

THE SPIRITUAL HERALD;

A

RECORD OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

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VOL. I.

SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED.

Whilst the unlearned were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where truth keeps her *little court*, were the learned in their way, as busy in pumping her up, through the conduits of dialectic induction; *they concerned themselves not with facts; they reasoned.*

"'Tis above reason," cried the doctors on one side;

"'Tis below reason," cried the others;

"'Tis faith," cried one;

"'Tis a fiddlestick," said the other;

"'Tis possible," cried one;

"'Tis impossible," said the others.—STERNE.

IN reviewing the opposition which the development of spiritual manifestations is meeting with from the most opposite quarters, we can afford to admit a large proportion of the allegations made, these being inadequate to affect the convictions we have formed. Discarding preconceived opinions*

* "There is nothing," says Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," "more ordinary than children receiving into their minds propositions, especially about matters of religion, from their parents, nurses, or those about them; which being insinuated into their unwary as well as unbiassed understandings, and fastened by degrees, are at last equally, whether true or false, riveted there by long custom and education, beyond all possibility of being pulled out again. For men, when they are grown up, reflecting upon their opinions, and finding those of this sort to be as ancient in their minds as their very memories, not having observed their early insinuation, nor by what means they got them, they are apt to reverence them as sacred things, and not to suffer them to be profaned, touched, or questioned. They look on them as the *Urim* and *Thummim* set up in their minds by God himself, to be the great and unerring deciders of truth and falsehood, and the judges to which they are to appeal in all manner of controversies."

H

as the sole criteria of truth and error, and taking our stand at the farthest possible distance from that absurd sophism of Hume's, written upon the banners of our opponents, that no amount of testimony can suffice to establish an alleged fact at variance with common experience, we are unwilling to reject as utterly valueless the evidence even of those with whose final conclusions we differ. They may have detected fraud in some cases, involuntary cerebral action in others, and plenty of satanic agency in others; yet what are these, at best, but obstacles to the investigation of the ultimate truth, which they partially conceal, as it lies beyond them and above them all? It is strange that we should be obliged to point out that fraud and error in one case do not prove fraud or error in every case; that unconscious cerebral action does not disprove spiritual influence any more than the mode of operation disproves the motive power; and that satanic agency in nine cases does not disprove angelic ministration in the tenth, or warrant the hasty conclusion that all is not controlled for wise purposes by the permissive providence of God. Having no wishes, no foregone conclusions to establish, we do not seize the first opportunity to confirm them; while our convictions are neither formed in an hour, nor based on a solitary fact. Convinced as we are, that all the theories of our opponents are inadequate to explain our facts, we are ready to admit both theories and evidence as not impugning, but only falling short of ours. We confide in the impregnability of our position, not so much by reason of the strength of its defences, as its unapproachable distance from the weapons of its assailants—weapons which only reach, theories which only define the shadows which our battlements throw. Always willing to learn from the endless resources which a bountiful Providence may supply, and starting with that great precept in our minds, which perchance eternity may fail to exhaust, that "what we know is as nothing in respect to what we do not know," we are not deterred by the obstacles and difficulties in our path, nor sufficiently prejudiced in favour of the old to *confine* the charge of satanic agency to everything that is new. What if the imperfections of the latter are attributable to its mixture with the former? What if the dangers and difficulties presented by the one, are but the exponents of our own low state in the other, and no more inherent in the truth itself than the obstacles to the pilgrim's progress are part of the celestial mountains and

the promised peace? Nay, is there not *a priori* reason to expect them?

Spiritualism, Protean in its nature, assumes a different form with different minds: it is all things to all men. Its benefits are according to the spirit in which it is received, the motive with which it is sought. Like other blessings, its highest forms come unsought. In fact, to seek the manifestations at random is not unlike the lady taking the initiative in love; to force them, is like the lady making the proposal. The attempt is dangerous, and the result pernicious; but, as with love, so neither is spiritualism to be condemned. Will our opponents reflect on the analogy, instead of scowling, obstructives as they are, on the phantoms of their own creation, the foregone conclusions of their own imaginings?

Spiritualism will stir up the muddy pools of stagnant indifference, and bring egregious errors into blossom ere they are rooted up. It is the loudest enunciation of the right of private judgment the world has yet heard. It will help us to cast off the incubus of big names and authorities, till we begin to discover that our confidence has been as misplaced as that of the deluded traveller, who returned to bed and slumber, because, having opened a cupboard-door, instead of the window-shutter, he failed to see the light of day; and let not the sceptical "Reasoner," who differs only from the atheist in believing in a lazy, passive, dead corpse of a God, instead of no God, let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that the analogy here portrayed does not apply to his case, but only to the article'd sectary and bigot, for the error lay in trusting to the senses, instead of judging by interior perception.

Spiritualism will lead men to throw off the shackles of hereditary and denominational creeds, and teach them to think for themselves. Let us hail even the errors that will be brought to light, as a step beyond the indifference which conceals them; they are an earnest of the true coming struggle of "Rights against Privileges, of Liberty against Tradition." "Such," adds Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe*, "was the struggle of the sixteenth century. The Reformation was to religion what the Revolution was to politics, a stand against the tyranny of tradition—a battle for the rights of individual liberty of thought and action, against the absolute prescriptions of privileged classes." As such, we welcome the advent of spiritualism; by no means as a new religion, as some deridingly call it, but as a second Reformation, or the

means to so desirable an end: as such, Heaven knows, we have need of it! What are truth, freedom, and civilisation but by-words of a dreaming enthusiast, so long as we still hear the words, "We are Moses' disciples," modernised into "We are orthodox people," or "a Churchman I"—*procul esto profanum vulgus!* What is human development or mental enlightenment but empty names, so long as the disciple of progress is met by the disciple of obstructiveness with the words, expressed or implied, "My dear sir, I wouldn't unsettle my present opinions on any account!"* What is heavenly charity but a hypocritical sham, so long as uniformity is identified with unity, faith made synonymous with religion, Christianity compassed in a creed? What a Procrustean philosophy is this!

But it may be asked, How will spiritualism bring about this reformation? We answer, by awakening a spirit of inquiry, and leading men to teachers whose power of impressing us is inscribed on our nature, as is universally acknowledged. What is all this clamour about satanic agency, but an admission of the powerful influence of spirits? And if men resign their independent freedom, we have no objection to admit all the consequences our opponents dread; but what would man be but an automaton, without any freedom whatever, if the evil influences did not exist as well as the good? We regard satanic agency as an absolute necessity, included in the scheme of creation. Even when all things were very good, we find a state of trial, analogous to satanic influence, imposed upon our first parents, and represented by the tree of knowledge, shewing that we are created natural and commanded to become spiritual; "for that was not first which is spiritual, but, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." It is at once the result and the cause of our free-will; it is an indispensable means to stimulate our appropriation of good, which is ever pressing to be received, but which can only be truly imparted in proportion as the opposite evil is cut out and cast away. Hence the commandments of the Decalogue are prohibitions what to avoid, rather than injunctions what to do. This satanic instrumentality, then, is the best conceivable means that Divine Providence could employ to bring forth to view and into activity our hereditary evil tendencies, that opposite influences may combat and overcome them. There

* These words were once addressed to a friend of the writer's, as a conclusive argument against taking into consideration the matter discussed.

can be no victory without a struggle; and in proportion to the intensity of the one will be the glory of the other, just as the dark shades of a picture heighten the brilliancy of its lustre; or as the clouds of error add majesty and grandeur to the light of truth which disperses them; or, to borrow Scriptural illustration, it is the *flood* which carries the ark to the mountain-top.

Did it never occur to our opponents that the external manifestation of evil spirits is no proof that they are not present without it, but only the best possible means for convincing men of their influence, that they may know "what manner of spirit they are of," and keep better company in future? This hue and cry about satanic agency comes ill from those who profess to believe the word, "In my name they shall cast out devils;"* and, "I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you."†

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL RELATION OF FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL HERALD.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to transmit to you the following account of what has fallen under my observation as regards spiritualism, thinking that a circumstantial relation of what has taken place in the presence of any one, is one of the most legitimate uses which can be made of the *Spiritual Herald*. The subject to which your pages are devoted is one, the proportions of which become larger and larger daily, and which, I trust, will continue to increase until it fills the land.

I have confined myself *strictly* to the relation of matters within my own experience, although I have much corroborative matter derived from others, on whose honesty of purpose I can fully depend. The facts set down can be well attested, though, where the facts *now* are doubted, attestation is of small avail.—H. C.

About sixteen or seventeen years ago, I became acquainted with mesmerism, and was soon convinced, by my own experiments, the very first of which was perfectly successful, that the outcry raised against it by those *who did not experiment* was as senseless as the so-called reasoning by which they supported it. What I afterwards witnessed of clairvoyance gave rise to much speculation; but I treated, as I always had done, all relations of ghost stories and spirit manifestations with scorn, constantly affirming that *nothing* would make me believe in anything of the kind, until I could see a ghost, and squint

* Mark, xvi, 17.

† Luke, x 19.

at it, by which I proposed to prove it to be objective, if it really were so; and when I heard of Mrs. Hayden's arrival in London, I designated her spirit-rapping as a gross imposition, and vowed I would not be taken in by parting with money for the purpose of investigating so puerile a subject. In this condition of mind, I met a friend from the country, who requested me to accompany him to Mrs. Hayden's house, as he wished very much to know what the juggle consisted in. I stated my objections and my vow; but as he urged his request very strongly, I ultimately agreed to see what the exhibition was like, and hoped to assist in detecting the imposture. We agreed on our course of enquiry as we proceeded to Mrs. Hayden's abode; and I well remember, after having knocked at the door, our smiling at each other, with something like a sense of shame, at our errand. Being introduced to the drawing-room, where we found Mrs. Hayden alone, we seated ourselves at a large, round table, and soon heard the rapping sounds; and on stating our wish to Mrs. Hayden to ask questions, were told we might do so, either *mentally*, by writing them secretly, or by asking them aloud, as we pleased; and being then instructed in the using of a card, on which was an alphabet, I held it and a lead pencil, for pointing to the letters, and my friend prepared to write down those which were indicated as forming answers. We now asked, if the spirit of the person we were *thinking* of was present? The sounds were heard in affirmation (sounds, we were to understand, were affirmative, and silence negative). Will he tell his name?—sounds indicating yes. What is it? We looked at each other with no slight degree of surprise, when the first letter of the first christian name was indicated; but it is impossible to convey the sensations of astonishment and conviction which the completion of the whole name gave rise to. We continued to ask questions, and received highly pertinent answers to each, on a subject greatly interesting to us, for about an hour: some of the answers were of a totally unexpected character, and consisted of many words. I was for a considerable time occupied by endeavouring to account for the phenomena on natural principles; or rather in raising, or trying to adopt, all kinds of absurd hypotheses, in opposition to that of spirit influence; but I was entirely unsuccessful in my attempts, and was forced to yield, after many experiments and much investigation, to the belief that man exists after he has quitted the body, in his full individuality, and that he can, and does, make his existence manifest to those in life under certain conditions.

I made another visit to Mrs. Hayden after some days, and being left alone in the room, carefully examined the table, as to its containing any machinery for making the sounds, but found none: I mention this to show I was still not uninfluenced by doubts: on this occasion much occurred which was profoundly interesting to me, one friend reminding me of his last words to me in this life, and another telling me of her great happiness in her present state; at various times many other communications were made, all tending to the proof of an indi-

vidual existence hereafter. I was a pretty constant visitor at Mrs. Hayden's, and as I have stated fairly my view of the phenomena, and of her, *previously* to my first visit to her house, I now as fairly and fearlessly assert, that I never met with anything but the most perfect good faith and good-womanly conduct on her part; nor do I hesitate to say, that any one going, as I did, brimful of scepticism, *but* with a mind open to the reception of truth, *doubting* but *not denying*, would have been, as many were, equally successful.

On one occasion, I prepared at home, and quite privately, a series of questions; taking care they should be so constructed that the answers must be at some length; and having also taken care to make them matter of memory only, I was enabled to put them *mentally*, and received perfectly pertinent answers to each, but of the nature of which I could by no means be cognisant, until I received them. One of the questions relating to a subject which I then most anxiously considered of great importance, I determined to put it to several. On asking the first I communicated with, if — was present? the answer was, "No."—"Will she come?"—"Yes."—"When? in how many minutes?" Three distinct sounds were heard in answer; in three minutes, by my watch, the sounds *peculiar* to — were made. I may here mention, that in all cases, the sounds are so characteristic of the person as known in life, that after a little practice, on hearing them, one feels it to be almost unnecessary to ask for the name: in this case they were rapid and continuous, and gave somewhat the idea of a nervously impatient desire to be communicated with, quite different from the last, which were clear, grave, and distinct; and the same kind of change in the sounds took place in the two other instances at this sitting, as I received in all four answers to my question, which were highly satisfactory. It must not however be supposed that this is the case universally; for although, on every occasion except one, the answers were in themselves perfectly answers to the questions, the tenor of them was often totally unexpected, and sometimes disappointing.

Soon after Mrs. Hayden's departure from this country, some friends of mine discovered that more than one of the family had become mediums, and invited me to witness the manifestations they were receiving. These consisted first of a lengthy communication, part of which expressed the intention of giving *me* "irresistible proofs of the truth of the power of departed spirits to converse with the living, for he (me) yet doubts, notwithstanding his openness to conviction." Then followed a variety of physical manifestations, among which was the lifting up of the table while all our hands were on it, tilting it up so that the candlesticks must have slipped off under common circumstances, and moving it rapidly along the floor many feet at a time. Among these friends, these things occurred frequently for a considerable period, and then ceased.

On the arrival of Mr. Home in this country, I was invited to meet

him at a friend's house, and was much interested by his perfectly natural amiability of manner, and entire absence of anything like pretension or assumption of undue importance. We formed a party of nine, and after tea sat down to a large round table in the drawing-room, where any preparation to be made by Mr. Home was out of the question. After a few minutes spent in chatting, a singular vibration of the table took place, which commenced gently and increased in force, when it was suddenly moved first in one direction, then in another, tilted on this side, and that, and finally raised four or five inches from the floor, with a waving motion, and allowed to fall with some force; but not as if suddenly let go: all this took place while *all* our hands were on the table. These motions and raising of the table were repeated several times in the course of the evening, as well as the making it light and heavy at the request of any one of the party; in my own case, on requesting it might be made heavy, I placed both my arms under it, and exerting my whole force with strong determination, I only succeeded in tilting it up an inch or two; and think I could have done as much under common circumstances, if a hundred weight had been placed on it in front of me.

One of the party, a gentleman, on sitting down, declared his incredulity on the subject generally, but also that having no knowledge of it, he was open to conviction; to him especially were addressed many of the phenomena of the evening.

The rapping sounds being heard, the desire was spelled out that Mr. Home should take the accordion in his hand, which he did, holding it with the keys downwards. Several airs were played, but it was pronounced through the alphabet not to be a good instrument; which it was not. As described by Mr. Home, it was pulled with some strength from him, and on his asking if it was to go to some other person, and hearing the affirmative raps, he let go his hold, when it was conveyed to the gentleman above mentioned, who was sitting at some distance from Mr. Home, and he having again received it, held it as before, one hand being on the table, as *all* of ours were; there was spelled out through the alphabet, "We will represent earth and heaven," which was expressively done by a succession of discords, with occasional snatches of harmony, dying away by a long-sustained note into silence; succeeded by a most delicate and harmonious strain. The rappings were often and distinct, and characteristically different the one from the other; for instance, loud, thumping sounds denoted the presence of the grandfather of a lady of the party, while little, gentle raps were indicative of the presence of her child; who, at her request, drew away from her lap a handkerchief, in which a knot was then tied, and, to his great surprise at being so marked out for the reception of proofs, given to the gentleman who was present for the first time at these demonstrations. Several of the party were now touched on the knees, and as I had never experienced this, I requested that I might be, and was so twice, the first time as distinctly as if a fleshly hand had been placed

upon me, but the second touch not being so distinct, I imagined that my knee *might* be touching some part of the table, and so pressed it forward, but there was nothing against it.

Two ladies, mother and daughter, were of the party, and were much interested and surprised by the indications through the alphabet of the presence of a son, a child, who touched his mother and sister, and who entered into conversation with them, by means of the alphabet. After about two hours had been passed in this way, the rapping demanded the use of the alphabet (*i. e.*, by five distinct sounds), and then was spelled out, "Now we wish to communicate;" after which Mr. Home falling back gently in his chair, went into a trance; in which, after remaining quiescent for a few minutes, he arose from the reclining posture, with a gentle salute of his fingers to his lips, as if to some invisible being: on mentioning this to him afterwards, and asking for an explanation, he said, "it is mother; mother always mesmerises me." On beginning to speak, while in the trance, he addressed himself to the lady whose daughter was with her, mentioning the child who had manifested his presence, whose name we were told was George, but of whom Home said, with a puzzled look, "he says *Doady*;" the mother's start, on hearing the child's own way of naming himself, was too remarkable and too natural to be passed over, and when he further described a peculiarity of the child's, in patting his own puffed-out cheeks when he wanted to kiss his mother, she was quite overcome by her recognition of these traits; Mr. Home went on to assure her, on the part of the child, of his present happy state, and that although she had grieved much, she was to weep no more; the communication from the child was continued for about fifteen or twenty minutes in a strain of affectionate consolation, and then Mr. Home, falling back in his chair, after a few minutes regained his consciousness. The circle was then broken up, and we separated.

This sitting, as I find I have remarked in my notes, was highly satisfactory to me, as I had witnessed more than I ever did before; viz., the raising a *heavy* table, the *conveyance* of the accordion and the handkerchief, and the distinct touch of a hand on the knee, which it was impossible could be that of any one of the company.

It will be seen that this was soon to be surpassed, by what took place on subsequent occasions.

A fortnight after the date of the above sitting, I again met Mr. Home at the same house, the party consisting in all of fifteen persons, one of them being a very intelligent M.D., who declared his honest scepticism. Very soon after sitting down to the table, it began to be moved in various ways—the sounds were heard—a few questions were asked, and answers received, and then all manifestations ceased. Waiting some time for their recurrence, without success, Mr. Home and our hostess retired to another table, for the purpose of enquiring the cause of the disappointing cessation, and received for answer, that the circle was too large, and that the four younger ones of the party

were to leave the room, which they did reluctantly. It being now found that the manifestations were to proceed, a lady laid her handkerchief on her lap, but so that we could all see a good portion of it, requesting it might be taken away : as it began to be moved gently (let me repeat, once more, that in this, as at all times during the sitting, the hands of *all* the party are resting fairly on the table), the M.D., who was sitting next to her, laid hold of one corner, resisting the pull, which he stated to be distinctly forcible, as indeed we all could see it was, but ultimately let it go. In order to avoid unnecessary length, I shall omit the description of what took place before, unless any remarkable variation occurs, and therefore say nothing of the playing on the accordion, &c.

A small handbell was placed on the foot of the table, which was very soon rung, and conveyed to one of the party ; the person being touched, and, on placing a hand beneath the table, receiving the bell in the palm ; or, as was sometimes the case, the handle of it being given : this was repeated many times, the person receiving it, holding it again below the table, it was taken away and given to another, in some instances quite at the opposite side. One young lady, happening to lean back in her chair, one of her hands rested in her lap, when, as she described it, a hand perfectly real to her feeling was laid upon hers, which made her start and withdraw her hand suddenly, but, on replacing it, the bell was given to her ; previously to this she had been touched on the knee three times. Another lady, on receiving the bell, felt not only the hand, but what seemed to be a drapery or sleeve ; and this was not a momentary impression, as she described the sensations while it was taking place.

Although our friend, the M.D., did his best, without success, to resist the force which moved the table, many of the manifestations were especially addressed to him ; among others, as he told us, he had distinct, and, as they appeared to him, affectionate pappings on the knee, which, on enquiry, purported to be by a deceased relative, to whom he was much attached. He told me, after the sitting was over, that the pappings on the knee evidently took place in answer to an earnest prayer on his part, that he might receive some unmistakeable manifestation, addressed to himself, and unknown to any other person.

Mr. Home was then entranced, and described to the above gentleman the relative, by name, who had previously communicated with him, whose characteristics of high intellect, combined with great timidity, he recognised perfectly ; and which, in an extremely interesting manner, Home enacted, giving the peculiar, timid shrinking, and even the habit which in life she had contracted, of pressing back the hair from the temple with the fingers. Home also addressed himself to two others of the party, in highly expressive and poetical language, as from relations of theirs, in a strain of tender consolation, which I much regretted not being able to retain *verbatim*.

On a subsequent occasion, at the same friend's house, we formed a

circle of eleven. After several manifestations like those before described had taken place, and while two ladies were engaged in obtaining communications by the alphabet, with the subject of which I was unable to make myself acquainted, and while the rest of the party were interesting themselves in it, I, finding myself thus disengaged, made a *mental* enquiry as to whether any spirit was present whom I had known in life, which was immediately followed by an affirmative response, viz., three raps on the table close to me; and, on enquiry, found it was a dear friend, who had often before communicated with me at Mrs. Hayden's; I then requested the presence might be made evident by touch, which was almost immediately complied with, by pappings on the knee, lasting from one to two minutes; I then further requested (be it always understood *mentally*) that, if possible, the touching might be on my hand, and placed my right hand open with the palm upwards on my knee, when my wish was gratified in the most sensible manner by pappings with the fingers on about an inch or two of the ends of mine; the sensation was so natural, that I could not help feeling certain that I was right, in supposing that I recognised the individuality of the fingers!

During the evening, some one expressed his astonishment that *spirits* should be able to remove heavy bodies; and, in reply to this, I said, "I thought the only wonder in the exhibitions of spiritual power, on material objects, consisted in the *invisibility* of the source of the power, for that all our own power, exhibited in life, was spiritual; as when it was separated from the body, the body became an inert mass;" this was immediately followed by movements of the table, accompanied by a succession and variety of the rapping sounds, as if in approbation and corroboration of the truth of my remark. I afterwards much regretted that I had not asked to *see* the hand which touched mine, but at another friend's house, where I again met Mr. Home on two occasions, I *saw* several spirit hands, although not that of my own friend. I will endeavour to describe, as briefly as possible, what took place at these sittings. At the first our circle consisted of eleven, and after several manifestations had taken place, alike in their main features, to some already described, they ceased altogether; but after waiting for some time, sounds were heard, indicating the desire to communicate; and there was spelled out by the alphabet, "We wish they would not suspect Dan," thereby meaning Home. "Who suspects him?" No reply was given, and after canvassing the probabilities as to who might be the preventive, our host requested one of the party to leave the room for a while, he did so rather reluctantly; still no manifestations were made, and then another was requested to withdraw; almost immediately they recommenced: presently Home fell into the trance state, and said, "It was in consequence of a conversation between them, in which they came to incorrect conclusions." During the trance he made some other remarks and communications, but it lasted a very short time.

In consequence of what had taken place on other occasions, when I was not present, the table had been so arranged as that about a yard and a half, of that part nearest the windows, was free of sitters, and I sat opposite to one of them; I should observe, the time was between eight and ten o'clock, in the evening of a day in the middle of July, and that we had no artificial light in the room: hearing some one say, "I see the hand," I moved, so as to get the vacant part of the table, as much as possible, between me and the dark space between the windows, expecting it to appear as a luminous or phosphorescent substance; but as I could not see it, I again moved my position, and was greatly astonished at seeing a small, female hand, as distinct and palpable as if a real hand was held between me and the light; only a small portion beyond the wrist was visible, above the edge of the table, and that portion was enveloped in a frilled sleeve; it took up a ring, which was lying near it on a finger, and dropped it again on the table; it moved along the edge of the table, and the fingers had all the motions of a real, living hand. It was ascertained, through the alphabet, to be the hand of a late sister of our host. At Mr. Home's request, several of the parties present gave rings to him, from whom they were taken by the hand, which on being held with the fingers upright, and shaken, we heard the rings jingled together; and then, bending gracefully over the table, it dropped the rings on to it, and they were given back to their owners: one was not immediately forthcoming, but it was very shortly after conveyed to the person it belonged to, being placed on the thumb of his hand, which was resting on the back of the chair next to him. The hand again appeared, and passing along the edge of the table, it rose up gradually, until the sleeve was visible quite to the elbow, and rested on the shoulder of Mr. Home: it then slowly disappeared. There was then spelled out by the sounds, "Now we must say good night;" but on our host requesting the table might be raised, it was raised about ten or twelve inches from the floor, waved about in the air for half a minute, and then put down gently.

On the next and last occasion when I met Mr. Home, three hands appeared as distinctly as that I have just described; but as there would be much repetition, I forbear going into detail; and will only add, that during this sitting, with all our hands on the table, it was raised *several* times as high as our eyes.

I had heard several times of flashes of light being seen across the table, but had never seen them; and also of a current of cool air passing over the hands as they rested on it, but had not felt it; on this occasion, however, I saw distinctly one flash of light, and as distinctly felt the current of air across the backs of my hands; as strong as when one blows with the mouth gently, when the hand is at the distance of three or four inches.

As I commenced with the idea, that the best mode of making use of the opportunity you offer, for the elucidation of this subject, is to

give a circumstantial account of facts, and as in giving my account of what I have witnessed I shall occupy much of your space, I forbear making any reflections on, or deductions from, the foregoing; and conclude by remarking, that in this, as in all other investigations of subjects which present new and strange phenomena, the great essential is an unprejudiced and truth-loving mind.

H. C.

THE LIGHT AND SHADE OF SPIRITUALISM.

(Concluded from page 50.)

IN our former article on this subject, we showed how spirits might speak what we call falsehood, and yet be true; for they may speak a language which is true in the spirit, like poetry, and false in the letter. But we can go a little farther than this, and say, that they speak what they mean to be falsely understood—that they speak to mystify, not always, but sometimes and often.

Spirits will tell positive lies with more outstretched conscience than man will. They seem to regard this life as so worthless that they will lead a man astray to squander his money and mar his fortune and his happiness, amounting almost to self-sacrifice. The greater part of them teach good morals and worldly prudence; but there are exceptions; and even of those who seem to be moral and prudent, there are some who ensnare, by leading into dangerous predicaments and labyrinths. This has caused many amiable men to conclude that they are all bad spirits—a sweeping conclusion, like that of the man who, having tasted sour wine on the Rhine, hastily concluded that all Rhenish wine is sour, whether it seems so or not. The Rev. W. B. F. Barrett, a Swedenborgian clergyman of New York, comes to the more reasonable conclusion that a great many of them are evil spirits evidently; but of the rest that are not evidently evil, he says, “I have gathered many facts, going to show the consummate craft and subtlety of the spirits, and how they will often communicate to their eager listeners many things true and beautiful at first, apparently for no other purpose than to gain their confidence, and thus lead them captive whithersoever they will.” So that even the good ones are to be suspected. But this argument proves too much; for, if a spirit is to be condemned because it persuades men to leave all and follow it—to spend their worldly goods and even their lives—then it follows that the early Christians themselves were following evil spirits: for they sold themselves out, and gave up their bodies a living sacrifice.

It is no easy matter to adopt any one-sided or definite opinion on the subject; for any objection that tells against spiritualism, will tell against the objector's own principles, whatsoever they may be.

The truth is, that this world is a world of good and evil, and it would be out of all analogy with the character of the planet in which

we live, if spiritualism were not good and evil also: even the Messenger of Peace himself declared, "I come not to send peace, but a sword and fire and strife."

Take it as it is, therefore, and what we think it ought to be, *good and evil*, and make the best you can of it. You will find it as good as anything else that is current in society; and you will find stronger motives to virtue by communing with spirits, than by reading or listening to moralists and preachers. We firmly believe, that, if John Sadleir had been a spiritualist, he would not have been a fraudulent banker and suicide; and if Paul, Strahan, and Bates had been spiritualists, they would not have been condemned to penal servitude for roguery; they would rather have wronged themselves honestly, and become poor by faithful simplicity, than have entered on a career which every spirit that comes, if only to rap on a table, will tell you is injurious to your welfare hereafter. These men went to churches and chapels, and subscribed to religious institutions, as many other such pious people do who sneer at spiritual folly; but their church-going did not save them from sin and shame. Perhaps it ensnared them, for there are evil spirits in churches and chapels as well as in tables, or even below them.

As amongst spirits and religious sects, so amongst spiritualists, there is frightful chaos of opinion. There are infidel spiritualists and Christian spiritualists, and there are spiritualists who believe more firmly than Christians in all the miracles of the Bible, and yet do not believe in its divine inspiration. Dr. Hare is somewhat like one of these last; though he denies all *miracles*, believing all things natural, *not miraculous*. He was formerly an infidel, or materialist, apparently of the Tom Paine or Mirabeau school, and he investigated spiritualism with great zeal and energy on purpose to expose it. As was to be expected from honest investigation, he became convinced of its truth, and his tests are of the most shrewd and variegated and unobjectionable character. Yet this man, who firmly believes in spirit-revelation, who is also a disciple of progress, comes to the conclusion that the law of Moses is an imposture, like the Book of Mormon, perpetrated by King Josiah and the Jewish priesthood; and that there is no divine revelation in the Bible! We are not surprised at the gross theological ignorance of a man just come out of the school of materialism, perhaps of atheism; but to hear a disciple of progress and of spiritual revelation, who believes revelation to be natural and Nature a revelation, object to the authenticity of a spiritual revelation in primitive and barbarous times, that it was in conformity to the spirit of those times, is indeed surprising. If the jaws of the crocodile and the fangs of the lion are of divine ordination, why may not the fierce, megatherian injunctions of the spirit-messenger to Moses or Samuel be divine also? Surely in progress we go from worse to better; and it is no proof that the grape is not a divine production, that to-day it is sour and sets the teeth of the nervous on edge. What

a limited idea of progress Professor Hare must have, to condemn the beginning because it is not so good as the end! Where would be the progress at all, if the beginning were good? The spirit is wiser than even Hare, when he says to the Prophet, "I gave them statutes that were *not good*, and judgments by which a man should not live;" for "out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth both evil and good;" and St. Paul cast the law of Moses aside, divine as it was, just as the serpent casts off its skin and gets a better, or as a man would kill a tiger, though the tiger be a work of divine mechanism.

Such men do not understand what progress is. They are novices in theology, mere Tom Paineites, who reason well upon absolute right and wrong, as Dr. Hare generally, if not always, does, but seem to have no idea whatever of a series of divine dispensations from worse to better. All that is divine with them must be best; and no fruit is allowed to be of divine growth until it is ripe. They even go so far as to assert, that, if it is not perfect in ripeness, soundness, and sweetness, it must be an imposition practised on the parishioners by the parson of the parish.

Juvenile and dark ideas of providence! how they turn the Divine Ruler out of his own universe, and make him only the huge wheel-grinder, whilst paltry men, women, and children conduct the nicer machinery of society! Far better believe that He has ordained Jewism and Christianity and Paganism, and everything else, and that He embraces all the parts of the great whole with His omniscient eye, leaving to men such a sphere of liberty as is compatible with their infinite littleness and weakness, and summing up all things at last in one, as St. Paul teaches. Even if Josiah and the priesthood invented the law of Moses, and imposed it on the Jews, they must have been inspired to do so. That work is the root of Christian civilisation, and Christian civilisation is in possession of supreme terrestrial authority. Where is Providence if this be not in conformity with the elaboration of his plan? *Is it possible that the leading revelation of this world, however sour and unripe, is not a divine ordination?*

But though such ideas of theology as Dr. Hare's will not do for advanced minds, we believe that they are well calculated to throw light on the minds of a great majority of the population—church-goers, infidels, and materialists, whose modes of reasoning are all pretty much alike; for the only difference between the generality of professed Christians and infidels is, that the latter are more bold and honest in expressing their feelings and opinions. And as such people are all pitch-dark on the subject of a future state, and have scarcely any, if any, perceptible or practical faith in it, the doctor's state of mind, which is merely one or two steps in advance of their own, with great boldness, honesty, and faith in immortality, will be very intelligible to them. They will see more as they proceed. It is of no importance that all even agree at present, nor will they ever agree

upon a revelation from spirits in the plural number. The agreement comes when the Divine unit comes, and comes with power to reconcile. A great commissioner, a great medium or prophet or law-giver, call him what you may, will bring the reconciling power. Till then, divisions of opinion are indispensable. They are not absolutely evil, but relatively so, and they constitute the light and shade of spiritualism as it is.

In whatever form it comes, spiritualism brings back the wanderer to God. It turns him round as it finds him going face foremost into the dreary and covert gloom of the dark valley and shadow of death, fearing evil, regarding God as an austere and relentless being, with less mercy than any of his creatures, and dreading the worst from his wrath, or doubting his existence altogether, because of the unnatural attributes with which the priests and the prophets of old revelation have clothed him. Thus gloomily going towards eternal darkness spiritualism taps him gently on the shoulder, and shows him a vision of the world of light and of hope: then, for the first time, he believes in a glad immortality—another world that is really desirable, where he will meet with old friends and find new ones, and where he will find a new earth and a new firmament, new fields and gardens and houses, and society and independence, and a long and a glad prospect of happiness to come. It is a wonderful change when life and immortality are thus brought to light; and many, who have spent their lives in seeking this light in churches and chapels and dead books, have found such refreshment from the living truth, the actual revelation of a spiritual world, that it has been to them as life from the dead.

This mixed article of light and shadow may not to some delicate and tender minds represent spiritualism as so fair a plant as they would like to see it painted. They prefer the bouquets of sweet flowers without roots, in rich vases, on drawing-room tables. We, on the contrary have painted the flower with its root of bitterness attached to it. It is the natural flower, not the cropped one, and all will find that the real flower has such a root, if they study it as carefully and as extensively as we have done. We have been practically acquainted with it, for twenty-five years, in all its phases. We believe that no educated or uneducated man in England, perhaps in the world, has more varied acquaintanceship with it than we, from the highest species of mediumship in which THE SPIRIT speaks in the name of the Lord respecting the general destiny of the human race, down to the lowest fortune-telling or twaddle in which the little miniature gods or SPIRITS talk of individual and home affairs, and give their advice about the purchase of dolls and trinkets, or any other trifling matter.* And from this long and full experience, and from a deep and heartfelt conviction, we

* The lowest forms of spiritualism are the most popular. It never became popular, or, indeed, attracted any attention, till it came down amongst the tea-cups.

declare that spiritualism is a good or a bad, a high or a low thing, according as you use it; but it never fails to give a superior tone to the moral and religious feelings, and a man is ever better with it as a moral man than he would naturally be without it. Moreover, if he does not give himself up to the dictation of any one particular spirit or medium, it will leave him to the free exercise of his own judgment, and throw much light on his mind, and communicate much comfort to his soul, by suggestive influence, which his own reason will make use of to give life and form to its own cogitations. Here lies the value of the contradiction of spirits. But if he give himself up to any one medium or spirit, he will lose his mental independence and become a tool. Hence the benefit arising from variety, for in this variety there is liberty, whilst in one there is bondage.

Spiritualism is gold in the ore—an uncut diamond, encrusted with dross, and, like the pearl of great price, its value is only to be perceived by labour and patience. They who find it sweet in the mouth must find it bitter in the belly before they understand it; and they who find it bitter in the mouth will find it sweet in the belly, if they only eat it. But the bitterness must be felt. It is the root, the medicine of the flower, and it is natural and wisely so ordained. It would be a worthless thing if it were otherwise; and they who try to represent it as all smooth, sweet and clear, are tea-tray painters of it, and have not a just appreciation of the value of a bitter principle in nature, of a shade in painting, or of a root and soil in the cultivation of a plant.

In conclusion, let the reader consider these ideas as those of one man. The *Spiritual Herald* merely permits him to use its pages as an album, for the insertion of one of his own sketches. In doing so, it shows that openmindedness in investigation which is never found wanting in honest inquirers after truth.—CATHOLICUS.

LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP PACIFIC.

Full Particulars of the Disaster—The Day, the Hour, and the Manner—Statement of the Spirit of the Engineer—Communication from Mr. Samuel Havens—Extraordinary Incident at South Manchester, Ct.—Apparitions of some who were on board—Three Persons escape from the Wreck, but are subsequently frozen to death!

THROUGH a great number of media the spirits have predicted or affirmed the loss of the Pacific; and the fatal disaster, with its terrible details, has been represented with terrible distinctness, in presence of many witnesses. The subjoined account from Mr. S. W. Britton, a merchant of New York, embodying the results of several interviews with spirits on this subject, can hardly fail to awaken an interest in the mind of the serious reader:—

MR. BRITTON'S STATEMENT.

On the evening of December 23, 1855, while the writer was engaged

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in conversation with several friends who had assembled in the rooms of S. B. Brittan, at the Tremont House in this city, Mrs. Harriet Porter being also present, was employed at the time in making magnetic passes over one of the editor's daughters, with a view to remove a neuralgic pain in the head. The writer was sitting near the parties, observing the movements of Mrs. P., when the latter suddenly turned round and said with a peculiar emphasis, "*You have asked for a test; I will now give you one: THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC WILL BE WRECKED AND ALL ON BOARD WILL PERISH. Put that in your pocket and keep it for a test.*" The Spirit purported to be my son Edward, and on my enquiring for further particulars, he added, "I will tell you nothing more now; there will be an excitement on the subject, and you will come to see me again. There will also be a report that she is safe, but it will prove to be false."

There were present on the occasion, Mrs. S. B. Brittan, Emma Frances Jay, E. Virginia Brittan, Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Miss Vail, the medium and myself, any of whom will verify the truth of the foregoing statement. I have still in my possession the original memorandum, on the back of which is the following indorsement, made at the time the communication was received—"Spiritual prediction given through Mrs. Harriet Porter, December 28, 1855." Soon after the announcement respecting the loss of the Pacific was made, I communicated the same to the editor of the Telegraph and to Mr. Charles Partridge. Subsequently, and before any apprehension of the loss of the Pacific had been awakened, I mentioned the subject to many others, and exhibited the memorandum to some twenty persons, including several who had little or no confidence in the claims of spiritualism. The names of the persons here referred to can be given if necessary.

Some time after the occurrence of the circumstances already described, and when the arrival of the Pacific was beginning to be looked for, I again visited Mrs. Porter at her residence, 209 West 24th street. In the course of the interview, some remark was made respecting the Pacific, whereupon Mrs. P., speaking with unusual earnestness, said: "THE PACIFIC IS LOST, and all on board have gone to their long homes."

At a still later date, the writer called on Mrs. P. early one Saturday evening, when the Pacific had been out thirty days and the Atlantic seventeen days from Liverpool. Our inquiries respecting the fate of the missing steamers were answered by the emphatic assurance that the Pacific was lost, but that the Atlantic was safe. At ten o'clock the same evening the Atlantic arrived, and thus was verified the statement respecting her safety. The next morning the report was widely circulated and generally credited, that, for some cause, the Pacific had run into the river Shannon and was still safe. Before the report was contradicted I saw Mrs. Porter yet again; the Spirits would neither retract nor modify what they had said respecting the loss of the

steamer; but they were particular to remind me that they had, on the occasion of the first interview, predicted that such a report would obtain currency.

PARTICULARS OF THE WRECK.

Not many days had elapsed, when the writer of this again found himself at Mrs. Porter's table: the company on this occasion consisted of twelve persons. We had been seated but a short time, when the medium was entranced by a Spirit who said his name was — Faulkner, that he was purser on board the Pacific, had a brother in New York, who was a silversmith, etc. In reply to questions, propounded by the writer and others, the following additional particulars were elicited:

When six days out, the Pacific struck an iceberg, at 11 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 29th, and very soon went down, stern foremost. As the vessel sunk, three persons escaped from the wreck and found a temporary resting place on the ice, but they were subsequently frozen to death. It was further alleged that there were forty-eight passengers on board—forty males and eight females; that, at the time of the catastrophe, the ship was in lat. 40 degrees north; that the Captain was at fault in taking the course he did, his object being to make a quicker trip than the Persia, which was then on her first voyage. In the course of the evening—the medium being entranced—the heart-rending scene was graphically represented; the general consternation, the wild tumult, and the frantic prayers to God for deliverance, excited intense and solemn emotion in all who were present.

Since the utterance of the original prophecy respecting the loss of the Pacific, the writer has had at least a dozen interviews with the Spirits through Mrs. Porter. On all occasions they have maintained a general consistency, and no important discrepancy thus far appears in their statements. Had the undersigned anticipated the publication of these facts, many additional particulars might have been preserved; but they were not noted at the time they transpired, and I cannot readily recall them, at this late day, with sufficient clearness to warrant a more circumstantial description.

S. W. BRITTON.

APPARITION OF THE ENGINEER.

Similar representations of the loss of the Pacific have recently been given through other channels, but we know of no other instance of a definite prophecy on this subject having been made at so early a date as the 23rd of December. Spirits from the doomed ship have purported to be present on numerous occasions, and in presence of many witnesses have given curious, interesting and satisfactory proofs of their identity.

When the Pacific had been out some thirty days, Mrs. Porter was one day visited by two strange ladies, who, on entering her rooms, gave no intimation respecting the specific object for which they sought an interview. They had not been long seated at the table before the

special purpose of their visit was made known by an invisible intelligence. A Spirit said, in substance, through Mrs. Porter, "I was an engineer on board the Pacific; am your brother; I was the mainstay of the family; don't tell mother of this yet; the Pacific is lost, but I am here.—SAMUEL HAVENS." On the receipt of this communication, one of the ladies gave way to sudden and painful emotions. She acknowledged that she had a brother by that name on board the Pacific, and that he was employed in the capacity of engineer.

The writer, some time since, while at the residence of Ward Cheney, Esq., in South Manchester, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. Mettle, of Hartford, Miss Emma F. Jay and others, being in the company, witnessed a manifestation of the presence of Spirits which may be briefly described in this connection. While all the persons present, including the family of Mr. Cheney, were seated around the dinner-table, some one referred to the loss of the Pacific, when the writer suggested the propriety of changing the theme of conversation during the dinner hour, as the agitation of the subject would not only be likely to induce the presence of those who were lost with the steamer, but might lead to manifestations of an unpleasant nature.

In less than two minutes the writer distinctly perceived their entrance into the dining room, by a disturbed feeling which their presence immediately occasioned. Coming again into the sphere of their former earthly relations seemed to revive the emotions which accompanied the last moments of mortal life, and similar emotions were instantly awakened in those of our party who were most subject to spiritual influence. A shadow fell on the company; more than one smiling countenance was eclipsed, and there was a strange feeling of sadness in the heart, like the indefinite images of broken clouds which float above us at mid-day in the great ether-sea. We experienced a mysterious sense of the presence of something impalpable. We could neither grasp the image, nor define its limits, but it was there, and we felt the chill and the shadow in the very atmosphere.

Our apprehensions were speedily realised. In a moment after we were made conscious of the presence of Spirits, one of the mediums was powerfully influenced and attempted to speak; but the utterance was broken and incoherent. The manner of the Spirits' departure was then graphically portrayed. The whole body was convulsed, and the obstructed and difficult respiration was accompanied with a gurgling sound as if a current of air was being forced by an irregular process through a narrow channel filled with water. At length the struggle was over, and vital motion seemed to be suspended. There was a momentary pause in the heart's action when the influence was gradually withdrawn.

We should be glad to know that the foregoing prophecies and representations of Spirits are mere vagaries—that the Pacific is still safe; but that she has gone to the bottom is doubtless too true.—*Spiritual Telegraph*, April 5th.

REVIEW.

A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE. By Thomas L. Harris. Partridge and Brittan, 342, Broadway, New York. 1856. Pp. 381.*

We are induced to interrupt our continuation of the *Lyric of the Morning Land*, in order to give a short anticipatory notice of this recently published production of the spiritual Muses. But since these poems are undoubtedly the topmost flower and fruit of Spiritualism, so far as it has at present developed its resources, we shall continue on subsequent occasions to present our readers with detailed tableaux, exhibiting the characteristic passages of these very marvellous works.

The bulky volume whose title heads this notice, is in some respects more remarkable even than its predecessors, and exhibits a continuous strength and sublimity to which we know of no parallel in our tongue. It is a grand oratorio of the most varied cadence, purporting to be sung by some of our greatest modern bards, who one after another take up the strain of the woes and hopes of the world, and from their new home in the spiritual spheres, pour forth, in tides of apparently inexhaustible music, the tale of the past and senile earth, and the brilliant dream of a younger and younger future. The merits of the poem are certainly so transcendent, that so far as internal evidence goes, it *may* have come from the heaven of bards, or from any realm where genius, beauty, grandeur, spiritual reality, far prevision, originality and ever-musical love are serene and at home. And, indeed, in this light, it makes little matter where such unparalleled creations come from; for we are very sure, that whatever formula of their generation be accepted, the real skies are their father, and the real earth their mother; and if they came by the most ambiguous process possible, they would still stand on their own base, and sing themselves through men's hearts and lives and minds, irrespective of all pedigree; though continually calling upon their admirers to thank heaven that we have them, and have the promise of more like them.

Yet there are persons and classes to whom these works do not belong at present, and who, if they can keep their hands off, will do well not to meddle with them. In the first place, they are a new school of song and music; and, as such, the many admirers of poetry are no more prepared to appreciate them at once, than the world was prepared for Wordsworth, Shelley, or even Shakespear, each and all of whom have had a battle of years to fight, and, in Shakespear's case, a battle of centuries, before they took their present place. And so these works must wait until the minute bigness of the world grows up to them. Then, secondly, all the little poets of our own day, who are generally little critics too, give their little cue to the people the wrong way about such books as these; feeling that their little inspirations are

* The work is imported by Baillière; and by White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.

abashed, questioned, examined and rejected by the unfair forcibleness, and unelaborate might, which runs in rivers through these spirit-lays. The spirits have provided an escape for the vanity of this class, by inserting a goodly number of bad rhymes (such as "form" and "adorn," "divine" and "sublime," and the like); by a proper microscopy of which, the small poets can run on a little tram of continuous fault-finding, and thus consume the hour of the banquet, by a fine oxy-hydrogenism of inquiry into the animalculæ in the water on the sideboard. So it is that the spirit-bards take all sorts and conditions of men into their account; and hand nectar about to the large lovers of song; nor even disdain to minister congenial puddle to the *Athenæum* and its kin. To yet a third class these poems do not apply, viz.: to the religious dogmatists, who are shut up in frail houses of creeds, with an outer fence of thorny fears, enclosing a gardenless barrenness, and cunningly capacitated to shake with spite as well as dread, whenever the winds of progressive facts sweep along the ground. Of all kinds of composition, poetry suffers the most when read in a funk: under such circumstances, a solid quarto of verse will become air, and the terrified reader not know whether he has a book in his hand or not. A wonderful instance of this occurred the other day, when the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* endeavoured to fix his starting eyeballs upon Lynch's exquisite *Rivulet*: the poor editor felt his shaky faith imperilled, and he talked so wildly about heresy, and nonconformity, and other atmospheric presumabilities, that, to recover him, ten solid independent ministers were in mercy constrained to approach him, to recall him from flatus to book, and to hold him down in his really commonplace editorial chair. What would such a man have been under the air-pump of Harris? Worse, perhaps, than a critic in the *New Churchman*, the knees of whose antique Swedenborgianism knocked together with fright in reviewing the *Epic of the Starry Heavens*. To this class we would say, that whenever a new poem makes their hairs stand on end, or even produces goose-skin to any considerable extent, they had better retire speechless into their creeds, and let the poet's name alone.

On this subject, our poet says (the lines purport to come from Pollok, author of the "Course of Time"):

When His philosophy, who made the worlds,
 Opens to Angels in eternity,
 The boundless Infinite, whence issue forth
 Creations numberless, becomes the theme
 Of never-ceasing praise. They never know
 To-morrow's revelation over night.
 Why then should man presume to limit God?
 Why dare shut out the Mind that brightens all?
 Why say God formed the world and then stood still,
 Ended creation when he made mankind,
 And revelation when the prophets died?
 The creeds that men in Christendom create
 From the distempered workings of the brain,
 From the harsh discords of bewildered sense

And tottering reason, like a shadow rise,
 Like sickly odors from a buried corpse,
 Like sooty clouds from ancient catacombs,
 Where pits of mummies through the midnight burn.
 The agonies men suffer, from the dawn
 Of consciousness till death obscures the brain,
 Spring from perverted theories of life.
 The widow dies on the funereal pile
 Of her dead husband; so the world's great heart
 Burns on the pyre of moral reason dead.

Fear is the soul's insanity; distrust,
 The aching numbness, springs from lack of love.
 All men are sick in body, heart, or brain.
 The shadow falling from the face of Night,
 The lustre gleaming through the veil of Day,
 The sleep-dews of the golden-petaled stars,
 And the awakening kisses of the sun,
 Express, in alternating forms, the same
 Eternal Providence. O brother man,
 Why, like the moth, destroy thyself in flame
 Evolved from grossest substance of decay?
 Why, like the drunkard, suck the poisonous still,
 Where truth perverted, like the precious grain
 Changed into liquid lava, burns the soul?

Sects loom before me like distilleries,
 And churches, consecrate to death and hell,
 But splendid gin-shops on the streets of Time.
 The poor inebriate, who pawns his rags,
 Or sells his manhood for a fiery dram,
 Finds his fit counterpart where sages pawn
 The starry vesture of the sciences,
 The purple robes of high philosophy,
 And sit like drunkards maudlin o'er their creeds.

O Genius, phoenix-bird who lov'st the sun,
 And singest 'mid the dawn-fires of the day,
 Chant thou no more of harmonies to come;
 Pierce with thy kindling eye the darkling clouds
 Of superstition, clammy as the robes
 That veil dead victims of the pestilence;
 Chant thou of human rights and human wrongs,
 Of errors that corrode the human mind,
 And midnight crimes that stab the bleeding soul;
 Sing from thy lofty height, and tell the world
 That which it dares not utter, though it feel.

We will now quote the spirit Shelley's splendid recantation of his
 Atheism while on earth:—

O cheerless Atheism!
 Serpent who mak'st thy den in human minds;
 Tiger who mak'st thy lair in human hearts;
 Pale genius, blind, who, bat-like, through the dark
 Fliest, and for thy nest
 Chooseth the catacomb,
 Thy touch benumbs the soul;
 Beneath thy icy smile all flowers lie dead;

What primal Nothingness
 Conceived thee in its womb,
 And gave to its own vacancy a form?
 Dead Superstition bred thee as a come
 Breeds pestilence, to slay the living world.

There is a God! He lives,
 And we because of Him.
 There is a God who thinks
 And loves and operates,
 And we because of him.

He is the great Necessity, for minds
 Tremble toward Him as magnets to the pole.
 He is the great Necessity, for life
 Flowing through bird, through animal, through man,
 Is not resultant from organic form,
 But flows through all and fashions them; and they
 Are coins, deep printed with the Eternal Name.
 Who fashioned matter? Tendency reveals
 The Fashioner. That matter flows toward man,
 And ultimately taketh human form,
 Inspiring in the form essential mind,
 Thinking through all its organs, is a proof
 That Nature flows in one perpetual stream
 From the volitions of a Deity.
 Such thoughts grew, orb-like, momentarily, within
 My spirit. O 'twas sweet to feel the Heart
 Sing in the bosom, while her lover, God,
 Approached her as a Bridegroom clad in smiles.

Dread Specters of the Earth's Material Age,
 Demoniack creeds, that people earth
 With crazed, bewildered, ruined minds, and fill
 The realms of fancy with all loathsome shapes
 Of Crime and Error, and pollute the breast
 With fear-begotten tortures, fouler far
 Than wildest sorceries that evil men
 In heathen lands imagine, ye create
 For miserable men the very hell
 They seek to flee from—ye destroy the soul.
 Of all dark spirits in the shadowed world
 Of misdeveloped brain, where Fantasy
 Whirls her swift chaos round the spectral throng
 Of souls unpurified, who there unlearn,
 Oft painfully, the errors of a life,
 The darkest minds are those from Christendom,
 And priests the saddest and the most perverse.
 No man is wedded to obscurest night
 Like him who owns a partial Deity,
 With one hand scattering favors on his friends,
 And with the other miseries on his foes,
 Blessing and cursing with an equal breath,
 And multiplying through eternity
 The years of an existence, that shall be
 To all the damned keen torture. Not a heart
 That loves, but through its depths of lowe denies,
 And through its heights and lengths and breadths of love,
 And through its isles and continents of love,

And through its earths and seas and suns of love,
 With every voice and thought and power of love,
 Denies such falsehood, as the sum of all
 Untruths and heresies amassed in one.

Now mark Shelley's delineation of the world-poet who is to come:—

The great World-Poet shall be he whose being
 Glowing with truth as a white sun with light,
 An angel and a spirit and a man,
 Inheriting the three-fold universe,
 Ranging through all of them with equal flight,
 Companioned by a woman like himself,
 And through her interflowing life made strong
 And free and doubly beautiful, shall write,
 While earth shall wake and heaven rejoice to hear.
 His words shall touch the simple and the low,
 The child-like and the innocent; their eyes
 Shall brighten till they emulate the sun,
 Fired by the rapture of his loving voice.
 He shall, with millioned harmonies combined,
 Pervade great Human Nature, and shall draw
 Earth heavenward, to the zenith of his thought.
 While other poets are as birds and flowers
 And mooned stars, he shall be like the sun.
 By slow degrees he shall unfurl his fame,
 Till earth shall view it streaming o'er the isles
 From sea to sea. He shall reveal to man,
 Through Poesy, the dialect of God,
 All hidden yearnings of the human breast,
 All human powers that slumber in the brain,
 All secrets, or the alphabet of all
 The secrets of the sunshine and the day.
 Nature through him shall sing, and all her stars
 Pour thought-wealth from the harmonies that live
 Closed in the silver bell of every heaven,
 Or folded in serene immensities
 Of constellated life, as fragrance lies
 Deep in the bosom of the orange tree.
 Earth like a virgin whom the bridal night
 Robes in soft blushes, shall be dear to him;
 He shall commune with her deep heart and tell
 Of all her wondrous inner life; of all
 Her human thoughts and loves, her beautiful
 Humanities who lie within her breast
 Deep-folded, in her future to be born.
 The elements shall talk with him as friends,
 And he shall find more in a common leaf
 Than others find in the huge orb'd space.
 The liberation of his faculties
 Shall be as gradual as the growth of May.
 He shall grow strong at last, and strike the world,
 And all its sounding octaves shall throw back
 Responses to his thought—then pass away.
 Waiting his advent, all the wrongs of man
 Stand clad with sack-cloth, pale and dim as ghosts.
 Through him these mighty wrongs shall find a tongue,
 And every wo that smites Humanity,

As 't were the smitten Christ, from his rebuke
 Shall vanish. He shall gather from the dust
 The silent tears all broken hearts have shed
 Through eyes than death itself more desolate;
 Not all the jeweled fires that crown the sun
 Shall glitter bright as they; for he shall take
 The ruined, orphaned, broken heart of man,
 Divested of the accidents of earth,
 And bid it through his voice disclose the wo
 All ancient Ages could but feel—not speak.
 The Church shall hate him as it hated Christ:
 And tyrants hate him as they hate the free.
 Good men shall stand aghast because of him,
 Till by degrees they hail him as their friend.
 His books shall be as precious to mankind
 As is the memory of the dearest friend
 Lapsed into heaven's abode, but never more
 A visible guest, whose knees the children climb.
 He shall bring back the world's primeval tongue,
 The lyric language of the loving heart,
 The uttered melody of human love.
 O gentle as the rippling moonlight's flow
 Upon a violet bed at summer eve,
 Inaudible, save to an Angel's ear,
 Shall be the new love-language of the race.
 The silent centuries of pain that rest
 On the hoar summits of the ages past,
 Whitening as if their snows were bleaching bones,
 Shall melt in sunshine of the age to be.

And now for a majestic lay of Coleridge, nobler than Coleridge as
 we knew him here:—

While Alfred bade this mighty bard depart,
 A milder spirit, Coleridge, stood apart
 In silence; like a silver statue, wrought
 To emblem forth the royalty of thought,
 He graced that nobler Parthenon. There he,
 The English Plato, in the harmony
 Of his own thought deep-dwelling, spake and said:
 Gazing abstract on government, I find
 Its archetype in the Eternal Mind;
 All governments below must therefore die,
 Being treasons 'gainst th' eternal sovereignty
 Of order. As the spotted fawns, who drink
 In lakelets, see their image in the brink,
 Heaven sees its shadow in the earthly plan
 Of government; the State was made for man.
 I think, therefore, the true Society,
 Like man himself, should form a trinity.
 As Love, Truth, Beauty, three in one, agree,
 Religion, Science, and Creative Art
 Should work together, and the public heart,
 And brain, and body, three in one, express
 Heaven's three-fold archetypal loveliness."
 Great Alfred smiled to hear these wisest words,
 And said, "Let them by all remembered be.
 True inspiration's deep-toned prophecy,

Albeit couched in language sibylline,
Looks forth, wise teacher, from this thought of thine."
Thereat grew Coleridge like a hierophant,
And he poured forth in verse this Orphic chant :

Thought shines from God as shines the morn ;
Language from kindling thought is born ;
The radiant zones of space and time
Unroll from out that speech sublime ;
Creation is the picture word,
The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord ;
Edens on blissful Edens rise
To shape the Epic of the skies ;
Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought
Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought ;
He, throned within the Word above,
Inspires that Heaven, that thought, with love.

Love, Wisdom, Beauty, three in one,
Shine forth from Life's all-perfect Sun ;
Love, Wisdom, Beauty evermore
In God the Seraphim adore ;
Love, Wisdom, Beauty make the soul
The mirror of the perfect whole ;
Love, Wisdom, Beauty where they dwell
In man are God's fresh miracle.
Three Heavens illumine the seraph's eyes ;
Three-fold the sphere of Nature lies ;
And, three in one and one in three,
God dwells in all their harmony.

The love-light of a Seraph's eye
Is language in the blessed sky ;
The music of a quiet heart
Is harmony's essential part ;
Love is the soul and truth the mind,
And Beauty, pure and unconfined,
The breathing form, the shining dress
Of all those holy ones express ;
Yet fullest song but half reveals
The heaven each saintly breast conceals,
For, like the sea devoid of shore,
God's Love flows there for evermore.

With three-fold arch th' Eternal bends ;
With three-fold speech the God descends
To Earth, while stormy discords cease ;
Love, Wisdom, Beauty bloom in peace.
Discord is being's only hell ;
Love, Wisdom, Beauty form the spell
Whereby the Infinite alone
Through worlds and heavens is heard and known ;
Art, Science, Virtue all belong
To their full-voiced immortal song,
The Hero's deeds, the Martyr's prayers,
And the rapt Poet's haunting airs.

The Perfect Man through love receives
The God in whom all Nature lives ;

The Perfect Man through wisdom draws
 The secret of th' eternal laws;
 The Perfect Man is Nature's chant,
 Hero and Bard and Hierophant;
 True to his being's law he grows,
 Of self unconscious as the rose;
 His deeds to Perfect Beauty tend;
 He is the universal friend;
 His thoughts repeat in pictured verse
 The Art-Song of the universe.

If any reader thinks light of these extracts, we earnestly advise him not to buy a book which contains little else than such. In our next we shall resume our series on the *Lyric of the Morning Land*.

AN EVENING AT MR. KOONS' SPIRIT-ROOM.

ACCORDING to Mr. Partridge, of the *Telegraph*, some of the most remarkable manifestations have occurred in Milfield, Athens county, Ohio.

"I attended three public circles in the spirit-house of Mr. Koons, and three in the spirit-house of Mr. Tippie; they are situated about three miles apart; the rooms and manifestations are very similar, although the electrical tables, so called, differ somewhat in their construction; the presiding spirits are of the same name—King; they claim to be father and son, and to have lived on this earth 14,500 years ago.

"These rooms will seat about twenty-five or thirty persons each, and are usually full. * * The music is heard, under favourable circumstances, at the distance of one mile, or as far as any band of martial music can be heard. After the circle is formed, the door and window are shut, the light is usually extinguished, and, almost instantaneously, a tremendous blow with the large drumstick is struck on the table, when immediately the bass and tenor drums are beaten rapidly, like the roll-call for parade, waking a thousand echoes. This beating of drums is continued five minutes, or more; and, when ended, King usually takes up the trumpet and salutes us with "Good evening, friends," or something like it, and often asks what particular manifestations are desired. If none are specially asked for, King often asks Mr. Koons to play on the violin, the spirit-band playing at the same time on the drums, triangle, tambourine, harp, accordion, harmonica, etc., etc.; upon these the spirits perform scientifically, in very quick and perfect time. They commence upon each instrument at one instant, and in full blast, and stop suddenly after sounding the full note, showing that they have some more perfect method than we have of notifying each performer of the instant to start and stop. After the introductory piece on the instruments, the spirits often sing. I heard them sing. They spoke to us, requesting us to remain perfectly silent. Presently we heard human voices singing, apparently in the distance, so as to be scarcely distinguishable; the sounds gradually increased, each part relatively, until it appeared as if a full choir of human voices were in our small room, singing most exquisitely. I think I never heard such perfect harmony; each part was performed with strict attention to its relative degree of sound or force. *Harmony* rather than *noise* seemed to constitute the spirits' song. So captivating was it, that the heartstrings seemed to relax, or to increase their tension, to accord with the heavenly harmony. It seems to me that no person could sit in that sanctuary without feeling

the song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men," spontaneously rising in the bosom, and finding expression on the lip. I don't know that the spirits attempted to utter words with their song; if they did, they succeeded in this particular no better than modern singers. But it was hardly necessary for the spirits to articulate, for every strain and modulation seemed pregnant with holy sentiments, and language could scarcely signify more. After this vocal performance, several pieces of quick music were performed by spirits on the several instruments. They play faster than mortals generally do, and in most perfect time throughout. If any instrument gets out of chord, they tune it; they tuned the violin in my presence and did it rapidly and skilfully.

Spirits reconstruct their physical bodies, or portions of them, from similar elements, apparently, as those which constitute our mortal bodies.

Spirits' hands and arms were reorganised in our presence, on several of the occasions; and that we might see them more distinctly they sometimes wet their hands with a weak solution of *phosphorus*, which Mr. Koons prepared, some time previous, by their request, which emits a light so that their hands can be almost as distinctly seen in a dark room as they could if the room were lighted. At one of these circles which I attended, there were three hands which had been covered with this solution of phosphorus, and we saw them passing swiftly around the room, over our heads, carrying the instruments, and playing upon the violin, accordion, triangle, harmonica and tambourine, and all keeping perfect time. These instruments were moved so swiftly, and near the faces of the audience, that we felt the cool atmospheric current as distinctly as we do that produced by a fan. Several of the company, in different parts of the room, remarked that they not only felt this disturbance of the air, but heard it, and distinctly saw the hand and instrument pass close to their faces. Several of us requested the spirits to place these instruments in our hands, or touch us on our heads, or other parts of our bodies; and in most instances it was immediately done. I held up my hands, and requested the spirits to beat time with the tambourine on my hands. They did so, and gave me more than I asked for, by striking my knees, hands and head in a similar manner. I have seen the tambourine-players in the minstrel bands in New York; I have seen the best performers in the country; but they cannot perform equal to these spirits. The perfect time, and the rapidity with which they beat, is truly surprising.

Spirits' hands, with phosphorus upon them, passed around the room, opening and shutting, and exhibiting them in various ways and positions, which no mortal hand could assume or occupy; demonstrating them to be veritable spirit-hands, physically organised. The phosphorescent illumination from these hands was so distinct, that it occurred to me I could see to read by it; and I took a pamphlet from my pocket, and asked the spirit to place the hand over it, that I might see if I could read by the light. The spirit did so, when I at once perceived that I held the pamphlet wrong end up. I turned it, and could read. The members of the circle remarked that they could see very plainly my hands, face, and the pamphlet I held, and as distinctly could see the spirit's hand and a portion of the arm. I then put out my hands, and asked the spirits to shake hands with me; they did so almost instantly. I then asked them to let me examine their hands; and they placed them in mine, and I looked at them and felt them until I was entirely satisfied. Others asked the same favour, and it was readily granted them. These spirit-hands appeared to be reorganised from

the same elements that our hands are ; and, except that they had a kind of tremulous motion, and some of them being cold and deathlike, we could not by our senses distinguish them from hands of persons living in the form.

"The spirit-hand took a pen, and we all distinctly saw it write on paper which was lying on the table ; the writing was executed much more rapidly than I ever saw mortal hand perform ; the paper was then handed to me by the spirit, and I still retain it in my possession. At the close of the session the spirit of King, as is his custom, took up the trumpet, and gave a short lecture through it ; speaking audibly and distinctly, presenting the benefits to be derived, both in time and eternity, from intercourse with spirits, and exhorting us to be discreet and bold in speech, diligent in our investigations, faithful to the responsibilities which these privileges impose, charitable towards those who are in ignorance and error, tempering our zeal with wisdom ; and finally closing with a benediction."

I am aware that these facts so much transcend the ordinary experience of mortals, that few persons can accept them as true on any amount of testimony.—*Spiritual Telegraph*, July 21st, 1855.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.

[THE following statement nearly equals in point of healing any recorded in the New Testament. We give it as we find it in the *Cleveland Spiritual Universe*. The writer states that it can be substantiated by the affidavits of as reliable people as live in the West.]

Mrs. C., a very intelligent and respectable lady, residing in Knox county, Ill., having been very ill for a long time, and attended by one of the most skilful physicians of the county, as well as occasionally visited by other physicians, it was finally decided by all the "doctors," that she must die, and that the disease was quick consumption. The kind family physician saying to Mr. C., "Sir, I do not wish to conceal the sad fact from you, or blind you with false hopes, your companion *must die* ; she cannot, at most, survive but a few days." About this time, simultaneously, there was so strong an impression made upon the minds of several mediums in the neighbourhood, some of them miles distant, that they seemed impelled, almost irresistibly, to go to Mr. C.'s, as spirits had a work for them to do, or rather a work to do through them. These persons coming from opposite points, miles distant, in the county, guided only by the influence of an unseen intelligence, being together "of one accord in one place," at once made known the object of their mission to Mr. C., saying that they had come by spirit-direction, to heal his wife, and in order to do so, they must form a circle, join their hands, and have Mrs. C. carefully lifted from her *dying* couch, and bolstered up in an easy chair, so that she could join in the circle ; to which he objected, urging that it was impossible, for she had eaten almost nothing, had not even taken a sip of water for two weeks, without tremendous fits of coughing and spitting of blood. In answer, however, to her (Mrs. C.'s) earnest request, connected with their pleading, and the assurance from her that she was convinced that she not only could endure it, but that it would benefit her, he finally consented, and she was placed in the easy chair, the circle formed, hand joined in hand, and united with hers, all sitting in silence, watching with breathless anxiety the effect, until finally she sank back in her chair, ceased to breathe, her pulse died away, and to all human appearance she was dead—given up by her husband as gone ! gone !! GONE !!!

The spirits, meantime, through one of the mediums, entreated all to be quiet, saying that they would take care of her. When lo! after remaining in this apparently lifeless condition for a number of minutes, she starts suddenly—opens her eyes—calls for water—cold water (a thing she had hardly tasted for two weeks), and on water being given her, a little at a time at first, but afterwards more plentifully, she continued to drink until she had drained several glasses, with no inconvenience. Then she called for music, declaring, at the same time, that the spirits had healed her. Music on a violin being furnished (there being a musician in the company), she directly bounded from her chair and commenced dancing, waltzing and whirling in the most beautiful and graceful manner, which she continued, despite the entreaties of anxious friends, for the space of two hours, after which she spoke by spirit-impression, giving a minute detail of the facts and incidents connected with her being healed, most of which she had no other means of knowing; and finally, after assuring all that she was perfectly well, and wishing them an affectionate good night, she retired to rest, had a good night's sleep, arose in the morning fresh and well, made her bed, swept her room, and, had she not been prevented by her friends, would have gone about her work as usual.

Then comes the kind family physician, to make his daily visit; for you know, if it does no other good, it will put a dime or two in his pocket.

"But O! What! Why, my God, Mrs. C., is that you!—Why! in the name of God, what has happened?"

"O, not much, sir, only we had a circle here last evening, and the spirits have cured me."

"Cured you," exclaimed the doctor—"a circle—yes—well, I understand how this is. They have been here and magnetized you, and imparted to you temporary vitality, and you are acting very foolishly, thus wasting the little strength you have; for I tell you—and mark my words—that as soon as this magnetism you have received from that circle dies away (and it cannot last long) you will go the more suddenly!"

"Well, doctor," said Mrs. C., "I have no fears of this; however, we will wait and see."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I am very willing to wait and see, only it becomes my duty as a friend, before I leave you, to let you know that you are deceived, and flattering yourself with false hopes, as persons always do with your disease."

"Very well, doctor, time will show."

"Yes, well, I am sorry to say, and show too soon—well, good morning, Mrs. C."

"Good morning, doctor."

Well, they have "waited to see," and "time has shown," for some three to four months. Mrs. C. still enjoys uninterrupted health. * * *

Farmington, Ill., Feb. 20, 1856.

J. P. MENDENHALL.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C. B.'s interesting communication came too late for this month's number. His mediumship is very striking. We think he believes too literally the trembling of the table. It is mock or sham trembling. It does not denote misery.

It is part of the mystification expressed in signs instead of words. A spirit that would join so merrily in the song of "Blue Bonnets over the Border," or "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," is neither miserable nor positively bad;

it is merely a wag: and that many of the spirits are wags there can be no doubt. They are forbidden to reveal the secrets of their condition in plain, unvarnished tale, and allowed a wide scope of mystification. But there is scarcely an instance of malice prepense to be found in the whole seven years' history of Spiritualism. Spirits are analogous to the age. In bigoted, persecutive times came witchcraft; but in these times, when mercy craves pardon for sinners, and even reluctantly permits a murderer to be hanged, the spirits are no longer fiends, churchyard ghosts, and skeletons, but parlour and drawing-room friends, humourists and moralists. B.'s father seems to be just the man for managing them.

M. P.—The broadsheet form is not popular in England for miscellaneous or other than political papers. Miscellaneous broadsheets are out of date entirely. Monthlies lead to weeklies, not weeklies to monthlies, when they succeed. It would require a banker's cheque for a few thousands to realise our correspondent's idea.

M. C.—The man who has no curiosity to know the secrets of the invisible world will not seek to know them; and he whose curiosity is so unbounded that he will not be satisfied with less than a full, free, and intelligible revelation, will not be satisfied with a spare and a lean one. But what revelation ever has been full and free? Neither Jewism nor Christianity describes the other world. So silent is the Bible about it that Luther even suspected that there was no spiritual world at all, but that souls slept until the resurrection. With such reserve in olden times, we cannot expect a sudden burst of light upon the subject. The light must rise and increase by degrees: and as morning comes out of darkness, darkness is largely mixed up with dawn. The inspiration of Spirit literature cannot be proved by the internal evidence of the language or the ideas, any more than the divinity of Christ or the mission of Isaiah or Moses by the grammatical construction of their sentences, or the images they employ. Judged by classical rules, we know of no inspiration that will stand the test. It is all irregular, and rarely consecutive even for a

few sentences in succession. Logical composition, by laborious reason, is the regular composition. Inspiration is like Æolian music, which, though not artistically true, is yet extremely difficult to imitate. We must not require of inferior inspiration more than we obtain from the superior.

The man Hodson, printer and publisher, who issues a quarterly circular to the church of which he is a member, dictating, somewhat presumptuously, to others what they ought to believe and respect, calls the *Spiritual Herald* a noxious plant. He says, "Admitting the reality of spiritual manifestations, we would ask, what use are they calculated to perform?" That is just what we should ask, in better English; respecting Hodson himself. "Admitting his reality, of what use is he?" He, as well as spirits, publishes noxious plants. Lately he printed, and published too (for he who prints publishes), a noxious book, and he justifies himself thus—"When the pamphlet was sent to us to print, we ventured to remonstrate against its appearance; and we stated, that if our refusal to undertake it would prevent its publication we would give it at once." A like excuse would do for printing an obscene book. A thief, seeing a handkerchief hanging out of a pocket, says, "If I don't draw that 'ere viper, some other cove will;" and so he draws it—Hodson's own reasoning and example. A choice man for a judge of Spiritualism! He says, "The questions put to spirits do not, in any instance, have relation to heaven and a heavenly life." This is a gross falsehood. We believe the questions about heaven are the most numerous of all, and books are filled with the answers. Mr. Hodson's ignorance (as a critic), or his falsification (as a foe), is inexcusable. Pray do not tell stories, Hodson! Remember thou livest in a glass house, and glazest thine own windows!

MANILIUS.—We cannot answer our correspondent's question. He should write to the professor himself, who knows better than we what he himself has done.

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