

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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"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.

CHRISTMAS.

Whilst the church bells' music echoes in the ears of the world, and the bright hoping faces of friends are ready to greet friends and to make festive mirth—whilst children arrayed in "something new," collect their Christmas presents and delight to anticipate the pleasures of pudding and sport,—whilst the holly hangs about the cottage and hall, the mansion and palace, and the yule log burns brightly, and all things within compass of its blaze seem cheering,—let us not forget the Star of Bethlehem, or the babe in the manger, whose birth it heralded. The season is one not altogether joyful, though it should be so. It marks on the dial of Time another year to the 1863 which have passed since Christ came to save and to succour the lost of humanity. Custom has made Christmas a fete-time, and it has consequently sanctified it with roast beef and plum pudding. This is the work of Custom—not altogether a good or a bad work. But to the true follower of Christ, the time has more spiritual realities than those which generally accompany the feast of food and wine. He looks with the eye of faith and the heart of affection adown the vista of years, and beholds Nazareth, and the Nazarene emerging from the Manger to go forth and preach the gospel of blessed peace to the degenerated Gentiles and Jews. He sees the Redeemer and his work, and beholds the features of "the Carpenter's son" as in a glass, perfect through all He said and did.

The birth of some new world rolling in space amidst the starry tribes would be a fact for the physical philosopher, and cause much speculation as to its probable influence on surrounding orbs and astronomical science. But such a phenomenon, to the moral and spiritual life of man would be nothing compared to the birth of a human being around whose head the halo of wisdom should glow, in whose heart the pulse of divine love should beat. The Man-Christ was a new world of goodness, whose brightness increased with the ages, to sanctify all that is true. What the actual gain would be to us, were we cognizant tomorrow of a new sun in the central firmament, taking its place beside our existing sun (if we were saved from death through the double intensity of heat) is a matter of conjecture. But we know and feel the blessings of the advent of Bethlehem's Son. He came in the common

habit of humanity as a brother ready to offer Himself a sacrifice for us. "By His stripes we are healed." But we need to understand that the healing comes after the application of "the balm of Gilead," that is, being wounded in the conflicts of sin, seeing Christ stricken and rejected of men, smitten and bruised, we must aspire to follow His sublime example, and then we shall be spiritually healed by "His stripes."

The birth of Jesus was the greatest event in the history of the world. Without Him, Christianity in all its purity, simplicity, and power, would not be known. Therefore, the return of Christmas is to the christian man a time for solemn rejoicing—yet mournful feeling. A time to realize joy, because the Saviour was born to become a central sun to illumine the universe of spiritual darkness. A time for mournful feeling, because He was subjected to every species of insult, and condemned to fall a sacrifice in the end. And more, because His glad and glorious tidings to mankind have not been accepted with eagerness, and many who profess to be His followers walk not in His footmarks.

We welcome Christmas, with its holly, missletoe, yule log, its greetings of friends, its merry-faced children, and all its paraphernalia of rejoicing. But in the welcome we yield to the white-bearded messenger of time, there is a mixture of sadness, because he comes to us through mazes of human misery as well as gladness. Not all the glistening eyes that greet him welcome, not all the speaking lips that bid him enter the fireside circle, where the red-berried holly, and white-berried missletoe are intertwined into a temporal crown for him, are truly happy. The purest happiness is with the children who have "all their wants supplied," and whose ideals are manufactured out of toys and dreams. The children of older growth having exchanged the simple toys and childish dreams for stern struggle with care and despair, have "something to think about," which like some troublesome ghost haunts them. One *could* be happy if it was not for the failure in that last speculation of his which for weary months had robbed him of affection and gold. Another *could* be happy had not death lately seized upon his wife, whom he loved with an intensity of passion rarely equalled. One *could* be happy had not such and such persons in hours of prosperity flattered and fawned in his presence; in hours of adversity slid off like snakes to leave him with the impression "that friendship is but a name," of butterfly duration. Another *could* be happy had not ambition and envy subjugated his will and caused him to sell his manhood and virtue for a "mess of pottage." This group of beings with wan faces, dishevelled hair, transparent misery in rags, greet Christmas day as other days, realising only the deeper distress at sight of its holiday gait. That group of beings decorated in fine cloth, wearing all the necessary habiture of respectability, bear about the mockery of joy, and yet the world thinks them happy.

Human life, with its myriads of schemes projected and schemes projecting—with its divine moral beauty and its demoniac moral ugliness—with its interminable inlets and outlets for goodness and wickedness—is a wonderful cosmos for study. To estimate it fairly we must meet it in times of peace as well as those of war, in times of festivity as well as those of ordinary pursuits. We learn from past experiences that the smile upon the face is not always the illumination of a happy soul, but is sometimes assumed even when murderous thoughts are buried in its possessor's breast. How often in our intercourse with each other do we meet with men whose outward actions are studiously presented to mask some subtle purpose! Such beings sink deep enough into the gulph of their own sins, and we may leave them to the castigation of their own consciences. We wish we could say that the human face is never a liar. That smiles and looks and tones of voice never betray. But we cannot say so. Men and women move in our midst who are slanderers, wicked counterfeits, base deceivers. Why is this? Because the pure religion of Jesus, "the babe of Bethlehem," has not regenerated them. They have acquired lessons in schools where religion holds no place. They have grown up worshippers of gross matter. The spiritual work of Divine truth has not operated upon their understandings and changed their hearts. Those who claim to love the founder of Christmas, and who find in themselves evidences of His saving grace fail to inspire the counterfeits with a spirit of holy emulation.

Christmas is here—but what do we see? Life in the midst of luxury and joy; but outside, up the dark and dismal courts, the narrow flights of rickety stairs, in wretchedly-furnished back rooms, human beings huddled together in filth, disease, and misery of the most appalling character. Christmas is here, but what more do we see? *Gentlemen* in fashionable hotels, with "eyes glazed with wine," and poor men and women in low gin palaces, spending the price of bread for their famishing children whilst the atmosphere is tainted with tobacco-smoke and oaths. Christmas is here; and what do we see further? Thousands of the sons of toil hoping and striving, apparently in vain, with honest, self-sacrificing hearts to keep the hungry wolf of want from their doors, whilst their little ones linger at the mouth of the grave. On the other side, those who will find it "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" than to gain admission to the mansions of the blest make a god of selfishness, and dress him in garments of gold, and nourish him with delicacies from the four quarters of the globe.

Christmas is here, and what do we yet see? Along the "corridors of time" in a little stable a babe born. No panoply of pomp greets His entrance on the human life-stage, yet He is the inspired Son of God—the Christ of not only the Gentile—but the Jew also. He is born in a manger, but he is not to be crucified there; His work is for mankind in all climes and conditions of existence. The son of a common carpenter, He came not within sound of triumphal shout or rejoicing trumpet. No array of material splendour was there. No waiting thousands sent up Hallelujahs of gladness to Heaven because "The Son was born." A manger was His cradle and a cross his deathbed, yet the ages have celebrated His deeds, and all the world's heroes—the divine men who work the machinery of true progress—take him for their model. His birth was humble, His death ignominious; yet His life was an epic of divine pathos. Each word He uttered was a sermon, each deed He performed was a triumph over temptation, and an argument for human endurance and heavenly faith.

Christmas is here! May we greet it becomingly with gladness; but whilst we celebrate the Saviour's birth let us not forget His sufferings—what they were endured for, and what his life, death, and resurrection teach. If we are selfish we are not Christlike. If we adore the feast and the paraphernalia of rejoicing, and forget the GREAT EVENT which brought the season into yearly recognition, we lose the moral virtue—the religious sanctification which Christmas yields to the spiritually-minded. Christ was active; he went about doing good. Can we find no work of goodness to do? If we really would serve Him, we must not give to our selfishness the praise which we owe to Him. Nor, desiring to yield Christ praise, can we do so with simple, earnest words only; we must work as well as talk, and then something "good will come out of Nazareth." The beauteous angels who rejoice over the conversion of sinners are watching our

doings. If we turn Christmas into a pandemonium of revelry and devilry, they will weep; but if we really and truly make the season an occasion for doing His will, and serving our Father in Heaven, we shall aid the poor, encourage the aspiring, succour the afflicted, and practically prove our Christianity in our lives. Then the good guardian angels will rejoice, and the "Christ of Bethlehem" receive the homage of real soul-worship. With these reflections we wish our readers "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

MR. D. D. HUME.

This world-renowned medium paid us a visit last week. He is looking as fresh and healthy as when he left this country, several years ago, for his famous mission to the crowned heads and nobility of the Old World—a mission that has been most effectual in spreading the truth which the spirits were able to impart through his instrumentality. We understand that he intends to return to Europe in the spring. He has now gone to visit some friends in Connecticut, and will return to this city in six or eight weeks.

On Thursday evening last he gave select readings from the poets, in the Meionaeon. Although this was his first attempt at public reading, and not being a professed elocutionist, he surprised his audience with his peculiar aptness, ability and fine oratorical powers. Our neighbors of the Post thus speaks of him: "Mr D. D. Hume, who has created an immense sensation in portions of Europe during the last three years, and who has recently returned to these shores, gave a reading at the Meionaeon Thursday evening. The audience was not large, but it was appreciative. Mr Hume reads with care and thoughtfulness, having due regard to the sentiments of an author, and is an excellent elocutionist. His efforts were rewarded with liberal applause."

Perhaps it may be well for us here to mention that some misapprehension occurred in the minds of many as to the identity of Mr Hume, as his name has been spelt and pronounced by the English, *Home*, and his publishers have made the same mistake in his book of "Incidents in my Life." It should be pronounced as it is spelled—Hume.—*Banner of Light.*

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XX.—Concluded.

Before the company separated they sat round the table, and some very decided movements took place. The table rose in mid air, turned over, and advanced to each of the people assembled, and touched them gently on the head. It then regained *terra firma*. The alphabet being in request, a communication came for Captain Stewart, purporting to be given by the spirit of a Captain Slowman, who was drowned off the Cape of Good Hope. Captain Stewart was much surprised, stating that Captain Slowman was the name of the person who had charge of a vessel called the "Georgia," in which he had himself sailed as Captain years ago.

"Have you any further communication for me?" asked Captain Stewart.

"Yes; the Georgia is wrecked."

The Captain stared—"Where?"

"Where I was drowned."

"The Cape of Good Hope. My God!" exclaimed the astounded Captain.

"And the crew?"

"All lost."

"Have you more to communicate?" No answer came. The alleged spirit was gone, and the circle broke up. Mr Humphrey took a note of the above particulars, and took farewell of his friends, stating that he should be at Humphrey Villa the next day, where any of them would be welcome. As they left Mr Nicholson's, Mr Forbes observed the surgeon's boy, who had played a prominent part amongst the audience at the lecture, dart off through a passage. He had evidently been listening at the key hole in the door of the room they had just left.

Poor Mr Bates was bewildered when Mr Humphrey returned home, with Emily and Ada. She was certain the "horrible spirits" had something to do with it, and she was more than ever con-

vinced of their devilish character; because the Rev Thomas Pearman had, on the previous Sunday evening, preached a sermon on seducing spirits. Emily and Ada, not having any instructions from their father to keep the circumstance of their dismissal from the Academy a profound secret, soon, in the openness of their natures, gave Mrs Bates cause for terrible anxiety. Her cap frills flew up, and her countenance turned white, as she listened to their story; whilst her imagination created in her mind a host of ghosts and devils which quite affrighted her. And then, when she heard that it was the intention of Mr Humphrey to have a governess in the house, she grew even more alarmed. As for Margaret, she was not at all displeased that the girls were to be at home, neither did she fear any evil consequences would accrue because of the mediumistic character of Emily.

Mrs Bates thought and prayed, and thought, until she felt it necessary to have a private consultation with Mr Pearman. Accordingly, she visited him, and with devout simplicity asked his advice.

"You must serve the devil no longer, dear Mrs Bates," began Mr Pearman, with his usual squint.

Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Do?—why, follow Christ, do your duty, and marry me—that is your only hope."

Mrs Bates was so confused that she did not ask whether Christ or himself was meant as her only hope. Formerly, the minister with all his artifices failed to reach Mr Bates' purse through her prejudices, because her affections for the Humphreys were strong. Now, however, the "horrible" nature of things appeared, to her distempered vision so horrible, that her affections were loosening. The pastor of Zion Chapel perceived his opportunity. He took one of the good housekeeper's hands, went on one knee and swore, amidst a profound profusion of squints, that he always did love her; and was now in the midst of her temptations, ready to lead her to salvation and Christ through matrimony. The spell which had linked Mrs Bates apparently for life to *Humphrey Villa*, was broken at last, and she allowed the pastor to press her hand and his suit, until she forgot herself and her money, and only thought of his devoted love. In that moment, she gave Mr Pearman her consent, and believed she was escaping from the devil by so doing.

Mrs Bates returned to *Humphrey Villa*, having allowed Mr Pearman to settle the marriage day at an early date. She was very sad at heart as she thought of the past, and it was with great difficulty she could bring herself to a confession of her intention. But it was at length done, and Mr Humphrey and his daughters all felt sad at the intelligence. Margaret was in Mrs Bates' confidence, and was consulted in all matters appertaining to the housekeeper's wedding wardrobe.

One day, whilst Mr Humphrey was meditating in his study, a letter and newspaper were given to him. He opened the envelope and read—

London.

My dear and respected friend,—

I herewith send you a copy of the *Times*, containing a paragraph on the wreck of the "Georgia," and the total loss of the crew.

Very fraternally, &c.,

CAPTAIN STEWART.

The shipwright opened the paper and read the account, which stated the wreck to have taken place off the Cape of Good Hope.

"Well, well," said Mr Humphrey, half audibly, "here is evidence for the sceptic. The spirit communications at Mr Nicholson's are now proved to have been made with a truthful purpose."

Two days after this, a letter came from Mr Forbes, containing wedding cards of invitation. He and Miss Corral were to be united at last. A week after the celebration of that nuptial ceremony, Mrs Bates became Mrs Pearman. In the meantime, a governess was engaged for Emily and Ada. Margaret, who had served as bridesmaid to the housekeeper, was, by the express wish of the little girls, instated in Mrs Bates' place.

Years passed in incessant rotation, Emily grew in likeness of her mother, and displayed very remarkable mediumistic powers—pictures, sketched with the most beautiful accuracy of design, were often produced in her presence, by the direct action of the spirits. Sometimes she would be entranced, and her vocal organs would give out oracular discourses, full of power and beauty; and even foreign languages, with which, in her normal condition, she had no acquaintance, would find expression through her organism. Ada never betrayed any mediumistic powers. She took great pleasure in encouraging her sister, and often sighed because such manifestly divine gifts were given to Emily and not to her. Mr and Mrs Peerless together frequently visited *Humphrey Villa*, and were visited in return by Emily and Ada very often at Shirley. Mrs Peerless rarely sat at the table to elicit spirit etchings now, having found the power which was given her so suddenly, suddenly leave her. As for her husband, his jolly, bluff, red face, with its accustomed smile, peered always knowingly into the faces of others, but he rarely said the manifestations were not genuine now, having witnessed so many things to puzzle him; yet he remained to the last sceptical as to the spiritual origin of what he saw.

Mr Humphrey often received visits from his wife, in his study and elsewhere, and constantly heard spirit voices cheering him on in the good work of human regeneration. He lectured in various parts of England, and then crossed the Atlantic, collecting fresh evidences, and aiding the work of his life with pen, voice, and purse. He afterwards visited Germany and France, and finally settled at *Humphrey Villa*, ready at all seasons to take up his cross and carry it through Sloughs of Despond for the sake of the spiritual kingdom beyond.

His foreman, Reuben Welch, having faithfully served him for many years, was rewarded by having his name appear as a partner in the business. He had won his position by honesty and diligence, and Mr Humphrey felt pleasure, not annoyance, at seeing the board over his yard-gates with the names—*Humphrey and Welch* printed in good sized Roman letters.

And what became of Mr Philas Polax? The last time we heard anything about him, we learned that, having failed in gulling the public with spurious phrenological charts, and anti-spiritual lectures, he was walking the streets of London, in a very threadbare black coat, and a hat that gave symptoms of decay, and a very inelegant pair of boots, very much worn at the heels, selling "a yard of songs for a penny." But since then he has been lost to his former acquaintances, and his loss has not been much felt.

READER!—Mr Humphrey's name is treasured as a household word in the hearts of thousands—he is still living, working for the advancement of mankind, guided and assisted by the spirits. Should you meet him and shake his hand, you will find a brother's loving pressure in his grasp, and a christian's living smile in his eye. The mottoes which are engraven by the hand of the Eternal on his heart are—"Peace and good will towards men," "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Christ and Heaven," and "Immortality."

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY J. H. POWELL.

'Tis Christmas morn! The sun dissolves the snow;
The birds are on the wing;
The little children, marching to and fro,
Sweet Christmas carols sing.
The bare trees stand like crownless kings,
And seem to hear the strain;
The Church bells' welcome music rings,
And dies upon the plain.

'Tis Christmas morn!—yet hearts are crushed by woe,
While Sorrow wears her weeds;
And men and women, shivering thro' the snow,
Ask for life's common needs.
The Christmas hymn, like incense rare,
Flows from the Christian's lips;
While sorrow dries the fount of prayer,
And doubts in faith eclipse.

'Tis Christmas morn!—the birth-morn of the Son—
The Christ of Bethlehem.
The sacred, sweet church-service hath begun:
Peace, peace shall rest with them
Who praise His name with lips of love,
And do his holy will;
For He looks smiling from above
On those who banish ill.

'Tis Christmas morn!—the festival of Time.
Young maidens, robed in white,
Old men, with silver hair and souls sublime,
Sing carols with delight.
The passing hours, like wizards' hops,
Dance free in love's pure beam;
While Life looks down, from Time's high slopes,
In Pleasure's circling stream.

'Tis Christmas morn! The Holly's emerald leaves
And berries red are seen,
Hung up in cot and hall, in clustering sheaves,
Like laurel in a screen.
The fairfaced youth, the maiden mild,
With bosoms touched by bliss;
And souls, like virtue undofled,
Greet Christmas with a kiss.

'Tis Christmas morn! The morn of all the morns—
The jubilee of song;
E'en the slaves, tho' lashed by thonged scorns,
Forget the pains of wrong.
The air is calm, though biting cold;
The Christmas carols rise,
And reach the Shepherd's heavenly fold,
Beyond the crimson skies.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

Under the above heading one of the editors of the "Brooklyn Eagle" furnishes the readers of that paper (of Nov. 11) with a two-column article on the physical manifestations which he witnessed at a seance at the rooms of Dr Wm. Fitzgibbons, 138 Washington-street, Brooklyn, from which we make the following extracts. The editor prefaces his account, by saying:

"When the Davenports were in Brooklyn, the 'Eagle' sent two members of its reportorial staff, on different nights, to witness their performance, and give their impressions. Our readers, no doubt, recollect what views were expressed through these columns at that time. The Davenports are now in England, but they have left behind them worthy imitators—or, if the reader prefers it, the spirits have raised new mediums, who can do all the Davenports ever did."

He then proceeds to describe the Doctor's house, the room, the instruments and the mediums, consisting of the Eddy Brothers and their sister, and Mrs Ferris. Speaking of the company present he says, "An air of distinction was given to the company by the presence of a representative of the British aristocracy, Lady Hardwicke, Mrs James Gordon Bennet, and Major Roland, of the French Army."

He then narrates in detail the performances in the cabinet, with the Eddy Brothers, which are very similar to those of the Davenport Brothers, with which our readers are already familiar. The Sister's performances, he says, were the most satisfactory. Hear what he says:

"Miss Eddy was bound alone in the closet, and coffee berries placed in her hand, the berries in each hand being counted. The doors were closed, the orchestra played 'Kingdom Coming,' in a subdued tone, and presently there appeared at the opening four hands in succession. The light was pretty low, but it could be distinguished that these hands were of different patterns, one was a black hand with a white sleeve on the arm, another arm was large and quite red. The trumpet and a bell were thrown out by these hands with considerable violence. The doors were opened, and disclosed Miss Eddy bound hand and foot, still holding the coffee berries, which were counted and found correct, nine in one hand and thirteen in the other."

This concluded the performances in the cabinet, and then followed the "circle." We quote:

"Mrs Ferris, a more intelligent and attractive medium, was taken into this part of the entertainment. Four other persons, among them the writer, joined hands with the mediums in forming the circle around the round table before mentioned. The lights were put out, leaving the room in total darkness. The various musical instruments, bells, etc., had been placed on the table. They soon began to be agitated, and, as the sound indicated, they rose from the table and floated about the room. The bell, the tambourine, the guitar could be heard playing in various directions, and the wind, made in their passage through the air felt as they passed close to the person. Occasionally they would come in contact with somebody's head. The writer was twice patted softly on the head by invisible hands, and the guitar on its travels rested for a moment on his head, playing at the time. The light was lit, and the circle was found intact, the musical instruments somewhat scattered. One gentleman of the party was not satisfied, and insisted that Mrs Ferris had manipulated the guitar. To satisfy him a new circle was formed, and the most remarkable feat of the manifestations performed. Dr F., being open to suspicion, was secured between two 'reliable gentlemen,' one holding each hand. The manifestations this time varied; there were raps on the table, and the voice of a child, clear and distinct was heard. In answer to a question, the invisible owner of the voice declared she was an Indian girl, fifteen years old. Nothing else intelligible could be got from her, except that she admired the buttons on Lady Harwicke's dress, designating that lady by a description of her hat and the colour of her hair. The light was turned on again, and things were found as before.

The third and last circle was formed by the whole company joining hands around the room, and here the most wonderful physical display occurred. * * * In a few minutes Miss Eddy, who was seated with her brother on one side, and Mrs Bennet on the other, each holding one hand, was lifted up bodily, slowly, but with an irresistible power. Mrs Bennet afterwards declared that she held on to the girl's hand as long as she could without being forced to accompany her in her flight. In a few moments a knock against the ceiling was heard, produced by the medium's head coming in contact with it. She remained suspended for a minute or two, and then was heard to come down on the table. A light was instantly struck, and Miss Eddy found standing on the table."

The editor closes his article as follows:

"The aim of the writer of this article has been to faithfully record what he saw, felt and heard. He has seen most of these manifestations before, and read of them dozens of times; they therefore, inspired him with no new feeling of wonder or curiosity. He does not pretend to account for them. In the first circle he sat between the Eddy Brothers, holding a hand of each. In the second circle he held one hand of Mrs Ferris. In the final circle

he held the hand of Mr Fitzgibbons. He noticed one thing peculiar to each of these persons: when the manifestations commenced they would be seized with a violent trembling, and twitching of the muscles, not unlike the effects produced by the shock of a galvanic battery. The symptoms were occasional, not continuous. They may be the result of 'Human Electricity'—deponent saith not. Whatever light these performances are viewed in they are curious and interesting, and as an exhibition must prove attractive there has been much time and ingenuity expended by some very sagacious people in trying to solve the mystery, or explode the trick, whichever they choose to phrase it; but as yet there has been no satisfactory solution.

After witnessing these manifestations, the editor is perplexed to account for them. He thinks 'the science of human magnetism is yet to be developed by some new Franklin; and some future Morse may make it useful by employing the mysterious power, which lifts guitars, tambourines and mediums up to the ceiling, to work grist-mills or sewing-machines, while there is no telling to what extent the musical talent may be developed under Italian masters.' Undoubtedly the science of Spiritualism will develop many more new discoveries, which will be useful and beneficial to the human race notwithstanding he insists that Spiritualism, which threatened to become the creed of an established sect, is now dead and buried. The phenomena upon which it was based are still manifested through certain chosen vessels, who yet go by the name of mediums.' And we trust he will yet live to see the use of these physical manifestations, and be able to appreciate the higher unfolding and more intellectual and spiritual part of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Perhaps some time he may be able to visit the Banner Free Circles, where he will meet with an entirely different phase of the spiritual phenomena—an intelligence that can cope with his own reasoning powers, and possibly reach his understanding."

Correspondence.

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

THE "CUI-BONO" OF SPIRITUALISM.

(To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

Sir,—Might I suggest that mere ghost stories tend but little to edification (and are in fact mostly waste of space in your journal) as compared with investigations concerning the unseen world which spiritualism, as such, implies as suitable for a publication such as yours. If persons can only be brought to dispossess themselves of the notion that the abodes of the departed are only shadowy and almost unreal localities; if persons can be brought to believe that spiritual existence, as distinguished from this mundane state of being, can subsist apart from the body, which is of the earth—earthly, and yet (though in a manner material,) inhabit a spiritual world of its own—much is gained without going further into the particular phenomena which, from time to time, occur, and which are in your pages elucidated.

One cannot help thinking thus much as to the phenomena themselves (I have witnessed none), that what is called now-a-days Spiritualism is a solution—mere conjuring will not account for any even the least of them, I am persuaded, if there be any truth in human testimony. The fact is, we are all but of yesterday and know nothing. We must needs, in many cases, fall back upon our ignorance; and the easiest way to do as regards the puzzle, is to say we know nothing. The argument of our ignorance must cut the Gordian Knot.

We are ignorant as to many phenomena in nature. Some are born into the world with a ripe-looking strawberry, as like as real, upon the head, or part of a rat's hairy skin, or mole's upon the face. Some, when bitten by a cat, have been known to go about the house actually mewing like the animal by which (when in a rabid state) they have been bitten. A limb, poisoned by the fang of a rattle-snake, has been seen to writhe about like the snake itself, and to take its colour on the skin. If, then, in these and such-like "earthly things" we must fall back upon our ignorance, how shall we be able to grapple with things evidently higher and more spiritual—at all events things more mysterious, though the phenomena above alluded to tend very much to show how and in what degree mind can act upon matter—spirit, producing so to speak, an organization altogether an analogy sufficient for our purpose.

As regards the Davenport manifestations, they seem to be somehow connected with the electricity proceeding from a circle of persons in contact one with the other, or at all events the phenomena appear to have relation with the electricity of brain, nerve, and muscle, (and such surely there is)—whatever ulterior atmospheric (or spiritual if you like,) agencies are brought into action by the electricity thus disengaged of which we know nothing; we can only see as through a glass darkly. Apologising for this hasty view of things.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

VERBUM SAT.

THE FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM.

"Come to my festivals of freedom and play at love to God, and dance the wise man's polka," say the angels of mercy and love, as they hover about our spirits when we dream of heaven and its pleasures.

"But," say the imps of passion and foolishness, "away with him and crucify him, for he is sneaking after his darling imaginary spirits, as they call them, in the table-tapping room of ignorance and superstition."

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," says the fashionable gentleman of pomp and vanity—"did Professor Anderson do their tricks? Ah, we shall find them out presently with their cousin spirits and grandfather ghosts;

we shall catch hold of their tails and hold them up to be shot at by our clever conjurers, and our first-rate clergy. Wait a short time and we will bring the s—p—i—r—i—t—s into Chancery with our electrical theories, and our theological prisons."

"Humph," says Parson Brown, "'tis not likely that God would allow his ministering spirits to tip tables and tie ropes, and all the rest of it, what rubbish to suppose: and then set to work to pull the Bible into pieces because of their insufficiency to understand it, as they and their spirits profess to untie our theological knots, and explain our miracles away into what they call laws of spirit, and spirit intercourse. Curse them, they ought to be punished and then made to follow our system of true religion, and true redemption through faith in Christ the Son, and God the Father, and God the Holy Ghost."

Such are the present expressions uttered by men of foggy brains and misty minds, of ancient misconception, and men of cruel and thoughtless minds. Cannot some great earthquake of misfortune enter their gates of iron and crush their artless palaces of stone? Yes, but not yet; stay till the world of wisdom draws near to this ball of ignorance and cruelty; stay till the man of money becomes a tool to the woman of love and wisdom, she will melt his heart and make him kneel before her powerful and attractive image of perfection; his love of beauty and truth will master his passions of anger and love of money, and will bring him into the ranks of equity, and make him follow his General of perfection and power. The man of money must be a man of wisdom when the times of goodness are come, and the good times are coming to all as soon as the great clock of eternity strikes *one*. Then will the master and servant sit down to dinner in the great hall of wisdom, decorated with evergreens of Truth and Freedom.

Behold, who cannot see the change of Old Father Christmas, his eyes are sunken, and his tongue seems to cling to his mouth as he tries to say welcome; he must die before long, and then his daughter will take his seat; she will say welcome too, but not only once a year; she will say come to my festivals of freedom and plenty, I will feed your souls with wisdom and love. Then you will say, ah! ah! we have found the world's Saviour at last, it is the daughter of wisdom. God's kingdom has come. Good, good, good! Let us thank those spirit-rappers of the nineteenth century.

[Written, while under spiritual influence, by R. Wortley.]

A CURE BY DR. J. R. NEWTON.

(Banner of Light.)

To the Publishers.—I herewith send you three dollars for your paper one year. I was advised to subscribe for it by Dr J. R. Newton, who has cured my wife of paralysis, from which she has been suffering for fifteen years the 3rd of June last. We carried her to Dr Newton in a chair; she was unable to move her feet, or lift a book with her hands. Dr Newton placed his hand upon her head, and said, "The Lord bless you; arise and walk;" and she arose instantly and walked off, well. Now this was all done without any manifestations of any kind.

I was induced to try Dr Newton, owing to the cure of Mr J. Townsend, of our town, equally miraculous, causing the greatest excitement in the neighbourhood.

Respectfully yours,

FREDERICK HUBBELL.

East Mendon, Munroe Co., N. Y., Nov. 8th, 1864.

A NOSE.—An M.D. named Barber, was elected to sit in the cabinet with the Davenport's on Monday evening last. When he came out, he informed his friends with considerable astonishment, that whilst he was inside he mentally wished his nose to be pulled—the wish was complied with, with a degree of heartiness not to be attributed to imagination.

THE ELECTRIC GIRL OF LA PERRIERE.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

(Continued from our last.)

Arrived at the French metropolis, they put up at the Hotel de Rennes, No. 23, Rue des Deux-Ecus. There, on the evening of the twelfth of February, Dr Tanchon saw Angelique for the first time.

This gentleman soon verified, among other phenomena, the following. A chair, which he held firmly with both hands, was forced back as soon as she attempted to sit down; a middle-sized dining-table was displaced and repulsed by the touch of her dress; a large sofa, on which Dr Tanchon was sitting, was pushed violently to the wall, as soon as the child sat down beside him. The Doctor remarked, that, when a chair was thrown back from under her, her clothes seemed attracted by it and adhered to it, until it was repulsed beyond their reach; that the power was greater from the left hand than the right, and that the former was warmer than the latter, and often trembled, agitated by unusual contractions; that the influence emanating from the girl was intermittent, not permanent, being usually most powerful from seven till nine o'clock in the evening, possibly influenced by the principal meal of the day, dinner, taken at six o'clock; that, if the girl was cut off from contact with the earth, either by placing her feet on a non-conductor or merely by keeping them raised from the ground, the power ceased, and she could remain seated quietly; that, during the paroxysm, if her left hand touched any object, she threw it from her as if it burned her, complaining that it pricked her, especially on the wrist; that, happening one day to accidentally touch the nape of her neck, the girl ran from him,

criying out with pain; and that repeated observation assured him of the fact that there was, in the region of the cerebellum, and at the point where the superior muscles of the neck are inserted in the cranium, a point so acutely sensitive that the child would not suffer there the lightest touch; and, finally, that the girl's pulse, often irregular, usually varied from one hundred and five to one hundred and twenty beats a minute.

A curious observation made by this physician was, that, at the moment of greatest action, a cool breeze or gaseous current, seemed to flow from her person. This he felt on his hand, as distinctly as one feels the breath during an ordinary expiration.

He remarked, also, that the intermittence of the child's power seemed to depend in a measure on her state of mind. She was often in fear lest some one should touch her from behind; the phenomena themselves agitated her; in spite of a month's experience, each time they occurred, she drew back, as if alarmed. And all such agitations seemed to diminish her power. When she was careless, and her mind was diverted to something else, the demonstrations were always the most energetic.

From the north pole of a magnet, if it touched her finger, she received a sharp shock; while the contact of the south pole produced upon her no effect whatever. This effect was uniform; and the girl could always tell which pole touched her.

Dr Tanchon ascertained from the mother that no indications of puberty had yet manifested themselves in her daughter's case.

Such is a summary of the facts embodied in a report drawn up by Dr Tanchon on the 15th of February. He took it with him on the evening of the 16th to the Academy of Sciences, and asked M. Arago if he had seen the electric girl, and if he intended to bring her case that evening to the notice of the Academy. Arago replied to both questions in the affirmative, adding, "If you have seen her, I shall receive from you with pleasure any communication you may have to make."

Dr Tanchon then read to him the report; and at the session of that evening, Arago presented it, stated what he himself had seen, and proposed that a committee should be appointed to examine the case. His statement was received by his audience with many expressions of incredulity; but they acceded to his suggestion by naming, from the members of the Academy, a committee of six.

It appears that Arago had had but a single opportunity, and for the brief space of less than half-an-hour, of witnessing the phenomena to which he referred. M. Cholet, the speculator who advanced to her parents the money necessary to bring Angelique to Paris, had taken the girl and her parents to the Observatory, where Arago then was, who, at the earnest instance of Cholet, agreed to test the child's powers at once. There were present on this occasion, besides Arago, M.M. Mathieu and Laugier, and an astronomer at the Observatory named M. Goujon.

The experiment of the chair perfectly succeeded. It was projected with great violence against the wall, while the girl was thrown on the other side. This experiment was repeated several times by Arago himself, and each time with the same result. He could not, with all his force, hinder the chair from being thrown back. Then M.M. Goujon and Lugieur attempted to hold it, but with a little success. Finally, M. Goujon seated himself first on half the chair, and at the moment when Angelique was taking her seat beside him the chair was thrown down.

When Angelique approached a small table, the instant that her apron touched it, it was repulsed.

These particulars were given in all the medical journals of the day, as well as in the "Journal des Debats" of February 18, and the "Courrier Francais" of February 19, 1846.

The minutes of the session of the Academy touch upon them in the most studiously brief and guarded manner. They say, the sitting lasted only some minutes. They admit, however, the main fact, namely, that the movements of the chair, occurring as soon as Angelique seated herself upon it, were most violent. But as to the other experiment, they allege that M. Arago did not clearly perceive the movement of the table by the mere intervention of the girl's apron, though the other observers did. It is added, that the girl produced no effect on the magnetic needle.

(To be Continued.)

A SEANCE.

On Tuesday Dec. 13th, Mr W. Wallace gave an unusually good séance. We were present, and remarked a few incidents worth noting. A Mrs P. and her husband were present; the lady sitting some distance from the table. The spirit of her father was alleged to be present. She desired to question it mentally—all her questions were answered quickly and satisfactorily. She said mentally:—

Are you the spirit of my father?—Yes.

How many years have you been dead?—Ten.

Do you know I am married?—Yes.

Well, then, tilt the table towards my husband. Immediately this was done, to her surprise. Turning to Mr

Tiffin, we said, in a low voice—too low for the medium to hear, "We wonder whether spirits move the table with hands made for the purpose." Instantly, Mr Wallace replied at length to the question, much to our satisfaction. Later in the evening we were informed that a spirit was present which had only lately passed into the spirit world. We wished to know its name. The medium said—

"What animal does the doctor use?"—"Leech," we answered. Intimations that we had spoken the name were given with eagerness.

"What, are you the spirit of John Leech, the artist?"

"Yes."

"Then kindly give us a specimen of your artistic talent."

Immediately the medium's manner changed, and we heard no more of the alleged spirit of John Leech.

THE MISSING BOOK.

I have been requested to narrate a singular circumstance connected with Spiritualism, and which, I think, of itself is ample proof that Spiritualism is both true and useful. I will endeavour to describe it just as it occurred, deviating not a word from the truth. My sister had a book, which was lent to her by a cousin. After having it in her possession for a long time, she was requested to return it as soon as convenient. But having had it so long that it was almost forgotten, she knew not where to find it. Days were spent in searching, but it was all in vain, until we began to despair of ever recovering it, when my sister said, "Suppose we consult the spirits upon the subject through the means of the table." At first we thought it would not be altogether proper; it appeared too frivolous a question to ask. But after thinking and talking over the matter for some little time, we came to the conclusion that there could not be any great harm in it; and as the losing of the book was a serious matter, we thought we would try. Accordingly, my sister, my mother, and I sat round the table, and placed our hands upon it. I read a passage of Scripture, because evil spirits cannot remain when the Word is being read. By the time the passage was finished the table began to move gently backwards and forwards. We enquired who were present, and learned one was my brother, who had left this world when a child, and who had then been dead twenty years. My sister said she had a question she wished to ask, but desired to know first whether it was proper such a question should be asked, when the table moved in a manner which indicated the question might be asked. It was accordingly put to them. They said "they would let us know where the book was." My sister then asked whether the book was in the house; they answered "yes." She then said "I will mention all the rooms, commencing at the top of the house, and when I mention the room in which the book is, please tip three times." She commenced from the attic, and proceeded until she came to the back parlour (having mentioned seven rooms), when the table tipped three times. At which we three opened our eyes rather wide, and doubted whether they were truthful spirits present, because that room had been searched thoroughly, and it was not by any means a large one. My sister enquired if the spirits present were angels of the Lord's kingdom, to which the table tipped three times. They were further asked whether they loved the Lord Jesus, to which the table tipped very quickly, pausing after every third one, which meant they did with all their heart. Then we mentioned various places in the room until we said it in the cheffonier? when the table danced about as though the spirits were highly delighted that they had made known to us where the book was. Now this cheffonier had on the top a book-case, and both were called by us the cheffonier. As all these books had been taken down and looked over it was no joke to have the task performed again; nevertheless my sister went and took every book down one by one. When the task was completed she was as far from knowing where the book was as before. She came to the table and told the spirits the book was not in the cheffonier, when they tipped the table three times, repeatedly signifying it was there. My mother then said you have not looked in the cheffonier, you have only looked in the book-case on the top of the cheffonier. On the bottom shelf of this place old books and music were stowed away. However she pulled everything out, but did not find it. While putting them away again she took up a book which was coverless, and not knowing it she began to put it away, when the table danced about as though the spirits wished to call her attention again to the book. My sister looked at it again, when, to her great surprise, that was the very book she wanted, only somehow or other it had lost its covers, and was not in a very respectable condition. This is, like many other things connected with Spiritualism, very singular, but it is nevertheless true. E.P.

LETTER TO MR BAXTER CONCERNING AN APPARITION SEEN IN ROCHESTER.

(From "Visits from the World of Spirits," 1791.)

Rev Sir,—Being informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom though a stranger, to send you this following relation.

Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house at West-Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own: there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The day before her departure, she grew impatiently desirous to

see her two children, whom she had left at home, to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home, and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of her bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she entreated them however to try: If I cannot sit, said she, I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babes.

A minister who lives in the town, was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die: but, said she, it is my misery that I cannot see my children.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning she fell into a trance. One Widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says, that her eyes were open, and fixed, and her jaw fallen: she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could perceive no breath; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead.

The next day, this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children. That is impossible, said the mother, for you have been here in bed all the while. Yes, replied the other, but I was with them last night when I was asleep.

The nurse at Rochester, Widow Alexander by name, affirms, and says, she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning, she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber, where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, (the door being left open,) and stood by her bedside for about a quarter of an hour; the youngest child was there lying with her; her eyes moved, and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse moreover says, that she was perfectly awake; it was then daylight, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in bed and looked steadfastly upon the apparition; in that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and a while after said, In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou? Thereupon the appearance removed, and went away; she slipped on her clothes and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors, and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise: at six she went again, then they arose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed: they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt: but she confidently affirmed, If ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night.

One of those to whom she made the relation, Mary, (the wife of J. Sweet) had a messenger who came from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak to her; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourse, related to her how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs Sweet's mind what the nurse had told her that morning, for till then, she had not thought fit to mention it, but disguised it, rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, next day after the burial: July 2, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her that last night: they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the other's testimony.

They all appear to be sober, intelligent persons, far enough off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie, and what temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive. Your most faithful friend and humble servant,

THOMAS TILSON.

Minister of Aylesford, near Maidstone in Kent.

LORD TYRONE AND MISS HAMILTON.

"Lord Tyrone and Miss Hamilton were nearly related, and were born in 1670. They were left orphans in infancy, and committed to the care of a person who totally neglected them, and failed to inculcate on their young minds those principles of religion which is our guide to all that is right in this world, and all that leads to happiness in that which is to come. In fact they were educated in the fatal principles of Deism till the death of their guardian. Circumstances led to their separation, when they made a solemn promise to each other, that, should it be permitted, whichever might die first would appear to the survivor and declare which religion was approved of by the Supreme Being.

Soon after, Miss Hamilton married Sir Tristram Beresford, but the change of condition did not diminish the friendship between Lady Beresford and Lord Tyrone. The families frequently spent a fortnight together, and it was some time after one of these visits, Sir Tristram remarked to his Lady, at the breakfast-table, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he inquired anxiously after her health; she assured him she was well—perfectly well. He repeated his inquiries, and begged to know if anything had disordered her imagination? She replied "No, I am as well as usual." Sir Tristram then asked her if she had sprained her wrist? "as I observe a black ribband bound round it." She answered "No, she had not in any way hurt her wrist, but (she added) let me implore you, Sir Tristram, not to inquire the cause of my wearing this black ribband; you will

never see me without it. If it concerned you as my husband, I would not for worlds conceal it. I never refused you any request, but in this instance I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and request you never to urge me further on a subject I dare not explain." "Very well, (replied Sir Tristram) since you so earnestly desire it, I will inquire no further. Do you expect any particular letter, as you are so anxious for the post?" "I do indeed, for I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; he died on Tuesday last, at four o'clock." "I never in my life imagined you superstitious, (replied her husband) but you had some idle dreams which have alarmed and terrified you." At that moment the servant opened the door and delivered a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected; he is dead." Sir Tristram opened the letter; it was from the steward of Lord Tyrone, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his Lordship had died the preceding Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

Sir Tristram entreated her to compose herself and her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him that she felt herself much easier than she had done for some time, and added "I can now communicate intelligence to you which I know will be welcome. I can assure you I am with child of a son."

Lady Beresford gave birth in July 1694, to a son, who was afterwards created Earl of Tyrone, having married Katherine, Baroness de la Poer. Sir Tristram died on 19th June, 1701.

Lady Beresford after her husband's death married General Richard Gorges, of Kilroe, Co. Meath, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, and shortly after the birth of her second daughter, Lucy Lady Howitt, she insisted on a separation, but after some time she was reconciled to her husband. The day-month after the birth of her youngest son, she invited the Archbishop of Dublin and other friends to spend her birthday with her. Among the persons invited was the clergyman by whom she had been baptised, who inquired after her health. She replied I am quite well, and I am "forty-eight this day." "Excuse me (replied the clergyman) you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many arguments as to your age, and I have at length discovered your right age, for happening to go last week to the parish where you were born, I was induced to put an end to all doubts by searching the register, and found your ladyship's age to be forty-seven this day." "You have signed my death-warrant," exclaimed Lady Beresford, "I have not much longer to live. I must therefore entreat you to leave me, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

On sending for her son and the Archbishop of Dublin, she thus addressed them. "You are no strangers to the regard which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself since our earliest infancy; we were educated under the same roof, and in the same fatal principles of Deism; when the persons under whose care we were afterwards placed discovered what was our way of thinking, they endeavoured by every means in their power to persuade us of the truth and to induce us to embrace revealed religion. Their many arguments, however, were insufficient to convince us, though powerful enough to stagger our way of thinking and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and dreadful uncertainty we made a solemn promise to each other that whosoever should happen to die first would appear, if permitted, to the other to declare if religion was made only acceptable through the merits of Jesus Christ to Almighty God. Accordingly one night when Sir Tristram and myself were in bed I awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting on the bed-side. I screamed aloud, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Tristram. 'For heaven's sake,' (said I), 'Tyrone, for what purpose did you come here at this time of night?' 'Have you then forgotten our mutual promise? Know then that I departed this life on Tuesday last, at 4 o'clock; and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you to give you an assurance that revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further permitted by the Supreme Being to inform you that you are now with child of a son, who it is decreed shall marry my daughter. Not many years after his birth Sir Tristram will die, and you will marry again, and your second husband will by his cruel treatment render your life miserable; you will bring him two sons and two daughters, and die in childhood of your second son, in your 47th year.' 'Just heavens,' I exclaimed, cannot I prevent all this?' 'Undoubtedly you may,' replied Lord Tyrone, 'you are a free agent, and may prevent all this by resisting every temptation to a second marriage, but your passions are strong, you know not their power, as hitherto you have never been tried. More I am not permitted to tell you, but if after this warning you persist in impiety your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' 'May I ask if your lot is happy or otherwise?' 'Had it not been happy I should not have been permitted to visit you.' 'I may then infer that you are happy.' He smiled. "But how when the morning comes shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real and not a dream or phantom of my imagination?" "Will not my death be sufficient to convince you?" "No, I might think it a dream, and that dream might undoubtedly come to pass. I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality." "You will have it then," said Lord Tyrone, and waving his hand the bed-curtains which were made of crimson velvet were instantly drawn through an iron hook by which the tester of the bed was suspended. "In this," (said Lord Tyrone) you cannot be mistaken, no mortal hands could have performed this." "True, said I, but when sleeping we are oftener possessed of greater powers than when awake; though I could not have done it when awake perhaps I might have done it in my sleep; I still doubt." Lord Tyrone then said, "You have a pocket-book in the leaves of that I will write." He accordingly wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still," I said, "in the morning I may doubt, though when awake I cannot mistake your hand—perhaps I possibly might." "You are hard of belief," he rejoined. "Hold out your hand." I did so. He touched my wrist, his hand was as cold as

marble, but in a moment the sinews shrunk up and every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist, it would be sacrilege.' He stopped, I turned to look at him again, he was gone. During the time I held this conversation with him my thoughts were perfectly collected, but the moment he disappeared I felt a chill of horror and every joint trembled with terror. I endeavoured in vain to awake Sir Tristram but all my efforts were ineffectual, and in this dreadful state of agitation I remained for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief and I dropped asleep."

(To be concluded in our next.)

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT.

From the *Banner of Light*.

The interest awakened in this town by the visit of Mr J. H. Randall and the Boy Medium, Henry B. Allen, warrants me in sending you this account. I might describe separately and in detail each of the nine seances I attended, but knowing your space to be precious, I only give an outline:

APPARATUS AND ITS ARRANGEMENT.

The apparatus consisted of an old-fashioned clothes-horse or bars placed standing against the wall, and thus, with the three sides of the clothes-bars and the wall, a hollow square was formed. In this square two rush-bottomed chairs were placed upon which were set the musical instruments, viz., a dulcimer and sticks, guitar, fife, and two bells, besides a slate and pencil. The clothes-bars were then covered with shawls, excepting a place in front of about two feet wide, extending from within a foot of the top to the floor. Excepting two square feet at the top, this open space was then closed by having the back of a large rocking chair put immediately in front. Thus the hollow square was made quite dark. At the left of the rocker, and facing it, stood a common reed-bottomed chair.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DECEPTION.

To guard against trickery, the whole apparatus was open to inspection; the visitors might take down the bars, examine the wall, floor, carpet, instruments, shawls, &c., which they did at nearly every seance. From their own number they then chose a committee of one to occupy the rocker. The business of this person was to see that the medium made no part of the demonstrations, and report the truth to the audience. With coat off for the purpose of more readily feeling the medium's hands, the committee and boy were seated; the boy in the chair beside the rocker. The medium's left hand grasped the left wrist of the committee, while his right hand was on his arm above the elbow.

MANIFESTATIONS.

After all parties were seated the demonstrations sometimes began immediately; at other times half an hour would elapse. At the first time the writer sat as committee there were no manifestations at all. A gentle touch upon the dulcimer was generally the commencement; then a pause and a louder touch; next, a sweep across the strings. The guitar would then be handed out through the opening above the back of the rocker. Then the dulcimer would be played; at times with a thrumming noise, then a lively tune would burst upon the ear, the committee affirming in the meantime that both the medium's hands were on his arm. Suddenly the two bells would be jingled and rung; then the slate written upon, the sound of writing being distinctly heard. The communications generally related to the seance; sometimes answers to questions. The slate and pencil were then handed to the committee, and the writing passed around for inspection. The penmanship was of different styles, of ordinary quality, and the lines generally irregular. Perhaps, next, a tune upon the dulcimer, the fife shown or thrown to some person in the audience. Sometimes it beat time on the top of the chair-back. "Pop goes the weasel" was played on the dulcimer, and the "pop" made by the fife striking the chair hard enough to have knocked a man down.

Hands were shown; three sizes could easily be distinguished—large, medium, and small, very white, unlike those of the boy. The committee's hair was often pulled, his head patted, hand shook, etc. At times the hands were shown where it was impossible for the boy to reach. These hands felt like those of a living person. The writer's hand was shook, patted, and stroked. The fingers which did this seemed a little cold, but the palm was warm. I tried to grasp the hand to hold it securely, but it slipped from beneath my fingers and patted the back of my hand. One committee took hold of the boy's right hand, and, while thus holding it, a right hand was shown.

REMARKS.

All these things happened in a small room, either in the day time, or in the evening, while a large kerosene lamp was burning. The medium was in plain sight, excepting his arms and hands. These were covered, as Mr Randall says, "for the purpose of throwing them in a negative condition corresponding with the hollow square."

About fifteen different individuals, including some of our most worthy citizens, occupied the chair, and every one was satisfied that the demonstrations were not made by the boy. One man declared that ten thousand dollars would not hire him to be in the committee's chair while those hands were being shown and the fife was striking about his head. But people are generally anxious to take this place in order to know for themselves.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr J. H. POWELL will visit Yorkshire and lecture at Richmond Monday and Thursday, Dec. 26 and 29; at Arkingarthdale, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27 and 28; & at York, Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1865. We have just received the first YEARLY DONATION of £30 which was promised a few weeks ago. Our liberal donor displays no ostentation since he forbids us publishing his name. Our thanks are all the more due on that account.

JOHN THOMAS.—Declined with thanks.

JOHN JONES.—Ditto.

—STODDART.—We shall shortly give particulars of a Spiritual Institute we are forming.

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.

All Advertisements, payable in advance, may be forwarded to Mr J. H. Powell, SPIRITUAL TIMES Office, 335, Strand, W.C.

Advertisements will be inserted as follows—Four lines, 2s.; and every additional line, 3d.; 10 words to a line. A reduction for a series of insertions by special arrangement.

Advertisements for insertion in the current week must reach the Office on or before nine o'clock on Wednesday morning.

TO THE TRADE.—The SPIRITUAL TIMES is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, by JOB CAUDWELL, 335, Strand, London, W.C.

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