

# SPIRITUAL TIMES,

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL & PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,

AND

A MISCELLANY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

*Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to 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.*

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“The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.”

“Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”

## The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

### A SCOTCH ATTEMPT TO GIVE SPIRITUALISM ITS DEATH BLOW.

What a good thing it is that Spiritualism does not owe its existence to a single medium, like Mr. Conklin, and that its truths are still truths, although sixteen Scotch bulldogs have barked and growled at it! Spiritualists, we call upon you to set apart a general fast-day, that you may formally thank God that the everlasting truths of your creed are not annihilated by these sixteen Scotch growlers.

At No. 9, West Regent Street, Glasgow, the big mastiffs collected, all hungry enough. They are called gentlemen by one of themselves,—let us see how they acted, and then see whether the pseudonym is well applied. With a desire to test the so-termed spirit-rapping, with a view to prove it a humbug, these “Scotch flint-stones, that imagine,” to use a phrase of William Howitt, “they are capable of imbibing dew, failing to procure the Marshall mediums,” engaged Mr. Conklin. They got him into a private room, and then commenced a series of *seances* which went off generally dissatisfactorily. One of the party acts as scribe,—prepares himself to appear in a pamphlet for the advantage of mankind. This pamphlet has already been referred to in the letter which appeared from Mr. Howitt in our columns last week. We find nothing throughout its pages very damaging to Spiritualism,—what there is that may contain a particle of truth respecting the medium’s “tricking” let it have effect. If Mr. Conklin *did* trick, he deserves to be castigated; but from the knowledge we possess of sceptical attempts at trick-detection, we do not give ready credence to the charge. Then again, we know where there is over-readiness to detect trickery, every movement of the medium is suspected, and if he be at all honorable he is apt to feel nervous, and perhaps irritated, at the too deep scrutiny. Of course, if he is a trickster, he will use all his cunning to prevent detection, and would cut a sorry figure when found out. All persons who investigate Spiritualism, not with a view to prove it a “trick,” but to discover if it be true, will not fail, we think, in discovering many unfavorable conditions

to spirit phenomena in circles composed of sceptics. Why it is so, may be easily imagined. Spirits out of the body are influenced more or less by spirits in the body. Thus a positive condition of brain on the part of sceptics may easily weaken manifestations of spirit-power. On the other hand, a negative condition of brain may prepare a circle for the reception of spiritual influxes.

Flinty philosophers are substantially too hard for a quick appreciation of this truth, as those sixteen clever skulls of Scotland show in their late onslaught on Mr. Conklin. It is not our purpose to defend their victim, only to defend Spiritualism and common gentlemanly courtesy. We do not know whether Mr. Conklin *was* detected in “tricking” by these big Scotch clever dogs, but we know that on several occasions we have had the satisfaction of witnessing Mr. Conklin’s medium powers; and from the most careful attention, we have failed to discover anything discreditable to him, either as a medium or a man. We cannot answer for others, neither ought we to pass on without being just to him, by giving him the benefit of our testimony. If men will enter on a career of examination, predetermined to pick up only such facts as favor their own prejudices, the chances are that they will lose the truth, and carry with them evidences that are valueless for other purpose than to betray them into deeper depths of scepticism. From several years’ experience, we know how virulent and savage has been the opposition against Mesmerism, which we venture to assert has now become an established fact all over the world. We have witnessed the most absurd tests to prove that an existing fact was in reality a “humbug.” But in spite of all, the “humbug” so-called has been applied to the cure of diseases, in thousands of cases, with the most marvellous success, a fact which Dr. Elliotson and a host of others can attest. We do not wonder, therefore, that Spiritualism, which presents to us a glass in which we behold wonders which put the mysterious realities of Mesmerism in the shade, that the forces of opposition should be set to work,—we should wonder if they were allowed to rest. We, therefore, rather rejoice than otherwise that Scotland has employed herself in other things than making and eating cakes. There must be an outlet somewhere for the pent-up scepticism of the Scotch mind which has for ages wallowed in the very mire of bigotry and pseudo-piety. Why should she not be allowed to set her sixteen bulldog philosophers to snarl and growl at “a very poor and unhappy-looking, grey-haired man,” seeing that he lived so far off as America.

For our part, we think it extremely canny on the part of these canny Scotchmen that they should adopt the plan of sending



for Mr. Conklin on purpose to give Spiritualism its death blow. There is every reason to believe none of them knew the proper conditions favorable to good spirit-manifestations, therefore we excuse them making a few blunders in that direction, but we cannot think they can plead to be as ignorant of the proper conduct of gentlemen, therefore we say they richly deserve the reprobation of all gentlemen of every country and creed. They got a stranger into a private room, and one and all set the forces of raillery at him, like so many bloodhounds. They did not care to give tests, but to dishonorably slander the truth, which is conclusively shown in the final *séance*. Men who could be sacrilegiously profane enough to ask spirits for lies, ought to know that their profanity merits the extremest reprobation, both from the spirits embodied and disembodied. As we are good, so we draw angelic spiritual influences about us, and as we are evil, so we are influenced by demonic spirits, whose feelings and hellish instincts find attractive powers in us.

"The just delight in justice, and the juster man appears,

"The more he draws down angels, from the pure and perfect spheres."

We think Mr. Conklin was opposed, not only by these sixteen Scotch bulldogs, but by the legions of evil spirits their own evil natures attracted to him; thus he was violently tortured and rendered physically weak for *test* purposes, by sixteen evil spirits on the earth, and an uncounted number of invisible evil spirits. What could a "poor unhappy grey-headed old man," placed in such circumstances do? Altogether, we must conclude that these humbugs who bear respectable names in Scotland, and their invisible co-operators, must take the responsibility of the medium's difficulties. Who knows? perhaps the concourse of evil spirits brought together by these learned muffs were so powerful as to cause the medium to do all the alleged "tricks." We do not say it was so, but it is possible these evil influences biologised the limbs of the medium, and forced them to lift the table. If so, who is to blame? As like attracts like, it must be true that good natures draw down angels, and wicked natures similar spirits to themselves; therefore we again assert that since, in the pamphlet, sent forth to give Spiritualism its death blow, the author has shown that the assembled sixteen engaged in a conspiracy of deception, what is more likely than (supposing the medium to be honest) that the spiritual forces of evil were on those occasions the more powerful, because of their numbers? Mr. Howitt puts the case forward as a warning to mediums, and wisely, we think, urges upon them to serve all such gentlemen right when they want a shindy rather than the truth, by throwing down their money for the sitting, and showing them into the street.

The *furor* created in Scotland by the publication of this disgraceful pamphlet, may do good by causing some few truth-loving and gentlemanly-bearing personages to see a little on the other side, and to desire fresh evidences on the subject of Spiritualism. Hundreds of *séances* have taken place in England during the past few years, which, if reported and placed side by side with this Glasgow affair, would make it shrink into insignificance. Let those who object to *paid* mediums persevere in a career of investigation along with persons in whom they have confidence, and if they are not very unfortunate indeed, after continued sittings they will be certain to find one or more mediums among themselves, and possibly will discover that the manifestations through the mediumship of *paid* mediums are not more extraordinary than they will witness.

Spiritualism will suffer no hurt whatever from the puny efforts of such men as those who so savagely insulted Mr. Conklin; and as for the anonymous pamphlet, why, being as it is, a tissue of absurdities, and a record of fiendish infamy on their own part, these sixteen pigmies have only succeeded in monumentalising their own despicable conduct in its pages.

## A Curious Association of Terms.

To the Editor of the Brighton Contemplator.

DEAR CONTEMPLATOR,—Yours is an excellent little serial. I read several of the articles contained in the five numbers which you or some friend sent me, with much pleasure. I sympathise strongly with the liberal views you put forth in your opening address, which are, to say the least, evidence of great precocity in your infant state, but nature delights at times in presenting extraordinary combinations and virtues in forms where we are unaccustomed to look for them. As you grow to manhood may you add to your years size as well as increased wisdom, so that you may be *something* to look at.

Well, Mr. Contemplator, to come to my point at once,—when I read the opening address in No. 1 of your paper, I said to myself, here is, at least, a man, who is honest, and withal a genius. He plays not on a whistle, but a regular, full-toned organ. He sounds the Marsellaise of Humanity's progress; God speed him if he continue sterling and none of your feigned, sturdy, oaked kind of beings, who promise everything and perform little. I continued reading, when my eye caught sight of these words: "Police news, thefts, murder, assaults, bestial combats, sensational tales of ghosts, spirit-rappings, and all which ministers to the mere animal part of man's nature, was no longer in the ascendant." Ah! thought I, if Contemplator comes out in this

style, perhaps in *all* cases he will not observe his own programme. Perhaps, however, he means something different to what I understand by the curious association of "spirit-rappings" with "thefts, murder, and bestial combats." Perhaps, Mr. Contemplator, you will not mind explaining matters a little. If you allude to any spurious exhibitions of "rappings" which you have witnessed, if there be such things as charlatans concerned therein, why pray point them out, and I will join you heart and soul in denouncing them. But if you mean that the teachings of modern Spiritualism minister to the "animal part of man's nature," pray favor us with more upon the subject, that we may see the "why and wherefore." You have so ably defended moral worth, and shown your utter contempt for that "big tyrant wrong," that one has a right to ask you to contemplate your position, lest you fall into excesses. I have known of late so many men who are the quintessence of liberalism up to a certain point,—they go with you very readily if you lead them within the boundaries of conventionalism, but once intimate to them the possibility of the existence of pleasanter scenes beyond their ken, and they laugh in your face, if they do not positively pronounce you mad or knavish.

I do not wish to say anything you may deem harsh, because I already recognise in you the qualities that go to make up a man. You have proved yourself fit to conceive and to execute. Your journals speak for themselves. I trust that they may succeed, and that Contemplator may be as uncompromising on the subject of Spiritualism as he evidently is on most other topics. If he *can* discover in it anything which "ministers to the animal part of man's nature," let him expose it, but on the contrary, if he discover, as discover he will on careful examination, that Spiritualism ministers to the *spiritual* part of man's nature, then it is my sincere wish that he will be faithful to himself, and say so.

Very truly,

J. H. POWELL.

June 4th, 1864.

## Spirit upon Spirit.

PART THE EIGHTH.

On the 13th March the perusal of Judge Edmonds' work was continued.

The Judge asked several questions of a general nature, and some queries, which, however, the writer deems inapposite for these columns. The last part is of an interesting character.

Referring to a remark of the spirits, I (Judge E.) asked why could not God be himself the first violator of his laws? If He made, could He not unmake? If He established general principles, could He not make exceptions.

It was answered:—

I can only say that if He has made the world on established principles, to undo the very basis of those principles would be to admit He was wrong, and consequently take away the omniscience of His nature. If he could change, why has he not done it?

R. Who can say that God does not alter? Who knows all His laws? Who can enter into all his mysteries?

Q. I confess that I cannot agree with the teaching of the spirit Swedenborg, that to fix the Almighty to His laws would be to make Him in the wrong, should He vary them. If a person in this world make a watch on given principles, surely he has liberty to remodel it upon others.

R. Right; and even the very crimes and sins of man may induce changes in the laws of the Creator. He himself can have no law really, as all must be subordinate to Him, therefore He cannot have a law to himself. I fear I have made a repetition.

Q. By the laws of God, however, man always understands the laws by which the universe is governed under God.

R. Good, so; but if He should think fit to alter them, has he not the right and power?

Q. Of course; and I would suggest that supposing man to be endowed with free will—the laws of God must ever be changing in accordance with the events which the free agency of man brings forth?

R. Just what I intended you to understand. If they did not, how could He protect the good as He often does, against the wicked? Indeed, there are few who have not seen some act of special providence in their lives.

The evening's conference then passed to other topics, and so concluded.

On the same evening, however, my spirit friend, not being present, I nevertheless read aloud another portion of the teachings of the spirit Bacon. On the succeeding evening I requested S. J. to visit us, which he promptly did, and I then said:—

Q. Did you hear that portion of "Edmonds" I read last evening? (It should be stated that it is wholly uninteresting to Spiritualists, as bearing too much upon worldly political matters.)

The spirit replied:—

R. Yes; and I agree that politics are better left to man than introduced in spiritual converse. The intercourse with spirits is to comfort and assure man—not to interfere with his worldly occupations. All this is left to be worked out, either by his brain or his hands, according to his satisfaction. If spirits were to tell him what he must do, in a very short time he would give up his efforts for improvement, and become dependant. Spirits *may* try to lead aright.

- Q. Have you anything more to add?  
 R. No.  
 Q. Not upon the whole section?  
 R. I think not; ask if you wish.  
 Q. Shall I proceed with the book?  
 R. Yes.

Section Twelve, May 1st, 1853.

Sweedeborg continued:—

To the spirit just awakening up to the realities of spirit life, there are sensations and emotions as indescribable as they are new. The eye, accustomed to look on scenes in which matter is arranged, with due regard to law certainly, and yet crude and irregular, the habitations of man, and man and animals all existing as fashioned and formed for earth, were the daily and hourly objects which greeted his vision. And then his eye, or his spirit rather, looked through a medium formed of matter, itself perhaps as gross as the objects which it transmitted to his brain, and this nature assimilated both the object and the agent to the material condition of his system. His thoughts that were influenced by the same causes which acted on each separate sense partook of the character of the scenes in which he moved, and if his mind improved by study and research, was enlarged and progressive; still there was manifest the profound influence which nature, in which he lived and moved, had upon his whole being. But when awakening from this sleep of death, and opening his eyes to the world into which his spirit was ushered, how strange his thoughts, how marvellous the sensations which rush through his brain with lightning rapidity. To you, who have some conception of spirit life, the ideas I have suggested will not appear so passing strange. The spirit bond which connected it to matter is severed, the link of life is broken, the spirit freed is disengaging itself from its earthly trammels. There lies the body stretched in death. How unlike the spirit, which, floating over it, still unconscious, still unable to think, but just born into the life of the spheres! As it floats over the body which was so lately its abiding place, then come to it, drawn by their affections or by their duties, spirits, possessing form and shape, beautiful beyond thought. They support this spirit-child until it recovers its consciousness, and then, with the impress of the last life thought still vibrating on its brain, with the emotions of its heart still unsubdued by death, with its whole nature palpitating, and even suffering at the thought of the separation from loved, ay! fondly loved friends, wife or children, this new spirit meets the new impressions and scenes which surround it. Its agonized mind writhing with death, and with all its nature struggling within its internal, it opens its eyes to the unspeakable glories of a new world. Then all the spirits whose lives are pure, whose mission being accomplished towards it, now take it by the hand, and bid it look around, and behold the things which are old have become new. Think you, with all these new objects, both of spirit life and spirit matter coursing their way through the several senses of its brain, there is not awakened an impulse and desire far beyond the dull and confined sensations of life. Think, too, that it is divested of all the continuance which in life so circumscribed its mental action, and that its freed spirit can now quaff deep of the intoxicating draughts of joy unspeakable that are presented to it on all sides.

Spirits, when they awake to a sense of what they are, are not permitted to talk much, neither are their minds tasked with a succession of new impressions other than those which first meet the eye. After the friends have taken charge of them for a while, they remain under their teaching for a time, not sermons or doctrines, but a sort of history of what is before them, and then they are left to the true manifestations of their nature. Now, if good and pure, if their minds desire the high and holy, if, in simple language, they wish to ascend, their affinities are their guide. They can not mistake. They are irresistibly impelled to go forward to the place where they meet with all the circumstances and conditions which conform to their desires or the wants of their nature.

Now, be it understood, spirits cannot conceal their true feelings like men. The very fact of being a spirit opens the avenues of thought and motive to all. Thus, though their desires are as different and as varied as are their forms and countenances, yet they are fully cognizant of what spirit means, and of what spirit requires. It is this principle which, as I have explained before, impels them to locate where they will be most happy.

Now spirits possess a material nature, and this nature or form in some is so gross, that it is almost subject to laws as imperative as those on earth. I mean as material laws. Their material nature is under the influences which require obedience, and though there is none of the physical suffering you have, yet there is as much material necessity and absolute want, in proportion to the grossness of their natures, as there possibly can be in your material world.

Under this statement you can plainly see what will follow.

That we have as much of life with us as with you, under the wants of our nature, and it would be simple in the extreme to suppose for a moment that God made a material solid earth, and placed in it spirits who were so impalpable that they could not adapt either their bodies or spirits to the necessities of climate, of soil, of food, &c. But we are sent to places (by our affinities always) where we can comply with all the circumstances—just as you do when you select a place to reside, though our population is divided more rationally, more justly than are the divisions of classes with you. We eat and drink of the fruits and vegetables of the countries where we reside. This, however, we do not always, as far as I can learn; for, as long as matter exists it cannot maintain itself without support from some external source. And then if we eat, there must be some one to grow the food, for the climates do not always produce spontaneously food for all. But this is a matter of choice who shall labor, and we all, in our neighbourhoods, or communities, composed of members varying from fifty to five hundred, and while the absorbing topics of progression and purity, of development and affection, occupy our minds mostly, yet the usual

duties of material life, are just as incumbent on us as with you, always modified by our organization and the circumstances in which we are situated, and the place where our affinities direct us.

R. I think this gives much too gross and material an idea of spiritual life. It is almost making another earth. Spirit is nourished by spiritual things, not by food. The spirit of the Lord is everywhere.

Well, now you have the life of spirits as far as regards their bodies, and what think you is the proper food for their minds? Everything which can open the beauties of God's handiwork, which can penetrate to the assumed mysteries of his creation, which can typify his work, by a resemblance or correspondence, that is, as in painting or sculpture or anything which by intimation compared with any of his attributes, as music, melody, or that which opens the internal to a better appreciation of obligation or duty, as the action for others, whether out of the body or in the body, or that which gives us an understanding of God as he is in a whole, as the investigation of the principles on which are based His laws. These are the proper food for mind, and it is eagerly sought for by spirits. We stand on a broad plane overlooking two worlds, with our organization so sublimated that we innately understand the true connection that exists between matter and matter, and spirit and spirit. We live in this world of spirits, but our duties are as much with you, and on your earth, as they are with spirits and spirit land. I will explain all this by-and-by.

When we visit your earth we are not ordered to do so by any higher power than that we set up over ourselves. We cannot act contrary to law, but this law, though predicated on God's law, is but the emanation from other minds. We choose our rulers, and our organization of government is alike under the direction of ourselves. Thus, we select those who are the most advanced, whose minds have been occupied in studying the necessities of man's (as we call ourselves) nature, and his connection with man. They understanding what is most necessary to promote the happiness and progress of all, are appointed by the expressed consent of a neighbourhood to look after the well being of the members of that neighbourhood. But it is no forced administration of law, it is no tyrannical exhibition of authority, it is simply a recognition of the principles of right. This is enough. With the progressive spirits there are no quarrels.

R. The labour of employment of spirits is never ending, and ever filling the mind with delight. Everything is done in love, therefore it must cause happiness.

Q. You say "the labour is never ending." When you leave us, then, do you get other duties, and have you never any rest?

R. To do nothing would not be rest. Spirit cannot feel fatigue, but the feeling of peace and rest is united with the delight of employment.

The writer here closes this article of greater length than usual, proposing to continue the transcription of this evening's converse in part the ninth.

K. R. H. M.

May 29th, 1864.

(To be continued.)

## President Lincoln's Spiritual Soiree at the White House.

"We took our seats in the circle about eight o'clock; but the President was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced, and the spirits, which had apparently assembled to convince him of the power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the President's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears, and twitching Mr. Welles' beard. He soon returned; but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the Secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was very unpropitious. For some half-hour the demonstrations were of a physical character—tables were moved, and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot, and two candelabras, presented by the Bey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling. It was nearly nine before Shackle was fully under spiritual influence, and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations, that twice during the evening restoratives were applied; for he was much weakened, and though I took no notes, I shall endeavour to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place. Loud rappings, about nine, were heard directly beneath the President's feet, and Mr. Shackle stated that an Indian desired to communicate: "Well, sir," said the President, "I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren, and it was the only delegation—black, white, or blue—which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war." The medium then called for pencil and paper, and they were laid upon the table. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton, and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has required me to write this, knocks were heard, and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows:—"Haste makes waste; but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy; use every means to subdue; proclamations are useless; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk, and more action."—HENRY KNOX. "That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shackle," said the President. "Who is Henry Knox?" I suggested to the

medium to ask who Knox was, and before the words were from my lips the medium spoke in a strange voice: "The first Secretary of War." "Oh, yes, General Knox," said the President, who, turning to the Secretary, said, "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor." Mr. Stanton made no reply. "I should like to ask General Knox," said the President, "if it is within the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be put down." In the same manner as before this message was received—"Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself have held frequent consultations upon this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appears well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to hasten the end. Napoleon says, 'Concentrate your forces upon one point;' Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the South must give up for want of mechanical ability to compete against Northern mechanics; Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army.—Knox." "Well," exclaimed the President, "opinions differ among the saints as well as among sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machines among the Celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very much like the talk of my Cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Welles?" "Well, I don't know. I will think the matter over, and see what conclusion to arrive at." Heavy raps were heard, and the alphabet was called for, when "That's what's the matter" was spelt out. There was a shout of laughter, and Mr. Welles stroked his beard. "That means, Mr. Welles," said the President, "that you are apt to be long-winded, and think that the nearest way home is the longest way round; short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the *Alabama*." The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantel-piece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view—the *Alabama*, with all steam up, flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed, and the Confederate cruiser was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort from which an English flag was waving. She was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared, "The English people demand this of England's aristocracy." "So England is to seize the *Alabama* finally?" said the President. "It may be possible, but, Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or monitor less be built." The spirits called for the alphabet, and again, "That's what's the matter," was spelt out. "I see, I see," said the President, "Mother England thinks that what's sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander."—*Boston Gazette*.

### Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

## Spiritualism versus Orthodoxy, alias New Church.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, Albert Sayer, I have to say in the first place, that my remarks were quite to the point, and not in any wise to be described as uncalled for. Did not Mr. Sayer charge all Christians with being evil spirits, and Anti-christian? Does he not again repeat the slander with an emphasis? How then can he charge me with being personal? Let him withdraw such statements, and I will not repeat any of the unpleasant personalities he complains of. In trying to evade my 13 points, I see Mr. Sayer is not meeting my position fairly. He will wish me to meet all his points, or charge me with evasion. Why does he not take my most difficult passages, as 1 Cor., xv, 20 to 24? Nor does he meet the passage in Jude by trying to prove Griesbach's text a forgery or interpolation; for Dr. Bloomfield tells us that even the passage as it stands only applies the term Saviour to the Father, as the original Author of Salvation.

The words *through our Lord Jesus Christ* follow the words God the Saviour of us (or God our Saviour), through our Lord Jesus Christ. Now does not Mr. Sayer see that is a question of translation of Greek into English? which words are often used in one tongue, not found verbatim in the other. I think Griesbach is as well able to know if the English words God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be not a correct translation of the ideas written and implied in the original, let Mr. Sayer put the construction which way he will. The text does not, in either form prove the supreme divinity of Jesus the Christ. Mr. Sayer's assertions, like my *ipse dixit*, must just go for what they are worth. The texts in support of the Godhead of Jesus Christ can not be found in the "Unitarian Editions of the Bible," nor in no other correct translation of the Scriptures. Mr. Sayer forgets one valuable point that I pointed out in my article on "Infallibility," that no two men think exactly alike, and that his notions of what the text means are just as fallible and imperfect as my own. Let him meet me text for text, and we shall see who is right and who is wrong. Reason and facts can alone determine the question. I tell Mr. Sayer that in my 13 points I have scripturally proved that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and not God. That in the very first verse of the chapter he quotes in the 1st chapter of Revelations, he is refuted. The words are—the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him. I again repeat that the chapter is consistent, and does not contradict itself, as Mr. Sayer would make it appear. I have explained the meaning of the

term "Saviour" as applied to the Father,—Mr. Sayer has not refuted those statements. It is said in one passage that "for this cause I will bow my knee to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Is this worshipping Christ? I trow not. The proof texts advanced by Mr. Sayer do not prove the worship of Jesus Christ as Supreme God of heaven and earth. There is only one of his passages in which Jesus is worshipped as the "Son of God." Mr. Sayer must know as well as myself that Palestine was an Oriental country, that it is the custom to bow down and worship or do obedience to all great men in the east, that the custom of reverence included a spirit of worship. We are no where told that Jesus Christ was ever worshipped as the Invisible God of heaven and earth. Let Mr. Sayer produce his passages wherein the exact words, not construction, of such kind of worship are given. Mr. Sayer and his brethren idolators would do well to read Maunders Church History, in section 1st of his "Emperor Julian," page 33. He says, speaking of Image Worship:—"All the three contending parties in the dispute about image worship had, in point of fact, correct notions about the living God, and His worship, though the question produced one of those discrepancies that are grounded on the imperfection of human nature. One party sought to raise itself mentally to the invisible, and disclaimed the use of an image as something far below the dignity of the invisible, as it tended to draw down the mind to mere sense, and give occasion to superstitious practices. Another party would have the image as a remembrance of the Invisible. The third party, with whom policy predominated over reason and understanding, looked upon the image as glorified by the Invisible, whom they felt to be there present, and therefore in that image they worshipped, the unseen deity, that resided in it. But there was then (as there always is) this disadvantage attending the use of symbols and types, that the "common people" forgot the Invisible Original in his image, and lost sight of Him altogether." This is precisely what Mr. Sayer is attempting to do in his denial of the identity of the Son from the Father, after the resurrection. His texts prove exactly the contrary of what he would make them prove. One of them says, "Who is the image of the Invisible God." Can an image be the object itself? It is absurd to say so. An image is always to be understood as an exact resemblance of the original. This is just what Scripture teaches. The Emperor Julian charged the Christians with worshipping Christ as God, and boldly asserted that neither St. Paul nor any of the Evangelists ever presumed to speak of Christ as God. Mr. Sayer attempts to explain the Logos does not overthrow my position. The word *it* is neutral, and refers to the wisdom of the Eternal Father. Mr. Sayer always stumbles on the passages that refer to the Father through the Son, as if they were identical. God hath spoken to us by His Son, Jesus Christ. The best ancient and modern commentators are agreed that by the creation must be understood, not the natural and original creation, as men, but the figurative spiritual creation, as Christians. See also for *obedience* to the son, Calvin, Campbell, Dr. Bloomfield, and others. Finally, I will give the following reason why Christ is not God. 1st. Because Christ most clearly showed that he was not God. See John x, 34, 36; Mark x, 18; John xx, 17. 2nd. Because the New Testament, in numerous passages, discloses that God is the God and Father of Jesus Christ. 2 Corinthians, xi, 31; Ephesians, i, 3; ditto, i, 17; Romans, xv, 6. 3rd. Because the Scripture teaches us there is but *one* God, and in the same sentence affirms that Christ is not that God. 1 Cor., viii, 6. 1 Timothy, ii, 5; Ephesians, iv, 5. 4th. Because the Scriptures testify that Jesus grew and increased in favor with God. How could he then be God? Luke, ii, 40. 5th. Because the New Testament teaches that all power came from the Father, and was given to the Son. 6th. Because Jesus Christ worshipped and prayed to God, and his Father. Luke vi, 12; Matthew, xi, 25; Luke, xxii, 42; Hebrews, v, 7 & 8. Other reasons can be given. These are conclusive, and ought to satisfy every rational Christian and sincere seeker for truth. That Mr. Sayer may find the truth of one God, and one Son, who came from the Father, and now sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, is the earnest prayer of

Yours sincerely,

JOSHUA WOOD.

### Right or Wrong.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—Notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Wood, I am really at a loss to see how the position I have assumed in relation to the controversy between him and myself is "an inconsistent one."

Mr. Wood says he has satisfactory evidence of the personal identity of the spiritual beings who communicate with us, and adduces various statements in proof of his position. I freely admit that spiritual beings do communicate, but deny that we have satisfactory evidence of their personal identity, and I reply to, and have reason to believe, overthrow the arguments advanced by him in defence of his hypothesis. He now asks me what evidence would to me be satisfactory in reference to spiritual personal identity? To that I reply, I really do not know, there is a chasm so deep and broad between the condition of the nature-spiritual and the spiritual world that I am at a loss to declare what evidence would be entirely satisfactory. We know so little of the condition of spiritual existence, we have so slight an acquaintance with the state beyond the veil, and know so little of their powers of presentation and deception, that absolutely conclusive evidence, it appears to me, is a thing not likely to be found.

I know that Swedenborg and others profess to have seen and to see, but then we know very well that psychological phenomena equivalent to vision may be produced biologically in this world by one person upon another, and how are we certain that some such influence, perhaps of a higher kind, is not being exercised by some of the "liars and low creatures," who, according to Mr. Howitt, occupy the sphere which closely abuts on the natural world?

Permit me to inform Mr. Wood that "may be's" and "perhaps's" are often more modest and frequently more on the highway to truth, than the dogmatic statements of the owners of any of the great names he quotes. Mr. Wood observes "can not Mr. Barkas see that it is the duty of a person who overthrows one standard to give us another in its place?" My object on entering upon this discussion was not to give a standard of identity, but to show that the present standards are insufficient, and that those who rest on them rely on broken reeds. I do not "despise and trample on the evidences satisfactory to minds as well able to judge of these matters as myself." I merely prove that to me they are hollow and worthless, and I presume Mr. Wood himself, who appears to bow before great names, will not claim infallibility for any of his seers. If we are to bow to the dictation of authority, and prostrate ourselves before great names; farewell broad and catholic enquiry; farewell progress. Yielding to Aristotle was the curse of the intellectual world for ages, and are we to make Swedenborg the Aristotle of the spiritual world?

Mr. Wood asks, "Is Mr. Barkas a seer?" I am not, and I do not "know positively" that seers are all deceived and imposed upon by false identities," but where there is much admitted deception and hallucination in some, there may be hallucination in the remainder, and it behoves us to be cautious in receiving their testimonies. The conclusion of the whole matter appears to be this, that the question of identity is an open one.

I am, truly yours,

T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
June 6th, 1864.

### Peter at the Sea Side.

Spiritualism is destined to make headway even in this sceptical country. It is in vain its advocates are laughed at, and their expressed experiences pronounced the growth of madness. Nowhere is the subject introduced when prejudice falls back, but its truths triumph. Thus to the earnest worker there is cause for rejoicing.

Eastbourne has of late been in a fever of excitement owing to the manifestations taking place, which have already been reported in various county newspapers, and in Mr. Powell's little work. The public have lost their excitement in the matter, and the seed sown in the past, has been springing up. Whilst public excitement in this quiet watering place has become subdued, those who have been converted to the spiritual truths have been still progressing, and daily gaining new developments. There is, therefore, ground for satisfaction. Last Sunday Mr. J. M. Spear, under spirit impression, gave a very beautiful discourse on "Peter at the Sea Side." The audience was not large, owing no doubt to the fact that announce bills were not distributed. Mr. Spear has all the appearance of a patriarch.

He is tall, has a bald crown, white hair, and white beard. His voice is clear, strong, and full of earnestness. Simple as a child in his outward manners he is yet so full of the truth that directs his life, that he becomes a power in himself whenever he opens his mouth before an audience. We have rarely met a man who displayed more simplicity, purity, and earnestness, than Mr. Spear. He is at once a child and a Colossus. His discourse was well adapted for his audience, and we suppose to some of the listeners had a strange effect.

The 10th chapter of the Acts formed the basis of the discourse, and most ably he described the career of Peter, and traced out the spiritual manifestations exhibited in that apostle's career. One of the most effective portions of the address we conceive to be his remarks upon the divine character of the Bible. He said the Church had labelled the Word "the Holy Bible," and they dare not dispute the facts of spirit-power therein contained. If then, they admit the facts of Bible spirit-manifestations, have they reason to disbelieve in modern spirit-manifestations? The medium contended they had not. Once accept facts that have occurred in the past, you cannot reasonably say such facts will not take place in the present and the future. New truths might be new to individuals, but in reality there was nothing new under the sun. We were apt to accept truths, new to us, and imagine from our limited knowledge of mankind, they were original in us, but this was a mistake. Speaking of righteousness, he said, we ought to do right for a love of right, and not under the stimulus of a fancied Heaven or a dreaded Hell. At the close of the discourse, which, from beginning to end, was so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, Mr. Spear recovered from the trance, and favored his audience with a brief outline of his experiences as a Spiritualist. He said, twelve years ago his mind was first drawn towards the subject without his own desire; the events which occurred were entirely unsuspected by him. He was sitting alone when his hand was guided mysteriously, and the message appeared in his own writing—"Go to David Vining, Abington."

He consulted his most intimate friends, and desired them to advise him what he should do. They persuaded him to go to Abington. When he got there, he inquired for David Vining, and was told where to find the man's shop, who was a shoemaker, but at the same time was assured that Vining was the last man who would desire to see him. He found the man's shop closed, and learned that he had been at home ill for some ten days. Mr. Spear then went to his house, and saw him lying on his bed, in a very distressed and painful condition. Mr. Spear's hand was automatically raised and directed towards the patient, who expressed himself immediately undergoing some change or other. Mr. Spear claimed permission to approach nearer the patient, and then his hand was again used by the invisible magnetists. The result was David Vining lost his pains and soon recovered. Two facts were apparent in this case. The agents that directed his (Mr. Spear's) hand were intelligent; and then again they were beneficent, or a sick man would not have been restored to health through their instrumentality. Since that time Mr. Spear has devoted himself heart, soul, life, and body to Spiritualism. He has taken journeys entirely under the bid-

ding of the spirits more than 100,000 miles, and has always found purposes which he could not understand at first, plainly visible in his career.

Under spirit-impression he crossed the Atlantic, and came to England without knowing more than one person, and without letters of introduction; yet he had found abundant friends. The last two months he had been in Paris, urged on by the same mysterious spirit-world, and there his work, although he was unacquainted with the French language, seemed to him to have been going on. Mr. Spear evidently looks upon himself as the elected agent of the spirit-world, to do a great work in this. He has been earnest in good for many years before he was a Spiritualist, in his own country. That he is earnest now, we think no one who makes his acquaintance can deny. All we can pray for is that the glorious work, under his ministrations, may, to use his own words, "connect the three great nations, England, France, and America," and aid us all to a more intimate knowledge of the spirit-life and our spiritual duties.

Mr. Spear also gave an address on Wednesday evening,—subject, "America in the midst of war."

### The Queen a Medium.

We borrow from an article in the *Mémorial Diplomatique* the following passage, which we publish with all reserve:—

"A letter proceeding from a well informed person, and that has been forwarded to us, reveals that lately, in a privy council where the Danish question was being debated, the Queen declared that she would do nothing without consulting Prince Albert; and indeed, after retiring some time into her cabinet, she came back saying that the prince pronounced against the war.

This act and other similar ones have transpired and have given rise to the thought that it would be advisable to establish a regency until her Majesty has recovered the serenity of mind which is indispensable to her for resuming the direction of the affairs of the country. The growing popularity of the Prince of Wales recommends it to public approval, which goes so far as to wish an abdication in his favor."

We are well assured that the Queen of England is a remarkable medium. Some one has lately published in France two important works with the communications that she has obtained mediumistically from the spirit of her husband. These works are full of elevation and sense, like the councils of peace above-mentioned. That being the case, who would ever have believed that in the country of Shakspeare one had taxed folly and belief in the possibility of receiving from below the tomb the inspirations of well-loved souls.—*Revue Spiritualiste*.

A banquet was offered in Paris to Mr. Home, on his return from Rome, but was prohibited by the Government.

A MODERN WITCH IN A SPIRITUAL CIRCLE.—An American paper states that in the spiritual circles in New York there is getting to be quite an excitement about a medium of a somewhat extraordinary character. No one knows where the modern enchantress comes from or how she acquired her art. But all devout believers say you may take a lock of anyone's hair and lay it on her magic table, and forthwith the diviner of secrets proceeds to give a detailed history of the life of the person from whose head the hair in question was lopped, and to mark out his future career.

Where is there another theme so intensely interesting to universal man, than this of spirit existence and manifestation? To insinuate the contrary, is to mock the deepest yearnings of human nature in its best moments, and to ignore its entire religious history. Men instinctively grasp at whatever reveals an existence beyond the dissolution of the body, or re-affirms it, or affords the least indication that the departed can possibly find means of communicating with their earthly friends. Is it presumable, then, that the astonishing phenomena before us will not remunerate the pains of decent examination? And shall it be asked—what good is to be expected from it even if demonstrated to be what it purports? It will convert thousands from gross infidelity. It will cure millions of involuntary semi-scepticism. It will render a future existence *real* to the whole human race. It will re-invigorate every great religious and moral truth, heretofore revealed to mankind. It will intensify all the sublime motives that urge human nature on to a heavenly destiny. It will advance from step to step of demonstration, till death shall be disarmed of its terrors. It will usher in a new era of faith, hope, and charity. It will peaceably revolutionize the religious, moral, and social state of the world. Yes, if it prove to be a *reality*, it will do all this. If it be not reality, the sooner its pretensions are effectually exploded the better. In either case, its candid and thorough investigation is all important and unavoidable. It *must* and *will* be investigated.—*Adin Ballou*.

If there is anything intrinsically wrong, or necessarily injurious in the intercourse itself, we desire to know in what that wrong or injury is made to consist. We were formerly on terms of familiar converse with our friends while they were in the body, and we expect to renew that intercourse hereafter. Their society was once precious, and if their affinity for us wins them, at times, from their bright abode, and they become our guardians, shall we be required to dishonour their memory, to turn coldly away, or to spurn them from our presence? Nay! But if the Creator has so fashioned our souls and determined our relations, that the same intercourse may be now enjoyed—to assure us of the future life, and to encourage us to faithfulness in the present—the man who can denounce this communion as a device of Satan, forfeits his right to the sacred privilege, and boldly arraigns the wisdom of Providence.—*Professor Brittan*.

## Poetry.

—o—

MARION.

I had a little girl with pale, blue eyes,  
 Like lustrous stars in night's pellucid skies.  
 She press'd her baby-lips to mine with bliss,  
 And smiled an angel-smile, to bless her kiss.  
 Her smile was dear, and dear her infant ways,  
 And dear her beauty—dear her gentle gaze;  
 But dearer far her love, divine and pure,  
 That like the soul for ever shall endure.  
 As some bright spirit in a pleasing dream,  
 Or clear reflection in a limpid stream,  
 That vanishes 'ere Thought can find repose,  
 As Beauty hides within the folded rose;  
 My dear, dead Marion appear'd to me—  
 A flash of sun-light on a dull, dark sea!  
 A gleam of beauty fading from the earth!  
 A tiny gem of matchless form and worth!  
 A lily fairer than all lily-flowers!  
 A queen of queens as glad some as the hours!  
 I pressed my darling to my anxious breast,  
 And deem'd her of Life's fairy forms the best!  
 I praised her with a parent's liberal praise,  
 Her features—beauty—all her artless ways;  
 For she, my child, was heaven on earth to me!  
 With her I lost all sin—with her was free  
 From all the cares that crush the Spirit's flowers,  
 And lead the soul through Shame's polluted bowers.  
 I press'd her to my heart, a being pure,  
 And deem'd her holy life and love secure!

\* \* \* \* \*

As shadows steal athwart the sun-lit noon,  
 As clouds come o'er the pale and pensive moon,  
 A change came o'er the features of my child;  
 The lily faded on earth's wintry wild.  
 I laid my flower within the stubborn mould,  
 Its wither'd petals bitten by the cold.  
 I hid my gem within the sullen tomb,  
 And nature, weeping, robed the world in gloom.  
 The years, like birds, have flown, and yet the grave,  
 The buried gem retains—but cannot save  
 The lustre that adorn'd it on the earth,  
 Like Christ, the Spirit, hath a second birth.  
 And so, my matchless gem—my sainted queen!  
 My lily-child, that blooms in Death's demesne!  
 Doth live in spirit-land and soaring free,  
 Appears in angel robes, and talks to me!

J. H. POWELL.

## THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

—o—

"At any rate, Mr. Forbes, I shall try. Galileo was imprisoned for asserting a physical fact; yet that fact is now recognised. Columbus was pronounced an insane adventurer for asserting his idea of a New World, but he nevertheless discovered one, and now who doubts his sanity? Even Jesus, the founder of Christianity, had to preach his divine doctrines amidst incarnate persecution; He was poor, without a place to lay His head; His followers were ignorant fishermen; He was crucified; and yet what mighty results have originated from His teachings!"

"I cannot but honor your devotion, Mr. Humphrey, but let us obtain some more paving-stones for you." He placed his nose near the table again, and said, "Will the spirits kindly do something else?" The table immediately ambled an affirmative. "Thank you." A second had scarcely passed when Mr. Humphrey exclaimed, "A hand has hold of my leg." "And one has hold of mine, too," exclaimed Mr. Forbes. Then a number of extraordinary rappings were heard about the ceiling and walls, at last nothing was heard or felt.

"You see, Mr. Humphrey, you keep adding to your paving-stones. When do you propose laying them on your road?"

"That question is one that I cannot exactly answer, but I have just thought that we could not do better than go over to Shirley this afternoon, and commence operations by astonishing Mr. and Mrs. Peerless, the parents of my wife."

"You had better ask the spirit of your wife if she is still present to meet us there," said Mr. Forbes. "An excellent thought," exclaimed Mr. Humphrey gratefully. He took a pencil and held it on some paper, saying, "Will my dear wife meet us this afternoon at Shirley?" His hand was moved—

*I will endeavour to be there at six o'clock this evening, but you must not be disappointed if I am not there.*

"But tell me, can you not come if you desire?" His hand moved again—

*Spirits, like mortals, are limited in power, and are bound by conditions. I may be able to be near and yet not to communicate.*

"But can you not tell me why?" His hand wrote—

*I am often near you, and wish to make myself seen and felt by you, my dear husband, but other spirits of an evil nature prevent me from doing so, and sometimes the conditions of circles are not proper for communications.*

"Can you inform me how you pass your time in the spirit-world. He wrote again—

*We are permitted to descend to those we love on earth, to impress them with holy thoughts, and lead them to Jesus. We sing lovely songs and play on golden harps.*

Mr. Humphrey was gratified and very serious. He had witnessed such marvellous evidence of spirit-power as he deemed sufficient to subdue the firmest sceptic. If he could only obtain similar manifestations at Shirley, he thought even Mr. Peerless would be brought into the fold of the faithful.

After dinner Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes drove over to Shirley, leaving Mrs. Bates, the housekeeper, in her room, busying herself with her needle, and moodily meditating on the 'orrible spirits, and what was likely to be the end of such wicked workings of the Devil. The good woman looked very pale from excess of terror, proving that even her strong nerves were capable of being shocked. She had prayed earnestly during the night that she might have strength sufficient to resist the Evil One whenever she might be called upon to sit at the table. It is true that the housekeeper could not meet the arguments of Mr. Humphrey, and that she almost lost her Devil idea while she sat some part of the *seance* out, but then allowance must be made for her high respect for her master, and the winning way of his kind words and smiles. Mrs. Bates was a regular attendant at a small Wesleyan chapel, not two miles from Humphrey Villa. She had her notions engraved upon her brain, by a process of logic wondrously convincing to herself, but to few others. Mr. Pearman, the minister at the chapel, was about as perfect a fanatic as could be found. He always talked more of the Devil than he did of Jesus, and hesitated not to employ hard terms when speaking of every other denomination but his own. Mrs. Bates had sat under his ministrations regularly for years, and had always accepted his pious *ipse dixit* as perfect gospel. Mr. Pearman had inoculated his flock with devil-virus so much that the personality of his sable Satanship was the most prominent figure in their mind's eye. If familiarity breeds contempt there may have been some advantage gained, but the disadvantage was, that in that case contempt occupied the soul to the exclusion of the higher attributes of love and faith. Mrs. Bates was just the sort of person to imbibe the Rev. Mr. Pearman's teachings, for she had such faith in his wisdom, eloquence, and righteousness, that it would not be surprising if she, in an absent mood, had substituted him in the place of Jesus.

The housekeeper was just in the act of trying to conceive a way to convince her master of the error of his ways when Humphrey Villa was honored with a visitor in the person of the Rev. Thos. Pearman, of Zion Chapel. He was a stiff-built man of almost thirty-five years; his head was large and his neck thick and short, but he was unfortunately disfigured in one of his eyes, which had an awkward habit of squinting. Mrs. Bates, the good soul, never imagined for a moment that beauty of countenance would take a man to heaven, neither did she assume because Mr. Pearman was ugly it accounted for his ugly idea of the devil.

It was evident to Mr. Pearman that there was something on the housekeeper's mind, which was betrayed in her pale countenance, and which did not momentarily vanish even at the unexpected but welcome presence of her idol. The truth, like murder, will out.

Mr. Pearman appeared to Mrs. Bates in two characters, the one as pastor, the other as lover. He took great pains to

make the one character a cloak to hide the other, and the good natured woman assisted him all she could. He often visited her, but Mr. Humphrey did not consider him a *follower*, only of John Wesley, therefore his visits excited no suspicion. Whenever he came Margaret was requested to do an inconceivable number of jobs about the up-stairs' apartments, which she did very willingly, without the least suspicion.

"You do not look well, dear," said the minister in a pitying tone, as his eye squinted compassion, and he took her hand, giving it a grasp or two.

"To say what's nothing but sacred truth, I've 'ad a 'orrible time of it with the spirits, Mr. Pearman."

"The what? Mrs. Bates," exclaimed Mr. Pearman.

"Why, the 'orrible spirits."

It took considerable time for the housekeeper to give a full account of all the doings, in her presence, the over night. When, however, she had fairly laid the matter before him, he paused, only to collect his tremendous thoughts for one full sweeping declamation.

"My dear, as you value me, and your eternal interests, have nothing more to do with such workings of the devil. He is grovelling like a roaring lion under the table, ready to tear you to pieces. Remember this, and you will not sit again." The Rev. Thomas Pearman squinted horribly, and put his face into contortions.

"I knew the 'orrible spirits was of the devil; I told Mr. 'Umphrey so, but he, poor man, cannot see it."

"My dear Mrs. Bates, I very much fear you are in great temptation in this devil's den. I shall not sleep night or day until I am permitted to take you to myself, snatching you as it were a brand from the burning." He drew the housekeeper near him, gave another trio of squints, and kissed her.

Mrs. Bates tossed up her head, disturbed her cap frills, and called him a naughty man to do such "orrible deeds." There was such a mixture of piety and love—such a deal of squinting interspersed with so many references to the devil, and so many repetitions of "'orribles" that it would take a chapter to report them.

#### CHAPTER X.

When the mind is pre-occupied with some great idea which pushes other important practical thoughts out of court, and taxes the fancy to rear innumerable castles which may topple down like so many airy bubbles, or when the mind has hold of a grand idea which under fair conditions will develop substantial habitations for future occupancy, how every outward stubborn image of stone and wood which occupies posts on the public highway fade from light "like baseless fabrics of a vision!" If a vacant mind exhibit an idiotic countenance, a mind wholly filled with one idea displays very often an apparently foolish one. Yet to make a world it requires something besides material, and something more than mere skill. That wondrous genius of design, which gives character to the features, form, gait, and thoughts of each individual. Men are alike only in their types, forming units of distinct classes, but the merest child of a philosopher can mark distinction in every man of all men he beholds. Perhaps Mr. Humphrey was made large both in body and brain to give him strength and space to support the weight of the one grand idea which seemed to extrude all minor ones. On the way to Shirley he saw nothing but the vision of his mind, and heard nothing save his own voice and that of Jeremiah Forbes. When he arrived at his father-in-law's he was so absorbed with his own great schemes for the conversion of mankind to Spiritualism, that he could not be said to possess the faintest recollection of any object he had passed on the way. Mr. Forbes was not in the least degree absent to himself or to surrounding forms, animate and inanimate. He looked about him, playing with his walking stick, admiring the scenery which claimed his special attention in the direction of the Isle of Wight. The sun was shining not with full but partial effulgence, allowing the eye to catch glimpses of scenery across the gleaming water, without pain. Mr. Forbes addressed Mr. Humphrey two or three times, but all he got was brief rejoinders, satisfying him that he must strike a different key if he would produce harmonious responses. About the distance of a stone's throw from the little village of Shirley, a poor drayman was in deep distress. He had accidentally led his horses too near a low embankment, which caused the overturning of the dray and the diffusion of some beer casks; but so absolutely abstracted was Mr. Humphrey that he drove on as utterly unconscious of the condition of the drayman and his

dray, as though he had never passed them. Mr. Forbes remarked it would be a good thing "if one or two strong men were near to come to the man's assistance."

"I trust we shall do so," said Mr. Humphrey, substituting in his own mind Mr. Peerless for the drayman.

"How can we aid the man by driving past him, Mr. Humphrey," inquired Mr. Forbes, with one of his knowing smiles.

"Oh! very well, Mr. Forbes. My father-in-law is certainly very stubborn in this spiritual matter, but if we drive his stubbornness out of him by shewing him stubborn facts, depend upon it we shall aid him to conviction in spite of himself."

"You evidently misunderstand me, Mr. Humphrey. I allude to that poor brewer's drayman we have just passed."

"Brewer's drayman! I saw no brewer's drayman, Mr. Forbes, pray what has happened?"

Mr. Forbes referred to the state of the dray, and the sorry distress he saw evinced in the drayman's face.

"Well! well! dear me," exclaimed Mr. Humphrey agitated, "I declare I did not see the man, suppose we just drive to the 'Shirley Arms' and tell them to send assistance." Mr. Humphrey, with all the humanity of his noble nature, lost no time in performing this little act of charity, returning all the better for it to his father-in-law's.

"Mrs. Peerless, who was engaged reading, sat alone in the drawing-room, which commanded a view of the west side of her garden. She rose to welcome Mr. Humphrey and his friend, telling them to make themselves quite at home."

"Where is Mr. Peerless," inquired Mr. Humphrey, as he proceeded to a seat and motioned Mr. Forbes to another."

"He is not within, but will be, in the course of an hour or so, therefore you must make your mind up to amuse me during his absence."

"That will afford us both pleasure; what say you, Mr. Forbes?" said Mr. Humphrey, with his usual kindly tone and smile.

"Nothing pleases me, I can assure you, like having a commission to fulfil for the ladies;" and Mr. Forbes put on one of his sweetest smiles.

"I hope your friend, Charles, is not a bachelor," said Mrs. Peerless, with an arch smile.

"Mr. Forbes slightly blushed, while his thoughts flew over to Gravesend."

"He must answer that question for himself, good mother, and forgive a woman's curiosity," intimated Mr. Humphrey.

"I must confess, madam, that I belong to the order of bachelors at present, but hope to desert it shortly," said Mr. Forbes, and he spoke feelingly. Mr. Humphrey and Mrs. Peerless exchanged significant glances, which were unobserved by Mr. Forbes. Much conversation of a merry light character preceded the divulgement of the son-in-law's object in the present visit. Mrs. Peerless was put in possession of the facts which had taken place since Mr. Forbes had been at Southampton. She expressed herself interested, and placed reliance on all that was told her.

"We have come over to afford Mr. Peerless a chance of unravelling the spiritual web. What say you, mother, will he be able to do it?" As Mr. Humphrey asked the question he looked unusually wise.

"I really must say, Charles, that I do not for a moment imagine Peerless will be able to account for a single fact you can establish, but you know his decisive manner on most topics, therefore if you can draw a confession out of him that he is wrong, pray do so. I shall offer no resistance."

"That is kind of you. Suppose, Mr. Forbes, we stroll in the garden for a change. Will you come too, mother, or have you other matters of a domestic nature to attend?" Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes rose.

"Perhaps I may join you, Charles," said the lady, "but pray do not neglect to watch how my flowers have progressed. You know how I amuse myself in the garden, and what pleasure it affords me. I really believe if it were not for my natural taste for horticulture I should feel myself hermetically sealed under cover of *ennui*."

The two gentlemen went into the garden and found the time pass pleasantly while they inspected the diversified shrubs and flowers which grew profusely in tastily arranged beds. Presently Mrs. Peerless joined them, taking delight in pointing out the most favored of her flowers. Never did gardener attend with more devotion to the culture of the plants under his care, than did Mrs. Peerless to those she nurtured.

(To be continued.)

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