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SPIRITUALISM,—TESTIMONIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

BY A TRUTH SEEKER.

NO. XIX.

We have in a former paper adverted to some remarkable cases of healing, believed to be by supernatural power, occurring at this period; and, by Mr. Irving and his friends attributed to the operation of the same Divine Spirit as the "utterances in power" to which the attention of our readers has been already directed. We shall now bring some of these cases under their more immediate notice, so far as space will permit.

One of these instances—and one which attracted much attention, was the case of Miss Fancourt, the daughter of a clergyman, a lady of studious and pious habits, who for eight years (with a very slight intermission) had been a helpless cripple. "She had for two years abandoned all remedial means and betaken herself wholly to her couch, never leaving it, except sometimes on Sundays, when she was carried to church and laid on her back in the pew. Her flesh had become quite emaciated, and every joint in her body more or less diseased; one collar bone enlarged; her spine considerably curved, projecting to the left side; and the very morning of the day of her cure, she had attempted to stand and could not."

We learn also that Mr. Greaves, "whose faith in the name of Jesus was answered by the restoration to health of the cripple, has nothing of the fanatic in his conduct or expectations. His life has been for many years that of a consistent Christian, and he believed that God had sent him that day to receive an answer to his many prayers in behalf of Miss Fancourt. When the cure took place, it was instantaneous; every pain at once departed, and renewed health shot suddenly through

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the whole frame; she walked with perfect ease and firmness, and, as soon as she thought of making the trial, she found her flesh, which half an hour before had been without elasticity to be firm and tense as the muscle of perfect health."*

From her narrative, in the *Christian Observer* (Nov. 1831) we learn that under medical direction she had successively been subjected to "cupping and blistering," "Margate air and warm sea bathing," a caustic issue," "crutches," "leeches and blisters," "tonics," "leeches again," "another large caustic issue," "two more caustic issues," "a seton on the hip," "a course of mercury," "leeches over and over again applied," "many times bled in the arm," "another issue placed in the hip," "another seton," and so on. No wonder that finding herself no better under this treatment, the poor lady had "abandoned all remedial means and taken to her couch." It was visibly reserved for the Great Physician alone to cure her.

"On the very day," she says "on which Jesus so manifested his Almighty power, I had attempted to walk; scarcely could I put one foot before the other: the limbs trembled very much." A kind friend had seen her about two months before and had been led by God to pray earnestly for her recovery. On the evening in question, Mr. G. had engaged her attention in general conversation, and rising he said "They will expect me at supper," and put out his hand, (Miss F. says, I thought he was going to say "good night,") but "after asking some questions respecting the disease, he added, It is melancholy to see a person so constantly confined: I answered, it is sent in mercy. Do you think so? —do you think the same mercy could restore you? God gave me faith, and I answered, Yes. Do you believe Jesus could heal as in old times? Yes. Do you believe that it is only unbelief that prevents it? Do you believe that Jesus could heal you at this very time? Yes. (Between these questions he was evidently engaged in prayer.) Then, he added, get up and walk and come down to your family. He then laid hold of my hand: he prayed to God to glorify the name of Jesus. I rose from my couch, quite strong. God took away all my pains, and we walked down stairs, —dear Mr. G., praying most fervently, Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us! Having been down, finding my handkerchief left on the couch, taking the candle, I fetched it. The next day I walked more than a quarter of a mile, and on Sunday, from the Episcopal Chapel, a distance of one mile and a quarter. Up to this time, God continues to strengthen me, and I am perfectly well. To Jesus be all the glory."

* *Morning Watch* Vol. iii. page 155.

This letter, of which we have given an abstract, is accompanied with one from her father, the Rev. T. Fancourt; in which he says, "her back bone which was curved before is now perfectly straight. It is material to add that her collar bones are ascertained to be now quite equal, whereas one of them was previously much enlarged. It is four years since she walked at all; and then it was but for a short time, with the assistance of a stick, and subject to a pain in her hip. She now walks stoutly and free from all pain."

The Christian Observer inserted these letters together with one from a clergyman, "a common friend" because they "have been sent to us from so respectable a quarter," besides the case was one "in our own vicinity and our own church." It admits that "the facts are unimpeachable;"—but then,—a miracle in "the enlightened nineteenth century." No, no! that is too absurd, we can't admit that: "we acknowledge a most remarkable cure, but not, in our idea, one miraculous." And why not? "We boldly lay down as the basis of the whole argument, that there is no sufficient proof of any miracle whatever having ever been wrought since the Apostolic Age:" and "that God does now work, them we see no shadow of reason to believe." Boldly laid down certainly. There must of course be some great principle,—some comprehensive and conclusive formula which can thus set aside, with the stroke of the pen "sufficient proof" to satisfy seventeen centuries of christian believers. Yes! we thought so—here it is. "There is no reason to suppose that there has been any supernatural disturbance of the relations, which God has been pleased to establish; and which we have no right to conclude have been set aside, because we are too ignorant to trace the sequence. It is more likely that we are ignorant than that God has suspended his laws;" consequently "we must admit any solution rather than a miracle." We have a conviction that this argument is no new one,—that we have somewhere met with it before. Ay! even so. Here is something like it in a well known author of the last century. "A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined." "The plain consequence is, that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish. Even then"— David Hume however has no such scruples as *the Christian Observer*, and does not allow himself to be betrayed into such inconsistent logic. He makes no such qualification in favour of the "miracles of the Apostolic Age." He "boldly

lays it down" and "begs it may be remarked that a miracle can never be proved, so as to be the foundation of a system of religion." But with all submission to the *Christian Observer* and David Hume, we "boldly lay it down" "that there is no sufficient proof" of the premiss which is the basis of their whole argument. There is no proof that a miracle does "set aside," or is "any disturbance of the relations which God has been pleased to establish;" "we see no shadow of reason to believe" that it involves any "suspension" or "violation" of God's laws but what is in perfect harmony with common experience; namely, the suspension of the law of a lower nature by that of a higher one, as of chemical by vital material by spiritual laws. A miracle is not the disturbance or subversion of law and order, but rather, their more perfect restoration: health, not disease is the natural law of life, and it does not follow that its sudden restoration by spiritual or divine interposition is a violation of the Divine order because we are ignorant of the means by which it is accomplished. God's laws are not circumscribed within the narrow limits of man's imperfect knowledge. We make this digression because the conclusion and argument upon which we are animadverting was adopted by all the press, religious (!) and secular which noticed Miss Fancourt's case, with the exception only of *The Morning Watch*, and *The Jewish Expositor*; and, because this is equally the prevalent tone of the press in our own day. Protestant writers, who would gibbet the memory of Hume and Spinoza for reasoning against the probability of miracles in a distant land, eighteen centuries past; do not scruple, when occasion serves, to filch their arguments and proclaim them irrefutable in relation to similar miracles at home and among our neighbours. According to their dicta, miracles of remote a age, and at a convenient distance, are alone credible. Such writers profess to believe that God hears and answers prayer, but when in all earnestness and faith, a humble christian devoutly prays to God that a helpless cripple may be made whole; and her restoration immediately follows, though all previous remedial means had failed;—then, they "will admit any solution" rather than believe that God has indeed answered the prayer of his servant—and that the cure has been effected by a direct act of supernatural power; which they even consider it "quite unauthorised and unscriptural to expect."

If there is any apparent severity in these strictures, it is because they are directed against a temper of mind and tone of feeling which we believe to be most dangerous,—calculated to sink all religious faith and earnestness down to zero. It has made Emerson say that the Protes-

tant creed is, that God is dead. For ourselves, we'd
 "rather be
 A Pagan cradled in a creed outworn,"

than believe that we were, without qualification, subject to the dominion of mere natural forces and "cold material laws";—that there were no deeper, more universal laws than pertain to chemistry and physiology, and in which the latter were included, and held subordinate. Even had we no experience to warrant us in this conclusion, we should still think it "more likely that we were ignorant," and our definitions faulty, than that higher natures were not the subjects of higher laws, dominant over lower ones.*

The reality of Miss Fancourt's cure was on all hands admitted, but attempts were made to explain away anything of a supernatural character as attached to it. It was alleged that her disease must have been only functional, that it could not have been organic, and that her cure was the effect of "nervous excitement" and a "powerful exercise of the will," "she threw such a degree of voluntary energy into the the muscles, that every fibre was stretched to its utmost degree of tension, and she did walk." In all this, a foregone conclusion was evident, and facts (as well as fibres) were stretched or shortened to fit the Procrustean bed of theory. Theologians and physicians who accepted the canons of conventional orthodoxy were determined that there had been no miracle, that there could be no miracle. It was virtually assumed by them that miracles were impossible and never had occurred; they declared "that the marks of such a change (in organic structure) were *indelible*;" and that "those laws established at the creation are *never departed from*." Their opinions, conjectures, and reasonings could not however set aside the facts, which were very obdurate and would not be softened down to accommodate theological or medical theories;—there was the evidence "thoroughly unimpeachable," of the restored cripple, and her parents and friends;—there was "her couch made under the medical direction of Dr. Pearson—a cripple's couch, curved and padded to suit the diseased structure;" while Dr. Jarvis, her medical attendant, though disinclined to credit her cure as supernatural, gave his medical testimony that "her disease was *organic not functional*: a curvature of the spine was the immediate evidence." The "nervous excitement," alleged to be the great curative agent, was shown upon investigation to be a conjecture, unwarranted by the facts. †

* In further elucidation of this question see "CONFESIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER," pages 162—173.

† See *Morning Watch* Vol. iii. 161, &c seq., and the *Documents and Correspondence in the Christian Observer* in the *alleged Miraculous cure of Miss Fancourt*.

We have recorded this case at some length, but there are others of a like kind which in this connexion should not be passed over without notice. The editor of the *Morning Watch*, in reply to an Edinburgh Reviewer; says "We can shew him a lady, Mrs. Maxwell, who had been lame of one leg twenty-four years, and lame for eight years of the other leg, and who by prayer, in consequence of meditation upon Miss Fan-court's case, suddenly arose, and walked down stairs to the terror and astonishment of her husband." "The surgeons had told this lady that the organic alteration was so great that cure was impossible, and for some years had ceased to attend her." This case, is attested by two Clergymen of the Church of England, of the highest respectability; one of whom holds a prebendal stall in a neighbouring Cathedral, and who writes of Mrs. Maxwell—"I have been here more than twenty-five years, and it was, I think, about a year after I came that she began to be lame, and had gradually, I understand, been growing worse. I saw her about a year and a half ago, and she then could not move from one chair to another without crutches. She can now walk perfectly well, and her recovery certainly was, as you have stated, *instantaneous*."

Particulars are also given by the editor, of a lady miraculously cured of congenital mal-formation of the spine. Another case instanced by him is that of a little girl between ten and eleven years of age, afflicted with diseased knee, with confirmed hip complaint and incurvated spine. "The back bone, besides being incurvated, was bowed out; the knee of the diseased limb was turned inwards; and the heel had begun to contract—it was much wasted, and had always a dry burning heat upon the skin; added to which it was considerably larger than the other. She was carried from room to room by two persons, one keeping her legs in a horizontal position whilst the other carried her body; and so completely powerless was the limb, that it appeared to be united only by the flesh, the joint having lost all firmness; she lifted it with her hands when she moved her body upon the couch, and that was always attended with considerable pain." The cure in this, as in the other cases, had been preceded by earnest prayer. The little sufferer described her recovery as accompanied by a peculiar sensation in the limb, down to the toes "like life entering into the bones." The surgeon who attended her, said, "He considered her case past medical aid, and her life not desirable under the circumstances. Something supernatural; almost a miracle; certainly *human* skill had not done it. He was greatly obliged in being informed of the recovery, he would note it down as a peculiar instance.*

* These supernatural cures were not confined to London, or to Mr. Irving.

The Spiritualist publications of the last ten years record many instances of cures, equally wonderful with the foregoing, effected by spiritual power, and under the direction of spiritual beings. The fact that similar cures are effected amongst Roman Catholics, and the devotees of other religious systems, which so staggered the *Christian Observer*; is, to us, no embarrassment, but a confirmation of our position. We have cited the above instances not as evidence of the truth of a doctrine, but of the fact of a spiritual agency in sympathy with suffering humanity. God's mercies and angels ministrations are not limited to a special church, or narrowed to the requirements of human systems. God looks not at the creed, but at the heart; and in every nation, and in every church, "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Nor is the healing by spiritual power the only point of correspondence in the spiritual manifestations of Mr. Irving's time and of our own. In both periods we have spiritual utterances, independent of the volition of the speaker, in the native, in foreign, and in unknown tongues; we have writing under spiritual influence and from spiritual dictation; we have sudden inward illumination and impression; we have discernment of thoughts, and answers to questions, both mental and oral. In the spiritual utterances then and now we find the same general character of virtue and piety, with occasional inconsistencies and discrepancies, and other indications of a "varying origin"; evidencing that the same differences in character and state which we find among men in the natural world prevail also in the spiritual world. The discernment of our readers will enable them, if so disposed, to pursue the parallel still further.

The "Catholic and Apostolic Church," which may be regarded as the legitimate out-come of Mr. Irving's labours, differs, so far as we know, from all other Protestant Churches in praying for the souls of the departed, and for protection against possession by evil spirits. We

Church. For instance, that Mary Campbell, of Row, Scotland, was considered to be in a dying state, that her medical attendants and all her acquaintance thought her past the possibility of recovery; that prayers were made in her behalf, and that her recovery then suddenly took place are "indisputable facts, confirmed by many persons." This case was prior to that of Miss Fancourt. The "Morning Watch" also refers the Edinburgh Reviewer to the case of Mrs. Gillow, who was to lose her breast for a cancer, suddenly cured during prayer for the same, in the middle of the night preceding the day fixed for the operation. This case occurred several years ago, and the subject has long been a pensioner on the funds of the Aged Pilgrim Society. "We are not so sceptical as to believe that cancers, carious bones, and crooked spines, can be cured by the "religion" and "pervious excitement" of the sufferers.

are informed that its members—professed followers of Mr. Irving, while generally recognizing the spiritual character of the "Manifestations" of the present day, as treated of in these pages, so far as they are acquainted with them, yet join in the ecclesiastical hue and cry against them as *Satanic*. If it be so, we would urge upon them the duty and the propriety of further enquiry and reconsideration in this matter. Is it well we would ask them, to pick up and throw at others the mud that has been flung at themselves? If the charge was unfounded in regard to themselves, may it not be equally so when applied to others? We are sometimes tempted to ask—Are the lessons of the past of no more value than an old almanack? Must every generation repeat the blunders of its predecessors, and make the same rash judgments of others of which they complain in relation to themselves? If the world is ever to grow wiser,—if "the good time coming" is ever to come, we must all exercise more of that charity which "never faileth" but "hopeth all things" and "thinketh no evil."

SWEDENBORGIANISM FROM AN OUTSIDER.

The editor of the *Practical Christian*, (the Rev. Adin Ballou) in noticing his list of exchanges, among which is the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, thus speaks of Swedenborg:—"He was indeed a wonderful man as a Spiritual Seer, and no less so as a Theologian, Metaphysician, and Philosopher. His writings unfold the most definite, positive, elaborate, comprehensive system of Divinity ever published to mankind. It requires the study of an ordinary life time to master his expositions of it. It is thoroughly fortified by spiritual visions, divine illuminations, and sacred ratiocination. For nearly thirty years the spiritual world, with all its heavens and hells, stood open before him. He went freely into and through its manifold departments, conversed largely with spirits, angels, satans, and above all with God himself. And God continually illuminated and guided him so as to withhold him from all fantasy, delusion and error. No wonder that the strict believers in Swedenborg are among the most positive and immovable of religionists. Their assurance, decision and firmness as to the reality and absolute truth of what Swedenborg saw, heard, felt, thought and taught, is transcendent."

"For some reason "says the writer" their progress thus far has been slow; and their ecclesiastical discord does not promise well for the future. Modern Spiritualism seems to be a welcome and yet an unwelcome visitation to the New Jerusalem Brethren. It confirms and annoys them, pioneers for them and disturbs them. On the whole, the

conservative Swedenborgians feel obliged to denounce it as a pestilent invasion from the hells, or from disorderly souls in the world of spirits." "We must therefore remain an eclectic in respect to Swedenborgianism, accepting and honoring what we deem true and good in it, rejecting and condemning what we deem erroneous and evil."

MR BADEN POWELL'S NEW WORK.

In a work recently published by Mr. Baden Powell, entitled "The order of Nature considered in reference to the claims of Revelation," a work marked by all the force of reasoning, and elevation of thought which characterise its distinguished Author, he adverts to those phenomena which however multiform, and in some of their aspects, beautiful and exalted, are yet designated by him as they are popularly known, by the terms "Spirit rapping, table turning and the like" and he insists strongly that they must be regarded (in so far as he admits them to be real) as phenomena not supernatural, but only seemingly anomalous, which science as it advances will explain. A proposition in which Spiritualists most thoroughly concur, but when he proceeds to impute to them confusion of ideas in considering these phenomena as occasioned by spiritual agency, at the same time as they consider them fit objects of inductive inquiry, he evinces an entire misapprehension of the view which he reprobates. Impressed as strongly as philosophers of the most advanced school of physical science with convictions as to the uniformity of the natural laws, nowise doubting therefore that the manifestations in question "will be ultimately found perfectly conformable to some great determinate laws which the science of the future will elicit." Students of these phenomena may still consider their origin to be spiritual without thereby exhibiting confusion of ideas, for this reason, that they do not hold the spiritual to be supernatural, that they regard the spiritual realm as consisting simply of other more sublimated planes of the domain of nature, subject like our own to law, and that they believe it is through the medium of the most subtle of the forces of the earth, those of which the laws are yet the least unfolded, that communication takes place between mankind and inhabitants of that realm—spirits of the departed yet raised but a gradation above ourselves in the great ascending scale of spheres. They hold in accordance with intuitive sentiment rooted in the human mind, that such communication has in all times prevailed, that hitherto fitful, imperfect and distorted by ignorance, it will by degrees acquire regularity and completeness, that stript of all supposed

supernaturalness, recognised as part of the order of Nature, the laws psychical and physical on which it depends will be sedulously investigated, and in the end brought to light, constituting the highest of human sciences. In a word Spiritualists, far from having failed to grasp the principle of invariable law in Nature, have apprehended it as of far wider scope than had hitherto been imagined—as extending to, and pervading the spiritual universe, as linking together many planes, many graduated systems of life and intellect, into a whole, grander and higher, teaching more than had yet been dreamt of by philosophy.

V.

THE THREE KNOCKS.

A BERKSHIRE LEGEND.

At the beginning of the last, or close of the preceding century, a very skilful and eminent apothecary and surgeon resided in the outskirts of Newbury, as much beloved for his social qualities as he was valued for his knowledge of his profession. Amongst his patients and acquaintance was an elderly maiden lady of slender fortune, and of a sour and avaricious temper; these qualities were increased by a burden thrown upon her, which, sordid as was her nature, she could not avoid. An improvident brother died insolvent, and a beautiful girl of sixteen, his only child, was left entirely to the unwilling protection of her aunt. Heart-broken at the loss of her father, harassed by the perpetual peevishness of her aunt, scantily fed, and poorly clad, the poor young creature sank under her change of circumstances, and became seriously ill. The good surgeon was called in, and speedily detected that the malady was mental.

One day, when alone with her, he said, "I see, my dear, what really ails you—your aunt's treatment is killing you by inches; I can do nothing for you, unless you will accept such a home as I can give you. If you can overlook the great disproportion in age, I think I could make it a happy home; you should have every comfort in my power to afford you, and at least it will be a happier life than that you lead at present." The young woman gratefully accepted the offer; they were married, and for two years no persons could have been happier, each better suited to each other, though the difference in age was more than thirty years.

At that period, the surgeon received a letter from an intimate friend, an eminent physician in London, requesting as a favour that he would receive as a boarder for a few weeks, a young gentleman in whom he felt a particular interest. He described him as one highly talented and informed, who had by great industry and application attained considerable eminence at the bar, but whose health had sunk under the intense labour he had undergone through the winter; that consumptive symptoms had appeared, and nothing was likely to save his life but entire rest from business, a change to good air, and the regular superintendence of a skilful medical man; and, knowing the skill and kindness of his friend, the airy situation of his house, and its capability to accommodate an inmate, he very willingly consented.

See Appendix A.

tired to solicit an admittance for his young patient. The request was instantly granted, and the invalid took possession of a good apartment over the usual sitting-room, and received every attention from the surgeon and his wife.

In the latter this shortly became as dangerous as it was interesting; the invalid was attractive in person, and in every way formed to win the affections; he found his young companion (who by her husband's continual absence during his professional employment was constantly alone with him) full of natural talent, but wholly uninformed; he took great delight in improving her mind, read and conversed with her and every day increased their mutual interest in each other. Unhappily the young lawyer had imbibed many dangerous and sceptical opinions—these he imparted to his pupil, and amongst others the total disbelief of a future state was impressed on her mind by the strong conviction he professed to entertain on the subject.

He remained through the summer months, and having much recovered his health, returned to town to resume his profession, leaving his unhappy victim a prey to melancholy, and unable to attend to the duties she had before so cheerfully fulfilled. The husband was grieved at the change, but wholly unsuspicuous of the cause.

A few weeks of active employment brought on a return of consumption, and again the surgeon was applied to, and again received the destroyer of his peace, and bestowed every attention on a case which he was soon aware was hopeless. The unhappy young man had also a similar persuasion, and his mind appeared to suffer still more than his frame; doubts and terror arose, and he continually held conversations with the wife, in which he stated these new impressions, and told her his greatest misery arose from the idea that he had perverted her religious principles, and that he should have to answer for the destruction of her soul as well as his own. But he frequently repeated, "If there be a future state, and a final judgment, and if it be possible for a departed spirit to return to earth, you shall have some warning when I am dead, which may decide your opinion."

A few weeks of great bodily and mental suffering terminated in his death; his unwearied nurse received his last breath, and with it a renewal of the solemn pledge he had before given. Worn down by grief and fatigue, she was unable to follow the body to the grave, but the good and unsuspecting husband, willing to show every regard to the dead, made the whole of his small establishment attend the funeral.

She was left alone in her agony. During the latter part of the invalid's life, when he was seated in the chair by the fireside, a cane was placed across the arm with which he used to summon his watchful friend, when her domestic business took her away for a short time. At that period bells were not in common use; three distinct strokes on the floor gave the signal of her being wanted in the sick room, and it was promptly obeyed. A short time had elapsed after the funeral procession had disappeared, when she was roused from her stupor of grief by hearing in the room above the three strokes of the cane loudly and deliberately given. She started up, looked to the apartment, and on approaching the fire-place saw the cane, which she had that very day placed in the corner of the room.

leaning against the arm of the chair in the same position it had so long occupied in the life of her lover. When her husband returned from the church, she was found cold and insensible, and stretched on the hearth, on which she had fallen after her conviction that the pledge had been redeemed, the promised warning given. When she recovered her senses, she requested to be left alone with her husband, and falling on her knees, confessed everything which had passed, and supplicated his forgiveness: it was granted by the kind-hearted old man, and with expressions of blame to himself for having exposed so young a creature to such a danger. She then requested to see the clergyman, who was a venerable and excellent man; to him also she made a full confession, and expressed the entire change of opinion which had been effected by the warning she had received. Whether her long attendance on a person in confirmed consumption had infected her with the disease, or whether grief and remorse acted fatally on a constitution naturally delicate, cannot now be known, but in little more than three months she sunk into an early grave.—*The Welcome Guest.*

"IS IT A LIE OR A DELUSION?"

Mr. John Percival, of 44, Craven-street, Strand, London, gives the following extraordinary account of a visit to the residence of a "medium":—"As soon as I arrived I sat down by the side of the lady who had accompanied me, at a small mahogany or painted deal round table about three feet in diameter. The lady who was the medium, and her niece, a reputed medium, sat opposite us, and we all placed our hands with the thumbs and fingers flat on the table, so that there was not the possibility of any lifting; and I should say in less than five minutes the table began to tilt in an extraordinary manner, and then rose up in the air to about the height of our eyes, remaining suspended a few seconds, falling again and again rising, which was repeated during the evening five or six times. The table was supported on a slight pillar, with three light arched claws or legs. It stood on an old deal floor. There was no covering on it; I could see completely under it, on it, and around it, and saw that neither the knees nor feet of any of the parties touched it. There was no connection, or possibility of a connection, with any electric apparatus, and the table appeared to be solid, and of considerable weight. There can be no disputing the fact that the table rose bodily and perpendicularly from the floor, without the visible application of any other means than the hands placed flat on its surface. I do not pretend to account for it. I only desire to bear testimony to the fact—which, however, is referred to preternatural power, and I acknowledge that I cannot imagine any other solution for it. I took my own hands off the table twice whilst it was rising and in the air, so that they had nothing to do with the result. There could be no collusion on the part of the lady who accompanied me, who had only a week since made the acquaintance of the mediums, and had visited them to test their powers; so that if the table had been raised by any trick—that is, by any known power in the mediums' palms—the probability is that the table would not have risen perpendicularly. Had such power existed it could not have been mechanical, for their

wrists were well on the table, and I could see behind them; besides, they made no apparent effort of any kind. They informed me that the table would not rise unless they placed their hands on it; at least, they had only once seen a table rise in the same manner when no one was near it."—*Leeds Times*.

GOOD OR EVIL SPIRIT AGENCY.

The importance of a right understanding of "Spirit" agency, whether for good or evil, cannot be over estimated, by those who believe in spiritual interference in the affairs of this world, whose numbers may probably be reckoned by millions. When a Spirit manifests its presence either *without* being sent for, or immediately after being summoned, is it not a proof that such Spirit-visitant is an evil one? for our reason as well as spiritual revelation, informs us that those nearest to the earth, from their evil lives and tendencies while here, possibly continue in that state long after their translation by death beyond this world. And, on the contrary, when a Spirit does not come so readily, may it not be a proof of its goodness, and being far advanced in its progress of state after this life has passed away? Is it not *irreligious* to invest a human Spirit with an equal power of Omnipresence with that of the Supreme, which we are doing if we believe in the possibility of a Spirit, perhaps many millions of miles away, yet able to visit us, immediately after being summoned or desired to hold converse with us?

If we can receive intelligence of forthcoming sickness and death &c, from Spirit beings may they not be able to influence us [through the Omnipotent] and inflict illness and even death &c., prolonging or hastening these at will. In like manner Dreams which forewarn or indicate events which afterwards happen, are possibly *whispered* by Spirits. Some of these Dreams are, if reliable, most extraordinary; thus in one instance we are told of a lady dreaming that a poor, laboring bricklayer at work at her husband's house would become Lord Mayor of London. This she told the man, who scratched his head at the doubtful news, thanked her and thought nothing more of it. Twice again she dreamt it and told him. Time went on and he became prosperous; being elected Sheriff he remembered the dream, which ended in his attaining the mayoralty. If this was Spirit whispering it would seem that they have the power of foreseeing far into futurity.

In an old magazine published in the middle of the last century, there is a "*Dissertation upon Ghosts*," as they are termed there, in which the following occurs. Speaking of one that was seen by a neatherd, one David Hunter, "who having performed her errand desired him to lift her from the ground; in the doing of which he says she felt like a bag of feathers." Further on it states "The usual time of which ghosts make their appearance is midnight, and seldom before midnight, though some have been said to appear even by daylight." Again "No ghosts can appear on Christmas Eve. And they commonly appear in the same dress they wore while living, though they are sometimes clothed all in white." There are very many other curious remarks and details upon the same subject, which I shall be happy to furnish at a future opportunity if deemed worth a place in your interesting journal.

D. W. M. M.

"*The Spiritual Age*," one of our American exchanges, has passed into other hands. Mr. Newton, however, is one of the editors and still continues his excellent papers on "Spiritualism in Religion." The paper is increased in size and in every respect likely to secure additional support. We commend it to our readers.

TO EMMA AND NELLY SEVERN.

FRIENDSHIP'S UTTERANCE.

In this dull World of ours, torn and perplexed
 By cold distrust, and hard uncharities,
 Friendship, reckoned only as a name
 For sordid Interest—or obtrusive Love
 That dares not show its passion openly—
 Friendship, that pure emotion of the Saints
 Who live in Faith and Charity, in Heaven,—
 Knit to each other by the flowery chains
 Of loving Brotherhood, who ever feel
 The least vibration in the hearts of others
 And give the Echo to it, in their own.
 Their souls a perfect instrument of joy—
 Which when the tender, skilful master, love,
 With nimble fingers sweeps the golden strings
 Gives forth sweet melody.—Is it true?
 That human hearts are too debased to know
 This holy bliss?—this element of Heaven?—
 I met the other night, a maiden fair,
 A little roguish playmate of my youth
 Who nourished by the dews of providence
 And parents anxious, fond, solicitude.
 Had bloomed, and soft expanded from a blossom
 Of fragile sweetness, to a rosebud fair.
 How fresh the Spring Flowers of youth's innocence
 Softening down the cynics rugged sneers
 And subtly stealing into battered minds
 Of tempest torn and world disgusted age
 To preach with Wisdom to the doubting ones
 Of Heavens faithfulness—and bring from thence
 Sweet odours from the flowers of Paradise—
 This falling dew of youth has oft revived
 My thirsty spirits with fresh energy
 Like water streams the weary traveller.
 It bids me look beyond the narrow bounds
 Of worldly Life—the trodden ground of care
 Of business trickeries and selfishness.
 That cankers and destroys the heart's best things.
 Preserve my dear, thy pure simplicity
 And guard it is as a keepsake from thy God,
 That God who said—Suffer the little ones
 To come to me—and kissed and blessed them.

When I observed thou hadst an aim in life
 A great and lofty purpose to attain
 That thy young heart already projects formed
 To make thy life sublime and beautiful ;
 Leaving thy footprints on the sands of time
 To point the way to brethren yet behind,
 It filled my soul with tumults sweetly sad.
 Hew brightly hope with its angelic wings
 Laden with golden promises of joys
 As yet untasted and unknown to youth,
 Hovers o'er them with smiling countenance.
 Sunny enthusiasm too, gilds each
 Fresh purpose in their minds with colored rays
 Beautiful to behold—On on they go
 Hasting their sails to catch the zephyr's breeze
 That wafts their barks on that great ocean—life,
 Excelsior their pennant gaily flying—
 And happy they who with a pilot sage
 All powerful and experienced can protect
 Their fragile vessels in the mighty storm.

* * *

Do not set out without the compass true
 That heaven has for its north pole, and points
 For ever there, let reason guide the helm
 With industry the sailors to obey—
 And God shall give his Angels charge to blow
 The mighty winds of trouble and perplexity
 To drive it ever onwards to his kingdom.
 The ships shall reel and stagger to and fro
 Like drunken men, and be at their wits end
 Then shall they cry to God in their distress
 Who will deliver them from their afflictions.
 These are the tender means by which he draws
 The faithful to himself, assuring them
 How helpless of themselves, they are to stem
 Life's currents and, life's storms, and draws with cords
 Of a wise Father's care his children home—
 Genius that heaven-born Genii all unknown
 Has thrown his mantle on thy shoulders dear
 And lo ! thou art inspired with his fire
 A mighty flame, the power of creation
 Burns in thy breast, oh use this precious gift
 On pure and holy things, from nature draw
 The simple tales of wisdom that is writ
 On every atom—shadew forth in lines
 Of beauty—lessons of eternal truth
 So shall the great Almighty welcome thee
 With words of praise, and give thee higher powers
 To work thy happy duties of delight
 When thou hast shuffled off, this mortal coil.—J. B.

IMPROPTU—OR SPIRIT-LINES.

O Lord—to whom all hearts are known,
Help us to look to Thee for light;
Our hearts are cold, and dead, and lone,
Till lumin'd with Thy visions bright.

We can not see what glories dwell;
Around the homestead that we love,
Do Thou the dismal shades dispel
With spirit visions from above.

We dwell in regions dark and drear,
Enshrouded in a veil of gloom ;
Do Thou in mystic light appear,
In clear, effulgent, heavenly noon.

Confiding in Thy love we trace,
The starry harbinger of day;
Our unbelieving doubts efface
With streamlets from Thy heavenly ray.

Illumc our dark—our dismal souls,
Breathe joys that never, never die ;
Whilst love its banner still unfolds,
To lure us to the realms on high.

Do Thou Thy spirit-light impart,
Reveal Thy presence bright and clear,
Unveil Thy Truth to many a heart
Dispersing doubts,—dispelling fear.

BRADFORD Sep, 14th, 1859.

T. W. S.

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