

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.

## TO OUR SPIRITUALIST FRIENDS.

It has already been announced that Mr. Cooper, owing to the heavy monetary burden that for more than two years has rested upon him, had decided to bring the *Spiritual Times* to a close. This decision, as most of our readers are aware, caused the friends of Mr. Powell to get him up the Testimonial, the particulars of which are contained on another page. Since then, several gentlemen, interested in Spiritualism and the *Spiritual Times*, have formed themselves into a Committee, each guaranteeing from £5 to £10 yearly towards the continuance of the *Spiritual Times*.

Mr. Cooper has already given notice for the paper to be discontinued after the next issue. A large sum of money is required to carry it on, which the Committee hope will be subscribed by the friends of Spiritualism.

It is everywhere felt that a weekly spiritual Journal is needed. We trust, with ampler opportunities, should the necessary sum be obtained, to make the paper in every way a useful auxiliary to the Cause. Friends desirous of aiding the Committee by subscribing for the purpose of continuing the *Spiritual Times* may send in their subscriptions to Mr. Robert Cooper, Treasurer of the Committee, *pro tem.*, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

We shall print names of subscribers in our next.

## A WORD ABOUT MISS HARDINGE.

SPIRITUALISM of late has been most ably defended on the platform by Miss Emma Hardinge, Mr. D. D. Home, and others. Miss Hardinge's discourses at Harley-street during the past three months have called together large, influential and appreciative audiences. The subjects upon which she has descanted have been various, yet full of beautiful teaching. Few have listened to her without feelings of admiration and wonder. Her words flow forth in streams of burning eloquence, and withal in such taste as to give the cultured ear the idea of the speaker having previously undergone the most careful preparation. And yet her discourses are inspirational, the subjects mostly being chosen for her, and only made known to her when she presents herself on the platform ready to speak the word the Spirit inspires. Those who had the extreme gratification of listening to Miss Hardinge's late discourses will not readily forget her masterly

command over her theme and the living fervour of her voice. There is no other resting-place for the enquirer, we feel certain, until he reaches the conclusion that she is in an abnormal state, subjected to invisible and intelligent influences during the time she is speaking.

Five more discourses at Harley-street are promised by Miss H. Where will she speak afterwards? Her stay in England is drawing to a close. Shall she be allowed to return to America having only half fulfilled her mission? We desire most earnestly to see her on some free platform where she can address multitudes on the Divine Spiritual Philosophy. It will be a cause for deep regret to all Spiritualists who appreciate her powers should she have no opportunity of addressing the working classes. No true Spiritualist would circumscribe her wondrous powers. Spiritualism looks through the distinctions of class, and searches the heart of humanity, and when it is properly operative, causes the rich to yearn towards the poor, and to aim to do them justice. We are sure from our knowledge of Miss Hardinge that she is ready, if the way is open for her, to speak to the people of all classes. What is there to prevent her doing so? Cannot those having means, who have been privileged to attend the Harley-street meetings, when they shall close, have some other suitable place open where hundreds of all classes may assemble to hear her?

We were glad to publish the beautiful tribute to Miss Hardinge from William Howitt in our last. We are assured few could hear her and fail to recognize her marvellous powers, or to see her great mission in the work of Spiritualism. We repeat our long-cherished hope that something may be done to give Miss Hardinge the opportunity of addressing large audiences. The time, let us hope, has gone by when the *elite* held by the notion that Spiritualism, like their plots of land, was a thing to be hedged round by vested interests. Let us hope that Spiritualism has had its reforming influence upon them, and that they now see that working men have spirits as well as themselves, and need spiritual food as much. We know whilst we write that there are many of the *elite* amongst Spiritualists whose souls are full of the divine aura of Spiritualism, and who stand ready at all times to do their Master's work. We trust that such may hourly increase, and that the petty prejudices of caste may soon entirely disappear.

The working classes as much, if not more than any, need the knowledge of Spiritualism. It would lighten their heavy burdens—it would give them a faith which would sanctify their devotion to truth—it would drive from their homes the mocking fiends of Sin which make some of them bad husbands and worse fathers, and their domiciles pandemoniums.

It is a duty devolving upon the rich Spiritualists to let the light of Spiritualism into the habitations of the poor. Until this is done, society may expect little improvement. Spiritualism opens its arms to embrace humanity, and those who would nurse it as some babe, and imagine it is theirs alone, may find anon that it has grown into a mighty Sam-

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son, ready to crumble into ruins the Gaza walls of Prejudice, Ignorance, and Doubt.

We think Miss Hardinge eminently fitted to do good service to the cause of Spiritualism amongst the "working bees;" it is with this idea that we call upon the Spiritualists to clear the way that she may enlarge her sphere of action, and speak with trumpet tongue the words of peace and righteousness to all who *would* hear her if they could.

#### AN APOLOGY TO MISS HARDINGE.

The *English Leader* of last week contains two letters, one from Mr. Dove, the gentleman who presided at Miss Hardinge's lectures at St. James's Hall, and the other from Miss Hardinge herself, calling upon the editor of the *English Leader* to apologise for his mis-statements relative to Miss Hardinge, to which we drew the attention of our readers. Here is the letter from the lady:—

To the Editor of the *English Leader*.

"Sir,—My attention has been called to your paper of March 17th, where, in an article headed 'Southern Spirits,' you assert that I am 'Belle Floyd,' 'the famous Confederate agent,' &c., &c. You then proceed to indulge in comments on my family name, religious belief, public career, and other personalities.

"I beg to inform you, sir, that the whole statement is false; that I am not 'Belle Floyd,' nor 'Belle Boyd,' the so-called 'Confederate spy;' nor do I know any such person, nor acknowledge any connection or interest in any way whatever with the Confederate cause in America.

"As my career in that country is well known, my public and untiring advocacy for the Union cause, Northern principles, and the two elections of Mr. Lincoln fully recorded, and the devotion of nearly four years of my time and earnings to the aid of the soldiers of the Northern armies generously acknowledged in most of the leading journals of America; as, moreover, I have already fully denied my supposed identity with the person you refer to in the London and provincial papers of this country, I shall consider the continued or repeated statement of this falsehood as an injurious libel, and deal with it accordingly.

"Requesting you to give the same circulation to this letter that you have afforded to your mis-statement, together with whatever apology your sense of justice and honour may dictate,

"I am, sir, faithfully yours,

"EMMA HARDINGE.

"Manor House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,  
"March 18, 1866."

The editor of the *English Leader* makes the *amende honorable* thus:—

"We are informed by a friend that the paragraph concerning Miss Hardinge, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, upon which we commented last week, was untrue. We looked for days in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for some contradiction of so injurious a report; not observing any such contradiction in its pages, we supposed it to be correct. It appears, however, that Miss Hardinge has selected this journal in which to make her denial. Her letter, and that of Mr. Dove, will be found in another column. We therefore owe an apology to the lady, which we make frankly and unreservedly, and regret that she did not cause the *Pall Mall Gazette* to correct a report which had been published eleven days before it was noticed in this journal of the 17th inst. Whatever observations we thought it our duty to apply to the supposed 'Belle Boyd,' we regret having applied to Miss Hardinge, and retract them without qualification. The paragraph upon which we commented appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 6th, and was as follows:—'The New York papers insist that Miss Emma Hardinge and 'Bell Boyd,' the Confederate adventuress, are one and the same personage.'"

It is to be hoped, after this, that Miss Hardinge will be saved further annoyance on this subject.

#### THE DAVENPORTS AND MR. FAY.

THESE extraordinary mediums re-open at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening next at reduced prices. There is no doubt but that hundreds will avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing their marvellous manifestations. They have been through Ireland and Scotland, where they have given *séances* with marked success. We understand that they intend visiting Russia when the present series of *séances* are concluded. Mr. Robert Cooper will introduce them as before. In our advertising columns will be found full particulars.

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Feb. 5.

READERS of newspapers are seldom called upon to pursue detailed accounts of supernatural occurrences. Superstition went out as the printing press came in, and yet we have a plain circumstantial account of a seemingly supernatural affair to lay before the readers of the "*Inquirer*" this morning. We say seemingly, because we believe there is some trickery in the case, though thus far it has baffled detection.

In South Fifth street, in the old District of Southwark, stands an unpretending three-story brick house; the front apartment of the first floor is used as a dry goods store, and the remainder of the building is occupied as the dwelling place of the proprietor and his family. These people have lived in this house for the past ten years, and have found it a comfortable residence until last Thursday evening, when their troubles began.

Three young ladies of the family, after having retired for the night in their usual apartment, the third story front room, were awakened by a clattering on the floor, and on rising to ascertain the cause of the noise they found that their combs, brushes, head dresses, &c., had been thrown upon the floor, they replaced them on the top of the bureau and again retired and again the articles were thrown upon the floor. They arose a second time, somewhat alarmed. To heighten their trepidation, a looking-glass jumped from the wall into a far corner of the room, and was shivered to pieces. They awoke their father, and he came up stairs to be astonished by the mantel ornaments jumping from their accustomed positions and waltzing around the floor. There were strange knockings in the ceiling and walls. There was no more sleep for the family that night.

With daylight they became calm, but while the lady of the house was placing the breakfast dishes, a saucer sprang from the table, flew against the wall, and was broken into a dozen fragments. The members of the household, who are not over nervous partook of their morning meal, and commenced the business of the day.

On Friday night the annoyances began again, doors flew open with great violence, an ivory ornament jumped from a table through a pane of glass, and clattered on the pavement below. The mantel ornaments again became erratic, and chased over the floor; pictures became loosed from their fastenings, and flew across the rooms with remarkable velocity, at times dashing the glass to pieces, and damaging the frames, and in other instances sustaining no damage from their rapid transit and sudden stoppage.

Not liking to have the ornamental furniture destroyed, the pictures and mirrors were unhung and placed upon the floor, but this did not deprive them of their powers of locomotion. One large looking-glass took a zigzag flight across a room, brought up against an opposing wall, and was smashed out of all the semblance of a respectable reflector. It was a night of horror to the afflicted inmates of the haunted three-story brick. Next morning their plates jumped from the dresser, and dashed themselves to atoms against the floor, walls and ceiling. The morning meal had to be partaken from the laps of the haunted people. During Friday they removed all their pictures, looking-glasses and valuable mantel ornaments to the house of a neighbour where they still remain.

The master and mistress of the family being communicants of the Baptist Church, imparted the circumstances of their strange visitation to their pastor, and on Saturday evening that gentleman, accompanied by another clergyman, went to the haunted dwelling to pass the night. With one of these clerical gentlemen we had a protracted interview. He is a very clear minded scholar, has received a collegiate training, and during his studies paid considerable attention to the seeming phenomena of natural philosophy. He assures us that he entered the haunted dwelling with the belief that the inmates were the dupes of trickery, and he left the house yesterday morning perplexed in the extreme.

Soon after he entered the parlour a hymn book was projected from a table and thrown with violence against the door. With

his own hands he picked up the book and replaced it; before his eyes the volume was seized with an invisible force, and for a second time thrown across the room, and a Testament sent to keep it company. Again the books were replaced, and again sent whirling around the room, at times making the entire circuit of the apartment, then they would fly off at a tangent, and come to a full stop violently against the walls. Bibles Testaments and Hymn Books were endowed with strange powers of volition during Saturday night.

Both the clergymen present did their best to discover some trick by which the inanimate objects were made to circumnavigate rooms in so mysterious a manner, but in vain; they could discover no clue to the mystic movements.

Many other mysterious manifestations took place on Saturday evening; a writing slate was projected against the ceiling and broken to atoms; the model of a boat was sent sailing through the air, and finished its aerial voyage by a violent butt against the wall. The well known picture of the late President Lincoln and his son Tad, was taken from a nail on the wall, by unseen force, sent diagonally across the room with great swiftness, and dashed against an opposite wall with such force as to break the glass, crushing the pictures into minute pieces. Over this picture hung a green baize bag, such as legal men carry; the picture, although hanging under the strings of the bag, was removed as stated, while the bag itself was undisturbed. A young gentleman present who expressed himself an unbeliever in supernatural phenomena, was roughly jostled by strong, though invisible hands. The violent manifestations continued for about three hours when they ceased.

Yesterday morning they began again. A servant of the family, while cleaning the dishes, had a tumbler fly from the wash-pan and strike her violently in the forehead, leaving an ugly mark in the shape of a flesh wound. The keys flew from out the locks of the doors; the few remaining dishes threw violent somersaults from shelves to floor. A last attempt was made to set the table yesterday, for the Sunday dinner, in vain; the plates jumped off the table and went to atoms against the floor and ceiling, so the hapless family ate their Sabbathical dinner from their laps.

A daughter of the family, on her return from church yesterday, on entering the parlour had her Bible torn from her hands with such force as to tear the covers entirely off.

Even the bread became endowed with life, and went spinning over the table in the most eccentric manner. During yesterday afternoon there was comparative quiet; there were rumbling noises, but no movements of inanimate objects. Our reporters visited the house during the afternoon; they heard the strange unaccountable noises, but saw nothing in transition through the air. Broken dishes, shattered mirrors, damaged books, and the absence of all ornamental furniture, bore ample evidence of the strange annoyance to which the dwelling was subjected.

Several spiritualists have visited the house, and expressed themselves confident that evil spirits were at work, though who invoked their power they were unable to tell. None of the mediums seemed to have sufficient power to lay the disturbing spirits beneath the waves of the Red Sea.

By the urgent requests of the family we suppress the number of the haunted house, as it would become uncomfortably crowded with curious visitors. The facts are substantially as above stated. The pastor of the church to which the annoyed family belong passed last night in the haunted house. One of the *attaches* of the "Inquirer" shared his vigils. The family of this house are all opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism, are communicants of the Baptist Church, and bear a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude.

The only theory advanced thus far by the superstitious to account for the outbreak of these mysterious manifestations, is that they are caused by a lady who boarded in the family for some months, and left the house on rather ill terms with its inmates. This woman is reputed to be a Spiritualist, and it is said by some that she has conjured the evil spirits into the house. Those in the immediate neighbourhood who profess Spiritualism are considerably exercised over these manifestations.—

(To be continued.)

#### SOIREE AND PRESENTATION TO MR. J. H. POWELL.

ON Thursday evening, March 22, there was a good attendance of the friends of Spiritualism at the Westbourne Hall, Bayswater. WILLIAM HOWITT, Esq., presided. On rising to address the meeting the Chairman was greeted with loud applause. He commenced by reading the following letter:—  
TO THE CHAIRMAN.

"Dear sir,—I regret that imperative duties will prevent me having the pleasure of being present at the Soiree to Mr. Powell on Thursday evening. I desire, however, to express my entire sympathy with the object of the meeting, and the more so, that

having long known Mr. Powell, I can testify to his integrity and worth. From the time that the truth of Spiritualism was brought home to his mind, he has been one of its most earnest advocates and defenders, ever ready by tongue and pen to do battle in its behalf. He has conducted the 'Spiritual Times' from its commencement, with great zeal and industry, and under very difficult and trying circumstances; and though, doubtless, somewhat disappointed at its not having achieved a greater success. This is no more than is common to most men of buoyant disposition and sanguine temperament, on comparing the results of their work with the expectations in undertaking it. He has, however, I am sure, the satisfaction of being able, honestly, to say that he has done his best. No man can say more than this. It will be well for us all if we can truly say as much. I trust the present effort will be sufficient for the end proposed, and regret that I have not been able to render it more effective aid. Whatever may be Mr. Powell's future sphere of labour, and whether it be in the Old World or the New, may he realize the success that should ever be the meed of honourable exertion."—  
I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS BREVIOR.

Mr. HOWITT, on taking the chair, read the following passage from the printed circular by which the meeting had been convened:—"It is proper, in this private circular, to state definitely the grounds on which this appeal is made. Mr. Powell, who has a wife and four children dependent upon him for support, has laboured zealously, for more than two years, as editor of the *Spiritual Times*, which has been maintained by the liberality of Mr. Robert Cooper. Such papers are seldom remunerative, and stop when the funds, appropriated to their support, are exhausted. The stoppage of the *Spiritual Times* throws Mr. Powell again on the world, and as he hopes to find a new field of action in America, his friends wish to offer him a tangible proof of their estimation of his well-meant and persevering efforts, and some assistance in the hard struggle of life."

Mr. HOWITT said these were the grounds on which this contribution had been raised and this meeting called together; but had the *Spiritual Times* stopped? Would it stop? and would Mr. Powell go to America? In coming there, he had, indeed, heard it whispered that none of these things had taken, or would take place. If that were so, he could only say that he had no positive information of such changes of plan; and, therefore, he wished distinctly to state that he could take upon himself no responsibility on that head. He had come thither wholly on the faith of these being *bona fide* statements of the objects of the subscription and the calling of the meeting. If, however, there were parties desirous of carrying on the *Spiritual Times*, he would warn them most seriously, that it could not be done with any credit to the cause, or comfort to those concerned in it, except by first securing a sufficient fund for its necessary expenses, and a staff of able contributors, capable by their united talents and intelligence, of placing it on such a footing of efficiency as the present state of journalism demanded. He admitted that a weekly journal possesses many advantages for serving a cause by prompt action. There existed many spiritual journals on the Continent, and many spiritualistic works of a first-class character, whose very names were not yet known in England. The contents of those ought to be made known regularly to us, so that we might find our position strengthened by a knowledge of our continental coadjutors and their doings, and they, by a knowledge of our labours and sympathies. Again, however, he must warn them, that none of those advantages could be attained except through a journal well found in funds, in talent, and active intelligence. Without these requisites the continuance of a weekly journal could only perpetuate the same scene of editorial anxieties, the same defective journal, the same appeal for public help at no distant day.

Mr. HOWITT then adverted to the intense hostility of the press in this country to Spiritualism, and to the idea prevalent in it that Spiritualism was but a thing which had originated in a corner, and yet existed in a corner; whilst, in reality, its professors were the vast majority of the population of this globe. That all the ancient nations were Spiritualists, that all the eastern nations, whose swarming population constituted, by far, the vast majority of the human race, were still, as they ever have been, Spiritualists. That the greatest intellects of Greece, Homer, Hesiod, Thales, Herodotus, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and all the great dramatists, were Spiritualists. So also in Rome, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the younger, Tacitus, &c. The name of the greatest men of all succeeding ages. The Catholic Church had never, for a moment, abandoned its faith in the supernatural from the day that it became a Church, and held its faith still. He observed that Christianity altogether was said to have only two hundred millions of votaries out of the total mass of mankind; and of Christians, Protestants were again a small minority, and it was only amongst this small minority of a minority that the anti-Spiritualists existed. So far, therefore, from the anti-Spiritualists constituting a majority amongst the thousand millions of the population of the earth,

they constituted a most miserable minority indeed. Was' it then for this miserable handful of men amid the vast human race, to give themselves such airs, and boast themselves against the grand and permanent aggregate of mankind? It was simply ludicrous.

As for the press of this country endeavouring to crush out all knowledge of Spiritualism, by refusing it a fair hearing—by endeavouring to stop its mouth and smother it in calumnies—it was not against the Spiritualists that they were thus fighting, it was against God; the question being entirely betwixt the press and God. This great power operating throughout all ages and countries, in the hearts of universal mankind, was the power and Spirit of God. Now, if the press could, indeed, succeed in dethroning God—in arresting His work in the eternal ages, and in the multitudinous heart of man—then it would prove itself to be something more than omnipotent. And as it was merely mortal, and in a miserable minority, its efforts against the same Eternal Power which sent the sun upon the earth day after day to fill it with all the fertilization and blessings of life could but insure it ultimately a most certain and ruinous defeat.

As a proof of the extraordinary manner in which the phenomena of Spiritualism were bursting up, like fire, under the feet of mankind, in every region of the globe, he might state that so humble an individual as himself had gradually found himself involved in spiritual correspondence with enquirers in every part of these united kingdoms; in France and Germany; in Canada and the United States; in Brazil; at the Cape of Good Hope; in India, Australia, and New Zealand. In all these countries people of the greatest intelligence found themselves suddenly amid the startling phenomena of spirit agency, and anxiously were enquiring after more light on its nature and objects. What was the meaning of all this? Could the press with all its wisdom explain it? Will all its power extinguish it? We might very calmly await the upshot.

Mr. HOWITT then called upon Mr. Home to give some poetical readings.

The distinguished medium was enthusiastically received. He said he held in his hand a volume written by Mr. Powell, "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures," a book which he would advise those who had not a copy to obtain at once. He was about to read some poetry from it.

Mr. HOME then read in a distinct and pathetic manner the following extracts:—

From Birkenhead we went to live at Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, where my health grew more than ever troublesome, and domestic trials ensued. The saddest hours of my eventful career were passed in that beautiful garden of nature, Chepstow. It was there we placed our gem—our withered lily—our dead Marion. Seventeen brief months was the sum total of her life on earth. As she lay in my arms her angel-spirit escaped to heaven. To some hard natures the death of a dear child may seem to be a matter to be thankful for; but to me it seemed like the parting of life from love—the decay of hope—the separation of the soul from the body.

In silence, too sacred for words, we mourned our cherub's death; but we knew that she was happy, and that her lingering sufferings were at an end.

#### OUR DEAD CHILD.

Do you know, as the years roll round, wife,  
And the storms of life rave wild:  
In the midst of the cares of earth, wife,  
That I weep for our dear dead child.

In my fancy I view the smile,  
In her pure angelic eyes;  
As she died in my arms that day,  
To re-bloom in Paradise.

'Twas the time when affliction came,  
And despair sped in the rear,  
That our babe in her coffin lay,  
And we felt a nameless fear.

I remember you stood and gazed,  
'Till you thought her living still;  
With our child in her shroud, alone,  
While your anguish made you ill.

Like a lily she drooped in death,  
We silently bore our loss,  
For the loudest that wail in grief,  
Endure not the heaviest cross.

In old Cambria's land afar,  
Our dead child is wrapped in clay:  
And I weep to visit her grave,  
But Adversity bars the way.

In the rush for Fortune and Fame,  
I repose on Hope for my friend;  
Since Life hath its burden to bear,  
And fain must bear to the end.

And you know we have strove full long,  
And have prayed as the seasons rolled;  
But sore sickness and sorrow crush all  
But our darling babe in the mould.

The next selection was from "Artemus Ward," given with all the facial humour and American mimicry so necessary. The piece convulsed the audience with laughter. Mr. Home showed here that his talents, as a reader, are not confined to the pathetic, although, we think his *forte* is on the side of the pathetic. He next read this beautiful spirit-poem, given through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten, called

#### MARGERY MILLER.

Old Margery Miller sat alone,  
One Christmas eve, by her poor hearthstone,  
Where dimly the fading firelight shone.

Her brow was furrowed with signs of care,  
Her lips moved gently, as if in prayer—  
For O! life's burden was hard to bear.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
Had her friends like birds of summer, flown?

Full eighty summers had swiftly sped,  
Full eighty winters their snows had shed,  
With silver-sheen, on her aged head.

One by one, had her loved ones died—  
One by one had they left her side—  
Fading like flowers in their summer pride.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
Had God forgotten *she* was His own?

No castle was hers with a spacious lawn;  
Her poor old hut was the proud man's scorn;  
Yet Margery Miller was nobly born.

A brother she had who once wore a crown,  
And deeds of greatness and high renown  
From age to age had been handed down.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
Where was her kingdom, her crown or throne?

Margery Miller, a child of God,  
Meekly and bravely life's path had trod,  
Nor deemed affliction "a chastening rod."

Her brother, Jesus, who went before,  
A crown of thorns in his meekness wore,  
And what, poor soul! could *she* hope for more?

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
Strange that her heart had not turned to stone!

Aye! there she sat, on that Christmas eve,  
Seeking some dream of the past to weave,  
Patiently striving not to grieve.

O! for those long, long eighty years,  
How had she struggled with doubts and fears?  
Shedding in secret, unnumbered tears.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
How *could* she stifle her sad heart's moan?

Soft on her ear fell the Christmas chimes,  
Bringing the thought of the dear old times,  
Like birds that sing of far distant climes.

Then swelled the floods of her pent-up grief—  
Swayed like a reed in the tempest brief,  
Her bowed form shook like an aspen leaf.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought unknown,  
How heavy the burden of life had grown!

"O God!" she cried, "I am lonely here,  
Bereft of all that my heart holds dear;  
Yet Thou dost never refuse to hear.

O! if the dead were allowed to speak!  
Could I only look on their faces meek,  
How it would strengthen my heart so weak!"

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,  
What was that light which around her shone?

Dim on the hearth burned the embers red,  
Yet soft and clear, on her silvered head,  
A light like the sunset glow was shed.

Bright blossoms fell on the cottage floor.  
"Mother" was whispered, as oft before,  
And long-lost faces gleamed forth once more.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
No longer alone,  
Unsought, unknown,  
How light the burden of life had grown!

She lifted her withered hands on high,  
And uttered the eager, earnest cry:  
"God of all mercy, now let me die.

Beautiful Angels, fair and bright,  
Holding the hem of your garments white,  
Let me go forth to the world of light."

Poor old Margery Miller!  
So earnest grown!  
Was she left alone?  
His humble child did the Lord disown?

O! sweet was the sound of the Christmas bell!  
As its musical changes rose and fell,  
With a low refrain or a solemn swell.

But sweeter by far was that blessed strain,  
That soothed old Margery Miller's pain,  
And gave her comfort and peace again.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
In silence alone,  
Her faith had grown;  
And now the blossom had brightly blown.

Out of the glory that burned like flame,  
Calmly a great white Angel came—  
Softly he whispered her humble name.

"Child of the highest," he gently said,  
"Thy toils are ended, thy tears are shed,  
And life immortal now crowns thy head."

Poor old Margery Miller;  
No longer alone,  
Unsought, unknown,  
God had not forgotten she was His own.

A change o'er her pallid features passed;  
She felt that her feet were nearing fast  
The land of safety and peace, at last.

She faintly murmured "God's name be blest!"  
And folding her hands on her dying breast,  
She calmly sank to her dreamless rest.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Sitting alone,  
Without one moan,  
Her patient spirit at length had flown.

Next morning a stranger found her there,  
Her pale hands folded as if in prayer,  
Sitting so still in her old arm-chair.

He spoke but she answered not again,  
For, far away from all earthly pain,  
Her voice was singing a joyful strain.

Poor old Margery Miller!  
Her spirit had flown  
To the world unknown,  
Where true hearts never can be alone.

Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," and his "Grandmother," were both rendered in a most effectual manner and elicited the generous applause of the audience. Some parts of the "Grandmother," indeed, elicited a deafening round of applause. These words being the most marked:—

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Mr. HOME sat down amidst vociferous applause. We are strangely mistaken if he does not make a great sensation as a reader. His voice is pleasing, and he has a rare faculty of humouring it at will.

Dr NICHOLS came forward, and in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Home, said—

He was much pleased with Mr. Home's readings, and he quite coincided with much that Mr. Howitt had said, and run briefly over some historic incidents, showing that Spiritualism was the faith of, by far, a majority of the world, contending that the supernatural was not, to any extent, denied up to the period of less than 100 years ago. The doctor further remarked that he felt much pleasure in taking part in the object of the meeting. He felt that in so much as the "Spiritual Times" had advocated the idea of Immortality, it had been of use. He could not conceive of a worse state of mind than to have no

prospect but annihilation before it. Spiritualists might have their doctrines. He had his, and could not expect to be called upon to give it up; but they all believed in Immortality. Here was the basis of union, and he hoped to see more of it amongst Spiritualists.

Mr. ROBERT COOPER said he should preface the few remarks he had to make by seconding the vote of thanks to Mr. Home, which he did with much pleasure. Mr. Cooper then briefly narrated the history of the "Spiritual Times," and stated his inability to bear the sole responsibility of the publication any longer; but hoped that a weekly organ would be maintained, considering it a most essential instrument for the promulgation of their principles. The "Magazine" was an excellent periodical, but it did not answer the purpose of a weekly organ. He considered the "Spiritual Times," with all its short-comings, had not been altogether without its uses, and he did not regret what he had done in the matter, although it had cost him a good round sum, and three nights' entertainment by the police. There was reason to be satisfied with the progress the cause was making, which would ultimately triumph in spite of the opposition it met with from both the religious and irreligious worlds. He would like to see lecturers in the field, and considered the public mind was now prepared to listen to them. The Davenports were about to appear again in London, and would, no doubt, do a good work. The physical manifestations were most important auxiliaries, a knock on the head with a guitar being much more effectual with some men, than the most powerful argument. He could assure any who entertained doubts about the Davenports, that there was no room to doubt the genuineness of their manifestations. He had seen their phenomena both in public and private, and having conducted fifty *séances*, he was in a position to speak with authority in the matter. All might, therefore, bring their friends—those to whom they wished to give evidence of spiritual phenomena—to the Davenports with perfect confidence. Spiritualism had been a source of great comfort to him, and he felt that he could not be too grateful to Mr. Powell for bringing him, at first, to a knowledge of it. He had known Mr. Powell many years, and bore testimony to his integrity and worth, and his regret at discontinuing the "Spiritual Times" was intensified by the fact that it would throw Mr. Powell out of his position; but he truly hoped he might do better for himself.

Mr. HOME briefly replied. He was, he said, only too pleased to have had the opportunity of serving Mr. Powell. He believed him to have done his best and to be worthy his esteem, and it would only afford him additional pleasure to be of service to him at any future time.

Mr. HOWITT said it only remained for the real business of the evening to be discharged—viz., to present to Mr. Powell the purse of Gold which contained somewhere about sixty pounds. He only wished the table upon which it lay was a multiplication table, and that it was sixty pounds a dozen times multiplied. His sincere hope was that the Almighty might bless it to Mr. Powell and his family. He agreed with Mr. Brevior, that Mr. Powell had done his best. He (Mr. Howitt), had occasionally called at the Lyceum, and he had always found Mr. Powell hard at work. There he was editing the "Spiritual Times," writing a book to increase his small means, and setting up type for it himself. How could a man so embarrassed possibly edit a journal efficiently? The wonder was that he did so well.

With a few more kind words Mr. Howitt handed the purse to Mr. Powell.

Mr. J. H. POWELL replied—

The kindness manifested towards me on this occasion, makes it difficult for me to express, even with such poor words as I can at best command, the gratitude that fills me.

From my earliest years I have been associated with stern struggle, and even with feeble health have been often necessitated to peer into an impenetrable cloud of poverty; yet I thank God that He has dowered me with hope and energy, so that I have never fallen into the lethargic arms of despair; and I am not sure that the ungentle conditions in which I have toiled, and struggled, and hoped, have not been blessings in disguise.

Had I my life to live over again, although I would endeavour to be less selfish, ignorant, sinful, than I have been, I don't think I would choose other conditions to be trained in, than those which have surrounded me in the past. Experience gained in the hard battle of life, if it works legitimately, stimulates to wisdom. I trust, with pardonable egotism, I may be allowed to say, that I have profited somewhat in conscience and wisdom, by my contact with the realities which have met me on all hands. It is, however, a pleasing reflection for me to realize, as I do this evening, that humble as my origin and progress has been, I have won the sympathies of numerous kind friends, many of whom greet me with loving looks at this hour. Believe

me I highly appreciate this, and while remembrance holds her throne, I shall be grateful.

I feel it incumbent on me to express to you, sir, (addressing the Chairman), at this time, my deep sense of the gratitude due to you, from me, for your kindness, not only in presiding here, but in various ways, giving me fatherly advice, and contributing occasionally to lighten my literary labours. From my first reading years I have loved the unconquerable heroes of Thought—the men who have dared to be free whilst inscribing their names on the tablet of history in noble deeds and immortal letters; and I feel now that I do not flatter the author of the "History of the Supernatural," by enshrining his name in my heart amongst my list of idol heroes.

I have also to thank my old friend, Thomas Brevior, the author of "The Two Worlds," a book destined, I believe, to become a text book for Spiritualists. I have known him some sixteen years, and it is with no feeble voice that I speak gratefully of him.

To Dr. Nichols I offer sincere thanks for his presence here.

I offer next my warmest acknowledgements to Mr. Home, who has so readily and kindly taken upon himself a share of the evening's programme, and whose extraordinary experiences as a medium have been the exciting theme of almost the entire globe. May he always, as heretofore, find a welcome home.

To my friend, Mr. Cooper, I turn towards the tag end of my speech; but my words of gratitude to him are none the less sincere in consequence. He and I have been long and intimately associated. I trust he will never have to say a worse word of me than I do of him. I have had numerous opportunities of studying him, and, I am proud to say, I have found beneath his natural modesty of mien, a true sense of justice, and a noble purity of purpose. I never met a more earnest man and a sincerer friend than Mr. Cooper; and in this place, where I am more honoured than I have ever before been, and far more than I deserve to be, I cheerfully accord with the lip of friendship, my "God bless you" to him. As Mr. Cooper has referred to his three nights' entertainment, I cannot do other than say that I made the mistake which brought Mr. Cooper into the trouble, and if anybody deserved to be punished I did, not Mr. Cooper. You will bear with me, I am sure, whilst I tell you that not one harsh word, or unkind look did Mr. Cooper bestow on me for my inadvertence. Had I been similarly circumstanced, I feel that I could not have so acted.

In conclusion, I thank, most sincerely, all the kind friends who have contributed by their purse and their presence, to offer me this mark of their esteem.

A vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman for his kindness in presiding.

The Chairman, in acknowledging it, expressed his admiration of Mr. Cooper for the singleness of purpose and liberality he had bestowed, during the period which he had devoted to Spiritualism. This concluded a most harmonious meeting.

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(Signed) T. BREVIOR.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 13.

March, 12, 1865.

Q.—How is it that Lazarus and others, raised from the dead, could, or did, give no account of the future state?

S.—Only a few solitary cases of actual raising of the dead have occurred. Cases similar (to mortal thought), may have occurred in what has actually been trance state; but in as much as the chord has not been snapped asunder, actual death has not taken place. Still, in such cases of recent date, the one who has awoke from trance state has recalled vividly the visions presented to the spirit-sight during its partial release from the earth-body. But the cases when Christ was on earth, cases where He himself wrought miraculous recovery from death, occurred when He said, "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now." These being things concerning spirit-life, it was so ordained that the one restored to life should bring with him no recollection of things that Christ Himself could have revealed, and would have revealed had the time come, but it had not. Gradually, since that time has the spirit of man been bursting through the trammels of prejudice worse than death. Instances, throughout the universe, have occurred to evidence the truth of the power lying dormant in the spirit-life, enclosed in the earth-body to receive fuller and freer communications, even as of old. It has been a war against the evil spirits and the good to obtain the mastery; but, as in all else, God and good must, at length, prevail, and men will arise as from the dead, unshackled and free.

March 20, 1865.

Q.—How can you reconcile the account, given by Moses, of the creation in six days, with the ascertained science of geology?

S.—Thus is it with the whole of the word of God as given in the Bible. There is a hidden word deeper than was ever understood by those mediums of God's own seeking through whom He spoke. The creation as represented in Genesis, refers to ages of time, and not days; for it was not until the fourth day that the light of the sun and the firmament penetrated, by God's will and word, "Let there be light," through the sphere of chaos, around the newly-formed globe. Thus may you suppose that that first chapter refers to ages of your earth-time, for until man himself was made, time in earth sense, in human sense, did not exist. The first few chapters referring to Adam and the generations from him, is the history of the peopling of the world. Such men did live as a single humanity; but where the vast age is given it is not intended to convey the idea that that one man lived so long, but that that society lived, or existed so long.

The writing stopped, I asked—

Q.—Is that all?

S.—Yes, my child. I cannot give it to you better yet. You are fearful. Leave off.

March 21.

Q.—God said, "Let there be light" on the first day. Have you not quoted incorrectly in the preceding message, in attributing day and night to have commenced from the fourth day or age?

S.—It was not until the fourth day, or age, that this, your globe, was so far completed from its chaotic state, so far formed, ready for the human beings to live on it, as to have the rotatory movement, which brings it the days, nights, the seasons, and years; in fact that brought the marks of time. Time is human only, and would only begin when man himself was created. God uses ages as you, in your extreme smallness and limited earth idea, use days; and it is to bring within possible range of the human intellect, that, in Scripture, ages are so often spoken of as days. Leave off.

March 26.

Q.—Is there any key, or law, by which we are to receive Scripture? How far is it inspired and infallible?

S.—The Holy Bible, as given by God direct, was, and is, infallible; but in the varied translations, guarded as it has been by the especial care of God-spirits, man's imperfection has stamped itself upon it in the verbal part; but those who search the Scriptures with prayer and longing for God's own spirit-teaching to be found in it, ever find therein, God's spirit-aid inspired them at the moment. In this way only, is its infallibility insured. The infallibility of pure holiness, beaming, so to speak, through man's imperfect mediumship, and from the pages going direct to the heart of the child of God, even as God's own word. Christ's words, and Christ's life on earth, are preserved true to the letter and spirit to the present time. He being God in man, the embodiment of God's spirit, Himself the God, spake as no man yet spake.

Q.—Have not the teachings of the New Testament, in the life of Christ, then suffered by the imperfect translations, as well as other parts of the Bible?

S.—Being given to you on earth by Himself, probably, those teachings and words have been the more readily preserved. This, likewise, was God's will and decree.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. T. J.

Mr. D. D. HOME delivered, before a good audience at the Marleybone Institute, on Wednesday evening last, in his admirable earnest manner, his lecture on "The uses and abuses of modern Spiritualism."

We are requested to state that the letter signed "Saxon," and dated from Maresfield, which appeared in the "Spiritual Times" for March 21, under the head of "Paddy Caught Napping," was not written by Captain Noble, of Maresfield, that that gentleman is entirely ignorant of the authorship, and has moreover pretty good reason to believe that the address is wholly fictitious.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

## SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—In my recent remarks upon "Old Ghosts," I omitted to mention the account of an apparition contained in the fourth volume of the *Antiquarian Repository*, page 635, wherein deeds and money were stated to have been found in Southwark by means of an apparition. The letter is now in the British Museum, signed "F. Morgan, Kings-thorpe by Northampton, Jan. 17th, '75"

Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his "Recollections," refers to the light seen westward of St. Austell, and he mentions one of a similar kind, which he and Captain Carden saw early on a November morning, near Saltram Lodge—a light so that the minutest configurations in the bark of an adjacent tree were visible during twenty minutes, without ostensible cause.

A friend of Mr. Redding, one Captain W., was at the barracks in Halifax at noon, in company with an officer, when Captain W. saw an officer in uniform walk in and look at him and the other officer, and then walk out again. "There's your brother," said Captain W., but the figure did not appear again, and the next mail brought an account of his death. The figure had on a new regulation cap on its head, the pattern of which some time afterwards reached America.

One morning, in London, Mr. Redding called at a house where something appeared amiss. It seemed that shortly before, the maidservant saw in the kitchen the form of an old admirer of hers, whom she had rejected. She fainted, and the mistress sent to ascertain whether the person seen was at home, when it appeared he had died about the time when the form had been seen by the girl! Several persons verified this singular account.

I am, yours obediently,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

London, 25th March, 1866.

## THE MELVILLE BROTHERS.

We have received the following from the Brothers Melville. We shall take an early opportunity of having a sitting with them, when we hope to be able to speak from observation:—

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear sir,—We had a sitting on Wednesday, the 21st inst., when the instruments (which were spotted with phosphorised oil to make them visible in the darkness), rose from the table, and slowly floated round the room, rising to the ceiling, flying about in every direction, falling to the floor, and then rising again. This was repeated several times, after which we removed the instruments, and asked the spirits several questions. Among others we asked whether there would be produced, through our mediumship, any greater phenomenon than had ever been yet, to which we received three distinct raps. We asked if now? and received two raps. We also asked what sort of manifestation it would be, but received no answer. Several other questions were put, but no answer came. After waiting some time the table was taken up and rocked about so that we were quite frightened, thinking some evil spirit had come, so we said the Lord's Prayer, and the sitting terminated.

Is there anything more required to prove Spiritualism? Is there not sufficient proof already, of the truth of it. We ourselves, would not believe in it. We used to laugh at it, and call mediums impostors, but the power has come to confound us, and to prove it to us. If the world would only observe how the Scriptures witness to the truth of these facts, they would doubt no longer, but they will not take the trouble, thinking they know all about it.—We remain, dear sir, yours &c.,

MELVILLE BROTHERS.

## GALLILEAN DEMONIAIC.

At the Essex-street Chapel during the last few Sundays, the Rev. P. Ham, has been discussing on "The Miracles." He chose the above subject for Sunday morning last. The Rev. gentleman who is a scholar and a thinker, seems to us nevertheless, to have involved his subject in even more difficulties than it presents in its literal rendering. He admitted that the people before, and at the time of Christ, believed in demons, that in fact Demonology was the established faith of the people in those days. But the Rev. gentleman settled it at the outset as a superstition, and denied that our Lord anywhere expressed his

faith in Demonology. The Rev. gentleman further stated, that it was as unreasonable to impute to Christ a belief in demons or unclean spirits, although He exclaimed, "Come out of the man thou unclean spirit" as it would be to suppose that when he addressed the waves, they were intelligent. But the difficulty of the swine being possessed and running into the sea immediately the man was dispossessed, was not at all satisfactorily accounted for by Mr. Ham. The man spoken of in the text was a raving maniac, the word maniac or lunatic being used by Mr. Ham in the ordinary materialistic sense. To take Mr. Ham's view, or rather Renan's, we must suppose that our Lord in curing this man of madness, at the same time made the herd of swine mad, which we modestly think would be a miracle more difficult to explain than to suppose, that by the exercise of His Divine will, He exorcised the unclean spirits and allowed them to enter into the swine.

Making allowances for the licence of language, which Mr. Ham did with emphasis, in order to rid himself of the idea of possession, we are nevertheless driven to the conclusion that demons which are commonly spoken of throughout the scriptures were actual intelligences. Besides who does not see that almost any difficulty may be escaped, by supposing that some figure of speech was meant instead of the actual thing spoken of? It would we think, by an extension of the privilege of throwing the difficulty upon the language, be easy to get rid of the Gallilean Demoniac and the swine together.

We would respectfully urge Mr. Ham to study the facts of Modern Spiritualism, and ascertain for himself, which we are assured he can do, that spirit possession is a demonstrable fact in modern days. He will have little difficulty than with the subject of the Gallilean Demoniac.

## A POWERFUL MEDIUM.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

I RECENTLY had an opportunity of witnessing the manifestations at the house of Brother Laurie, of this city, through the mediumship of his daughter. While performing upon the piano, the instrument is moved, beating correct time to its own music. Afterwards each of the party in turn placed their hands under the piano, the medium placing her hand outside of theirs, and the piano was raised from the floor without the least effort of the medium. Six heavy men then got on the piano, and the experiment was tried, with the same result. The piano is large and heavy, and with the combined weight of the six men upon it could not have been less than a ton. I, with a friend, tried to lift the piano, and it was only by the aid of two others that it was raised from the floor. I considered the medium to be one of the most powerful physical mediums I have ever seen.

A. HORTON.

Washington, D. C., February 19, 1866.

## MUSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN BOSTON.

(From the *Spiritual Telegraph*.)

D. K. MINOR tells the *New Era* about an accompaniment to singing being played by spirits on a guitar under a table, at a recent circle which he attended in Boston. At the first sitting when this occurred, some sceptics present declared that they saw the medium thrum the guitar with her feet. Though this was not believed by the medium's friends, they concluded to test the matter on a subsequent evening, in a way which would relieve her from all suspicion, and accordingly tied her feet to her chair so that she could not touch the instrument if she would. The music on the guitar occurred with as great accuracy as before; and what was more remarkable was, that two gentlemen, sitting back from the table, saw a regularly formed hand, not belonging to any member of the circle, touching the strings of the instrument, and bringing forth the sounds. At a subsequent sitting of the circle this hand was again seen as before—a guard against deception being provided which was satisfactory to all present even the sceptics. The spirit-musician purported to be Jesse Hutchinson.

ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY was the subject of Miss Emma Hardinge's discourse, at Harley-street Rooms, on Monday evening last. The manner in which the subject was handled elicited the highest encomiums from the audience. Modern lecturers on Electro Biology might have found in that single discourse argument enough to supply twenty such lectures as they are in the habit of delivering.

**THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS** and Mr. FAY, having made a successful tour in Ireland and Scotland, will give a series of *séances*, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, commencing Monday, April 2. An introductory address will be delivered by Mr. R. Cooper. Admission to the Cabinet *seance*, 3s. and 2s. Dark *séance* Tickets 5s. To commence a Eight o'clock.

**NOTICE.**—The present number of the "Spiritual Times" completes another quarter. Will those friends desirous of obtaining the paper for the quarter commencing next week please send their names and subscriptions in advance to our office.

\*.\* Should the paper stop, the residue of the subscriptions will be returned.

#### 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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