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SPIRITUALISM, TESTIMONIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY A TRUTH SEEKER.

IX.

The spiritual gifts or manifestations, with which, as we have seen, the early christian church was so largely endowed, appears to have declined from the latter part of the third, and during the fourth and subsequent centuries. But though less frequent, or wanting in the same strength of evidence, we have sufficient evidence to establish their continued existence. St. Augustine, asserts that miracles were so frequent and extraordinary in his time (the latter part of the fourth century) that large accounts were written and published of them, and read to the people in the churches : some of these are said to have been done before many witnesses, some in the public assemblies, and some in his own presence.* The learned Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in his controver-

* In connection with St. Augustine, we may mention that his friend, Evodius, a Bishop in Africa, corresponded with him concerning spirit-manifestations, of the reality of which Evodius was well persuaded from his own experience. Among other instances, he says, "I remember well that Profuturus, Privatus, and Servitius, whom I had known in the monastery here, appeared to me, and talked to me, after their decease ; and what they told me happened. Was it their soul which appeared to me, or was it some other spirit, which assumed their form ?" He also enquires "If the soul on quitting its (mortal) body does not retain a certain subtle body with which it appears, and by means of which it is transported from one spot to another?" St. Augustine, in reply acknowledges that there is a great distinction to be made between true and false visions, and that he could wish that he had some sure means of discerning them correctly, and relates a remarkable story in point, which is worth repeating.

An intimate friend of his, a physician named Gennadius, well known at Carthage for his great talents and his kindness to the poor, doubted whether there was another life. One day he saw in a dream a young man who said to him "Follow me;" he followed him in spirit, and found himself in a city where he heard most admirable melody.

Another time, he saw the same young man, who said to him, "Do you know me?" "Very well" answered he "And whence comes it that you know me?" He related to him what he had shewed him in the city whither he had before led him. The young man added "Was it in a dream or awake that you saw all that?" "In a dream" he replied. The young man then asked "Where is your body now?" "In my bed" said he. "Do you know that now you see nothing with the eye of your body?" "I know it" answered he. "Well then with what eyes do you behold me?" As he hesitated and knew not what to reply, the young man said to him, "In the same way that you see and hear me now that your eyes are shut, and your senses asleep; thus, after your death, you will live, you will see, you will hear, but with eyes and ears of the spirit; so doubt not that there is another life after the present one." This account was given by Gennadius to St. Augustine, with the remark "In this manner was all my doubt removed."

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sy with the Arians appeals to the testimony of demons speaking through the vocal organs of media, in confirmation of the catholic doctrine ; and though his opponents essay to evade the force of this testimony, its spiritual origin is not denied by them. It would be easy to multiply evidence from the Fathers of the fourth and later centuries, but it must be frankly confessed, that their testimony in general is so far vitiated by the relation of fabulous stories, monkish legends, and pious lies, that it ceases to be reliable.

The church had indeed fallen from its first estate ; true, it had prospered to outward seeming, had increased in numbers,—wealth—political influence ; kings had become its nursing-fathers, Christians were not now persecuted—except by one another. But though the branches had spread far and wide much of the vital sap was dried up within. Maxims of expediency, worldly ambition, internal feuds, had made its paths crooked and darkened the page of its history. Ichabod was written upon its front. The spiritual glory, if it had not departed from it, had waxed dim and faint. The word of God was made of none effect by its traditions. It had bartered away the liberty wherewith Christ had made it free for the yoke of dogmatic theology—the primitive simplicity of the gospel for superstitions and speculations imported from the east and from the west. Sectarian bigotry usurped the place of christian brotherhood, and instead of “Little children love one another,” might be heard the loud “anathema—maranatha,” and the vain babble of contending sects. Christian brawled with Christian, even in the temple, and the blood of the priest flowed around the altar. Men by their strifes and hatreds repelled from them the bright messengers of peace and love ; the silver cords were loosed, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, the harmony of the spheres could not blend with the discord of earthly passions. Celestial visitants could but stand aside and mourn over the errors of their brethren of earth ; only here and there was communion with mortals now possible to them.

“For when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.”

Not that the church had become wholly corrupt, the gospel-salt had not wholly lost its savor,—there were still minds and hearts receptive of its influence, and though it may not be possible always to discriminate the true from the false in the materials before us, there is reason to believe that the spiritual privileges of the earlier and purer ages were not entirely withdrawn,—that humble-minded and devout christians, still received direct instruction and guidance from the spirit-world.

It is notorious that to this day, the Romish Church has not lost its faith in spiritual manifestations and miraculous gifts, especially within her own pale ; and certainly “her history is dotted all along with seemingly well authenticated and well corroborated facts which go to prove that faith as something more than a mere superstitious fancy.” Thus, so late as the twelfth century, St. Hildegard is said to have received revelations and spiritual visions,—to have been surrounded at times

with a divine radiance, and to have possessed supernatural gifts of language and of prophecy; nor was this accredited only by the vulgar, or by ignorant or knavish monks; St. Bernard makes no doubt of the reality of her spiritual gifts and desires a place in her prayers. "Haughty Nobles and learned Ecclesiastics" says Mr. Vaughan "sought her counsel, and Emperors and Popes corresponded on familiar terms with the seeress."

Our old English chroniclers—not merely the most credulous, such as Roger of Wendover, but the more trustworthy, like William of Malmesbury, and the venerable Bede, abound with stories of spirit revelation by voice and vision. The illustrious Dr. Arnold, thinks that as a general rule the student should disbelieve these accounts, "but" he adds "with regard to some miracles, he will see that there is no strong *a priori* improbability in their occurrence, but rather the contrary; as, for instance, where the first missionaries of the gospel in a barbarous country are said to have been assisted by a manifestation of the spirit of power, and if the evidence appears to warrant his belief, he will readily and gladly yield it. And in doing so he will have the countenance of a great man (Burke) who in his fragment of English History has not hesitated to express the same sentiments. Nor will he be unwilling, but most thankful, to find sufficient grounds for believing that not only at the beginning of the gospel but in ages long *afterward*, believing prayer has received extraordinary answers, that it has been heard even in more than it might have dared to ask for. Yet again, if the gift of faith—the gift as distinguished from the grace—the faith which removes mountains, has been given to any in later times in remarkable measure, the mighty works which such faith may have wrought cannot be incredible in themselves to those who remember our Lord's promise; and if it appears from satisfactory evidence that they were wrought actually, we shall believe them, and believe with joy."

This passage occurs in the Lectures on Modern History, delivered by Dr. Arnold, to his pupils at Oxford University, and he has wisely expressed himself cautiously, and in the most guarded manner; but his observations display in a marked degree the spirit in which these investigations should be conducted, and the principles by which our judgment should be determined. We would earnestly commend them to the consideration of both clerical and lay critics of spiritual phenomena, whether of our day or of past times.

Turning to another phase of the subject, we may remark, that nothing in modern Spiritualism has probably excited so much ridicule, as the averments made of mediums being raised from the ground and borne through the air by spirit-power in the presence of witnesses; and yet this phenomenon has frequent parallels in bygone times. Not to speak of scripture instances, such as those of the prophet Ezekiel, and the Apostle Phillip,* we may briefly allude to what is known as the elevations of St. Theresa, whose veracity and piety will we think not

* EZEKIEL iii. 14. ch. viii. 1—4. Acts viii. 39.

be disallowed even by protestants. In the account she has given us of her life, she says "Sometimes my whole body was carried with it, (her soul) so as to be raised from the ground but this was seldom. When I wished to resist these raptures, there seemed to me somewhat of such mighty force under my feet, which raised me up, that I knew not what to compare it to. All my resistance availed little. * * * * Further, I confess it also produced in me great fear, (which at first was extreme) to see that a massy body should be thus raised up from the earth. For though it be the spirit that draws it after it; and though it be done with great sweetness and delight, (if it be not resisted) yet our senses are not thereby lost; at least I was so perfectly in my senses that I understood I was then raised up." A Bishop, a learned Dominican, the sisterhood of her convent and other witnesses testify to the truth of these relations. We might further adduce such instances as those of St. Catharine, St. Phillip of Neri, and Richard, Abbot of S. Vanne de Verdun (1036), who appeared elevated from the ground while he was saying mass in presence of the Duke Galizon, his sons and a great number of his lords and soldiers." To these instances we may add the martyr of freedom and reason, Savonarola of Florence, the Church Reformer of the fifteenth century, who was seen, when absorbed in devotion, previous to his tragical death at the stake, to remain at a considerable height suspended from the floor of his dungeon; the historical evidence for this fact being admitted by his recent biographer. In short, as Calmet remarks "we have in history several instances of persons full of religion and piety, who in the fervor of their orisons, have been taken up into the air, and remained there for some time. Among other instances of this kind which came under his observation, he says "I know a nun, to whom it has often happened, in spite of herself, to see herself thus raised up in the air to a certain distance from the earth, it was neither from choice, nor from any wish to distinguish herself since she was truly confused at it."* Whether in all or any such cases as the foregoing the phenomena is caused by foreign spiritual agency, is a farther question into which we cannot here enter; we only cite them now, as casting some light on homogeneous contemporary facts, and as calculated to remove some misunderstandings which may operate prejudicially to their candid consideration.

We have incidentally mentioned the name of Savonarola, let us briefly record our admiration of his character. He reminds us of one of the prophets of Ancient Israel. In the midst of a troublous time and evil generation he appears in the spirit and power of Elias, warring against the superstitions, vices, and corruptions of church and state, calling upon men to repent, to forsake their idols and worship the living God. He made no distinction of persons—though but a poor monk he boldly confronted and sternly rebuked Lorenzo the magnificent.

*The Universe lately exulted over a saint who figures in the Roman Liturgy as St. Cupertino. He is described "as appearing to touch the earth with regret, the slightest thought of heaven where dwell his desires detaching from earth his body already spiritualised." He was often, it is declared, observed "to rise to the air to a considerable height in presence of a crowd silent with astonishment."

Reformer, Patriot, Seer, Prophet, the torch which he held aloft lit up the darkness of his time, though it kindled the flames of his own martyrdom. He had his spiritual visions—revelations—inspiration. Of the latter, he distinguishes three modes, "God" he says "infuses it into the soul; gives wisdom as he did to Solomon and David; or, visions by means of the angelic spirits. In each of these ways I have been always assured of the truth by the before-mentioned illumination." His life corresponded with his teaching, like Chaucer's poor parson.

"Christ's lore, and his Apostles twelve

He taught, but first he followed it himself."

His prophetic character was very generally recognized by his fellow-citizens in his life-time, and after his death, so greatly did they reverence his memory, that a medal was struck in his honor with the portrait of the Saviour on the one side and Savonarola on the other.

DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING.

La réalité des Esprits et le Phénomène merveilleux
de leur Ecriture directe démontrées par
Le Baron L. de Guldenstubbé.

PARIS. A FRANK. RUE RICHELIEU, 67. 1857.

One instance has come to my personal knowledge in England of the phenomenon of direct spirit-writing, that is to say, of writing produced on paper by a pen or pencil without the intervention of a bodily human hand, and many such instances have been reported in the American papers; and it must be considered as one of the most remarkable physical manifestations of that marvellous power we are watching and enquiring into, and which we desire to see recognized by the world.

Where all is so wonderful, it is perhaps difficult correctly to draw distinctions, as to the exact amount of wonder with which each development is to be received; but there is little doubt that direct spirit-writing, would be a greater puzzle to the sceptic, and to the so-called learned mind, than table rapping, or the more common method of medium writing or drawing through human hands. For instance, if either proved or admitted, it at once and finally displaces the learned lucubrations of the Physiologists and the Philosophers, those very clever persons, who after having been driven out of their first stronghold of absolute denial of the facts, have betaken themselves to the invention of such words as "Automatic action of the brain," "unconscious cerebration" and "the reflex action of the mind." These mere forms of words, in which, to put them at the highest, the learned have mistaken the instrument by which the Phenomena are produced, for the Spirit which but makes use of the *autos* of man as the instrument, it would at once be admitted, would not account for phenomena produced out of, and entirely apart from, the bodily organs of the human fleshly man.

Baron Guldenstubbé then has done battle against the phantasm of "unconscious cerebration," by publishing his very interesting book, not

only recording a great number of instances in which these Phenomena have been produced, but giving a series of 67 lithographed fac-simile copies of the writing and other figures traced upon the paper, a description of which, and of the circumstances of their production, we will give in the authors' words.

After a short account of his previous experience of rapping, clairvoyance, and magnetism, he proceeds:—

"Being always for some intelligent and palpable proof of the substantial reality of the supernatural world, to demonstrate by irrefragable facts the immortality of the soul, the author never ceased to address his fervent prayers to God that infallible means might be provided to restore the belief in the immortality of the soul, that eternal base of religion.

"One day, it was the 1st of Aug., 1856, the idea came into the Author's mind to try if the Spirits could write direct without the intervention of a medium—knowing the direct and marvellous writing of the decalogue, as given by Moses, and the as direct and marvellous writing at Belshazzar's feast as described by Daniel, and having also heard of the modern mysteries at Stratford in America where illegible and strange characters had been found traced on paper, apparently not through mediums, the author wished to ascertain the reality of a Phenomenon of which *the consequence would be immense if it were proved to exist.* He therefore put a piece of blank letter paper in a small box which he locked and of which he kept the key, without communicating the experiment to any one. He waited during twelve days, in vain, without finding any trace of the pencil on the paper, but what was his astonishment, when on the 13th of August he remarked certain mysterious characters traced on the paper. Ten times during that ever memorable day he repeated the same experiment, putting into the box a new sheet of paper about each half hour, and every time the experiment was crowned with complete success.

"On the 14th of Aug., he made 20 other experiments, *leaving the box open but not losing sight of it*, and it was then that the author saw that the words and characters in the Esthonian language, No. 21, formed themselves or were put upon the paper *without any movement of the pencil.* Since that time the author, seeing that the pencil was not wanted, ceased to place it on the paper, and he then simply put a piece of white paper on the table beside him, or on the pedestals of antique statues, on Sarcophagi urns &c. at the Louvre, the Cathedral of St. Denis, the Church St. Etienne du Mont &c. or in the different Cemeteries of Paris."

After having thus demonstrated the reality of the Phenomenon of direct writing by more than 30 experiments, the author wished to shew the miraculous power to others, and he addressed himself to the Count D'Ourches, who on the 16th of Aug., in the author's lodgings, saw it for the first time, but only after trying six unsuccessful experiments.

The Count, knowing that the author had not even the more ordinary gift of medium writing, and doubting within himself as to the quality of the Spirit producing the previous writings for the author, because of the failure of the first six experiments in the Count's presence, determined to adopt the criterion of the apostle John and for that purpose wrote down on a piece of paper the 2nd verse of the iv chapter of the 1st Epistle "Hereby know we the spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God," and placed beside it on the table a piece of blank paper.

At the end of ten minutes, writing and initials, which were recogniz-

ed by the author as those of a deceased friend were written, in the presence of the Count D'Ourches on the paper as follows, "*Je confesse Jésus en chair. A. G.*" *I confess Jesus in the flesh. A. G.* Since that time the Count has seen, more than forty times, the wonderful Phenomenon of direct writing at his own house, at the author's, at the Louvre, the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, on the Sarcophagus of St. Genevieve, and on the banks above the monuments of Pascal and Racine, in the Cemetery of Montmartre &c.

In the month of October the Count obtained, *without the concurrence of the author*, many direct writings, one of them being a letter from his mother deceased more than 20 years.

Most of the direct writings appear as if done with the pencil, with the exception of about twenty long letters in the hand-writings of the parents or deceased friends of the author, and which *are written in blue or black ink.*

At the end of the book are the 67 fac-simile copies of the writings to which the author refers, each of them numbered, and at page 78 he gives a short account of the circumstances under which each was produced, and names the person who attests the Phenomenon as an eye-witness. The author refers to the following, who have been eye witnesses and most of whom have been present at many of the experiments, and says they are only a few out of more than 50 persons who have themselves brought the paper on which the experiments were tried.

"M. Ravené, Sen., of Berlin, the Prince Leonide de Galitzin, of Moscow, Prince S. Metschersky, Dr. Georgii, the disciple of the illustrious Ling, now living in London, Colonel Toutcheff, Dr. Bowron of Paris, M. Kiorboé, a distinguished artist at Paris, residing 48, Rue de Chemin de Versailles, Colonel Kollman of Paris, Baron de Vorgts-Rhettz, and Baron d'Uexkull."

The following are a few of the descriptions of these remarkable writings. "No. 6. Initials of the name of St. Genevieve traced on her Sarcophagus Aug. 24th, in the presence of Count D'Ourches, who himself furnished the white paper, in order to obviate the absurd objection of chemically prepared papers."

"No. 9. Writing in lapidary latin, traced the 28th Aug. at the Louvre, near the Statue of Julius Cæsar." This is the signature "Julius Cæsar" in large characters.

"No. 10. Writing in ancient lapidary Greek, traced the 28th of Aug. near the small statue of Euripides at the Louvre.

"Nos. 11, 12, 13. Egyptian hieroglyphics traced near the Sarcophagus of Rameses III, in the Egyptian Hall at the Louvre.

"No. 17. Initials of Mary Stuart, traced near the column of her husband, Francis II. in the Cathedral of St. Denis the 7th Sep.

"No. 19. The first writing in English with the initials of Mary Stuart, traced near the same column the 9th of Sep." This consists of a cross, with the words "I am the life" &c.

"No. 24. Long letter in lapidary latin, traced near the Statue of

Augustus, in the hall of the Roman Emperors in the presence of the Baron Voigts Rhetz, the 20th Sep.

"No. 25. A letter in verse, written and signed by Juvenal, near the pretended Statue of Demosthenes, in the presence of the Count D'Ourches and the Baron de Rhetz the 26th Sep.

"No. 31. A strange Greek writing signed "Johannes Apostolos" traced in the presence of General the Baron Brèwern, the Count D'Ourches and M. Ravené the 26th Oct.

"No. 32. Greek writing signed by St. Paul, and traced the same evening, in the presence of the same.

"No. 46. A latin letter signed Mar. T. Cicero, in the presence of Gen. Baron Brèwern, Dec. 26th, in the author's lodgings. This marvellous writing was traced in a packet of paper quite new and sealed by the manufacturer, in a word, in a quire just as it came from the shop.

"No. 47. Greek writing, signed Platon, and traced in the same packet the same evening.

"No. 48. Figure, traced in the same closed packet. The Count D'Ourches and the Marquis de Planty were invited to come this evening to assist as eye-witnesses, but did not come, and the author and the General waited for them till midnight. About that hour the furniture began to make the sound of cracking all over the room, the medium sat down to the piano, and we were told to put on a small table the packet of letter paper which was quite new and wrapped in yellow paper and sealed by the maker, just as it came from the shop. At the end of a quarter of an hour the Gen. Baron Brèwern opened the packet and found, *first the Greek writing signed Plato, then the latin writing signed by Cicero; a third sheet of paper contained the figure No. 48, and a fourth paper contained a writing in English, signed by Spenser.*

"No. 62. Writing in Italian traced in the presence of Baron Brèwern the 16th of Feb. 1857.

"No. 63. Letter from the Parent of the author, written in German the 20 of Feb.; many friends of the deceased have recognized the handwriting which is traced in blue ink.

"No. 67. A writing in lapidary latin, traced on a visiting card of the Baron d'Uexkrohl who was an eye-witness the 10th of May 1857 near the urn of Francis the 1-st., at St. Denis.

No. 27, which I reserve to the last, is described as "a Greek writing traced in the presence of Prof. Georgii, disciple of the illustrious Ling, of the Count D'Ourches and the Baron de Rhetz, the 4th of October, in the author's lodgings." This writing consists of the verse "Oh death where is thy sting. Oh Hades where is thy victory," and in the preface, the author acknowledges his obligation to Professor Georgii, for lending it to him in order that he might publish the fac-simile.

I mention this circumstance thus prominently, because altho' I did not doubt of the truthfulness of the author's statements, yet two friends who have swallowed the camel of previous well ascertained facts, began to strain at the gnat thus presented to them, and thought that it required personal enquiry into the truth of the narration. It happened then that Professor Georgii is a valued friend, of several years standing, of the

writer, and is known to a large circle of friends in London, as a person of high character and great attainments, and on the 10th of July, 1858 I paid him an early visit, and with an apology for any seeming doubt, asked if what was stated of him was true. He not only affirmed it all but gave the highest character of the author, who has been many years known to him as a religious, intelligent, and talented man. He also showed me the original paper with the verse written in Greek characters, and of which I found the lithograph was a fac-simile, and it is now in my possession. He also gave me the description of what was done in his presence as follows:—A quire of several sheets of paper was on the table and he examined it to see that there was no writing on it. In a few minutes he took it up, and found the Greek characters, not on the outside sheet, but on one of the inner sheets, *and the force on the paper had been so great that the impression of the characters could be read on four or five of the sheets under it.* The writing appears as if made in pencil.

I dare say this will take the breath out of some readers, but I cannot help that. I am not able to doubt on such evidence. There is no room for delusion, for Professor Georgii tells me the characters were not there when he first saw the paper, and that it was not afterwards out of his sight till he found the words written upon it.

Oh Philosophy! You know there is no room for this fact in your mind, and I know what havoc it would play with you, if you were to take it in. Professor Georgii lives, not in the Valley of Diamonds, but at No.102, Piccadilly, and on the day last named, appeared to be in a sound state of mind and body.

W. M. W.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA—IMPRESSION &c. OR INSPIRATION.

MR. EDITOR,

The notion very extensively prevails, that when the soul leaves the body, it soars to some distant region, where, without intermission, praises are offered up to the most High God, and crowns of gold adorn the brows of those who have entered this realm of everlasting repose, and are, in the language of Wesley,

“Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.”

It is a fact that thousands of English children repeat nightly (as I did for upwards of thirty years) the evening Hymn of Dr. Watts, one part of which runs thus:—

“I lay my body down to sleep
Let angels guard my head”—

and I cannot doubt that the infant possesses, intuitively, a correct idea of angels, but no sooner is the child capable of listening to theological teachings, than the beautiful and true conception, gives place to a mythical creation—an existence appointed to minister, but with whom he can have no sympathy, and that, with the views thus imbibed, the child would as soon think of seeking an audience of the Queen of England, or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as look for an angel to listen to his tale of woe, or receive from such angel counsel or guidance.

How comforting, then, is the truth, confirmed by millions of demonstrations, that they, who once inhabited a frail tenement of clay, like ourselves, are yet interested in our welfare—are yet cognizant of all that concerns us, and derive a

happiness in ministering to our necessities. It appears that, so soon as they enter the spirit world, they discover the true secret of happiness which is—to beget it in others first.

Before I had heard of the physical manifestations, I remember to have said “if we would but attend to the impressions furnished by our guardian angels, we should frequently escape danger; and the reason why spirits gave so little instruction in the ‘night watches’—was, that we regarded it so lightly.” In the hope that some may be encouraged to look for a realization of the truth, that man may hold converse with spirits, and, that I may inspire such with confidence in the willingness and ability of departed intelligences to impress us, and otherwise influence us, and in this way, ward off danger and

“Animate to noble acts and aims”

I subjoin a few experiences.

1. In very early life, when I was supposed to be dying, I remember being absent from the body, and receiving, while in this condition, the most affectionate caresses from spiritual beings in the human form.

2. One winter morning, as the family were about sitting down to breakfast, I was impressed to make the proposal to my parents, that I might take my breakfast alone in the chamber, where a fire had been lighted for the first time since the previous winter. This proposal was acceded to, and on entering the room, I found a screen, which had been standing behind the stove, and had not been removed when the fire was ignited, in a blaze. I have no doubt in my mind that had I not followed my impression, the house would have been burned to the ground, as well as others adjoining it, as there was no fire engine within a considerable distance of the place. It should be borne in mind, that I had never entered the room for such a purpose either before or since this occurrence.

3. For several years after my arrival in the West Indies, I attended Wednesday evening meetings at the Wesleyan Mission, Island of Tobago. Nothing was permitted to interrupt my regular attendance at the chapel, till on one occasion I was impressed to remain at home—I obeyed the impression, and before the congregation was dismissed that night, the house was on fire, and I was instrumental a second time in preventing a conflagration. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and every house to leeward must have fallen a prey to the devouring element, as those houses were mere shells: being built of wood, and as dry as tinder, from the action of the scorching rays of a tropical sun.

4. Sometime after, I was taken ill at the same house. My case was regarded by my medical advisers, as hopeless. I was subsequently informed, that under my nails, and on other parts of the body, black marks were seen, which indicated approaching death. For some time, life appeared suspended, but during a short state of consciousness, preceding this, when my condition appeared to be most critical, I was impressed to send for the missionary, and to assure him my sickness was not “unto death.” This gentleman left his own bed to attend my bedside at midnight, and received the further assurance that I should be spared to perform an important mission. For some time I was entranced and held converse with spirits. Emblematical representations of what has since occurred, were then made to my mind, and the nature of my mission made known. I was told to exercise my will and was promised that whatever I desired, would appear in obedience to the will. On willing to see a canary bird, a very beautiful bird of that class made its appearance. What startled my confidential friends the most, was the announcement that the merchant with whom I boarded had taken money from my iron chest. I had no means of knowing this fact but that of spiritual impression, and it proved to be correct, as the merchant in question admitted that he had taken a doubloon. He had no expectation that I should recover;—to him and to others it appeared that I had returned to life again. I can only say for myself that I feel certain my spirit left the body and re-entered

it after an absence in the spirit world. This occurred twenty-three years ago.

5. When in a state of convalescence I was seated as usual in my store; but was strongly impressed to change my position, which I had scarcely done when a pillar which supported the roof, fell, and would doubtless have killed me, had I not acted upon my impression.

6. In spirit-circles the names of persons present, have been so impressed on my mind, that I have been enabled to write them out. At other times, my hand has been used for the purpose, but as conditions were not always favourable for giving such tests I ceased to look for them. One very curious instance may be mentioned.

A lady, daughter of an English Clergyman, said, while in the clairvoyant state that I could write her first name. The name was immediately given by impression, but when the surname was demanded I wrote Lewis instead of Leird; it will be seen that the first three letters of the latter name are to be found in the former. My hand was controled to write Lei when my own mind guessed the remainder.

My experiments as a Psychologist, made during a course of many years, enabled me to appreciate this mode of spiritual intercourse. The method of operating upon subjects in the body, whether by spirits or mortals, is identical: the one serves to illustrate the other. The subjoined extract from a London paper will give the reader some idea of what may result from the action of one mind upon another.

"He subsequently performed some experiments on individuals present. In one instance, a lady under mesmeric influence was required to count, and ceased counting at the exercise of his will, indicated by the pressure of his hand by a stranger selected from the audience. In another, she picked up penny pieces, and ceased in a similar manner, by the electric telegraph system, as the Professor calls it. These experiments had been performed previously in the committee room, with perfect success, the indications being silently given by a staunch opponent to the practise, and publicly avowed by him in the lecture room."

The most convincing experiment I know of is this: place the *subject* at a table with six half-pence in a row near to the edge. Require her to take them up, one by one, until she receives a mental-telegraphic communication. I have frequently performed this experiment when the *subject* has been in one room, myself in another, and the party testing standing between both, with my hand placed in his. On receiving from this individual a pressure of the hand as a signal I, by an effort of the will, arrest the hand of the subject while in the act of taking up one of the half pence. Experiments of this class, can not only be made, when the operator is in a room separate from the subject, but when a distance of miles separates them, yea even to that of the antipodes, let but the necessary conditions be complied with. I have frequently photographed, by request, particular objects on the minds of Psychological subjects. I conclude by furnishing your readers with an instance.

The son of an hotel-keeper, in the United States writes on the margin of a Newspaper "a white rose" and takes good care that my eyes alone shall see what he has written. By a strong effort of the will, I succeeded in making a vivid impression on the subject's mind of a white rose. "Smell this" said I, "What is it"? Ans. "Only a rose." 2. "What colour"? Ans. "White." This is not a peculiar power that I possess; all share it in a greater or less degree, but what I contend for is, that when I reach the spirit-world my power to psychologize instead of lessening, will increase. I shall then be enabled to inspire the impressible with high and noble thoughts. It was in this way, and in fulfilment of a prediction by a trance medium, that the poet Shelly succeeded, many years after his decease in impressing or inspiring the poetry through me which appears in the present and previous number of the Spiritual Telegraph.

SAMUEL OWEN.

AMERICA.

[The following letter and communication was addressed to Robert Owen Esq., whose labor and zeal are admired by many spirits both in and out of the flesh, and among the latter we find the spirit of that celebrated chemist, Dr. HARE. It will also be seen that Mr. H. Turtle, and friends, are about to issue a new Spiritual paper. Ed.]

RESPECTED FRIEND,

Excuse me for again addressing you. I do so because I have a letter to enclose which will perhaps interest you. While sitting in my study a few evenings since, a strong influence came on me, and I wrote the following letter of which I transmit a copy. On the letter I have no comments to make.

The cause is progressing with unparalleled rapidity. Meetings are held everywhere. Healing mediums are numerous, and perform remarkable cures; eloquent speeches and writings are produced by those in the humblest walks of life. I am about engaging in publishing a magazine, with the aid of many Spiritualists here. I have over 2000 pages of matter scientific and literary, purporting to come from elevated sources, and the spirit authors desire to publish a Journal all their own, and its title will be "Journal of Scientific Spiritualism, and Monthly Review." Any aid you see fit to bestow by noticing it in your Gazette etc. will be thankfully received.

In progress, ever yours,

HUDSON TURTLE.

TO ROBERT OWEN :—

The shadow has passed. Once more do I feel the vigor of youth flow through my veins. Respected Brother, it was ours to live in the dawn of a new Era, and though I did not, nor will you, live to see its noon-tide splendor, we dwelt on earth long enough to see the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition melt away before the sun-light of the coming day.

For more than half a century I have strove to overcome the mysteries of hidden causes, which support and move this physical world; for a longer period you have fought against the follies, ignorance, superstition and miseries which afflict the race. When, like you, I had plodded through long years of doubt, I like you found consolation in the truths of Spiritualism—A boon has it proved to many such aching hearts. I knew it would, but I knew not the numbers consol'd by its divine Philosophy. It is a refreshing spring: it wells from the heavens, and thirsting millions drink, and thirst no more. I have nothing to regret, unless that I was not spared a few more days to complete the works I had begun, and the apparatus by which I intended to prove still more conclusively and undeniably than I have done, the truth of the cause I have espoused. But these are of little consequence. I am free from earth now, from toil, and anxiety, and the tattered robe of flesh which fettered my spiritual development. I am a spirit, and earth is nothing to me, except as it appeals to my philanthropy by its superstition, bigotry, and errors.

Your days are numbered, and soon your venerable form will be seen on earth no more. But you have this consolation Brother, death is no more darkness—it is light. It is no longer wrapped in mist, and you will not step into the dark; but as you would step across the threshold from one room into another, as you would lay off a worn out garment, so will you sink into the clairvoyance of death. Why do I write to you? Because I am attracted to you, and feel a deep sympathy for you and in the philanthropic enterprizes to which you have so zealously devoted your life. The world moves slowly, but it will attain your stand-point, and this noble and inspiring thought, will reward you for the non-fulfilment of your wishes, in not seeing the fulfilment of your designs while you remain on earth. There is a future life, and death is but its gateway.

Thy Brother,

ROBERT HARE.

Death of Dr. Hare.

The following was omitted in our last issue, and, at the time we go to press, no additional communication has been received.

Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, the veteran chemist, and one of the most eminent *savans* in the country, is dead. The event took place in his own city on Saturday, June 15th, at the advanced age of 77. He was an active member of the "American Scientific Association"; and in the year 1818, he was elected to the chair of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, which honorable position he filled with much credit for a period of 29 years.

Among his most valuable discoveries may be mentioned the Oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, by means of which the hardest substances are fused; this led to the discovery of the celebrated Drummond light. Among the Dr.'s published writings may be mentioned a "Compendium of Chemistry" which is regarded as a high authority on both sides of the Atlantic; and "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated" a large octavo volume, containing the result of his patient investigations. When Spiritualism was first noised abroad, Dr. Hare defended the position advanced by Faraday: further experiments led him to abandon this theory, and adopt the only consistent one, that of "Spirit-communication," which he held to the day of his death with increasing faith. He commenced the investigation of the phenomena with a view of demolishing what he believed to be a compound of fanaticism and insanity,—and came out as a giant in the cause,—a converted Saul.

When we consider how long the Professor had been accustomed to deal with facts, and how capable he was of analysing them, we may regard his testimony as of no slight value.

Personally, we were unacquainted with the Dr.: he is said to have had an unblemished reputation; was simple and temperate in his habits, kindly in his disposition, and ever ready to aid those who wished to investigate the great facts of physical and spiritual science. His experiments were carried on almost to the day of his departure for the spirit world, where a new and more extensive field awaited him.

JOY IN GRIEF.

When the loving and happy, the young and the beautiful,
True-hearted and dutiful,
Vanish from earth;

O bitter our grief as we think of their worth;
As we think of the dead
And the sweet tender grace of the days that are fled!

But Faith whisp'ring saith, to the soul tempest-tost,
That the loved are not lost,
That our dearest and best.

Escaped from life's storms, are in haven at rest;
That tho' lifeless and cold
Is the form we'd enfold, yet the grave cannot hold

But the outermost robe: that death cannot sever
Our loved one's for ever;
For love never fadeth,

But ever more groweth still brighter, and aideth,
And teacheth, tho' sorrow
Be our portion to day, there is joy on the morrow.

T. S.

REPORTS FROM CIRCLES, &c.

LONDON. We have received the following, which acquaints us with something of what is going on in the Metropolis:—

To the Editor of the British Spiritual Telegraph.

Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that the Spiritualistic Union (Mr Turley, Secretary) united with some other friends to form the Spiritualist Union, meeting at a more convenient place.

It is my duty to enclose a copy of the resolution, cordially agreed to at a late meeting, with which, the writer need scarcely say, he most warmly concurs.

There is a great deal of enquiry going on in private circles, and, with little more attention to bringing the *Telegraph* under the notice of enquirers—particularly now that it is well got up and published in the metropolis—its circulation might be doubled. We hope, here, that this will soon be the case.

The public discussions, commenced by Mr. S. Owen at the Lecture Hall, Cheneys St., have terminated until the close of the Summer Season; they may be resumed there or elsewhere according to circumstances: but what is done in this respect must depend upon the amount of co-operation from friends. On Mr. S. O's. ceasing to lecture—to fulfil a professional engagement—the rostrum was occupied by Mr. J. Jones, Mr. Turley, and Mr. Brennan, with good effect. All through the summer, Mr. O. has lectured to crowds at various parts of the suburbs, to his great satisfaction.

The question of Spiritualism has been alluded to in other quarters, in the pulpits,—for instance—of the Rev. Mr. Landells of Regent Park, and of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie of Holloway. The Swedenborgian preachers also approach it openly; some of the latter are spoken of as mediums. We hear of its being more and more introduced into private circles. Some Spiritualists who occupy prominent positions in society are doing much to introduce the question, and the facts relating to it, not only to their friends, but to strangers, extending the knowledge of it in unexpected directions.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
J. D.

LONDON, JULY 20.

The following is the resolution referred to:—

Resolved:—The London Spiritualist Union desires to express its high appreciation of the exertion and valuable service to the cause by the late Publisher and the Editor of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*; and the Editor having now transferred its publishing department to the metropolis, this Union deems it opportune to urge upon all Spiritualists and spiritualist circles to still further add to their efforts in increasing its circulation and efficiency.

25, Bedford Row, W. C.

J. DIXON, Sec.

QUEENSHEAD.

Our second sitting took place about the middle of February, 1858, when we proceeded as before—that is to say—we placed our hands on the table and remained silent until it moved; and after a great deal of quibbling and disputing about the cause of it, the following questions were put. First, "Is this spirit in a state of happiness?" It gave three heavy raps, meaning Yes. Second, "Did the spirit reside in this neighbourhood when in the flesh?" *Ans.* Yes. Third, "Will the spirit please to spell out its name by the alphabet?" *Ans.* Yes.

A person on the opposite side of the room then commenced calling over the alphabet, and as soon as he had got to C it rapped, and so on until it had spelled "Christopher Shackleton,"—when it ceased to rap. We then asked how it was that he was in a state of happiness after death as he was an infidel and a disbeliever when in the flesh, and requested an answer by the alphabet. The following was then given:—"meet here to-morrow night at seven o'clock." We then bade him good night and retired.

The hour arrived for our next sitting, and we formed a circle as before. The table soon began to move, and when we had got a proper understanding how to go on, we received the following communication, written by an unseen hand, with pencil on a sheet of paper, underneath the table.

"Dear friends and relations, you seem very anxious to know how it is that I am in a state of happiness after death, as I was an infidel and a disbeliever when alive.

I will now endeavour to answer you that question as well and as briefly as I possibly can. The fact is, I was an infidel in just the right sense of the word: and so were my opposers, the so called men of God. If you call a minister of the Church of England an infidel, you are just as right in doing so, as he is in calling you one: so that I was no more an infidel than any other person living. The word in its right sense, means, unbelief. But when you have done all you can in that shape, what are words without actions; they are nothing more than wind. They are no sooner uttered than they fly away. Judge a man according to his actions and not according to his words; for when a person speaks, no matter how good his words, if his actions do not correspond to them, they are valueless; they only serve to cheat and deceive you. 'Tis true, I disbelieved in things which I thought were not right and honest towards my fellowmen,—'tis true I disbelieved in an everlasting hell of misery and torment,—'tis true I disbelieved in the existence of a God and heaven such as is represented in the bible:—my conscience told me plainly that if there was such a being in existence, that he was not half so bad as he is represented to be. Thanks be to him for guiding me through life, as he did—for 'tis he that is the guide and promoter of every great and good cause—but after all I was not right in all things. I believed in things which I thought were right and honest towards my fellowmen; and what I did believe in, my actions corresponded thereto. I never tried to deceive a man for money, and that, alone, is one of the finest things that ever man possessed towards getting him to a place of happiness after he has finished his career on earth.

Whatever I took in hand I was always sincere; always contriving to make my actions as good as my words. I did not think one thing and say another, but rather did I imitate the man that is always labouring to better and bene fit his fellowmen, and rather to lose than to gain by it—a man that is always trying to make earth into a heaven, so that he, along with his neighbour, may live happy and comfortable through life, and be filled with the hope of a place of happiness hereafter.

My dear friends and relations, first of all, try to convert earth into a heaven, and then will be the time to look for a heaven hereafter: for, unless you try to make yourselves happy, contented, and fearless on earth, you will have a poor chance of a heaven hereafter.

Always try to do good: act as your conscience dictates, and I know it will never deceive you; for it is utterly impossible for a person to do a bad action and be happy. Every person has a conscience and one that will never teach him to do a thing that is bad, but on the contrary it will teach him the right way to heaven without either bible or priest if he will only submit to its dictates. In short, the man that does right towards his fellowman on earth, has the best chance of a heaven hereafter. Good bye, for once.—C. SHACKLETON."

After we received this communication there was not slightest doubt left upon my mind that departed spirits were the cause of the table moving. I am now thoroughly convinced that the spirit of a man does exist after his body has ceased its functions.

E. SHACKLETON.

[We invite our readers to furnish us with any short and striking narrative of spiritual facts coming under their own experience. Our next issue will contain an answer to an inquirer, in which we express our position relative to the communications themselves. Ed.]

THE SPIRITS ADMONITION.

Addressed to those who seek communion with inferior spirits, and others who are led by them, though believing it not.

Who hath ears to hear,
And hearts sincere,
And the truth would understand;
Take heed to the strain,
Of the SPIRIT'S reign,
That ere long will be heard through the land.
Little spirits have been sought,
And as God's they have taught,
But their mission is of value none;
Except that they show,
To mortals below,
There's a life in the future coming on.
Yet seek them not,
For they plan and plot,
To lead ye from wisdom astray;
They are as acum on the beach,
Which ye easily reach,
While the Pearl lies far, far, away
No swimmer, swim not,
In a stagnant spot,
Lest venom be mixed with the spray;
But dive ye deep,
Down the Ocean's steep,
Where the Pearl lies far, far, away!
Yea, day and night,
With all thy might,
Importune till the Spirit be given:
It will fill ye with love.
And truth from above,
And guide ye from earth unto heaven.
In the central core,
For evermore,
Will the Spirit of spirits be found:
Not WITHOUT, but WITHIN,
Must your searching begin,
Then with Wisdom your soul shall be crowned.
THEN if spirits should come,
From their spherul home,
To tempt ye like your Master before;
Or as angels of love,
To console or improve,
Ye would know them, as he did of yore!
Away to your homes,
Ye imps and gnomes,
In whatever guise ye appear:

Ye have taught many creeds,
And inspired evil deeds,
But the time of your end draweth near!
Do ye come revealed,
Or ye work concealed,
Your aim is disorder and strife:
Your mission is done,
So get ye gone,
And make way for the Lord of Life!
Ye have divided the world,
And from it hurled,
The unity of Truth and Love;
But the spirit is one,
And the time hastens on
When his Empire shall descend from above.
But the angels of light,
And the good spirits bright,
Will the work of Eloah own:
And around him run,
As the stars round the sun,
Or the seraphs encircle the Throne
To such give ear,
As companions dear,
For one faith and one hope they will teach:
As messengers they come
From their heavenly home,
The coming kingdom of God to preach.
Yea, the day cometh on
When faith shall be one,
Broad, beautiful, loving and free;
And earth's bounteous store
Be in common evermore,
For thus doth the Spirit decree.
And let every soul
From pole to pole
Obedient homage pay:
From strand to strand,
From land to land,
Shall his blessed rule bear away!
Who hath ears to hear,
And the Truth holds dear,
Oh, list what the Spirit saith;
For Eloah speaks,
And the silence breaks, —
He calls for your love and faith!

SPIRITIDION.

Extracts from Samuel Owen's poem supposed to be dictated by "SHELLEY"
(From the "Messenger of Light," Mar. 1854.)

EARTH-BORN.

Hark!
What sounds are these that fall upon mine ear,
Freighted with harmony? And what their origin?
No earthly music—'tis the seraph's lyre,
Whose sweet discourse enchants my ravished soul
With streams of gushing melody. The theme is man
His soul is crushed beneath the despot's rule,
With mind beclouded and his thoughts enchained,
He seeks not, knows not of the distant shore,
He yet may reach, whose blest inhabitants
Stand vainly beckoning. Those angel bands,
On his deliverance bent, all means employ,
Through various avenues, to reach the soul,
The eye, the ear addressed, light, good, and truth
Shall find a lodging place; and there, where strife
And discord long, alas! have held their way,
Shall peace prevail, and harmony abound.
[The following lines have been introduced into a work by W. M. Wilkinson Esq., and one word substituted for another, which changes the form of one sentence: I prefer the piece as originally given. S. O.]

What new delight is this my soul inhales,
That drives into oblivion care and woe,
And buoys this fainting heart 'gainst sorrow's tide?
An aura from the spheres beyond descends,
Which breathes upon, and quickens latent powers,
And opens the portals to an inner life.
Amazed I stand—while from my wandering eyes
The scales fall off, there bursts upon my view
The living, moving, breathing Deity.
The veil removed, which hid the unknown God,
One loving smile assures the trembling soul
And woos it to a Father's fond embrace,
That smile benign my thirsty soul drinks in,
Through every sense distilling into joy.
My powers thus quickened, dimly yet perceive
How vast the ocean of a Father's love,
But these unfolding still while ages roll
Through Nature's grand arcana, yet shall see
More clear disclosed the Universal Soul.