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### MARTIN THE FRENCH PEASANT-PROPHET AND LOUIS XVIII.

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THIS history, we believe, is almost unknown in England. But it created a very great sensation in France at the time of the Restoration, soon after the fall of the first Napoleon. The allied armies had not left France when the events occurred. The whole matter was officially investigated by M. Decazes, the minister of police; by M.M. Pinel and Royer Collard, physicians; by the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, who records many of the facts in his *Memoirs*; and by the Duke de Montmorency. Nothing of the kind is better attested.

Thomas Ignace Martin was a farm-labourer near Gallardon, not far from Chartres, about thirty-three years of age, and father of a family, when, in 1816, as he was engaged in spreading compost over a field, suddenly a young man, of small, slender form and long visage, very white, and clothed in a light-coloured surtout, buttoned close, and reaching to his feet, laced shoes, and a high-crowned hat, appeared before him, and told him he must go and take a message to the king.

Martin replied that he was not qualified for such a high mission; but the youth told him that he must go. Martin, in return, said he thought the young man himself better fitted for such an office. But "No," was the answer, "it is you that must go." After that, the head of the youth descended toward the waist, and the feet rose toward the waist, and the entire

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figure thus disappeared. Martin's brother and the curate, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, treated it as an illusion; but the youth repeatedly came with the same communication, and Martin, in alarm, endeavoured to escape in flight. But it was of no use. The vision followed him, and found him out. It accompanied him into church, took the holy water along with him, sat beside him, and came out with him, and, as he hurried home and intended to shut the door upon it, suddenly preceded him, and, face to face, commanded him to do as he was bidden. All this was told to the curate, and by him to the Bishop of Versailles, M. Charrier de la Roche. The vision then appeared, and told him his mission was now well commenced. "But how," said Martin, "do you address yourself to me for a commission such as that?" "It is to humble pride," said the youth.

At last, Martin resolved to leave the neighbourhood altogether, without communicating his intention to any one, but the youth met him in the barn, and said, "You have resolved to make your escape; but you would not have gone far, you must fulfil your commission." All these things being reported to the bishop were by him communicated to M. Decazes, minister of police, who sent them to the prefect of the department, M. De Breteuil, who ordered Martin and the curate to Chartres. On the evening previous, the young man appeared and told him what would occur, and that he must narrate faithfully, and without fear, what had happened to him. The prefect having fully examined him, determined to send him to Paris. The minister of police attempted to intimidate him, and to treat him as insane; but Martin was firm and collected, and was always informed beforehand by his mysterious visitor of what would befall him, and told, that if they tried to prevent the interview by one means, it would take place by another. The youth had hitherto refused to tell his name; but now he declared himself to be the angel Raphael, and that he had power to smite France with all sorts of plagues, if it refused to listen. "You must appear," he repeated, "before the king, and in his presence you will be inspired with the message which you are commissioned to deliver to him."

After a long investigation, and much correspondence, a full report of which was drawn up by MM. Pinel and Royer Collard, physicians, who examined Martin, he was sent to the hospital at Charenton, to be treated as a lunatic. At this time, M. de la Rochefoucauld received a letter respecting Martin

from the Duchess of Luynes, his grandmother, who resided near Gallardon. It stated the case in such a manner as to excite the curiosity of the viscount, and he determined to inquire into it, unknown to the minister. For this purpose he paid a visit to the hospital, without expressing a desire to see any particular patient, but, in general, the whole institution. Accompanied by the director, he visited numerous cells, and talked with such of the inmates as were accessible to any rays of intelligence. But he took little interest in them ; he was looking for Martin, but never named him. At last he found a calm, serene, and intelligent-looking peasant, who, he at once concluded, was the man he was in search of. "What is your name?"—"Thomas Ignace Martin, of Gallardon."—"What is the matter with you?"—"Me ! Nothing, but the minister has shut me up here to prevent me from seeing the king." Then the whole story was told. Next day an ecclesiastic was sent by the Bishop of Rheims to examine Martin ; and, on the evening of the same day, M. de la Rochefoucauld returned and examined him anew. Much correspondence took place after this ; and the king, being informed of all by the viscount, had his curiosity awakened, and resolved to grant the interview, in spite of the minister of police, who always opposed it. During the negociations, the angel often appeared to Martin, and talked to him, and on one occasion opened his surtout, and showed his bosom so brilliant with light that Martin was obliged to put his hand before his eyes. Then he raised his hat, and, pointing to his forehead, said, "A rebel angel has the mark of his condemnation here—you see I have not got it. Bear witness of what you have seen." He also shook hands with him.

The king received Martin very graciously, and asked him to sit down on the other side of the table. The interview lasted about an hour. The conversation began with a narration of the facts of the case. After this the king said that he understood that Martin had some secret to communicate to him. Up to this time Martin knew nothing of the secret ; but no sooner had the king spoken the word than Martin's organs of speech were suddenly seized by an irresistible force, and he spoke volubly, without even the power of choosing his expressions. The secret was, that, in hunting in the forest of Saint Hubert, the king had formed the design of assassinating his brother, Louis XVI. He had a double-barrelled gun, and with one barrel he meant to shoot the king, and then fire the other in the air, pretending to have been attacked, but was

prevented from executing the design by being entangled amongst the branches of a tree, through which the king passed freely. On hearing this Louis wept bitterly, and confessed the truth, but extorted a promise from Martin that he would preserve his secret, which Martin did as long as the king lived. The king was then making preparation for his coronation, but Martin told him, that, if he dared to receive the oil of consecration, he would be struck dead during the ceremony. Accordingly, the king countermanded the preparations, and he never was crowned. He was ordered to look out for the proper heir, the orphan of the Temple, who, Martin said, was alive. He also promised to tell his brother, afterwards Charles X, of this, and is said by M. de la Rochefoucauld to have faithfully done so. But no search took place, and Charles X., who accepted the consecration and coronation, was dethroned, and died in exile, as Martin foretold. At the death of Louis XVIII, Charles X sent the Duke de Montmorency to Martin, to endeavour to make him change his testimony. But Martin was firm. The interview took place in the house and presence of the Curé de Bleury, near Gallardon.

In speaking of this well-authenticated history of Martin, the *Journal de France*, of January 20th, 1817, says, "It follows, from the report of MM. Pinel and Royer Collard, that the science of medicine did not supply these two learned doctors with the means of explaining a phenomenon such as that of Martin."

The sequel of Martin's history shows rather a decline. He became very famous, and was visited by strangers from many lands, and continued to be a medium by voice and vision; but Raphael no more appeared to him, his predictions were of a very mixed character, and many of them never realized. He complained, at last, of evil spirits, and of being persecuted by them. He died in 1834, having tried all sorts of popish prayer forms, such as *neuvaines*, and other salvoes, to obtain relief; but his best relief was his "happy release." One of his prophecies about "le véritable prince," and "le prince désiré" might be applied to Louis Napoleon, without much twisting.

The purpose of the visit of the angel seems trifling, whilst his object was unattained. But the real purpose of all such visitations is probably not the apparent. They serve to keep alive the idea of spiritual intercourse, without interfering with human liberty.

## EXPERIENCES IN TABLE-MOVING AND SPIRITUALISM.

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To define the precise bounds of natural and preternatural action is almost to fix the exact limits of the discoveries of human science. Whatever may be the attainments of some exalted minds, the generality of mankind will, nevertheless, ascribe to supernatural causes those appearances for which philosophers themselves can furnish no reasonable natural explanation. When, therefore, men like Professor Faraday and Professor Brewster—great names, but no authorities in matters of common sense—shut their understanding to facts, and treat with scorn and incredulity difficulties beyond their capacity to explain, it is quite pardonable that men of less pretentious merits should err in the opposite and less pernicious extreme of belief.

The attempts of these otherwise sceptical philosophers to reconcile the contradictory phenomena of table-moving, by referring them to muscular action, are absurd, mischievous, and highly reprehensible. They obstruct the path of knowledge. The fact that a table can be moved, and not by muscular action, ought now to be beyond all cavil. It rests upon the testimony of thousands of witnesses. When, therefore, these phenomena are seen, being utterly inconsistent with all known experience of the laws of gravity and motion, it is no wonder that uninstructed or unphilosophical minds, who witness all the direct, rotative, concentric, and eccentric action, the rising, rapping, and dancing, and other extraordinary phenomena attending table-moving, should, in the absence of intelligible explanations of these astounding facts, refer to spiritualism, or other preternatural causes, for a solution of the difficulties which beset the subject.

I propose, with your permission, to submit to the consideration of the public, through your journal, a few facts and records, which, if they do not unsettle Professor Faraday in his disbelief, will, I am sure, convince every person not utterly inaccessible through prejudice; and will confirm the experience of those who have successfully exercised the faculty they possess of exciting action in a table. Whether considered as a science, or a faith, a vast field of discovery is open to the student, in that which, for want of a better word, I shall call the science of TABULATION. This science is founded upon the indisputable fact, that a table, when the hands are superimposed upon it, first makes a “creaking” sound, repeated at intervals, then slightly shifts its position suddenly, then swaying to the right or left, rises, oscillates quickly, vibrates, trembles, and when desired, raps on the ground with one of the legs, with a greater or less degree of violence. I propose to embrace, under the word Tabulation, all those accessory phenomena which have been demonstrated to be connected with table-moving. As Tabulation is at variance with the received notions of the laws of motion and gravitation, it is no wonder that men like Faraday,

Owen, Arago and Brewster, should reject as impossible that which is above their comprehension. In various publications these gentlemen have expressed their disbelief, that the table moves at all, except through a "quasi-muscular action." In a very unbecoming style of dictatorial dogmatism, they pretend that the agents' fingers "get stiff, numb, and insensible through pressure, and that they unwittingly move the table unknown to themselves." Such illogical and inconclusive reasoning can only be treated with contempt. I have seen Faraday's instrument; and his trumpery straw index could have no more power to stop the force I have seen exerted than a weathercock could stay the north-east blast. He tells us "*that the power is gone*," when his index is presented to the table-turners. I reply, that the power is NOT GONE, and that his plaything of an instrument is of no more value to measure the ideo-motor power of table-turning, than a two-foot rule would serve to measure an arc of the meridian, or the extent of Mr. Faraday's self-conceit. "Philosophy, liberty, and religion support each other," was the saying of an Academical philosopher. "He who cannot reason is a fool, he who will not is a bigot, and he who dares not is a slave." I leave Mr. Faraday, who speaks so insultingly of the mental conditions of the public body, to determine whether he himself is not deficient, as he says, "in some very important principle." All that I ask to be conceded to me is, that I can move the table by the imposition of my hands. I have done it upon innumerable occasions. Can Mr. Faraday or any person deny it? It being admitted that table-moving or table-raising is an accomplished fact, we have then a lever and a place to stand upon, wherewith, like Archimedes, we can move the world. Now let me describe the experiments I have performed:—

EXPERIMENT 1.—Both before and since the publication of Faraday's letter, I have selected a strong, heavy table, forty-two inches square, with solid legs, two and a half inches square, having no castors, to operate upon. The table being disposed with the legs bearing east, west, north, and south, my father, mother, and myself, placed our hands upon it, we will say at the east corner, the hands resting slightly upon the axis of one leg. The ends of my father's fingers were placed opposite to those of my mother; therefore any muscular action—*i. e., pushing*—by one, would, of course, be counteracted by the pushing of the other in the opposite direction. I sat at the extreme corner, so that all our fingers' ends nearly met, although no actual chain was formed. The hands were superimposed lightly on the table, the pressure, if any, unconsciously being *downwards* upon the axis of the leg. We charged the table, and I *willed* it to rise up—not to *turn*, but to *rise* up—and, in two minutes, the table—*i. e.*, the corner where we were placed—rose up, in defiance of Professor Faraday, and of our assumed notions of the laws of gravity. To suppose that we could unconsciously *push* a heavy table, weighing above a hundred-weight, is, indeed, a "preposterous theory."

**EXPERIMENT 2.**—After Faraday's letter was published, being resolved to test the matter still further, we placed ourselves as before, and charged the table. In two minutes, in obedience to my will, the leg of the table rose, as on the previous occasion, full four or five inches. I immediately pulled off my shoes and stockings, as preconcerted, and jumped upon the corner of the table, which, of course, resumed its normal position, all four legs remaining firm upon the floor, as usual. My father and mother then continued to charge the table, and in three minutes the leg of the table, at the corner where I stood, rose, carrying me up into the air. My father then took off his slippers and stockings, and standing also upon the table with his arm round my waist, left my mother alone to operate, who placed her hands on the table, *quite at the corner*. In three minutes the table rose as before, *carrying both my father and myself upwards*, and my father only kept his footing by holding on to the ceiling. Our united weights could not be less than one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, exclusive of the table.

**EXPERIMENT 3.**—At a séance, held on — August, 1853, we pressed the spirit, or ideo-motor power, to put himself in communication with us. The following is a copy of the record which I made of the experiment when it was over. *At one time the trembling of the table literally shook the whole house, and the casements rattled.* It occupied us rather more than the usual time\* to charge the table; say four minutes. The spirit then faintly manifested itself by the premonitory crick, when I put the following questions.

C. C. B.

Our correspondent will excuse our inflicting these questions upon the reader. It is useless to hear from a spirit whether Christianity or Buddhism is true; whether there is a future state, or whether the spirit himself existed before the creation. Another spirit may reverse the decision of this one; which are we to believe? It is placing an overweening confidence in spirits, instead of regarding them as mere human beings, who cannot take our free thoughts from us without injury to ourselves, that lays us open to deception, as simpletons are always deceived by wags. When experience shall have taught that our state of feeling is a summons, a welcome, and a criterion of the character of its spirit-guest, we shall avoid being deceived by them, while we shall have strong motives for regulating our thoughts. Our querist subsequently admits that "the power with which he deals is extremely capricious and mendacious in its answers;" and he has also come to the conclusion, on another page of his communication, that "the state of mind of the parties exercises a most surprising influence upon the table." What is this conclusion but an explanation of the other, and an acknowledgment of the inerrable test in spiritual intercourse, "Like begets like?" So long as our friend converses with spirits, with Milton's mythology, and other hereditary notions for a

\* This period varies greatly. The weather, the seasons, and many other remarkable causes affect the duration of the period required to set the table in motion. Warm weather is the most favourable time for action.

creed, we congratulate him on the conclusion that his interlocutor is a liar ; but he has himself suggested that this is only the effect and the manifestation of his own mistakes. We may also hint at the advantage of spirits deceiving the unwary, or we should learn to undervalue the right of private judgment. For the refutation of the doctrine of fallen angels involved in the questions, and generally based upon two misunderstood passages in the epistles of Peter and Jude, we may refer the reader to a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on Intercourse with Spirits," published by White, Bloomsbury Street. It is, or ought to be, well understood by the learned that the apostles are merely alluding to the apocryphal book of Enoch, by way of an *argumentum ad hominem*, illustrating their subject by referring to a history with which their readers were well acquainted. It is on this account that they quote from this apocryphal tale, which, however, was founded on a misconception of the relation in Gen. vi, about the "sons of God" taking wives of the "daughters of men," as if these "sons of God" were known to be angels, and angels were known to be created such ! So baseless is the fabric of modern angelology ! It is high time indeed, for men in Dr. Lamb's position (late Dean of Bristol, not the author of the pamphlet), to point out that "there is a perfect silence in Scripture respecting any fallen angels, or the existence of sin prior to Adam's transgression."

Our correspondent is equally at fault, in common with half the world, in assuming the existence of a supreme, omnipresent Prince of Hell, called Satan, or the Devil. Every schoolboy should be aware that both terms, like the term angel, are expletive titles, rather than distinctive names ; that is to say, they define only the *office*, without referring to the *nature*, or suggesting anything superhuman. Most people know that "angel" means messenger ; but they are not aware that "Satan" means adversary, and the "Devil," accuser ; so that the Lord himself is sometimes called an adversary, or a Satan, as when he stood in the way against Balaam, in Numbers xxii, 22. Peter is also called Satan, by our Lord. Besides, we have no means of distinguishing between such a power as supreme personal ruler of hell, and that of the evil spirits mentioned in the anterior prophets\* and evangelists ; or the spiritual powers and rulers alluded to in Ephes. vi, 11, 12, and there identified with the Devil, whose name is Legion, for they are not one, but many ; that is, doubtless, many leaders as well as many subordinates.

When, however, we read of the Devil as being a murderer from the (*i. e.*, his) beginning, who abode not (properly, *stood not*, or *was not stationed*) in the truth, because truth is not in him,† it is evidently

\* Judges ix, 23 ; 1 Sam. xvi, 14 ; 1 Kings xxii, 22.

† John viii, 44. It is, perhaps, needless to point out that the word "abode" is a very loose translation of the original ἐστήκει, which, like *stare* in Italian, is often used as a stronger form of the verb *to be*. *From* (the) *beginning* is, of course, originally, *from the first*, as applied to its subject, not (as the unclassical reader may imagine) to the creation of the world.

the principle of evil in the human heart that is meant, and not a person at all, much less a fallen angel, who could not be termed a murderer from the beginning, as Noble observes, in his "Appeal," if he had begun his existence as an angel of light.

May the time speedily arrive when no doctrines shall be drawn from Scripture but such as enlightened reason may endorse! then will the churchman's errors of interpretation be no longer ascribed by the infidel to inspiration itself.—EDITOR.

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### FRANK STARR'S EXPERIENCE.

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THE following extract we make from "A vision of the Coming Millennium," by Frank Starr, of Norwich, just published. It is quoted from his "Midsummer Morning's Dream;" but it is not the vision itself. It is recorded as part of an actual experience which suddenly came upon him when resting under a tree in Greenwich Park, and lasted several weeks. It is unlike the usual American manifestations, and seems to be of a very peculiar and isolated character. Mr. Starr was a commercial traveller at the time, and is now stationary in Norwich, as an intelligent and active man of business. He still adheres manfully to his original testimony respecting his spiritual adventures, but seems to regard himself as invested by them with a mission rather too high for the facts of the case, or the doctrine that accompanies them, in which there is no new light. His own convictions may be justifiable; but those who have not seen what he has seen, nor heard what he has heard, require a long series of apostolical movements and mighty works before they can surrender their convictions so very faithfully as he seems to demand. We have no doubt of Mr. Starr's truthfulness in respect to the facts; but being more familiar with the entire subject of manifestations in general than he seems to be, we are, at the same time, more aware of the mystification that is practised upon all vision-seers and angel-hearers. All visions and spirit visitations are more or less mystifying, but still they are facts, and interesting as parts of a great whole; and Mr. Starr's is particularly so, for we have seen nothing like it in the whole seven years' history of American spiritualism, from which he stands aloof, suspecting its devilish origin, as others, possibly, may suspect his:—

The occurrences took place in 1850, on Sunday evening, the 2nd of June, in that year; when, having quietly passed the day at Greenwich, in attendance on divine worship in the morning, perambulating the park in the after part of the day, I at night returned to London. I was calmly and musingly pursuing my way towards my sister's dwelling at the west end, when, feeling faint and weary, I entered a house of refreshment, in which I had once before in my life (and only) been introduced. The parties knowing me let me have what I required; viz., a simple repast of bread and cheese and porter. I sat in a small room by myself. Suddenly, as I sat

musing by myself, one came and set himself opposite to me, whom I had seen before, and I spoke to him ; presently a second, and a third, and a fourth followed, taking precisely the same positions I remembered to have seen them, just that day twelyemonths previously ; at which I wondered, and the more so, when the whole number was made up of twelve. We sat for a long time conversing upon many different topics, political, commercial, and social, upon which they said, "they wished to have my opinion, as I had been a good deal in the world, and seen much of it." I excused myself as well as I could from the task ; as I said my observations, for the most part, had been but superficial, and that I had not much learned lore, wherewith to make an oration worth listening to. "Nevertheless," said one who appeared to be the leader in the debate, "you must speak," and he gradually drew me into a lengthened argument, upon which I expatiated as though a tongue had been *given* me, for I did not cease talking for a whole hour. When, therefore, during this harangue on my part, the room was filled—for it was only a poor-looking spot and small—and the remaining portion of the assembly had become seated, the leader, an elderly-looking man, whom they called Lord Brougham, from his great similarity in feature, addressed them in a long speech, on the "employment of the poor" question, which having delivered, I was again called upon to reply to ; and notwithstanding in myself I felt as nothing to have to reply to so great an authority, such was the confidence I had already acquired, that I did not hesitate ; and the words were whispered into my ear, whenever I felt at a loss for a position or a simile ; at which I wondered, and more so to hear myself speaking to men, who were evidently men of great mental capacities ; but they said, "I must take courage," that they "knew me," and "all about me," "what I could do," and "what I could not." Whereupon we became still more familiar and friendly. They said they had often heard me sing, but that being Sunday night, they would not ask me then, but on some other occasion, they should be happy, &c. ; all of which I could not understand, for, excepting that I had seen them all once before, and sitting in exactly the same position, and dressed in the same garbs, they were perfect strangers to me.

As the conversation afterwards became general, I took occasion to give an outline of some of the circumstances that had happened to me during the week, particularly referring to my old friend, Captain "Leighton," whom they said they knew very well, as also the party at whose house we breakfasted—viz., Ginger's Hotel—all of which I told them, but with which they seemed to be acquainted. I also brought before them the subject of the sermon I had that day heard, and I went more into the real sense of it than I had been entertaining during the day ; but all they said was, that religion begat love and not fear. The real words, "*natural religion*," I left out. So, as I sat wondering in my mind what all this could mean, and the fixed conversational dialogue carried on with such vigour, as though they spoke with other tongues, and not with tongues of men, I ventured to ask their opinion on a project I had formed of becoming an author, and write a history of my life. Their answer was, "Yes, by all means write it, for there are many things you can tell of, others will read, who would not if written by any one else ;" my object being, as I said, to endeavour to "point a moral," and, at the same time, "adorn a tale;" at which they all joined in the same expression of assent, and that it would be successful ; notwithstanding, as they said, "we know you have no money." Whereupon, one of them immediately spoke out, "He shall have

money, but it must be hard-worked for." A very remarkable circumstance I noticed, which was, that amongst the whole twelve, they had not a sixpence, nor even a penny piece. After this the conversation assumed a much more serious turn, but in so regular and smooth a manner, no party speaking till the other had finished, that I began to fancy myself in a church or conventicle; when he, who had spoken out upon the money question, suddenly stood up: his face changed from the calm, pleasing, quiet demeanour it wore, to one of fierce, contending passions; hair dishevelled, and eyes blood-shotten: stretching forth his hand, which was small and very white, he demanded to "shake hands." I have always had a most instinctive horror of drunken men; thinking him as such, I drew back and refused; his companions immediately interfered and expostulated; notwithstanding, I resolutely refused, exclaiming, "Not so, sirs; drunkards never were my companions, neither shall they ever be. I can tolerate enjoyment, and upon occasions have looked upon excess, but 'whoso putteth an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' I associate not with, and especially shake not hands with; therefore let me pass." And pressing forward with that intention, he placed his hand again before me, which now was blackened and seemed hard with labour—"Now will you shake hands?" said he. "If," I replied, "it is to test me, whether I will embrace the hardy sons of *toil*, and take them by the hand, my answer is, *I will*, but in no other sense." Whereupon, his features resumed their former mild expression, and, smiling, he said, "Thou hast judged right; it will be thy fate, and thy work will indeed be hard." Grasping it, therefore, with more than supernatural strength, he pressed it till I thought every bone was broken.

"Well," I replied, after having released my hand from the more than vice-like pressure it had encountered, "I shall, certainly, remember *you* again wheresoever I may see you;" at which he smiled upon his companions a most significant smile, and said, "I told you he would, when he was tried upon the poor man's question;" and he added, "You see he says he shall *know me again*!"—"Oh yes," was my reply, "there is no fear on that score whatever." They then all rose from their seats and essayed to go; but first, one, of whom I have not before spoken or alluded to, but who joined in the long and spirit-stirring subjects that were discussed, said, "Well" (calling me by my name), "what thinkest thou of thy evening's amusement, for thou seemest as if it had given thee much pleasure?" "Sir," I replied, "I have heard such sentiments this night, and dilated upon in such a way, that were it not for the place in which we are assembled, and the garbs you are arrayed in, I should have thought I had been in the company of angels, rather than of men." Whereupon they all closed round about me, and with one voice said, "You have! you have!" and immediately my sight seemed to be gone, and I stood up, bowing down my head in humble, holy fear. A conviction that what they said was true flashed through my mind—the extraordinary way in which I had heard myself speak on subjects of which I knew I was comparatively ignorant—the deference with which I had received all their observations, and an indescribable sensation that ran through my whole frame—convinced me I stood in the presence of those who were of more than mortal mould. "Oh! sirs," I exclaimed, "if there is any path laid out for me in which I am to walk, I do not now perceive, set me on it straight, that I may run my course with zeal and fidelity, that I may walk and not faint, and, when finished, let my soul 'mount the starry world and triumph over death and hell.'"

This I said with much emphasis and enthusiasm, bowing my head before them ; and then I heard these words, "Come, let us anoint him, and set him forth upon his high mission ;" and immediately they passed their fingers through my hair, accompanying it with a blessing, and an invocation that the "gift" they then presented me with might be well employed ; there was then a dead silence, and I looked up, and behold I was alone !

I cannot at all describe the feeling of awe with which I looked round the small apartment in which I stood, nor the sensation of my whole frame of body ; it seemed as though electricity of a most powerful nature had passed through my whole system ; but instead of a prostration of either body or mind, I felt elastic and invigorated. The hour was nearly twelve o'clock, and after remaining lost as it were in contemplation for a few minutes, I went forth into the air, in my passage out, seeing no one. I was soon pacing rapidly along the Strand towards my lodgings, and ever and anon as my path was attempted to be stopped by the poor creatures who haunt that locality, as from time to time was the case, the night guardians appeared, and in stern commands interposed, as though they had received their orders to watch me home. And as I journeyed, my mind was full of thought. "What may all this mean ?" The pamphlet, too, I had published, they wished to see it ; and the next day I knew I had to be at home, whither they had said I must "forthwith return." How to get it to them I knew not. I went to my bedroom (having been favoured with a latch-key), obtained the documents and returned with them ; but finding the place shut, I left the parcel at another house, to which I was directed by another of those mysterious guardians, who were ever and anon at my side. I then returned to my lodgings and slept soundly till the morning—rose at a later hour than usual, breakfasted, and borrowed of my landlord ten shillings ; but being desirous to see more of this place I had been in, by daylight, I returned to it and saw two of the same men, as I thought them, for I could not bring my mind to think of them in any other character. When they saw me looking at them with wonder, the one said to the other, "See, he does not know us this morning."—"You are mistaken, sirs, I know you again, notwithstanding you are differently habited—there are not so many stars and stripes about you, sir," addressing the one who spoke, "as you had last night ; but I know you again." Whereupon they asked me "why I had come back ?" as they had told me "*I must not again enter that house.*" I said, I could not find out a house they had recommended me to the previous night ; when they said, "We will show you." And I followed them into the street, but *whilst I looked upon them, they vanished* from my sight, were clean gone, and I saw them no more. I felt somewhat bewildered, but, nevertheless, pursued my enquiry, thinking I could gain some information at the house where I had breakfasted with Captain Leighton, as *they* said they knew both him and the landlord of that house. I directed my steps to that quarter, and as I passed down the York Column steps, he who had so *tightly* grasped my hand the previous night, stood on the top pavement, habited ready for a journey. I looked twice, but once was sufficient ; I could not mistake *that* countenance ; his demeanour was such as intimated that he waited to accompany me on my journey home, and his eye was fixed upon me with a serious solemnity. As such I read the sign, for he spoke not—only *looked* what he would say. So I said, "I will be ready by the last train, five o'clock," and turned again to look, but he was gone—mysteriously vanished, as though he had sunk into the earth." So I went my way towards the

house Captain L and I had breakfasted at, to see if I could any way fathom this apparent mystery ; but *they* knew nothing of him.

After this, Mr. Starr went home to Norwich, in good health and spirits, much excited, however, about these appearances. As usual, his friends laughed, and endeavoured to persuade him it was all fancy, as if any man's own fancy had ever played such tricks with him ; and Mr. Starr got angry, and instead of prudently keeping all a secret from the incredulous, only affirmed it the more, the more he was contradicted. He did this from principle, believing it to be of importance. His friends, however, believing it all fancy, as Christians do modern revelations, and Infidels all revelations, they wheedled him into a lunatic asylum, and there confined him. In the heat of his resentment, he knocked down the keeper, and this made matters worse, for they at last overpowered him, and strapped him down for several days on a bed, and it was when strapped down on the bed that he saw the vision, and at the same time heard the spirit-voice that conversed much with him, and professed, at one time, to be the Lord himself, and at others a guardian or attendant spirit. The voice treats him as a child under discipline, and brings him through a variety of interesting experience, corrects some of his youthful follies, leads him into a new and religious tone of mind, teaches him the creed, which he had *not quite* forgotten, also to pray ; and, at last, when released from confinement, he finds himself a converted man—an enthusiastic believer in the coming millennium, with a divine call to do his utmost to warn men of the great approaching change that is close at hand. Into this part of the subject we do not enter, as it is chiefly with the spiritual manifestation that we have to do. Neither the twelve nor their leader again appeared, but the voice seems to represent the latter. The whole story is interesting, as, in this age, when the whole church is infidel, it shows the spirit alive, as of old, speaking in mystery to individuals, as he ever did. Were this story told in the Bible, as having happened three thousand years ago, there could be no doubt of its truth ; but having happened to Frank Starr, of Norwich, in 1850, it is “summat suspicious” amongst the evangelical infidels and the philosophers.

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### “SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS” IN CALIFORNIA.

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IN an extensive and fertile valley, about eight miles from the city of Los Angelos, in California, stand the remains of the Mission St. Gabriel, one of the first Missions founded during the last century, by Spanish Dominicans, for the purpose of Christianising the Indians. Since the exchange of the Mexican Government for that of the United States, the neglected gardens and orchards have been occupied by American squatters. In August, 1853, a family, named Hildreth, arrived across the plains, took possession of a part of the Mission

domain, and built a comfortable one-story house on it. The family is a large one, and very well to do, having brought over a considerable amount of stock from the United States. In the winter, reports of an extraordinary nature were in circulation in Los Angelos respecting the powers of two of the daughters as "mediums." It was said that mere table-tipping was quite cast in the shade by these young women, who were among the most powerful mediums known; that not only could they produce raps in any part of the house, but these noises accompanied them wherever they went, and would answer questions intelligibly. It was moreover stated that tables and other articles of furniture were moved and thrown about without the contact or even the will of the mediums, and that doors were opened and shut by some invisible agency.

Curiosity was so much excited, that those who could claim any acquaintance with, or could get an introduction to, the family, visited San Gabriel in parties, to witness those extraordinary doings. Some who went out had before seen similar phenomena in other parts of the United States; but the majority left under the impression "that the whole thing was a humbug, and they would very quickly expose it." On questioning persons as they returned from these so-called "spiritual manifestations," I found their answers could be thus classified:

1st. Those who were Roman Catholics (as they had been instructed by the priest) declared it was certainly the Devil's doings.

2nd. Persons who knew little of natural science thought "electricity" was the cause of the phenomena, and spoke as if they had given a sufficient as well as a scientific explanation.

3rd. Those (generally the best informed) who could only account for what they had seen and closely observed, by the recognition of some natural agency, of which we at present know nothing, or else that the disturbances were actually produced by *spirits*. But no one returned with the impression that he had witnessed a case of delusion or imposition.

A new phase now began to exhibit itself. After dusk, voices were heard in and about the house, either conversing together, or addressing different members of the family. My friend, the editor of the *Los Angelos Star*, could no longer remain away, but went and sat up in the kitchen alone after the family had retired to rest. He informed me, on his return, that after a careful and painstaking investigation his astonishment became excessive; that he had carried on a long conversation with voices in the air—had witnessed the throwing about of trunks and chairs, as well as the opening and shutting of doors, by some invisible agency—and that a sceptical friend, on their first arrival, had asked the spirits to do something to astonish him, when he was instantly drenched with cold water, there not being previously a drop of water in the room!

I will now proceed to relate only what I myself saw and heard. At the solicitation of those who were unable to leave town, the Miss Hildreths

paid a visit to some friends in Los Angelos, to exhibit their remarkable powers. It was at one of the meetings that followed where I first heard the "raps"—table-tipping I had frequently seen; and although remarkable communications had been made me by this means, I was still doubtful whether or no the answers were unconsciously influenced by the minds, either of the mediums or the spectators. But here were the *raps*—loud rapping occurring in any room the mediums entered for the first time in their lives, on the tables, or within a box, or on the floor. There was no "imagination" here. "Rap ten times," says one visitor, and ten distinct knocks are counted by the whole company: "Rap out my name, and I'll believe you," says another; and his names were correctly spelt out. Men of science, I ask you, "What now are these noises?" It is of no use denying their existence, or referring them to the imagination: hundreds of thousands of persons have heard them, and know to the contrary. Leaving entirely out of the question the intelligence exhibited, the first thing to determine is, what produces the noise itself. But to proceed with the experiments. Tables were moved about and turned over by the mere contact of one or two fingers; and a singular scene occurred, in which the united strength of two men was unable to set the table again on its legs, as long as Miss Hildreth's finger was in contact with some part of it. The violent efforts of the men would now and then partly succeed, when the table would rebound against them, and nearly throw them down.

An incident occurred about this time in Los Angelos, with which, however, these young women had nothing to do. It is now very customary in the United States for families to form "spiritual circles" of an evening, and a few friends having dropped in at my residence, it was proposed to make a "circle." The usual table-tipping ensued, when the supposed spirit intimated his wish to write, through a lady then present. Mrs. K. (a Catholic) ridiculed the matter, and was, with some difficulty, induced to comply. Having placed her hand, holding a pencil over a sheet of paper, in a little time the pencil was seen to move along, leaving a line of marks behind. It was observed that Mrs. K. did not move her fingers, nor her wrist, but that her whole arm moved from the shoulder. On examining the writing, it was found to be in a bold, though old-fashioned style, and purported to be from Andrew Sublette, an old and well known trapper, who had died in the town a few months before. It was a warning to Dr. Hope, the captain of the Rangers, that some vicious persons were on the lookout to assassinate him. The communication was, on enquiry, asserted to be in Sublette's handwriting.

Being doubtful, however, what influence the lady's mind had on the writing, I wished to try a more conclusive experiment. Mrs. K. submitted to be thoroughly blindfolded, and the "spirit" was requested to return the hand to the paper, to cross the t's and dot the i's. Her hand (which had been some time off the table) slowly returned, and commencing at the first of eight or ten lines, crossed every t and dotted every i without a single mistake.

In February (1854), I determined, before leaving California, to accept an invitation to visit the Hildreth family, at San Gabriel, and drove over my wife, and two other ladies, to their residence. On approaching the house, everything appeared in order, except the windows, in which scarcely a single entire pane of glass remained: it was, indeed, a complete smash. This, we were told, was done by the spirits throwing in stones; "and they had given up mending them." After enjoying an hospitable dinner, during which the parents told us that the rappings had accompanied their daughters ever since they were infants in the cradle, years before any one referred them to spiritual agency, we adjourned to a small room, in which was a large bed, a table, and a few chairs. The first experiment was to make a four-legged table walk out of doors, the medium having but one finger in contact. This feat was accomplished; but in moving over the rough ground, the leg, on which the table was walking, hitched, and broke off. The large, heavy bedstead, with mattress and feather bed, was then moved about the room with great ease. One of the mediums was, at this time, sitting on a chair at the opposite end of the room, when the bed suddenly made towards her, and, rising up at one end, placed itself on her lap. The other sister had two fingers resting on the headboard. The bed we afterwards found exceedingly heavy, and the force required to move it over the uneven earth-floor very great.

We then referred to the reports that various articles were moved about the house without any personal contact, and even without their will. They answered, that every evening about dusk these remarkable disturbances began. Miss H. pointed to a large trunk, which on the previous night had been laid across her chest, after having been in bed a few minutes; she "begged them not to disturb her, and it was quietly removed to its place." She added, that lately the bedclothes were sometimes suddenly jerked off them, and once or twice their rings had been taken off their fingers and hid in out-of-the-way places, and yet they said they were particular to lock their bedroom doors. One of the party expressed a wish to see some article of furniture move without anyone being in contact. One of the mediums stated, that such things had occurred only at night, but she would try. A chair was placed on the ground in the middle of the room, and she held her hand about a foot above it. Some time passed away, and she evidently doubted of succeeding; when, with a sudden jerk, it scampered off and upset itself about six feet from her.

Our time for departure was now approaching, and the party retired to the common sittingroom, to take a little refreshment before starting. The rapping noises still continued near the mediums, generally on the floor or some article of furniture near which they sat. The father proposed that his daughters should sing a song, and request the "spirits" to accompany them. This they did by rapping on or about a table standing in the centre of the room, the whole sounding very much like half a dozen persons beating "the devil's tattoo" with their knuckles. A violin was then placed in its box on the floor,

when, on repeating the song, the strings were sounded in accompaniment, staccato fashion.

The family pressed us exceedingly to remain the night, as what we had witnessed was trifling to what usually took place after dusk. We had indeed been astonished to a degree; yet I have ever since regretted we did not stay the night to see more. I trust the reader will not suppose that these exhibitions are made for the purpose of obtaining money: on the contrary, the family generally are getting heartily tired of the nocturnal disturbances, two of the daughters having quite a careworn look. With one observation I will now conclude. If the hundreds of intelligent persons, strangers to and apart from each other, who have been closely observing such singular phenomena, all arrive at the conclusion that these supposed delusions are tangible facts, stern realities—if all these, and thousands of others, have been deceived—of what use is evidence at all? Such is the self-sufficiency of learned bodies in England, that they sneer at anything which does not conform to, or emanate from, their “school,” and will not condescend to give this wonderful subject an unbiased examination, or even an examination of any kind. They are in the habit of admitting as established, and filling their books with new and extraordinary chemical combinations, on the bare assertion of perhaps one or two foreigners; and yet are deaf to facts which have as good evidence to support them as can be found towards the existence of hydrogen or chlorine.

H. W.

The writer of this resides in Hampstead-road, London, and speaks of what he has personally witnessed.

### REVIEWS.

**APPARITIONS; A NEW THEORY.** By Newton Crosland. Effingham Wilson, 11, Royal Exchange. 1856. Price Sixpence.

THIS is a little pamphlet which contains a great number of wise remarks, cogent arguments, and interesting experiences, the whole pervaded by a very pleasant and manly frankness. The “New Theory” is, that apparitions are produced from the other world by a kind of Spiritual photography. This, however, has been better stated by Swedenborg, in his doctrine of Spiritual Representatives. Representation, as applicable to all the senses, including touch, meets the case better than photography. Mr. Crosland is puzzled, we think needlessly, about the ghosts of clothes added to those of persons. If he would take the trouble to read Swedenborg’s *Heaven and Hell*, he would find that the *clothes-principle* is human and immortal, just as the *body-principle* involves both the natural and spiritual bodies. In fact, all the arts and sciences come from and return into the spiritual world. “In my Father’s house are many mansions;” “Houses not

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built with hands;" "Fine linen is the righteousness of the Saints;" "They shall walk with me in white." Given the immortal human form, and spiritual is as inadmissible as natural nudity.

A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND. Thomas L. Harris. "In my Father's House are many Mansions."

THESE poems, on which we have dwelt somewhat in our former numbers, are like a city which may be entered by many gates, being indeed a new vision of

"The second Thebes  
Of thousand-gated truth:"

and for the present we desire to approach them in their aspect towards new REVELATIONS OF BEING. Our extracts shall be directed to shadow forth this end. Philosophy and Theology, for some time past, have been rather straitly locked up to the life of man, and the doctrine of other and incarnate intelligences besides Humanity has been ignored. Swedenborg, the prince of Seers hitherto, by being erected into a limit, instead of recognized as the beginning of a spiritual railroad, whose construction wants continuing in every age—Swedenborg, we say, has led minds to a narrow idea of the known human race as the supreme end of creation. Now, although the human form is the image of God, yet what the human form is does not certainly appear from any limited experience; for, if it be the form of the infinite, it may itself be infinite in form, and inhabit a planet, a sun, a universe, or a particle of a ray of light, changing its shape of use and size of use, in each, without swerving a hair's breadth from its essence. It may be infinitely great, or infinitely small; an *anima mundi*, or a fairy. It is in this respect that the *Morning Land* comes to take Swedenborg out of his swaddling-clothes, and to allow the doctrine of the Divine Humanity to grow towards the proportions of the life of Universes, and to descend into the refinements of the seeds of causes. Philosophers have always seen this subject afar off, and have suspected in planets living beings; and mythologies have propounded in nature, natural spirits of many kinds; but here, for the first time, this terrible doctrine crouches and licks a poet's hand in Christian Love. The temple of a new Science, Psychogony, is being opened on earth and in heaven; and petty dogmas, and all sorts of pestilential Whewellisms, will cease before it of their own accord, as the Ptolemaic darkness rolled away before the light of astronomy.

Our first extract is the *Song of the Sun*. Swedenborg denied inhabitants to this luminary, much as Whewell denies them to the planets; and both apparently for theologic or papistical reasons; still keeping up the old contest of the Pope *versus* Galileo. The sun, says Swedenborg, is "pure fire," and represents the Lord. Pure fire is an abstraction, on a level with Kant's useless abstraction of pure reason and pure mind. As we don't know what it is, we can have no

objection to its being very habitable; just as pure mind, which is spirit, turns out to be six foot high, and to have head, legs and proportions. And the Lord may be better represented by an animated and intelligent orb, which is also peopled on its glorious surface, than by a Whewellite or Swedenborgian star, empty and corporeal. And so now for Solar functions as shewn in the **SONG OF THE SUN.**

I am a Spirit; over me  
Bends the white Heaven, one and three;  
I am an Angel, and my face  
Illuminates material space;  
I am a Seraph, and I move  
Creation with my heart of love;  
Soul, Spirit, Glory, three in one,  
I reign and rule, and am the Sun.  
Three heavens within my splendor lie;  
Three separate spheres of Earth and sky;  
Three separate landscapes deck my  
globe,  
And three-fold shines my radiant robe.  
My lowest light, from natural fire,  
Outstreams, and kindles life's desire  
Throughout my planetary host;  
With beauty blooms the natural coast  
That spans my orb, illumined and fed  
By radiance from my bosom shed.  
My glory fills the fields of space—  
But 'tis not mine; from God's own face  
Descending, life, and fire, and light  
Stream through me from the Infinite,  
Changed, as they fall, to natural beams,  
And flowing deep, in circling streams,  
Throughout my orb, and giving birth  
To myriad forms on every Earth.  
God gives to me a human form,  
Clothed in imperial purple warm,  
And rich with Love's essential heat.  
I wear seraphic shape complete.  
I am a three-fold heavenly man;  
My diamond spheres unfold and span  
Three separate realms of Angel-kind,  
Earth-realms, heart-realms, and realms  
of mind.

Three mystic realms of Angels wise  
Dwell in the radiance of mine eyes,  
Three mystic realms of Angels bright  
Dwell in my visual streams of light.  
Three mystic realms of Angels sweet  
Dwell in my heart's most fervent heat.  
Three mystic realms of Angels find,  
Within my brain, their Heavens of mind.  
Three mystic realms of Angels throng  
In my right arm, from God made strong.  
Three mystic realms of Angels thrill  
My sacred lips; their songs distill  
Melodious, and, inspired in bliss,  
They correspond to nuptial kiss.  
And thus I am in form a clime  
Of heavenly loves, and 'round me shine  
Vast orb-like Heavens. Mount, hill, and  
vale,  
Thronged, through their grand imperial  
pale,  
With Angel-Nations, who rejoice  
For ever, with melodious voice,  
And chant the Anthems of the Soul,  
As in their galaxies they roll.  
I shine as men are high or low,  
Giving to each a separate glow;  
Electric sparks from my sphere  
Renew the flowers and crown the year.  
Angels that throng my stately brain,  
O'er separate Earths in order reign.  
Angels that dwell within my heart  
Adorn the worlds with bridal art.  
Angels who dwell within mine eyes  
With seven-fold hues tinge planet-skies.  
I am, with all my splendid grace,  
A shadow from the Almighty's face.

#### SONG OF THE SEASONS.

The Sylphs of the Seasons begin their flight  
Where the Sun sits clothed in his robes of light;  
And they scatter their treasures with lavish hand,  
Where, clothed in their beauty, the Angels band.  
In the Heavens above there are Seasons three,  
And these in a sacred trine agree.

Spring is the Innermost Soul of Love,  
Quickened with germs from the Life above;  
Summer the Spirit, unfolding still  
Treasures of truth from the Spring's dear will;

Autumn the Outermost, making complete  
Wisdom and Love, that in fruitfulness meet.  
Spring, and the Summer, and Autumn are one—  
Daughter of Heaven and Child of the sun.

Gracefully, gleefully, trippingly go  
O'er the bright mountains the fawn and the roe;  
Joyfully, tunefully, lovingly sing  
All the sweet birds in the ear of the Spring.  
Hopefully, carefully, joyfully she  
Scatters her smiles o'er the mountain and lea.

Summer descends like a Bridegroom, whose glow  
Crimsons the blossoms the Spring bade to blow;  
Spring is his Bride, and she sits at his feet,  
Vailed in his glory, but ruling him sweet;  
Spring through the Summer shines over the plains;  
Spring in the Summer-king's innermost reigns.

Autumn is Summer's maturity grand,  
Saturn is he, and he rules o'er the land,  
Changing the fruitage to purple and gold,  
Filling with plenty the homestead and fold.

This, of the Sun, is surely good industrial doctrine—plenty of energy and activity and responsibility at the fountain-head, and in the central offices of the universes—the aristocracy of the stars, immensely more alive than the commonalty. But the old doctrine makes the planets the more honest, because the more workful, of the two, and reflects our present social state by pitching the old Ducal Suns upstairs into a splendid death and upper house of uselessness, while the poor earths do all the human hard work among them. But gradually, even scientific imaginations themselves shall be subject to the new life of Administrative Reform.

*En passant*, we will now give a sculpture which is equal in words to the Laocoön, or the best reliques of the Greeks—a sculpture cut from the model of an eternal jewel, and which will be as durable as our language:—

#### SONG OF THE EARTH'S DECLINE.

Alas, alas! one radiant child  
Of thine, O Sun, by crime made wild,  
Groans, anguish-laden, and her life  
Is wrung from her in tears and strife.

All, all is joy where Pallas smiles,  
Encircled by her fairy isles;  
All, all is joy where Hesper lights  
Love's bridal torch of pure delights.

*But Earth, O Earth, with anguish keen,*  
*Girt by a fiery snake thou'rt seen,*  
*As if the Aphrodite, born*  
*From heavenly waves, in Heaven's own morn,*  
*Were seized by monster from the deep*  
*While floating on the wave asleep,*  
*And wakened with the serpent's crest*  
*Glaring above her beauteous breast,*  
*While, struggling in that fierce embrace,*  
*She lifts to God her dying face.*

Sing mournfully the sad refrain ;  
 On Earth 'tis winter's dreary reign.  
 'Tis winter when the heart is cold ;  
 Where virgin, wife, and child are sold ;  
 Where rich men hunger, never fed,  
 But perish for celestial bread ;  
 Where Famine sits beside the door,  
 And leanness clothes God's suffering poor ;  
 Where Bigots curse the souls that die  
 Doubting their foul idolatry ;  
 Where wise men doubt that souls unfold  
 Beyond the grave-yard's fetid mold ;  
 Where slimy vices breed and sting ;  
 And through dark night the soul-birds sing.  
 Chant mournfully the sad refrain,  
 Earth weeps and dies in Winter's reign.

But now the planets are also embodied souls, and here is a record, worthy of the imperishable stars, of the marriage of two of them :—

**SONG OF THE MARRIAGE OF  
THE STARS.**

When in the Stars, when in the Stars  
 The morning dawns purpureal bright,  
 Sweet Hesper talks to golden Mars  
 Across the sea of heavenly light.  
 There is a speech, there is a speech  
 Whereby the Worlds for aye commune,  
 And Wisdom, born of Love, they teach  
 What time the sky grows red with  
 blo.  
 And this they say, and this they say,  
 In music chanting evermore,  
 " Bright day is ours, immortal day,  
 The day whose light is never o'er."  
 Across the seas, across the seas,  
 That through the heavenly spaces roll,  
 They chant what each one witnesses,  
 They chant the Nuptials of the Soul.  
 As Two-in-one, as Two-in-one,  
 In vision once I saw them all  
 In music circle round the Sun,  
 Throned each upon its emerald ball.  
 What are the Stars, what are the Stars  
 That sit upon their orbéd throne,  
 And in their glorious, flamèd cars  
 Traverse the great Sky's milky zone ?  
 My heart made quest, my heart made  
 quest,  
 As I beheld that vision grand ;  
 This answer thrilled my tuneful breast,  
 " The Genii of the Morning Land."  
 There is a law, there is a law,  
 Unknown to men of Earth and Time,  
 That gives the bright ones that I saw  
 Imperial grace and strength sublime.

Beneath their sky, beneath their sky,  
 As in some vast cathedral space,  
 They stand and worship silently,  
 With glory filled from God's own face.

And then they sing, and then they sing,  
 In music filled with mystic awe,  
 While all their spheres around them ring,  
 The grand Apocalypse they saw.

There is a scroll, there is a scroll,  
 Unfolded to that Heavenly Band,  
 A Lyric born from God's own Soul,  
 The Gospel of the Morning Land.

There is a spell, there is a spell,  
 Whereby they rise and chant, as one,  
 In glorious music, where they dwell  
 Within the Temple of the Sun.

Go up, my heart, go up, my heart,  
 A Whisper, 'mid their tuneful band,  
 And learn the grand seraphic art  
 That fills with speech their Morning  
 Land.

I rise to Heaven, I rise to Heaven—  
 In vision I am tranced afar—  
 Immortal sight to me is given :  
 An Angel sits on every Star.

A sea of fire, a sea of fire  
 Beneath me rolls on every side ;  
 The Planets, in celestial gyre,  
 Appear as Angels glorified.

" What meaneth this ? what meaneth  
 this ?"  
 I only ask ; and I am told  
 The Planets thrill with Angel-bliss,  
 And have, like Earth, their age of  
 Gold.

As wed the flowers, as wed the flowers,  
They rise to Nuptials vast and grand,  
And dwell in endless bridal bowers  
In Heaven's conjugal Morning Land.  
'Tis strange to me, 'tis strange to me,  
That human forms to Stars belong,  
And yet, in breathless joy, I see  
That every Star's an Angel strong.  
In robes of white, in robes of white,  
A Bridal Angel, Mercury, shines;  
She sits upon her orb of light,  
As one who mystery deep divines.  
Her argent globe, her argent globe,  
It thrills with bliss my happy eyes,  
Unknown, unvisioned splendors robe  
That Intellectual Paradise.  
Be still, my heart, be still, my heart,  
O hush, thou beating bosom-guest;  
'Tis all adorned with stately art—  
For Lovers pure a palace-nest.  
O whisper low, O whisper low,  
Melodious airs to me, and tell,  
As from that Angel-orb ye flow,  
Of those who in its glory dwell.  
Soft came the airs, soft came the airs,  
My bosom thrilled, my temples fanned,  
And said, "Bright Mercury's bosom  
shares  
The joy of Heaven's own Morning  
Land."

Upon his throne, upon his throne,  
The Hesper-planet sang to me;  
His glowing face effulgent shone  
With strength, and grace, and majesty.  
He looked in love, he looked in love,  
As Bridegroom on transfigured Bride,  
And said, "Through heavenly space I  
move  
The Virgin Mercury beside."  
And then I knew, and then I knew,  
That, bound in endless marriage ties,  
That glorious twain together flew,  
Coequal partners, through the skies.  
"Yes, we are one—yes, we are one,"  
The Bride-star to her Bridegroom said;  
"Through me thy holy horizon,  
With golden flame of love is spread."  
I saw the twain, I saw the twain,  
As Angel Bride and Bridegroom stand  
Within the Sun's imperial fane—  
The Nuptial-fane of Morning Land.  
A voice to me, a voice to me,  
Awoke my spirit; then I heard  
That voice vibrating deathlessly,  
"Fly back to Earth, thou Eden-bird.  
Sing, Poet, sweet—sing, Poet, sweet,  
To all who love on earthly strand,  
That Stars in heavenly nuptials meet,  
And Marriage crowns the Morning  
Land."

For the present, we conclude this notice with THE MORN SONG—a poem which leaves Milton's *Hymn to the Nativity*, and the most inspired English Lyrics, far behind it:—

#### PRÆLUDE.

Flow sweet, melodious strain;  
As from a silent grove is heard  
The voice of Night's melodious bird—  
Sing how the Morning came.  
God smiled, and lo! the Sun  
Bloomed like thy Lily Queen;  
In lucent glory seen,  
Rejoiced the Beauteous One.  
Come, Music, to my breast;  
Flow through my heart, and tell  
How day in light is dressed  
Where lovers dwell.

God himself is Morning,  
Shining from above,  
Heaven's expanse adorning;  
Light is born of Love,  
And all the thoughts divine that in their  
confluence move.

There's an Eastern Heaven  
In the Sacred Sun,  
Fairest of the seven—  
Day's pavilion,  
And Light sits in its sky like God upon  
His throne.  
All its blessed ether,  
Like a Maiden fair,  
When her bridemaids wreath her,  
Glowes with jewels rare,  
Which are the thoughts of God embla-  
zoned in the air.

But, like Bridegroom Spirit,  
There are middle skies;  
These the first inherit,  
As a Bride that lies  
Within Love's nuptial arms in festal  
ecstasies.

Heavenly morn and even  
 Alternate appear;  
 To them each is given  
 Separate Angel-sphere,  
 And endless changes grace the Heaven's  
 effulgent year.

Separate Fairy-races  
 Fill with varying song  
 All celestial spaces;  
 But the sweetest throng  
 The portals of the Day, and unto Morn  
 belong.

For the thoughts of Lovers,  
 Bred in bosom-bliss,  
 When the light uncovers  
 Their sweet happiness,  
 Appear as fairy forms, heart-blossoms  
 there, I wis.

In their marriage chamber,  
 All the Bridal night,  
 Lamps of gold and amber  
 Feed the air with light;  
 These flames transform to flowers, and  
 bloom at daydawn bright.

From their couches glorious,  
 Rising with the Sun,  
 Forms of Joy victorious,  
 Two led forth from one,  
 They kneel where eastward burns the  
 day-bright horizon.

And again infolding,  
 Into oneness, they  
 Pass from all beholding,  
 While to Him they pray,  
 Who is the Lord of Morn, the Potentate  
 of Day.

So the Morning cometh,  
 In the Heavens on high;  
 So the heart-flower bloometh  
 In the marriage sky,  
 And Angels from the morn their glories  
 multiply.

For when God descendeth  
 To their beauteous clime,  
 And their selfhood endeth,  
 Lost in His divine,  
 He cometh in the East and in the  
 Morning-shine.

**FINALE.**  
 Breathe far, O blissful strain,  
 And flow, like morning rays,  
 Breathe from this heavenly fane  
 To Earth always.  
 Oh, mystic harmony,  
 Touch human hearts, and move  
 Their bosom-life with love,  
 That they may be  
 With morning light from Heaven  
 Immortal made,  
 Where purest ray is given  
 For blight and shade.

In our next we design to continue these new endowments of *Being*, or *Psychogony*, and to request the Poem, by its own exquisitely gentle manipulation, to open the pregnancy of nature, and let in the trooping fairies upon the vacant pavements of this world's halls. For this is the only chance which the Old Theologians have to learn dancing.

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### REMARKABLE CASE OF APPEARANCE AFTER DEATH.

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GREAT surprise is often expressed at the credulity of those who believe in such matters as spiritual manifestations, and at their being so foolish as to accept as facts, repetitions of phenomena which come under their own observation, and supported by the simultaneous evidence of many other persons, otherwise generally allowed to belong to the sane and intelligent portion of the community: as great a degree of surprise may however be fairly expressed, and much more justly too, at the *incredulity* evinced, or asserted by any one, who, having had undoubted evidence of a phenomenon offered to his senses, as well as to those of others who were witnesses of it at the same time, together with a full conviction of the reality of the fact for a considerable period, can, after a lapse of time, and in consequence of

preconceived opinions, entirely reject it as a fact, and attribute it to some extraordinary illusion to which the senses of the whole party were subject.

The following singular relation is at once an instance of the strange incredulity above spoken of, and of the mysterious nature of those spontaneous appearances of departed persons which occasionally take place, much oftener than is generally believed, or even told, except to a very few: the party telling the story, while professing the most entire incredulity with regard to so-called supernatural appearances, and protesting against this being considered other than a strange and unexplainable illusion, stated, however, that *at the time* it had greatly affected him.

"When I was a young man, I and three of my college friends were travelling to Oxford, on the outside of the coach; I had secured the box seat, and my three friends were sitting on that behind me; we were approaching Wheatley, a village not far from Oxford, at about eight o'clock in the evening, in the summer time, when we saw, trudging on before us, a man in a smockfrock, carrying a bundle on the end of a stick over his shoulder; he went on for some distance a little way ahead of us, till we were close to a point where another road crossed ours, when we gained so quickly on him as to be induced to shout to him to get out of the way, but were terrified on seeing him knocked down, and the whole party feeling the lurch of the coach as the wheels passed over his body. With a peculiar horror at the sight of blood and mangled limbs, I, nevertheless, felt it to be my duty to get down with the rest, and see what could be done to assist the unfortunate man; I did so, and we proceeded to examine the state of the sufferer, when, and I shall never forget the feeling, an intense thrill of cold fear ran through my body, on seeing *nothing* whatever of the man! No sign of living being, except ourselves—nor traces of any accident! My companions were as much impressed as myself, and *some of them* speak of it with awe to this day.

"We went on our journey, and a short time after stopped to change horses at a little roadside inn, where we spoke of what had happened.—'Well, that's a queer thing, ben't it, Tom,' said the hostler to a man standing by, 'war'nt I just a saying to you, 'tis this very night five years ago, a little before eight o'clock, that poor Bill was murdered at the cross roads, just as he was coming home in his smockfrock, with his bundle hung over his stick?'

It is not *very* wonderful that this circumstance, and the remarkable coincidence of the hostler's remarks to his friend, should have made a deep impression on those who were witnesses of it; but it is not a little surprising that any one should be led to deny a fact occurring so circumstantially to himself, because of its clashing with preconceived notions, or because of its incomprehensibility.

H. C.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN PAPERS.

### WRITING AND TABLE-BREAKING.

EXTRACT from a letter from Thomas Neibert, of Natchez, Miss., to Gov. Tallagam:

"We have had rapped out, 'Lay fifty pieces of paper in a locked cupboard, and we will write on them.' In less than half an hour there was a communication of at least ten lines on each piece, and each communication perfectly characteristic of the individual professing to communicate.

"We have the remains of a table, all broken to pieces, by a spirit professing to be Samson. No person was near it. The table being near the wall, commenced moving as we came into the room to form a circle, and moved until it came to about the middle, when the spirit commenced breaking it; and the floor, when he got through, was a perfect sight to behold—all covered with splinters. The whole company, some ten or fifteen, all sceptics except myself, were perfectly convinced."—Epitome of Spirit-intercourse, p. 102.

#### AERIAL TRANSPORTATION.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Ohio, was returning from an absence, "when within about four miles of home, travelling on foot upon a turnpike, when he came to a 'bypath,' which he took, as it was a nearer way home than the main road. After he had followed this path about three hundred yards (it was then between sundown and dark), he was, by an invisible power, lifted from the ground, and carried through the air over the path, homeward, with such astonishing rapidity, that he was unable to count the panels of a fence along which he was carried, and which he was impressed to number. He was transported thus nearly a mile. While he was being carried a handsaw, and a square, which he held in his hands, were beaten together, and a delightful tune rung out. A brilliant light, apparently about four feet in circumference, shone out a short distance before him as he glided through the air."—*Spiritual Telegraph*, July 19th, 1855.

S. H. Whitman, in a letter to S. B. Brittan, says—

"Not many days ago, I was conversing with a lady of superior intelligence and refinement. In referring to the recent death of a beloved relative, she spoke with such cheerful tranquillity, that I was induced to ask her if she was a believer in the fact of spiritual intercourse as indicated in the wonderful manifestations of the day. She did not immediately answer me, and I began to fear, from her silence, that my question was displeasing to her; when she replied, that, although the subject was one on which she had seldom spoken, she had, in her own family circle, received evidences of the truth of these things, so dear and sacred to them, that they had left no room for doubt in the hearts of those to whom they were accorded. She informed me that she had experienced such serenity of soul, so divine a consolation, in the assurance thus obtained of the tender love and sympathy of her departed friends, and of a progressive existence beyond the grave, that, in the midst of many trials, her heart had been filled with devout hope and grateful adoration."

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#### A CITY OF THE SPHERES.

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##### GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET—BY MRS. HEMANS' SPIRIT.

I saw a beautiful city afar off, and the name of that city was "Holy." The entrance therein was through a massive gate, and on either side stood an angel, around whose head was a soft halo of radiance, like unto the sun when fleecy clouds have softened the brilliancy of his ray; and their countenances were fair and beautifully serene with a pure and holy love, and they ever sung the hymn, "Holiness to the Lord."

The angels who guarded that gate were called Constance and Truth, and many people were passing in and out. Some were clad in bright raiments and had radiant faces. Some had a lowly and downcast mien, and before they entered the gate were casting imploring looks, with this expression on their faces, "May I enter?" Some strode along tall and majestically, their heads erect and their faces earnest, as if in pursuit of some great treasure to be obtained when they should enter that gate. Some were loitering in the path, and gazing wishfully as though afraid to approach. Some were trembling, and tears bedewed their checks, and they looked on one another saying, "Shall we approach? we shall not be permitted to enter." Little children were travelling there hand in hand, and none of these emotions did I observe on their innocent faces. Carelessly and hopefully, brightly and lovingly, they loitered along, and their little faces seemed glad with delight as they approached that beautiful gate, and gazed on those beautiful guards which kept the entrance. They did not ask, "May I enter?" but they entered. The guards smiled, and the smile struck me as an exceedingly happy one. But why the careless, happy laugh of childhood should make them seem happier at the unconcern with which those little ones entered, was more than I could fathom. It struck me as remarkable. Much more important seemed the entrance of those people of full growth and developed minds, and yet how different, how varied were the emotions which each countenance, each walk, each manner and mien, and whole expression together betrayed, while passing before my vision!

I also reached the entrance, and was permitted to enter; not, however, before I had asked one of the keepers the meaning of so much apparent incongruity of character exhibited by the concourse which had passed before me. The guards said, "Enter, and see for thyself with thine own eyes, and thine own eyes shall convince thee;" and I entered.

I noticed in that vast city, that those whose faces were so radiant with joy and happiness, had come from a far-off country, to show the new-comers the localities, pursuits, and customs, and requirements of the country which they were now going to inhabit. And I observed that those who had entered with so lofty a port and imposing a mien, with head so erect, so elevated, wore a disappointed look at the barrenness of the country. They had expected to be kings and masters, and to feed on the fat of the land. They did not seem to find the palaces, the luxurious dwellings made ready to receive them, which they had expected to find, and it seemed to me as though hastily constructed palaces of happiness, before setting out for this country, had been suddenly overthrown. They looked lost, disappointed, jealous. They did not ask, "What shall I do?" but they asked, "How is this? This is not the heaven to which we expected to come. It is a cold, barren, gloomy place; nothing genial or bright to feast the eye or please the soul. Why, we were led to expect a far different place from

this. This surely cannot be the heaven we were so often told was prepared for us." They seemed to fold their hands and stand in mute despair. They looked neither to the right nor the left, but there they stood, and gazed as it were on vacancy and hopelessness. How dark and bleak it seemed to them!

I turned away from them and approached a form who seemed elated at having found something very pleasing. I stepped up and accosted the person. I inquired, "Why do you seem so glad? have you found a treasure? Nothing less could make you look so happy. I would participate in your joy." The figure, which was a female, looked on me with eyes streaming with tears. "Why, mortal," she said, "this is such a beautiful place, I am enchanted, I am delighted. Can it be possible that I can always live here? Why, when I inhabited a coarse body, which now I find was a shell in which the spirit moved, I was unused to such a place. My fingers ached with toil, my heart was oppressed with sorrow, my limbs often refused to do their painful duties, and my spirit seemed bowed down to the dust. They told me I was such a sinner; and the preacher warned me to beware of a fire prepared for such as I, who broke the commands of God, even to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I longed to live, because I dared not die. They told me God was pure and good, too pure to look upon such a sinner as I, because of my infirmities. They told me I had turned my back on God by the life which I led; I had broken his commands. I had not entered the room where his word was preached because of my poverty and nakedness. I grew reckless, and I thought, I will live on my short day, and then let me perish. How dark, how very dark the future seemed! But when worn out with disease and long suffering, my heart weary and heavy-laden, I laid down, most unwillingly too, my mortal body; and when I awaked, a beautiful being came and took me by the hand, and led me a long distance from earth, and put me upon the road by which all those people have entered through that gate. I had not hoped to enter it, but I was impelled to enter by a power of I know not what. And when I entered it, why, what a beautiful place I found it! Oh, I cannot, cannot describe my joy and happiness. So many smiled upon me. They take me by the hand and welcome me. Such beautiful-looking people! I did not think they would notice me—a poor creature like me. Why, everything here dazzles my eyes with ecstatic beauty and splendour, which everywhere meets my view. The very ground I tread upon seems to be of such a brilliant hue. It is almost transparent, and yields to my touch. I neither know whether I walk or glide. It seems to me I do not tread at times. It is a gentle, undulating motion, so unlike the painful steps my poor weary feet used to tread. And oh! how beautiful and green the grass appears; and the leaves, they wave so gently in the wind! The air, which is wafted from the leaves across my brow, seems to fill me with such intense joy that I could soar as a bird in the air. Oh, what a lovely place is this! I see such broad and shining

rivers, and moon, and sun—but so much more bright than I ever beheld on earth. How strange it all seems! The very stars seem to smile as they twinkle, and music fills the air wherever I turn my ear. It is more heaven than I ever dared dream of—more than I could ever conceive. How I wish to go back and tell the world, my friends, of this lovely place! They would not believe me. Why, heaven is entirely too poor a name! I cannot tell you, it is so beautiful! so beautiful!

That radiant spirit met me and said, “Poor mortal, poor child of clay, of sorrow, and of suffering, rest thou here. Here the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. This is thy heaven, as long as it shall appear heaven to thee. But heaven is not a place, but an endless continuation of places.”

I then turned and beheld those loiterers. They were very slowly approaching in their journey through that great city. They seemed careless somewhat, doubtful somewhat, fearing their progress would every moment be impeded from some unforeseen obstacle placed in the way by some uncertain power. I approached a loiterer and said, “Why do you tarry? Why do you not hasten as your fellow-travellers are doing? Have you no object in view—no desire to explore this unknown country? Do you not wish for a guide? Why, haste thee, loiterer; the bright ones will outstrip thee, and thou wilt be left in the rear, and thy path become toilsome, with none to lead thee.” He turned upon me a look of inquiry, for I perceived he was a mortal, but I could perceive no earnest look in his eye, no heightened colour in his cheek. He would take a few steps forward and turn, look back and pause, and then seem to shrink as though in fear, and anon would look forward. He said to me, “I never was in a hurry; I never could make up my mind whether to be a Christian or a sinner, as the world calls it. I thought I would take the middle path and risk the future. I liked the world so well that I followed its precepts, and where duty was an easy path, very easily I walked therein. I was very contented to think that heaven should be my home, but farther than this I did not search, thinking that many would be situated in the same position as I was, and why should I fare worse than they? Well, in this state of mind I cast off my body. I emerged into a country of whose character and bearings I was altogether ignorant; indeed, I am still fearful that I may have entered the wrong passage. Had I not better return and seek another entrance? This does not seem to me so much like heaven. I am afraid if I go on it will lead me to a hell they used to talk about. It makes me uneasy; I don’t like to crowd along. What is your opinion?”

I said, “Poor spirit, go on thy journey, learn wisdom, and make up for lost privileges, for lost happiness, and for never-realised hopes. Ah! poor mortal! what have you not lost? An uncertainty through life has almost become an uncertainty after death. Oh, thou radiant guide! wilt not thou approach? Wilt thou not tell this poor mis-

guided soul how weak and unstable is the guide which makes unto itself a guide of others' opinions? When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

I turned from the sad spectacle, and near me I saw those trembling ones with tears upon their cheeks. Ah! the tearful eyes, how sad they look, and yet how hoping! Slowly they approached—tremblingly they lifted up their voice and exclaimed, "Oh, this place is so beautiful, we will not be permitted to stay. It is only a glimpse of heaven, only a thought of beauty to gladden us on our entrance into the shadows of the spirit-world. Why, they told us of the valley of the shadow of death—they told us of the path being narrow, and of the few that entered it. They must have been mistaken in the way they took those words, that passage. A great many are walking in that way; we are walking in it. Oh! oh! it's heaven, it *is* heaven. It is the heaven we heard about, but it is the heaven we never expected to enter. It was kept at such a great distance from us! They said it was the pure, the sanctified, the meek, and the lowly, and the God-fearing, the sin-hater, and the well-doing that entered heaven. We never thought we were the well-doers; we never expected so great a boon; we never anticipated being so near heaven—it seemed so very dim and distant. And now, here we are, and here is heaven! Why, a short time ago we were down in the busy world, jostled in the crowd and overlooked—sometimes sneered at, sometimes scoffed at, often unnoticed. But, oh! we did love God—we did right as near as we knew how, though not all they told us was right. We lived and died as mortals do, and here we are, some in one path and some in another, some in one direction and some in another, that leads to this beautiful country. Some are in fields, where grass is just beginning to grow; some walking through paths of shade and sunshine; some are even picking flowers; and some are seeking for treasures, which they call knowledge, which they sought for long on earth but never found, because of their inability to attain the gift. They have gone to a building which they call a place of instruction, and they say that is a heaven to them already. They say their souls have ever hungered on earth without being satisfied. Some of them are exploring the wonders and workings of nature, and some are exploring the wonderful machinery of their own being. All are engaged in labour, and all have kind friends called guides. Shall I tell you what the labour is called? It is the natural labour of the human mind, which the eternal soul is ever engaged in, and that is "**PROGRESSION**."

The little children next attracted my attention. Little children! best and last! How careless and happy! with what ingenuous, beautiful, no-evil-fearing faces they enter! Hail! little spirits! How bright ye look! They do not weep. They do not shrink, nor tremble, nor turn back, but wander along in innocence and joy. Hither and thither they spread. One is attracted by a beautiful bird and chases that bird, drawn by its musical notes, and he laughs in the fulness of

his spirit's joy. Another has found a beautiful flower. Oh, how delighted he looks! He bursts forth in a merry peal and calls his little companions to gaze on the treasure he has found. Another hears sweet music, and has flown off to find it. As they wander off, one meets another, now a father, a mother, a brother, a sister. Oh, what a happy mingling of joy there is! How delighted they seem! Their heaven is all heaven, no cloud obscures their sky, but joyfully and trustingly they gambol and frolic in the beautiful pastures prepared for them. How it gladdens my spirit as I gaze on the scene! Oh, innocents, how trusting! How much nearer ye approach the Godlike nature of our Father in your happy beauty of trust! Ye know no evil, therefore ye fear no enemy. The chain which unloosened you from heaven, as a spark of light, returned you in its links so untainted that ye scarce felt the transition. Happy ones, I leave you.

Radiant spirits, I thank ye for the entrance ye have given me to a lesson to give to mortals below. Faith, thou art mine; and Constance, I know thee, and thank thee right gladly.

The city which I entered is that which is viewed by mortals in the flesh, and it seems to them that it is far off, because it is called "Holy." The entrance thereof, through that massive gate, is called Death—massive because the spirit's greatest entrance when cut loose from this sphere. And the angels on either side are the angels which usher us in, and the shining ones who were passing in and out of the city were those who are sent back to earth on errands of mercy and love.

The city itself represents the heaven which all contemplate as being their ultimate destination, whether they have lived, or felt, or expected a continued existence; and different aspects of the same country to the different minds which arrived there, will show you wherein they had wisely or unwisely prepared for their never-ending journey.

The gate is surely a golden one to many, and the entrance is always and ever watched by spirits, which are waiting to receive the traveller, who there commences his experience, guided by faith, led on by patience, supported by love, inasmuch as his former life and sphere of affinities will enable lovely spirits to approach him upon his first entrance.

#### SACRED CIRCLE.

"The mind which is immortal, makes itself  
 Requital for its good or evil thoughts,  
 Is its own origin of ill and end;  
 its innate sense,  
 When stripp'd of this mortality, derives  
 No colour from the fleeting things without,  
 But is absorb'd in sufferance or of joy,  
 Born from the knowledge of its own desert."—MANFRED.

Time! that only wealth which all may waste but none can give.—MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**OUR PROVINCIAL REVIEWERS.**—We have quite a little party of reviewers. We should like to invite them all to dinner at the London Tavern, and pay their expenses to London. After that, they might go to Paris by an excursion train, if they pleased. If they are as good-natured as we are, we think we should have a pleasant evening of it; and that after the fourth or fifth glass of champagne, they would begin to see that there was really something in the spirit movement after all; though, at present, they seem to regard us as one who has come in amongst them, like the monkey without its tail, amongst its long-tailed brethren. There are the *Derby Mercury*, the *Dover Chronicle*, *Bristol Mirror*, *Plymouth Journal*, *Stockport Advertiser*. (These five show embryotic germs of intelligence.) The *Scottish Press*. (This is an ill-favoured Simian, that thinks by machinery, having no soul. We say this in a friendly spirit.) The *Welchman* (shows glimmerings of intellect); *Gateshead Observer* (Evangelical, Infidel, and Scotch-looking); *Glasgow Examiner* (a four-thumbed nutcracker, that pretends to crack any of our nuts, but can't); *Ipswich Express* (dawnings of reason); *North Wales Chronicle* (too fond of beer to care for spirits); *Shrewsbury Journal* (a snub-faced pug, very pompous—for want of understanding, it calls our paper "balderdash"); *Banner of Ulster* (a hairy old Sadducee, inclined to bite, but loose in the teeth); *Hastings News* (considers our case not proven. It says we are shallow when we argue thus: "Can we be Christians, and sneer like infidels at all spiritual phenomena except those which were witnessed by the ancient Jews?") What this homuncle calls depth is probably going down so deep that you cannot get up again. This is his case); *Poole Herald* (green and raw-bidé—sits perched up too much—thinks our periodical ought to be profitable, for he does not believe a word of it. His own, perhaps, does not pay, because he speaks what he thinks); *Dover Chronicle* (thinks its own mind healthy, because, like old Gallio, it cares for

none of these things: any donkey could say the same if its mouth were opened); *Welchman* (wants us to be more impartial, that is, to take the *Welchman's* side of the question); *Wakefield Observer* (this Punch likeness of divine humanity wonders we can be so devoid of reason. We don't wonder at its own lack of it); *Plymouth Journal* (a prudent paper, with a mortal spirit—keeps a weather-glass); *Coventry Herald* (might be a rational being if more enlightened and self-dependent, but not being disposed to buy its own papers, it writes for the market, and takes the windy side of a subject); *Weston-super-Mare Gazette* (scintillations of reason); *Plymouth Mail* (thinks our writing "worthy of a better cause"—baby shows, naval reviews, and Crimean management, for instance); *Brighton Gazette* (an intelligent paper, which, without giving credit to the subject, reasons like a human being); *Exeter Post* (is curious to know what other delusion comes next—not his, for that is too asthmatic to last long); *Blackburn Standard* (says our subjects are treated seriously, and with an amount of ability which reflects the highest credit on our contributors.) This is the climax, and a model for all others. Upon the whole, considering the amount of Simianism, vulgar credulity, mortal spirituality, articed routine, time-serving, and malice prepense in the British Press, we have no reason to complain. We regard our unfriendly critics as merely bubble-blowing and mischievous boys, gossips, and police-reporters, and mechanical reviewers, who repeat their lessons learned by prescription, under fear of the rod of the believers in quack pills and ointments. Our friendly critics we regard as gentlemen of *adult* understanding; our opponents as boys of *adult* understanding. Many of our reviewers have compared us and our readers to Balaam and his ass. But Job and his five hundred asses would be a better simile; and they were increased to a thousand, for his patience and integrity. We hope ours will be blessed with a similar increase. Job's asses were all she ones, unfortunately; our stud is more fortunate in this respect, having a suit-

able proportion of both sexes. We shall help our critics to a simile as we proceed. Meanwhile we are content to begin with Balaam, and the respectable historical personage that marched under him.

**W. D. MACPHERSON.**—We had observed the extract to which our correspondent directs our attention, from Zadkiel's Almanack. Zadkiel knows nothing about the subject. We believe he never witnessed any of the manifestations. But he has plenty of self-confidence to give an opinion very hastily. If "spirits can have no mission to instruct, because they flatly contradict one another," the same conclusion will apply to astrologers also, who have been pretty well tried, and found wanting. His own crystal proved a complete delusion. Its prophecies were mostly all failures, and if he has discovered some new charm for charging the crystal with good spirits only, it will prove fallacious also. But he cannot have more than two or three years' experience of it; and we have never seen any of the new predictions to be able to verify them, and the profession looks too much like Holloway's or Morison's pill professorship for us to believe in it. It is better adapted for the circle of our provincial reviewers, whose readers are Holloway's believers, as their columns testify.

**S. CHINNERY.**—Not at present; we had the prospectus of a society sent us lately, but it has not yet been organised, that we have heard of.

**CLERICUS.**—Our correspondent's letter is well written, and, had it contained some interesting facts or experience, we should have inserted it. But we prefer facts to essays at present, in the infancy of the movement. We have more essays than we can make use of.

We thank VINDEX of Aberdeen for his strictures; we are glad to hear of his progress, and shall be happy to receive his facts. His criticism on us is, however, uncalled for; as we were speaking of things, not persons, and were guiltless o malignity. We spoke in our own way; and he, if he pleases, shall go on speaking in his. Let him not think we undervalue Swedenborg: it is because we honour him that we shall attempt to rescue him somewhat from Swedenborianism.

### THE ANGEL BARQUE.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

Little Calvin, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child of six summers, was dying, and he bade his father and mother come near the bedside that he might tell them farewell. "Mother," said he, "will you not go with me?" "Where are you going, my child?" asked his mother. With his eyes fixed upward, he answered, "To Heaven, mother," and in a moment was in the arms of him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

From the rosy western heaven,  
Through the tinted mists of even,  
Up to the purple deeps of twilight,  
Slowly sailed a snowy cloud,  
Coasting by the golden sky-lands,  
Sweeping round the starry islands,  
Sailed that barque until the zenith  
Was enveloped in its shroud.

Summers six had come and parted,  
Since upon that sea uncharted,  
Once before came seraphs sailing  
On a skyward-tending track.  
Then a leaf, of God's evangel  
They had left—a tiny angel  
On thy bosom, gentle mother—

Now they come to call it back.  
All his earthly mission ended,  
On his little couch extended,  
Lay he, watching with the Spirit,  
As his azure eye grew dim;  
Though by others all unnoticed,  
Watching where that vessel floated,  
And the wooing angels waited,  
For he knew they came for him.

Many sweet "good byes" he told ye,  
Close his little arms enfold ye—  
Father, brother pressing near him,  
Shutting heaven from his view.  
But to thee he clung the nearest,  
Thou the fondest, best and dearest,  
As he murmured, "Oh! my mother,  
Will not *you* go with me, too?"  
"Where, oh! where my child?"—"To  
heaven!"  
Sighed the passing Spirit. Even  
Caught the cadence of the chorus  
As the angel-barque swept on:  
Sailing up the ether slowly,  
It has reached the haven holy,  
And lies moored within the shadow  
Of Jehovah's great white throne."  
*The Christian Spiritualist.*

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