

# 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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"You must all Believe in Spiritualism, for the Truth will come out."—*Spirit-message delivered at a public meeting, January 18, 1864*

## The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

### MATERIALISTIC PLATITUDES.

A correspondent of the *Brighton Examiner*, using the cognomen "Philologos," has been issuing his wise saws on "Spiritual Existences and Satanic Personalty." The question has been under his consideration two weeks, and we suppose is now settled for ever and aye. The writer speaks learnedly enough of Grecian mythologies, and endorses fully the philosophy of Materialism. Ghosts have only existence in the fancy, and never could have had existence at all had it not been for false systems of education. According to "Philologos" "no knowledge of anything has ever entered into man but through his material senses, and it follows that that which acts upon either of man's material senses must be material also." How he arrives at this tremendous piece of information it is difficult to understand, without we are to credit him with being a pupil of false materialistic tutors. "Philologos" has read history, and made the discovery that men in their original, ignorant state, without the aid of art, knew nothing of spiritual existences,—they only got notions of these bug-bears and superstitions when they became enlightened. This seems to us a reversal of the ordinary mode of putting it;—don't we hear clever writers and scientific men repeatedly assert, and does not the writer in the *Brighton Examiner*, in another place in his own article likewise assert that knowledge is to annihilate stubborn superstitions of ghosts, &c., which originate in ignorance? We are quite at a loss to see the logical consistency of "Philologos," taking us to the aboriginal children of nature, and arguing that education is the parent of *immaterialities*. "Where ignorance is bliss, it is a folly to be wise."

The whole style of the writer is one of assumption. He says, "Spiritualistic manifestations are 'deceptive falsehoods,' and man has allowed himself to be cheated and cajoled out of the legitimate use of his natural senses and reasoning faculties." His natural senses and reasoning faculties being material, and incapable of comprehending the spiritual, how, in the name of common-sense, can immaterial or spiritual existence

cajole or cheat him? If it be as "Philologos" ventures to put forth, in confidence—that there is nothing but *matter*, of which we can be cognizant, and, as he further adds, that "what has being must necessarily have form." All existences are material emanations! there is no God! no devil! no spiritual existence of any kind! This is the conclusion the reasoning of "Philologos" brings us to; but what a sad, soul-seducing, and loveless condition of things! To walk abroad under the over-arching canopy of heaven, with its infinitude of wonders shining down upon us like angels of glory, only to cause us to exclaim—"all *matter* self-originated! there is no God without He is *matter*! to look within ourselves and witness how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, knowing we cannot of ourself create a single hair of our head,—or think even of our own wonderful macrocosm, with its innumerable nerves, arteries, and all its majestic perfection of design, without exclaiming—*all matter*! self-originated, or caused by self-originated matter! there is no God! for spirit cannot exist, or if it can, it matters not, because we are so materialized we cannot comprehend or even conceive of its existence!

Take God out of the universe, and its soul is gone. What then have we to love and obey? The rolling orbs of matter? Then the Indian heathens were right after all—they worshipped the sun and the moon, and blocks of wood and stone. *All matter*! what else could they worship, if God is not.

"Science reveals to us that the entire universe is a *plenum* of matter." But does science reveal all that it may yet be capable of revealing? Are all the mighty mysteries of nature discovered? Are there no invisible realms too subtle and ethereal for the physical tests of science? Does nothing exist but what science is competent to discover? If so, the sooner we know it the better; science may be transformed into the heathen's deity, and matter be worshipped in a new character. "Philologos" may be conscious of possessing five physical senses only, but if he argue from his knowledge of himself that others have no spiritual sense, he "sees through a glass darkly." Mediums, or spirit-seers, exist in abundance, both in this country and all over the world. They may be found not in all families, but in some, in every village and town in the universe. As Science and Spiritualism gain ground, the evidences of spirit-power will be more extensively seen and felt.

The other day a pig was killed, when it was discovered the animal had three perfectly organised kidneys. Ordinary pigs are favoured only with two. "Philologos" would be inconsistent in accepting this fact, that is, if he argue from his own experience of himself, that that which he does not possess



others cannot possess. We have had ourself evidences, all-convincing, proving to us that this life is not "the all-in-all," and that other intelligences, external to us, exist, converse, and wondrously display themselves. We cannot say that science will never acknowledge phenomena of this character, and that they will never be admitted as necessary parts of the *plenum* of matter. But this is certain to our mind: spirits, or intelligences we call spirits, exist; to doubt this would be tantamount to calling our physical senses deceivers, and upsetting the testimony of millions of the best and wisest minds of this and other ages.

It is one of the most cheering and ennobling facts of our age that "spiritual manifestations" are disproving the cold, atheistic philosophies of "Philologos" and his school. The human heart has been long crusted over with dead, material forms, which corrode and corrupt its instincts. The soul's yearnings for immortal being, and its undying aspirations for the pure and ethereal, when it can escape the shackles of doubt; that *inner* sense of beauty and perfection, which gives to genius its plastic touch, and makes melodious the chambers of the heart; all dimly foreshadow the summer-land of the hereafter, and incline the heart to cling to hope, even when the head, full of cold atheistic platitudes, nods negations.

The other day a very talented gentleman, in our presence, argued that he could not be certain that a friend who sat near him actually existed. He had, as he said, only a moral conviction of the fact. But there sat the gentleman before him. He might have argued further, that he himself could only be cognisant to himself by a process of moral syllogisms, and that the material universe could not be perceived but through a similar mental medium of moral conviction. It appeared to us that even logic, as well as credulity, may take a man very far on the wrong side of sanity,—with "Philologos" it has evidently confirmed him an Atheist, or we are incompetent to understand his deductions and learned instances.

The tendencies of our age are materialistic,—there is no mistaking this *moral* conviction. The popular theologies are at war with the spirit, instead of the mere form;—why is this? Because the Solons of matter, like the *Brighton Examiner* correspondent, are at work damping the glowing ardour of aspiration, and bounding the soul's sphere of action. According to these magnates of matter—the finer essences which find form in imagination, and become embodied in the creations of genius, are only coagulated portions of the *plenum* of the universe.

### Deceiving Spirits.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—Your notice of my communication to you in the *Spiritual Times* of the 9th inst., headed "Deceiving Spirits," was rather unexpected by me,—as it appeared to tell against the theory, and propriety of spiritual intercourse, which your paper advocates.

One good result, however, will be primarily attained by the publicity you have so fully accorded, and that is, that those who study Spiritualism may know there is one great test which will save them from deception, and impose, even on fallen spirits, the necessity of truthfulness.

From the study and examination I have already given, and the experience I have had in this matter, I do not advocate communication with spirits. This is where I believe the error exists, because, by so doing, we practically ignore the true source of every good and perfect gift; from which alone we should derive all those spiritual benefits.

May not Spiritualism, however, be instrumental in demonstrating to this sceptical age,—in which Spiritualism in every sense is practically ignored,—that Christians should universally enjoy and possess those numerous gifts described by the apostles, and many others perhaps not enumerated at all, which no doubt tended so forcibly to produce that vitality, and elevate the tone and character, of the primitive churches,—whose living and operating faith, ere more than three centuries had elapsed, extended almost to the confines of the then civilised

world, and had drawn within its folds the Emperor of Paganism—Rome. And had they been retained and cultivated in the succeeding ages, such power would be manifested as should long since have embraced within the benign and saving influences of the Christian religion those millions who are yet sunken in idolatry and ignorance, and who comprise more than one-half the population of the globe.

Thanking you for the impartial manner in which you have noticed my former communication,

I am,

Yours very obediently,

EDW. S. LAUDER.

Dublin, April 14, 1864.

[We insert the above letter, but cannot admit the logic of disavowing of the manifestations in one breath, and supposing they may tend to good in another. If intercourse is to be prohibited as wrong, is it not strange that mediums should become developed? We have already treated the question of "Deceiving Spirits" as, we think, legitimately, and cannot but feel that as like is attracted by like, it depends greatly on the characters of persons, and the way in which manifestations are invoked, whether the communications come from good or evil sources. ED. S. T.]

### The "Christian World" on Spiritualism.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—You may not happen to be a reader of *The Christian World*, I therefore with this send you a copy of the last, having in it an attack on a spiritual communication coming under the signature of "John the Apostle."

This spirit seems a lying one to the mind of the Editor, because it does not teach such things as righteousness or holiness by proxy.

As the light of the world, Christ's teaching for a new dispensation, and his *personal* righteousness and death, were the instrumental causes for redeeming mankind from the bondage, and cause of the imperfect law of Mosaic ordinances. Redeeming men from this state, he redeemed them who would believe in him instead of Moses, *from all sin*, as any longer appertaining to them under that law, bringing them into the gospel as a new saving position; and this gospel being designed to be an everlasting gospel state, he brought to the world, through his life and death, an *eternal* redemption of state, and in which, as a new law of spiritual life, men could ever become saved. In this stands the true relation of Christ's personal righteousness unto death; for, together with his miracles, it invested him with the divine position and authority to remove the Mosaic ministration of death (so-called) for his own more pure, spiritual, perfect, and saving, as thenceforward a ministration of life unto the world, and this ministration, in the power of its truth and spirit from him, contained every requisite for redeeming man from the influences of sin. "But," say they, "we are redeemed from sin by faith, and in his blood."

Faith is only indirectly a power, as it is that quality or gift of mind which, through conviction, leads us to trust in some known direct and actual power to accomplish a result. If it rests in Christ's material blood in any sense to redeem the soul from sin, that blood must enter the soul as the power to cleanse it from the possession of sin—it must itself be that power, whether with or without faith. How can the material blood be applied to our immaterial spirits, to cleanse us from the love of evil.

It was his soul, which, through love in life and in death Christ made an offering to the service of the world. In his person he combatted Satan for us, that overcoming all evil, he might become the captain of salvation to others. In his soul he suffered and combatted every temptation—in his death (especially the hour of Satan), all the evils of temptation, embracing all the evils of manhood were brought to bear upon him by the evil powers goading him, so that his body sweat great drops of blood; it was then he was made to bear all the sins or *sinfulness* existing in the world, this being by temptation brought to bear upon him. The elevation and calm courage of his spirit life enabled him to care less and to suffer less in *body* than did such men as the thieves crucified beside him.

Then it is said the ancient sacrifices were types of him. The only animal then represented to bear the sins of all the people, was no type as a sacrifice, not being sacrificed. Animals then sacrificed in their nature represented spiritual things belonging personally to Christ. Christ spiritually, was stronger than the ox—more innocent than the lamb, and more loving and purer than the dove.

St. Paul is said to have gloried in the cross of Christ, well he might! for being through Christ's life and death redeemed into the gospel state, he had by its holy spirit powers become likewise redeemed from the love and reign of sin, and made even while on earth, in spirit, to sit with Christ in heavenly places. With such results Christ *justified the faith* transferred from Moses to him, on his own and on the part of other believers.

Christ laid before mankind repentance from sin. He did not say to them I am come among you that by your being allowed to repose your faith in my personal righteousness, because you can never obey those commandments which I yet enjoin upon your obedience, you might become saved. Was his personal righteousness or the death of his body to save the *soul* through an act of faith, he would have most clearly said so: if, therefore, in scripture any terms may seem to express this substituted righteousness and punishment as saving the soul by faith, it is wrongly expressed or wrongly conceived.

He also laid before men two great principles which form the character of all human actions, the love of good, and the love of evil. He told them in various terms that it was in reference to the exercise and practical exhibition of these *loves* they would become judged, they that did good would receive the heavenly reward, and they that did evil would realize suffering, until the uttermost farthing be paid, meaning through the new birth here or hereafter of repentance and regeneration, and in relation to these loves they would stand in judgment for every word. But say our divines, if sins be not forgiven here, they will not be hereafter. If so, what could Christ mean by pointing to one sin only, that neither could be forgiven here or hereafter. Righteousness they term the fruits of faith; scripture calls it the fruits of the spirit, because exercised by the spirit in man.

Divines seem to know better than Christ, according to them salvation grows out of a belief in certain theological dogmas, founded on their own distorted readings from scripture. With them, therefore, it is not as with Christ, he that loveth and doeth, but he that believeth or believeth not, in a substituted righteousness and punishment, or in baptismal regeneration or sacramental efficacy, or in the power of the material blood of Christ to save the soul; or such degrading doctrines as *total depravity* from birth, and of God having appointed generations of men to come into being that he might have the legal felicity of predestinating the greater portion to eternal misery under the notion of divine sovereignty. What an awful character to give to him who is alone *Lord*. To believe in Christ was to believe him to be the Son of God, the light of the world, the teacher of truth, and of doctrines which were to be received for the purpose of holy obedience—in the exercise of which, and in the use of the spiritual faculties of love and faith therein, men may become restored to nature's truer conditions—grow up in the image of God, and in this way become pardoned from sin.

This spirit denies the doctrine of everlasting punishment for the sins of men while here, or that Christ really taught it; stating that it has wrongly found admission into the scripture statement. Of course with the orthodox this also must be lying. With them it is better to believe that every sentence in the Bible is truth, than that God cannot be that order of being that will condemn to eternal misery multitudes of human beings for the sins of this life, which is as but a moment in comparison with eternity. These orthodox minds seem so destitute of perception that they can gather no clear judgment of God's beautiful character and manifestations any where but in the Bible—the *whole* of which they call divine statement without any positive proof beyond that of their surmises from the way they read it.

The Editor says, "The illustrious Isaiah, a spirit-rapping medium," the spirit, while using the term medium in respect to Isaiah, does not add spirit-rapping, although he may have been such. It is very easy for persons to speak in this contemptible manner of what they have not been truly made to understand. In ancient time no prophet could spring up in Galilee, or could it with most be thought likely that a king would be found in a manger.

Offence is also given about something the spirit wrote respecting heathen missions. Upon that subject the spirit says, seemingly addressing itself to the American nation—

"And now, my friends, further advancement must be made—a higher and holier standard must be erected among you. Hitherto your religion has consisted more in forms than realities, in looking after the stray sheep of other folds, rather than in cleansing your own. Your desires and aspirations have gone abroad among the heathen, who have a law of their own by which they will be judged. And you have almost entirely neglected yourselves, and the poor down-trodden and more degraded brothers and sisters of your own enlightened creed. These, my friends, require your first care, and then you can extend your sympathies with more freedom and justice to other benighted ones. But, till reformation has done its work at home, in your own lives, and in the condition of your humbler classes, do not go abroad to heal. The purification must be within yourselves, in the first place, for as you have more light, more knowledge, consequently you have more penalty for sinning."

What there is in the above extract to be accounted as wicked, or as an imposture, or blasphemous in character, I am so stupid as not to be able to see. It merely appears to me to amount to this,—as a people, do not go to pull the mote out of your brother's eye until you have properly taken the beam out of your own. But this is offensive to the heads of Sectarianism here, as in its description it also applies to England and casts a reflection on the thousands of ministers of religion for the little comparative influence for good which their presence exercises over the dealings, doings, and maxims of general society.

The reasons assigned by the Editor for concluding this essay to be a wicked and blasphemous imposture, do not appear to my mind sufficiently conclusive, as you may judge by the foregoing. I would not like to be the one thus peremptorily to stand in judgment on my fellow-men, or my brethren of the spiritual world.

I remain, sir, respectfully yours,

B. D.

## Spirit upon Spirit.

### PART THE SECOND.

Before continuing, the writer desires to observe that, as to the sparseness or multitude of the comments of the spirit, he has had no control, which may explain the reason why only three responses were comprehended in the first of these papers.

The writer now resumes his transcription:—(Diary, Feb. 19, 1864.)

Section Three, Thursday, April 7th, 1853.

This evening, at Dr. Dexter's, and through him as medium, the spirits wrote:—

Truth is the sentiments of the heart, without alteration from the original germ of the idea. Do you feel, this evening, my friends, that

you have both uttered and acted truthfully since we last met? Do you feel, have you felt any thing but love and good will to all, and in your special acts have you truthfully made your thoughts and acts the mirrors of your souls?

SWEEDENBORG.

Turn to the last page where we left off when we concluded.

We did so, and after reading it, it was written:—

If man's organism were influenced by the various circumstances by which he was surrounded, so that even the thoughts of his mind were but impressions derived from objects around him, so that, for instance, the odor from a hay field would call up a host of memories long buried in the caverns of his brain, eliciting by this simple contact of the volatile principle of the grass-flower with the nerve of his nostrils a life time of associations; some overflowing with joy, and as fresh and gushing as when they first occurred, and others shrouded in gloom, and o'er the fair horizon of the present time shadowing forth clouds and darkness. Even, I say, if influences like these control the actions of him through his materiality, and even a blow would produce a loss of all consciousness on these very subjects which memory called from her store-house, at the request of strong association, how true it is that man's spirit nature is more closely connected with the spiritual germs existent in every form around him!

It will perhaps be necessary that I express myself more clearly, though writing in English is not, for me, the most facile way of communicating; yet, as I may appear ambiguous, I will say, that I have endeavoured to show that man in the beginning, possessing both a spirit and body, was connected by his body to the material part of creation, as the constituents of his own organization would conclusively show, and that the same agencies and causes which operated on the like constituent in a rock, would produce a corresponding effect on a similar part of man's body, modified of course by the principle of vitality.

Thus, causes operating on man's body operated on a tree or a horse, as a part of the animal creation; and the truth of this proposition is manifest in the analogy existing in the vegetable world with that of the animal world. And here I would say, that the principle of capillary circulation being the same both in animals and vegetables, is proof that the same causes control over nature's mechanical manifestations alike in man, vegetable, and mineral.

I have not entered into the mysteries of this material compact, as it would not interest you in the least; but all nature responds to my doctrine. In electricity, galvanism, in the tides, in the circulation of the atmosphere, in the return of the various seasons, and in all the economy of life we witness the powerful influences exerted by the natural world on the organic body of man. But while we admit this as the first proposition, let us for a moment turn our thoughts back to the time when the Spirit of God moved upon the surface of the immense space which lay spread out in the illimitable distance, when out of its darkness he awakened life and light, and from the chaotic confusion elicited order and a thousand worlds. Imagine the Spirit of the Great First Cause moving in the glory and the power of His nature among the germs of suns and worlds, scattered through space, and wandering in orbits as eccentric as the very confusion of a beginning. Imagine at the mere breathing of his voice, world upon world in dumb obedience marshalling themselves in the very orbits which that voice commanded. And then from the elements around he calls up light and heat, and institutes the laws which since that period have governed all nature. Behold! from the furthest verge of this dark space comes gleaming through the thick mists, a ray brighter than the sun! it flashes and illumines every thing around—it penetrates into every particle of matter, and out from the incongruous mass it generates that which God has destined should be the dwelling place of a portion of himself—the body of man!

R. This, I think, requires no comment, as it is merely what you all know; but no one can fancy the great Creator dwelling in the midst of a chaotic confusion, with worlds and orbs going in disorderly directions. No! the great Creator *was* from the beginning, and order and harmony *were* from the beginning. The idea of the Creator in the midst of a mass of confusion, is likening him to a human builder in the midst of his stones and bricks for building houses.

If this world were alone the abiding place of immortal spirits, we could imagine how much more beauty God would have lavished upon its formation, and how much vaster would have been its proportions. But beyond the vision of the most powerful telescope there are worlds filled with spirits, whose birth is for ever and ever. They know no death, and yet are organized with bodies suited to the worlds in which they live.

Surrounded by the very presence of the Creator, even in a more tangible form than any of which we have any conception, they inhabit worlds more beautiful than the poets have painted heaven. There is no necessity for labor, for the purity of their nature renders all effort for sustenance unnecessary. The temperature is alike in every portion—so adapted to the condition of their bodies that the atmosphere confers additional beauty on their complexion, and gives such a radiance to the glowing colours of the landscape, that were mortal to behold it, he would exclaim, "This is indeed the gate of heaven!"

It may have been that before this world, or the planets and bodies by which it is surrounded, were created, these worlds were created. I am not positive as to this but I am impressed with the idea that our earth is one of the latest creations of God. And I am impressed, too, to say, that the inhabitants of these worlds are of a higher creation than are the inhabitants of your sphere. They are more beautiful in their proportions, more glorious in the manifestations of their souls, and have a closer affinity with God. It was from the creation of these worlds that the Creator determined to arrange out of the chaos around, a world or worlds,

which should do his justice credit, and his mercy and love receive the praise for ever and ever.

It was thus that God created man with a body to conform to the natural system around him, and also with a spirit to appreciate that he was created by a spirit with whom he was eternally to dwell.

The spirit which enters the body of the child on being born is the principle or germ. It has not existed previously in a sentient form, but has existed, as a principle, from the beginning. So intimately blended are the two, both body and soul, that the one was created to grow and expand with the other, and though a child may die, yet the spirit grows and expands, and assumes very much the character *here*, which the full grown man would have occupied on earth.

I think I cannot be mistaken, that the child which has never been impressed with eternal natural effects, does not receive the soul which was destined for that body, but the germ enters a new body. The principle or germ constituting the soul has no more to distinguish it than the human embryo has, and neither has the soul any particular body designed for it. The soul when it enters a body does so the moment that body acquires natural mortal vitality or life. It grows with the body, and assumes its shape, form, appearance and sex—and as we pass through many transformations in our passage to heaven, that sex the body of the soul always maintains in whatever state it may exist, until it is united with the source from which it emanated.

The return of the soul to the source from which it emanated does not suppose it necessary that the God-head should absorb it within itself. This would be incompatible with his nature; for while the infinite and numberless parts into which this principle may be resolved does not detract from the powers of the Almighty, it adds to his majesty, his glory, and his praise. And as each germ possesses speciality, its separate existence is only in accordance with the nature of His laws, which may be termed Progression.

R. I wish to remark that the material world could hardly have been created more beautiful, and, had Evil not distorted the elements, man would have enjoyed great happiness, but where disorder reigns there must be discontent. The rest is hardly necessary to remark upon.

On the 20th of February I continued to read as follows from Judge Edmonds's work, the spirit on this occasion writing through Dr. Dexter, being Bacon.

*Section Four, Friday, April 8th, 1853.*

The idea of spheres is but imperfectly understood, and the statements on that subject received and recognised as true, are so but in part: as spirits know but little of space beyond the sphere they occupy. Spirits, after leaving the body, are conducted to localities adapted to the capacities and the conditions of their minds, in reference to education, society, and progress. Thus a highly educated mind—one familiar with all the knowledge of the schools, of strong desires to understand the laws of nature, and of an affinity with the purity and attributes of the Creator—is conducted to a globe or planet adapted by its locality and formation to develop the properties of his mind to an approach nearer to the plane where the Spirit of God is most manifest in all its power and glory. For though God has no special abiding place, yet he is more distinctly manifest in some localities than in others. Thus the planets mentioned last night as the abodes of those who never die, are selected as their residence by spirits whose lives on earth correspond with the nature of the inhabitants of those globes.

It is not unnatural to suppose that God's laws must be equal in their effect; and it would be incompatible with his nature to conclude that he places a pure spirit in daily and hourly contact with other spirits, whose minds, in their operation and action, are opposed to his own. Thus, to place a good and a pure spirit in a situation where it would retrograde would be incompatible with the primary law of creation—progression. How can a pure mind derive any pleasure from communication with an impure mind? And after the death of the body, the spirit has a loftier aspiration for the good and true, a stronger desire to develop the germ of its nature. It is in compliance with this law that localities are selected in which the attributes, desires, and characteristics of the spirit may be more distinctly developed. All good and pure spirits, therefore, do not reside near this earth, if, indeed, anywhere near it. Some reside millions of miles distant, others on planets near the earth, but all assume the characteristics of the inhabitants of the planet or globe in which they are to reside.

R. I think this description is too earthly, as it would picture all spirits requiring a material globe as a habitation, whereas space is nothing, and spirits cannot clash, as, being in the same state with those in sympathy with them, there must be harmony. A superior spirit is surrounded by his own atmosphere or glory, and it would be impossible for an impure spirit to approach him. Those spirits who employ themselves in assisting the souls just released from the flesh, and in influencing mortals, are so clothed with this glory that nothing can affect them, nor do objects that they do not desire to see become visible to them. Perhaps these communications have been made in this way, in consideration of the early state of the manifestations, and under a supposition that the mind of man was not in a state to receive things in a higher state.

Q. Forgive me, if I suggest, before reading further, that the spirits seem to have a very mean opinion of men's understanding.

R. Not so. Man, on many points, thinks much more deeply than spirits, but remember that the state of everything is so changed that the thoughts of man and spirits must be quite different. Man, you know, brings his earthly thoughts and ideas with him, but as he loses them he also loses the power and wish to judge earthly things, and rises higher in the spiritual world. This is the reason that better communications about worldly matters are often received from lower

spirits who still hover near the mortal world, or, rather, hold fast to the love of earthly things.

A duo regard for the rights of other contributors to have space in these pages, induces the writer to break off his transcript here until another occasion.

K. R. H. M.

April 6th, 1864.

(To be continued.)

## Right or Wrong.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—The question of the good or evil; right or wrong of modern spiritual communication is continually cropping up, and now that tens of thousands of persons in this kingdom believe that its phenomena are genuine, and that the intercourse is really with spirits of some kind or other; it behoves us to ask ourselves the question, to what extent is it advantageous? Observe, I do not say the departed spirits from this world, because that, which in the majority of cases is most readily accepted by believers in spiritualism, viz., that the invisibles with whom they converse are the departed spirits of earth; is precisely the question which it is most difficult to solve and determine.

The rightfulness or wrongfulness can only be settled by reference to the scriptures themselves, and in them it appears to me that *sought consultations* with the departed are prohibited. Assuming that there is nothing wrong in the act of consulting the departed, have we satisfactory evidence that the beings who are consulted are the departed; or are they citizens of another sphere, or other spheres of existence invisible to us, and yet capable of communicating? The next perhaps most important question is; are they evil or good? That many of them are evil there cannot be the slightest doubt in the minds of those who have fully studied the subject and seen the phenomena. On what ground therefore have we any right to assume that any of them are good? It is not sufficient to say that they sometimes give good advice and express pious sentiments; the worst men and women in the world do the same thing, and generally do it as a cloak for their wickedness, and for the express purpose of deceiving. We don't generally place the most reliance upon those who in their conversation use the most pietistic phraseology, but usually the reverse. We trust the plain, free, frank, out-spoken; and all prudent men look with extreme caution upon those who are profusely sanctimonious. How are we to know that any of the invisible agents with whom thousands of our countrymen and country-women are daily conversing are worthy of any credence whatever? Our object of course is to arrive at truth, and I ask the above question for the purpose of obtaining the opinions of yourself and your readers. Should this letter stimulate to correspondence, I shall probably attempt to show the fallacies of the arguments and illustrations of those who endeavour to prove that we are in actual communication with departed friends, or with departed human beings of any kind.

I am, yours truly,

T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
April 10, 1864.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

The earnest desire of all who believe in spiritualism ought assuredly to be that its truths may be spread and studied by all. The way to make converts is first to impress non-believers that there is something in spiritualism, and as they will not sit down to read books about what they have been taught to consider blasphemous absurdities, it is necessary first to work through their curiosity. A man who will not believe that Swedenborg is still able to write essays for the benefit of humanity, will nevertheless wonder why his own respectable mahogany should float in mid-air; and from curiosity, may possibly be led on to belief. To accomplish this, however, much is necessary. Fear of ridicule must be entirely laid aside; how many of us are believers, yet have not moral courage to tell our most intimate friends, because we say, "They will only laugh, and we shall do no good." This latter is a bold assertion—do no good! How can we tell until we try? Our neighbour may have received impressions, and been made aware of spiritual presence; he may be a strong medium, but for fear of ridicule he does not speak; harassed perhaps by conflicting doubts, a little help from a friend might be of immense value to him. It is impossible to say one can do no good until one has tried.

Much patience is also needed. A man who has lived for many years in the belief that at his dissolution the body will still enchain the spirit—that they will slumber together in the grave, the one decaying, the other remaining at rest until the judgement day; when the awful trumpet shall sound and the dead awake, the souls resuming their material bodies, and appear before the throne for judgement from the Creator—to a man who has been taught this, and believed it implicitly, it must not only be a work of time, but also of difficulty to adopt the pure and simple truths of Spiritualism: so great will be the difficulty that impatience must have no hold over us even if he is not convinced by mere physical manifestations. The great want which we must all feel is the aid of a reliable professional medium. Perhaps you are not a medium yourself, and after having spoken long and earnestly with a sceptic he will turn upon you and say, "You are convinced, but how can I become so? Where can I go to see those things?" The professional mediums we have had, and indeed have still, seem unable to resist the temptation of *assisting* the spirits when they are in doubt, and rather than send a non-believer to such, it were preferable to leave him in ignorance, because he would only be excited to a scornful laugh, "he who went to pray might only remain to scoff." I need say no more of the evil effects of *assisting* mediums, they are only too well known among us.

F. F.

## THE MEDIUMS.

## AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

—o—

## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Humphrey was a man of strong nerve, and being a most exemplary lover of truth, he had the courage to meet the supernatural facts which presented themselves to his notice, with boldness. He cared as little for the idle jokes of those who laughed at everything but their own ignorance, as he cared for the ordinary gossip of envy. He argued to himself thus—"The Bible contains numerous accounts of supernatural appearances, such as the mysterious hand-writing on the wall at the palace of the wicked King Belshazzar—the angel in the burning bush—the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus in his transfiguration—Christ's own appearances after his crucifixion to Mary Magdalene and his disciples—the angel's deliverance of Peter from prison, &c. Then putting the sacred writings on one side; profane history of every nation and age gives testimony in favor of occasional re-appearances of the departed." Mr. Humphrey paused to reflect, and came to the conclusion that since he could not find an argument to disprove the facts of scripture and profane history, he ought, at least, to be humble and cautious in his investigations of the spiritual subject. He had been much affected with the scene in his library, which was known to no earthly being but himself, and whilst he nursed the secret he resolved to satisfy himself by a persistent investigation of the absolute facts of spiritual visitations. He could not doubt his own experience, although it was only an isolated case which gave him conviction. But to make assurance doubly sure, or to prove that in spite of his own common sense and open eyes he was only subjected to a delusion of the optic nerve, or of cerebral disaffection, he determined on devoting himself to a full, fair, and earnest study of the subject. To him it appeared a glorious idea if it could be proved that the departed can, and do at times reappear on this earth, or manifest themselves in any way whatever; because it would give the Theist an argument against Atheism which would be incontrovertible and effective. Now Mr. Humphrey had mourned for many years over the sad materialistic tendencies of the age; he had found moral and intelligent suasion of little use in overturning materialistic prejudices; and knowing that those prejudices were not only rooted strongly in the soil of avowed Atheism, but likewise in the soil of assumed Christianity, he felt rejoiced at the bare probability of establishing a belief in spiritual re-appearances.

With a mind open to conviction, and a brain capable of receiving with caution and analyzing with care all impressions of a mystical character, Mr. Humphrey was just the sort of man likely to arrive at an unpopular truth. He had considered the matter well, and having decided on gaining fresh evidences he was eager for opportunities to present themselves through which he might step on to new and higher step-stones of spiritual truth. With his mind full of earnestness and hope, having sat in a meditative mood for a considerable time, he decided on writing to his father-in-law, Mr. Peerless, inviting him to a *tete-a-tete*, thinking it advisable to make a confidant of him.

Taking some paper he commenced at once to pen the epistle, and had nearly finished when his hand shook nervously, and his pen was guided by some invisible intelligence, and the words—

*"Dear father, pray come at once, and be serious."*

"EMILY,"

were written in a curious and bold hand, whilst the signature to Mr. Humphrey, was as familiar as life. He was staggered, and for a time unable to compose himself. Whilst in the act of writing a communication to Mr. Peerless, he was overlooked by his departed wife, his object known to her, and her own wish and signature were given through his hand. Surely some mighty purposes were about to be fruitful. Mr. Humphrey opened a little secret drawer in a very miniature-like chest of drawers which had belonged to his wife, and brought forth some letters written by her. He then minutely compared the signature "Emily" with several signatures of the same name, and found a wonderful similitude in them. Mr. Humphrey was a strong man, and it was no proof to the contrary, because a few tears—affection's dew-drops—fell from his eyes. He was strong in body and brain, and still stronger

in affection. If he had had any silent, secret fears that he was the victim of some delusion when his wife manifested herself in form to him, they were now eradicated. He was *certain* of her presence, for had he not been mechanically forced to write her signature in her own well-known handwriting?

In ordinary life-matters it is a very common thing for business men to hurry on with details, in order that as much work may be pressed into as small a space of time as possible. The very soul of business is despatch, a very necessary thing but one that may forego some things more necessary. With Mr. Humphrey, however, business not being neglected, was yet made subservient to more important affairs. He looked upon worldly possessions as existing only for a short term, whilst heavenly possessions existed for ever. Therefore, to him the after-life was the lasting, and this life the vanishing. He followed up his train of thinkings upon Supernaturalism with a Spartan devotedness, yet he was assiduous in business. Mr. Humphrey went to his office, attended to his ledger, gave commissions to his workmen, and did all essential service for worldly success, yet he still stored his mind with evidences of a spiritual and religious character. In business transactions he was acknowledged to be rigidly just, and few who had dealings with him failed to respect him.

It was a settled idea with him not to open his mind to anyone on spiritual topics until he had consulted with his father-in-law, Mr. Peerless. He was, in consequence, very subdued in his conversations with people with whom he came in contact, for his mind was under the dominion of the new convictions which had so mysteriously operated. It was, therefore, a relief to him to find Mr. Peerless, with his jolly goodnatured face, greeting him with a hearty, cordial shake of the hand.

Mr. Peerless was a shrewd common-sense man of the world, of striking angularities of thought. He had a full share of self-consciousness, and had easily contracted the habit of asserting his own views without a due consideration for the views of others. He was possessed of a sanguine, nervous temperament; not being a cautious strict logician, he formed his convictions hurriedly, but was always certain in his own mind that his convictions were true ones because they were his. He had often entered an argument against certain views entertained by his son-in-law on religious and political topics, and had expressed his belief that his wise remarks were not appreciated by him; but he had the warmest affection for Mr. Humphrey, to whom he owed his present worldly position, therefore, he never cared to continue a debate which did not end speedily in thorough agreement, always expecting the arms he carried to be considered the weapons of victory. Mr. Humphrey was a man more cautious in forming convictions and more self-abnegated in his defence of them. He wanted truth, and was prepared to follow her through all the circuitous routes of argument. Mr. Peerless, on the other hand, was so certain that *he* had the truth of an argument, that he could not dream of going out of his beaten track, in search of what he did not want, a different conviction to the one he happened to possess. No one could read the architect's character better than the shipwright and since it may appear singular that Mr. Humphrey, with his convictions of the character of Mr. Peerless, should choose to make a confidant of him, before allowing others to learn the marvellous facts of a supernatural origin, which had riveted conviction on his own mind; we had better inform the reader that Mr. Humphrey had considered the character of his communication as well as the character of his visitor. He deemed it only right to speak of the appearance of his deceased wife, to Mr. Peerless, he being her father, before venturing to brave public ridicule and laughter by making his secret take wings. He expected to be laughed at by his father-in-law, but he thought, at least, he would not hazard an opinion expressing a belief in his want of sanity. He knew likewise that the general mind in England would be sure to assail a belief in spiritual visitations with ignominy, yells, hisses, and insane aspersions. Mr. Humphrey knew all this, but being earnest and brave, he had counted the cost already of avowing himself a believer in them.

It was quite a picture to see the smile of incredulity which shone upon the face of the architect as he heard the shipwright declare on his honor as a man, that if ever he saw his wife in his life he saw her apparition in the library.

"Nonsense, Charles," exclaimed Mr. Peerless, "you were sad at the memories of the past, moodily thinking of your loneliness and Emily's virtues, and, as is quite natural, you fancied you saw her before you. Quite a phenomenon, Charles,



natural as life, depend upon it. I've read of such cases before this—they were always attributed to imagination or spectral illusion. I *know* you are deceived." Mr. Peerless emphasised the pronoun and the verb, and slapped his son-in-law on the shoulder, finishing with a loud, full, blast of conceited laughter.

Mr. Humphrey looked calmly and fixedly into his senior's eyes, and replied—"You have known me for the better part of a score years, Mr. Peerless, did you ever know me over-credulous, or disposed to be superstitious?"

"No, on my honor, Charles, I never did."

"Well then, before you decide this matter so hastily, and vainly endeavour to laugh me out of my convictions, listen. I have carefully read my bible, and find it full of evidences in support of angelic and demoniac visitations. I have also read of late some ponderous tomes which carry the mind away into the far-off past, and bring it back again to the present time, and I find in them a long chain of evidences in favor of ghosts and ghostly or spirit-manifestations. I have, to crown all, seen with my own eyes, your daughter, my wife, smiling upon me, and waving her hand to me, and I was as wide-awake then as I am now. I have also, while writing my note to you, been forced, without my consent, or knowledge, or desire, to write the words addressed to you in that epistle—'*Dear father, pray come, and be serious,*'—and you will observe that the signature to that message is very like your child's original autograph."

"Pon my honor, Charles, you are most serious, but I am sure you are deluded; let me entreat you to well weigh the matter before lending yourself to a fanatical faith, which will inevitably bring you into bad note, and cause you the loss of some of your best friends. Be advised; you cannot conceive how horrible your revelation sounds to *me*, therefore think what the world outside will say."

"Mr. Peerless," said Mr. Humphrey, "let us think what the world inside will say. If we are such cowards as to fear the truth, because our friends and acquaintances feel disposed to ridicule and desert us, we shall obtain our desserts in a tortured conscience."

"There is something in that, but I am sure you will have a weary life of it, if you are foolish enough to let it get abroad on change, that you believe in ghosts and all that sort of silly trash."

"That is of little consequence to me, Mr. Peerless; you know I never cared a great deal for mere popular praise. I was always happiest in my own home, in the midst of my 'household deities.' If I find it in the way of duty to mix more with the outward world for the promulgation of a glorious and eternal truth, believe me, I shall feel no remorse at being laughed at, and pronounced a believer in 'ghosts and all that sort of silly trash.'"

"Well, Charles, as you will; you have my hearty well-wishes and assurance that I know you to be an intelligent, honest, sane sort of an individual; but what will that avail you when the public publish accounts of your extravagant convictions as proofs of your dishonesty and insanity?"

Mr. Humphrey took Mr. Peerless by the hand, and looked grateful. He then said, "I may, I suppose, class you with the believers in these supernatural phenomena?"

Mr. Peerless gave one of his good-natured, bluff, incredulous laughs—"Oh dear, no! it would take something more even than your bare word, Master Charles, to convince the father of your departed wife, that she ever came back to earth from her home in heaven."

The eyes of Mr. Humphrey were fixed on some object. Mr. Peerless looked, but saw only vacancy. Mr. Humphrey took him by the hand, and pointing, said—"There, she smiles upon me, and points to you. Emily! Emily! At that instant the medium's eyes were free, the apparition was gone, and Mr. Peerless having seen nothing, decided that his son-in-law was not quite *compos mentis*."

### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Peerless left his son-in-law, quite satisfied in his own mind that all was not as it ought to be "in the upper story," not that he had any conception that Mr. Humphrey, on ordinary matters, was not reasonable and perfectly sane; but in the case of this superstition of ghost belief *only* he was not so fortunate. The father-in-law did not tell his son-in-law what he thought, because he knew there would be a slight difference of opinion if he did, and since he did not like disagreement, and was certain not to fall in with any defence Mr. Humphrey might avail himself of, because to do so would set

at nought his own wise opinion, he wisely shook hands and parted, as he gave, by way of *finale*, one of his loud, full, bluff laughs.

The shipwright was left alone, but he was not lonely. He was impressed with the consciousness that he was on the verge of discovering some of the secrets of the grave. He was, as we have shown, a strong-willed man, and being stronger in virtue and faith, he little feared either ghost or mortal. He had, during his whole life, regarded religion as the highest pleasure the soul can know, and had always felt that religion stimulates to goodness; and although religion was not morals, it was impossible to be religious without them. Thus armed with proof-strong convictions, placing some trifling deductions to the account of educated nervousness, he disposed his mind for investigation. He had satisfied himself, having conversed first upon the subject of his heart with Mr. Peerless, and he was not at all surprised to find that the architect looked incredulously upon his statements, but he had no conception that that bluff, jolly, laughing old soul nursed a sudden idea, that grief for the loss of his wife had touched the brain of his son-in-law, and on that point had made him insane.

Like a modern Columbus Mr. Humphrey felt himself the possessor of an invaluable secret. He wanted only time and means to set out on a voyage of discovery, which, in its results, promised infinitely to outbalance the world which the Genoese sailor discovered. The shipwright rose each morning, devoting himself to a perusal of spiritual works, which occupied some four or five hours; he then went to his office, attended to his duties, and returned only to reflect on the theme uppermost in his thoughts.

It is impossible to say how much time is absolutely ours, we appear to live on sufferance, and act without volition. Always in extremes, or verging on them, we scarcely know our own convictions. As a reed is subjected to the influence of the wind, and forced to bend in its direction—as a waif cast upon the tide is drifted and tossed, and washed away by it—do we poor human reeds and waifs find ourselves inclined drifted, tossed, and washed by the winds and waters of influences over which we ourselves have little absolute control. Who shall discriminate between the actions originating from our own free will and those originating from external impressions, spirits, or unseen messengers, Mr. Humphrey, although a man of ordinary common-sense attainments, who, without undue influences in an opposite direction, might be said to be very ready to act from motives relating to physical and moral things, was, nevertheless, found to do many, very many acts, which his fellow tradesmen and his preconceived convictions would not have credited to him. The fact is, he was vulnerable to spirit influences, and capable of being guided and impressed by them to any extent, providing their impressions accorded with his treasured conceptions of goodness, as inculcated in the life of Christ.

One afternoon Mr. Humphrey was in his office looking over the *Times*, his eye rested on an advertisement:—

"*The advertiser is desirous of communicating with persons who can give information relative to Haunted Houses or modern Supernatural Facts. Please address, Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, 24, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London.*"

Fancy a traveller in the wilderness, parched with thirst, after weary hours discovering water, and you will have some conception of the joy which lit up the features of the shipwright as he read the advertisement. He wanted more knowledge, and had not as yet discovered how to obtain it. It was all very well to read books, and enter one's self on the list of pedantic gladiators who treasure written facts; but in order to satisfy fully the designs of Mr. Humphrey it was necessary that he should be brought himself *en-rapport* with the actual spirits. He had only as yet had ocular proofs when the spirit of his wife had come uncalled for, and when she had guided his hand as he was writing to Mr. Peerless, her father. All these manifestations were spontaneous: Mr. Humphrey felt desirous to know how he could elicit them when he was so disposed. He was impressed with the idea that Mr. Jeremiah Forbes was the very man of all men, under present circumstances, he ought to consult. He decided on writing to him without delay. When the brain is under the influence of strong excitement, the memory for ordinary, at the time, secondary matters, is often weak. It was so with Mr. Humphrey. He proceeded to write a full description of his own ultra-mundane experiences, and dispatched with them an invitation for Mr. Jeremiah Forbes to honor him with a visit.

(To be continued.)

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## Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

The day hath disappear'd in a halo of crimson light,  
And the hills, and fields, and sea, repose on the breast of night.  
I sit on the shingle-beach and list to the troubled waves  
Wailing their sad griefs o'er like an army of wailing slaves.  
The stars and the moon look down thro' the drap'ry of the sky,  
Like sentinels guarding the ships that rock on the billows high.  
I gaze on the wondrous scene and wonder the more I gaze,  
But wonder as much as I may, my thoughts are lost in the haze.  
The waves reflect the moon and stars and roll towards the shore;  
I wonder if they sigh for rest with their wild despondent roar!

I sit on the shingle-beach while phantoms of night appear,  
Like spirits that tenant the brain in Slumber's mystic sphere;  
And wonder if Heaven be near or far in the ether space—  
And I bid the angels appear and let me see their face.  
I call, but they answer not—the waves alone reply,  
With their deep bass voices loud—"You will see them when you die."  
The ghostly phantoms arise like spirits from the sea,  
And they vanish when I speak as if they had fear of me.

I sit on the shingle-beach and dream of the future time,  
When Christ shall be King o'er earth and man shall abandon crime,  
When the blood-thirsty spirits of war like those of the sea,  
Shall vanish for aye from earth and none shall be glad but the free.  
I dream of the future time while the phantoms of night glide past,  
And I bid them say how long the wrongs of the world shall last—  
But only the surging waves with their mocking voices speak—  
"The world shall be full of wrong while the strong shall crush the weak."

J. H. POWELL.

Astonishing Transactions at Stockwell  
in 1772.

"An Authentic, Candid, and Circumstantial Narrative of the Astonishing Transactions at Stockwell, in the County of Surrey, on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th days of January, 1772, containing a Series of the most Surprising and Unaccountable Events that ever happened, which continued from first to last upwards of Twenty Hours, and at different places. Published with the consent and approbation of the family and other parties concerned, to authenticate which the original copy is signed by them. London: Printed for J. MARKS, Bookseller, in St. Martin's-lane, 1772."

Before we enter upon a description of the most extraordinary transactions that perhaps ever happened, we shall begin with an account of the parties who were principally concerned, and in justice to them, give their characters; by which means the impartial world may be enabled to form some judgment what credit is due to the following narrative.

The events indeed are of so strange and singular a nature that we cannot be at all surprised the public should be doubtful of the truth of them, more especially as there has been too many impositions of this sort; but let us consider, here are no sinister ends to be answered, no contributions to be wished for, nor would be accepted, as the parties are in reputable situations and good circumstances, particularly Mrs. Golding, who is a lady of an independent fortune: Richard Fowler and his wife might be looked on as an exception to this assertion, but as their loss, was trivial, they must be left out of the question, except so far as they appear corroborating evidences. Mr. Pain's maid lost nothing.

How or by what means these transactions were brought about, time only will discover, if that ever happen: we have only now to rest our confidence on the veracity of the parties, whose descriptions have been most strictly attended to, without the least deviation; nothing here offered is either exaggerated or diminished, the whole stated in the clearest manner, just as they occurred, and as such only we lay them before the candid and impartial public.

Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, at Stockwell, in Surrey, at whose house the transactions began, was born in the same parish (of Lambeth), has lived in it ever since, and has always been well known, and respected as a gentlewoman of unblemished honour and character.

Mrs. Pain, a niece of Mrs. Golding, has been married several years to Mr. Pain, a farmer, at Brixton Causeway, a little above Mr. Angel's, has several children, are well known and respected in the parish.

Mary Martin, Mr. Pain's servant, an elderly woman, has lived two years with them, and four years with Mrs. Golding, where she came from.

Richard Fowler, lives almost opposite to Mr. Pain, at the Brick Pond, an honest, industrious and sober man.

Sarah Fowler, wife to the above, an industrious and sober woman.

The above are the subscribing evidences that we must rest the truth of the facts upon; yet there are numbers of other persons who were eye-witnesses of many of the transactions, during the time they happened, all of whom must acknowledge the truth of them.

Another person who bore a principal part in these scenes was Ann Robinson. Mrs. Golding's maid, a young woman about twenty years old, who had lived with her but one week and three days.

I shall not take up any more of the reader's attention from the narrative, but begin as follows:—On Monday, January the 6th, 1772, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, as Mrs. Golding was in her parlour, she heard the china and glasses in the back kitchen tumble down and break; her maid came to her and told her the stone plates were falling from the shelf; Mrs. Golding went into the kitchen and saw them broken. Presently after, a row of plates from the next shelf fell down likewise, while she was there, and nobody near them; this astonished her much, and while she was thinking about it, other things in different places began to tumble about, some of them breaking, attended with violent noises all over the house; a clock tumbled down and the case broke; a lantern that hung on the staircase was thrown down and the glass broke to pieces; an earthen pan of salted beef broke to pieces and the beef fell about. All this increased her surprise, and brought several persons about her, among whom was Mr. Rowledge, a carpenter, who gave it as his opinion that the foundation was giving way, and that the house was tumbling down, occasioned by the too great weight of an additional room erected above: so ready are we to discover natural causes for everything! But no such thing happened, as the reader will find, for whatever was the cause, that cause ceased almost as soon as Mrs. Golding and her maid left any place, and followed them wherever they went. Mrs. Golding ran into Mr. Gresham's house, a gentleman living next door to her, where she fainted.

In the interim, Mr. Rowledge and other persons were removing Mrs. Golding's effects from her house, for fear of the consequences he had prognosticated. At the time all was quiet; Mrs. Golding's maid remaining in her house, was gone up stairs, and when called upon several times to come down, for fear of the dangerous situation she was thought to be in, she answered very coolly, and after some time came down very deliberately, without any seeming fearful apprehensions.

Mrs. Pain was sent for from Brixton Causeway and desired to come directly, as her aunt was supposed to be dead—this was the message to her. When Mrs. Pain came, Mrs. Golding was come to herself, but was very faint. Among the persons who were present, was Mr. Gardner, a surgeon, of Clapham, whom Mrs. Pain desired to bleed her aunt, which he did; Mrs. Pain asked if the blood should be thrown away; he desired it might not, as he would examine it when cold. These minute particulars would not be taken notice of, but as a chain to what follows, for the next circumstance is of a more astonishing nature than anything that has preceded it. The blood that was just congealed, sprung out of the basin upon the floor, and presently after the basin broke to pieces: this china basin was the only thing broke belonging to Mr. Gresham; a bottle of rum stood by it broke at the same time. Among the things that were removed to Mr. Gresham's, was a tray full of china, &c., a japan bread basket, some mahogany waiters, with some bottles of liquors, jars of pickles, &c., and a pier glass, which was taken down by Mr. Saville (a neighbour of Mrs. Golding's); he gave it to one Robert James, who laid it on the grass-plot at Mrs. Gresham's, but before he could put it out of his hands, some parts of the frame on each side flew off; it raining at that time, Mrs. Golding desired it might be brought into the parlour, where it was put under a sideboard, and a dressing glass along with it; it had not been there long before the glasses and china which stood on the sideboard began to tumble about and fall down, and broke both the glasses to pieces. Mr. Saville and others being asked to drink a glass of wine or rum, both the bottles broke to pieces before they were uncorked.

Mrs. Golding's surprise and fear increasing, she did not know what to do or where to go; wherever she and her maid were, these strange destructive circumstances followed her, and how to help or free herself from them was not in her power or any other person's present; her mind was one confused chaos, lost to herself and everything about her, drove from her own home, and afraid there would be none other to receive her. At last she left Mr. Gresham's and went to Mr. Mayling's, a gentleman at the next door, here she staid about three-quarters of an hour, during which time nothing happened. Her maid staid at Mr. Gresham's, to help put up what few things remained unbroken of her mistress's in a back apartment, when a jar of pickles that stood upon a table, turned upside down, then a jar of raspberry jam broke to pieces, next two mahogany waiters, and a quadrille-box likewise broke in pieces. Mrs. Pain, not choosing her aunt should stay too long at Mr. Mayling's, for fear of being troublesome, persuaded her to go to her house at Rush Common, near Brixton causeway, where she would endeavour to make her as happy as she could, hoping by this time all was over, as nothing had happened at that gentleman's house while she was there. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## NOTICE.

It will be seen that we have not failed to act on the suggestion of several of our correspondents, to alter the form of our paper. In doing so we have entailed upon ourselves much more labour, besides adding considerably to the cost. We have had many complaints from persons who have not been able to obtain the *Spiritual Times* through agents; this is to be regretted. To secure the delivery of the papers our friends had better enclose stamps, and receive it direct from the office, per post.

All communications intended for insertion must be accompanied with the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

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—O—

As an individual contribution to the general mass of testimony on this great topic of the age, it is very valuable.—*William Howitt*.

Mr. Powell's statements of the answers he received to queries are remarkable, and as he is evidently a truthful writer we cannot do other than advise the public to consult the work. \* \* \* Many persons will read Mr. Powell's narrative with interest, for it has no lack of the marvellous set forth in vigorous language.—*Public Opinion*, March 12th, 1864.

Mr. Powell gives an evidently honest, straightforward relation of his experiences, showing how he became convinced, and sustaining his conclusions by scriptural and other argument; and relating many original facts of the supernatural kind. There is also, in his book, the fac simile of the handwriting of a relative of Mr. Cooper's who has been in the spirit-world more than thirty years; and fac simile of her autograph when in the body, so that the reader can perceive at a glance the identity of the handwriting in both, though an interval of thirty-four years separates the two. The fac simile of the medium's (Mr. Cooper's daughter) usual handwriting is also given, and is entirely different from the others. The work is published very cheap (2s.), and we hope it may have a wide circulation.—*The Spiritual Magazine*.

The sum of the matter is, that if one has a curiosity to know what Spiritualism really is, and what it actually aims at, he will gain a better and clearer view of it from Mr. Powell's volume than from any other that has yet been published, not even excepting that of the great apostle medium, Mr. Home himself.—*The Caledonian Mercury*, Saturday, March 12th, 1864.

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