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BEING A
WEEKLY RECORD OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN commencing the present series, it becomes our duty, which we discharge with great pleasure, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to those who so readily answered the question "*To be or not to be?*" Whilst we had full confidence that nothing but unanimity could possibly prevail on the necessity for an organ to represent our cause, and the cause of the whole human race: still we were not quite so sure that our own humble efforts would be deemed sufficient to retain such a position. The result however of our offer has been cheering: 46 having cheerfully responded; only four short of the number asked for. What is still more encouraging, not one of them hath sought to dictate or define the course to be pursued. This is the more remarkable, since amongst them we find men of almost all ranks and persuasions, including Ministers of the gospel, Medical gentlemen, Attorneys &c. &c. The course we have hitherto pursued, of publishing communications &c., of such opposite characters, is something that is very rarely tolerated; yet it is hoped that our liberality will not be construed to, nor used as a license for unnecessarily wounding the feelings of persons equally honest in their search after truth: and in order that our correspondents may have a motto at which to aim in their endeavors to propagate the cause of Spiritualism in our columns, we submit the following for their guidance:—

I. That man has an organized spiritual nature, to which the physical body is but an outer garment.

II. That he has a conscious individualized existence after the death of the physical body.

III. That the disembodied can and do communicate sensibly with those still in the flesh.

IV. That incalculable good may be derived from such communion, wisely used.

These propositions embrace what is popularly denominated *Modern Spiritualism*, and the questions involved in, and growing out of them, are becoming **THE QUESTIONS OF THE AGE**—than which none more interesting or important were ever raised among men.

Correspondents are cordially invited to contribute facts bearing on the question of spirit-existence and agency, and thoughts or suggestions, whether their own or from the Higher Life, calculated to throw "more light" on the great problems of Human Life, Duty, and Destiny. Those who write in a kindly, *truth-seeking*, rather than dogmatic spirit, free from censoriousness and needless harshness, with a due appreciation of the value of the Past, notwithstanding its errors, will be most welcome to a place in our columns.

In addition to the above, we shall gladly insert any respectful criticism from the opponents of the Spiritual theory : and as we, individually, regard Mesmerism as a kindred science, we shall be glad to receive accounts of extraordinary cures &c. by its application.

N. B. To make the present series interesting, we must be supplied with all the important particulars transpiring at each Circle. Let those who desire universal progress, see to it that we are supplied with those incidents.

THE CUI BONO OF MODERN SPIRITISM.

Philo. During our last conversation, you stated so much of an extraordinary character, differing so widely from the old worn out superstitions, so different to all other forms of mysticism, so different to the preachings of our pulpit orators, so pertinent in application and reply to the present circumstances of the world, that I am alike confounded by means, and results ; it must indeed be an extraordinary power which can so elude the subtleties of science, the quick apprehensions of intelligence, the investigations of philosophy, and the sneers of the wits : another condition which also confounds me is the knowledge I have of several Spiritists being so thoroughly honest and their testimony being backed by eminent men : yet I cannot bring my mind to suppose it the doings of extraneous exist-

ances, but rather of some unexplained natural law, which deludes the senses during the manifestations, for I find the majority, if not the whole of those who support the Spiritual theory, persons of fair, sound, and very often, high intelligence. I have, however as yet, seen no experiments, therefore my opinion I confess is premature; but, intend to examine at once and will certainly be attentive, while I will spare no expose if I do find any trickery.

Experi. My good friend, pray at once let go that vulgar opinion which supposes collusion; in a wise man's breast, no such mean thought should hold existence even for a moment. I am quite ready to risk any exposition of trickery should it take place; and though now and again we have some stupid dolt doing a deceit, this has no reference to individuals whom we know so well as you and I know some of those who form Circles of only their own families. No absurd prepossessions ought to take hold of your mind with such people. The idea of collusion always dies out with those who investigate—it lives only with the ignorant, the lazy, and the unenquiring: that intense vulgarism, which places thousands of thoughtful, intelligent, seekers after the source of truth in the category of cheats—which transforms thousands of plain dealing, honest persons into clever and improvised jugglers, is so contemptibly absurd that your enquiring mind must speedily recognize it as an act of folly. I believe I could tell the names of all the cards in a pack, while their faces were turned from me. I might perhaps tell on which card you had fixed your thought, but beyond these two notable acts of jugglery, I am not aware of possessing any power in that direction,—yet I have assisted in and been the operating cause of many table experiments, such experiments as I defy “the Wizard of the North,” or all the Wizards of the four Cardinal points put together to account for; so if I am a juggler, I must be a most clever fellow, and what is more extraordinary, I have not the least knowledge of the source of my powers—and there are thousands like me, let us no longer indulge this absurdity, in this enlightened (?) age, which boasts its power to search, detect and know: which justly prides itself on its science, such ideas ought not to prevail. The wise man searches, examines, and proves, the foolish calls you ill names. There is such a condition of the mind as *negativeness*: are you able to will yours into it? if so, you are fitted for the enquiry into phenomena which are moving civilized society all over the globe, and which will transform every theocracy and political institution now existing, unless proved to have a different source to the one now believed in.—Start then unbiassed, be not bound up in the follies of pulpit declamation, nor of the would be wise without examination—the ignorant presumptuous, who undertake to explain what they have not the patience to investigate.

Philo. It is my intention to enter upon this enquiry with no prepossession, nor haste, but in the calmness of philosophic endeavor, patiently to analyse, synthesise and take the road up which truth leads me, and by your leave will commence in your circle at its first sitting.

Experi. One moment, I have some objection to your coming to my circle, as in it, notwithstanding your pre-determination, you may feel somewhat biased: let us proceed in another way. You have long known Mrs. and Mr. E.; the lady

sat at a table, for the first time, a few evenings back, when she was discovered to be a medium. Her position in life puts pecuniary suspicion altogether out of the question. Her personal character you are aware is high and generous, her truthfulness of speech and act, unquestionable. Now with her help, you, her husband and I, will if they agree, commence on Monday next at your own house with your own table, so that at least *we* can have no opportunity of trepanning your edible supporter, with wires or machinery—that suppositious addenda of the *knowing ones*: and mind *you* place no galvanic battery, no electric machine to cheat *us*. Recollect the Irishman, on being asked what he had in his hand when he gave a dear friend a big beating, replied, “nothing but me fist.” You will perhaps have nothing on your table but the mahogany. Keep your room clear, your eyes wide open,—— your mouth closed, until you have seen the table run about the room with and *without* the aid of hands,—— seen it turn over head and heels if you please by the same agency: when you have seen thus much and have *not* discovered a cheat, when in fact you believe there is *no* collusion, we will try and introduce you to the higher phenomena. It is not my business to make proselytes, but I believe you will have the manliness, the courage, and the daring, to carry out the recommendations, the great principles laid down by the spirits. — The destiny of man is happiness here upon this beautiful earth, too long laid under contribution to ignorance, vice and selfishness. The *cui bono* of Spiritualism, is to fill once doubting minds with glowing aspirations towards God and the life hereafter, and to teach us, true progress, is the effective help each and all of us can render to obliterate wrong and create the temple of justice.

In another week we will reconsider our position.

WILLIAM TURLEY.

MR. WILLIS, THE CAMBRIDGE STUDENT.

(From the *New England Spiritualist*.)

Mr. Willis, the Cambridge Student, published a reply to an article in the Boston Courier, a few days since, from which we extract the following paragraphs, defining his present position.

“I wish to inform the public that I am only waiting for a restoration of health in order to give myself, heart and soul, to that career denounced by the writer of the article from which I quote, as one “of charlatanry—of jugglery and craft.” Nor do I shrink from a single consequence that may accrue from the “fatal step.” I beg you, my friends, to abandon the mistaken idea that I have for a moment swerved from the intention, never stronger than now, of giving my life to the religion of the Gospel.

Yes the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the foundation on which I stand, and which, if rightly interpret it, breathes no such spirit as seems to pervade the articles in which I have been assailed so freely of late in your columns.

I stand before God to-day for just what I am worth, nor do I wish to stand before the public for *one iota* more than I am worth.

My "recent exposure," as you term it, "and dismissal from the Cambridge Divinity School," so far from having weakened my faith in Spiritualism, has deepened and strengthened it, removed all doubts and fears, and determined my future course in life. Let my opponents pursue me, with all the bitterness they can bring to bear upon me; let them explore the past, present, and future, and bring all they can glean to break me down in the estimation of the public. I am ready to meet it, for I *know* on what ground I stand, and all the persecution that can be brought to bear upon me will but endear more closely the cause for which I am willing to suffer.

Respectfully yours,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

The following testimony, in favor of Mr. Willis character as a medium, appeared in another number of the same paper:—

Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., than whom no person is more reliable bears testimony, through the *New England Spiritualist*, to the following facts which occurred in his presence through the mediumship of Mr. Willis, who was recently expelled from the Harvard Divinity school for being a medium. Mr. Putnam says:

A leaf was taken out from the centre of the table directly in front of Mr. W. and myself, and thus an open space, about fifteen inches wide, extended from the one to the other of us. The loose leaf was then put in front of Mr. W. lengthway and across the opening, so as to cover about fifteen inches of the opened space next his body, and so as to make a rest for his arms. Taking the accordion in both hands—but both attached to the same end of the instrument and that not the keyboard, he reached it forward over the leaf toward me and let it down. The weight of the key-board opened the instrument so that the lower end was judged to be a little more than one foot below where his hands held the upper end. This position was carefully noted. Then the table-cloth was put over the opening so as to shut off all light from the instrument, but not so as to cover his wrists where they curved over the edge of the board on which his arms rested. When this had been fixed so that the wrists and the whole of his arms should be constantly in sight, I asked him to put his feet forward, which he did, and his boots were on, for I felt them both carefully with my hands; and then I took both his booted feet and held them firmly there for fifteen minutes or more, during which time several tunes were played on the instrument. The instrument was in his fingers; all other hands in the room were on the table; his arms and wrists were on the table, and his feet were held between my feet. The music flowed forth, while it was certain that his wrists, his arms, and his feet

were within the watch of my own senses — were all *at rest*, and were so placed that he could not have used them in connection with that instrument ; and yet the instrument gave forth its music while all his fingers were confined in grasping it at one end. Such were the facts *then*, whatever they may have been at other times. Those dexterous toes were encased in *boots*, and those agile nether limbs were held in durance on *one* occasion when the music came forth from the accordeon.

Later in the evening the medium went to the great piano in the parlor, and while he was playing upon it, the whole piano, from end to end, would dance to his music, or would roll on the castors from side to side, at the request of the host. This instrument has been said to weigh nearly one thousand pounds, and it probably does. At the key-board end I found the weight more than I could lift. And at the other end a force equal to lifting one hundred pounds or more was required to start the leg from the floor. That this leg, though eight or nine feet from Mr Willis while he was playing, was yet nimble enough to dance and keep time with his music, *I know*, for I was at the end of the instrument resting the most of my weight upon it, and was made to experience and share all the motion of that end of the instrument and feel a regular *jolt* when the foot struck the floor. There is no man, I might almost say, no number of men, who, standing at the key-board end of that piano, could put forth power enough to make the other end dance and roll. And yet that was done by some power.

DEATH — AS SAID TO BE DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO HAS EXPERIENCED IT.

(From the *Family Herald*.)

Amongst all our leading articles we have heretofore evaded this subject. Experience pauses at death ; biography tells no more of man after it says "he died." The burying has nothing to do with him ; he is not there ; whether he has a soul or no soul, he is not buried, for he is not there to be buried. When the friends of Socrates asked him where they should bury him, he replied, "Where you please, if you can catch me." No man ever was buried, those excepted who were buried alive, and even such burials are doubtful where there is not air enough to support life.

The extension of biography beyond this life would be one of the most interesting topics that could engage our thoughts. From time immemorial all have sought to penetrate this secret ; and deep as the secret is, there is no reason to suppose that it cannot be penetrated. Other secrets have been discovered, great and wonderful. We have found eyes that look into heaven, and see new worlds. Every year is now discovering a world hitherto unknown. Suns innumerable, and systems innumerable, can now be perceived which our fathers never dreamed of. We have

telescopes that see afar off, and we have clairvoyants that look deep inwardly through solid matter into thought and spirit. Who shall say that this transcendent vision shall stop at any limits which old philosophy, theology, or mythology shall put to it? Nothing should be received without authority, and nothing will be generally received without it; but everything should be tried that comes in a reverent and respectful manner.

Now this age is remarkable for professing to bring a species of testimony hitherto unknown, as to our fathers was the telescope that look into heaven, -- the testimony of those who have left this world, and who describe their sensations in death and their experience after it with curious minuteness. We by no means assert the truth of this testimony; but as it comes to us reverentially, solemnly, religiously, and beautifully expressed, we listen to it, and invite our readers to listen along with us. We have read numerous descriptions by clairvoyants and entranced ecstasies, who in trance assert that they are speaking under the influence of other beings, and who are wholly unconscious themselves of what they are saying, of the feelings experienced in the hour of dissolution; and many of these narrations are beautiful pieces of composition, in whatever way they are produced. Our readers will judge for themselves of the one we select, which is merely the last we have read; it is taken from the *Spiritual Telegraph* of New York, of October 13th ultimo. We cannot give the whole, but we will give enough to make the description complete.

The spirit speaks through an entranced medium: "All the medical attendants had given me up—I heard the watchers whisper 'he is dying.' A cool wind came and breathed upon me, and then a hand of ice seemed clutching at my heart. A sharp electric shock shot through my feeble frame, and my limbs tossed and quivered for an instant like the branches of a tree swept by a sudden storm. This passed away, and then all pain left me. A calm stole over my senses, a deep refreshing tranquillity, as sweet and holy as that which holds the shaded waters of a sleeping lake. I strove to speak. The crisis of my disorder is past, thought I. I strove to speak, but my tongue refused to obey me. I tried to press the dear hand I had in mine, but in vain. I sought to open my eyes, and look my beloved in the face, but I was helpless. All my limbs were paralysed. I could not move a fibre. I lay as motionless as a marble statue. I am very weak, thought I, but presently I will be stronger." Night passed, daylight appeared. "I heard soft footsteps stealing over the threshold. They came and stood beside my bed—they folded my hands on my breast, and one said to the other, '*he is dead!*' The whispering words fell like thunder on my ear. '*He is dead!*' Can they mean me? I thought of the tolling bell which I heard, and said to myself, it is of some one else whom they speak. — Can I be dead? I asked myself. I tried to move, but my limbs were rigid and immovable as iron. I was not even conscious of breathing. But I thought and reasoned as clearly as ever. I could feel when my body was touched. The soft footstep of those who stole about the room, the whispered words, the ticking of my watch which lay on the bureau, and the faint tolling of the bell without—all were distinctly heard. Gradually a terrible idea stole upon me. I tried to fight it off, but it would come and stand before me,

compelling my assent. 'I am not dead, but in a trance, and oh, God! they will bury me alive!'

"Filled with horror I again strove to speak—to cry out—but in vain. My will was powerless—its sceptre had been taken away, its commands were no longer obeyed. They apparelled my body for the tomb, and yielding up all hope I resolved bravely to meet my fate, suffer, and die. This was followed by a feeling of apathy almost amounting to unconsciousness. How long I lay in this state I know not: but after a time my attention was attracted by a curious change which was progressing within me. A cluster of beautiful colours, blue and purple, mixed with fringes of golden and silver light, seemed floating before my closed eyes. A soft white cloud next appeared which expanded and brightened until by its light I beheld bending over me, dim and indistinct, the form of my beloved. But my eyes were closed, and I could not speak to her. The light grew stronger, and at length the whole room wherein I lay dressed for the grave was illuminated, and I beheld all things about me with the greatest distinctness; but my eyes were still closed, and I could not move hand or foot. My wonder at this novel phenomenon was increased when I observed that my sight was not confined to the line of vision, or what would have been the line of vision, had my eyes been open. I could see on both sides of me, and behind me, through the back part of my head, equally well, and at the same moment. But the peculiarity did not so much astonish me as another which now began to exhibit itself. The walls of my room seemed to grow transparent, and I saw the green field without, and the groves, hills, dales, and streams, for miles away flashing in the light of day. All sensation had now left me. I no longer felt the tears that fell upon my face, or heard with my ears the words spoken at my bedside: but I knew when they spoke, for I beheld the motion of their lips and I understood what they said, for I felt their words sounding in my soul like the silent voice of my own thoughts.

"How long this strange state lasted I know not; but at length all things vanished; I no longer saw the form of my beloved, the room in which I lay, nor the landscape without; a bright golden cloud seemed to overshadow me and them—I beheld them no more. Then I heard a voice speaking from the midst of the cloud, saying, 'Blessed are all the children of death, for they shall be redeemed.' I heard the words of the voice, and my soul was filled with awe within me, and I beheld amid the sea of golden light, in which I seemed to float, an angel standing beside me; his eyes were fixed upon mine, and his hand rested on my brow. A strange numbness seized all my members, and looking steadfastly on the eyes of the angel I became unconscious, and knew no more.

"Slowly I returned to consciousness. The same golden light floated about me, but soon it rolled away like a curtain. The angel was gone and I was yet in the room where I 'fell asleep.'

"I stood upon my feet beside my bed; upon it lay my body, cold, motionless, and dead. Fear and surprise filled my soul—the novelty of my position terrified me. I knew not whether I was in the body or 'out of

the body—whether the cold, pallid, motionless form that lay before me was myself, or whether it was I who stood upright gazing upon it. I said, ‘I will solve this mystery. That body which is my own will obey the mandates of my will.’

“I concentrated my mind, and tried to raise the cold, dead form which clad in the garments of the grave, lay before me; I tried by the power of my will to make it sit up and look about, but my will had no power upon it. I raised my hand to my head. Ah! *this* body obeys the commands of my will! yet what am I? where am I? exclaimed my soul in wonder and amazement.

“Some one now entered the room. It was my brother. I advanced to meet him; I spoke to him but he neither saw me nor heard me—yet I stood close by his side and might have touched him. I was perplexed, and troubled thoughts ‘beyond the reach of my soul’ crowded upon me. I felt as though my reason was about to lose its seat. Then it was that I heard a voice saying, ‘Fear not, thou art born again.’ I turned, and beheld approaching, with smiling countenance, one whose form I had seen long years before consigned to the silent tomb. He clasped my hand, a divine welcome fell from his lips, and he drew me gently away.”

Such is one of the testimonies; and, as we have already said such testimonies are innumerable, and regarded by millions with implicit belief. Are they true? Let us talk about them. What is remarkable is that the mediums through whom they are spoken are generally young people, boys and girls, or young men and women. Old mediums are rarities. After reading the foregoing account we visited a family in which there is one exceedingly interesting *estatica*, a beautiful, healthy, rosy-faced, and cheerful girl of fourteen, whose time is chiefly spent in learning the usual accomplishments of her sex. Sitting round the table with seven or eight more, we were all requested to shut our eyes. In two minutes the girl was asleep; but she sat upright, with her eyes closed, her hands clasped or elevated, and her countenance full of cheerful expression. In that state she spoke for an hour in the most eloquent and beautiful language, giving utterance to thoughts of the purest and highest order, that kept us all entranced with our eyes and ears open. Questions were sometimes put to vary the discourse, and we asked this young medium, who is always unconscious of what she says in trance, and speaks in the name of another being than herself, What, if the spirit of which we have just read could see all around it, was the use of eyes at all? She replied, “It is not the usual condition of a spirit, for it sees with eyes as you do; but spirits are sometimes put into clairvoyant states like yourselves, and then they can see without eyes. It is a high state, not the common state.” Such was the meaning, if not the words. The objection had occurred to our mind in reading the narration, and we felt that no better answer to our question could be given.

It is singularly impressive to hear a child with her hands raised as if blessing us all and her countenance radiating affection and intelligence, eloquently and

fluently whispering words of wisdom and exquisite poetry, giving sage counsel and gentle rebuke, to father and mother and friends, of twice, thrice and four times told her own age,—to see age sitting at the feet of youth and listening to lessons of piety, charity, purity, and faith—the attention also so deeply enchained that no pulpit oratory enchains it more. Table moving, lifting, rapping, and such other singular phenomena of the age are inferior to this. They are the body; this is the spirit. They are compatible with foolery and irreverence; this is not. This is the upper part of the scale, they are the lower.

And what are we to say to a description of a death-bed scene from such a source? We speak not positively of it, for we consider it a subject of serious inquiry, not to be lightly passed over. Ecstasy is a fact, a daily one, and many theories are abroad upon the subject. According as ecstasies are trained and tutored, so are their principles generally developed. What comes from the child entranced transcends the child's own normal condition of mind; but it is analogous to it, and also to that of its parents. It brings fruit from the garden in which it has been reared. You may discover the school to which it belongs; but every school as its truths, and the school is one thing and the inspiration another: Whence this inspiration? Is it the child's own mind acting unconsciously? How can a mind act unconsciously? Consciousness is mind; and mind is consciousness. We cannot understand or accept the phraseology of "unconscious mental activity." It seems a gross absurdity. There must be consciousness to find and arrange ideas and to select words to express them; but this consciousness is not the child's consciousness, she is merely an instrument. It must therefore be some being that uses her organs of speech and addresses us with them. Any other interpretation leads us into difficulty and perplexity of reasoning, for it leaves us without ideas at all. We may as well attempt to think of the wind thinking as of unconscious mind thinking. As for the idea of the child falsifying, we entirely reject it; it is a moral impossibility. Not only is the eloquent language of ecstasy far beyond the natural powers of childhood or youth, but we believe it transcends the powers of the very highest genius to imitate what even children do in this state of mind; and for a child to conceal its genius entirely from its parents and relatives, and isolate itself completely from all humanity, and reserve its conscious and secret powers for times of pretence and imposition alone, is what only the strongest credulity can believe. Of all interpretations this is logically the worst, and fortunately also it is morally the basest. Even "the unconscious mental activity," though an intellectual absurdity, is better than this for an intellectual absurdity is always preferable to a moral perversity. It is difficult to get rid of the necessity of merely accepting the truth of the fact that a spirit speaks; but it may speak falsely, and we have no means of testing its truth. When a man or woman before a human tribunal gives evidence, we have not only the power of cross questioning, but the circumstantial evidence of neighbouring and contemporary facts to confirm it. But here in this death scene, there is nothing circumstantial—there is nothing confirmatory—it is a solitary testimony. Yet we receive solitary testimonies in some cases. When

a friend tells us a dream we believe him and yet he cannot prove it; but then we ourselves have dreamed, and have analogous experience. We are driven further and deeper into the subject, reasoning thus. We have experience of dreaming, but not of death. It is a solitary testimony. Can we believe it? Yes we may believe it, but we cannot prove it to be true. And this may be said of all the highest truths in the universe—they are above proof. All poetry is above proof—all sentiment, feeling, taste, are above proof. No man can prove poetry to be good or true. When the poet writes—

God plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,

he cannot prove it; and the attempt to prove it shows it to be nonsense. It is accepted as poetry so long as you do not attempt to demonstrate it, but the attempt destroys it; and so it is with all poetry whatever, and with high art; no statue or picture can be proved to be beautiful. Beauty is above proof. To be above proof, therefore is not to be out of the sphere of truth, but rather to be in the sphere of high truth, which minds that deal in proved things only cannot reach.

We cannot logically come to a conclusion. Our logical process is like the two lines that are always approaching each other, but never meet in a point. The testimony will always be doubtful. But when such testimonies multiply and come to us through the instrumentality of persons of pure minds and innocent lives, without guile and without reproach, they will leave an impression almost equivalent to proof, and cannot fail to have a good moral and spiritual influence on those who receive them with reverence. "Ye shall know them by their fruits" is the best test we have. Evil spirits may pretend to be good for a season; but nothing but goodness itself, real and genuine, can be permanently good: and what is permanently good is morally true.

Notices of new Publications.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS. BY J. S. RYMER, EALING.

Published by W. White, 36, Bloomsbury Street, London. Price 6d.

Some of our readers will remember the name of Mr Rymer being used pretty freely in connection with such marvellous phenomena during Mr Hume's stay in London.

Since then he appears to have been still active in the cause: amongst other means, we find a Lecture delivered by him and published by Mr White, from which we select the following quotations which will serve to shew what effect the lecture is likely to produce on the minds of those who read it.

"Some years ago my children, who had heard of hat moving, tried to move a hat,—the hat moved. They then tried to move a small table,—they placed their hands upon it,—the table moved. From the small table they went to a large loo table, weighing at least 100 lbs, — this table also moved, sometimes from side to side, sometimes round and round, with great velocity. The table would move in any direction that was desired, and, so far as we could observe, the movement did not appear to be influenced by any of those at the table. This movement occurred over and over again.

And here let me arrest your attention : a table moves, and apparently without any aid or assistance from those around it. Professor Faraday gives as his opinion, that the movement is the result of unconscious muscular, or nervous agency ; and I am free to confess that, if the phenomenon had not been further developed, I dared not have ventured to have gainsayed the conclusion of Faraday ; but pursue the enquiry and you will find that tables not only move from side to side, and round and round, but they are raised perpendicularly from the ground. Twelve of my family and friends were seated round my drawing-room table, all had their hands on the surface, on the table was a large moderator lamp in full light ; the table was raised at least six inches from the ground and waved in the air, at such an angle that the lamp under ordinary circumstances must have fallen off. One of the party, a clergyman of the Church of England was so surprised, that he held up his hands, exclaiming—"*the laws of gravitation are suspended.*"

Now in this case all hands were upon the surface of the table ;—if there be muscular or nervous agency—in this instance it must have been exerted in opposition to the rising of the table—it could not possibly aid or assist the perpendicular movement, and if this be so, then Professor Faraday's explanation cannot avail. I admit that I failed to arrive at any theory satisfactory to myself, nor have *any* of the *scientific* or the *learned* of the age lent their aid by any suggestion.

I therefore thought it wiser to pursue the enquiry, and with what success you shall see. We sat in circle again and again ; in addition to the movement, loud *knocks were heard* ; they did not proceed from any of the persons present. We had been told that these sounds were made by some unseen and intelligent being who wished to communicate—and that if any of us would call the alphabet, there would be a sound or knock at the *letter* wanted—that each letter so sounded or knocked at would form a word, and that the several words would be the sentence to be communicated—we did so, and the result was invariable. On the occasion I allude to, the sounds or knocks on the table were loud and distinct ;—we asked if the alphabet was wanted, and if so to give five knocks on the table—five loud knocks were immediately given, which were heard by all at the table. The letters of the alphabet were then repeated, and at each of the letters there was a distinct knock ;—by this means we had repeated communications—all of which bore the stamp of intelligence—still I hesitated to conclude, and determined to continue my investigations. We recorded every incident,—we sat in circle—our friends were admitted,—strangers were invited,—and certainly not fewer than one hundred persons had the opportunity of witnessing and examining at my house.

Sir David Brewster, Mrs. Trollope the authoress, and her son Thomas Trollope, my brother a man of intelligence, a friend a collegiate, Mr. Hume (in whose presence wonderful physical manifestations took place), and the members of my own family were present one summer evening. The table at which we sat was a long telescopic dining table, having two legs at each end and none in the centre. One end was occupied by Mr. Trollope, Sir David Brewster, and my eldest girl—Mr. Hume sat about the centre of one side, having Mrs. Trollope on his left; I sat at the other end, the others present occupying the remainder of the table. There was no cloth or drapery of any kind—Sir David was invited to look under the table and make every investigation, and he did most properly avail himself of the opportunity afforded him by carefully looking under the table, both before sounds were heard and during the time they were being made. On this occasion I find recorded in the handwriting of my brother, a short account of what took place, I will give you it in his own words:—"Table moved from side to side,—raised at one end,—raised entirely from the ground,—Sir David tried to lift the table—sometimes he could not, at other times he could, or, as Sir David said, 'the table was made light and heavy at command.'"

I had purchased an accordion,—it was called for: hymns and tunes were played, and without any visible agency. After the party broke up, Sir David, in the course of conversation, said—"I should have liked if we had been all standing when the table lifted." Sir David, Mr. Trollope and myself then sat down to see if it were possible to move the table or to raise it by our feet, but it could not be moved by the united efforts of the feet of all three. I invited Sir David to come the next evening for the purpose of complying with his request of standing at the table, but he could not, having a pre-engagement.

This table, which is twelve feet long, has been completely turned over, while three of my own family and a friend were seated at it,—replaced, and again turned over,—all our hands being on the surface;—occasionally it has been moved while we were all standing, without any one touching it,—even with their hands.

Mr. Trollope came on the following evening,—we sat round the same table as on the previous evening; the alphabet was called for, and three of us were told to go into another room, to get a smaller table, and stand;—we were not to sit but to stand; we did so—and a heavy card table, on pillar and claws, and which was brought at my request from another room, and at which we had never sat before, was repeatedly lifted off the ground at least twenty inches.

* * * * *

Upon what ground do you launch the proposition of delusion? Examine our conduct, canvass our actions,—in what particulars do they differ from your own?—they are a mixture of good and of evil, of right and of wrong, acting from day to day as you do, and you are not deluded; but if your theory be correct, it only remains for you, sound minded as you are, to believe in spirit manifestations, to rank with the deluded.

My friends, *I have one object, and one only, in view; to communicate to you the facts we have witnessed—facts, which have induced us to arrive at the conclu-*

sion, THAT SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS ARE TRUE ; we desire to afford you the opportunity of reflecting and judging for yourselves ; I give you my opinion, but I do not presume to ask of you to adopt it ; all I venture to suggest is, examine into the truth of my statements, and, if true, do you not think the subject worthy of earnest consideration ? Grapple then with the facts as men, and shrink not as children from the enquiry. Apply your minds to the task, and give us the deluded as you call us, the benefit of your conclusions, and the reasons on which they are based.

In searching, however, for these conclusions, be not guided by men of natural science only ; this is a spiritual, not a natural enquiry. Spirit manifestations are not of the things of this world, they are not within the *home-spun circle* of men of natural science, out of which they vainly imagine nothing can exist. "Beware," says St. Paul the Apostle, in his Epistle to the Colossians. "Beware lest any man spoil you through *philosophy and vain deceit*, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." "The natural man," says he, "*receiveth not the things of the spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.*" And in his Epistle to the Romans : "Mind not high things, but condescend to MEN OF LOW ESTATE. BE NOT WISE IN YOUR OWN CONCEITS."

Look at the records of the past. History bears testimony how men, giants in science but dwarfs in spirit, wrapped in the cobweb-woven mantle of their own greatness, guided by their natural knowledge only, ventured to decree God's Holy Word, a fable, the Son of God an impostor, and eternity a delusion ; and yet a few humble fishermen, with little knowledge and less science,—with minds as unwarped as when they first went forth from their Creator's hand in all their innocence, men, whose minds had grown strong,—seeing God in every star, and recognizing him in every storm—They, in the humbleness of their calling, were the chosen instruments of the Almighty, and, under his guidance, they preserved, and handed down Christ and his commandments to the nations of the earth. Dash ye to earth ! Will ye crumble into dust the marble figure, fair in form and graceful in proportions, because the ignoble chisel of the humble sculptor is the chosen instrument to bid her stand forth from out her rock-bound cradle where for ages she had slept nursed by the hand of time ? Dash not then from ye *spirit manifestations*, because a humble medium is the chosen tool in the hand of an Almighty Artificer, to wake them from their slumbers, to go forth teaching and instructing as of old. Reject them not—examine their proportions and if truthful, store them in the choicest niches of your consecrated temples—cherish them as your household treasures, *for they are of God*—their progress is certain, and their success is sure ; they will not return unto their Maker void, for they are his messengers ; they will not weary in well doing ; they will not rest from their labour of love, 'till the advent of that day, when nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks ; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more : when mortals shall walk hand in hand, treading God's earth, clothed in the glorious robes of charity and truth : when the land shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea—then shall there be one fold and one shepherd, and then shall their mission be accomplished.

