

L. H. Powell

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.

NOTICE.

THE "Spiritual Times" will be issued fortnightly, on the 1st and 15th of each month. The following gentlemen interested in Spiritualism, and desiring the continuance of the paper, have liberally subscribed yearly—

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MEDIUMSHIP.

NOTHING can arrest the progress of Spiritualism. It has taken firm root in the soil of society, and is ramifying wherever man plants his foot. Old as the human race, it has, in some form or other, advanced with it. No nation can be pointed to, which has a history, that has not received

spiritual or supernatural evidences. We hear of Modern Spiritualism breaking out in the knockings on the wall at the house of the Fox girls in America some sixteen or seventeen years ago, but he who supposes that those knockings were the beginning of Spiritualism must close his eyes to the world's history, and keep the Bible as a sealed book. Spiritual manifestations have been the common experience of by far the majority of human beings from the remotest period of time. It is true, in Germany, France, and our own country that Materialism has had a temporary and terrible reign, and that most of the savans, especially the professors of science, have taken pains to inoculate the human family with the virus of Infidelity. Nevertheless, the power of Spiritualism is working miracles before their very eyes, and strangely confounding their philosophies.

Mediums are everywhere springing up. We hear of them in Germany, France, and California. Many are the theories invented to account for the psychological conditions of Mediumship. But the gift of Mediumship is in itself a fact not to be ignored even by the materialistic mind. We see it daily in every condition of human life, and are reminded of its uses. Our great men, so-termed, have called it hard names, and pelted it with Latin and nonsense, yet it exists, and is developing everywhere to the discomfiture of the learned know-nothings who abuse it.

Mediumship is an instrument with which spirits make themselves heard, seen, and felt. In the presence of certain persons manifestations recognizable to the senses take place. We cannot dissect the human organism and point out the thing called Mediumship; it escapes all analytical skill, yet it exists, and is a fact for the consideration of the Anthropologist. We have as satisfactory evidence of the possession of Mediumship, varying in different persons, as we have that human beings think; and there would be as much reason in asking the Materialist to dissect the brain and show us a single human thought materialized, as for him to ask us to show him the power of Mediumship. We admit its mysterious character at once, and save all trouble going over unnecessary ground. The important work for us to do is to ascertain as far as possible the laws governing Mediumship in order that we may rightly use it. We observe that the laws of development apply as much to Mediumship as to any other growing power in Nature; and this is one of the most necessary facts worth knowing. If mediums would only consider how essential it is for them to get properly developed before submitting themselves to public criticism, and often abuse, it would be a blessing. The difference is great between developed and partially-developed mediums, and owing to ignorance of this, many persons are led to pronounce the communications received as the evidences that evil spirits communicate; when it very often happens that the spurious character of the communications result solely through defective Mediumship.

Those who possess Mediumship cannot too highly prize or too carefully guard it. It is capable of being used to the holiest or abused to the vilest ends. Mediums should

be most careful who they sit with during the first stages of development, as they are at the mercy of the strongest influences, and may be wrongly affected. First let them sit with congenial natures, seeking holy influences, and be sure to avoid being misled by the vain desire to astound others. No medium, who has not first become developed, is safe to sit indiscriminately with others. Much of the abuse to which Spiritualism is subjected results from undeveloped Mediumship. It has always been a source of pain to us to witness promising mediums eager to sit with any and every person. This is only to be ventured upon without danger by the developed medium. Then again, the love of money takes possession of some at the outset of their Mediumship, and they grow restless at the apparent slowness of their development, and necessarily retard it. This is a crying evil at the present day, and one we shall ever raise our voice against. Let us not be misunderstood; there is no reason why a medium, whose time is occupied by others, should be called upon to refuse money, but the danger lies in the love of money taking precedence of the love of Spiritualism. If a medium is able to give demonstrations to sceptics of the existence of spirits, surely his or her services need requiting as much as those of any other person whose work is of a useful character. We do not see any substantial objection against mediums receiving compensation for their services, but we see great danger in undeveloped mediums, lured by the idea of gain, rushing too quickly before the public.

Mediumship is a sacred gift from God. He who abuses it or prostitutes it for the sake of gain sins against the Divine.

We are satisfied, if families would make it a rule to have weekly sittings, that such a number of mediums of all kinds would soon be developed as would astonish even Spiritualists. We doubt not the gifts of Mediumship are numerously distributed, but they are kept in abeyance because of the ignorance everywhere prevailing of the laws of Psychology.

We have lately become acquainted with several new mediums, and deem it necessary at this stage to offer these few words by way of warning and advice. We repeat—mediums should be preserved from all seducing influences to money getting, or ambition to astound. They can never be well developed whilst their minds are disturbed with fears of poverty. In fact, the further mediums are removed from the common cares of life the better for their development. We hope to see a more kindly spirit displayed towards mediums, with a true appreciation of their needs and use, by those who have charge of them. A developing circle would be of incalculable benefit if it could only be properly conducted. We may return to the subject of Mediumship on another occasion.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS' LAST SEANCE IN LONDON.

The Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. M. Fay concluded their series of *séances* at the Hanover-square Rooms on Saturday last. The attendance was good and the manifestations, as usual, interesting. A gentleman, who gave his name and said he was a solicitor, of Lincoln's-inn, of many years' standing, requested permission to enter the cabinet with the Brothers. He declared that he did not believe in "manifestations;" in fact, that he had been a sturdy opponent of everything of the kind. He sat between the Brothers and was permitted to discover, if possible, how the thing was done. When the doors came open he was seen with the tambourine upon his head, without his spectacles, which were on the eyes of William Davenport. On leaving the cabinet, the gentleman declared that he requested the whole of the instruments to come upon his head, and hands to touch him, and that his requests were complied with. He further declared that neither of the Brothers moved, but supposed, if they did move, it would be easy for them to bang the violin against the top of the cabinet. He then took his position by the side of Ira, sitting on the cross-bar, and taking the violin to touch the top of the cabinet, but failed. He then said—"Upon my

word; I don't see how this Brother (pointing to Ira) could have got his hands loose without moving his shoulder, and I am quite satisfied no movement on his part took place." A person in the audience exclaimed—"Do you now believe in 'manifestations?'" "No, I do not," answered the gentleman. Another person in the audience said—"Can you account for what took place?" "No," was the answer.

We may observe that the phenomena have been on every occasion, during the series of *séances* just closed, marvelously quick. Much speculation among the audience as to the spiritual agency at work has taken place, and it has been a source of no little pleasure to us to hear the various remarks, *pro* and *con*, which have fallen from the lips of visitors.

Mr. Cooper has performed his part with great taste. He has spoken on each occasion to the purpose, and has always been listened to with interest. He denounced in strong terms the dishonest conduct of the press towards the Brothers, and instanced the last act of press injustice by stating that the Brothers, having been wrongly accused of acknowledging themselves conjurers, had drawn up a postscript to their advertisement, denying emphatically that they have ever admitted themselves to be conjurers; but the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* both refused to give it insertion. So much for the freedom of the press.

The *Athenæum*, which was rejoiced to give publicity to the scandal, has however, acted fairly in giving place to the following—

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.—In justice to Mr. Howitt and his "fellow worshippers," allow me to say, in reference to the paragraph of the Davenport Brothers, which appeared in your journal of the 31st of March, that there is no truth in the statement that they have avowed themselves to be conjurers. The Brothers and Mr. Fay, in the most full and explicit manner, deny that they have ever admitted themselves to be conjurers; and they still affirm that the manifestations which take place in their presence are neither produced by them nor by confederates. Mr. Fay has already contradicted the statement which appeared to his prejudice a short time since in most of the newspapers; but few of them, however, had the sense of justice to give his letter publicity.

ROBERT COOPER,

Representative of the Brothers Davenport.

Athenæum, April 14, 1866.

INTERESTING SEANCE.

A SEANCE took place at the residence of Mrs. Berry, on Thursday week, at which the little medium Turketine, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Jessie, and Mrs. Berry, sat for manifestations. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall did not arrive until late; previous to their arrival some distinct rappings were heard in the table in answer to questions put by Mr. Champernowne, given through little Turketine's mediumship. Mrs. Marshall had no sooner taken her seat at the table, a heavy one weighing seventy or eighty pounds, than tiltings and rappings were given with apparent pleasure, and certainly with much power. Besides this, heavy noises on the floor of the room like a man stamping with muffled feet were distinctly heard by all present.

Mr. Marshall was ordered by the invisibles to play the piano. He had scarcely struck a note before Jessie was entranced, and made to dance in Indian fashion, and exhibit the most grotesque faces, whilst the heavy table, as though taken with the dancing mania, danced in time to the music. Mr. Marshall was next entranced. He delivered an address of a prophetic character to several of the company. He seems to inherit the gifts of vision and prophecy from his mother.

The spirits rapped out that little Turketine was to be tied up, and promised to untie him. Mr. Champernowne tied the boy with several yards of rope in a scientific manner; the room was darkened, and all at once a rapid grating sound, similar to that produced in forcibly untying knots, was heard; a light was struck, but little visible alteration in the ropes was observed. The room was again darkened, and whilst we all waited for the untying of the knots, a lady sitting at the table declared that she was touched by a hand, and a gentleman on the opposite side of the table declared that he was pulled by a hand. Then the heavy table, which was visible by the light from the

street-lamps gleaming through the window-blind, rose from the floor, and kept rising until it was higher than the heads of the company sitting round it. We placed our hand upon it and can testify to its position being as high as we state. The phenomenon was repeated, and on the light being reproduced, the table was seen in the air, with one of its feet only resting on the lap of one of the gentlemen. We went to little Turketine and found that the ropes had been slipped from his hands, but they remained still round his legs and body, fastened to the chair. The night being far advanced, Mr. Champervorne and the little medium were obliged to hasten away, thus cutting off all chance of further manifestations through the boy's mediumship.

Jessie was again entranced, and for nearly a quarter of an hour was made to make passes; and to wreath imaginary flowers for two of the gentlemen present. She then uttered the following with intense feeling:—

"I thank Thee, oh, my Father, that Thou hast permitted me to shed my influence around this place. Oh, Father, may Thy grace remain with it; may it bring forth good fruits; may the dear ones receive the tokens of my love; and, Father, may they feel it strengthen each day, and Thy grace strengthen with it. May they accept the garland I bring here; may they wear it in remembrance of me. I thank Thee, oh, Father, I thank Thee."

During the whole of the manifestations here described, Mrs. Berry's hands were spiritually moved in the direction of the mediums, as though giving out magnetism to them for the better production of the phenomena. She has evidently a generous store of the subtle element in her composition which, we doubt not, is a great boon to the invisibles who use it as an agent in their operations.

In concluding this report, we are glad to have seen some more of Mrs. Berry's peculiar drawings. She has a number of them done in colours, and they must certainly be regarded with much interest. They are mostly, as we have before observed, full of heads. It is impossible to look at some of them without discovering fresh heads or forms each time.

THOMAS MARTIN OF GALLARDON.

(Continued.)

In 1830 when the Bourbons had lost the throne, Martin spoke, saying—

"He had no longer any reason for silence, the king never having fulfilled the instructions he had received."

The following is the declaration of Martin, and maintained by him on his death-bed:—

The spirit that had appeared to him, declared himself to be that of Louis the XVI., raised to the beatitude of the holy martyrs in heaven; and as appearing, at first, as an angel of light, in consequence of Martin's faith and ideas, and by the imperious circumstances constraining him to conceal his name, as well as the object of his appearance.

The mission that Martin received, was to tell the king that the Dauphin, Louis XVII., who Louis XVIII. knew, had not died in the temple as was generally supposed, and as he had promulgated, was about to re-enter France, coming from the Brazillian court, where he had found a safe refuge, and that Louis was to recognise him as king in his place, otherwise new calamities would fall on the house of Bourbon; and as proof of these facts Martin, by the inspiration of the angel, had revealed these circumstances to the king, only known to himself, which had much moved him.

Such were the explanations given by Martin in the last years of his life, and evidently believed by many, for on the report of his death a crowd of distinguished personages hastened to the spot, believing him to be poisoned by order of those whom these revelations compromised. Martin's adherents even went so far as to demand a *post mortem* examination.

Is it possible, then, we ask, that Louis XVII. did not die in the temple, when it is well known that his death was publicly recorded in 1795; and that history has always represented him as succumbing to the bad treatment of his jailor, Simon, the shoemaker. To this we reply, that like the rest of the world we believed it, until by a series of mediumistic facts we were shaken in our faith, and induced to make long and minute investigations on the subject.

To-day we declare our positive conviction that Louis XVII. did not die in the temple, and that he was cleverly assisted by Simon and his wife, when quitting the prison, to escape; that they substituted a ricketty deaf and dumb child of his age,

supplied by royalists, and introduced inside a toy horse, brought as a plaything for the prince, and the proofs abound that the substituted child died in 1796, and that the prince, miraculously saved from endless dangers, reached America in 1800, carrying papers that attested his rank and identity, that he was received at the Brazillian court, and remained there until 1816, when he returned to France to make good his claims. I had then, notwithstanding Martin's mission, the Prince of Conde's warm support, and a mass of material proofs of the genuineness of his claim. Louis XVIII. refused to recognise him, menaced his life and liberty, corrupting and bribing adverse witnesses, and buying false testimony, in order to turn away attention from the truth, and to increase the public scepticism, that it was the same with Charles the X. and Louis Philippe, and that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI., known under the name of the Baron de Richemont, passed his entire life in endeavouring to regain his title and rank; sometimes a prisoner, at others an exile, never discouraged in the unequal struggle against powerful and astute managers, other agents, and paid writers.

In 1851 he still lived, and it was then that a mass of evidence and proofs of indubitable authenticity, bearing testimony to the reality of his claims and identity, were placed in sure hands for the edification of posterity; for at this period, chilled by age, discouraged by so many unsuccessful efforts, he had resolved to renounce all the claims of his birth, and death soon ensued. To-day the son of the unfortunate Louis XVII., even more miserable than his father, in that he knew not an hour's peace or rest, reposes in an humble grave in a cemetery in a small town in the south of France.

The first time we heard the Baron de Richemont named as being the son of Louis XVI. was in 1856. People of well-known probity, who had seen him, and received proofs of his identity, who bore him a deep interest and esteem, assured us that he was the same—known in his infancy under the title of the Duke of Normandy, Dauphin of France; but we felt incredulous of their assertions. He cited the history of his death. In 1857 we made the acquaintance of a lady, of the name of Bedeaux, a resident of Toulon, a fervent Spiritualist and mesmerist. Madam Bedeaux was well known at Toulon, where she perished by assassination in her park, at Malbousquet, under painful circumstances, with which all the journals were filled in 1861. It was well known in the town that she believed in the existence of the Baron de R— as the son of Louis XVI., and that she was one of his most zealous partisans. She owned to us that she had been initiated into the history in a most extraordinary manner. About twelve years ago she had a young Toulonaise girl, as nurse, whom she cured magnetically of a fearful malady that the doctors called epilepsy, but that she maintained to be a case of possession, the history of which we have already mentioned. Madame B— had developed by mesmerism, a rare case of clairvoyance, and one day, while questioning her on the illness of a friend, the girl interrupted her suddenly, saying—

"There is in Toulon, in ——— street, No. —, a man who hides himself. This man has had the most extraordinary existence that can be imagined. He is the son of the king, but he is not recognised as such; and he exhausts his life in struggles to establish the truth of his existence, the falseness of his reputed death, and his just claims to the throne. He has on this account suffered much persecution from powerful men who occupy the position he ought to hold. At this moment he is in hiding, and has disguised his name."

As Madame B— impatiently wished at once to assure herself of the truth of this statement, the young girl said—

"Wait, you can neither see nor hear of him at present, for he has taken the strictest precautions to preserve his incognito. You must wait, and follow my instructions."

Madame B— followed the girl's advice, and was enabled to penetrate to the Baron, who, when he was satisfied of the purity of the motive that brought her, and was told of the manner in which his existence had been revealed, confided in her, and related his history, giving proofs of his identity. From this time Madame B— devoted herself to the unfortunate old man, and entered into relations with several persons who were as much interested as herself in his history and past life.

One who acted a principal part in the Prince's life, lived some years since in Les Batignolles. He was the father of a literary celebrity, and married to a celebrated painter.

Madame Bedeaux only repeated to us these details after she had been informed of the recent death of the Duke of R—. Since then a lady related to me that, "At a private *séance*, at Nice, a spirit had given the name of Louis, son of Louis XVI., better known as Baron of Richemont, and had related his history."

I thought, said the lady, that Louis XVII. died in the temple. Was there really a Baron de R— who would have succeeded to the throne by right of succession?

I thereupon repeated what I had heard, and on quitting her devoted myself to the study of the question. I have now the most profound faith in the above revelations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

A DEPUTY RECORDER'S CONFESSION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—It appears that Spiritualism has not yet grown respectable enough for an English judge to believe in. Let it be known throughout the length and breadth of the land, that on the opening of the April Sessions, at the Central Criminal Court, and immediately after the Grand Jury had retired, the Deputy Recorder, Mr. Chambers, made haste to exonerate himself from the charge of believing in Spiritualism, in a speech which ought to be preserved, and handed down to posterity as an expression of the religious belief and wisdom of an English judge of the nineteenth century. Listen! ye poor deluded mortals who have fondly imagined Mr. Chambers a convert to your superstitious notions. "Unfortunately" (says Mr. Chambers), "by a very slight change in the words, I was made to say that Spiritualism was the very thing I was inclined to believe in. I knew nothing of Spiritualism; I knew nothing of its professors; I knew nothing of its literature; I knew nothing of its phenomena; even news paragraphs on the subject I had never read. I always passed them by. I intimated no inclination to believe in it, for I never felt any. What I did say then I repeat to-day, That of Spiritualism I know nothing whatever."

There, Mr. Editor, what do you think of that for a confession of ignorance. Oh, if this judicial magnate could only make us believe he knew less than nothing about it! I can easily understand, sir, a man having no inclination to believe in Spiritualism, but when a gentleman, a learned Recorder, who must certainly be, to some extent, conversant with history and the contents of the Bible, most emphatically asserts that he knows nothing whatever of Spiritualism, and has never read anything respecting it or its phenomena, it certainly is one of the things no "fellow can understand." To judge, from Mr. Chambers' anxiety to set himself right with the press, and the class of know-nothings who have so gravely remonstrated with him for his supposed weakness, he evidently prefers the bliss of ignorance, and seems to be under the impression that a belief in the sacred truths of Spiritualism is something more than folly. It is to be hoped that the next time we hear from Mr. Chambers he will have made himself acquainted with the literature of a subject he has hitherto thought beneath his notice, and by a dignified resistance to outward pressure, favour us with his candid opinion of its facts and philosophy, instead of another parade of total ignorance unworthy of an intelligent gentleman and a magistrate.—Yours, &c.,

A TRUTH SEEKER.

[We suppose the press has frightened the Deputy Recorder out of his memory. We were in court, and distinctly heard him say that he was rather inclined to think there was some truth in it (Spiritualism). The *Times* reporter has stated the matter fairly.—Ed. S. T.]

JOHNSONIANA.—No. 3.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Boswell: Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared?

Johnson: Sir it was believed. A waiter, at the Hummums, in Covent Garden, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; and again, a second time. When he came up, he asked some of the people of the house what Ford could be doing there? They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some woman from Ford, but he was not to tell what, or to whom. He walked out, and was followed. Somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed—

"Then we are all undone."

Dr. Pellet inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums to hear about the story of Ford. They were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied it was true. The man had a fever and this vision may have been the beginning of it; but if the message to the woman, and their behaviour upon it, were true as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word, and there it remains. Of apparitions, he observed, that of total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day. The question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us. A man who thinks he has seen an apparition can only be convinced himself. His authority will not convince another, and his conviction, if rational, must be founded, on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means.

He mentioned a thing of what I had not heard before, being called, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a distance.

An acquaintance told me, that walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood by the voice of his brother, who had gone to America, and the next packet brought news of his death. Dr. J. said, that one day, when at Pembroke College, Oxford, as he was turning the key of his room, he heard his mother distinctly call Sam. She was then at Lichfield, but nothing ensued. Some persons believe that Dr. Johnson assisted in the "exposure of the Cock Lane Ghost," but it seems to have been reserved for a writer in the "Spiritual Magazine," to relate the true history of that affair, and to show that there was no exposure. According to his biographer, Boswell, the doctor expressed "great indignation," and Mr. Croker alluded to this affair as a "fimsy imposition," unworthy of any "solemn inquiry."

With respect to the vision of Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, the prediction of the time of his death, and its fulfilment, Dr. Johnson said, "It was the most extraordinary thing that had happened in his day. He heard it with his own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote." This story is mentioned in "Nash's History of Worcestershire," and in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1818. According to Mr. Croker, editor of "Boswell's Johnson," there were two supposed appearances, one of a spectre to Lord L. to announce his death three days before the event, and another of Lord L. himself to Mr. Miles Andrew, then at Mr. Tigon's at Dartford about the hour when his Lordship died in London.

The details in the "Magazine" agreed with the personal account of Mr. Andrews, but always reluctantly given and "with an evidently solemn conviction of its truth," said Mr. Croker.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

London, February 25, 1866.

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

(Through the Mediumship of Jessie.)

TRUTH and Justice is here. Not only he, but a host of willing spirits, each endeavouring to do their utmost. Time alone will give them the power to perform the mission their Heavenly Father has sent them to fulfil. Our time is in the future. There is a great work to perform. We are, each of us, doing our duty. The dearly loved and fondly remembered one is with you trying to impress you. Oh, receive her holy kiss and blessed embrace. Listen to what she is saying:—

"Father, dear, let not your thoughts linger, or your mind be troubled. I love you. My Father in heaven loves you when you trust in Him. You will not need to fear life's journey."

She has brought you a beautiful rose, an emblem of her purity and love. The rose withered but the fragrance remained. She says—

"I will come again and talk to you; I will write to you through W. Oh, that you could see her! Take it (the rose), from her. Ask God to guide you, and protect you from influences, both in and out of the flesh, that may mar your progress. Follow your impressions, but not until you have placed your trust in God, and feeling His protection, seeking His guidance, relying upon His love, remembering that He is all-powerful, able and willing to serve them that love Him and put their trust in Him. When you can feel assured of all this, and feel safe in His protection, fearing not the frowns of the world, and not till then, can you follow the dictates of your own brain. The brain, or mind of man, is a talent given unto him to use for good, but some, alas, hide that talent in the earth. Some because they have riches, think that that talent is of no value. They hide it in the earth, and think at a convenient time they will call for it. Some hide it in the earth because they are indolent, and think if they lay it by it will grow, whilst they glide carelessly on even with tortured souls. Read the parable of the Talents, Matthew, 25th ch.

Good night.

Here another influence took possession of the medium, purporting to be a Quaker spirit—

"Thee may say what thee like, I shall not say 'Good night.' I shall stay with thee; I shall comfort thee; I will move thee to speak; I know thee, friend."

Q.—How have you found yourself in the spirit-world?

S.—I have found myself better than I thought I should.

Q.—Do you talk in the Quaker dialect where you are?

S.—We do that that gives us most happiness. We would wish to make ourselves known, and we say things that we said in days gone by. By-the-bye, friend, didst thou ever go to one of our meetings?

A.—I have no recollection of having ever gone to one.

S.—Thee should go then.

Q.—What shall I learn there?

S.—Learn that the spirit moves us, that we speak not until we know of its presence. Know that we speak from inspiration. We are laughed at. Dost thou know we are laughed at, pointed at, and called Quakers? but we do not quake with fear. We wait in love. I wish thee to do me a kindness.

What is it?

S.—They may not believe. Canst thou, wilt thou, hear what will be said unto thee?

A.—Yes.

S.—Wilt thou bear insult?

A.—Yes.

S.—Then thou shalt go. Go with my blessing—with my love. Tell them in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In His name I have sent thee.

Q.—To whom am I to go?

S.—To the dear ones that are left behind; you must go there; you must lecture upon Spiritualism there; you must draw them out from earth, for they are very earthy.

Q.—You mean that I must visit your relations?

S.—Yes. If they laugh, fear not. Persevere. If the medium goes too, they will have more faith.

In reply to a question about the medium's development the following was given:—

All we want for her is a congenial place, quietude, harmony, and regular sittings with regular friends. One thing we would impress fixedly upon you so that you cannot forget it—never sit without prayer, and, if possible, sing.

April 14, 1866.

THE FUSEDALE MEDIUMS.

Since we first mentioned the Fusedale mediums, the manifestations have been frequent, and occasionally of a surprising character. Mrs. Fusedale has had her brooch abstracted from a small box, and returned several times. Sarah's hair-net was carried away by her spirit-sister Jenny, and was restored to her in our presence.

On another occasion a spirit purporting to be one known to the family, intimated to Mrs. Fusedale, through one of the children, that he had taken something from the shelf. Mrs. F—— was puzzled to know what it was, and at length discovered that the ring, which was under the tumbler, was gone. The ring was eventually found in the coals.

A steel brooch was taken by another spirit, and after a period, was thrown at Emma Randall as she was in the act of opening the street door to go out.

While sitting with the family lately, we marked on a piece of paper, unobserved, 6, and requested the spirits to rap the number. Immediately six loud raps were given. We then marked 12, and twelve loud raps were given. We then marked 50. Still right. Fifty distinct raps came on the table. We may mention that we do not always get the answers so perfect. Emma Randall's rapping mediumship is, to us, quite satisfactory. We have watched her when she has been standing near the table without any part of her person or dress being in contact with it, and yet we have heard the rappings on the table. The family never sit down to meals without rappings of various degrees of loudness, often shaping themselves into distinct tunes, being heard. If nothing of an intelligent character was manifested in these singular sounds, there would still be sufficient in them to puzzle the doctors and professors, and excite general interest. It is gratifying to us to speak thus. We have the most complete confidence in the Fusedale mediums, and can bear witness to the unmistakable fact of their mediumship.

The children are often entertained of an evening by their spirit-sister presenting pictures on the window-blind, similar to magic-lantern pictures. The children all see these pictures, and give beautiful descriptions of them to their parents. They were shown a picture of the ill-fated ship, "The London," the other evening. Captain Martin, Mr. Draper, and G. V. Brooke, were photographed by spirit power, for the occasion. These are evidences to the children only; but unless we can accept the monstrous conclusion that this family are hardening in deception, what can be said other than that "It's all very strange and wonderful."

A VISION.

PRESENTED AND RECORDED BY EMMA HARDINGE

(Concluded.)

"Oh, that I could see but one of the inhabitants of this doleful region," I thought, and with the wish came its instant gratification, for, raising my eyes, I beheld the form of a living being approaching me. At first the delight of seeing a thing of life again impelled me to rush toward it, but the singularity of the figure, and its evident incapacity to perceive me, arrested my steps, and I stood watching with curious interest my new companion. The figure was that of a very, very old man; indeed, to judge by his wonderfully wrinkled face and withered aspect, he might have been the sole surviving wreck of centuries. His height could not have exceeded that of a child of

four years, and the garments that hung in threadbare and patched folds around his meagre, shrunken form, were a world too wide for the poor anatomy they covered, and yet I knew this piteous little figure bore the evidence of decrease rather than natural deformity, and that his present childish dimensions had come from the shrinking of a once mighty form of manhood. Yes, I knew this, not only from the revelation of his past, which each spirit bears about engraved on the unmasked soul, but because I could trace in those withered features and that diminished shape, the wreck of the once proud, stately and handsome Earl, whom in my childish days I had looked upon as the beau ideal of aristocratic madhood!

Oh, how terrible it was to look upon him thus! His face wore an expression of unutterable grief, but withal a look of mild resignation and hopeless regret, that pierced my very soul. Slowly and feebly he passed on without regarding me, but as he neared me ere he finally disappeared, I heard him sigh. Oh Heaven! how he sighed, and what a world of long, long, bitter memories, useless regrets, and wasting sorrow came sobbing on the air, laden with the sigh of that suffering soul. Ah, me! It was indeed the breath of a wailing spirit, "gnashing of teeth and outer darkness."

With his departure, even the interminable solitudes of his home seemed more tolerable; but again I heard the sweet cadence of my invisible angel's bell-like voice chiming in my ear, "Yes, Emma, tis' him, even Lord——. You wonder at the strange transfiguration which death has wrought on your splendid peer; but ask yourself by your memory of his earth-life, what size you deem his soul must have been, when its mocking mask was first rent off, and disclosed the spirit with its one grain of ideality, and that all self. Emma, you pigmy has grown by suffering since his entrance here, from an almost invisible monad to the size you just beheld. Yes Emma, self was all that existed in the great man's soul, and self is but one spark in the divine unity of illimitable fires that must all burn in perfection and harmony, ere the central sun of soul is fully unfolded. Until then, true life does not even begin. Judge then of the size of your embryotic spirit, when first it shook off the clods of earth to stand revealed, not for name, lineage, wealth or station, but just for its worth, no more. And even now that is all that is left of the once great Earl."

"Alas, alas!" I cried, "Teach us, angelic guides, though suffering be the road, and blood and tears the baptism, teach us how to live for self, through others, so that at last we may pierce the soil, in which our seedling souls are germinating, and stand unfolded in our own earth struggles, full grown spirits, men and women souls."

"Hard is the path of riches, strong the pleadings of self, ruinous the crushing weight of uncurbed passion," replied my guide. "These, with the sophistic lull of custom and overweening devotion to the gauds of earth that minister only to earthly loves, have dwarfed many such souls as his, and shrank up the fairest blossoms of genius, kindness and intellect, until these doleful spheres are thick with worlds of people of whom you man is a type."

"Their destiny," I murmured; "oh send me not away comfortless."

"Despair, remorse, regret; then penitence, submission, such deep humility as shone upon that old man's piteous face are theirs. Then, becoming once again as little children, the morning of a new life shall dawn for them, and glorious will be the evening that shall close their day of labour, and see them as they should be, full grown spirits, and heirs of the everlasting kingdom, where earth and its baser nature never enters."

The pale moon was still and high, and the vault of heaven thick with world flowers, when I again, with natural vision, looked on the face of earth. Perhaps after so solemn a lesson as that of the past hour, the action may appear grotesque and unworthy, but it was nevertheless irresistible, and consisted in springing from my couch, opening my *porte monnaie* and (though its contents would never I think in its most plethoric condition prove a temptation to any one) pouring them upon the floor, trampling them beneath my feet, and crying aloud to the mighty power in whose hands poor tempted souls are passion tossed, "or stayed in perfect peace" to "lead me not into temptation," and deliver me from the evil of my own soul. For many and many a day after this, I esteemed my poverty a privilege; it was long before I could dare to speculate even with foresight upon any arrangement that required me to calculate upon the possession of my money; dreadful, awful, tyrannical, soul corrupting money! Though I believe I shall never in this respect, be tempted beyond the meed of the bare day's provision yet still do I remember my vision of warning with an awe that forever comments on the fatal truth, "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven!" I do not love to think or speak of this vision; my soul is pained to be assured of its truth; to know that about me are the dreadful "homes of the selfish rich;" that in the invisible world of which earth, sky, suns and systems are full, are eternally pacing the unresting feet of the solitary worshippers of self, in their hideous loneliness, their frightful penance of gratification of

their soul's idolatries. Heaven have mercy on them! and if at the earnest request of the gifted medium, at whose request this is now presented to the public, the additional narration of this vision mayperusal, in but warn one foot back from "coming into this place of torment," the lesson, sharp and agonizing as it was to me in learning, will not have been given in vain.

Rose Cross, Delanco, New Jersey, May, 1863.

TESTIMONY TO MR. D. D. HOME.

THE following graphic description of sittings with Mr. Home eleven years back, will doubtless interest many of our readers. We think the account so good, that we feel pleased to reproduce it. It appeared originally in one of the daily papers, and was reproduced in the *Spiritual Herald* :—

IT was in the spring of 1855 that I was invited by a friend, well known in the literary world, to pay a visit to the lodgings of Mr. Daniel Douglas Home, then recently arrived from America, for the purpose of witnessing certain remarkable phenomena alleged to be from supernatural causes. Many feelings prompted me to accept the invitation; as, also, did the knowledge that Mr. Home was familiarly known, as a plain, honest, man, to Dr. Gray, the first homœopathic physician in New York, and a man for whose character I have the highest esteem.

I went to a house in Jermyn-street, and introduced myself on the appointed evening to Mr. Home, who, I found, was a modest, intelligent youth of about twenty, in ill-health, and, indeed, as he himself informed me, and as, on inspection, I found to be the case, with the marks of consumption legible upon his frame. My wife accompanied me, and I met in Mr. H.'s rooms three friends, all of them men of talent and integrity. Bent upon narrative, and not upon defence or hostility, I will omit nothing; and so I here observe that we were, all of us, believers, beforehand, in the possibility of spiritual manifestations.

Before sitting down in "the circle," I asked Mr. Home for some account of his antecedents. To the best of my recollection he gave the following particulars:—He was born in Scotland, and was taken to America when a child. Very early in life he used to surprise those with whom he was, by spontaneously narrating, as scenes passing before his eyes, distant events, such as the death of friends and relatives; and these instances of second sight were found to be true telegraphy. It was not his fault—he could not help seeing them. Later on in his career, various noises were heard in the room beside him. This was long before the spiritual "rapping" was familiarly known in America.

He was an orphan, and lived with two maiden nunts, who were greatly scandalized at these circumstances. A member of the Presbyterian Church, these knockings even accompanied him to divine worship; and coming to the knowledge of his ecclesiastical overmen, he was adjudged to be the victim of satanic influences, and either excommunicated, or otherwise banished from the congregation. Afterwards he became a medical student; but ill-health forced him to abandon the idea of pursuing medicine as a calling. Such were the heads of what I remember that he told us, in answer to our enquiries, about himself.

We were in a large upper room, rather bare of furniture; a sofa, a large round table, and a little buffet, together with a few chairs, were the fittings up. One of the party had brought with him a hand-bell and an accordion. We sat around the table with our hands resting upon it. In a few minutes the table vibrated, or shuddered, as though actuated from within; it then became still, and instantly every one of us shook in his chair, not violently, but intimately, and like a jelly, so that objects "dothed" before us. This effect ceased; and now the heavy table, with all our hands upon it, raised itself high up on its side, and rocked up and down; the raising proceeded from all different quarters, the medium and all the rest of us (excepting our hands and arms which were necessarily moved) sitting death-still. The lamp on the table seemed that it must tumble off; but the medium assured us there was no danger of that—that it was held safely in its place. The hand-bell had been placed upon the wooden rim round the pedestal of the table, and it now began to ring, apparently under different parts of the circle. Mr. Home said that the spirits were carrying it to one of the party, and suggested myself. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, at about three feet distance. I put my hand down under the margin of the table and in perhaps a minute's time, I felt the lip of the bell poked up gently against the tips of my fingers, as if to say "I am here, take me." This palpitation of the bell continued until I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly, and now, every hand but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers up to the palm, of a hand holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends. But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void, with the bell in my hand. I now held the bell lightly, with the clapper downwards, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. As a point of observation I will remark, that I should feel no more difficulty in swearing that the member I felt was a human hand of extraordinary life, and not Mr. Home's foot, than that the nose of the Apollo Belydere is not a horse's ear. I dwell chiefly because I can speak surely, on what happened to myself, though everyone round the table had somewhat similar experiences. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each. The accordion was now placed beneath the table, and presently we heard it moving along. Mr. Home put down his hand to the margin and the instrument was given to him. With one hand upon the table, and with the other grasping the white wood at the bottom of the accordion, he held it bottom-upwards, the keys hanging down over, and the instrument resting for support on his right knee. It played "Home, sweet home,"

and "God save the Queen," with a delicacy of tone which struck everyone present; I never heard silence threaded with such silver lines. Afterwards, in the same way we were favoured with "The Last Rose of Summer." The accordion was then taken to each member of the party in succession; we could hear it rustling on its way between our knees and the pedestal of the table; and in the hand of each person, a few notes but no whole tunes were played. When in my own hand, I particularly noticed the great amount of force which was exerted by the player. It was difficult to hold the instrument from the strong downward pull, and had I not been somewhat prepared for this, the accordion would have fallen upon the floor. In the course of the evening we all felt either a finger, fingers, or a whole hand, placed upon our knees, always with a pleasant expression at the time. A white cambric handkerchief was drawn slowly under the table, and in the course of a few minutes handed to another person, tied in two knots, and put as a bouquet into the bell. And this experiment also was repeated for nearly all present. While these things were going on, rappings were heard in all parts of the room, in the table, in the floor, and the ceiling; and sometimes they were so loud, that the medium requested the spirits to remember that he was only a lodger, and that these noises might disturb the people in the rooms above and below. They were very unlike the "Great Wizard's" raps, and occurred indifferently, as I said before in all places and corners of the chamber. Toward the end of the *seance*, five distinct raps were heard under the table, which number the medium said was a call for the alphabet. Accordingly an alphabet was made; and on Mr. Home asking if any spirit was present who wished to speak to one of the party, the following sentence was given by the alphabet telegraph:—My dear E—, Immortality is a great truth. Oh! how I wish my dear wife could have been present.—D. C. It purported to be a near relation to one of those present, who died last year. The spelling, "immortality," surprised me at first; but I recollected that the deceased, whom I knew well, was constantly versed in black letter writing, which makes elisions in that way. This ended, the medium fell into an apparently mesmeric trance, from which he addressed some good words of exhortation to each of us; and told one of the party in particular, several details about deceased members of the family, which were not known in the circle at the time, but verified to the letter afterwards. These, I forbear to mention, because they were of a strictly private nature. In his address the medium spoke, not as from himself, but as from the spirit assembly which was present; and he ended with a courteous "Good night" from them.

Considering that it requires a large apparatus of preparation for the greatest of wizards to effect the smallest part of what we saw on this evening, namely, a few raps, one might have expected that Mr. Home would have had rather bulging pockets to do what I have related; but I can assure your readers that he was as meagre, and unencumbered as the scantiest dresser need be. He had no assistants, and no screens. When, during the evening, I asked if the jugglers did their tricks by means similar to the agencies there present, the raps said "No;" but in a pronounced manner they said "Yes," when the same question was put with regard to the "Indian jugglers." We also asked the medium why the effects generally took place under the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained above board, visibly to all, but that at a first sitting it was not so; that scepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and nerved the forces at work; that the spirits did what they did though our life-sphere or atmosphere, which was permeated by our will; and if the will was contrary, the sphere was unfit for being operated upon. And the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to spiritual truth than the vital, visceral, or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table. I give his explanation in my own words, for what it is worth.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this, that Mr. Home came, by invitation to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. He was brought to the door in a pony chaise by some friends, with whom he was staying, and the little carriage was full when he was in it—a fact which I mention, because again it is incompatible with the paraphernalia of the wizard's art. I watched him walk up the garden, and can aver that he had no magic wand up his trouser leg, nor any hunch in his dress that could betoken machinery or apparatus of any kind whatever. Arrived in the drawing-room, the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing-room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the "circle" consisted of Mr. Home, my four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large, heavy lute table, which occupied the centre of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first *seance*; and the chairs also, as before thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from hers, exclaiming, "Oh! Papa, there's a heart in my chair," which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements, and after cracking, and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily, some eight inches into the air, and floated wavering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted 29. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would scarcely have broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor of the room, and poise itself in mid-air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals the medium was in a state of the completest muscular repose; nor indeed had he the toe of Hercules for a lever, could he have managed this effect, for he and all of us stood up each time, to follow the mounting table, and he stood with us complete absence of strain as the rest of us. It requires two strong men to lift the table to that height. One person might throw it over, but could by no means erect it.

The travelling of the hand-bell under the table was also repeated for

every one present, and this time all felt the hand, or hands, either upon their knees or other portion of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it by a soft, palpable hand as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and once grasped the hand, but it melted as on the first occasion; and immediately a call was made for the alphabet, there being something to communicate. The "spirits" now spelt out through Mr. Home, who had known nothing of what I had done under the table, "Do not grasp our hands." I asked why, and Mr. Home said they had great difficulty in presenting, and thus rapidly incarnating these hands out of the vital atmospheres of those present, and that their work was spoilt, and had to be re-commenced when they were interfered with, perhaps as a thought is sometimes broken in twain, and cannot easily be resumed on the irruption of a stranger. During the *séance* I had the border of a white cambric handkerchief just appearing out of the side pocket of my paletot, which was open; and though I could see no agency, I felt something twitching at the handkerchief, and very gradually drawing it from my pocket. Simultaneously with this, my eldest daughter, who sat opposite to me exclaimed, "Oh I see phospheric fingers at papa's pocket;" and now visibly to all, the handkerchief was slowly pulled out, and drawn under the table, whilst at the same time I felt an arm that was doing it, but which was invisible to me. At this time I was at least three feet from Mr. Home, with a person between us, and he was absolutely passive. The feeling I had was of nudges, as distinct as ever I felt from a mortal limb, and that on my breast and arm, which were above the table; and yet, though the operation of abstracting my handkerchief was going on visibly to all the rest of the circle, as well as myself, (all except my eldest daughter,) could see nothing. I can swear there was no machinery, unless the skin, bone, muscle, and tendons of an unseen hand, forearm, and elbow, deserve the name.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT'S WORK UPON THE CHURCHES.

When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divides them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and bye and bye, in place of their little patches of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated; here and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion included all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple, every reflux brings it nearer—a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishers of all pools—the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When like a flood the spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven as well as the saints on earth have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living during this ebb-tide period of the church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little—yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which as it lips in, over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy church, farthest down upon the strand, nearest the rising ocean's edge! Happy church, whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy—whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions, the communion of the Holy Ghost.—Dr. Hamilton.

POEMS: BY ROBERT LEIGHTON.

We have taken this book up on several occasions, intending to give it a full review, but we have hitherto been so much occupied that we have been unable to do so; however, we now give what space we can spare to a notice.

Robert Leighton's prose is essentially metaphysical. Some of his poems are exquisite in structure, and all of them suggestive. We know of no modern minor minstrel who has kept the spiritual element so vividly before him as Mr. Leighton. In this he reminds us of Tennyson. There is the same preaching towards the Infinite, the same reliance on Immortality, displayed in the poems of Leighton as in those of Tennyson.

Robert Leighton is one who has suffered and sang, and consequently is the more fit to teach. His inspirations are always elevating, and his verses graceful.

The volume before us shows the worker. The author is no maudlin sentimentalist, no whining idler. He muses on the greatest of human themes, the progress and destiny of the soul, and thinks in earnest as his verses flow from his patient pen. We have rarely taken up a volume of poems as rich in thought and withal studiously finished, as this. We can only wish the author success, and recommend the book to our readers, whom we are satisfied will find it a valuable addition to their libraries.

We shall, as occasion offers, give an extract or two from the work.

PERSONAL.

In a circular lately issued for the testimonial which was presented to Mr. Powell it was stated:—

"The stoppage of the *Spiritual Times* throws Mr. Powell again upon 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."

We have only to say that this was said at the time in perfect good faith by all persons concerned; but circumstances having changed, and several friends having come forward since to aid Mr. Powell to continue the *Spiritual Times*, he has felt it right to remain in England, and hopes to be able to keep the paper going. Mr. Cooper has retired from the paper. At the time the circular was issued Mr. Powell saw no hopes of the *Spiritual Times* being carried on; but since friends have come forward to aid him, he submits that no one can reasonably find fault with him for endeavouring to keep it going.

A HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

A SPIRITUAL IMPROVISATION.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,

Or chain the wings of the morning light?

Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,

Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?

The sun that rises, the seas that flow,

The thunders of Heaven, all answer, "No!"

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth?

The earthquake still in its awful birth?

Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,

Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee?

The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,

The pulse of the Universe, answer, "No!"

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,

Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire?

Or stay the soul when it soars away,

In glorious life from the mouldering clay?

The truth that liveth, the thoughts that go,

The Spirit ascending, all answer, "No!"

Oh, priest! oh, Gosport! *your* doom *they* speak,

For God is mighty as ye are weak,

Your night and your winter from earth must roll,

Your chains must melt from the limb and soul.

Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe—

Shall ye triumph longer? we answer, "No!"

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled.

On the broken heart of a famished world;

Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,

Ye have made its children a race of slaves.

O'er the future age shall the ruin go?

We gather against ye, and answer, "No!"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,

But weak are ye, for the truth is ours;

In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,

But we are stronger, our strength is Love.

Slay truth and love with the curse and blow?

The beautiful Heavens, they answer, "No."

The winter night of the world is past,

The day of humanity dawns at last;

The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,

And prophets and heroes, and seers arise.

Their words and deeds like the thunders go,

Can ye stifle their voices? they answer, "No!"

It is God who speaks in their words of might,

It is God who acts in their deeds of right;

Lo! Eden waits like a radiant bride,

Humanity springeth elate to her side.

Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?

The voice of Divinity answers, "No!"

"Herald of Light."

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.

WE have in our possession a Photograph of a newly designed acacia wood table for spirit-communication. It is made by a first-class maker. The price is £2 2s. We can supply it. Also Planchettes, 7s., and Indicators, 10s., by the same maker.

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COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 4s. 4d. per quarter.

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