since had a second *seance* at the Marshalls', at which strong evidences of physical power were given. Jessie was moved about on her chair, and several times pulled off her chair partly under the table. Mrs. Marshall's dress was several times vigorously pulled, so was Jessie's. We were permitted to test the power applied, and can speak authoritatively as to the force being very great, and evidently the work of a spirit-hand. Jessie received a communication from the alleged spirit of her mother, through the hand of Mrs. Marshall, which she recognizes as a *fac simile* of her mother's handwriting.

We never go to Mrs. Marshall's without receiving more and still more evidence of her wonderful mediumistic powers, and we can confidently recommend all who would have knowledge of the marvels of physical and mental mediumship to pay her a visit. During the past three months Mr. Marshall, through the aid of Mrs. B—, has gained power as a drawing-

medium. He had little or no knowledge of drawing when the power took possession of him. The various drawings and paintings he has since produced are curiosities for the artist. They are none of them executed with complete finish, it is true; but their merit consists in the idea which the invisible artists have conveyed.

We are glad to find that the interest in the Marshall manifestations is unabated. They have been good pioneers in the work of Spiritualism in England, and deserve all encouragement.

INSPIRATION.

Come, Inspiration! from thy radiant spheres,
And give my spirit wings to soar
Above the earth's dissolving "vale of tears"
Where angels gather evermore!

My soul is burden'd with its weight of clay,
Its lyre-strings wake no chord to day,
Oh, Inspiration! come, I pray,—
Through earth's dull clay-walls bear my soul away!

Come, Inspiration! set my life aglow
With Song's ecstatic strains of Love.
I look around on earth's thick clouds and snow,
And miss the sun from meadow and from grove.

Is there no spirit free from clogging clay,
No Poet of an olden day,
Will touch my lyre-strings and essay,
To bring Elysian to my soul without delay?

The tried earth teaches solemn truths I ween,
Mid sun and shade the Preacher cries—
This world is but a brief—a passing scene,
The prelude to Man's Paradise.

Come, Inspiration! with thy magic sway!
Bear me in Song to Heaven, I pray,
Break through the stubborn walls of clay
And quickly chase all discord and dismay!

January 16, 1866.

J. H. POWELL.

MR. HOME.

Our readers will be much interested to learn that Mr. Daniel D. Home, who is at present in London, is about to deliver a public lecture on Spiritualism, to be followed, on other occasions, by some poetical readings. Mr. Home has won for himself considerable fame in America as a reader; and we doubt not but that his numerous friends will gladly rally to hear both his lecture and readings.

LYCEUM SEANCE.

Mrs. Lacy's *seance*, on Wednesday, was numerously attended. The medium gave several clairvoyante delineations of character, the majority of which were pronounced correct. One gentleman, a Mr. C—, was told that a certain gentleman whose height and complexion were described, was standing over him, holding a paper for him to sign. Besides this, several marked characteristics of the gentleman, Mr. C—, was told him. He confessed that only lately a person, bearing a comportment similar to the one described by Mrs. Lacy, had tried to persuade him to sign a paper to the tune of 3,000*l.*; and added that most that she had said respecting his career in business was true.

MR. WALLACE'S SEANCES.

Mr. WALLACE still continues his sittings on Friday evenings at the Lyceum. The persistence with which he maintains his position, under many disadvantageous circumstances, is highly creditable to him. He is an old and useful worker amongst our mediums. We would recommend those who have not paid him a visit to do so. Whilst we run after the moon-mediums, let us not forget the star mediums.

LYCEUM DISCOURSES—Mr. J. H. Powell gave a discourse on "Death" on Sunday evening last at the Spiritual Lyceum. Next Sunday the concluding discourse of the series will be delivered in the same place; subject, "Immortality."

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.

The December number contains an address delivered by one of the ablest and most eloquent men in the land, Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, a member of the Order, at the public celebration on the occasion and the re-assembling of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, last month, which is worthy the thoughtful perusal of every man in or out of the Order. —BANNER OF LIGHT.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.*

By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

We hold, first, that the universe is the product of Divine Intelligence—perfect in attributes, harmonious in parts and purposes, and essentially unchangeable.

We hold, secondly, that the human mind is a finite embodiment of the Infinite; and that, by much and diligent searching, man can perceive and comprehend much of nature and the operations of the Infinite.

Such comprehension is wisdom. It differs from knowledge as much as substance differs from shadow. Wisdom is akin to the intelligence that lives in the life of things; while knowledge recognizes the shape, locality, colour, and uses of things, without discerning their ultimate purpose and divine significance. Knowledge is external; wisdom, is internal. The intellectual faculties delight in the perception and comprehension of "things," while the inmost parts of the mind, its spirit's intuitions, delight in the fellowship and infinite deep and eternal "principles."

Now, the question arises, what is true Education? It consists, we reply, in wisdom. But it is true, also, that no man's education is "complete" unless his mind is stored with facts, with knowledge of things, as part of the principles that constitute wisdom.

Memory is an essential of knowledge, as a house is necessary to furniture, or as canvas to the lights and shadows of a picture. Without memory—which is a "recording angel" in the mind's sanctuary—ordinary intelligence is impossible. As the world goes, the tact of memory is paramount to the talent of large reasoning powers. The man of tact is successful in ordinary worldly enterprises, while the man of talent alone will fail; but the latter is victorious in parts and places where the former is defeated and despairing.

Inasmuch as memory is an essential to the acquisition of and progression in knowledge, and inasmuch as knowledge of things is more valuable and in greatest demand as the world is now constituted, so we observe that all popular "systems of education" are based on the faculty of memory, as though the sum and essentials of a man's mind consisted in what his senses can grasp and his memory retain!

If man's mental organization were a casket merely—a vessel for containing ethereal impressions—then there would be matchless wisdom in the plan of education adopted in the public and other schools of the day. The possibilities of growth in spirit, independent of memory, are now universally discarded. Hence, the popular institutions of "learning" are, for the most part, under the control of mechanically-minded men—men who plod and plod like dray horses through a muddy road, in the vain endeavour to "educate" the young under their charge in the evil and crooked ways of memory.

We, the friends of the Harmonical Philosophy, start upon a wholly different plan. While we admit the value of a "practical education" the facts and the uses of things, and although we perceive and avail ourselves of the "benefits" of knowledge to be derived from the study of books and of external Nature, yet we start with a great, deep infinite conviction, congenial to whatever is deathless in the human soul, that it is our duty, as much as it is our glorious privilege, to know the heart of things to unfold in that Wisdom which can discern

"—The promise of to-morrow,
And feel the wondrous beauty of to-day;"

which comprehendeth the lengthening sweep of immutable principles in the universe of matter and mind; and which, seeing beyond the material night of immaterial shadows, and beyond the enveloping clouds of a seemingly engulfing fate, calmly planteth its feet upon the life-laws of the Divine Intelligence, and steadily advanceth through the "ways of pleasantness" and walketh harmoniously in the "paths of peace."

Memory, at best, holds but the reflections of shadows. The spirit, which is the greatest immortal Man, is compounded of the life-essences of the perfect Soul, which in common language, is called "God."

All true education, therefore, is unfoldment. The inner life unrolls, flower-like, beneath the sun of intellect. Inductively we begin with the mind of the young, begin with the physical senses as the natural method of reaching and developing the inner life. Henceforth the method is deductive (*i. e.*, intuitive and feminine) from the heart, outwardly. Both methods are finally harmonized, and thus the mind of youth is balanced—first, by the acquisition of knowledge *inductively* from without inwardly, which depends on memory for its permanency and value; and secondly, by the development of wisdom *deductively* from within, in accordance with the life-laws of the Divine Intelligence.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is such an institution. Its methods are, primarily, in the realm of external and physical

* Delivered to the Spiritualists of St. Louis, on the occasion of the inauguration of a Children's Lyceum.

exercises and attractions. The attractiveness of a thing to a child consists in its physical properties and attributes. The sound of music, the colour of bodies, the plumage of birds, the taste of fruit and other food, the smell of flowers. It would be folly to attempt to interest either children or adults in unbecomingly beautiful things. Dry, indeed, is the path of "learning" to most children. Consequently the world, all civilized society, is filled with persons of little book-knowledge—persons whose early years were spent in activities out of the school house—with "education neglected," simply because the school house, under the jurisdiction of the mechanical and arbitrary schoolmaster, was a place of unnatural confinement to both mind and body, as dreadful to little children as is the temple of error to the angels of God.

The mind does not more need does not more imperatively demand—education at first than the body. The body and its senses first call loudest for true education. The baby-heart is wiser than the "learned" college professor. It calls unto God in the midst of "the garden." The eternal Father and Mother whisper, saying, "Beloved! the singing birds, the streams with their many voices, the trees of sweetest fruit, the flowers of finest fragrance; behold these, my child, and go forth out of the cradle and out of the house—go on the full run away from the steady step of thy father and mother; scamp r from the schoolmaster who teacheth under the tree of evil; run, skip, sing, be as happy as thou art tree in the fields of nature, which are boundlessly expanded in the universe without thee."

Hearing and heeding this Divine voice, thousands of children "play truant" when sent to the wrongly-constituted school. They will deceive their "doting parents"; will tell a big story to escape detection; will play the hypocrite to perfection—all to obey the voice of God, which is stronger in the bone and blood of a child than is the fear of parents or the lash of the whipping professor of learning. Children will, like adults, go without asking to places attractive to them, which may be most in accordance with their physical and sensuous necessities; and it is the climax of philosophical absurdity, as it is the stupidest exercise of parental authority, to set up barriers against the Divine law that impels to such a course. Instead of quarrelling with your children for playing truant, better reconstruct your systems of education, and begin with the young as Nature begins with them—in the realm of the senses, with their bodies gradually reaching their affections and inmost life.

Congratulate yourselves, Spiritualists of St. Louis! Open your hearts to utterance of grateful thanks, because the inhabitants of the Summer-Land have reached forth their strong arms to sustain you in the effort to inaugurate a more just, rational and attractive school for the culture and perfection of the young in your midst. The Children's Lyceum is *progressive*, in every true sense of the word. It begins with the senses and deepens inwardly to the soul. It begins with the perceptions of the head and continues into the intuitions of the heart. It begins with amusement and ends with the unfoldment of wisdom. It gains access to the dweller within the temple by kindly and beautiful offices performed in love at the outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges with significant colours, corresponding to the colour of the station target for each group, will be worn by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious stones, all visible things, have colours or badges significant of their places and purposes in nature.)

The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may read," and, without constraint, all may acquire habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the freedom of truth, and make progress in whatsoever by Christianity and by good people is generally deemed wise, good and effective unto salvation from error and other sources of misery to mankind.

THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUALISM.

I do not believe in the "King of Terrors," called Death. I believe that when my heart and flesh shall fail, and my mortality shall be laid in the tomb, that I shall only "die"—

"As sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven!"

Well knowing, and being quite certain about these good things, this religion of life eternal, I am anxious in my heart that the whole world should not only share in my belief, but in the blessings which it brings, and to that end I am here to-day to take a part in this great work. Our opponents, or rather the opponents of Spiritualism, treat our mediums as conjurers, and proclaim to the world that we are students of a "black art." Can that art be black, which cheers the human soul with incontestable manifestations and proofs of its immortality? Can that profession be black, which teaches me that my happiness and progression in the summer land hereafter, depends entirely upon

my usefulness, truthfulness, and purity here!—that in proportion as I am less sensual, less envious, less gluttonous, less earthly here, I shall be more spiritual, more lovely and loving, more divine and heavenly there? Is it to be called a black business which aims at the formation of a great spiritual association of practical philanthropists? Let our opponents answer, for such are the motives for our assembling here to-day. Let the world know unmistakably what Spiritualism teaches. It teaches that man should fear none but God—and perfect love casteth out fear—that we should, bravely and sincerely, bear our testimony to the glorious truths that have been revealed to us, even at the risk of our personal safety. Fear not them who can kill the body, but flee from what would soil or endanger the happiness of your soul's future; and let our constant prayer to God Almighty be that He, in His great goodness, may be pleased to guide our immortal spirits in the way of all truth. Amen.—From Dr. McLeod's speech at the Darlington Convention."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

TRYING THE SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—I have heard from your own lips that it was your desire to admit into your columns the arguments, &c., of the adversaries of "Spiritualism," as well as the assertions of its converts. It is a wise resolve. If there were danger of men eating meat affected by rinderpest, there is no doubt they would fully inquire into the matter, and would as lief, perhaps more eagerly, listen to the reasons advanced by cattle doctors or eminent scientific men, who asserted the existence of the disease in the particular meat they were about to purchase, as to the statements of those who advocated the contrary theory. How much more should we examine into a moral disease—or which some assert to be such—which might affect our minds and future welfare? Good persons and clever ones assert unhesitatingly that spirits communicate with men in these days, and that they are convinced such spirits are good; one reason for their belief being that such spirits have given good advice. Others, equally clever, eminent, and honest, state their distinct belief that such agencies are at work, and act and communicate as the Spiritualists say, but that such communications are of the *Devil*. Again, to revert to my illustration. If I heard such contradictory opinions with regard to an article I was about to eat, you may rest assured, Mr. Editor, that I should turn that article over in my hands, and before my eyes, and the arguments over before my mind. Would anyone, therefore, except the most thoughtless, accept, at once, as a rule of faith, and without due inquiry, that concerning which diametrically opposite opinions were expressed?

I had heard such contradictory opinions uttered. I had met with men who asserted that spirits had communicated to them things which they themselves alone knew, had personated or represented themselves to be the spirits of dead parents, dead children; and I found that these men, acting with simple faith, had at once taken it for granted that these communications proceeded really from the deceased relative which the spirit—in a lie or in truth—had asserted itself to be. I saw that the credulity—or, if you like, call it reason—of these good and easy people was so easily acted upon that this possibility never occurred to them. A spirit that can so communicate with man, it is reasonable to suppose, is cognizant of the life and actions—I may add, considering the nature of the spirit, as we understand it—the *thoughts* of that man. It can know his prejudices, and how he is best acted upon. If a moral man, by moral utterances, until it gets such an ascendancy over him that it can gently and imperceptibly, we will assume, insinuate into his belief dangerous things; when he may be said, in the simple and expressive old language, to be "possessed."* If too, a spirit can communicate at all with man audibly or by writing, as asserted, it can also tell lies, we must presume, and we have no guarantee whatever as to its spiritual character. It can, with the greatest ease, assert itself to be the spirit of good; of a parent, or a child; and reveal secrets. I have seen and heard people then say, "Ah, my dear child!" and act implicitly under the belief that they are then in direct communication with that dear little one who has passed to its sweet, enduring, and glorious rest. Their affections are touched, and reason is not so jealously appealed to. If it be true that in the latter days Satan shall deceive the

* A religious sect, I believe, is now established, whose tenets are so derived.

very elect, need we be surprised that these worthy people are so easily convinced? If he possess that power, cannot he, in the lying and assumed garb of a much-loved and respected relative who is dead, whisper moral sayings into their ears, in order more surely to gain their confidence and introduce his spirit into them? If so, if through the mediumship of their act, is it not likely eventually that such familiar intercourse communion, or connexion, will be injurious?

I had, as I have said, heard the origin and carrying out of "Spiritualism" (and the inverted commas will show the sense in which I use the expression) attributed to Divine agency, as also to diabolical origin and agency: I read that Mr. Maccall had spoken of Spiritualism as a fatal phantom, which has frightened men into the maddest excesses, and that it "stimulates every foul and furious lust," and I naturally approached the subject with cautious steps, resolved to employ the powers of sifting evidence which the practice of my profession had to an extent ripened, to try to ascertain, as far as my powers permitted, whether Spiritualism was for good or evil. If for good, to advocate it; if for evil, to warn against it. At present, without stating any results in the shape of thoughts or convictions of my own, I will relate a little of my experience, in order to ask two or three questions or favours for the enlightenment and guidance of myself and others. Before I do this, however, I must say that I have seen no evidence of the truth of Mr. Maccall's assertions as to lust during my short experience, except once, and if he sees this letter, and will state what his evidence is (if he can do so without injury to those he has seen "stimulated to foul and furious lusts,") I, for one shall feel obliged to him.

My introduction to Spiritualism was unexpected; my initiation into its forms, practices, and qualified beliefs quick and ample; and my powers of mediumship rapidly proved and developed. I, therefore, speak not only as a spectator and active participator in its practices and inquiries, not as the Stock Exchange gentleman was, in spite of myself—but, as an undoubted medium—which is a term not necessary to be explained to the initiated, but to be explained to the uninitiated as meaning a person or agent through whom spirits communicate to or with men. Instead of being a medium in spite of myself, I willingly accepted the office or agency, with the view of trying Spiritualism and the spirits. Men recollect a particular time, at least, wine-bibbers do—by a particular vintage, that of the year '36 to wit, and I so recollect the period when I first became a Spiritualist in the worldly sense, without knowing that I was a medium. It was in the table-turning time, some years ago, when even commercial travellers became such enthusiastic inquirers that they neglected the choicest products of the choicest (landlords') vintage, in order to make the solemn, staid mahogany on which the wine should have rested, and under which their knees ordinarily were after dinner, dance a jig. I tried the book and key test, so familiar and exciting to unmarried maidens in the days of our then pretty grandmothers. The results were so extraordinary that, whether it were actually so or not, each particular hair seemed to stand on end; and I well remember my appetite having gone when I sat down to dinner immediately afterwards. My excitement (for my impulses were stronger and more excitable then) was intense. I was full of the subject, and discharged my superabundant enthusiasm in three letters to an accredited London periodical, my communications or deductions being combated by editorials, and whether the editor was convinced or not to this day I do not know. From that time the subject did not occupy my attention. I saw your name, Mr. Editor, in connection with Spiritualism, the meaning, or, rather, use of which term in the mediumship which I saw it used, I did not then understand. I understood that it had something to do with table-turning, &c. I mentioned you some months ago (and I mention these seemingly trivial circumstances only to give the history of my spiritual experience), and you took me to see a professional or paid medium, through whom you said I should receive answers to questions. I found it to be a fact. The names of relatives unknown to you both were indicated by the tipping of a table, when the letters of the name were come to in the alphabet, and in answer to audible, to written, and to mental or thought-questions (that is, questions not conveyed audibly, or by writing or motion). I appeared to communicate with the spirit of a dead child of mine. When I reached home, in a state of excitement, I said I had been communicating with the spirit of that child. It did not seem probable, but reflection reminded me that I had read of persons who possessed the power of *reading thought*. *Could mine have been read* by men or spirits (I now know they can by them), and by that means correct answers given? These were the doings of third or other parties. Little did I think in how short a time I should be satisfied that an agency beyond and superior in knowledge and power to myself, call it spirit or what you will, would prove it through myself—that I should myself become a medium or spiritual human telegraph-wire. I saw Mrs. Powell, who is a trance-medium, entranced, and her attitude of prayer, her stating when she came to her normal condition, that her cheeks seemed to have swollen, and been

puffed up to thrice their natural size, seemed to indicate that the spirit had truly evidenced through her as to what its physical appearance was in earthly life, although she knew him not, nor anyone present. How could they, had they ever seen him, form any thought of the person I *only expected* to communicate with me?

All I had seen and heard was through other parties, not myself. At home the glass and ring test occurred to me. It was tried, and answered questions at times correctly. A lady in the house, who knew as much of Spiritualism as the paper on which I write, was a good drawing artist. As some years ago a friend—no, not a friend, that is an exotic to this world,—an acquaintance—had spoken of a lady who was a drawing medium, I asked the lady I before alluded to to place the pencil on paper,—earnestly desire it to draw, and wait the result. The result is that she has drawn things, I will not say in spite of herself, but passively on her part, that have convinced her they are not designed or carried out by mortal hands. You know, Mr. Editor, that some of them are very well done. *Here was evidence I could believe, without hesitation or doubt.*

But I must break off here until next week.

EDWIN EDDISON.

SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 10.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

It is all glory, all brightness there. Would that I could open the spirit-vision—would that I could do as I would like to do—would that conditions were more favourable! If you could but see the glory and the brightness of the beings that are here—if your spirit-sight could be so opened that you could give one glance at our beautiful spirit homes! But no; if it was necessary for you to behold the happiness of our spirit-homes, you would be dissatisfied with this earth-life. It would not do; wait a more fitting time, then shall you see. There is no distress there; all is peace, joy, happiness; such happiness that cannot even be fancied. Why do not earth's children try to make earth-life more happy? Why do not those that have more than enough help those that have not sufficient to carry them through life's journey? Are they not all brethren? It is because they do not aspire to anything beyond earth-life; they are too selfish, too worldly, too ambitious. It would not do for the high-born to stoop to the low-born of earth; they would feel contaminated. But He that went before, was He afraid of the poor and lowly-born? Did He despise those of tattered garments and worn out bodies—worn out because they could not obtain the necessities of life? Did He cast them aside, and seek for the high-born? No, He loved the poor; He despised not the beggar; He turned not a deaf ear to the suppliant cry.

He that was chosen of God—He that suffered so much and bore His cross so meekly—He, our Father's beloved Son—if He loved the poor, should these earth-children so bury themselves in their own riches, their own comforts? Should they, I say, that are not worthy to tie His shoe-strings, should they so get that He is the Father of the poor as well as the rich, and that He gave them their riches to distribute among the poor, to shield and protect the orphan, provide for the widow? I tell you it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for such.

INVOCATION.

Father, Thou who didst in the days of old rain down manna for the children of Israel, like manna pour down Thy grace on this earth, that it may be fruitful and multiply. Oh! may Thy servants increase in number and in power. May the influence of Thy Holy Spirit sink deep in their hearts. May they have strength, bodily and spiritually, to go forth conquering and to conquer. May they lead forth whole armies into this great world, and may each one have his whole armour complete. May they fight the good fight, but may they fight in love. Many step forward and draw back, because they think it is not right. Oh! Father, give unto such Thy power. May they feel Thy protection. May they feel strong, knowing that Thou art the head. May they know Thy grace is sufficient for all their weakness. Give them true courage. Give them faith, that they may depend and rest solely upon Thee. Give them hope, that their pathway may be light and beautiful. Give them charity, that they may deal with their fellow-creatures as they would wish to be dealt with.

To Mr. G.—That is a bouquet from a spirit-friend, from one who loves you.

Faith, patience. Fear not little flock; in your Father's own time all things shall be shown unto you.

Question. May we ask a question?

Spirit. Yes; it is a delight to answer anything that is in our power.

Q. Could you offer the instructions requisite for the medium's further development?

S. It will be better for her to sit with other mediums in harmony with herself. Influences that are round and about this place are uncongenial, and retard her progress. If you touch pitch it adheres to your hand, though you do not want it.

Q. The influences at the present sitting, are they congenial?

S. Yes, they are very harmonious. It would be wise to continue such sittings.

Q. Have you any prophetic knowledge relating to the medium?

S. I cannot say through her.

Q. Could you through any other medium?

S. I could influence any other medium that was in harmony with her.

Q. What spirit is it?

S. "Truth and Justice," that is my name; the name you will know me by.

Q. May we ask the sphere you are in?

S. The sixth sphere.

Q. Have you nothing to say further as to the way to improve the medium's power?

S. Loosen the ties of earth, then will her spirit soar and gain knowledge.

Q. How is that to be done?

S. You must wait events. He moves in a mysterious way, and He will work for the best. I will tell you more if I get a medium congenial to her.

Q. Could you fix a time, and give us a discourse on a given subject through this medium?

S. Not yet. We cannot work quickly; all things take time. It is a work of time. But that He has given us to do, that we must accomplish.

Q. But have you no set idea of the purpose the medium is used by you?

S. Our desire in the end is this—she has a work to perform. We are sent from Him, instruments of His. We make her, as it were, our instrument. She is destined to go forth among the people, and to pour forth these truths that are dawning upon the earth. She is to be one that is to lift the veil and show the inner temple. There is much to overcome yet, more than you can understand. We work diligently to do that work He has set us to do. She will have to fight many battles for this great Truth. She must be in a place congenial to her nature, that her aspirations may be very bright. The brighter her aspirations, the more faith she puts in the Great Ruler of all mankind; the more she will trample down prejudices.

Q. Can you advise me what I should do to place the medium in favourable conditions?

S. As I said before, remove her from these influences.

Q. Do you mean that I should give up my position?

S. Not yet. You know not what a day may bring forth, so be watchful and be ready, with your lamp trimmed. By-and-bye she will be able to speak much better. But fear not; if I do not speak to you I do not forsake you. It is my mission, with God's help, to help you. There are many clouds hovering round about which you think not of; but you need not fear, but trust. When the cloud comes and looks thick before you, heed it not, it will pass away. It is His mysterious purpose. We cannot understand, but we can yield and obey. So fear not; have Him for your Father and your guide.

Q. Can you give us a verse or two?

S. Your path may be beset with thorns,
And dark the clouds above your head;
Then trust in Him whose love ne'er wanes,
But on His bosom lay your head;
For though the clouds be black as night,
Your beacon then shall look more bright.

Any time when it is convenient to sit, ask for me. Ask Him. But never sit without prayer. Let not your heart be troubled when you feel cast down. Then go and lay your burden at His feet, and faithfully, prayerfully, humbly ask His guidance and protection.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 3.

7th April, 1865.

Spirit.—Dear cousin.—I want to tell you much more. I have been learning so very much of the infinite wonders and glories of this spirit-land lately; for I am now advancing and exploring to gather knowledge. This is what we all do, when we leave the nurseries, the glorious gardens of the Lord of Hosts for His little flock. It is the most beautiful scenery, all so intensely spiritual, so ethereally lovely, so responsive with thrills of harmony. It is this! it is this! that delights me so much, and gives me spirit-growth. I am happier here than I could have been in the weak earth-body, but my dear aunt tells me that it is ever good and kind of our Father, God, to give a long earth life, that the spirit in man may develop, and reap the fullest benefit from all the discipline and trials of earth. This, I am told brings to maturity quicker the God-spirit in man, purifying even as gold is seven times purified; but that to me, is wonderfully difficult as yet to believe, as I so much rejoice in my early spirit-life—my birth into the glorious Home of Joy. All that dear aunt, and uncle, your mother, and our uncle, have taught you is, I know, true.

I have seen the City of Zion, and many of the other cities, but as yet, I love to roam in the beautiful scenery, to walk by the rippling, singing streams which flow around, taking their rise ever from the river of God, the river of the waters of life.

Your thoughts can never picture the one hundredth part of the beauties here; nor can your earth-body fully conceive how truly real, how spiritually material, all things are; and yet so entire y free from earthly consciousness, hardness, materiality.

I have so many loved ones with me, who teach me and lead me on. The holy, lovely Jesus, the Divine man, the embodiment of the Father, and the spirit leads me, and tells me of high and holy things.

(Abruptly the writing ceased. I asked.)—

Q.—Can you not tell me more?—No.

Q.—Will you soon come again?—Yes.

8th April, 1865.

Question.—Can you tell me about some of the loved ones who are with you?—Yes.

Dear Cousin.—Cousins K., N., and little B., all live with aunt N., who has several homes. The one she most rejoices in is in the City of

Zion. With her long lived, and ever mourned, T.; but there is a lovely home in the country, apart from any of the societies and cities, surrounded by the most charming garden, such as she ever delighted in; and this home is the residence of her loved children, who had prepared it for her, to suit all her earthly tastes, in as far as the earthly tastes were the genus of spirit-love of the beautiful.

Dear F. and her little babe were here to welcome aunt when she so suddenly was called to spirit-life. Uncle T. accompanied her from her earthly home, whither he had gone to fetch her ever-waiting spirit. Joyously did he bring her to her home of rest, of joy, of reunion, with the loved, lost ones. Ah, dear F., we are not lost. This word should not be used to imply the departure of one of our happy spirits from its earth-body. Rather should rejoicings follow the unshackled spirit. Could you but have one glimpse of the blest abode of the loved one, your sorrow would turn to rejoicing. Leave off now.

9th April, 1865.

Much have we young spirits to be taught. We have regular classes for instruction in all branches of knowledge, and all the sciences which is from us, given to your earth philosophers. It is all originated here. All the human discoveries and symptoms of progress, are taught, or inspired into your earth-minds, from those of us here who are deputed to transmit that especial knowledge. Thus is it dependent upon the spheres or society of spirits being capable of opening inner communication with the especial man or medium, what especial knowledge is taught by that man? He originates nought himself, he may by his own innate spirit-power expand the gem of knowledge implanted by us from God, but nothing more.

As we spirits here are taught, so we, in turn, impart our teachings to the imprisoned spirit in the earth-body; and thus does God, in His goodness, cause man to alleviate his own condition, and to throw aside the uncivilization wrought by evil. Vast assemblies of us there are. We have large pavilion houses dedicated to knowledges; but when we are taught of the botany, and of all the wonders of the nature in which we live, we go in large companies on many long journeys of exploration. This is most truly delightful.

The advanced spirits, those who are suited for such, and who desire it, visit all the varied planets of the whole universe; and it is only on your earth that such spirit-visitations are not accepted as a most natural thing. No thought of terror is entertained, but rather of delight. This terror at the super-nature about you is the work of evil, being especially Satan's device to shut one means of opposition to himself. All the present materiality of your earth testifies to the evil wrought by the opposition to the communications brought about so much by this very terror. This is passing away, happily for the spirit of man, and the door of communication by spirit and man-ships widens daily.

We children are taught of all these planets by spirit-teachers from such planets—I mean spirits who lived originally in the planet of which they teach. Their natures, habits, and manners, and appearances, vary very much. I will try to tell you, dear F.

One teacher from one of these planets was most beautifully small, like a very small child of your earth, but with none of the materiality of earth. Its form was the same, but the eyes far more lustrous, beaming forth such purity, for it knew not of sin as an actual thing.

This very knowledge of good and evil, has given to spirits of earth a different appearance. They are far longer before they are so spiritual in all ways; but they are far wiser. Their intelligences, so to speak, are of a higher order and capable of far higher enjoyment, and full appreciation of all the wondrous glories prepared for them through Christ, who died to redeem them from the fall. Their love to God is of a more intense kind, ever feeling, as they do, how great has been His love for them. No, I cannot tell you properly of these different natures, and yet how we all blend together in perfect loving harmony. All unite in the great love to God, and His Son, and Spirit. Leave off now.

Q.—Is this message entirely given from N. N.?

A.—Yes, but assisted by uncle T. I cannot yet communicate without the assistance of a more advanced spirit, one of my guardian helpers.

Q.—Can you explain to me the manner in which this assistance is given?

A.—By a spirit intercommunication, corresponding to your mesmeric influence. Mesmeric influence is spirit influence, emanating through the physical body; but we, having spiritual bodies, have a far more refined and a far subtler mesmeric influence. A single glance, or a touch, will communicate volumes of wisdom and thought. We can, several together, thus, in perfect harmony, hold one communion with a spirit-medium on earth; and thus are we young ones trained, as it were, at first. It is the way in which whole societies commune through one representative.

It is the element or law of spirit-communication, from the highest to the lowest sphere, the drawing upward and onward influence.

I will tell you more soon.

11th April.

In reference to a remark in the preceding message, I said—

Q. Do you mean that all things, even such intentions which are purely for this earth, and for bodily use, are given to us from the spirit land?

S.—Yes, dear cousin. We all have work to do, and the great work of God-spirits, in connection with your world, is to breathe or infuse into the world soul first, and thence into the particular minds especially adapted to the varied requirements, all the plans, for the comfort, the civilization, and entire advancement, of your fallen world.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. T. T.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or doctrines put forth in the various spirit-communications we publish. We deem it advisable to mention this. Our desire is to be just to all our contributors.—ED. S. T.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE REVUE SPIRITUALISTE.

In a work written by Father Lebrun entitled "a History of Superstitious Customs that have led away the People, and puzzled the Learned," we read an account of the following circumstances:—

On the 1st. of May, 1705, at five o'clock in the evening, Denys Milanges, son of a parliamentary lawyer at Paris, aged 18, was attacked with such strange hallucinations and lethargy that the Doctors knew not what to say. They gave him emetics, and his parents removed him to their house at Noisy le Grand, where he became so much worse, that they declared him to be bewitched, and asked if he had a dispute with any shepherd of late. He then remembered that on the 18th of April, while passing through the village of Noisy, his horse had suddenly stopped in the street opposite to the chapel, and he could not induce the animal to proceed. At this moment a shepherd whom he did not know, came towards him and said "Sir, return to your home, your horse will not advance." The man seemed about 50, was tall, with dark hair and beard, and had an evil countenance, in his hand he held a crook, and two black dogs with short ears followed him. Young Milanges laughed at the man, but being unable to force his horse to advance, he led it back to the house, and soon after fell ill. His parents could not determine whether his indisposition was caused by impatience and anger, or whether the sorcery had cast a spell upon their son. Many remedies were tried, but all in vain. One day as the young man entered his room, he saw the shepherd seated in his arm chair, holding his crook and the two black dogs near him. This sight alarmed him, and he called for help but no one else could perceive the sorcerer, who gave his name as Denis. About 10 o'clock that night young Milanges fell to the ground, saying that the man was crushing him, and drawing a knife, they saw him stab his (to them) invisible enemy, five or six times. After eight weeks suffering, he went to attend mass at the church of St. Maur, being strongly impressed that on that day his cure would be effected. He fainted three times during mass, but afterwards St. Maur appeared to him in the dress of a Benedictine monk, and the shepherd stood by him. There were five wounds on his face—he held his crook, and was accompanied by his dogs. St. Maur made some exclamation, and the young man felt that he was healed. Some days after this, while hunting in the neighbourhood M. Malanges perceived the shepherd in a vineyard, and hit him a violent blow with the butt end of his gun. "Oh, Sir, you have killed me," cried the man as he ran away, but the next day he came to Monsieur Richardiere, threw himself at his feet, owned that his name was Denis, that he had been a sorcerer for twenty years, and had cast a spell on M. Milanges, from which he had been rescued only by the *neuvaines*, or prayers, offered up in the church, out the curse had now fallen on himself and he implored forgiveness. M. Milanges caused the same prayers to be offered up by his uncle, the priest that had been crowned with such success in his own case. The shepherd recovered, but on being pursued by some archers, he killed his dogs, threw away his crook, changed his clothes, and fled to Toray where he did penance and died in a few days.

Who has not heard of the power of the evil eye? The belief in it is as old as the world, and universal in all countries, though it is scoffed at by sceptics of the present day. At Santeny, at the beginning of this century, there lived a man named Lefort, the bailiff of a M. Burette, a rich land-owner of those parts. Lefort, like too many others, was irreligious, and an epicure. He cultivated the doctrine of "Every man for himself," and no one was harder on the poor than this man. Every beggar he met was sure to be rebuffed. One day two came to his door, having travelled far; one craved that his great hunger might be satisfied. "If thou art hungry, eat thine own excrements," exclaimed the brutal man. The beggar's eyes shone with a devilish fire, and in a deep voice he replied, "Thou shalt not make such a repast, for from thy mouth shall they come forth." A short time afterwards a strange malady attacked the cursed man; he barked like a dog, and died vomiting his own bowels.

This extraordinary story is still spoken of in that part of the country; and even if M. Lefort's death was not caused as the story asserts, there is yet a wholesome moral to be learnt from it.

TO THE FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. J. M. Spar has issued a statement of his labours during the two years he has been in England. We gather from it that he has travelled ten thousand eight hundred miles, has received seven hundred and sixty-one letters, and has written more than eight hundred, opening up a valuable correspondence with the friends of Spiritualism in many parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Hungary, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Mexico, and America. He has made five hundred and seventy addresses to individual persons, to private parties, and to public assemblies. Is not this good work for one man?

A RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE on "IMMORTALITY" will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, Jan. 20th, 1866, at 7 o'clock.
By Mr. J. H. POWELL.
A Collection on behalf of the Lyceum.

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.

POLYDEIST.—The alphabets have nothing singular about them. Any common alphabet will serve the purpose.

S. W.—If you sit with your own friends you may obtain the evidences you require; but we cannot assist you to study the practical part of Spiritualism without either medium or circle. As well expect a photograph produced without materials or conditions.

The correspondent, who wrote last week, will oblige by directing a letter to Queen's Arms Hotel, Dublin.—R. C.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two lines and under, 2s.; every additional line, 8d.; a reduction for a series.

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

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