

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 18, 1864.

HEROISM.

The true hero is not the man who wears a brazen escutcheon, but he who can suffer and silently work for his kind although the combined artillery of wrong should be turned against him. Men who achieve greatness in its noblest sense are those who bow down before the Supreme, and who hallow the eternal and progressive principles of truth with the enthusiasm of their lives. The world is not without its heroes of the true stature, but unfortunately it has a vast number of counterfeits—mere pretenders, who rise naturally several feet below the imperial height, and by all manner of means essay to raise themselves on stilts, and care no matter how, so long as self is crowned king, and half if not all the world applaud. Heroism is a quality very rare, but of priceless value. Those who possess it are beings conscious of more than matter, feeling themselves instinct with the very attributes essential to moral majesty. It is one thing to *assume* and quite another to *possess* the qualities that stamp “hero” upon the character. Self-abnegation, and not self-arrogation is a property belonging to heroism. The foremost in the fight may be brave and ferocious, yet not heroic. He may fight for self with the fury of a tiger, and with success, but what will he gain? Food for repleting his tiger-nature. Self-abnegation gives the hero his title. His fight is for mankind, not for personal kingship, yet hath he a kingship born of God which fails not like the crown of an earthly monarch. His kingdom is set up in the universal soul, and dieth not with the ages. Temporal splendours with all their tarnish wear out in the space of a few years. The treasures of Cræsus will not purchase a single spark of heroism, or outbalance in the scale of righteousness the faintest glimmer of spiritual sunlight. Wealth allied against right may for a time stem its progress, but like the receding wave it will advance. The principles and attributes of the hero, like the silent light prevailing all things, come direct from heaven. It is vain we worship the temporary bubbles of caste, and imagine that depravity robed in

splendour will hide moral depravity. Heroism is exalted above duty, yet it cannot exist without it. Common men may be dutiful, but uncommon men make heroes. Those who are heroic in the exalted sense are the least selfish beings in existence. They feel themselves born, like Christ, for service. Their hopes and aims are in the spheres of usefulness. In danger they are brave and nobly self-sacrificing; in times of great trial they are enduring and true as steel. No paltry place-hunting or human puppet-pleasing policy has a feather's weight-influence on their actions. They are glorious dreamers and divine realists; viewing progress through the laws of inspiration they steadily and devotedly place themselves in the vanguard of its armies. There is no wicked shifting from this side to that side in order to ascertain which pays best. Heroes spring up in various characters. Some unsheath the sword like Garibaldi, not to win kingdoms, but to conquer tyrannies,—noble heroes whose great breasts heave like a troubled sea with indignation at the hellish wrongs which crush out human happiness and decimate and render desolate millions of human beings. Others, like the immortal Howard, with a heart over burdened with sympathy spend their lives in visiting the imprisoned, and in affording them comfort and moral redemption. Some, like Luther, dare the thunders of the Vatican, and carry a free Bible to a people who ought to be free. Others, like the late Robert Owen, devote their services to the social regeneration of mankind, and win the gratitude of all the true. Heroism has its mission in every age, and ever will have while there are wrongs to uproot and tyrannies to dethrone.

It sometimes throws its radiance in spots where the eye of wealth may never reach—in the quiet lowly cottages of the poor, where the sad, wan mother, starves herself to supply enough sustenance to her sick husband or hungry child. The unknown heroes that shine “in the simple annals of the poor” are numberless, and yet how few of us recognise them? A Garibaldi—a Howard—a Luther—and an Owen—all may find stimulus to their sustained heroism and realize glory in the popular applause which greets them on every hand. But those hidden heroes who linger silently through existence with poverty in front and sickness and debt behind and before; these have no glistening eyes to animate them to higher things—no cheering voices to bid them God speed, but all is blank wretchedness exhibited in shrunken cheeks, rayless eyes and rags, and yet, great God, how earnestly they push on to the grave, hoping and striving heroically to win release from debt and poverty, and how deep is their sympathy?



One of the first qualities of heroism is a firm, unselfish devotion to that which is true. Those who measure some unheroic men with the measure of heroism will find them so dwarfed that they will not be able to see a few feet beyond them on the line of right—they will display much chatter, but little thought, and consider themselves the greatest among the great. Poor dupes, they want raising above themselves to see the heroes before them. As children they require lifting up even to get an ordinary glance of objects around. Some men aspire towards heroism yet never reach it, lacking the inspiration which gives it vitality; yet they are useful, earnest, and pleasant beings enough, and the world could not well spare them. Heroes, like precious stones, glow the brighter the more you rub them. They are born for service and need pressing to it. Opposing influences operate as tests to try the nature of their metal. Those who would crush heroism had better not oppose it, they had better follow the example of Mrs. Partington, and essay to mop back the Mediterranean.

That which has eternal truth for its passport may present itself anywhere; even in the midst of devils, it shall not suffer permanent harm. "Let truth and falsehood grapple," exclaims the author of *Paradise Lost*, why? because truth cannot be annihilated or even kept too near the earth, because of its inherent ethereal light nature, neither can falsehood rise above the earth, owing to its inherent, demoniac, heavy nature.

True heroism shines down upon Wrong, Injustice, and Falsehood like a blazing sun to illumine their black hideous images. And what is the reward the hero attains? Does he find satisfaction in a name elaborated in gold upon the tablets of time? Does he realize happiness in the fact, that for all his great-heartedness he is pronounced by the dwarf-statured people a "fool," and a "madman?" Or does he imagine compensation will come at a compound rate for his children when he shall be with his fathers? Not at all. The true hero owes his greatness to the spirit-impressions which make him the medium of heroic ideas. He finds happiness in doing good, and like the Saviour, carries his cross without a murmur as part of the plan of his life. Take away the birds and the flowers from nature, and what a desert the earth would seem. What they are to creation, genius and heroism are to human life; they adorn and harmonise it. The more unpopular the truth the greater need is there for heroic action. Those who will not defend the truth outside these forms have little heroism in them. To those only belong the title of "heroes" who can rise with the angels in thought, and aspiring with them in spirit endeavour to reach the infinite. Banded by low experiences, and impressed by demon influences, men can reach but limited heights in the empyrean halls of truth. They need the re-invigorating spiritual inspirations belonging to the intelligences of Paradise. Spiritualism needs heroes, and they are at hand daily; the voices of the spirit-world are heard in the inner spheres of being, and some of our noblest men listen to their divine music with eagerness, and lo! they begin to face the world or the truth as the angels prepare to crown them heroes.

Spirit upon Spirit.

PART THE NINTH.

The evening's conference of the 14th March is here continued:—

The writer read the thirteenth section of Judge Edmonds' work, which consisted of a communication from the spirit Bacon to Governor Tallmadge, who was visiting the Judge. It touches upon the necessity of due attention to worldly matters. Governor Tallmadge was informed of a coming trouble, and after explaining, the spirit thus continued:—

How strange a compound is man! To day, strong in the conviction of what he considers right; to-morrow, troubling and fearing in respect to the very principles he has avowed as the guide and motive of his life. It is not strange to us that it should be so. Were man influenced by spiritual causes alone, were the avenues to his mind blocked up by no material barriers, there would be a constant succession of impressions emanating from a source which must be infallible, as they would come from those who would have tested the competency of earth-life and spirit-life, and could judge of the power of either to afford the true solution of all the mysteries of his nature.

But then man is not controlled by external impressions, be they what they may; his organization is material, his impressions are also material, and, of course, his conclusions and comparisons, predicated on material evidence, can have no reference to that which neither his mind nor his spirit recognizes as spiritual. Nature is ever varied; but, with us, her forms, though more elaborate, are yet more diversified than with you. With you every spirit is of the grossest kind (figuratively), and, of course placed on earth as you are, surrounded by matter in every shape, with your own organization corresponding to the nature of the material of which the earth on which you live is composed, there must be a succession of impressions, the nature of which simulates the objects by which you are enveloped.

But there is an evidence of the truth of spirit-revelation which I imagine has not yet been noticed, and that is material, as is the nature

of man. There is to him who believes, an entire change in the character of his mind. His spirit, forstalling time, leaps over its boundaries, and catching the shadowy outlines of spiritdom, drinks in the sublimating essence of that view; and the draught, like the fabled nectar of the gods, changes the gross nature of spirit and body, and renders the man susceptible to all those sensations of weakness, of tenderness, of charity and love, which mark as the man whose heart is indeed verified and renewed by spiritual intercourse. In the word spirit, in that connection, I do not mean spirit is gross, but the amalgamation is gross.

R. While man is on earth it is his duty to attend to earthly things—nor ought we to call his impressions, if they be good—gross. God has seen fit to place him in the world to go through certain trials, and no man goes through them without often feeling that he has a spiritual nature as well as a material nature.

Here Governor Tallmadge remarked that he supposed he had not charity enough. He had charity for those who did not believe, but he had none for such persons as the writer in the *National Intelligencer*, who, without investigation, was willing to revive against those who had investigated, the fires of Smithfield and the hangings and drownings of Salem. It was written in answer:—

No, Governor, not that you have not charity enough, but perhaps that your charity is not properly directed. Let the dog bark, the cat mew, or the ass slavishly toil for mere animal existence, still nature will assert its just claims, whether in man or brute. And to him who, without evidence of either right or wrong, can denounce that as untrue which he has not investigated, you may justly attribute the prerogative of his nature. He will bark dog-like to the compulsion of his brute-like organization; and he will toil like the ass, to perpetuate the slavery of opinions to which he is bound by error and prejudice.

It is not worth while to contest the truth of spirit-revelation with those who do not believe. Truth is like the misty vapor encircling the mountain's top. The sun of error, of superstition, of priestly teachings, may, in its full blaze, displace the cloud, but its cloudy substance is disseminated through the whole atmosphere, and descends in grateful showers to replenish and fructify the thirsty earth. So with man. Argue with him, and he battles with you. Prove he is wrong, and, proteus-shaped, he attacks you again with arguments founded on that very error. But let the cloud rest on the mountain, and when disturbed by the sun or the wind, in grateful sprinklings it returns to foster, to cherish, to develop the nature of its own god-like virtues.

The governor here inquired whether it was to be understood that it was better not at all to notice such assaults as he had alluded to? And it was answered:—

Not notice in anger, or with the appearance of vexation, but with the calmness and simplicity of truth. You cannot convince by denunciation. There should be a grand dignity in your answers, a moral personification of your communion with spirits, which will exert a more potent influence on the world than all the replies which you can make to attacks on our cause in vexation or a hasty zeal. * * *

[A few lines are here omitted as unimportant.]

The doctor's hand became suddenly affected, and Judge E. remarked,

"what, do they never sleep?" It was written:—

Sleep; certainly, Judge. How can our bodies support the wear and tear of life without sleep? But the nearer I approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings. Thus I feel inclined together to be cozy with you two, and to open my heart and tell you of its high and noble aspirations, to tell you with what joy I shall wend my way to those portals spoken of by Swedenborg, when I shall have accomplished the object for which I now labour. Oh! could I take you with me, and with the velocity of thought wend our way through space, looking down on worlds moving in their orbits, filled with spirits whose only thought is onward and upward! To point out to you ken the source of those things, the manifestations of which only you are permitted to behold. Together to learn from the observation of His works, the nature and attributes of the Creator. Together to develop the germs of our own characters, and together to strive onward towards that sphere where the full conception of our yearnings shall be gratified.

When we should have at last arrived at the place of eternal rest, can you conceive the sensation, which would pervade our spirits freed from materiality, when in daily and hourly communion with the millions and millions of souls liberated from everything which partakes of earth, we enter for ever into the real joys of our eternal existence? No human heart can realize, no human mind grasp the thought! which now fills my nature, and lifts my spirit even beyond the barriers of this world. Oh! 'tis there I feel that there is in all the works and laws of God this one eternal principle of love. For what can exceed this love of that being who has prepared a heaven where mind can grasp the every thought of life and death! yes, even you, toiling and labouring to obtain that which will satisfy your minds on earth, can you realize what that joy must be when there is no obstacle to the fulfilment of that desire?

But I must close. If I am too prosy, learn that the spirit never tires of striving too, and that though we lay up no treasure of gold, we are more than repaid if our efforts enable you to treasure up one truth from our teaching, or to cast off one error from our doctrines. Good night.

BACON.

It is desirable to state on the writer's part, that in the following conversation between S. J. and the writer, the free comments uttered both by spirit and mortal imply no disrespect to Judge Edmonds or the spirits with whom he conversed, but are simply uttered in the exercise of that right of free criticism which the writer concedes to

others, in respect of this present series of papers. The writer is not afraid of criticism, but, without wishing to offend the susceptibilities of others, claims to be permitted the expression of his own opinions in respect of the remarkable series of communications here reprinted. With this remark the writer becomes again interlocutor and amanuensis.

R. This is a strange mixture—some part is so good, and in other parts, it appears as if written by one still on earth.

Q. Do you at all sanction an idea which strikes me from the materiality of the surroundings described, that these communications though good, earnest and sincere, emanate from spirits inhabiting a low sphere, analogous to our earth, and similar to the atmospheric spirits. We know that the latter can talk.

R. I do. They possibly are given in this manner on account of the state of spirit knowledge as it was looked upon as a new thing. Often the spirit near the earth will give good readings—but they do not give man's ideas of the Creator, and of the life of the spirit-world.

Q. The spiritual communications of Dr. Dee, Dr. Napier, and and others were much in advance of these in some points, and better than the ordinary run of the present day.

R. Yes; but the whole of the world almost had lost the belief in spirits, and therefore the communication had become very difficult that it was almost like a new revelation to man. Very few believed in the possibility of the converse with spirits.

[The spirit here paused, and continued:]

I do not think the communications you have read were from Bacon and Swedenborg, but from clever spirits who valued the works and ideas of these writers, and who took an interest in those they conversed with.

Q. Yet it must shake our confidence in the subject—this constant foisting off of communications in the name of great men. The spirit also spells his name with two *e's*—SWEDENBORG.

R. They may take the names as they intend to give the ideas of these great men. They possibly think they would not be listened to if they gave their own names.

Q. That the spirit wished to be thought Swedenborg (the real) is apparent where he says "You gleaned the idea from one Swedenborg, who wrote many foolish things on earth, which he is willing to rectify in spirit." And then as to being unknown, *you* were unknown when you came to us, and why should not others receive those who are unknown?

R. All will not, and spirits near the earth often assume names.

Q. Why should this be?

R. I cannot tell, excepting that the earthly vanity may hang to the spirit.

After the above conversation some few questions of a private nature were put, and the evening's conference was brought to a close.

K. R. II. M.

June 5th, 1864.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

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

Spiritualism versus Orthodoxy.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

Sir,—The philosophy of miracles and their application and use is one that would require a large volume to fully dilate upon and expound, as the subject is one that covers a vast field of facts in the history of humanity. To separate the chaff from the wheat, the false from the true, the possible from the impossible, is a task that demands the most expanded powers of mortal and spiritual vision: for short-sighted man has so strangely and heterogeneously blended the materials, that it is difficult to decide the question in harmony with the facts of reason, nature, and experience. All religions, all systems of superstitions, have claimed a miraculous origin, and a miraculous power, as proofs of their being of "divine authority," spite of what reason and nature might say to the contrary. Hence the conflict between revelation and science, between religious creeds and progression. There are three possible aspects for the question of miracles: 1st, the supernatural theory; 2nd, the naturalistic theory; and 3rd, the spiritualistic theory. 1st, the supernatural theory transcends reason and laws, and assumes a standard higher than the human mind can reach, and claims the surrender and the submission of the reason of mankind, as being above human authority and judgment. This is the popular theory, "the orthodox view." Vast tomes of books have been written, oceans of printer's ink expended, in support of this view; as the "key-stone," the rock upon which all religious dispensations have been based. Disprove the miracles, and you disprove the "divine authority" of our religions; so say all religious chieftains, Pagan and Christian. "The religion proves the miracles, and the miracles prove the religion." "This is reasoning in a circle," yet this is all that from an "orthodox stand-point" can be said upon the subject, as the orthodox theory teaches that all spiritual things, all miracles, and divine realities transcend and are above the reach of the reason and human understanding of mankind; consequently, all that man has to do in the matter is to give his reverential assent and

submissive belief to the facts, as facts of "divine revelation," coming down to us through the historical annals of the church, as choice treasures of once possessed gifts of miraculous powers, given long years ago, for the purpose of proving the divinity of the mission, and the truth of the religious teacher of each creed. All creeds claim this, Pagan and Christian. Buddha, Mahomet, Zoroaster, Moses, and Jesus Christ, all alike, claim to found their respective religious systems upon a miraculous foundation; all have given origin to stern and arbitrary priesthoods, who have claimed to be vested oracles of God, and the teachers of an infallibly, divinely inspired revelation, attested by miraculous powers and gifts, bestowed only upon the first founders and apostles, and then entirely withdrawn, having performed their work, and accomplished their mission, viz., brought down from heaven a system of divinely inspired truth as a standard of human duty. This word of God enclosed within a book, and sanctioned by the divine authority of the church must henceforward be the guide and director of man through this vale of tears. No miracles, no inspirations, no spiritual manifestations, are now necessary, as man has got our Shastors, our Koran, our Bible, our Zeuda Vesta, and needs nothing more. Such is the standard assumed by the orthodoxes of all creeds, both Christian and Pagan. In the face of these facts, for facts they are, how are we to distinguish between the miracles of the Pagan system, and those of the Christian? where is the line of demarcation to be drawn, since reason must have nothing to do with the premises? We have no resource left but to believe them all. But, says the Christian apologist, the purity of our doctrines, the deification of our founder, the miraculous powers he displayed as one of "the Gods," proves the reality of our religion, the authenticity of its teachings, and the divine origin of its authority. But all religious systems just claim precisely the same things, and vie with their Christian rivals in bringing forward their proofs and attestations of "divine authority." What is to be done in this case? Assume it to be so, spite of reason, common-sense, and the laws of the human understanding. This is just what is done, nay, in fact, is all that, under the circumstances, can be done in the supernatural theory. The results are, that we are now shorn of all spiritual power, all rational liberty, and considered antagonistic to all the revelations of science, philosophy, and progress. As a protest against this theory we have next the Naturalistic theory. This party teaches that nature and reason alone ought to be the standard by which all religious creeds, all miracles, ought to be tested, that a miracle in the real sense of the word is an absurdity, a figment of the imagination, and that all the claims made by the churches to miraculous power are false, delusive, and superstitious, and opposed to real facts, sound knowledge, and developed wisdom, that the laws of nature are unchangeable, that all the miracles of the Bible and other books are based upon mythology and superstition; that science and freedom, philosophy and real knowledge, all alike oppose and overthrow these pretensions to miraculous agencies, gifts, and powers; there is no sound proof of the origin of any of the miraculous systems. The naturalistic party may be distinguished into two parties: one distinct from the other. One party I may for brevity call "Subter-naturalists." This class deny the existence of any personal God, of any spiritual world, and of all life after death; that man's highest sphere of enjoyment is here, and that secular truths and secular reforms are preferable to religious systems that are based upon speculation, and uncertain dreams of theology. George Jacob Holyoake, Harriet Law, and the secular party are the representatives of this system of philosophy. This system hath its positive merits and negative demerits. Its good side is, that they cultivate reason, science, and reforms, in preference to blind dogmas and the teachings of an arbitrary and corrupt and venal priesthood. Its demerit is that it refuses to acknowledge truths, facts, and principles that transcend its own platform, and, like the supernaturalist, denies the possibility of all spiritual power and manifestations *now*, going further than the supernaturalist, and boldly assuming that all spiritual agencies, ancient and modern, are alike unreal, mythical, and opposed to sound knowledge, and real secular science and knowledge. The other party, who are by far the most numerous and influential, comprising a large portion of the Unitarian body, Essayists and Reviewers, and the German rationalists, take up neutral grounds, and try to explain the miracles by some higher law of nature, independent of spirits or spiritual control, as "*ad force*," magnetism, oriental innagery, symbolism, and colouring of real natural phenomena not understood, and as such, elevated to the plane of the miraculous. Some admit the miracles as evidence of the divinity of the "mission of Jesus," but deny their possibility in the present day, nay, plume themselves as being advanced and liberal for so thinking. We have Strauss and Renan, Theodore Parker, and others, all attempting to sweep out the miraculous from the creeds. Theodore Parker, as a profound thinker and theologian, comes nigh to the very portals of the spiritualistic theory of miracles, by claiming the possibility of inspiration and spiritual intercourse with God, through reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment, thus standing the nearest to the spiritualists of any modern theologian. All spiritualists would do well to read his works. 3rdly, we come now to the "spiritualistic theory." This party teaches that all authentic miracles, Pagan or Christian, are wonders of the past, and as such, considered supernatural, have been produced in harmony with universal laws on the general order of the universe; that miracles are as possible in A.D. 1864 as in A.D. 42; that all miracles, ancient and modern, are the result of the action of higher laws from the spiritual realm of being; that all spiritual facts are facts only because they are true and real, and that the truth of Christianity does not depend upon the miracles alone, but upon the eternal truth contained in its teachings; that if Christianity be true, then God has written it on the broad pages of creation, upon the human heart, upon the crystal bosom of nature's unchanging laws. It then stands upon the highest and purest foundation, upon the rock of everlasting ages, the eternal and un-failing and immutable truth. And how safe is such a foundation for all Christian doctrines to rest upon! In the light of the spiritual

philosophy all miraculous power ceases to be mysterious. "Man as the image of God is a miniature, a compound embodiment of the universe, material and spiritual, terrestrial and celestial, human and divine; and just so far as he lives in harmony with the laws of the spirit-world, just so far he becomes a medium for the miraculous influences and inspirations of that world, and attracts spiritual beings to his aid; just so far as he lives in keeping with the laws of God he becomes god-like in power, and an angel or messenger of God." This was the standard Jesus Christ held up, and up to which he lived; thereby being a medium constantly attracting the loftiest angelic aids, and working marvellous wonders and works of a god-like nature. But He did not claim this power exclusively as his own. Listen to his words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater than these shall he do, because I go unto my father."—John, xii. "Spiritualism thus has the sanction and authority of Jesus. Its phenomena and lights are living facts, and prove more than all other systems can do, the reality of higher ultra-mundane powers, and the spiritual phenomena, ancient and modern, that have been produced on the earth plane. The supernaturalist, the transcendentalist, the rationalist, the naturalist, and the anti-theist, all alike fail in giving a full explanation and elucidation of the question of miracles and divine authority." More of this in my next article.

May the blessing of the Comforter rest and abide upon us, conferring such gifts as will fill us with spiritual life and health-imparting influences, is the sincere prayer of

Yours respectfully,

D' ESPRIT.

Operations of Spirit-Power.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—As you are desirous to ascertain particulars of spiritual manifestations independent of the ordinary means of Spiritualism, I may here mention some cures which have very recently taken place, and into which I have enquired,

In a public institution in this city for the support of Orphan Female Children, a girl, of about 14 years of age, was taken ill some months ago, and after a lingering sickness closed her earthly career about three weeks since. Previous to her decease she told the matron and others round her, that she saw a figure, which, according to her description was one of celestial character. She frequently pointed to it, and wondered that others could not see it also. This she continued to speak of and see for about two days previous to her decease.

Having heard of these matters I did not rest satisfied until I made personal enquiries from the matron of the institution, who assured me of them, and that the girl referred to was one of a most amiable and Christian character, and much beloved by her associates, and all who knew her. She retained her intellect perfectly to the last moments of her existence.

Another case is that of a painter, whom I knew personally, and who died lately in one of the hospitals of this city. A day or so before his departure he told his wife, who visited him at the hospital, that he had been dreaming he was planting potatoes—that he sowed a large one and a small one, and that worms were creeping up on him.

That dream appears to have been singularly verified in his own death and in that of one of his children.

His wife has also told me that about three o'clock—the night of his decease, at which hour his departure took place, she heard him come distinctly to her door, which he did not pass—that she heard him cough, and then return as if going down stairs again. She also states that before he took his final illness he had many warnings of a strange and unusual nature.

I shall also mention other cases under my own observation, and for which I can therefore answer.

The first is the cure of a headache of long standing, and so severe, that the afflicted person sometimes lost speech, and at other times would make use of language entirely different to what he intended.

This cure was performed by an old woman named Bridget Rigney, who lived near the town of Cloghan, in the King's County.

She was generally known through the county as the fairy woman, and was had recourse to by the country people on many occasions, for performing cures and other purposes. She was a person of strictly religious habits and character, and would not remain passive if she heard any one make use of improper language.

As I was looking at her performing the cure I have referred to, I may mention the means, as far as I could see, that she made use of.

In the first place she appointed certain days in the week, which I do not now recollect. On those days she came, and having stripped the person's head she applied a ribbon crossways on the head, extending towards the ears. She held it in that way for some minutes, repeating prayers as I believe. She then changed the ribbon in a cross direction on the head, repeating as before, and so continued the operation for about a quarter of an hour.

I believe the cure was perfectly effected in about three visits, and never returned in such a virulent form again; nor have I known the person ever since to be afflicted with any severe headache.

I have also known the same woman to cure a child who had been born lame. The defect appeared to be in the hip, and is considered to have been caused by a fall which her mother received. The woman took the child home, and in about three weeks returned with the child perfectly cured.

The woman often stated she held conversation with fairies, and from what I have heard, I consider she derived her cures from that source, which she performed in many ways, and sometimes by means of herbs.

I have also known two persons to be cured of boils or lumps by the laying on of hands of a seventh son, which is quite general in this country.

I could relate many instances of a kindred nature, which came under my own notice, and any person acquainted with the experiences of the people of this country, especially in the rural parts, cannot fail to be impressed with the identity in many respects between them and the various phenomena of Spiritualism in the present day.

Yours very truly,

Dublin, June 14.

EDWARD S. LAUDER.

A Sermon on "Progress."

On Sunday evening last Mr. J. M. Spear, the great spiritual apostle from across the Atlantic, gave a discourse on "Progress," in Eastbourne. The audience was good, and the attention displayed by them, a proof that progressive truths, when put before them in a simple, unassuming, intelligible manner, have a charm for them.

Mr. Spear commenced his discourse by referring to the conversion of the Apostle Paul, through the instrumentality of Spiritualism. He said he supposed that St. Paul was what would be termed by spiritualists, both clairvoyante and clairaudient. He saw the *light* and heard the *voice* calling to him.

People had very peculiar notions regarding the Bible; they were apt to imagine the things spoken of in the sacred book did not actually occur on this earth. They had a notion that the Bible came down printed and bound direct from Heaven. This was a superstitious notion he confessed he himself partially entertained. The more the Bible narratives were studied, the more actual they would appear. It would be impossible for him to dwell upon all the phases of progress which opened before him in a single hour, therefore he should content himself by dealing briefly with moral and religious progress.

The idea that progress was constant in its advances was not the fact. It was like the waves of the sea—now advancing and now receding, yet still it marked on the shore proofs of its progress.

Jesus came, and was an evidence in Himself of progress. He commenced his work alone, yet in a little while he gathered around him James and John, Peter and others, and his philosophy gained strength and good was done. Yet Jesus did not appear always to progress when he performed his miracles, he was rendered an object of dislike to the pharisaic Jews of his day; he was taken prisoner, made to carry the heavy cross, and then he was nailed to the tree. And where were his disciples then? They lost courage; he was deserted by them. Where were the persons that he had restored from lameness, deafness, and even death? They came not near to sympathise or to save. Excepting one or two women, the Saviour had none near to weep for Him or to console him. It would appear (said Mr. Spear) that Christianity had for ever achieved its death-blow. Here was the Saviour crucified by his enemies—his disciples scattered, paralysed, and rendered dumb. But not so James and John; they wore together, saying they *thought* He came to redeem his people, when they were accosted by a stranger, who was invited to eat with them. What was their surprise to find the stranger was no other than their blessed Lord. He had appeared to them from the tomb, and they marvelled. There was no more striking case of spiritual reappearance in the entire Bible than this one. Progress was eternal. The crucified Saviour, though crucified, was not dead, neither were His teachings without effect.

Mr. Spear gave a rapid glance at religious progress, instancing some very striking cases in his own experience. One of these we are tempted to reproduce, but must do it in our own way. John Murray was a native of the mother country. He was early in life separated from his partner, who had passed beyond the veil. Hearing a friend discourse on America, he resolved to go there, and accordingly set sail. By some extraordinary coincidence, the ship in which John Murray was, got into a port in New Jersey, and was wind-bound. It appears that John Murray left the ship with a view to look about him, and came to a hut, in which he saw a man named Potter, who had a large quantity of fish. Mr. Murray said, "Friend, will you sell me a few fish?" "No, I will not." "But you have so many! it seems very strange you will not let me have a few." "I did not say I would not let you have a few fish, I only said I would not *sell* you any; the fish were free to me, and so are they to you, and everything else I have. I have been expecting you, and shall be prepared to entertain you. If you will come back in the evening I will relate to you further particulars.

John Murray took some fish to the ship, and returning to Mr. Potter, inquired of him what he wanted. He was informed that he must preach in a church which was at hand. "But I cannot do anything of the kind." "Yes you must, God has sent you here for that purpose." Mr. Murray said, if the wind changed the ship must immediately set sail. "But it won't change," exclaimed Potter, "until you have preached."

The wind kept unfavorable, John Murray promised to preach, men were sent on horse-back to draw together a congregation from a radius of about twenty miles, and thus commenced John Murray's useful labours in the New World. The sermon had a good effect, the audience thanking Mr. Potter for getting so good a man to preach to them.

After discoursing a little on the various progressive movements in America, Mr. Spear referred to the progress of Modern Spiritualism. He shewed that God was working out His own mighty purposes, and that all truths had to bide their time. When the mind was prepared, then came the truth, and all we had to do was to open our hearts to receive it. Progress existed, not only on this, but the other side of the grave. This grand truth was taught by Spiritualism, which, under God's providence, was making great strides, both in the New and Old Worlds.

We have only to add our prayers that a few more single-hearted, amiable men, like Mr. Spear, may preach through the length and breadth of this land, that the superstitious horrors of ignorance and priestcraft may wane in the light of spiritual glory.

Spirit-Communication from the Association of Beneficents.

Holding Mr. Cooper's hand, Mr. Spear passing into the entranced state, said:—

"It was said of one that he was mad, and it was responded that there was method in his madness. To most persons, individuals who enter heartily into new enterprises, and adopt new forms of thought, seem mad, but the clear, consecutive, harmonic, practical mind, looking beyond the present into the future, knows that truth ever comes uppermost; that, though crushed to earth for a season, by a law of necessity, it rises again. Luther felt the heavy pressure of the Catholic church. He had caught a thought, *the right of private judgment*. He worked upon that thought in harmony with the inspirations of Melancthon, and reached a large mass of valuable mind. Protestantism got a hold. So in every new revelation a few individualities see the way in which to walk to promote the new forms of truth. The manifestations of to-day are not exceptions. Clearest demonstrations are before the mind that spirits live—intelligent, sympathetic, beneficent, practical. Whoever looks at these unfoldings, from the slight muffled sound up to the action of mind upon the speaker and writer, must perceive method. There are labours needed which call for expenditures, and both call for methods. At the present moment America, England, and France are the three most important spiritual centres. Other nations may be regarded as adjuncts; individual auxiliaries they are. The mind then starts this inquiry—By the aid of sympathetic laws, by the action of mind on mind, by the organization of commerce, can these three nations be brought into harmonic action? It may be assumed that the Emperor, the Queen, and President can in divers ways be acted upon. These in their several positions reach important orders of mind. Now knowledge can be diffused by two, nay, three, prominent methods: 1st, the press, perhaps the mightiest; 2nd, the human voice and countenance, the most electrical; 3rd, Phenomenal exhibitions. These three wisely conjoined become valuable disseminative aids. These *are*; but they lie in fragments, need to be conjoined. The French mind is quick, the English strong, slow, the American active, energetic. These need, as it were, to assimilate with each other. But the American mind is at the present moment largely engrossed in a particular direction. Focalized as it is upon war and its social consequences, organization must in that atmosphere, for a season at least, be postponed. Not so in Great Britain. The age of co-operation is now coming forth, and from grand trunks and important roots there are various branches. The mind then looks in this direction, viz:—May a publishing house be opened with advantage in the metropolis? The largest and richest in the world. Within a dozen miles is a vast amount of mind exhibiting itself co-operatively in finance, in churches, and in countless other directions. Now in harmony with natural action a disseminative mind needs, with a calm practical business eye, to open there an infantile publishing house. All documents, therefore, issued, should, for the sake of impression, bear upon the imprint "London." It is of little consequence, comparatively, where the press or type may be, but the centre should be at the most forcible and convenient point. There has been generated here, in harmony with law, an effort to disseminate spiritual knowledge. The seaside gave the atmosphere suited to the origin, but it were but little use to print or speak without a circulation corresponding to expense of labour. The first thing then is to drop the little pebble in the metropolis. Organizing a slight publishing house, there might be in connection therewith certain persons who could be used as external exhibitors; also persons quick upon the hoof with ready lip and poetic pen, to go, to speak, to inspire. In starting such a work there should be a looking forward to covering about three years,—not much must be pushed farther out because of commotions to transpire in '67. The careful business person will then, for sufficient reasons, incline to take in sail, and keep near the shore. The American agitations must sweep over into the British Colonies—they will disturb the British centralized mind and its methods of doing business. It is not the purpose of this sketch to enter into critical details, but rather to outline a method of action upon the British mind. The American press has been prolific of a sort of spiritual literature. Some of the works are ephemeral, others permanent. A judicious mind could make selections from these, import, or get up reprints, and thus obtain a profit to aid the general scheme. Organizing a central British house, it would not be difficult to form commercial connections with parties in the new world, nor to cross the channel and connect with the French mind. Branch houses could be easily established in Manchester, Liverpool, different parts of Scotland and Ireland. It would not be difficult to send publications to the distant British Colonies; and a business vaster than most minds would be likely to contemplate could be built and rest upon a substantial foundation.

Your mind is peculiarly adapted to a business labor of that interesting sort. Your business judgment may have shown you that a public tide is rising which may seriously affect your present occupations. Your generosity of heart and fidelity to truth lead you to say that you would rather pluck out a right eye or lose a right hand than stand in the way of human progress and healthful growth. While then an old labor may be becoming stale and distasteful, a higher and more attractive opens to the mind. It is the purpose of certain parties in the spirit-life to act upon the rulers of the people already referred to, Napoleon, Victoria, and whoever occupies the American presidency, may be reached. Other parties who have personal wealth may be inspired to a beneficent use of the same. This basic thought then needs to be fixed in the mind, viz: Man is a *recipient*; in other words, a *child*; or in yet other form a *steward*. The recipient, child, or steward, acts for and in behalf of others. Upon them rests certain obligations. *Wealth is power*. Persons in spirit-life do not for personal use require external wealth, but these persons have in mind methods of operation or of action upon the human world. Wealth aids these. There is then this suggestion presented, that persons who acquire wealth solemnly, consecrate at least one tenth to the service of the common humanity—promoting such moral, religious, healthful or spiritual enterprise as shall meet their individual approval—consecrating

thus a portion at regular intervals, the balance to be kept and used to found, if need be, permanent institutions.

On the opposite side the Atlantic, a gentleman, bearing your own name, mainly from his own private purse has organized an institute. When you shall visit America you will look at that institution with its lecture rooms, libraries, paintings, sculptures, and schools thrown gloriously open to the poor. Perhaps no one on that side the Atlantic has exhibited more wisdom than the beneficent Cooper. As he may reflect upon the knowledge he is disseminating, his soul is filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good.

As your mind shall develop, as your acquaintance with the influence of the seas upon certain fine organisms shall be more intimate, it may occur to your mind that an institute having in view the education of persons for labors of a high and unselfish character may be here established. In your contemplative hours you will think on these matters. By your side you see one growing, of fine form and noble heart: you will, at favorable moment, take this beloved daughter to the Parisian metropolis, give her that acquaintance with the French tongue, manners and customs, which will fit her to be a useful instrumentality in this work; so that God has given you the appliances needed to conduct a business in your own thorough way, securing that independence which shall fit you to speak and act in harmony with the divinest promptings.

In the paper hastily sketched of the *seas*, you will perceive the great advantages which must flow to the mind from a seaside residence; the importance of holding on to a convenient place where you can retire at will, get the atmosphere, and write as you shall be prompted.

Taking these thoughts for what they seem worth, you incorporate them in life as they shall grow in your own individual mind. It is the work of the spirit world to sow the seed and start the blade, but the recipient must exercise all his reason, judgment, and business ability. Nothing then is to be taken from man, but a new power is to be communicated to him. That power is spiritual perception. The financiers of to-day have material perception; they prosper as materialists. But there is a prosperity based upon materiality which flowers out into a holy spirituality. Now it is in contemplation to place the communicating mind in a vicinity where the more cultivated and wealthy classes of the metropolis can be reached. An experiment of three months at the West End will call out certain individualities who may be prompted to invest means for the promotion of spiritual knowledge in Great Britain. There must be a reading of their minds, an acquaintance with their habits, and a conforming somewhat to them that the work may be wrought.

When this work in the way indicated begins in your mind, a branch establishment may be organized in Paris, and a mass of valuable mind on the continent can be reached. Labors in their incipient form have been commenced. Mediumistic persons from the now world may be drawn to the old. Now in commencing a labor there must be a recognition of a general law—viz: that things tend from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same. Begin a village as the east and it will populationally work towards the west, other things being equal. In looking then at the metropolis that law is to be regarded. For three years to come a house, say in the vicinity of Charing Cross, for publishing purposes, might be deemed the best; but three years from this the population would have gone farther on. Now to reach a certain order of mind there must be a mediumistic house farther on at the west—say in the vicinity of Regent's Park. These may be thought trifling matters, yet when it is considered that there is an earnest purpose to organize a business, that wealth and knowledge are powers, no business mind will ignore these matters. The details as to the profits from the sale of books, the use of the present sheet, and of agents for distribution, will come in their natural order.

In the spirit-life persons bear names corresponding to their character and employments. For convenience your name will be recorded "The Disseminator," because of your adaptation to labors of that sort. Your ability to speak, off-hand chirography, and freedom of thought enabling you to catch early glimpses of the morning dawn, particularly fit you for that labor. You will take a favorable moment to run your eye over a volume called *The Educator*, and see how much, if any of it, might be with profit circulated in the Old World. An interesting lady in the city of Paris will most cheerfully co-operate with you and others in distributing spiritual knowledge among her people, and thus, as it were, you find a companion who will be one with you in a noble labor. Others catching the new thought will gather about you, and when age shall have come you will look upon persons as the father upon his children, and will say to them in a paternal way, "Honesty is, my dear children, the best policy."

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—As often as it is remarked by those who know not the facts, that Spiritualism is dying out, additional evidence comes in to show that its progress is more rapid than ever. Its great work now is in spreading its *principles*, preparatory for the coming political, moral, social, financial, and religious revolution which the spirits assure us is at hand. When the most noted men in the world embrace an opinion or system, then, of course, we may expect that it will become popular to receive the same, and be associated with them. When the Empress of France, or other distinguished ladies adopt a new mode of dress, all the fashionable world are expected to follow, if they can. The same is true, to a certain extent, of opinions. Already the Emperor and Empress of France have become Spiritualists, as well as many other distinguished persons in Europe. On this side of the Atlantic the Spiritualists now number in their ranks many of the most noted statesmen, doctors, and professional men, besides a large number of clergymen. It is said that almost all of our congress-men are Spiritualists.—*American Paper.*

Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

JESSIE.

I have a little girl with hazel eyes,
That flash like streams beneath Aurora's dyes;
Her rounded cheeks like ripen'd apples glow,
Her lisping lips with artless prattle flow.
She smiles upon me with sweet fond delight,
While Love sits laughing in her dainty sight,—
A ray of sunlight dancing on a lake—
A rosebud peeping where the dahlias shake.
A fairy-queen more fair than blooming rose;
A rainbow where the sun's rich lustre glows;
A wondrous wealth of growing life and love,
Where joy sits brooding as a brooding dove.
I love her with a heart subdued by Wrong,
But yet with parent passion deep and strong;
I sit within my home, and on my knee
My Jessie sits, and fills my heart with glee.
With her I feel secure from social strife,
Forgetting ills that crush all joy from Life;
For she, my idol, chases dull despair,
And gaily sings as birds sing in the air.
My household pet! I love her more and more,
And all her pretty winsome ways adore;
She seems to me a queen-rose on a stem,
A priceless pearl upon a diadem;
A living model touched by perfect art,
Whose image wakes emotions of the heart.
My dark-eyed Jessie! how her guileless ways,
Fill up the void that fills my sadden'd days!
She is my pride—the rose upon my breast—
My treasur'd picture, of all pictures best;
A diadem more brilliant than all pearls;
To me more beautiful than all earth's girls.
A wonder-making mirthful little child,
The praise of all, a creature undefil'd.
My Jessie sings and prattles in her play,
While hours fleet-footed trip upon their way.
I love her voice, so ready and so free,
Her laugh that rings like music o'er the lea,—
Her glowing kiss that seals my soul to truth,
Her clinging arms that fold my heart to youth.
I love them all, with love too deep to tell,
For all my being seems in her to dwell.
And while I sit, with spirit glad and free,
My Jessie smiles and prattles on my knee.

J. H. POWELL.

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

There was a little summer house which Mr. Peerless had built, surrounded with ivy, and standing under the shadow of some young trees, whose branches waved gaily to the breeze, and drooped with the weight of their foliage. Mr. Forbes said he was exceedingly pleased with it, and only wished he could have it transported to Lincoln's Inn, thinking how delicious it would be with Miss Corral. There were so many objects to inspect, and so much praise to bestow, that neither of the gentlemen found the time tedious. The lady was quite happy. It was a rare opportunity to have others in her garden possessed of appreciative powers. She made the occasion a source of additional delight, both to her visitors and herself. There were many curious relics in the garden. Mr. Peerless having collected precious stones and peculiar shells which had been excavated in the process of carrying on building operations.

"I cannot say but I envy you this magnificent shrubbery, madam," said Mr. Forbes, by way of giving words to his feelings.

"Envy is a bad quality in ordinary people, but in a medium it is worse than bad," said Mr. Humphrey in a jocular vein.

"It seems to me that this good lady has acquired the art of living blissfully in an elysium of bliss. How can a man

like me, roughed out of London bricks and smoke, help being envious at such a time as this?"

"If you have smoke and bricks in London, you have also the beautiful Thames, up and down which you can sail and take your pleasure, Mr. Forbes, so don't try to make your case out so bad, if you please," said Mr. Humphrey, with a waggish glance, which certainly was not at all in keeping with his general, staid, unocular manner. But he was disposed for a little merriment, and knew that it would be acceptable.

"The Thames, pshaw! what can one see there but a patch of sooty water, and an interminable line of black barges?" Mr. Forbes thought suddenly of Gravesend, and suddenly paused, because associations had a singular influence over his mind.

"But surely, Mr. Forbes, you must pay a compliment to Richmond, which looks, I think, charming, as one sails up the Thames on a fine day," interposed Mrs. Peerless.

"Oh, yes, madam; I have pleasure in adding my humble praise to yours. Richmond is certainly a fine place, and commands a pleasant prospect from the Thames; but if I must have a choice I prefer Gravesend." No one but Mr. Forbes knew why. "But I infinitely prefer the scenery about this spot to anything within easy distance of London. The fact is, the smoky, sooty vapours of town impregnate the atmosphere for miles, and without one goes as far as Gravesend one is made conscious at every turn of the all-potent influence of smoke," said Mr. Forbes, inspecting the petals of a rose. The garden gate was opened, and an Italian boy, holding under his arm a large fierce looking monkey, entered, touching his ample turban, and threw the monkey on the ground, and holding a chain which was fastened to a collar round its neck, he advanced towards the party.

"Here is something of a diversity. Mr. Forbes, have you any fancy in that direction?" Mr. Humphrey, suiting the action to the word, pointed to the ugly animal, which commenced dancing and grinning. The Italian boy grinned in mimicry of the monkey. Mrs. Peerless shuddered, as her eye caught sight of the two intruders, yet she could not forbear smiling.

"Pray, Charles, give the boy some coppers for me if you have any, and permit him and his monkey to depart. I really feel horrified to look at the ugly thing," she said.

"Which do you mean, madam, the monkey or the boy?" inquired Mr. Forbes; "I confess myself unable to choose between the two for beauty."

The boy, holding his turban in hand, with his expressive face still full of grins, as the monkey chattered and leaped and performed other antics, came to solicit alms. Mr. Humphrey threw a half-crown into his cap. Mr. Forbes advanced and essayed to shake hands with the agile imp, but he by no means had a desire to permit the liberty.

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, you see the animal does not appreciate the common laws of courtesy. I must say his feeling is not at all brotherly." There was a general laugh, in which the Italian boy joined.

"I wonder," said Mr. Forbes, "if he disregards the idea of universal brotherhood, since he utterly repudiates *me*."

"He does not know you so well, probably, as he knows mankind in general, and that is the reason why he is so cautious in forming new acquaintances," added Mr. Humphrey. "Perhaps he has before this found harsh usage, and from the force of instinct learns to distrust our race."

"All I can say is that if I had the fierce fellow at Lincoln's Inn, I would teach him better manners."

"Perhaps you would destroy the quality which seems to me so admirable in the brute; I mean his noble spirit of independence."

Mrs. Peerless laughed aloud and said—

"You seem disposed to make fun out of that poor disposed monkey. Go boy, and take the thing away."

"Just one minute," interrupted Mr. Forbes, "Here, boy, are you and the monkey always on good terms?" The boy nodded assent, and gave the broad grin as he lifted the monkey up, who by way of testifying his special regard for him, placed his arms round his neck. "Then you never quarrel?" The boy's head shook a negative. "Astonishing," exclaimed Mr. Forbes, "these two minds can regard each other as bosom friends, and yet educated Christians cannot often meet together without bickerings and wars. So much for civilization!"

"You see there is something to learn even from a monkey, Mr. Forbes," philosophised Mr. Humphrey. "Pray tell me do you not find that so termed Christians would love each other

better than they do and prove civilization something more than it is, if, like this monkey, they were properly educated?"

"There is certainly something in that," was the reply.

"We divide ourselves into sections or sectaries, making each distinct sect a representative of the christian principle. The evil of this is, that we indoctrinate our children with the fatal poison of dogma, and thereby rouse their antagonistic feelings towards one another. Suppose now, children were under proper discipline, and well indoctrinated with love instead of hatred. Like this monkey, they would be happy in the presence of their companions. Depend upon it the fault is not so much in ourselves as in our education, did we only see it."

"Very true, Mr. Humphrey," said Mr. Forbes, turning red in the face while he was stooping to cull a pansy at his utmost distance of reach; "but you must not overlook the fact that Mr. Monkey there has been seized from his native haunts among the cocoa nuts and Indians, and has been tamed into comparative docility by the very civilized lash."

"That may or may not be the case. I am rather disposed to ascribe the animal's regard for his companion as the effect of kindness. You try him yourself; pretend to strike him, and see whether he will not fall back upon his brutal instincts of revenge."

"Suppose we try," and Mr. Forbes advanced towards the monkey and raised his stick. The animal no sooner observed the action than with a ferocious look he sprang at Mr. Forbes, who, being on his guard, escaped injury.

"Oh, pray, come out of the ugly thing's way, sir, do, or I shall be terrified to death," interposed Mrs. Peerless, whilst Mr. Humphrey waved his hand to the Italian boy to take it away.

"Aye, boy, run off with it or I may be tempted to give it a little correction by way of teaching it manners;" and Mr. Forbes pretended to execute his threat. The boy grinned as much as his monkey, but thinking discretion the best part of valor he made his escape, dragging his charge along with him.

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, are you satisfied now that kindness goes foremost in the development of noble qualities even in monkeys?"

"I cannot exactly fall into your views, Mr. Humphrey, and were I given to philosophising I should certainly want to make my stick properly fit that monkey's back to satisfy myself that chastisement was not effectual before trying milder measures."

"Why, Mr. Forbes, you owe that poor monkey a secret grudge, to talk in that manner. Revenge is more of a monkeyish quality than of a manly one. Why not revenge your position by trying mild measures first?"

"Yes, that would be the Christian plan, Mr. Forbes," added Mrs. Peerless. "you must admire the divine charity which covereth a multitude of sins, and I am fain to believe, you know it is better far to rule by love than fear. Here comes the wanderer at last."

They all looked towards the gate, and Mr. Peerless, with his usual red, plump, jolly face, advanced to greet them.

Mrs. Peerless did Mr. Forbes the honor of introducing him to her husband, and they all went together into the house.

After a time the object of Mr. Humphrey's visit was made known to Mr. Peerless, who, with one of his merry laughs, said—

"Well, Charles, if you will persist in going through this piece of tom-foolery at our table, do so with all my heart, but mind I shall find you out and shall not spare you when I do so. There, I really wonder at you. Have I not before told you *my* opinion?"

"You have certainly expressed your disbelief in spiritual phenomena altogether, and that is just the reason why I have prevailed upon my friend, Mr. Forbes, to accompany me here. I want you to see for yourself, and then I can ask you a few plain questions which you will be in a better position *not* to answer," said the son-in-law.

"Oh, very good, if I must give way, why it will take—

"A ghost, Peerless," exclaimed his wife, "to make you give in, for I am pretty well satisfied no mortal will do it." Mrs. Peerless said this with a ready good-natured smile on her face, and moreover she saw, with that keen perception belonging to some women, that her husband was in a good vein, and would not be likely to feel hurt at her remark.

"My opinion, Mrs. Peerless, is just this. Women are born to talk and not think, therefore I am not surprised at your remark," said her husband.

"But you can scarcely give Mrs. Peerless the credit of being a great talker. Surely you mean nothing of the kind," ventured Mr. Forbes.

"Let us all sit round the table," said Mr. Humphrey, disposed to prevent an useless harangue between Mr. Forbes and his father-in-law. They all sat as desired, and in the usual way placed their hands on the table.

"This certainly appears to *me* all a bit of mummery. Why, Charles, I really begin to think that you have all been laying your heads together to poke fun at me. What can be the use of sitting as silent as Quakers in this manner?" exclaimed Mr. Peerless, his face as usual retaining its comical expression.

"Just wait a little while, Peerless, before you pronounce judgment," requested his wife, evidently predisposed to favor the views of Mr. Humphrey.

They sat in silence about two minutes; not the faintest movement of the table was visible.

Mr. Forbes, addressed Mr. Humphrey, said—"I am not quite sure we shall not be disappointed this time, but we had better wait and see."

"Dear me, I hope not;" exclaimed that gentleman, who, having witnessed the manifestations at his own house was not prepared for failure in the house of his father-in-law.

They sat another two minutes; still no sign of spirit presence.

Mr. Peerless, who had, wonderful to relate, kept his tongue in check that space of time, gave it eager rein.

"So this is the manner in which you place *me* in a position *not* to answer your queries. I knew I could see nothing."

"You are too impatient, that you are, Peerless; pray wait a little longer, we have only sat down to the table about five minutes; what can you expect in so short a space of time?"

"There is no need of hurry in the matter; just let us wait, the world wasn't made in a day." Having delivered himself of this wise piece of demonstrative fact, Mr. Forbes put on one of his knowing looks.

"It is quite self-evident, according to my experience, that these manifestations cannot be commanded at pleasure, therefore we must take what comes," added Mr. Humphrey.

"That is just what we *do* take, Charles; you see what it amounts to. The table stands as still as it always does when no flesh and blood ghost moves it."

"That is true enough; the table certainly has not yet moved, but it *may* do so, and if it should, what becomes of your asseveration?"

"I suppose the spirits feel no disposition to commune with us, or, perhaps there are none present," said Mr. Forbes.

"Why, that is the very reason perhaps—being none present, how can they commune," retorted Mr. Peerless.

"Well, I really should like to see the table move about if it was only to confound your scepticism, Peerless," said his wife.

"Now, my dear, why need you like so much trouble on my account; you know I always have maintained that Charles is subjected to some hallucination on this one subject alone, and *my* opinion is proved to be the right one."

"Not exactly," Mr. Peerless, replied Mr. Forbes, "when you have had the experience I have you will have necessarily a different opinion."

That to Mr. Peerless appeared an impossibility. He said,

"It needs little experience to convince *me* that that table does *not* move; why need I take trouble to prove either to myself, or others to the contrary? I conceive this so called spirit power a gross delusion, and cannot help expressing myself in this strong manner."

"Be as strong in your manner as you like, Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, "you have as much right to your opinion as we have to ours. But before you settle this question of hallucination be sure you make yourself competent for the task by witnessing for yourself the manifestations which I have. No one, I should think, would desire you to get into a labyrinth of logic in order that you might satisfy yourself that your table, which has *not* moved, *did* move,—the thing is preposterous. The real argument is this: the fact that *your* table has not moved does not in the slightest degree favor the conclusion that *mine* did not move last evening.

(To be continued.)

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