

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, JANUARY 7, 1865.

SLANDER.

"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.—Psalm lv, verse xxi."

One of the wise lessons man has to learn is to speak of others only that which he knows to be true—presenting it in its native colourings, without brushing it over with the paint of passion or subtlety. Influenced, as we are, by false, ambitious, and treacherous habits, it is a difficult work to regulate our lives so that we entirely escape the superinducing effects of scandal or slander. Yet it is an essential lesson for the moralist to acquire—to direct his life in accordance with christian ethics. Mixing with men of diverse dispositions, we are apt, off our guard, to be influenced by the more seductive of them. Silently as light, immoral influences steal upon our hearts, and defy our judgments; and, in an hour we think not, the insidious snake, Slander, crawls upon our path, and we become fascinated, to our moral degradation. We need high-souled courage to trample it underfoot, and almost before we are aware of it, we taste its subtle poison. Slander has "all the venom, without the beauty of the serpent." It waylays and stings us in the dark, or it comes disguised in the garb of friendship, and enters our domiciles and our hearts to gain knowledge which we hold sacred, and would only divulge to *friends*, that it may steal away, casting its slime behind.

On being told that some person had slandered him, Plato is said to have remarked—"I will take care to live so that nobody will believe the reporter." Saurin says—"Slander generally strikes at once three mortal blows; it wounds him who commits it, him against whom it is committed, and him who knows that it is committed." The danger begins at the instant it acts, but when and where it ends are queries. Its villanous work cannot be measured. Plato's philosophy is the only balm which can assuage the wounds it creates—the slandered must endeavour to live so that nobody will believe the slanderer.

The simpler a man's life, and the more open his character, the better for himself, in a moral sense. Yet, that very simplicity and openness are targets for the venomous shafts of envy, which calls Slander into service, to do its base and double-dealing work. Nothing ennoble a man like modesty

of speech and integrity of life. Nothing degrades him like being treacherous, untruthful, and snake-like. Yet, how many fair-spoken, black-kid-gloved, white-cravated, smile-seducing gentlemen move in our midst, who aim at high game, through all the soft-winning, flattering policy of Slander? It is just the difference of the value men set upon moral dignity, which stamps the habit for uprightiness, or debasing meanness, with the patent seals of virtue or vice. Some speak of others without premeditated mischief, and do their characters harm without wishing it, merely from the excess of talkativeness; these are folly's dupes, but there is little wickedness in their conduct. They would always speak the truth, but their memories betray them, and their over-zealous chatter produces mischief. But the Slanderer escapes punishment of a summary character, because his sin is the sin of multitudes. Hiding himself in the obsequious guises of friendship and falsehood, he is wicked and dangerous to a degree beyond conception. We can lock our doors against a thief, but we cannot close people's ears to the plausible breath of Slander.

Slanderers are generally cautious in their movements. They choose their time and opportunities with diplomatic skill. No fair chance of casting the slime of their natures about them is lost sight of. The gratification they experience in molesting the ear of ordinary propriety with tirades of lies and scandal, couched in studied tones, and meaning gestures, is of a very low and brutal character! Compared with the refinement of feeling which accompanies the speaking truthfully and lovingly of our neighbours, it is degradation's hell. Let us avoid Slander, for it is backed up by innumerable demon invisibles, who exult fiendishly enough in the double work of degradation to the slanderer, and mischief to the slandered. It is easier to speak all the kind words we can of our fellow creatures, than to strain our faculties to invent weapons for their destruction. The truthful man need not do other than follow the wisdom of Plato—*live so that nobody will believe the slanderous reports which may be set afloat to injure him.* If this be done, very often the weapons invented by the slanderer will be beaten about himself; at any rate, remorse may steal upon him, although the mischief of his wicked intent cannot be overtaken and crushed.

Ambition, envy, jealousy, hatred, all beget Slander. As there are various parts to the mechanism of a watch, so there are numerous motives or incentives, to the machinery of Slander. Fired by envy at another's success, the man of mean disposition, failing to rise above him, takes hold of his fair fame, and distorts it by the aid of Slander. How many noble, persevering beings, after long years of conflict with poverty, who have risen to honourable social positions, have been dragged down to the lowest social status, directly and indirectly, through the serpent subtlety of Slander? It is so easy to blast a fair fame by innuendoes referring to commonplace criminalities, of which the accused is entirely innocent; and

often in secret the mischief to character may be perpetrated, without the slightest clue to the cause being obtained. The sins that one man commits, *can* be committed by any man. Hence, feeding upon common vice, the slanderer may triumph for a time over the virtuous and manly. He needs only to accuse to be believed by the major portion of mankind. For it is a sad truth that people have a habit of believing what is said against a man more readily than what may be said for him. All such habits grow on us, because the strength and beauty of spiritual love has failed to operate upon the world's heart with regenerative power. The slanderer holds beneath his cloak a dagger with poison on its point—he waits upon us with looks of assumed pleasure, and greets us with words of flattery. We are so weak, we thank him for his *courtesies*, and accept his sweet flatteries for genuine love-honey. He may now sit in our best chair, use our treasured books, share with us our common possessions, and listen to the story of our aspirations, regrets, defeats, and triumphs. He conceals his dagger, and is proud to know us, whilst he leaves us to ferret out other facts in connection with our past history. Each expression of ours, he remembers, and when the time comes he stabs us in the dark, and we know not from whence comes the assassin's blow. Are there none that read this picture who see their own portraits? none who have pretended such friendship for individuals, that when misfortune has seemed to overwhelm them, have shed crocodile tears, to make their seeming sympathy the more apparently heavenly—who have gone out in the great wilderness of life, armed to the teeth with facts which, in themselves, were proofs of great struggles and victories over temptations, to transform them into daggers with the poison of Slander upon their tips? Tennyson says:—

“A lie which is half a truth, is ever the blackest of lies.”

And so it is. The human voice alone does not speak—words spoken with certain gestures, in certain tones, have quite a different meaning to what they would have, were they simply words, uttered without mental designs. Hence the slanderer is generally an adept at gesticulation. He fully appreciates the force of modulatory tones and concealment of his design. He thus is serpent-wise. Nothing is so easy as to present the same words another utters, with looks and tones which shall make white almost appear black. The slanderer will be sure to tell lies which are half truths, that his purpose may be accomplished. If the listener would accept only the half truths, setting aside differences of tone and gesture, little harm might result; but, unfortunately, the difficulty lies in knowing how to act so wisely, because to be in a position to do so, the listener must have heard and seen the person giving expression to the half truths.

Think of the subject how we may, Plato's philosophical remark comes back to us—*live so that nobody will believe the slanderer*. This is the best course of action to pursue. It is, in fact, the only one which will make us worthy to be recognised outside the haunts of the slanderer. We must live so that nobody will believe the lies and subtle inuendoes which are floated out on the great sea of society—that is our mission. But the result we much question. Some people will believe the slanderer, for the simple reason they may never know better. If, however, the world at large were regenerated, neither slanderers nor their victims could exist. Hitherto, the teachings of the schools have failed to sanctify the human character with the peaceful and heavenly blessings of Truth. Hence the crying necessity for spiritual lights and guides, to lead the world out of the mire of degeneracy. The example of Christ is lost sight of, whilst the embodied and disembodied demoniacs are misleading the human race. Yet we would not overlook the practical christianity which is doing its holy work, and the glorious results surrounding us. Life is a picture, containing many bright, beautiful figures, but the groundwork is filled in with caricatures; its very beauties, imperfect colours, black blotches, and apparently irreparable injuries, are seen in every part of the canvas. The great creative artist, Spiritualism, is commissioned to re-decorate and purify the picture. Already his glorious skill is perceived. Gradually the unfoldings of his genius will shed a glory over the whole canvas, and the immortal moral beauties, which grow out of innocence and virtue.

The perfect faith in God and his goodness, which lends radiance to the wings of hope, and holy tranquillity and trust to the heart, will make human life a picture worthy the artist and the Lamb that was Slain. Before such a divine regeneration can take place in human life, there is much to be done—struggles and conflicts with all kinds of sin. We must have many more cross-bearers and crucifixions—many more strifes for conquest with the weapons of “lies that are half truths.” But we hope, in spite of all the wickedness in the guise of respectability, which calls to its aid Slander, and all its train of ills, that the Truth—God's Truth—christian, spiritual truth, shall yet make us free. Then, Slander, which as Shakespeare says, “outvenoms all the worms of Nile,” and which is a consuming plague—eating away the vitals of human love, and setting all hellish fiends, visible and invisible, to gloat over its desolating work, shall go down to its native hell, leaving this beautiful earth to the Lord and His angels.

THE STAR HAS DONE IT! ALL OVER WITH THE DAVENPORTS AGAIN!

The *Morning Star*, in an official leader, has settled the Davenportes for ever! How? has it found them out? No, but it has found out the conjurors! Bravo! Samuel Lucas of the *Star*! The Davenportes, he confesses, cannot be found out, therefore he does not believe in them; but Tolemaque, in an imitation of the Davenportes, got up “at our instance,” that is at the *Star's* instance, exposed his own trick, “by accident,” to the whole audience, and, therefore, the *Star* believes in Tolemaque. Bravo! *Star*! This is very good indeed by *Star*-light, if by no other sort of light. Mr Lucas, we know, is a great *lucus a non lucendo*, and this is a delicious proof of it. Mr Lucas, when he has set his mind on a thing, believes it ardently, simply because he wishes it. We know how ardently he wishes the North to beat the South in America, and he has believed, as all the world, at least the *Starry* world, knows that he believed in the 90 days, and in a second 90 days. He declared, at the time of the check at Murfreesborough, that the South was utterly done for! There need not be another word about it; the war was over! He has believed and asserted this twenty times since, though nobody has ever believed it, or does believe it besides. But that makes no difference to easy-swallowing Mr Lucas; it is so in his own mind, and that is enough.

And now he and his odd *Star*-fish—the comedian Yates, dressed out as the *Star*-Flaneur, that is, *Star*-gazer of the London streets for the *Star*, have resolved that the Davenportes shall be found out just because they can't be found out. Well done, Lucas and Yates, *Arcades ambo!* the Davenportes are done for—at least you think so, and that is all the same to you. Let the *Morning* and the *Evening Star* sing together for joy—the conjurors, who have confessed the superiority of the Davenportes, and their assiduous and unwearied imitations of them—are found out at once, and so the *Star* and Flaneur believe in them. Let them believe, good readers; they are happy in the momentary thought, and it were cruel to disturb their repose. Two years ago the *Star* gave public notice that it would never admit anything on Spiritualism again, and it has scarcely ever let the subject rest since. As it has now defeated the Davenportes and the American South—the latter some twenty times—it must be rather fatigued. So, peace to its slumbers! In the meantime, we will take ourselves an occasional peep at the Davenportes and at their zealous admirers and very humble imitators, Tolemaque, the pet of the *Star*, and of its soaped pig of controversy, the Flaneur, and Anderson, his own pet.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

Mr Cooper introduced these mediums to the Brighton public last week, to afford, as he said, evidence of facts to which he had before referred in a lecture on spirit-manifestations. The audiences were large and fashionable, and the manifestations excited great wonderment and have set speculation a-foot. On Thursday last they again visited Brighton.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.)

Gently descending to the tomb,
In God's untroubled peace repose;
Set free from doubt, and grief, and gloom,
From earth, and all its wrongs and woes.

A tender greeting take with thee
To loved ones who have gone before,
Who joyful, yet regretful, see
Thee leave earth's scenes for evermore.

Thou friend adored, forsake us not;
Though torn from sight, be with us still:
A guardian angel, cheer our lot;
Teach us to climb the Holy Hill.

Teach us—a truth divine—that Death
Is but a phantom and a dream:
That we have birth at parting breath—
Begin to be, and cease to seem.

Stretch from the deep, eternal life,
A hallowed grasp—a spirit's hand:
Help us triumphant in the strife
To gain our truest fatherland.

And make each visit to thy grave
A festive season to our soul:
To warn, to purify, to save:
Unveiling realms where planets roll.

When passions rage, when sins beguile,
Oh, whisper to our tempted breast:
Above delights for ever smile,
While here below is sacred rest.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

THE APPARITION OF THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.

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

The author of the following narrative, which was published some years ago, solemnly declared he was perfectly convinced of the truth of it; as well as several persons of undoubted credit.

It is well known to most people acquainted with the English history that the celebrated Duchess of Mazarine was mistress to King Charles II. Mr Waller particularly takes notice of her as one of the favourites of that monarch in the following lines.

"When thro' the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow traveller the fun,
Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

Madame de Beauclair, was a lady equally admired and beloved by his brother and successor, James II. Between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same situation.

But the singularity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both lost their royal lovers, the one by death the other by abdication. They were both women of excellent understandings, had enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were arrived at an age, in which they might be supposed to despise all pomps and vanities. I shall without any further introduction, give the whole of the relation in the author's own words, who declared himself to be an eye witness of the truth of it.

"After the burning of Whitehall, these two ladies were allotted very handsome apartments in the stable-yard, St. James's; but the face of public affairs being then wholly changed, and a new set of courtiers as well as rules of behaviour come into vogue they conversed almost wholly with each other.

About this time it was that Reason first began to oppose itself to Faith, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and though I cannot say that either of them was thoroughly convinced of it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both, as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them, that on whichever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account of the manner in which she was disposed of.—This promise it seems was often repeated, and the Duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madame de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected of her; to which her grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoke before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

Some years after the Duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madame de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief in it with a great deal of warmth; which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come. To which she answered, that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract made between her and her dear departed friend the Duchess of Mazarine.

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially, when they were of a nature repugnant to the divine Will,—which, said I, has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be inheritors of hereafter. Therefore, added I, her grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet may be denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all.

Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my great concern, that she was become as great an advocate for the new doctrine of non-existence after death, as any of those who first proposed it; on which, from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

It was not however many months after we had this conversation that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom since the death of the Duchess of Mazarine, Madame de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just sat down to cards about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady that I was with, that Madame de Beauclair had sent to entreat she would come that moment to her; adding, that if she ever desired to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might very well surprise the person to whom it was delivered; and not knowing what to think of it, she asked Who brought it? And being told it was Madame de Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him, if his lady were well, or if he knew of anything extraordinary that had happened to her which should occasion this hasty summons? To which he answered, that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning, only as to his lady's health, he never heard or saw her complain of any indisposition.

"Well then," said the lady (a little out of humour), "I desire you'll make my excuse, as I have really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may increase it, but to-morrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the morning."

The man being gone we were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madame de Beauclair, but before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him, Mrs Ward, her woman, both seemingly very much confused and out of breath.

"O, madam," cried she, "my lady expresses an infinite concern that you should refuse this request, which she says will be her last. She says that she is convinced of her not being in a condition to receive your visit to-morrow; but as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket containing her watch, necklace and some jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her."

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that as well as Mrs Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs Ward concerning the affair: but she evaded it by saying, she had left only an under maid with Madame de Beauclair and must return immediately; on which the lady cried, all at once, "I will go with you; there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant, but as no mention was made of me, and Madame de Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with the lady when her servant came; good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was however no sooner informed I was there than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair by her bedside, and in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been.

On our enquiring if she felt any inward disorder which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; "yet," said she, with a little sigh, "you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted but am now assured of."

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were, to remind me of the conversation we had frequently held together on that subject.

I told her, I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments; but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile; and a clergyman of her own persuasion, whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his functions.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburthened her conscience, to be more cheerful than before; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon vivacity; and she told us, she should die with the more satisfaction, as she enjoyed in her last moments, the presence of two persons the most agreeable to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one who in life, had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that—my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion.—Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear Duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered, but turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living—fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance: she took a little circuit round the chamber seeming rather to swim than walk:—then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, "Beauclair," said she, "between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me."—The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit; but on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight I know not how.

The clock was now very near striking twelve; and as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution: but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cried out, "O! I am sick at heart!" Mrs Ward, who had all the while stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops, but to no effect; she grew still worse, and in about half an hour expired, it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well as to prove I could not be deceived in it, as to shew that Madame de Beauclair was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see anything supernatural. I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy, leave ideas behind them, which, in riper years, are apt to make us fanciful; but in the case I have mentioned, there could be nothing of all this; the lady you may perceive was so far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of that nature, that, on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have been convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

It must be confessed, such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements as were made between these ladies as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it is done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, who is well assured of the truth of such an incident, ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which of consequence our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us."

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

In the "Banner of Light" we read the following:—"A short time ago I wrote to Mr Anderson, Spirit Artist, of New York, in reply to an advertisement in the "Banner of Light," requesting him to paint me a picture of a little boy I buried about four years ago. I enclosed a lock of hair and gave his age, stating also, that he died of scarlet fever, which I believe was all the information I gave. About three weeks after, I received by express, the likenesses I sent for, and also one of a boy I buried about eleven years ago—good likenesses. It is proper to state that I never heard of Mr Anderson till I saw his name in the "Banner of Light," and in writing I did not mention having buried more than one child. It is true I had a feeling—a sort of foreknowledge that I should receive the two pictures. Does anybody want better evidence of the truth of Spiritualism? of the immortality of the soul? I look at those pictures and thank God that I know my children still live, What a glorious reality! Mr Anderson will please accept my thanks for the extra pictures until better paid, as I intend he shall be.

HENRY TURNER."

SUPERNATURAL PREMONITION.

The Xenia (Ohio) News is publishing a series of reminiscences by an engineer. In No. 24 of this series the writer gives the following rather startling incident:

"I was running a night express train, and had a train of ten cars—eight passenger and two baggage cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion and putting the engine to the utmost speed to which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line and was endeavouring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go a-head was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water and looked at the gauge, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not go down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew stronger, and I shut off, and blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went a-head a little way, without saying anything to anybody what the matter was. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track. This switch led into a stone quarry, from whence stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there in case stone should be needed at any time: but it was always locked and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid. This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came."

HOURS WITH THE SPIRITS.

(Concluded from our last.)

The trumpet would be carried from one side of the room to the other, almost in the twinkling of an eye. You would hear the spirit speaking audibly through it, and carrying on a conversation, in the most remote corner of the room; and in an instant the voice coming through the trumpet, would seem to be not 2 feet from you and by reaching out your hand you could touch the trumpet, as I did repeatedly. Thrice at my request, the spirit held the trumpet within reach of me, and allowed me to thrust my hand inside of it; and once, holding something in my hand which the spirit requested me to put in the trumpet, I quietly rose from my sitting posture, and reached as high as I was able; and instantly the mouth of the trumpet touched the fingers of the hands thus elevated, in which was held the article to be deposited; thus demonstrating that the being who held and guided the trumpet could see my hand, very distinctly, although the room was at the time so dark, that ordinary eyes could not discern a white handkerchief six inches distant from the face.

Although I made several attempts to engage him in serious conversation, I nearly failed every time. He seemed more disposed to fun and frolic than anything else. On one occasion the following colloquy took place:—

"Where are you?"

"I am here, now."

"Well, what do you do where you are?"

"Oh, I blow trumpets, carry about fiddles, thrum guitars, and the like."—(These were among the things he had just been doing.)

"Well, this seems not to be a very useful employment. Haven't you something to do more useful than this?" said I.

"I think it is quite as useful as it is for you to come and sit here to witness it," was the prompt reply.

"There you have the advantage of me," said I; "for I think it just about as useful."

At another time I asked—

"When did you die?"

"Die?" said he, "I didn't die."

"Well something died. What was there of you that died?"

"Nothing at all. Nothing died. I only threw off my old great coat."

"Have you a body now?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a body is it? Is it like the body I have?"

"It is one made of the genuine stuff."

At another time the spirit was requested to whistle through the trumpet. Whereupon he set up a whistle, which, for loudness and shrillness, would compare favourably with the steam-whistle of an engine. Then some one requested him to sing. He replied "I don't know how to sing."

"No matter if you don't. Just sing us any little ditty. We won't be particular about the merit of the performance. Perhaps you can sing 'Pop goes the weasel?'"

"I'll upset the table, and then pop goes these manifestations, for to-day," was the quick response.

And thereupon the table was instantly turned bottom up, and the trumpet thrown across the room; and thus ended the performances at that sitting.

On one occasion, Johnny (for this was the name by which the spirit was known) seemed to take especial delight in teasing, pinching, striking, and otherwise annoying a somewhat verdant-looking gentleman, who seemed not a little frightened at the "manifestations." Addressing this gentleman through the trumpet, Johnny said:—

"I'm going to take you right up to the ceiling."

"Oh! don't, don't," says our timid friend in a very beseeching tone.

"Yes, I will," replies Johnny; "I'll take you right up now, and hold you there. You never shall come down as long as you live. You shall for ever remain stuck fast to the ceiling."

"Oh! don't you, Johnny," says the verdant visitor, still more beseechingly than before. "If you do, I'll never come to see you again."

"Did you ever come to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well, you got sucked in then, for you don't see me."

And soon after Johnny threw quite a dash of water upon our timid friend, although there were no signs of water in the room, and not a dipper, mug, or pail of any sort to be found. But on admitting the light, there was the water plain enough to be seen and touched, both on our friend's coat sleeve and collar, and on the floor where he had been sitting.

Such were some of the phenomena which I witnessed, or seemed to witness in that "Spirit Hall," for two or three days in succession. Did these things really occur as outward, objective realities? or were they mere appearances, produced by some peculiar psychological condition, which had been induced upon me without my knowledge? Were they facts, or fantasies? Was I biologized, and thus made to hear sounds which were never produced, and to feel the touch of a trumpet, when no trumpet was there, and to witness other strange things, which, after all, were mere fantasies, having no existence as objective realities? All I could be sure of was, that these things seemed to occur, precisely as here related. Nor did I think myself in any unusual mental or bodily condition.—I was in no way conscious of anything like what is called a mesmeric or biological influence upon me. Still, I might have been biologized. I resolved, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, and at the same time to test the soundness of your theory. I determined to procure something which might be broken by the spirit, thinking that I would then gather up the pieces, take them home with me and see if the thing would remain broken. Accordingly I went the next day to an apothecary's shop and procured a six-ounce glass vial, made of such thick strong glass and of such shape, that I could tread upon it pretty heavily without breaking it. Neither the proprietor of the hall nor his mediums knew any thing of my purpose. I proceeded to the hall with this vial in pocket, and as soon as the doors and windows were closed, a voice came through the trumpet which was audible to every one present, saying:—

"I want to give that New York man a test."

"That is precisely what I have come for," said I. "And I wish to have my test in my own way."

"Very well," said the proprietor of the hall, "You can do as you please about that."

"Thank you, Mr Davenport," I replied. "You say that it is only necessary that these two boys (the mediums) should be in the room, in order that Johnny may go through with his performances."

"Precisely so."

"Then I would thank you all to leave the room as soon as I shall have arranged everything to my liking."

I thereupon ordered the table (top four or five feet in diameter) to be placed in the centre of the room, and the two boys to be seated on opposite sides of it. I then placed my glass vial in a chair in the most distant corner of the room, and took my seat by the table, leaving one boy on my right hand, and the other on my left. I then requested each boy to put both his hands together, so that I could with one of mine grasp both of his. In this way being sure that both hands of each boy were within my grasp, I should know that whatever might be done, could not be done by their hands. While these arrangements were going on, the door of the

hall was wide open, and light enough was admitted to see distinctly every part of the room. When everything was ready and the boys hands were firmly grasped by mine—the large tin trumpet lying on the centre of the table before me—I requested every other person to leave the room and saw that they all passed out through the door, which was closed after them, leaving me and the mediums alone, and in perfect darkness. The instant the door closed, the trumpet (judging from the sound) was taken up from the table and placed within a few inches of my face, and these words spoken through it with perfect distinctness, but with the same peculiar husky voice as on former occasions.

"Can't break the bottle where it is. Have not influence enough. And thereupon the table began to be lifted, notwithstanding my arms and those of both the boys rested upon it. I then asked,

"Johnny, can you lift the table with me on it?"

"Yes," rang through the trumpet.

Accordingly I jumped upon the table, and after grasping both hands of the boys again in mine, the table, with me upon it, was lifted several inches from the floor, swung gently in the air, and then let fall, giving me a considerable jolt. I then got off, seated myself again in my chair, grasped both hands of each boy, and suddenly I was lifted in my chair several inches from the floor, and drawn away from the table, precisely as if some person had been behind my chair, and done this with his hands. Having my hat on, I next requested the spirit to take it off, and immediately the trumpet was taken from the table passed slowly across my left arm round to my back thence up to the brim of my hat, giving me to perceive its movements very distinctly by the sense of touch, and with this my hat was knocked off, both trumpet and hat falling upon the floor, I should judge some three or four feet distant from me and the nearest boy. I then heard the trumpet rattle upon the floor as if a child had been playing with it; at length heard it rattle in the paper lining of my hat, and the next moment both trumpet and hat were thrown over my head, and fell at the other end of the hall, some fifteen feet from the place where I sat. I immediately called to those without to open the door. They did so, and there lay hat and trumpet at the further end of the room, where I had heard them fall—no person in the room but myself and the boys—and I, during the whole of this performance, holding both hands of each medium firmly grasped in mine.

I next placed the glass vial on the table, and again requested all but the mediums to leave the room—holding the boys' hands in mine the same as before. When all had retired, and the doors were closed, I requested the spirit to break the bottle if he could. He said he would try, and directly there came down upon the table a tremendous rap, as if some heavy man, standing upon it, had stamped with the heel of his boot. But the bottle was not broken. Again the heavy blow was heard, and the bottle fell upon the floor, but without being broken. One of the boys picked it up, and placed it again upon the table, and as soon as his hands were fairly in mine, the heavy rap or blow was heard again; and these blows were repeated, I should think, some ten or twelve times, every time jarring the whole room, they were so loud and heavy, and the vial meantime falling upon the floor three or four times. But of this I am certain, that every time a heavy rap came, the mediums were sitting quite still, and both their hands firmly grasped by mine. At last came another jarring rap upon the table, and I heard the sound of broken glass; and instantly—I still holding fast the hands of the mediums—the trumpet was taken up and presented apparently very near my face, and these words distinctly pronounced: "I fixed the old thing at last."

The door was then opened, and there was my glass vial broken into more than fifty pieces, upon the opposite side of the table from where I sat—none else in the room at the time but myself and those two little boys, and both their hands being every moment grasped by mine, save when one of them was picking up the vial from the floor. I gathered up the pieces of that vial in a newspaper, took them to my lodging-room, and finally brought them with me to Brooklyn, and they are pieces still; and you can see them, Mr Editor, at anytime that you will call at my house. So then, if I was biologized when Johnny broke, or seemed to break, that glass vial, then I am still in the same abnormal condition. And not only so, but everybody else is biologized whenever he comes in sight of these pieces of glass, for the vial appears broken to all others just as it does to me.

Now, Mr Editor, don't this experiment shake your theory a little? If not, say what kind of demonstration would show its fallacy. I confess that I should have been glad to have had your theory proved true; but after what I have witnessed, I give it up, and am forced to admit that spirits can, and do, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon dead matter, so as to lift tables, chairs, trumpets, guitars, and the like.

The question has been repeatedly put to me, "Why could not Johnny do the strange things related in open daylight?" I can't answer that question. The spirit himself says, that the rays of light from the sun melt away his hand as fast as he forms one, and so prevents him from handling material things in the light. But spirits are not to be believed in anything they say. Therefore it is safest to disbelieve this. Quite as probable a reason may be, because Johnny is a spirit that loves darkness rather than light.—Yours truly,

B. F. BARRET.

[We print the above to offer proof that when the Davenport manifestations first commenced no ropes were used, consequently the "Rope-tying trick" could not then be presented as a solution of the mystery.—Ed. S. T.]

GHOSTS.

Why ghosts always haunt Christmas, in every shape both literary and literal, it is not very difficult to explain. Mr Dickens, and story-tellers in general, always put them by instinct into their Christmas books, and when they are not in our books they are pretty sure to be in our memories. The season of substantial feasting throws the imagination back on pallid thoughts; and the most strongly marked anniversary of the year fixes our minds naturally enough on forms that can never be connected with it again. There is a natural link between merriment and a dread lest at the end of all things should come a state of degenerate unsubstantial, shadowy existence, such as the past, and the forms of past, assume even in the most tenacious minds as long years gradually steal away the detail, the colour, the outline, the reality. Ghosts are for the most part faded memories galvanized into life, moving amongst us without contributing anything to the general stock of life and power. This is at least the terror they excited during that old heathen dream of a dim spectral existence, a state of joyless and painless melancholy, with intangible bodies faded senses, and a soul consisting only of sick regrets. Achilles in the Elysian fields was but the pallid image, left on the memory of Achilles on the plain of Troy. To this dreary conception no doubt something has been added to make the ghost of Christian ages. Everlasting pain itself is a positive colour when painted on this terrible vacancy. Hamlet's father becomes less terrible when he speaks of the terrors of his prison-house than while he stalks about a mere faint semblance of the past. The ghost of Christian ages combines pallor and emptiness with a certain intensity of evil, or suffering, or despair, which makes him, however, less terrible. Still, the terror of ghostly thoughts remains chiefly in the sense of loss and the atmosphere of death in life they carry with them. We fear the phantom of anguish more than its living features,—the impalpable shadow of remorse said to hover over the scene of a crime more than the actual criminal,—the ethereal face which shines a moment in the moonlight and vanishes away more than the real countenance of which it was the image.

Nor is it merely the spiritual character such visions assume which gives them their terror—for children never read tales of angels, or of fairies, or other fanciful spiritual agencies with any of the awe which they feel for ghosts. It is the thrill attending the supposed change of state from the bodily to the phantasmal which strikes them with alarm,—not the spiritual state itself, which for beings created and known only under that form of existence would be accepted as easily as any other. The peculiar shrinking which ghost stories excite in children's and in some mature minds is due to the peculiar combination they present of the familiar and unknown,—the complete transformation of the conditions of existence which death is supposed to introduce, while leaving the impression on the eye unchanged—the sense of a gulph between this state and the other which dims outlines, and muffles sounds, and creates the confusion between our own faded memories and the phantoms which seem to flit towards us from the other side. It is not merely our ignorance of the laws which govern disembodied spirits which creates the alarm, but our ignorance of those laws in the case of beings whom we have been accustomed to think of as obeying the same laws as our own. The shiver ghost stories cause is the shiver of kinship with beings that are supposed to have passed through a marvellous change. It is not the mere tenuity, but the vacuum whence so much has disappeared,—the awe of disappointed sense and memory, wondering, where so much is changed, how much may remain,—the same start of surprise with which groping in the dark in a familiar place we come on some unknown open trap-door and feel that we dare neither grope further nor recede—it is not the apprehension of what is wholly new, but the far more startling apprehension of an unfathomed change of law in what is old.

One point which shows conclusively that it is not the mere spiritual condition, but the shaken imagination caused by the great change of condition—the immeasurable transformation of state—which startles, us in a ghost story, is the greater eeriness attaching to the stories of fetiches, or second selves visible while the first selves still remain in the flesh, than even to ghost stories. The German story of the student who fought a duel with a spectre, who when he dropped the cloak from his face was seen to be himself, always strikes a fresh hearer as one of the most ghastly in existence. There is a story in Mr Owen's book of a rescue at sea accomplished through the apparition of a passenger by a ship in great danger of perishing in the cabin of the captain of another ship many miles distant. The apparition in the presence of the mate wrote "Steer nor'-west" on the captain's slate, and then vanished. The captain made the mates and all his crew write the same words on the other side of his slate, but none of the handwritings at all agreed, and he put the ship north-west as an experiment. In two or three hours they came up with a dismantled ship frozen to an iceberg, and with a living crew and passengers. One of them was recognised by the mate as the apparition he had seen in the captain's cabin, and asked to write "Steer nor'-west" on the other side of the slate, the writing was so completely identical that he could not himself tell which he had just written. The story adds that he had been in a heavy sleep at the time, and had awakened with a very strong impression of a coming relief, an impression which he had communicated to the captain of the distressed ship. This story has nothing in any proper sense dreadful about it. Yet it produces, so long as you yield your faith to it, the peculiar startled thrill of a ghost story almost as completely, if not more so, than the most terrible legends of corpses re-animated by fiends. The peculiar homeliness of the circumstances,—the supposed test of the handwriting,—the involuntary character of the seemingly voluntary act,—the physical result to a dream,—the foreboding which pencilled itself in the imperative mood at a distance of many miles,—all fill you, while you can believe them, with such a profound sense of unknown chasms in life opening

at your feet that the shiver of new and strange possibilities vibrates through you.

There is an admirable ghost, too, in a moral sense,—a ghost who really reflects the sort of pallid fears which lie dormant in the conscience—in a little book of these stories, published expressly for the present Christmas.* "For more than a hundred and forty years," he says to the young lady to whom he appears, "I have wandered in utter loneliness, having no intercourse even with spirits like myself. The external world is a blank to me, with the exception of two or three places—the scenes of the crime for which I suffer this slow torture. . . . Imagine yourself in empty space deprived of the faculties of seeing, hearing, feeling, and smelling and you will be able to comprehend what my existence is, except when I am in these rooms and in one other place." That is a genuine ghostly idea, combining the blankness which overcomes the imagination with the intensity which stings the conscience, expressing the evanescence of all things except the worm that dieth not, in a more perfect form than almost any ghost story we know.

In the old ghost stories, too, there is usually a reflection of that law of remorse which bids the conscience go over and over with mechanical accuracy and unceasing pangs, the details of past sins or crimes. Night after night the curtain draws up in the haunted room for the rehearsal of the crime; the phantoms of the innocent victims or spectators take their places once more on the old spot, the conspirators go over the details of their intended crime, the poison is administered or the dagger plunged into the victim, the laughter of horror rings again, and so the ghost soon becomes in fact a pictorial form of the monotonous play which never ceases to be repeated on the stage of the evil conscience, till it can turn away from itself to higher and purer life. There is something thrilling in such ghostly tales if only that they image so powerfully the law which connects moral evil with intensity of feeling spent upon a blank, empty, unfruitful world of shadows. The shiver such tales give us is due to the mere suggestion of shadows doomed to play a tragedy to vacancy through the lapse of centuries. There is something naturally awful even in the fancy of so much empty scenic effect taking place without audience night after night, by a law as absolute as that which calls up the moonlight and brings out the stars. It is the mixture of hollowness with law, the obedience of shadows to a rule of destiny, where phantoms are thus set to refresh the memory of empty space concerning human crime lest the trace of it should ever be washed out—which cannot but impress the imagination. But it would not do so, if this were not a sort of symbolic picture of the blinding intensity with which guilt is riveted to empty and hollow forms of its own past thought. What makes us shudder at it is the sense that we ourselves are capable of such ghostly feats, of occupying ourselves for years, perhaps centuries, with nothing but a faded picture of a single act, and constantly reviving its colours for the benefit of no eye in earth or heaven.—*The Spectator*.

* *Spell Bound*. By M. A. Bird. London: Maxwell.

DR NEWTON, THE HEALER.

The following is copied from a late Rochester paper, (U. S.)

The stories we have heard for some time past of the wonderful cures performed by Dr Newton, border very closely upon the marvellous, but those which most surprise, come from citizens whose veracity will not be questioned, and who are not likely to be imposed upon. We have heard citizens of the highest standing testify as to what they have seen and felt of the work of Dr Newton, and we should have given the stories no credence whatever had they come from any other source.

The following communication gives names and residences of persons who have been operated upon and cured by this truly wonderful physician:

Dr J. R. Newton, the Healer, will stay in Rochester until Dec. 20, and for the satisfaction of invalids has permission to publish a few of his many cures since he has been in this city.

Mrs Elizabeth Morris, Warsaw, Wyoming Co., N. Y., unable to speak, even in a whisper, for two years—used a slate, was cured in five minutes to speak as distinctly as any one.

Miss Emma E. Bailey, Lima, Livingstone Co., N. Y. Lung disease and had cough cured.

Cornelia A. Groat, Rochester, N. Y. Spine disease 4 years—cured. R. G. Wells, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. Lame twenty years—cured instantly to walk as well any man living.

Miss Martha Reynolds, 84, St Paul-street, Rochester. Inflammatory rheumatism—unable to sit up. Cured, rose from her bed, dressed herself, and was well from that hour.

Sanford P. Nellis, Clarkson, Monroe, N. Y. Epilepsy 4 or 5 years, fits daily, perfectly cured.

Rouben T. Stiles, Monroe-street, Rochester. Bad sprain of knee; walked off and left two crutches.

Mrs Alexander Hess, Bath, N. Y. Sprained knee—unable to walk. Cured instantly.

Mrs John R. Gansvoort, Bath, N. Y. Dislocated shoulder—cured instantly.

Almire Sears, East Bloomfield, N. Y. Could not raise her eyelids for ten years without using her fingers to hold them up. Cured instantly.

Mrs Frederick Hubble, East Mendon, Monroe county, N. Y. Very sick and paralyzed fifteen years—brought in a chair, unable to stand or move her feet, or raise her hands to her head. Cured by touch instantly.

Miss Nellie Nagell, Auburn, N. Y. Stiff knee many years—cured instantly.

John Woodward, Auburn, N. Y. Lame five years—cured instantly. Curtis C. Morgan, 4, Academy-street, Auburn, N. Y. Speechless

eighteen months, perfectly cured, to the joy and wonder of many witnesses.

Arthur Burtis, Detroit, Mich. Cured of deafness, child also cured of chronic dysentery and scrofula.

Mrs Hulda C. Satterlee, Horse Heads, Chemung county, N. Y. Varicose veins cured.

Susan Hughes, 3, South-street, Rochester. Rheumatism cured with one treatment.

Miss Ida Doane, 4, North Ford-street, Rochester. Jaundice, bad circulation, paralyzed fifteen years with stiff knee. Perfectly restored to health.

Mrs James May, Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. Bad inflamed eyes cured. Also her husband cured of deafness.

Mrs Ann Bishop, Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y. Large tumor on wrist cured instantly.

Joseph Townsend, Monroe county, N. Y. Chronic vertigo for sixteen years; unable to sit up. Cured in five minutes; arose, dressed himself, and went out to supper a well man.

Miss Clarissa Hackett, Dundee, Yates county, N. Y. Lame seven years; scrofula and catarrh. Perfectly cured with ten minutes' treatment.

J. H. Huyck, Toledo, Ohio. Paralysis three years. Cured in ten minutes and left two crutches.

George Dyer, 94, Atwater-street, Rochester. Poisoned feet, all black, supposed to be mortifying; brought in arms, unable even to sit up. Cured in a few minutes and walked off well.

Esther Henderson, 4, Johnson's Park, Rochester. General Debility; cured.

Harriet J. Peacock, 32 Stone-street, Rochester. Spinal curvature chronic headache and neuralgia. Perfectly cured.

Miss Milly Brian, corner of Monroe and Manhattan-streets, Rochester. Catarrh cured instantly.

Mrs M. J. Kidder's daughter, 14, Albert-street, Rochester. Cancerous scrofula in nose four years; perfectly cured with five minutes' treatment.

Robert Gorden, Adams-street, near Prospect-street, Rochester. Bad lateral curvature of the spine; legs and knees drawn up: brought in arms like an infant. Spine and legs both straightened, and has since walked many times to this office.

Miss Frances Cornelia Bascom, Ludlowville, N. Y.; Defective sight could not see a light most of the time for ten years; great nervous debility and vomiting. Perfectly cured in ten minutes.

Wm. H. Cheney, 4, Livingston Place, Rochester. General debility, weak neck so that he was unable to hold his head without support for seven years. Cured in five minutes.

Susan Bodkin, 4, Lafayette-street, Rochester. Bad case of rheumatism; perfectly cured.

Mrs Laura Ann Price, 45, Stone-street, Rochester. Lame nine years; female weakness twenty years. Perfectly cured, and would be pleased to be referred to.

Correspondence.

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

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

(To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

SIR,—An instructive correspondence is unquestionably to be considered a most useful ornament to a scientific paper. Towards forwarding the interests of the SPIRITUAL TIMES, I propose to answer the very temperate and proper letter of "Enquirer."

It is asked—How is it that the messages purporting to be received from the spirit-world are often of a trifling and frivolous character? The answer may become as instructive as the question is just. If the Enquirer asks with a frivolous and trifling mind, the manifestation is of a trifling and frivolous character.

It is the reflected image of your own thought. Spiritual manifestations are either a savour of wisdom unto wisdom, or of folly unto foolishness. Whatsoever a man soweth such will he also reap. And this truth I joyfully hope to make clear to your readers as we proceed.

I will show you that useful truths have been enunciated, that valuable information has been given and prophecies verified.

It is asked by Enquirer, and it has been tried as a test by many others—If the unseen power, through the gift of the medium, will tell you the number of a bank-note?

Pause, reasonable man, and in an humble and a teachable spirit ask yourself—Should I find this answer and the number of this note, to what end would it lead me? You answer,—Convince my sceptical mind, satisfy my curiosity, and add to the conviction of an unbelieving generation.

If Spiritualism in its highest sense should condescend to such con-juring to satisfy a purely speculative curiosity, my faith in her immortal powers would languish and decay. I have been present at Mrs Marshall's, and heard questions of this kind proposed; observe, read, and mark the reply. This was the sentence—

"I am not your servant."

Afterwards, in an humble and teachable disposition, I asked a deep chemical question—the answer was so marvelously convincing that the spirit of all wisdom and knowledge had in his keeping the great secrets of nature—the mysteries of hidden chemistry—the wonders of creative power. But I have yet to carry out further these suits.

This must be the right place to say a word for the person who

knows the special gift of becoming a medium for the benefit of others. Mrs Marshall, herself, is far more pleased to find her friends asking in a devout and teachable mind, than in a mind only filled with curiosity and unbelief, and pleased with physical manifestations alone. Physical signs are as the glass or vehicle. The wisdom of the message is the pure wine.

Again, are there not spirits virtuous and spirits seducing, both by Scripture writers and spiritual revelation it is apparent, and it is equally clear by their fruits to judge them. For men do not gather from the thorn a fig, nor do they find on this thistle a grape.

If your mind is tending to frivolity—perchance a table may even dance, a glass may move, but the table will yield no fruit of wisdom, nor the glass the wine of truth.

In deep medical mysteries, as cancer and consumption, upon which deep and sad question my experience entitles me boldly to speak, the road to pure pastures and returning health are equally pointed out. But much is always left for diligence, for labour, and for faith. To the church I freely grant the "graces" of God's Holy Spirit, their influence is both seen and felt in the hearts and lives of such favoured trees in whom shall flow the precious sap of divine grace and love. But the gifts of the spirit are special—the gift of healing by the same spirit, the gift of prophecy by the same spirit, faith, the interpretation of tongues; and, as in the person called a medium, the gift of discerning these spirits, but all these are working by one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

Nevertheless, in speaking of spiritual gifts St Paul, after encouraging men to seek most earnestly after these gifts, and to convert the best gifts, never told us either directly or indirectly that such power will enable us to decipher the number of a bank-note. In this matter, brethren, render to Cæsar the things which belong to Cæsar, but remember always spiritual gifts are from above. And whilst bank-notes and the superscription of Cæsar are temporal, the gifts of the spirit are eternal.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BEEVOR, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Newark, Edinburgh. Jan. 2nd.

[We have also a letter from Thomas Brevior, which shall appear next week.—Ed. S. T.]

APPARITION.

Dublin, Jan. 1.

DEAR SIR,—Now that the following facts which I am about to relate have become widely circulated in this city, I do not hesitate longer in making it known to you, feeling convinced that spiritual visitations occurring spontaneously will have considerable weight with those who are doubtful that such manifestations are permitted, and of frequent occurrence.

In order that I might procure the most authentic and reliable information, I went to the scene of the occurrence, viz., an hospital established by a humane and generous individual, who, I believe, disposed of all his wealth as a donation for its support, to afford an asylum for respectable old men of reduced circumstances. This hospital is called "Simpson's Hospital," situated in Great Britain-street, in this city; and as the truthfulness of the occurrence can be ascertained by any individual anxious to do so, I do not consider it necessary to mention the names of parties concerned; but merely state that about two months since one of the inmates died, and in about three weeks afterwards three of the nurses who slept in one of the lower rooms of the hospital became alarmed by knockings on the wall, commencing every night about 11 o'clock. This continued about a fortnight, and was heard by many. The nurses then changed to another room, thinking the knockings would not follow; but found that they continued as usual. One of the nurses who attended on the man during his illness determined to ascertain the cause, and in order to give her support and confidence, got two of the nurses and three men to remain with her until the usual hour for the knockings, when they commenced as usual. One of the men sitting on the bed felt it shaking under him. The other individuals felt alarmed also; and on the spirit being questioned by the nurse, it appeared dressed in a habit of a religious order, in which the body had been interred.

To the nurse only did the spirit appear; and from her fainting and agitation during the time, the other parties were convinced of what was taking place. The object of the visit I have not been able to ascertain fully; but it is known that the nurse got something over two pounds of her own money from the matron of the establishment, and disposed of it according as she had been directed, since which no further knockings or manifestations have taken place.

In reference to what is occurring in this part of the world in regard to the investigation of Spiritualism, I send you the following communications which have been received at a seance I attended yesterday evening at the private residence of a most respectable and independent man of business in this city, attended also by a gentleman who lately visited London principally to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism, and who then became convinced of its truthfulness, and who had then the pleasure of meeting Mr Colman. May I also mention that the subject is now beginning to be investigated widely in this city in private circles, and the gentleman I have referred to holds seances twice or three times a week, and takes every means to circulate the matter. The following communications will show the general character of many we have received.—

1st. Choose God.

2nd. O Lord, make men pious.

3rd. You must not judge rashly.

4th. Behold the worlds proclaim Thy glory, Thy excellence, Thy might. Oh, Dread Power, we thy mercy crave.

5th. All children are loved by God.

This is also another communication received at another seance—

"Be kind to the poor, for they are the chosen of the Most High."

(To be Continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several names as yearly subscribers of One Guinea to the Spiritual Lyceum. We shall be glad to receive others, and shall shortly publish a list of the donors. Those who have already given their names will favour us by forwarding their subscriptions.

Mr J. H. POWELL has returned from Yorkshire, and will give an account of his visit there in the next week's *Spiritual Times*.

Received—S. Wilks, W. M. Glynn, A. M., H. W., B. D.

Declined, with thanks—R. W. B.

W. G. TORQUAY.—Thanks for the collection. It will be useful, and shall be taken care of.

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.

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