

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND  
PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but 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.

## SPIRITUALISM IN POETRY.

TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

(Continued from page 370.)

The story of "Enoch Arden" is soon told. Enoch Arden, Philip Ray, and Annie Lee, pass their childhood together, and, as children are wont, play at marriage. But lest a jealousy should possess the breast of Philip, Annie says she will be wife to both. It is a childish idea, pleasing enough to herself and the boys. But in the course of time that idea is wrought into actual fact. When childhood is merged into womanhood, Annie becomes the wife of Enoch, and happy thoughts are with her. Soon children present themselves as prototypes of the parents. But Enoch, the husband, has a fall, and is for a time unfit for labour. Then want is with them. Soon, however, a berth at sea is offered him, and he accepts it. His wife is stricken with the presentiment she will never see him more, and urges his stay. Enoch sets to work and makes of his house a shop for the sale of stores. He starts, carrying with him a portion of his babe's hair, and bids Annie take the telescope and view him on the ship as it sails past. His wife obeys, gazing after him until the vessel is lost to the view. Annie finds her business qualifications not the best; she cannot tell lies and cheat, and so her struggles grow great. Time rolls on and no news of Enoch. Philip, the Miller, visits Annie, and proffers to educate her children. She is grateful. Philip rejoices and serves her all he can, sending by the children small presents of flour, &c. Ten years roll by, and yet no news of Enoch. Philip believing he must be dead, offers Annie himself. She, however, lingering for Enoch's return, says, if Philip will wait one year longer, and nothing is heard of Arden, she will become his wife. Philip waits—a year is gone—still no news of Enoch. Still delaying in the faint hope that her husband may yet return, she solicits a month, and Philip tremblingly assents. The month passes; still no news of Arden. Then Philip is accepted. But Enoch Arden is not dead. He has been buffeted about on the billows, dreaming of happiness and winning reward; and when he believed himself approaching the close of his long voyage, his heart yearning for his wife and children, he was tossed like another Crusoe on a desolate island. But in the midst of his desolation, a way is open for his deliverance, and he sails back to the port from whence he set sail. His first care is to learn news about Annie and her children. With this view he enters a public-house, the resort of sailors, kept by Miriam Lane. The sailor is so weather-beaten and changed, that Miriam does not recognise him. But she unfolds the past to him, and the sad man learns that his

wife is another's. He does not express what he feels, but decides on looking once more on Annie. He forces his feet along until he reaches Philip's house. He looks on Annie and her babe, but not his, and he sees his own children grown tall. The wifeless husband lifts the latch of the garden gate, and weighed down by grief, falls upon his knees and prays, whilst his hands clutch the sod. He then resolves to return to Miriam Lane, and tell her who he is. Miriam listens to him, but scarcely believes that he can be Enoch Arden, because she recollects that Enoch was taller than he appears. But he replies that God and grief have made him bend, and after listening to Miriam's earnest entreaties that she may be permitted to fetch his children, and refusing to allow her, he hands her the portion of his babe's hair, saying he will soon see it (the babe having died in his absence) and prophecies his own death within three days.

These are the principal materials of the poem. There is pathos, sweet music, and a chaste philosophy; but no great creative art displayed. But the poem is to be loved, nevertheless. Such are the very themes to set to music. Why should not our great Poets illumine them with the radiance of genius? I look upon Tennyson as a brilliant star, from which hosts of lesser stars borrow lustre. But he is not a moon in the hemisphere of mind. His thoughts always sparkle, but rarely consume. His music belongs to him, but his ideas belong to his age. He knows how to feel the pulse of the nation, and, like a poetic wizard, makes diamonds leap from dross. He is purely and essentially a lyrical artist. He always excels in beautiful, but rarely in sublime things. The epic or Miltonic compass is out of his reach. When he sings, there flows a divinity in the music which sets the pulses leaping and the heart keeping time.

Tennyson observes before he sings, and always sings sweetly. One could wish the imagery he lavishes on long poems were like jewels set in smaller caskets. His descriptive power is very apparent; he rarely loses the idea in the redundancy of description. Take his sketch of Enoch Arden on the desolate coast, and mark the stateliness of the rhythm—

THE mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
And moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
No sail from day to day, but every day

The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
 The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

All this is grand; but the picture glows anon in grander colours while memory plays on fancy, and large affection smiles through all.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
 So still, the golden lizard on him paus'd,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms mov'd  
 Before him haunting him, or he himself  
 Mov'd haunting people, things and places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
 The peacock-ye-vtree, and the lonely Hall,  
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.  
 Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering, and when the benighted, hateful isle  
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
 Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
 Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,  
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

There is nothing in these passages to give the idea of greatness in the accepted sense; but what delightful pathos pervades them; what tender touches of a tender thine! Who can read them without feeling their pure poetic preciousness?

He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering—

Was this a token of his Annie's second marriage and the knell of his own dead hopes? On that remote island alone, with nothing but hateful beauty before him, closed in by the sea. Why should the recollection of his home and the pealing of his parish bells cause that strong, true heart to shudder? Rather might he naturally enough have wiped the honest tears from his rough eyes to find the recollection a mockery to him. But he shuddered, and perhaps that shudder was naturally produced "he knew not wherefore," but invisible influences borne on magnetic pinions knew. They were, doubtless, sent to him mysteriously enough to make his instincts speak even when his reason could have no voice. It is pleasing to linger with *Enoch Arden*, and to rejoice in its very common places. It is not a great, but it is a good Poem, and 'twill be our study with profit. There are lines, it is true, very inferior to those we have quoted, but it would be very unfair to extract them apart from others which are superior. The theme is one which could not well admit of equal poetical excellence. The object Tennyson had in view was doubtless to be true to Nature as well as art; in doing so he has not supplied bricks where he should have supplied mortar; it is our fault if we take the mortar for the bricks. The Poet's excellence consists in his simplicity, and I think in "*Enoch Arden*" he never descends to puerility.

The poem "*Aylmer's Field*" invites us to very different scenes. It surveys occurrences in 1793. Here and there lines flash like diamonds, astonishing you with their brilliancy. There is more lustre, and less that clings to the heart, in this poem than in "*Enoch Arden*." It will not bear comparison with it. "*Enoch Arden*" throughout is simple, the ideas being full and prominent. On the contrary; one must read "*Aylmer's Field*" to puzzle oneself about what becomes of the heroine. The story is exciting, but it is the old story so often retold of *Love crossed by Wealth*, and the *finale* Death. The creative powers have not been called into play, except to make a framework for the picture which was ready to hand. Few will dispute the taste which accompanies the hand of the frame maker. But whoever claims for him great original inventive genius should prove that the picture, as well as the frame, glowed into life-like beauty at his artistic touch. The materials for the framework must be

supplied before the artist can make his frame; so must the materials for the picture be supplied ere he can produce the picture. Very true. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet are common property, but no two writers use them alike. It is just the difference of the way they are put together that constitutes special differences of style. The materials used by Tennyson for the framework of his poem are his own because he makes something not exactly after other men's patterns. But if he take the picture which is to grace the frame ready to hand, his merit lies in selection rather than in creation. "*Aylmer's Field*" possibly cost the Poet more labour than did "*Enoch Arden*," but evidently both poems, like most of Tennyson's works, are the work of much labour. What a marvellous set of uses have those little twenty-six letters of our language! They have been borrowed to give immortal majesty to the muse of the world's master minds. They have been exercised to give science and religion to life, and are not only indispensable to wise men and fools, but they are the very essentials of intellectual existence. What unborn Poets that shall yet set humanity singing will need to seek their aid we can but conjecture. But of all living Poets, few can conjure out of them brilliant, beautiful thoughts and characteristic music, equal to Tennyson. Like a modern Cagliostro, he plays fantastic tricks with them which set the people wondering at his skill.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer has a daughter Edith, and determines, as many a wealthy fool has done beforetime, that "He that marries her marries her name." Averill, of the Rectory, visits at the Hall, and so does Leolin, his brother, who "Rolled his hoop to pleasure Edith." Now, as a very natural occurrence, Edith and Leolin love each other. But no thought or fear of anything of the kind enters the mind of the Baronet. He trusted Averill and Leolin with his child as thoughtlessly as he would his greyhounds. Presently an Indian kinsman, on her mother's side, showered his oriental presents on everyone, but most on Edith. Of course, Leolin hases him. Among the presents given to Edith, curiously enough, is a very magnificent dagger, which Edith values so much that she gives it to her lover. Sir Aylmer, passing at the time, overhears what is said. Suspicion takes hold of him, which speedily works him into a rage, stammering—"Scoundrel!" He forbids Leolin to speak, or even to write, to his daughter more. Leolin tells his grief to Averill, who sympathises with him, and essays to console him by assuring him that he himself has been jilted. Leolin resolves to make a name, "Chancellor, or what is greatest, would he be." The lovers meet again, exchange vows of faithfulness, and Leolin, full of hope and sad of heart, goes forth to win a name.

And as we task ourselves  
 To learn a language known but smatteringly  
 In phrases here and there at random, toil'd  
 Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
 That endless myriad of precedent,  
 That wilderness of single instances,  
 Tho' which a few, by wit or fortune led,  
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

But poor Leolin is a sad yet hopeful lover, and his bent is not much inclined to law. His days and months of close unsatisfying study would seem to be cheered only by Edith's letters, and letters in exchange he sends her by a crippled boy, who acts as a go-between. Now fresh disasters affect the lovers; wealthy suitors are wooed by the parents for Edith, but they all fail to win her consent, for her heart is unalterably in the keeping of Leolin. Sir Aylmer's plans for wedding Edith, and keeping up the name he prides so much to own, are all thwarted, and he grows more cruel to Edith. She must no longer visit Averill, nor yet the houses of rich farmers, or even the poor who had reason to bless her for her many acts of kindness to them. But she wanders often to an old oak tree, a spot to her most sacred. Her father watches, and in an unlucky hour discovers one of Leolin's letters and the crippled messenger. He terrifies the boy, breaks the seal, gets wrath, and carries the letter to his wife, who tears it up as if it were the passion of the lovers she destroyed. Leolin, in one of his clandestine visits to the oak, gets shot by the keeper; then in a hurry the Indian kinsman breaks the heart of Edith with the news of Leolin's death, whom he found dead, with "a letter edged with death," and "the dagger which himself gave Edith." Then the House of Averill,

made melancholy by the House of Aylmer, weeps, and Averill preaches strong denunciations, which cling to the hearts of the people, and more especially to those of Edith's parents. The mother follows her daughter; the father, whose pride in his name has become a sepulchre, buries his life two years before death, and goes desolate to the grave, and his broad acres speedily got turned into farms. This is the plot.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

CURIOUS SCENES IN A CRYSTAL.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—As a lover of the romantic and wonderful, I have, for nearly two-thirds of my life, endeavoured to investigate the works of our ancient philosophers, the Cabala and Magi, and have on many occasions had the pleasure of meeting friends of a similar turn of mind. A dull Sunday afternoon, in the month of November, casts a peculiar gloom around, and requires a little excitement to men of business to pass over the day.

I had recourse, with four gentleman friends and my wife, to the occult works of Cornelius Agrippa, not anticipating for one moment we should have had the pleasure of witnessing so many manifestations of a spiritual nature in the crystal we have in our possession. It is unnecessary for me to describe to you what a magical crystal is. I am aware most of your readers, some time or other, have read of its peculiar properties. The whole I enclose to you is correct. Our friends were anxious to witness this remarkable fact. It was half-past five when I called on the Angel Sachael to appear in the crystal, and in a few moments the seer perceived the likeness of an old man, with white hair, pleasant in countenance. He then disappeared, and a number of others took his place. Then followed one in the attire of a priest, with a child in his arms, and thousands of others, and those remained for a short time.

The sun then shone brilliantly, and the earth appeared to open and an angel came with a trumpet in his hand, as though he was about to blow it.

Next was seen a tablet, with printing thereon, but too indefinite to read. The angel's head still continued seen by Mrs. P. and Mr. H. The hair was quite white, and countenance pleasing.

Several ill-looking features were introduced, like unto an owl's face, with large green eyes, and a skeleton in full length lay on the ground, and the old gentleman's features again appeared, and then the moon was shining bright, then a garden and some trees, and a lady underneath a tree, and a lady in the distance; and a river around the garden all came. The various shades of leaves were quite distinct on the trees, and a man underneath lying down in a canvas tent, where trees had been cut down, and the canvas suspended to the trunks of trees, were next seen.

Then was seen a black coffin alone, where the man lay. All disappeared. After a few moments a scroll, and thousands of features of old and young men and women were seen by the seer and Mr. M. They then divide, and a greater portion of them disappeared. A flag-staff, with a white silk flag thereon, and the moon, apparently rising in her early stage, was the next scene. We then left for tea.

8 o'clock, p.m.

A scene like a man with a large pointed nose. The sun, very bright. A man with an owl's face. I sent him away. The features of two men then appeared, and went together.

A flower-garden, with several stands, and various sorts of trees.

Snow on the ground, and the features of a young man in one of the trees. The hedges around were quite clear, and ploughed fields, as though lately ploughed, slightly covered with snow, was the next picture.

I then called the Angel Michael.

A number of angels in white, and their Prince appeared. Then the angels left the Prince alone for a considerable time. The angels returned, and stood behind. All seems quiet, and lovely, and beautiful to behold. This scene is followed by a lady, of fair complexion, dressed in light silk, in a sitting position. She left, and a venerable old man appeared, and went almost in a moment.

Three different scenes in less than thirty seconds. A white bulldog next came. I sent him away. Trees then appeared, and rocky mountains, and a weeping willow without leaves, and

snow on the ground. An aloe tree, drooping and beautiful in appearance.

A man's head, decapitated, and underneath a tree, and a death's head, and a large coffin, and a corpse therein, with the head previously mentioned. The shroud appeared of a costly nature.

The old man with white hair returned, and seemed to be looking into the coffin on the corpse for a short time. Crowds then appeared to assemble, as if to pay homage to the dead.

Vessels in the harbour, and a steamer gliding on the ocean, seeming to be surrounded with smoke, as after the firing of guns. She disappeared, and left the waters alone.

Three angels in a group, their faces close together, and wings extended.

Three distinct assemblies, rather numerous, and all in white, like around the altar of a church. Then a tree with plumage like a peacock's feathers, and the margin as bright as the moon on a clear night, and a forest of fine grass, not as seen in this country; then a long archway, lighted by a most brilliant light. The arch was like a gothic window; from the roof was suspended a number of banners.

These, sir, are strange facts. I can vouch for their accuracy. —I remain, &c.,

R. D. P.

November 19, 1865.

CONCERNING THE SPIRIT-WORLD AND THE SPIRIT-LIFE.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—The following communication on the above subject was written through me a few days ago, purporting to be from the spirit of my sister, and I forward it to you, in the hope that you may deem it sufficiently interesting for insertion in your columns.

T. D. H.

Scotland, Nov. 21, 1865.

"The life of the spirit is the life of God. It is true life; not like the life of the flesh, which is like a vapour, and soon passeth away. The soul, as it leaves the body, is not, as many people imagine, a thing without shape or form, but a real, substantial, spiritual entity, which possesses all the essential features of the earthly body, so far as its earthly form or likeness is concerned. When this soul arrives in the world of spirits, it is surrounded by those who have watched over its progress in life, and who have all along been taking an interest in its welfare. There is no sudden shock experienced; but when the spirit wakes up to consciousness (which takes place in from one to four days after death), it finds itself in congenial society; for, by a wonderful law of spiritual sympathy, one spirit naturally draws to itself others of its own character, tastes, and dispositions. On first entering the spirit-world, all the spirits are placed in the second sphere, from which they are separated upwards or downwards, according to the degree of development to which they have attained in the earth-life. The sensations felt on newly-awaking into consciousness are perhaps not so strange or novel as you would imagine. Everything dawns upon you gradually and gently, and you are initiated into the new sphere of being, whether of good or of evil, with nothing of harshness or abruptness, but with gentleness and in love. In regard to how we are employed in the spirit-world, it is difficult to explain to you, who as yet know not the mysteries of the spirit-life, how we are occupied, or in what; but this I may say, that it is a life of unwearying activity, progression, and improvement. I would like to be able to let you know *literally* our occupations, the appearance of the spirit-world, and the general nature of our life, but it is impossible. It is not lawful to reveal them; and, if it were, human thought and language have not terms or modes of expression fitted to convey to you anything like a correct idea of the realities of things spiritual.

"The nature of the occupations which employ us in the spirit-world, may be indicated to you as a vast system of mutual improvement. I said that the second sphere was the landing-place of spirits into the spirit-world. From this they are separated, the good into the third or fourth, according to their degrees of development, and the bad into the first or second, according to their development in evil. There are none of the good spirits ever separated into the fifth sphere immediately on their arrival in the summer-land; they must all undergo a course of training in the third or fourth, first. The course of teaching is adapted to the different states of the spirits, and is generally the work of spirits who have been some time in the spirit-world, and usually occupying the sphere above the spirit that is being taught. You see, we are thus furnished with one kind of work, and work which we can enter into with our whole heart and soul. Perhaps you may think, if it is anything analogous to the labour you have to undergo in teaching in the Sabbath-school, there will be somewhat more pain than pleasure connected with it. But it is not so. Were your scholars in the Sabbath-school each one devoted heart and soul to the Lord Jesus, and burning with a desire to know more and more of His inexhaustible love, the pain of your duties would be almost entirely gone, and doubtless it would be a source of unmingled pleasure to make known to the young immortals all you know of the Saviour's love. Thus it is with us; and we ever feel the blissful experience that as we water the souls of others, our own souls are watered with the heavenly dews of Divine grace, descending richly upon us from the Spirit of God. In regard to the manner and matter of our teaching, I do not know if I can enable you to understand its mysteries. In regard to the first, we have not, like you, the fickleness of

memory to strive against. The mind of the spirit does not take in its knowledge in slow detail, and by the painful process of loading the memory; but when truth is once presented to it, the spirit appropriates it to itself by a single effort of its will. You will thus see that when a spirit has apprehended a truth itself, it is very easy to communicate the same knowledge to others, only they require to exercise their judgment upon it before they receive it themselves as truth. As to the matter of our teachings, its range is illimitable as the universe itself. They are chiefly, however, connected with the history and destiny of the human race. The method of instruction which is carried out in the spirit-world is one that is not easily understood by those in the earth-life, on account of their minds being so familiarized with material things. But I can assure you that the pursuit of knowledge is one of the truest and purest sources of pleasure that you can conceive of. The fields of usefulness and of improvement are co-extensive, because the farther we advance ourselves, we have the duty to perform of communicating our knowledge to others. I must close this communication at present. I am afraid I have given you a very meagre and imperfect indication of the nature of the spirit-world and the spirit-life. The reasons are various, but principally on account of the difficulty of impressing upon your mind ideas altogether original, and foreign to your previous conceptions. I hope to be better able to do so by-and-by. Farewell at present."

### A FACT FOR THE SUFFERING.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—You will probably remember that a few months ago I wrote to you, asking your advice in reference to my sufferings, which I described as almost more than I could bear, and which baffled every attempt that had been made to give relief. Without attempting to go into detail, which your valuable space forbids, I will just relate, for the benefit of my suffering brethren, a few of the particulars of my case.

To define it by a name would be difficult, seeing that doctors could not agree. By some it was termed "neuralgia of the spine," by others "disease of the hip," "common rheumatism," "an affection of the kidneys," and a variety of names almost too numerous to mention. For three years I sought relief, but none came, although I tried allopathy, homeopathy, galvanism, electricity, hydropathy, herbalism, and chemical bath treatment, as prescribed by Dr. Caplin, of Baker-street, of which baths I took no less than thirty-five, but all to no purpose. In fact, my case was considered hopeless, and what to do I did not know, when, in the kind providence of an All-Wise God, I was directed to the right person, namely, Mr. Goss, of Trafalgar-square, Stepney, who has lately taken up the subject of Mesmerism, in order to test for himself the reality of its curative effects, with what result it is now my pleasing duty to record. It is now about one month since his treatment was commenced, and such is the change produced, that I feel I have taken a new lease of my life. A few weeks more, and I have every confidence in believing that I shall be able to report a permanent cure. To the afflicted under similar circumstances, I would say, despair not, until, like myself, you have tried what Mesmerism will do for you.

In conclusion, I desire to express my gratitude to Almighty God, and also to the individual who has been so instrumental in giving relief, after every other means had failed.—I remain, yours, with gratitude,

S. MAYER.

11, Bath-street, East India-road.

[At a spirit-circle, Mr. Goss was described as a healing medium.—Ed. S. T.]

### WEST COUNTRY LEGENDS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—During a recent visit to the beautiful churchyard of Harrow, I observed the tomb of my late tutor, the Rev. W. Oxenham, a ripe scholar, who was a member of the old family of that name resident in Devonshire. In Delapole's "History of Devon," the name of one James Oxenham is mentioned, "whose tombstone respects a very strange wonder of this family, that at their deaths were still seen a bird with a white breast, which, fluttering for a while about their beds, then suddenly vanished away, which divers of the same place did believe, being eyewitnesses of."

In the Exeter "Alfred," for November, 1827, it was stated that "in the parish of St. Austle, Cornwall, there was a singular phenomenon, with the appearance of light, near the turnpike road at Hill Head, about three-quarters of a mile west of the town. In the summer season it was seen rarely, but in the winter, particularly in the months of November and of December, scarcely a dark night passed on which it was not visible. It appeared of a yellow hue, and seemed to resemble a small flame. It was generally stationary, and when it moved it wandered little from its primitive spot, sometimes mounting upward, and then descending to the earth. As it had frequented the spot from time immemorial, it was then rendered so familiar that it almost ceased to excite attention. Every effort to discover it in the place of its appearance had failed of success. On approaching the spot, it became invisible to the pursuers, even while it remained luminous to those who watched it at a distance. To trace its exact abode, a level had been taken during its appearance, by which the curious had been guided in their researches during the day, but nothing satisfactory had been discovered."

It would be interesting to know whether this mysterious phenomenon is still visible. Perhaps some friendly reader can give information. The account reminds me of "Clamps in the Wood," mentioned in the "Spiritual Magazine."—Yours obediently, CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

Exeter, Nov. 21, 1865.

### HINTS TO THE THOUGHTFUL.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Like Professor De Morgan, persons say to us, Spiritualists have too readily concluded that the manifestations and communications have proceeded from departed spirits. They admit the facts, and the intelligence displayed in the communications is made, but assert their belief that they proceed from some power belonging only to the medium, or of persons composing the congregated circle, the nature of which has yet to be discovered.

It is very remarkable, supposing this true, that the intelligences have never yet avowed themselves as of the circle, but, when questioned, have almost invariably announced themselves as the spirits of the departed, accompanied by their earthly names.

Surely any intelligent power could as easily give his name as communicate anything else, and, as the circles are so frequently formed of conscientious minds, neither disposed or interested in practising deception, their own interior minds would scarcely be guilty of the deception of passing themselves off for departed spirits, and of assuming the names of others.

To suppose that any created thing but individual intelligences can manifest intelligence, as some appear to do, is to deny to man in this respect the honour of being the crowning work of God.

—The communications received being frequently and undoubtedly of a pure and exalted character, above the minds and tendencies of impure and undeveloped spirits, serves to prove that the ministers of religion make false and presumptuous assertions when stating them to be wholly of the devil.

Their interpretations of the Scriptural statements that appear to point to a future period of false prophesying and other manifestations, are greatly strained when made to apply to present spirit-manifestations in their entire scope.

The power to communicate being common to every order of spirit as of men, it must needs be that the nature of the communications will correspond to the character and advancement of the spirits communicating.

Spiritualists are in a position to judge that good and advanced spirits communicate, as well as others; and they will not follow the presumptuous example of our sectarian ministers, by pronouncing the spirits to be of the devil, because teaching something different from their preconceived religious opinions.

The foregoing are a few hints to the thoughtful, if you do not deem them amiss.—I remain, &c.,

COMMON SENSE.

November 30, 1865.

### A SPIRIT APPEARING BEFORE THE DEATH OF ITS BODY.

The following is among those well attested cases which form the most difficult problems of spiritual science. It is published in the "Pocket-book for the Friends of Religion," for 1814, by Jung Stilling, to whom it was communicated, as a personal experience, by Baron von Sulza, chamberlain to the King of Sweden. The Baron relates that having on one occasion been on a visit to a neighbour, he returned home about midnight, at which hour, in the summer time, it is so light in Sweden that one can see to read the smallest print. He says: "On arriving at our estate at Dienstrop, my father met me before the gate of the court-yard, in his customary clothes, with a stick in his hand which my brother had ornamented with carved work. I saluted him, and conversed a long time with him. We then went together into the house, and upon the level floor into the room, on entering which I saw my father, quite undressed, lying in bed, in profound sleep, and the apparition had disappeared. He soon awoke, and regarded me with an inquiring look. 'My dear Edward,' said he, 'God be thanked that I see you again, for I was much troubled on your account in a dream; for it seemed to me that you had fallen into the water, and were in danger of drowning.'" The Baron said that he had on that day gone to the river with the friend whom he was visiting, in order to catch crabs, and at one time was actually in danger of falling into the stream. He related to his father that he had seen his apparition at the gate, and conversed with it, when the latter replied that a similar phenomenon had often occurred to him. This case favours the idea entertained by some that the spirit, even during the life of the body, may at times wander forth in its ethereal organism, and appear and act in distant places, forgetting all as it returns to the body.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

### SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Livermore delivered an interesting lecture on "Martin Luther" to an attentive audience. Mr. Livermore is a young man who has only lately become convinced of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and has now the satisfaction of knowing that spirits communicate, through the mediumship of his own wife. There is a great deal of earnestness in Mr. Livermore's manner, which, brought under the control of wisdom, will, we doubt not, be of real service to the Spiritual cause.

## EXTRACT FROM A WORK BY J. PERCEVAL, ESQ.

Published by Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1840.

Continued from page 373.

But now I reason thus—whenever I had most to think of, whenever my thoughts and hands were most occupied, I became I suppose, nearest to a sound state of mind, and consequently most aware of my situation, most distressed at my weakness, and most confused at my exposure, yet still in a manner unconscious of these feelings; for I am sure that the human mind has a double action, that of sense or sensation, and that of acknowledging, noticing, or defining its sensations, just as an absent man will walk up and down stairs to look for his pen or pencil, and at last find it in his hand or behind his ear; just as men, when occupied in thought, often rise from their chair and proceed to a table, or to a drawer, or to the garden, unconscious of their motion, until in a manner they awake, collect themselves, and feel what they wanted. So the lunatic is not entirely without sense, but his mind, harrassed by other painful thoughts, and intent upon them, appears insensible to the shocking situation in which he is placed. But, it being necessary to a sound state of mental and moral feeling that all or that many of the faculties of mind and body should be called into play at one time, and, above all things, that the body or members should be occupied; when such an occasion arrives, he becomes more sensible to his disgraceful and painful position, but without control over his feelings or thoughts. So, when I was at meals, my hands being employed, and when I was to be shaved, having to compose my features and person for the operation, having to recollect myself, I became more aware of my real position, my thoughts being called out from myself to outward objects. I have no doubt, also, that the recollection that I was often deprived of a knife, and not allowed to use my own razors, for fear I should hurt myself, contributed greatly to my mental sufferings. But I could not command myself, the trial was too much for me, and I became a noisy and gluttonous buffoon, drowning and flying from sense in boisterous exclamations, and in the hasty devouring of my food. If I had been in humaner circumstances, probably this would not have been.\*

But when the voices I heard desired me to refuse such a piece of meat for the sake of one friend, to eat such a piece for the sake of another friend, they commanded me to act so in the first place spiritually, that is, to revolt at eating such food in such a place, under such circumstances, served in such a manner; to show, in eating, a sense of my situation, and of my ill treatment; but, in the second place, to eat in humility and in thankfulness what was necessary for health and maintenance. Thus persons who are in grief often cannot, that is, will not, eat, and women, when offended, will leave their meals, showing a high spirit. Often, also, since my confinement, I have felt disposed to leave my food, but I fear for my health, and I have swallowed it, as it were, against myself, thinking on these things; but at other times I have regained self-possession, and found my mind at liberty, by pausing and drawing a deep breath, sobbing, or sighing, as the cloud of former recollections has passed over me.

Thus, lunacy is also the mistaking of a command which is spiritual for that which is literal, a command which is mental for one that is physical; and so I conceive, when I was commanded to wrestle with Herminet Herbert, the intention was to cultivate such and such dispositions to him, not practically to put the words into execution.

Why I called this man Herminet Herbert, I do not know, neither can I explain or define my understanding of the term; only I was told on my inquiring of my spirits the meaning of the words, that I knew it very well, and I then endeavoured to explain them thus, with reference to the Greek and German languages:—"Herminet"—the messenger, herald, or interpreter; † "Herr"—the Lord; "bert" I could by no means translate, and the voices told me it meant "of hell," and I understood that Herminet Herbert was a familiar style by which souls under punishment might term the Lord, as a son which calls his father "governor," or a debtor his prison his "palace," or "castle." I have found since, on referring to an old dictionary, that the word "herbert," or "heer-bert," signifies Leader, or Lord of Hosts.‡ The name, like many of my thoughts

\* The lunatic doctors appear to think that patients do not feel their position; now I know that many lunatics are extremely sensible to ridicule; this sensitiveness is, indeed, one of the phenomena of an unsound mind, and I know that lunatics are very much pained and embarrassed by exposure under their misfortune, and I suppose this is common to all. But they are not able to bear up against the feeling, and therefore fly for relief to boisterousness and impudent boldness, or sink into it into an apathy and passiveness, which is supposed to betray absence of feeling, when it really betrays incapability to meet such feeling. I have noticed in another volume my having been, during the progress of my recovery at Dr. Fox's, completely thrown off my balance by the fear of meeting strangers; but it was not until I reflected that I knew the cause of my own silly conduct.

† The keeper of the key of a door, or a mystery.

at Dr. Fox's madhouses, was, or seemed, original to me. I had no clue to lead to it; other ideas were. I have no doubt, suggested by my position, by the manners around me, and by the language of this very servant. I believed I was to be dissected alive, and cruelly butchered, and often he used to rate me, saying, "I'll cut your guts out!" "I'll cut your ——— out!" Who would imagine that such language was possible from a keeper of a lunatic asylum to a gentleman? But so it was, and if my readers will only consider how a lunatic is abandoned, and reflect upon human nature, they will know how guilty society is, and that these things are only too probable.

I remember, also, that when I was ordered to wrestle with Herminet Herbert, or to kiss Herminet Herbert, the voices explained to me that I was to take each of these directions in a contrary sense—ironically. That is, when I was desired to wrestle with him to kiss him; but I disobeyed, and then I was told I disobeyed through cowardice, that I was affecting not to understand, and, in consequence, losing all patience. At last I knew not which was which; and then the voices said that my understanding became confounded through my hypocrisy. Moreover, I often heard the command, "Wrestle with such a one, if you will." "Strike such a one, if you will," "Do this or that, if you will;" but, when I became more healthy, the form of address ran thus: "Do so and so, if you will; be obedient to a spirit of decision or precision;" or, "be obedient to a spirit of mockery and derision," and the like. When I discovered this, I became more orderly, supposing that I might choose and study in what spirit I might act or behave.

I conceive, therefore, that lunacy is also a state of confusion of understanding, by which the mind mistakes the commands of a spirit of humour, or of irony, or of drollery; that many minds are in this state; that perhaps this is the state of every human mind; that it certainly is the state of every mind in certain moods. I mean that, in the operations of the human intellect, the Deity, if not always, yet often, intimates His will by thus jesting—if I may be allowed to call it so—with His child, with His creature; that in the misapprehending or perverting of this form of address may consist original sin; or that such misapprehension or perversion is the first consequence of original sin (if such there be), pervading and making false every future deliberation and conception, and action. Hence, I imagine, it is that those who profess religion are often so hypocritical; for the true hypocrite is he who, like the Pharisee, fancies himself religious, and is not. Wherefore, also, Jesus companied with publicans and sinners; because amongst those who profess least, true and good feeling is often most prevalent. Hence, I imagine, also arises the great mystery spoken of by St. Paul, "That which I would I do not; that which I do I allow not;" "my mind lusteth against the flesh, my flesh against the spirit;" because the mind of man, fallen from a state of grace, thinks in a spirit of humour, as if that spirit were a spirit of truth; and when the mind, thinking in a spirit of humour, supposes it is forbidden to touch, taste, or handle, then in reality nature desires the contrary; and when the mind appears to command anything to be done, then, in fact, nature desires it not to be done. Hence it is, also, that we say, "We don't care," "It does not signify," "Never mind," and the like, in matters which are really of the greatest, perhaps of eternal, moment. Certainly this law of contradiction exists, and it has been noticed by other writers beside St. Paul, even in its physical effects. By Ovid, somewhere, writing on the passion of Love, and by Martial, in an epigram I must only allude to. I guard myself from saying that this is an universal law, lest I lead myself or others into error. But do we not know how often, as boys at school, we have disobeyed orders, and done things merely because they were forbidden? Do we not know that the surest way to make people read a book is to say that they ought not to do so? Do we not often meet persons of whom it is said that they are of so perverse a disposition that you have only to desire them not to do a thing to make them long to do it—to request anything of them as a favour in order that it may not be done? I acknowledge I do look upon this as a discovery in the operation of the intellectual faculties of much importance, for which I am thankful. Others have noticed the fact; I have been enabled to give a solution of the fact—a solution, I suspect, if rightly considered, to a great degree of the mystery of iniquity. So, then, is a misapprehension, a shadow, a mockery.

(To be continued.)

THE man of "worldly wisdom" may be termed a man of science, because science, in its broadest sense and most accurate definition, is a system of external effects and phenomena with which an individual is usually well acquainted. And the man of "interior wisdom" may be termed a philosopher; because philosophy, according to its true definition, is a system of causes and principles, in the investigation of which the spiritually-minded individual is at all times more or less engaged.—A. J. DAVIS.

‡ Properly, the glory or the brightness of an army.

## AGGIE, A SPIRIT.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

In the *Banner* of some six months ago might be noticed an obituary. That short paragraph related an event which overwhelmed us, and gave us to drink of the bitterest cup of grief.

Aggie, a sister, adopted into our family circle as our child, and under our care matured into the fulfilment of the brightest destiny, went from us a perfect representation of health. We answered the telegram that said she could not live, but too late. Even the poor consolation of a parting word was denied us. Her beautiful features still showed marks of terrible pain—that was all. She was frozen to marble.

I had thought that the spiritual philosophy would sustain one in this trial; that, knowing the spirit existed, the keen edge of our grief would be taken off. For the time it was not so. We are accustomed to form our judgment by the senses.

As we stand before the corpse of our departed friend, grief overwhelms our intuitions, and darkens our spiritual perceptions. When we cry in our agony, the waves of feeling deafen our ears to the sound of spirit-voices. Our eyes meet the physical wreck of the beautiful, inanimate, still, cold dead, and, with the heartlessness of materiality, tell us there is nothing beyond. Soon will the elements claim their own from the sleeping, and a year shall suffice to dissolve the being which for a time cheered us by her winning ways, and scatter her ashes to the winds.

Thus materialism, stifling, dark, and dreadful, took the place of Spiritualism, and was sustained by the senses, and unopposed by spiritual perceptions, too lacerated to feel. The days came and went, as slowly our minds assumed their normal condition, and the desire to communicate with the departed might be answered.

It was then began the most complete and satisfactory series of communications I have ever witnessed. They were free from any collusion on the part of anyone outside of ourselves, as Mrs. Tuttle and myself were usually the only persons at the table or in the room.

We often endeavoured to have the table tip, but had failed. Now, however, we had a spirit in the shadow, in union with ourselves, and the gateway of communication was opened.

I had previously seen her clairvoyantly, but so dimly, so shadowy, I doubted whether it was not a conjuration of a disturbed mind. Those doubts have been removed. It was before her funeral, and the attractions to earth remained unimpaired. She was sad, and unable to speak. Her spirit-mother was with her, and in thought I asked her if she intended to remain and witness the painful ceremony of the morrow, and she answered, "I would not have my child see it. We go away now, not to return until all is over."

We held a *séance* nearly every evening, and she was always present, and gave us some word of assurance. Sometimes she failed to answer correctly, the table being uncontrollable. At other times all her questions were perfectly correct for an hour's questioning. We soon learned to discriminate, and, so far from supposing that undeveloped spirits came at those disturbed *séances*, we knew the fault lay in our own organizations. The detail of these *séances* is very interesting to us, but would not be to the public. I shall relate but one incident, as it illustrates the spirit's power of prophecy.

Shortly after her departure, and at our first *séance*, she informed us that her father, who was slightly ill, could not recover. This was against our reason, for his sickness was not considered serious. Two weeks afterwards she fixed the day of his death at nearly three months ahead. About two weeks previous to the time she had fixed for that event, she came, and by the tedious process of spelling by the alphabet, gave the following communication to her sister:—

"Emma, prepare to go to Braceville. Father has dictated a letter to-day, wishing you to come. He is not yet ready to die; but if you do not go, you will never have an opportunity to enjoy his society on earth again. The letter will reach you on Thursday, and on Friday you must go."

The letter came, and the spirit-voice was obeyed; and if conferring happiness on those who are dear, during the last days of their mortal life, be a life long comfort to us, we are thankful for that thoughtful admonition.

Her father lived twelve hours past the time she had appointed; but at the very time he sank away so completely that all thought he had breathed his last, when he recovered, and exclaimed:—

"What a beautiful scene! I saw—"

He could not complete the sentence. He struggled through the night, and just as the sun arose in the east, and the birds awoke the earth with song, his spirit arose into heaven, and awoke to the song of angels.

I often asked her to go to the Banner Circle Room and communicate, but she said that she could not approach, on account of the immense crowd of strange spirits congregated there. She said that she could do so, however, if I went with her.

At length the opportunity offered. I met Mrs. Conant several times, but I did not urge a *séance*. I too well understand the laws of spirit communion to think satisfactory results can be commanded, they must flow voluntarily. I had almost become assured not to expect anything through Mrs. C., when one evening, as we were engaged in conversation, she suddenly became entranced. Her hand glided over my shoulder, and she burst into tears. Her manner, her tears, identified the controlling spirit. Aggie, in broken accents, said that this first direct contact with earth completely overpowered her, and she could only say how much she loved us all, how sad our grief made her, and that we must not mourn for her any more.

To a sceptic there was furnished no test, but that is to come. She remarked that she had found a medium through whom she could write all she desired, and said I must meet her at Miss Nellie Starkweather's, at eleven o'clock on the next day.

I met the engagement punctually. I had never seen the medium before, and did not give her my name. I simply told her I had called for a *séance*. We sat down on opposite sides of a table, and she told me that I could write whatever questions I desired, and after folding the paper tightly, lay it on the table. I wrote, "Will the spirit who made this engagement write her name?"

I rolled the paper closely, and laid it on the table. Immediately the medium wrote—"Maggie." This was written, as is all she writes, reversed, so that it must be held before a mirror to be read. I wrote, "That is wrong." Instantly the medium's hand was again influenced, and the "M" was stricken off, leaving the name correctly spelled, "Aggie." Then I wrote, "I do not want to ask questions; write whatever you please."

To this the following was the reply; and, considering that to the medium I was a total stranger, the accuracy with which the names were given is astonishing. Aggie's guitar had been left at a friend's, and had not been touched by any one, remaining exactly as she left it, leaning against the wall. She alludes to it, as well as to the favourite horse, "Bill;" and both allusions are tests of identity:—

"Dear Hudson and Emma.—I am with you, as I promised last evening, but I cannot control this medium as readily as I supposed I should be able to. But I shall improve, and shall be able to control you self so perfectly that you will be compelled to acknowledge my presence. I have the same affection for you as while on earth. I shall never change. I am with you in spirit always, and hope to control Emma so perfectly that I can fulfil my imperfectly performed mission on earth. I am very happy; do not grieve for me.

"Dear Emma! dear Emma! I am ever near you. How I do want to give you proof of my identity.

"Bring my guitar home, and lay it on the table; perhaps I can play on it.

"Do you remember, I loved to see Emma ride, but I was always afraid of 'Bill'?"

"Dear little Rosa and Carl, you miss me, don't you? But I am still with you, and will lead you to truth and right, if you will be patient and unwavering."

I received other answers equally correct, but of too personal a character to insert here. There was no failure. Every question written and rolled into a ball, and placed on the table, was answered in less time than I have occupied in writing this. But here let me insert a word of caution, for I would not convey a wrong impression that such is invariably the result, for the next day I called for a *séance*, and did not receive a single answer to my written questions.

By our daily converse with this beloved spirit are we strengthened in our knowledge of spirit life. We know that she exists as a bright immortal in the spirit-land, and with this knowledge the inscription on her monument in the village churchyard has a deep warmth of meaning.

—AGGIE.

"Wait, darling, wait;

You have reached the heavenly strand,

But those you love are toiling up

To the heights of a better land.

All pause at the shining gates of pearl—

Look down the narrow way,

And lead us by your angel-hand

Unto the perfect day."

Boston, Mass.

## A SITTING WITH MR. FAY.

MR. W. M. FAY gave a sitting on Monday last at the Lyceum to a few of his private friends, including Mr. Cooper, Dr. Nichols, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Powell, and one or two others. The spirit "Katie" talked freely for several minutes, and everyone present was touched by a hand in various parts of the body. Mr. Fay has shown satisfactorily that his medium powers are of an extraordinary character. It is expected that the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay will again present themselves before London audiences.

## SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 5.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

Be ye not as a fountain that is choked up with noisome weeds, but be ye as a fountain pouring forth clear water. Let your thoughts and your actions be as pure as that water. Mind there is nothing to obstruct its progress. Let it spring forth plentifully. Let it water the earth, that it may bring forth good fruit. Let the fruit be such as the children of earth can gather and taste, that they may understand the flavour of that fruit. The water of that fountain is Truth. The fruit that will grow because the waters of Truth moisten the ground is Justice. Truth and Justice go hand-in-hand. Truth has been trampled under foot. Deceit hath grown up in its stead. Deceit and oppression have leagued themselves together to crush Truth and Justice. But they cannot succeed; they must fall to the ground; and if you so water the earth with the waters of Truth, good fruits will spring up. Hear, then, what I say; understand what I say. Trample oppression and injustice under foot, and always let Truth reign, and it will be a shield to all that place themselves under its defence.

Remember and hold fast that which is good. Clench firmly the banner of Truth and Justice. It cannot be wrested from you if you take a firm hold, and ask help from Him that rules the earth. Be of good cheer; be not cast down, but trust in God. Ask His guidance, seek His favour and His love, and hold firmly to Truth and Justice. Then, though your enemies be ten thousand strong, you will never be trampled under foot.

Is not He All-Powerful, that is all Truth and Justice? Cannot He protect you? Can He not, I say, deliver you, and all who help to unfurl that flag, from all oppressors? Fear not, but trust.

Can you not understand?

Question: Is this the same spirit that generally speaks through the medium?

Spirit. Yes.

Q. Can you give me a name by which I may know you?

S. Truth and Justice.

Q. What is your mission?

S. My mission is to lead, or try to lead, all into the way of Truth, for without Truth it is impossible to do any good thing. Truth is the stepping-stone to goodness, happiness, and God. It ought to be your guiding star, or the rail that you hold upon, or the staff that you hold in your hand as you travel through life. Truth and Justice cannot be separated; they go hand-in-hand. They are, as it were, the one link in the chain of life.

Q. Can you give diagnoses for disease?

S. All you require is less study; less trouble about things that need not concern you. I tell you, let oppression hold sway for a time; Truth and Justice will overcome it.

Q. How is a man to get rid of his natural temperament?

S. Natural temperament! Indulgence in weaknesses! You know not that you make your own temperament often by fancying that you do not. Seek to have a healthy mind, then you will have a healthy body. Let not your brain be too active. God has given you reason; exercise that reason, and fret not yourself because of those who set traps to catch your feet in. But be ye as a fountain pouring forth fresh waters. Then where will the trap be? Will not the waters overflow it? Truth and Justice hold sway, and those who set the trap will themselves be caught in it.

Q. Could the spirit give a definition of Honesty?

S. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. What can be better? Never receive more than your due, but give freely where it is needed; and what you lack ask for, and it will be given.

## INVOCATION.

Father, God of Love and Light, give unto these, Thy children, peace, justice, truth, wisdom, grace, and love. Give them to understand and to possess good from evil. Give them Thy love, and may it encircle around and about their hearts, and may Thy holy spirit sprinkle with the dew of Thy grace, so that their love may grow to Thee abundantly, and, oh! may nothing of this earth turn them from Thee. May they be fast and sure. May Thy wisdom shine round and about them, so that they may be like wise men. May Justice take firm root against the world's tyranny; and I beseech Thee, may Thine eye be ever ready to guard and guide, and to shine. May they see the lustre of Thine eye. Give them all that they need; take away all that hinders their progress, and may Thy peace, that passeth all understanding, that peace the world cannot take away, rest for ever with them. I thank Thee, oh! Father, that Thou hast permitted me to come and to speak. Give it, oh! Father, to me to unfold these Thy mysteries. I thank Thee—I bless Thee!

## SPIRITUALISM AT DARLINGTON.

We have received a very lengthy report from Mr. John Hodge, of Darlington, of Dr. McLeod's lectures in that town. The lectures have been amply reported in various local papers, and have had the useful effect of causing persons to seek for advice, and to form circles. Mr. Hodge describes the Dr. as an eloquent, candid, and educated speaker. After describing the first lecture, he says:—

"The second night brought at least a double company, who also paid the most marked attention. After the lecture, a few questions were asked, and answered satisfactory to all by unanimous applause. At the close, Mr. Jarret (not a Spiritualist)

complimented the Dr. on his success as a lecturer on this 'strange subject,' which was seconded by Dr. Malcolm, and most enthusiastically endorsed by the whole company. There was not the slightest appearance of even one dissident. The *Newcastle Daily Express* has the following paragraph:—

## "SPIRITUALISM AT DARLINGTON."

"On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dr. McLeod, who was described as a 'healing medium,' of Newcastle, delivered lectures in the Mechanic's Hall, Darlington, on 'The New Gospel of Spiritualism.' The lecturer is Secretary of the Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Great Britain, the first convention of which, it will be remembered, was inaugurated at Darlington in July last. The matter at the time created a good deal of interest, but the press not being admitted, the proceedings were not made public. The next convention is to be held at Newcastle. The lecturer, in commencing his subject, called it a Divine philosophy, and said that John Wesley was a Spiritualist in the highest sense of the term, quoting circumstances and passages from his journals to prove it. Wesley, however, could not in a strict sense be called a medium. The lecturer then spoke of his having in 1831 attended, quite sceptical on the matter of Spiritualism, a *séance* given by Mr. Forster, an American medium, in an hotel in Newcastle, to eight or ten persons. He there saw some strange manifestations, and also other gentlemen present, and they were told circumstances of which only them elves were cognizant. A year and a half after, still in a sceptical mood, he visited the *séance* of the Davenport Brothers; saw what was to him incomprehensible, such as musical instruments flying about the room, &c. The Davenports were not impostors. Then, without telling any one, he went to London to see a medium there, Mrs. Marshall. She knew not where he came from, and after he had been there a short time, his mother's spirit was said to be present. He inquired when his mother died, and was told on the 6th of August, 1834, at Aberdeen. This was quite correct. Other similar circumstances were told him about his father, and a variety of other astonishing information elicited. A large table in the room moved about in the air without any visible support, gently tapping against his breast. He also mentioned the fact of a man in America (as quoted in an American paper, from which he read) curing hundreds of people from disease—blindness, deafness, consumption, &c., by the simple touch. In an instant the deaf heard, the dumb spoke, the blind saw. Though called a healing medium, he had not himself seen, in his own experience, any cures of this sort, except in slight instances; but he fully believed he should be enabled to effect such cures. There were princes, dukes, earls, members of Parliament, whose names could be got in Darlington from any of the Spiritualist brethren, who were ready to make affidavits, if necessary, as to the truths of Spiritualism. At the close of the lecture on Wednesday, he was asked a variety of questions. In answer to Dr. Torbeck, he said Spiritualists did not believe in hell, as generally understood. Hell was a place of progression, from which spirits who had been sinful some time or other would be admitted to more happy circumstances. He also said that every person in Darlington, in twenty-five years, would believe in the truths of Spiritualism, which tencea more than anything else to advance religion."

We trust the Progressive Spiritualists may be stimulated by Dr. McLeod's success, to continue the work they have so enthusiastically commenced. We regret not being able to afford more space to Mr. Hodge's report.

## REMARKABLE MONITIONS.

At a recent spiritual conference, P. B. Randolph, medium and clairvoyant physician of this city, related some facts in his early experience, among which we regard the following as specially remarkable. He said that some eight or ten years ago he followed the sea in the capacity of cabin-boy. The captain and mate were severe men, and he was subjected to much abuse from them. On one occasion they had beaten him cruelly, and driven him to utter desperation, when he felt an interior impulse to cast himself into the sea, and so end his troubles. He ran for that purpose toward the side of the vessel, but just as he was about to take the fatal leap, he saw the apparition of an arm and hand rising above the water, and beckoning him to go back. He suddenly stopped, and nearly fell backward; but, after persuading himself that this figure was a mere phantom of the imagination, he rallied for a still more desperate effort, resolving not to be diverted from his purpose that time. As he approached the side of the vessel, however, he saw the whole form of his deceased mother floating above the waves, and this time she addressed him, speaking to his internal hearing, and commanding him to desist from his purpose, saying that the time for him to leave the world had not yet arrived, and that there was an important work for him to do in the future. He was thus saved from the suicide's death, and strengthened to endure the insults of his persecutors. In several other instances he had been saved from danger and strengthened under adversity by the interposition of his spirit-mother.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

Mr. JOHN BEATTIE, of Clifton, has been lecturing on Spiritualism at Bristol. The lecture has called forth some letters against the subject in the *Daily Bristol Times and Mirror*, from "X" and "Inquirer," and replies from Mr. Beattie.

**A N ADDRESS** will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, December 3rd, 1866, at 7 o'clock. By the Rev. J. M. Spear. A Collection will be made to defray Expenses.

**SPIRITUAL LYCEUM SUNDAY EVENING RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.** A Course of Six Discourses will be delivered in the Lyceum Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W., By Mr. J. H. POWELL.

Subjects:—  
I. Love. II. Charity. III. Riches. IV. Poverty. V. Character. VI. Immortality. The first Discourse will be delivered on Sunday Evening, December 10th, at 7 o'clock. Admission Free.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**CORRESPONDENTS** will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

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

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