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BEING A

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PASSING EVENTS.

SINCE our last issue, the “dry bones” of Spiritualism have been shaken. Mr. Thomas Cooper, the reported convert to Christianity, has been lecturing in Keighley, and though his syllabus did not indicate any approach to Modern Spiritualism, yet he was sorely pressed to give it an exposure. His lectures were generally well received, but when asked to define what he meant by Christianity, after discoursing about two hours on its historical evidences, he declined to do so, saying it would be ungentlemanly on his part, seeing that he was surrounded by so many ministers of different persuasions. The chairman came to his assistance, and declared the question to be *out of order*. The request to expose Spiritualism, however, was quite *in order*, but he begged to be allowed until the following evening, and meanwhile he would attend a circle, and report faithfully. The longed-for time arrived for this exposure. He described the circle as consisting of a few ordinary people, saving the colour of their hair &c., who commenced, he said, by singing and prayer, after which, a person assumed (according to his version) the trance state, and gave an address, which was deficient in grammar, &c. and therefore a very good proof that the man was feigning that state. As, however, “like attracts like,”—Mr. C. and his friends drew around them another class of Spirits; one of which claimed to have been unjustly dealt with by one of Mr. C’s friends. Mr. C. seems to have been bent on revenge, and he dared the medium to lay a finger upon him, whilst he secretly contemplated to have “blackened his eyes.” Mediums must be aware of being entranced in Mr. C’s presence. He professed to mimick all he had seen, and finding he could keep the meeting in roars of laughter, he also showed how much more cleverly he could have feigned. Thus we had double fun, and all “in order.” He exhorted the ministers and young men to hunt us out, and never to let us rest until we abandoned the practice of professing to hold converse with Spirits. The result has been a general revival, and Mr. S.

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Communications to be addressed, “B. MORRELL, Keighley, Yorkshire.”

Owen, who has lately visited Hull, Leeds, and Bradford, has had an opportunity of addressing three numerous meetings, besides attending several private circles, and developing new mediums, and new phases in old mediums. It is in contemplation to keep him as a missionary in Yorkshire for a short time.

SPIRITUALISM IN SUNDERLAND IN 1840.

THE plentiful crops of weedy writers in reviews and newspapers, who give the world the benefit of extracting a lesson from their ignorance, are wont to attribute the commencement of Spiritualism to the rappings in America, and they speak of it as quite a new hallucination of the mind, and as if it were only at this day that our senses could be so deluded by our imagination as to believe in it. We on the contrary are looking, and not without success, for the evidences of like occurrences in the past ages, and already we find their continuous flow, and that there has never been a time when they were not exhibited to view and authenticated by wise and learned men. The bible is the great book of Spiritualism and is not, as is generally supposed, a worn out book whose facts are not embedded in humanity. We prefer holding to its facts and shewing, not only their prominence, but their continuance. What in the then state of the world was considered as miraculous, it is ours to elaborate under a higher law, and to bring within the divine order of our being. Here, in the field of Spirit, is a task proposed for us, in which discoveries are to be made more vast than those of the material laws which Newton's mind was gifted to make known.

Now indeed that some attention is given to this subject, we hope that it is being placed on a better stand point, by having a larger body of instances grouped together and arranged for use. Enough there is to prove that all natural objects exist only by reason of a Spiritual creative force, which projects and sustains them in this realm of matter, which we call the world, and that to have a manifestation of this Spiritual force, it is only necessary that some conjoint conditions of mind and body should be so arranged as to be favourable to that end. The person in whom this occurs, is called a medium; but what those conditions and arrangements may be, is at present far beyond us. It is clear however, that there is, and has always been, in some, that mediumship which enables the spiritual to make itself known. There is a special value attached to instances of this mediumship occurring in past times, and down to our recent day, because not being expected or noted by their observers, as part of a system, they are not open to the stigma of being produced by enthusiasm, or by a biological state, or by any other of those modes in which they are now sought to be accounted for, and these theories, it is clear, would not apply to a solitary instance occurring before Spiritualism was heard of.

I propose therefore to give some account of a pamphlet which has recently come to my hands, and in which I have taken a special interest, not only because it contains an account embracing most of the wonderful kinds of manifestations of the present day, but because the writer of it was a friend of my early years, and intimately known by me

and many members of my family. I can therefore give my testimony to his truth, his intelligence, and ability. The title of the book (now out of print) is "A faithful record of the miraculous case of Mary Jobson, by W. Reid Clanny, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Physician in Ordinary to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, and Senior Physician of the Sunderland Infirmary." The facts stated in it are deposed to by 16 witnesses, of whom two are Physicians, three Surgeons, and the others in respectable grades, and their evidences are given at full length, and with a particularity which space will not permit me to imitate. I must therefore give a short description of the case, making only extracts of the more remarkable passages.

Mary Jobson, then aged 13 years, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Jobson, living in Sunderland, was taken ill in Nov. 1839, and not recovering under medical advice, another Surgeon, Mr. R. B. Embleton, was sent for in February, 1840; who says he found her complaining of great pain in the back of her head which increased on pressure, and dimness of sight. Not being able to relieve her, he called in Mr. T. Embleton, and they persevered without success in a course "of calomel, jalap, castor oil, leeches and blisters," the result of which, in these days of homœopathy we cannot wonder that the Doctors in their testimony have to record in the words "no improvement taking place, the parents began to be uneasy, and wished to have some further advice." Convulsions ensued at intervals for eleven weeks, during which she appeared insensible to all around; for several days she went almost without food, and during the last four of the eleven weeks, she lost her speech. The first time her mother left her after she was seized with the fits, she heard three loud knocks in the sick room, and instantly ran back and found the child alone and asleep. The mother, much alarmed, told her husband when he returned to dinner, of this, and again when he returned in the evening his wife told him she had heard repeated knocks during the afternoon. He was sitting in the bed-room whilst she lay in a quiet sleep with her hands folded, when he heard three loud knocks proceed from the bed-board, and next day also, and for several days afterwards, he again heard them, but for long he was very sceptical about their origin; they were again heard by Messrs. Embleton and their Assistant, Mr. Beattie—Mr. Embleton says, in his statement "we were astonished, for we could not account for them—we several times afterwards heard them, and although I examined carefully about the bed, I could discover nothing that was capable of explaining the mystery." Dr. Drury says, that on going up the stairs, he heard three distinct knocks, and after entering the room, knockings followed each other, three after three, at minute intervals—after a short period, there were three very loud knocks, and Mary Jobson became totally convulsed. "Soon afterwards, I heard a sound as of violent scratchings, which noises seemed at first to proceed from solids, and then changed to superficial, or ærial sounds—the door of the room opened and shut violently four or five times. There was no one with me during the visit, which was continued at least an hour, except her mother, who sat knitting. Two

days afterwards I visited her; I remained an hour and a half, during which time noises, scratchings, shrieks and most indescribable sounds, were heard—subsequently I visited her, accompanied by a friend, and the noises were continued all the time we were there. My friend tried to make Mrs. Jobson accept of some silver, which she would not do, although I was there fourteen times in all; I never gave anything but once a sixpence to a little girl when the mother was from home, and at which she was displeased, and wished to return it again."

Mr. R. B. Embleton, continues in his statement, "One morning I found the child in bed, severely convulsed, and not seeming to take any notice of those about her. I watched the child attentively, she was excessively agitated, and the bed clothes were shaken by the movements. She suddenly opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me. I observed also that her mouth was wide open, and the tongue could be seen moving rapidly about. After looking at me, a voice commenced speaking," and he took down the words. "Several sentences were completely lost in consequence of the voice speaking so rapidly. After the voice had done speaking, several loud knocks were heard, as if proceeding from the bed, then a scratching, like a person, or rather several persons, scraping their nails along a table. The voice was certainly entirely different from her own natural voice. Previous to this time, throughout the disease, the voice was soft and feeble, and she spoke in a whining or childish tone. It was now on the contrary, loud and strong, and spoken in a tone of authority, yet it had such a delightful sweet sound that it came more up to my ideas of the angelic than anything I had ever before heard."

The substance of what "the voice" said, was, that a miracle would be wrought in her person by restoring her to health and which all the Doctors unite in saying would not be short of a miracle.

Her father, Wm. Jobson, says, "She was now attended by Mr. Ward, who ordered a blister and medicine without effect; he then endeavored to make her mouth sore by medicine, but could not: he afterwards brought Dr. Brown, who ordered another blister. Now there had been heard in the house, for some days previous to the visit of Dr. Brown, a strange voice, which told my wife and me the pedigree of both our families, of the greater part of which, I had no record, nor to my knowledge had ever heard mentioned, but on enquiry, I found it to be correct. We were also now told, that these doctors orders should not be attended to, and that a miracle would be worked upon the child. I persisted that the knocks and the voice came from the child, and that the Doctors orders should be obeyed. The blister was applied by her mother and me, when knocks were heard, louder than ever, and a rumbling noise like distant thunder. The tenant down stairs, thought that the house was coming down, and asked what it could mean. The blister was then taken off, when the noise ceased. At night a good and pious man, who had been in the habit of coming to my house, called and sat down at the bed side, when I asked his opinion about the noise. I observed to him—"you see the child's hands and feet are out side

the clothes—the knocks you hear—a voice you hear—we cannot see the child's lips move—there is a noise like the clashing of swords—you hear a noise like the crumpling of paper. There is no person in the house except us three. I hope you see it is neither her nor myself." He said 'the ways of God are inscrutable.' I felt concerned, for some people had said that it was some person playing tricks. This I deny, for I examined everything as minutely as man could do, and we removed her from one room to another. When the signs were increasing, and they were the same in the mid-hour of the night as in the day, I knew not what to do—many nights I sat by myself, and heard and saw fresh signs, such as loud knocks—clashing of arms—the sweetest of music—and footsteps stamping, but could not see any person—large quantities of water falling on the floor before my eyes—doors were unlocked, and footsteps heard at midnight, and still no person to be seen. I was told by this voice that the child was blind, deaf, and dumb. Before this time I could not believe that there was anything supernatural—I persisted that Dr. Brown's and Mr. Ward's orders as to treatment should be tried, as they considered it a trick of the child, and they advised me to punish her with hard words. As a father, my feelings would not allow me to do this to my child, who for 23 weeks had hardly rested in her bed for pain, and with so many blisters and medicines—they at first thought it water in the brain, then an abscess, then a contraction, in fact their skill was baffled. We were told from the first by the voice, that Doctors might try their skill, but it would be to no purpose, and that the child would be restored to perfect health as by a miracle. This I doubted in my mind, for every part of her body was deformed by the violent fits. I sat up at night by myself, when I heard knocks louder than before, as if they proceeded from the top of the bed. I instantly examined every part of the room, opened the door, and went down stairs—the outer doors were all fastened—the tenant below had been in bed three hours—I returned upstairs, when I heard the sweetest music for nearly two hours—I was spoken to by the same voice. I then began to believe the case. From the hardness of my unbelief at the time, I was told by the voice I should see visible signs, when to my surprise it was no sooner spoken than water appeared on the floor, from small quantities to large ones, which I looked at earnestly, not once, but twenty times; it continued for weeks at intervals—I had my hands on it, and it felt as water usually does. By the miracles that were wrought with my child, I was brought to a sense of my unbelief."

Elizabeth Jobson, the mother, gives details similar to those of her husband, and says in addition, "As my sister, and daughter Elizabeth, a girl 11 years of age, and I, were sitting up at night, between the hours of twelve and one, footsteps were heard coming up stairs—the door of the kitchen was heard to open and shut distinctly—then to go down stairs, along the passage; and the outer door was heard to open and shut, although the house doors had all been fastened at ten o'clock. The person living in the lower part of the house heard nothing, and had gone to bed at nine o'clock—he was a widower, and had no servant

at the house. My child Mary was laying in the middle room at this time; she was then removed into the kitchen, thinking that no more knocks would be heard to disturb us, but there were more, and louder, both night and day, together with sweet singing and music, the most impressive that could be imagined—this was heard by different people. The sweetest heavenly music was heard at intervals during several weeks. At this time, a woman who lived near the house, made great mockings of the case; she was ordered by the voice to be sent for; she came, and was convinced, when she heard signs and the voice speaking before her. The signs continued, and the voice spoke at different times, till the 22nd of June, 1840.—On the morning of that day, the child was exceedingly ill, and it was thought she could not live long; she continued so up to five o'clock, when the voice ordered the clothes that she usually wore before her illness, to be laid out, and you may judge what we experienced. There were present at the time, Joseph Ragg, Ann Ragg, Margaret Watson, and myself.—The voice ordered us all out of the room—we were out of the room a quarter of an hour, when a loud voice called "come in," and on entering the room we found the child sitting on a chair, with her youngest sister sitting on her knee; she was completely dressed in all her clothes that were ordered to be laid out; she appeared as though she had not had one day's illness, and has so continued up to this 30th January, 1841."

Margaret Watson, amongst other parts of her statements, says "the first time I heard anything remarkable was on the 3rd of April, 1840, when I was in the room in which Mary Jobson was in bed asleep. I heard three distinct knocks, which again were heard when she awoke—I visited her several times afterwards, and heard similar signs at each visit. On the 27th of April I visited her, and soon after my arrival I heard a voice speak. I heard loud sounds rolling like thunder round the room—my knees trembled, at which the voice said, "be thou not afraid, believe in God, for thou believest the Scriptures." The voice called for water to be sprinkled, and which to my astonishment, was done, for water was sprinkled upon the door, as if one had put the hand into a basin of water and sprinkled it on the door, and soon afterwards the water was called to fall on the floor, and accordingly no sooner was the word said, than water was seen at the side of the bed, and the quilt of the bed was wetted. I wrung the water out of the quilt soon afterwards—I often heard music which delighted me—sometimes I heard sounds as of bells ringing at some distance during public rejoicings. Two earthenware mugs were at different times taken away—one of them was away for a week, and was returned. One night when I was sitting, I saw a lamb, which passed the room door, and it appeared to me as if it went into the pantry on the landing of the stairs, in which her father was at the time, but he did not see anything."

Catharine Storie says, "on the 13th of May, the voice sent for me—I heard most beautiful music." The voice spoke in different tones, and told her many things which could not be known to the child, and of which Mrs. Storie says, "all the above were facts." The voice now

said to us in the room, "look up, and you will see the sun and moon, upon the ceiling;" we did so, and observed beautiful representatives of the sun and moon on the ceiling. Next day, Elizabeth Wood, my sister, went with me again, and when we arrived and were seated, loud knocks, and grinding, as it were of teeth, were heard, which continued for about ten minutes; the voice also spoke—its tone was most beautiful, harmonious, clear, and loud, and quite different from any voice that I ever heard before or since that time. Elizabeth Wood corroborates this, and Elizabeth Vasey gives similar testimony. Phillis Thompson says, "I twice visited her, and heard loud knocks and clappings, as of wings. Both times the child was lying in a state of insensibility, and did not appear to me to have the power of utterance."

Joseph Ragg, and Ann his wife, say, that being intimate friends, they visited very frequently the child, and during her long illness, sometimes they heard most beautiful music, which they cannot describe, as it surpassed any they had ever heard—they frequently heard a voice in the room, clear and sweet, and very distinct—it quoted considerable portions of the Scriptures, including the whole of the 3rd and 5th chapters of Daniel. The voice also stated that the glories of Heaven were beyond all description, and gave some particulars relative to the blessed state of the angels, and afterwards expounded, in a beautiful and impressive manner, different portions of the Scriptures. Many times the voice lectured for hours together, and such was the delight which the hearers experienced, that they never felt tired, but on the contrary, regretted when the discourses ended. One night, when they and the family were sitting round the bed of the child, a voice told them to look up to the ceiling of the room, where they would see a representation of the sun, moon, and stars, and to their astonishment they beheld beautiful representations of them in pleasing and brilliant colors. The voice at different times ordered water in large or small quantities to appear, and the orders were instantly obeyed, and water in small or large quantities actually sprung up through the floor of the room in which they were. On one occasion the voice said "the child is dead to the world, her spirit is removed, a pure spirit is placed within her body, and she is used as a speaking trumpet." These persons were also present at the wonderful recovery of the child.

John Ragg, JUN., speaks of hearing "most beautiful music and also loud knocks and scratchings as if upon boards with strong finger nails," and says "I heard voices lecture upon pious subjects more than a dozen times, and I was several times told the names of those whose voices we were about to hear."

Jemima Elizabeth Gauntlett, says, "On the 31st of March, 1840, as I was attending to some domestic affairs in my mother's house, I was greatly surprised at hearing a strange voice say, 'Be thou faithful and thou shalt see the works of thy God and shalt hear with thine ears.' Upon hearing this, I cried out 'My God, what can this be?' Soon afterwards, I saw a large white cloud. I soon after heard a knock at the outer door and said, 'Walk in,' but no person was there. About tea time

of that day, I heard the same voice say 'Mary Jobson, one of your scholars is sick, go and see her, and it will be good for you.' I did not at that time know where Mary Jobson lived, but as I went forth, I met her sister, Elizabeth, who took me to her father's. At the door I saw a young woman, who told me I could not, at that time, see Mary Jobson, but soon after I was astonished at hearing the same clear loud voice which I had heard at my mother's house, say, 'You must go up.' When I went into the house, I heard a different voice, which amongst other things said, 'To-night, when you are in your mother's house, at the hour of ten, you will see a sign and hear loud knocks. Attend to that which you will hear.' That night, at half past nine o'clock, I took up my Bible, and it fell from my hand. Not long afterwards, I heard knocks upon the table, and a voice said, 'It is I, be not afraid; for if you keep my commandments, it will be well with you.' On the 8th of April, I went to the house again, and at the front door, I again heard the loud clear voice, telling me to come into the house. I sat down by the bed side and again the voice spoke to me. Soon after, I heard a strange voice, at the top of the child's bed. The voice said, 'It is the voice of your brother, who died in March, 1822, when he was fifteen and a half years old.' At different times I heard beautiful instrumental music, and also hymns by one or by three voices. I well knew the words of the hymns which were sung, as they were pronounced very distinctly."

Mr. Torbock, Surgeon, narrates some remarkable instances and thus writes to Dr. Clanny,—“I have had, at different times and places, lengthened and very serious conversations with nearly all the persons that have borne testimony to this miraculous case, and I am well assured that they are persons who are known to be religious and trustworthy, and moreover, that they have faithfully discharged their duty in this important affair between God and man.”

Dr. Clanny himself only became aware of the case by having to go to the house on other business, but hearing of it, he visited the child shortly before her recovery, and he describes her state thus:—“I was convinced that the brain was the seat of the disease. When her mother had finished her touching and artless account of the case, I could not remove from my mind the impression that supernatural agency must have been in continuous operation. I have reason to rejoice that up to this time, I have continued firm in my belief, that in this miraculous case, deception was never attempted by any individual.” The Doctor, with the assistance of Dr. Drury, and the other medical men, enquired minutely into all the particulars and says, “I am perfectly satisfied with regard to their accuracy. Some persons may believe that errors of the senses may have produced all the signs and wonders which I record. Now, as a Physician of many years experience, I can testify that this is untenable, for be it known, that they were generally made manifest to several witnesses in the same room, or in different rooms of the same house, and upon comparing their accounts of what they heard and saw they did not differ in the least; this to me is very striking. The reader has these details from the fountain head and from living witnesses who have no interest in their being made public.”

Dr. Clanny visited her some days after her recovery, and says "I found that she was bashful and had slipped into another room. I followed her and she smiled kindly and appeared afraid on seeing her, when I said 'Why are you so shy with me, I am your friend; pray shake hands with me,' which she did, but evidently with some reluctance. At our next interview, we became more intimate and I asked her why she was so backward with me at our first meeting after her recovery. She half whispered to me in a childish voice, 'You were a stranger to me, for I had never seen you before that time, and I saw an angel standing at your back.' One day, not long after, she said she knew I firmly believed in supernatural agency in regard to herself, and said I would have several signs before the end of the year, and which turned out to be perfectly true. I had too much firmness of mind to be afraid or to think much on the subject; however, about the middle of August, I had the first. During sleep, in the night time, I was awakened by a very loud blow on the floor, near the side of the bed, and which was twice repeated at intervals of seconds. These knocks were so loud, that I thought I heard the floor crash, on its receiving the second and third blows. A few days afterwards, I saw Mary Jobson, when she took the first word, and said, 'You had a sign the other night,' mentioning the night, and added 'You heard the knocks in your bed room.' I asked the hour, and she said, looking up for a moment, 'at day break.' The second sign took place in the same room, when my wife was residing at the Spa Hotel, Shotley Bridge. This I noted on the page of my almanack, October 9th. I had been laying awake for some little time and just after I had offered up a prayer, I heard a violent blow upon the top of an East India leather covered chest. The third sign was on the 11th of the same month. I had retired to bed, about 11 o'clock, and had remarked the sound of the servants feet as they went to bed, had said prayers and was about to compose myself to sleep, when I heard a violent blow as if struck by a hard whip, upon my bed room door. The door rang from the stroke, and I candidly acknowledge, that from the suddenness of the blow, I started with surprise.

Not long after, I was one morning, after breakfast, sitting in a musing state, near the fire, when I observed a large printed card, to come down in a twirling manner, from the mantle piece, and fall at my feet. This card had been firmly placed among the legs of a pretty large marble figure of a horse, and could not have been displaced by any common agency. It is needful to remark that there were circumstances connected with this card in which Mary Jobson was greatly interested, for her parents had left it to me, to fix on the school she should attend, and I had made particular enquiries, but had not made up my mind which of the schools was most suitable. The fall of the card decided me, and I am happy to add she is making rapid progress in her education. One night afterwards I heard loud continued knocks on the room door, very steady and regular. I called out 'come,' but no notice was taken of my invitation. After the knocks ceased I opened the door, but all was silent and dark. I then returned to the room and shut the door, and near to

the bed and nearly as high as the ceiling, I heard some distinct and loud knocks. Soon after Mary Jobson was restored to health, her mother showed me the figures of the Sun and Moon, upon the ceiling, and though her husband, in his then state of unbelief, had whitewashed over them, they were still distinct."

In the second edition of the Pamphlet, dated Dec. 25th 1841, the Doctor, on referring to a long list of appropriate texts, which she had given to him "as rapidly as I could write them down," says, "a few days ago I asked whether, as I conjectured from her fixed attitude, she read the texts in the air. She said that a figure clothed in white, having a somewhat dark complexion, stood before her and pronounced them to her in a deliberate manner, whilst I wrote them down," and he adds, "It is a remarkable fact, that the families of John Jobson, and Joseph Ragg, have, up to this hour, frequently heard heavenly music during the night time."

Dr. Drury says, "I visited her two or three times after her wonderful recovery. One day I visited her: it was a beautiful afternoon,—she was sewing. I had much difficulty in drawing her into a conversation, but at last she suddenly exclaimed 'Oh what music!' and on listening I distinctly heard most exquisite music, which continued during the time I might count a hundred. This she told me she often heard," and in his letter to Dr. Clanny, he refers to his having, with him, made personal inquiry of "all the individuals who bear testimony, and when we compared their evidences, taken from them on the instant, and several of them, on the same day, we were astonished at the manner in which these worthy persons corroborated each other."

I have now finished the statements, and no reader can well complain of there not being enough to surprise him. Perhaps much of it may be a little too surprising for some, but to me the remarkable circumstance, is the union in this one case of so many manifestations. There are few who have been inquiring into this subject who are not acquainted with cases comprising two, three, or more of such manifestations, and I know of one, rather recent case, which embraced them all, except the pictures. The voice in that case was quite independent of any bodily organs being used "as a speaking trumpet," and was heard in all parts of the house, both in speaking and singing, and the water was seen in large quantities and on frequent occasions. It was not however in any way coincident with illness, and lasted for many months.

I dare say our sceptical friends will ask how the water was produced, as they should also, to be consistent, how the water was produced when the rock was struck by Moses, and how the vibrations of the air were produced by the voice which spoke to Paul, and the numerous other instances in which it was heard, both in the old and new Word. Naturalism, against which, Spiritualism is the protest, can just as easily account for the one as the other, and it is not the mere difference in point of time that would make it believe in Moses, any more than in Mary Jobson.

W. M. WILKINSON.

DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING.

In the August number there was a notice of this wonderful phenomenon (as narrated in the work of the Baron Guldenstubbé, published in Paris) and which was received with some incredulity by many who were far advanced in the science of believing new facts. Within the last few days I have received, from eye witnesses, corroborations of the phenomena, which furnish evidence which would be conclusive in any investigation, and on which our friends may fully rely. The first was given by a gentleman, a distinguished countryman of ours, and a minister at one of the great European Courts, who informed me that he had been present with Baron G. and had taken his own papers, marked with his own crest, into the Cathedral of St. Denis, and that they were placed on one of the tombs and removed in a few minutes, with characters written in pencil upon them—all the while the Baron being at a distance of many yards from them, and in fact engaging the attention of the Verger or Suisse of the Cathedral, whilst the papers were being deposited—for be it known that the Priests have given directions that the Baron shall not be permitted to go to the Cathedral for the purpose.

Another confirmation since received is from a lady of distinction in London, who, during a recent visit to Paris, has also seen the writing done under circumstances which preclude the possibility of anything but the actual fact alleged. The third is the evidence of a gentleman well known in the highest circles of Paris, and who vouched to me for the characters of the Baron and of the Count D'Ourches, one of the favoured mediums for the direct writing—this gentleman also informed me that he had obtained the writing himself, by placing a sheet of paper in a box, and next day found a short prayer upon it, and which had been written with such pressure, that it could be read on the second page of the sheet as legibly as on the top one. There does not seem after this to be a possibility for any one of sense disbelieving in the fact of Direct Writing, and all we have to do therefore in accepting it, is to place it in such a corner of our minds, that it may be brought out for use when we are better instructed as to the Spirit-laws by which it is accomplished.

W. M. W.

AMERICA.

(From our own correspondent)

An Englishman's opinion of Religion in America, and condition of the Churches. The Evangelical Organizations and their complicity with slavery. Necessity for a new Revelation. Spiritualism, its doctrines, truths, and progress.

An English traveller, W. Robson, of Warrington, writing recently to the *Boston Liberator*, gives his views concerning the state of the popular Churches and religion of America. He says, "In England, there is a kind of somnambulist life in the churches, mistaken, by long habits of thought, for health and vigour, but with you in America, it is the foul life of the charnel house, the loathing rottenness of corruption, that is mistaken for the very same thing. * * * With us there is some acknowledgement of the brotherhood of man; of the necessity of a

life of justice, of humanity and of truth, in connection with the serious outward profession of a Christian faith. * * * There is a general formalistic acknowledgement of the truth; and in the low vegetating kind of life, formed in the Churches, there is not much visibly Satanic and diabolical that you can take up and shake in their faces to arouse and alarm them. But here I find the very brotherhood of man denied and scouted,—the divine truth lying at the basis of a God-derived humanity and of the necessity of Christian salvation rejected with scorn;—and the Churches with their eyes wide open—lifting up for worship and obedience, not even a golden image like Nebuchadnezzar, not even a respectable brazen calf, like the old Jews—but a downright ugly, mothy devil, in the shape of an infernal lie, become a human law, enforced by pains and penalties, that *MAN*, the image of God, shall be a brute beast and a *thing*."

This is a terrible picture, but not more terrible than *true*. Whether the Churches in England are more alive to the claims of justice and humanity, I have my doubts, seeing that *war*, with its golgotha of cruelties, is recognized as a christian institution; human butchers have the title, *christian*, prefixed to their names, and biographies written by ministers professing to follow the Prince of Peace, extolling the virtues of these warriors as worthy of all imitation. It is not, however my object to draw comparisons, but to state truly, "nothing extenuate, nor

"Set down aught in malice,"—

the condition of religion in the New World, and the necessity for this revelation from the world of Spirits—called Spiritualism. As wealth is more equally distributed here than in any country in the world, nowhere is there such advantages for a high religious culture. Strangers, visiting our Sunday Schools, are surprised at the taste, neatness, and luxury, with which they are fitted up, the large and expensive libraries, the gratuitous distribution of papers and periodical literature,—and looking at these with the number of prayer meetings, lectures, addresses and periodical religious excitement, called revivals, go away with the impression that America is *par excellence* the land of religion. Your countryman W. Robson looked deeper and saw the gangrene issuing from every crevice of our religious edifice. We have stately marble churches, garnished with every possible luxury. Carpets of the richest Brussels, cushions of the finest velvet, stained glass windows, admitting only that "dim religious light," in which the faithful rejoice. The music is arranged from the latest opera, and sung by a quartette of voices which the Pope might almost envy for the *Miserere* in St. Peters: the air is odorously perfumed and the worshippers clothed in subles and silk. Eloquent discourses are preached on the sins of the Hittites, the Amalekites, the Canaanites; denunciations are hurled against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, the treachery of Judas, the denial of Peter, Ananias and Sapphira, the wickedness of the Jews in persecuting Christ,—“the exceeding sinfulness of sin”: but great care is taken not to offend the faithful by any personal application such as that made by Nathan to David, “Thou art the man.” Such indication would not be tolerated for a moment, the church would straightway find some heresy in the preacher’s doctrines and demand his dismissal. It is a fact patent to all, that a sermon on love, justice, charity, humility, the wrongfulness of war, slavery, covetousness, worldliness, is a rarity on this side the atlantic: religion as defined by the apostle James, “to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world,” is extinct in the evangelical churches.

As the churches in England are responsible for the war spirit which prevails, having hallowed it by its Te Deums, fasts, and thanksgivings: so the churches in America, by a like worship, are responsible for the enslavement of four millions of the African race. Dr. Channing says, “Slavery could not exist an hour, were it not supported by the American Churches.” “Our conservative Christians have turned Sextons, they are burying the truth instead of publishing it.” Eight hun-

dred ministers, in the South, are slaveholders: the number of slaves held by church members is incredible, and it is a fact, that out of 30,000 clergymen, North and South, there are not a score consistent advocates of Freedom. It is literally a church of dumb dogs that dare not bark. This terrible conspiracy against humanity will appear more plainly by a reference to the leading organizations of orthodox theology. The American Tract Society, is the wealthiest society in America, with an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars, an army of 500 men, three hundred of whom labor in the Southern and South Western States, holding 14 000 prayer meetings annually, distributing millions of tracts and periodicals.—denouncing, zealously, the sins of dancing, sabbath breaking, sleeping in church, novel reading, but it has never, during the thirty three years of its existence, uttered a word or published a line against the oppression, injustice, robbery and villany practiced on the negro. They have made it heresy to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, total depravity, endless misery for all who do not recognise their theology, but no heresy to sell little children for gain, to nullify the marriage relation, to make merchandize of the image of Christ.

The American Sunday School Union, an organization designed to supply Sunday schools with religious books, possessed also of large resources, has never borne the slightest testimony against this sum of all villainies.

Several years ago, they reprinted, from the British Tract societies publication, a book called the "Life of Joseph," wherein the sin of selling Joseph into slavery was properly denounced. A little girl in the South, reading the book, asked her Sunday school teacher, what was the difference between selling Joseph, and selling Cato and Pompey,—the teacher unable to answer the question told her minister; the minister terrified by the abolition heresy, wrote to the officers of the S. S. Union, who immediately caused the stereotype plates to be destroyed, so that a single copy of the work is not now to be had. The American Tract society have just published a "Life of Joseph" without a word of censure, or any expression of the wrong done to Joseph by his being sold by his brethren,—this is the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted.

Within a stone throw from where I write, there is a Congregational S. S. Library, containing 1 200 volumes, but not a volume against oppression. The American Bible Society, has lent its influence to build up the slave power by twice refusing a donation of five thousand Dollars presented to them by the American Anti-Slavery Society, on the condition that in their distribution of Bibles, the slaves should be included. The Board of Foreign Missions, an institution designed to send the gospel to the heathen, shamefully sanctions this abomination by allowing the members of her mission churches, to hold slaves, and refusing to make either this, or the practice of polygamy, a barrier to church membership.

Other organizations, as the Methodist Book concern, and Sunday school Union, the Presbyterian and Episcopalian publishing houses, while professing discipleship to Him who came "to break every yoke"—have persistently taken sides with the oppressor against the bondman. These organizations labor incessantly to disseminate the peculiar tenets of their theology; (improperly called religion) zealous for *soundness* in doctrine; severe upon all who deny or doubt the Christianity of their shibboleths, or upon those who "cast out devils," walking not with them; clinging to a *past* inspiration, and utterly denying, or refusing to examine, a *present* one, with its millions of proofs, and while thus careful of the tithe, mint and cummin, the washing of platters, and wearing of phylacteries, shamefully and wilfully neglecting the claims of justice centered on that rule upon which hangs all the law and the prophets, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

From the foregoing will be seen how much a new revelation from the spirit-world was needed,—that *something* to quicken the life that remained, to satisfy the hungry millions for whom the heaven of orthodoxy had no manna. In this

our necessity and prostration, Spiritualism came to fill the naked void, bringing the glad news of immortality for every child of Adam, with a demonstrative power so as to force conviction upon every candid investigator, teaching that all men are brethren, that God is the Universal Father, dispensing his blessings alike upon the just and on the unjust, that punishment is not vindictive, or to satisfy any Sovereign selfishness, but for the good of the offender,—shewing his unlimited mercy both in this world and in the next.

Spiritualism has banished scepticism and infidelity from the minds of thousands, comforted the mourner with angelic consolations, lifted up the unfortunate, the outcast, the inebriate; taking away the sting of death which has kept mankind under perpetual bondage through fear,—so that death is now to its million believers—

“The kind and gentle servant, who unlocked
With noiseless hand, life’s flower encircl’d door,
To shew us those we love.”

It is not surprising that Spiritualism has gone forth with such rapid strides, making its influence felt in ten years in every department of church and state, having powerful advocates in both houses of Congress, on the bench, bar, and in the church and claiming amongst its disciples several of the most distinguished savans and literateurs of America. That the great majority of a clergy, sold to slavery, Sadduceeism, and of more than Laodicean coldness in everything pertaining to humanity, should oppose it, is natural. The most eminent Congregational (Unitarian) minister in Boston, recently said, “Spiritualism has enslaved no man, burnt no man, separated no man from his wife and children, yet the American clergy have said more against Spiritualism in five years than against slavery in fifty years.”

So moves the Cable that marries heaven and earth.

MELANTHON.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS & VERGER HIS ASSASSIN:

THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

THROUGH A SEER.

“The Lord came to me,” says the Archbishop, “and spoke, when my Life’s Being was smitten, in these words:—‘make ready the way for the coming of the Lord. Prepare ye the bread of Life, for His Banquet is spread before thee. Because thou hast labored long in darkness, but faith, I will be thy keeper and thy handmaid.’”

“But an hour after I parted with the life of the world, I stood before my Maker, with sacramental cup in hand; but there was no Life in it: the inside was full of darkness. The Lord’s blood was not shed for me in the way in which I had ministered it. I pondered in astonishment at the meaning of this. And while I pondered, Spiritual persons knelt around me; and I would have pronounced the benediction, but the words were not given. Then I stood mute before the Lamb on the Altar.

What became after that shall be shown to you by another spirit; for another will bear witness, whose witness will be true, because it is from the Lord.”

The seer now says:—I see a tall and majestic Spiritual being clad in white, standing on the brink of a precipice, covered with white like snow. His hands are drawn up into his arms, as though in the sleeves of his garment. His head is not united to his body, but is about two feet above it: and turned towards the South; for the East corresponds to the presence of Divine Truth,—the South to Faith in the Word. The reason why his head is at a distance from his shoulders is, because there is no conjunction between the Life of the Body and of the Spirit, i, e;

he was in falsehood of doctrine before death; by teaching to others what proceeded from himself, instead of what proceeded from the Lord regardless of self. The rock he stands on is covered with Spiritual snow: this signifies that there is no warmth in the way he treads on life in his pathway. This is his state when he was struck.—Now—Why he was struck, and what state followed.

Verger stands before him: Dark: oh! What a form! with a face like the wounded face of a bear; and the eyes have no pupils, but emit a yellowish-white glare—not light;—have, not emit; his form below is fearfully horrid. His arms are like apes, having in the place of hands, claws of iron: and two thumbs on each hand united into one: because this expresses duality of opposing forces; meaning thereby Divine Hate combined with Divine Zeal in the comprehension or prehension of Natural Truths. The Body itself is of the same shape from the arms to where the legs spring, covered with long brown hair resembling goat's hair. The legs are flat, without muscular exhibition, like brown tinder covered with hair to his knees. The knees were united—not kneeling—I must not use *that* word—were united to two hearts, in each of which there is an eye, black, with one ray passing up from them, and concentrating upon his belly,—producing a handwriting as 'tis termed: "Thou hast been my God, and none other have I served but thee. Behold I bear the weight of sins begotten by the Word before all men. I was born to do this deed of the Lord's mercy." His two legs which are turned back, are two black Ravens wings full of eyes, recurved, and pointing to his back, where they terminate is this word: "Seal." The eyes upon the limbs have each a tongue composed of three forks, and they all sing one fiendish Anthem which is this: "The power of Satan is the wealth of the Righteous. Therefore Sin hath Dominion over God." This represents the negative principle of the Truths of the Word: signified by the wings being behind his back, recurved and not serving as the base of the superstructure or body. They perform no offices, but are become symbolic Infernality.

I see the Archbishop standing before him: his hands opening; baring his breast, by pulling back a white robe, and there is a heart of crystal gold, and on it three Hebrew letters in black: "Behold thyself." Verger is looking upon that heart. And while he does so, his repulsive demoniacal developement is taking place. *i. e.*, he is creating his own state.

While the Archbishop is performing this act, behind him stands a Spirit skeleton of light, *i. e.* All light having Spirit Vitality,—rubbing the Archbishop's back up and down from the spring of the neck to nearly level with the hips, and across from the right to the left shoulder, with a brush formed of human teeth in spirit-form. And as he scratches the back of the Archbishop in this way, a cross is made to appear, which passes away as quickly as he removes from the spot. This symbolizes the lifelessness of the faith in him, for which he suffered death. The cross is made to appear by spirit appreciation only, which corresponds to friction, and has no permanent foundation in God's Holy Truth, Love, and Wisdom.

The moment is come for their separation: for they were permitted to meet in the Spiritual World on the very spot where those who were immediately the cause of the Crucifixion of the Saviour met; that they might behold the depth of their iniquity, and become the administrators of their own depraved Law.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ROBERT OWEN'S DEPARTURE TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On Wednesday, Nov. 17th, this great Philanthropist finished his earthly career. He ended his days near the house in which he was born, at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. His body was interred on Monday, the 22nd. Though he had not visited his birth-place for 70 years, yet such was the respect shown to him, that in addition to the great solemn and orderly procession, the shops were closed, and business suspended. His son R.

Dale Owen, had the satisfaction to be present both at his death and at his funeral. Most of the Newspaper press are bestowing a notice of his decease, some speak of him as having lived an Atheistical life, and even in his old age committed the unpardonable sin of becoming a Spiritualist. Of his Atheistical notions we need only say that he has always admitted, and reverently spoken of, "an Incomprehensible power, by which the atom is moved, and the aggregate of nature is governed." Of his modern views, the following will show how clearly he could read the lesson of wisdom and experience. Some time ago, he said:—"The Spirits of leading men, (while living upon the earth,) are now deeply interested and actively engaged without ceasing, to prepare the population of the world for this great and glorious result in the gradual process of creation on our globe. With these proceedings, the learned in old things will be confounded, the men of the world astounded, and the ignorant amazed. The utmost ingenuity and barefaced falsehood will exert their pigmy powers in vain efforts to prove imposture. Facts will govern fiction, and divine power will overcome the ignorance of earthly presumption, until the most obstinate shall be compelled to know, and to say,—this work is from God, and it is vain for man to contend against his Creator." His son, R. Dale Owen, bids fair to be a noble successor. He too, is a believer in Modern Spiritualism, and shortly we expect to see an interesting work from his pen, detailing what he has witnessed.

We have also to record the departure of our beloved friend

JOHN GARNETT,

Who finished his earthly pilgrimage on the same day as Mr. Owen. He was an admirer of many of Mr. Owen's social arrangements, though in theology, he was a New Churchman. He edited the first No. of the Yorkshire S. T. He was also highly respected by the greater portion of his fellow townsmen, and was well fitted for an higher sphere than earthly mortals have yet attained.

BOOKS RECEIVED. *Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism*; by the Somnambule Adolphe Didier. This book will be read with great interest to many—we strongly recommend it to our readers. The Author will supply the work, No. 19, Upper Albany Street, London.

Foregleams of Immortality. Published by Allman & Son, (see Advertisement.) The *Inquirer* speaks truly of this volume. Every Spiritualist should read it.

We have also received the following prospectus:—

CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

A Narrative of personal investigations into the Facts and Philosophy of Spirit-Intercourse, by the Author of "Spiritualism:—Testimonies Ancient and Modern." *Orders to be sent (by letter) addressed, "Truth Seeker, Mr. W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster Row, E. C. Early applications are requested.*

The Work will be neatly printed, in about 280 p. Fcap. 8vo., cloth, lettered. Price to Subscribers, Four Shillings; Non subscribers, Five Shillings.

To our Readers we may say, that in addition to what has appeared in the *Telegraph*, all of which will be carefully revised, and several important additions,—will be added several trance addresses, and other useful matter.

The Biological Review. Vol. 2. an interesting Work. Freeman, Paternoster-row.

Just Published, Price 2s. 6d.

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By EDMUND H. SEARS,

"Works like these are much wanted among us. They are destined to exert a considerable influence upon the world, and while they bring a divine peace to the sorrowful heart, they inspire a strength and hope that lift the soul above the sordid temptations, and weary cares of ordinary existence.—INQUIRER.

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