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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. 30, VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 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.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

THEIR MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND, &c.

All unrecognised systems have their long battles to maintain. Before they can set victory on their shields and hold a right to security of position, they must experience extreme trials of discipline and struggle. Not only are there schemes, doctrines, and facts connected with them which need support, but the weapons necessary to carry their conquests to successful issues must be manufactured and exercised. That which is old appears new in novel robes, and people who are fond of taking little trouble to search and find out the truth, but who like to have no trouble at all, and all the advantages accruing to those who take all the trouble in the bargain, are glad of an excuse to cry down old truths because they *appear* to their superficial gaze new. They like novelty, especially if it be of a sensational character, and are ready to sanction any impostor or set of impostors who can manage to surfeit them with novelties. Hence Humbugging has become an Art, which few people fail to exalt. Every fresh novelty is counted by a discriminating public so much the more astounding or gratifying as it exemplifies the cleverness of the human intellect. He that outdoes his predecessor and contemporary, in trickery, is rewarded with the world's applause, and need not go penuriously to the grave, although when he gets there the gold he gains will avail him little. So clever have certain persons become that the world acknowledges their greatness and bestows favours without judgment; some are honest jugglers, those who perform their tricks and tell you they deceive you, others are dishonest and profess to possess supernatural powers, which have the effect of exciting the wonder of the credulous dupes who, in ignorance of the conjuror's art imagine their eyes are not made "the fools of the other senses."

The practice of conjuring is quite harmless when it is honestly exercised for beguiling the evening hours, which may be put to a worse use than in witnessing a wizard's palmistry, &c. But if conjuring be, in any way, performed under a mask, and the conjuror pretends to a special deli-

gated power from the Almighty, no one can calculate the sin and shame which such dishonesty produces, and nothing can be more reprehensible.

Taking our stand upon this ground, let us examine and test the operations of the Brothers Davenport, disposed to detect all trickery, and on detection to make a thorough exposure.

The parents of these extraordinary young men reside in Buffalo, N. Y. The mother is a Kentish Englishwoman; the father claims his origin from New York. Their children, two sons (the Brothers Davenport) and one daughter, have all turned out marvellous mediums. The young men are now 24 and 25 years of age, whilst their sister is about 19 years old. She is at the present time giving sances in America. It was through her organism that the family had the first intimations from the spirits that communications would be given and phenomena produced. She was impressed repeatedly to inform her parents that if they and some friends would sit, some remarkable manifestation would be elicited. They did so, and from that time the boys discovered their medium powers, and have never since failed to be used by the invisibles for purposes mysterious and wonderful. The early physical manifestations were not at all complicated in character—the boys being simply carried about the room. But after a time spirit hands touching the persons in the circle, musical instruments playing without visible touch, and flying about the apartment—spirit-writing, spirit-voices, and other remarkable phases of the mighty doings of the departed were evoked. Doubtless the early evidences which came to this family in so sudden and so marvellous a manner, caused them to experience more or less fear. They had, it is true, heard of Spiritualism, known friends who had manifestations too self-evident to be placed to the score of "psychology," "trickery" and other alleged causes. We remember hearing one of the brothers relate a few child experiences:—

His mother heard noises in the room, and could not imagine what could have produced them. She called up her children, and sent for a neighbour, who entered the house to hear nothing, but he went over the house and retired satisfied, perhaps, that Mrs. Davenport *fancied* all she said she heard. No sooner had the neighbour departed, than the mysterious and heavy sounds were again heard. The mother sent in for her neighbour-friend again—he came, but the invisibles ceased knocking and nothing was heard by him. Incidents such as these were plentiful enough before the children were thoroughly developed. By-and-bye, naturally enough, the parents and children grew familiar with the mysterious powers which wrought such wonders through them.

One of the brothers, Ira Davenport, married in 1861, a half cousin, daughter of his father's sister, who was a remarkable medium—a delicately finely organised being. She had premonitions which were verified in the course of



events. She had lost her father some seven months. She dreamed exactly three months before her death that her father entered her bed-chamber, carrying with him a coffin, which he placed by the side of the bedstead saying, "There, daughter." The apparition then disappeared—but returned in a brief space of time, bringing a small coffin, which he placed on the top of the large one, and then finally disappeared. Mrs Davenport displayed afterwards no interest in worldly affairs for the future—she would tell her husband whenever he tried to rouse her to a sense of earthly things that she would never recover. She died in childbed three months after her dream, and the foreshadowed coffins were in request. She gave directions for her funeral—said her coffin could not be got out of the door of her room without great difficulty, which was the fact, when the sad office was undertaken of carrying her corpse out of the house in Chicago to the car to be borne to Adrian, Mich., where her husband buried her remains in fulfilment of a promise.

The loss sustained in the death of his wife and first-born is a sad chapter in the life-history of Ira Davenport. Let those who so readily hurl denunciations and pronounce hasty unjustifiable verdicts on mediums pause—they would do so, if they had, as we have done, listened to the affecting story of his loss from his own lips. He does not tamper with human affections and presume on making capital out of sympathy, but he tells only a story many of us have heard before, with variations of incident—but he tells it with a husband's anguish and a father's grief—and this comes not in eagerness, but in sadness, questioned out of him.

She was ill for about two years previous to her decease—whilst she was in Chicago Illinois, Ira her husband, was in Wisconsin. He had a dream or vision, in which he saw a large bird of a most beautiful appearance, its plumage looking very resplendent—presently, this object which presented the form of a bird, descended gradually to him, and then was in an instant transformed to his wife. She bowed and smiled to her husband, and then ascended and disappeared behind the clouds. Ira was much affected by what he saw. The next day he told Mr Fay and a friend the circumstance, and took it as an omen of his wife's decease. Mr Fay said he ought not to be superstitious, the next night the vision was repeated in exactly the same manner. Ira was still more than ever satisfied the vision had a more than ordinary meaning, he went to Kenosha, and there he found a messenger from Chicago, who bore the sad news to him of his wife's death.

Manifestations of such an extraordinary physical character which were witnessed by friends and the family soon got noised abroad. Then, quite natural, philosophers and fools set their heads to work, and the fools outwitted the philosophers. Plain, heavy, looking men, with little *spiritual* beauty in their features, pronounced the puzzled wisacre's shibboleth "Humbug," and gaping thousands took up the echo. Over the broad domains of America, the fame of these Davenports spread. Men of high and low degrees—masters of medicine and mental alchemists, came from far and near, all fired with the purpose of "finding the trick out," and there were not wanting imitators who, professing to rival them made miserable failures of attempts to give practical form to their vauntings. The mediums submitted to varieties of test. They allowed their hands and feet to be tied by strong sceptics who knew the secret of making knots, and very often, indeed, did these sceptics torture the mediums with a callous, heartless indifference to humanity, but anything rather than supermundane realities. They tied them with ropes varying in length, and taking sometimes a full hour to secure to their satisfaction. Yet with an unerring eye the *secret agent* saw the complicated knots, and after manifesting phenomena, slipped the gordian knots with the most thorough ease, and that too in a space of time almost incredible.

In company with their father for some time and other agents, these mediums traversed over an immense portion of the American territory, from Ohio to the state of Maine. Their manifestations have been given thousands of times. They have visited most of the principal towns and cities within the circuit of their travels, and in all cases marvels have been witnessed which have caused excitement of no ordinary character. Their mission has not been altogether one of safety or pleasant to contemplate, only in the heroic sense; they have been opposed, and submitting to tests have

triumphed—but in America, as here, there are men who are not only strong in physical powers, but in prejudices, and those prejudices have grown into demons in certain instances, and the men who owned them have been their slaves. Organised conspiracies here and there have threatened the Brothers Davenport and their agents with destruction, and the chances of escape have seemed nowhere, but ever the invisible influences which manifested their presence and power so often to them guarded and warned them and they *did* escape.

The *furor* created against them at one time was so great that it was certain, had their enemies taken them that they would have suffered the fate of common malefactors, and have yielded up the ghost from the overhanging branches of some tree. But a mysterious Providence was with them, and having passed through the fierce fiery ordeal of persecution without being injured, except by scandal and a period of thirty days' imprisonment, the brothers have left behind them the Atlantic Ocean, and are here in the midst of our Philosophically Materialistic life, doing their work and prepared to continue to do it. In America, they were submitted to test-committees, and were continually subjected to the most searching scrutiny. Yet the way in which the *hand* is produced—the *voice* is heard, the musical instruments played, has not been found out, on any one of the whole range of Materialistic Hypotheses. The modes of testing have sometimes been ingenious—boxes have been made which were intended to settle the question in a jiffy. These boxes had very accommodating holes for the arms and feet and were fastened on the mediums. Yet all the visible appearance of the *hand* and the playing of the music resulted just the same, and then the mediums walked forth before the audience free as the air. One account which comes to us speaks of a sack test which was speedily "sacked." The boys were tied well and fast to their chairs, then a sack was put over them and nailed to the floor; this was done to win heavy bets, but they were lost. Of course the *bettors* on the sceptical side were confident of winning. How could it be possible for the mediums to do the feats with a sack nailed over them? The trick would be now exposed, they were all quite sure, and the mediums would for ever after lose caste, and the "Spiritual Humbug" would no longer thrive. Very confident, indeed, were these sceptics, and very confident were the invisible agents who watched unseen the whole scene. Thousands of people were present to witness this final stroke of sceptical diplomacy. But those thousands were soon made to cheer the mediums and laugh at the diplomatists—for the musical instruments *did* play and whirl about in the air as usual and other wonderful manifestations took place, which entirely set the philosophers and fools at sea, whilst wise men looked on and thought in silence and waited for a hypothesis more satisfactory than "jugglery" or "psychology."

(To be continued.)

THE PEARL OF DAYS.

Hail! sacred day of rest,
To man in mercy given;
The sweetest and the best,—
A foretaste here of Heaven.

The week-day toil is o'er,
Now weary man reposes;
Again, its sacred lore
The Holy Book discloses.

With solemn, reverent air,
The father reads the page
Of God's dear love and care
To man in ev'ry age.

The children gather round;
The maid and wife are there;
They list the Gospel's sound,—
They join in Sabbath prayer.

All hail! thou pearl of days!—
The holiest and the best;
Teacher of wisdom's ways,
Hail! sacred day of rest.

T. SHORTER.

CHRISTIAN LEGENDS.

THE STORY OF SAINT CHRISTOPHORUS.

[Translated from the German by WILLIAM MACCALL.]

In his early life the name of Saint Christophorus had been Reprobus. A heathen was Reprobus, belonging to the land of Canaan, a man of gigantic stature and of superhuman strength. For a long time after he had arrived at the years of maturity, he lived in obedience to his own passions and caprices; and, from his wild and insolent character, he was always at strife, was continually quarrelling. Whenever he entered on a combat he was sure to conquer, and this happened so often, that at last he began to entertain the idea that he was invincible. As he could thus accomplish his will in everything, he began to lose delight in a life where opposition had ceased. Inasmuch as everyone fled before him or trembled at his approach, he no longer knew what to do with his boundless freedom of action, and with his excess of force, and one day he said to himself, "How meagre and miserable is human existence! For what has it been created? What is it really intended that, as human beings, we should do? I can annihilate whom, and what I will, nothing resists me, yet why should I not employ and expend my faculties in some shape? Everyone is so small and so contemptible as not to deserve to be conquered by me. I cannot persist merely in being my own master and lord over others, for I have attained the summit of that to which my ambitious desire ever urged me, and I have arrived at the conviction that all my victories were nothing but a vain delusion. I must turn my mind to something altogether different: I must think of serving and obeying, instead of commanding. If I wander afar, and ask evermore for the greatest lord and master, perhaps I may find him: to him and to none other must I henceforth belong."

No sooner said than done; he set forth on his pilgrimage. That he might accustom himself to serve, he gave free vent to his caprices when he came in contact with anyone as he marched along. After long wandering in foreign lands, he was at last informed that there was a great lord and king, who ruled with immense authority over land and people. To this monarch he drew near, and bound himself to be always faithful and obedient to him. The king was glad to have him near him, bestowed on him his favour, and was grateful for his services, which were of signal value.

This state of things continued for a considerable time. Afterwards, however, when such obedience without necessity, and without object, began to be tiresome to the mighty Christophorus, he grew more attentive to his master and to his master's circumstances and environments, and perceived that when the king's musician sometimes sang before his lord, he occasionally uttered the name of the Devil. Whenever this took place, the king, who was a good Christian, made the sign of the cross. As Christophorus did not yet know anything about Christianity and the cross, he was exceedingly astonished thereat, and puzzled as to what it meant. He therefore asked the king, "Why do you make these two strokes before you?" The king hesitated how to answer. He did not know at the moment why he was ashamed to give an explanation. When Christophorus saw him so perplexed, and apparently ashamed, he thought that some important secret must be concealed. He, therefore, repeated the question, threatening that if he did not receive a satisfactory answer he had determined to leave the king.

Thereupon the king replied, "If I must tell the truth, I make the sign of the cross as often as I hear the Devil spoken of, that he may gain no power over me. The cross as the symbol of the death which the Saviour suffered, is the best protection which has been given us against the despotism of the Devil."

"That has been given you against the despotism of the Devil?" asked Christophorus, "Thus then you cannot, by your own strength, protect yourself from the Devil, and you are afraid of him? If that is the case, then I have been mistaken in supposing that there is no greater one in the world than you. If the Devil, as you call him, is armed with might to injure you, then as soon as you need help to brave his empire, I must be willing to serve him rather than you, and I must seek him who is so much more powerful than you until I find him."

"The Devil signifies what is earthly in general," spake the king "and the individual, how strong soever he may be, cannot, without divine help, resist all earthly influences."

This explanation was of no avail, and Christophorus left the king, being somewhat distrustful of the divine aid of which the latter had spoken. Therefore, Christophorus determined to serve all rather than an individual.

The strong man was thus again his own master, and enquired everywhere respecting the person of the wicked one, but no man could tell him where he was to be found. He sought diligently, day after day, whosoever the light of the sun penetrated, but he could not discover him. One day he had wandered so far into a wilderness that at the going down of the sun he could find no sheltering roof, and half the night he roamed about without counsel or comfort. Then he met a large troop of horsemen, and saw, towering above the others, a dark man of formidable aspect, who rode insolently and impetuously towards him, and asked him what he was seeking. Christophorus answered that he was seeking the Devil, and was willing to be his servant, and when the dark man replied that he himself was the Devil, and that he was willing to try him to see whether he was worth anything, they made a covenant in the black night, and Christophorus entered into the Devil's service. He performed contentedly and unreservedly whatever the Devil commanded, and was so heartily delighted with the Devil's omnipotence, so proudly and promptly proved in word and deed, and was with this new master so much better pleased than with the former one, that, according to his conviction, no more illustrious or powerful lord lived on the earth than he.

The master and the servant were once travelling about in their usual way when they came to a cross, on account whereof the Fiend could

not proceed further in the same direction. The potent Christophorus perceived the circumstance at once, saw what confusion had seized the Devil at the sight, and asked him "Why are you going round instead of marching straight on?"

The wicked one dashed along at a furious rate, and incapable of answering a single word, trembled in every limb. At last, when he had gone a considerable distance, he grew a little calmer, and confessed that he was infinitely afraid of the sign and symbol of the Redeemer, and was forced to fly whenever he came near it.

This put an end to the relations between the Devil and Christophorus; and Christophorus departed, saying, "If you fly from the sign and symbol of Christ, O Fiend, it is a proof that he is more powerful than you. I can therefore no longer serve you, but must seek Christ."

Christophorus went forth once more into all the world, and enquired as diligently after Christ as he had enquired after the Devil, but he had no thought or inclination in his searches further than finding the strongest lord on the earth.

He asked small and great, poor and rich, the distinguished and the obscure, priests, learned men and laymen, where Christ dwelt, but he asked in vain. Everyone pretended to know, and sent him by crooked roads, by straight roads, by cross roads—hither and thither, but wherever he came, in churches, and temples, and palaces, in the throng of cities, in the tumult of men, in the calm of rural regions, in the loneliness of the sea, Christ he found not, whom he had gone forth to seek, and whom he had taught himself to regard as the greatest of lords and kings. But he was not by reason hereof weary, and he sought the more zealously and joyfully the less he seemed to have entered the right track.

One morning, in the deep solitude of a forest, when he could have no other feeling, no other thought than for nature and truth, he met a pious hermit, who was standing before his lowly abode. He entered into conversation with him, and confided to him the aim of his pilgrimage. The hermit looked at him fixedly, and said, "Assuredly the Lord Christ is the most puissant king in the world, and thou dost well, my son, in desiring to live as his servant: he rewards his friends with boundless bounty, and it is not so difficult as you think to find him. To him who cherishes for Christ an earnest longing, he is immediately revealed."

Hereupon he instructed his guest in the doctrines of Christianity, which excited, at first, the profound astonishment of the potent Christophorus. But he felt more and more inclined to trust the old man, and was so attentive to the hermit's instructions, that by degrees the resolution arose in his heart to serve Christ body and soul for ever. This resolution he communicated to the hermit with simplicity and sincerity, and the hermit spake anew: "This Spiritual King of the world and of men, is the foe of all sinful deeds, and gracious alone to those who are pure and virtuous. It is needful, therefore, that for Christ's sake you should watch and pray as God commands; and thus are you pleasing unto him and fulfil his holy will."

The hermit expected that, with childlike humility and obedience, Christophorus would give heed to this counsel; but how great was his astonishment when Christophorus cried, in fiercest anger, "I am certainly not inclined to act as you persuade me; I am determined to pray, fast, and watch, neither now nor at any future time, and, if I can serve God in no other way than this, I must abandon all attempt whatever at serving him."

The old man was much grieved, and made further urgent entreaties, but at last he was driven to the conclusion that his words were fruitless. He, however, again took courage, and after some moments of earnest reflection, he said to the puissant Christophorus, "There is at a certain place, a deep, wild stream, over which leads neither bridge nor path, and which hinders travellers from proceeding straight on. If you, for the sake of God, are willing to carry travellers over the stream, you can make yourself more agreeable to God by this than by any other service. You have strength, and a lofty stature, and the occupation cannot be for you either very irksome or very difficult."

The good counsel of the hermit was admirably wise in the circumstances, and found the huge Christophorus ready to follow it. Such a service of God was exactly suited to him; the ordinary service of other men he could not understand: for he was not willing to put into subjection or to lay aside his strong nature. The holy and sagacious old man showed him the way to the stream, near to which Christophorus built himself an humble abode, and, conspicuous alike for mildness and for modesty, lived thenceforth in the service of God. Many travellers came,—needing his help; and, holding a young tree as a staff in his hands, he carried them, for the sake of God, through the wild stream, and he trusted with unwavering confidence the promise of the hermit, that, sooner or later, he would see and find Christ himself.

After he had passed a considerable time in this employment, worn out with toil, he threw himself one evening on his bed. He had just fallen asleep, when the sound of a child's voice roused him from his repose. He rose, took his staff, and went out: though he looked everywhere around, he could not find the person who had called him. Lying down again, to enjoy the rest he much needed, he had scarcely closed his eyes, when he heard a child's voice again calling his name. He hastened out for the second time into the dark night, but it was only to seek without being able to find. It was not till the third time and the third call, that he perceived, by the solitary bank of the stream, a child, that requested to be carried over the wild water.

Christophorus looked at the child; stooped down, and took it in his arms: with his staff in his hand, he marched boldly into the stream. The air was still, the heaven was serene, the soft waves shone in the gleam of the stars that were mirrored therein, and the bearer of the child left the bank behind him. But he had scarcely gone ten steps, when there was a mysterious motion around him, and the waves rose: they howled the fiercer, and they rose the higher the farther he came. At the same time the child grew as heavy as if it were made of lead, and it always grew the heavier the more the water mounted. The

child almost crushed the strong giant under its weight, and the mighty man was afraid lest he should be overwhelmed in his combat with the flood, and be drowned.

Thus he came, amid the raging of the elements, to the middle of the stream, and he stood still there to gain fresh strength. He panted, and his great chest heaved, and it was only with a terrible effort that he could keep himself erect. Thereupon he spake to the child: "How heavy art thou, my child! I feel as if I were carrying the whole world on my shoulders."

The marvellous child looked at the face of Christophorus, which the latter had thrown back, and the child answered, "Thou carriest not merely the whole world: thou carriest also him who created heaven and earth, thy King and thy God, for whom thou labourest, and to find whom thou hast so long been yearning. I am well pleased with thee, thou hast served me well. Thou art in thy career the truest Christian in the land, and thou art to be the bearer of my doctrine, of which I give thee here assured signs."

Then the child took the head of the mighty Christophorus, and dipped it in the water with the words: "I baptise thee in the name of God my Father, of the Son—that is myself—and of the Holy Spirit; and I wish thee to be called Christophorus, or the Christ bearer. As a proof that I am really Christ, thou canst take thy branchless and budless staff, on which thou art now leaning, and plant it in the ground, where, at the dawn of the day, behold it blooming and covered with fruits."

The child vanished from the eyes of Christophorus, and as soon as the burden was taken from his shoulders, as soon as the voice of the child had ceased to sound in his ears, the raging flood grew calm, and the waves sank back to their accustomed bed, as if ashamed of their fury, and as if tranquillised by an internal force. A moment ago the fierce tempest had reigned, and had bent down to the ground the tops of the trees on the banks, and now a soft west wind murmured in the branches, and crept whispering over the mirror-like stream, the day meanwhile dawning in the east.

The holy Christophorus had become a new man, and he felt the stream of immense and ineffable joy flowing in his innermost being. He was so calm and mild that he could not help smiling at himself when he thought of his former insolent strength, or remembered his wild, uncultivated nature: his faults indeed had not yet wholly vanished, but they had been brought into subjection to the Divine Spirit.

As soon as he came to the bank, he fell on his knees and earnestly thanked the Lord for the grace which he had bestowed on him. Then he rose, and planted, as Christ had told him to plant, his long staff in the ground. An irresistible weariness forthwith seized him, and overcome by sleep, he, without stirring from the spot, sank down to the ground. He had a dream, and saw Heaven opened, before the glory and splendour of which his ordinary consciousness departed. He thought that he had himself been changed into his own staff, and he felt that the great joy of having borne the Saviour of the world gave increasing expansion to his soul,—in proportion to the growth of the tree. It put forth the boughs, the branches, and the leaves of nobler thoughts, feelings, and deeds,—and thereon hung, as blossoms and as fruits, the holy joys of paradise.

When he awoke again there was bright sunshine, and he lay under a green, umbrageous tree, into which his staff, in the space of a few hours, had changed. The tree bore the most magnificent blossoms and fruits, and on its gorgeous summit, hundreds of birds sang their morning song.

Through the influence of the miracle that Christ had accomplished in regard to him, holy Christophorus grew so much in love and trust toward God, that he abandoned the employment he had been following, and instead thereof was able, as priest and apostle, by the preaching and the proclamation of the doctrine of Christ to do something better and more useful. He set forth as a pilgrim, anew into the wide world, and came, guided by the Holy Spirit, to a city in which the Christians, for their faith in the Redeemer, suffered many and grievous cruelties and persecutions. There the holy man died with patience and joy the martyr's death.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.)

SIR,—The Brothers Davenport, in their desire to convey information respecting the extraordinary phenomena which occur in their presence, invited a party of about eighty literary gentlemen to meet them a few evenings ago, and witness their manifestations, a report, or rather a burlesque of which meeting is given in your issue of to-day. The Messrs. Davenport have fallen into the old, old error of casting pearls before quadrupeds. I quote you an extract from a report of the same meeting, which appeared in the *Standard*, and in which you see how the eighty gentlemen who were present conducted themselves, and what they considered philosophical and reasonable enquiry. The writer says—"Some relieved their inward mortification by what is popularly known as 'chaff,' of which many a bushel was cast at the feet of the preternatural philosophers, as fit provender to repair the waste of spiritual power, some exploded in cracker-like denunciations of the whole affair as a paltry juggle, and these worried Dr Ferguson with strictures on all his proceedings; in short, the experimentalists had a rough time of it." Having read this, I say that some men are not worthy of being invited to take part in a philosophical enquiry, and that the touch of the pen of some writers would turn the "breath of morn itself into putrescence."

I am, yours respectfully,

T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 21, 1864.

DR. CUMMING'S VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

We take the following from Dr Cummings' "Great Tribulation"—a work extensively circulated.

"I have been shocked at hearing accounts of the spread of a system, known as Spiritualism, that attempted a lodgment here, and was laughed out of society by every sensible man. It has settled and rooted itself in America, and counts its increasing thousands of followers. It traces its succession most legitimately to the witch of Endor; like her it professes to hold communion with spirits in heaven and in hell; and pretends, blasphemously pretends, to bring down from heaven by knocking on a table, the spirit of anyone who has died, from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present moment. It is difficult to believe that such nonsense can flourish out Bedlam; yet the other day I read in an American paper, that "this Spiritualism is spreading over the country; already its adherents are great and respectable in number, above mediocrity in talent, and are found chiefly among the upper classes of America; among men influential in the Church, and in political life, and in literature; many others, like Festus, are half persuaded; and some come Nicodemus-like,"—that is a mistake; it ought to have been Saul-like; for it is for the same reasons that they come. These Spiritualists have four or five newspapers of great influence and circulation; the proprietor of one previously a clergyman. They have twenty-five thousand adherents secret or open in Boston alone; more than ten thousand are avowed believers, or as the orthodox phrase is, professors in Spiritualism; they have three places of worship in that city open every Sunday; they have service in different halls, which they have hired throughout the country, their literature is on the increase, some of their books have a large circulation; and a judge upon the bench has adopted it publicly; and some of the preachers of the Spiritualist doctrines have congregations and meetings three times a day in connection with this horrid heresy. How unexpected, how startling, that this system, so utterly baseless, so utterly inconsistent with the Word of God, should be taken up by reflecting minds! Does it not suggest at least the possibility, shall I say the probability, that these things may be the first sprinklings of the fulfilment of the awful prophecy in my text, that before the end arrive there shall arise false prophets? These false spirits "shall show great signs and wonders." I need not allude to the signs and wonders that those men to whom I have just referred show: some of them seem startling; but I cannot believe, even with those who have minutely investigated the matter, that there is anything supernatural in Spiritualism. I do not believe that they can summon a spirit from heaven or hell; or that Satan would employ so bungling a system to carry out his own purposes and schemes. I have found no evidence of it. Satan is in it, in the sense in which he is in everything that is bad, in everything that would corrupt and contaminate the truth and arrest its progress among mankind, and in this delusion supremely; but in any other sense I cannot believe, notwithstanding all that has been said, that he is there; and still less can I believe that God would send a spirit from its happy home to gratify the itching curiosity of a fool who pretends to have communications with heaven while he has never sought to have useful communications with his own corrupt and depraved heart. But while it may be nothing as a reality, it may be a pre-significant sign, a partial fulfilment of the prophets; and as such alone I regard it. "There shall be false prophets."

It is extremely difficult for the Doctor, consistently with his opinion expressed ten years ago—to admit that the Devil is at the bottom of spiritual phenomena. He talks strongly enough about "nonsense," "Bedlam," "Bungling," "blasphemy," and so on. But he does not say that the facts are not facts, or that they originate either in Heaven or Hell. If Dr Cumming is not prepared to deny their existence it seems to us "bungling nonsense" for him to dispute (taking his theology into account) their origin. To be consistent, he is driven to one of two Fathers—the Father God or 'the father of lies.' Spiritualism must, according to the Doctor's notions, be the child of God or of the Devil, unless an intermediate independent cause own the paternity. Surely Dr Cumming on this subject is at sea in "evening clouds."

(To be continued.)

DISTURBANCES IN THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

(From the "Methodist's Magazine" of 1787.)

Elizabeth and Margaret Mathers, with Isabella Mitchell, sister-in-law to Margaret Mathers, are three elderly women of unblemished character, and exemplary behaviour. They have lived together for many years at Drumarran, near Guilford, in the country of Down. In the year 1780, about a week before Christmas, Margaret Mitchell going to spin as usual, missed the whirl of her wheel, which she sought for everywhere; but it was not to be found: till as she was sitting about eight days after, it was laid upon her lap. The next evening, Molly Steward (a girl about ten years old that was with them) laying down her spool, it was whipped away; but half an hour after it lay at her side broken. The night after, when she had just done spinning, her wheel-hack was broken; and so were several of their hacks, within a few days after. That night when they went out of the room to family-prayer, they left the candle burning in the chimney. When they returned, they found it taken out of the candlestick, and put into another at some distance.

After Isabella Mitchell was gone to bed, with her pocket as usual at her head, it was snatched away and thrown at the bed's feet. Her sister took it up and gave it to her. Quickly it was thrown thither again. She gave it her again. It was

snatched a third time and thrown upon the floor. She then rose and put it under her side, and it was taken away no more. In the morning when she rose, it was thrown after her on the floor, as was the Bible which she had laid under her head. She took it up and laid it on the dresser. But it was presently lifted up, and thrown at Thomas Ballance, whom it hit on the side.

While the class was meeting, many stones were thrown across the room, as if two sets of men had been pelting each other. One of these struck Thomas Meltleton on the head and raised a large lump. Betty Mathers having had all her papers thrown about, had thought to secure the class-paper, by putting it in the Bible. And this she laid close to her. But quickly it rose up before them all, and leaped into the window. She took it up intending to take out the class-paper. But it was not there. Quickly after it was strewed over Robert White, being torn into a hundred pieces.

One of their neighbours sitting by, said, it is an impudent devil, to dare to meddle with the Bible. Immediately a knife was aimed at her face, and came with the point foremost. But being intercepted by the head of her cloak, it did no harm. The same day several parts of their goods (which were not many) were either broken or taken away. And in general, whatever they had occasion to use, was just then taken away. But the greater part of the things taken away, were brought again in a little while.

From this time they were troubled more and more. Everything was thrown about the house, trenchers, noggins, fire-shovels, poker, tongs, pot-hooks and candlesticks. Many strangers as well as neighbours came in: and most of them were struck on the head, breast, arms, or other parts, either with trenchers, noggins, potatoes or stones. Yet none were considerably hurt.

Fanny Brennan, a young woman that lived at the next door, came in some days after, and sitting down by the fire said—Well I never got any stroke yet. Presently the rock of the wheel that stood over against her, flew by her head and struck violently against the wall. Very well, said she, but it has not hit me. She had hardly spoke, when the bearer of the rock, came swiftly across the room, and hit her a smart blow upon the forehead. She got up in great haste, and cried out, I will stay here no longer. Margaret Mathers said—See the impudence of the devil! The words were scarce out of her mouth, when a noggin of water was thrown in her face, and the noggin thrown into the fire.

A few nights after, Sarah Wood, our next door neighbour came in, and said to our girl, I hear your wheel is spoiled: but I will soon set it right. While she was endeavouring to do so, the fore-standard vanished away. She sat down in surprise: presently it dropped from the top of the house, and hit her on the collar-bone, with a considerable noise. She caught Betty Mathers in her arms, and said—O that I was out of the house. But I dare not go by myself. Who will go with me? Betty said, I will; and walked across the room. As she walked, a stone struck her on the back, and as she opened the door, another stone struck violently against it.

Some days after, John Lindsay coming to see us in a stormy night, we desired him to lodge with us. When he went to bed, he put one of his stockings in the other as his manner was. But in the morning, one of them was wanting, nor could it be found anywhere. But eight days after it fell down from the top of the house. As he was then going away, he laid his stick out of his hand and immediately it was gone. Neither could we find this anywhere: but a few days after we saw it standing behind the door.

Once and again the blankets were pulled off us, when we were in bed. In the morning they were found, rammed in, behind the coupler of the house. One night a sheet was taken away: which we found two days after, folded up and put in a box. While our girl was combing her head, her neck-handkerchief was carried away. Eight days after it was brought again and laid down, stuck full of crooked pins without heads.

When we had made up some yarn to carry to the market, it was not to be found. After some time we found one hank of it, thrust into a pitcher of water; another into a vessel of sowings. While Isabel Mitchell sat reeling yarn, she got several blows on the head and cheek, one time with a pewter plate, another with little stones, or with small clods of dirt or clay. Once several sharp stones were thrown down the chimney, which cut the yarn, as if in had been cut with a knife.

Frequently when they were washing or preparing to wash their clothes, either the clothes or the soap was taken away. And it was in vain to seek them, till after some time they were brought again. Frequently the potatoes they had boiled and were going to eat, were snatched off the dish or plate: and after a little time thrown at them, so as to strike them on the face or breast.

While Margaret Mather was making a poultice, to apply to Mr Blake's sore throat, several lumps of dirt and clay were thrown into it, so that it was quite spoiled. And for five weeks, almost every moveable in the house, was continually thrown up and down.

An account of these things coming to the ears of a neighbouring gentleman, Sir R. I——, he determined to search the matter to the bottom, and find out the imposture. With this view, he went to the house himself, with two or three other gentlemen: he searched every hole and corner of the house; but could discover nothing: at length he saw several large potatoes roll along the top of the house, and fall just before him, while the potatoes that

were in a basket, rose up and flew all about the house. Meantime a large stone came out of the wall, flew with great force across the room, and rebounding from the opposite door, fell down just at his foot. He took up this, with several of the potatoes, and carried them to his own house.

When he came home he related what he had seen, to his lady and her company. So he did afterwards to several others. But they were not ready to believe him. A fortnight after, he desired several of them to go and see with their own eyes. A little party of them agreed so to do, and went to the house together. While they were in the house they saw many stones rattling upon the dresser. And many potatoes were thrown by unseen hands from every corner of the house: insomuch that some of the company were not a little frightened, and made haste out of it. And every one was fully satisfied, that there was no fraud or contrivance in the matter. Indeed no reasonable man could suppose there was: as there was so great a number of witnesses who could not be deceived themselves, and could have no possible motive to deceive others.

The common report was that all these disturbances were owing to a man in the town. And what gave some weight to this report was, that after a Magistrate had examined him, and threatened to take another course with him if the house was disturbed any more, it was disturbed no more, but all things remained in perfect quietness.

Correspondence.

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

[Our correspondents for the future will favor us, and benefit the cause of Spiritualism most, by discussing the phenomenal, rather than the doctrinal aspects of the subject. We have given fair latitude for the expression of opinion, and have omitted no letters however strongly worded, because we wished to give scope for argument and allow full freedom of expression. We have done this with the purest of motives, and trust our friends will now take as much interest in contributing facts, and discussing phenomenal phases, as they have done doctrinal.—Ed. S. T.]

THE DAVENPORTS' MANIFESTATIONS.

(To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

SIR,—I witnessed with much pleasure some manifestations which took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 7th instant, and as I have not, in the various reports which have appeared, seen any accounts of the peculiar character given to the *séance* by the appearance of *hands* different in shade and colour, I venture to send you this note. I observed that some of the hands were of a bright flesh colour, whilst others were of a yellowish cast, differing as much in size and shape as colour. In the dark circle I distinctly saw a bright light flash on Mr. Fay before each manifestation (excepting the coat experiment). The position I occupied prevented me from seeing if the same phenomena of the light appeared about the person of Mr. Davenport.

W. WALLACE.

139, George's-road, Holloway, N.,
October 17th.

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

Quornon, Oct. 23, 1864.

SIR,—I have had many communications in writing by the hand of the Lord upon me. (See 1 Chron. xxviii. 19, 12.) But since the publication of the SPIRITUAL TIMES have contented myself by being a mere observer of spiritual phenomena as made known through its pages. As I sat reading it this morning I felt strong spiritual impressions which induced me to again take my pen in hand, and after praying to Almighty God for His especial spiritual guidance, my body was quickly and mightily shook, and soon wrote the following—"Write forth what I shall now command thee. The spirit of the Lord is mightily at work, and the mighty structure of superstition and falsely-termed enlightenment, which is the result of priestcraft and designing worldly-minded men, under a cloak of religion, must give way and crumble with the dust. These things God hath declared to His chosen instruments, and now the Brothers Davenport are doing much towards the accomplishment of the one great end of convincing the minds of the people of this land of the power at work in the different nations of the earth; and though the manifestations are looked upon with suspicion and distrust, they will lead to a development of a greater spiritual power in the minds of men, and then such manifestations as at present, will not be necessary, as the people will see their errors and delusions, and will willingly believe the teachings of my spirit made manifest amongst them. The fullness of time is now at hand, so be prepared for what shall follow."

If you think the above spiritual communication worth a place in the TIMES you can insert it. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

J. CAMM.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

SIR,—I have but recently returned from visiting some friends in the country, who are firm believers in Spiritualism, and as what I there saw may interest yourself and readers I venture to request the insertion of this narrative in your next impression.

As you request that names may be given in full, I begin by stating that the manifestations took place in the town of Yarmouth, at the house of Mr and Mrs Gordon, their two sons George and John, myself, their daughter, Mary, and a few neighbours, together with themselves forming the only audience that witnessed the remarkable occurrences I am about to relate.

It must be understood when I arrived I was decidedly an unbeliever in the spiritual manifestations I had heard of or read about; when I returned I will leave your readers to judge of the state of my mind by the state of their own after reading this letter.

The son John, and the daughter Mary, had been found to be mediums about two months before, and they held a seance on the Saturday after my arrival.

On the first occasion we were seated in the parlour around a large Leo table, and we had not been sitting long before the table began to sway backwards and forwards as if mounted on curved pieces of wood, like a rocking-horse. Of course I immediately accused some one of moving it, but was soon convinced of my error, and told to wait patiently, and I should see something more wonderful still. The table now began to sway violently, and was several times lifted off its feet, and turned completely round.

Mrs G. now asked if there were any spirits present and whether they would communicate. The table was several times very smartly rapped on the top. This very much astonished me, as I am confident none could have rapped without being seen.

The son John now procured some paper and a pencil, and seating himself in a chair, became suddenly to all appearance dead, save that his eyes were open, although there was a vacant stare about them which showed that he was unconscious of what was passing around. However, he came partially to himself in a few minutes, and remained in a sort of trance, but capable of understanding what was said.

Mr G. asked if his mother was present, and on putting pencil to paper it transpired that she was. The following sentences were then written:—

"Be of good cheer, your business will prosper."

"You will soon get the better of your rheumatism."

"I am very happy, and there is great happiness for you and yours."

Of course I asked to see this writing, and was not a little astonished to find it in a lady's hand, and very unlike John's calligraphy, a letter from whom, containing the invitation which led to the visit, was in my pocket. One of the spirits now wrote that he had something to tell Mr W., one of the visitors, who expressed his anxiety to hear anything concerning himself. This sentence was almost immediately written—

"Your brig 'Susan' is a wreck on Hasborough Sands."

He expressed unbelief, as the "Susan" should have been at London and only just ready to start. However, he inquired who it was, and received the name of a former captain of the vessel, who had been dead about 12 months. The next writing was—

"If you wish to preserve the 'Eumeralda' from a like fate, discharge the supercargo."

And on being asked why?

"He is a bad man, and will scuttle her."

This spirit then left, and after a few other questions had been put, the seance closed.

The next day being Sunday there were between twenty and thirty assembled, and Mary Gordon acted as medium. After a variety of trivial questions had been answered, I thought I would try whether there were any spirits who would communicate with me. I had not to wait long ere I was informed that there was one to me from my grandmother to this effect—"That she was very comfortable, and had I any questions to ask." I declined, as I thought, on prudential grounds, and was not a little startled to behold—

"Go to Mrs M., of Saxmundham, and she will give you a Bible, that I left with her."

Shortly after this message, Mr W., who had received such a remarkable communication the night previous, came in and said that it was quite true, his vessel the "Susan," had been wrecked. The captain had completed loading earlier than he expected, and taking advantage of a favourable tide had set sail to destruction. He expressed firm belief in all he had heard, and said he was determined to profit by the warning contained in the second message. On being told of what had just occurred, he advised me to go to Mrs M., and offered to accompany me.

This closed the seance for that night, and the next day I went to Saxmundham to see Mrs M., and was not a little surprised to be told that she had had a dream two nights previous in which she had seen my grandmother and had been commanded to give me the Bible.

These Sir, are a few of the occurrences which happened during my visit to Yarmouth, whence I returned a firm believer in Spiritualism, and as I the other day saw your paper I resolved to send my experience that others might profit by them.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

GEORGE SHERRIN.

16, York Street, Commercial Road.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

SIR,—Availing myself of Mr Spear's being in Paris, I went to that city last week with a view to ascertain what was doing in Spiritual

matters there. I was introduced to some English friends devoted to the cause, and attended seances by their invitation. At one of these seances I met a very interesting young man, named Camilla, who is a medium for physical manifestations, and he also becomes clairvoyante, in which state he describes disease and suggests proper treatment. Of the truth of this I had satisfactory evidence, for though I had never exchanged words with him, he correctly stated my physical infirmities by taking my hand in his. He is anxious to visit England to acquire our language. I also made the acquaintance of Mons. Pierart, the editor of the "Revue Spiritualiste." He is an earnest and intelligent man, and is evidently enthusiastic in the propagation of the Spiritualistic faith. I attended a seance at his house of a very interesting and satisfactory character. The communications were obtained principally by means of maps, as loud as those heard at Mr Marshall's, and on each person making a noise on the table, however complicated, it was perfectly imitated. Mons. Pierart exhibited a map drawn by spirit agency, shewing the configuration of the earth's surface prior to the deluge, full particulars of which he intends publishing. He also exhibited a remarkable spirit portrait, and told us of phenomena that had occurred in his house of a very surprising character. He informed me that the number of Spiritualists in France is rapidly increasing, although there is no extensive organisation to effect the same.

I made a visit to the celebrated Baron de Guldenstube. He is a tall, thin, gentlemanly man of very foreign appearance. He produced a tin box containing specimens of original direct spirit writings, of which he told me he had upwards of 5000. These, he assured me, were obtained by his simply providing the paper. His habit seems to be to visit churches and cemeteries, and to place blank paper on the tombs and to wait the result. In this way he has obtained the autographs of numerous celebrated characters, and also very curious and interesting communications in a variety of languages. At times they are mere senseless hieroglyphics. He presented me with a book, entitled, "La Realite des Esprits, et le Phenomene merveilleux de leur ecriture directe," in which he gives sixty-seven fac-similes of these marvellous writings. I purpose as soon as I have read the book to give some account of it. The Baron's wife also possesses peculiar mediumistic powers.

I find the Parisian population in a state of excitement about the Davenport's. The enquiry is, are they coming to Paris? The commonly expressed opinion is, that it is a clever Yankee jugglo. There, as here, the people seem bent upon knocking their heads against the wall, but truth, which survives "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," will ultimately triumph, and in the order of Providence, the Davenport's and a few such mediums will be the instruments to confound the wisdom of the wise, and to shake the theological world from its circumference to its centre.

I remain, &c.

ROBERT COOPER.

October 26th, 1864.

IS SPIRITUALISM A NECESSITY?

The question at the head of this article is one of considerable importance. It is important in two ways,—first, as regards those persons now distinctly and definitely pledged to a belief in the doctrine which teaches ultra-mundane communication to be a reality; and second, to those persons, who, believing with honest, healthy, jogtrot faith that our great Creator, in the scheme of his creation, had scrupulously veiled and set apart from human ken, the inner working of his lovely comical idea, and that therefore no intercourse with the world whither we are speeding is possible.

To deny the existence of that world, would be to falsify our highest hopes, to ruin our highest necessities. But it is a grave question between the two sections of thinkers now defined, as to the ultimate necessity of an adoption of spiritual views.

If the writer, after so much communication with the readers of this journal, may fittingly express his own view, he might say that he, however deeply himself attached to spiritual principles, does not deem their adoption to be necessary with others. They are not necessary to a faithful heart, because that heart is, by God's will, already sufficiently prepared for the inevitable change. The writer may now solemnly commit this to paper at a period when he himself is standing and watching with care and anxiety the deliverance of a beloved soul from the trial state. These words, save in the Eternal Realm, will never be seen by that person, herself noble and Christian—but not a Spiritualist, in the sense universally accepted by those who know somewhat of our doings and our phenomena.

Again the great question comes—Is Spiritualism a necessity? To some it is as the life-blood, to others as the dead bones in the valley of Eschkiel, but like those dead bones, they shall be re-clothed with flesh and become living verities beyond that solemn place, the grave. No man, woman, or child can escape Spiritualism, but in this life are there not other lights by which to guide our feeble, flickering way? Is not faith somewhat useful? Did not Lovansel reply to Dr. Dee when, centuries ago, he uttered his impassioned inquiry in relation to Kelly, as to the power of spiritual vision, that he—the Doctor Dee—saw by the eye of faith, which was a higher and a nobler sight than that possessed by the unscrupulous seer?

Faith alone might be thought inadequate. Works seem poor and mean, but what are we to think of that inward vision, which is the ultimate of all spirit science. That vision which shows the Almighty Father to us, in the changeless way that he alone exists, ever active, ever loving, ever true to even the meanest (if we dare use the word) of his creatures. Is, then, Spiritualism a necessity?—what is to be the reply? If a mere accordance, outwardly, with the fact of ultra-mundane intelligence is to be accepted as a merit, then Spiritualism is degraded into a lip service, and must surely die; but if no great efforts are made to introduce it where it is unwelcome, it will finally become a cardinal principle.

Is Spiritualism, then, necessary? A wider view opens before us, a greater field of action is plain. In thousands of ways these ever-varying phenomena have been before the world, never perhaps, in God's providence, so completely, but the shadows of the progressive world have gone forward, the outline has left its trace upon the delicately sensitised plate in which the tones are reflected. Spiritualism is an inevitable necessity in the scheme of our being, but are we therefore to fly into fits of furious obloquy because Jack Stokes prefers one kind of spirit-rapping to another? Jack is a good fellow, who does not want to be bothered and prefers his pipe—but to Jack as well as to George Augustus, there will inevitably occur a time of meditation. Azriel is waiting for him too—and will punctually put in his appearance, and then? When is the affair to be settled? must not our substantial Jack become the shadow of a shade, and is it not better to have had a certain clinging faith to that which forms the inspiration of poetry and the main spring of religious existence, that tender faith in the verity of the unseen, and its subordination to the Almighty behests?

To act with due goodness towards others we need a due and distinct appreciation of ourselves, and whence, O reader, can that come save by a contemplation of the nature of God—our Father in the Heavens? Spiritualism then, is a necessity or a fact, though not necessarily to be forced forward as a creed. Catholicity of sentiment and true forbearance towards non-Spiritualists and the intolerant—are the true weapons for the spreading of our cause. But Spiritualists should remember their privileges and duties; and carefully abstain from undue influence upon others. Depend upon it, the truism is worth remembering, that the less selfish we are in imposing our own views—the more likely we are to command the respectful attentions of others. Remember, my brother Spiritualists, that we know all must succumb, and desire to succumb to the penalty of life and death, which—a gentle remover—carries us over into the Spirit-land.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE,

Chiswick, Oct. 21, 1864.

THE MEDIUMS.
AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"You will excuse me, my dear Sir," he said to Mr Somes, "we shall meet again before the meeting comes off, till then *au revoir*."

Mr Somes went out. Captain Stewart came in.

"Be seated," said Mr Forbes, motioning to a chair. "I presume you wish a *séance*."

Captain Stewart put down his hat and gloves and took a seat. "Well, Mr Forbes, I have run up to town for the express purpose of an interview, and shall be glad to give you a *guinea* if you have no objection to the most thorough investigation."

"Your guinea is mine, Captain, I accept the conditions with pleasure; the stricter you investigate the more satisfied of spirit-reality you will be. So let us proceed."

The two sat together round a heavy table, which began to give signs of life. Captain Stewart looked under the table, turned it over, and scrutinised most suspiciously.

"Now, sir," exclaimed Mr Forbes, remembering the gentleman's conduct to Mr Humphrey—"What would you propose as a test?"

"Why, if your assumed spirits are genuine, let them answer questions which I have already in my pocket, written inside paper pellets."

"They will readily do so."

Captain Stewart took from his waistcoat pocket a pellet.

"Do you know what question is asked there?" inquired Mr Forbes, "I merely ask that you may be sure the answer does not depend on your own knowledge."

"No, I do not; because I have mixed the pellets, so that I should not know."

Mr Forbes seized a black lead pencil, and his hand was guided rapidly. He handed the Captain the paper, and he read—

"*Mary is with me. She has no sorrows here, but is anxious for your welfare.*"

Mr Forbes took the pellet, and opening it read aloud—

"If spirits do communicate, I wish to know from the spirit of my brother, if my sister is with him, and if she is happy?"

The Captain took from his pocket another pellet. The answer came in the same way—

"*Yes—do so.*"

Mr Forbes opened the pellet and read—

"Shall I take Clara to the south of France?"

Another pellet was produced. The answer came—

"*Bigotry and science never agree. The bigot is a fool if he thinks true science favours prejudice. Men cling to old prejudices, and lose the truths of progress—be a man and look Spiritualism full in the face.*"

Mr Forbes opened the pellet and read—

"Is not science opposed to the investigation of what is termed spiritual phenomena?"

Another pellet was produced—the reply was rapid—

"*One fact is worth ten thousand opinions formed on other people's philosophies. Open your eyes and see for yourself, and you will not label the name of Deity by asserting Him to be an eternal monster.*"

Mr Forbes opened the pellet and read—

"Does not the theory of spirit communication upset the opinions of the wise and good of all time, and has not God commanded us to turn from false and evil prophets, on penalty of damnation?"

Captain Stewart blushed scarlet; he was not prepared for answers; he had assured himself his plan would be a certain exposé of the whole "dodge," but he was mistaken. Mr Forbes watched the effect with interest, and said:—"Put other tests, don't be at all afraid; the spirits see you as plainly as I do, and what is more, they read your thoughts."

"I should like to test that."

"Very well, do so."

Captain Stewart began to think; whilst he was doing so, the table knocked out affirmative and negative responses, which were all evidence of unseen intelligences. Then Mr Forbes, taking the pencil again, was made to write—

"*You were thinking of Mr Humphrey's lecture at Ryde and how you baited him.*"

"My God!" exclaimed Captain Stewart, "it is quite true. I can no longer doubt the phenomena, and will make all possible amends to Mr Humphrey, if it is ever my good fortune to meet with him again."

"You can have the opportunity, Captain, if you wish. I expect Mr Humphrey in London shortly."

"You do; about what time I shall myself make a stay of a month."

"In the course of the next fortnight, said Mr Forbes, he will be up; that is, if he comes to the lecture."

"What lecture is that?"

"Why, a certain professor of Phrenology has announced a lecture *anti* to Spiritualism. It is my intention of being present when the lecture comes off; and I have written to Mr Humphrey, who will, I think, most certainly come up and assist in dethroning the pseudo-Professor."

"Where can I see Mr Humphrey?" enquired the Captain, with interest. "Shall I call here? It is probable I may assist you in your laudable undertaking at the lecture. In the meantime, I will leave you my card, and perhaps when Mr Humphrey comes, you will write and inform me."

"With the greatest pleasure."

Captain Stewart having satisfied Mr Forbes to his satisfaction, went away to reflect on the mysterious manifestations he had witnessed.

Mr Forbes was unusually interested in putting down Mr Philas Polax. He had unjustly suffered at his hands, and felt it not only a duty he owed to Spiritualism, but to his own wounded pride to teach that incorrigible individual a lesson he would not soon forget. Mr Somes, Mr Humphrey, and, perhaps, Captain Stewart already seemed disposed to assist him. One or two other good men, he thought, would make Polax look bewildered, and cut his career on the ground of Spiritualism short.

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(To be Continued.)

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