

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.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."
"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

THEIR MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND, &c.
No. VIII.

Our illustration this week represents the instruments being forcibly ejected from the cabinet, and the spirit-arm, with the hand pressed upon the head of one of the committee-men. The consternation depicted in the countenance of the other shows the weighty argument conveyed in the progress of the brass trumpet, which we may observe is generally looked upon with suspicion by those who undertake the task of tying the mediums, and watching the proceedings on behalf of the audiences.

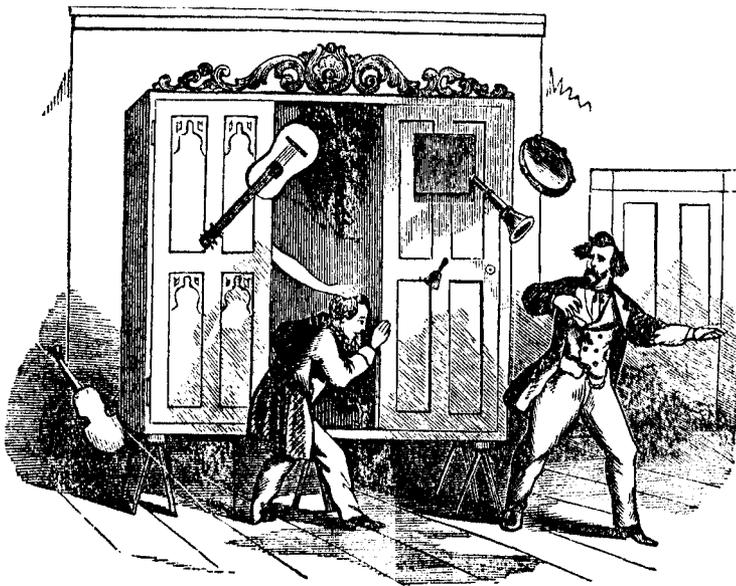
The attitude of the Press towards the Davenport has, with very few exceptions indeed, been ridiculously one-sided and unfair. At the onset there was a careful concealment of theory, although the first séances were reported tolerably well according to facts. This we must expect in the press, which, in England, is so *liberal* that it cannot afford to lend itself to any but the *paying* policy. Mr Howitt, in his letter on "The Davenports and the Press," which appeared in No. 31 of the *Spiritual Times*, has so well and vigorously shown "which side their (the press) bread is buttered" that we need not deal with that characteristic feature of our *liberal* press now. Before the press can be free the philosophy of Spiritualism must regenerate the "scribes and pharisees" connected with it. In the meantime Spiritualists must produce facts which they may expect the press to sneer at. The Davenport Brothers and Mr Fay have now in London sub-

mitted to tests of the most thorough character. They have given reasonable opportunities to the leading men in science and art to find out the "trickery," but every test has only been applied to deepen the eternal mystery of the "how" the manifestations are produced. Every musical hall in London has its rope-tying performance, and not a few challenges to the mediums, from £100 to £1000, have been publicly advertised. The "Brummagem Counterfeits" carry on their contortions and escapes from ropes before their admiring patrons; but alas! the Davenports don't accept one of the challenges; neither do the "Brummagem Counterfeits" accept Mr Palmer's challenge, which is a standing rebuke to them, because they ought to come to the Davenports, not the Davenports to them.

The rapidity with which the conjurers have sprung upon the stage puts us in mind of the sudden growth of mushrooms, and we observe, in nearly all cases, the names of the conjurers are printed small, whilst the letters, DAVENPORT BROTHERS, whom they challenge, are printed in bold, large type.

At the séance generously given for the benefit of "The Flaneur" and his friends, Mr Sutton, whom our readers will remember was tied up on an occasion at Professor Anderson's Anti-Spiritualistic matinée in such a secure manner that he was described to have looked like "an Egyptian Mummy," and had he not been untied by the aid of a kind embodied spirit, he would to this

day have been a netted bird, was admitted by the pressing desire of Mr Yates, and allowed to tie, with cord and twine brought for the purpose, one of the Davenports, which performance took three quarters of an hour, and was not concluded until blood was cut from the wrists of the medium. In this way, with a brutality worse than a heathen savage would betray, did the "abettor of the *Star*" satisfy himself that the Davenport manifestations were the results of "clever conjuring." After the tying and blood-letting came the release, which was performed by "John King," or some other kind spirit friend. Mr Fay asked Mr Sutton to allow him to do "the rope-tying trick" upon him, offering £100 if he got loose. But poor tool Sutton could not stay. He would come



on the next Monday again, but he has not been to this day. As we write these facts, we sicken at the idea of a member of the press aiding and abetting a common conjuror to lacerate the wrists of the mediums who had kindly consented, for the sake of truth, to undergo the process of tying, even at the hands of a professed agent of their worst enemy. Mr Yates has proved himself "flat, stale, and unprofitable." For years Mr Yates has unworthily fought against mediums; but he ought not to have done so, being a medium himself. A medium for detailing, under the signature of "A Lounger about the Clubs," information which could only have been obtained at the Garrick Club, of which he was a member, it is well known in literary circles that this paragon of perfection caricatured the late Mr Thackeray, and did so by violating the rules of the club. Mr Charles Dickens, who, by the way, might have applauded his onslaught against spiritual mediums, was necessitated to sanction the exclusion from the club of the "lounger medium." But his conduct respecting the Davenport is infinitely more outrageous than his conduct towards Mr Thackeray and the other members of the club in question. He accepted an invitation from Dr. Nichols to prove the Davenports "sorry mountebanks, contortionists, and conjurors;" but has he done so? Let any one read his school-boy emanations in the *Star*, and if he does not conclude that "The Flaneur" has lost the equipoise of common sense, and proved himself "a sorry mountebank in literature," he must conclude that he has found the logic of Dr. Nichols, whose letter appeared in our last, too much for his grasp. We subjoin Mr Yates's proof of his inability to grapple with the subject he so absurdly attempted to laugh out of existence:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

SIR,—As Dr Nichols has now publicly testified his belief that an affidavit sworn to by the Messrs Davenport, and asserting that they were delivered from prison by an angel, "was made in good faith," I think your readers will agree with me that it is useless to discuss the matter any further with him!

I would, however, point out one inaccuracy. Dr Nichols says that my overcoat, immediately before being put on Mr Fay, was lying on my knees. This is incorrect. At Mr Fay's desire I placed the coat on the table close by him, and between him and Mr Davenport.

Dr. Nichols makes a point of the fact that it was not intimated at the time that Mr Fay could have removed his hands from the fastenings. Since my first letter on the subject many means by which the removal could have been effected have suggested themselves to me and other members of my party. In the dark seance the performers used their own ropes.

Dr Nichols claims for himself a verdict of not guilty on the charge of aiding imposture. It is as a victim of credulity and not as an abettor of imposture that he stands arraigned.

A friend who was present writes to me that in justice to Dr Nichols he must admit that there was one "Manifestation" on Saturday evening which startled him greatly at the time, and for which, after much patient thought, he is still unable to find a satisfactory solution. He was, he says, and still is, utterly unable to comprehend how a person of Dr Nichols's apparent sanity can for a moment deem it more probable that preternatural powers are permitted to play tricks so utterly useless and absurd as those exhibited, rather than that experts like the Davenport Brothers should be able to juggle with ropes, or after long practice perform legerdemain in the dark, in a manner not readily discovered by persons seeing them for the first time.

With one further remark I take my leave of this controversy. If any strong man, careless of personal consequences, will at the next dark seance spring into the middle of the circle and tightly hold what he finds, he will discover that he has clutched, if not a fairy, at least a Fay—and we shall hear no more of the Davenport Brothers.—Faithfully yours,

THE FLANEUR.

The opening sentence in the above finishes well—"It is useless to discuss the matter any further with *him*." Why? Because Dr. Nichols thinks the release of Mr Rand from prison by the angels was a fact. Well, suppose Dr. Nichols had turned round and said, it was useless to discuss any further with "The Flaneur," because he does not believe it to be a fact. The logical acumen would have been about equal in both. But what cowardly twiddle for "The Flaneur" to adopt! If there were harmony of opinion, there could be no discussion between them. But in very truth it is

a species of sorry mountebankism in "The Flaneur" to rid himself of a too-powerful antagonist. Who told him that the acceptance of a fact like the one related of Mr Rand's release from prison placed Dr. Nichols outside the pale of discussion? If Mr Yates's illogic be accepted, and should be applied to himself he would find that he must only accept facts of which he can have actual present proof, or it would "be useless to discuss with *him*." He must not believe in Scripture miracles, nor in any of the astounding phenomena of history which have a spiritual relation, or he must be content to be classed with those to whom his sage remark offers itself. Anything more supremely like "sorry mountebankism" in logic we never heard. Mr Yates had better hide himself in the mazes of his own stupidity under some other *nom de plume* than "The Flaneur," or we very much fear the sensible part of the community will laugh at the recollection of the part he has just enacted in the Davenport drama whenever his *nom de plume* is attached to a paragraph.

"The Flaneur" says, in reply to Dr. Nichols's remark, that, at the time Mr Fay's coat was taken off, it was not intimated that he could have removed his hands from the ligatures, "Since my first letter on the subject many means by which the removal could have been effected have suggested themselves to me and other members of my party." But mark the docile donkeyism, or stubbornness of this prodigy of the press. He does not tell us *one* of the *many means*—of course not. Then why does he say anything about them? Because he assumes a virtue he does not possess. His arrant braggadocia puts us in mind of Professor Anderson. Either Mr Yates has taken a lesson from the Wizard, or the Wizard has found in his "Abettor of the *Star*" a facsimile of himself, perfect in his knowledge of the vocabulary of Impudence. In italics we have this astounding fact mentioned—*In the dark seance the performers used their own ropes*. But Mr Yates knows well enough that the seance which took place at Dion Boucicault's, in the presence of Lord Bury and some three-and-twenty gentlemen of good position, that the ropes and musical instruments were supplied by the party, and yet the manifestations took place. Why then, does the "Flaneur" introduce these prominent italics in his epistle? Simply to set suspicion at work, because he is not sufficiently cultured in good breeding to give the Davenports even the benefit of a doubt. The *performers* used their own ropes—why say "*performers*?" Have not the Davenports over and over again, for years, both in America and elsewhere, protested against being classed with conjurors? But this is nothing to Mr Yates, he went in for a settler; and a *settler* he got, which we hope he may profit by. The finishing item of unwarrantable assumption in the above epistle calls for a word or two, in order to show how utterly incompetent to deal with the subject "The Flaneur" is. He says, looking out for alliterations—"If any strong man will spring into the (dark) circle, and tightly hold what he finds, he will discover that he has clutched, not a fairy, but a Fay." What a piece of literary mountebankism is here! Why, the very thing has been repeated several times since the mediums have been in London. At Mr Sampson's, City Editor of *The Times*, a rev. gentleman, who entertained something of "The Flaneur's" conceit, rushed into the circle, and did not clutch either a fairy or a Fay. At Newcastle, lately, another person, touched with the insolence of conceit, broke faith by striking a light, but his mind was still as dark as ever; for, he only threw a little light on to a great truth, but he himself did not observe it, because, like Mr Yates, he would not, or could not, see beyond his own prejudices. At the Hanover Square Rooms, on two occasions—one since Mr Yates has written himself defeated—individuals have broken the circle, and still they have neither clutched a "fairy nor a Fay." Had "The Flaneur" paid attention to the subject, he might have known these facts which are patent to the world.

The so-called "sorry mountebankism" of the Davenports, which Mr Yates has *generously* sunk into "clever conjuring," has not absorbed the "sorry mountebankism" of that portion of the press, the type of which he is about the worst specimen. "Dogs delight to bark and bite," because their natural instincts are pugnacious. Each according to his kind; that which appertains to the brute, will manifest itself; and we must be content to "bear those ills we have" by putting up with them. We cannot change the nature of either dogs or human brutes, although we may tame them with difficulty. Some seem untameable, but while they bark, let us beware they do not bite.

THE MEDIUMS. AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Mr Humphrey then created a great impression by detailing his own experiences in Spiritualism, and stating that he was a shipwright in Southampton, and that he was prepared, at a sacrifice of time and money, to carry out the good work of propagation by the circulation of tracts and the delivery of lectures. He continued—"I was informed that this anti-spiritual lecture was announced, so I came expressly from Southampton to hear it. (Great Cheering.) If I were not sincere, do you think I could be induced to travel at my own cost of money and time to defend truth from the assaults of ignorant enemies? (Professor Polax got red in the face.) Now we will briefly reply to the lecturer's objections. He commenced with a flourish of words about delusions or shams, and assumed the position that Spiritualism is the greatest sham of all. May I ask whether a greater sham can exist than a man who will unblushingly stand before an audience and tell them he has studied a subject years when he knows nothing whatever about it?"

The audience cheered, led off by the surgeon's boy. The Professor rose excited, and, stamping his foot with violence, called Mr Humphrey to order.

"Look you here, friends," continued the speaker, with his usual gravity of manner—"Professor Polax is allowed to call Spiritualism a sham—nay, a humbug—which implies that all Spiritualists are shams and humbugs. Yet when the same language is used towards himself he gets excited, and stamps and raves in the most unprofessional and unscholarly manner. I should say such a man could never have given years of patient study to any subject whatever." (The audience cheered again, and seemed to delight in annoying the Professor, who betrayed his temper at every cheer.) "He told you Spiritualism blasted humanity with ferocity," added Mr Humphrey; "what can we say to a man who himself is so ferocious as to blast, if possible, the true, keen judgments and generous instincts of his audience, with such monstrously wicked aspersions? Had he really investigated this subject, for years, he would have learned that Spiritualism links the here to the hereafter; that it binds up the wounded soul and brings healing to it; that it proves, beyond mere speculative philosophies, that we are creatures not of an hour, but of eternity; and that we must be full of Christ-like, loving thoughts, and perform Christ-like holy deeds if we would claim a title to a crown of immortal glory. Friends, what there is ferocious in Spiritualism I cannot see; without we accept the demons which Spiritualism teaches are near the earth, as being the sole and only agents connected with the subject. Instead of Spiritualism being ferocious, it is the kind, loving servant of God, sent to warn us and convince us; to teach us and to lead us to salvation and sanctification. Professor Polax told you that he had asked in vain for mediums to move tables away, from all confederacy. Well, he can now be gratified; my friend Mr Jeremiah Forbes is here, and I have little doubt but that he will gladly sit at the table on this platform." (Tremendous and long-continued cheering, in which the surgeon's lad's voice was heard above all.) "The notion your lecturer has of the dead is a Pagan one. He supposes that the bodies walk from their graves and commune with mortals. What ignorant rubbish—what materialistic senselessness. Does any spiritually enlightened man believe that when the body is entombed, that that is the all that belonged to the man when living? Certainly not. There is the spirit that has left the body; it has no habitation further with the body, and belongs not to the charnel house. Well, then, Spiritualists contend that the Almighty, for good purposes, permits the disembodied spirits to hover somewhere near us, to commune with us, and direct our thoughts to the hereafter of immortal existence. And friends, this doctrine is not new—it is taught in all languages, and especially is it set forth in the sacred Scriptures. Professor Polax talked about what the Almighty would, or would not allow, as though he was in His secrets. But facts speak for themselves. He does allow spiritual manifestations, and the manifestations themselves disprove the assertion of your lecturer. Then, again, we are further informed that it is all conjuring. If it is, why does he not give us the explanation of how it is all done? He says it is all conjuring, therefore, he must be in the secret, or he must assert without proof. I call upon him to unravel this spiritual mystery by conjuring processes. If he does not, I am bound logically to say, that he has assumed a position in this discussion which he has brought no evidence whatever to substantiate. Now, to conclude, Professor Polax called upon you to aid him to put down the spiritual humbug (great laughter)—suppose I call Professor Polax a humbug, and ask you to aid me to put him down." Vociferous laughter and cheers ensued; the surgeon's lad called out "Bravo, Humphrey." Mr Nicholson rose and called the boy to order, and Professor Polax looked daggers at the speaker. "Mind," added Mr Humphrey, "I do

not offer him that personal insult, although I have my opinion, and doubtless you have yours." (Great cheering.) Mr Humphrey left the platform.

The chairman rose and said:—"I think if the meeting is agreeable, it would be better for Mr Forbes to try and obtain some manifestations, than to use up the entire night in debate." But Professor Polax rose immediately and protested against the injustice of turning his meeting into a medium for Mr Forbes to make a possible profit. "Sit down," came from several voices at once; then there were loud calls for Mr Forbes, who obeyed the summons with alacrity, feeling intense pleasure in having so good a chance of humbling his enemy Polax. Before seating himself at the table, he desired that a committee of gentlemen, in whom the meeting had confidence, might be elected. Six gentlemen, thorough sceptics, were at once made responsible actors for the audience. They marched on the platform, and the seance commenced. The conditions were most favourable, and the results satisfactory. The medium went through his ordinary tests with pellets; after that, he begged the spirits to lift the table and move it about—not an instant elapsed before the request was complied with—the table rising and jumping with great force in all directions. There was intense excitement in the meeting, the committee looked puzzled, they turned the table over, examined it in every part, watched with suspicious eyes every movement of the medium—but nothing could they discover to lead to the idea of trickery. There were no confederates in the background. They were necessitated to give in their report to the meeting, and as honourable men, they stated the truth, leaving the facts to have what effect they might upon their minds. No sooner was it known that all was genuine than a general hissing for Polax, and a general acclamation of cheers for Forbes succeeded each other. The chairman could not get a hearing, so boisterous were the audience. It became a question with Professor Polax how he should escape, free from insult, or being mobbed. Suddenly he thought of the gas. Behind the platform was the main pipe which supplied the hall with gas. It was only the work of an instant, and the gas was entirely extinguished. The confusion of tongues was deafening, and the jostling of each other was somewhat dangerous. In the midst of the darkness and turbulence Professor Polax got free in the open street, and escaped as quickly as possible to his home.

CHAPTER XX.

The delight of the Spiritualists at their triumph may be easily imagined. After escaping uninjured from the darkness, they congregated outside of the hall, discussing the various phases of the evening's proceedings. Mr Nicholson, the surgeon, who knew Mr Forbes and Mr Somes, invited Mr Humphrey and Captain Stewart to accompany the two former with him to his house. They all went, and a most agreeable time passed. The surgeon related his experiences, detailing graphically, visions and ghostly appearances, which at different periods he had experienced. Various were the remarks which escaped the lips of each of the party, but as they are not important to the thread of this narrative, we will not trouble the reader with them. Mr Nicholson had, he said, for years made the subject his study, and he had passed into almost every phase of belief as to the cause. At one time he was certain all re-appearances were simply spectral illusions produced on the optic nerve. At another time he was quite certain they were the result of chemical combinations of the atmosphere, originating mostly where the person or persons assembled had a large quantity of phosphorus in the brain. After that he was very certain indeed that all apparitions were odyllic representations of some persons buried, which took their form in the atmosphere. But when he considered how they got power to walk, seat themselves in your chair, and sometimes talk to you, that theory or hypothesis floated off into the air, and was gone as quickly almost as the apparitions themselves. At length, from a full, candid, and inquiring study of all the phenomena he had witnessed and had read about, he was driven to accept the spiritual hypothesis. Mr Humphrey listened with marked interest, and so did the others; but Captain Stewart felt a shiver pass like lightning through his system, as the surgeon spoke of apparitions. It was natural to him who had so recently been converted to the new philosophy.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

Mr. R. Cooper, the proprietor of the "Spiritual Times," having taken commodious premises at 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, will be glad to see the friends of spiritualism at the above mentioned place, on Friday evening, December 23rd, 1864, at seven o'clock. Mr. Cooper will submit certain views to the consideration of the meeting, and will be happy to hear their opinions and to receive their advice.

EXTRACTS FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

I had the pleasure of being with the Davenports lately, and witnessing, under favourable circumstances, the manifestations through them, and am able to testify to the remarkable character of the phenomena; such indeed, that no conjuror has attempted to imitate, except in "the rope-tying and untying," which "rope-business" has absurdly been made, by Anderson and others, the principal feature in most absurd performances, save and except that they have managed to take the public "current as it served" and extracted money from her majesty's lieges, under the very "false pretences" of exposing Supernaturalism and the Davenport Brothers.

But knowing, as every Spiritualist does know, that "these great facts of the age" do not depend for their truth upon any one medium, but upon natural, or so-called supernatural laws; operating upon, and through man, spiritually, or magnetically, and which laws operate independently of man's will, and sometimes quite contrary to it; though usually they operate more sensibly and tangibly when the will is passive. I, with thousands of others, am ready to hail every honest fact, and every honest worker in the great field of spiritual unfoldment, and bid them God-speed. Spiritualists may well smile with pity upon the materialistic philosophers and scribblers of the present day—groping about in the darkness and dust of their own creating—and with pity (not contempt) upon the public, who know no better—and perhaps never had the opportunity to know better—being thoroughly educated in the belief, "that no spirit, apart from man, can ever make itself manifest to the flesh," though through all life's journey "encompassed by such a cloud of witnesses."

Spiritualists thank God for every renewed proof of spirit interference, and take courage, knowing that in God's own good time, the truth must prevail; and therefore, they can afford smilingly to wait with patience till

"The mute shadows watching all"

shall be able to break through the granite crust of man's materialism. Thinking this a proper time to renew acquaintance with kindred manifestations, I beg to give you the following from my diary of Feb. 22, 1860.*

AN EVENING WITH MR HOME.

Being invited to a séance with Mr D. D. Home, the much respected gentleman medium, I gladly embraced the opportunity. There were only seven present, including Mr Home; our host, Mr J., had provided a new accordeon, hand bell, &c., so that there should be no question as to any machinery. Mr H. did not come until late, so without loss of time, we sat down to the table, which was a monstrously heavy one—being a large cabin dining table with block to support, and legs at each corner, and extended nearly nine feet.

It seemed almost ridiculous to expect such a mass to move, but it did move; for soon after our hands were placed on the table, a peculiar trembling was felt, and the sensation affected my arms up to the elbows, as if I held the poles of a galvanic battery with a moderate current on. Then the table tilted slightly, then creaked and heaved, and cracked, as if strained and wrenched by some invisible giant. It seemed as if the invisible power was trying to raise it from the floor, but failing strove again and again, till it gave it up in despair. All this time, there were, at intervals, varied sounds, called raps, both at my corner of the table, above its surface, and below it, under my very hands; and other parts of the table, as well as on the skirting of the room, and these sounds were of varied degrees of intensity.

I knew sounds could be produced by an electrical wire being run up the legs of the table, or down in a cord to a drum, as told by Anderson, in his "shilling work on magic," but here we knew were no wires—no preparation—no electrical battery, unless, indeed, it was Mr Home's body; or, as a wisacre suggested, "he might have carried a battery unseon in his pocket." But these sounds showed that an intelligent power was making them, for it answered many and various questions, and calling for the alphabet, spelt out the words,

"Discord of Earth."

Mr Home, at our request, took the accordeon in his hand, and held it bottom upwards, resting one end of the bottom of the bellows on the edge of the table. Then sadly, in-harmonious sounds came from it, figuring forth earth's sad discord, and man's mental and moral war. Then, again, came sweet and heavenly soundings, like distant echoes, "Soft as the tremor of an angel's wing."

Upon Mr J. asking for "Home, sweet Home," it seemed to try at first some notes, but soon, softly and very sweetly began to play that old familiar air; not with a drawling sentimentality, but so lovingly, so tenderly, that it would have bent stubborn knees,

"And hearts with strings of steel."

It broke, indeed, through all the crust of my materialism, and made me feel as if in angels' company.

Afterwards, the small hand bell spoken of was placed on the floor at the end of the table where no one was sitting, and soon it began ringing away; then it seemed as if carried about by some little Cupid, it ringing as he went round the chairs and under the table, in and out, until he came and tapped me gently on the knee. I put down my hand and took the bell from our invisible companion, and held it up for all present to see that it was perfectly free, and no "lasy tongues" business, or conjurors' horse hair. I held it down to my knee again—I could see nothing—but I distinctly felt a hand touching me, and then pulling at the bell; it took it fairly from me; it was a force against my force, and it pulled it confidently, and

strongly from me. I let it go, knowing it must fall, according to "man's law," but it fell not; there must be, then, another law, overcoming that of the natural law, for instead of falling, in a moment another gentleman, who was sitting at some feet distance from me, found it on his lap, and so it passed livelily ringing about. Then the accordeon was placed under the table, and we heard it moving heavily; now tumbling on the block of the table, as if the invisible carrier laid it to rest a moment; then immediately again it came on to my foot, I said "Here it is," and in a moment another said, "Here it is;" then it sounded and went on to another one's knee—he took it up—afterwards it was taken from his hand and passed on. A gentleman held it for a few minutes bottom upwards, close in my sight—the bellows heaved and moved, and sounds came out, but not much music—this was all in full gaslight. Thus time went on until the alphabet was again called for, and to our sorrow it spelt out,

"we can do no more."

It was in vain to ask any more questions, the sounds vanished off into the distance, and all was still again; but there was a peculiarity about the spelling the last sentence, which deserves notice. Instead of calling over the alphabet, the accordeon sounded the notes in succession up and down, we counting the notes, and when it stopped, put down the figure, and took the corresponding number of the letters in the alphabet; and thus the sentence was completed, "we can do no more." All the manifestations were of a very pleasing and most satisfactory nature, and I felt right glad at having been favoured with such an opportunity of witnessing the power of spirit over matter, and thanked God from my very heart. Some persons may think or fancy this, that, or the other about trickery, but here could be no question with us, for the room and the instruments were of our own preparing; the only question is the credibility of the witnesses, and for this I am happy to say, I am in noble and goodly company.

The very serious question to me was how, and by what means were such things done? I can hardly presume to throw much light upon the subject, but one thing I know was thereby demonstrated, viz., a power beside and beyond ourselves and an intelligence beside and beyond ourselves; and though it did not demonstrate any particular individuality, yet it indicated that this something had feeling, as well as thought and power; and that which is possessed of feeling, and thought, and reason, we call spirit; and it seemed also a very good and happy spirit that manifested itself throughout that well-remembered evening.

With the Davenports of to-day there seems a demonstration of the power of spirit over matter; but in Mr Home's séance there seemed demonstrated more fully, an intelligent, sympathetic spirit-power, capable of thinking and feeling; in fact, what we know by the name of a spirit. But further reflections I must beg to reserve on account of trespassing upon your space.

S. WILKS.

HYMN OF THE BRIDE'S MAIDENS.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
And let him that heareth say, Come!"

REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.

Hast thou from morning's dream,
Aroused by the gleam
Of waving wings and fragrant garments holy,
Heard, or didst seem to hear,
Sweet angel-voices clear,
Chanting in measured cadence, soft and lowly,
Sweet praises of the Bride,
Who now from Heaven doth glide,
Until thy inmost soul was ravished wholly?

Hast thou her fair face seen,
Her sweet, majestic mien,
A mingling of the Queen and simple child?
Hast thou beheld her eyes,
Lustrous as summer skies,
Filled with profoundest love and wisdom mild?

Hast thou her sweet voice heard,
Clearer than voice of bird,
The diapason pure of Nature undefiled?

Know'st thou the lady's train,
Who state round her maintain,
A rainbow zone of burning inspiration?
Each virgin's balmy hand,
Dispensing through the land,
The mystic gift of spirit consecration?
I ask in love of thee,
If these great things should be,
Wilt thou not share their solemn ministration?

Hear what sweet mystic voices sang at blush of early morn
Unto a weary poet's heart, with pain and sorrow torn;
Hear how within his spirit new joy and strength were born—
How roses gomed with beauty life's awful crown of thorn.

"The Bride is here indeed,
Yea, clothed in humble weed,
Her glorious visage veiling in a cloud of light.
Her name for ages writ,
By angel-bards who sit,
Inscribing words of bliss in star-dust through the night—
Inscribing words of knowledge too brilliant for men's sight.

The Bride so bright and mild,
God's youngest, cherished child,
Himself revealed newly in weak woman's form.
The Spirit's breath of love,
The new incarnate Dove,
The minister of healing, the message of reform,
Gentle peace of morning following nights of storm,

* An account of the above meeting with Mr Home is given in Mr Jones' valuable book on "Man; Spiritual, Apparitional, and Physical," the latter part of which book containing as it does such a large amount of testimony I should like to see printed as a pamphlet, so as to be within the reach of the million.

Yea, she in truth is here !
 Though vast earth's pain and fear,
 Though rageth interecine war, with madness dire,
 Pale Death, the King of Hell,
 Rings his own passing-bell,
 When angels kindle cleansing, purgatorial fire,
 Whilst Sin herself doth slay through her own fierce desire.

Before their Judge men stand ;
 The Word's breath fills the land.
 To men whose life is love, quickening seraphic fire
 Is His electric breath.
 To men of sin, quick death,
 Since sacred souls alone dare Heaven's breath respire,
 Since sacred souls alone through Heaven's breath aspire.

With the dread Judge doth stand,
 The Bride at His right hand ;
 The holy, glorious woman 'New Jerusalem,'
 Whose spirit now doth call,
 With trumpet-voice to all,
 To don their marriage-ropes, and hasten forth to them ;
 Their spotless, milk-white robes with gold and purple hem."

Thus sang to ears entranced, one flowery Whitsuntide,
 Sweet, mystic voices chousing, like larks o'er meadows wide.
 Till ravished was the poet's soul with yearning for the Bride ;
 Till lo ! within his bosom Her glorious train did glide.

For ever and for ever, in his soul to dwell at rest,
 Enthroned within his heart's broad realm, sweet empress of his
 breast,

Brooding with out-spread wings, like dove upon her nest ;
 Chanting him songs of joyful love, in cadence sweet and low,
 Till the paradise within his breast began to bud and blow,
 Till the gracious flowers, Faith, Hope, Love, o'er every hill did
 grow.

Till not a single barren spot remained from strand to strand,
 Till fruit-trees laden with rich crops, in many a stately band,
 Made hill and valley lovely throughout that blessed land.

Whose every leaf was medicine, whose every fruit was food,
 To minister sweet uses to the poet's varying mood ;
 Whilst in the centre of the land a wondrous glory stood—
 The Mystery of Holiness, the Majesty of Good.

A quivering maze mysterious of shimmering rainbow light,
 Revealing now, now veiling the Bride from human sight,
 All canopied by wreathing flame, enthroned 'midst lilies white.

A. M. H. W.

Correspondence.

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

THE LITTLE TEW GHOST.

(To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

SIR,—You are welcome to the following particulars, such as they are, concerning the occurrences at the little village of notorious ghost celebrity in Oxfordshire, where certain unearthly sounds were heard to proceed from various parts of the house, greatly terrifying Mrs H. and family.

Great commotion was at length caused in this village (Little Tew), more especially when on one occasion something like a voice was heard. Some, however, doubted, and declared they would not believe there was anything supernatural. Yet how are we to account for what was heard and seen ?

A certain strong-minded widow, who kept a public-house in this village of Tew, declared herself determined to be satisfied about the matter, and accordingly going to the cottage and being told that the windows even had been broken by this unknown and mysterious agency, she expressed a wish to examine the bedroom windows and went upstairs alone for the purpose. How great was her surprise when she found herself lifted up from the floor towards the ceiling and again replaced upon her feet without sustaining any injury to her person. So great, however, was her turn of mind that she instantly returned home and was confined to her bed for several days by reason of the shock her nervous system had undergone.

On more than one occasion persons were lifted from their beds and laid down again without altering their position and apparently with as much care as a nurse might use towards her sleeping charge. A respectable man, a draper by trade, called one day at the cottage and taking up a certain stool, asked whether that had been thrown at persons, and making some other remark put it down again. On his leaving the cottage the stool was thrown against his leg by an invisible hand with much violence, and the man observed "he should never forget it." A variety of other strange stories were reported. The house and premises were searched but nothing discovered. Persons even had recourse to exorcism. To tell the truth, this remedy appears to have been efficacious in the end. As to these particulars, valiant quantum valere possent. The affair was certainly looked into at the time and the mystery remains very much as it was—a mystery as far as it went. Exorcism as I said, was used, and I believe the phenomena whatever they were ceased altogether at last.

Apart, however, from spiritual manifestations, whatever there be in them, I am inclined to think that there is in nature some as yet undeveloped motive WILL-power proceeding from the human brain (which is in fact a kind of galvanic battery), and from the muscles conducted so

as to act *even at a distance* (like common electricity)—at a distance from the limbs themselves. We read in scripture even that there is a faith that shall be able even to lift a mountain from its base. The will of man may have such intensity as to become (of course in some rare instances only) an actual motive agency.

Yours, Sir, to command,

VERBUM SAT.

THE APPARITION OF A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

[To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

On the 5th day of the present month, a lady gave me the following account :—About seven years ago she had a father who resided near Farnworth, near Warrington. He was taken very ill, and at the time was a stranger to the "Great Salvation." She (my informant), being a very religious woman, became much troubled concerning her father's moral condition, and daily did she make him the subject of her prayer. But during her stay with her father one day, she was impressed that it was her duty to pray *with* her father as well pray *for* him. Accordingly she did so, the result of which was, that in a short time she and her father were bathed in tears, from which period her father became a new creature, for on her next visit to him he assured her that such was the case. Before leaving his room he was very anxious she should visit him on the following Wednesday; but he departed the day previously. She then went to console her mother, who was very disconsolate and refused to be comforted or reconciled to her great bereavement. But one night when she and her mother were in bed together, and having talked a good deal to her mother upon the subject, she turned her face towards the door and wondered, in herself, what was the real state of her father at that time, at which moment the door opened and her father entered—stood by the bed, both hands hanging down, looked stedfastly upon her, then uttered the following sentence—"I am not dead but sleeping." She then communicated the case to her mother, who from that time became reconciled. The lady, my informant's name, is E. Booth, the wife of Mr Thomas Booth, Frodsham, a local preacher with the United Methodist Free Churches, and is quite true.

JOHN THOMAS.

Review.

MORNING LECTURES, by A. J. Davis, 8s. London: J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

The founder of the School of Philosophy called the "*Harmonial*" is expected to present the public with something above *par* in the shape of reading. Most of his former works bear the impress of thought and originality in a very marked degree. But the volume now before us, tested from the author's own stand-point of excellence, certainly has numerous shortcomings. We note a tendency in Mr Davis to overlook the good in his endeavours to point out the bad elements in existing institutions. The harmonial philosophy rises out of the ruins not only of decaying but really substantial fabrics of human association. But we have not now to deal with Mr Davis's system of philosophy, but with his "Morning Lectures." There is, together with many sharp and clever remarks, a diffuseness running throughout the volume, which somewhat disappoints us. In his preface, the author expresses himself conscious of "defects," but excuses them on the ground that the lectures were delivered without previous study or even selection of theme in some instances. But this is no excuse for publishing them without revision. There is, however, in spite of defects, sufficient in the volume to indicate a mind of a very intellectual cast. We cannot endorse the author's views in many instances; nevertheless, we would gladly praise upon the ground of literary merit simply could we do so. The contents of the volume are as follows :—

Defeats and Victories. The World's True Redeemer. The End of the World. The New Birth. The Shortest Road to the Kingdom of Heaven. The Reign of Anti-Christ. The Spirit and its Circumstances. Eternal value of Pure Purposes. Wars of the Blood, Brain, and Spirit. Truths, Male and Female. False and True Education. The Equalities and Inequalities of Human Nature. Social Centres in the Summer Land. Poverty and Riches. The object of Life. Expensiveness of Errors in Religion. Winter Land and Summer Land. Language and Life in the Summer Land. Material Work for Spiritual Workers. Ultimates in the Summer Land.

THOUGHTS FROM BEYOND THE TOMB.

(Through the Sister of the Baron De Guldenstubbé, translated from the French.)

Humility is the immortal crown which God gives to those who draw near to him. Charity is the seal of immortality. Faith is the sceptre of salvation which leads to eternity. Happiness loosens the curb of strength. The scenes of life pass like the shadow which flits before the sun. The fog of the senses envelopes men so well that they can little distinguish the difference between hypocrisy and truth. The anger of man is like the overflow of a river. Strife is the horn of the devil. A man who defers doing good, is like the bog in the desert. The death of the just is preferable to the life of the wicked. The whirlwind of misfortune raises the wise, to place him in the bosom of the Divinity.

VISITS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 271.)

Grogius Agricola, in his treatise upon metals and the art of mining, dissertates a long while upon this subject, and distinguishes the spirits, which appear in mines and hollows of mountains, into three sorts. Some of them, he says, are deformed and little, like dwarfs; others appear like old men, bent with age, and in the habit of miners, with their shirts tucked up, and a piece of leather tied round their waists, all seeming very busy, but really doing nothing else but frightening the workmen. He goes on to relate, that the valuable mine at Anneberg, called the crown of roses, was entirely deserted, and remained many years unwrought from this only cause; and Olaus Magnus, another writer on this subject, says, that he has known many a rich mine entirely deserted for fear of this extraordinary visitation.

It is observed, that in all countries superstition keeps pace with ignorance; and that the power of the devil is always greatest, when people are most immersed in vice and error. Accordingly the first discoverers of the Western world were often witnesses of something very extraordinary in those parts of their earliest discoveries. Olaus Magnus, the last mentioned author, who was Archbishop of Upsal, in his work upon the antiquity of the Northern nations, observes, that in Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Lapland, there are frequently seen spirits, or spectres, who are very troublesome to such as are there induced with what, with us, goes by the name of the second sight.

Even to this present time, the Laplanders, both such as profess christianity, and such as continue in idolatry, have a strong belief in the apparitions of departed souls, and seem to show, in their opinion upon this subject, all that might be expected from the utmost extravagance of the prejudice of education. They suppose these spectres to be the manes or spirits of their departed relations, and suppose that their usual haunts are about rocks, mountains, woods, and wild places, just as the Romans paid honours to the fawns and wood deities. In short, the opinion of spirits returning again has the most respectable authors for vouchers, Plutarch, Plato, Socrates, and the best Greek writers, are full of the tradition concerning deceased persons coming again. It appears to have prevailed amongst the ancient Jews and Romans. It has got footing in the East; the Northern parts of Europe are tinged with the opinion, and more than the shadow of it is in modern Europe to this day.

People, whose fancies are full of the marvellous, are always ready to frighten others with some dreadful tale, which, perhaps, they have related till they actually believe it themselves, take the alarm from the most common and innocent circumstance in the world. Among other incidents to which the decay of timber in building is liable to, nothing is more usual than to hear from rotten wood what is vulgarly called the death-watch, and is generally believed wherever it is heard to foretell the death of some of the family; while nothing can be more ridiculous than such weak conceits and causeless fears. What has obtained the name of the death-watch is a little animal, about two lines and a half long, understanding a line to be about the 1-8th of an inch. It appears, when viewed through a microscope, of a dark colour and spotted. This little animal is generally found in the hollow of rotten wood, where it can make a ticking, which it performs like a watch, but somewhat louder and quicker.

The philosophical transactions for the year 1698, p. 376, record a remarkable instance of this kind. Sometimes it happens that a spider and a fly in the web make a similar noise, and from the difficulty of discovering the reality of the cause, some persons governed by common report, have fancied this extraordinary noise a solemn admonition and warning of some spirit, to warn and prepare some one for another state.

Hence people, fond of the marvellous, fill their neighbours' ears with wonders and prodigies, as if providence capriciously warned in common the generality of mankind; for there are few, but in their lives must, at one time or another, have heard the death-watch. It is all one, says Tillotson, to a good man, whether he has a summons or not, for he is always ready either with or without it.

There are many who, in the catalogue of spirits, rank those meteors, or *ignis fatui*, which are frequently seen in meadows, upon marsh lands, rivers and in church yards, because they seem generally to pursue those that endeavour to run away from them, though sometimes they are known to be stationary, or to retire from travellers; but the Welsh lights, of which we have given an account from Mr Baxter and others, are a very different and more wonderful phenomena.

The fire also affords a kind of divination to some; they see swords, guns, castles, churches, prisons, coffins, wedding rings, sacks of money, men and women, or whatever they either fear or wish, plainly depicted in the glowing coals.

But leaving these fanciful persons to illusions and the terrors of their own imaginations: if we examine the matter of apparitions by the light of reason, we cannot deny the intire possibility of such appearances, without giving up the very fundamental articles of our christianity. The same Almighty Power which has created myriads of spirits, can undoubtedly, at his pleasure, appoint a partial and less glorified one to perform a part, the purpose of

which is not perhaps within the ken of the short sightedness of man.

Man was not made to question but adore. How is it possible, that a finite understanding should be able to comprehend all the designs of infinite wisdom? Those things may appear to God to be of the utmost importance, which to us, who see but in part, may seem to be of no moment at all. We cannot do better in such cases, than to follow the rule laid down by Dr Parnel, in that most admirable poem, The Hermit:

“— Believe th' Almighty just,

And when thou can't unriddle, learn to trust.”

It is the constant and invariable conduct of Divine Providence, to suffer the clearest truths to be attended with some obscurity, therefore we cannot be surpris'd at finding this subject involved in doubt and contradiction, nor at meeting with some circumstances which can be attributed only to the illusions to which the imperfect organs of our senses are subject; for it must be owned that an imagination strongly possessed with prejudices, or a weak, credulous and fearful mind, is capable of forming many a chimerical notion and imagining that they see and hear what in reality has no existence. Therefore it is of great consequence to religion and truth to separate such from one another, that the weak may not be misled by their own prejudices, or the dexterity of the artful in weakening the credit of unquestionable truths, and attributing to the devil the glorious and undoubted works of God. Upon the whole, from what has been said before, and what is hereafter related upon this head, we may conclude;

That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls, are sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that these apparitions are not only possible, but real and actual, founded upon the authority of Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, upon the testimony of authors of credit, Greek, Latin, Christian and Heathen, ancient and modern. Philosophers, divines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living tradition assert the facts, therefore, notwithstanding from the want of experience in ourselves, so much is due to the probity of others, that we may give our assent to the relations of others, while they coincide with reason and religion.

Hence we find that the soul is immortal, and that there is a future state, with punishments for the wicked and rewards for the good, and that nothing defiled shall enter into the kingdom of God. That there are good angels, which incline us to do good; and evil spirits, which tempt us to irreligion and wicked practices: and these are the principal points on which the ensuing sheets are compiled.

We may also confirm ourselves in this great truth, that spiritual beings, as well as departed souls, as angels and demons, are invested by the Supreme Being, the creator and preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.

The conclusion is confirmed by the following variety of facts, collected from the most respectable authority and scrupulous veracity, founded upon that persuasion of St Paul, that the air is full of spirits, called by him the princes of the power of the air, and rulers of the darkness of this world, the head of whom is styled in the Gospel the Prince of this World. We may farther learn, that the power of these spirits would be much more extensive than it is, if it were not limited by the power of him who has said, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and the mercy of Jesus Christ, who assures us in his gospel, that he has overcome Satan, and made him fall from heaven, and commands us perpetually to pray, that we may resist temptation, and be secure from the malice of the Devil, who, in the Apostle's phrase, like a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom to devour, if we give him any opportunity of doing it by our own negligence and presumption, in exposing ourselves needlessly to the danger of his temptations.

A GHOST STORY.

One of those absurd stories which spread amongst masses of people in a way which no one can explain, has just caused not a little commotion in the southern part of Glasgow (says a Scotch paper). In the early part of last week the report was propagated that the figure of a man dressed in white was to be seen at night sitting on the tombstones in the Southern Necropolis. The strange visitant, according to popular rumour, had a small lantern by his side, and was busily employed in writing letters to shopkeepers and others. He was, however, peacefully inclined, for so long as no one attempted to interfere with him he was to harm nobody, but the moment that hands were to be laid upon his sacred person he was to have recourse to a loaded pistol—his ghostly majesty not being below the vulgar use of firearms.

When the story first became current, little credence was given to it, and on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday last but few persons turned out to witness the strange proceedings alleged to be occurring in the burying ground. Public curiosity, however, became excited, and on the two following evenings some hundreds of people had assembled at the spot; but they were doomed to disappointment, for nothing was to be seen. This, however, had not the effect of dissipating the absurd delusion, as the crowd,

which numbered some thousands, were drawn to the spot on the evening of Sunday last. As there was nothing to feed their curiosity, they at last became most unruly, and engaged in shouting and yelling and other noisy demonstrations, and also in throwing stones.

There was a small body of police on the spot, but the attempts which they made quietly to disperse the mob were unavailing, and one of the constables was somewhat severely wounded on the face by a brick which was thrown at him. A number of the crowd unknown to the police, made their way over one of the walls which surround the burying ground, and broke open the door of a small building, destroying or carrying off some of the books kept by the person in charge of the place, and doing other damage. This would appear to have been done out of a pure spirit of mischief, and was only discovered yesterday morning. Seeing the turn which the proceedings had taken on Sunday evening, it was felt necessary to prevent the crowd from gathering last night, and accordingly a small force of constables was despatched to the spot, with instructions to take decisive measures, should such be necessary.

Their services were, however, fortunately not required, as nobody assembled. Whether this was owing to the popular belief in the appearance of the ghost having exhausted itself, from the unearthly visitant never having condescended to reveal himself in any shape to any one, we do not know, but it is possible enough that it arose from this—that, as the story goes, his ghostly majesty was last night to pay a visit to Cathcart burying ground, and does not intend to return to his old quarters for some time at least, as he designs to make a descent upon Cambuslang to-night, and to-morrow upon Campsie Glen.

Another circumstance which may have weighed with the frequenters of the ground around the Necropolis, is that four lads about 15 or 16 years of age, named John Waddel, James Waddel, Andrew Brown, and James Mains were taken into custody, and placed at the bar of the Southern Police Court, yesterday forenoon, charged with committing a breach of the peace, on Sunday evening, in forming a part of the crowd, and were each fined 2s. 6d. While many were drawn to the spot from a love of mischief, and looked upon the whole affair as a hoax, there can be no doubt that others lent credence to the absurd tale, and it excited terror in not a few quarters.

Apropos of the supernatural manifestation, several stories are told, one of the most amusing of which is that some youths of a waggish turn constructed with white paper the form of a man, suspending it on one of the evenings in question from a conspicuous place in a large work in the neighbourhood. The private watchman had occasion to pass the spot in making his midnight inspection of the premises, and was horrified when, on turning a corner, he saw what he believed to be the veritable ghost. He had, however, sufficient courage to seize hold of a brickbat and let fly at the white object directly in front of him, but as the figure only swayed to a side as if eluding the missile this increased his terror, and he lustily shouted for help. His cries brought assistance, when his courage was reassured on finding that it was only a paper man who had so disturbed his equanimity.

THE ELECTRIC GIRL OF LA PERRIERE.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

(Continued from our last.)

On the twenty-fourth of January, M. de Faremont took the child and her aunt in his carriage to the small neighbouring town of Marners. There, before two physicians and several ladies and gentlemen, articles of furniture moved about on her approach. And there, also the following conclusive experiment was tried by M. de Faremont.

Into one end of a ponderous wooden block, weighing upwards of a hundred and fifty pounds, he caused a small hook to be driven. To this he made Angelique fix her silk. As soon as she sat down and her frock touched the block, the latter was instantly raised three or four inches from the ground; and this was repeated as many as forty times in a minute. Then, after suffering the girl to rest, M. de Faremont seated himself on the block, and was elevated in the same way. Then three men placed themselves upon it, and were raised also, only not quite so high. "It is certain," says M. de Faremont, "that I and one of the most athletic porters of the Halle could not have lifted that block with the three persons seated on it."

Dr Verger came to Marners to see Angelique, whom as well as her family, he had previously known. On the twenty-eighth of January, in the presence of the curate of St. Martin and the chaplain of the Bellesme hospital, the following incident occurred. As the child could not sew without pricking herself with the needle, nor use scissors without wounding her hands, they set her to shelling peas, placing a large basket before her. As soon as her dress touched the basket, and she reached her hand to begin work, the basket was violently repulsed, and the peas projected upwards and scattered over the room. This was twice repeated, under the same circumstances. Dr Lemonnier, of Saint Maurice, testifies to the same phenomenon, as occurring in his presence and in that of the Procurator Royal of Mortagne; he noticed that the left hand produced the greater effect. He adds, that, he and another gentleman having endeavoured, with all their strength, to hold a chair on which Angelique sat down, it was violently forced from them, and one of its legs broken.

On the thirtieth of January, M. de Faremont tried the effect of isolation. When by means of dry glass, he isolated the child's feet and the chair on which she sat, the chair ceased to move, and she remained perfectly quiet. M. Olivier, government engineer, tried a similar experiment, with the same results. A week later, M. Hebert, repeating this experiment, discovered that isolation of the chair was unnecessary; it sufficed to isolate the girl. Dr Beaumont, vicar of Pin-la-Garenne, noticed a fact, insignificant in appearance, yet quite as conclusive as were the more violent manifestations as to the reality of the phenomena. Having moistened with saliva the scattered hairs on his own arm, so that they lay flattened, attached to the epidermis, when he approached his arm to the left arm of the girl, the hairs instantly erected themselves. M. Hebert repeated the same experiment several times, always with a similar result.

M. Olivier also aried the following. With a stick of sealing-wax, which he had subjected to friction, he touched the girl's arm, and it gave her a considerable shock; but touching her with another similar stick, that had not been rubbed, she experienced no effect whatever. Yet when M. de Faremont, on the 19th of January, tried the same experiment with a stick of sealing-wax and a glass tube, well prepared by rubbing, he obtained no effect whatever. So also a pendulum of light pith, brought into close proximity to her person at various points, was neither attracted nor repulsed, in the slightest degree.

Toward the beginning of February, Angelique was obliged, for several days, to eat standing; she could not sit down on a chair. This fact Dr Verger repeatedly verified. Holding her by the arm to prevent accident, the moment she touched the chair it was projected from under her, and she would have fallen but for his support. At such time, to take rest she had to seat herself on the floor, or on a stone provided for the purpose.

On one such occasion, "she approached," says M. de Faremont, "one of those rough heavy bedsteads used by the peasantry, weighing with the coarse bed-clothes, some three hundred pounds, and sought to lie down on it. The bed shook and oscillated in an incredible manner, no force that I know of is capable of communicating to it such a movement. Then she went to another bed, which was raised from the ground on wooden rollers, six inches in diameter; and it was immediately thrown off the rollers." All this M. de Faremont personally witnessed.

On the evening of the second of February, Dr Verger received Angelique into his house. On that day and the next upwards of one thousand persons came to see her. The constant experiments, which on that occasion were continued into the night, so fatigued the poor girl that the effects were sensibly diminished. Yet even then a small table brought near to her was thrown down so violently that it broke to pieces. It was of cherry-wood and varnished.

"In a general way," says Dr Beaumont-Chardon, "I think the effects were more marked with me than with others, because I never evinced suspicion, and spared her all suffering; and I thought I could observe, that although her powers were not under the control of her will, yet they were greatest when her mind was at ease, and she was in good spirits." It appeared, also, that on waxed, or even tiled floors, but more especially on carpets, the effects were much less than on an earthen floor like that of the cottage where they originally showed themselves.

At first wooden furniture seemed exclusively affected; but at a later period metal also, as tongs and shovels, though in a less degree, appeared to be subjected to this extraordinary influence. When the child's powers were the most active, actual contact was not necessary. Articles of furniture and other small objects moved, if she accidentally approached them.

Up to the sixth of February she had been visited by more than two thousand persons, including distinguished physicians from the towns of Bellesme and Mortagne, and from all the neighbourhood, magistrates, lawyers, ecclesiastics, and others. Some gave her money.

Then, in an evil hour, listening to mercenary suggestion, the parents conceived the idea that the poor girl might be made a source of pecuniary gain; and notwithstanding the advice and remonstrance of her true friends, M. de Faremont, Dr Verger, M. Hébert, and other, her father resolved to exhibit her in Paris and elsewhere.

On the road they were occasionally subjected to serious annoyances. The report of the marvels above narrated had spread far and wide; and the populace, by hundreds, followed the carriage, hooting and abusing the sorceress.

(To be Continued.)

A GARDEN.—A garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise and happy man, but reflection and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shows him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts; and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost.—DR YOUNG.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—The poor man, from his condition of life, is always in danger of repining and uneasiness; the rich man is most exposed to sensuality and indulgence; the tradesman, to lying and unreasonable gains; the scholar, to pride and vanity; so that in every state of life, a man should always, in the examination of himself, have a strict eye upon those faults, to which his state of life most of all exposes him.—LAW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Article on "Christmas," and a Christmas Carol by the Editor will appear in our next.

Our readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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