

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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THE GIFT OF HEALING.

Dr. Dods, in one of his admirable lectures on "*The Philosophy of Mesmerism*," has the following remarks on the power of healing by the laying on of hands &c:—

"I believe the doctrine of our Saviour to be a perfect doctrine, and exactly adapted to the bodies as well as the souls of men. I believe that he is our example to follow, and as he went about doing good, healing sickness and relieving distress of body as well as preaching the gospel to heal the moral maladies of the soul, so it is our duty to do the same. It is, moreover, most evident that his doctrine, to the fullest extent he commanded his apostles to preach it, was to go down to all subsequent ages, so long as human beings should have a habitation on earth. And our Saviour just as much commanded his apostles to heal the sick, as he did to preach the gospel. Now I cannot believe that one half of the power and mercy of his doctrine should cease with the ministry of his apostles, and the other half continue. I cannot believe that its healing efficacy, so far as the body is concerned, should cease, and what was applicable to the soul should continue. If this be so, then what a favored generation of Christians existed in that day, so far, at least, as healing the body was concerned. It was said in the apostolic age, 'Is any man sick, let him send for the elders of the church, and let them lay their hands upon him and pray, and the sick shall recover.' I believe this now, and so far as we have power and faith, it can be accomplished now as well as ever."

Correspondence.

A WORD WITH "THE YORKSHIREMAN."

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

MR EDITOR,

When a *gentleman* gives his opinion on any of the thousand and one subjects that engage the public mind, he is deserving of the thanks of that particular section thereof to which his observations more immediately apply. The arguments of such an one should always command respect, even though they may seem to lack proof and consistency. They may be highly plausible and scholarly in arrangement, but for want of *practical experience* on which to base them the splendid superstructure gives way and falls to the earth. But the *intention* being good, the argument should receive the best consideration, and whatever truth it contains be accepted with gratitude.

When, however an individual comes forward who is evidently not a gentleman, and presumes to pass judgment and cast ridicule—not to reason—on matters too high for his earthly mind to reach, and on which he shews the darkest ignorance,—when such an one accuses another of *lying*, of whose character he knows nothing,—such an individual, instead of meriting our regard, can only claim our pity. Excuse me, therefore, if I cannot endorse your remark at the conclusion of your observations on *The Yorkshireman's* article. Let us thank the considerate, the kind, the truthful, and good, and not waste our gratitude on scoffers and evil speakers. That he is honest in revealing his own character I have no doubt; but that he is so in estimating the character of the movement about which he writes, or of the individuals connected with it, he has, himself, given us no reason to believe.

I have, since reading your notice of the article under review, had an opportunity of perusing it throughout, and have looked in vain for any argument against the possibility of Spirit-manifestations, but have found it full of sly, uncorteous, and uncharitable insinuations against the honesty of the mediums and spiritualists generally. Nearly two long columns are occupied with inuendos, and low witticisms against men who are well qualified to defend themselves, should they deem it necessary. I pass on, therefore, till I meet with the information that "one Jesse Jones, of Coventry, has a still more wonderful story to tell of a spirit who moved an infant, while asleep, to say 'good night.'" What, in the name of common honesty, would the man have me to say? I simply stated a truth,—which statement I now reiterate,—that which my ears and the ears of my family heard. But the fact of the child speaking, could he depend on my veracity, he would perhaps concede. The *cause* of the speaking, however, may be

the chief point at issue. I say the cause was spiritual: he would perhaps say it was electricity, magnetism, or *steam*; *vapour on the child's stomach*; anything but spirit. The words were intelligible in themselves, and intelligently used at an appropriate time, and I therefore attributed them to an intelligent source. This I conceive to be the true method of reasoning—that of induction. The words and the occasion when used indicated an intelligent origin, and he would attribute them to the operation of an unintelligent power; thus the cause and the effect do not agree. This I conceive to be a false method of reasoning, and a violation of the Baconian method. I take the higher ground to account for this and similar phenomena; he would take the lower: he has the right to do so, but I envy him not his choice.

Passing on a little further, I meet with some attempts at pleasantry, which no doubt afforded much amusement to their author; one of which plainly indicates the *spirituous* direction in which his thoughts are apt to wander. However familiar he may be with *wet spirits*, he will agree with me that honest teetotalers are not indebted to them for inspiration.

Concerning his compliment to myself—his christianly, gentlemanly denial of my truthfulness—I cast it back on himself. We know that it is a law of mind that it cannot rise above itself in its estimation of the character of other minds. Thus it is that the thief imagines all to be thieves; the liar, all to be liars; the lewd, all to be libidinous; and the *impostor in embryo* believes all who are not of his particular doxy to be impostors, when opportunity offers. We know how ready the thief is to be the first to cry 'stop thief,' and the poor miserable who walks the street at night, to tell a virtuous woman she is no better than she should be. In regard to myself I can well afford to smile at the imputation, knowing well that had he known me, reckless as he is in the choice of epithets, he would have hesitated before employing the one he has. Common honesty demanded that he should have known something of my character before bringing such a charge. It is easy, however, to interpret his motives. *Create in the public mind a conviction that the advocates of Spirit-intercourse are impostors and untruthful, and the progress of Spiritualism will cease.* Futile attempt! As well try to stop the flowers from blooming, or the winds from blowing!

That there have been foolish notions held by Spiritualists, and errors committed by them, is saying no more than can be said of every individual or sect under the sun; but shall we therefore assert that every one is an impostor and every movement an imposition? To say it would be easy enough, but the proof? Just so with Spirit-intercourse—we demand the proof. *The Yorkshireman* may rave about "heated brains, crazed enthusiasm, designing impostors," and other supposed characteristics of Spiritualists, but in so doing he is only giving palpable proof to a discerning public that these maladies exist to an alarming extent in himself. When the cynic Diogenes visited Plato the philosopher, and found him surrounded with many luxuries which he thought were useless, stamping haughtily upon the splendid carpet that covered the floor, he cried, "Thus do I trample on the pride of Plato." "And with greater pride still," calmly replied Plato. And when *The Yorkshireman*, and others of like *animus*, hurl their crazed, unreasonable

and monstrous charges against us we may quietly reply, in the spirit of Plato, 'The evils you charge upon us without proof, you are yourselves guilty of. Physicians heal yourselves, then shall we be better able to judge of your ability to heal us. With heated brains you charge us with excited imaginations; with lies on your lips you designate us liars; holding many opinions that will not bear the light of reason, you call us superstitious; imposing on the credulous with designing falsehoods, you stigmatize us as impostors; sitting in judgment on a matter of which you are ignorant, you charge us with ignorance.'

In conclusion, I emphatically reassert the unexaggerated truthfulness of all I have reported, as having taken place in my family. I do this not with the expectation of convincing the Editor of *The Yorkshireman* of my veracity—for this I have no anxiety to do—but for the purpose of preventing more honest minds than his from being led astray by his duplicity. My own conscience is perfectly easy in the matter, and I am ever ready to submit my cause to the Judge of every heart. Other extraordinary matters besides those reported have transpired among us, but they are of such a character that I forbear to describe them, or they would certainly be too much for the nerves of our amiable critic, in his present excited condition. The man who is ever ready with the elegant words "imposture," and "lies," to account for phenomena that transcend the powers of his mind otherwise to account for, is deserving only of reprobation and pity. With these feelings I pass him by, hoping, however that he may yet become what at present he certainly is not—a wise, charitable, and useful member of society, instead of being as he now is, a blind leader of the blind.

That the present phase of Spiritism is defective and transitory in its character is admitted by all advanced Spiritualists. But they also have great reason to believe that it is introductory to that time foretold by the prophets and sung of by the poets when the Spirit of God shall be poured out upon all flesh, and all shall know God, even from the least unto the greatest. They believe that the special Pentecost at Jerusalem was the prophecy and forerunner of this universal Pentecost; and my worst wish towards our mistaken censor is, that he may be found worthy to take part in that blessed dispensation.

Congratulating you on the improvement of the *Telegraph*, and wishing you every success,

Hill Fields,
Coventry,

Nov. 11, 1856.

I remain,

Yours in truth,

JESSE JONES.

York, Nov. 15, 1856.

To the Editor of *The Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*.

SIR,

Having read in the pages of the *Yorkshireman* a most contemptible and slanderous article on Spiritualism, in which the Editor, quite apparently unable

to reason about the matter in a logical manner, seeks to vent his spleen in a volley of abuse and misrepresentation. In my opinion, the Editor, by his pitiful mode of warfare, has earned for himself no more credit than might justly be claimed by the veriest clown; for, despite of all existing facts, regardless of character, reputation, moral honesty, or the testimony of thousands who have practically investigated and proved the truth of the operation of spirits upon material substances, and their conjunction with men on earth,—he unhesitatingly gives the lie to the whole fabric, as being the shortest way to dispense with difficulties.

The Editor seems to be vastly alarmed lest the belief in Spiritualism should find too many adherents, and he says, "it is not by ignoring its existence that we can combat Spiritualism; it is only by the timely exertion of common sense and ridicule, that we can hope to put down a delusion so absurd, and yet so captivating." We should feel obliged to the Editor for a specimen of his "common sense"—his ridicule is folly. If of the philosophical Editor lived in the time of the apostles, and heard of the miracles performed through them by spiritual power, they would unquestionably have been treated with the same amount of ridicule and contempt by the philosophical Editor, as all the varied manifestations, and miraculous cures of the most hopeless diseases that have been effected by the Spiritualists of the present generation.

If the Editor of *The Yorkshireman* is really, as he professes himself to be, so intensely opposed to Spiritualism, why not throw off his disguise, and appear in his true character, and ridicule all the spiritual claims of the sacred scriptures. What kind of philosophical reasoning is it, that would divide Spiritualism into two parts,—denying its present existence and admitting its primitive reality. He cannot surely be acquainted with the nature of Spiritualism, even in its simplest forms, for he says, that "the spiritualists make of raising spirits, and clothing them with bodily forms and attributes, so far from sublimating them to their diviner essences, materializes and carnalizes the most sacred and mysterious agencies of nature, and thus lowers it and degrades them to the level of the vulgarst understandings." Now, if there be anything materialistic or carnal in the operation of spirits upon material substances, whereby they can intelligently communicate their thoughts and instructions for the well being of spirits in the flesh, pointing out, as in most cases they do, the moral and religious duties of man as a responsible being, giving the most satisfactory proof of a life after death, and thus efficaciously checking materialism in Deifying the independent powers of nature; if these spiritualistic acquisitions have a tendency to boost infidelity and promote atheism, we should feel very thankful if the Editor of *The Yorkshireman* would show us how we can prove, that a great number of infidels have been converted to the belief of a life after death, by the demonstrations of an intelligent spiritual power, that neither Professor Huxley's theory, nor the Editor of *The Yorkshireman's* "common sense" can rationally account for.

The Editor also refers to Thos. L. Harris, the spiritual poet, as he styles him, who has written under spiritual influence, an "Epic of the Starry Heavens," in two hundred pages,—a poem not only equalled in the richest language, but for

sublimity of thought, and the glowing splendour of its imagery, stands unrivalled in the annals of modern poetry.

It is the duty of all honest truth seekers and progressionists, to oppose the pitiful and tottering system that seeks to uphold the belief, that it is the design of their Maker, that mankind should be ever shrouded in ignorance, and immersed in the perplexities of doubts and fears, stagnating in the putrescence of conservatism, and perishing under the chilling influence of darkness and mystery.

We have only one more remark to make at present, respecting the Editor of the *Yorkshireman's* misrepresentations of truth. In alluding to the illustrious seer, Swedenborg, whom the Editor falsely designates the "amiable lunatic." He says, he, Swedenborg, "once met St. Paul in the flesh in Cheapside." Had he said Swedenborg once saw St Paul in the spirit, he might have been near the truth, But it appears evident, that the Editor of *The Yorkshireman* has such a mortal antipathy to everything of a spiritual origin, that he would not only exterminate the spirits, but brand all believers in their existence as lunatics. And this is the man that seeks to lead the enlightened portion of society to follow in his footsteps. For our own part we would rather be excused; we prefer an upward course to a downward one.

T. M.

27, New Charles St., City Road, London, Nov. 18, '50.

To the Editor of *The Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*.

SIR,

I perceive from the last number of the *Telegraph*, which you were kind enough to send me, that it is still kept up at a considerable loss, and that there is a consequent probability that its *weekly* issue may be discontinued. I think this would be a great pity, and would therefore suggest (as you are about to commence a new volume,) that a shilling subscription list be opened for its support, to be made periodical,—annually or half-yearly, as might be found necessary, until such time as it becomes self-supporting.

I think there are few of your readers who would not be willing to contribute so small a sum.

Permit me also to suggest the establishment of a central society, consisting of friends in any part of the country favorable to the cause of Spiritualism, or Spiritism (whichever it may be called,) and of all spirit-circles, who might wish to place themselves in union with it; the object of the society being to diffuse a knowledge of the facts of spirit-communication, and of the advantages to be derived therefrom, &c. This could be done by supporting the *Telegraph*, or any similar publication that may be established; by circulating tracts, such as the admirable one of Verax, just published; by making arrangements for the delivery of lectures in different towns, &c. &c. At present we are disconnected and yet placed in circumstances which renders union more than usually desirable,

Perhaps if an "open page" in the *Telegraph* could be reserved for the reception and discussion of these and similar suggestions, it might lead to some good being done.

I remain, Sir,
Yours truly,
T. S.

[Respecting the suggestion of our esteemed correspondent for a subscription in aid of the *Telegraph*, we beg to say that we have laid the matter before our publisher, but he is unwilling to accede to the proposition. He will be very happy to comply with those friends who choose to subscribe one shilling, half-yearly or yearly, by forwarding them the amount in return, either in Tracts or *Telegraphs*, which, if distributed, would answer the end, perhaps more effectually than any other mode.

He did not undertake to publish weekly with the expectation of realising any profit from it. But as several calls were made for us either to publish oftener or enlarge our paper, it was considered to be the more feasible plan to keep to the price and size and to publish weekly.

The mass of valuable communications now laying by us, together with the ever increasing class of correspondents prove the necessity of a weekly organ, and by an active association throughout Great Britain, it might speedily be made self-supporting.

We have received several suggestions respecting an organization, and shall be glad to adopt the plan suggested of an "open page" for discussion on those subjects.—Ed.]

Peasholme Green, York, Nov. 17, '56.

To the Editor of *The Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*.

SIR,

I take the liberty to present you with a plan of my invention of a Spirit Table, the leading idea of which was suggested to me by the spirit of my dear brother John, who was drowned some thirty years ago, whilst bathing in the river Ouse. And I think you will at once see that the contrivance in itself is very simple. The circle being on a large scale, the beauty and elegance of this mode of communication I think must be obvious. The medium standing in the centre like a true magician, will give at once, a dignity and sublimity to his operations, necessary to the advancement of truth. Also, the rapid evolutions of the planet to the varied letters &c., will tend to awe the vulgar and charm the curious.

I therefore leave the plan with you for examination and shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience. But you must not consider my letters strange.

We live in a strange world; we hear of strange things; and we are all strangers and pilgrims. The Editor of *The Yorkshireman* is a strange man, like me; and you are a strange man to me, till we get to know each other.

So for the present I conclude, with my best wishes for the success of the cause, the noble cause you are engaged in.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH WALLS.

P. S. My first plan of communicating at our circle was by means of a small tea tray, placed upon a small plate which answers better than a table leg,

[The plan above referred to may be seen at our publisher's residence for a few days. It is certainly a remarkable drawing, and we shall be glad to learn how it answers.—ED.]

The following has been forwarded to us by Mr S. Goode, of Hinckley:—

SIR,

My son and wife were both busy at work, when they each felt a strange sensation come over them. My son was thrown into an unconscious state for a few moments, when the following was received. It did not pass through his mind; his hand was guided by an invisible power.

The first was in characters which were given, but I have omitted that part and sent you the explanation. It was about an inch in length.

The following is the explanation:—

"God loveth all men, and desireth them to come to the kingdom of heaven.

"Them that will do the will of the Lord shall come into my kingdom, and shall be my ministering angels; but they must do that which they think is right in the sight of me. Some things that seem wrong in the sight of the world and in the sight of your own eyes shall be right in my kingdom of heaven.

"Man will be his own torment in this world and in the next. I will judge him and send him away to his own pleasures, that he may do the will of his own mind, for I have the control of all men, and over all earths, and over all my dominions, and shall rule them according to my will, and the hells to rule themselves at times, until they get out of the bounds of my laws, and then I show them that I rule over them, and that I have all power. Sometimes they think there is none that can stop their wicked ways, till I show them the light of heaven, and then it makes them think of me, and that is a punishment to them. That is what those dots or marks stand for that I have written. You may think you shall know them again, but the same dots or marks may mean something else in another part of my dominions. You will never be able to make them out unless the spirits tell you what they are.

"I am the Ruler of all things."

Notices of Publications.

THE COMFORTER; or the SPIRITUAL WORLD'S EXPRESS. Parts I. to VI. Published by Daniel Jones, Bradford, Wilts.

The Southcottians are believed by most people to be an extinct sect, who perished with the death of their founder. Such however is not the case. Many thousands are yet the followers of Joanna and they are also on the increase. Since her death many sects have appeared among her disciples, under George Turner, John Roe of Ashton-under-Lyne, Zion Ward, and others as their leaders, all agreeing as to the Mission of the woman, as they term Joanna, but each disagreeing with the claims of the other, and thus shewing that they belong rather to the dispensation of Christ, the Divider, than to that of Christ the Gatherer. Established at first upon Spirit-visitations, it is no wonder that at last Spiritism, in its modern forms, makes its appearance among them.

"The Comforter," which is a Southcottian organ, is apparently edited, printed and published by Lavinia and Daniel Jones, and there is a certain literary refinement about its contents which indicates that its editors are to some extent educated people. Their views moreover of the progress and comparative perfection of Humanity upon earth, find favor in our sight; and approach in many respects those of our friends of the Communist Church, although dimly and in shadow. As a "Spiritual World's Express" however, the Comforter, will probably prove most interesting to our readers, who will with ourselves be sorry that its publication is discontinued. The six parts published contain, amid a majority of matter of general religious import, some interesting records of a circle meeting in London, under the mediumship of Mrs. Marshall, whose voice is used by spirit-influence; and of another assembling in Great Marlborough Street, where the communications were alphabetized from tapping sounds. There are also some records of American Spiritism. The price of the numbers is three pence each. Although discontinued the publication shows that Spiritism is influencing the obscure religious sects, and we believe it cannot be long ignored by the more eminent churches.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE XII.

BENOLD, in that white day which is before us, there shall be no more nations, neither wars nor fightings among human kind,

For the church shall truly say: Peace be unto ye; and its apostles shall proclaim the 'Truce of God.

And the waters shall retire from the channel and Gaul and Britain shall again be reunited.

And the cock shall awake the lion in the morning and in the day they shall walk together.

And of the eagles shall the talons be drawn and of all the wild beasts the claws.

And the crown shall no longer be above the cross, and the cross and the crescent shall not fly asunder.

And there shall be stars without the stripes and the cactus without the leopard, and the rays of the southern cross shall shine triumphant,

And all the plants and flowers shall grow together beautifully in the garden of God.

The rose shall not flout the thistle nor the thistle the shamrock, nor the trefoil despise the leek because of its smell nor the leek be envious of the rose because of its fragrance and beauty.

The lilies and the violets shall bloom together and the aloe flower oftener and the palm trees and the oak trees shall love each other.

Branches of Acacia! Branches of Acacia! shall the people cry; and they shall say, He is found who was lost! He is brought together who was separated! the flesh is reunited to the bones, and there is one man!

And whispers shall go forth, It is Hiram Abiff! it is even Abiram!

And no more shall kings rise up against kings and nations against nations or mountains divide people.

For faith saith unto the mountain, Go! and it goeth; and it walketh upon the ocean and on the floods.

And rivers and seas shall no longer divide man from man, but shall unite people with people and the boundaries of countries shall be no more.

And there shall not be nations or kings or sovereigns or emperors, but Christ shall prevail over Cesar and in his hand shall he hold a cross and upon the cross there shall be one crown.

And the whole earth shall be one country and all people shall be one nation, and among them all shall be universal peace.

For there shall no more be Phillistines, or Canaanites, Moabites or Edomites, Hivites or Jebusites, or any people of Ishmael; but there shall be one Israel, the nation of God, the people of the Lord.

And they shall no more send armies against men but against the deserts and the oceans and the evil fires that burst forth from the earth.

And they shall subdue them and conquer them, and rule over them, even as already men have made the sun their painter, and fire their messenger.

And in that day, all shall say, We are of one nation; God is our ruler and we are his people—glory be to his name!

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF DR. COMBE.

SINCE I entered into the spirit-world I have made it my business to enquire into the cause of human suffering and its cure. Were I to give it a name, I should call it ignorance, but that is perhaps too general a term, since it is the parent of nearly all the evil in the world.

One great cause of human suffering has to be endured in consequence of the want of knowledge and man's ignorance of that want. If man only knew his want in this respect there would be better grounds for some hope of his escape from such a state. It is the most hopeless state that a person can be in,—to be ignorant and not know it. I find this is a very common malady, and even spirits themselves are not free from it.

Again, when those somewhat more intelligent than themselves try to instruct them, or shed new light before them, they no sooner receive a new idea or a small ray of light, than they begin to make it prop up some crotchety idea of their own, which, in truth, it was intended to remove. Now it is against this malady that I wish to caution you; on my success in this particular depends your prosperity in a real radical reform.

If you should use the few proofs we are able to give of our presence with you, and the desire manifested to benefit those who are still toiling in the flesh, to confirm some old notion which may have been useful but which would not be congenial to that state to which men are fast hastening, (though unconsciously,) our labors with you would be vain.

I am aware that it is difficult to throw away notions that have grown with your growth, and this is one of the obstacles to the rapid progress of spirits in the spiritual world. To become wise it is necessary that you take upon you the spirit of a child and feel a desire to learn. Nothing is so productive of pride and ignorance as self conceit. With this, knowledge can never co-exist: hence the importance of Christ's teachings when he sets before us, as an example, little children, telling us that of such is the kingdom of heaven. Here we have an invitation to return to that state of innocence from which the corrupting influences of a grovelling sensual world has gradually lead man. This child-like simplicity is as much needed with us as with you for we exercise an influence over men to a greater extent than popular philosophy is prepared to admit; but eternal thanks for the signs of the times. Men and women among all nations, and of every variety of persuasions are being made aware of the power and influence of spirits. 'Tis true that spirits differ in their accounts of what is taking place in the spiritual world, and will continue to do so, so long as there is an imperfect spirit with power to communicate, yet those seeming inconsistencies cannot long withstand the accumulative amount of demonstrative evidences. The cold and hopeless state of scepticism—brought on by an equally absurd doctrine of meritorious faith—must yield to these demonstrations, and allow a more congenial and hope reviving doctrine to supersede them, that shall teach the value and importance of practical truths. Then will men cease to war with each other: then will man learn that

wherever there is a human form—no matter whatever be his color, no matter whatever be his creed—there he will behold a brother. What but the most lamentable ignorance could possibly keep men from hastening on this blessed state. It is, as I observed at the commencement, that men are ignorant and yet they do not know it, and what adds to our obstacles, spirits are also in the same deplorable condition. If men and spirits could only get rid of the foolish notion of perfection being attainable by finite creatures, then would our progress be more rapid.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE GROUP OF SPIRITS.

At one of our sittings a member of the circle expressed a desire to know whether any effort on the part of the mediums would enhance the power of the spirits to communicate with us?

We were first directed to read over the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians; after which the following was received through the tipping process:—

"It is perhaps necessary at the onset, to inform you that the chapter just read is strikingly appropriate for our present purpose. By careful attention to the principles laid down, it will teach you that we are limited in our sphere of action, by the peculiar gifts of the mediums, and their power of reception.

It is true that any medium may, by proper attention to the laws in the spirit-world, (as are generally known by their own experience,) that they may do much to assist in bringing themselves into a more susceptible state; but whilst they are surrounded by selfish mortals, and they themselves absorbed in worldliness, our chances of approaching them are difficult.

"Now those who covet the gift of mediumship should try to keep their minds as tranquil as possible. Let not the luring cares for human follies predominate over the gentle influences proceeding from the spirit-land. The saying of our Lord, that "ye cannot serve two masters," involves a great fundamental principle, indestructive by any human artifice. The truth of this is evident in all your transactions. What relish have you for many of the formularies of the present day? and how feeble is the support you render towards such. Is it not plain that this arises from your lack of relish for them? If then, ye fail to associate with, or take pleasure in, such things and such company, for want of such a taste, does it not plainly imply that like attracts like? and he or she who wishes to become spiritualized must cultivate spiritual aspirations; for if your aspirations be of a worldly nature you need not to expect spiritual information. Where your heart is, there will your treasure be. Ye cannot serve God and mammon; hence your power to remove obstacles to good mediumship lies in your observance of the foregoing instructions."

We have a rather lengthy communication that has been obtained from the above group which shall be inserted as soon as possible; but we desire to give opportunities for recording facts in connection with the movement, from all parts of Great Britain.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 111, Vol. II.]

After we had examined the fountain and taken notes of all its particular parts, my friend Murgatroyd asked me which part of the fountain was most in accordance with my present opinion? I answered with a feeling of reluctance; (and I will not for truths sake keep anything from you that may be beneficial for your future welfare,) that the great dragon of fire which had seven heads was the nearest to common sense and science. I remarked that the models of the fishermen on the top of the fountain, were quiet distasteful and entirely out of place.

At this my friend Murgatroyd began to look sorrowful, yet I knew not why; but he soon told me that he felt sorry for my sake, that the latter end of my life had been spent in a very careless manner and quite contrary to the will of my maker.

"Sorry am I" he continued, "for thy sake, that thy understanding should have been so blunted by indulging thy appetite too freely, so that the beautiful correspondence is hid from thee. But I ought not to upbraid thee for thy failings for I myself had many: and few, very few indeed there be who are without, and I am glad for our sakes that none are permitted to judge but He who made us, Glory be to his holy name."

Amen, amen, I exclaimed; and he lifted up his hands and gave thanks to the impartial and just Judge of all his creatures. "Yes" said he "now does the recollection of the many incidents of my life come fresh to my memory. Now do I recollect the day and even the hour when I first resolved to do everything with a single eye to the glory of God; and many times have I been singled out as an hypocrite when I chanced to step a wry, and all because I publicly professed to be a follower of the Lord.

Many times have I been upbraided by the none professors of religion for evading the truth, for rash expressions, for dishonesty, for selfishness, and even for my cheerfulness on the sabbath day, whilst they themselves lie, swear, quarrel and fight, and spend their sabbaths in all kinds of debauchery and intemperance, and their only plea was that they did not make a profession of christianity; forgetting poor souls, that every thought, word and deed, are as stones to build up their eternal mansion, whether they professed christianity or no, or whether they were in the church or out of it."

While he was thus soliloquizing on his past trials, I too had given way to a profound and silent reverie, from which we were both suddenly and unexpectedly aroused by a gentle sprinkling of water from the lowermost part of the fountain, when, he suddenly exclaimed with his usual cheerfulness,—“Come we had better retrace our steps to the banks of the valley, for immediately the fountain will

be in full play, and thou can have the pleasure of witnessing one of the most beautiful sights that thy eyes ever beheld," and soon the valley was cleared of all who had been enjoying themselves in its luxurious sweetness, and by the time we had arrived on the banks, the fountain was in full play, at the sight of which I can assure you that I was quite delighted; but I must leave it to your own imagination, and, just for a moment picture to yourselves a fountain one hundred and sixty cubits high—perfect in all its parts—in the centre of a circular valley—forty five thousand cubits in circumference, and so minutely adjusted as to sprinkle with perfect equality, from the centre, to the brink of the valley.

I cannot omit to mention that we stood on the west side of the valley, and I was informed by my friend Murgatroyd that if we went a little toward the south we should see the beauties of light and shade. And as we advanced toward the south, I beheld by degrees, six beautiful rainbows, one above the other; the lowermost of which was in the darkest shade and the least of them all; and they were larger and brighter as they grew higher. Again, over these was another broad, bright rainbow, which completely encircled the other, and was the greatest of them all.

And as we walked leisurely towards the south, I perceived that the rainbow became brighter: and when we had passed the south, and were proceeding toward the east and north, they gradually disappeared, and my friend Murgatroyd cheerfully patted me on the shoulder, and exclaimed in his usual tone: "Well John, I have shown thee all the principal things in the valley and all around the borders and as yet thou hast said but little. Why art thou so mute? canst not thou perceive the beautiful correspondence between the fountain, the rainbows, the valley, the plants, and the first dawning and gradual advancement of christianity."

O, no, I exclaimed. If there be any correspondence at all, I must confess I am unable to discern it. All I can say is, that everything is very beautiful.

He then promised to give me an explanation of the whole if I would accompany him to a distant bower, which was situated on the south side of the gardens, which surrounded the philanthropists' valley. Of course I told him that I should take it as a very great favour to learn anything from him providing he did not neglect other important duties while attending to me.

"Not in the least," he exclaimed, and he conducted me toward the south away from the philanthropists' valley, though it was with reluctance on my part, but as we advanced toward an elevated ground, scenes still more grand and enchanting attracted my attention. My friend Murgatroyd proceeded towards the bower at a quick pace and seemed not to notice anything which surrounded us.

But before we proceed further, I must give you a description of the route which led from the valley to the bower. There were beds of the sweetest of flowers which extended along our path and which formed a very beautiful border on each side; then again, behind the borders, were arranged tall trees at uniform distances, whose branches projected only from two sides of the trunk; those on the right bearing long yellow leaves, fringed with purple and gold, and also a kind of light green fruit suspended from every branch, and those on the left bearing dark red leaves fringed with white and blue, and also a kind of yellow fruit suspended from every branch.

(to be continued)

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THE ANGEL VISIT.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

SOME years ago, in the western part of our country, the inhabitants were collected at the building of a log house. As they were in the act of raising the uppermost log, one of the works on which it was raised, broke when down came the log, crushing one of the party in so shocking a manner that no one thought he could live many days. But contrary to the expectations of all, he continued to linger, but in the most exquisite anguish. One night, after his wife had gone to bed, and he lay thinking what would become of his family, if he should die, a female form which was burning in the fireplace, he saw, and, standing there, a strange countenance seemed to be changing, and that of the deceased. The stranger then stepped up to the bed, and, in a low, but musical voice, "I have come to care for you, friend," he then continued, gently holding his mangled breast, and in a few minutes his pain was nearly gone. He then told him that he had many years to live, yet with his family, and that he would soon get well. He then proceeded to inform him that a certain member of the church to which he belonged, would commit some crime, which he would attempt to fasten upon one who was innocent. The invalid now thought to call the attention of his wife to the beautiful stranger, but when he had succeeded in arousing her, to his surprise he had vanished. The sick man got well in a very short time. In about three months from this, the circumstance which had been foretold in regard to the church, took place, and by following the advice of his unknown friend, he succeeded in convicting the male culprit.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

III.

THE communication in reply to my enquiry with which I closed my last letter, was written on the instant, without a moment's pause, and with a rapidity that was something wonderful: and this was generally the case with regard to all answers to questions that I saw written, whether those questions were put by myself or others. These were of the most diverse, and sometimes abstruse nature: questions in Divinity, Psychology, Ethics, Medicine, &c. &c., (and of which no previous notice was either given or expected,) were all answered in the same rapid, unhesitating, perspicuous manner. Those accustomed to literary composition will know that the faculty of improvising answers to unexpected questions in this way is rare, even among educated men; but that a person comparatively uneducated and of ordinary ability should do this, in addition to frequently delivering discourses such as I have before referred to, amid all the distraction of domestic and family cares, and while often suffering from ill health, was, to say the least of it, a very note-worthy phenomenon.

These communications purported to proceed from different spirits, and the members of the circle, after a while, were easily able to distinguish among those who most frequently communicated, (of whom the principal seemed to be the one who signed "Phreno,") by marked and obvious differences of caligraphy, style, and other evidences of separate individuality and identity. Sometimes a new spirit would favor us with a communication, and this was usually at once perceptible to all present, by the evident difficulty it experienced in controlling the hand of the medium, so that it seemed sometimes only by a painful effort to be able to write even a single sentence, and which when written, was with difficulty deciphered. Occasionally a communication would be thus commenced, which the spirit was (from the cause I have mentioned) unable to finish, and it would then obtain the assistance of a friendly spirit to complete it,—the second spirit signing its name, and giving that of the first one, which would then affix its mark where it could not sign its name. I have seen this take place, in the case of more than one medium, at a private *seance*, and at our ordinary circle-meetings.

I make no comment upon these things. Some of your readers may consider them, or if not these, other facts which I shall have to relate, as incredible, contrary to reason, and so forth. I can only rejoin once for all, that I record facts which have come under my own observation, and "facts are shields that winna ding." "I speak that which I do know, and testify to that which I have seen." I am aware that, (as a polite French author expresses it,) "nothing is so brutally conclusive as a fact;" it pays no respect to philosophers, has no regard for thrones, it shatters systems to fragments without remorse, and marches over their ruins;

it will tell its own tale in its own way, let those list who will. I do not ask that my *conclusions* from the facts should be accepted,—*that* is quite another matter. If any one can help me to a more satisfactory explanation than that to which the facts have conducted me, I can assure them that even "the smallest donation will be thankfully received."

Your readers will please to bear in mind the statement made to me by "Phreno," "though you are brought to truth in an apparently round about way, yet it is the right way be assured." On reflection, I could not help feeling that though a strange, and "apparently round about way," yet if it proved to be "the right way," it was one to which a mysterious providence seemed to have conducted me; one which I had been brought to regard as, at least, the most hopeful, and to which I had been led by what I may call the exhaustive process. I had tried every other way that had presented itself, and discovered after proceeding a short way, either that I was manifestly going a wrong road, or was stopt by a decided "no therefore," or that the way I was journeying was so devious and intricate, that I "found no end in wandering mazes lost;" no chart, compass, or hand book proving itself a trustworthy guide to me. Let me here, as I premised in my first letter, go back a little in illustration. I am not writing my autobiography, and shall therefore, put what I have to say on this head into a few paragraphs, when I hope to get into the main stream of my narrative, and pull the boat along a little faster.

Trained in the school of a narrow evangelical theology, my character pronounced "naturally grave and thoughtful for a child," acquired a deeper seriousness under the influence of its harsh dogmas and pitiless creed; its teachings often filled my childish mind with terror and apprehension, not alone for myself, but for those I most loved. Ah! many a young heart has it blighted, many a sensitive, timid conscience has it saddened with dire alarms, casting their ever lengthning and dark'ning shadows over advancing life; while many a bolder mind has sought in a dark and dreary materialism, a refuge from its still drearier and darker faith.

While yet a boy, I was thrown not only into the agitating social and political questions of the time, but into the still more exciting arena of theological controversy. I was brought face to face with those great and awful questions—God, Providence, moral evil, and Human Destiny, as well as all those minor sectarian disputes which have agitated the christian church. Not only were the particular dogmas of my youthful creed called in question, but the foundation and object of all religious faith was boldly assailed. At first, as might be expected, I shrunk back with horror from such impieties. I should not have been at all surprised if the horns or cloven hoof, with which popular superstition has invested the evil one, had bodily protruded themselves; in fact, I should have thought they were appendages rather to be looked for, under the circumstances, than otherwise. If the hardy atheist, whom I first heard maintain that doctrine had been struck dead by lightning on the spot, I should have thought it the most natural occurrence possible. I soon found, however that Heaven does not deal about its thunderbolts in that way, and after a while, the discussion of these questions possessed

for me an irresistible fascination: it was the exploration of a new world, a voyage upon an hitherto unknown sea, with none to guide me, (my father had died in early life) none to whom I could speak on the thoughts that were seething within me, none with whom I could take counsel, except young men engaged in the like enquiries, or busy proselyters disputing with one another. The result may be anticipated: the strength of my religious instincts, and the force of early education served as barriers for a while; I did not yield without a struggle, without many an earnest prayer, many a sleepless hour. I gave to the subject all the study and thought of which I was then capable. At length, however, I could not conceal from myself that I had drifted far away upon an unknown sea of speculation, beyond all sight of land; that the faith which I had once regarded as fixed and immoveable had, bit by bit, crumbled away, till solid foot hold upon it was no longer possible.

Strange as it may seem, the young men with whom I had thus associated, while openly avowing their disbelief in all beyond the present life and the material universe, were yet earnest, full of faith in human progression, and in the social millennium of justice and brotherhood, which they believed nigh at hand, and laboured themselves earnestly for its promotion. The world, and particularly the (so called) religious world, does not understand such men, knows not what to make of them, or doubts altogether of their existence. It has only one type of the infidel, —it regards Rochester as the representative of the whole school, and hence, it blunders most egregiously whenever it undertakes to deal with them. I can only say of those I knew, that their sincerity and earnestness was beyond all doubt, and that their zeal and practical efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind might put to shame many bodies of professing christians. If they disbelieved in religion it was not, as is often too hastily assumed, because they wanted to free themselves from its restraints, but because a God had been offered for their worship, whom they could not in their hearts reverence. If they had rejected the popular creed, it was because it did violence to the truest and deepest moral instincts of their nature. How could they accept as divine truth, that, at which their mind and conscience alike revolted? no, their self-respect, their reverence for truth and goodness, the very religiousness of their nature, the divinity that was unconsciously stirring within them, forbid it.

"There dwells more faith in honest doubt
Believe me than in half the creeds."

So sings our noble Tennyson, and my experience of honest doubters confirms its truth.

The overthrow of all superstition (meaning thereby religious faith in general,) was unhappily regarded by them as a necessary preliminary of those social conditions which were to inaugurate the coming millennial era. Their belief in this golden future of humanity came to their minds with all the force, the quickening power, the sustaining influence of a religious faith, and while it lasted, had upon their minds, in some degree, the effect of one, so that they did not experience the full sense of their deprivation. I entered largely into their views,

and shared their enthusiasm; but when these hopes and dreams had vanished, when the visions of youth, with which our hearts had been cheated, faded away, when our grand scheme of world-mending broke down, as many like schemes had done before, and we were left to the cold, hard, naked reality, we began to think these religious questions over again, upon larger grounds, and in a somewhat different mood. It was a rough shock to us, but a useful discipline in the end: and now, on looking back upon our little band, I scarcely know of one who has not been led, by subsequent thought and the experiences of life, to the recognition and acceptance of the cardinal principles of religious truth, and among their later convictions, I think there is a very general one, that the want of some religious faith as a binding principle, may be enumerated as one of the causes of our failure. They have learnt that in man there are wants, feelings, aspirations, which cannot be ignored, and which require an answering objective reality.

And how indeed could their experience well be otherwise? The renunciation of religion is an abnegation of the best portion of the crowning excellencies and glory of our nature: it is altogether an abnormal condition, which in minds healthily constituted, cannot be a permanent one, and is generally the intermediate passage from a dead faith to a living one. But the tree is not dead because dead leaves are falling from it to fertilize the soil: the living sap still circulates within its veins. Have patience with the returning spring; it will again bud and put forth leaves—men shall rejoice in its beauty, and the birds of the air sing amid its branches. Better that it be bare and leafless now, than that it should maintain a goodly show, while decay is spreading within: better than that it should put forth the dead sea-fruit of a hollow conventionalism, fair to look at, but dust and ashes within.

I commenced anew my search for truth, with soberer feelings and chastened mind. I enquired of nature and of man. I endeavoured, as far as I was able, to glean it from the wisdom of the past, and the philosophy of the present. I studied books, and sat at the feet of living teachers. I felt the need of faith, and an ever growing distaste for the philosophy of negations. But, after all, I could not attain to that clear and certain ground of conviction for which I was striving. It seemed a very nearly even balance of conflicting probabilities; the great problem was unsolved, and I began to fear (in this life, at least,) unsolvable. Perhaps, after all, God did not wish that we should know him,—it might be absurd and presumptuous in us, mites on this little cheese of earth, to vex our souls with questions beyond "this bank and shoal of time." Were we not bound to earth,—wherefore lift our eyes to heaven? I could not, however, thus content myself: "facts of history," and "functions of digestion," would not satisfy the hunger of the soul: it was altogether a different *panulum* that it needed.

Still, to my cry there came no sign, "no voice, nor answer, nor any that regarded." Would the light never dawn? Yes! it came at last. I had sought it earnestly and long,—I had sought it through the usual channels in vain. Yes, it came at length, "in an apparently round about way, but it was the right way be assured."

How it came I must beg leave to tell your readers in another letter.

T. S.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

A LETTER FROM THOS. DALLING BARLEE, ESQ. TO MR J. JONES, OF PECKHAM,

The Park, Ealing, 23rd Oct. 1855,

My dear Sir,

I am sorry I have been prevented from sooner according to your wishes, I could not, till left quietly alone, give you the little history you wish for.

However astounding the facts I shall presently state may appear to some who may read my account of them, I assure them that I saw and heard what I here describe with my own eyes and ears; and I am thoroughly convinced from what I have known of Mr Hume, after several months acquaintance with him, and after carefully watching all his movements, while I witnessed his wonderful powers, that not the least deception or delusion was ever attempted. The first time I had an opportunity of witnessing them was at my own house, on the 4th of May last, when I was engaged to pass the evening at Mr Rymer's; but as Rheumatism prevented my going, Mr Hume, knowing how much I wished to witness his wonderful powers, very kindly came to me for an hour or two before the party at Mr Rymer's had assembled. He, and Mr Rymer's son Barnett, who came with him, had only just taken a chair to sit down when, for the first time in my life, I heard Spirit raps, not only on the table I was sitting at, but over every part of the room,—when Mr Hume observed "how kind of the spirits to come to us so soon." I then asked if he thought the Spirit of my own dear son was present, and on Mr Hume's replying "I have no doubt he is, and if you really wish it, and will ask him, he will give you some proof that he is now here," I said, "Henry my dear child, if you are now with us, and it be possible, give me some proof by touching me, or placing your hand on me, that I may have the comfort of knowing you are really with me;" when almost instantaneously, raps came all around me, and a hand was placed upon my left hand, which was then resting upon my knee. I will here remark that as the table I was sitting near was placed close to the wall, (on one side of the room) and there was a clear space between my chair and the place where Mr Rymer's son and Mr Hume were sitting, it was quite impossible that the hand I felt placed upon mine could have been either of theirs; but as I am only giving a plain statement of facts and not endeavouring to explain them, I shall not attempt to argue or reason upon them.

On my thus feeling a hand I exclaimed to Mr Hume "how wonderful this is, and how soon my dear child gave me the proof I asked." Mr Hume then said,

'perhaps as you are suffering acutely this evening in your foot he may be able, to relieve you—I have known many such instances;' when in less than a minute innumerable raps came all round me, and I again felt the hand; but this time, instead of being laid on my knee, I felt as if it was rubbing my leg, between my knee and my foot. This continued about ten minutes, when the pain entirely left me, and I felt no more of it during the whole of that evening. Very soon after my leg had been thus patted and rubbed by this Spirit-hand, Mr Hume turned very pale and became suddenly entranced; presently, his whole countenance seemed spiritualized; and rising from his chair, and with his eyes still closed, he walked to where I was sitting, and then kneeling down at my side, and with a heavenly smile, he took both my hands in his and began to address me as the spirit of my own dear child.

I must here remark, that when he was an infant he could never say "Papa," but always called me "Puppy dear Puppy," and so in an endearing way he still continued to call me to the day of his death. Guess then my astonishment, when Mr Hume, who had never known him, or had heard of the peculiarity I have alluded to, began his address, "Puppy, dear Puppy," emphasising the word "*dear*," and speaking with so much tenderness of tone and affection, that had my dear child been still in his material body, (and I had closed my eyes,) I should have thought it was his voice, and not Mr Hume's I then heard. In this address, which was very comforting and impressive throughout, and so deeply affecting that neither Mr Rymer's son nor myself could refrain from tears; I was assured that my dear child was constantly present with me—that he knew all my great sufferings and many heavy trials—that such times he was always trying to comfort me, and to alleviate my pains and sorrows—and he implored me still to persevere in striving to bear them with patience and resignation to the divine will,—assuring me that my sufferings and trials would only be for a very short time longer, and that "then we should meet again there," pointing to heaven, never to separate through all eternity.

When the Trance was over Mr Hume (who appeared to know nothing what he had said in it) left me to join the party at Mr Rymer's, and the next time I had an opportunity of witnessing his wonderful powers as a medium, was at Mr Rymer's, on the 8th of May, when Mrs. Barlee and I formed part of a circle of 14. Very soon after we had all been seated round a heavy mahogany dining table, large enough for a party of twenty, many different kind of raps were distinctly heard, and presently the brass fastenings which held the parts of the table together beginning to make a rattling noise, Mr Hume exclaimed, "the spirits are actually trying to take the brass fastenings out, and to move this heavy table," which was really the case, for soon after, hearing the brass fastenings fall, we looked under the table, and there found two of them which had been thus taken out, and then the table began to move about.

At the time all this was going on, the hands of Mr Hume and all present were, as usual laid upon the table, and I am convinced, that if he or any of the party had attempted to deceive us, or had tried to take out the brass fastenings and throw them under the table, the attempt and deception must have been discovered.

Soon after the brass fastenings had thus been taken out, and the table had been moved about, without any human handling, many more distinct raps were heard, and as they were known by Mr Hume and those present to be little Watty's (a son of Mr Rymer's, who died when about 13 years old,) Mr R. said, "dear little Watty knows papa is always delighted to hear his merry little raps, and does Watty think he could write something for papa, who would so like to have some of dear Watty's writing?" when the raps answered "yes." Mr Rymer then put a sheet of note paper and a pencil over the table cloth, and presently I saw the paper and pencil begin to move without any visible handling, and soon after, I saw the shadow of a finger on that part of the paper which was nearest me, just about the time when an accordeon which was on the table began to play. Some who were present saw a whole hand trying to take the pencil and paper up, but as my attention at that moment was turned to the music, I did not see the hand. Mr Hume then said, "as the spirits seem inclined to give us some music, let us hear that first, and in the mean time if the paper and pencil are put under the cloth, I have no doubt little Watty will have written something before the music is finished." Mr Rymer then placed the pencil and paper under the table cloth, and the accordeon soon, without any visible handling, played "Home sweet Home," with such exquisite sweetness, that I know not how to describe it. To say that it was "like the soft exquisite music of a dream," gives no idea how unearthly, soft, and sweet, the tones were. They were so affecting and heavenly that many were in tears. But I must not dwell longer on the music, as my statement is, I fear, becoming too tedious and lengthy. After the accordeon ceased, Mr Rymer said, "now let us see whether little Watty has written anything for papa," when instantly five raps came calling for the alphabet, and then there was spelt "dear papa, I have done my very best," and on Mr Rymer's taking up the paper he found written on it—

"Dear Papa, Dear Mama,
Watt."

and on comparing the handwriting with that contained in one of his last letters, before he died, it was found to be exactly resembling the writing there, particularly the capital letters.

Having thus described some of the chief Spirit-manifestations I witnessed at Mr Rymer's on the evening to which I have alluded, I will now, in a more general manner, refer to many other astounding facts I witnessed on other occasions.

I have been present when a table, which would require two very strong men to lift it, has been raised twelve or fourteen inches above the floor, without being touched by any human hand. And I have seen a table with a heavy and large lamp upon it, lifted up so high on one side, that those present, thinking the lamp would fall, were about to hold it, when Mr Hume requested it might not be touched, as the spirits would never allow the lamp to fall or be injured. And so it proved, for though the lamp appeared every moment in danger of falling, some invisible power still held it up.

I have seen wreaths of flowers, hand bells, pocket handkerchiefs, and other

things taken, without any visible hand, from one person and given to myself and others.

I have seen not only several spirit-hands, but actually touched them, and had two of such hands in mine. On one occasion, when sitting in a circle of 12, we all saw a spirit hand, but whose it was, the spirits would not tell us.

Perhaps you will like me to tell you that the very first time Mrs. Barlee and I ever attempted "to move the table or getraps," as the expression is, we succeeded, and as on that occasion Mr Hume was not present, there could be no trick or deception such as have been shamefully attributed to him, when such things have been done in his presence.

The occasion to which I am alluding, when Mrs. Barlee and I had raps and saw our own table move and tilt about, was when some friends of ours, Capt. Fawcett and his son and daughter, were passing the evening with us, and they proposed that we should form a circle, and see whether the spirits would favor us with their presence, without Mr Hume or any other medium being with us. After we had patiently waited (with all our hands upon the table,) about 10 minutes, we distinctly heard several raps, but not so loud, and soon after the table began to move and turn round. On my asking whether the spirit of my dear son was present, the raps answered "yes;" and on Mr Fawcett's son asking him whether he recollected him, (for my dear child and he were intimate friends in their youthful days) the raps again answered "yes." I then requested that the table might be moved round to where Mr Fawcett's son was sitting, and that the spirits would tilt the table when near him, and immediately both requests were attended to. Soon after very different kind of raps were heard, and on Miss Fawcett's asking whether the spirit of her mother was present, the raps answered "yes;" and other questions were asked which were instantly answered in a similar way. So that as this was the first time we had any of us sat in circle without Mr Hume, as a medium, we thought we had much reason to be thankful and pleased with our success.

But as I have already made this communication, I fear, much too long, I will not trouble you with any further account of other manifestations I have had an opportunity of witnessing.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Mr J. JONES, Peckham.

Thos. Dalling Barlee.

P. S. I am very glad I have been able to witness for myself these wonderful attestations of the presence and proximity of the spiritual world, and which the particulars I have referred to in the narrative I have given you, leave no doubt of; and I am thus enabled to add from my own personal experience, my testimony in behalf of their validity and genuineness, and the impossibility of referring the results to any other origin than that which we believe to be the real and only satisfactory explanation.

Correspondence.

SPIRITISM IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

Sir,

I thank you for your prompt attention in sending me the *Weekly Telegraph*, which, I am glad to say, is undergoing a marked and rapid process of improvement, by your own diligence, and the talented correspondence you have recently published. With us the odium and tedium of "table turning," "talking," or "tipping" has been entirely done away, being superseded by writing, which is a more easy, rapid, and instructive mode of communication.

Our Spirit guides have enforced the subject of educating the mediums on our attention as a kind of indispensable necessity; as, uninstructed minds are not capable of conveying important and profound revelations, however the great the communicating intelligence may be.

For Arithmetic we have Hutton and Tinwell; for English grammar we have Lennie. Luther has promised to teach Latin, and David himself will give instruction in Hebrew. And as they say they can assist in learning Greek, French or any other subject of knowledge, it may be necessary to presume they will bring competent teachers when necessary.

We have occasional specimens of drawing which have very much astonished and amused me, as the medium through whom they were made has never evinced any aptitude or talent for anything in that way before. In learning Arithmetic the spirits sometimes set the questions through the mediums, and sometimes they order them to be taken from the book. So with the grammar and the other studies.

Some people want to know the use or practical value of Spiritualism: here is something at once tangible, and of importance even in a worldly sense.

Besides our usual educational studies, which go on for five or six nights every week, I generally prepare a number of questions on the most recondite and important subject I can conceive, which are proposed for solution on the Tuesday and Friday nights, when they are mostly answered with an astonishing promptitude and precision, though often very contrary to our previous conceit.

Our circle is still under the superintendence of David, who is in the sixth heavens, and the other spirits who visit us with him are all from the fifth heavens and upwards. I enquired where the experience of "John Edmundson" was likely to occur. They said they did not know exactly, but from what I read of it, would be likely to take place in the fifth heaven. I asked why apparently good spirits used the modern and anti-scripture term "sphere" instead of heaven or

hell : they said they accommodated themselves to the understanding of the parties with whom they communicated, but the terms used in the bible were the original and only proper words designating those places or states. I read some other communications from your last number which the spirits of our circle said was very good ; but David said, he would not have made use of the expression "I am thy Saviour" as such a form of speech was liable to misconstruction, though it was not to be understood that the spirit had any intention of assuming the unattainable prerogatives and titles of Jesus Christ, which is the only name whereby we can be saved. This I took to be an explanation of what is generally believed to be raving and arrant blasphemy in the communications made through the French prophets, and many others since that time. Many of the prophecies of John Wroe, for instance, conclude with "I am Jesus Christ who has given thee this"; when the spirit would have said through a better educated and cautious medium, "I am authorized by Jesus Christ to communicate this through thee." And yet it is not to be assumed that the spirits have any direct communication with Jesus Christ, but only with angels who minister to them, and teach them the will of the Lord. I believe none of the spirits who visit us even profess to have seen Jesus Christ since he ascended up, as the apostle says, "far above all heavens." But they believe on him, and teach us, and the lower spirits what they know to be his doctrine, and what they know will conduce to our happiness and salvation.

In opposition to the general theory of geologists, the spirits teach that the Noachian deluge produced all the phenomena which is usually believed to be the gradual result of slow, natural causes, operating from a long and indefinite antiquity. I was inclined to assent to the opinions of geologists on this subject; but the spirits fairly baffled me and overturned every argument that I could adduce in support of the modern speculations; and then they asked, "if we would not believe the Word of God, how could we expect men to believe us" ?

Noah was present on two or three occasions and gave us some very interesting and curious detail respecting the state of the antediluvian earth; which was not then for the most part covered with water as it is now, there being only small seas and rivers on the surface, while the waters of the great abyss was confined beneath the crust of the earth.

The reason of the longevity of the people before the flood, they say, is to be attributed to the greater purity and salubrity of the air in those times. They say the crust of the earth is that solid firmament above and below which the waters were situated according to the account of Moses.

Previous to the flood, the Pacific Ocean was one of the small seas and the Mediterranean was a river, and, probably joined the Euphrates.

Noah told us there were many ships in his day, and some very large ones, propelled both by wind and seas; and that the seas were sometimes very fierce.

The natural cause of the deluge they allow to be assignable to the disturbing influence of the close proximity of a comet, which they believe also will be the cause of the final conflagration,

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE XIII.

Lo! also I look and see no more villiges or towns or cities.

Woe unto the villages because of ignorance!

Woe unto the towns and cities because of vices!

Woe unto Babylon that great city, the mother of harlots, and of the abominations of the earth!

Woe unto London whose God is Mammon, whose idol is wealth, whose worship is commerce: the Thames shall flow clearer when it is no more!

Woe unto Paris whose God is Belial, whose idols are pride and power and fame, whom it worships with all vain ceremonies of form and fashion and display: unless it repent the steeds of the Cossack shall quench their thirst in the waters of the Seine!

Woe unto Vienna: the Hungarian is at its gates!

Woe unto Petersburgh and Moscow: the icy palace shall fall: the Pictured temple be brought low!

Woe unto Athens! the shadow of a shade—the echo of a name: that shall haunt it: the sound of that name overthrow it!

Woe unto Rome: its seven hills shall be brought low, and then shall its rock give forth sweet waters and the sheep shall feed in the plain and drink of the streams thereof!

Woe unto ourselves, if we wash not away from our souls the vices of these cities, for even as it was of old to Thebes and Memphis, to Tyre and Nineveh, so shall it be to them!

For there shall be no more villages or towns or cities, but in the stead thereof, over all the earth, communisteries shall arise.

And there shall be no more streets therein, much less dark alleys and closed up courts, therein, for the sweet country shall be both within and without.

And the houses thereof shall not be divided, but shall stand each to each and each with all, joined together, as the members of one man.

And each shall be one house of many mansions like the Father's in the heavens, and the name thereof shall be one.

And every part thereof shall be holy, albeit there be a Holy of holies ; and the whole shall be a House of God and a gate of Heaven.

And it may stand four square or as a cicle, or octogon or crescent, or any other form according to the character of the country thereof.

But salvation shall be graven upon its walls and praise shall be uttered from its gates and Holiness to the Lord shall appear upon all the utensils therein.

And none shall buy nor sell therein, nor make the house of the Father a den of thieves, for all things shall be in common.

And none shall enter therein but the anointed and the sealed, who partake at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb ; and all covetous and hypocrites and extortioners and liars shall be beyond its borders.

And even as the bees swarm from hive to hive so from one communistery shall be formed another.

And at length they shall overspread all the earth and villages and towns and cities shall be no more,

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE GROUP OF SPIRITS.

In a former communication we spoke to you concerning a New Era ; we will now proceed to give such advice as seemeth to us necessary to help forward such an event.

We have already said that it would require men of stout hearts and clean hands to herald in so bright an Era ; and it is not a few men and women scatterd over the country that alone can produce any great change, yet all great reforms must have a beginning.

Now all who are careful observers of what is taking place around them will be fully aware that old things are fast passing away, hence the necessity of something new ; but, when we say new, it is to accommodate our language to you, for in reality there is nothing new under the sun ; yet another state of society is as sure to succeed the present state of things as an harvest succeeds seed time or as the morning succeeds the night, and, just as you would act if you were all farmers in choosing the most suitable seed and the most suitable season, so we advise you to act in this matter, for "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Before you can make a prudent effort to achieve any new project, you must first be made acquainted with the necessity for a change. It is this preparatory work that makes the doings, of what some men would call wicked characters subservient to the cause of truth and freedom. There must be a clearing away of all the old rubbish before you can wisely commence a new superstructure. To

build upon old ruins, is to resemble the character of the person alluded to in the parable spoken by Christ, who built his house upon the sand; and this figure was not more truly applicable to a real occurrence than it is illustrative of the danger of trying to build up a new truth on the ruins of falsehood. There must be a pulling down in the first place; and this is a work for which certain individuals are particularly adapted.

There has oftentimes been divine truths sent forth from the fountain of all truth but in consequence of man's falsehoods, or perversions of truths, they have been unable to take root.

The work necessary for an initiatory step, is, to more fully understand the follies of the present generation. Without this knowledge, you are in danger of building amongst quicksands. It is this sort of work that makes the doings of what the world calls evil doers, or infidels; subservient to the cause of truth and freedom; it is this necessity which causes the communications from the spirit world to seem to partake of such a destructive character; it is this that will make it necessary for us to try to uproot your own prejudices. It was for this reason that the present group of Spirits was arranged to communicate with you: You must not suppose that because we unite to communicate with you, that we are agreed upon all points of doctrine, or upon all methods for reforming the world. We, like yourselves have much to learn; and what was said near two thousand years ago, is equally true at the present day, and alike applicable to spirits whether in the flesh or in the spirit spheres, where it is said that God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. We have need to learn from the simple as well as the wise. Without this spirit of humility we should not be able to assist you in producing a better state of society. Our agreement on the necessity for such a change, enables us to co-operate in this blessed work; for the little increase in knowledge we have made, can be best used in uplifting poor degraded humanity—degraded not by the sin of your first parents but by an accumulation of selfishness engendered by the past and present usages of the corrupt state of competition.

If your minds were free from the numerous biases received in the present corrupt state of society, we should have much less difficulty in propagating the practical doctrines of a New Dispensation; but this is not the case. You have been cradled in superstition and ignorance of the state to which we allude.

Your habits have grown like ivy around your souls and prevented their expansion, and sheltered you from the healthy breezes of spirit influence from the spiritual world, hence society has become thoroughly materialistic. Your minds have of late been drawn towards the spirit spheres, and we have been enabled to scatter a few ideas amongst you, but how much have you been enabled to clearly comprehend? Or how much of that which you do comprehend have you endeavoured to put in practice? Is it not clear that you have much to learn and that foolish formalities and unprofitable ceremonies must be outgrown?

(to be continued)

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SPIRIT POWER AS A MOVING AGENT.

HAVING in my article, in No. 11. Vol. 2., alluded to Spirit-power in connection with Magnetism, I will in this, mention a few facts I have witnessed of Spirit agency producing movements in inanimate objects.

In 1853, I attended a private lecture, in London, on Spirit Manifestations: about 20 persons were present, most of whom were sceptical on the subject. After the lecture a conversation took place, and various opinions were expressed, as to whether it was attributable to Spirit agency. I observed, that if these manifestations were actually produced by Spirits, I should imagine, that the weight of an object would not prevent its being moved, for I considered, that if Spirits had under certain conditions, power to move a light article, they might, under the same conditions, move a heavier one. There was a large heavy lloo table in the room, and I proposed, as a test, to take my seat on it. This I did, amidst the silent sneers of many present, at what they regarded as an absurdity. My friend the medium, mentioned in my former article, was present, and I requested her to place her hand on the table. She complied with this request to the extent of touching the table with one finger only: not at the edge of the table, but about half-way from it to the centre, which was evidently the most unfavourable position for producing motion by leverage. Her finger was no sooner placed on the table, than the latter began to move, and I had a rapid ride round the room, to the astonishment of the sceptics present. However, this was not sufficient to produce conviction (in one of them at least,) for on my

dismounting, one of these, a man very much heavier than myself, throwing a suspicious look at me, said, "Now let me get on." He did get on accordingly, and being a heavy man, I expected every moment the rollers would give way. The medium then placed her finger, as before, on the table, and away it went round the room as rapidly as it had before done with me. He had not a word to say, but got off as quickly as he could. His mind was evidently in a fog, and he did not know what to think of it. I said to him, "you know as much of the trick as I do, now."

The table, as you may imagine, was then well examined by the doubters, to find out the machinery; but with all their scientific shrewdness and sharp scrutiny, they failed to discover it. This took place in broad daylight, so that, had there been any mechanical contrivance used, it must have been discovered. The only agent any of us discovered was, a single finger of a medium of delicate frame; necessarily quite inadequate to produce such effects. Can Professor Faraday's childish theory explain this? We want facts, and not theories on this subject, as your zealous correspondent, Mr Jones, observes.

While on this subject, let me relate another instance of Spirit power in reference to movements, which took place on the 25th February last. A friend of mine, a very powerfully made man, an Italian by birth, died the previous January. Passionately fond of music, (at one time tutor on the Guitar to the late Princess Charlotte,) he had employed his leisure time in inventing a variety of instruments on the Guitar principle, of which he had a great number. After his death, his collection of instruments was sold, and I purchased a small but favorite one of his, on which I had frequently heard him play. The evening I brought it home, I tuned it, and attempted to play one of my late friend's favorite airs. Before I had got through it, the table which was near me, moved. I called the attention of the medium to it,—she was sitting opposite, listening to my performance, which was anything but first rate—but she said she did not perceive anything. I therefore supposed she had leaned against the table. She withdrew some way from it. Playing the air a second time, without either of us being in contact with the table, it moved again towards me. The medium this time perceived it also. Presently, the chair on which she sat was drawn back, and began to rock violently, resting first on one of its hind legs, then on the other; and thus it was kept moving like a boat in rough water, and it was remarkable how both were kept from falling. The chair, with the medium in it, was gradually drawn towards an easy chair, and I expected every moment to see her thrown into it. Thinking some injury might be done to her or the

furniture, I took hold of the back of the chair, and it appeared to me as if something was sustaining it, as water sustains a floating object. On my exerting some force the motion ceased. The medium then rose and said she would not sit on that chair, but would sit on the one I had been occupying; but no sooner had she taken her seat in it, than this chair also glided away, with her in it to the other side of the room, where was a chifionier. She then said, that Signor V. wanted to place her on it, as he had also intended to put her into the easy chair. Judging from appearances, that if I did not interfere, this would be done, I took hold of the chair again, and requested that this might not go on. The movements then ceased. But in order to be perfectly convinced that it was an intelligent power that was operating, I asked that the chair might be moved back to the place from whence it had been taken. The chair, with the medium on it, was now, by violent jerks or leaps, began to be moved back. She appeared to be frightened, and therefore I requested that it might not be continued. The movements then ceased, and she said Signor V. wished to write. She then informed me she had just seen the Spirit Phreno. I asked if there was any evil present, and at the same time placed pencil and paper before the medium. The following was written:— "No my son; if there should be anything wrong I will warn thee. Thy Spirit brother wishes to write to thee, and he will be permitted to do so, soon: he will write in his native language.

PHRENO."

H. B.

REMARKABLE CURE.

DR. J. FAIRBANKS, of Hempstead Branch, L. I., writes us concerning a remarkable cure recently performed by Spirit influence, through himself, of the particulars of which we give the following summary: The subject was a woman between sixty and seventy years of age; she had been for six weeks diseased in the vital organs of her system, and so seriously, that her physician pronounced her incurable, and thought she must soon die. She was in extreme pain, and had scarcely taken any nourishment during the whole period of her illness. While she was in this distressed condition, and when hope for the prolongation of her life in this sphere had well nigh fled, our correspondent was impressed to visit her, and that the Spirits through his instrumentality would cure her. He obeyed the prompting, and by the application of Spirit influence through him, the lady was in five minutes relieved of all pain.—*N. Y. Spiritual Telegraph.*

Poetry.

A SPIRIT DREAM.

One night musing sad and lonely
 O'er mind worlds, with shadows only
 Dimly gliding o'er the meadows that the
 Sun had left forlorn—
 Standing at the open casement
 Weeping o'er the low abasement
 That clothed earth as with a garment wore
 By night but shrived by morn.

My dull spirit sank in slumber,
 And creations without number
 Of bright forms, whence issued music, rose and
 Floated t'wards the stars—
 Deck'ning, as they slow ascended,
 To my spirit, that attended
 Was, by two sweet guardian angels with their
 Golden crowns and lyres.

To fly with them in the starlight,
 Leaving earth for lands where dark night
 Never enters, but where sunlight of God's smile
 Doth rest for aye—
 Where freed spirits live together,
 Having faith with one another,
 And where beauty reigns for ever, in love's
 Joyous holiday.

Then my spirit yielded, wanton
 With the dew drops that a fountain
 High in heaven didst shed unceasing streams
 Through space of wild delight—
 And with faith I bade farewell to
 Earth,—its hopes and fears, its shores grew
 Dim and shadowy, while around me, snus
 Did pierce the shades of night.

Soon my heart, weak, frail, and mortal,
 Shuddered at the distant portal,
 Through whose gates a radiance awful issued
 From the spheres on high—
 And, like Israel at the mountain,
 Trembled lest the heavenly curtain
 Should be drawn and leave me naked, stained
 With sins and infamy.

But my guardian angels took me,
 When my strength had all forsook me,
 And with lightning speed upbore me, tainting,
 To far other spheres—
 Passing by suns, planets, systems,
 That did hang in space like festoons
 Of star flowers, to form a chaplet which the
 Great Almighty wears.

Far in distance golden sunbeams,
 Such as haunt the poet's day dreams,
 Rested on a fairy island, that lay floating
 In the skies—
 There it lay, its pure face smiling,
 All my senses soft beguiling,
 Resting midst its heavenly halo, like a child
 Of melodies.

But one virgin spirit only
Walked its happy shores, and lonely
Looked she in her radiant splendour of sweet
 Innocence and bliss—
Standing by a crystal streamlet
That with kisses touched her soft feet,
While the waves seemed to repeat, all the
 Water's happiness.

As I neared this gentle maiden,
All my soul with tumults laden,
With wild ecstasy, expressing it had found
 Its mortal love—
Tracing in her face a likeness,
Though expressed in heavenly brightness,
A resemblance to her in this pure inhabitant
 Above.

My guides had vanished melting in the air,
But their bright spirits seemed to fill my soul
With new-born strength, so with a prayer
That this fair scene would prove reality,
I thus began:—

 My first pure love,
Tell me what holy power,
What ministering angel of love's heavenly court,
Unlocked the gates of your sweet earthly house,
And brought your spirit to refresh itself
For future duties in this happy world.

Beloved I know not, but that in the night
After I'd poured my soul's dearest prayers
Into the ears of our Almighty Lord,
Telling how my fond heart desired to be
Robed in bright spotless garments, heavenly,
Tasting that peace that virtue's paths afford,
And to implore a blessing on thy head
That when we both were numbered with the dead
His loving kindness would forgive our sins,
And take us to himself, where love begins
To burn a holier and a purer flame,
As holy incense to his glorious name.

That nature, ever kind, did close my eyes,
And mesmerised my body into sleep—
A sleep so deep that soon my flesh was nought
But so much clay—and then my spirit strove
To issue from this earthly tabernacle,
And rise to its bright kindred souls above;
But as I strove, a form of light appeared,
So exquisitely beautiful and fair,
That I was dumb with rapt delight and awe;
But still my spirit seemed to be drawn out
Unto that soul of brilliant loveliness,
Till his attraction, magnet like, did draw
My spirit, and I found another self.

How beautiful and strange all nature seemed—
Dark Hecate's midnight covering that did wrap
The earth in darkness seemed a silken veil,
Which my keen eyes did easily pierce through
And all things to my vision seemed light.
The walls of houses, which to mortal gaze
Are all impenetrable, looked transparent then,
And their inhabitants all thus exposed
To the bright eyes of spiritual life,
Lied helpless in their sleep, with naked souls
Gleaming through their transparent wax like forms.
But by their sides their guardian spirits stood,
All armed and ready to protect and guard
Them from chance wandering evil-disposed powers.
But those so guarded you could see were good,
For their late prayers and holy attuned thoughts
Hovered like halo round them, and their works,
Which they had done to their Redeemer's praise,
With all their victories o'er sin and hell,

Clothed them in garments beautiful and bright,
And for their faith, a star their foreheads lit.

My guardian power of light, for such he seemed,
Carried my passive soul o'er all the earth,
First visiting thyself, my best beloved,
And promising that you should follow me
Where'er I went.— He then outspread his wings
And flew at once to a far distant sphere;
But as I went what wonders I did see!
Far in the realms of space my eyes did pierce,
And thousands upon thousands of bright forms
Seemed to exist and revel in the air,
And from the rolling earth, all things on which
Seemed fading, dim, and shadowy to the gaze,
Rose thousands more,—some guarded by their own
Distinctive and pure spiritual angels fair,
Travelling in chariots to high worlds of joy
That hung in holy splendour nearest heaven.
And some of lesser holiness but still bright,
Did mount on wings of rapture to their homes
Of progressive bliss. Others of lesser worth
Still lower spheres did hold, till at the last,
Devils did drag unholy impure souls
Down to their several dens in gloomy hell.
Soon a soft influence of sleep did close
My aching eyes, and cradled in the arms
Of my bright heavenly flying seraphim
I sought repose. Still on, still on, we flew,
Cleaving the silent air in that vast void,
That like an ocean lay. My senses yet
Half sleeping and half waking, softly heard
The musical and low reverberations
Made by the silver wings of that sweet power,
Rolling in waving echoes on the ear.

Oh! what a glorious world burst on my gaze,
When, my long journey ended, I awoke—
My form of light still led me, wearied now,
Climbing a mountain of such steep access,
That oft I sat me on a pearly seat,
Many of which were scattered by the way—
And then my guide would whisper words of love,
With sweet encouragement to labour on
Till I had gained the mountain's utmost height
Shewing me also, many beauties rare,
Of sparkling gems, and flowers that scattered grew
In matchless loveliness,—vying with the stones
Of jewelled brightness that composed the ground
On which we trod—which of them should produce
The brightest colors or most varied tints.
Anon there floated on the listening ear
Sweet strains of music, and on looking up
To see from whence proceeded those sweet sounds,
I saw small groups of angels, with their harps,
Waiting expectant for our slow approach,
And singing to encourage—Welcome Home.

Dumb with excess of bliss, at last I gained
The spot where they in happy grace reclined,
But soon, with kind embrace and words of love
They renovated my half fainting soul.
What mortal language can describe the pure
And artless innocence, peace, hope, and joy,
That beamed from their sweet faces of delight,
Clothed in soft flowing vestures, snowy white,
A band of precious stones encircling round
Their tiny waist, from whence there issued rays
Of ever changing fire, emitted from
The priceless stones that did compose the band—
Rubies, Pearls, Emeralds, and Diamonds large,
With other stones peculiar to that place,
Most curiously interwoven to compose
In symbols trite, the virtues of each soul.
These fires did chase each other o'er the soft
And spotless drapery, lighting the golden hair
That fell in sweet profusion, nestling round

The downy wings tipped with the rose's blush
And then for crowns, a wreath of flowers did bloom
Fastened on their fair foreheads by a star.

Joyous they led, triumphant and with song,
Filling the breezes with melodious sounds,
Me, on my shining and bright flowery way.
No language can describe, or thought conceive
The thousand nameless beauties that bedecked,
Like a pure nuptial bed, that heavenly road.
Far in the distance, like strong battlements, stood
The lofty mountains, their grim rugged tops
Wreathed in a thousand grand majestic shapes,
Seemed like stern guardians ready to defend
Against all intruders, this most sacred spot—
And then the varied charms of hill and dale,
With meandering rills and forests, in whose shade,
A feathered band of songsters built their nests,
Down a long avenue of stately elms,
Where peeping flowers with blushes clustered round
Their stately brethren, their soft fragrant breath
Filling with perfumed sweetness, breezes mild,
We wandered on, preceded by a band
Of floating angels, whose bright forms upborne,
Ravished the echoes of the neighboring vales
With song triumphant. Soon a bower appeared—
Twin angels at the entrance guarding stood,
And o'er the roof small cherubs hovered bright,
Holding between a silken banner, worked
In golden letters on a crimson ground,
"The Tower of Love." My shining band
Of heavenly brethren, marching, formed a ring
Of minstrel guards, and then my guardian led
Me to a throne of flowers, that in the midst
Of this fair bower uprose. Installed there,
He hailed me as the queen, the minstrels round
Broke out in a chorus of sweet joy,
Singing in loving and affectionate words,
Love, Peace, Prosperity to our new home,
And happiness to myself and Thee, Beloved.
Fainter and fainter grew their blissful forms,
And softer fell the melodies on the ear,
Till gazing with soft gentleness and love
They vanished.

My guardian spirit then, with brotherly love,
And eyes that beamed celestial concern
And words all fraught with tenderness, began—
Sweet mortal sister, the visions thou hast seen,
And all the pure experiences thou hast felt,
Has been permitted thee by our great King,
In his high love for your encouragement—
That when you shall return upon the earth
And once more battle with its trials and cares,
Your spirit may look back to this bright hour,
And gain from thence fresh strength to persevere
In virtue's paths to gather holiness—
Remembering that the work you have on earth
With all its struggles, woes, and wretchedness,
Is put upon you by an All-wise power,
That your proud haughtiness should be subdued,
Your thoughts refined, your heart with charity,
Hope, faithfulness, and gratitude replete,
That sweet humility should store your mind
With every gentle grace, and that your thoughts
And conscience should be kept in purity
And brightness quite unsullied, that they may,
Like a bright mirror, faithfully reflect
The things that are emitted from above,
And from all angels good (that round your path
Will hover ever constantly to watch
And feed you day by day with heavenly bread.)
Up to your God, —that like an incense mixed
Of mortal and immortal holiness
Wreathed, by a thousand breathings of the soul,
Of holy thoughts and aspirations high
Into a mental sacrifice—may ascend

To his eternal Throne, which He accepting,
 Will in return, most lovingly send down
 Far more exceeding and abundant weight
 Of glory. But hark! I feel approaching,
 Drawn by my influence to this starry world
 Your mortal love—soon will he join you here,
 When, being strengthened by this happy scene,
 And his soul nourished by the influence mild
 That floats around this fair and heavenly place,
 Must both descend on earth to bravely toil
 Till death releases you.—And now farewell!
 I go to join the heavenly choristers
 That round the burning throne of holy Love,
 Do offer up continual praise; and to relate
 Unto the Chroniclers of the Book of Life,
 This night's success, which moving tale will prompt,
 Urged by the commendations of High Powers,
 And nobler Principalities of Heaven,
 More angels to descend and guard you still.
 I, for a season, must remain above,
 To work some happy duties of delight
 Unto my noble Lord. Works that I may not tell,
 But which being done, then for the love of thee,
 With heaven's materials will I paint these scenes
 And hang them round your rosy Bower of Love.
 A holy kiss and blessing was the last,
 For a Bright cloud did form a chariot,
 In which he rode triumphant up to heaven,—
 Far as the eyes could reach, they followed him,
 And for a moment caught a transient glimpse
 Of such bright scenes of glory, that amazed,
 I speechless stood, then wandered to this place,
 Where, musing sad with melancholy joy,
 Over this night's experience, you approached:
 With wondering heart I mused, and then began
 Sweet spirit semblance of my mortal love.
 For all the blessings we this night have shared,
 Let us now kneel, and lift our grateful hearts
 In praise and thankfulness to the great King,
 From whom proceedeth love and all things fair.
 Perchance he may accept our humble thanks,
 And let them round His Throne dwell evermore,
 Telling with endless praise our gratitude.
 Oh holy God! Father of heaven and love,
 Creator of all things that do exist,
 From whose deep Spirit of ne'er ending life,
 That fills all space pervading all things good,
 Our Spirits issued; by whose Will we live
 And move and have our being—now accept
 The trembling humble offerings of our souls,
 And sanctify the thoughts that issue forth
 From our overflowing hearts to thy pure Self—
 That they may be accepted and retained
 To dwell for ever round thy burning throne.
 Thou knowest all things, thy all searching gaze
 Dost penetrate remotest bounds of space,
 And beings that exist are to thy ken,
 Known well and numbered, e'en the cunning heart
 That hides from its own knowledge its own sins,
 Are all exposed to Thee,—behold us now,
 Kneeling in deep humility at thy feet,
 And see if there is any hidden thing,
 Some seed of evil in us, and root out
 All wickedness from thence, cleansing our souls
 From all its stains of evil, by thy grace
 And thy atoning blood, that blameless now,
 We may work out a life of righteousness,
 In honor of thy name and our own joy.
 Oh! pardon I beseech Thee, all the words
 Now uttered without knowledge, in my prayer,
 And take the feeble utterance of our tongues,
 As children's lisping to express their thanks.
 Let thy bright glory hover round our paths,
 And thy name hallowed be in all our thoughts,
 Thy holy Will be shone forth in our lives,
 As a faint semblance of the ways of heaven.
 Feed our dependant souls with heavenly bread,
 And day by day our spirits so sustain

With virtuous influences and wholesome food,
That it may nourish us in all things pure.
Forgive our trespasses, and visit not
Our iniquities with anger, lest we die,
And teach us to forgive all earthly wrongs
As we are first forgiven. Leave us not
To the enticing fables of our hearts,
To be by them lured on the road to ruin;
But snatch us from destruction's open jaws,
Put forth the power of thy kingdom's might,
That our saved souls may glorify thy name
In heaven forever. Amen.

As I did end my prayer, a gleam of light
Broke through the soft blue draperies of thasky,
And angels issued thence, gliding along
On golden sunbeams, singing as they came,
Sweet melodies that made all hearts rejoice,
Bringing with them soft vestures of bright hues,
The chaste pure lines of sweet chastity,
With which they us arrayed, and then the robe
Of meek humility was round us thrown,
Our heads being furnished with a crown of hope
And our feet shod with shoes of steadfast faith.
Upon our hearts were fixed the breastplates bright
Of spotless Righteousness, and round our loins
Were girdled on the priceless bands of Truth,
Composed of jewels which reflected o'er
Our shining breastplates our most inward thoughts,
In our white hands were placed a gleaming sword
Of God's most holy word,—and thus equipped,
The angels led us on our way to Earth,
To battle 'neath the ensign of our King.
But not alone we were to stand the siege
That Satan would lay to us, but sustained
By God, who sends his angels to the help
Of all his trusting children, we should fight
Until our laurels won for us a crown.

Fading and dim, our starry fairy home
Dissolved before our eyes, and by his saints
Conducted 'cross the gulph to Earth's fair shores,
With many blessings from our heavenly guides,
We once more entered on this mortal stage.

J. B.

Notices of Publications.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE PRIMARY LAWS WHICH DETERMINE AND REGULATE HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Jacob Dixon. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence, Paternoster Row, London.

THE last generation was eminently distinguished by its revolutionary tone of thought: it was antagonistic and destructive. The cry had gone forth, "overturn, overturn, overturn;" and the leaders of opinion *did* overturn in every direction; they were pioneers of the present and the future; they cleared the forest and prepared the ground: many a tree with its wide spread branches, the growth of centuries, fell beneath the stroke of their cold, keen intellect.

The present generation has the same spirit of independant questioning as

the past; it challenges all with the enquiry, Why are you here, and what are you doing? but it deals much more in direct affirmations: it is not satisfied with saying *no*; it is ever seeking for something to which it can say *yes*. If it dooms old rotten edifices to destruction, it straightway calls in the aid of the architect and builder to replace them with better. Its heresies are not less numerous than aforetime, but they take the form of positive theory, rather than of blank denial. Its criticism sweeps over a wider surface, and its speculations take a higher flight and wider scope. But even at its boldest, it does not forget the solid earth; it knows that the speculatively true, must make itself felt to be the practically useful.

We have been led to these reflections by the pamphlet which heads our article. Modern medical heresies have sprung up with astonishing rapidity, and met with wonderful success during the last quarter of a century; already their disciples, collectively, probably outnumber those of the orthodox medical church. Young Physic is gaining ground upon Old Practice; "respectable M. D." may parade his diploma, and shake his head at modern quackery, but somehow, the sick world begins to think that it is better to be irregularly cured, than regularly killed; and we are afraid that, worried with Chrono-Thermalism, Medical Botany, Magnetism, and other intruders, our "respectable M. D." will soon lead but a sorry life of it.

We here have another deserter from the ranks, a surgeon of long standing and extensive practice, putting forth a theory--in which forsooth all the others are to find a common ground of agreement and which must be taken into account before any adequate and complete system of medicine can be founded, or to put it in his own words, it is "a conscientious attempt to introduce a harmonising element among systems all based upon some partial truths, but, without such harmonising element, in conflict and discord with each other;" one which contains "the rational solution of the acknowledged enigma that all disorders are curable by all means, whether the drugs and chemicals of old medicine, the refinements of drugs of homœopathy, the no-drug-at-all of the galvanist and vital-magnetist, the water of the hydropathist, the faith of the religious and the enthusiastic," and which finally he trusts will "assist in hastening on the time when a system of medicine shall be adopted, in which all that is true of existing systems may be brought into one rational and harmonising Eclectic whole.

However startling all this may sound, the thoughtful reader will, we feel assured, rise from the study of this pamphlet with the conviction, that it is not a piece of empty empiricism, but, the result of patient thought and long experience, that while our Author does not bow down to the idol of prescriptive usage, he is a diligent student of the past, combining the speculations of the philosopher with the knowledge of the experienced physician.

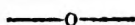
Our Author's theory is so connected in all its parts that we should be doing only an injustice to him, and to our readers in endeavouring to represent it by means of extract. It would be idle to select a brick out of the building by way of specimen; suffice it therefore to say, that he goes to the root of the medical treatment, by instituting an enquiry into the nature of *being*, and the laws which regulate the vital forces of the animal economy, by which course alone the physician can hope to form a correct judgment of the course to be pursued in all cases of functional derangement,

The work possesses matter interesting alike to the psychologist and physiologist: its conclusions are similar in many respects to those of the illustrious Leibnitz. We especially commend our Author's views of life and organization to a careful consideration. His views upon these subjects accord with those we have to put forth in these pages.

He writes :—"the incessantly renewing, incessantly decaying, framework of the being, is not the being itself, but its transient instrument of communication with the material universe—its material sphere of life." He sees in life, "something more than the highest phenomena of electricity," and subscribes to the view put forward by Rutter that "subtile powers, not yet dreamed of in our philosophy, exist beyond the physical forces with which we are, as yet, so imperfectly acquainted, and these still inferior to that approach to spiritualisation which we call life."

We agree with Mr Dixon, that, "To arrive at a correct comprehension of these confessedly obscure subjects, we have, indeed, need of more widely-embracing philosophy than that of the materialistic school"; and that so long as the notions of this philosophy "pervade the schools of medicine, so long will the laws, not only of life, but of health and disease, and the mode of action of medicinal agents, be necessarily taught imperfectly." Though only a shilling pamphlet, there is sufficient substance here to have been hammer'd out into a goodly octavo, had it been the object of the Author to make a book, instead of to excite inquiry upon one of the gravest subjects which can occupy the human mind.

T. S.



Communications from the Spiritual World.



A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 11.]

As we advanced, I perceived the same kind of trees were arranged about the distance of thirty cubits from each other, and the lower branches of which extended so that they would admit of being platted together, from two different trees, forming a very beautiful background, and in front of the platted branches were some of the most antique sittings imaginable. Here and there, the top-most branches from the right and left were platted together, forming arches over the path; and as we advanced still further I perceived that the antique seats which were arranged in different directions on each side and were occupied by cheerful happy spirits, who were apparently employed in giving and receiving instruction from each other, and a more joyful company I never beheld, nor ming-

led with before since God gave me a being, for every shade of hypocrisy, pride, and useless ceremony was banished from them, and truth and peace and love was visible in every feature. How different thought I, are the manners and customs of the society of heaven to those on earth.

I beckoned to Murgatroyd that we might stay a little with them, for I had already detected a few whom I had held in high esteem when in my youthful days upon earth; but he said that he had much rather proceed to the bower, for so long as I was ignorant of the beautiful correspondences which he was yearning to explain unto me, I should see all things in an imperfect light, therefore, said he, "for thine own sake, we had better make our journey short." Again I entreated him to wait yet a little, just while I stepped aside to salute my youthful companions. Merely to gratify my whims he consented, and even yet I cannot but smile when I think of the awkward predicament I found myself in, after I had made their acquaintance. However I made bold to sit down almost in their midst, and I only wish you could have had the privilege of seeing me in that curious antique and noble looking chair. I can solemnly assert that the richest king that ever reigned on the face of the earth, never had the honor of owning a chair one tenth so magnificent as that in which I sat. But I fear that I am taking up too much of your valuable time in attempting to describe so many things which come in my way, yet I think a description of the chair will not be out of place.

The main body of the chair consisted of pure transparent jasper, the feet being formed after the model of a gigantic lion in the attitude of protecting a harmless lamb from the venomous stings of four lurking, subtle serpents, which encircled the four legs of the lion, and whose heads were in bondage under his feet. The back part of the chair was curved gradually from the arms upwards, and was decorated with seven groups in bold relief, representing the seven stages of man; over these, and on the back of the chair was fixed the model of a large spread eagle in the attitude of shielding a turtle dove from the claws of a ravenous vulture. These formed a canopy over the head. However, there I sat with a moderate share of self-esteem, and I was highly delighted with what little knowledge I had already derived from my former instructors. I felt quiet competent to enter into discussion upon any subject which might happen to be brought on the carpet. But I soon found to my utter disappointment that the subject in hand was far beyond my comprehension.

One of my acquaintances was kind enough to attempt to explain unto me a little of what had been said, but the more he attempted to do so, the more I found out my littleness, and like a flash of lightening, a certain passage of Holy Writ came flash into my mind, namely, "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so; he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Several other passages of a like nature came vividly to my memory, and with shame I acknowledged my ignorance and inability to enter into conversation, or even to understand anything which fell from their lips, and I even repented of drawing any acquaintance

with them ; but I apologised for my abrupt intrusion and apprised them of my friend Murgatroyd who was still waiting to accompany me to the bower. As I was about to depart they kindly condescended to speak on subjects which I could easily comprehend.

They told me that if I should again meet with them, they hoped I should be able to join in their happy conversation. One thing I noticed which gave me pleasure ; I never saw a scornful smile, or haughty look from any one of them, which I am sorry to say is seldom the case with men on earth, when they happen to meet with those whom they foolishly regard as their inferiors. The passage of scripture which says, "thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," meaneth more than men generally are aware of; however I found Murgatroyd in a somewhat cheerful mood — he being the only one that could afford to smile at my adventure, but I contrived to give a turn to the subject by politely telling him that I had been amongst my betters.

"Of course" said he, "but I think thou canst remember the narrative of Jacob's ladder, where the angels of God ascended and descended, step by step; and thou also may say with Jacob, 'surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'," And by this time we had arrived at the summit of the elevated ground from where we had a full view of the bower, far away in the south.

Again I was seized with a profound reverie, and I began to look back and reflect upon my own thoughts respecting the vague and doubtful future, for proof of which, there has been so much empty argument, or dispute between the believer and the none believer in a future existence, or, a life after the death of the body.

What a pity, thought I, that men should be so eager to obtain the things of time, so that things eternal can find no place within them.

As I gazed around and surveyed the country before me I was really astonished to think that things so real and lasting should even yet be a matter of dispute with many, and with others a belief only, rather than a reality. And while I was thus wrapt in thought, Murgatroyd again patted me on the shoulder, saying that he was anxious to proceed to the bower, for he had a many things to tell me, and he would prefer being in the bower, because it was there where he himself heard for the first time the science of correspondences explained unto him, and as he appeared so restless concerning my welfare, I at once consented to follow the dictates of his will; though I had much rather have lingered about and taken things as they were presented unto us, and I began carelessly to sing :-

If ignorance be bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Yes said Murgatroyd, thou hast had a satisfactory proof of the bliss of ignorance while sitting in yonder antique chair ; and for fear that he should give a lecture on some doctrinal point which I could not understand, I put it off by a smile saying come along, and began to lead the way at a quick pace until we encountered four spirits, who were well known unto us both.

How strange thought I, that I should meet with one whom I had considered

my greatest enemy while on earth, in company with one whom I had considered my dearest friend, at the sight of whom I began to waver. I even hinted to Murgatroyd that we should take some other route, and if possible, evade their presence, for I felt my heart to be sinking within me. It was here that my conscience was stricken. How foolish, thought I, that men should wantonly make their dearest friends, who are equal in every respect to themselves, into their greatest enemies. Yes, after having passed years of love, cheerfulness and peace, have foolishly, in one unguarded moment, made use of a few words to defend some selfish act or other, when after a few moments reflection they would be humble enough to agree with each other quickly.

In nine cases out of ten such greivances arise entirely from a misunderstanding.

"What aileth thee?" said Murgatroyd, "art thou afraid to meet thine adversary?" O, no said I, I am not afraid, but I am ashamed to think that such shortsighted foolishness should have ever been my lot; for I well knew that my whole heart would be open, not only to my enemy, but also to my friend, for I felt now that nothing could be hid, and I shrunk back to evade them.

I related to Murgatroyd the cause of our greivance, and how far we were divided, and the provoking words that fell from our lips, also how we had passed each other in silence.

"Well, well," said he, "fear not; stand firm and turn not aside. Perhaps thy fears are groundless, and indeed I found it to be so: for he whom I considered my enemy, was in reality my friend having sought my welfare though I knew it not, and he whom I thought my dearest friend, had only dealt with me in acts of love and forbearance the same as with any other man. The other two spirits who were with them, were men of moderate character when in the world and were also well known in your locality. One was possessed of great riches and the other was under the necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. But you must forgive me for not giving their names, suffice it to say, they were well known to you all, and they recognized me as one of their country men. Of course they made very much of me, and after we had passed some cheerful conversation with each other, we parted, well pleased with the interview.

Of course I drew my own conclusions concerning the rich man and the poor man, the enemy and the friend, and I leave it for you to do the same. I will however remark that it is neither poverty nor riches which maketh a wise man, but using properly, according to the best of his ability, that which he hath.

I remarked to Murgatroyd, that nearly everything which I had seen in the Spirit spheres, were vastly different to what I had ever been taught, or even expected. I related to him, with no little amusement to us both, the excruciating fears, and the glimmerings of hope which alternately flitted across my unsettled mind.

(to be continued)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1856.

[Price 1d.]

CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER

IV.

I FIRST became acquainted with the "Spirit Manifestations," through the American Papers. I read wonderful stories of "Spirit-rapping," "Spirit-writing," "Spirit hands," seen and felt, &c. All this was attested by parties purporting to be present; recorded by the local papers at the time and place where they were said to have occurred. I thought possibly this may be all clever conjuration, perhaps 'tis only a little smart practice of some Down-East Editor; a hoax, made to sell, like Defoe's "true relation of the apparition of one Mrs. Veal," which some good, easy souls believe in as a genuine thing; any how, it might safely be dismissed as a nine days wonder that would soon wear out; one of those odd "notions," for which brother Jonathan has acquired some notoriety.

I next heard of Robert Owen's "Manifesto" on Spiritualism. And much I honored the brave old man, who, after all his life combating what he believed the prophecies of the world—now, at the eleventh hour, in the strength of his new convictions, turned round to combat the prophecies of his own followers. Finding, however, that the "communications" he received were all confirmatory of the truth of these principles to the advocacy of which his life had been devoted, and remembering that he is now above 80 years of age, I thought these circumstances coupled together, might sufficiently explain his adhesion to these "new views."

Then came one speaking as having authority, a learned Professor

who from the lofty heights of scientific wisdom—far above the region of “vulgar errors,” looked down with pity upon the popular ignorance, which he condescended to enlighten; by demonstrating from the known laws of physics, and from certain mechanical experiments and tests which he had instituted, (not by observation on the facts given in evidence, and open to his investigation,) that this new folly of “table turning,” (the only phase of the subject with which he appears to have been acquainted, or to have thought worthy of his notice,) was all the result of “unconscious muscular agency;” and the belief that *Spirits* had anything to do with it, was instanced as a proof of the lamentable scientific ignorance that prevailed. Shortly after the appearance of this pamphlet, a very intimate friend (not a Spiritist,) told me that Dr. Ashburner, in conversation with him, stated, that he had seen a large round table rise from the floor and move rapidly round, with a young person simply holding her two fingers on the top, no one else touching it. Now, as Dr A. declared that he had *seen* this, as he was known to be a man of unimpeachable veracity, and one not likely to be charged with scientific ignorance, I could not help regarding his testimony as “a heavy blow and sore discouragement” to the learned Professor’s theory, and began to suspect that possibly it might furnish an illustration of scientific ignorance, in a way which its learned author never contemplated.

Still there was nothing in merely physical movement to indicate anything beyond the operation of some (possibly unknown) physical law; nothing which necessarily implied intelligence; or, the action of Spirit-power: that still remained to be proved.

About this time, I became acquainted with my friend J. D., who told me, (among many other extraordinary things connected with this extraordinary subject, which had come under his observation,) that he had received some medical prescriptions through a rapping medium, (a small boy, who could have known as little about Therapeutics as a cow about cosmogony, or Faraday about Spiritism;) that as these prescriptions commended themselves to his judgment as suitable in the cases for which they were given, he had applied them, and with great success. He also instanced the case of a medical man having a large and successful practice, whose treatment was based upon instructions received through the same channel.

I now became fairly interested in the enquiry, and eagerly read everything about it that came to hand. I found, that in America, where these later “manifestations” had originated, the subject had been thoroughly investigated, by individuals and by committees, by men in all professions,

and of all parties: that if there was some trick at the bottom of it, the most searching investigation had hitherto failed to detect it: that while celebrated Professors on this side the Atlantic were trying to write it down, celebrated Professors on the other, with better opportunities of judging, and after more extensive enquiry, were giving it their support: that it was not put forth in the interest of any sect, for its disciples were gathered from every sect, and from those of no sect at all: and that it could boast an amount of well-attested evidence, a hundredth part of which, given before a jury in a criminal trial, would send any man to the gallows,—evidence which, if brought forward in support of some ancient wonder, would be pronounced by critics “one of the best attested miracles on record:” that indeed its most intelligent and able opponents,* while disagreeing among themselves upon other points, agreed in this, that the facts were beyond dispute, that the phenomena of the manifestations must be accepted as genuine, and that the only question now remaining was, as to the agencies to which they were to be attributed.

Turning my attention to England, I found, that though the “manifestations” were not so common here as in America, they were by no means wanting: many came under my own observation, many were narrated to me by friends who witnessed them; they were evidently gaining ground, even here, a belief in them was extending, and that too among the educated, rather than the ignorant.

Of those accounts which appeared in print, I was most forcibly struck with that which appeared in a morning paper, signed “Verax.” Though the writer was personally unknown to me, I knew him as a man of considerable literary attainments, and of great scientific reputation. His letter showed that he possessed a faculty of clear, keen, shrewd observation; not at all a credulous man, or one likely to be imposed upon; and the facts he recorded were of a kind about which he could not easily be mistaken. The evidence of sight, we know, is sometimes fallacious; but that of *touch* is not so easily deceived: yet in this case there was the evidence of touch, not correcting, but confirming that of sight. The circumstances which he detailed were also unexpectedly confirmed to me, by a gentleman who was present at the *seances* in question, and who filled up all the blanks in Verax’s letter, † with the names of the parties referred to; and gave me several other interesting particulars.

A similar *seance* to that narrated by Verax was soon after reported to me as having taken place in my own neighborhood. The same medium,

* Vide Rev. C. Beecher, Drs. C. E. Rogers, Dods, Mahan, &c. &c.

† I am glad to see this republished as a cheap tract.

(Mr Hume) was there,—about a dozen gentlemen were present. Spirit hands were not only seen by all present, but *felt and identified* by different individuals respectively. One recognised the exact counterpart of that of a child, whom he had recently lost; another that of his father. Spirit-music was also played upon an accordeon, which was suspended in the hand of the medium. Several tunes were played, and then music characteristic or emblematical of the different spirit-spheres,—first sad, plaintive, wailing notes, representing the sorrow and suffering of the lower spheres: then joyous music, representing the happiness of the blessed—music which, in the words of the narrator, filled his eyes with tears of delight, and to which he could have listened all night.

These, and other like manifestations occurring in different circles, unknown to each other, were attested, not upon anonymous authority, by persons of no character, or living a long way off, but by my fellow-citizens and neighbors, respectable educated men; whose evidence given with every needful particular of name, time, place, and circumstance, would be received by any court of justice in the kingdom.

I felt bewildered: what could be said to all this? Was it a new form of epidemic insanity? if so, there seemed such method in its madness, and it bore itself so rationally withal, that the question might have been answered by the new sect in the words of one of old: "I am not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." Was there anything, so far as we knew, in the nature of things, which rendered communication with the Spirit World impossible, or even improbable? I could not assert that it was so. It had always seemed to me that, admitting the existence of Spirits, the wonder was *not* that they should communicate with those still on earth, but, *THAT THEY DID NOT*: the absence of such communication had always appeared to me to be a most important link wanting, in the chain of evidence for the continuous existence of the human spirit, after the change that we call death. For, if Spirits after leaving the body retain their identity, must they not have the same spiritual affinities, sympathies, and affections? Must they not still feel an interest in those they loved,—still desire and seek their welfare? I remember there is a passage in the writings of Dr. Johnson, in which he urges with great force, that a belief in communications from the departed has prevailed at all times, among all races, in every stage of civilization, among the disciples of every creed; that it is universal as the religious instinct itself, if indeed, it may not be said to belong to it. If then, this feeling is so powerful with us on this side the river of death, is it not reasonable to believe that it will continue, and operate with regard to those left

behind, when we reach the opposite shore? Where is the proof, where is even the presumption, that this earnest mutual desire is incapable of being realized? And if evidence be offered to attest that the fact is so, wherefore should it be rejected?

I had not long prosecuted these studies, when I experienced an unexpected and most painful bereavement. This led me to think still more deeply, and to feel more earnestly about them than I had yet done. O! when death enters our homes, sits by our firesides, and snatches from us those we most dearly love, we feel in truth, that these are no idle speculations, "which play around the head, but come not near the heart." They "stir the spirit's inner deeps;" and we feel that we *must* wrestle with them; we must know whether that dread

"Shadow, clothed from head to foot,
That keeps the keys of all the creeds,"

is a destroying demon, smiting in wrath, consigning our beloved ones to the jaws of vacant darkness and eternal oblivion; or, an angel of mercy, bearing them away from the cares, and pains, and sorrows of earth, to where tears shall be wiped from all eyes, "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

And then, we further ask, may they not still hover around, and watch over us in pitying love? giving us evidence of their presence, guiding us with their counsels, raising our souls above the dust and darkness of earth, and impressing us with the conviction that our severance is not a final one, that they have only gone home, gone before us to their Father, and our Father; where, if by a true life of noble endurance and righteous effort, we render ourselves worthy, we may be for ever reunited: one with them and with the blessed spirits of the just.

These questions may not indeed be all answered,—may not be capable of being all answered satisfactorily, by logical formula: God's mysteries are not all shut up in syllogisms; nor can we look for a reply to them while engrossed in the business, bustle, and petty cares of life. Where most needed, sensuous demonstration and logical proof are not, however, wanting: to those who require and earnestly seek them in the right spirit, they exist abundantly. But the intuitions of the soul are higher, and of deeper worth than all the cobwebs of the brain, than all deductions of the intellect, be they drawn ever so logically. Dost thou indeed desire to learn the inmost truth in spiritual things? seek it, not in the philosophy of the schools; not in the Babel of theological systems;

but rather, "enter thou into thy closet, and when thou hast closed the door, pray unto thy Father in secret;" in the vigils of the night, in the hours of holy meditation, "commune with thine own heart and be still." Thou may'st find, that, as in olden time, there is still a golden ladder let down from heaven to earth,—that God's angels have not all deserted the world. Thou may'st feel at times, when thy soul is elevated to diviner things, that spiritual presences, though not palpable to sense, surround thee;

"That a Hades rolls deep on all sides,
 With its infinite tides,
 About and above us, * * * * *
 * * * * *
 And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling
 Of SPIRITS that speak, in a soft under-tongue,
 The sense of the mystical march;
 And we cry to them softly, 'Come nearer, come nearer,'
 And lift up the lap of this Dark, and speak clearer,
 And teach us the song that ye sung."

T. S.

SPIRIT POWER.

THROUGHOUT "Old England," as well as Scotland, Spirit Manifestations have been, and are very frequent; but the shafts of ridicule—the charge of deception—of Satanic agency—and the envious opposition of relatives, have closed the lips of hundreds. There is, however, a powerful under-current of wish and anxiety to witness the phenomena of Spirit power, among thousands of the community, and before long that wish must be satisfied.

In the meantime, till the developement of mediums so gifted and situated as to be fearless of opposition, I try to fulfil my promise of sending you 2 or 3 pages of facts, monthly, and I know many persons who might do the same: therefore it is, I have led the way, so that out of the mouth of many witnesses the truth may be established. The public crave for facts,—facts therefore let them have, major and minor, and if there be the thorn-bush as well as the rose-bush in the path to Spirit intercourse, let us know of it. Our "Saviour," pure though he was, was tempted *forty* days by the devil: surely we may not be afraid of being annoyed by evil influence *once* in a while. We have them unseen, acting upon us—so say all "preachers." If so, surely there is less danger where those evil influences are foolish enough to give tangible proof of their presence, and so put us on our

guard. I frankly state, that though I have attended scores of "circles," and seen Spirit Manifestations of various kinds, I have never been at one where evil ideas have been propounded; but on the contrary, our Lord's "Sermon on the Mount" is to be taken as a sample of the wheat sown among us by our Spirit visitants.

SPIRIT HANDS AND TESTS.

One morning lately, one of my daughters, aged 11, came down to breakfast, and said, "I have seen four Spirit hands while in bed this morning." As she began to explain, I said, "Stay." I placed my hands on the table and asked, "If Emily saw the hands awake, will our Spirit friends move my hands into the position she saw them?" At once my hand began to rise off the table—was raised over my head and assumed four positions. The girl, as the several positions were taken, with much earnestness said, "That's it, that is the one I saw at my side," until she went through all. One of my sons coming in, I repeated the incident, and finding I had forgot how my hands had been placed, asked that my hand should be raised to the positions as before. My hand slowly rose and did so. The test satisfied me the girl had seen the Spirit hands.

SPIRIT MEDICINE.

Finding one of my children apparently sickening with the measles, I asked if it was so. My hand wrote, "Yes." Will you tell me what to give him? "Yes." My hand then wrote, "Orange, anniseed, fennelseed, to be given once a day at 12 o'clock." A decoction was to be made with cold water, and a wine-glassful given, but no other medicine was prescribed. I had faith, though I had never heard or read of such a medicine. I cut the orange into slices, and steeped all in a quart of cold water, and gave as directed. The eruptions came out full all over the body, and the fourth day he was out of doors and quite well. As he got well another child sickened, and so it went on to five children. Each had the eruption full over the body, and each was out quite well on the fourth day, and they have all been quite well since, except an occasional cold. This happened in June last.

I could narrate many singular proofs of Spirit power said to be produced by my four Spirit children, but as they are of a family character, there is a sacredness about them which restrains me from making them public, though I feel that if I did, I should carry many a parent with me, and who would joyfully join me in feelings of thankfulness to that God who has so lovingly drawn aside the curtain of death, and shown us that our "mourned ones" live, and, though unseen, minister to our happiness in the very earth-rooms we live in. God bless them, and let every parent say "Amen."

SINGULAR PROOF OF SPIRIT POWER.

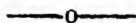
On Friday evening, September 4, 1856, at a circle in London, held at the residence of one of the professors of our colleges, consisting of nine, six of whom

were mediums—assembled for the purpose of receiving proofs of Spirit action, so as to satisfy the Professor of its existence—an arm of one of the mediums began to rotate like a wheel, and continued to do so for some time with great rapidity, so as to excite astonishment. Another medium suddenly laid hold of the Bible on the table, and on the stoppage of the wheel-motion, opened the Bible, pointed to a passage, and asked the wheel-medium to read. On going to the light, it was found to be Ezekiel, 10: 1—2. “Then I looked, and behold! in the firmament that was above the head of the cherubims, there appeared over them, as it were, a sapphire stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a throne; and he spoke to the man clothed with linen, and said, Go in between the wheels, even under the cherub, and fill thine hand with coals of fire from between the cherubims, and scatter them over the city; and he went in in my sight.”

As the Professor is the occupant of a scientific throne at one of our universities, and knowing the powerful hold he has upon the minds of the scientific portion of Great Britain, I asked, “Does this mean that the Professor is to go into the difficulties of circle and Spirit power, collect facts, and scatter them as coals of fire over the people?” At once the Bible medium beat a *rantan* joyously with his hands on the table, so as to cause a hearty laugh from the circle.

The wheel motion was given to one medium, the Bible passages to another, and the interpretation to another; and all being correctly done, seemed to much please the power acting on the mediums.

J. JONES.



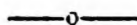
EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL CASE AND EFFECTS OF MESMERISM.



THE case of a young woman in this town at present is so extraordinary that we are induced to make known a few particulars of which we have had personal proof, in order that the attention of the medical world, and particularly of mesmerists, may be drawn to the remarkable facts. The girl in question, whose age is 18, was seized, twenty-three weeks ago, with a severe bilious fever, which left her very weak and prostrate. In this state some work was brought to her, she being a milliner, but the thought of it excited her so much in her weak state of body that she was thrown into convulsions. These fits became so frequent, and were of such a violent character, that the medical attendant feared she would die of sheer exhaustion caused by the severity and protraction of the attacks. This was also accompanied by a loud and hysterical or spasmodical cough, which lasted, on one occasion, almost without intermission, for twenty-four hours, and irregularly for three or four days after. Dr. Tweedie then resolved to try the effects of mesmerism. (Chloroform had been used previously with only partial

success.) Accordingly, after some trials, he succeeded in throwing her into the magnetic slumber. The poor girl had, previous to this, completely lost the power of speaking and hearing, and could only make herself understood by writing. She then fell into a kind of trance, in which she remained perfectly unconscious for several weeks, except at the will of the mesmeric operator, who gradually began to acquire an extraordinary influence over the states both of her mind and body. She has since been subjected to the mesmeric treatment regularly with good effect, and is kept in this state, as, immediately when the magnetic influence is removed, a spasm of the most violent nature recurs, which is with difficulty removed by the usual passes. But it is chiefly in regard to the strange developments of magnetic effects in different parts of the body, and which have been gradually discovered by repeated experiments, that this case is deserving of notice. We shall briefly describe what we were witness to the other day. On entering with the doctor the patient, who had been left in the magnetic state, immediately woke up and was aware of his presence. The eyes were open and looked natural enough, while the color of the face was also quite fresh, and rather healthy looking. She saw the mesmerist, but no one else in the room, and no object which did not belong to, or was under the influence of, the operator. At this moment she was both deaf and dumb. The power of speech was first restored by passes and points on the larynx, and afterwards the deafness was removed in about five minutes by the same process, the patient manifesting intense pain and slightly convulsed, as the senses were being restored. She now spoke freely, and heard the voice of the mesmerist. He proceeded to excite various parts of the body, commencing with the under joint of the little finger. Upon this she declared she heard air vocal music. The next finger was touched when she heard counter, and so on till the whole four fingers were excited, when she said she heard a full orchestra of male and female voices performing the several parts of air, counter, tenor, and bass. On being asked, she even repeated the words she thought she heard sung, although she did so with some reluctance. The upper joints were next irritated, when the same effects were produced, only the music was instrumental. Various other experiments were shown us. The elbow being irritated, produced a fit of laughing. The heel gave a disposition to dance, and corresponding visions. The shoulder joint produced the idea of flowers of great variety, but none of which the patient could name. This inability to name or distinguish external or natural objects was most remarkable, both with regard to external and visionary objects. She did not know her own name, could not see a watch, unless it was the operator's, or had been magnetized by him, and even then did not know its name or use. Since our visit Dr. Tweedie informs us he can cause her to name any object, by exciting the organ of individuality. But, while thus obtuse in regard to natural objects, she manifested acute mental perceptions, and even entered into an ingenious defence with the operator on the benefits of teetotalism, when he had so far influenced her as to make her believe that two small sponge cakes were a bottle and glass. Further experiments were tried as the knee joint, which produced frightful images of dogs; cheek bones, of a hen and eggs; ankles, rabbits; bridge of nose, flies; and the point of the nose, of birds, also evidently of a frightful kind, as the

vision ended in screaming and terror. The moment the excitement was withdrawn from a particular part, the object fled, and not the slightest recollection of it remained on the mind of the patient. The ordinary phrenological developements of the head also produced the usual effects—as philoprogenitiveness and benevolence. We remained till the patient was demesmerised, when she awoke as if from a dream, and looked surprisedly about. She asked where she was, and on being told that she had been ill for twenty-three weeks she said she had no recollection of it. For the first time since her illness, on this occasion she remembered the name of her father and herself. In about ten minutes the usual convulsive fit came on with much violence, and with some difficulty the passes were made, and the patient again restored to tranquillity, and she was left in this state as the only one in which she can obtain rest. We may add that she now takes food freely and the general condition of her body is healthy. The whole body appears to be remarkably sensitive and sympathetic to magnetic influences, of which we had an instance immediately on entering the room. Unaware of the effect, we unthinkingly removed to a side the hat of the mesmerist without either his or her knowledge. She immediately became convulsed and agitated, and was only quieted by repeated passes of the hand. The same effect, we learned, takes place whenever any foreign object touches the table at her bed side, or anything belonging to the operator. Of these extraordinary phenomena we can pretend to give no explanation. They are evidently seated in the interior depths of the human nature and constitution, which mesmerists are only now investigating. We merely publish what we have seen with our own eyes, and we think it is our duty, as a journalist, to make such a remarkable case known, in order that Dr. Gregory, or some other experienced mesmerist may make the above the subject of investigation.—*Border Advertiser.*



LETTER OF Dr. ASHBURNER TO Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE.



(Reprinted from Howell's Edition, of the Rev. Adin Ballou's "Glimpses of the Supernatural; or the Modern Spirit Manifestations.")



THE following letter is extracted from Nos. 22 and 23 of "The Reasoner," June 1st and 8th, 1853, a weekly periodical devoted to "Secularism," or the doctrine of the present life in contradistinction to that of a future life.

The Reasoner, opposing or ignoring all ideas of Individual Immortality and the Being of God, or finding no sufficient warrant for such within the sphere of his experience, was naturally indisposed to accept

the 'Rappings' and other allied 'Manifestations,' as veritable evidence in favour of these weak notions. With characteristic impartiality, however, the Editor went to Mrs. Hayden's to see and judge for himself. The result was, an article entitled "Those Rapping Spirits," in which, while avowing a decided disbelief in any spiritual agency, he honourably eschews all notion of trick or imposture, and indicates a leaning to some magnetic theory as sufficient to explain the phenomena. That article suggested the following letter;—

MY DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—Allow me to make a few observations on your article concerning "Those Rapping Spirits." A logician should liberate himself from all forms of prejudice, and should possess the flexibility of mind that can adapt itself to all new developments of truth. You appear to me very susceptible of erroneous influences, from your desire to prejudge the question before you, on canons of dignity established in some school which few in these days of railroads and electric telegraphs would recognise. You give your opinion that "the rapping itself is an undignified mode of communication," forgetting that it is analogous to modes of communication established between the spirits of potentates, philosophers, and all high dignitaries who have occasion to use the telegraphs in various parts of the world.* If you could pursue your train of reasoning fairly, you might in time establish the position that all reading and writing were most undignified, since they form modes of communication between *spirits*, or *souls*, or *minds*, or *intelligences*, by means of the letters of the alphabet. If we can for an instant allow that it is in the power of absent and departed minds to communicate with us, I do not perceive how the fact can be interfered with by establishing a want of dignity in the means used by those minds; but suppose that the means are through the agency of alphabetical symbols, how can you possibly argue on the question of dignity? Nay, is it not a poor prejudice to assume a want of dignity in such a process at the moment you are impugning the character of Mr. Hetherington for the want of that dignified politeness due from gentleman to gentleman, in attributing to him the possibility of an act which would be discreditable to even some of those rowdy cads of the press, who have been exercising their ingenuity in really *frivolous raps* at a subject far beyond their depth? I grieve to find your much nicer and wiser mind engaged in a train of thoughts biased by such inferior influences.

These spirit manifestations are not to be cast aside by what any man may think of their dignity, if truth be at their foundation. In whatever form the ingenuity of vituperation may be couched, abuse will not avail for their destruction. I may be allowed to remark, that no man pretending to philosophy shall be able to define the limits of dignity, or of respectability, in the phenomena of nature. If facts be presented to us, we must take them as they come, and be content to examine them, and with a gentle and philosophically-humble frame of mind establish for them their due importance in the place they must occupy in our stock of knowledge. Certainly the Editor of *The Reasoner* ought not to reject them without thoroughly good and sufficient reason,

It may be that your prejudices are too strong to allow you to receive the facts that should lead to the possibility of the existence of spiritual beings. I do not contend for immaterial essences, for my limited capacities allow me to conceive of the most highly refined essence to be only a form of material being. If I could categorize a thousand degrees of a thousand kinds of the essences of electric and magnetic fluids, I might denominate some of them as *soul*, or *mind*, or *spirit*, or *intelligence*. In the present state of our knowledge, we cannot definitely trace the exact nature of thoughts or ideas. But we know enough to be aware that there is a strong probability that an idea is a compound of light in some form with a subtle agent emanating from the brain—that crystalline and magnetic organ of ours which sheds, in each act of thinking, a specific fluid that unites with light and thus becomes capable of being seen, as it issues from the brain, by persons in a highly sensitive or clairvoyant state. It may be that you do not like to believe it possible that the Baron Von Reichenbach tried at Castle Reichenberg, near Vienna, many experiments in the dark with magnets; and that he ascertained the fact of light emanating from their poles—visible to some individuals, but not to all—visible to many not previously capable of seeing the light, but rendered capable by remaining in the dark chamber during several hours. I can assure you that I have seen that magnetic light. Different sleep walkers have seen analogous light from the surface of the human body—more abundant, clear, and intense, from some parts than from others. And the Baron Von Reichenbach has experimented upon numerous persons in his very dark chamber, who—not in a state of somnambulism—have been able to see light emanating from all parts of the body, interior as well as exterior, and has thus established the fact of clairvoyant introvision, by a new process of experimenting upon living organisms in the depths of darkness. If you will take the trouble to read a long note on animal light, at page 438 of my edition of “Reichenbach’s Researches,” you will find numerous facts to lead to the conclusion that light emanates from those animal spheroidal structures, which render our bodies a congeries of crystalline molecules; and if inorganic crystalline spheroids emit odic or magnetoid light, we perceive why crystalline animal arrangements should in like manner be sources of light.

(to be continued)

[The editor of Howell’s edition, adds the following foot note, on the dignity of the telegraph:—

“Upon this the Editor of the Reasoner, with singular infelicity for so sharp a logician, remarks in a note, “We certainly do not require dignity of the telegraph or the steam engines—but we cannot place the great dead, whose spirits are invoked at these seances, in the same category with galvanic wires and safety valves.” As if Dr. Ashburner had done so! Whereas, manifestly, it is not “the great dead” themselves, but simply their means of communication, which he places in such a category.]

Notices of Publications.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Scottish Curative Mesmeric Association. Edinburgh. 1856.

This is a Society of which Dr. Gregory is the President and the report of which is very cheering. The Association consists of a number of gentlemen and ladies who have banded themselves together to apply practically the powers of Mesmerism in the cure of diseases.

In Edinburgh alone, they report upwards of an hundred cases of cure thus gratuitously effected without reckoning those carried through by professional practitioners. Among these are included cases of epilepsy, consumption, rheumatism and paralysis, which had baffled the medical faculty. Seventeen lectures with practical instruction given afterwards, had also been delivered by members of the Association, during the year; and branch societies were formed or forming in many of the principal towns in Scotland. In all this, is there not encouragement for us in England to go and do likewise.

A SPIRITUAL MESSAGE, being Revelations through the Medium of the Crystal, by J. G. H. BROWN. London. 1856.

We do not wish as a general rule to criticise any of our co-operators, who are in any way preparing the world for the reception of a new dispensation, because we have faith that in the end, that which is truest will prevail; but really Mr. Brown's conduct calls for a few words in self-defence.

In the first page of the pamphlet before us, he states that the spirits which communicate through table rapping and other signs are "in the lowest aerial spheres," or rather he represents the Archangel Gabriel, as thus informing him. But what proof can Mr. Brown give of the reality of this revelation from Gabriel but his own *ipse dixit*?

As a proof of the inspiration of his Koran, Muhammed instanced the beauty of its style which far excelled that of any other Arabic work. But certainly neither Mr. Brown's revelations, nor his explanations of them, can claim any such excellence. Let us compare then, the amount of proof that can be given by the general Spiritual Manifestations, with the pretensions of Crystal Seership. The general Spiritual Manifestations transpire visibly and tangibly among many. A circle meet around a table and it visibly and audibly tips and taps, or is even raised from the ground in the sight of those assembled. A medium is entranced and his arm or his whole body is tangibly cataleptic, and from his voice, lan-

guage is heard which in his normal state he could not command. From the table also, sensibly to all present, come intelligent responses, and reasonable communications. Thus then three of the senses: Sight, Hearing and Touch: bear evidence of the general Spiritual Manifestations, and there is a public to witness the matter. Crystal Seership on the contrary is a private thing. The historic Dr. Dee, employed a young man to look in his Crystal, whom he afterwards discovered had deceived him. Mr. Hockley, of Croydon we believe, uses a young medium. Mr. Brown is his own Crystal Seer. He looks into his oval egg-shaped glass, or into his tumbler of pure spring water, placed in his private apartment; and we will even admit sees what he says he does. The peculiar powers and conditions of the mind are yet little explained. But passing this by, and in all charity, granting Mr Brown the fullest extent of his eyesight, what proof can he give others to partake of with him, equal to that which is given through the general Spiritual Manifestations, and where then is his claim to authority? Where we ask him can he furnish any proof, like the warm spirit hand, which may be clasped and fondled? He may say, others may become Crystal Seers as well as himself. Yes! but they may not receive the same revelations, as in the instance of Mr Hockley; while in the general Spiritual Manifestations, it is not necessary to become a medium to receive proof of their existence. These things are conclusive as to the superior authority of the Spiritual Manifestations (according to our judgment) over Crystal Seership.

It is Mr. Brown's error to have sought a comparison and to have brought this criticism upon himself. Other parts of his pamphlet are open to objection, especially his statements respecting a map of the spheres, drawn by the Coventry Medium, but any objections to these, if he thinks fit, Mr. Jesse Jones of Coventry is well qualified to make. Our own duty has been painful, but in justice to ourselves and co-workers we deemed a few words necessary, and in parting from Mr. Brown we trust that in future he will cease to seek for revelations of a critical character as to others, although for a brief minute they may appear to exalt himself.

MODERN MYSTERIES; or, Table-turning, Tapping, and Tipping.

By W. Turley, 81, Wells Street, Oxford St. London. 1856.

Price, 6d.

The Author of this little work has come forward to bear testimony to what has occurred in his own presence: and with a view to avoid the influence of other peoples opinions, until he had expressed his own he "studiously avoided reading works on the subject."

He does not speak in that confident tone which characterizes Mr. O'Neill's "Alethe," yet a perusal of its pages may be equally as suitable to the uninitiated mind.

He contends boldly for the genuineness of the phenomenon, but he invites enquiry on the inferences to be drawn from it.

THE

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

No. 5.—Vol. 3.]

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1856.

[PRICE 1d.]

HOW I BECAME CONVINCED.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

ACCORDING to the state of mind, so is the understanding of facts as proofs of things unseen.

In the case of friend Beer, (see pages 87 and 111, Vol. II.) there was no prepared ground in his mind for a fact of super-physical origin to shoot in and fructify. A rustic artizan from a Somersetshire village, self-educated in the merest rudiments of knowledge, his reason admitted only his own deductions from facts of his own sensation; little could he accept by faith; he refused to accept the conclusions of another; he was willingly ignorant of what had been written on this subject. How he got to use the word "electricity" I could not well understand: the word represented, I imagine, as it does to so many others, the most potent agent within his comprehension: perhaps he had picked it up from some popular lecturer: he was fond of going to lectures on phrenology.

Our learned German Professor, (see page 75, Vol. II.) on the other hand, wanted only one unquestionable fact of super-physical origin, to quicken into light and life the things and thoughts he had read. In the twinkling of an eye, as he afterwards told me, all his reading as a student of philosophy,—all that he had smiled at or yawned over, in Plotinus, Philo, Porphyry, and Jamblichus, and all that had engendered only melancholy in him while poring over the German mystics, now shot up, illumined by this spark, from the dim recesses of his memory, and the whole case of "Spiritism" was in his mind, not only as I had shortly stated it to him, but as declared by pneumatologists, psychologists, and mystics, ancient and modern. So when he exclaimed "I am convinced!" he would have

said also, "and I no longer think those celebrated authors hallucinated or designing deceivers, as I have hitherto regarded them."

Perhaps I should have approached the subject in the same sceptical spirit as did these two, had I not been previously subjected to different influences. As it was, however, I was prepared to believe in the "table manifestations" before I saw them.

It is nearly twenty years ago that I witnessed a cure by mesmerism, of a girl suffering from alternate attacks of epilepsy and insanity. On the first occasion of my being present at this case,—published in the *Zoist*, as the case of Miss Melbush,—the patient, after speaking in the magnetic sleep of her actual condition, prophesied of her progress for weeks to come, and of her ultimate recovery. Dr. L., the magnetiser, told those present that he had no doubt of the fulfilment of her prediction, because he had always found such predictions verified. While he was speaking, the patient passed into what he called an access of ecstasy. I was as if electrified:—"What objects, and scenes, and persons, can she be contemplating, to warrant all this wondrous expression?" I asked myself. It seemed to me that her mind was then taking cognisance of objects, scenes, and persons, in another state of existence. 'This ecstatic state, I said to myself, and the previous prophetic state, (if the prophecy be verified,) argue for that spiritual state which is taught by Revelation, but which is doubted by so many of us.

I asked Dr. E. whether he could favor us with a *rationale* of such wonderful phenomena? His answer was, "No, I merely invite attention to facts in this subject, I have no explanation to offer." The facts struck me so much that in a paper I contributed,—after the verification of the prophecy, and after her complete recovery,—at the wish of my friend George Alexander Fleming, to his magazine, *The Union*, on Mesmerism, I expressed my conviction that Magnetism would ultimately furnish a ground of agreement between the opposing schools of psychology and physiology.*

My readers, perhaps, know that the mere physiologist attributes all action in, and motion of, the human being to automatic or mechanical self-action, the automatic power being electro-galvanic or something of that sort, excited into activity or reactivity by external agency of various kinds, but *always* physical or material,—repudiating altogether any action or reaction super-physical or spiritual,—this latter word indeed, excites nothing less than aversion in the physiologist, and he forbids it to be used as *unscientific*.

With the conviction, as I have said, that in the subject of Magnetism would be found the ground of agreement on which the physiologist and the psychologist might ultimately meet and shake hands, I kept my attention practically to it, and became progressively more and more convinced, that in that department of it which is called *clairvoyance*, there was spiritual perception, and in the higher

* The ground of agreement between physiology and psychology, the writer has at length demonstrated in the "INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE PRIMARY LAWS WHICH DETERMINE AND REGULATE HEALTH & DISEASE," noticed in No. 3., Vol. III. of this Journal. In these *Investigations* he has been aided by his maturer study of the subject, to the advocacy of which these pages are devoted.

kinds of it, a perception of, and communication with, the souls of those with whom the clairvoyant is brought into *rapport* or magnetic relation, and even with the souls of those who are regarded as "dead and gone," but who have only "shuffled off this mortal coil."

This was a clear and settled conviction with me; so entirely so that there is little in Cahagnet's "Revelations" that I did not fully accept. The physiologists, with their theory of automatic action, I found, attributed some of the phenomena to "phantasm, the result of a certain abnormal condition of the brain—the effect of *this* derangement, or of *that* disturbance, &c. &c. Some phenomena they assigned to sympathetic relation to some other brain; others to a suggested idea or image in a brain in a certain state, causing the rising up of other ideas in it by some law of association. But the fact, that the mind of the clairvoyant *did* perceive remote persons in the body, and also persons no longer in the body, without suggestions, and without sympathetic cerebral relation, could not be explained away by all the rivers of words from the mouths of all the physiologists in the world. No: the persons perceived were not internal "phantasms of a brain in an abnormal state," but external or objective superphysical realities, comprehended only by psychology, which declares of a superphysical or spiritual universe, besides that which physiology contents itself with taking notice of.

Suffice it to say, that I concluded solely from the phenomena of clairvoyance and ecstasy, that disembodied souls can and do communicate,—conditions being furnished by human organizations of a certain kind,—with souls still embodied.

At this point in my mental history I read of the manifestations in America—that communications were telegraphed by spirits, or disembodied souls, through an apparatus of a human organization and some inanimate object.

When I reflected that the clairvoyant is a *medium* through which disembodied souls can communicate with us still in the body, I saw nothing repugnant to reason in this alleged other mode: indeed this latter telegraphic mode of communication stood more commended to my reason than that by the clairvoyant, viewing the condition to which the human mind had sunk, content as it now generally is with mere sensuous, external, and scientific observation. Under this aspect of the question, I regarded the facts I read of not only as *possible*, but—as a further providential means of enlightenment to obscured minds—as *probable*. I considered that the *scientific* might perhaps confound the perceptions of a clairvoyant medium with phantasm; but, thought I, phantasm can scarcely be imputed to a table, at which a medium not clairvoyant is placed.

Such being my state of mind, and such my reflections upon the announced new phase of spiritual communication, I one day,—it is about three years ago,—called upon an acquaintance to whom I was indebted for the perusal of American Journals, when he told me that he was at that very time receiving a "communication."

But I must take up my narrative again next week: what I have written will occupy enough of your space for once. I have here explained my state of mind before coming to my own observation of the facts in question. J. D.

Nov. London.

T R A N C E .

ONE would think every one knows what a trance means, yet there seems to be a hazy, misty apprehension of its meaning on the minds of thousands—especially in relation to the Spirit power proofs of the present age. To such, the meaning of the word "Trance," will be more clearly understood by calling attention to the vision of St. Peter, recorded in the Acts, chap. x. verses 9 to 20, where, upon the house top, he fell into a *trance*, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth, wherein were all manner of unclean beasts and creeping things;—and a *voice* came to him and said, "Rise Peter, kill and eat, &c." Now, passing by what many would call the absurdity of Heaven opening, and out of Heaven coming *unclean beasts and creeping things*,—and which vision would, if given now-a-days be not only called absurd, but defamatory of the purity of Heaven—the interpretation is given, by stating the vision symbolized that the Gentiles were now to be sharers with the Jews in spiritual blessings. So modern Trances are full of imagery symbolical of great truths past, present, or to come. Frequently the Trances are explained or interpreted the same evening—sometimes there is a series of Trances, or panorama of visions, and the interpretation is given at the close—sometimes no interpretation is given, apparently for the purpose of rousing our idle, dormant faculties, to try and solve the riddle of the visions.

I have been present at very many of these visions or Trances, and to see the closed eyes and uplifted intensified countenance of the rapt medium, while apparently looking at the vision and giving a narrative of what is seen; and then turn, and see the greyheaded father and matronly mother reverently listening to the description of the visions given by their son or daughter, and also friends around often with happy tears flowing down their cheeks, is a scene which stamps itself on the mind of the observer, as the "die" does the image of the Queen on our golden coins.

Many of the Trances appear to relate to nations—to communities—and others to families: those to families are most frequent, and of course most useful, and also it is found that the most valuable glowing Trances are those which come when least expected, and in the family circle, when no strangers are there to intermeddle with the harmony and oneness of domestic life.

As it may be gratifying to your readers to have some idea of the imagery of Trances, I will give a copy of the rough draft notes of a vision I heard from the lips of a young girl of about 16 years of age, whose education has been comparatively neglected, and whose religious training has been the very opposite to belief in Spirit Manifestations—whose father attributes all Spirit Manifestations to "Electricity," the mother to "Satanic Agency," and aunt to the "blasphemous

foolishness of men." This girl was suddenly developed as a medium at my house, and the Trance, with many others after, occurred at a loo table, at which I sat with 7 of my children, wife, and the medium.

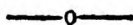
The reader who understands the language of flowers, and the harmony of colors, will doubtless be delighted with the combinations of color and form depicted in the vision; and those who know the children who sat around the table will see how astonishingly emblematic of their appearance and mental character the description is.

Here let me drop a word, and state it is hard work to say or do anything that will please a captious person. If incidents are given of a general character, it is said, "What is the use of it? give us something minute:" if details are given to overcome that difficulty, "Oh! how full of egotism." Let every man then have his eye single and his body will be full of light to see and understand the necessity of using things seen to symbolize things not seen; and if the captious man thinks in his self-esteem that he has the intellect of a St. Paul or a Plato, let him have mercy on minor intellects, who in the presentation even of that tiny flower the "Forget me not," by a loved one, feels a sudden outburst of hidden feelings, which wrap the spirit of the receiver in happiness, and uplifts it above the petty cares and disquietudes of physical life.

Peckham, 15th Dec., 1856.

J. JONES.

[The Trance to be given in our next number.—Ed.]



LETTER OF DR. ASHBURNER TO MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

[continued from page 54.]



The Baron von Reichenbach has, by numerous experiments, shown that *vegetable* organisms, placed in his dark chamber, emitted *odic light*, perceptible clearly not only to the delighted Endlicher, the renowned professor of botany, but to several other persons, establishing the great fact that all organic forms of crystals emit light as one of their constituent properties. You have probably looked over Havy's plates in his book on crystallography, and have observed that which has been copied, in woodcuts, in so many systems of chemistry, that all geometrical forms of crystals are made up of innumerable tiny globules or spheres, each of which is an elementary crystal, and the aggregation of these, according to electric laws, produces the geometrical crystal, with all its magnetoid properties; and it is easily conceived why, if you break a crystal or a magnet into a thousand pieces,

each piece is found to retain all its crystallic or magnetic properties. The philosophical Mr Rutter, of Brighton, reflecting more deeply than some of his neighbors, constructed a magnetoscope, which for extreme delicacy is unsurpassed, and it enabled him to demonstrate these facts with the clearness and ingenuity that characterizes his fine mind. That plaything, consisting of a piece of silk thread, to the end of which is attached a small piece of sealing-wax, like a fuchsia bud, or a lucky sixpence, or a gold ring, by which people try the old vulgar experiment of striking the hour of the day, against the sides, in the interior of a glass tumbler (will you call it an *undignified pendulum*?), offered to Mr Rutter a series of ideas, which, carried out, only as a philosophic and originating brain could carry them out, enabled him to trace laws reaching to the depths of physics, and to far clearer relations of mathematics to the philosophy of mind, than we have hitherto possessed; for, in the hands of Dr. Leger, Mr Rutter's instrument has given us a basis *where*, on the statistics of phrenology, shall rest our unerring calculations on the forces directing our thoughts and actions. I need not now enumerate the many more facts to be found in Mr Rutter's or Dr. Leger's unpretending works, for which we are indebted to the new magnetoscope, but I may remark that we now know of all vegetables and animals being possessed of magnetoid properties; that, in truth, each of these, and the component parts of each, are separate magnets. So an orange, an apple, a carrot, a walking-stick cut from a hedge, a human being, a limb of that human being, the bones of his arm, the bones of his fingers, are all magnets, having the polarities and mean points quite analogous to bar magnets and to crystals. Mr Rutter's magnetoscope has established far more than all this, for he has, by its aid, been able to trace the existence of magnetic curves around so numerous a list of bodies, constituting magnetic or magnetoid spheres around each of them, that it is difficult to define the limit to which the law extends, obliging all the atoms of matter to range themselves under magnetic control, producing everywhere spheres or spheroids that have their axial and equatorial polarities, and obeying for ever the perpetual impulse to change. However infinite may be these evolutions, prompted by the law of change, every sphere, as well as every spheroidal atom, is productive of new evolutions of light. I do not know whether you will be so stern a philosopher as to reject all the exquisitely beautiful evidence offered by Mr Rutter's magnetoscope, or conclude that such a man as the great Berzelius had become satuous because he accepted the fact adduced to him by the Baron von Reichenbach—for this has been done by men pretending to be philosophers—but it will matter little, since truths will find their way. Eighty or ninety years of prejudiced opposition have not sufficed to crush mesmerism. It is a truth in mesmerism that many sensitives wide awake, and clairvoyants in magnetic sleep, have seen rays of light, made up of globules of a greyish or of a cærulean blue color, emanating from the eyes of individuals who have been exerting thought or will.

(to be continued)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

For the benefit of the cause of Spiritists, and in order to remunerate the noble Publisher of the *Telegraph*, I beg leave respectfully to present you with another plan of my invention, which in itself, is also very simple, and I think, if brought into operation unitedly, would answer the end proposed.

The enclosed plan therefore, though imperfectly, represents to the outward senses, any city, town, or village, in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,—that is, any place in the kingdom. The sign of the sun and moon in the centre, represents the light of heavenly truth, which is to be the grand depot of Spirit communications, manifestations, Tracts, and *Telegraphs*. The dots upon the lines or streets, signify the residences of the subscribers and readers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. The long, square dots are subscribers, and the round do., the readers; not because the readers live in round houses, and the subscribers in square ones. No. It is only done by way of distinction; though it would be a great advantage, if the readers could afford to be represented with square houses; however that shall be left to themselves, for consideration.

Having stated this much, the rest of the plan may be clearly understood, with a little attention. For instance, there are the connecting lines of union, showing how two, or three, or a dozen may unite together. Then towards the left, you will see the steam engine, called the planet, bringing down Tracts and spiritual information to the central depot, from which place they will be delivered when applied for: and, if not applied for within a given time, an arrangement will be made for their distribution, by a committee chosen for that purpose. But, though last named, the dotted lines are the most important of all, which represent sealed letters, containing one shilling each, to be sent simultaneously, as at one electric shock, through the medium of the postman; when the value of each will be returned to the central depot in the shape of Tracts,—the spiritual, sterling gold, of infinite value, which cannot be estimated.

Therefore, I should say, let every subscriber and reader, on the —— day of December, 1836, forthwith, send his letter and the money, to be continued every half year, or quarter, of which notice must be given by you, *the Editor*, by way of remembrance. And let all circles or parties throughout the kingdom, send up directions to their various centres of operations, as quick as possible, when the Tracts &c., in due time, will be forwarded to the parties concerned, according to their orders.

Let every subscriber and reader of the *Spiritual Telegraph* do this, do it alto-

gether, and he will feel a divine influence by placing himself in conjunction with the spirits of the great, and with the General Assembly and church of the first born in America, *whose names are written in heaven.*

According to this system roughly plann'd,
Let all agree in one united band;
Each send one shilling with the post, by land,
And Tracts will then come down,—you understand,—
With spiritual knowledge, doubly grand,
To pluck poor spirits from the *Fire-brand.*

I remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully in the love of truth,

J. WALLS.

P. S. The subscribers and readers agreeing to enter into this plan, should first send in their names or *marks* and centres of operation, to any given time you may think good; when all parties connected with the movement must declare themselves; then the letters, with the cash, can be forwarded as you, Sir, or the Publisher of the *Telegraph* may suggest.

—O—

Communications from the Spiritual World.

—

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE XIV.

—
This shall be the order of the distribution of human association with regard to territory in the new dispensation that shall be.

The towns and the villages shall be succeeded by communisteries.

The counties and the shires, the provinces and the departments, shall be succeeded by communes.

There shall be no more countries or nations but communarchies.

And the territory of a communistery shall be so many square acres and the territory of a commune so many square miles.

And each commune shall contain so many communisteries and each communarchy so many communes.

And each commune shall have a capital and each communarchy a capital.

And the capital of a commune shall be four times as large as an ordinary communistry and the capital of a communarchy shall be ten times as large as the capital of a commune.

And through the capitals of the communes, the interior exchanges of products shall be made; and through the capitals of the communarchies the exterior exchanges of products effected.

For there shall no longer be any private commerce, but communistries shall exchange with communistries and communes with communes and communarchies with communarchies.

And the communistry shall be administered by a patriarch, and with him a council of deacons.

And the commune shall be administered by a Demarch, and with him a council of Patriarchs.

And the communarchy shall be administered by a Primarch, and with him a council of Demarchs.

And the further particulars of these things shall be written in the Book of the Laws of the new dispensation.

And over all the globe, there shall be one ruler and one capital.

And He shall be the Communarch, even Him, in whom and in whose successors, the Spirit of the Paraclete dwells, even the Spirit of the Comforter which is the Holy Spirit of God and of his Christ.

And that one capital of all the globe shall be the New Jerusalem, descended from heaven.

PAGE XV.

Good news also have I to declare to the oppressed on account of race.

In the future the diversities of race shall cease and there shall be but one common race.

No more shall any be unjustly punished, on account of the curse attached to Ham, as his posterity.

But all shall recognize the image of God in ebony as well as the image of God in ivory.

And it shall be truly known that God of any race can raise up children of Abraham.

And lo! I look and see first a fair man upon a throne and a dark woman upon a throne and their hands are joined together.

And I look again and see, couples upon couples, by thousands, black and white, hand in hand, walking together in the pleasant valleys of life.

And the word of truth then shall be: Blessed be God, we are one family and one people and one race.

Yea, they shall sing: Glory unto Eloah, for he has made of one blood, all people that dwell upon the face of the whole earth!

And as they hear this blessing and praising, the spirits of the pure who when on earth sung with Solomon: Black art thou but comely, O daughter of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon: shall be delighted exceedingly.

But the spirits of those who when on earth oppressed the black and held him in cruel slavery, if they have not repented of their sins and been purged by the fire of purification, shall greatly bewail and weep, and the aspects of their spirits shall appear black as night to all who behold them.

And they shall hang like a black cloud over the western hemisphere of our globe, weeping great showers to fertilize the land they had injured.

And the one race which shall be, shall be gentle and brave, graceful and powerful, above all the races which now exist.

For it shall be as it was designed at the beginning, even as its likeness was planned in the wisdom of God.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE GROUP OF SPIRITS.

[continued from page 23.]

In how many different ways are spirits enabled to communicate with mankind? And what a variety in their teachings? This should teach you the important lesson, that God is no respecter of persons, but men of all nations and of all colours, and of every variety of persuasion, who seek to do justice and who loveth to be merciful, such are they who do walk humbly with God.

It is not the saintly appearance of a person, or the number of prayers he may repeat, nor the peculiar form of faith he professes which makes him acceptable to God. If he seeks to bless his fellowman, to remove evil, to practice humility, and to live in charity with all men: then will he receive all the assistance possible from every kind of superior intelligences.

If then you were to begin that course of action which tendeth towards the new and bright era, without the aid of such influences, you would not be able to make much progress. But if only your attention can possibly be drawn to this important necessity for a great change, you will be sure to have the assistance of such spirits as are nearest your own states,

It is our glorious mission to assist in regenerating man, and reforming the present corrupt usages of society. Our work is, first to remedy internal disorders, which must precede any reliable external manifestations.

To commence an external reform whilst the internal state of man remains a mass of creeds and formulas—alike opposed to the progress of happiness on earth, or the progress of spirits in the spiritual world—would be utopian.

We care not to destroy whatever may yield you consolation in any creed or formula you may have chosen, provided that such creed or formula, does not seek to limit the illimitable, and confine the great Father of all, to some small speck of the earth, or some little ray of light from the heavenly spheres which are at most, not more in comparison than the little ray of light that proceeds from a small candle, compared with the great and glorious sun at noonday.

If you can find a speck upon the vast universe where no trace of wisdom exists, or a section of the human family in whom dwelleth no rays of divine wisdom, then may you claim a superiority over them. But so long as you find the sun to shine, the rain to descend, to nourish and fructify the earth, for the sustenance of man amongst all nations in every part of the vast universe, so long will there remain an undeniable proof that your heavenly Father is no respecter of persons, but that men in every land, and of every possible persuasion, that seek to glorify God by blessing his fellow man, will be accepted. As well might the hand assume an authority over, or a superiority to, the foot, as you or any other portion of humanity to claim an authority over, or superiority to, any other fraction of the human family.

It is true you may possess advantages which others do not seem to enjoy; yet this ought not to beget within you a spirit of pride and haughtiness, but rather should it beget a spirit of sympathy.

Let us give you an illustration of this, and may it sink deep into your hearts. Suppose one of you had a weak or an injured limb; do you suppose that all the other limbs would cease to sympathize with it, or that the spirit would proscribe it or doom it to some additional pain on account of its misfortunes? Preposterous, most ridiculously absurd are all such notions! The weaker any member of his body, the greater the sympathy, both by the members of his body, and especially the spirit, which corresponds to Deity,—man being an epitome of the universe. If, then, you perceive the impossibility of one member to lose its sympathy with any other member of the same body, how can you expect that losing sympathy with other members of the great general or universal body,—of whom God himself forms the guiding principle, and each man corresponds to some particular part thereof,—can possibly be productive of general harmony.

We must begin to be more plain with you, for nothing short of this general sympathy will ever effect the necessary conditions for the heavenly era which myriads of kind spirits are striving to introduce, in answer to earnest and constant prayers that God's will may be "done on earth as it is done in heaven."

You have yet to learn the nature of your own prejudices, and whither tending, and how far you have hitherto been misled by them. Has it ever occurred to your minds what a powerful thing is habit? What pernicious practices are engen-

dered by its influences. What absurd and cruel doctrines are believed and propagated under its bewildering domain. If you have not carefully examined this great upas tree, but are in some measure feeding upon its poisonous fruits, you will not be so well able to assist those who are writhing in mortal agony beneath its deadly grasp.

Do you wish to become wise, let your prejudices yield before the glorious beams of heaven now streaming through the spiritual world, for the benefit of the whole human race.

How many schemes have been framed by erring mortals for the redemption of mankind, but which have always been based on selfish principles of one kind or another; and even at the present day, when plans innumerable are being applied for this purpose, and in some cases particularly under spirit guidance, yet the mind-dwarfing prevalence of habit and prejudice will continue to shew their uncalled for and impracticable features. We need to acquire more influence over mankind ourselves; also to be more under infinite wisdom, before any general plan can come into operation. But do not let us mislead you in this important work, because one false step is sometimes fatal; especially at the commencement of any new work; for it is like laying a false foundation.

(to be continued.)

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 42.]

When I first landed on the eternal shores, I felt quite certain that I should shortly appear before the awful throne of heaven, on which sat a wrathful, provoked, and revengeful angry God. I felt quite certain that I should soon be either:—

“—numbered with the blest,
Or with the damnd cast out.”

O, what groundless fears we bring upon ourselves, either through our determined ignorance, or stupidity.

“Yes, yes,” said he, with a smile, “we might have known that our works would follow us;” and thus were we engaged in conversation until we arrived at the gate which led to the bower. But before I enter upon a description of its interior I will give you a brief outline of its exterior, and of the things which surround it.

The ground plan was seventy cubits square, and on each corner was erected a group of ancient statuary. That on the east was formed after the model of seven ancient shepherds, placed ten cubits apart, one above the other; the topmost being seventy cubits from the ground; and each held in his right hand a circular wreath of flowers, which extended upwards; and in his left a golden rod: and all the shepherds were in the attitude of guarding as many as seventy sheep, which were closely packed around each of them; and the sheep were in the attitude of looking up to their shepherd, as if conscious of his care.

That on the west was formed after the model of seven spotless virgins, placed ten cubits apart, one above the other; the topmost being seventy cubits from the ground; and each held in her right hand a circular wreath of flowers, which extended upwards; and in her left, a golden basin, which contained a portion of the dews of heaven. Each was in the attitude of administering the contents of her basin unto seventy silvery fish which surrounded her.

That on the south was formed after the model of seven females, placed ten cubits apart, one above the other; the topmost being seventy cubits from the ground; and each held in her right hand a circular wreath of flowers, which extended upwards; and in her left a little book, which was open to the gaze of seventy female infants which surrounded each of them.

That on the north was formed after the model of seven ancient prophets, placed ten cubits apart, one above the other; the topmost being seventy cubits from the ground: and each held in his right hand a circular wreath of flowers, which extended upwards; and in his left a little book, in which was the memoir of a certain king, written in two languages, and was open to the gaze of seventy male infants, which surrounded each of them.

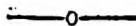
And from the topmost figure on the four corners thereof, was fixed a chain of circular wreaths of flowers, which extended from the east to the west, and from the north to the south. And over the centre of the bower was suspended horizontally, a large circular wreath of flowers, from which extended chains, which consisted of wreaths of flowers, unto the wreaths which were held in the right hand of the remaining figures on the four corners.

And about the distance of seventy cubits from the exterior of the bower were arranged in a circular form, two hundred and forty-five tall and slender trees, which were one hundred and forty-four cubits long. And instead of branches, the trunks were surrounded, from the ground to the top, with a kind of silky or silvery moss, in the form of a screw, being composed of seven different colors; and every tree inclined or curved towards the bower, so that the topmost part bended down over the centre, so that the tips of the trees were linked unto the great wreath which was suspended over the bower.

Then again at the distance of sixty cubits from the exterior of the bower, or ten cubits within the other trees, were two hundred and forty-five trees, the same in

size and quality as the other; but instead of curving towards the bower, they gradually curved from the bower, so that the tops shot forth between the other trees, and bended downwards to the distance of seventy cubits from the ground, and were linked unto a great wreath which encircled the whole of the trees. And from the great wreath were linked seventy chains, composed of small wreaths, which extended unto seventy groups of the most elaborate statuary, composed of the most precious metals, such as fine gold, transparent jasper, and was placed at uniform distances all around, exactly under the great wreath.

(to be continued.)



Poetry.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

And do the dead whom we have sought
To us indeed return again;
With messages of mercy fraught,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men?"

To guide our wand'ring feet aright,
To bind and heal the broken heart;
The lamp of faith again to light,
And bid us choose "the better part?"

Forgive us that our faith is weak,
Forgive us if we seem to scorn,
Forgive the erring words we speak,
Forgive us that we idly mourn.

And 'mid the busy hours of day
And in the vigils of the night
Be near us,—with us when we pray.
To bathe our souls in heavenly light.

Let light from out our darkness shine.
And wisdom from our sufferings spring;
Let love glow in us more divine,
And faith mount on exultant wing.

To meet thee, victor at the last
O'er doubt and fear, and cruel fate;
The battle won, the struggle past,
My soul stands waiting at the gate.

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Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

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[PRICE 1d.]

THE TRANCE.

(6th December, 1855.)

Family circle consisting of father—mother—7 children and the medium: the Bible was on the table, and while we were singing 'There is a land of pure delight' &c., the medium's eyes closed—a change took place in the expression of her face, and in answer to the question "What do you see?" she replied:—

The room seems filled with silvery vapor—30 angels are in the room—they are arranged so beautifully in circles of 10 each—the 1st. circle is over our heads, and they have a wreath of flowers in their hands: they are dressed in white—the 2nd circle is behind them, dressed in light blue, with crowns in their hands; and the 3rd circle is outside of the others, with small white thrones in their hands: the angels of that circle are dressed in dark blue.

The table is lit up with a light blue flame, which with the silvery vapor in the room makes it so very beautiful.

I see 3 angels with trumpets in their hands, beckoning me to come with them, (she appeared to go, and then after a short pause broke out with) Oh! such beautiful gates—they are transparent, and of various colors—*(describe the gate)* it consists of a small white square in the centre, then enlarges with red—light blue—dark blue—purple, and some other colors I never saw before, and they are all transparent—I have gone through the gates, (and then as if in amazement exclaimed,) Oh! what a beautiful place—the walls seem made of snow-white crystal, so beautifully white—there are 4 walls the 1st ones white—one light blue—one dark blue and the other yellow. I see such a multitude of angels. I see grandpapa—grandmamma—uncle—uncle, and aunt Eliza and sister—they are smiling—they beckon me to them—we are all going to a large white throne—Oh!

what a beautiful throne—over the back of it is a large banner—2 trumpet angels holding it, one on each side—it is made of red stone, very thin—the writing on it is in yellow, the angels look so happy at me. I see written on the banner “Holy—Holy—Holy Lord God of Sabaoth”—it looks brighter as I gaze on it—half of the back of the throne is dark blue crystal, and half white—one side light blue and the other dark yellow—on one side of the throne is a red horse and on the other a white one—the red horse is on the light blue side and the white horse on the yellow side—the seat of the throne is red—one side blue, the other white. 2 trumpet angels are sitting on the horses—they have golden crowns on—they are smiling on me—the angel on the red horse has his gold crown set with stones all round—the stones seem to shed rays on the throne and on us—grandma has taken my hand—sister is floating over me, pointing to the crown—writing on it—the words are “He goes conquering unto conquer.” The person on the white horse is clothed in a long flowing robe of scarlet, with a silver crown on his head, set with red stones round—there is writing in dark red on the silver crown—the words are Love—Mercy—Peace—good will towards men—they grow brighter as I look—the letters seem to move—the angel has taken my hand—taken off his crown—the letters move so strangely—stop’t moving—put his crown on—smiling at me—such a host of angels—more coming—going to the gate with me—they have opened it—7 angels are coming in through the gate, singing so sweetly—shut the gate, and have gone up to the angel on the red horse. Grandma has such a beautiful box in her hand—opening it—the angel on the red horse is taking the crowns from the box, and placing them on the head of the seven angels—the first three have received gold crowns and have gone to join the multitude of angels—the other three angels have silver crowns put on their heads—they have gone lower down a street of gold—but they don’t sing so sweetly—the other angel has a white crown—he is standing by the red horse—has a gold harp, and is singing and playing so sweetly. I am coming to the gate and all my relatives with me—we are through the gates now, but the gates remain open—we are high up over the table, and it is lit up so beautifully—a ray seems to come from Aunt Eliza to each of our heads. (*The medium here made a sudden start and after a pause said*) Oh! how strange—I see a Well full of clear water—I can see everything at the bottom of it—there are beautiful crystals at the bottom, and there is a ring round the top of the well of the same plan and colors as I saw on the gates—it looks so beautiful with the crystal water—my relatives are all around it, and it seems to light them up with a light blue flame—the colors from the ring seem to shed on the water and reflect upon those standing at the well—a trumpet angel has come down to the well, he has a beautiful chased gold basin in his hand—has dipped it into the water, and brought it out full—he is sprinkling it all over the table, and as it falls, it turns to beautiful red fire—some of it comes on me. The well is going up—it looks so strange—and as it goes, it drops stars of all colors—going right up—all my relations are gone with it,—they are smiling and beckoning me—gone through the gates—taken it along a gold pavement—have put it at the foot of the throne—the well seems to sink into the gold pavement—the place is lit up magnificently, and there is such a multitude of angels—they have harps and are sing-

ing and playing so sweetly—the sound seems to echo through each wall, and echo back again—I *can't* describe it—done now—my relations kiss my forehead—sister and aunt Eliza are coming with me. Oh! they are all gone—aunt shows me a roll in her hand—my sister has 1 little angels with her—they have a box, and a trumpet angel accompanies them.

(to be concluded in our next.)

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CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

V.

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I MENTALLY reviewed the various explanations and theories that had been successively presented: that of "collusion," was on all hands abandoned as outworn; "unconscious muscular agency," was disposed off by the simple fact, that heavy bodies frequently moved without touch or contact; "Electricity," which I found most frequently used by those who knew least about it, reflection and experiment convinced me, was equally untenable. Our scientific opponent, Dr. Rogers, in his "Philosophy of Mysterious Agents," says, "the attempt to account for these phenomena by the agency of electricity has signally failed, as the most important characteristics of this agent cannot be found to agree with the phenomena." The above writer, in the work just quoted, (by far the ablest which I have yet seen in opposition to Spiritism,) has put forth the only theory on that side of the question, which appeared to me anything like adequate, or to wear even the semblance of plausibility: I will endeavour briefly to state it.

Reichenbach, Lafontaine, Arago, and others, have demonstrated the existence of a previously unknown physical agent, called by the former, "The imponderable oil," pervading space, and forming the bond of sympathetic relation between external nature, and the organism (especially the brain) of man. This, when given forth from the organism of persons under certain conditions, acts as from a battery, produces the phenomena of sound, lifts or overturns heavy bodies, and attracts or repels them according to a law of polarity, independent of the will or desire of the persons so conditioned. Our author concludes that he has here furnished him the key with which to unlock the mysterious rappings and other physical phenomena of the present and of past times.

But how as to the intelligence displayed in them? Carpenter, Wilkinson, and other eminent Physiologists have shewn, that the brain in man (as in animals,) possesses reflex, or automatic powers, which enable it to act without mind, as the instrumental representative of mind; simulating all the characteristics of intelligence, and even, as in the insane, the hypochondriac, the biologized, and the

dreaming brain, to assume a fictitious personal identity. Under odyllic, or other irritant, this reflex action becomes excited, ideas or impressions latent in it become active; the past is vividly reproduced in representation, and *SENSATION* is sometimes exercised as to what exists in time and space; which is reflected upon the impressible brain through odyl, as the human face is reflected upon a prepared daguerotype plate. Two brains may be brought into odyllic *rappor*t, and being thus filmily meshed together by odyllic threads, form as it were, a double cerebral unit, like the two hemispheres of a human brain,—the impressions of the stronger being imparted or transmitted to the weaker, or of the more to its less active co-efficient as along an electric chain: its volitions, or impressions, are propagated through the brain and nerve-centres to the motor-nerves, muscles, vocal organs, and lower parts of the organism; which, acting in mechanical union with it, produce the phenomena of the writing and speaking mediumship; while the table-tiltings, rappings, and other manifestations of the so-called Spirit-agency, being directed by the automatic action of the brain, respond to it as if controlled by intelligent mind, and throw back in the responses, the impressions, or ideas, which have been reflected upon, or excited within it.

The apparent systematic rise and progress of the movement, is accounted for as a nervous epidemic,—the result of specific cerebral impress in sympathetic influence on the nervous system in relation to the odyllic agency; similar to the Witch mania in Europe and America, the Tarantula in Italy, the Preaching mania in Sweden.

This theory, which I have very imperfectly, but I hope fairly represented, is urged by its author with great force of argument, felicity of illustration, and constant appeal to known facts. He maintains it to be no fancy-sketch, and challenges its refutation, "as a fair logical deduction from ascertained facts."

I felt that if the phenomena I was investigating were produced exclusively by mundane agencies, it was in this theory, or in some modification of it, that the solution must be found: here, or hereabout, the final battle would have to be fought: this failing, unconditional surrender was the only ultimate alternative.

I have not space, even had I the requisite knowledge and ability (which I have not,) to take up the gauntlet which this author has so fearlessly flung down.* But his theory had for a long time so strong an influence upon my mind, that in these "confessions," I feel bound to state some of the considerations which finally led me to relinquish it. I trust my readers will excuse my thus apparently deviating from the main road of my story, into bye-paths every now and then. But I wish these letters to be useful, and do not know how I can better make them so, than by furnishing hints to those who may be travelling the same way, as to the

* If I may venture the suggestion, I think that if some friend, well acquainted with both the facts of Spiritism and of science, could find time to undertake a careful analysis and rigorous scientific examination of this work, (which has not yet received the notice which it merits,) he could not be more usefully employed for the cause. Will our friend "Verax" pardon the liberty, if I commend this hint specially to his consideration,

nature and difficulties of the road, and by, perhaps helping to remove some of the stumbling-blocks which may lie across their path.

I found then that this theory, though tolerably capacious and elastic, neither was, nor could be made sufficiently so, to hold ALL the facts which it was required to carry: that, though a mighty smart vessel to look at, yet, after a few trial-trips, it was found rather too leaky to be altogether sea-worthy, or fit for substantial service. It had some sound planks in it, which, when the ship was taken to pieces, might be found very servicable: but, till that could be done it had better lay up in dock.

Mr Beecher (an opponent, to whose views I have alluded in my second letter,) has pointed out the unsoundness in some of the timbers: he has more especially instanced the difficulty, if not impossibility, of reconciling the theory of automatic action, with the fact of involuntary contingent adaptation,—that an automaton duck may be made to waddle and quack, but not to be frightened. So, an automaton chess-player is impossible, because no automaton can adapt its moves to the varying exigencies of the game. I am aware that Mr Rogers has responded that there is a great difference between animate and inanimate automata,—between one constructed of wood and iron, working with weights, pulleys and levers:—and one constructed as the human brain, with its finer and more potent machinery of nerves, cells, fibres, and other appliances. True, but there is ONE thing which even this automaton cannot do,—it cannot of itself THINK: whatever it may be capable of, cogitation is not within its province. Yet in the case of Spirit-media, we have, not only the expression of thought unknown to, and non-existent in, the mind or brain of the medium: but sometimes directly contrary thereto; and equally foreign to those present. Shall I be told that what is taken for evidence of thought is only the result of unconscious cerebration,—the giving out of impressions which existed unconsciously in the brain of the medium, or, of some person present. Indeed! and how did you discover THAT existed of which THEMSELVES were not conscious? How have you found out that they knew, what they knew they did *not* know? To try to make them believe this by virtue of bold assertion, may be very well as a biological experiment; but we are not all subjects of pathematic influence in that way, or to that extent. When you reply, Dr., that this is not thought, or the voluntary act of mind: but cerebration, or the involuntary action of brain, I rejoin in your own words, "This is not demonstrable, it is merely hypothetical, and has very QUESTIONABLE evidence to sustain it." If sequential logical discourse,—pertinent answers to unexpected questions: be not evidence of thought, what is to be considered so? Where shall we find proof of it? Possibly some disciple of Dr. Rogers may, following out his master's line of reasoning, discover that the work under consideration did not come from the mind of its author, but was produced by this same "unconscious cerebration." The selection and adaptation of means to ends is a proof of design; design is the action of a mind: "the action of a mind proves the existence of a mind:" so says Paley and common sense.

If, then, mind *is* concerned in the operation, and the thought expressed is not that of the medium, nor of any person present, (and in my experience many

instances have occurred of this,) Whence comes it? Whose is it? Shall we be told that it is only impression transmitted by some **ABSENT** brain in **ODYLIC RAPPORT** with that of the medium? Can this be the resource of a scientific writer, boasting of his rigid adhesion to facts and logical deductions from them? There is even less warrant for this hypothesis than the former one: it is open to the same objections: "It is not demonstrable, and has very **QUESTIONABLE** evidence to sustain it;" or rather, no evidence at all. Where are your facts? To whom does this absent brain belong? Where is he? What is he? Whence came he? Who is he? Has he a local habitation, and a name? Bring him into court and put him in the witness-box that we may see, hear, and cross-examine him: he is a material evidence and must appear,—your case breaks down without him. Let us have no shirking here Doctor; stand bolt up to the fact. It won't do to give me instances of what has been effected by the power of will: or to tell me that the mesmeriser can operate upon an absent patient. I know it,—but that is done by a conscious, voluntary mental act: it is not unconscious cerebration; not involuntary automatic brain-play in **ODYLIC RAPPORT**. Besides, *there* is the magnetizer: the operation can be traced back to him. Remember, you have to produce your absent brain,—the operator which effects these wonders. "I don't believe there's no such person as Mrs. Harris," says Betsy Prigg to her friend Sairey Gamp; and under the circumstances of the case I think Betsy came to a very sensible conclusion: this anonymous, unknown, mythical personage (**NON EST**, except when required for "**ODYLIC RAPPORT**,") is the Mrs. Harris in our author's story.

Admitting, however, that Mrs. Harris, or this hypothetical Tom, Dick, or Harry could be discovered, I would ask, If a human brain can be worked automatically by an absent invisible person **IN** the body to produce the phenomena in question, Why may it not be so worked by an absent invisible person **OUT** of the body? especially, **WHEN THE INVISIBLE AGENT** states that **THIS IS ACTUALLY THE CASE**: and in the entire absence of any counter-claimant. I again ask **Why?**

"—— gentle Shepherd tell me why?"

It is also to be noted, that automatic action has not only to be reconciled with **INVOLUNTARY CONTINGENT ADAPTATION**, but, that this adaptation is not to a single, but a manifold contingency; not to a simple, but a complex one: it is not like a coin with a different impression on each of two sides; but rather, like one, (if you can imagine it,) many thousand or million sided, with a different impression on each; or, like any contrivance you can conceive of, which shall admit in its action so many possible variations, singly, and by combination, as to defy the most elaborate calculations of the most profound mathematicians; for the contingent adaptation required to produce **ALL** the phenomena of Spirit-manifestation must not only be manifold, it must include many different **SETS** or **KINDS** of operation. The automaton must be so constructed as to answer all sorts of questions, **AD LIBITUM**, on the shortest notice: questions of number, questions of fact,

questions of opinion. Mathematicians tell us, that the different changes or variations of position of which the 26 letters of the alphabet are capable, amount to 620,118,101,733,239,439,360,000, so that if these letters were mixed together, and any given arrangement of them, say that of their alphabetical order, required from an automaton thrower: the chances in its favour would be as 1, to the figures above given. But this would be as nothing to what would be required of our cerebral automaton; for he would have to throw the letters, not into alphabetical arrangement, but into words, sentences, paragraphs, following in regular sequence, and having an intelligent meaning, pertinent to the matter in hand: a much more difficult thing; and this would generally have to be done right on the first throw: having for instruments: say, a choice either of a human windpipe, or a round table, with any amount of oil. And this would not be all. Its work would but have just commenced: it would have occasionally to communicate in different languages, write medical prescriptions to meet exactly the case of different individual patients, suffering under every variety of disease; to construct visible flesh-like hands, palpable to touch, out of invisible materials; and when it had done all this, there would be plenty more work in store for it. Poor automaton!

That the mind does not take cognizance of all the acts of the body, is certainly true; but that the mind or brain, (whichever Dr. Rogers prefers,) is at any time unconscious of its own acts, I am not so sure: I doubt whether consciousness is not inseparable from it. True, its ordinary consciousness may be suspended: but if it continues active, I think it can only be so by a different state, or kind of consciousness being superinduced. This however, let physiologists and Philosophers decide.

I cannot however conclude these strictures, without remarking, that if we cannot from intelligent effects predicate an intelligent cause; if we are to believe that all the operations of mind can be effected without mind: we introduce an element of confusion and uncertainty into all reasonings from analogy, sap the foundations of Natural Theology, and run counter to the common sense, the common instincts of mankind. If Spirit-manifestations are to be accounted for as resulting solely from the operation of mundane agencies, we must be prepared to do this: to maintain principles and theories having this tendency; there is no alternative, or if there is, I have yet to learn it.

That all the instances cited by Dr. Rogers as Nervous Epidemics are *really* such, I am not prepared to admit. It may however be observed: that while the present movement has some points of agreement with them, there are characteristic differences which he has altogether overlooked. But as I am here making my confessions—not writing a review—I must leave the determination of these to the reading, reflection, and experience of my readers; and hope to furnish facts illustrative of the general reasonings above advanced, in subsequent letters.

T. S.

RECOGNITION OF A SPIRIT.

A friend, Mr W. with whom I was lately speaking upon the subject of Spiritism, asked me to introduce him to some circle, for he wished to see something in consequence of what had been told him by a very old acquaintance, a Jew, a sharp-witted and naturally most incredulous man,—a man whom he had known for thirty years for being nothing else than a thorough man of business.

He said, that this Jew acquaintance had told him that on making a call upon a person whom he knew, about some business matter, recently, he found the family round the table, "questioning spirits." On the invitation to take a seat, he, not believing in anything but *the body*, drew his chair to the fire, shrugged his shoulders, and wondered to himself at the absurdity of people: but, hearing sounds, and seeing the interest of the company in chronicling the letters they referred to, he began to be amused at the "game," for he thought some of the party were being *done* by the others. Presently, one of them at the table said to him:—

"Mr H * * *," that being the name of the incredulous one, "here is a spirit to *you* / with your name."

"Ah! who is it, I wonder?" He thought they should'nt *do him*.

"Wife," was reported as spelled through the table.

"My first wife is dead a long time, certainly," said he.

"She wants you to know she is still living in another state of existence."

"Does she? Well, I shall believe you that she says so, if you can tell me she says anything that I know myself, and that none of you know."

The question was put whether the Spirit would impart something that he alone of the company knew, and a reply in the affirmative was given.

"Well, let me have it now at once," said he.

"GOLD, MOTHER," was the answer. It was enough. By this answer I recognized my late wife;" said Mr H * * *:

"I said to H * * *" continued my friend Mr W., "that I thought his ground for believing was rather slender, as it appeared to me." He replied that he was not surprised at my thinking so, but that my surprise might be less, after he had told me something. He went on:—

"One day, in my first wife's life-time, many years ago, having to meet some particular people, I went home to change my dress. Before going up stairs for this purpose, I took out the contents of my pockets, and laid them on the mantle shelf,—money, handkerchief, and so on; and among the money was a couple of brand-new sovereigns that I had just received. Having changed my dress up stairs, I came down again and went to the shelf to take what I had left there, and behold my two new sovereigns were gone."

"Hallo!" I said to my wife, "what have you taken some of my money for?"

"I have not taken any," she said.

"I left two sovereigns more than are here now."

"Nonsense," she said, "you must make a mistake; nobody has been in the place, in fact, besides mother."

"Now, my wife's mother lived not far off, and used often to come pottering in; and I am sorry to say that I entertained *certain* notions about her. However, I said nothing, but considered a little, how, supposing she had helped herself to them, she might possibly spend them. After some reflection I went to a certain draper's. Going into the shop, I asked the man to let me see some gown-pieces, and some that he found people liked, for what other women liked perhaps my wife would like too. He put a piece before me, and said he had just cut a dress off that for a customer. I said that might do for a young person, but did not think it exactly the thing for a family woman. He did not agree with this, and said that the said last customer was a very motherly woman, and was quite pleased with it. I got out of him, in my way, what sort of a person she was, and he described mother-in-law. I put down a five-pound note to pay with,—for I bought enough for a dress of the same stuff,—and among the change the man handed me were two brand-new sovereigns. I complimented him on having customers that could spend such nice new money; and he said easily enough that he took them from the lady that had bought the dress from the piece I had bought from. I took the stuff home, and my wife lost very little time in having a dress made up; and, the same day that she put it on, her mother came in dressed in one to match. If this was not pretty good circumstantial evidence, I did not know what was. I need not tell you there was a scene! I threatened to expose her to our people. I don't know what I was not going to do. But after all I did nothing. My wife implored me on her knees to forgive it, and finally so worked upon my feelings, that I promised her I would say nothing about it; nor have I ever mentioned it from that day to this. Both her mother and herself being dead for years, and I having married again, I had, in fact, forgotten all about it, and perhaps should never have remembered it, if it had not been brought to my mind in this extraordinary way. I may surely mention it now that both are gone, and for a good object, which is to enable you to understand this subject as it has struck myself."

"I have been thinking a good deal," continued my friend W., "about what H * * *. told me; and although I don't require such evidence of spiritual existence, yet I have some curiosity to witness these singular phenomena: if you have an opportunity let me know. It is a great thing that unbelieving minds shall receive evidence unquestionable by themselves, that the dead still live."

"And equally important, my friend, is it to know," said I, "that their memory is more enduring and vivid than ours whom they leave behind."

LONDON, Nov.

J. D.

A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCE.

I.

It has been suggested to me by several persons that I should in brief letters send to you my experience in spiritual manifestations, and, as I have been used as a medium for Spirit power for the last four years, the history I have to give may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Telegraph*. I shall in the course of my narrative, relate such facts to you, that I think you will have cause to agree with me, that I have been a medium through whom Spirits have powerfully acted, ever since I was three years of age.

Inasmuch, however, as people are looking and anxiously waiting for facts of the present day, I shall not begin at the beginning, that is from my earliest childhood, but inform you, how I first became *conscious* of the presence and power of Spirits.

In the month of Nov. 1852, a lady called at my house, and requested to see Dr. Hardinge; and, supposing she desired to consult him professionally, I requested her to walk into the surgery, and I then left her and the Dr. alone.

When she had left the house, after some lengthy conversation, I learnt from the Dr. that she had just arrived in this country from America, and that she had been directed, in a very extraordinary manner, to come to our house. It appeared, that while being tossed about on the ocean, they still had communion with their Spirit friends, and were to a large extent directed what course to pursue when they should reach England.

Mrs. R., the lady of whom I speak, was a rapping and tilting medium only. The husband, Dr. R., was what is called a medium for powerful spiritual impressions. On one occasion when they were having some conversation with the Spirits, the following was given through the medium of the table and the alphabet:—

“When you reach England go to Dr. H—— at —— (giving full name and address) you will there find both friends and assistance: you will find a powerful medium there, as yet unknown to the world.”

In accordance, therefore, with these directions, she said she had come, and was in hopes to have seen the medium spoken of, and have the opportunity of talking with her. My husband, however, knowing me to be rather incredulous on such matters, forbore to call me, and introduce me to his American visitor. She however left a pressing invitation that we should pay them a visit, at their temporary residence, in Holborn, on the following evening, and then witness some of the manifestations.

When the proposition was made to me, I began to doubt for a moment, the soundness of the Dr.'s mind, and to feel grieved that he should allow his mind and thoughts to be occupied with what I called complete nonsense.

He, however, treated the subject very thoughtfully, and chided me for even thinking it wholly untrue, and thus, without sufficient proof, casting contempt and ridicule upon persons whose characters were entirely unknown to me.

By persuasion, therefore, the Dr. induced me to accompany him to Mrs. R's. when I was treated with great cordiality, and after some interesting conversation, we, with four others, took our seats round a large loo table. After sitting perfectly silent for ten minutes, the table tilted.

I must here confess, that notwithstanding all my unbelief, I trembled with fright, like Professor Anderson, the great Wizard of the North, who remarked to a friend of mine a few weeks back, when asked if he really *did* believe there was such a thing as Spirit intercourse,—“Although I deem it advisable for me in my position to call it Humbug, yet I should not like to be compelled to sit alone with one of your spiritual mediums, for half an hour!!” So you will perceive, that Anderson believed and trembled, but had not courage to face the world and declare his belief.

But to return to my story. The questions were put to the Spirits by the medium, Mrs. R.

“Is that you, dear Alexander?” (meaning the Spirit of her former husband.)

Response, “Yes.”

“Are you happy, dear?”

Response, “Yes.”

“Have you anything particular to communicate to us to-night?”

“Yes.”

“Is the lady on my right hand a medium, as I have previously understood?”

Response, “Yes.”

“For rapping?”

“No.”

“Moving?”

“No.”

“For writing?”

“Yes.”

“And speaking?”

“Yes.”

I should here mention that it was 3 years after this, before I was developed as a speaking medium, as I shall hereafter show. While sitting thus quietly, and closely watching every movement of the table as it answered in this (to me then) most mysterious way, these highly important questions, I imagine the color must have forsaken my cheeks, for those present, especially my dear husband, repeatedly intreated me not to be alarmed; for to speak the truth, as soon as I discovered, after close examination, that there was neither machinery in the table or deception in the conduct of Dr. or Mrs. R., I began most seriously to think it was the power of the noted great Evil One. At this moment the hand of the medium was gently drawn up into the air, and descended three times successively rather *heavily* upon my head, which I need not tell you, did not lessen my fears. Mrs. R., however, in the soft and gentle accents peculiar to her, said, while she looked

all affection towards me, "Do not fear my dear; 'tis only our dear Spirit friends greeting you; and," said she, "before you leave, I want you to summon some Spirit you knew in the body." Finding it in vain to struggle against it, try hard as I would, I thought for a moment, and then, summoning courage, I said, "If this is really true, that God permits the Spirits of the happy to revisit earth, I would humbly solicit a visit from my dear grandfather, who was, I know a good man Independent of his having been 55 years a clergyman, or minister of the gospel, he was a pious man; a sensitive, generous hearted man; and withal a believer in Spirit power: for which he was by many of his friends called a visionary.

The spirit was asked if the table moved towards me. I was requested to put my questions. Accordingly, I asked:—

"Is that you dear Grand-Pa?"

"Yes."

"Are you not happy?"

"Yes."

"How long is it since you left the flesh?"

The response was, by the table rising and falling heavily to the floor six times. I thought this very remarkable, because in the body he was a very stout powerful man, and the movement was characteristic of his hasty temper.

I then put to the spirit the same question, as to whether it was true I was a medium, and after receiving answers again in the affirmative and being requested again not to fear, we removed from the table, thanking our invisible friends for their company.

I returned home and retired to bed, but, not to sleep as will be seen in my next.

K. HARDINGE.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE GROUP OF SPIRITS.

[continued from page 68.]

When we speak of mankind becoming subject to our influence, do not think that we mean to teach you to become cyphers in the world. If you were to prostrate the recipient faculties, which Infinite Wisdom hath so wisely provided for the whole human family, such an evil would lead to just an opposite extreme. It is against those extremes that we wish to caution you.

At present, mankind are generally influenced by filthy lucre. If they commence any new scheme to ameliorate the condition of the toiling millions, or the equally miserable idlers, they invariably begin by calculating what amount of worldly gain can be acquired? Or how many can obtain apparent ease by the arrangement? Instead of following the inward monitor, or, the medium for Infinite Wisdom. Such practices are destructive of any plans for the true amelioration of mankind. To avoid these evils, you must strive to attain that state of oneness with the Father which Christ spoke of when he prayed that they might become one with him.

You must seek to outgrow your foolish prejudices. Look not so piously upon outward appearances: that reform which shall regenerate mankind, must proceed from the centre, gently working its way, in harmony with wisdoms laws, to the circumference,—erasing the foul blot of human depravity, and establishing the principle of peace upon earth, in lieu of those principles of social and domestic strife, which are alone, calculated to keep alive those evils that we are seeking to destroy.

Outward forms are only useful as symbols of the inner state of men. We care no more to destroy your forms, than we care to destroy the smell, or odour of the rose, so long as such forms are true indexes of your real states. What we desire is to beget within you a disposition to love each other from a spirit of purity.

Though your towns and villages have their charitable inhabitants and institutions in abundance; yet these charitable people and institutions, are too strongly rooted in selfishness to accomplish any great work in the world.

You might as well expect to see roses grow upon thistles, as to see pain and sorrow removed by such practices as are common amongst such people.

A reform that is intended to be productive of any great good to mankind, must have its origin in the Spirit world and be communicated to mankind through the physical organism of some susceptible medium (though generally unconscious of the fact.) The cause for this spirit origin, lies in the impossibility of man's external faculties to take cognizance of, or part in, any reform to better the social condition of mankind. They pertain only to outward things, whilst a reform, to be useful, must include the whole of man's faculties. Anything short of this must inevitably fail to be permanent.

When the external faculties of man are provided for by a bounteous supply of every requisite, there will still remain an aching void, unless an intercourse be kept open between the spirits of men in the flesh and those in the spiritual world. How many of you who are present on this occasion, could call to mind the numerous seasons of enjoyment, when no visible person was near you; and how annoying the presence of your most intimate friends would be at those particular moments. It is then that the avenues for spirit intercourse are fully open, and breezes from the spiritual world flow freely into your souls, and they are pleasant moments in a man's history and are frequently looked upon with unequalled joy.

O that mankind could universally understand the important truth that those are seasons when outward things loose all attraction for the time being. But until

it is universally known, that those whom they once loved, are influencing them and struggling for a closer and more frequent intercourse—an intercourse that must be established before universal harmony can prevail—progress will be slow.

We are glad to find that there are a few, who are willing to accept it as a truth and who are willing to do what they can to promote its spread. Take courage brethren: you have no greater difficulties to contend with, than we ourselves; and yet greater is He who is for us, than all that can be against us. It is a great truth and his harmony with all truth. Neither spirits in the flesh, nor in the spirit world can prevent its final triumph.

Bigotry may rage, fanaticism may spread, ignorance may seem to triumph with the aid of its many associates; but remember the time is coming—and soon you may be eye-witnesses to a state of society—in appearance, as utopian as that of Sir Thomas Moore,—but as durable as the universe, and in harmony decidedly equal.

The times are big with events of a deeply interesting character. The thing needed to hasten on such a desirable state of society, is the extermination of sectarianism, the downfall of priest-craft, the destruction of selfishness and a reunion of the spiritual and material worlds.

The question that most immediately concerns you, is, 'What part do you intend to play in this universal drama?' or, 'How do you intend to act when there shall be no covering for any of your evil doings?'

It would be a waste of time and energy, both on your part and on ours, to seek to open an intercourse with each other, if you neglect to put into practical operation such advice as commendeth itself to your better judgments.

Procrastination, has been wisely said to be the thief of time, also as wisely hath it been said, that delays are dangerous. He that would have his work done well should do it himself.

It is quiet easy to talk about reform, but how many are expecting such reforms to be brought about by the application of some enactment, by a few men who neither feel the need, nor understand the nature and operations of, their enactments.

A reform, as we have told you before, must commence in the internal man before it can be manifest in the outward man. He must receive it into his understanding before he can apply it in principle; and unless you seek to understand the nature of the work in which you would engage, and give yourselves fully up to it, you will never be able to surmount the obstacles that generally arrest the progress of all reforms.

What then shall we say, in order to stimulate you to use such means as are suitable to bring about those whom bigotry hath reared for her own gratification? Shall we proceed to lay down plans by which you should, unreservedly abide? Ah, no. We would gladly co-operate with you, and advise with you, but it is not in our power to give you truth without mixture. None but Wisdom itself can possibly direct you in an unerring path; for no finite being can comprehend unerring truths.

(to be continued)

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[PRICE 1d.]

READERS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Who knows the amount of information you would obtain as to Spirit intercourse with human beings, if you would boldly yet kindly declare your belief that "ministering Spirits" are often with us—that you believe deceased relatives have the power of making themselves known in various ways. If you would adopt the course pointed out, you would unlock the secrets of many a mind, and furnish yourselves with weapons of defence so double-edged as to cut in pieces the flimsy sophistries of the materialist, and furnish to the *Spiritual Telegraph* facts of so interesting and vital a character, as to startle and convince the many, who only wait for evidence, to yield up their weapons of opposition, and rush body, soul, and spirit, into the ranks of those who fight for the great and vital Truth, "MAN AFTER DEATH CAN COMMUNICATE WITH HIS FELLOW MAN."

I have adopted the course I recommend, and the result has startled—has amazed me—men with whom I have mingled for years, and never imagined knew ought about premonitions and Spirit appearances—under a frank acknowledgement of my belief—are thawed into communicativeness, and in every case where they in addition to their own experience, narrate what has occurred to members of their family—I go to those parties, and obtain a confirmation of the incidents—and while fresh on my mind—note down the facts. Pardon me for advising you at once guaranteeing to yourself a happy new year by carrying out that trite old saying, "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Peckham, 1st January, 1857.

J. JONES.

[We propose to devote nearly the whole of our next number to A RECORD OF "FACTS." Will our correspondents please to SEND THEM IN TORRENTS.—ED.]

THE TRANCE.

[continued from page 73.]

They are coming down and have placed the box over the table, it seems to rest on the blue vapor—the box is square, white in the middle, on each side of the box, and above the white square is a exquisitely chased crown and on each side of the white square is a chased trumpet angel, and all around them are squares of 7 different colors so vivid, the box has been opened—the angels in circles around us with wreaths have harps—those with crowns have trumpets, and those with thrones have beautiful gold books—the flowers in the wreaths seem all blooming—the angel holding them comes near. (The medium here seemed surprised and delighted with the wreaths and after contemplating them a few seconds proceeded to describe them.)

Mr. — your wreath is composed of vine leaves—lilies, and snow drops, with 2 or 3 damask roses—looks in such bloom—so fresh. The vine leaves seem first, then the lilies, then the snow drops, and here and there a rose—the wreath looks very beautiful with the snow drops.

Mrs. — Aunt is holding the wreath over your head and smiling—it is made of vine leaves—snow drops and here and there a “forget me not”—so fresh and beautiful.

Edmund's: is oak leaves and lilies, a moss rose in front and a sprig of “forget me not” on each side—it is tied with a silver ribbon at the back.

Walter's: is a very pretty wreath, it is a mixture of oak and vine leaves, a few lilies and two beautiful snow drops,—the snow drops seem to droop on the oak leaves—a damask rose on one side and a moss rose on the other, and a “forget me not” in the front—the wreath is tied behind with a gold ribbon.

Emily's: is a simple wreath of snow drops, with one damask rose in the front.

Alice— Is a wreath of lilies—an oak leaf in front with a vine leaf on each side, tied with a silver ribbon—tied with such a beautiful bow.

Marion's: is a pretty wreath—one side snow drops—the other lilies—a moss rose in front—with a “forget me not” above which seems to hang over the rose and touch the side of the snow drops.

Edith's: is a wreath of moss roses with a white snow drop here and there—with a large beautiful lily in front—tied with a silver ribbon—the roses look fresh and beautiful.

Arthur's wreath is one side vine and oak leaves entwined, the other side moss roses and “forget me nots,” and one lily in front—tied with a gold ribbon—looks very fresh.

Evans' (an infant) is a beautiful little wreath—snow drops on one side and moss roses on the other, a snow drop here and there on the moss roses, and a sprig of “forget me not” on the side of snow drops—in the front a damask rose bud and vine leaf,—the bud seems to rest on the vine leaf.

Medium: a wreath of snow drops—vine leaves and moss roses entwined—one large lily in front, and 2 oak leaves tied with a silver ribbon.

The angels who had the wreaths have taken the place of these who have the crowns, those with the wreaths have put them on the crowns.

The circle with the Thrones have come forward, and taken the crowns with the wreaths, and placed them on the seat of the thrones—the thrones seem to rest on red and silver fire—beautiful colored stars seem to rise round the thrones—baby's throne seems to stand in the middle of the table—it seems so radiant.—The angels all seem in the attitude of prayer—eyes closed and kneeling—they look so heavenly—they are singing now—all the crowns and wreaths are being put in the gold chased box—four angels and the trumpet angels have gone with the box—these with the thrones are smiling—hovering and seem to be waiting for something—they are kneeling again—sister says they are praying for us—the two other circles are floating away—a ray from aunt seems to come and fall on each of us.

A banner is being unrolled—it is of crimson—there seems a wreath of snow drops in the middle, and inside of the wreath there is written in light blue, "meet again on Monday at six o'clock"—the rollers of the banner are of transparent yellow—sister has kissed me—the cloud seems to recede with them—they seem so happy—they are going within the gates—gone

The Circle commenced singing "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing," (music by Stanley) and while singing the Hallelujah, the medium came out of her trance and no part of it was remembered by her.

The foregoing trance was the first of a series of trances foreshadowing the future history of each of my children, and as the Spirit sister requested us not to relate the trances to the medium we have strictly complied with the request—I need not picture to the reader how the imagery in the vision interested the family circle during its delivery.



HOW I BECAME CONVINCED.

II.



I MAY say here that I had been made acquainted with the facts of Spirit Manifestation as shown through Mrs. Hayden and others in London, and had been asked on several occasions to accompany friends to witness them; but I had invariably declined doing so. I said: "No, if it is such a truth as I believe it to be, it will go on developing itself into facts which will at the proper time come under my eye without my going out of my way or neglecting other things."

On the occasion I spoke of in my last, (see page 57) I had left home with no intention to call upon my "Spiritualist" acquaintance, but while out and about

my affairs, "it came into my head" to do so, and although I thought I had nothing to say to him, I felt myself "moved" to go.

Entering, as I said in my last, my friend (Mr E.) said at once to me,—“I am this moment receiving a communication from Spirit friends, would you like to join me?”—“with all the pleasure in life:” was my immediate answer. “Come here into this other room for a minute;” said he, and into the other room he showed me. As I sat down, I said “very well” to him; and to myself—*Is this delay to set the springs and hammers, or put on the knocking-shoes so much talked about?*—but here I was interrupted in my soliloquy, prompted by the scepticism then epidemic, by hearing through the folding doors Mr E’s voice,—“May my friend J. D. come to the table?” Then I heard three peculiar taps, and again E’s voice,—“Thank you, dear friends.” Then the door was again opened, not by E. but by a little boy who said, “You are to come in, please sir.”

I followed him into the adjoining room, and there E. invited me to sit with him at the table. “And now, Dan, my boy,” said he to the little lad, “take your seat again.” My friend E. smiled and said to me, “Consider yourself favored, for the Spirits most frequently decline receiving those whom I would introduce. They prefer communicating only to the family; and therefore it was that I asked you to wait while I enquired whether I might bring you in.”

Let me here say that my host professed phrenology. In the centre of the table, and directly between him and the boy was a very large bust of Spurzheim, and scattered about the table were books, papers, and writing materials.

The boy who was now seated with us at the table, and whom I afterwards ascertained to be less than 9 years of age, I already knew as the errand boy of the establishment; he was a brother of Elizabeth who subsequently married Beer, previously mentioned by me. (See pages 87 and 111 Vol. II.)

My host, at this point, told me that he and the boy had sat for an hour or so daily for about a fortnight, before the raps came, and that they were not made unless both were at the table; that in the mediumship he thought the boy was principal, himself subordinate: that strangers prevented—whether by their moral or physical condition he knew not,—the manifestations, and therefore he found it proper to observe the rule to enquire of the Spirits first as he had done in the present case.

“Very curious and interesting,” said I, “but will you ask if they are still with you?”

“Are you still with us, dear friends?”

Presently, slight and unusual sounds were heard, indicating according to my host, their return or the resumption of their action.

At this moment I was speculating upon how such phenomena might have affected the mind of a friend who had, almost in my presence, departed this life 30 years ago, and whom I very nearly followed,—when Mr E. asked me if I wished to communicate with any particular Spirit. I said I should like to receive a communication from the one whom I was at that moment thinking of—Dr. Alexander Clarke. In a minute or so I heard “raps” rapidly fluttering,—if I may use the expression,—through the table and finally settling, as it might be expressed, in the

centre of it. To various questions I received responses, negative as well as affirmative.

"In what sphere are you, my friend?" I continued. Here were six clear rhythmical sounds. I don't like to call them raps; it would be caricaturing them.

"What sphere did you enter at your earthly dissolution?" Five sounds.

"Did your unbelief as to continued existence affect your admission into any particular sphere?"—No.

"Your unbelief was honest and conscientious?"—Yes.

"Your father, is he with you?"—No.

"Is he still on the earth?"—No.

"In what sphere is he then?"—Four sounds.

"What sphere did he enter?"—Three sounds.

I will remark here that this difference, as to the state of the son and of the father, if expressed by figures, would be a correct representation of their relative value on earth, as I knew them.

"Is your sister with you?"—No.

"Is she still in this life?"—Yes.

"Do you know my father?"—Yes.

"Can he come?"—Yes.

"In how many minutes?"—Two.

At the end of the time indicated, we distinguished sounds in my direction; as from the upper angle of the room, which seemed gradually to settle in the centre of the table.

I received answers to questions in the negative and in the affirmative to the effect that he was happy; that his worldly thoughts of spiritual life had not been correct; that his religious opinions (Calvinistic) had been erroneous; that mine (simply Theistic at that time) were wrong; that he was in the 6th sphere. I asked of others of my family, and received what I thought characteristic answers; and of a sister not very long gone:—

"Is Sarah here?"—Yes.

There had been to my mind a personality distinguishing from each other the sounds made by each alleged Spirit. My sister's were quicker than any of the others, and were characterized, so far as sounds may be said to be characterized, by a mixture of gentleness and impetuosity which belonged to her. These sounds from her were made close up to me, between my very hands, and were accompanied by a pulsating or fluttering of the painted table cover.

My friend E. suggested to me to ask my father who were my guardian Spirits? By the alphabet, was telegraphed—"Job, Enoch, Noah, Bacon."

"Is their office to influence my mind?"—Yes.

"Do you also?"—Yes.

"Will you communicate again?"—Yes. In two days, at 4 o'clock.

I have not yet remarked that part of the time, Mr E. was called out of the room upon some business, and that the communications continued to me without interruption.

Wishing now to leave, Mr E. formally said "farewell" to the Spirit friends. The response may be poorly imitated by drawing the thumb-nail along the rough under side of a table; and on my repeating the "farewell," the same sounds were repeated, followed by others of miraculous rapidity and rhythm, which may also be inadequately imitated by beating dance-music with the nails on the table. We had risen to move from the table, and the boy had risen and was standing with one hand resting on it.

Mr E. asked if that was to denote satisfaction at having communicated with me? Affirmative sounds and the dance music repeated.

Such are the particulars of my first practical enquiry, from notes made on my return home.

Had I materials here for sober-sided rational conviction of the action of intelligent yet invisible beings?

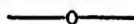
Yes. Because:—First, the phenomena were relieved from the stigma of being results of collusion by the fact of my being alone with the boy during the exhibition of part of them: Second, some of the phenomena betrayed feeling—appropriate and peculiar—as well as intelligence, involving the moral impossibility of their being produced by the boy: Third, some, if not all, of the phenomena were physically impossible to the boy.

The phenomena, not being traceable to the boy, I could only rationally conclude that they were to be attributed to others having intelligence and feeling and power acting in some occult way *through* him; and as these agents were not the two witnesses, together or separately, they must be individuals whom we did not perceive,—invisible spirits.

How far this conclusion was strengthened, I must leave till my next.

Dec. LONDON,

J. D.



A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCE.

II.



I soon felt a soothing influence passing over me such as I had never experienced before. I was passive in mind, happy, and quiet, therefore the facts I am about to relate that occurred this night, were no chimera of a disturbed brain, but a stern reality.

I seemed to feel the presence of a something indescribable. I looked anxiously round the apartment, but could discern nothing. The fire in my room was blazing cheerfully, and I sat up in my bed, deeply thinking on the mysterious ways of God, when suddenly I felt a hand touch my arm, yet looking around, could not perceive any one.

I laid down, and as soon as I had done so, I distinctly felt the hand laid upon my forehead. I was alarmed at this, and covered my head in my fright with the bedclothes; but independent of this, the invisible hand gave me three smart taps on the head. I arose and again anxiously looked around the apartment: nothing was to be seen. Suddenly all fear left me, and methought perhaps it is the Spirit of my dear grandfather, who fondled me when a little innocent child; and I arose from my bed. Laying my hands upon the table I asked this question—

“Is the Spirit of my dear grandfather present?”

The answer was given in the affirmative by its tilting three times.

I felt a sensation of pleasure I cannot describe,—I thought of his good old proverbs, and the many useful lessons he had taught me. My mind seemed at once released from much of the burden of its errors.

I asked the Spirit—

“Will your influence over me, combined with my own prayers to God, help me to dispel the doubts and fears off my mind, and guide me, with peace and fortitude, to investigate this truly important subject?” Answer by raps, Yes.

“Will the truths I may discover in Spiritualism be the means of drawing me from the frivolities of the world, and teach me to serve my Creator with more purity and singleness of heart?” Response, Yes.

“And will it lessen the terrors I have ever had of death?”—Yes.

This was truly a great relief to me, for I had from a child feared to die; and why was it so? I will tell you, and let all mothers, who profess religion especially, take a lesson and be careful what notions they instil into the minds of their children.

When a child, I was taught both at school and at home, that there were but two places for the Spirit to go to, after it left the body: the first, Heaven, where all good people went to, where they enjoyed eternal bliss, and were placed at the feet of God; a crown of gold upon their heads, and a harp of gold in their hands. The second, Hell; a place of burning brimstone and fire, where the devil lived and reigned as King; and when the wicked died he comes, and taking their souls, threw them into the lake of burning brimstone and fire! where they burned for ever and ever. You will understand, therefore, why I feared to die, especially when I tell you, that my dear mother used often to say when I was disobedient or wilful, “You are so wicked, my child, you will never go to heaven.” I thought it was impossible for her to tell a falsehood, or even to be mistaken. I had the usual quick perceptions of childhood, and thought deeply upon this subject, and methought as I am not to go to heaven, then I must go to hell. These impressions tended to make me more wild and wilful; much more so than the rest of the family. Perhaps, I thought, I might as well enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, since I was already condemned to be punished so frightfully hereafter. Again I say it is to be hoped, that should this be read by mothers who have their children to train up and educate, not to paint God to their minds as an angry, harsh, and cruel God; but teach them to love him more and fear him less, that they may not have that horror of His punishments for the waywardness of childhood and youth that I had, and which would have followed me through the whole of

my life had it not been for the truths I have found in Spiritualism. I can smile now at the absurdity of a burning hell for the never-dying Spirit, and believe that God does not desire even the misery of the wicked, but rather that they should turn from their wickedness and live.

Methinks if the professing ministers of the gospel were to point out the love of God; the happiness and purity of the Spirit home after death, and talk less of hell fire and the curses and vengeance of God, they would find a better and a quicker way to the hearts of their hearers. Moreover, were they to look into the surrounding circumstances of those whom they have been wont to look upon as the "devil's own," calmly regarding them as lost souls, and candidates for a state of never-ending torments, they would find much work to do for their Heavenly Father.

The human mind, naturally gross, requires purifying with love: the cares, crosses, and rebuffs of the world tend to harden us, and we are taught by Christ to speak gently, to cheer, soothe, and reassure each other. Yes, we are taught too that it was the poor, the low, degraded and guilty, that Christ came to save. The rich and self-conceited, and those who would condemn their fellow creatures that he rebuked, and endeavored to teach love, meekness; and forbearance, to do unto others as they would be done unto.

But I fear I have been wandering from my story: After putting the question to my invisible companion concerning the death of the body, I was deeply influenced to take writing materials, which were standing upon an opposite table, in order that the Spirit might address me through my own hand. I asked if that was its desire. The response was in the affirmative; yet so nervous and full of doubt was I that I feared to do this. Yet I sat for nearly two hours asking almost innumerable questions, and receiving answers to them. The last that night was—

"If I now retire to my bed, shall I be permitted to sleep?" Response, Yes.

I did so, and slept peacefully during the remainder of the night.

After this, I used frequently to visit Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, and received visits from them in return. Mrs. R. always requested me to persevere, and hold the pencil, that I might receive communications from my Spirit friends.

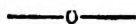
Ultimately I succeeded in divesting my mind of the fears that had oppressed it; the fear of offending God, by entering so deeply in such a subject. I was at last persuaded to hold a slate pencil on a slate, (by a gentleman present in the circle, the Editor of one of our London weekly papers.) I sat patiently for half an hour before anything was written. At last my hand was rapidly run over the slate, without any will of my own, and some words were written which none could read save the gentleman I have mentioned. I never knew what they were.

From this time, Mr and Mrs. R. gave me no rest: they were ever importuning me to go to their house, where they would frequently introduce me to as many as twenty persons, who had assembled to witness the manifestations, and I was surprised to find myself introduced, not as an enquirer, but as "the medium." I must confess I began to grow weary of this, for I perceived with sorrow, that they had begun seriously to trifle with the subject, which would be the means, in

the end, of prejudicing the people's mind, and thus do harm to the cause. They, the Americans had travelled many miles, and had, doubtless, spent much money in taking so long a journey; the consequence was therefore, that their sole aim and object appeared to be how they could make money. For which purpose, they would often deceive me, and receiving my time gratuitously, tell me they were admitting most of the people free, while I discovered they were charging very high for each person, and making a great deal of money. I trembled for the consequences, for I felt assured that if the manifestations of Spirit power was the work of the Divine Being, that mediumship was a sacred gift and ought not to be abused. I felt certain also, that God had sent these manifestations for a wise and holy purpose,—that man might be called from the error of his ways; and not to gratify his evil propensities, or amuse him as a toy; but rather that the children of earth should be saved from the errors that now surround them, to open the eyes of those poor misguided men, who do not believe in the scriptures, in God, or in a hereafter state; to teach us all humility and dependance upon our Heavenly Father. For the good of those also who do not know what it is to have a God to go to in trials, in sickness, and in death, I felt that if the subject was treated with humility, patience, and prayer, that it would indeed prove a blessing to mankind; and that through the knowledge we might obtain from the Spirit world diseases might be cured, from which thousands are suffering, and over which medicine and science have hitherto had no power.

Such were my thoughts upon the subject: let those wiser than I, judge now if I was correct.

K. HARDINGE.



LETTER OF Dr. ASHBURNER TO Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

[continued from page 62.]



I will not tire you by taking you over a wide field of natural history to tell you that luminous animals exist, and offer phenomena beautifully analogizing with the facts relating to the light emanating from the thinking man, from the excited ape or monkey, from the furious tiger at his prey, from the dog and cat which are our companions. If I brought you to the conclusion that *ideas* are shades of light which emanate from our magnetic brains, you would be apt to say that the inferences are strained, for your *habits* of thinking require a closer catenation, and the forming of the chain by more numerous links. I am clear that *ideas* are not only shades of light, but that each particle of those atoms constituting those shades is subject to a magnetic law of attraction and repulsion; and to a magnetic law of curves combining to form spheres, with polarities obeying the directions of those which belong to this huge globe, the earth we inhabit, and to the

tiny globules of ether that formed the subject of Sir Isaac Newton's calculations. If we acknowledge the tendencies of magnetic laws, and if we admit the facts that have been published by many experimenters in mesmerism, from De Puysegur, Tardy de Montravel, down to our own times, by the Baron von Reichenbach, by Mr Rutter and Dr. Leger, we cannot escape from the inferences on the essence of *ideas* and their relations to magnetism. If we know that mental enlightenment is dependant upon the amount of *ideas* fabricated by our magnetic or cerebral machinery, is it so difficult to arrive at the assumption or hypothesis that the mainspring of that machinery is a magnetic intelligence or consciousness, connected with and stimulating our organism to the various actions it performs? —a highly refined essence of magnetic fluid evolved in the electrical act of conception, developed with our unfolding processes of life, and released at death from its gross connection to realms of light, and "*a blessed and brilliant home.*" You will tell me this is poetry, not logic, and that you will not allow me to tie such hypotheses together with my miscellaneous bundles of knowledge. You will deny that I can prove the fact of an intelligent existence separated from our corporeal frames, and dwelling in one of the seven spheres said to surround the globe we inhabit. Will you allow me the fact of the electric telegraph on this earth, and of the necessity of intelligences in existence at each end of that instrument? Some of you logicians are so severe, that you hold the doctrine of the argument being precisely the same in relation to those not present and to those not in existence. If so with you, I need proceed no further; but if I can satisfactorily establish the fact that communications have reached me by telegraphic signals, which could come from no other source than unseen *intelligences*, I am not bound to adduce you more evidence respecting the wires or channels of communication between those intelligences and myself, than the facts which are known and accepted by the students of mesmerism as the acknowledged phenomena of the will. See the fifth and some other volumes of the *Zoist*, and my notes to Reichenbach's "Researches," and you will perceive that there exist many facts on this subject. If it can be shown that unseen intelligences somewhere exist, and are in a position in which their magnetic powers can act at a distance, knowing the modes in which the magnetic forces of our minds act here, we can be at no loss to accord to them the faculty of making signals upon the wood of our tables, upon the glass of our windows, or upon the walls of our apartments. How do the wires of the electric telegraph convey the messages? Does not each molecule of wire receiving the electric impulse so arrange itself in relation to its neighbor as to allow the fluid to traverse the length of the wire in an astonishingly short time? Is not each spherule or globule of the metal so shoved into its proper relation with its neighbor spherule that a general consent may exist between the particles of metal so as to allow of the easy transmission of that particled fluid, usually called *force*, from one extremity to the other? Do you know the fact, that if you take the wire which has conveyed a message from London to Paris, and reverse it so as to convey the fluid back again, there is an unwillingness in the spherules to obey the same impulse as readily as they did before? Why? Because you have to disturb the comfortable, axial, and equatorial relations that they had previously agreed

to under the first influence. They are creatures of habit; and habituate them by repeated electric currents to one mode of opposition, and they become too lazy to like to assume any other. The wire that by one course of exercise likes to be straight, will, by repeated changes of currents, or *snubbings*, become curved, cockled, and brittle. What is a train of thought, composed of currents of globules of highly-refined matter, but a magnetically arranged wire? What is the human will but an arrangement of globules, that have been seen, by highly sensitive persons and clairvoyants, to issue from certain organs of the brain, and, traversing its anterior parts and passing through the eyes, to impinge on a person or thing to which the individual exercising the will has directed it? Who likes to have his will thwarted or to be snubbed? Can we not explain now how the influence of habit is operative on the faculty of thought? To accuse unseen intelligences of want of dignity when they communicate with us by magnetic telegraph, is not proving the presence of that flexibility of mind which I know you to possess.

(to be continued.)

—o—

Communications from the Spiritual World.

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A COMMUNICATION FROM THE GROUP OF SPIRITS.

[continued from page 81.]

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Possibly you may suppose us to be in closer communion with Infinite Wisdom than yourselves, but we beg to assure you that it does not necessarily follow, that because we have put off our clay tenements and are inhabitants of the spirit land that our knowledge is complete. You have each as good a chance to comprehend Wisdom as we have. Were it not for the selfish arrangements of society, communion with the inhabitants of the spiritual world would be just as possible now as in the days of yore; and the more you strive to attain that state, the more susceptible will you become and the greater will be your happiness, and the more rapid and certain will be your success.

If you would be pioneers in the work, you must be prepared to face the sneers of those whose knowledge is not sufficiently profuse on matters pertaining to the spirit life. Their lamentable ignorance on this subject unfits them for recipients of spiritual influx; but, shall this deter a people who have tasted the fruits of spirit communion in their own experience? Nay, surely humanity has not become so weak, so despicable, so unworthy the image of their Creator, as to permit themselves to be laughed out of a subject of such momentous import. There is no

need that you should be. It is not a cold dry faith that supports you. You have facts in abundance, of every description to sustain you. Facts which manifest themselves to the external senses. Facts, which few men, who enter upon the enquiry with an honesty of purpose, can either gainsay, or resist. Facts long hidden from the worldling, whose thoughts are engulfed with the love of self, but which are now emerging from the lovely plains of the spirits abodes and which are—even at the present day—causing a regular shaking amongst the dry bones of cold formality and which are threatening to destroy the multitudinous evils which afflict society—including that monster bugbear—the fear of death.

Having called your attention to a few things that may prove of some service to you, it will perhaps be to your advantage for us to cease the present communication and proceed to give such information as any member of your circle may desire, or if necessary, try to achieve some further developements of spirit power. We are at your pleasure, so far as our heavenly Father hath in his wisdom arranged for, in his unquestionable good-will to man.

(concluded.)

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 70.]

The wreath over the centre of the bower, and also the great wreath, which encircled the trees, were kept in equilibrium between the tops of the trees and the groups of statuary beneath them.

It may be as well to mention that there were four entrances into the bower,—east, west, north, and south; but as there was nothing else particularly wonderful on the outside, I will proceed to give you a description of its interior.

We went through the north entrance, and I found that the bower itself was chiefly composed of the choicest plants, which were arranged on the four sides thereof, and constructed so as the branches of the smaller ones projected horizontally, and entwined around the trunks of the larger ones, which were planted between them, and extended unto the groups of ancient statuary on the four corners. In the centre of the bower was a large antique seat, which was in a circular form, and was calculated to hold ten persons such as myself; and behind the seat was a circular back-ground, composed of the same kind of plants as on the four sides, and similarly interwoven. Behind this was another antique seat, calculated to hold twenty, and behind that was another capable of holding thirty persons: and from these were seats neatly arranged all round in triangles, which appeared, from the seat in the centre, in the form of a star, and which were calculated to

hold about seventy-times seven. He conducted me to the seat in the centre, and requested me to sit down. But not so. I said that I should prefer standing, and examining the place a little. I looked this way and that way, then upwards, and really I could not refrain from pointing out the different objects around me.

"How ingeniously are the chains constructed which are suspended from the wreath above us, and which are held in the hands of those beautiful figures. How gracefully do the trees lean toward the centre of the bower. And these groups of statuary, how beautiful are they. But what can they all mean?"

"Of course," said he, "everything which thou now beholdest is an emblem of either precept or principle."

"Indeed," said I, "but how?"

He then pointed to the statues on the four corners, saying, that these truly represented the four great fundamental principles which are for ever inseparable. "That on the south," said he, "is an emblem of Love; that on the north is an emblem of Wisdom; that on the east is an emblem of Goodness; and that on the west is an emblem of Truth: each of them are linked together with an eternal bond, which is represented in the wreath of flowers and which is suspended over the head; and the trees, which so gracefully bow their lofty heads unto it, may justly be said to represent that portion of mankind who have lifted up their heads and hearts above the turmoils and cares of the world, and bow to the fountain head, and there receive all the truths that can make them useful in their own sphere of action, and, who have never permitted the numberless false doctrines (which are, and have been taught in all ages) to take root in their hearts, and which thou may'st perceive is the cause of their being strip't of the leaves and branches, and which permit themselves to be perpetually clothed from the ground to the top, or from infancy to manhood with the seven beautiful colors of silky, silvery moss; representing the seven principles which are linked unto the seven stages of man, which are,—Innocence, Purity, Charity, Love, Futurity, Faith and Patience to endure unto the end, and rejoice in their final fulfilment; bowing to the centre of all Love, which is everlasting."

As he was in the humor for talking, I proposed that we should at once be seated; after which, I reminded him of the promise he made to explain unto me the science of Correspondences, existing in the things we beheld in the Philanthropist's valley.

"I am glad," said he, "that thou art willing to hear me on that important subject. And now, where are the notes which were taken of the particular parts of the fountain, and other things in the valley. Look at it," said he, "and see if thou can'st not perceive that the valley is an emblem of the world; and the plants in their varied forms very properly represent its inhabitants, in all their varied conditions,—blooming, withering, fading, and dying. The fountain in the centre of the valley is to represent the seven varied changes, or modes of administering the truth unto the inhabitants, and which are calculated to meet or come within the comprehension of the varied intellects of men that are, and have been greatly in advance of their forefathers."

(to be continued)

POEM FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE POET SHELLEY.

THE SUN AND CLOUDS OF HEAVEN; OR, THE DIVINE WORD
EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

Hail! orb of splendor, ever blest;
Hail! Source Divine of light and bliss;
Thy heart is love! thy glowing breast
Pours forth a tide that knows no rest,
And floods the regions of the blest,
From the bright east e'en to the west.

Eternal mercy ever stands
Engraven on thy sacred face;
Stainless and bright, the seraph bands
Encircled in thy blest embrace.

Oh! how resplendent! fair and mild,
The clouds that deck the azure sky!
Oft has the radiant scene beguiled,
And fixed in love my wand'ring eye.

I've watched their forms, spread far and wide,
Like billows on the ocean breast;
Now like the garments of a bride,
Where beauty, health, and love are dres'd!
While in the east, I've seen their form,
Like to a temple, rich and fair,
While tones of love, from seraphs born,
Spread waves of music in the air.

And oft like thrones of massive gold,
With gems and purple richly dress'd,
On each which sat, fair to behold,
A King, with might and glory blest.

While chariots flaming from the sun,
Drawn by bright horses, rich and gay,
As to a mighty battle run,
To spoil the foe and win the day.

Then have I seen those clouds disperse,
And in the sun a Man Divine!
Whilst angels from their thrones rehearse
The song of innocence sublime;
Through heaven and earth the anthem rings,
He's "Lord of lords, and King of kings!"

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[PRICE 1d.]

A Record of Facts.

**SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS BEFORE LOUIS NAPOLEON,
AT THE TUILERIES.**

Extracted from the Best of our Journal of the 13th Dec. 1856.

“MR. HENRI, the student, who made and rules of the Spirits, has also contributed to the interest of the seances, both at the Tuileries and in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain. He has arrived from Florence with some new effects, more marvellous than any which have been hitherto produced even by himself. The wonderful production of the Spirit hands, not only visible to the eye but tangible to the touch, has filled us with awe, the fact of such appearance being now established beyond a doubt. The Spirit called answers through the medium, on whose request the hands of the Spirit become visible. One of our greatest English poets, being in communication with the medium, asked for the summons of Dante. The presence of the latter was immediately made manifest by the written answers returned to the questions of the inquirer, and Mr B. — then asked the medium to request the great Italian to make himself *visible*! Presently there arose, as if from the ground beneath the table, two long, thin, yellow hands, unmistakable as to their Italian origin, undeniable as to their having belonged to a student and a gentleman. While the assembly were yet gazing in breathless awe, and maybe something of terror likewise, the hands floated away, or were rather borne, as it were, across the room, and rose to the marble console opposite, upon which stood a vase containing an orange tree in blossom. The hands slowly and softly, without noise, but visibly to all, plucked from the stem a sprig of orange

flower with its leaves and buds, and, returning to the table, paused above the head of Mrs. B——, the poet's wife, herself an exquisite and beautiful poet likewise, and, placing the sprig upon her raven hair, disappeared gradually from sight, seeming once more to sink to the floor, while the audience remained speechless and awe-struck, and but little inclined to renew the experiment, that same night, at all events. 'The sprig of orange blossom is religiously preserved by Mrs. B——, whose honor and truth are unimpeachable; while the witnesses gathered round the table at the time of the occurrence all testify to the apparition, as well as to the utter unconsciousness of the medium, who neither spoke nor moved during the whole time the circumstance was taking place.'

The foregoing is confirmatory of the truth of the Spirit manifestations in London, during the summer of 1855, so pertinaciously denied and thoughtlessly laughed at by the many.

These manifestations in their various phases, prove that the Spirit of *Mr* lives after his body is dead, and is, though unseen, not far from us, in full vitality and consciousness.

J. J.

[We have reasons to believe that the *Mr* B—— here referred to is none other than the celebrated poet, *Mr* Browning, and that *Mrs.* B—— is the wife of *Mr* Browning, whose writings are exciting the public so much at the present time.—*Ed.*]

D. D. HUME, THE MEDIUM.

As *Mr* Hume is now causing much excitement in France, a pen and ink sketch of him, as he appeared to me, may be interesting:—

In August, 1855, I went down from London to Sandgate, near Folkestone, on purpose to hear some reliable account, and if possible see some of the manifestations of Spirit-power.

Mr Rymer's family were at their sea-bathing apartments, and *Mr* Hume was residing with them—and as he eat, drank, and slept there, they had the usual opportunities of seeing the in and out-goings of the man, through whose mediumship so many strange things were taking place in their house.

Mr Hume came up and shook hands with me in a frank, cordial manner—I found him to be a young man of say 20 years of age—slim—consumptive looking—light red hair—pale complexion—good ample forehead—the lines of the face marked with the proofs of physical ailment—frank open countenance—and evidently of Scotch extraction. As the juveniles of the family were in full spirits for a boating excursion, and as *Mr* Hume was interested in their movements, I was left in the drawing room for some time; and as it was the room where so many strange things had happened—I employed my time in looking for evidences of

machinery to assist in producing the phenomena, but none were visible and none needed, as I afterwards found.

Mrs. Rymer I found to be a lady full of energy and earnestness on the subject of Spirit manifestations—her heart was full, and out of its fullness gushed a narrative of some of the wonders that had been seen at Sandgate and Ealing:—and now comes the moment when first I heard the celebrated “raps” so much talked about—and when my belief in the veracity of men of position—of intellect—of truthfulness, was to be confirmed by my own senses.

Picture to yourself a drawing room about 20 feet by about 10—the window facing the sea beach—about four o’clock in the afternoon, on the 25th of August. Near the window an ordinary loo table without any table cover—a sofa to the right, unoccupied, about 2 feet off—Mrs. Rymer sitting at the table, and the narrator at the opposite side facing the window; and while conversing, Mr Hume came into the room with a book in his hand, and threw himself on the sofa at full length—placing one arm round his head, and the other with book in hand resting on his knee—evidently suffering from physical prostration. While the conversation was proceeding, Mr Hume slightly turned and said, “Do you hear that?” No—he stated he heard knocks under the sofa—knocks clear and distinct then came on the table at which I was sitting—the medium let fall the book in his hand, and stretched his hand out so as to rest his fingers on the table, the other arm still over the head—the knocks then became louder—they were unusual, and I was informed it was a stranger Spirit—that *every Spirit has his peculiar knock* or sound. Mr Hume then seemed roused and interested—threw his feet off the sofa, placed himself in a sitting position, with his hands, or rather finger ends, on the table. The noises from the rappings then became very loud all over the table and upon the floor, and in answer to the question put by Mrs. Rymer, “Are the Spirits pleased with Mr Jones being here?”—the rappings, as if on the underside of the table, were rapid and joyous, and as loud as if made with a hand hammer. I felt wishful to know who it was—and the medium began to use the alphabet—when in came a friend of the family by railway from a distant part of the country—the proceedings were broken in upon, and so ended the first sitting.

To me the whole was interesting and convincing—because the position of the medium prevented even the suspicion of trickery being carried out with the table—there was no table cover on—Mrs. Rymer’s hands and mine were the only ones on the table part of the time—we were there without any expectation of any manifestation of the presence of Spirits—and the whole scene was so simple, yet effective, that I at once yielded my mind to the truthfulness of the phenomena of Spirit-power—enquiring at the time as little into the subtleties of the principles in nature the Spirits employ to develop their manifestations, as the child examines the chemical properties and powers of the sunlight that streams in upon and warms him as he gambols by his mother’s knees.

There was a Circle held about 8 o’clock in the evening, consisting of 12 persons, at which I sat and at which *various toned rappings* were very frequent—the accordion played *without hands touching the keys*—the massive loo table was raised

and SUSPENDED IN THE AIR, clear of the floor, about eight inches—several of the circle touched by the Spirits—my fingers were touched as if by a warm finger laid lengthways—a watch belonging to Mrs. Rymer handed to me, was taken off the palm of my hand, chain and all, and carried by an unseen power to the owner, sitting on the opposite side of the table. But enough—some other time I may send you an account of some other scenes I here witnessed. I think I have given enough to make the laughster serious, and the enquirer think.

Peckham, 5th January, 1857.

J. JONES.

SPIRIT SEEN LEAVING THE BODY.

I WAS attending my uncle during his last illness.—One morning about half-past ten o'clock while in the sick room, looking up I saw my uncle *floating out from under the bed clothes*—there stood an angel on each side of him—they had wings and were in white—they took hold of him, and the three gently rose up, passing from the bed to the window, and continued to float and rise till out of sight: on going up to the bed I found uncle dead. The incident has been a great consolation to me, for before then, I always had a dread of death—that was quite taken away by what I saw—and since then it has been a constant joy to think we have angels watching over us.

Mrs. G., London.

CHARING CROSS CIRCLE, (LONDON.)

ON Tuesday Evening the 30th of December, 1856, the circle met, and there were several strangers present. After many enquiries, both mental and oral, were answered by the tipping of a heavy table 80 inches by 30—one of the persons at the table was suddenly seized in the arm with violent jerking and twistings of the wrist and arms—some one said "your hand has turned tumbler,"—the hand then suddenly stopt twisting, and fiercely struck the table once, (the sign for no.) I then said, "They are practising with the hand as a violin player with his instrument to get it into working order." The medium then seized the Bible on the table, one he had never seen before—knocked it about—evidently trying to open it at a particular place—at last it was rapped that the right page was opened—the finger then moved up and rested on a verse, and on examination it was found to be the 5 Psalm and 5 verse, "The foolish shall not stand in thy sight."

Shortly after a discussion arose as to the reason why Spirit communications were so varied in their teachings—2 or 3 strangers in the room were opposed to the Bible as the words of God—it was answered by one, I care not what kind of communications are received *at present*; the question is, are there *any* commu-

nications at all received from the Spirits,—at once the Bible was seized and great efforts were made by the hands of the medium to get at some page—the Spirit power seeming to have only the control of the shoulder, elbow, and wrist, and not of the fingers—at last the page was opened, and the “yes” having stated it was the right page—the finger moved up the page with jerks, and settled upon a verse, and then moved down two more—on going to the light it was found to be 1st John, 4th Chap. 1 to 3 verse, “Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every Spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every Spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.” The appropriateness of the passage in answer to the complaint as to the uncertain character of the teachings, impressed itself on the minds of all present. Another passage, 1 Psalm and 6 verse,—“For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish,” was in like manner given to the circle in answer to the conversation then going on.—These were the only three times during the evening the medium’s hands and arms were acted upon to take the Bible.

Those who in the foregoing, cannot perceive Intelligence and Method; remind me of the trite old saying, “None are so blind as those who won’t see.”

Peckham, 1st January, 1857.

JOHN JONES.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN one of the principal thoroughfares of Bingham, Nottinghamshire, stands a dwelling with shop appurtenances, having a ghostly reputation, and though admirably adapted, in point of situation, for a commercial vocation, the opportunity is disregarded from the fact of this supposed disqualification. For a number of years, in fact during the whole business career of a former occupant, noises of a remarkable description and from unaccountable sources are said to have been heard, at frequent intervals. The late Mr Baxter, of fond remembrance, and a person of scientific knowledge, failed to develop these mysterious occurrences. Being, however, of a disposition unsusceptible of superstitious terrors, he silently succumbed to the annoyance, which, up to a few months ago, periodically infested the premises. From descriptions received of the loud and peculiar knockings, and route of peregrination of the supposed sepulchral visitant, perhaps a narrative of the affair might adorn a page in a future edition of the works of Mrs. Crowe. The oft repeated legend of the suicide of an old woman in a room of this house is pertinaciously insisted upon by a great number of people as a sufficient explanation of the noises, but the suggestion meets with little response in the minds of educated persons. The house is now tenantless, and with its unpleasant associations, a frequent fire-side theme. It is notorious that persons characterized for the rigidity of their scepticism in agencies supernatural have retracted and become partakers of this extraordinary delusion. Some time ago a scheme was projected with a view of arriving at the cause of these rappings, &c., but was imperfectly carried out, and consequently no satisfactory results were obtained.—*Nottingham Review*.

REMARKABLE PREVISION.

It is doubtful whether such cases as the following should be classed under the head of prevision, as the subject appears to take cognizance of what is actually passing, and is therefore endued with a kind of clairvoyance, which only comprehends what is absolutely under its observation. A young lady, while playing the piano, suddenly swooned away: For some time it appeared doubtful whether she would be restored, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she was brought back to life. With the first attempt at speech, she declared that she saw her lover, who was abroad with the American army in Mexico, shot; and she persisted, against all attempts to soothe her—in the face of all argument and all persuasion—to declare her conviction that he was killed, and that she should never see him again.

With the first intelligence from the seat of war came a confirmation of the sad event, which thus early had consigned her to a companionless widowhood.—*Christian Spiritualist.*

STRANGE VISION—DISCOVERY OF A THEFT.

From the "Journal du Magnetisme," edited by a society of magnetizers and physicians under the direction of Baron du Potet.

MRS. F., aged thirty-five years, a highly developed medium, magnetized a *somnambule* whom she had previously made, and questioned her concerning a number of articles which had disappeared from the house. The *somnambule* declared that they had been carried away by a servant who had recently been discharged. Mrs. F. received this declaration with entire confidence; for she relied more upon her *somnambule* than she did upon her own judgment. In the evening she entered alone her sleeping room, and prepared to retire to bed. Her two domestics were already asleep in an adjoining room. But just as she was about to lie down, she felt herself drawn towards the table; she sat down, supposing that she was going to be influenced to write. She, however, felt no impulse of that kind; but after a few seconds had elapsed, she saw standing before her a woman in the attitude of repentance, holding in one hand a handkerchief, and in the other, diverse objects which Mrs. F. recognized as those which had been stolen from her. The person who thus appeared before her was one of those two servants who at that very moment were sleeping in the adjoining chamber. It was she, however, who presented herself, perfectly visible, as if she had been really in bodily form; and it should be noted that Mrs. F. had entire confidence in that domestic, who had

been in her service during several months; and moreover that she was well persuaded that the thief was another woman who had just left her employ.

All at once Mrs. F. heard in her ear a voice, very distinct and apparently natural, which said, "You believe her faithful; go and look in her trunk, and you will there find what she has stolen."

She went and gently awoke the other domestic, and caused her to accompany her to the ground floor where the trunk was, in order to make the examination together. The key had been left in the trunk, and all that was necessary was to raise the lid; and where they found all the objects which had been stolen. The guilty person, aroused a few moments after, knew not what to say except that she had taken those objects in order to take care of them. She was discharged the next day.

It is not presumable that the key was left from habit in the trunk which contained the stolen objects, and which stood in a place to which all the persons in the house had access. Was the information given on that particular evening because the key had been forgotten? Had not even that forgetfulness been superinduced upon the mind of the servant? What do we know about it?

BIRD OMENS:

THERE seems to have been in all ages of the world some mysterious sympathy, or connection, between birds and certain marked events or catastrophes in human life. What is the philosophy of this? Is it that birds, being very impressible, are magnetized by Spirits, and thus made messengers to tell us of the Future; or are they directly sensitive to approaching changes, and thus invested with a kind of unconscious presence? It is quite probable that the first is true, and so very possibly may be the last. Certain it is, that in various ways they have been regarded as omens, by those who have observed much of spiritual phenomena. The following well authenticated instance was not long since, related by a friend. "Some years ago, a Mr Howland of Conway, Ms., left his home one morning, to go to the woods to work. When he left, his little daughter was somewhat ill, but not enough so to excite any serious alarm; and he proceeded with his usually happy and free spirit to fulfil the duties of the day. After a while his attention was attracted to a small bird, the most beautiful he had ever seen. It came and sat on a limb very near him: and as it peered out from among the green leaves, and looked at the wood cutter, nowise alarmed by the motion of the swinging axe, or the sound of the blows, there seemed to be a more than common interest and meaning in its whole character and manner. Mr H. stopped work and looked at it. Still it did not move. It was very strange. He then thought that he would try to catch it, which he did without the least difficulty. He found it so tame and quiet that he laid it in a nest of grass, intending it as a present for his little girl, to

whom reference has already been made, and then went to chopping again. Some time after he went to his bird, and found it lying just as he left it, but quite dead. He felt so bad about it, that he could not work any longer; for he could not resist the impression that there was some connection between his child and the little innocent, which had so mysteriously seemed to seek his protection, only to die. He hurried home, and on entering the house, exclaimed that Mary would never get well. It proved true; for within four days of that time the blithe little spirit, which was as merry and musical as the bird's own, had taken its flight; and the small chair and the seat at table, and all the familiar places where her light form had fitted, were left still and vacant; and for a time shadows fell upon that house, as if the very sun-beams had deserted it;—*Christian Spiritualist*.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN KEIGHLEY.

Knowing the great amount of indifference and unbelief existing on Spiritism, I think it my duty to record the few facts which have fallen under my notice, hoping, that if they fail to make converts to a belief in their spiritual origin, they will at least draw the attention of those who have sense and curiosity sufficient to feel an interest in facts which set the common laws of matter and motion at defiance.

I know that a great many of the present day have a ready way of accounting for the curiosity, without having recourse to anything of a spiritual character. Is a table moved in the common manner by the hand of a medium; it is immediately accounted for by the individual pressing unconsciously upon the table, through some peculiar obtuseness of the muscles; or otherwise one of the party is playing jokes upon the remainder, and getting a good hearty laugh out of their credulity. Is a table moved bodily from the floor while a few hands are placed upon it; it is accounted for by one of the party's adroitly putting a knee or toe under some peculiar part of it, and by an ingenious jerk, unseen by any one, again astonishing the remainder of the company. Does a table move by itself on a floor without any apparent cause; it is the work of some designing wag, who like Professor Anderson, is playing the wizard among the ignorant and unwary, by pulling the table about with his invisible strings and wires, while raps and noises are easily accounted for by one of the party cracking the knee and ankle joints, and cunningly throwing the sounds into various parts of the table and room.

Some few, indeed, who give credit to the honesty of the parties, admit that there is no deception; but as they cannot for a moment allow the spirituality of the phenomena, account for it by some new and mysterious law in matter, till lately unknown, and which they scarcely think it worth their while to investigate.

Having no wish however, to amuse your readers by a relation of a quantity of tricks belonging Professor Anderson's school, but to confine myself to real facts,

which took place independent of either strings, wires, intention or design, I shall proceed to narrate the few facts, leaving it to the various readers to form their own opinions.

At a circle one night, in a house where we had been having a good many strange movements of the table, the name of Napoleon was spelled out, and an advance upon the old method of side moving was made, by the bodily lifting up and dropping down again of the table on the floor; so that Professor Faraday's unconscious pulling was done away with, unless hands could involuntarily pull tables upwards without having hold of them. We had never seen that phenomena till that night, and a communication was actually got by the lifting up and dropping down of the table at the letters; and from that time till now the table has commonly been lifted in that manner.

One evening, after having seen a great many extraordinary lifts, by the table frequently springing from the floor to a great height, and in that manner keeping time to tunes, &c., with an understanding that the performer was the Spirit of Burns the poet, the company had nearly all retired, leaving only the medium, her father, and myself at the table, when finally the father fell asleep, and the medium retired to a distance from the table, leaving me alone sitting at the table reading Burns' Poems, by the light of a candle placed on the middle of the table. I was just in the act of reading the song called Wandering Willie, and was making a remark to the medium that it was an old favorite of mine, when I heard a movement, and the medium said "the table is moving of its own accord." I instantly stopped reading, and having heard of tables moving without touch, I thought I might perhaps be gratified with a movement of that kind. I therefore said, "If this is really the Spirit of Burns, will he be kind enough to gratify me by a movement of the table without any human touch?" Almost immediately afterwards, it commenced cracking as if a heavy weight had been pressing upon it, and it then gave a sudden rush on the floor, perhaps to the distance of a foot, when it stopped. Deception of any kind was quite impossible, as the table moved in a contrary direction to either the medium or myself; so that there could have been no pulling apparatus employed.

A few nights afterwards, a few of us had met to watch the phenomena of upright lifts and other curious movements, expecting nothing more of any consequence. Some of the company, as is too frequently the case, were more intent upon amusing themselves by their own noise, than by watching the movements of the table. The consequence was, little was done, and the noisy party retired home much better pleased by their own merriment, than by anything they had seen done by the table. The few left behind were, the medium, her father, two females, a mother and daughter, and myself. On the departure of the merry group and the restoration of quietness, the table commenced playing a great many curious antics under our hands,—jumping up from, and dragging on the floor, lifting up against the united pressure of the parties, &c., when we began to think of retiring; but previous to doing so had a strong wish to see another movement without hands. The supposed Spirit had given the name of Burns, as before, and we were pretty soon gratified by a good many movements, while we all stood

around at a considerable distance. The medium's father then requested, that if it was really the Spirit of Burns, he would give his sign by lifting the table without any human assistance. After a short pause the table was heaved up strongly on one side four times, the foot falling down in the form of a hammer. It also gave a good many lifts besides, throwing the candlestick off the table with great force on the floor. This, he it remembered, was all done without touch or contact of any kind, whether in the form of hands, strings, wires, or anything else, and seemed to impress all present with wonder and astonishment.

It might be in about a week after that, when a few of us had a still more extraordinary manifestation. There were present at the time, the medium, her father, a neighbor woman, a young man living in the house, and myself. It so happened on that occasion that the medium's father fell asleep, which reduced our number to three. The Spirit or moving power purported to be that of the woman's first husband. There certainly appeared to be something true in the assertion, as it gave us to understand that the power of the medium was transferred to the neighbor woman. The medium, finding in reality that her power had actually passed to the other woman, retired from the table to watch the result. The consequence was, that the woman and myself were left alone at the table, which appeared to move very freely and powerfully at her request. The table on this occasion was a very heavy oak one, weighing some few stones. While sitting and watching the singular movements by the new medium, she requested, that if it really was the Spirit of her first husband, he would be kind enough to lift the table from the floor. The words had scarcely passed her lips when the table flew up like a rocket, to a height which brought the surface level with our faces, and with such a force, that in falling down again upon the floor, the candle was thrown from the candlestick with great force by the concussion.

The throwing up of a ponderous oak table so strongly, suddenly, and unexpectedly, had the effect of startling me considerably, and of throwing the woman into something like a fainting fit, with the fright. On recovering, she seemed to have acquired an additional share of courage, and declared that she could bear to see him personally. We had then a quantity of loud knocks or raps, something like a person rapping on the table with a stick. We then took our hands from the table and retired to a short distance, when the woman very seriously requested, that if it really was the Spirit of her husband, he would convince her by making the table walk on the floor towards her. Strange to say, this request was also granted, the table commencing to travel towards her very beautifully and regularly, stopping when it got close to her. She again requested that if her husband could, he would throw the table over on her knee, which was also accomplished by the table upsetting itself in her lap.

This was the finishing of the phenomena for the night, and as I knew as confidently as I did of my own existence, that the whole was a reality, I considered it the most singular thing I had ever witnessed. The only persons at the table were the woman and myself,—neither of us mediums,—while the others were passive spectators, watching at a distance.

Admitting the facts, of which there need be no doubt, the question as usual is,

Who can account for it, or where is the law in matter that can give sense and motion to a table? Let the learned and ingenious throw a light on the subject, and furnish an explanation as speedily as possible. J. G.

[We have frequently been requested to furnish some account of those strange occurrences, and should have done so with the greatest pleasure, had not our engagements prevented us from being present at any of those sittings; but in order to comply as far as possible with such requests, we solicited our friend and co-worker, Mr J. G. to do so. We may also add, that we have the assurance of several intelligent and trustworthy persons, that these things have taken place in their presence also.—Ed.]

OMINOUS SOUNDS.

About three years ago, the father and mother of Mr M., an aged couple, were living in his house. One winter evening, when they were all sitting quietly, the old people in their room, and Mr and Mrs. M. in theirs, a clock that stood in the old lady's bedroom began to strike. It had not been wound up or opened within a year. They all rushed into the room; but were too much startled to count the strokes, although they think it must have struck four or five times. Old Mrs. M. unlocked the case and looked in; but nothing was stirring, though usually when it struck there was a vibration of the wires for several moments after it had done striking. There was no one stirring in the house when the clock struck. During the same winter the three daughters of Mrs. M. slept in a chamber which had a small door leading into a sort of lumber-room over the back stoop. For several nights A. (about fifteen) heard a noise in that room. It seemed like a cradle or rocking chair, rocking very slowly at first, but growing faster and faster, until it had acquired apparently a certain amount of speed, when it began to decline gradually, as it began, and finally stopped, and then it would begin again, and so on until the listener fell asleep. A. does not appear to have been at all frightened; but on the contrary thought she must have imagined it. One night, however, she spoke to her oldest sister, and asked her if she could hear it. She said "yes" and that she had heard it before. The next day they searched the lumber-room, turning everything over; but they found nothing which could have made the sounds. They used to laugh about their cradle; and although they could not tell what it was, they never thought of its being supernatural. The youngest sister never heard it; and she would not believe that they heard anything, because she could not, when they heard it so plainly. They heard these sounds nearly every night all winter. In the spring the parents of Mr M., his youngest daughter, (the one who could not hear the sounds,) and a man who was staying there, all died of the small pox. They never heard the sounds afterward. When Mr. M.'s father was taken sick, he said: "that clock didn't strike for nothing." After his death, he lay in the very place where the clock stood; and after he was gone, so did his grandchild. This happened at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.—*N. Y. Sp. Tel.*

PLAYFUL OR MISCHIEVOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

THERE are numerous records of affairs of this kind. They, doubtless, many times are to be traced to the influence of undeveloped Spirits, but probably much oftener than we suppose, they may be caused by a mere love of fun in Spirits whose mirthfulness is very large and consequently predominating. Or they may be in many cases, designed to teach some lesson to affect certain temperaments which could not otherwise so well be affected, or to reach conditions which could best be reached by such means. But whenever they occur, the best thing we can do is to examine carefully all the circumstances; to study them philosophically; and then if there seems to be actual mischief intended, to check it by a strong exertion of will-power, which a greatly undeveloped Spirit can not resist, from one in a higher condition. Mrs. Annah Ripley, of Shutesbury, relates a little circumstance which may properly come under this head. Some years ago, as her family were all seated around the fire one evening, speaking of witches, they mentioned the name of an old woman near by, who was reputed to be a witch, when her brother exclaimed, with an oath, that if she *was* a witch, he wished she might manifest herself to him in some way. No sooner had he spoken than a small potato kettle, that stood in the corner, started without any physical force, made a circuitous sweep round the room, and stopped beside him, where he sat, to the utter astonishment of all present.—*N. Y. Spiritual Telegraph*.

PREMONITIONS.

I HAVE heard striking cases of premonitions, but I do not remember any distinctly enough to write of save one, and that not so remarkable as many. I will give it you, and if it will serve your purpose, well. It is a case of my sister, who, thirteen years ago, buried a little boy fifteen months old. The day he was taken sick, she left him in charge of friends to make a day's visit, three miles distant. He was well when she left, and she apprehended no danger. About noon, and after she felt an indescribable anxiety for her child, felt that he was sick, and that she must go directly home; but the friends with whom she went had business to transact, which would take till night to attend to; and, too, they thought her feelings but a mother's over anxiety and entirely groundless. So she stayed till night, and suffered exquisitely with the feeling that her child was in danger. She had hardly alighted from the carriage on her return, when she was met by one of the household, telling her that her little boy had the croup. She found him in great distress and past recovery. He lingered till the next day or the day following, when he died. I have written the above as I remember to have heard my sister relate it at the time it occurred. Undoubtedly some guardian angel wished to incite her to hasten to her sick boy.—*N. Y. Spiritual Telegraph*.

THE LAIRD OF WESTBURN'S DREAM.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

A WRITER in the *Intellectual Repository*, a New Church Journal published in London, cites the following facts in the experience of the above named personage:

Gabriel Hamilton, of Westburn, in the county of Lanark, was the representative of an ancient and distinguished branch of the Duke of Hamilton's family; namely, Hamilton of Torrance, a cadet of the great house of Raploch, which was immediately sprung from the Lords of Cadzow, the ancestors of the Earls of Anan and Dukes of Hamilton. The grandmother of this Hamilton of Westburn was a daughter of Sir Walter Stewart of Allanton. And thus Westburn and Allanton were near kinsmen, at a time when relationship and intimacy were synonymous; the death of Westburn took place about 1757 or 1758, and Allanton had pre-deceased him several years. Their estates, moreover, were situated in the same county, and they were on the most affectionate and familiar terms with each other. Westburn, who was an elderly man and not in very strong health, was in the habit of reposing during an hour after dinner; and his wife, the beautiful and estimable Agnes Dundas, heiress of Duddington, usually sat by the side of the couch reading to him, or conversing until he fell asleep. One day he slept longer and apparently more soundly than usual, and at length he suddenly awoke, and said he had been aroused by the fluttering of the wings of doves. He then addressed his wife, and related to her the following remarkable dream:

"I was walking in the most lovely gardens and pleasure-grounds I ever beheld; and so struck was I with their extraordinary extent and romantic beauty, and with the bright and glorious colors of the flowers which sprang up around me on every side, that I exclaimed, 'This can be no other place than Paradise! this must be the garden of the Lord!' I had hardly uttered these words when a youth of radiant beauty and heavenly expression approached me, and smiling sweetly on me, he accosted me familiarly by name, giving me a cordial welcome to his happy home. I expressed my surprise at his friendly and familiar greeting, seeing we were but strangers. 'And yet,' said I, 'there is that in your countenance which makes me feel as if you were my friend!' 'Seek not,' said he, 'to deny our old and intimate acquaintance. You are my near kinsman and familiar neighbor and friend; and so, observing that I looked astonished and incredulous, he said, 'Is it possible that you have forgotten me? Is it, even with you, so soon—out of sight, out of mind? Do you not know me? I am your cousin, Stewart of Allanton.' 'Impossible,' said I, 'for my dear friend Allanton was old and plain looking; whereas, you are the most beautiful youth my eyes did ever behold.' 'Even so,' said the youth, 'all those who come here are made youthful

and beautiful. There is here neither age nor plainness. I am no other than your dear cousin and old friend Allanton, and within twenty-four hours you will be here with me, and you will be young and beautiful like me.' Hereupon, I heard the loud fluttering of the wings of doves, and I suddenly awoke."

It may be imagined that Westburn's dream made a deep impression, not unmingled with awe, on his affectionate wife. She deemed it to be a warning that she must hold herself in readiness to resign him ere long, at the call of his heavenly Master and Father; and even so it came to pass. On the following morning Westburn was found dead in his bed. His Spirit had departed during the night, and had gone to join his early friend and kinsman in the gardens of Paradise.

F.

EXAMINATION OF SPIRITUALISM,

BY THE NEW YORK PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

THE following are brief extracts from the report of their proceedings on the 8th, of September, 1850.

"SUBJECT:— 'Can the Manifestations of Modern Spiritualism be accounted for upon any physical laws?'

Mrs. Coan was invited by the Society to be present for the purpose of exhibiting before them some of the spiritual phenomena which occur in her presence, as a basis for discussion.

Mrs. Coan took a seat by the side of the President, Mr. Roosevelt, on the platform which had been prepared, some three feet above the floor, and in full view of the audience.

Mr. John Ried took his seat at the table, opposite the medium. Mr. R. wrote secretly several names of persons who had departed the earth-life, on slips of paper, and folded and rolled them into bullets, and placed them on the table. A Spirit affirmed by raps that his name was written on one of the papers, and said the initials were H. J. The papers were successively taken up, and the one indicated by the Spirit containing his name, was laid by itself. The names of several diseases were written, and in like manner one of the papers were selected and placed with the other paper. The age was then asked, and in reply, the Spirit commenced rapping untill fifty-three raps were successively and distinctively made.

Ques. Did you leave a wife? *Ans.* Yes.

Q. Did you leave children? *No answer.*

Q. Did you leave a child? *A.* Yes

Q. Was it a girl? *A.* No.

Q. A boy? *A.* Yes.

The papers were now opened; they contained the name of Henry Jessup—disease of kidneys; these and all other answers being correct, during these examinations by Messrs. Purdy and Reid.

Mr G. W. Glaze wrote names on paper, and asked the spirits whose names were written, to respond as he pointed to them.

No response.

He asked, "Are any of my Spirit friends present?" *Ans.* Yes.

Ques. Will you indicate who you are by rapping on letters of the alphabet as I point to them on the alphabetical card? *A.* Yes. In this way "Mother" was spelled out.

Q. Is it my mother? *A.* No.

Q. Grandmother? *A.* Yes.

Q. On my wife's side? *A.* Yes.

Give the initials of your name.

E. M. was given.

Dr Vandewine was invited to take his seat at the table, opposite the medium, and proceeded to test the phenomena. First he wrote on four slips of paper, relationships; second, he wrote on several slips of paper, figures, for the purpose of having the age indicated; third, he wrote on slips of paper the first name of each of the several persons intended to be indicated on the before-mentioned papers; fourth he wrote the names of towns and cities where his friends had died. All these slips were written secretly, folded and rolled in bullet forms, and all rolled in his hands together, and then thrown on the table. Dr. V. said he could not tell what was written on any of the papers, and he asked if a Spirit would tell him? *Ans.* Yes, by three tips of the table from the medium toward the questioner—the medium's hands resting lightly on the top of the table, near to the edge at which he was sitting. Dr. V. took up each paper successively in his fingers, and while holding it, asked,—

Does this paper contain the relationship, age, name, or place of your death? While holding the first paper thus taken up, he asked, "Does this contain the name?" *Ans.* No.

Ques. Relation? *A.* No.

Q. Age? *A.* Yes.

Q. What was the age? in answer to which the table commenced tipping, and many persons counted, some 68—69—70—71.

Q. Will the Spirit tip the table for each ten years of his age, and stop, and afterward tip once for each year? *A.* Yes.

The Spirit then tipped the table seven times. It was asked if it meant to say it was seventy years of age? *A.* Yes.

Q. Were you a year older? *A.* No.

The Doctor held another paper in his fingers, and asked the Spirit what was written on it. The Spirit replied, "Grandfather." The paper was opened and the answer was found to be correct. The doctor did not choose to test this experiment further.

Poetry.

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—
Afflicted and deserted of my mind—
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee.

Oh, merciful One!
When men are farthest then thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ASPIRATION.

As flame mounts up toward the sky,
As flowers grow upward from the soil;
Even so the soul ascends on high,
And upward grows toward its God.

It feels that He hath given it powers
Which cannot mingle with the dust;
It knows the tide of rolling hours
Can ne'er overwhelm it:—God is just.

The Spirit shall to him depart,
When closed is life's pilgrimage;
God's promise, written in the heart,
Is aye renewed from age to age.

T. S.

THE Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER

VI

My first observation of the physical-manifestations of spirit-power has been already given as an "Instance of Telegraphic Prevision," by your correspondent J. D. (Page 87 Vol. 2.)

It appeared to me, that something like intelligence was certainly indicated on that occasion: not so much, or so clearly, in the communications themselves; as in the mode of signalling one by one, the letters which composed them; and in the answers to the questions purposely put by me, to test whether the table movements were directed by an intelligent agent, or were simply the result of the action of an unintelligent force. I could not help asking myself. If it is only the latter why should the table always rise and fall **THREE** times according to mutual agreement when a particular letter of the alphabet was to be indicated? When I asked if the letter put down was the one intended, which I did at every letter as it was tipped (I should think in all more than a hundred times during the sitting,) why did it always repeat the **SAME** number of movements for the affirmative, and tip **ONCE** only for the negative? Why these numbers rather than any other if there was no directing Intelligence in the case? It could not be the result of some occult physical law, for, when changing the nature of the query,—it was asked, How many days would elapse before one of the sitters would leave London for Australia? The table moved now not once, or thrice as before, but **THIRTY ONE** times; a number quite unexpected by all present. It was certainly very strange,—still the matter of the first communication, appeared in part rather obscure and confused: (though perhaps not more so even on the spirit-hypothesis, than might have been expected considering the imperfect instrument

of communication.) This however, was to me, an element of doubt and uncertainty: I was certainly astonished, when I learned that friend Beer had actually started on the day named thirty one days before; especially, as I knew he had been led by the emigration authorities to expect that his departure would be required much sooner: still, — after all thought I, this may be merely a curious coincidence: Mr Winkle, when he first went shooting: shut his eyes, fired his gun, and, (to his own astonishment) brought down the bird: this, though it brought him the reputation of being a capital sportsman, did not proveth at he was really a good shot, that he had intentionally succeeded, or correctly taken aim: it was simply a lucky accident: this singular fulfilment of the small prophecy so oddly made, might be nothing more: though a little staggered by it, I was not convinced, more proof than this was needed.

And more proof was soon given: returning home one evening with a friend and fellow-enquirer who was in ill health, we called upon Dr. D. for some medicine: draught and pill having been duly prescribed; the Dr. said to us, "We have formed a circle up stairs and are getting responses by the table, would you like to join us?" We did so. Enquiries were being made by different members of the circle, concerning distant friends; and being asked, if there was any one about whom I wished to make enquiry. I said yes, I should be glad of some information about a friend in Australia. The question was asked, if any spirit was present who would give the information required. Answer. "Yes."

Q. "Well was my friend in good health?" Ans. "No."

Q. "Very ill?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "Will he recover?" Ans. "It is uncertain."

Q. "If these responses are from a spirit, may I know who it is?" Ans. "Yes," I thereupon named several deceased who had been known by myself and friend but "No," was answered as each of these names was successively given.

Q. "Was it a relative?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "His mother?" Ans. "Yes"

Indeed! If it is so, will you answer any proper test question that I may put? Ans. "Yes." I paused a few minutes, the whole thing was so utterly unexpected by me, that though I had spoken of a test-question, I was not prepared with one. While I was thinking about it, the table rose above the floor inclining towards me, and remained thus, as if intimating that it was quite ready, and waiting for my question. At last I said: "Can you tell me how long it is since my friend left England?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "Is it more than a year?" Ans. "Yes,"

Q. "How many years is it?" In reply to this question, the table rose and fell thrice, and then rose slightly about half the former height from the floor.

Q. "Does that mean four years?" Ans. "No."

I should think, interposed friend D., that it means three years and a half. "Yes" was promptly responded by the table. I think it is not so long I observed. The table re-affirmed that it was.

Q. "How many years is it since you left the body?" In answer the table tilted seventeen times. (I thought it was not so long as this but said nothing

about it.) Q. "Has my friend had any increase in his family since he left England?" Ans. "Yes."

Returning home, I found upon enquiry, that it was three years and seven months, less a week, since my friend had left for Australia. I subsequently heard of the increase of his parental responsibilities; the exact period of his mother's death I have not ascertained, but from a comparison of circumstances and dates, I found that it must have been at about the time stated.

This was sufficiently singular, but it was not all: two or three weeks after, calling upon Mr R. (a friend whom I have known for many years) I was surprised to find himself and two daughters, a lady relative of mine, residing under the same roof with me, and another lady and gentleman, well known to me, busy getting responses to questions by the table, and a little elated to find that on this, their first experiment, three of the ladies were declared to be mediums, my relative being one. When it came to my turn to ask questions, it occurred to me, that if I put the same questions as at the former circle, a comparison of the answers might be of some value; this circle, (myself excepted) being entirely different from the former one, and unknown to the persons composing it; and the objects of my enquiry being unknown to both, (with the exception of my relative to whom the circumstances were partially known.) I first enquired as before, If any spirit was present who could give me information about a friend in Australia? Ans. "Yes"

Q. "Is it a friend not related to him?" Ans. "No."

Q. "Is it a relative?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "His mother?" Ans. "Yes"

Q. "Is he in good health?" Ans. "Yes,"

This answer the reader will see was contrary to that I had before received to the same question. I said to myself there must be a hitch somewhere; after a moments thought however, I enquired, "Has he been ill?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "Has he now recovered?" Ans. "Yes." Let me observe here, that my friend was the subject of heart-disease, which at times rendered his life peculiarly uncertain from day to day; but when he recovered from these sudden attacks, which he sometimes did very soon, he would almost at once resume his usual health; knowing this, it seemed to me very probable, that the facts corresponded to the answers given; and this, at first apparent discrepancy, was to me more evidential of spirit-agency, than an exact conformity in all the responses would have been. The remaining questions which I had put at the first circle, I now repeated, and received the same answers. I further enquired, "Can you give me the initials of my friends' name?" This was done. Q. "Will you oblige me by giving the christian and surname in full?" This was also done, letter by letter without mistake, till the name was completed.

This double incident, or series of incidents, was to me, a convincing proof of the action of invisible intelligent agency, external to ourselves; most of the facts stated in the responses being unknown to all present but myself, and some of these, I did not believe to be correct till I had subsequently verified them. It could not therefore, have been my own unconscious agency which influenced the

responses; the more I reflected, the more impossible I found it, to account for these things on any other hypothesis, than that of spirit-agency. If any one can satisfactorily explain them otherwise, he is bound to do so: the interests of truth imperatively require it. I will patiently and thankfully consider the solution he has to offer; I have no wish to remain under a delusion, but I can not abandon a conclusion not hastily taken up, nor without patient investigation and deep reflection upon all the facts which I have myself witnessed, corroborated too, by like testimony and experience in others; until it is *clearly proved* to be a delusion, or, until some better explanation can be given. My own incredulity as to the reality of spirit-agency in the world, fell, from the day the occurrences took place which I have here narrated.

An incident somewhat similar to the above recorded, took place soon after at my own home, at a private sitting. Upon asking for a communication, there was telegraphed by the table, the following letters:— p r a y f o r m e t o n i g h t. On enquiring the name of the spirit who thus solicited my prayers; that of an old school and class-fellow was given in the same way: and in reply to my further questions, the number of years since his death, and the christian and surname of our respected Class Teacher were also correctly given.

To assert that this was all by accident, would be mere childishness; and, as the facts stated, (with the exception of the teacher's surname) were unknown to the medium, her mind could not have influenced the communication, or responses; I was not, nor had I been thinking of my school-fellow, or teacher; and although I knew the former had been dead many years, it was only by an effort of memory, and a comparison of circumstances, that I was able to assure myself, that the year of his decease, was the one assigned, this again could not have been a transmitted impression from my mind; and beside me and the medium, there was no one else bodily present. From whose mind then would it have been transmitted? Say, that the facts existed latent in my mind, or brain, and were read from thence by the medium, and thrown back in the responses, by the power of her brain, or volition, acting through the imponderable *odyl*, or other agent upon the table; to say nothing of the difficulty of conceiving the *modus operandi* by which such complex action could have been effected. It is sufficient to say that the medium was in her ordinary, normal state; and could not have read what was buried so deep in my mind, or brain, without being conscious of it; which she was not. The so-called explanation is suicidal, there can be no reading without a reader; and in this case, that reader must have been an external invisible Intelligence, or, what is ordinarily called, a spirit. "To this complexion we must come at last."

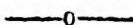
It is true, that at a subsequent sitting, I was told in a communication, purporting to be from a spirit in a higher sphere, that I had been imposed upon by a deceiving spirit, and that it was not the veritable spirit of my old friend and schoolfellow. Whether it was so or not, I am unable confidently to say; I can only vouch, that to the best of my knowledge, the facts stated in answer to my questions were correct; but even were it so, it does not in the least invalidate the general conclusion at which I had arrived.

This leads me to notice an objection, which though I have not met with in print, I have frequently encountered in conversation. It is asked, "If these communications are from spirits, how is it that they so often tell us what is untrue?" In reply, I might ask, How is it that in the present life, men so often tell one another what is untrue? It often proceeds from ignorance, or, from possessing only a partial knowledge of a subject* when we think we know the whole; sometimes, it is from simple mistake, or error: at others, from an imperfect apprehension, or misapprehension of another's meaning; and sometimes, we are obliged to confess, that the falsehood is intentional. Now what I wish my readers to see, is, that these causes may apply, and some of them with greater force, to spirits communicating with us, than to ourselves in communicating with each other. Spirits are neither omniscient, infallible, nor impeccable. The spiritual state, in many respects, must essentially differ from our natural one; this may cause some obscurity and mistake, and then, their instruments of communicating with us, are more imperfect than those with which we communicate with one another; it is often like two men speaking different languages, attempting to converse by signs, they make themselves partially intelligible, but all sorts of blunders unavoidably take place, and if a reasonable allowance for one another is not made, each may accuse the other of falsehood where it is not intended. If it be true, and I think it is that spirits sometimes gain their information from the minds of those present, this would occasionally be an additional and fruitful source of inaccuracy and error.* Again, those spirits who seek to deceive us, can more easily do so, at all events, they are less open to detection by us, we cannot confront, expose, punish, or bring the moral influence of our opinion to bear upon them. If we are over anxious to receive a communication from some spirit eminent when upon earth, or from some particular spirit whom we have known; a vain spirit, or, one who wishes to gain our ear, may seek to palm himself off upon us as some great one, or personate the very one from whom we are so anxious to hear. For instance, to prevent my thus being imposed upon, I requested a particular spirit to give me a sign by which I should always be able to identify its presence; this was complied with, and the sign repeated to fix it more firmly in my memory; on a subsequent occasion, another spirit attempted to counterfeit this sign, making the required number of movements, but *not* with that peculiarity of movements in which the sign consisted; here was a clear manifestation of intelligence, combined with dishonesty; a case common enough, alas! among men, and it would seem not uncommon among a certain class of spirits.

* It may be noted that even when questions are not answered with accuracy, they often approximate very near to it; in giving for instance the age of some one present, it is sometimes correct, at others not so, but still, pretty close to the mark; seeming like a shrewd guess; nearer than that of any of the company probably would have been. These cases would seem to indicate an Intelligence a little and *only* a little greater than our own; but we should bear in mind that spirits sometimes answer, not as from positive knowledge, but simply from the probabilities of the case before them.

It is necessary to take these considerations into account, in determining the quality, or reliability of the communications, or responses; and of the spirits who give them: but they have nothing to do with determining the previous question, namely, "Do they proceed from spirits?" *That* must be decided by the fact whether or no they bear upon them the stamp of intelligence; whether, they are the expression of thought:—*relevant* to the matter in hand:—*pertinent* to the questions that have been put. A man may be a blockhead, or a liar, without necessarily losing rank as an intelligent being: and it would be unwise in us to deny the agency of spirits, because sometimes their communications were either frivolous or false. It might perhaps be well for us to consider, whether our own falseness and frivolity had not a greater influence in attracting to us false and frivolous spirits than our self-conceit would willingly allow.

That spirits can read the minds before them is I think evidenced by their answers to *mental* questions; this then is one source from whence they derive their information; and it is the misapprehension of this fact, which so bothers and misleads our scientific opponents; giving rise to so many ingenious ignorantly-learned theories of "transmitted impressions," "automatic cerebral action," and the like. It is unfortunately the tendency of some minds, to cast about for some difficult and far-fetched construction of facts, when the true interpretation lies clear and plain before them. If however, these gentlemen would bear in mind, that there are abundant instances to which their favorite explanation do not apply, — cases where impression, or transmission could not have taken place: — it would save much time, controversy, and inkshed.



A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCE.

III.

I now became daily more anxious to receive knowledge from the spirit-world and used each morning to closet myself in a private room, and under spiritual influence write, the whole of the day, only allowing myself time to take necessary refreshment.

Numerous and beautiful were the communications I used to receive, and many of them will be prized by the world in years to come.

While under the influence, my hand is used without any voluntary action of my own, and I have frequently run over three and four quires of foolscap a day. It was indeed a pleasure to me to be thus employed. I regret to say, at the present time, I am frequently obliged, in consequence of surrounding circumstances, to neglect the spirits call; the meanness and grossness of peoples minds

generally, has been the cause of many of the evils that have arisen; for they cannot or will not receive and appreciate the truth.

I could relate numerous circumstances, of persons who have joined our circle and seemed deeply interested, have acknowledged their belief in *Spirit-power* and their determination to follow, for the remainder of their lives in the body the beautiful teachings and advice of the spirits, and by and by the spirits have ventured to rebuke, for a besetting evil which they could perceive in their minds, directly this has been done, he has rebelled against the purest intentions of the spirits and preferred to walk still in his own natural grossness. I will give an instance to prove the truth of what I assert; a gentleman, one of the Medical profession, who had frequently called upon me about this time two years ago, at last joined our circle, — became convinced of the truth, and anxious to receive all he could. About three times a week, after he had visited his patients, he would come, as he termed it, to school and eagerly receive the spirit teaching, made copies of the communications in his own book and bore them home to his house in triumph. He soon became quite a dear friend. I used to visit him at his house when he could not come to mine. I generally used to dine with them, and the Dr. would request me to walk into the small surgery, when he would leave me alone with pencil and book before me, and request all in the house not to disturb me until his return: he would leave also a number of questions for the spirits to answer referring especially to medical and scientific subjects. He has published a small work lately, and I perceive by reading it that he must have found his communications a great assistance to him.

This gentleman very nobly fought against the prejudices of his good lady who though a very domesticated person, had never a very enquiring mind. She however, always treated me respectfully and made me very welcome at her house. I became so attached to them, that it was always a pleasure, and not a task, to visit them. Being therefore in a passive and happy frame of mind, I was the more susceptible of the influence. The only annoyance I experienced, was from a youth, about 17 years of age, the only child of the Dr's. a spoiled boy, who would frequently speak sarcastically, and ridicule the communications and manifestations of the spirits, while like many over-grown boys — who fancy they are men — and have become Lords of the creation, — think it exceedingly clever; to do this however, did not much affect me, as I considered he erred through the want of more knowledge, and I hinted accordingly. His father received some warning at one time, respecting how he should educate his son, and endeavour spiritually to influence his mind. I believe he profited by this to some extent for after a short time, when I used to be entranced at their house, the son would take down the address in shorthand.

Having had his mind so far raised up, my friend requested that now and then, our spirit friends, instead of meeting at my house, should meet at his, that he expecting to be called out to patients, could not well at times leave home. I consented, and, without any pecuniary reward, gave myself up to the influence, for the instruction of many who would assemble, some to profit some to ridicule.

Finding he had succeeded so far, in spite of occasional outbreaks of his wife

who would at times rather vehemently declare she should not have her house made into a meeting place. The Doctor now suggested the propriety and the great advantage it would be, to form a circle, or society, at his house, and giving it a name, calling it a branch of our circle agency, that then I, as the medium, should be paid for my services out of the funds of the society; and although he should desire that as soon as this was accomplished, a certain sum might be raised to reward me for past labors, as I had walked many, many miles to serve the cause and of course, to some extent had been compelled to neglect my young family, being obliged to leave another less interested than myself to fill my place during my absence, (yet he hoped as persons assembled and the circle formed that other media would be discovered which would lighten the work for me.)

Quiet warm in the cause, and anxious to be up and doing, a secretary was appointed by the Dr. and he began to draw up a proposition which was laid before the circle at the next meeting. All minds were not alike and consequently one found fault with one suggestion, another with another, and many were the alterations made, each after each passed away and they were no further advanced.

The Dr. in private conversation with me, would always ask my opinion, and say he thought it nothing but right, since I had been the instrument through whom they had been led so far, that my opinion and consent to certain arrangements should be obtained.

Several communications were given through my hand, warning them not to treat the matter in such a worldly manner, but that if they would be directed by them (the spirits) the subject would spread and the circle grow larger. I immediately perceived the Dr. did not like to be interfered with by the spirits. He evidently desired to be sole master of the ceremony, and even said, that as it was to be held at his house, he thought it ought to be formed as he choosed. Now the gross material mind began to shew itself. On one occasion when my friend had been talking about his intentions of engaging persons he thought would be mediums, or endeavoring to find media, that they might have a variety of manifestations so as to suit, if possible all persons enquiring. He also said that he thought it would be necessary to make an entrance fee, of what I thought rather an extortionate sum; I begged leave to differ and this offended my friend. I was desirous to follow the advice of our kind spirit friends, he wanted to follow his own desires and material ideas (by the way) before he knew me, he had been a materialist, or secularist.

The following day, while alone, at my own house, I saw the sign, that a spirit wished to communicate. Perhaps you will ask "What is this sign?" It is a light, which vividly passes before me, like that of a flash of lightning. The wife of your correspondent H. B. sees the same sign when the spirits wish to write through her. I shall relate hereafter how Mrs. B. was developed as a medium while receiving spirit teaching through me some years back; but to proceed, I must tell you, that though I have frequently resisted the spiritual call, yet on this occasion I delivered myself up to the influence, and a striking communication was written, respecting the proposed society; especially warning the Doctor

in his proceedings and telling him that, if he would be taught and led aright, he must be humble, and with reference to media, that must be left to them (the spirits) to those they found most fit for their influence. The communication altogether was decisive, and contained in it so decided a rebuke to my friend, that of my own accord, I should have been loath to send it. I was however commanded, faithfully to copy it, and send it to the Dr. I did so, and surely an evil Spirit must have influenced him at the time the postman consigned it to his hands for he replied, not to the Spirit, but to me personally, in a revengeful and angry tone, saying that he would not be interfered with, that he would have his way in the matter, that since the society was going to be formed at his house, he would at least choose the media and that the spirits had no right to say they would choose their own. If I do not give his exact words I have retained the sense of them; yet I think I have preserved the letter wherein the words are written referring to the subject.

Seeing he was so obstinate and determined not to be led, after having been so highly favored, I thought it best to leave him to himself, and hoped in time he would see his own folly and shortsightedness. I therefore declined entering further into the matter with him, he thinking he could do all without either me or my earthly partner. We separated, nevertheless I, being of an affectionate nature, had so wound my affections around them as friends, that *for a time* I felt bitterly the cruel neglect and ingratitude; in fact it was the cause of a long and severe illness. So much did I ponder over the several circumstances, that had transpired. Of course there was nothing more done. The good Dr. thought he could act of himself, without either spiritual council or association, and so the spirits left him to do all and he has done nothing. The fire went gradually out the Dr. grew cool, and amongst him and his friends, the subject almost ceased to be talked of: he is however, still a believer, and although I do not visit my friend the spiritual medium does, and they meet once or twice a week to hold spirit-intercourse, but from their actions and the little good they do with what they receive I am led to think that the spirits suit themselves to them. They have no reprochs now, but all is comfortable; the spirits who communicate with them kindly suit themselves to the Dr's. mind — and to the minds of his friends — and they are happy and they have given up the idea of a society, because after all, they think it will not be so well if they let the world know that they are Spiritualists, so what they do, they do under a cloak and thus put their candle under a bushel. Such actions as these, seem to stimulate me to come forth boldly in the world with my experience, full of facts, and the world will see that I have never been moved by sinister motives, but, by laying before them the suffering and ill-usage I have undergone, the complaints of many may be stayed, which is, that it is but a new way of getting a livelihood; also I desire to shew the folly of too much self dependence and conceit, for the best of mortals are only poor shortsighted creatures, whose minds are unsettled and tossed too and fro like the waves of the troubled sea.

K. HARDING.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITISM.

BY H. B.

HAVING devoted much time and attention to the investigation of Spirit-Manifestations, and witnessed various methods of conducting circles, I think it might be useful to some of your readers to offer a few remarks expressive of some of the results of my experience.

No one, I think, who has paid much attention to this subject, can deny that it has its *lights* as well as its *shadows*. It will be my endeavor, in this short article, to shew that which I have found to be the safest and most satisfactory way of pursuing it.

I have found that almost any class of manifestations may be obtained? from the most violent and ludicrous physical movements, to the highest intellectual and moral communications.

Affinity appears as the link connecting the whole. The important question is "What do we seek for!" Is it only for the gratification of a transient curiosity or idle pastime, or like that of those who take up a pack of cards or turn a tea-cup? If so, I would advise this pursuit to be discontinued and such triflers to make a better use of their time. But there is a higher and nobler end to be attained. If the subject be pursued becomingly and if the information and instruction received be reduced to practice, Man will, I am persuaded become what he ought to be, "The noblest work of God." If this on investigation is found to be true, it is necessarily required of us to enter upon the subject with a sincere and truthful mind, void of bigotry, cant, or superstition; ever watchful, not forgetful of the injunction "Try the Spirits;" believing that God is love: finally it would be well if we were impressed, generally with the sentiments expressed in the following prayer purporting to come from a Spirit of the 7th, sphere, for the use of a Circle:—

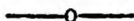
"Merciful and great God! Assist us to enter upon this subject with sincerity and faith; and permit our spiritual Friends, so far as they are commissioned by thy will, to attend us. Allure us by thy Holy Spirit from the vanities of the world, and free our minds from evil thoughts and influences. Create within us clean hearts O God! Cast us not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from us. Restore unto us the joy of thy salvation, and uphold us with thy mighty Power. Instruct us now O Lord, in that which is best for the good of mankind, help us to cleave to that which is good, and deliver us from all evil: for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen."

But it will be vain to expect that a prayer will act as a charm or talisman: prayer with the lips only, being nothing more than cant and hypocrisy. There-

fore let us not deceive ourselves — but endeavor to cultivate the best feelings of our nature in love and charity to man, of whatever class, creed, or clime, and we shall then be linked in the bonds of affinity, to those bright beings who have passed into the world of Spirits, who will bring good and truthful tidings from the higher spheres.

I have known several instances of sensitive Media experiencing injurious effects from rushing into the subject without due care and training; and I would urge the necessity of great caution, especially in the first stage of mediumship until the medium has gained an affinity with a high class of Spirit, or Spirits.

I am fully aware that media vary in quality, as much as individuals do in character; some being only acted upon for physical movements, such as table moving, tilting, or tapping; others for the higher class of manifestations, as writing or trance; some, for both mental and physical. To more than one sensitive medium, I have found attending mixed Circles injurious, where strong physical manifestations take place and where sceptical persons are present; and I have received spiritual communications corroborating my experience and stating that "Strong nerved Spirits" are generally the first to exercise their power over such media, and that those Spirits are not of a high class and are by no means considerate as to the injury they may inflict on a medium, provided they can shew their power to advantage.



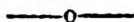
AN AMERICAN MEDIUM.



ONE of our correspondents, connected with the Charing Cross Circle, has kindly favored us with the following note, and which we have taken the earliest opportunity of laying before our readers:—

"I take this opportunity to inform you that Mr P. B. Randolph, the American Medium (of whom an article appeared in your Telegraph, No. 17, August 1856.) was present at our 'Spirit Power Circle,' Charing Cross, last Friday evening; and he delivered a most excellent Address, purporting to come from four Spirits of the 'Royal Circle' in the Spirit Heavens: which for power of language, and poetical feeling, surpassed any thing of the kind we had ever heard."

LONDON. JAN. 12th, 1856.



I HAVE witnessed *seeing* mediums, who see and describe with perfect accuracy spirits present, whom they have never seen nor heard of before; also *healing* mediums of almost miraculous power. *Governor Tallmadge.*

MOVEMENT IN LONDON.

(Circular.)

THE SPIRIT-POWER CIRCLE has been formed at Charing Cross, as being a central point for all the Members to meet, for the development of the phenomena of Spirit manifestations; and under certain restrictions, for bringing our friends and others to witness and examine for themselves, free of charge—it being apparent, that if the phenomena exist, they must arise from some latent law in the material world yet undiscovered, or from spirit action—if the one, it must be of immense importance to science to discover that law, if the other—of vital importance to us, for riveting on our intellects the practical belief that *we* really are immortal: and such manifestations of Spirit-power being shown to the scientific and literary leaders of the age, must produce a startling change in the future literature of the country.

A few plain arrangements or rules are made for guiding the seances; there are no paid officials—we meet as friends, having great and mighty objects in view: the first, to convince ourselves of the *reality* of Spirit-power, and the motive for its development; and the second to operate upon Society so far as in us lies.

Throughout London there are many private Circles, and phenomena of various kinds produced—but there being no centre—the incidents are lost—forgotten; there has hitherto been no combined movement by the leading friends of various sections of the church and no church, to meet as on common ground to relate what they have witnessed in their own private circles; and as friends anxious to have powerful manifestations, meet at a central point and act upon society.

The greatest difficulty we have to contend with is, the extreme timidity of mediums, they dislike to meet strangers—they lose sight of the value of the gift given them and the blessing they might be to thousands by convincing the leaders of society, of the truthfulness of the phenomena and the source from whence they spring.

There is also a tinge of selfishness shewn by some who have controul over good mediums—their hearts cannot expand beyond their own firesides—they are willing to get all, but give none; to such we would kindly say, “With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again.”

Doubtless circles formed in the leading towns throughout England on the principles developed in the circular would lay the foundation of a movement, which guided by spirit influence, would act upon the whole of society.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE XVI.

HEALTH unto all and life in the spirit, from the breath of Eloah !

In the glorious time of which it is given me to declare, the diseases which now afflict mankind shall depart away.

With the waving of the hands, with the wafting of the breath, in the glance of an eye, they shall flee and be heard of no more among mankind.

For holy palms shall be placed upon the aching head and it shall cease to pain, and the sacred oil shall be poured forth and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and afflicted.

And let all know, that even at the present time there is health enough upon earth, to drive away disease from humanity but love is lacking without which it cannot be cast out.

For love is the lamp of light and its oil maketh it to shine and therewith should we be anointed for the true life.

Unto all Health, and in the Heavenly Times on earth, strength and vigor power and bliss, from fourfold to tenfold.

Then none shall be barren but the vine shall be fruitful and the branches thereof many and the grapes large, round and sweet.

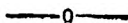
And the man shall increase the joy of the woman and the woman shall increase the joy of the man, and their pleasures shall be pure for they shall abstain at the appointed times and no more disobey the commandment of God, by partaking of the forbidden fruit which is in the midst of the garden of life.

And no more shall the body be sold for lust or for gold, and there shall be no adulterers in those days.

And none shall fear to have children or destroy the flesh of their flesh, for there shall be bread for all and the common wealth shall be the parent of the orphan.

And in those times the days of mankind shall be lengthened, and no more shall fourscore years be the limit of their lives but they shall say, of centuries, we know ye : we have seen your beginning and we shall know your end !

And when they depart, the elders shall fade in glory like autumn leaves, red and golden in the sunset; for Eloah shall put them asleep below, but that they may awake above.



COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED THROUGH THE COVENTRY MEDIUM.



THE following discourse was given by a spirit bearing the name of Bomor, through the "Coventry Medium," on Christmas Day, at the village of Collycroft, near Bedworth. A week or ten days previously we had been informed by the same Spirit, in writing, that such an address would be given; as also one by the Spirit of Shelley on the same occasion. It is our practice to commence proceedings with prayer and just as our invocation were concluded the medium was entranced and spoke as follows:—

"The principal portion of my subject will be the Blessedness of the birth of Christ. Yea my brethren, the birth of Christ was a most blessed event for he was truly the light of the world. He is now the light of the world and in the Spirit, will continue to be the light of the world.

God sought to reconcile the world unto himself in the person of Christ, for God was in him and spoke to the world through him. But like all whom God has sent to purify and redeem degraded man, he was persecuted and his doctrines misunderstood and remain so even to this day. He who was merciful and full of love above all men whose forgiveness of repentant sinners knew no bounds—has been represented as teaching a doctrine cursed above all doctrines the doctrine of eternal punishment of the individual sinner. Yea, in the boasted nineteenth century is the holy and forgiving Jesus held forth by his professional disciples as the teacher of a doctrine so unforgiving and full of vengeance! But I would ask you brethren whether that can be the Spirit of Christ that tells a brother if he does not believe in this creed or that, he will be damned to eternity? or if he, being weak, and frail, and human—and in some cases hardly knowing where right ends and wrong begins—dies in an unregenerate condition, will everlastingly be punished? No brethren, the blessedness of the birth of Christ consisted in his being sent to put an end to all doctrines of hatred and vengeance, and to teach those of forgiveness and love. He hated sin, but was merciful to sinners; and those in whom his Spirit dwells are like unto himself. Nevertheless he taught that sin is eternally punished, although the individual sinner is not. The Spiritual fire is eternal that consumes sin but it ceases to burn in the sinner when he is purged from his sin. This was the teaching of Christ, and it is a doctrine of truth and mercy and in harmony with all the works of God. Blessed in this, my brethren, was the birth of Christ.

(to be continued)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

No. 10.—Vol. 3.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1857.

[PRICE 1d.]

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?

HAVING forwarded to the minister of a congregation of Dissenters by one of his hearers, a circular containing the statement of a few of the modern proofs of Spirit acting on inanimate objects &c. In answer to the hearers enquiry "what do you think of it?" the minister replied. — "Even if these things have occurred as stated — what is the use of it? we have the Bible to guide us." To be sure we have, said the hearer, and so the subject was stilled, and by whom — by a man who says the Bible is enough, yet that same man, stands up sabbath after sabbath, and *preaches* about the wonders of the past, and God's dealings with man. We will take the weapon from him, and turning it against his PREACHING — say, "What is the use of it? we have the Bible to guide us." Yes verily we have, and if his congregation saw the force of the argument, and acted upon his precept; he would soon have to doff the gown and salary, and his preaching be a thing of the past. — Preaching! What is the use of it? A narcotic to mens souls, administered on an average twice on sundays, to keep the spirit numb for six days and then administer it afresh every seventh day, till fever and its satellites come and whirl the soul into eternity.

Preaching! What is the use of it? — To tickle mens spirits into a belief, that they are the chosen of God — elect — precious: — that the Planets, and their attendant stars, sweeping their fearful circles in immensity — that the earth we tread, with its mountains and its vallies, before which we are as a maggot to the Andes — that the eight hundred millions of the human family, basking in the sunshine of God's goodness, are the devils hell-girt fiends, who at death are to wallow in brimstone and fire, while the preachers pigmy flock — a few drowsy sleepy hearers — and the ditto of a few more ministers, scattered here

and there on a few yards of God's earth, are the ones the *only* ones, out of the vast assemblage of eight hundred millions for whom the sun shines—the stars roll in their courses, the—Earth sings aloud for joy, and Heaven is kept vacant.

Preaching!—What is the use of it? It wrings the mother's heart with agony that she has perhaps brought into the world, an immortal devil—she sighs in secret—prays in secret—fears in secret.

Four months ago, a Lady and a mother, I had never spoken to, stopped me in the street, and said—"I have lost my lovely boy—I did not think he was dying—I am afraid he is lost—I often feel as if I would destroy myself—O! I would give my life to know he is not lost:—They tell me you believe the dead can come and communicate with us:—*Can you get to know if my William is safe?*"

In answer to the enquiry—why she thought her son (a boy of 7 years old) was lost—her reply came out with choking earnestness—"I was brought up a Calvinist, and though my husband is a Methodist, and I attend his chapel, yet I cannot overget my fear, that my poor boy is lost." Ah, what does her mind conjure up in that word "LOST?" Preaching—what is the use of it? It has filled christendom with the wormwood and the gall of acrimonious contention.—It sees no beauty in its neighbors plans and doings for spiritual good.—It will not allow its hearers to mingle in spiritual exercises and philanthropic action beyond its own portals—and when a few enlarged hearts, endeavor to sink self and meet on a common level, under the phase, may be of an evangelic alliance, they get snubbed at—snarled at—their motives maligned—their plans by some positively, and by others negatively opposed, till the alliance becomes a name—a body without a soul, a soul without a spirit.

Preaching—what is the use of it? In the hands of a St. Paul—a Luther—a Whitfield or a Wesley—of men in *earnest* to reform the habits of the masses—of men who lay hold of the vital elements of man's nature—of his Spirit; and apply spirit knowledge—spirit teachings—Men that *FEEL*, and teach that *GOD IS A SPIRIT*—and angels are spirits—men at death are spirits,—that God's laws respecting spirit are the same now, that they were some two thousand years ago—men that *believe* prayer can be answered—that it *will* restore the sick—and if the sick, why not the lame? and if the lame, why not the blind—in fact without mincing the matter—that the *LAST WORDS AND ORDER OF CHRIST* still stands good—"Go ye into all the world, and *preach* the gospel to every creature—and these *signs shall follow* them that believe: In my name shall they take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them,—they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they *shall recover*: and they went forth *preaching* every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs. In the hands of such men, preaching vibrates through families—communities—kingdoms—Empires in the world of human life, feeling and reason. If the command to preach still stands good, the signs of true christi an "Preaching" are still required as a TEST.

Now comes the head and front of our attack upon him and they who say

"Even if these Spirit-manifestations have occurred, what is the use of them?" We reply—Set your house in order, for if there lacks the Test of your Preaching being truthful:—if there be no signs and wonders following, then—

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?

JANUARY 14th, 1857.

SENOJ.

SPIRIT-POWER CIRCLE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

TABLE 6 feet 8, by 2 feet 6, (of heavy Mahogany.) Tuesday evening, January 15th, 1857. Fifteen persons sat down to the table and nine remained in the room, not at the table. In answer to the question if all were seated right—the table tilted no,—number 3 and 15 were to withdraw—and No. 3 outside to come to the table, leaving 14 sitters.

The order of the seance is as follows:—From 7 o'clock till 10 minutes after—general conversation as to Spirit phenomena, and narrative of facts which have come to the knowledge of the members since last seance; from 20 minutes past 7 till a quarter past 8, for Spirit-power manifestation on inanimate substances; from a quarter past 8 till 9 for Trance, writing, music with instruments, Spirit hands &c.

The Bible is on the table, and at the commencement of the seance a short pause is made to allow the mental uplifting of the heart to God by the members through the Lord's prayer or otherwise.

It was reported, that on Friday last at a circle of three persons—two ladies and a gentleman, all mediums, two of them literary characters. The small round table they were sitting at, gently raised a little off the ground—soon after they placed the points of their fingers on the table and as their hands rose, the table rose till it was about ten inches off the ground: it remained there a short time and then gently descended to the floor. The names of the persons were given to the chairman but they were not to be published.

It was reported by a member:—That he attended a seance at his father's house last evening—the table after moving in various directions, turned edgeway and then rose to the ceiling—the father put his hand up and brought the table down.

MINISTERING SPIRITS: It was reported that the lady of one of the members being an invalid and whose case required *strict* attention to regimen,—last Saturday felt inclined to have a glass of ale, and while debating in her mind whether she ought to take it or milk—her eldest daughter, a girl under twelve years of age, had her hand much moved, and said "Ma, my hand is moved.—I feel as if I must write." What do you wish to write? I don't know, answered the girl.

She took the slate and pen then laying on the table and her hand wrote "Milk" Mrs.—then said "very well." The motion in her hand then ceased, and the girl went on with her sewing—of course the lady took the milk instead of the ale as directed.

It was reported by a lady present:—that after a seance at her father's house last evening—she saw a spirit hand in the sitting room, and at that part of the room pointed out about ten days ago, by a medium whose hand was raised from the table—lifted above his head, and pointed to a part of the room—in answer to the question, is this young lady a medium? Yes. What for? For seeing Spirit hands.

The time for conversation having elapsed, the question was asked, "Are our Spirit friends here?" The table was tilted three times, (answer for yes.)

Question. "Will you keep time if we sing 'God save the Queen'?"

Answer. "Yes."

The circle then *all stood up*, and placed their finger ends on the table,—the two legs of the table lengthways then rose and beat time correctly to two verses. The tune was then changed to "Home can I forget thee." Time was accurately kept by the constant rising and falling of the table. Several active minded persons began to put questions,—when the Spirits called for the alphabet and it was rapped out "Do not put so many questions?"

Ques. "Will you play the accordin to-night?" Ans. "Yes."

Q. "Who is to hold it?"

Three raps by tiltings of the table indicated the person, namely, Mr Randolph the American medium, but he refused to take it. It then rapped out 14, a lady who had only the previous evening been developed as a Trance medium. She held it some time but without effect,—she evidently was going off into trance but (as she afterwards told the chairman) she resisted the influence, as she was in the presence of so many strangers.

A medium present, stated he saw a spirit hand on the table before him, and wished the light to be put out, but two or three members objected to sitting in a dark circle.—The medium seemed vexed as he felt sure the circle would see Spirit hands.

The time for Trance had now arrived, but there seemed a deadness in the room, and it was not till a few minutes before 9 o'clock that Mr Randolph was under Spirit influence, and after stating that the Spirit who had promised to take up the subject "Sanity and Insanity" could not stay at the circle as we had not, at the time appointed, attended to the conditions as arranged at the previous circle,—but that he a "little Spirit" from the 5th, sphere would answer a few questions. He stated he was known on earth as a chemist—that his time was occupied in endeavoring to develop the power of the Gases &c., and after eloquently speaking and using telling similes, shewing us the necessity of obeying the directions of the spirits in the course of the seance, as they saw the nature of the emanations flowing from each sitter at the circle and had to arrange those emanations so as to produce a result to satisfy the circle. He at the close gave the name H. D. (Humphrey Davy.)

The foregoing is given, as from it many lessons may be learned by those who are anxious to have powerful manifestations at their circles.

PECKHAM, JAN. 21st, 1857.

J. JONES,

HOW I BECAME CONVINCED.

III.

I LEFT off in my last with saying that subsequent events would show how far my conviction became strengthened.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that I had mentioned my witnessing these phenomena to friends who claimed to be men of the world and men of science.

"I did not think you could be so easily duped," said one.

"What will be the next peice of pleasantry?" asked another.

"Well," said a third, "if it really is not slight-of-hand nor slight-of-foot, we can only attribute it to some occult operation of nature, some action of the nervous fluid, corresponding, as I conceive, to the sixth sense by which the mesmerists explain clairvoyance, with the co-agency of the newly-discovered odyle; depend upon it, that it is purely a physical affair. I should say that all the *mind* you fancy you see in the phenomena, you'll be able, if you keep both eyes open, to trace directly to your medium, as you call him, and indirectly to yourself and others about him. But, my dear fellow, in the name of all that's sane and sensible, don't talk about spirits, science has laid them long ago."

"You mistake about clairvoyance," I answered, "*that* has proved to me that science has not laid spirits."

"Well," my friend rejoined, "I confess I don't know much about that dreamy subject. I only know what scientific men say who write books about it. I stand by science and science has most undoubtedly, not only laid but buried spirits, and as to their ghostly ashes, let them rest in peace; and—pardon me—it seems to me not unlike folly to seek to disturb them in this nineteenth century of ours"

The only suggestion in these criticisms worthy of attention was this,—that the phenomena might be directly traceable to the medium's nerve power and brain-power as agents in their production, the co-agent being the all-pervading odyle. "In which case," said I, "the medium must *really* be in the clairvoyant state, although *apparently* not so: and he must *really* be in a state of unconsciousness although *apparently* not so: and although unconscious he must use the odyle,—that is to say, something of which he knows nothing,—most understandingly to

produce certain effects—surely effects being before unknown to him and beyond his understanding,—why, the scientific world, instead of distantly pooh—poohing such a living *phenomenon*, ought to rush in a body to look at him! At all events I shall certainly keep both eyes open while contemplating the enigmatical wonder."

It will be remembered that through the sounds or "raps," I was directed to come in two days, at 4 o'clock.

In the morning of the day appointed, it happened that I was called to a patient. On my return home, while speculating upon the probability of my being able to keep the appointment at 4 o'clock, my little medium presented himself, with,—*"If you please, sir, there isn't to be a sitting this afternoon."*

"How is that, Dan?"

"We've been sitting this morning and the spirits said so by the alphabet, and they said I was to come and tell you; and we are to sit tomorrow at ten."

"Very well, my boy."

It turned out that I was not liberated from my attendance on this patient until 6 o'clock:

At the sitting next morning I asked, *"Did you know of my inability to come yesterday?"* *"Yes."*

"In the unusual circumstances of the case, were the sudden thoughts I had suggested, by you?" *"Yes."*

"Can you give suggestions by the means before us in other cases?" *"Yes."*

"In the case of ———?" *"Yes."*

And through the alphabet, medicine, applications, and regimen were recommended, and—although novel—apposite and reasonable in the case. For me, however, it was a relief in any way from the boy would have been

While the communication was being spelled out; or as I prefer to call it, telegraphed, my friend E—walked about uneasily, and now and then left the room:—he had been for some time in ill health,—the communication to me was interrupted, and this was given,—*"E — sit down. Take a teaspoonful of ———,"* naming a particular medicine. *He* was not concerned, then, in producing the communication.

At this sitting, which was prolonged, I asked a series of questions, by the answers to which I hoped to be able to ascertain beyond doubt, whether there was the action of an intelligence not of the medium, and which intelligence could not be traced either to E. or myself, the only individuals visibly present with him,—answers requiring the instantaneous exercise of a critical judgement in medicine physical science, morals and personal action. The answers were not vague or hap-hazard: they exhibited all the characteristics I required. *"No"* was given where E. and I expected *"Yes,"* and *"Yes"* where we expected *"No,"* the alphabet being now and then called for by a definite number of sounds, and an explanatory communication given, marked not only by an informing intelligence, but by sympathy. One of my questions was, (believing I was addressing my father,—*"Will you give me a rule a maxim for my guidance?"*)—*"Yes. Pray be cheerful; and take carbon."*

I confess that I was much struck with this. I reflected:—Prayer implies my maintaining, on my own part, my filial relationship spiritually to God; cheerfulness and fraternal relationship morally to my fellowcreatures; my taking carbon has some significance in reference to my personal bodily state. Here, thought I, are the three elements of a model maxim,—the universal, the general, and the particular: the spiritual, the moral, and the physical.

While pondering upon the (as it appeared to me) intellectual and sympathetic character of this maxim, the alphabet was called again, and, as if in answer to my mental questioning, a short and simple prayer was given, and after the "Amen," came this:—

"Praise the Lord alone: yes, I will praise him! praise him all ye good Spirits: O, heavenly Father, O Lord, I will praise thy great name. Amen."

My thoughts now reverted to the carbon, then not known to me as a medicine and which I had been taught to regard as a valueless and inert substance taken internally: I asked, "Am I to understand that carbon would be good for me to take medicinally?"

"Yes," then a dose was prescribed. I asked now for the principle upon which it acted.

A principle was stated through the alphabet. *Question.* "Common powdered charcoal?" *Ans.* "No." Then some particular woods were specified, and by the alphabet I was told to prepare it myself, and how to do to prepare it:

"In the mean time, can I get none that you approve of?"

"Yes," and the address of a chemist's some distance off was given.

To do justice to this carbon question in its various aspects would require a volume instead of these few lines. If any thing had been wanting to convince me of the extrinsic and spiritual source of these communications, I had it in the attentive prosecution of this part of the subject.

By following this part of the maxim, thus conveyed to me, I have lost a most troublesome affection with which I had been harassed, in spite of every recognised remedy, for 25 years: on the most careful consideration I cannot attribute it to any thing else.

So much for the extrinsic intelligence exhibited in these manifestations. But 'intelligence' is a poor word unless we associate with it the idea of many degrees of elevation above the intelligence of any in this sphere. The 'intelligence' of the 'spirits' I found associated with an insight of principles and prescience of things to come, or foreknowledge of effects more profound than any man can pretend to, however intellectual and scientific he may be, unless indeed—as I know by my previous studies in magnetism—he be in the state of clairvoyance induced by human or by spiritual magnetism: but he is not *then* in the ordinary intellectual and scientific state, he has *then* transcended this and is in direct relation with the denizens of the spiritual spheres and is a *medium* for a higher or lower degree.

On this insight and foreknowledge I had frequent evidence. I copy the following memorandum to the point from my notes: Aug. 30th, (1853.) Dan came to me ay that at that evening's sitting the Spirits said the cholera would

be here in two months and that all were to take half a tea-spoonful of carbon every day, and that I was to be told." I made an entry as a test. (I now smile at my occasional gleams of scepticism with respect to little Dan.) Exactly two months, to a day afterwards the official notifications that the cholera had appeared in London were issued and I received a copy. There were many cases in my locality, some very severe. I noticed the value of carbon in a pamphlet I published the year following.

I looked for proofs of intelligence as coming from individuals not visibly present: I did not look for what are called physical manifestations: and yet something of this kind occurred at one of our earlier sittings which was curious. We had been sitting above two hours, and the sounds had become weak: E., asked if we should take farewell? "No."

"Can we do anything by which the raps may be stronger?"

"Yes, put a board under the table."

We laid under the table the lid of a small packing-box: the sounds were not much louder. Then we made out by the alphabet that a bit of tin was to be nailed on the board. This was done and it answered somewhat better. "Will that do?" I asked.

Answer by the alphabet: — "Gutta percha on the other side."

A piece was found and fixed with tacks. Again the apparatus was placed under the table, and with surprising effect now so far as facilitating the production of the sounds was concerned. I could compare the sounds to none that I had hitherto heard for sharpness, brilliancy and rapidity. But the board thus armed on either side, singular to say, did not remain stationary; it leaped about under the table, the most rapid dance-music — like what I endeavor'd to describe in my last — being as it were emitted from it all the while, and finally it was thrown a full yard from the stem of the table.

With respect to this apparatus I would remark that although tin is a better conductor of electricity than wood, gutta percha is a non-conductor. perhaps the apparatus had some peculiar odylic properties harmonious with the force proper to the spirits.

This seemed to be a trial of its capabilities. It having been again put under the table the alphabet was called for, and "call E." was spelled out: for — fatigued with the length of the sitting — he had left the table during the construction of the apparatus, and was now "taking a nap" in the adjoining room: being called he took his place at the table, and pleaded indisposition, requested to take leave. Having directed him to take a dose of one of their favorite medicines, the spirits appointed an hour for meeting in the morning, and gave their usual sign for farewell.

I resume my narrative in my next.

JAN, LONDON

J. D.

AN OPPONENT'S ATTACK.

At the National Hall Holborn, Mr Perfit well known as a Lecturer has been delivering a series of opposition discourses on "Spirit or table Manifestations." Last Sunday he delivered a most disgracefully scurrilous speech in which by an unmanly inuendo he attacked the character of "The American Medium" Mrs Hayden.—At the conclusion of the lecture (?) Mr W. Turley who was in the gallery, requested leave to ask a question of Mr Perfit who immediately cried out, "The rule of this place is to admit no questions, and I hope the audience will support the rule." Mr Turley replied "he had no wish to infringe but had it been otherwise would certainly have opposed much to the Lecturer's statements, but since *you* will not allow fair opportunity after making improper statements: I invite you to my next seance at St. Martin's Hall, where you shall have a fair opportunity to substantiate your charges." To this very just offer Mr Perfit replied, (Mr Turley, on request having given his name) "Oh, I don't mean to do any thing of the sort. I am not ready to fill your Hall, which I should do if I went, as many would follow me."

So here is a man who publicly calumnates a stranger, an American Sister, of whom he knows nothing, and then shielding himself behind a dirty expediency. This is an Englishman (?) who deals a covered blow at a woman's reputation which has not hitherto been proved dishonest, and then dares not defend his public statement. If this calumniator ever shows his face on the other side of the Atlantic he will no doubt find the Americans chary of their reputations. In England, we presume even the most criminal innocent and discharge him from custody unless proved guilty. The protection from scandal which even the law affords, Mr Perfit does not extend to this stranger, (we say nothing about her being a woman) he boldly insinuated she deceived poor old Robert Owen, using secret machinery under or about the table in an upstairs room.

Mr Turley however, who was not to be shaken from his purpose, again took St. Martin's Hall, specially to deal with Mr Perfit's statements and to expose his dastardly attack on a defenceless and distant woman. We trust the friends of truth will take care not to allow their own, or any friend's reputation, to be slandered away, while we trust they will equally give ear to intelligent opposition.

We understand that at Mr Turley's last seance, a stranger brought *his own table* to the Hall, to test the spirits, when lo! in ten minutes it run all about the stage having answered the gentleman's own mental query. The same gentleman, not satisfied, then demanded that at Mr Turley's next seance, he might be allowed to introduce a "Butcher's Block." Even to this Mr Turley assented, as he is desirous to afford the fullest and fairest opportunity to all fair enquirers.

WHAT DO THE PRESS SAY ABOUT US?

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Turley gave a lecture in St. Martin's-hall on spiritualism and table-turning. The lecture comprised a clear exposition of the usual phenomena supposed to result from supernatural agency, and was in many parts especially in describing the absurdities of atheism really eloquent. Considerable amusement was created by a sceptical gentleman who brought his own table for the spirits to operate upon. The challenge was accepted, and the experiments appeared to give perfect satisfaction. Both the lecture and tipping of the tables often elicited the hearty applause of the audience.—*Morning Star*, Jan. 15th, 1857.

BECOMING A MEDIUM—A short time since a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering sceptic, had become a devout believer in spiritualism, retired to rest after having his nervous system partially destroyed with the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirit on the table, indeed!

"Who's there?"

There was no answer, and the noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

"No," was the answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium: I'll try. [Aloud.] If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times." Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for

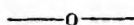
an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, taken his pantaloons down into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.—*Detroit Advertiser*.

RATHER AWEWARD FOR A SPIRIT; illustrative of the mistakes which will unavoidably happen in the "Spirit-land"

A gentleman was interrogating the invisible author of certain raps as to the disease of which he (the rapper) had died. With considerable natural diffculty and delay, this reply was spelled out—"consumption." The questioner looked somewhat dissatisfied; and a physician in the company, who was zealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there are a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name consumption. "That's all very well," said the questioner; "but it hardly applies to this case; for the man he professes to be, was *blown up in a steam boat*!" The rapper was too indignant to make any further revelations to *that* medium.—*Home Gazette*.

"Mr. TURLEY deliver a Lecture at St. Martin's Hall, on "Spiritual Manifestations," on Wednesday Morning. Persons were invited from among the audience. Tables were moved and rappings effected. The "Seance" was fairly conducted." *Illustrated News* December 20, 1856.



Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

In reference to the article headed "A Medium's Experience" in your last number (Jan. 21th.) it is necessary that I should, without delay, say a few words in the interest of truth. On this subject, truth and exactitude should be strictly required of all your correspondents. The bulk of the article is a professed narrative of how and why a certain circle, in which the writer was to have been a medium, was not formed, the cause assigned being the contumacy and evil-mindedness of the undersigned.

Scarcely a year ago it was proposed by myself and a few others, in order to enlarge the sphere of the usefulness of a valuable medium, (K. H.) to organise a good circle. A plan was projected in which the medium's "earthly partner" occupied a certain position; and at the eleventh hour it was discovered that his name *could not* appear in the programme. At his own request it was withdrawn. Then it was found that the medium herself was objected to by most of those who were requested to join. The objection was solely on grounds which I decline here to state. The projectors of that proposed circle have established the "Charing Cross Circle."

J. D.

[We have received several communications on the subject of our esteemed correspondent's letter, and we must confess that it was extremely annoying to us when we saw those, uncalled for, remarks in print. The apology we have to offer is simply this:—We received No. 3 of "A medium's experience" and perused it without seeing any thing objectionable in it but unfortunately No. 4 was printed without being previously read over. We shall insert one letter more

from one of the parties concerned and then the matter *must* end, so far as our columns are concerned. In justice however to Mrs. K. H. we ought to say, that, amongst the mass of complaints that have reached us, no one calls in question her mediumship, and with other matters, we can have nothing to do. Ed.]

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Communications from the Spiritual World.

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COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED THROUGH

THE COVENTRY MEDIUM,

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST,

—

[continued from page 123.]

In God all things exist, both that which men call evil and that which they call good. He is the one Supreme Head of the universe, and there is no chief devil to dispute the authority and thwart His allwise and unfathomable designs. Devils there are but God is Ruler over all. Satan is a part of God, not separate and distinct from him, and is that power by which he chastises the wicked that they may cease from sin and enjoy the blessedness of a holy life. But in God satan exists as the ministering servant of his fatherly and loving attributes; and not, as many think, as the instrument of gratifying a never satisfied, never ending vengeance in the bosom of our God. No my brethren it is not so: Satan or the devil dwells in God, but subdued and employed by his all-knowing wisdom and triumphant love. And man was created in the image of God. As satan dwells in God, as a part of the divine perfections, so the devil also dwells in man as a necessary part of his nature. And it is right, for it is the work of God. If man was born without any portion of the Spirit of evil he would be simply an unconscious idiot; and for him to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, is not to destroy all that which he calls evil in his nature, but to keep it ever in subjection to all he feels to be holy, pure, and true within him. His falling away from God and his blessedness consisted in the lower part of his nature usurping authority over the higher; and his restoration to peace and joy can only take place by the higher again becoming ruler over the lower, and not in its destruction, for it cannot be destroyed.

While Christ was on this earth he showed himself to be as perfect as man can conceive of God to be; and yet he like all men had his passions, but his love predominated and ruled over all other of his attributes. The lion as well as the lamb

was in him but they dwelt in peace together. It was the lion stirring within him that whipped the money changers out of the temple, reproved the wicked in high places, and enabled him to pass through the life of suffering and the death of agony he had to bear. Blessed is our God for sending such a being on the earth to be a light and example unto the world. Yes! blessed be God for the birth of Christ!

Brethren, the dispensation of love is about to take place; that holy dispensation that sages have looked for and longed to see. That blessed era is about to hallow this earth with its presence. Then, brethren, look to Christ as your example. Be as he was, act as he did; care not for the crown of thorns; care not for the cup of gall; but do your duty in faithfulness, in love and in freeness of heart casting yourselves on that perfect and divine Spirit who is your only help. Use wrath when in wisdom, it is necessary, milder means having failed; and hence, as I before said, we find our blessed Lord using this passion when he chastized the traders in the temple, and other evil doers; yet love was in his heart reigning over all his actions. Like him let love rule all your nature; like him rely on God for all things, working hard to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth and to reach that hallowed head of humanity, the man Christ. Strive to reach often that divine state which he came to institute; wherein none should say, this is mine or that is thine but all should be the Lords.

And now brethren I will draw your attention to another subject, the words of Christ to his disciples, refering to this last dispensation. He said unto them, I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now howbeit when he the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come. Brethren, that blessed Spirit has been operating on the individual heart in all ages, but as yet it has had no dispensation. It has not yet led mankind into all truth: but its time is speedily coming, and the chosen Medium of that blessed Comforter is now on the earth; yea even the Spirit of all Truth, whom Christ promised to send from the Father. He it is, as the instrument of the most Holy Spirit, that will establish the New Dispensation of Love. He it is to whom you must look as the Spirit of God in a human form, as the Apostles of Christ looked upon him when on earth. He it is to whom you must also look as the Centre and Organizer of this wide — spreading, glorious, but at present chaotic work of the Spirits: for without such Organizer confusion must continue, and one Spirit will destroy the work of another and perhaps better Spirit. The Spirit, brethren, must rule the spirit, and its Medium must judge the work of other mediums, or their can be no order. And ye shall know him by his works: and the beauty, the universality and truthfulness of his doctrines shall make his mission manifest unto you.

Now is the time when we the ministering angels of the third heaven the heaven of love, descend to teach men of the coming Dispensation of the Spirit. We know that Spirits from the Spheres have taught other and contradictory doctrines and it, for a time, was right; for God, who is over all hath a reason for all he doeth; and the false and imperfect even goeth before, and the true followeth after.

We who are now ministering and have ministered unto you, are ambassadors

from a Great Commander : and I, who now speaketh unto unto you, would solemnly tell you to cast yourselves the blessed Comforter ; for it is the Spirit of Christ appearing a second time on earth, to teach you those things which his disciples were notable to bear at his first coming eighteen hundred years ago. Yea even now there are but few who have ears to hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

And now a word concerning the Spirit of Shelley who will speak through this frame after me. He was a beautiful and blessed being when on earth, and yet in this nineteenth century he is still considered an infidel, by almost all your professors of religion. In this late period of the worlds history, when your nations ought to know almost all things, it is a sure sign of the wretched, sham, and fashionable character of your religious professions, when they call a man so loving, so beautiful in character, and so faithful to what he believed to be truth, an infidel. Blessed Spirit, blessed God, hasten the time when love shall rule for my very soul shudders when I think that a man like Shelley so loving and so true, should be designated an infidel !

Come O Spirits ! both aërial and celestial and talk and rap and write out of existence, these and all such false and wretched notions. And ye celestial ones descend and teach mankind the religion of the highest heavens and prepare the way for the New Jerusalem.

And now to God the Father of all ; he who gave humanity the tree of knowledge of good and evil ; the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, do I commend you all ; for he has a Father love for all his children, having made them after his own image. The trials you have to endure, the many evils you have to encounter, are no proofs that he does not love you ; for you must remember this world is a school and these adversities constitute the lessons of Good and evil, and prepared you for the life of other worlds.

Blessed God, one and universal. Creator, and Sustainer of all things look down upon these my brethren. Grant them power to cast themselves wholly on thee and to make the Spirit of Christ the rock on which to build their lives. Give them the Spirit of love, and resolution, and sacrifice of the son Jesus Christ. Amen."

He then went and Shelley immediately took his place. This Spirit (Bemor) has ministered to us many times and his teachings have always been characterized by extraordinary gentleness and love. Other Spirits have gave him the title *A Prince of Love*. Of himself, he says he lived as a man on the planet Jupiter ; but that he is now an inhabitant of the eastern quarter of the third heaven.

It will be seen that the address diverges considerably from the subject indicated by the title but as the name was that chosen by the Spirit I have thought it best to give it in lieu of one of my choosing.

(to be continued)

THE

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

AND

BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

No. 11.—Vol. 3.]

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1857.

[PRICE 1d.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

VII.

IN my last letter I detailed certain incidents establishing in my mind the conviction, that the responses obtained in the circle proceeded from an intelligence *not our own*; that the answers telegraphed by movements, or sounds, were, as they claimed to be, a mode of manifestation of spirit agency among us; and that in some cases at least, the answers or communications so obtained, contained *internal evidence* of proceeding from the spirits of those formerly known to us on earth, inasmuch as they revealed facts with which they were personally acquainted, but which were unknown to those present, in part at the time even to the questioner, the truth of the statements they made being verified by subsequent observation and enquiry.

It would be easy to multiply instances of this kind, but what need to multiply examples? *one* fact, if admitted, is, for the purpose of the argument, as good as a thousand; the same kind of evidence, the same principles of reasoning we apply to one case, apply to all. It is not by a cursory perusal of many similar facts, but, by the thorough analysis and examination of one or two, and the concentration of our faculties upon all the points which these present, that we are most likely to arrive at sound conclusions. I know that cumulative evidence is of great value; especially, in establishing the reality of an alleged class of facts differing from those with which men are ordinarily conversant, or, in en-

abling us to understand the true character of unusual phenomena : which, we may thus see under different phases, and examine by different lights ; but after all, facts and phenomena are of little value, except, as materials for thought, or at least, until thought has been employed upon them. If we do not thoroughly think them out, their multiplicity, instead of enlightening, tend only to bewilder and perplex us. Facts are the food of the mind ; and if not properly digested, serve only to oppress and enfeeble its action.

If any readers have made up their minds, not to accept as facts, anything out of their ordinary experience, however strong, clear, and unimpeachable the testimony in their favor, unless vouch'd for by the testimony of their senses ; or to admit them for true (as some say,) only in a subjective sense : they may as well give up reading altogether upon this, or any subject to which this rule of reasoning is applied : and if consistent, this will include much, perhaps more than they have bargained for. It would be a mere waste of time for them to proceed further : one can only say to them, as did Tomy Weller to his incredulous son "Wal Samivel go and see."

The opponents of Spiritism, must either deny the facts alleged by its advocates ; or, the conclusion they deduce from them ; no middle course is possible : now the general facts given in evidence are admitted, freely, fully, unreservedly admitted ; by its most searching and able opponents men of letters and of science, Philosophers and Divines have done so ; simply, *because they could not help it*,—because they knew, that no sane man who had thoroughly investigated could honestly deny them :—they could only write underneath *Q. E. D.* and proceed further. Those who have remained opponents after attaining to this result, have had no alternative, but, to combat the inference which has been drawn from the facts presented. It is because I have felt that among men conversant with the subject, this is now the only remaining point at issue : that throughout these letters I have not only stated facts, but endeavored to shew that these, and all facts bearing upon the question, lead inevitably to one, and the same conclusion ; namely, *that spirits may and do communicate with those on earth : that the facts lead us here, or nowhere.* We dare *disproof* of the facts alleged as the premises of our argument, and we challenge discussion on the validity of the leading inference we draw from them.

But "return we to our mittens,"—the narrative of facts ; one or two instances, in addition to those already cited, may still further illustrate the position maintained in my last letter,—that the responses obtained

in the circle are frequently such as *could not* have been transmitted from the mind, or brain of any one then visibly present.

A communication one day taking place at home, about what had been seen at Mr R's. circle, as given in my last, my brother said to his friend present, "Well Jack suppose we go there and see for ourselves." "With all the pleasure in life" responded Jack; laying down his meerschaum and puffing forth his last volume of smoke. Jack be it known between our selves, *en passant*, was a great connoisseur in meerschaums and at one time possessed a collection of them that a German Prince might have envied: further he did not object to "Old October", but his great *penchant*, was for the canine species: he had occasionally practised "gentle surgery" on their behalf, it was his glory and his pride to know all the "points" about them, and being somewhat of an amateur artist, he would indulge his "particular vanity" in painting sketches of his four-footed favourites, this amiable weakness was however unknown, and scarcely suspected by the medium, and greater part of the circle he was about to visit.

On his return, in answer to enquiries how they had got on, Jack replied "Oh stunning," and thereupon proceeded to narrate, that several short mottoes, or practical maxims, suitable to the character and circumstances of those to whom they were severally addressed, were successively given. When it came to my turn, I said, "Now let's have something good." The table signified in the usual way, a willingness to comply with this reasonable request. The alphabet was called over, the first two words signalled being "leave off"—two or three of the knowing ones, interposed with "Oh we know what's coming next, you're to leave off smoking." In this shrewd conjecture the table intimated they were mistaken: the next letter telegraphed was "d." "Ah! they had it now, he was to leave off drinking." No, wrong again. Well then we must go back to the alphabet. Upon doing so, "dog-fancies" was the compound word supplied; finishing as they thought the sentence. Jack opened his eyes to their utmost width, and when he had sufficiently recovered breath, said "Well I suppose that's all you've got to say to me." "No" it was'nt. "Well that concludes the sentence dont it?" "NO." The sentence was then completed, and it read. "Leave off dog-fancies, and study something better." "Well! could they tell him what was this something better?" "Yes." "Would they tell him?" "No." Probably they thought that they had sufficiently complied with his request to "let's have something good:" that they had given him enough for the present, and that it might be left to his own judgement to find out

something better to study than "dog-fancies." Whether he has found it or not by this time, I cannot say; but whenever the subject is alluded to in his presence, he kindles up and replies, "Well certainly, that was a rum go anyhow, wasn't it?"

I have detailed this incident at somewhat greater length than its trifling character may appear to warrant, because I think it shews, though in one short sentence, that the substance of the communication, was not only different from, but directly contrary to, the impression on the minds of all present; again and again, they felt confident, that they knew what would come next, and again and again, they found themselves mistaken; they guessed repeatedly, and in each case guessed *wrongly*, and in this case as in each instance, the advice tender'd displayed considerable knowledge, and discrimination of character.

On another occasion at the same family-circle a young man was present, whom I will call X. Y. Z. His age on enquiry was correctly given, and in answer to the question, where he was born, the name of a small French Town in the West Indies was spelt out;—a name with which all present but himself were unacquainted: he admitted that he was born, and had spent the greater part of his life there. A communication being asked for, he was told in French that he was, "*un jeune homme mauvais pour les dames*" and subsequently, the same evening, a communication was given, (as before by the table letter by letter) which was unintelligible to the circle. On enquiry "Was it in a foreign language?" they were answered "Yes." An interpretation was asked for, but instead of receiving this: X. Y. Z.'s proper name was spelt out.

"Does that mean that he can translate it?" "Yes." *le jeune homme*, acknowledged with some trepidation, that *he* understood it,—that it was in the *Carribbean* language, a language spoken by a tribe of savages nearly extinct with which he had become acquainted while in the West Indies. He however refused to interpret it, but subsequently, he gave the literal translation to a friend, from whom I received it. Suffice it to say, that it was in purport, similar to the one given in French. In narrating the story to his friend he added, "I also asked some other questions, and they hit me so hard that I can on't stand it any longer, so I took up my hat and bolted out of the house."

I had this account from the friend to whom X. Y. Z., communicated it; and also, (with the exception of the translation from the *Carribbean* about which they were still in the dark) severally, from each of the other persons present, and within two or three days of the occurrence: I could detect no discrepancy in their statements, their astonish-

ment was too unequivocal to be simulated or mistaken, and well knowing the parties, I feel sure that they told me what had taken place, just as it occurred. I will not darken the light of these facts by comment, let philosophers of the materialistic school, ruminate over, and explain them as they can.

OUR CIRCLE.

(*Extract from a letter*)

"In business, it is usual that men when they commence, make up their minds to jog on for six or twelve months day by day, week by week, with little hope of effecting more than laying a good foundation for future success:—The same holds good in Spirit-power-manifestations—earnestness and regularity of attendance by the members at the hour fixed, is of essential importance:—you must show your faith by your works, and after a few sittings you will have the commencement of that cloud stream of proofs, which only a few weeks before was little as a human hand upon the table; this is the more necessary, as in England, the difficulty of sustaining a circle is much greater than in America, owing to the bands of theological discipline being tighter, and mediums and others being threatened with many evils by church friends and others if they attend circles:—Our first months seances held twice a week were to our eyes comparatively a failure;—our second month's seances, have been interesting and encouraging;—our third month will be still more encouraging, and in the second quarter of our seances, the manifestations will come fast and thick;—Spirit hands—Bells ringing—Tables rising off the floor &c. but while looking forward into the future, do not let us forget to *examine the present*; look calmly at the facts.

1st. We have heavy mahogany table—6 feet 8 inches lengthways, rising off two legs, and beating exact time to music sung by the circle, stopping at the last note—How is this?

2nd. In answer to the question "Is any one to withdraw from the circle?" the dead unnervous Table rises lengthways and strikes the floor, the number of such strokes, telling the persons who are to withdraw; and the persons so pointed out have hitherto *always* been those whose

activity of mind disturbs the power:—and it also points out truthfully, those whose sensitive trance gifts would be injured by sitting in circle for Table manifestations. How is this? What or who produced it?—It is not sufficient to shrug the shoulder and dash off to another branch of facts, and that branch possibly one where debate can arise as to its affinity to mesmeric action—let us grapple boldly with the facts already witnessed at our circle,—that the table moves with vigour without muscular action, and that intelligent movements are so far as our eyes are concerned, *produced by an inanimate substance*. Let us act as men having reasoning powers, examine those facts and come to a fair logical judgement—do not let us be like children—interested a moment with the table rising, and then cry out for a new toy to be handled, admired and then thrown away for a still newer one—no—a man may read a hundred volumes or see a hundred facts, and be none the wiser; be as ignorant of the principles involved in what he has read or seen, as the passenger in a steam vessel is of the mechanism of the Steam Engine by simply staring at the paddle wheels while in motion.

JAN. 31st, 1857.

J. JONES.

THE LAST LEAF FROM OUR JOURNAL.

(For the Y. S. Telegraph)

LAST Wednesday evening a circle was convened at the house of Mr — in London. Mr Randolph, the American medium, had been invited. Extraordinary care had been taken so to darken the room that not a ray of light could enter it; and at 9 o'clock the fire was put out and we commenced a —

DARK CIRCLE.

As soon as the party, eleven in number, had got comfortably seated at a large round centre table, we asked for lights from the spirits whom we supposed were present; and in order to secure ourselves mutually from all chance of jokes, tricks, or larking, each person laid the hands so that they touched the person of each neighbor right and left. We had sat thus but a short time when multitudes of lights were seen by the sitters, and so light did the room become that the curtains, pictures and

carpets were seen by the observers. Lights in the shape of bright starry specks were frequently visible, and a column of greyish white light moved majestically from in front of Mr Randolph all around the table. At other times lights streamed up in a corner and passed over the head of Mr —, our host. This continued to be the case during the entire evening, and they became the subject of a warm discussion between parties at the table. And here let me observe, before I go any further, that in sitting for these kind of manifestations, not any thing in the shape of debate should be indulged in, or permitted; because it destroys the conditions absolutely necessary in order to successful practice in the rarer kind of Spiritual phenomena:—at least the spirits themselves tell us so, and I for one do really place implicit confidence in what they say in this respect. They say that there are certain laws or rules governing them, and which mortals must observe, or else no good results can take place: just like a delicate chemical experiment fails if the retorts be unclean or the utensil be out of proper order. I will resume this subject at another time, at present I will go on to describe what further took place on the night in question.

After we had seen a number of lights, a *human form* about two feet high; got on the table and stood fanning Mr F. but it vanished almost immediately.

The next thing that took place was very singular indeed! Mr P. the artist, sat opposite Mr. Randolph the medium, and directly between the two, appeared several times two rather indistinct and ropery human forms, which floated as it were together, and then mingled into one, and then disappeared in a sort of grey blue mists and as they did so, a bright star, intensely brilliant ascended from Mr F's head and seemed to pass through the ceiling. Streaks of light, and half moons now appeared in different parts of the room, and almost instantly thereafter Mr F. accused Mr W. junior, of touching him, which accusation was indignantly repelled by the young gentleman. But now came a great wonder, for a Spirit hand took Mr F's hand in its grasp and shook it till the house fairly trembled; it was the greeting of a dearly loved one, and affected us all very much indeed by its fond earnestness. It kept this up for at least five minutes, and Mr F. declared the hand felt as soft as satin. Permit me here to state, that a lady at the Charing Cross Circle, at which the same medium sat on the night previous, and at which, at his own request, both his hands were tightly held by two gentlemen, declared that the hand which reached her, was *soft as velvet*.

Well, to go on with the detail of wonders : after it left Mr F. it patted Mr Randolph on the head, and then grasped his leg tightly, to convince him that it was not fancy on Mr F's. part, but sound reality. After this, for ten minutes we had rappings, and then a gigantic hand and arm hung over Mr. P. the Artist. It was all the way to the shoulder, and was so plain that he examined the hand and declared it was perfectly white, *but had a red thumb.* This was then followed by another hand not so large as the other.

After the lights were brought in, we had the raps ; each spectacle was confirmed by the spirits through this means and after a pleasant evening the party broke up to meet soon again to renew the experiment. Here a question will arise, namely. "Was it not all imagination?" In reply, I answer—Imagination don't light up a room till pictures, walls, curtains and carpets can be seen, nor does imagination take a strong man by the hand, and shake it till the house trembles. Imagination don't tip tables weighing 25 pounds, nor does it spell out names nor rap out answers.

Last night, Mr Turley gave another lecture ; he was applauded frequently, and braved the scoffs of all who choose to fling them, by boldly defending the character of Mrs. Hayden, which had been maligned by one who ought to be ashamed of himself (Mr Perfitt, the National Hall Lecturer.)

Another Spiritual Lecture takes place next Thursday at the West End, of which doubtless you will see reports.

OBSERVER.

[Though the names of the parties composing the Circle are not published, yet our correspondent kindly furnishes us with them for our own satisfaction as to their reliability. Ed.]

LETTER OF Dr. ASHBURNER TO Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

[continued from page 95.]

The phenomena of thought-reading are so familiar to those who have studied mesmerism, that I shall not urge upon you the obvious explanation that is at hand, if the question be asked as to how the unseen intelligences read our thoughts and converse with us mentally ? I may find it as difficult to satisfy you on these facts as on the *undignified* nature of the celestial telegraph. Some persons turn from all mesmerism with unmixed disgust, and speak of its resulting from

Satanic agency; and it is not impossible but that you may feel so bothered with the thought of its marvels, as to consign it into the heart of your next edition of *Father Pinamonti's Hell*. Only remembre, that the accounts which have hitherto reached us of life in the Spheres is diametrically opposed to the descriptions of the holy father, and in no respect more so than in the delicious odours inhaled by the virtuous spirit.

I have a great difficulty to contend with in advocating the existence and powers of unseen intelligences, or spiritual beings, from the fact relating to the operations of the human will not being credited by great numbers of persons believing themselves to be philosophers. It may be that there is no possible mode of intercourse known to the inhabitants of the upper magnetic spheres than the employment of the will, a magnetic force or agent in the production of the raps, which appear to be when carefully listened to, vibrations or disturbances of magnetic relation between the molecules of the wood glass, or other substance whence the sounds would seem to reverberate. We know well that the guiding the hand of a writing medium is quite analogous to many an experiment that has been made by my friend, Mr. Thompson, of Fairfield and myself. If, in sitting in an omnibus, or in a railroad carriage, I have been able by the force of my will, to make a person sleep, and for the purpose of establishing the truth of the existence of this power I have repeatedly made persons fall asleep in these vehicles— if sitting near or opposite to a passenger, I have induced that person to put a hand into mine, or to do other ridiculous things—and I have often done this—I have established an important truth. I have often, by the exertion of my will, obliged a person, who was distance two miles from me, to sleep instantly, and to continue asleep from eleven at night until seven in the morning, thus influencing a poor wretched victim of insanity, for her good, not only at the instant, but setting up a train of tonic forces in her nervous system which lasted eight hours. I have, by the force of will, obliged individuals to come to me from places at the distance of two miles, hastening over the ground at a quick pace. I know that Mr. Thompson has done the same thing, the distance being much greater; and he has influenced persons to sleep at two hundred miles. In Mr. Spurrell's little book on the rationale of Mesmerism, a fact is recorded of a person being willed to come from Norwich to London. I do not find it so hard to believe that the spirit of my father can, by his will, guide my hand to write sentences, the matter of which was not only not in my head a second before, but of which most often I cannot guess the purport, while my passive hand is guided in the formation of the letters. If you had become a writing medium, and had communicated as I have done with old friends long departed from this earth, you would perforce cease to disbelieve in the phenomena, and you would derive enjoyment from the knowledge that those who were your attached friends still live, to be developed into intelligences even more pure and refined than they were here. Who could have been a finer or a nobler character than the late Professor Macartney, of

the University of Dublin? Large in intellect, he was necessarily free in thought. High in moral qualities, he was the most strictly honourable and conscientious man I ever intimately knew, and many a pupil and many a friend will vouch for his generosity and for the warmth of his attachment. His acquirement and his industry, such is the force of example, give a noble tone to the studies it was his lot to superintend. Is it not a source of exquisite enjoyment to be certain of being able to renew, even by the aid of the *undignified* telegraph, one's former affectionate intercourse with such a friend?

I had the misfortune to lose my father fifty-five years ago. Although, I was but a child, I have a vivid remembrance of him. By the natives of Bombay he was more than respected. He was venerated for his high talents, and for his great goodness. Is it nothing to feel that such an intelligence is able to make his ideas clear to his son? But you will ask, 'What proof have you of the identities of these persons?' This brings me to narrate to you the events of the first evening I spent in the presence of Mrs. Hayden.

I had always regarded the class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of ideality and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of phrenology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exist on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double failing of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square, in order to witness the spirit manifestation in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expecting to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was receiving a long communication from his wife, whom he had lost under melancholy circumstances of childbed, some years ago watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively, and with the severest scrutiny, I finally satisfied myself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters, of the alphabet, which, written down in succession constituted words, forming a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching terms, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvellous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication, I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and therefore he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

(to be continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

Sir,

I FELT much pleasure in perceiving that "A Medium" had commenced her experience in the "Telegraph," and had it been continued in the in which it was commenced, it might have been made both interesting and useful: but I am sorry to see, that in her last letter, the "Medium" has columns simply a vehicle for personal vituperation, chiefly directed : of your most able and zealous correspondents. The statements made : most either entirely, untrue, or the facts so warped and twisted as : to be very little better.

I do not say that your correspondent has written these things *knowing* them to be false; I cannot see the heart, and do not wish to judge of motives, but I speak of the alleged facts, and *knowing* them to be false, in justice to others, I feel bound to correct some of the misrepresentations made. That the "good Dr." as she has styled him, with more truth than irony, "grew cool" as : regarded her circle is true, but that he has grown cool regarding the cause, is disproved by the communications which appear in almost every No. of the Tele : graph. That the subject has "almost ceased to be talked of" amongst him and his friends I : know to be false: that "they had given up the idea of a society" is equally un- : true. The same No. in which her letter appears, contains a re- : port from the circle they have established. She has neither given "the exact words" of the Dr's. letter to her, nor "retained the sense of them." Her me- : nory in this, as in other respects has betrayed her. That the Dr. has not ostent- : atiously paraded : his name in print is true, if this is what she means by asserting : that he and his friends have acted "under a cloak." She should learn better : the meaning of the words she uses: whenever the interests of the cause may : require it, I will venture to say that the Dr. for one will not withhold his name.

The circumstances which led the Dr. and others to withdraw from her circle are incorrectly stated, they were partly of a personal nature, with these I and the readers of the Telegraph have nothing to do. Whatever they may have er they may have been, the Dr. has not obtruded them in print, has not published her antecedents : her domestic affairs, has not lampooned the members of her family: has not in- : her. No: he is too : terminated that "surely some evil spirit must have influenced : f personal grounds it : much of a gentleman for these things. But independent o : nearly all the mem- : became evident to the Dr. to H. B. myself, and I think : ere concerned, they so : bers of the circle, that wherever her personal feelings w : e than worthless. I do : far influenced the communications as to render them wor

not mean to say, or to insinuate, that this was done *consciously* by her, because I do not believe it was so. Perhaps "the spirits kindly suited themselves to the medium's mind," and saw the facts only as there reflected; and as her perceptions were frequently obscure and erroneous, the comments based upon these false apprehensions were egregiously misplaced and wide of the mark.

I do not wish to pursue this ungracious task further and have made those remarks not in any Spirit of ill will toward the medium far from it: my relations with her have ever been of a friendly character. I have frequently attended her circle, and I hope, received some benefit from the communications received through her mediumship; had any accusations which I knew to be false, been brought in print against her I trust I should have been equally ready to have repelled them.

In a note I received from the Mediums "earthly partner," less than a month since he writes to me concerning the Dr. and his friends,— "I pray most earnestly that whatever and wherever the cause of our separation may be, that it may be removed and that we may yet again be united together in the true bonds of love and friendship and that the coming year may bring forth more harmony and good works amongst us than the past has." To which prayer I most cordially respond, Amen. But I would ask the Medium to reflect in her comments whether her last letter is calculated to bring about that result. She proclaims in print that she possesses an affectionate nature. Does her letter convince it? And further, is its Spirit in accordance with those Spirit-Teachers which have so often been communicated through her?

I trust Mr. Editor, you will not allow these offensive personalities to again encumber your paper, as it will considerably injure its circulation, cause our present correspondents to withhold further contribution and be a scandal to the cause.

I am Sir,

Your, and the Mediums' obedient Servant,

A TRUTH SEEKER AND TRUTH SPEAKER.

—O—

Communications from the Spiritual World.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED THROUGH

THE COVENTRY MEDIUM.

AN ADDRESS

FROM THE SPIRIT OF SHELLEY THE POET, ON THE DOWNFALL OF EXISTING SYSTEMS, AND THE ADVENT OF A NEW DISPENSATION.

I am the Spirit of earth. But though Truth and Beauty trust. It is true I fear falls down and Yet my ideas of God earth I have learnt to be felt and seen by I doubted many things

of the poet, Shelley; he that was named an infidel when on earth I was so named I was no infidel, for I believed in Love and God; and God is Love, and in the power of that God did I ever doubt the being of a demon God, such as the world through worships. I did not believe in a God like this nor do I still. I and an after life, were far from perfect and since I left the earth and glories such as no human mind can conceive have been mine.

which I now know to be true; but my spirit was in harmony

with heavenly things, and revelled in the truths that were continually manifested to me: When on the earth I studied the Book of Nature, and strove to live as that book told me. I doubted the Book of Revelation, as many now doubt these revelations; but love animated my heart, and the desire for truth was in my mind. It is that love and desire which has exalted me to the third heaven, and blessed me with unspeakable bliss. It is love that saves and blesses every one that submits to its holy influence:

Live then O friends, the life of love divine!

To bless each other be your grand design.

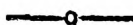
Seek to bless with your influence all things for all were made in love; and there is nothing existing that God had not a reason for its creation? Trust in the workings of his Allwise providence, and seek to do his highest will with all the powers of your souls. Live in communion with one another with angels and the Spirits of the just made perfect, and with our Father in heaven. Learn to live the life of that dear being, Jesus the Chief of man-kind, then you will take a delight in ministering to the welfare of one another, in things material as well as Spiritual. Then you will love to live and labor, and share in common—to take part in the common burdens, and rejoice in the common joys. When on earth I took great delight in contemplating the blessedness of that glorious time which I saw before me in the future, and I strove with all the abilities which God had given me to hasten its advent. Blessed time! I then felt an instinctive assurance that it was not far off; and now I know it is at hand. The decree has gone forth, God has said it, and it must be done! Fear not, strength from on high will be given you, and angels from heaven shall minister unto you.

And now I will say a few words on the mode of worshiping God as pursued by the world at large. Brethren, I am in truth compelled to say it is a base and terrible sham. I say this and I know it, that your Churches and chapels have become in a great measure places of fashionable resort, that they are spiritually dead and have little or no hold on the spiritual nature of man, and therefore it is that God manifesting his will to these humble seekers after truth who belong to none of the dead churches. Therefore it is that in those latter times He has taken the gifts of his Spirit from them and is giving them to the honest of heart and truth loving in mind who belong not to their communions. Real infidelity my brethren is in the churches? they profess with their lips, but their hearts are far from God and his ways. They will have none of him except he consent to manifest himself as they desire he should and not as he himself chooses. And I would ask whether this is the way to reach eternal blessedness? I answer no it is not. It makes my very soul sick to think of the sham surface religions of the nineteenth century. Progress in arts and sciences there is, but true progress does not consist in those only but in the practise of love and in the knowledge of divine things. These should go hand in hand together with the progress in a knowledge of natural science: then would progress be real in both directions, natural and divine; and not as now, true in one aspect and—in the churches—false in the other. But

the time for this division between science and revelation, heaven and earth, Spirit and matter, is drawing to a close. Praise God and rejoice, O my brethren ! for he is raising up a people—despised by the churches, laughed at by the philosophers of matter—to whom he has committed a great and mighty work, the greatest ever done under the sun. This people will have wisdom and power to unite that which has hitherto been divided. This people will read, study, and believe, both the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation ; and all who do not do so but ignore or deny the claims of one or the other, must of necessity be very imperfect and bigoted. To be truly wise and charitable, to make real progress and to be perfect in character, both must be believed as realities, and their lessons be the guide of life. Yes, my brethren, God is preparing a people who will do this : and though in disorder at present, and not able to read aright in many matters the signs of the times, or to understand in what direction events are conducting them ; yet they are in his hands, and out of their midst will he raise up the church of his Holy Spirit, full of gifts and blessedness. This Holy Church, full of life and Spirit, will supersede your dead churches, filled as they are with the rottenness of the past. Bodies they are without souls to preserve them from corruption ; and even now they are falling to pieces on every hand although the wisdom and ingenuity of their supporters are being exercised to the utmost to keep them from decay. I say this, and I know that I speak Gods truth, that these churches must die ! their mission is drawing to a close and their abominations have sealed their doom.

I know a rich man—rich in this world's goods ;—and he is a type of many,—and he thinks he is very pious and holy ; and he thinks he shall reach a state of eternal blessedness ; and yet this same rich man has left a number of poor individuals, with whom he once associated, to enjoy his luxuries alone. These individuals were honest in character and intelligent companions but they were poor and he rich. And thus it is that poor mortal man, with a few more of the glittering baubles of earth than his fellows, thinks it too great a condescension to associate with his perhaps better and wiser brothers who have them not. And this is the practice of those who frequent your churches. How if God and his holy angels refuse to associate with these self-righteous pharisees when they enter into the world of Spirits, helpless, naked and poor divested of all the riches of this world in which they prided ? O how will their hopes be disappointed if they remain in such a state ; O hellish state of society ! and yet it might be a blessed earth were it not for the devil of selfishness that animates the breasts of your religious professors.

(to be continued)



THE
Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph
AND
BRITISH HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

No. 12.—Vol. 3.]

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[Price 1d.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.

Those who fasten their attention on some minute portion of a subject, that does not accord with their notions of the dignity of Spirits; remind me of a person viewing the Apollo Bellædere statue, and forgetting or overlooking the symmetrical proportions of it as a whole, fasten, point and carp at some trifling flaw in the marble, and make it a charge of want of skill against the sculptor:—forgetting or pertinaciously refusing to look at the statue as a whole,—at the numerous evidences of skill and of mind displayed:—such persons bluster and seem afraid of drawing their eyes and thinkings from the marble blemish.

In like manner the “spirits” of our deceased friends have the defects of matter to contend with in producing their powerful proofs of mind and existence.—Candidly and thoughtfully examine the subject.—It is said, “It is below the dignity of spirits to come and rap or make noises on tables.” Not more beneath the dignity of a spirit, than it was below the dignity of “our Saviour” to come and lie in a horse trough as an infant, among hay; cows and other cattle in an outhouse; but again, think and tell us what better plan could you devise.—O says one—“If they would come and with a voice somewhere in the room converse with us, I would think *that* proof.” Would you? My answer would be “*Ventriloquism.*”

Another plan suggested is—“Let some one be thrown into an insensible state, and then in trance tell us who is seen and what is said.”

'The answer is "*Heated imagination.*" Again, "let the Spirit enter a person, as in Ezekiel's case; and speak audibly so that we could hear." 'The answer is—"O the ravings of a fanatic or a fool:" hail him off to Bedlam. Again;—let a person suddenly have his hands acted upon, and let communications be written beyond the power of the person, and then we would see something more convincing—more dignified." Nay friend—that species of developement would be attributed to deceit or to "*unconscious action of the brain.*"—Any other dignified suggestion? No.—Then the result of the review of means, is to come and acknowledge that a *table* is the symbol of harmony:—Round the table the family sit and enjoy themselves—at a table signatures are attached to deeds that give and take away property:—Range the house, and you will not find an article of furniture so well adapted for avoiding the objections of the caviller.—If from that table, no sounds have ever been heard to come,—then suddenly, while wishing for proofs of the existence of human beings after the death of the physical body unusual sounds *are* heard—sounds of various tones, and on asking questions, as if though blind, we were conscious of some one in the room; we, by telegraphic signs, get communications relating to facts connected with the past that are known to those sitting at the table, and again facts not known, but on enquiry afterwards are found to have transpired:—The sitters have evidence of an intelligent power acting and producing sound *independent* of any one visible in the room,—and the raps are no more frivolous, foolish and derogatory in dignity, than those of the wealthy noble, who announces his presence by using the knocker on our doors,—a peice of wood which if taken off its hinges, and four legs put to it, would look wonderously like a table, the rapping operation on which is so thoughtlessly scoffed at.

Let us probe this "rapping" a little further.—Noises of any kind are produced by sudden vibrations on the air which we call sound: How is the vibration created? Ask the man, and he says "I used the hammer, and sound was produced"—conveying to the mind that his arm and hand did it through the hammer:—Suppose that man was struck what we call dead and then ask him to strike. There is no response; but, if you galvanise that hand and arm it will strike and produce sound. Then it is plain, it was not the arm and the hand or the hammer that was the motive power but you have to confess that it was the unseen essence flowing out from the battery whether galvanic or animal:—but it needed the Spirit to arrange the forces in both cases to produce the vibration. Material substances placed in certain positions

produce sound—the action of cold upon heat often produces sound like tickings on some substances, and let us rise from man's puny efforts on the imponderable elements—and compare them with the leviathan throes of nature in a thunderstorm—the lightnings flash is succeeded by the roar of the thunder, till man and beast and bird is awed into silence;—and that power is so condensed that its bolt is strong enough to shiver in peices the castleated turret of the proudest potentate that ever breathed.—If so, is it a mighty, a wonderous thing! that man who now examines his physical structure, and leaves the analization of his more subtle nature from his want of power through his physical eyes to see and understand its elements; should, when disenthralled from that body, and acting through a more ethereal substance; endeavour with his new powers to analyze that substance and the elements it ranges in, with as much avidity as heretofore; and by such examination make discoveries as interesting and important as any in our world, and then endeavour to bring those discoveries to practical use. What therefore is there so very wonderful in Spirits bringing their superior knowledge of the essences of nature—call them the imponderable elements:—and producing vibrations or sounds near where we may be sitting. One thing is certain—that we are not endeavoring to support a plausible theory. The FACT stands out boldly, and is ready to be attested by thousands upon thousands of persons in America, and hundreds upon hundreds of persons in England; that various toned musical sounds are heard, as if proceeding from the table, the floor, or the walls, and when the alphabet, like the telegraph, is brought into play—intelligent, correctly worded sentences are produced, calling to the remembrance of some sitter at the table, some event long forgotten, which with other circumstances produce conviction to the mind, that a living, intelligent, unseen Being is producing the sounds which we call

SPIRIT RAPPING.

PECKHAM.

J. JONES.

ANTI-SATANIC AGENCY.

“IN ALL circumstances remember to give thy Father in Heaven the first offering and the last thanksgiving.

Until thou art perfect, judge not. If a brother err, pity and help

him. If he do good, go thou and do likewise.

Learn to wait until thy spirit speaks, then thou wilt find very little spoken to recall.

The instant light flashes upon thy brain, the machinery moves under its power, and the result proves its power and clearness. But if the light comes not within, how can it shine without?

Always remember that silence is preferable to error. The former is on the level, but the latter is below the surface of truth.

The proper balance of mind is only obtained by having the Intellectual or Reasoning faculties completely under the control of the grand regulator, SPIRIT. In those men whose regulator is out of order, the tendency is to run into absurd extremes.—*Linton, in Trance.*

SPIRITISM AT St. MARTIN'S HALL.

Ox Thursday last Mr Turley held his third seance at "St. Martin's Hall," London: the gentleman who had challenged the Spirits to move a "Butcher's block" did not attend.

As the lecture was given specially, to afford Mr Perfitt, of the "National Hall" Holborn, an opportunity of explaining his *cowardly* attack on the character of Mrs. Hayden, and he did not attend, Mr Turley observed, that "instead of doing the smallest justice to this unoffending stranger, Mr Perfitt, last Sunday, at the same place, re-commenced his subject by introducing one of the most *bestly, bawdy, filthy, disgraceful* anecdotes which ever fell upon the ears of a public audience, some of whom, after which, felt *no* surprise at his dirty attack on the "American Medium," for a foul mouth is shaped to slander. How his audience tolerated so disgusting an exhibition is the wonder. I have been before the public," said Mr Turley "many years, and I defy it to say that one sentence ever fell from my lips at which the cheek of innocence could blush. My object has ever been to elevate, not destroy, virtue, and if unsuccessful in imparting wisdom, will not soil my listeners ears, or my own mouth, with filthy tales and slanderous accusations, but this Teacher, (of filthy thought) this despoiler of youthful purity, told his audience *not to come here* for fear they should put money in my pocket. Generous men do not act meanly. I am content to tell such truths as I have, even at money loss. What is Mr Perfitt's object in bringing dirty trash before the public? No one would sus-

pect this specimen of lecturing purity requiring payment for *his services* ! He of course teaches his balderdash, and imputations, gratuitously. ("After this we cease to notice this dirty minded, foulmouthed, calumniator."

Mr Turley has been very successful in eliciting phenomena before his audiences : more than could possibly be expected by those who know the difficulty of obtaining results before a mixed meeting. His wish is to place the matter in the clearest light before the public, and he always invites it to inspect his tables, or if it pleases to bring one, he endeavors to operate upon it. The abuse showered upon the facts does not destroy them ; but as imputation is easier than investigation and as mankind is ever sensitive, when its long standing conceits, meet with the opposition of realities—then is its self-esteem mortified, and sends forth harsh names. Moreover every observer is aware, that imposition will creep in with every truth—and Spiritists are no more amenable for this than the science of medicine is for the numberless quackeries which cling with parasitical tenacity round its great truths. The investigators and believers in these phenomena must be prepared for abuse, and then reward will be found in their own consciences. Patient investigation and manly endurance, are the requisites of truth. With these your (now) oponents will, sooner or later, come to respect you. If you detect imposition, at once expose it. This duty you owe to your convictions,—to the truths which are so fully, so beautifully in your possession.

With the unborn future trifle not,
To thee is each time,—moment, precious,
It is thy life, oosing forth at ev'ry stroke
Yon dial makes. Unsoil'd keep thy soul
By gold ill earn'd, that diamond truth
May thus emblazon thy head, rever'd.

BIGOTRY OVERCOME !

In Lancaster—Spiritism has again burst forth stronger than ever. The Independent local preacher who was scratched off the preaching'plan by his deacons (one of them called Spiritism—hellish ! devilish ! and each joined in declaring that it had injured the work of God largely in America, or as we should say, had free'd the people from their Calvinistic chains.) on a charge of spirit rapping, has been restored in a full Church

meeting by a victorious majority; and the tables are being encircled every night by earnest inquirers. There has not been less than *seven mediums* developed in Lancaster and Spiritism is the talk of the place. All honor to the brave victorious majority for their manly determination to oppose the exercise of tyranny over the conscience of a truth-seeking brother. May their example prove a warning to the intolerant among all sects; also may it prove a beacon to those who have hitherto neglected, through fear of the ecclesiastical chains, to investigate those marvellous phenomena.

LETTER OF Dr. ASHBURNER TO Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE,

[continued from page 152.]

I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successively placed myself in various chairs, in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself, relatively to her, in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and in fact, I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness or folly to suspect her of any fraud or trickery.

There are so many people who think themselves uncommonly clever and astute when they suspect their neighbors of fraud and delinquency. It may be wisdom to be not too soft and credulous, but depend upon it the statistics of the existence of roguery and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be bad enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than of evil in the human heart—I should say in the human brain—society would not hold together as it does. I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villany and knavery of his brethren, as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of surrounding circumstances operating upon the bad moral organisations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pitied than blamed. As for Mrs. Hayden, I have so strong a conviction of her perfect honesty, that I marvel at any one who could deliberately accuse her of fraud.

In order to obtain an experience of the phenomena in the safest manner, I asked Mrs. Hayden to inform me whether it was requisite to think of one particular spirit with whom I wished to converse. 'Yes.' 'Well I am now thinking of one.

It was the spirit of my father whom I wished to enlighten me. No raps on the table. I had anticipated an immediate reply, but there was for awhile none. Mrs. Hayden asked if there was any spirit present who knows Dr. Ashburner? Immediately, close to my elbow, on the table there were two distinct successions of gentle rapping sounds. The next question was, 'Was the spirit he wished to converse with present?' 'No.' Was there any one present who would endeavour to bring it? 'Yes.' Are the spirits who rap near Dr. Ashburner friends of whom he is thinking? 'No.' 'Will they give their names?', Yes.' These replies were signified by rappings to questions put, some audibly, some mentally. Mrs. Hayden suggested that I should take up the alphabet, which was printed on a card. I took the card into my hand and pointed at each individual letter with the end of a porcupine quill—my friend Mr. Hoyland, the gentleman of the house, kindly undertaking to put down on paper for me the letters distinguished by the raps. When I arrived at a letter which the spirit desired to indicate, a rapping took place; but at all the other letters there was a complete silence. In this manner I obtained the letters successively ANN HURRY, the name of one of the most beautiful and accomplished, as well as pious and excellent, persons I had ever known. I had not seen her since 1812. She married two years after, and died in 1815. My father and most of the members of my family had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with several branches of the Hurry family, and I had, in youth and childhood, known Ann and her cousins, as companions and playfellows. By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavoured to describe, I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years, I learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit world. My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings that I heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was ELIZABETH MARRICE, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister—another almost angelic being while on earth, but now, with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in Paradise. The authoress of the 'Invalid's Book,' and some other works testifying to a pure, gentle, and refined taste, conversed with me awhile; and at last a louder and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained by the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit home, and the raps indicated '7th September, 1793.' I asked where the event took place, and I obtained the answer 'At Bombay.' I asked his age at the time, with many other questions the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversation with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him, which I subjoin:—

'My dear Son,—I am delighted to have this privilege of communicating with you,

hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject, to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you, and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of heaven and earth. It is He who permits us to make these manifestations, through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. *Do not doubt* what I now say.

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM ASHBURNER.

I am giving you a short narrative of the first part of my course of experience of the spirit manifestations. It is important not to be too diffuse. I am desirous of showing that if the subject be investigated in a calm and bold frame of mind, there is no danger of the bad tendencies which have been so fiercely deprecated. I may not be able to prove to you, and to such as yourself, that there is a sufficient amount of facts to satisfy you of the existence of intelligences absent from the immediate sphere of our own cognisances, but I have at all events been able to adduce to you a number of curious facts; and if these and more such be tied together in bundles, so placed as to affect the phrenological organs of a vast number of brains with the attractive force of agreeable conviction, many of the ideas advocated by the *Reasoner* will have a chance of being displaced and forced into the category of negative existence. To take up the impossibility of future existence, is to deny that we are beings of limited capacities, and to arrogate to ourselves the power of finality. No weakness is so ridiculous as that of fancying that we are arbiters of events—that our *will*, exercised by organs that soon shall rot, is to determine the fate of a holy truth. How ardently does the bigot fancy he is right. Sincerity may be his merit, if ignorance be the cause of pardon for a foolish sincerity. A new truth, a new event, which, established into a fact, is a new light, makes the antecedent idea pale, and it vanishes before the force of new conviction. I cannot express to you the influence on my mind produced by the facts, rapped out by alphabetical signals, that my spirit friends Ann and Elizabeth, knew of their cousins Hannah and Isabella having called a few days before at my house at twelve o' clock, and that they knew I was going from Mr. Hoyland's house to 17, Palace Gardens, Kensington. They knew the persons I should see there; and on being asked if they were acquainted with any other persons residing in Palace Gardens, Ann replied to me that her cousin Henry Goodeve lived at No. 2—a house he had not long before purchased. If these be not facts demonstrative of a future state of existence, in which friends of former days are now cognisant of the events occurring here, I do not know

what will be sufficient to force your mind to a conviction. But these are only a small part of the numerous proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have, in subsequent *seances*, had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding this earth — intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turned out to be marvellously true.

Had I been inclined, I could have made an equally absurd affair of this serious inquiry, as some have succeeded in doing. My taste does not lean in that direction. When I am convinced that I have a good grip of a bold and sacred truth, it is not an easy matter to shake me from it. I have tested the fact of the spiritual manifestations most minutely and carefully, and I grieve for those who have concluded against it from a touchy disposition not to accept a truth simply because it does not originate from self, or on account of any other weak and personal consideration. It is easy to go to simpletons and say your neighbour is a credulous fool, and the simpletons believe it; because perhaps they have never seen a mesmerised somnambule, under the influence of a magnetic impulse from the finger on the organ of self-esteem, obliged to utter the same class of words. You in your articles on 'Those Rapping Spirits' were influenced to trot in a groove on the point of *dignity*. Some *infallible* judges of dignity there are who cannot perceive in mankind any other high qualities but those of cunning and acquisitiveness. Man is a strange compound, and to the philosopher it is a curious subject of reflection how very trilling in themselves are the motives which make the wisest rush into the most foolish and illiberal courses. It is unnecessary, after the notices of the spirit manifestations in subsequent numbers of your periodical, to dilate on the deficiencies of philosophical taste that have characterised some of the would-be-considered investigators of the subject. I may say that when I have been impelled by the lower feelings of our nature to feel desirous of attacking them, it has happened invariably of late that I have had affectionate warnings from the Spheres not to be guilty of the error of hurting unnecessarily the feelings of my friends. You will acknowledge that if the tendencies of spiritualism are to make men more tender towards the failings of their neighbours, and more mindful of the obligation they owe to kindness and friendship, those tendencies cannot be very dangerous, or evil, or pernicious.

With every good wish, I remain, my dear Mr. Holyoake,

Yours truly,

JOHN ASHBURNER

40, York place,
May 26, 1853."

To this letter Mr. Holyoake has, as yet published no reply. Neither has he given any direct judgment upon it, though, in certain paragraphs subsequently inserted in the Reasoner bearing his initials, unmistakable indications are given of his continuing "of the same opinion still," with reference to the general question involved in these 'Manifestations.' The evidence of such a man as Dr. Ashburner, however, is of too weighty and forcible a kind to be without effect, and that its effect might not be confined to the ingenuous readers of the Secular Gazette, I obtained the leave of its accomplished writer to introduce it here to new circles of acquaintance. I may not conclude this reference to it without saying, that my own experience amply confirms the facts mentioned by Dr. Ashburner, relating to the power of the human will, the perceptive capabilities of persons in the mesmeric state, the light issuing from organic bodies, and, generally, all the facts of mesmerism to which he adverts

Ed.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

Permit me to recount some of the wonderful things which I have witnessed in London during the past five weeks; and as a commencement, let me say that two months ago I scoffed at the very things which I have since, by spiritual agency, been rapped into. My soul attracted by reports of the great things said to be done at Mr Tiffin's in the way of manifestations. I went there, and saw tables jump about as if alive; I also saw tests given. One night, a lady sat at a table, and a gentleman asked for a test, and, producing his watch, he demanded of the invisible agent what it contained; and it rapped and tipped out "a memento of a dear friend—hair," which was true, and I never doubted spiritual agency after that. Another evening, a speaking medium, lately from Egypt, an American I believe, by the name of Randolph, was there, and fell into a trance: the spirit purported to be that of Emma Martin, whom the medium had never seen; but she proceeded to give tests of her actual presence by recounting facts, naming parties and referring to incidents which had previously occurred. She then proceeded to address the company in poetry, using such exquisite language, that every one of us was completely charmed, and an eminent person that was present, declared, that if there was acting on the part of the medium, it was the best he had ever heard or seen anywhere. Several test answers to mental questions were given by the same medium to Mr Cavanagh which questions, besides being *unspoken*, were put in a foreign language; yet it made no difference, they were, in every instance, correctly answered. Mr G. Mr Wallis, and Mr Whitaker also got many mental questions and tests answered.

Mr Turley has surprised London recently—surprised it greatly by his action in reference to these great truths: for not only has he given several lectures and scances of rapping, tipping &c. in St. Martin's Hall, but has also publicly challenged all the world to defeat him if it can, and shew any other origin than the spiritual for the wonderful manifestations now taking place. He gives another seance this week, and intends doing so, till people change their sentiments in regard to these new things now taking place.

The Strand Circle is progressing finely: they have had slight success in the way of *Spirit lights* and hands, playing the accordeon and so forth, by spirits: and no doubt if Mr R. could remain in England, we might be able to witness the same phenomena that is said to attend Mr Hume. But as he leaves for the Orient soon, we must look and hope for other media of the same kind. One thing is certain, all England must soon be awakened in regard to these wonderful proofs of the life of man's soul beyond the grave; and what may we not expect in the way of reformation?

Mr R. was persuaded to prolong his stay in London for a few weeks, in order that parties might hear him. He has not spoken in public, that I am aware, nor do I know that he will, which is to be regretted. His health is very feeble, so that he cannot be expected to live long. It is understood that he returns to Egypt very soon for that reason, and hopes to visit Persia, India, China and Japan, in order to finish a great philosophical work on which he is engaged.

He speaks in the trance and wakeful states, and is wholly educated by Spirits; and is so completely under their control that even his slightest movements are determined by them.

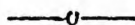
He spoke several times in the Strand Circle to a delighted company. There is also another movement here among spiritualists, of which I will soon inform you. There are many mediums in London of great power for speaking, writing, rappings, seeing, and so forth, and they are increasing rapidly in the City, and I suspect, over the whole country likewise, at which I rejoice.

Mr and Mrs. Wallis, conducted their seances at St. Martin's Hall so fairly that several of the papers spoke in very commendatory terms thereof, which I think, is no very bad sign of which way the Spiritual breeze is blowing. As for me, I am a happier man since I accepted these new, but soul-saving truths! I have recently been introduced to several influential Circles, and all facts of note transpiring therein, I shall not fail to note for your paper.

Hailing the truth of Spiritualism as a new saviour, believe me, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

A Looker on in London.



Communications from the Spiritual World.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED THROUGH THE COVENTRY MEDIUM.

AN ADDRESS

FROM THE SPIRIT OF SHELLEY THE POET, ON THE DOWNFALL OF EXISTING
SYSTEMS, AND THE ADVENT OF A NEW DISPENSATION.

[continued from page 154.]

Yet God will bless mankind with the fullness of righteousness and truth. Yea, God has blessed his creatures from the very beginning, even in his severest lessons of wisdom. He has breathed a blessing on all his works, and pronounced them good.

God sent a blessed light into the world, in the person of Christ and the great ones hearkened not unto him. God has again sent another light even the Paraclete and men of the churches and the great ones of the earth have hearkened not unto him; and therefore God has sent Spirits to testify of his work, and prepare the hearts of the people for the coming change. In this new dispensation all will live the life of love, and man will see and believe that God's care is and ever has been over all his works. Yea, I am as certain of this coming time of love, as I am of the reality of the third heaven; — a time when all will commune with the Holy Spirit, with the angels of heaven, and with one another. Yea I see it coming and my Spirit rejoices!

Now must I leave this frame for the Spirit of the medium to return. But before I go I must pray the Father for all present; and remember it is the Spirit of the poet Shelley who was once on earth, but now has gone to rest.

O Father! breathe a blessing on these thy children assembled before thee, and the work thou has given them to do; and bless all who are at work in spreading thy truth. God over all blessed for ever, bless them and thy holy work. And now may the God of heaven and all creation be with you, now and hence forward. Amen."

It is usual while the Spirit is speaking through the medium, for his own Spirit to be engaged in other scenes, which he is able to describe when recalled to his normal state; but in this instance it appeared to him that he had been asleep, and he remembered only that at the moment of his being entranced he felt an influx into his cerebrum. He was speaking one hour and three quarters.

JESSE JONES

(We extract the following from Mr Jones private note.)

DEAR FRIEND.

I send you the foregoing communications for the Telegraph, and hope they will prove as interesting to others as to those who heard them from the mouth of the medium. Much more was said that I have not been able to report, a portion of which was for private edification and encouragement. Advice also was given to Spiritists in general on the importance of unity among one another, and of the various circles earnestly seeking after the best gifts, the most perfect means of communion with the Spirit-world and the highest and all-embracing truths of heaven.

We are here very much pleased with the decided improvement in the Telegraph both literary and typographical. And concerning the advice that has been given on the communication of "facts" and short articles "I would remark that, however desirable it be that every "fact" of importance be made known, it is at least a matter of equal moment that true "principles" be understood. Facts are the body, of which principles are the life. Facts are useful to convince the mind, but principles are required to improve the heart. Let us then have both; but let us not forget that, however numerous may be our facts, unless we can animate them with life-regenerating principles, they are comparatively useless, but in the communication of principles which require to be given in the words of the Spirits themselves the question of long or short articles can hardly be entertained. It is otherwise with the communication of facts, for here brevity or verbosity depend chiefly on the narrator's command of language. Here, then, I think may be met the difficulty of the very important question of long or short, articles—short, for the reporting of facts; long, for communicating principles. It should, however, be borne in mind by Spiritists, that as in the Spirit-world there are Spirits of the most ignorant and deceptive, as well as the most enlightened and truthful character, it is not desirable or necessary for public welfare that the principles of every class of Spirits be reported. Let the lower be judged by the higher, and give place unto them.

I am glad to see the interest taken up so spiritidly on behalf of the "Telegraph" and I now send you two shillings in stamps for 100 of your uncovered tracts. Were I richer I would do more.

The Pages of the Paraclete are extremely interesting to us, and happy will it be for mankind when the multitude are capable of appreciating the truths they reveal.

—O—

END OF VOL. III.

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