

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND  
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.

No. 19, VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

PRICE 2d.

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

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

## The Spiritual Times.

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### MAN—HIS TWO NATURES.

In all things, animate or inanimate, dwells the impress of Wisdom. The marks of the Creator are indelibly fixed upon the creature. Nothing exists but which owes its life to the Great All-Wise Father. Owing to our finite and imperfect conceptions we are unable to understand His purposes in the permission of evil, nevertheless we can but bow before His Majesty, and acknowledge He does all things well. If we survey the sea, lost in admiration, and bounded by the horizon, we see the symbol of Infinite Wisdom. If we look up at the star-lit heavens, limited in view, we behold the evidences of Infinite Wisdom. Gaze we abroad over the distant hills or over fields of verdure, still the expression of Infinite Wisdom is with us. It matters not whether we examine the cataract, the mountain, the sea, or the sky; or whether we analyse the minutest animalculum, or the tiniest forms of mineral or vegetable growth, we shall still behold wonderful evidences of design, and feel how fearfully and wonderfully all things are made. But man needs only to look into himself to stand uncovered in the presence of his Maker. What is there in creation so surpassingly wonderful as man? Take his physical form, and there are grace, beauty, and use. Not an unnecessary particle in his whole body; head, hands, feet, and every other portion of the animal economy wisely made, to fulfil a divine purpose. Externally, beauty, proportion, and utility are perceptible in man. Had he no higher faculties than those which develop themselves in his exercised head, hands, and feet, still Almighty Wisdom would be required to create him. But when he turns himself into a microscope, wherein he can view himself internally, how exalted is his idea of the Great Infinite, who designed him? Not only has man a body, but he has also a spirit, and if he will learn from himself he will fear to pervert either the one or the other. The body was given him for use, not abuse. So was the spirit. If, then, owing to narrow

creedal influences he is taught to crucify the one at the expense of the other, he will assuredly disobey a law of his existence. In God's great universe nothing is lost and existant without a purpose. Whatever that purpose may be it should if possible be discovered, and religiously observed. The body of man, with all its elaborated faculties of brain, and its numerous functions, with its net-work of arteries and veins, was evidently designed for use. He who fails to recognise this fact will be sure to fall into excesses of some kind or other, and one of the purposes of his existence will be thwarted, and suffering will be entailed. A wise use of every faculty of the brain and body is the only safeguard against disease. Therefore to allow an arm, or a leg, or any portion of the body to remain inactive for any unreasonable time is a violation of duty, and a direct sin against the Almighty who made them. It is a common mistake for man to suppose because he is an individual he can do as he likes with himself. If he made himself, and had no relation to external persons or things it might be so, but seeing that all he has, or is, was given by the Infinite, he is bound to obey the laws of his being or to take the just consequences of his folly in violating them. If, therefore, it behoves man to use and not abuse his physical and mental powers, how much more so does it behove him not to neglect the duties belonging to the spiritual part of him? Either man has a spiritual nature or he is but a degree removed above the brute creation. If he have no inward spirit which responds to the low, sweet voices of angels, and finds its true happiness in associating itself with all that is heroic, God-like, and ethereal, why, the music of nature and the harmony of colours, and all the refined order of beauty which excites in man a passion for art, might just as well have no existence, since they can elevate for no good purpose if the appreciative spirit is short-lived or non-existent. The animal creation remain near the earth eating and dying. They have no conception of the magnificence of Nature, or love for its music and flowers. Man only possesses power to delight in these, because he has within him a spirit whose mission it is to take cognizance of those things which, in all their perfection, are only dull symbols of far more exceeding beauties in the spirit-realms. Here, again, we behold marvellous evidence of Infinite Wisdom. God has so ordered this lower universe that whilst the hard material things shall minister to our bodies, there shall be beauty, harmony, and music to delight our spirits. The wants of the body are simple, and of limited capacities. The wants of the spirit are infinitely expansive. Whilst the body may be soon sated with material enjoyments the spirit is never satisfied, being constituted



for eternal progression. Thus the nature of spiritual things is enduring, whilst the material nature is as a passing shadow in the light of the eternal. We live not for this world, or for ourselves or we should need but bodies and brains—certainly not spirits. If material things were the all-in-all, spiritual things would have little influence upon us, but the Almighty Father has wisely ordered otherwise, and we thank Him with hearts burdened with gratitude. He has given us a spiritual as well as a material nature, and we learn their uses in their creation. Whosoever violates his own existence injures himself, and sins against his Creator. If the body has a purpose the Spirit has one likewise. Physical forms strengthen and grow on effort, development, and culture—even so do spiritual forms. The man who would be all body and no soul is fit only for dust, whilst he who would be all spirit must lose his body to gain the atmosphere to which he aspires. Gradual growth is better than forced growth, therefore spirit gains its freedom legitimately when the body is allowed to perform its functions in harmony with duty. The stream flows freely when unobstructed, but it has to start from a given point, and reach its destination by the law of progress. When it reaches the centre, it is impelled quicker from the force of its own gravity. So it is with man. From childhood he progresses slowly, stage by stage, until he reaches manhood; then the years he leaves behind him gravitate gradually against him, until he is impelled, with less and less of his own vivacity, into age. Then it is that the spirit tires of the clayey tabernacle, and gains strength from the body's weakness to escape into its own proper element. Everything is progressive; therefore, it is essential that there be no forestalling natural conditions. If the world-life in the body be necessary to train the spirit, to fit it for other spheres of being, it will gain by obeying the laws of its existence, and will receive its reward in time. The less material the conceptions, the more spiritualized the feelings. Whilst, therefore, it is requisite that the body be not neglected, we must look to it that the spirit is doing its proper work in the body. Here we perceive other evidences of Infinite wisdom. Duties, sympathies, and aspirations, all bind the soul to truth, and tend to fit the spirit for heaven. Whilst we keep our earthly house in order, which signifies attention to the cleanliness and proper use of the body, we must look to it above all things that we prepare for our spiritual house. In doing this most essential of all duties, we must not forget that every good Christ-like thought or deed elevates and sanctifies us, whilst every vicious and wicked thought or deed degrades and demonises us. As we are to-day, so we may be to-morrow, and perhaps for long ages in the future. That which is pure cannot mix with that which is impure without losing its virtue. Dirt accumulating on our bodies may be easily washed away, but the habit for dirt requires much more time and trouble to make clean. And the sins that stick to our spirits like habits, hold the firmer the longer they are indulged. We are as children playing with pebbles, we know not the real value of things, yet we are pleased with their shape and colour. But our Infinite, All-wise Father gave us bodies to preserve our spirits, which, being of ethereal texture, required to be preserved from contact with gross materiality. The body dies, goes down to the dust, decomposes, and is used up in the laboratory of nature. The spirit lives in the body first; gathers fruition of good and evil, in proportion as it deals with the things of earth and is influenced thereby, yet when the body is in the earth, the spirit still lives, and occupies a new sphere. Here, again, is evidence of Infinite wisdom; through much tribulation and trial, truth grows upon the spirit, elevating and redeeming it. First, the embodied earth-life, then the spirit-spheres. The lessons of wisdom are seen in our experiences; when we profit by wisdom, we submit to her dictates. Every effort at a victory is culture for the spirit. The faintest gleams of moonlight resting on the earth, foreshadow the moon in the mind's eye, or cause the physical eye involuntarily to look up at the moon. So with the faintest glimmerings of purpose; they inspire the soul with eagerness to look to the Purposer. It is thus we learn that existences prophesy their own future, and we discern that effort is essential to fit either the mind or the body to expand.

Let us look to it that we allow no idle feeling to overcome us in our efforts at keeping both body and spirit in order, remembering that He who made us gave us reason to guide, and inspiration to impel us on the way that leads from this life to the life everlasting.

"Many can apprehend these arguments from sense, who cannot yet reach, and will not be convinced by other demonstrations."—Rev. R. BAXTER.

#### THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

There is something sublime in that trusting faith which reaches us through all ages and from all nations, asserting God's positive presence and controlling power. "The Lord spake unto me." "The Lord commanded me," &c. The recognition of this actual presence of God has sprung from no external faith, but from an interior recognition of a power within the soul, that was superior to all external commands. It was the sign of the divine life expressing the divine presence.

Philosophy and reason have both come and questioned this faith. What! is God the Infinite speaking to man, the finite? Is there any possibility that the life of worlds and universes of worlds individualize themselves, and interfere with the trivial affairs of so insignificant an atom as a man, and with his relations to his fellow man? But philosophy and reason in questioning us do not entirely silence the interior sense of a life, a presence, a power, a oneness in and of what is termed God. Sometimes the spirit in its moments of exaltation recognizes its part and presence within the infinite, and thus knows itself closer to God than to any individual spirit in the universe; but these moments do not satisfy the heart, which calls upon reason and upon philosophy to bring the positive presence of God before the spirit, either as a life or an interior power, or an outward agent individual and supreme.

There is within man a sense, if we may so term it, or a spiritual consciousness, of the divine. It is sometimes scarcely active, but it is always existent. It is a feeling through the myriad channels of life, of a bond, a union, a reception of that universal life and that infinite presence which it terms God.

From the highest to the lowest, in living threads of light the presence extends, and man speaks within himself to God, and yet that inward voice reaches through all space and time; for it is life within wed to life without that impels the thought, and that thought vibrates as it goes out, and is an actual power in the universe.

Then prayer to God is an aspiration, an inward sense of an upward destiny. It is the heart's testimony of immortality, of an undying life and an eternal progress. But prayer for special good must have finite means of answer; and thus every aspiration reaches some spirit that with loving thought endeavours to respond, and to pour back not only an answer of life, but so to change the relations of man to man that the good sought shall be gained.

This answer comes as an evidence of infinite love, and so the heart says, "God hears me," "I know that I have a Father who is close by my side." It is this inward recognition of spiritual aid that has given to the world such proofs of an actual God—that the idea often becomes individualized and limited.

Theodore Parker says of himself: "When a little boy in petticoats in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond-hole, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom—a rare flower in my neighborhood, and which grew only in that locality—attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys out of sport destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions—until the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told my mother, and asked what was it that said it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said: 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice.' She went her way, careful and troubled about many things, but doubtless pondered them in her motherly heart; while I went off to wonder and think it over in my poor childish way. But I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me."

This "voice of God in the soul of man" is proof of the divine life that awaits every spirit. It is the recognition of a destiny that can never be achieved until purity, and right and holiness shall prevail.—*Herald of Progress.*

#### A BLOCKADER'S STORY.

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched in charge of a prize officer and crew to New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a

sick man on board who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but in his present excited state he talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out aloud, in authoritative voice, "Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner ahoy! what schooner is that, I say?" He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the name, but at length said, "Oh, that is your name, is it?" [The prize schooner's name was "the *Juanito*, pronounced *Wanito*?] "What water have you got?" "Five fathoms—four fathoms—three fathoms—two fathoms—" "Look out there! you will be ashore!" "Heave the lead!" "One fathom." "There, you are right ashore!"

After this his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings until next morning, when we saw the "*Juanito*" hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we had not yet learned satisfactorily; but anchoring near as possible to her we saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was wholly accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that thoughts can be unconsciously communicated from one mind to another, that I cannot dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman who had often thrown the lead, and that at this time the subject was by some slight incident presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never thrown the lead himself, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly from a little inshore of where we were then lying, which was in  $5\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals on this coast, to one fathom, which would be where the schooner was when among the breakers.

If it be said that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings two fathoms and one fathom he never could have heard; for we never go into less than a quarter less three fathoms, *i. e.*,  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore.

I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.—*Harper's Weekly*.

#### ARRIVAL OF DR J. R. NEWTON, THE HEALING MEDIUM.

Dr Newton has arrived. We have seen him and are impressed favourably with him. He wrote to us to appoint an interview, informing us that he had come to London to "heal the sick without money and without price." He is a middle-aged middle-sized man, with a fine genial, open, benevolent countenance. Hearing of the many wonderful cures he had effected in America we naturally felt predisposed to love him, perhaps that may partly account for the fact that we no sooner shook his hand and met his glance than a magnetism of goodness seemed to surround us. His language is simple and full of trust in a higher power. He does not take unto himself the operating influence which effects his cures—hence his absolute confidence that, so long as he does not betray or abuse his gift, of future success. A curious incident caused Dr Newton to start off hurriedly for Paris. He went to Smithfield, a place famous in his mind; being the direct descendant of one of the martyrs who were burnt there in the time of Queen Mary, he thought he would like to have a place in Smithfield where he might unmolested heal the sick. He was directed to the police-station where to his disquietude he underwent a close cross-examination. When we saw the doctor he told us with a great deal of simplicity that he had fears from that circumstance that the police authorities would prevent him carrying out his designs. He wishes to have permission to stand in some open space and to do his holy work publicly. He was impressed to go to Paris, and no persuasion could change his determination, but before he started he promised faithfully to return in three or four days. He has returned to London and we trust he may feel himself protected in his mission and that proofs of spirit-power may be given in the healing of the sick in thousands. We are gratified to state that the doctor at Birmingham, inaugurated his work in England by healing a woman of blindness who had been without sight 15 years.

#### A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

And do the dead, oh, blessed thought!  
To us indeed return again;  
With messages of mercy fraught,  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men?"  
To guide our wandering feet aright,  
To bind and heal the broken heart;  
The lamp of faith again to light,  
And bid us choose the "better part?"  
Forgive us that our faith is weak,  
Forgive us if we seem to scorn,  
Forgive the erring words we speak,  
Forgive us that we idly mourn.  
And 'mid the busy hours of day,  
And in the vigils of the night,  
Be near us, with us, when we pray,  
To bathe our souls in heavenly light.  
Let light from out our darkness shine,  
And wisdom from our sufferings spring;  
Let love glow in us more divine,  
And faith mount on exultant wing.  
To meet you, victors at the last,  
O'er doubt, and fear, and adverse fate;  
The battle won, the struggle past,  
Our souls stand waiting at the gate.

THOMAS SHORTER.

#### MR ALFRED MELLON'S OPENING CONCERT.

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be,"—therefore it behoves us to cultivate all that has a refining and soul-profitting influence upon us. Noble utterances and glorious poetic truths bear with them power to teach. If we are unwilling to learn, the fault is rather in ourselves than in our lessons or teachers. As Spiritualists it is our duty to surround ourselves and fellow pilgrims with sanctifying attractions. Of all such attractions, music melodiously wedded to pure and elevating thoughts, is perhaps the chief. Our embodied spirits properly imbued with the grandeur and richness of the conceptions of such masters as Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and others, are lifted out of the earth's sphere, and mingle in spirit with the musical inhabitants of the spirit planes. Those, therefore, who cultivate a taste for the purest and sublimest music serve the cause of Spiritualism in no measured degree. On Monday evening last we had the pleasure of attending Mr Alfred Mellon's opening concert at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and it is with no ingard voice we say "Well done." Madlle Carlotta Patti favoured the company with a few vocal executions, which won for her much applause. The instrumentalists performed with spirit some difficult compositions. Altogether the performance was a success deserving commendation. The English people are growing more and more musical, and it is a good sign of the times that the Shakespeares of sound are beginning to be appreciated not only by those who move in high circles, but by the middle and working classes.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGE.

The Lord Jesus is a Saviour from spiritual wickedness in high places: He is also a present Saviour; He does not act once for all, but He acteth ever, and is never weary of His work,—the salvation of the race. The Lord is ever with His people, and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. If He had been once upon a time in the world more naturally than He is so at this our day, He could, in no sense be understood to be the same now as then. His Divine Human Personality must have been more natural,—more cognizable to mortal sense at one period than at another. The Lord would have degraded Himself, without elevating us;—naturalized His Divine Person, without spiritualizing ours: but, He has allowed us to form perfectly natural conceptions concerning His advent in the flesh; He has Himself, by means of the inspired Evangelists, led us into a perfectly natural path, whereon His footprints can be very legibly traced. It is so done in order that we may follow Him by combining nature and spirit together,—that the dust of earth may be used, whereby our blind eyes may be opened. This is the meaning of the Lord's spittle being mixed with earth, forming clay. The Lord desires that natural sense should be ministered unto, natural requirement supplied, natural feeling enlisted; therefore, He causes Himself to be naturally manifested to us, but, in such wise, as that we may view Him in the mist, and with the halo of distance enveloping His Holy Person. He desires that mystery and ambiguity may accompany every conception of Him as God in the flesh. It has ever been thus; the records are not given by eye-witnesses, but were written many years after the advent was supposed to have taken place; showing that Christ must, as a natural man, ever be contemplated from under the veil of obscurity.

The Lord is thus naturally as well as spiritually apprehended. He is now rising from the sepulchre, and He is shewing Himself to us as we have never before seen Him. Still He is not resplendent as He may, to a future age, appear. He is yet mystical. We love Him, worship Him; but, if we examine ourselves, we shall find that we cannot with truth affirm that we yet fully understand either Himself or His mighty works, which are wrought in our souls. This deficiency is but the natural infirmity of mankind; it is the body which Christ takes wherewith to clothe His divine Human principle, and in it we behold our Lord and our God. This is His infirm Humanity; His sufferings and death are ours; His crucifixion is the death of the

wicked, that which they undergo in their hell, that of interior nature. That the Lord should effect salvation merely by living on the earth, and dying on its surface, is a heresy only applicable to the dark ages that are fast rolling away:—mists of error and false conception which good men have vainly tried to concentrate into a luminary, wherewith to guide their fellows to the Throne of God most High. It is no eastern star, and they who would be wise in the spirit will follow it no more.—*Primeval Man.*

### Correspondence.

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

#### SPIRITUALISM VERSUS ORTHODOXY.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

Sir,—I fear your late well-meaning correspondent "Veritas," may be among those who will conclude Spiritualism to be of the devil, because spiritual communications in general do not support the "orthodox" notion of the Atonement of Christ. The spirits do not regard the carnal types under the Old Testament as having a carnal fulfilment in Christ's person.

The soul-redeeming power of the churches is material-minded in character, making the fleshly or time-principle of Christ's existence redeem, as a sacrifice of compensation or atonement to God, the eternal principle of men. Body is thus made to redeem spirit; the mortal principle to redeem the immortal—the material to redeem the immaterial—therefore, the lesser principle to redeem the greater.

The value of any time-principle of existence to that which is immortal must be in accordance with the value of time, compared to eternity. Supposing Christ to have suffered death as mortal flesh, a part only of his natural life was he deprived of by this death; and as his Apostles yielded themselves to death in the same cause the same may be said of them.

I take it for granted that advanced spirits see this matter of Scriptural atonement as wholly a spiritual affair in Christ. That they cannot imagine anything to redeem that which is spiritual like the spirit from sin and evil, but that which is spiritual only in character, and as operating in the soul to redeem from evil, by redeeming from the love thereof into the love of good. This is to be done by what is scripturally termed repentance and regeneration, or the restoration to proper and harmonial conditions of our existence.

This Christ effected in his own person. He offered up every pure principle of life perfectly to the service of his Heavenly Father through the direst powers of spiritual temptation, and suffering, and through life and unto death. He therefore first brought about in his own person as man—and the second Adam—a true reconciliation or atonement of state of man to God; and having done so, he alone became competent to show up the true way of reconciliation and of the salvation of others to God.

The atonement or reconciliation made is not Scripturally expressed as being of God to man, but of man to God, and this being the case, it gives to the sayings respecting Christ's work a very different meaning from such as would belong to them if the atonement signified a reconciliation thereby made of God to man. This can be shown by the Scriptures themselves, but it would occupy much space to do so.

I will for the present recommend to "Veritas" a perusal of the new work from the spirits, called "Primeval Man." I am not on the spiritual plane of scriptural perception to say it is not, but supposing it to be a just spiritual view set forth of scriptural signification, it is perhaps the highest order of religious publication that has appeared in our day.

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,

B. D.

A great work written by a private individual is "Substance and Shadow," by Henry James, published in 1863, by Tickner & Fields, Boston, America. No doubt it could be ordered of Mr J. Burns, 1, Wellington Road, Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell.

#### THE MATERIALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The materiality of the age is often descanted upon, as if it were wrong to believe in material things, or as if matter and spirit were hostile, and equivalent to good and bad. Materialism, as a word, seems to be fast losing its original meaning, to supply the place of such words as infidelity, so long in vogue among the sects of all persuasions.

Now, I don't see any reason to spoil words in that way, for Spiritualism is not opposed to materialism, no more than the earth is opposed to the heavens, which are both the creation of an infinite power. There is no true-born Spiritualist that is not a materialist, and that does not expect to live in a material heaven. But I know this idea does not find acceptance among some class of minds, because they are scarcely sensible how completely antagonistic all the old dogmas of theology are to the heaven-born philosophy of modern Spiritualism. We were gravely told that heaven was beyond the bounds of time and space, *i.e.*, that there was a great deal of room but no space, and that time became so marvellously elongated that it ceased to be. Now, our divine philosophy has added the death-blow to all such puerilities, by opening the gates of heaven to the clairvoyant vision, and showing us that the inhabitants of that world are in a state of progression, and have plenty of both time and space to promote their improvement. And we are as confident that solidity is a property of all spiritual matter, as it is of the granite rock. Fluidity, vapour, &c., are only relative terms, but

solidity is common to all matter. We may try to think of immateriality, but that is just trying to think of nothing, and attempting to give a substantial form to nonentity.

Now, I would not have it said it is wrong to be a materialist, but it is wrong to set barriers to human knowledge, and to deny the power of man to see and know the world to come, to investigate its constitution and hold converse with its inhabitants. These be the advocates of stage coaches, and the opponents of railways, in a new garb, and they are not materialists, but the stultified elements of materialism, unable, for the present, to make further progress. The true Spiritualist is a progressive materialist, who seeks to become familiar with matter in all its forms, he traces it through all stages in the great laboratory of nature, till he sees it resolved into the beautiful forms of his future home. Some talk like lightning, and tell us that God is love, and that heaven is a state of happiness. But the Spiritualist is too much of a materialist to be content with such definitions, as they are evidently only qualities, which imply substance.

Some contrast matter and spirit, and make it clear as mud that they are two different things. But I don't understand spirit to be anything but refined matter, organized, it may be, into a state of intelligence and vitality, possessing a progressive individuality. Some think the affections of the mind are the spirit, and suppose they have found something immaterial. But all affections are only states and qualities of the soul, and the words used to express them have no meaning, unless connected with something having a self-conscious existence. Thoughts are as material as iron, and are transmissible from one cerebral battery to another, either by spirits or mortals. The diversity of matter is infinite, but that which makes a stone, won't make a flower, and a thought may require matter more refined still; yet no sublimation or refinement can take it out of the category of materiality. Spiritualism does not imply immateriality, any more than mechanism. It only refers to the more subtle elements of matter, and as certainly as the electrician deals with matter, so does the Spiritualist.

The great difficulty of believing that spirit is material, arises from our non-ability to see it with the natural vision. But such an objection is not much worth now, and would certainly never be used with any force among sensible persons. We all know how potent many vapours are, that cannot be seen, for either good or harm. And there was, very likely, much practical science in the act of Jesus Christ when he breathed upon his disciples to give them the hallowed magnetism he possessed. The good thing they called the Holy Ghost was evidently a material substance capable of being transferred from one to another by contact. And if ancient history had been fabulous from the very beginning, we have abundant evidence in our own manifestations that the power is altogether material.

This material called spirit may be good or bad; that depends on the organism through which it comes. And that accounts for the influence which bad men exercise over the masses; they are able to interpenetrate the lower orders, unconsciously, with an infernal influence, and that influence is a poisonous vapour, as material as it is destructive. Evil is as certainly generated by the communication of material influence, as in the propagation of plants and animals. Example may never corrupt good manners, but influence always does, where it is evil. And it does so by propagation, and is similar to contagious diseases. When we begin to recognize the materiality of influences of all sorts, whatever be their ancient or modern designation, we will not have much difficulty in understanding the world to come to be a material world. In proportion as we take away the idea of materiality from our future home, we take away the form and substance of it, and leave the mind nothing definite to lay hold of. And this becomes a source of unbelief to the matter-of-fact understanding. Men don't doubt of a country whose geographical position is well defined, but they have had good reason to doubt of one which they candidly admit to be beyond the bounds of time and space, and constructed of nothing. Our heaven has all the characteristics of materiality. It has location, space, form, colour, and solidity. We can go to it naturally, and without difficulty, when we leave the form of earth. And we can see it, when we get the chance, by intercommunion with them that have gone before. The true materialist, therefore, is the veritable Spiritualist, and the old materialist is the embodiment of ignorance. A. G.

#### INTERESTING SEANCE.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

Sir,—I think the following account of a Séance that recently took place at Mr C——'s house, will be of interest to your readers. There were present on the occasion Mr and Mrs Wallace, Mr and Mrs C——, their two daughters, and myself. After a short extempore prayer, Mr Wallace became entranced by a spirit, who called himself "old George," but as we had no deceased acquaintance of that name we asked him if he had any other appellation? After a little hesitation, he said "Rex." "What! George Rex?" "Yes." "What! old King George?" "Yes." "Which of them," was asked, "there having been several King George's?" The medium held up three fingers. "Do you mean George the Third?" "Yes." My friend C——, who has a great dislike of all kingcraft, behaved rather off-handed with his majesty. Then a short dialogue passed between them. C—— said "I hate all kings." G—— replied, "You should have more charity." C——, "You were a bad king." I said his Queen Charlotte was worse than him. G——, "What is a king but a man; he ought to be pitied as he could not act as he would, being always surrounded by those who studied their own interests." C——, "You ought to have behaved better." To this a similar answer was given. I said, "Emperors were in a somewhat different situation, and from their more independent station could do more as they pleased." G—— replied, "All Kings, Princes, Presidents, or Emperors are surrounded by those over whom they have but little control." More followed to

the same effect. C— said, "I hate all kings in any shape," upon which the member of royalty, finding himself subject to such cavalier treatment, withdrew after again asserting that even Presidents were subject to the same difficulties. Whether this was the spirit of his Majesty George the Third or an imposter I cannot say. I wished C— had had more courtesy, as I intended to enquire about His Majesty's present condition.

A spirit then gave us some sound advice respecting the conducting of Séances. When we sit we should be as passive as possible, as excitement or strong desire often prevents spirits from communicating. We should be as receptive as children and yet use our judgment in believing.

We soon after perceived a difference of manner in the medium and was informed a spirit-friend was present, a Mr Rigby, who was a sincere friend and follower of Robert Owen. We were sitting round a large loo-table, which began to move backwards and forwards pushing against one or the other of us. Knocks and raps were heard under the table, on the piano, and in many parts of the room. The sofa, on which Mrs C— sat with one of her daughters, suddenly moved and slightly alarmed them. Mr C— and I had our hands on the table and it moved with us alone, and at length with only myself teaching it. The spirit of R. alluded to the scepticism of his own wife and mine, promising to use all his power, which was very little, he said, to promote their belief in Spiritualism; deplored his not having paid attention to our advice respecting it when on earth, which caused him great unhappiness now. His old friend, Owen, was much higher in the sphere than him, in consequence of having given his mind to the investigation, previous to his leaving his body. I said, as he now knew his condition, he could now pray, and make up for lost time. He replied it might take him one hundred years. It was a great advantage to obtain spiritual advice previous to dying; having heard of, and neglected to examine, caused him to remain in the lower spheres longer than he otherwise would have done. "You" (to me), "will have a great advantage, having taken the means of obtaining knowledge on this all-important subject." "There was much," he said, "I had to learn yet of spirits' ways and duties." He recommended me to read Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," and to substitute the word "spheres" for "hell." We should see very little of R. O. for some time to come, and then only for a short period. He had duties of a more important character to attend to, and Mr Cox, though in a lower sphere, would do his earth-work.—Yours, &c.,

June 19th, 1864.

C. TIFFIN.

#### PAUL Y'DUMARC.—THE DREAM OF M. FRANCOIS DE TOURREIL, OF TOULOUSE.

"I was twenty years of age when, for the first time, I went to Paris, in company with one of my uncles, the Abbot of Polastre. I left at Toulouse one of my intimate friends and fellow collegians, who belonged to the higher class of the citizens of that place, Paul Y'Dumarc. His father had died many years ago, and had left two sons rich, and a widow who did not marry again. My friend thus possessed, at an early age, of a very fine fortune, had the fault of being too fond of money. He trafficked shamefully with his property; lent money at high interest; and, at the same time, lived on ill terms with his mother and brother. I must add that he was six years my senior, and that, when he was only sixteen, he had an attachment to a poor girl of the country who brought him a son. This child he never would acknowledge, nor take any care for its establishment in life, though it was called Paul, after him—such was his repugnance to sacrifice any of his gold. When I had been in Paris about two years, all at once I received two letters from Y'Dumarc. He enquired whether I should not be returning soon; spoke to me of his son, and added, 'I am very unhappy in having in Toulouse no one worthy of my confidence. I want you. There are things we can confide in conversation to a friend, which prudence forbids us to mention in a letter. Return, my dear Francis, I have great need of thee.'

"I replied to the two letters, and then the correspondence dropped. One night, I returned late from a ball at the Marquis De Soyecourt's, and not wishing to go to bed, having, at seven o'clock in the morning, to have an audience of M. Dunoyer, the Minister of State, I threw myself into an easy chair, and soon fell asleep. I had a dream. I saw a wall rise before me, in the centre of which was a walnut-tree closet, the panelling of the room being of the same. The closet had two doors; that on the right had a portrait of Henry IV., in a frame of black wood, and beneath it two verses, which I did not read, or was not able to read. On the left hand door, in a similar frame, was the figure of his reigning majesty, Louis XIII.

"I do not know why, on awaking, this dream particularly remained with me, and why, during the day, it came again to my recollection. On the morning I thought no more of it. Perhaps six months afterwards, Chalvet, one of my cousins, arrived from Toulouse and, in speaking of our common friends asked me if I did not very much regret Paul Y'Dumarc?

"'Is he dead?' I exclaimed.—'I thought you knew,' he said; 'one of his country tenants, having some dispute with him on matters of business, killed him one night by two shots of his gun.'

"I was deeply grieved for the unhappy one. 'And his son?' I asked.—'Having no reason to apprehend death, Paul had made no will. His mother and brother complain that they have not found all that they expected of his property, and have not given a penny to the poor boy, Paul.'

"'The villains! and what have they lost?' 'They pretend to have found in the coffers of their relative a much less sum than they expected

and not any of the securities on which he lent his money; for you know Y'Dumarc made good use of his money.'

"It was thus that I learnt what had happened in that family. I remained still more than two years in Paris, and then returned to Toulouse. Eight months after my return, I accepted an invitation to spend some days at Castelmaudary with my cousin De T'reville. I left Avignonnet on horseback, having a ride of about three miles before me to reach the abode of my relatives. On my way a violent storm arose my valet proposed that we should take shelter at the house of Y'Dumarc, standing at scarcely fifty paces from the road.

"Notwithstanding my friendship for the eldest son, I did not even know by sight his mother, a very common woman. I did not like to go there, it was making an acquaintance that I revolted from: I hesitated. Besides, I knew and resented their inhumanity to Paul's natural child. That poor boy had been to see me, and I had been of use to him. But, vivid flashes of lightning, violent peals of thunder announced the increase of the storm, and we determined to seek refuge under the roof of this family. In two minutes I was there, was announced, and received with open arms. They offered me refreshments, and very soon we were conversing about the deceased. I then learnt that his money and his portfolios, the whole valued at 55,000 or 60,000 francs, had never been found. Every debtor standing on the defensive, said, 'If I owe anything, produce the claim,' and in the impossibility of doing this, they were compelled to put up with this answer, and despaired of ever recovering what was due to them. 'My faith!' said I, 'God has justly punished you for abandoning that poor son of Paul's.'

"At these words mother and brother protested that my friend was not the father of the child, that the girl had imposed upon him. 'How can you talk in that manner,' I replied, 'when nature has furnished incontestible proof to the contrary, by not only giving the boy some resemblance to my friend, which would only have been a matter of course, but has added the living expression and countenance of his uncle. Yes, Monsieur,' I said, turning toward him 'the poor boy is the exact picture of you.'

"This conversation was by no means to the taste of my hostess, who proposed to shew me to my chamber. I consented, finding but little interest in the company, which I had accepted from necessity. The mother and son attended me, the first into the corridor, the second into the chamber itself. It was yet broad day as I entered, and I cast a rapid glance around me, and my heart began to beat, to expand, my memory to open itself to a vanished scene, and I instantly said, 'Monsieur Y'Dumarc, will you consent to give 2,000 pistoles (20,000 francs) to Paul, the natural child of your brother, if I put you in possession of the part of his property which you thought was lost.'

"He was no little astonished at this question, and demanded whether I were the depository of the secret of the money of his brother. 'I am not,' I replied; 'nevertheless, of one thing I am certain, very certain, that I can augment your fortune if you consent to be a good brother and a good relative.'

"We spoke aloud, and Madame Y'Dumarc hearing us hastened in bringing with her the Curé of a neighbouring parish, who, like myself, had been driven in by the storm to seek their hospitality. He was a man of quality, a Fontaine-Vaudomois, a noble family of Languedoc. The mother, equally astonished as the son at what I advanced, pressed me to explain myself, but I replied that I would do nothing unless for regard for the unfortunate youth whom I protected. The priest seconded me, he said, 'You regret the loss of about 60,000 livres, they have been missing these many years, you will acquire two-thirds of that sum, and one of your own blood will have the rest; resolve to do what Monsieur Tourriel requires.'

"There was an intense conflict between two sorts of avarice in them that which would have all, and that which would content itself with the greater part. At length, the latter conquered. I received the assurance of the two heritors of the wealth, I had a witness, and then I said, 'On the night on which Paul Y'Dumarc fell the victim of an assassin, I had a dream in which I saw a closet of walnut-tree wood, opening by two doors in the middle of wainscoting of the same wood. On one of the doors of the closet was the portrait of Henry IV., with two verses under it, and on the other door, in a frame of black wood, was the portrait of Louis XIII.'

"'Well, what does that signify?' demanded all three. 'Look,' said I, 'here is the closet, and the two portraits, and the treasure is there, I have no doubt.'

"'Alas!' exclaimed the Y'Dumarc, 'we have often examined that closet.' 'Very well,' I said, 'examine it afresh.'

"The brother, whose avidity redoubled his strength, broke in the boards which closed different stages of it; and from their hollows, artistically concealed, came tumbling out all sorts of bonds, promissory notes, gold, and in such quantities that, instead of the 60,000 livres so much regretted, we had to gather up from the floor 127,000 livres.

"The indecent joy of these two people, who thought no more of a son and a brother in the presence of such a splendid supplement to their inheritance, disgusted me, as it did the Curé. But there was an instant of terror for them, for they imagined that I should certainly claim my portion of the discovered treasure. I reassured them, and I must do them the credit to say, that each of them added freely 5,000 livres to the portion of the orphan. I did not allow their enthusiasm to cool, but, in concert with the worthy ecclesiastic, I took possession of the sum of 20,000 livres in gold, and of 10,000 in good securities.

"Such was the extraordinary event in which I played the chief part, and of which I certify the truth in all respects, on my hope of heaven as a Christian, and upon my honour as a gentleman.

"(Signed) Noble FRANCIS DE TOURREIL,  
Esquire, and Noble Capitoul.

"PEUCHET (Archives de la Police)."

(Extrait du Petit Journal.)

## THE DAVENPORTS IN CANADA.

Our Canadian friends have had their marvellousness excited by the presence of the Davenport, and an increased attention has been awakened to the subject of Spiritualism in Montreal and its vicinity. As usual in other places, a committee was appointed, who availed themselves of every opportunity to detect deception—if there was any. Of the result of their examination of the cabinet, the "Evening Telegraph" says:

"The committee having satisfied themselves, after a close inspection, that no means of fraud or deception existed, Mr Dessaulles came forward and stated to the audience in French the result of the investigation. He assured them that the cabinet was a plain box, without machinery or means of communication of any kind, and that the seats, three in number, were fastened so securely as to render it impossible for persons tied to them to change their position, or communicate with their companions.

As the doors were being closed by the committee, a human hand, apparently having no connection with any body, was suddenly extended from the cabinet and struck the face of one of them. The doors being instantly reopened, the young man where found bound as at first. The manifestations generally occurring in the presence of these mediums now followed in rapid succession, to the wonder and amazement of all present.

The "Telegraph" says:

"Judging from the low-toned remarks and anxious looks among those present, after these marvellous manifestations, many who had entered the room merely in quest of amusement experienced the fact that their scepticism had been seriously shaken, and by the time the proceedings closed the majority of the audience were doubtless ready to pass an expression of entire confidence in the mediums."

One of the committee, Mr Dessaulles, entered the cabinet, "where he was secured with strong cords and fastened between both mediums, in such a manner that they could not move a muscle unknown to him. The doors were then closed, when a noise was heard within, caused by a commotion among the instruments. A few minutes having elapsed, the doors were once more thrown open, and Mr Dessaulles revealed to the audience with the banjo on his shoulders and the tambourine perched upon his cranium. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and called forth shouts of laughter."

Subsequently, a private sitting was held, at which still more surprising manifestations occurred. One of the mediums, while bound hand and foot to a chair, had his coat removed from his person and thrown upon the floor, in less time than it takes to state the fact. The garment was afterwards put on in the same mysterious and rapid manner.—*Banner of Light*.

## DIFFICULTIES OF A CRITIC.

An American critic of Mr Home's work, makes an ingenious statement of his difficulties. For example, he asks "why spirits take the trouble of coming back here at all, if they have nothing more intelligible and important to communicate than what we are shown as the substance of their remarks; and in the next place we are prone to inquire why they make their presence known by the very undignified not to say positively silly and disagreeable methods commonly adopted."

These are questions that have been often asked, and often answered, but as they are sometimes designedly put forward to check inquiry, we subjoin a response which appears in the *Herald of Progress*, as a partial answer, and would further refer the reader to the Rev Adin Ballou's work on *Spirit Manifestations*, in which these, and other objections are met in a very clear, straightforward, and, we think, satisfactory manner. The *Herald* says:—

"Accepting the ground assumed by the writer, that spirits do return, that their methods are undignified, and that their communications are unintelligible, we may conclude, upon the simple premise that these spirits, when mortal, were sensible and intelligent, something like the following:—That they do not return on account of that which they communicate, but rather in spite of its unintelligent, and consequently objectionable character, which must be as apparent to them as to ourselves; that they are not able to choose their "methods," else they would not make use of those that are "undignified, silly, or disagreeable." The fact that such methods are employed is *prima facie* proof that better ones are impossible or impracticable, else we do not compliment our spirit friends. Finally, that spirits come by methods, not of their own choosing, involved in the difficulty of failing to make themselves intelligible all for the simple purpose of demonstrating the fact of their continued existence and conscious presence.

Whether this result suffices to reward us and our spirit friends for all the difficulties and annoyances of mediumistic intercourse, is a question for each to decide for himself. We are ready to assume for our own spirit friends, that whenever they do "take the trouble to come back," and through communications more or less "intelligible," by the use of methods more or less "dignified," impress our minds with the consciousness of their presence and guardianship, we are bound to believe that they have done the best they could, and our heart rises in response even to so feeble and imperfect a manifestation. At the same time we do not hesitate to admit that when the communication is utterly unintelligible, and the method quite "disagreeable," we shall not seek a repetition, and we vouch for it our spirit friends will not.

One thing more: when this end of convincing us of angel

presence and guardianship is accomplished, we conceive that, aside from the natural and inevitable offices of "special providence"—manifestations of which occur now and then along the life history of most persons—there is better work for both spirits and mortals than frequent and prolonged tea-table gossip or fire-side chit-chat. Spirits ought, we think, to find better employment—save in the exceptional cases and for the laudable purposes we have mentioned—than ringing bells, tipping tables, and playing accordions. And we know of at least one mortal who can find better, more useful employment than listening perpetually to these sounds produced by unseen hands.

The initial work of phenomenal Spiritualism we value most highly. But we value it more as a fact for the truth it demonstrates than as a promise of greater facility in familiar intercourse with the other world. In other words, the excellence of spiritual manifestations does not depend solely or mainly upon their frequency or availability—rather upon their unqualified authenticity. It is not that we may hear from the departed three times a day, but that we may know of their presence and unchanging love. There are certain inevitable theological sequences which attach to every spiritual fact, which are indeed inseparable from it. Beyond this, the common phenomena had better be regarded as a finality, their lesson accepted, and the evangel dismissed, than for ever to linger in the phenomenal world, waiting on the tips of tables and the multiplied repetitions of physical manifestations.

The question whether these manifestations are indeed spiritual rests solely upon the evidence in each individual case. If by means never so simple or vulgar a spirit can give positive proof of identity, it is enough. The simplicity or vulgarity of the method is not an element of proof, rather a discount upon it; at the same time we should not summarily deny a claim for genuineness because forsooth the manifestation falls below the spirit's normal standard of dignity and excellence. For example, let us suppose a parallel:

We have a brother or friend in the army whom we know to be fastidious to an extreme. In his correspondence he was excessively particular—his paper and envelopes of the purest shade and costliest brand, his chirography elegant, his language choice, and style unexceptionable. We could not mistake the sure characteristics of the man were we to see a letter from his hand.

A prolonged silence leaves us in anxious suspense as to his fate. At last, through questionable sources, we receive a soiled and crumpled yellow envelope, inclosing a dirty, ragged scrap of paper, on which are traced, in feeble, scrawling characters, a few words to our address, signed by the familiar pet name of our beloved brother. He writes in haste, weak with disease, and in a rebel prison, where the facilities are few, and about which a vigilant watch is kept to intercept each written word. We know not whether to believe that this wretched scrawl be indeed from our brother's hand. To add to our perplexity, perchance, from motives of security, he professes sympathies we know his noble spirit cannot feel. In spite of all these difficulties, how simple a test would be necessary to convince us absolutely of his identity and lead us to accept with joy the tidings as indeed from our loved departed. How precious to us would be but a word traced by his hand, even though it told of sickness, imprisonment, and distress. It relieves that painful uncertainty which was consuming our very life. His hurriedly-written note brings no intelligence of the enemy, it describes not a single scene, narrates no occurrences, is absolutely barren of incident, sentiment, memory, or aspiration. It but conveys the friendly word of greeting from a brother to a brother; takes up the almost broken link and brings two fraternal souls once again in pleasant relation. This is all. Yet how we prize that dirty scrap of paper!

Our unseen spirit friends, the dear departed, are, we trust, not in prison, but gloriously free. The land to which they have gone is not an enemy's country, but rather a home of peace. We fervently believe that their condition is improved, that no weakness, disease, or anxiety, impairs their powers or diverts their affections. But this we may fairly presume from the accepted history of the world: that many difficulties are to be encountered in the attempt to return and speak to us. Anxious as our friends may be to offer the word of fraternal greeting, it is hard to accomplish it.

Possibly it is a foolish thing to seek to do it in the face of so many obstacles. Many of our spirit-friends evidently feel that it is so, and give no response to our call, fearing lest they may only be able to convey an unintelligible message by methods most undignified, and thus drive us away in disgust or despair.

Perchance all the spirit friend of our writer, highly cultured as we conceive them to have been, have hesitated to make these feeble attempts, since attractive employments woo them in other directions. But let the writer not forget that there are others less gifted and perhaps more strongly bound to earth and earthly friends, whose highest happiness is in coming back, and in feeble accents addressing those they love. Others like our imaginary brother in the rebel prison, seek but to hail us, to offer the ordinary salute, a cordial greeting, and pass on.

## DR J. R. NEWTON AT WORK—A CRIPPLE CURED IN THE STREETS.

We were riding this morning (Wednesday) with Doctor Newton, when he observed a man with a crutch walking slowly along. The Doctor had the vehicle stopped, and going to the cripple commenced magnetising him, in the space of four or five minutes the man was made to walk away carrying his crutch in his hand. The man's name is William Brown, he resides No. 6, Collington Place, Kentish Town. The man stated that he had not been able before for two years to walk without assistance.

## THE MEDIUMS.

## AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

A few minutes elapsed, when a mere boy, who had crept in during the debate, took upon himself to be that other gentleman.

“Mr Chairman,—I have heard a great deal of ghosts since I was a mere child in arms—(they all looked at him in wonderment)—well, seeing your announcement outside I thought I would just look in, and finding that you wanted another gentleman to speak, I thought I might as well be him. (They all looked at him in amazement.) For seven years of my life I have served a very clever surgeon in this great metropolis. He was a hard, rough man, one who laughed at ghosts, saying they were conjurations of a diseased brain. I used to be with him at all hours of the night. I was often very much frightened at fancied apparitions; but master never quailed in the least. He was quite a collector of dead men’s bones, delighting to have skeletons in his study and I believe thought about as much of them as he used to think of me. I sometimes think he used to value them much more, for very often he would keep me engaged cleaning those horrid skeletons without thinking that I was growing into one myself for want of food. If I told him I was hungry he used to say too much food would have a tendency to make me fat, and he hated fat assistants. Well, this state of things went on some time. On one occasion a gentleman called upon the surgeon and agreed for a certain sum of money, to send in a large skeleton of a man said to have died by suicide. The skeleton was sent, and placed in a corner of master’s laboratory. One night we were together, master was reading a work on the nervous system, I was standing near ready to perform any service he might require, when looking up I saw the new skeleton walk as plainly as I see you all here. I shrieked, master looked up, and we both rushed very much frightened from the room. I did not dare go into the laboratory for some time after this, but owing to a deal of persuasion and a promise of more food, I was induced to do so. Some months after this event, I had forgotten the circumstance, when I saw master turn pale, and looking beheld a form very much like a human one leave the skeleton and gradually disappear. There was no mistaking this, neither myself nor master could understand it, but we both saw the figure glide noiselessly along and vanish; there was no open door, but yet it was gone. I make these statements to you as a personal history, if you can account for them on what is termed natural principles do, neither my master nor myself from that day to this have been able to give a scientific solution to the facts.”

“Nor never will,” exclaimed Mr Forbes, who was so interested that he forgot his original intention of remaining unobserved.

“Halloa! Mr Forbes,” said the boy, “is that you, sir?” and he advanced towards our friend and grasped his hand.

“Mr Forbes!” escaped the lips of Mr Polax, who sat in a state of torture at the information.

“Is that Mr Jeremiah Forbes, of Lincoln’s Inn?” inquired Mr Some, with satisfaction expressed in his manner.

“Yes, it is no use disguising the truth, I am Mr Jeremiah Forbes, and shall have much gratification in making acquaintance with Mr Philas Polax in a law court.”

Mr Polax grew distressed.

The Chairman rose—“It is a curious circumstance, friends, that we should have the honour of Mr Forbes’ company this evening and not have known it. It is much to be regretted that our friend, Mr Polax, should have mentioned in such disparaging terms the name of Mr Forbes. But suppose he apologises, will Mr Forbes let the matter end?”

“The apology, Mr Chairman, would have come from Mr

Polax had he been a gentleman without any one’s request,” said Mr Some, very much to the annoyance of Mr Polax.

“Oh, make an apology and adone with it, old boy,” said the surgeon’s lad.

Mr Philas Polax rose, with passion in his eyes, he was evidently chagrined. “I have said what I have said, and do not see anything to apologise for, so if Mr Forbes thinks himself abused let him do his worst.” Having expressed himself thus the opener seized his hat and went out.

A great deal of desultory conversation ensued which ended in Mr Forbes deciding on forcing an apology from Mr Polax.

The surgeon’s lad explained that he first saw Mr Forbes at his master’s, where sances were sometimes held.

“Who is your master?”

The boy whispered in his ear “Mr Nicholson.”

Mr Forbes recollected and felt pleased.

## CHAPTER XIV.

After the excitement of friendly intercourse, when we are alone and the predisposing causes to meditation are at hand, there comes generally for a short time a feeling of depression. We have borrowed from others animal spirits, or we have found our own animal spirits unusually elated from the presence of others. The consequence is a reaction is inevitable, which comes generally attended with more or less depression. When Mr Forbes quitted Southampton he left Mr Humphrey somewhat in this state, but owing to the influence of philosophy, a few hours’ meditation, and a dinner restored the lost equanimity of feeling.

Mr Humphrey no sooner finished his mid-day meal than he ordered his horse and gig and drove over to Shirley. He was disposed to test the medium-powers of Mrs Peerless, and he certainly had a good opportunity for so doing. Mr Peerless was from home, his good wife was alone, and there was no hindrance in the way of a sitting.

“Well, mother, you see I am not easily turned from a course when I discover it to lead to truth. I have thought it well to obey the mysterious mandates of your spirit-child. She tells me you are a medium of a high order and desires me to test you.”

Mrs Peerless felt nervous. “Do you say Charles that our Emily’s spirit has sent you on this mission? I am sure I am no medium, but if it will gratify you I will allow you to test me, that is if you will promise nothing unfair shall happen.”

“That I do, good mother, most fully. Why? what harm can happen from your own spirit-child whom I have every reason to believe will be in communication with you?”

The two sat to the table. Mr Humphrey desired the spirits to write instructions through his hand. He held a pencil in the usual way upon the paper, and his hand was moved—

*Give mother the pencil and take hold of her hand.*

Mrs Peerless took the pencil and allowed her son-in-law to take her hand. They sat in silence a few minutes. Mrs Peerless had small faith and less patience; the pencil remained stationary.

“Don’t give in yet, the world was not made in a day, and a little more patience will not be thrown away.”

Mrs Peerless obeyed his wishes and held the pencil with patience. Still no movement was perceptible.

“What is the use, Charles? You know I told you I should not develope into a medium. I am too old, and I suppose constitutionally too much hardened. How Peerless would laugh to see us!” and she laughed outright, setting the example had he been there to see her.

“Do not grow impatient, good mother; I suppose there is cause for delay, here give me the pencil.” He held it himself, when it wrote—“*Too much light, draw the blinds close.*”

Mrs Peerless obeyed smiling and resumed her seat. She took the pencil again and held it patiently several seconds. Still no motion of her hand was visible.

“We may as well sit in the light as in a darkened room and have no manifestations,” she said, and rose at once to draw the window-blinds.

(To be continued in our next.)

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