

THE SPIRITUAL HERALD;

A

RECORD OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

No. 3.

APRIL, 1856.

VOL. I.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

“I never said it was possible. I only said it was true.”

SPIRITUALISM is the acknowledgment of a fact, not the enunciation of a creed. If man be “the primary fact of the universe,” what knowledge can be more interesting, more desirable, than that which reveals the nature of the immortal soul, and its existence after the life of the body? We may soar into the impalpable cloud-land of metaphysics, and spin theories endless as Penelope’s web; but, alas! the fruitlessness of our efforts is shown, not only by the vagaries of the schoolmen, but by the superinduced repugnance of mankind in general to entertain the question at all, or subscribe any definite ideas upon it.* For the learned have gone the wrong way to work; they have spurned the facts with which we, the unlearned, could have abundantly supplied them in all ages; and puffed up with the conceit of their own intelligence, they have actually forgotten their own maxim, that “Science takes cognisance of a phenomenon, and endeavours to discover its law.” No wonder, then, that they have signally failed to arrive at any knowledge of the soul; no wonder that there are many Sadducees in the higher walks of science who deny its

* Yet beneath this ignorance of psychology we cheerfully admit that a belief in the soul’s future existence has universally prevailed, whether we seek it in the mud hut of the ancient Dacian, on the banks of the Niester or the Euxine, or among the modern Esquimaux in the dark northern regions, where our countrymen perished.

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immortality ; no wonder that they have made up their minds that it is and ever shall be—

An undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns.

We congratulate them on their conclusions, so far as they are led to give up *theorising* on the subject, yet we deeply deplore the obscurity in which they have involved the science of the soul, and still more the repugnance to be enlightened upon it, which reigns universally. People seem to think that ignorance is their prerogative, their patrimony, and their birthright ; that every innovation thereupon in the shape of knowledge is to be regarded as treason and sedition against the sacred rights handed down to them by their ancestors, and sanctioned by usage and by time ; and when the cry of "light ! more light still !" is heard in this kingdom of the Beast, all parties lay down their differences for the nonce, and unite in one loud protest against such impudent reform. In pursuance of this system, Christians of the present day would limit their knowledge of immortality to the bare enunciation of the fact, as revealed in the letter of Scripture ; and there are many who tell us that "the Word of God is the only pure source and fountain of truth, the only safe guide and instructor, the only sure law for the regulation of human conduct," and that, consequently, we should not attempt to be wise above that which is written. Unfortunately for this objection, it is entirely beside the question ; for we may admit its intrinsic truth and reply, that it is because we value the truth, the instruction, the guidance, and the regulation, of which there is doubtless but one source, that we welcome and acknowledge it in the channels which convey it. It were as reasonable to impugn the doctrine of angelic ministry, and assert that the term "angel" is a misnomer, on the plea that it detracted from the Divine omnipotence to employ means to accomplish its ends ; or to set a ban upon all secular knowledge, lest it should interfere with the welfare of the soul. And this empty jargon about not being wise above what is written, involves so unwarrantable an assumption as to what the province of revelation really is, that we will dismiss it at once with the passing remark that it sounds like a prohibition to drink water from a glass vessel or a running stream, instead of seeking it in the clouds which hold it, or the ocean from whence it is absorbed. But why should we not be ready, with becoming humility, to accept the means that are presented to us in nature for the acquirement of know-

ledge? Why hazard the assumption that such means are common or unclean?

Then, again, some will tell us that our facts are no facts, that our experience is all humbug, hallucination, and juggling. Yet this is merely solving one difficulty by another; and we are at a loss to account for the convictions of so many credible witnesses, whose authority and testimony are relied upon in other matters, being suddenly at fault; we are at a loss to explain why those who investigate should be deluded, and why those who have bestowed little or no attention on the subject, as their explanation proves, should be listened to as trustworthy guides. Such an explanation may satisfy persons who have never witnessed the phenomena, provided they receive the greater part as pure inventions and necessarily fabulous; but with those who have any respect for the testimony of others, or sufficient confidence in their own judgment to come and judge for themselves, and carefully weigh the evidence that is brought before them, it is an insult to common sense to talk of legerdemain. It is like attributing the rotatory motion of the earth to nurse's bellows or a penny whistle: no grown person will put up with the explanation, save he who disbelieves in the fact, and who consequently needs no explanation at all. It has been well remarked that it requires greater "power to convince men's minds of what does not really happen, than actually to perform the miracles of which they are convinced by the evidence of their senses." Will our opponents inform us what this power is, since their explanation involves it?

Then comes another class of persons, more conscientious than the last, with long-sounding names and ingenious scientific phrases in their mouths, to the tune of electricity, unconscious cerebral action, and involuntary muscular impulsion; and, wonderful to relate! they would persuade us they are less credulous than ourselves. Yet they are committing themselves to mere words, which can scarcely be intelligible to themselves, for they do not attempt to explain how any mind can act unconsciously in an intelligent manner. What right has any man to assume that such a thing is possible? What fact in the wide realm of nature can authorise such a theory? When was unconscious intelligence ever seen or heard of before? in dreaming? in sleep-waking? Certainly not; the seat of consciousness is merely changed. And so long as there is an unconscious conviction in men's minds that intelligence is personal; so long as it remains unproved that mentality is a floating abstraction in

space, and that it can possibly exist *out of* organised substances ; so long as essence cannot be shown to exist without form which is like talking of quantity without quality, so long it will be absurd to talk of unconscious intelligence as an ultimate cause—and it is the ulterior *vis motrix*, not the *modus operandi*, of which we are now speaking. We are indeed ready to admit that unconscious mental action may be instrumental in and occasional of many things, but it never can be causal, any more than what is passive can also be active at the same time. It may, for aught we know, be a receptacle of foreign influence, a medium of *ab extra* intelligence ; for example, a concourse of disreputable persons of vicious propensities, or a set of people among whom evil influences preponderate over the good, *may be* the means, unconsciously to themselves, of bringing destruction upon their own heads, as in the case of a shipwreck or a burning theatre. But this, we imagine, is a different kind of unconscious action to that of which our opponents are speaking ; yet it is the only kind we can conceive of. Good and bad luck may be the manifestation of unconscious mental action ; chance and so-called accidents may all be the result of unconscious cerebral action, if our opponents will have it that such a thing exists ; but active, intelligent unconsciousness is to our mind a sheer contradiction in terms. Such a theory is only worthy of the eighteenth century, the darkest in the Christian era, when God was said to be a mere force, an unconscious, impersonal power. It is only worthy of those who deny the existence of the soul, and attribute life to physical organisation. But as the so-called forces of Nature are inadequate to explain creation or disprove the existence of God, and as the mechanism of the body fails to account for the operation of the soul, so the theory of unconscious cerebral action, granted to its full extent, falls short of impugning the ulterior truth of spiritual communication.

Then, again, there are the clergy, and many devout persons in their train, who attribute the manifestations to Satanic agency. This has ever been their standing objection to every new discovery that has dawned upon the world. They have never ceased to urge it since, on the soil of ancient Syria,

walked those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

The miracles then performed were put down to Satanic power, for the same reasons that the wonders of the present

day are so ascribed. It is the principle of conservatism alarmed at the principle of progress. The wonders of the apostolical age met with the same reception among the orthodox then, as the analogous phenomena of our own age meet with from the orthodox now. They are perfectly satisfied with the knowledge they possess, and are shocked at the vulgar, low-bred notion that there is anything more to learn. It is the fossil obstructing the sprouting seed ; the power of friction on an inclined plane *versus* the power of gravitation. Let us recognise both, for what they are severally worth. "For," says a correspondent, "that teacher who designates another as an impostor is only partially inspired with the spirit of the Highest." This theory, then, of Satanic agency might have been used with equal propriety by the learned Rabbis of the first century in reference to the spiritual gifts concerning which the apostle Paul would not have us ignorant. They might have urged that St. John's injunction to "try the spirits" was a direct infringement of the Mosaic law, in the matter of necromancy. Yet we think the "beloved disciple" might have referred them to their own Scripture, which he had but reiterated, and he might have pointed out that it was only when they spake not according to the "law and the testimony," that there was no light in them. He might have said that his Lord and Master had promised these miraculous evidences to them that believed ; and that as long as he remembered the principles and precepts of his religion, he could clearly discern what spirits were "of God." He would simply apply the test, By their fruits ye shall know them.

Like every theory that has been put forward by our opponents, the Satanic theory is miserably inadequate. That evil and disorderly spirits do communicate in this way we have not the least doubt ; but thorns are only thorns ; whence come the figs ? Besides, it were an impeachment of Providential care to suppose that all spirits so communicating are such : good and evil influences are ever held in equilibrio, and it is only our own state that renders the access of either possible at all. We would also remind our opponents of what we were told in our divinity class at school, that the ministration of the priesthood is not affected by the personal character of the priest, and that the services of the Church are not invalidated by the sins of the individual who dispenses them. Who ever hesitates to applaud a preacher or an orator until they have inquired into his private character ? And if this is even known to be objectionable,

who ventures to attribute the preaching to Satan? who affirms it is injurious to hear it? who declares that the preacher has assumed the garb of an angel of light, in order the more effectually to ensnare their souls? And who in listening to the exhortation is ever accused of neglecting Scripture? Yet this is the charge wherein we are condemned.* We have discovered preachers ordained by other hands than human, and straight-way accusations are made against us, which, if true, go far to invalidate all exhortation whatever. We do but acknowledge the spiritual influences which we see and feel, and we are forthwith accused of worshipping strange gods, and assailed by arguments which are equally valid against all spiritual influences whatever, angelic ministry included. Yet our only crime is having our wits and senses about us. We repeat it emphatically, *we do but acknowledge facts*. It is no fault of ours that our opponents dislike them.

We admit, indeed, that there is greater danger in seeking spiritual influence and exhortation than natural; erroneous opinions are likely to be more strengthened and confirmed; but our highest aspirations may be promoted in like manner; the abuse is only in proportion to the use, while we acknowledge the one we will not be blind to the other, for they must necessarily exist together; and while we would insist upon intelligence and caution in thus realising the proximity and influence of the unseen world, we will not be slow to forecast the immensity of good to be thence derived for the visible world.

We do not, however, propose to dwell now upon the beneficial results likely to accrue to mankind from this unveiling of their inner life, and consociation with more intimate friends, and higher state of existence than are to be met with here. We do not pretend to hold up our ism as the one thing needful to regenerate the world—the antidote and panacea of human error. We are neither fanatics nor enthusiasts. We believe that crises precede cures, and that truth brings a sword, not peace, into the world. Our business is with facts; we leave theorising to our opponents, who have more taste and capacity

* We refer our clerical opponents, who so readily condemn all teaching but their own, to the eleventh chapter of the book of Numbers, where Joshua is complaining that any one besides Moses should prophesy in the camp; but the latter replies, "Would God, that ALL the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them." Or, again, to the disciples' groundless rebuke of a man for casting out devils in the name of the Lord, but who followed them not, as recorded in Mark ix., 38.

for that sort of thing than ourselves ; for we are plain, unlettered men, and, indeed,

We are no orator, as *Brewster* is,
 For we have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ; we only speak right on ;
 We tell you that which you yourselves do know—
 Show you these stubborn facts—poor, poor, dumb things,
 And bid them speak for us : were it not so,
 We'd ruffle up your spirit, and put a tongue
 In every fact we tell you, that should move
 ALL MEN TO FEEL THEIR IMMORTALITY.

Says a French writer, "Nothing is so brutally conclusive as a fact." More than this, it is a vehicle of truth : it is like a vessel let down from heaven, coming even to us, upon which when we have fastened our eyes and considered, we may behold things good for food, and within us we may hear a voice, saying, *Arise, slay, and eat.*

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS RELATING TO SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL HERALD.

DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I hail the appearance of the *Spiritual Herald*. In an age like this, when matter is deified, and the existence of spiritual beings scoffed at as the dream of half-witted enthusiasts—when in the church Sadduceeism is almost universal, and in the world a wild cry is borne upon the four winds—"There is no God but matter, there is no life but this"—it is refreshing to welcome a magazine whose special object is to record facts, and furnish proofs of the real, tangible existence of beings of other worlds.

Never, probably, during any former period of mundane history, was there such general ignorance concerning man's real self, his soul, and the nature of its life and destiny after it leaves this earth, as at the present time ; and never was there an age in which cold-hearted selfishness, fraud, Phariseism, and every species of crime and corruption, were more prevalent. In regard to the science of material substance, it is truly an "enlightened age!" so enlightened, indeed, that, by means of its rays, men are enabled, not only to illumine our streets with gas, spread a network of railways over the earth, and accomplish many other wonders of mechanical skill, but to discern methods of achieving unheard-of villainies, even to the compounding of drugs that will destroy life in a most elegant and *scientific* manner, so

as almost to defy detection. But spiritual science, that which should be the life, the guide, the inspirer of material science—that science which appeals at once to the conscience, treats of eternal realities, teaches the soul its duties and destinies, its hopes and aspirations; that unites earth with heaven, and man with God; that discovers order and beauty, wisdom and love running through all this wondrous universe—in reference to this science, ours is a “dark age” indeed!

But glimmerings of light begin to illumine the eastern horizon. The dawn now is, and the day will follow. The world of spirits see this and are in motion, preparing the sons of men for companionship with the angels of heaven, and making the way clear for the outpouring of God’s Holy Spirit. Ever the night before the day, and ever chaos before order; but day and order come at last.

I will now endeavour to give you some account of my experiences in these extraordinary manifestations, tracing them upwards from their physical and imperfect beginning, to that more divine and perfect character they have now assumed.

Between two and three years ago, being then residing at Bedworth, a gentleman, a much-esteemed friend of mine, returned from a travelling tour in America. While there, he heard several lectures, and much general talk concerning these wonderful phenomena. His curiosity became aroused, and he bought some books for the purpose of further studying the subject. Soon after he returned to England, he called on me, with a request that I would make one of a party, to meet at his house, to investigate the matter for ourselves. I consented; and we met—about fourteen, I believe, in number. We had previously read the theories propounded by Dr. Faraday, Lewis, and others to account for the physical movements of the table. For my own part, till the return of my friend, and before hearing his relation of the subject as it was going on in America, and reading the books he had brought with him, I had thought or read very little concerning it at all; and from the few stray paragraphs I had read, I felt inclined to treat it as a foolish superstition, having no foundation in truth, and better suited to the ages gone by than to our enlightened times. And I believe similar ideas, more or less, influenced us all.

We began our experiments by seating ourselves around a very large and heavy, three-legged, deal table, and placing our hands upon it in the usual form. This table was too large for ordinary domestic purposes, and was made for the uses of a lecture-room. We wished to turn this table, standing as it did on the bare floor; but we found, after repeated trials, we could do no more than get from it a creaking noise, as though it wanted to accommodate us, but could not, the table being too heavy. We then procured a smaller one, and turned the large one on to it, legs upward. We now placed our hands on the large table thus capsized, and now commenced movements that fairly surprised us all. It turned round with such rapidity that some of us had to leave the circle from giddiness. When the table was thus

rapidly gyrating, and had acquired a considerable impetus, some one would request the power to "reverse the motion." Perfectly obedient to the command, it would bring the table to a dead stand, and then gradually begin to turn in an opposite direction. After amusing ourselves in this way for some time, we began questioning the moving power concerning many matters, to ascertain if it were intelligent or not. To our surprise, the questions were answered with extraordinary accuracy, although failing in some instances. The replies were given by *both* the tables being tilted on one side, and the floor being struck with one of the legs with wonderful promptitude and decision; two blows being given for a negative, and three for an affirmative. If the table was told to move in a certain direction, it would instantly obey; if in an opposite direction, it was equally obedient. Many things were done, which need not be recounted here, that convinced us the power was intelligent, whatever it was. Several days afterwards we again met at the same place, with results still more satisfactory; and we concluded our meeting fully convinced that the power was superhuman. It was ascertained at this meeting who were the mediums, in the following manner:—We numbered ourselves in the order in which we were arranged round the table, beginning with our host, whom we designated number one. We then desired the power to lift up the leg of the table, and let it fall as soon as the number borne by a medium was mentioned. The numbers one, two, three, and four were called over, when at the last number, which was borne by my son, the leg of the table fell. By this means two other mediums were also discovered; one of them being the daughter of our host. I must now, however, hasten on, merely observing that many extraordinary things were done with the table in my own family, so as entirely to satisfy my own mind that spiritual agency was at the bottom of the whole phenomena. But that many of them are spirits evil in themselves and not to be relied on, I am fully persuaded; those that manifest themselves through tables especially so. This may be expected, according to the law of progress in all things; the superior and perfect being preceded by the inferior and imperfect. There are spirits so false and evil that no human being is comparable to them. There are spirits funny enough and wicked enough to affirm, in answer to a foolish question put, as a test of their intelligence, by a very learned gentleman, that the spirit of Hamlet has seventeen noses! Yet are these spirits the forerunners of the holy and truthful angels of heaven. The matter has been explained to us thus, by good spirits:—Society is materialised, and requires to be appealed to at first through material agents. That table-turning and table-rapping are designed to call attention to the existence and presence of superhuman powers, and thus, gradually and by progressive steps, establish a direct communion of earth with heaven. That, as in ancient times, angels walked the earth and talked with men, without their presence making them afraid, so the time is coming when, by the will of God,

they will in like manner visit the earth once more. That man has for so long a time turned himself from the things of heaven, and become so absorbed in the things of earth, his spiritual senses have become closed, and he sees and knows only the things of earth, that these simple means are made use of in merciful consideration of his state, in order to familiarise him with the presence of spirits, and prepare him for their visible companionship; and that if they were in the first instance to appear personally, man would be terrified, instead of instructed and exalted by them. These are the chief reasons that have subsequently been given to us, for these imperfect and disorderly manifestations through the works of man's hands.

It may, perhaps, be objected by some, that if people were not to assemble together to receive these manifestations, they would not be given; and that it is a matter of chance, and not of design. True, perhaps, if they did not assemble for that purpose; but it is atheism to suppose that anything occurs by chance. The design consists in the minds of individuals being secretly influenced to desire to meet for such an object. Objectors of this class forget, what is in theory so generally acknowledged, that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;" and that "his ways are not as our ways." It has also been made known to us that progressively superior methods of communication should be earnestly sought after, and that wonders should not be desired to satisfy a feeling of curiosity, or evil would be the result, and the mediumship taken away. That mediums and individuals who meet for spiritual intercourse must purify themselves as much as possible from the selfishness and debasing habits of the world, and be prepared to accept these teachings of good spirits that are in harmony with the higher feelings and sentiments of their own souls, rejecting only that which is lower than the good and the truth which is in themselves. For, according as the state is of those who meet, so is the character of the spirits who communicate with them. The law of moral attraction operates the same with spirits as with men. Like seeks its like. Thus, as the wicked among men delight in the companionship of the bad—the virtuous in the society of the good—the intelligent in that of the wise—so do ignorant and false spirits, or good and true ones, love to commune with their human prototypes, being drawn together by the invisible operation of similar tastes and desires. Evil spirits will, however, sometimes come among good men; not because they have love for them, but the contrary. They hate them, and therefore seek to do them harm, by teaching false doctrines, narrow, bigoted notions, and otherwise leading them into temptation. Of such beware. Let spirits of this class be resisted, by living a life of holiness, and by earnestly desiring to be led into God's most perfect truth, and in time they will flee away, being frustrated in their designs. In like manner, also, good spirits sometimes visit bad men, for they love to do them good—to teach them divine truth—to divest their hearts of the love of self, their

minds of false doctrine, and lead them up to God. Let spirits of this class be encouraged, and let every one take heed that he reject not the messages of these ambassadors of heaven.

Before concluding this portion of my letter, I will mention one circumstance that occurred in my family, just before the table-tipping ceased with us. It was customary with the spirits, just as the meetings were about breaking up, to bid each one "good night," by rapping three times for each person present. On one occasion, the babe, fifteen months' old, was lying asleep in its mother's lap, unconsciously holding her nipple in its mouth, when it came to its turn to be bid good night. The three raps were no sooner given—and, as was always the case for the infant, with much greater force than the others—than he turned from his mother's breast, and in a most sweet and distinct voice replied, asleep as he was, "Good night." As may be supposed, we were perfectly astonished. I involuntarily exclaimed, "And did my child say good night!" In answer to my exclamation, there came three powerful raps that made the house resound again, and the spirits went away. The mother wept for joy to hear her infant speak. He had never spoken before; and, being a weakly child, there was no reason to suppose he would for a long time to come. Poor, meek Theodore! he has since gone to his better home above; and many a cheering communication, breathing the tenderest feeling, and inciting us to holiness of life, and trust in all the providences of God, have we received from him, both by writing, vision, and speech, while my son has been in a state of trance.

Communications through the table were with us very transitory; and next in order came the drawing of maps of the spiritual world, and writing. Four of these maps have been drawn in a night for different individuals, all being alike, with some very slight variations. [We omit the description, as it is not very intelligible.] Previously my son never had a paint-brush in his hand, and has not the remotest idea of drawing. This ceased in a few months, and the writing has been continued to the present time, but has been made use of very little of late; trances and visions being the means of communication now. We have also had some little speaking with unknown tongues. The spirits have walked side by side with my son and conversed with him. They have taken money from his pocket and replaced it again. They have taken books from under his arm, and, having carried them a short way, have returned them again. He has seen and talked with angelic beings having substantial bodies, and has shaken them by the hand. He has had as many as six visions in a week; and many times when he has been out at night for that purpose, and it has been raining hard all the time, he has returned home quite dry. This is a *well-attested fact*, of which there are many witnesses, persons having been in the house when he has returned home. He has run and walked, crossed and recrossed the road, to try if the rain would fall on him, and it would not. At other times, when he is receiving no vision, the ordinary course of nature

operates on him as others. Both his mother and myself have seen a light surround him at certain times. When out at night by himself, and in lonely places where the spirits sometimes take him, he has no fears. And this has been a peculiarity with him from infancy. He is never afraid of being alone. He says evil spirits *cannot* harm any one, however they may try, who trusts in God and loves to do right. On one occasion, when walking alone by the canal-side, a tall and stately spirit, but evil one as he knew, stepped out from a nook and stood before him. He represented to him the difficulties and hardships of life, told him it was not worth living for, that the next life was a better one, and ended by advising him to throw himself into the water. He strove to speak, but could not. He felt a subtle influence stealing over him, and he began to think the advice good, and he would follow it. He was about to throw himself in, when a great and good female angel suddenly confronted the evil one. She looked sternly at his face without saying a word, when he fell down at her feet and turned to the shape of a serpent, and then disappeared in the earth, while she soared up towards heaven.

A very frequent method of receiving intelligence is by the scroll. An angel appears in the air, or standing on the earth, and holds before him a scroll unrolled, on which is written the information to be conveyed; but there is always at the bottom of the scroll a portion written in characters unknown to the seer. Many a time when we have been travelling together, in company with other friends, we have kept up a continued conversation the whole of the way home by means of the scroll. On some occasions the road before us has been crowded with angelic beings, walking three, four, or six abreast, each with a crown on his head, and dressed generally, though not always, in white raiment. At other times there have been three, six or twelve, walking thus before us, and when we have parted with friends who have accompanied us a portion of our journey, one half of our celestial guardians have returned with them, and the other half gone on with us. Sometimes one and then another would unroll his scroll, to instruct us in something, according to the tenour of our conversation with one another. The scrolls are of various colours, as are also the letters, so that there is a beautiful contrast between the letters and the ground-colour. Each has his own colour—white, red, green, gold, blue, and purple—according to his rank in the heavenly hierarchy. Two or three times a snow-white dove has appeared to my son, having a little scroll suspended from its bill. On one occasion, after flying several times around his head, it alighted on his shoulder. Sometimes a hand alone is held out from the clouds, from which is let down a scroll of great size and of magnificent appearance.

Of the discourses that have been delivered, I can only say that they have been characterised by the most catholic and holy sentiments, and have been delivered with much power and eloquence. The grand practical doctrine taught is, that among Christians there should be none

lacking the necessities of life, and none possessing *as their own* more than is needful. The communion, not community, of goods, imperfectly commenced by the first Christian church at Jerusalem, will then be actualised in all its divine grandeur. The kingdom of heaven being first in the hearts of men, will necessitate the establishment of the heavenly state in the institutions of society. As the angels of heaven do not appropriate to themselves the good things of their common Father's bounty, but have their joys increased in proportion as they minister to the welfare of others, so should earthly society be a pattern of the heavenly. It is this that will distinguish the true church of Christ from the many imperfect ones.

Another important doctrine taught us is, that a prophet and teacher will arise who will have power from on high to harmonise the many conflicting systems of faith that divide and distract society, and institute the true church of Christ. That as everything has its centre, a salt crystal as well as the solar system—that as every human sect and society has its little human centre—so the great family of man needs its human centre also. But as there have been so many in times past crying, "Lo! here, or lo! there," how shall we know the teacher when he comes? By the doctrine he teaches and the *power of divine magnetism* he will exercise over the souls of men. All who have not this power, whatever their other qualifications, may be good men; but none of them is he who should come. These, then, are our teachings, and we believe they are from the Spirit of all Truth. From these teachings we also learn that, in the great drama of societary life, God has given to man dispensation after dispensation, religion after religion, as succeeding acts of the drama, each successive one enriched with an increasing measure of the divine spirit, according to man's state in the different ages of the world, and his capacity for the perception and reception of divine truth and love.

Yours, in the love of truth and righteousness,
Coventry, February, 1856. JESSE JONES.

[These doctrines of the spirits we are not responsible for. We remind our readers that spirits are not to be regarded as the guides or the standards of Christian faith. Their teachings are always accommodated to the minds they address; or, as our correspondent says, "Like seeks its like," sympathy being the only plan of communication we know of. We therefore value the teachings in proportion as they impress and inculcate what we already know to be good and true. We do not so much look for what is *new*, as to be led to perceive and feel what we do now but too faintly acknowledge. The experience of the scroll, and also the dove, seen in a dream or a vision, will be familiar to some of our readers, among whom we may reckon personal friends. We have by us some lines recording a case of this kind, and written by an esteemed friend, in the year 1835. The

speaking infant reminds us of St. Romuald, who is said to have uttered the words, "Christianus sum," thrice repeated, immediately on his birth. We are glad to find alleged phenomena of the early ages of Christianity confirmed by analogous experience of the present day, and that the miracles of those times are probably not all fabrications.—EDITOR.]

MANIFESTATIONS IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL HERALD.

SIR,—As, in the first paragraph of your periodical, I perceive that you state that you will "present the subject of spiritualism to the people of England in facts and arguments," and that your facts will be supplied "from the wonderful phenomena, now of daily occurrence in our own English homes," I hasten to lay before you, in hopes of its insertion in your periodical, a statement of certain phenomena which I have witnessed. I enclose my card as a guarantee for the truth and correctness of my statements.

Having been, since the summer of 1853, a medium, and having witnessed and acted in many remarkable experiments, especially of table-raising, I think that the manifestations which have appeared to me are worthy of a place in your periodical.

The *modus operandi* used in our experiments has been simple position of the hands upon the table, when, after a few minutes, sometimes only twenty seconds, the side on which our hands were placed, has gyrated and risen to an angle of 45° from the ground. We have then put questions to it; the answers to some have been very astonishing, but are totally irrelevant to the subject to which I would call your attention, namely, the manifestations of hands, *heads*, and touchings, which have happened to me. I am not aware that a head has ever been seen by media, either in England or America.*

I will briefly state that, on the 8th April, 1855, while experimenting, in the usual manner, upon the table, I felt on my

* Our fair correspondent seems not to be aware that heads and entire forms of spirits have frequently appeared; even spirit-hair has been handled, and playfully combed with the fingers.—EDITOR.

right arm a firm "grip," as if a powerful man had pinched me with all his force. This was twice repeated. Afterwards, I saw a white and delicate hand upon the sofa opposite to me.

On the 12th February, 1856, during our experiments I chanced to glance towards my right side, where my son, a boy of sixteen, was sitting, and saw a brown head, covered with thick, curly hair, ascending from beneath. It was apparently the head of a man. I saw distinctly the parting of the hair. We were both frightened, and broke up the séance.

Twenty minutes afterwards, I happened to look under the table and saw a most beautiful face, with a pitiful expression of countenance. I was so struck with this that I said, "Can I help you?" The face nodded in the affirmative and disappeared. Having myself witnessed these manifestations, I much regret that no great public conference of spiritualists has been agreed upon, at which such experiments as these might be detailed, and accurate diagnoses of the whole be published; but I rejoice at the publication of your magazine, as it is a channel through which the public may be informed of the true state of the question, apart from the misrepresentations by which it has been surrounded by its enemies.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
E. T. B.

REVIEWS.

MESMERISM AND MEDIA, WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO DEVELOP THE ALLEGED SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS IN EVERY FAMILY. London: Hippolyte Baillière, 219, Regent Street. 1855.

"The right of private judgment" is a familiar and simple phrase in modern times. So familiar indeed, so carelessly tossed about and taken as matter-of-course by all parties, that the well-defined stamp of truth appears to be somewhat obliterated from its worn surface. What was once gold to the commonest eye, has, it seems, been reduced by the deadening effect of custom to the appearance of lead! The battle-cry of one age too soon becomes empty sound, which succeeding centuries hardly remember as they repose on inherited laurels. Yet ignorance and error are not dead. Truth is not all triumphant, but militant as ever; and in disregarding the natural defence of our moral and intellectual liberty, the old weapon of "private judgment," we, are at every new uncture in the conflict between truth and error, virtually yielding our-

selves slaves to prejudice, without even an attempt at escape. We are led to these remarks by the perusal of a pamphlet on "Mesmerism and Media," whose author, referring to the "wonderful and magnificent facts now being unfolded to the inquiring spirit," says, "Yet the misguided public, in utter contempt of the laws of evidence, and by a perversion of common sense painful to witness, meets all your affirmative statements by thrusting in your teeth, not the practical knowledge, but the superficial and *à priori* speculations of an *Athenæum*, *Quarterly Review*, or *Lancet*." Our author is clearly an earnest truth-seeker, one who desires *facts*, not "vague and speculative guesses founded on ignorance and prejudice," to be the guides of opinion:—

I habitually mesmerise a patient, at any chance moment of the day, from a distant room, or from the outside of the house. This I have done perhaps hundreds of times, and on going or sending to the room, invariably find the patient in a mesmeric sleep. This I know as a fact. *This I call evidence*, and the *Quarterly's* explanation of "Dominant Ideas," vague and speculative opinions.

I go to a clairvoyant, and put a sealed letter, just received through the post, on her head. She tells me aloud what it contains. I break it open, and find her statement true to the letter. This oft-repeated experiment I call *evidence*, and the opinions of those medical men, whose practice has been so limited that they have never seen a natural case, or who have else gone through life with their eyes shut, vague and speculative.

Or, a table moves backwards and forwards for half an hour continuously, in perfect accordance with my unexpressed wish; the only two persons present keeping their hands elevated in the air, and their feet in sight, and, moreover, removed too far from the table to touch it. This I have seen again and again, at home and abroad, and *this I call evidence*, far better evidence as to the fact than the *Athenæum's* vague and speculative opinions.

I visit a medium. The raps in answer to my mental questions are made on my hat, or on a book which I may have in my hand, at a distance of six feet from the medium, even sometimes before she has entered. *This I call evidence*, and the explanation of the *Zoist* that she "kicked it," the vague and speculative opinion of a writer whose credulity for the impossible is certainly of the easiest and most laughable kind.

A dispassionate man surely must see that such positive and practical evidence is necessarily of more value than all negative statements, springing as they invariably do from complete ignorance, and self-evidently betraying in the writer who expects them to carry any weight, that degree of weakness which lays *him* open to just suspicion.

But if these phenomena are facts, how is it, it may be asked, that persons who have accepted the challenge, "come and see," have gone away impressed with the fraudulent nature of the whole transaction?

It might be a sufficient answer to this question, to say that the vast majority of those who were sincerely desirous to arrive at the truth, arranged their experiments in such a way that a successful result could not be explained by any system of fraud; whilst a select few, in the short hour or two of their experience, so conducted their examination as to *leave* room for the element of deceit to enter in.

The secret, however, lies deeper. The nature of these phenomena is the cause of the great hostility to them. Those best acquainted with mesmerism, have seen how insufficient it is to afford any solid explanation; and to what absurd consequences cerebral action, applied in its totality, must necessarily lead. These aside, there does not seem to be left any probable theory but a spiritual agency, either in or out of the flesh, possessing intelligence, and capable of coming in contact with matter, without the ordinary mechanical aids of the body.

But this must not be. "What would become of materialism, if we admit these

intelligent raps adapting themselves to any possible contingency which may occur in the course of a long and intricate conversation?"

Nor do all who claim for themselves the right of speaking (alas! not too wisely) prefer any substantial title to that right. When we see an individual, after an acquaintance of at the most an hour or two with these confessedly puzzling phenomena, presuming to pass opinions directly at variance with the *knowledge* of those who have in truth investigated, and withal, defamatory of the character of others, we may well have our doubts of both head and heart.

All who love the truth must loudly protest against importing ignorant prejudice, and a total want of judgment as to the value of evidence, into a question which has excited such deep and wide-spread interest. It surely cannot aid even the miserable purpose of obstructives, to prove, if they can, this or that one to be a cheat. The broad fact remains, that thousands daily proclaim this, as an explanation, to be false, by exhibiting in their own families the self-same powers which these laggards so impudently and ignorantly deny.

In the most sensible manner, he advocates the true method of arriving at a rational judgment on the subjects of Mesmerism and "Spirit-rapping"—viz., practical experience. He would have every man satisfy himself as to the truth of alleged phenomena by trial of the conditions under which they are said to occur, and thus by investigation and experience qualify himself to pronounce an opinion. Conjectural statements are mere childishness:—

All the phenomena which take place here, be they of what nature they may, will be found amenable to certain laws set in operation by certain conditions. It is our business to establish these conditions and elucidate these laws. It is only when we have done this, that we can hope to make a stand against the mournful ignorance which loves to bring everything down to its own capacity, or that barbarous fanaticism which ever, in the history of religious beliefs, has sought to pervert the dawning knowledge of the laws of God into the monstrous idea of a devil's snare for the destruction of our souls.

Health and happiness restored here, immortality proved *there*, most foolish and ungrateful are all who turn their faces against evidence so miraculously bestowed.

With faith and hope and true Christian dependance, may we look to the growing knowledge of the wonderful mysteries of our nature, in the due time which Providence has appointed.

For the eventual elucidation and establishment of all facts, we may with confidence turn to the public. They, in the long run, teach their teachers. When the time shall have come that uneducated people, and even little children, speak of all these phenomena as of undoubted occurrence, in connection with their physical or mental organisation, the philosophers who to-day deride, must then, if still living, for very shame, turn their practised powers of investigation to develop the laws of these phenomena; if, unfortunately, dead, their names must bear the mark which posterity will affix. Retribution for wrong, both physical and moral, is the surest law of our being.

It is edifying to see the number of infallible "exposures" of spirit-rapping that have been made. One cannot but regret, however, that so much excellent ingenuity should have been thrown away, for the phenomena appear to be more ingenious still, and though ever "detected," "exposed," and "explained," are hydra-headed, reappear in more puzzling forms, and spread with unexampled rapidity!

Our author notes down a few of these marvellous "exposures," which betray a truly astonishing credulity on the part of their inventors:—

The first remarkable thing which strikes us, is, that each new detective at once makes war on the exposure of his less ingenious predecessor, and quite shames the poor fellow's stupidity for not being as sharp as "I." In the days of Mrs. Norman Culver, "long time ago," the toes had the *pas*; but getting old, tired, and stiff, the faculty shifted up to the knees. They performed duty for awhile, but wearing out in their turn, as flesh and bones must, an adroit "professor," the chief detective, substituted electro-magnetism. Hearing of this, and knowing that a battery cannot be carried about in a nutshell, professor No. 2 (a real professor of electro-magnetism) pitches professor No. 1 overboard, and explains the matter to the unanimous satisfaction of his confiding little circle at home, by leaden balls tied to the great toes, and elastic cords passing up the petticoats! By and by, scorning these intricate arrangements, in stumbles the simple English shoe, and after much noisy creaking at length limps back to the lonesome rack from whence it tottered, and is promptly succeeded by the latest Parisian novelty (snapping muscles), in its turn doomed to give way to something yet more contemptible and childish. Of this promising list may each make a selection, in accordance with the judgment which nature has or has not granted to him.

Through Mrs. Hayden's instructions the author was enabled to develop the phenomena of spirit intercourse by his own fireside, and he concludes by advising all to put the following instructions into practice, "and earn the right with him and others to laugh at the senseless incredulity of the day, the mingled result of pride, apathy, and fickle judgment. You may be laughed at in your turn, but the laugh of ignorance is a short, dull, empty sound:"—

INSTRUCTIONS TO FORM A CIRCLE.

Twelve is the best number, six males and six females, but a less number will do.

Sit quietly round a table, with your hands on it, for half an hour or longer, three times or oftener a week according to convenience. Having once selected the persons to form a circle, the punctual attendance of all on the day and hour is *highly* desirable.

Remain as passive as you possibly can; *i. e.*, do not ardently wish for any phenomena, or indulge in argument or dispute.

Darkness not only renders the circle more passive, but it also develops highly favourable conditions (magnetic).

Ascertain as soon as any phenomena exhibit themselves, through whom they are made, and let your wishes and willings be towards a further development through that person.

Introduce the use of the alphabet as soon as possible, with a view to the intelligent communications, as being the chief object of your investigation.

After intelligence has manifested itself through the rappings, strive to retain it, by giving up as much as possible mere physical movements.

When the intelligence is well established, *trust to it for the future disposition of your circle.*

Mesmerism often assists in establishing the right conditions in the medium.

Be serious and honest.

Perseverance.

A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND. By Thomas L. Harris. 256 pages, Four Shillings. New York. H. Baillière, 219, Regent Street.

IN our last number we introduced the reader to the first-published of the spirit-poems, and enough was then said to justify us in making some more detailed extracts from those truly marvellous productions. The time is not yet come for a complete analysis of them; for they

are so novel in aim and construction, and are enveloped in such a blaze of harmonious verse, enshrining new ideas, that we do not believe that any student on this side of the water has yet mastered them sufficiently to make a profitable critical judgment of their contents. Our task then will be the very humble one of selecting passages which shall give the reader a foretaste of their beauty, and perhaps a dim suggestion of a unity and harmony which stand within their apparent robes of splendour.

Whatever else might be thought of Mr. Harris, the medium of these poems, it might have been supposed that, to all unprejudiced lovers of song, he would have been regarded as, at least, an *improvisatore* of the rarest, and in this age, and among the Anglo-Saxon descendants, of the most unique order. For, granting that he were mistaken in affirming that his verse actually descends from the skies, and from certain lyrical heavens there, whose existence every true poet ought to desire most fervently, yet abating this pretension, here at least is an honest and gifted man, who pours forth, unpremeditated, floods of song, not approached in its kind, from a very deep well of genius, such as has not before been opened in the world's history. We say it might have been supposed that critic and sublunary poet would have looked a little at this phenomenon. Yet, in supposing this, we were mistaken; for the great world, all adrought as it is for want of such waters, will not approach the well. The critics treat it as a monstrosity, or else with silence; and the small poets can see nothing but a hollow dress left standing about a vanished ghost's locality, in these gorgeous robes which a "strong angel" wears: in fact, the spirit-poems are *their* scarecrows. The truth therefore dawns upon us, that even the celestial muses, when they come down here, have their own way to make before they can be anybody in this world's Red Book. We will endeavour then now so to introduce them that they shall speak for themselves.

Our first selection shall be the *prelude* to the poem; and we will ask the reader, when he has well read it, where, in the English language, any pipe of song was ever half so musical, so deep, so easy, or so perfect. It lies unobtrusively before us, like dewy flowers, grown, not made, and seen when the heart is deepest and the mind clearest, in the early morning, when walking and praying are commingled:—

Why is the red rose sweet?
 Say, canst thou tell?
 Say, how do glad hearts beat
 In earthy shell?
 No outward wisdom knows,
 No tongue can tell.
 No, no, no.
 Hearts with love that glow,
 Roses while they blow,
 Each in twilight dell,

Hid away
 From the day,
 Neither may
 Disclose the spell.
 Tell me, tell me where
 In the sky,
 Perfumes rich and rare
 Pass and fly?
 We alone, who hide
 Where the perfumes glide,

Where the Angels dwell,
 We alone can tell.
 Since thou canst not find
 How the rose-tree blows,
 Or what loves combined
 Form the living rose,
 Why, O why,
 Vainly try
 To espy
 How unfold
 Flowers of gold in poet's breast ;
 By what art are drest
 Angel thoughts in words of time,
 Angel songs in outward rhyme ?
 We the spell
 May not reveal,
 Lovers tell
 Not what they feel.
 Sweetest flowers in garland twine,
 Sweetest breath hath maiden thine;
 Thou dost not the crown disown,
 Though by thee no seeds were sown,
 Or the garland pluck apart,
 Since not thine the twiner's art.
 Bridal kiss is sweet to thee,
 Though the lips thou canst not see.
 Virgin not the less divine,
 Coming from an unknown clime.
 Little to the world is known,
 Wisest wisdom is forgot;
 Soul hath left its kingly throne,
 Taking up with beggar's lot.
 What is life and what is death,
 That so soon they pass away ?
 Sweetest lips of sweetest breath
 Why so soon vanish ? say.
 If the art that paints the flower
 Hidden be from mortal mind,
 If the sweetest nuptial bower
 In sweet Fancy's dream we find,
 Why disown
 The world unknown ?
 All the beauty-spots that are
 In the garden cowslip's star;
 All the beauteous tints that dye
 Crimson-wingéd butterfly,
 Have a meaning, couldst thou read—
 Have a sweetness, couldst thou heed.
 Nothing beauteous, but is part
 Of the Poem of the Heart.
 Bridal music thrills the leaves.
 Say, why not the Heavens above ?
 Else the Earth her children gives
 Joy unknown to heavenly love.
 Nature's bridal ecstasy
 Born of dust but seems to be;

Dust receives what spirit gives.
 Joys Experience never knows
 Dance upon the fields of Hope.
 Who would not see bridal rose
 In the angel-gardens ope ?
 Outward joys are phantoms all,
 Outward life a dream that fades,
 And the yew-tree shadows fall
 Over loveliest youths and maids.
 Who would not in Heaven behold
 Joy he vainly seeketh here ?
 Who would not have Heaven to hold
 Loves from Time that disappear ?
 "Whitest hands and sweetest lips,
 Rosiest fingers while they press,
 Vanish into deep eclipse,
 Life is turned to mournfulness.
 Fades the myrtle, falls the leaf,
 Life is long, but joy is brief,
 Age is weary, and we fall
 Into sorrow ere the pall.
 What is death, and what is pain ?
 What bereavement? what decay ?
 Why should snow succeed the rain ?
 Why December follow May ?"
 Mournfully the mourners say.
 "Funeral follows bridal train,
 Graves are made in violet dells,
 Bride-bed turns to couch of pain,
 Dirges toll the nuptial bells.
 Death is lord of stately halls,
 Fairest forms grace funerals.
 Why should we
 Glad lovers be,
 When so soon the winter snows
 Cover up the maiden rose ?
 Let us dance before the feet
 Weary with the summer heat.
 Haste, O haste to festal cheer,
 Who shall pass to-morrow here ?
 Festal queen to-morrow may
 Vanish, like our mirth, away.
 Where is now last summer's bride ?
 Shroud may tenderest bosom hide.
 Ah! we fade like marriage lights
 Setting from our golden heights ;
 Cold and drear our age must be,"
 Festive throngs chant wearily.
 "Who would not a lover be ?
 Love is long,
 Love is strong,
 Heaven is Love's eternity.
 Who would not love deathlessly ?
 Love is wise,
 Walks the skies,
 Beautiful immortally."

Thus the Angels sing for thee.
 Who would not press bridal lips?
 Heart survives the earth's eclipse,
 Heart must bloom
 Above the tomb.
 Who would not taste festive cheer?
 Joys of heart shall never pall.

Who would not wipe sorrow's tear?
 Tears change thus to roses all.
 Sing with us the Angel strain,
 Summer hath in Heaven its reign.
 Sing with us the Angel song,
 Real joys to Heaven belong.

Now let the reader mark well the sublime tenderness which noblest language couches in the following great moving sculptures of prophetic verse :—

“ I saw in Heaven a Victory-bringing Angel;
 A rod, whose flowers were souls, was in his hand;
 Concentric Sun-spheres, that the skies bespangle,
 Wreathed all their jewelled flames to form a band
 Of constellated light his brow upon.
 His smile of splendor formed a horizon,
 Slowly descending, till it clasped the Earth;
 Ten thousand, thousand Spirits issued forth
 From the great Angel's will. Their lives were blended
 For one vast end. These to the world descended.

“ Between the Earth and Mars
 The shining army suddenly stood still;
 Then every Spirit drew his mighty will
 To utmost tension, like a golden bow
 With thoughts for arrows, kindling as they go.
 That Host was all inspired with Love for man.
 So the great Battle of the Age began;
 For angel-thoughts, like stars
 That burn through midnight darkness unconfined,
 Flashed from the Spirit-archers on mankind.

“ Mind-thrilling splendors filled the continent
 Between the Atlantic and Pacific seas,
 And joy and terror, wildly, weirdly blent.
 Old Prophecy, awakening from his dream
 Of final morning, sudden cried aloud,
 ‘ I see the Dead World rising from its shroud !’
 Inspired Devotion, rising from her knees,
 Floated, a risen saint, the Heavens and Earth between.
 And Bigotry came forth; in the clear glass
 Reality, she saw, in vision, pass
 Her own accursed form before her sight,
 And died with dying Night.

“ An avalanche fell, thundering, to the plain,
 And melted into dew, and fed sweet flowers;
 ’Twas Old Religion's desecrated fane,
 Dissolved in love, transformed by Heavenly Powers,
 Ceasing to be a Prison and a tomb,
 And clothing Earth with universal bloom.

“ An herd of famished Wolves, that tore each other,
 Changed into men, each turning to his brother
 With new-found human voice, and all as one
 Spake such exceeding Love, in unison,
 That my deep Spirit melted at their speech,
 Whose rich tones fed me like an Autumn peach,
 With sunny charity. For ever, ever
 In holy oneness they rejoice together.

The Wolves were Nations, made, through angel-birth,
States in the glad Republic of the Earth !

“ A brood of spotted Adders stung the breast
Of a tranced Virgin, beautiful yet cold ;
Her snowy form was covered half with mould ;
But she awoke at some Divine behest,
And spake such words of breathing, brooding Love,
That all the Serpents came and licked her hands ;
Her touch transformed each Adder to a Dove.
And these flew circling in harmonious bands,
And then caressed each other on the boughs,
With voices musical as lover's vows.
Then rising from the Earth, the Virgin shook
Off the dull dust, and one sweet, smiling look
She cast upon it, and it bloomed and spread
A world of flowers, fair as the sky o'erhead.
These emerald fields and gardens of the sun
The Virgin, FAITH, swift peopled ; snowy swans
Sailed down from far celestial horizons,
And thronged the silver pools, and these she fed
With music and delight. ‘ These doves,’ she said,
‘ While Faith lay sleeping, each became a snake ;
It needeth but that Faith should once awake,
And all Sectarian Hates transform to Loves,
While Angels dwell with Saints, as swans with doves.’ ”

Let us now introduce the reader to life in Hesper, where some very desirable ideals appear to be extant :—

“ 'Tis thus in Hesper ; there sweet souls abide
Whose lives in one perpetual rapture glide.
‘ Trance-Spirits ’ they are called ; they appertain
To the interior sense of sight ; they reign
Perpetual in mild, noontide light ; not theirs
To dwell in hope or memory ; nor cares
Disturb them for the past,
Or morrow there ; they ask
Not what shall be ; ‘ Enough,’ they say,
‘ To press the lips of God, and feed for aye
On constant influx streaming from His breast.’
These Spirits are the wisest and the best
Of Hesper's many tribes, and they reside
Within a land of beauty glorified,
Whose airy particles sublimed away,
Seem almost essences and hues of day ;
And they are lovers more than all ; their speech
Is love, and all the wisdom that they teach
Is loving ; their bright forms are gold and red ;
In the first morning of their age they wed.
They name their children from the names of stars,
According to their genius ; naught debars
The freedom of their thought ; their heavenly eyes
Read the interior of all mysteries.
And they are calm as morning, pure as light,
As bride-love sweet, and joyful as delight.
They call their Earth-land ‘ Twilight,’ for they say
‘ Life dawns in twilight and unfolds bright day.’
When they appear, like apple-blooms in May,

They fill the air; and when they pass away
 An odour lingers, and a light that burns
 Like frankincense; there are no burial urns
 Among them; when they rise to Heaven, their souls
 All visibly ascend; such life controls
 Their nature, that their dust exhales, sublimes,
 Potential grows, and brilliantly refines,
 Till they, like Angels in electric robe,
 Thread the aerial regions of their globe;
 And when their work below is ended, pass
 To Heaven unchanged, like light through clearest glass.
 To die they have no name for, but they say
 'Translation' and the 'Second Bridal Day.'
 Death they call 'Youth,' and 'Hymen,' and the 'Lord.'
 The universal Heaven they call 'God's Word.'
 Their Eden they call 'Bride-land;' children they
 Call 'Heaven-blooms;' they grow tuneful when they pray,
 And chant sweet hymns that thrill celestial airs.
 Love they call 'Beauty;' song, 'Heart-wingéd prayers.'
 For they are Poems, as it were; some grand,
 August, magnificent; by such their land
 Is governed; for all thoughts being seen as things
 Substantial, those they own as Lords and Kings
 Whose thoughts are grandest; and their thoughts arise
 Like temples, crimson through the lovely skies
 That span their habitation. Dearer far
 To me their gentler Infant Angels are;
 These are all lyrical, and when they sing,
 Their words, like flowers, fill all their world with Spring."

For this time our space is exhausted, yet we cannot resist the pleading
 of the following unrivalled

SONG OF THE CONJUGIAL ANGELS.

The Angels of Conjugal Love
 Are beautiful alway;
 They dwell on mountain heights above—
 Companions of the Day.
 And all their thoughts are rosy bright,
 And all their dreams are sweet;
 Their pulses with an infinite
 Delight in music beat.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
 Their hearts for ever thrill
 With sweetest joy, and where they move,
 The air the sweet strains fill;
 The gladdest joys that crown the Spring,
 When flowers begin to blow,
 And forest warblers mate and sing,
 From out the Eden flow.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
 Without them Earth were dead;
 For life below from Heaven above
 Is like an infant fed.

The airs that thrill the woodland shades
 (The breath of Summer's heart),
 Intense interior life pervades
 From their Conjugal Art.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
 Creative life adorns
 That glorious Eden where they rove,
 With endless brightening morns;
 For in the morning of their age,
 In wedded bliss divine,
 More pure than Saint, more wise than
 Sage,
 For evermore they shine.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
 In God's own Heart they dwell;
 In murmurs like the heavenly dove
 Their endless joy they tell.
 Of all the flowers that shed their sweets
 And thrill the heavenly airs,
 The loveliest deck their veiled retreats,
 The thornless rose is theirs.

For this month we here close our extracts from the *Lyric of the Morning Land*, intending to continue them anon. It is most evident

that a fountain is here opened which is of import to the nations of the world, and through speech, and its highest form, poetry, revelation and revolution, hand in hand, are about to walk the earth. A crowd of hopes press upon us, as that grand and long-desired pair of visitants show us once more their celestial faces. And prosaic thought itself walks forth with a new step of dignity, after regarding the lineaments of these sweet and terrible choral angels. But we reserve our remarks for the conclusion, when we shall have placed before the reader a more complete gallery of the poetries of the spirit.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

THE character of those giving testimony for the *marvels* of spiritualism has been so often called in question, that we feel *impressed* to introduce the author of the following narrative of facts. We have known him for some years, as a quiet investigator of the "*facts and fanaticisms*" of the spiritual manifestations, and occasionally have met with him in circles in Boston.

He enjoys the double character of man and writer, and is known in the former as B. P. Shellaber, Esq., and in the latter as *Mrs. Partington*; in either of which he is genial, having as quick an eye for the *actual*, although surrounded by the *marvellous*, as for the *ludicrous* in life, over which he so often throws the sunlight of a compassionate and humorous nature. We hope this statement will *prevent* the reader from so closely identifying Mr. Shellaber with the interests of spiritualism, as to make his testimony of none effect, for he is *not*, that we are aware of, in any way associated with spiritualists, beyond the *relation* of *observer* and *truthholder*. The following was written by him, and published in the *Boston Post* of the 18th of January; the facts of which were developed in the house "of one of our most respectable merchants at the west end of the city" of Boston. He says:—

"Among the parties was one who was confessedly a disbeliever in all matters supermundane, and he was requested to examine the table, in order to convince himself that there was no machinery about it. The idea of trickery could not for a moment be entertained, but yet the table was turned bottom up by the medium, and it was seen that there were no springs or wires there which could be pressed in to produce effects. The medium was a young man of seventeen, with an honest, pleasant face, and a physical force that scarcely warranted the belief that he could perform the superhuman things said to be done through his agency.

"The table about which the party seated themselves was between three and four feet in diameter, without castors, and weighing, perhaps, fifty pounds. The first act that was performed was the watch experiment, described by 'W.' A gold watch was hung by the chain upon the medium's right hand, his hand clenched, and tied close with a handkerchief. This hand was placed beneath the table, the left hand upon the table. The lights were burning in the room. A request was made that the watch might be opened. Immediately it was heard to swing violently, and the peculiar sounds of opening a watch were heard. The request was made that the watch should be closed on counting three, in order to show that

there was an intelligence in the experiment. This was done several times, when, at a signal rap upon the table, the hand was withdrawn, the watch found open, and the cap found thrust tightly between the handkerchief and the medium's hand. The watch was again hung beneath the table without being tied, when it was wrenched from the medium's hand, and placed in that of the friend alluded to in the outset, for whose especial conviction the *od* spirits seemed disposed to work. He was much startled at the act. The watch was afterwards set at a given hour by the invisibles, and the crystal taken out and placed in the medium's hand.

"A large card was then taken, about ten by six inches square, upon which was laid a sheet of paper and a pencil, held by the medium by one end beneath the table, the end by which it was held being marked in order to show that its position did not change, when it was apparently seized by some power beneath the table, with an evident intention of taking it out of his hands. The motion of the card was seen by one who sat opposite, and it touched several of the party. The pencil was *heard* to write, and taking up the card, a 'Good evening to all the friends' was found written upon the paper, to have written which the medium must have held the card and written with the same hand, with an entire reversion of the order of writing, for it was to him upside down. This was repeated several times.

"The room was then darkened, even to the shutting out of the firelight—a course which is unsatisfactory to those who are sceptical. But all the trust that was required in a case like the present, was merely that in the darkness none of the circle changed their places to perform the wonders experienced; and probabilities were against this, for it was preposterous to suppose that any one, unless endowed with catlike vision, could traverse that crowded chamber, and pass among those assembled there in the dark, without jostling against or overthrowing some one of them, and the performances evinced a clear perception of everything.

"The party then assembled about the table, when, after a few moments' conversation with the invisibles, one said to his neighbour, "Did you touch me?"—a question that several about the board asked. A hand, delicate, soft, and warm, apparently a child's, was placed upon the back of the writer's hand, and allowed to remain there several seconds, drumming gently all the while. No hand of the circle corresponded to it, in form or character. Of this he was positive. The touch was several times repeated. All at the table felt the touch of hands. One of the party, who wore a wig, had a grasp made at that article, and came nigh being scalped. One gentleman, whose hand was resting upon the medium's, was taken by the wrist, and his hand thrown aside. Several were violently seized. The writer hereof had a grasp, like a vice, upon his knee, and came nigh being drawn from his chair by a sturdy pull at his foot. There was an unmistakable feel of fingers about it all—a spiritual palpability never dreamt of in ghostology, where form without substance was the most that was ever claimed. These performances became to a degree terrifying; and one nervous individual left the room, afraid that spiritual eyes were looking into his, and that spiritual fingers were picking at his toes.

"The room was dark as Erebus, but yet the *od* fellows knew just where to grab. There was no mistake made—no pawing about in the absence of light; but they took hold as if they saw what they were about. Pillows, besides, were thrown with unerring precision, without injury to the gas-shades, or any of the pictures or ornaments, of which many were in the

room. The top of one of the bedposts was then taken off, struck violently upon the table, and thrown around in a manner to gently touch all the party. Our infidel friend seized it, and secreted it beneath the table, where, as he afterward said, it was clutched at by the invisible fingers several times. The medium then, in a hoarse, unnatural voice, asked the question, 'How long do you expect to try before you can catch that hand?' Our friend confessed to having tried to catch the hand, but it constantly eluded him. There was an evidence in it that, whatever the power was, it could see in the dark.

"The last experiment was that of overcoming the law of gravitation. The party formed a circle, the writer hereof, and the individual alluded to in the above paragraph, holding each a hand of the medium, when he was lifted up as far as the arms of those holding him could reach, lifting their arms with him, seemingly as buoyant as the air on which he floated. He lay upon the air horizontally, and his feet touched the heads of those composing the circle. The experiment was several times repeated, others of the party taking him by the hands, with the same result, and even our infidel friend, whose belief in miracles was not, as may be supposed, very acute, confessed it possible, *after seeing a man rest upon the air, that one might also walk upon the water.*"—*Christian Spiritualist.*

CLAIRVOYANCE

(*Letter from a Lady.*)

MR. EDITOR.—I was talking with a young woman, a short time since about her mother, who died a year or two ago. Her mother was a poor and greatly afflicted but very worthy woman. Her daughter described her in respectful and affectionate terms, and after telling me many particulars about her, added, "But she was very curious in some things."

I asked her what she meant; to which she replied that her mother always knew of illness and of death in the family without being told.

She mentioned several instances, saying that she seldom spoke of these things, for that nobody believed them, and that she was always laughed at and called superstitious, but she knew they were true, and no one could ever make her believe otherwise. One anecdote she told me was so remarkable that I think you may consider it worth inserting in the "Spiritual Herald."

This good woman had a brother who perished in the "Avenger," which was wrecked in the Mediterranean, I think in December, 1847. On the night of the calamity his sister saw him standing before her dressed in his regimentals—he was a sergeant in the Marines. So confident was she of this, that she told those about her they would certainly hear that something had happened to him.

Another sister living ten miles distant, also saw him on that same night. She said that he drew aside the bed curtains to look at her, and that he walked in a crouching posture twice around her bed. She awoke her husband, who, however, did not see him, for he vanished at the foot of the bed. He was also seen on the same night by his mother, who lived some miles distant from both her daughters. *She* saw him battling with the waves. In the morning she told every one that her son George was drowned, for she had seen him perish.

I will only add, that my informant is a truthful and sober-minded person, free from all silly fancies, and that she has heard these statements from all three of her relatives many times. The poor man left a widow and two children, and the young woman added with surprise, "But they did not see him."

LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM AT DEPTFORD.

ON the 27th ult. extraordinary attention, interest and excitement were created at the DEPTFORD LITERARY INSTITUTION by the delivery of a Lecture on Apparitions, by Mr. NEWTON CROSLAND, in which the lecturer undertook to propound an entirely new theory to account for spectral appearances. The following is the syllabus:—

Curious instances of spectral appearances—Modern Spirit-rapping—The Cock Lane Ghost—Description of the Miracles at Ealing—Personal experiences—Illusions and Delusions—Ideas of the Ancients respecting Spirits—Good and bad Spirits, and how to identify one from the other—Exorcism—Iamblicus, St. Dunstan, Jerome Carden, Bunyan, Richard Baxter, John Wesley, Sir David Brewster, and Professor Faraday—Christian view of the subject—Scriptural references to Spirits—Warnings and Explanations—A new theory of Apparitions.

The following were the main points illustrated and enforced by the lecturer.

1. That modern spirit-manifestations are repetitions of the same verities (with some special features and additions) which have characterised all ages of the world.

2. That spirit-rapping and spirit-messages can be clearly and decisively traced to the agency of angels and disembodied spirits—

Firstly—By the fact that the spirits at their occupations are actually seen by the seeing mediums; and

Secondly—That no investigator of the subject can doubt that he is placed in communication with distinct, independent intelligences.

3. That these manifestations are, when devoutly conducted, strictly in accordance with Scripture, and that they are a vindication of the literal truth of the Bible narratives.

4. That the good spirit-messages bear witness to the divine mission of Christ, and the necessity of addressing him in earnest prayer as the Saviour of man.

5. That whether we know it or not, all men are more or less surrounded by spirits good or bad, influencing or determining our motives and actions.

6. That the lecturer was himself converted to Gospel Christianity by these manifestations, he having been previously a kind of eclectic sceptic in religious matters.

7. That the definition of a medium is, one who is endowed with such a superabundance of spiritual development, that the excess can be used by spirits to manifest their intelligence and power to the mediums themselves, or to other persons in communication with mediums.

8. That mediumship is not necessarily associated with disease.

9. That in this discussion the philosophers who ignore and refuse the evidence of the senses of so many competent witnesses are the only deluded persons.

The great puzzle in the minds of all speculators on the subject of apparitions is, to account satisfactorily for the phantom appearance of *garments* as well as *persons*. The scoffer at apparitions at once silences the believer in them by exclaiming, "I have no objection to the ghost of your grandmother, but don't talk to me of the ghost of her night-cap or apron!" Mr. Newton Crosland meets this difficulty with a photographic theory which would be very beautiful in verse, and would be regarded as legitimate poetry, but is not yet entitled to come within the arena of spiritual facts. He supposes persons, dresses, and every significant action of our lives on earth to be photographed in the spiritual world, and reproducible to the vision of media, as facts are photographed by memory and reproduced by the imagination. We could not do justice to this idea of the lecturer in the small space we have at our disposal; we are, therefore, in duty to Mr. Crosland, obliged reluctantly to give it only a passing notice, as also to omit some beautiful observations respecting prayer with which he concluded his discourse.

The lecture was followed by a very animated discussion, in which several speakers delivered their opinions upon the interesting subjects of the evening's investigation, in a manner which did great honour to their various powers of reasoning, imagination, and oratorical and colloquial expression. The discussion was adjourned till the next evening.

HOURS WITH THE SPIRITS.

THE following experiences are recorded by the Rev. F. B. Barrett, of Brooklyn, New York, one of the best-known Swedenborgian ministers in America. After some prefatory remarks, he says:—

Being, then, quite ignorant of the whole matter when I went to Buffalo—so far, at least, as relates to knowledge derived from personal observation and having a desire to witness some of the more striking “manifestations,” I accompanied my excellent friend, Dr. Scott, whose generous hospitality I had the happiness to enjoy while in the city, to “Davenport’s Spirit Hall,” as the room is called, where the spirits give their daily and nightly entertainments. We went at ten o’clock, A.M. When we arrived, there were eight or ten other persons in the hall, all strangers to me, and most of them apparently strangers to each other. They had come on the same errand as myself—to see whether the spirits could do the strange things reported of them. The hall was a plain room in the fourth story of a building on Main-street, I think about 27 by 35 feet in size. The only furniture in it was a common stove, two very plain tables, a few chairs, and plain wooden benches for seats, against the walls. At one end of the hall were two windows opening into the street, and at the other end a door opening into a hall through which we entered. There was no other door in the room, no closet, no trap-door, no hiding-place of any sort. I examined every part of the room with great minuteness; and nothing was easier than to see, that whatever might be done in that room, must be done without any natural machinery.

Soon after our arrival, all persons present, consisting of some ten or twelve, were requested to be seated around the large table. When seated, the door was shut, and the inner blinds to the windows also nearly closed, yet admitting light enough to enable one to see and recognize any person at the table, or in the hall. On the floor, beneath the table, were placed a small table-bell, a guitar, a

large tin trumpet, an accordion, and a violin. Any one could look under the table, as I did repeatedly, and see, as we all sat around it, that there was nothing else there but the above-named instruments, and men’s feet *with boots on*. The mediums were two boys, one about twelve, and the other about fourteen years of age. As soon as we were all seated around the table, every man having *both his hands on the table*—a circumstance which I was particular to notice—there commenced a rattling of the instruments under the table. Immediately I heard the guitar, as if played by the *fingers* of some one, though the hands of every one in the room could then be seen resting upon the table. When this had continued for a few minutes, then the accordion was played with equal decision and distinctness. Then the table-bell was rung, just as well as any person could have rung it with his hand, showing that it must have been *lifted by its handle clear from the floor*. Then the guitar, accordion, and violin, were successively thrust up from beneath the table, between different individuals, and finally thrown upon the table, yet in a manner showing that it was accomplished not without some difficulty. And while all this was going on, I was careful to observe that both the hands of every person in the room remained unmoved upon the table, as at the first. If any one looked under the table while the spirit was performing, the performances would stop at once, as if the spirit was afraid to have one see *how* he rung the bell, or played the guitar.

These performances being ended, the visitors were requested to take seats upon the benches against the walls of the room. The instruments above named were then placed upon the table in the centre of the room, and the window-shutters closed so tight as to exclude every ray of light, and then commenced some new and more astounding manifestations. The guitar was taken from the table, and carried around the room some fifty or a hundred times, with most astonishing velocity, apparently some two or three feet above everybody’s head, and very near to the walls, yet without ever touching the walls or the stove-pipe. All this time the instrument

was played upon, thus clearly indicating to the sense of hearing, the rapidity of its movement. Sometimes its motion would seem to be more rapid than that of any bird—so rapid, indeed, as to produce a humming noise by its movement through the air, and to cause a sensible agitation of the atmosphere, when it came apparently within two or three feet of my face. And notwithstanding this astonishing rapidity of motion, and the utter darkness of the room, I observed that the instrument never struck the wall nor stove-pipe, nor any person in the room, unless requested to do so; but repeatedly, *at my request*, it would descend in its flight and touch me on my arm or shoulder, apparently checking for that purpose its rapid movement. At the close of this performance, I heard the guitar laid quite heavily upon the table, as if it had been let fall six or eight inches. Then commenced a performance which seemed still more marvellous. The spirit took the trumpet from the table in the centre of the room, and began *talking* through it in a perfectly distinct and audible voice. (I say the *spirit* did this, because I can imagine no other possible way of accounting for it.) From the tenor of his conversation, one would infer that he was a low, *clownish* spirit, but jocosely, frolicsome, and often witty. The voice was peculiar, and husky, something as if the speaker spoke with some difficulty. Several persons afterwards spoke through the same trumpet, but no one could imitate the peculiar voice of the spirit.

The trumpet would be carried from one side of the room to the other, almost in the twinkling of an eye. You would hear the spirit speaking audibly through it, and carrying on a conversation in the most remote corner of the room; and in an instant the voice coming through the trumpet, would seem to be not two feet from you, and by reaching out your hand you could touch the trumpet, as I did repeatedly. Thrice, at my request, the spirit held the trumpet within reach of me, and allowed me to thrust my hand inside of it; and once, holding something in my hand which the spirit requested me to put in the trumpet, I quietly rose from my sitting posture, and reached as high as I was able; and instantly the mouth of the trumpet touched the fingers of the

hands thus elevated, in which was held the article to be deposited; thus demonstrating that the being who held and guided the trumpet could see my hand, very distinctly, although the room was at the time so dark, that ordinary eyes could not discern a white handkerchief six inches distant from the face.

Although I made several attempts to engage him in serious conversation, I nearly failed every time. He seemed more disposed to fun and frolic than anything else. On one occasion the following colloquy took place:—

“Where are you?”

“I am here, now.”

“Well, what do you do where you are?”

“Oh, I blow trumpets, carry about fiddles, thrum guitars, and the like.”—(These were among the things he had just been doing.)

“Well, this seems not to be a very useful employment. Haven't you something to do more useful than this?” said I.

“I think it is quite as useful as it is for you to come and sit here to witness it,” was the prompt reply.

“There you have the advantage of me,” said I; “for I think it is just about as useful.”

At another time, I asked—

“When did you die?”

“Die?” said he, “I didn't die.”

“Well, something died. What was there of you that died?”

“Nothing at all. Nothing died. I only threw off my old great-coat.”

“Have you a body now?”

“Yes.”

“What kind of a body is it? Is it like the body I have?”

“It's one made of the genuine stuff.”

At another time the spirit was requested to whistle through the trumpet. Whereupon he set up a whistle, which, for loudness and shrillness, would compare favourably with the steam whistle of an engine. Then some one requested him to sing. He replied, “I don't know how to sing.”

“No matter if you don't. Just sing us any little ditty. We won't be particular about the merit of the performance. Perhaps you can sing ‘Pop goes the weasel?’”

"I'll upset the table, and then pop goes these manifestations, for to-day," was the quick response.

And thereupon the table was instantly turned bottom up, and the trumpet thrown across the room; and thus ended the performances at that sitting.

On one occasion, Johnny (for this was the name by which the spirit was known) seemed to take especial delight in teasing, pinching, striking, and otherwise annoying a somewhat verdant-looking gentleman, who seemed not a little frightened at the "manifestations." Addressing this gentleman through the trumpet, Johnny said:—

"I'm going to take *you* right up to the ceiling."

"Oh! don't, don't," says our timid friend in a very beseeching tone.

"Yes, I will," replies Johnny; "I'll take you right up now, and hold you there. You never shall come down as long as you live. You shall for ever remain stuck fast to the ceiling."

"Oh! don't you, Johnny," says the verdant visitor, still more beseeching than before. "If you do, I'll never come to see you again."

"Did you come to *see* me?"

"Yes."

"Well, you got suck'd in then, for you don't see me."

And soon after Johnny threw quite a dash of water upon our timid friend, although there were no signs of water in the room, and not a dipper, mug, or pail of any sort to be found. But on admitting the light, there was the water plain enough to be seen and touched, both on our friend's coat-sleeve and collar, and on the floor where he had been sitting.

Such were some of the phenomena which I witnessed, or *seemed* to witness, in that "Spirit Hall," for two or three days in succession. Did these things really occur as outward, objective realities? or were they mere appearances, produced by some peculiar psychical condition, which had been induced upon me without my knowledge? Were they facts, or fantasies? Was I *biologized*, and thus made to hear sounds which were never produced, and to feel the touch of a trumpet, when no trumpet was there, and to witness other strange things, which, after all, were mere fantasies, having no existence as objective reali-

ties? All I could be sure of was, that these things *seemed* to occur, precisely as here related. Nor did I think myself in any unusual mental or bodily condition. —I was in no way conscious of anything like what is called a mesmeric or biological influence upon me. Still, I might have been biologized. I resolved, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, and at the same time to test the soundness of your theory. I determined to procure something which might be broken by the spirit, thinking that I would then gather up the pieces, take them home with me, and see if the thing would *remain broken*. Accordingly I went the next day to an apothecary's shop and procured a six-ounce glass vial, made of such thick, strong glass, and of such shape, that I could tread upon it pretty heavily without breaking it. Neither the proprietor of the hall nor his mediums knew anything of my purpose. I proceeded to the hall with this vial in pocket, and as soon as the doors and windows were closed, a voice came through the trumpet, which was audible to every one present, saying:—

"I want to give that New York man a test."

"That is precisely what I have come for," said I. "And I wish to have my test in my own way."

"Very well," said the proprietor of the hall, "you can do as you please about that."

"Thank you, Mr. Davenport," I replied. "You say that it is only necessary that these two boys (the mediums) should be in the room, in order that Johnny may go through with his performances."

"Precisely so."

"Then I would thank you all to leave the room as soon as I shall have arranged everything to my liking."

I thereupon ordered the table (top four or five feet in diameter) to be placed in the centre of the room, and the two boys to be seated on opposite sides of it. I then placed my glass vial in a chair in the most distant corner of the room, and took my seat by the table, leaving one boy on my right hand, and the other on my left. I then requested each boy to put both his hands together, so that I could with one of mine grasp both of his. In this way being sure that

both hands of each boy were within my grasp, I should know that whatever might be done, could not be done by their hands. While these arrangements were going on, the door of the hall was wide open, and light enough was admitted to see distinctly every part of the room. When everything was ready, and the boys' hands were firmly grasped by mine—the large tin trumpet lying on the centre of the table before me—I requested every other person to leave the room, and saw that they all passed out through the door, which was closed after them, leaving me and the mediums alone, and in perfect darkness. The instant the door closed, the trumpet (judging from the sound) was taken up from the table and placed within a few inches of my face, and these words spoken through it with perfect distinctness, but with the same peculiar husky voice as on former occasions.

"Can't break the bottle where it is. Have not influence enough." And thereupon the table began to be lifted, notwithstanding my arms and those of both the boys rested upon it. I then asked, "Johnny, can you lift the table with me on it?"

"Yes," rang through the trumpet.

Accordingly I jumped upon the table, and after grasping both hands of the boys again in mine, the table, with me upon it, was lifted several inches from the floor, swung gently in the air, and then let fall, giving me a considerable of a jolt. I then got off, seated myself again in my chair, grasped both hands of each boy, and suddenly I was lifted *in my chair* several inches from the floor, and drawn away from the table, precisely as if some person had been behind my chair, and done this with his hands. Having my hat on, I next requested the spirit to take it off, and immediately the trumpet was taken from the table, passed slowly across my left arm, round to my back, thence up to the brim of my hat, giving me to perceive its movements very distinctly by the sense of touch, and with this my hat was knocked off, both trumpet and hat falling upon the floor, I should judge some three or four feet distant from me and the nearest boy. I then heard the trumpet rattle upon the floor as if a child had been playing with it; at length heard it rattle in the paper lining of my hat, and the

next moment both trumpet and hat were thrown over my head, and fell at the other end of the hall, some fifteen feet from the place where I sat. I immediately called to those without to open the door. They did so, and there lay hat and trumpet at the farther end of the room, where I had heard them fall—no person in the room but myself and the boys—and I, during the whole of this performance, holding both hands of each medium firmly grasped in mine.

I next placed the glass vial on the table, and again requested all but the mediums to leave the room—holding the boys' hands in mine the same as before. When all had retired, and the doors were closed, I requested the spirit to break the bottle if he could. He said he would try, and directly there came down upon the table a tremendous *rap*, as if some heavy man, standing upon it, had stamped with the heel of his boot. But the bottle was not broken. Again the heavy blow was heard, and the bottle fell upon the floor, but without being broken. One of the boys picked it up and placed it again upon the table, and as soon as his hands were fairly in mine, the heavy rap or blow was heard again; and these blows were repeated, I should think, some ten or twelve times, every time jarring the whole room, they were so loud and heavy, and the vial meantime falling upon the floor three or four times. But of this I am certain, that every time a heavy rap came, the mediums were sitting quite still, and both their hands firmly grasped by mine. At last came another jarring rap upon the table, and I heard the sound of broken glass; and instantly—I still holding fast the hands of the mediums—the trumpet was taken up and presented apparently very near my face, and these words distinctly pronounced through it: "I fixed the old thing at last."

The door was then opened, and there was my glass vial broken into more than fifty pieces, upon the opposite side of the table from where I sat—none else in the room at the time but myself and those two little boys, and both their hands being every moment grasped by mine, save when one of them was picking up the vial from the floor. I gathered up the pieces of that vial in a newspaper, took them to my lodging-room, and finally brought them with me to Brooklyn,

and they are *pieces* still; and you can see them, Mr. Editor, any time that you will call at my house. So then, if I was *biologised* when Johnny broke, or *seemed* to break, that glass vial, then I am still in the same abnormal condition. And not only so, but everybody else is *biologised* whenever he comes in sight of these pieces of glass, for the vial appears *broken* to all others just as it does to me.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't this experiment shake your theory a little? If not, say what kind of a demonstration would show its fallacy. I confess that I should have been glad to have had your theory proved true; but after what I have witnessed, I give it up, and am forced to admit that spirits can and do, under certain circumstances, operate *directly upon dead matter*, so as to lift tables, chairs, trumpets, guitars, and the like.

The question has been repeatedly put to me, "Why could not Johnny do the strange things related in open daylight?" I can't answer that question. The spirit himself says, that the rays of light from

the sun *melt away* his hand as fast as he forms one, and so prevents him from handling material things in the light. But spirits are not to be believed in anything they say. Therefore it is safest to disbelieve this. Quite as probable a reason may be, because Johnny is a spirit that loves darkness rather than light.

Yours truly, B. F. BARRETT.

(*New Church Herald*, Dec. 29, 1855.)

[We scarcely approve of dark circles, though we can easily admit of exceptional cases in which darkness is necessary for luminous as well as other manifestations. The *Christian Spiritualist* has always objected to them, and other spiritual papers are now somewhat suspicious; for the Davenport boys have lately been discovered playing tricks which have been detected and exposed by the spiritualists themselves. In other words, they have helped the spirits instead of remaining passive. Such foibles we shall always willingly expose, for we work both with the light and shade of spiritualism.]

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALFRED ROFFE.—We are much obliged to our correspondent for his "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," but as it is an article of general application, and not particularly bearing on spiritualism, we must give the preference to other matter.

INVESTIGATOR.—We do not pretend to explain why spirits work so much under the table. We must take the phenomena as they present themselves; and those who will not have them, except as they choose to have them, must just let them alone. Even under the table you cannot have them as you would. Perhaps our correspondent would like a magic lantern, or an oxy-hydrogen microscope exhibited in the light also. But the exhibitors always darken the room, and the simple public submit. We suspect there is some trick in those exhibitions of invisible creatures a yard long and a foot thick, in a drop of water! We must know more of the facts before we come to the explanations. We doubt the explanations more than the facts. What is curious is, that mediums lose their power. We understand that Home, the young medium, who performed so

many wonders here last year, has had his mediumship taken from him. One lady had hers taken from her for seven months, for a fault that she committed.

L. R.—Mediumship, we suspect, has not been extensively developed in England, and there are no good public rapping mediums that we know of. There is a widow of the name of Mrs. Marshall, in No. 2, Alfred-street, Grange-road, who has the rappings at times very clearly, but they will not use the alphabet. Those who go there, however, on Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday, must be content to pay the poor woman somewhat out of their abundance, as she has but little of her own.

J. M. C.'s interesting article we reserve.

VERITAS.—We cannot tell what sort of answer will be received to an inquiry. Much depends on the power of the medium. It may be satisfactory or not: most likely not. There are more pebbles than diamonds in the world.

The conclusion of the article "Light and Shade of Spiritualism" will appear in the next number.

Printed for the Proprietor, by B. D. COUSINS, Helmet Court, 383, Strand, London.