

SPIRITUAL TIMES,

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL & PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,

AND

A MISCELLANY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

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

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

THE POPE'S INFALLIBLE DICTUM.

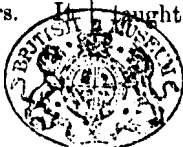
It is an important epoch which opens upon Spiritualism, when his Holiness the Pope finds it necessary to issue his *infallible* veto against Mr. Home. We are surely on the eve of an eventful victory. The political atmosphere is impregnated with spiritual elements, and all the world trembles with anticipation. The Pope has outlawed a simple gentleman, whose only fault lies in his natural mediumistic organization. What right has he to exist within the precincts of the Holy City? All the reverend fanatics who gain grace for "kingdom come" by kissing the Holy Father's toe, or performing other sacred offices in connection with their faith, must surely have quaked with awe as that simple-minded medium cultivated his taste for sculpture in the Eternal City. Perhaps the Church dignitaries thought the study of sculpture was a mere *ruse* employed by Mr. Home to gain a firm footing in the Pope's domain, that he might fleece the Pope's sheep, and possess himself of the Pope's infallible wand, that invisible instrument which enables the Holy Conjuror to transform intellect into a crouching slave, and by a process of magic, hard to understand, renders conscience a medium of subjugation. Perhaps the immaculate Pope and his friends looked upon Mr. Home as a miracle more marvellous than the miracles of their Church. Be that as it may, Mr. Home was ordered off unceremoniously, and the nerves of the infallible Pope, which received unpleasant magnetic vibrations from Mr. Home's presence, were allowed to reharmonise to their native influences. It is a sad thing for a private gentleman to possess distinguishing features obnoxious to the Pope; aye, and it is a sad thing that a Church should need a temporal ruler, who, while claiming infallibility, finds himself so fallible as to suffer jealousy and indignation at the approach of a foreigner. One would have thought, as a matter of policy, the Pope would have hailed the appearance of a man like Mr. Home, and adopted means at a compromise, rather than bull-like issue a *bull* against him. But there is no accounting for the vagaries of Popes, any more than Emperors.

is now a matter of history—the great medium has entered the Eternal City, and has found it no place for him. The Holy Father being infallible, cannot do wrong, therefore the question, who was in the right, Mr. Home or his Popeship? needs no putting. We feel the solemn awfulness of the occasion, as we dare, with our impious hand, to dot down a few thoughts on the subject. One thing we will tell the reader, by way of friendship. The organ of *reverence* is rather small in us. He will, perhaps, now understand why we have not used with becoming moderation, the Pope's vernacular, and solemnly sworn that being a Pope he cannot be a man, and therefore not being a man, he must be a Pope, that is, an approximation to greatness without its genius. Do not be alarmed, kind reader, we do not intend mystifying you any more than we can help, but in trying to recognise in full the the infallible fallibleness of the Pope, we see things clearly, but in trying to portray the Pope's immaculate infallibleness we become so mystified that we beg leave to halt.

Well, the Pope, after all, is but a Pope, and an extremely Popish being he is. He has bundled off Mr. Home, but, what is that? The Pope was himself bundled out of Rome once, by the propelling force of Italian heroism. But then he was only driven into the arms of a protector. He got back again, guarded not by walls of faithful Italian hearts, but walls of French bayonets.

Had we been in Rome when the Pope was triumphantly reseated on his throne, perhaps his reverend aged hairs, not knowing whether to stand up in terror, or lay down in fear, would have appealed to us with all the eloquence aged hairs can appeal, to let into our hearts compassion for his great sorrows; but we are certain we should have been influenced by what was human about him, not by his infallible powers, because how could an infallible Pope work for himself grief? Here we are again litching at that intolerable infallibility. Suppose Mr. Home had remained in Rome, would the spirits have allowed him to share the Pope's laurels? or would the spirits have deserted him to favor the Pope's myrmidons, or even the Pope himself? But it is useless speculating; the veteran ruler of Romanism having found himself reinstated since 1848, knows the infallible nature of bayonets, in the hands of a French army. We wonder if he ever discusses the subject of infallibility with that wonderful fact in view. Who had the infallibility then? the Pope or the French soldiery? Echo answer, please. And who had the infallibility when those noble patriots, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Orsini, and others, sent the old man off to seek aid from Napoleon?

There was a time, even in England, when educated people taught the idea that kings can do no wrong. That time has



passed, thanks to the progress of thought. But Rome is still under the shadow of *statu-quoism*. No pious Romanist dare say the Pope *can* do wrong, if he do, so much the worse for himself, he then consents to accept a creed at the hands of his priest, and yet he dares not judge for himself. It comes to him unalterable as far as he is concerned, and he must accept it as it is, or be pronounced a heretic, and be subjected to excommunication. One half the world is now under the yoke of priestcraft; conscience, freedom of thought, the noblest prerogatives of intellect, are enthralled. A paralyzed condition of brain develops unhealthy life in the vital parts, and all that belongs to humanity and God is gloomily suppressed, or, at least, assailed by *infallible* dogmas which revolutionise the reason, and set the faculties of investigation at rest. At least, this would always be the case if nature were not more potent than Popes, and God more just. We wish not to single out special foibles and weak points in the Roman Catholic faith—it may be enough for us to look at home in our own Anglican Churches. There we shall find enough to affright us from all propriety, in the shape of Pagan forms and priestly misrule. But at present the Pope—the Pope's the thing we must look at. He has outlawed Mr. Home, and by that act brought a host of reflections to our mind. What will be the order of his infallible rule next? Shall we have two eclipses of the sun in one day, and four-and-forty earthquakes in one year? Will Jupiter thunder at the gates of Paradise, that all the Pope's minions may enter Heaven in a body, so that the first position may be secured and guarded for his Popeship? The Pope has outlawed Mr. Home,—are the large whales and little sprats in the sea good Catholics, that they may leap and shake their tails in extacies? The Pope has shut out from the seven hills Mr. Home,—will not all the birds of the air sing a chorus to the honor of the infallible Pope? Let the four winds of Heaven hear it,—the Pope has exiled Mr. Home. Let all the stars shed forth their fullest luminence, and the grand old sun and mystic moon hallow the event. Oh that the Pope, like King Canute, would sit upon the sea-beach, and when the approaching waves rolled towards the shore, in a voice lusty and full of potent Pope-power, would command the advancing tide to recede, that he might let the people know how the waters would mock his infallibility, and laugh at his Popish pride!

Mr. Home is now in London. What his own reflections may be we cannot know, but we suppose the incidents of his expulsion will have their effect in touching the springs of freedom, and causing the world at large to learn, that if the Pope can exile a stranger, he cannot move Vesuvius, or crush one single spark of the everlasting truth.

Mr. R. Cooper's Lectures.

Mr. R. Cooper has gone from town to town, carrying with him the blessed truths of his own experiences of Spiritualism. He has chosen his task, and not having bargained for any particular kind of weather, has found the sun a great counter-attraction to the lecture hall; nevertheless he has met with several pleasing incidents to give him courage to go on with the good work. At Southsea, after the lecture, Mr. Cooper was invited by a lady and gentleman to their residence. The lady had had some few indications of spirit reality, being gifted with spiritual vision. Mr. Cooper had the satisfaction of astonishing both the lady and her husband, by causing her to draw, under the influence of another medium, some good landscape scenery and some flowers.

At Ryde, one gentleman bore testimony to the truths of the phenomena, but did not attribute them to spiritual agency. A doctor also took part in the interest of *matter*, by making his *gravitatory* objections very audible. At Ventnor, the Rector of Bonchurch courteously expressed himself satisfied with the lecturer's honesty, but quoted Scripture and argued energetically to prove the manifestations of the devil. One gentleman said he was not so satisfied the rev. gentleman could establish his position. A party then assembled round a table on the platform, and manifestations were elicited.

Wherever the subject is introduced it is evident there is a lively interest displayed. Mr. Cooper will finish his tour next week. It is to be hoped he will find sufficient good accomplished to compensate for the fatigue and expense of the journey. At the best we can but look forward to uphill work whilst Spiritualism is unpopular.

Spiritualism in the Middle Ages.

MIRACLES OF ST. BERNARD.

Speaking of the Roman Church, it is remarked by VAUGHAN, that, "Her history is dotted all along with seemingly well authenticated and well corroborated facts which go to prove that faith is something more than a superstitious fancy." Thus, in the twelfth century, St. Hildegard is said to have received revelations and spiritual visions—to have been surrounded at times with a divine radiance, and to have possessed supernatural gifts of language and prophecy; of discerning the thoughts of others, and of healing diseases; nor was this accredited only by the vulgar, or by ignorant or knavish monks; St. Bernard makes no doubt of the reality of her spiritual gifts and desires a place in her prayers. "Haughty nobles and learned ecclesiastics," says Vaughan, "sought her counsel, and Emperors and Popes corresponded on familiar terms with the seeress."—*Hours with the Mystics*.

"St. Bernard, the most marked representative and fitting type of that central period of the Middle Ages, had visions and revelations, in which future events were revealed to him, and which he predicted with the greatest particularity and accuracy. Further, his recent biographer, Mr. MONROE, (who himself is steeped to the chin in incredulity) gives this relation (Book iv., Chap. 2):—

"But if we are to believe the testimony of eye-witnesses—ten eye-witnesses—there was that in Bernard's progress through the Rhine country which might well excite the intensest curiosity and admiration. His journey, we are told, was marked by a constant exhibition of miraculous power, a power not obscurely or furtively displayed, but of daily recurrence before large multitudes. Herman, Bishop of Constance, and nine others, kept a diary of what they saw with their own eyes; 'Many miracles from this time shone forth, which, if we should pass over, the very stones would proclaim.' * * * The halt, the blind, the deaf and the dumb, were brought from all parts to be touched by Bernard. The patient was presented to him, whereupon he made the sign of the cross upon the part affected, and the cure was perfect. The church bells sent forth a merry peal, and a chorus of voices was heard singing, 'Christ have mercy on us, *Keyrie eleison*, all the saints help us.' Indeed, this chanting was well understood to mean by those too far off to see, that Bernard had just performed another miracle. At Cambury, we read:—'In the Church of St. John, after the mass, a boy, deaf and dumb from his mother's womb, received his hearing, and spoke, and the people wondered. He had sat down beside me, deaf and dumb, and having been presented to Bernard, in the self-same hour he both spoke and heard. The joyful excitement was scarcely over before a lame old man was raised up, and walked. But now a miracle occurred which, beyond all others, filled us with astonishment. A boy, blind from his birth, whose eyes were covered with a white substance—if indeed those could be called eyes in which there was neither colour, nor use, nor even so much as the usual cavity of an eye, this boy received his sight from the imposition of Bernard's hand. We ascertained the fact by numerous proofs, hardly believing our senses, that in such eyes as his any sight could reside.' In the same place, a woman who had a withered hand was healed. 'In the town of Rosnay, they brought to him in a waggou a man ill and feeble, for whom nothing seemed to remain but the grave. Before a number of the citizens and soldiers, Bernard placed his hands upon him, and immediately he walked without difficulty; to the astonishment of all, he followed on foot the vehicle in which he had just been carried.'

"On another day we came to Molesme, which is a monastery from which formerly our fathers went forth who founded the order of Citeaux. It was on Wednesday, and they received the man of God with great devotion. When Bernard was seated in the guest-house, a certain man, blind with one eye, came in, and falling on his knees, begged his mercy! Bernard made the sign of the cross with his holy fingers, and touched his blind eye, and immediately it received sight, and the man returned thanks to God. About an hour afterwards, as it was getting dusk, the holy man went out to lay hands on the sick who were waiting before the doors. The first who was cured was a boy blind with the right eye, who on shutting the left eye, with which alone he had seen previously, discerned all things clearly, and told at once what anything was which we showed to him. And again, at the same place, a little girl who had a weakness in the feet, and had been lame from her birth, was healed by the imposition of hands; and her mother bounded for joy, that now for the first time she saw her child standing and walking. Such is the record left by men who had probably as great a horror of mendacity as any who have lived before or after them."

"The following year, in France, the same marvels accompanied him. Godfrey (his secretary) gives the following instance of his abbot's supernatural power, of which he was himself eye-witness. 'At Toulouse, in the church of St. Saturninus, in which we were lodged, was a certain regular canon, named John. John had kept his bed for seven months, and was so reduced that his death was expected daily. His legs were so shrunken that they were scarcely larger than a child's arm. He was quite unable to rise to satisfy the wants of nature. At last his brother canons refused to tolerate his presence any longer among them, and thrust him out into the neighbouring village. When the poor creature heard of Bernard's proximity, he implored to be

taken to him. Six men, therefore, carrying him as he lay in bed brought him into a room close to that in which we were lodged. The abbot heard him confess his sins, and listened to his entreaties to be restored to health. Bernard mentally prayed to God:—"Behold O Lord, they seek for a sign, and our words avail nothing, unless they be confirmed with signs following." He then blessed him and left the chamber, and so did we all. In that very hour the sick man arose from his couch, and running after Bernard, kissed his feet with a devotion which cannot be imagined by any one who did not see it. One of the canons meeting him nearly fainted with fright, thinking he saw his ghost. John and his brethren then retired to the church and sang a *Te Deum*."

We learn that Bernard himself became perplexed and uneasy at these wonders. He knew that they were not done by his own power, and disclaimed all merit in them. He said:—"I can't think what these miracles mean, or why God has thought fit to work them through such a one as I. I do not remember to have read, not even in Scripture, of anything more wonderful. Signs and wonders have been wrought by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor deceit. I know I have not those saintly merits which are illustrated by miracles. I trust, however, that I do not belong to the number of those who do wonderful things in the name of God, and yet are unknown of the Lord." At last, he concluded that miracles were wrought not for the sake of him through whom they were wrought, but for the good of those who see them or hear them; in order that they might be admonished, and stimulated to a more active love of holiness.

"Our old English chroniclers—not merely the most credulous, such as Roger of Wencover, but the more trustworthy, like William of Malmesbury, and the venerable Bede, abound with stories of spirit revelation by voice and vision.† The illustrious Dr. ARNOLD, thinks that as a general rule the student should disbelieve these accounts—"But," he adds, "with regard to some miracles, he will see that there is no strong *a priori* improbability in their occurrence, but rather the contrary; as, for instance, where the first missionaries of the gospel in a barbarous country are said to have been assisted by a manifestation of the spirit of power, and if the evidence appears to warrant his belief, he will readily and gladly yield it. And in doing so he will have the countenance of a great man (Burke), who, in his fragment of English History, has not hesitated to express the same sentiments. Nor will he be unwilling, but most thankful, to find sufficient grounds for believing that not only at the beginning of the gospel but in ages long afterward, believing prayer has received extraordinary answers, that it has been heard even in more than it might have dared to ask for. Yet again, if the gift of faith—the gift as distinguished from the grace—the faith which removes mountains, has been given to any in later times in remarkable measure, the mighty works which such faith may have wrought cannot be incredible in themselves to those who remember our Lord's promise; and if it appears from satisfactory evidence that they were wrought actually, we shall believe with joy."

"This passage occurs in the *Lectures on Modern History*, delivered by Dr. Arnold, to his pupils at Oxford University, and he has wisely expressed himself cautiously, and in the most guarded manner; but his observations display in a marked degree the spirit in which these investigations should be conducted, and the principles by which our judgment should be determined. I would earnestly commend them to the consideration of both clerical and lay critics of spiritual phenomena.—*The Two Worlds*, by Thomas Brevior."

* Mr. MORISON here remarks in a foot note:—"This account would seem to have been drawn up with the express purpose of avoiding cavil and of attracting notice. The number and character of the witnesses are given, and they solemnly assert that they saw with their own eyes the miracles recorded. A very scanty *spicelegium* has been given above. See St. Bern. Op., Vol. II., Col. 1165, *et seq.*"

† One of these narratives has furnished the subject of Alexander Smith's recent Epic—*Edwin of Deira*. According to this story, as told by Bede and others, Prince Edwin, driven from his native kingdom, wandered about in exile; at the lowest point of his fortunes, there one night appeared to him an apparitional man, who conversed with him, encouraged him with prophecies of a successful future, and having hinted that there was a better religion than Paganism, laid his hand on the Prince's head, telling him to remember that sign, for that at a future time it would be repeated, when more would be revealed to him. All turned out as had been predicted. And years afterwards, when a favourable opportunity presented itself for abjuring the old religion in favour of Christianity, and the king hesitated, and anxiously debated the question; lo! the apparitional man, with the well-known sign, came to him again. The king then called his council together, and after solemn deliberation, Paganism was abandoned, and the king and his subjects were baptised, and embraced the Christian faith.

Correspondence.

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

The Degrading Nature of Medium Revelations.

[THIRD LETTER.]

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—Let me offer a few remarks in answer to your leader of 7th of May.

One of my complaints was that spirit messages, where they were received through a medium instead of direct from the original sender, were unsatisfactory. In answer, you allude to the real messages couched in songs, in the productions of the poet and the painter, &c., and say that these (writing my words) are indirect, being colored by

the idiosyncrasy of the soul through which they come. My expression was, however, idiosyncracies, in the plural; and surely there is a great difference between a message delivered through one, or an infinite number of media (how many it is impossible to ascertain), before it ever reaches the earth at all, and then translated through at least one human medium previous to its reception by the person for whom it is intended, and this while it is acknowledged that the spirits are open to the charge of deception and trickery, whatever the medium may be. There is, I repeat, a great difference surely between the probability of the correctness of such a communication, and that of the absolutely direct one received from the singer, poet, or painter. The sweet strains of a Jenny Lind, which you instance, are no garbled messages, filtered through a dozen degrees of impurity, but the clear waters of song drawn from their source. Ask a medium to interpret Jenny Lind's rich notes, and you would receive, it appears to me, abundant proof of the fallacy of your own theory and the correctness of mine. In the one case the message would be received direct; in the other it would be hardly recognizable. The thoughts of Shakspeare, and those of modern poets, come to us through no medium, but direct and unfettered; indeed, actually more so than if they were not written down. If a message requires much exaltation, long thought, extreme care to prepare it, then frequently it will reach the mind with more precision and safety, and produce more lasting effect if written down than if spoken, as in the latter case it might lose in temperateness, logic, and exactness. Far be it from me to deny that there are sentiments and feelings which glorify humanity, that few can express in words, nay, it is probable that every intellectual mind and feeling heart experiences phases of thought and emotion quite untranslatable; but this is getting wide of the subject. Certainly, the spirits of these later days do not appear in the least capable of helping us in this particular. Nay, they are even less capable than ourselves: their only conceivable superiority being, as Macdonald expresses it, in their separation from the body; but some of us would still rather consider the not to be dispised covering which God has given us, as a more satisfactory and respectable residence for the spirit than a cheap specimen of upholstery! If after getting rid of "life's fitful fever" our revisitations of the glimpses of the moon are to be managed through three-legged stools and chairs and tables, the prospects before us wonderfully darkens in the hazy twilight of modern Spiritualism!

Your remark as to the translation of the Bible does not touch the case in point. All parties agree that at least the sense of the original remains unimpaired.* The great truths of the Bible, those by which men of all parties live and die, are certainly not those which any squabbles over a translation will affect, so far as their real influence over mankind goes. They convinced themselves to the mind first by their reasonableness and beauty, but they gain their real effect by trial and practice. In the opposite case, that of messages from spirits through media, the mind revolts from the unreasonableness and uncouthness of the arrangement, and it does not yet appear that the revelations are of any especially high and pure character, assuredly not more so than what we already have from other sources.

Another complaint of mine was that, strange to say, no explanation is given by the spirits why they cannot communicate direct with their friends here instead of through a medium. In reply to this you assert that a poet cannot explain the reason why he cannot become the cause of poetry in others! But my dear Mr. Editor, the reason of this is solely because he cannot explain his own nature. Who amongst us can explain the principle of thought? But it is easy enough here to explain such simple hindrances to personal communication as exists. Are we to suppose the spirits less capable in their spheres than we are in ours? In that case it is a second rock ahead in the haze of the future prepared for us by this modern science!

There is nothing unreasonable, when spirits are supposed to volunteer communications and answer enquiries, in expecting them to inform us in what way we can obtain direct communion. There is, however, something strangely suspicious and repugnant to common sense in the way in which those (very) ethereal beings shirk any fresh revelations, and shrink from too direct questions which are calculated too deeply to probe the concerns of the spirit world—and there is also something strangely exciting in the argument, which runs as follows:—"Ask of the flower, why it yields honey to the bee and not the ox—of the sea, why its buried treasures do not come to light, and then ask the spirits why they do not reveal the simplest conditions of their being?" In the one case we do not need to make the enquiries, already possessing the reasons without the trouble of questioning; or, did we not know them, could we question *inanimate* objects, such as flowers, and waves? In the other case, we have but one possible way of unravelling the mystery, and we very properly ask, at least, that the said one way shall be left open to us. Spiritualism claims to be considered a matter of fact, not of faith. The argument, therefore, that we take the events of past ages on historic evidence is one side of the mark. Spiritualism is a matter of the present day amongst us, and we have a right to ask that the spirits shall prove their own existence so irrefragably that doubt shall be impossible. Either much more must be done, or much less; either we must return to the belief that at long intervals and uncertain periods, and never without a specific purpose, a communication from the world beyond may be said by the credence of ages to have been established to the general mind as possible; or, we must have such direct and personal communion, such positive evidence to the mind and the senses that the time has come for a greater approximation of the two worlds, that evasion shall be impossible. The matter seems so extremely simple, that the very fact of the haziness of the present so-called communications is a great argument against their authenticity. Let any one ask himself, were he permitted to send messages above, and to talk to his friend who had "shuffled off this mortal coil," whether he could fail to be more pertinent, clearer, nay, I may say truthfuller and more reverent, than the mediums make out the spirits to be. Either the poor spirits are woefully used in the translation of their wisdom into earthly dross, or they must be truly

"the *canaille* of the other world," and as such unworthy of credence or hearing in many instances.

It would be easy enough to say much more, but to avoid too long a letter, I conclude with this notice of your principal arguments, and again thanking you for the temperate tone taken in discussion, and trusting you will favor me with the promised medals by return of post,

I remain, yours truly,

Borth, North Wales,
May 12th, 1864.
E. C. MOGRIDGE.

NOTE.—Dr. Moses Stuart observes, "In the Hebrew MSS. that have been examined some 800,000 various readings actually occur as to Hebrew consonants. How many as to vowel-points, and accents, no man knows. But at the same time it is equally true that all these taken together do not change or materially affect any important point of doctrine, precept, or even history. A great proportion, indeed, the mass of variations in Hebrew MSS. when minutely scanned amount to nothing more than the difference in spelling a multitude of English words, such as honor for honour, &c. Indeed, one may travel through the immense desert, so I can hardly help naming it, of Kennicott and De Rossi, and not find game enough to be worth the hunting."

When Professor Zeuzel published his New Testament with various readings, great expectations were excited, but although 40,000 various readings were discovered (Olahuser remarks) in the MSS. the New Testament was hardly altered thereby—certainly not in spirit.

Right or Wrong.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—It is often more easy to ask questions than satisfactorily to answer them, and when Mr. Wood requests me to give my standard of personal identity he desires me to do that, the duty of which rests upon himself and those who hold similar opinions, and not upon those who doubt or disbelieve the professed identity of the communicating spirits.

If I can show that the evidences for identity which are usually urged as satisfactory are not so, then it is the business of my opponent to show that the evidences are so, or adduce other and more satisfactory arguments in the defence of the validity of the representations which the invisibles give in proof of their personal identity.

Mr. Wood says he thinks he has sufficient evidence of personal identity to "satisfy any sane mind," and that he has had ocular proofs of the personal identity of the spiritual agents with whom he has communicated. Let us look at his "ocular proof" for a few minutes. Did he see the spirits, or did he merely see the forms which the spirits took for the occasion? We have presented to us at spiritual *séances* "spirit-hands," "spirit-bodies," "spirit-flowers," and "spirit-odours," are these really spiritual? or, admitting that they are objective, are they not merely forms of matter designed and moulded by invisible spirits for the purpose of manifesting their presence? I think that, so far as modern sought manifestations are concerned, they are probably the latter, and give no really satisfactory proof of personal identity in any one instance.

Mr. Wood's "four proofs" by which we identify persons in the flesh are no proofs at all when applied to spirits. In the first instance spirits, according to modern spiritual experience, modify their modes and forms of presentation as frequently as they think proper, and thus have the power to deceive us to the bent of our inclinations. Not so with persons in the flesh; they have little power of changing their personal appearance. 2nd. Tone of voice alone would be no guide to our knowledge of persons in the flesh unless we had ocular and tactile proofs. I know brothers whose voices are so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish who speaks unless they at the same time can be seen; and I know persons in the flesh who have such great powers of imitation that they can imitate almost perfectly any human voice. 3rd. We cannot with any certainty say that we have seen any given spirit "at various times and places," because we have no incontrovertible proof of personal identity in any one case. 4th. Reference to matters known between two persons only is no proof of identity even in this world, because there are undoubted cases of *rapport* and thought reading, and if persons with bodies in exceptional cases can accomplish this effect, it is more than probable that beings disembodied have still greater powers of thought-reading. I doubt if there be anything that is known to two persons alone; all our actions and motives may be as open to the inhabitants of the spiritual world as our merely physical and bodily actions are open to each other here. There are probably no such things as hidden actions, darkness may present no obstacle to the seeing of the vilest or purest deeds. Notwithstanding Mr. Wood's assertion that "all these proofs spirits have given," I reply that singly or collectively they are not proofs at all. Mr. Wood's reference to Swedenborg is no more satisfactory than his previous illustration. I believe him to have been a man of great natural and spiritual gifts, but am far from receiving all the accounts he gives us of intercourse with spiritual beings, and think it possible, if not probable, that he was the victim of delusion in some, perhaps in many, it may be in all instances, and gave subjective impressions, produced by invisible agents, as *bona fide* impressions from external objects, or visible beings who seemed to him to be in conversation with him after the manner of ordinary mortals.

The references to Judge Edmonds are substantially those of spiritualists generally, who have witnessed the more advanced phenomena. I do not deny any of his alleged facts, but simply the inferences he draws from them. How, for example, could the Greek merchant know that the spirit inspiring the medium was a friend of his? Could not any spirit with a knowledge of Greek, and with the power of reading the mind of the Greek questioner, do the same thing? How then could identity in that case be established?

Sudden difficulties present themselves in the cases of Mr. Mansfield and A. J. Davis. How can they know the forms that present themselves, or how know they that beings in the spiritual state have not the power of changing their appearance or outer embodiments at will? Excuse me saying that I do not "give the lie to testimony and evidence from witnesses whose credentials are of the most exceptional character." I only state, and have endeavoured to prove, that the inferences they draw from the phenomena they witnessed are invalid.

I note Mr. Wood's remarks respecting my solution of Professor Hare's message being "simply ridiculous and absurd," as he represents it; it is, sir, as matter, manifest intelligence; but such a statement I never made, as will easily be proven by reference to my previous letter. As a searcher after truth I am willing to accept all alleged facts and inferences that come with truth's credentials, but, don't blame me if I say that the evidences of personal identity that are adduced are unsatisfactory. Mr. Wood asks me to give evidence that the Almighty has employed angels, and not departed human beings, to be His messengers to mankind, and requests an enumeration of texts. The Bible is full of passages asserting that angels visited mankind, and Mr. W.'s assertion that angels have been men on this or some other planet is easily made, but not so easily proven. If, however, it is true, still I may be quite correct in asserting that the Almighty used for the most part beings from a "foreign realm" to communicate with man, as certainly an inhabitant of the sun, or Sirius, or Arcturus, would be a person from a "foreign realm."

Mr. Wood contrasts and compares Daniel with Swedenborg and others. The question we have at present to determine is not, are the Bible descriptions of spiritual manifestations true? but, are the modern manifestations sufficient to determine personal identity?

I read Mr. Howitt's article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, August, 1863, when it appeared, and have re-read it without any alteration in my sentiments. Perhaps Mr. Wood will peruse the following extract from Mr. Howitt's last letter, which appears in the *Spiritual Magazine*, May, 1864, page 201, in which he describes the experiences of M. Hornung, a German investigator. Speaking of the movement, he observes: "Did these movements and these verbal communications come from a mere natural force, or from distinct and living spirit? And the spirits themselves, many of them, did their best to mystify him. They frequently said they were merely force, but a conscious, reasoning force. Others said that they were only his own spirit operating through the instrument; others that they were the associated spirit of the company. Hornung did not suffer himself to be perplexed or daunted. He put all down, and went on, intending to draw his own conclusions when he had facts enough. In awhile the pretended force in every case resolved itself into a mere agent, and individual spirits presented themselves, giving their antecedents in this world, the names, trades or professions, and places of abode previous to their decease. Whenever he could test these statements he did, and was sometimes mortified to find no traces of any such persons; sometimes more astonished at the accuracy of the report of themselves. From this he drew the conclusion, which all spiritual inquirers are soon brought to, that the outskirts of the spiritual regions, abutting on the earth, abound with all sorts of liars and low creatures, who are only too glad to thrust themselves in and talk, and that he could only believe on the completest evidence."

I have endeavoured to meet the arguments of my opponent fairly and openly. I have not even described them as "ridiculous and absurd," being desirous, calmly and dispassionately, to enquire after truth, and to hold it, when found, as a priceless treasure.

I am, yours truly,

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
May 14th, 1864.

T. P. BARKAS.

Spiritualism versus Christian Orthodoxy.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—Without replying to the personal remarks of your correspondent "D' Esprit," in his last letter, which were certainly uncalled for, and unworthy of the writer, I proceed to take up the controversial gauntlet which he has thrown down, and resume my defence of the most fundamental doctrine of Christianity,—the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Were I to do as "D' Esprit" has suggested, and meet him on all his "thirteen" points, so as to do justice to each, I should require a special number of your journal, but I will endeavour, as briefly as is consistent with clearness, to answer the most important of his statements.

And first, I must deprecate the pitting of one translation against another. It is an old sectarian trick to smooth down difficult passages on the ground of mis-translation. I believe the authorised version to be as free from error as it is possible for a work of the kind to be. If we must quarrel with the text as it stands, let us examine the original, and carefully analyse it. Why should Griesbach, or Sharpe, or Grotius, be more infallible than earlier translators? The texts in support of the Godhead of Christ are, however, so numerous that it can be proved even from Unitarian editions of the Bible, in the same way that the Douay version exposes the errors of the Roman branch of the Church Catholic. I assert that the whole Word of God is full of evidence that Christ is God, that in Him is contained the Divine Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and that He is now, in His glorified and Divine Humanity, the only true object of Christian worship.

Before citing additional proof, it has become necessary to substantiate my previous texts. St. Jude 25 is not an "incorrect translation," the words in the Greek meaning literally, *to God the Saviour of us*, and immediately followed by the laudatory expressions. I should be glad if "D' Esprit" would shew me where the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord" occur in the original, and if he cannot, thy

must be an interpolation of Griesbach, and cannot be accepted on "D' Esprit's" *ipse dixit* as the correct translation. Rev. i. 8, is too plain to be mistaken: "I am Alpha and Omega," &c., and the assertion is repeated in the 11th and 17th verses, followed by the words, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death." Will "D' Esprit" insist upon it that this, which is a continuation of the same address, is also spoken "of the Father through the Son?" Isaiah xlv, 21, 22, is as follows: "There is no God else beside me, a just God and a Saviour, there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." Compare this with Acts iv, 17: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." If there is no Saviour but Jehovah, and if Jesus be our only Saviour, Jesus must be identical with Jehovah. Again, compare Isaiah xlv, 23: "Unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear," with Philip ii, 10, 11: "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

The "omniscience" of Christ is denied because He said "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, not even the Son, but the Father only." "D' Esprit" must recollect that although Jesus was "in the form of God," and "thought it not robbery to be equal with God," yet He "was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself." (Philip. ii, 6, 8.) His Humanity was not omniscient: that was no part of His humiliation. In His Humanity, He prayed to the Father, resisted the temptations of evil, was weary and thirsty, suffered in the garden and on the cross. It was the Father in the Son, the Divine in the Human, or strictly speaking, *Deus in homine*, which was "omniscient"; hence our Lord says, "The Father who dwelleth in me: He doeth the works"; and again, "I can of my own self do nothing." But which the Humanity was fully glorified, it also became Divine, and after the resurrection, we do not find Him praying to the Father, or depreciating Himself, but He then says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

I do not think "D' Esprit's" explanation of the latter text at all overthrows its evident sense, or proves that Christ is not omnipotent, and if He be omnipotent, He must be omnipresent, for if He could not be present in more places than one, His would be a limited power. It is easy for one person to talk of being present "in spirit" with another, but neither actively nor passively is such presence realised. St. Paul does not add to his words, "I am with you in the spirit," those of Christ, "and that to bless you."

Referring to the 1st chapter of St. John, if *logos* mean "wisdom, reason, life," &c., then wisdom, reason, or life, is respectively God, for the nominative case is used, and not the genitive or dative. It does not say the Word was "of," or "from," or "to" God, but "the Word was God." The passage, "All things were made by Him" is also borne out by Coloss. i, 15 to 17: "Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature, for by Him were all things created. . . . and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." Besides, in John i, 14, it continues, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," the same word, *logos*, being employed, which prevents the possibility of further doubt.

"D' Esprit" has challenged me to enumerate the instances where Christ permitted worship to be paid to Him. The Bible, I must premise, prohibits adoration or worship of any but God, and therefore, if Christ was not God, the Jews were perfectly justified in accusing Him of blasphemy, because "He, being a man, made himself equal with God." I have only space for a few references which will sufficiently answer my purpose. He is worshipped by the wise men (Matt. ii, 11); by the leper (Matt. viii, 2); by the ruler (Matt. ix, 18); by the disciples (Matt. xiv, 33); by the woman of Canaan (Matt. xv, 25); and again by the disciples (Matt. xxviii, 9, 17). These are from one "Gospel" only. The Epistle to the Hebrews, 1st chapter, contains these words: "God hath spoken to us by His Son, by whom also He made the worlds." "Let all the angels of God worship Him." "Unto the Son He saith, Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

I can only repeat, that if Spiritualism teaches us to "deny the only Lord God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ," it is not of divine origin, and must be the work of deceiving spirits. But, perhaps, "D' Esprit's" opinions are not common to Spiritualists; if so, I am open to conviction.

Yours truly,

ALBERT SAYER.

Iver, 16th May, 1864.

Personal Testimony.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—Among the various opinions given in your valuable weekly publication, relative to Modern Spiritualism, its utility, its satanic origin, &c., &c., I would wish to place mine; I therefore venture to address you respecting some little experience which I have had in it these last three years. The result being my belief that the communications given at *séances* are not produced by any merely combined mental action of the persons present, but that they proceed from an independent source, which, for the time being is connected with the sitters by mental or magnetic affinity. I also believe that as the circle may predominate in its united action, either for good or evil, that spirits of like nature are attracted to it and communicate.

Premising thus far I would beg to lay before your readers an abstract of a sitting held by our small circle, and incline to think that if the truths of Spiritualism were sought for in a reverent manner, much

information of a consolatory and re-assuring character would be given to us, and that the doctrines of our Saviour would be illustrated by them in a manner more convincing than any other conceivable method.

The *séance* to which I refer was held on the evening of Sunday, December 27th, 1863. There were four present, myself included. The Medium was my sister, Mrs. J. Broad. After some preliminary raps and movement with a communication for us to sit more frequently, or else we should lose power, the following was given per alphabet:—"Love you each other—The word of Saint John the Evangelist—When passion overcomes the mind remember these words—Saint John's day—This is the day of the death of John the Evangelist—God bless you all—Good night."

At first we did not quite understand about the reference to St. John's day, but on looking at the almanack we saw that the 27th was his fast day. We then turned to his Gospel and found at the 34th and 35th verses of the 13th chapter similar remarks.

Now I can answer for all that there was no collusion in producing the foregoing sentences. Therefore from whence could they come, if not from a spiritual influence? and that influence a good one, as serving to inculcate the duties of life, and confirming the veracity of the Scriptures.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

THOMAS SHERRATT.

9, Westmoreland Place,

Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,

16th May, 1864.

These thorough-going believers in nothing but matter, stand up in the scene like old pollard tree; everything like a living branch or twig that aspires towards heaven is ruthlessly shorn away, or has died off under the poisonous influence of their own infidelity. There are old stumps, and there are roots diving and groping for even firmer hold of the earth, the only things about them that live and have free action, and even these would be more alive and vigorous, were there living branches aloft to send down vital influences to them.—*William Howitt.*

SPIRITUALISM AT NICE.—After Mr. Home's expulsion from Rome he spent several weeks at Nice, where the phenomena were examined and scrutinized by a great many of the winter residents, and many were convinced of the facts of spiritual power. We hear that these new converts are now returning with the spring to England, and a correspondent writes us that amongst his own friends he numbers half-a-dozen of them, and that they are wonderfully impressed with what they have seen. It appears that the manifestations were not confined to Mr. Home, for that after he left Nice, a party of ladies and gentlemen formed a circle to see what could be done without him. They soon obtained very striking results. The medium was found to be a Russian lady staying at Nice with her family, and who, a month ago, was unconscious of her power. She speaks only a word or two of English, but, under her influence, a heavy oval table gives answers in English and German. She is also a writing medium, and her hand writes, without any play of the fingers, intelligible messages. A great progress has been made by these occurrences amongst the visitors.—*Spiritual Magazine.*

Mr. R. COOPER, proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, has undertaken to lecture on Spiritualism, at the following places: On Monday, next, May 23, Assembly Room, Havant; Tuesday, May 24, Town Hall, Arundel; Wednesday, May 25, Montague Hall, Worthing.

The Haunted Malthouse.

In an old malthouse, familiar to me, in Sussex, which has borne the character of being haunted, I have taken trouble to glean some reliable facts concerning the matter. For several years rappings and other noises have been heard, and at times have brought terror into the faces of the men who have been in the building. One man declares that he was endeavouring to sleep in one of the lofts connected with the building, when he was lifted up and borne several feet across the loft and placed carefully down again, as though he had been lying in a particular place, which for some reason or other was not suitable to the spirits. Another man, being down stairs at night time by himself, heard heavy rappings at the bottom of a cistern, which was overhead. He thought it would be as well to baptize the unaccountable perpetrators of the noises, so he turned on the water, but on looking, he neither saw ghost nor mortal.

Other men declare they heard noises like those produced by the shovelling over of the malt. Sometimes the rappings are faint and

continuous, at other times loud and sudden, and frequently there are sounds like a man walking heavily upon the floor. These are still occasionally heard.

With a novel view to ascertain if the presence of a medium would afford a solution to the mystery, one was taken into the building.

It was not long before a communication was received from one, who by the aid of the Alphabet gave his name "*Chapman*."

The question was put:—

"Can I do anything for you?"

A pencil was placed in the medium's hand which was rapidly moved across the paper; the words written were *You must find out the man for me or I shall never cease haunting*.

A number of questions brought answers which gave the idea that the man alluded to was a Dutchman. Another spirit present, who was asked to say if she knew the spirit Chapman, answered "yes." "Can you tell us anything about him?" The significant word, "*Rogue*," came out. There was a deep mystery evident in this affair. Chapman was unhappy, and the Dutchman was concerned in some way with him.

"Would he appoint another meeting and find the Dutchman?" was the request. He wrote *yes*.

"What time?" he wrote again. *Meet me at half-past three*. At half-past three the sitting was resumed, when it was discovered that the Spirit of Chapman and the Spirit of the Dutchman were present. The latter spirit was requested to communicate. The hand of the medium was quickly and forcibly guided across the paper, and the singular words were visible in large letters:—

He knocked me over into the sea.

"But can you not make Chapman happy?" He wrote—*I can do nothing for him.*

"Come, see if you cannot come to some amicable terms."

I will try and make him happy.

After a pause the medium's hand was again guided and the words were written—

We have seen each other, and I will try to see what I can do for him.

"Can you say anything more?" They would meet us the following day at twelve o'clock, a.m.

"Say good bye?" *Farewell*, was instantly written. "Will you make some raps similar to those heard on the premises?" Immediately came in bold letters—

I do not want to.

The next day the circle was opened by asking—

"Is Chapman here?" "Yes" was intimated by knockings with the leg of a chair.

"Is the Dutchman here?" "Yes."

"Will you tell us what time it is?" Ten minutes and-a-half past twelve was knocked out.

This was the exact time. "Now communicate." The medium took the pencil, and with a flourish the words appeared,—*I have nothing to say.*

It was then asked,—"*Will Chapman communicate?*" He wrote,—*He has forgiven me.*

"Can you give us a brief account of your doings in the past?" —*No! I wish to forget*. He then wrote his name,—*CHAPMAN*. The Spirit of the Dutchman was requested to say something more. The words appeared,—*I can do nothing more for him.*

"Say farewell." *Good bye* was immediately written in large characters. "Anything more to say?" *No*, was twice written backwards.

Some very interesting physical effects followed. The medium sat in the chair, and was rocked gently once or twice, and then kept in an inclined position with the chair, which was held back with a force defying the efforts of three men single-handed to overcome.

An engagement having been entered into, we all met once more, strangely interested in discovering further particulars from our invisible communicants. After the usual preliminaries the medium's hand was again in motion, and the words came

I am here.

"Say something else."

George Chapman died 70½ years ago, was instantly written, forming a *finale* to the whole affair.

With a view to ascertain if any truth lay hid in the mysterious handwriting, I have taken means to gather an insight into a few past events which have lived in the recollection of the oldest people living within reasonable distance from this old building. Some few incidents related to me I put into a sensible shape, and discover that one George Chapman, some seventy or eighty years ago, was the owner of the building in question, and did business as a miller. He likewise connected himself with a band of men who did pirating, smuggling, and other work of a fierce character. There were several squabbles with the Dutch, who were met on the sea within easy distance of the Sussex coast, some of which ended in blood and death. One Dutchman had his back chopped, and was pitched over into the sea, suspicion falling upon Chapman. A lady of title was murdered, and her rings taken from her fingers. At a ball which took place at Hastings one of the smugglers was "on the light fantastic toe," when his partner observed on his finger one of the rings which belonged to the murdered lady. The affair created great excitement. Some of the smuggling crew were pursued and captured, others escaped. George Chapman was one of the prisoners. He was placed under guard, but he cleverly outwitted his capturers; his comrades supplying him with an old woman's wardrobe, he passed all barriers in disguise, and made a safe retreat to France.

On a tomb-stone in a churchyard a mile or two distant from the building, are still visible these words,—"*George Chapman, died August 11th, 1793.*"

Perhaps these few items may serve at least to make Probability a present, which the mysterious writing may support. These are strange facts. I can vouch for them coming under my notice without any strain or adjustment being favored.—*From J. H. Powell's "Spiritualism, its Facts and Phases."*

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

—o—

"World of spirits! what a 'orrible ugly idea; who but the devil could put such thoughts into your sensible 'ead, Mr. 'Umphrey. If poor dear mistress was to 'eer you, she 'ud be more terrified than me. Do pray, sir, 'ave nothing to do with such 'orrible wicked doings with the devil;" and Mrs. Bates shed tears as her cap-frills came down, having stood almost erect.

"What should you say, Mrs. Bates, if I were to tell you that I believe your mistress *does* hear me, and approves of my pursuits.

The housekeeper looked up more than ever, satisfied in her honest mind that her master was under the seducing influence of the Prince of Sin. But she could not this time speak, for her heart was too full of emotion.

"You do not think, Mrs. Bates, that your mistress is an agent of the devil?"

"Indeed I am sure the poor dear soul is in 'eaven, and free from wickedness and 'orrible snares, and would be the last person, if she'd the power to come back to this terrifying, 'orriying earth," exclaimed the housekeeper.

Mr. Humphrey felt his task was a very difficult one, and knew that it was useless to try to lay the frightful ghost of fancy in her mind by any number of logical remarks he might make. He thought he would try another plan.

"Mrs. Bates, when you use 'passes' to ease Emily's head, when it aches, do you think it is the devil that moves your hand?"

To have witnessed Mrs. Bates' cap-frills at that moment would have made an impression in the memory of anyone which could not easily be erased. She positively spoke with hoarseness when she replied, "Not I, indeed, the thing is too 'orrible to think on."

"Why do you not credit the devil with the influence which you use to cure diseases?" persisted the shipwright.

"Mr. 'Umphrey! how can you talk so; when I charm away poor dear suffering souls' pains, it is a soothing blessed thing, more like the influence of angels than of 'orrible evil causes."

"Well, so it is, Mrs. Bates; but how are we to know it is not the actual work of the devil, seeing that the 'charms' you exercise are not common, and are regarded as very absurd things by those who are ignorant of their nature?"

The housekeeper felt her powers of argument, which were never very excellent, only got weaker. She said—

"The devil delights in 'orrible ugly doings, and not in works of mercy. If I can do a suffering fellow-creature good by charming any sickness or pain, I feel so 'appy that I know from inward sensations that I have done right. So you see, sir, I cannot allow you to place my cures to the account of the wicked one. It is too 'orrible to think on." As Mrs. Bates finished she gave her cap-frills an extra jerk, climaxing her opinions with emphasis.

"Now, Mrs. Bates, I have brought your own logic about the table movements being of the devil home to you. You must no longer hold by that opinion without you will allow me the same privilege with your mesmerism or charms, viz., to palm them all upon Satan," said Mr. Humphrey with a genial satisfied laugh, in which Mr. Forbes joined with gusto.

Mrs. Bates was confounded, she knew not what to say, but on perceiving the genial good humour upon the face of her master was disposed to think that "perhaps the devil after all was not to blame.

A great deal of quiet conversation ensued in which Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Forbes, and Mrs. Bates joined, which was all about the truths of Spiritualism. The two former meeting the relenting indisposition of the latter to sit with them at the table. But the principal bug-bear, the devil question, having been thoroughly disposed of, there was little persuasion requisite to bring that exemplary and wonderful woman round. She consented to sit, but begged that nothing very 'orrible might be done.

"My good woman," said Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, "what may take place will be independent of our wills altogether; we cannot control, or regulate, or command the movements—therefore, if you sit with us, you must make up your mind to see whatever comes. I give you this hint that you may

control your own "strong nerves," and allow them to suffer undue tension, because it will not, perhaps, be well to break up the circle through useless and unnecessary fears."

Mrs. Bates felt nervous as she sat, remarking that some 'orrible thing would be sure to happen; but she would try and keep herself composed.

Mr. Humphrey said, "Why what is there to fear? we are both near you—you are not generally deficient in courage, and I do not apprehend you will suffer yourself to fall into sickly paroxysms of fear!"

"I should say not; your good housekeeper has too much strength of character to do anything so monstrously ridiculous," intoned Mr. Forbes, as he drew his chair to the table, and the three placed their hands upon its surface.

Mrs. Bates found herself remarkably heroic and placid,—perhaps the cheering tones of the two gentlemen touched her sense of self-confidence. Be that as it may, she drew herself up in a dignified position, and felt that now she could brave even looking upon the devil himself, in company with Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes, but it was under the excitement of the moment, and only a temporary feeling, because, if such a 'orrible thing could happen, she afterwards thought, it would cause her death.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was a general silence for about five minutes, whilst these three worthy individuals kept their hands upon the table. At the end of that brief space of time came indications of spirit-power, for the table jumped about with an alacrity worthy a very strong young fawn. Mrs. Bates felt wonderfully self-composed considering, as she could not help thinking, "the 'orrible nature of the movements."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, turning to Mr. Humphrey, remarked that he thought it best to ascertain the number and names of the spirits present before proceeding to the development of other facts. "Certainly," said Mr. Humphrey, who was disposed to learn all he could, and not at all desirous of being prominent. Of course Mrs. Bates said nothing, but wisely watched and waited.

"How many spirits are there present?" enquired Mr. Forbes, inclining his head towards the table as though that sombre piece of mahogany had ears, and was deaf. The piece of furniture jumped off the ground five times with rapidity. "Five present," said the questioner more to himself than the others.

"Will the spirits be so kind as to give us instructions of themselves by giving their names?" The table trembled and danced, bringing the color to Mrs. Bates' face, and causing her cap frills to rise perpendicular for a second or two. "Will you have the alphabet?" The table gave three terrific knocks, making Mrs. Bates feel a little terrified, in spite of her assumed composure. Mr. Forbes took from his pocket a card, rolled up and carefully tied round with a piece of red ribbon. It contained, in gold letters, the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet. Mr. Humphrey watched his operations with eager eyes, wondering much what would come next.

"You see, Mr. Humphrey, this is one of our plans of obtaining communications," he said, and he proceeded to point with his finger to the letter A, then B. When he touched the second letter the table jumped about. Mr. Forbes, with great coolness, and with no evidence of hurry, wrote the letter B on a piece of paper. He then commenced with the letter A, again running over the succeeding letters until he came to R, when the table tumbled about as before. Mr. Forbes wrote down R. So he went on until these letters, without a mistake, were signalled—

Bring Margaret to the table.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, very much interested in the simple manner of obtaining intelligible sentences.

"Did you not know this plan before?" inquired Mr. Forbes, feeling at the same time very wise at being himself the fortunate possessor of such a secret.

"No, that I did not, but I must expect to learn from you, for I had intimation from the spirits that you would acquaint me with much I do not yet understand."

"But what about Margaret? The spirits say we are to bring her to the table," enjoined Mr. Forbes, taking little heed of Mr. Humphrey's last remark.

"Suppose you fetch her, Mrs. Bates," Mr. Humphrey said, with all the quietness and coolness of manner possible.

"You see, sir, began Mrs. Bates, the 'orrible spirits was asked to give their names, but 'as not done so."

"Never mind that now, Mrs. Bates, perhaps we shall get all we want in time. You go and ask Margaret to come."

Mrs. Bates rose, declaring that the "orrible spirits" wanted to "frit" the gal to death, and she left the room, tossing up her head and disturbing the serenity of her cap-frills. She was not long before she returned, bringing Margaret with her, whose face was uncommonly white, and whose body trembled as though she had got an ague.

Mr. Humphrey observing her said, "well, well, Margaret, there is no need for you to be so nervous. You see I and Mr. Forbes and Mrs. Bates are with you, and nothing alarming can happen without you yourself give way to needless fears!" and he greeted her with such a kindly smile that Mrs. Bates could not help saying, "keep close to me, Margy, you knows my nerves is strong, and will do for both of us."

"Aye, keep close to the good housekeeper," came from Mr. Forbes, "she is a strong-nerved woman, and will support you through life." Whether Mr. Forbes meant this ironically or not was not quite clear, but Margy sat down demurely at the table, beside Mrs. Bates.

"Now, kind spirits," recommenced Mr. Forbes, "we have obeyed your instructions." The table jumped about with apparent glee, much frightening Margaret, who, keeping close enough to the housekeeper, looked very white, but Mrs. Bates, with the affection of a mother, cheered her up by telling her not to be "frit," but to take a lesson from her. The housekeeper's kindness was appreciated.

Mr. Forbes put his head down nearly close to the table, and said, "kind spirits, now what have you to communicate?" and he proceeded to point to the letters of the alphabet once again. This time the words signalled were—

I am Margaret's mother.

Then the table ambled into the girl's lap, as if it would embrace her. She clung with desperation to the skirts of Mrs. Bates' dress, and felt a throbbing sensation about the region of the heart, but, considering that Mrs. Bates kept telling her to be strong-nerved for the occasion, and not to look "frit," it was not to be wondered at that she kept from fainting away.

"Now then, young woman," said Mr. Forbes, "be plucky, and don't fear anything; you had better ask your mother to communicate to you."

"Ah! do so, Margaret, and you may obtain something good," added Mr. Humphrey, in a very fatherly tone. After a slight pause, he exclaimed, "Don't look so frightened, and hold so firmly by Mrs. Bates; nothing can harm you, besides, what can be better than to receive a few kind, loving words from your own mother?"

Mrs. Bates did not know what to say, and as for Margaret, she shed tears as she recollected her mother's death, and the sad circumstances which attended it. It was then the good-natured housekeeper told her to be strong, and not to be frit, and listen to the spirits, dispensing with the adjective 'orrible for the occasion, out of delicacy to Margy's feelings. "Poor dear soul, listen to me. I knows the bitter feelings of losing a mother. Be calm, and try and save your tears till you want summat to do—then cry to your heart's content,—poor gal." These words were spoken by Mrs. Bates with consolatory zest, and Margaret became calm, and wiped her eyes. By dint of great effort on her own part, and much persuasion on the part of the others, the girl was induced to falter out, "Dear spirit of my mother do you see me and know my feelings, where you are?" The table jumped about freely, signifying an affirmative. Immediately and suddenly Mr. Humphrey's hand trembled. "What can it mean?" he asked. "The spirit wants you to write," replied Mr. Forbes. Mr. Humphrey's hand shook very much, while Mrs. Bates, at his request, placed some writing-paper and a blacklead pencil before him. He seized the pencil and wrote—

"Dear Margaret, I am often with you, and see you when you have little thought of me. Be not afraid to commune with me, I will protect you from all evil influences, and impress you to good. Do, dear child, write to John, and tell him I am often with you. Pray urge upon him the necessity of mending his ways,—tell him from his mother that vice is a sin that God abhors, and he must pray against all immorality."

The medium dropped the pencil, and threw the message to Margaret, who read it to herself with streaming eyes. Mr. Forbes took the writing, and read it aloud.

(To be continued.)

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