

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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INTRODUCTION.

IN entering upon another volume it may be necessary to briefly sketch our intentions of the manner we propose conducting the *Telegraph*. In the first place, we shall publish it *Weekly*; and in order to answer the ends of its publication, we hereby solicit Spiritualists in every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to furnish us with facts, such as may have occurred in their own presence, whether it be of extraordinary manifestations, or, of useful communications. From the correspondence we have had from different parts of Great Britain, we are perfectly satisfied that our pages would not contain one half the accounts that might be collected; yet, after making allowance for the indifference of some, and the want of courage by others, we look forward with increasing hopes that sufficient efforts are already being made to call for a regular *Weekly Organ*.

Under the head "Communications," we shall insert, from time to time, communications from the Spirit land, whether obtained by tipping, writing, impression, or otherwise; yet it must not be expected that we shall defend or coincide with all that emanates from that source. If we are satisfied that they have been obtained honestly it will generally be a sufficient passport to our columns. We shall eschew dogmatism, and by so doing help to break down party prejudices, and establish a union of man to man.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL
PHENOMENA.

BY THE REV. W. R. HAYDEN.

THE causes which deeply affect the social and religious condition of large masses of our fellow beings, must ever offer to the reflective mind a subject of the highest interest, and excite in the philanthropist an earnest desire to rule those causes for the good of mankind.

Thousands upon tens of thousands, allied to us by blood, religion, language, and manners, have been moved to their innermost being, by the extraordinary phenomena, whose rise and progress I am so briefly noticing.

Flowing from the same causes as in America, and acting upon the same materials as there, these "manifestations," for the last three years have, as facts, taken firm root with educated classes of the English community. Any attempt to hide these facts from the public gaze, by a denial of their existence, is at the present moment so hopeless, that we may well marvel how men of science—physiologists and philosophers—can brace themselves to the desperate task. But as the *Zoist* so aptly terms it, "a shallow philosophy of mere negation," must soon come to an ignominious end. Accumulating evidence will bring its weight to bear on clearer and bolder minds, which, sifting the facts, here and there pick out the precious ore of truth, and save us from folly, fanaticism, and delusion.

In a village of the Western part of the State of New York, at various times during the year 1846-47, the family of Mr. Michael Weekman was seriously disturbed by loud and repeated rappings, for which no satisfactory or visible cause could be discovered. Mr. Weekman soon after removed from the scene of such mysterious occurrences, and his house passed into the occupancy of Mr. J. D. Fox, wife and three daughters. Up to this time the rappings had not attached themselves to the organism of any one person, but seemed to be more particularly connected with the locality. Four months had scarcely passed away after the occupation of their new abode, when the female members of the Fox family discovered that these sounds were connected with their persons, following them from room to room, and answering questions intelligently, either by a concerted number of raps, or by repeating the alphabet, from which the raps selected certain letters, forming words and sentences.

From the very beginning these intelligent sounds insisted upon the spiritual nature of the agency, and inconsistent and varied as they may have been in other communications, have never changed in this. Public attention was soon excited, and the Misses Fox became the centre of earnest attention. Meetings of the most prominent men were convened; committees of examination appointed, and ladies selected, with instructions to place the young girls, completely disrobed, on feather pillows. The closest scrutiny, however, failed to detect any visible cause for these remarkable sounds; they continued under all circumstances to be made, here, there, and everywhere, within certain distances of the medium, a name by this time applied to the person in whose presence these sounds took place.

Endless explanations were offered, but proving inconsistent with each other, and in direct hostility to many of the varying modes in which this invisible force began to develop itself, they fell to the ground, by universal consent, insufficient and impossible.

The intelligence through the rappings gradually increased, and at length instructed the inquirers to form circles, promising with most unfailing exactitude, that other persons should become media, and that physical manifestations, appealing to every outward sense, should also occur.

The members of these circles diffused their knowledge abroad, and from the most remote parts of the United States, personal experience bore testimony to the facts. Gentlemen of standing and veracity, clergymen, judges and senators, continually put forth letters under their own signatures, testifying to the movement of heavy objects, to the playing of musical instruments, to the ringing of bells and to the writing of pencils,—all without a visible physical agent, and countless multitudes, from the cliffs of Labrador to the reefs of Florida, repeated these assertions, not from their faith in one or many men, but from their faith in the evidence of their own senses.

These Phenomena displayed themselves in different forms, perhaps owing to the different nervous organization of the media. The most general and easily attainable form was that of involuntary writing. English society would be strangely moved if it could know how many of its members, male and female, gentle and simple, secretly practise the gift, and sincerely believe in its spiritual origin. Movements of untouched objects, with little or no intelligence, although in the earlier stages greatly sought after, lost much of their interest in consequence of the growth of more pleasing phases, appealing directly to the intellect and affections. Sensitives, without any mesmeric manipulations, were entranced in the circles,

and in that state gave utterance to ideas, clothed in a flow of language far beyond their normal ability. Others personified death-bed scenes with a truthfulness which brought tears from the eyes of many a witness to the well remembered event, or gave pantomimic representations of the bearing, manner, and phraseology of persons long since dead.

Still later in the history of these "manifestations," as they are popularly called, we find eye witnesses publishing statements of the most incredible character to us, yet commanding the implicit credence of hundreds upon hundreds, all professing personal experience as the justification of their belief.

A phase in which this force is developed, and which is becoming more frequent every day, bids fair to be of the most precious value to every human being. Whatever may be the proximate cause, there can hardly remain a doubt that many persons, influenced through the magnetic conditions of a circle, find themselves able in a very short time to affect others labouring under diseases of a nervous origin. Those thus influenced have been named healing media, and the cures they have performed are in advance of the well known facts of English mesmerism.

In a brief sketch of this nature, simply intended to direct the reader to more copious sources, only the prominent forms of mediumship can be noted; with their various shades classified under the general heads of—Writing, Rapping, Speaking, Seeing, Healing. Of all these, writing and rapping prominently keep their ground, and bid fair, from their varying adaptation to different circumstances, ever to do so. Independently of the intelligent and touching communications conveyed to us by the rappings, the sounds themselves, from the curious speculations they give rise to, must continue to be a cause of intense interest.

In America, the spontaneous character of these rappings is fully acknowledged by all those whose opinions are worth respecting on the subject; it is even admitted in courts of justice, and in scientific bodies, presided over by such distinguished professors as Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, Bush and Mapes of New York, and Channing of Boston.

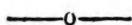
In England, however, this is not the case. Dr. Elliotson expresses his conviction that the sounds are made by rubbing the shoe against the legs of the table, and the information gained by attentive inspection of the inquirer's face and demeanour. Professor Anderson, whose opportunities for discovery have perhaps been superior to those of his coadjutors, demonstrates an electro-magnetic battery. Professor Faraday, although silent on the principal question of the rappings, by an ingenious apparatus, has shewn that tables can be, and perhaps are pushed around by muscular exertion. Professor Owen has no argument but contempt for

the whole category of clairvoyance, table turning, and spirit rapping; and Sir David Brewster apparently coincides with him, at the same time somewhat leaning to the view, which academical and anatomical science in Paris takes of the structure of the foot and ankle, as a full and sufficient explanation. With such conflicting opinions from the highest authority, impartial men have been obliged to trust to their own experience for reliable information.

Happily we need not wait much longer to satisfy ourselves of facts, which the exposures hitherto made, have only caused us to regard with increased interest. Whilst Media abound in all the principal cities of America, and every household more or less is conversant with the subject, the English public must remember, that as yet these things are new to us, and that *opinions* without knowledge are of the smallest possible value compared with the *statements* of intelligent and honourable Americans.

Eight short years ago, not a single individual in the United States was known as a Spiritualist; at this date, 2,500,000, at a moderate estimate, profess to have arrived at their convictions of spiritual communication, from personal experience. The average rate of increase has been 300,000 per annum.

The seed has been sown here. Shall we shut our eyes and deny its growth, until the wild and unpruned branches have overshadowed the land? Rather by investigation let us establish what is true, and build upon this firm foundation. Our own interests and those of our children require this at our hands.



DEMONSTRATIVE EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT EXISTENCE.

(From the Spiritual Messenger.)

July 20th, 1856.—In my own rooms (258½ Walnut Street) with Mr. W. J. Van Vleck, no other person being present I made the following, among other experiments.

Placed a pencil between the leaves of a book, a piece of blank paper on the outside, all of which Mr. Van Vleck held under the table with his left hand, his right being on the table, we sitting at the opposite sides. Spite of all my futile efforts to discover how it was done, the paper was written upon.

The experiment was several times repeated. I then placed a piece of blank paper with a pencil, within the drawer of the same table; which

was also written upon, while the drawer was closed. This was also repeated at one time, myself holding the drawer into the table.

We were then requested to fasten up the drawer, and myself to leave the room. I then took a large piece of wrapping paper, tore it apart in such a manner that no other piece could be made to match either of the two, which perfectly coincided, and identified each other. Placed one in the drawer of another table which I locked securely, placing the key in my own pocket. Put the other piece into the table drawer before used: bound a cord round the drawer and table in such a manner as to keep the drawer closed, then put the cord through the folding doors, holding it on the opposite side so as to bring the table against the door in such a manner as to render it impossible for the drawer to be opened without my knowing it. On being requested to return to the room, I found both papers—which I had put into the drawers perfectly blank—enclosed within the drawers as I put them, but with sentences written upon them in a distinct legible hand. One contained a message to myself signed "Wm. North," who claims to be the spirit which animated the body of an Englishman, by that name.

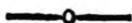
This experiment was repeated with, if possible, still more precaution, the same results following.

I know that during all this time, I was in my normal state, perfectly free from all excitement: that had there been any fraud or trickery connected with it I should have discovered it. I know it was impossible for any person in the body to have made that writing by any physical agencies.

Mr. Van Vleck appears to be an upright young man, and solemnly protested that he had no conscious knowledge of the means by which it was done. But I set aside his testimony, relying solely on the utter impossibility of his doing it.

From these and other facts equally unmistakable and demonstrative, I attribute the facts to the agencies claiming to produce them, viz: human spirits who have left the "earthly house." I could mention other phenomena of the most extraordinary character in the presence of Mr. Van Vleck, but it will be unnecessary for me to state them, since he will remain in the city a few weeks and afford to all interested an opportunity to witness for themselves.

J. H. FOWLER.



THE reason why the world is not reformed is because every man would have others make a beginning, but seldom thinks of beginning himself.

EVENINGS WITH MR. HUME AND THE SPIRITS.

(From the *Spiritual Herald*.)

THE following eloquent and most interesting letter appeared in one of the London morning papers three or four months ago; but the distinguished Author, well known in the literary and professional world, has kindly forwarded it for insertion in the SPIRITUAL HERALD:—

It was in the spring of 1855 that I was invited by a friend, well known in the literary world, to pay a visit to the lodgings of Mr. Daniel Douglas Hume, then recently arrived from America, for the purpose of witnessing certain remarkable phenomena alleged to be from supernatural causes. Many feelings prompted me to accept the invitation; as, also, did the knowledge that Mr. Hume was familiarly known, as a plain, honest man, to Dr. Gray, the first homœopathic physican in New York, and a man for whose character I have the highest esteem.

I went to a house in Jermyn-street, and introduced myself on the appointed evening to Mr. Hume, who, I found, was a modest, intelligent youth of about twenty, in ill-health; and, indeed, as he himself informed me, and as, on inspection, I found to be the case, with the marks of consumption legible upon his frame. My wife accompanied me, and I met in Mr. H.'s rooms three friends, all of them men of talent and integrity. Bent upon narrative, and not upon defence or hostility, I will omit nothing; and so I here observe that we were, all of us, believers, beforehand, in the possibility of spiritual manifestations.

Before sitting down in "the circle," I asked Mr Hume for some account of his antecedents. To the best of my recollection, he gave the following particulars:—He was born in Scotland, and was taken to America when a child. Very early in life he used to surprise those with whom he was, by spontaneously narrating, as scenes passing before his eyes, distant events, such as the death of friends and relatives; and these instances of second sight were found to be true telegraphy. It was not his fault—he could not help seeing them. Later on in his career, various noises were heard in the room beside him. This was long before the spiritual "rapping" was familiarly known in America.

He was an orphan, and lived with two maiden aunts, who were greatly scandalised at these circumstances. A member of the Presbyterian Church, these knockings even accompanied him to Divine worship; and, coming to the knowledge of his ecclesiastical overmen, he was adjudged to be the victim of satanic influences, and either excommunicated, or otherwise banished from the congregation. Afterwards he became a medical student: but ill-health forced him to abandon the idea of pursuing medicine as a calling. Such were the heads of what I remember that he told us, in answer to our inquiries, about himself.

We were in a large upper room, rather bare of furniture; a sofa, a large round table, and a little buffet, together with a few chairs, were the fittings up. One of the party had brought with him a hand-bell and an accordion. We sat around the table, with the hands resting upon it. In a few minutes the table vibrated,

or shuddered, as though actuated from within; it then became still, and instantly every one of us shook in his chair, not violently, but intimately, and like a jelly, so that objects "dothed" before us. This effect ceased; and now the heavy table, with all our hands upon it, raised itself high up on its side, and rocked up and down; the raising proceeding from all different quarters, the medium and all the rest of us (excepting our hands and arms, which were necessarily moved) sitting death-still. The lamp on the table seemed as if it must tumble off; but the medium assured us there was no danger of *that*—that it was held safely in its place. The hand-bell had been placed upon the wooden rim round the pedestal of the table, and it now began to ring, apparently under different parts of the circle. Mr. Hume said that the spirits were carrying it to one of the party, and suggested myself. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, at about three feet distance. I put my hand down under the margin of the table, and in perhaps a minute's time, I felt the lip of the bell poked up gently against the tips of my fingers, as if to say, "I am here, take me." This palpitation of the bell continued until I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly, and now, every hand but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers, up to the palm, of a hand holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends. But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void, with the bell in my hand. I now held the bell lightly, with the clapper downwards, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. As a point of observation I will remark, that I should feel no more difficulty in swearing that the member I felt was a human hand of extraordinary life, and not Mr. Hume's foot, than that the nose of the Apollo Belvidere is not a horse's ear. I dwell chiefly, because I can speak surely, on what happened to myself, though every one round the table had somewhat similar experiences. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each. The accordion was now placed beneath the table, and presently we heard it moving along. Mr. Hume put down his hand to the margin and the instrument was given to him. With one hand upon the table, and with the other grasping the white wood at the bottom of the accordion, he held it bottom upwards, the keys hanging down over, and the instrument resting for support on his right knee. It played "Home, sweet home," and "God save the Queen," with a delicacy of tone which struck every one present: I never heard silence threaded with such silver lines. Afterwards, in the same way, we were favoured with "The Last Rose of Summer." The accordion was then taken to each member of the party in succession; we could hear it rustling on its way between our knees and the pedestal of the table; and in the hand of each person, a few notes, but no whole tunes, were played. When in my own hand, I particularly noticed the great amount of force which was exerted by the player. It was difficult to hold the instrument from the strong downward pull, and had I not been somewhat prepared for this, the accordion would have fallen upon the floor. In the course of

(to be continued in our next.)

Correspondence.

21, City Terrace, City Road, Augt. 6th, 1856.

DEAR SIR,

I am happy to inform you that the Course of Lectures upon Spiritualism, delivered in the Hall of Science, City Road, (the last of which was delivered by Mrs. Hardinge, on the 23rd of July,) were numerous and respectably attended; and, have been the means of convincing many of the truth and utility of Spiritual communion with man. The astounding facts related in these lectures, also the beauty and simplicity of the communications given through Mrs. Hardinge, as the medium, together with the wonderful cures that have been effected, in cases of cancer of the mouth, total loss of the use of all the limbs, white swellings, king's evil, epilepsy, and insanity, cases that were pronounced by the most learned and scientific men, as quite incurable, have been radically cured under my hands, by following the teachings given me by disembodied spirits, (these facts were proofs even to the most sceptical, of the practical utility of spirit teachings, and the great blessings they are destined to be to the whole human race, when they shall be properly understood, and faithfully followed;) the facts of each case being clearly stated, and the names and addresses of the sufferers given, astonished many who came to scoff and sneer at that which they had previously viewed as mere idle gossip. We are now making arrangements to deliver a course of lectures upon the subject, at the Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street. The first of which course will be delivered by I. R. O'Neill, s. c. l., on Wednesday evening, the 27th of August.

We are also ready to enter into arrangements to deliver a course of Six Lectures in any part of the country during one week, and give six morning *seances*, at which one or more media would in all probability be developed, and thus further the progress of spiritualism all over the country. We would also devote two hours every morning to the suffering and afflicted, especially those who are considered beyond the reach of the arm of science, and thus prove the practical utility and divine blessing of spiritual manifestations.

Yours, sincerely,

In the cause of truth,

E. HARDINGE.*

* We shall be happy to receive reports of lectures delivered at different places, and the amount of success. If brief, we could insert them. Dr. Hardinge has published three lectures upon the subject, (4d. each,) and Mr. O'Neill is the author of "Alethee."

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE I.

BEFORE the beginning God was, and from all eternity was God, and God was life.

And in the beginning God was love, and God desired to love, and there was no object to be loved of God.

And in the beginning God was wisdom, and wisdom conceived creation, and meditated its laws and designed its works.

And in the beginning God was power, and love willed and wisdom conceived, and power executed, and creation was.

Thus all things began to be—the earths and the heavens, and the things therein, each in their order, and in due season.

The stars were first ordained, that they might be the spheres and habitations of life and being, and for homes for the good and for places for the evil, and through them God shew forth light.

And around them were the heavens and the heaven of heavens, from whence came light.

And from light was vegetation, and colour, and growth, and grass, and flower, and tree, according to the planet and the heavens thereof, and the light thereof.

And the light shone upon the lands, and on the waters, and on the air; and shell animals and fishes were brought forth within the seas; and insects and reptiles, and beasts upon the land, and the birds which should fly amid the air.

And God had ordained laws whereby they grew and multiplied, producing their kind and increasing their species for evermore, as each was requisite for the other, and to the perfection of God's work.

And all things became more beautiful, and the grass filled the valleys, and the trees covered the mountains, and the nobler succeeded the less noble, and that which was rude and gross grew graceful.

And according to the laws life, men and women, male and female, were brought forth into being, and they loved each other, but understood not the will of God.

And God willed all for good, and men and women were in the likeness of God, superior to all things, for they were higher than all things else which were made, and by his law should have rule over them all.

For he ordained them to be the overseers of the stars, and the judges of the angels.

And men and women were equal, although different, that is male and female, but both were beneath God, and all things were many, but He is One.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

AFTER giving several very striking proofs of his identity, one of the circle further asked if he would relate to them some things that had transpired when they were shopmates. In reply, the following communication was received:—"I would rather tell you what I have seen since I came here, than what I saw with you. You must be very attentive while I converse with you, that I may be able to commence from the day I came to this sphere down to the present time. It may take a many sittings, but I can assure you that your time will be well spent.

Where is the man that would not spend a few short hours to listen to the experience of one who has passed from time to eternity—a change that must soon be the lot of all, both righteous and wicked. 'Tis true I witnessed, while in the flesh, the science of table-moving, or spirit communication; and many a time have I rejoiced to know that I should live in the spirit after my body was consigned to the tomb; and, many a time have I felt the demon scepticism take possession of my incredulous soul; and many a time have I thought within myself, that if I was a spirit, I would set all sceptics at defiance; but now I have found out the difficulty of controlling the organism of man; but be that as it may, I will contrive to give you a short sketch of, the once thought, inscrutable future, and which I have no doubt, will prove interesting to all those who do not expect to live in the flesh for ever. But before I commence, let me inform you that there are six spirits in the distance, watching the present performance, and who intend to give communications to their friends on earth, as soon as they have become proficient in this most sacred science. But to proceed, I must needs say that I was greatly disappointed in what is commonly called death. Well do I remember the hour when death was pronounced over my poor tottering frame. You lie, thought I, I am not dead, though very, very weak. Only let me get a little more strength, and I will set your judgment at defiance. Yes, thought I, I shall deceive some of you yet. But not so; night came, and I found myself unable to move, yea, even a finger. Now, though it was night, I could see everything in the room. Morning came, and I still felt unable to move. Well, thought I, this must be death; but perhaps I am mistaken. Then a thought struck me that I should remain in that state until the great day of judgment. Again, a thought struck me that, perhaps I was in a trance, and that I should be buried alive. Great God! I exclaimed in my soul, forbid that this dreadful calamity should come upon me. I began to ponder over my mispent days; and while I was thus thinking, scenes of a more strange and solemn appearance presented themselves to my view. I immediately lost sight of every thing which had previously surrounded me, and I beheld, at a distance, a great multitude of people, more by far than ever I had seen or imagined before; but I cannot say that their appearance, or manner of proceeding, was at all agreeable to me, though I fancied that I had seen some of them before; yet when, or where, I could not recollect. Well, thought I, as I gazed around, what can all this mean? Am I really in the world of spirits, or am I dreaming? or is it the effects of my distracted and wandering imagination? If the former, I am afraid my eternal doom will be of a serious and unpleasant character; if the latter, I might after all recover, and again have the privilege of making amends for my mispent days. I was at a loss to know how to act, or how to decide under such circumstances. At length I ventured to approach the mighty throng, thinking that, possibly I might learn of them. "How," said I, to the first I met, who had a very gloomy appearance, "what is the name of this place?" "Oh," said he, "you are a new comer. Oh, I will tell you where you are—you are in hell, sir! Do you understand me, sir?—you are in hell!!—Ha, ha, ha." And away he went, leaving me to reflect over my perilous situation. But thanks to the all-wise Providence, for sending an angel of mercy for my deliverance from the sight of such abominable guests;

for immediately there came an angel, who would have taken me by the hand, and would have saved me from the groundless fears which was gathering around my superstitious, and priest-ridden soul; but when I first beheld him approaching me, with a countenance beaming with joy, I imagined that he was the devil himself, in the form of an angel of light, who had come to claim me as one of his subjects, and that he would cast me into that pit which burneth with fire and brimstone for ever and ever. At length I said with a faltering voice, "Who art thou? and what am I to thee?" and with a smile upon his countenance he said, "I am a messenger sent from God, to take thee as my pupil, and teach thee the manners and customs of the land, wherein thou must shortly become an everlasting inhabitant." "Come," said he, "and I will shew thee the things that will please thee, and I will give thee instructions concerning them as we pass along." And with a voice trembling with fear, I exclaimed, "Get thee behind me, satan; why temptest thou me?" and to my surprise he left me. But, oh gracious!—he had no sooner left me, than up came the other with his jestings on hell and the devil, making mention of his horns, his tail, and his cloven foot. "O," said he, "you will have to swallow red hot brimstone," and similar expressions, leaving me again with a "ha, ha, ha," saying as he went, "the devil is coming, the devil is coming." He seemed to be in his own element, when he could succeed in frightening me; just as some wicked wag would frighten a simple minded boy.

Again I entertained another glimpse of hope; for, thought I, "Perhaps he is making game of my ridiculous notions, concerning my imaginary devil, and the manner that I fancied he tormented all who could not believe in something of which they had no evidence. Fool that I was, for ever permitting such unlikely notions to enter my brains.

While I was thus musing, I espied another angel approaching me, whose countenance beamed with love and intelligence, and progress was engraven on his forehead; charity was stamped on his heart, and his whole appearance was such, that I had not the least suspicion but that he was what he seemed to be, and that, if I would condescend to listen to his instructions, perhaps he would free me from those groundless fears which were gathering around me; and between hope and fear, I advanced toward him, thinking that, perhaps he would take pity on me, for I felt as though I should faint. When we had got face to face, he smiled, and said, "Well, my friend, whence comest thou, and whither wouldest thou go?" I said with a trembling voice, "I've come from ———," and I had nearly said from Keighley, but I stammered a little, and thought that I would say from Yorkshire; then I thought I would say from England. "O," said I, "I've come from———," and before I could answer him to my own satisfaction, he smiled again, and said, "Fear not, I will not harm thee, but rather shield thee from harm; and right glad shall I be to tell thee anything which may be of use to thee." I said that I was in need of a friend and instructor; that I did not stand there to answer questions, but to ask of him. "Very well," said he, and bid me cheer up, pointing toward a very great city, saying that he was going

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THE

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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HOW TO INVESTIGATE.

(From the Christian Examiner.)

WHEN we approach the still more extraordinary claims of reading past events from rings, stones, and crystals; of reading the character and history of individuals from a letter, a glove or a lock of hair; of seeing forward into the future, as well as back into the past; of breathing dreams into gloves, and sending in them healing influences over the seas; of taking away pains on the tips of one's fingers and thus carrying them from one person to another; of entering the spiritual world, and holding intercourse with the spirits of the departed,—the first impulse is simply to ridicule such pretensions, and to set them down as the imaginations of fools or the illusions of monomania. Still, this is not the most favorable state for determining the actual character of these pretensions. They are not the imaginations of fools, nor the illusions of monomania. They are the genuine belief of persons of the average amount of capacity and common sense in the ordinary affairs of life; persons honest, and, morally speaking, trustworthy. We hold that no opinion, no matter what it is, which is sincerely entertained by any considerable number of such persons, is to be dismissed with a sneer as simply ridiculous. If evidence be offered, it is to have a hearing. So strong is our conviction of man's profound ignorance of what is and what is not possible or probable in itself, that there is no opinion, on subjects of the class of which we are speaking, which we do not regard it as our duty to approach and examine, as if it might be true, however unlikely we may think it to be so. Nay, further than this, no man who approaches the examination in any other spirit than this, can be a fair judge of the evidence, either for or against its truth. We believe it may be stated as a general principle to be taken as a guide in all inquiries of importance, that we can only thoroughly and finally show a thing to be false, by dealing with it as if it might be true.

EVENINGS WITH MR. HUMÉ AND THE SPIRITS.

[continued from page 8.]

the evening we all felt either a finger, fingers, or a whole hand, placed upon our knees, always with a pleasant impression at the time. A white cambric handkerchief was drawn slowly under the table, and in the course of a few minutes handed to another person, tied in two knots, and put as a bouquet into the bell. And this experiment also was repeated for nearly all present. While these things were going on, rappings were heard in all parts of the room, in the table, in the floor, and the ceiling; and sometimes they were so loud, that the medium requested the spirits to remember that he was only a lodger, and that these noises might disturb the people in the rooms above and below. They were very unlike the "Great Wizard's" raps, and occurred indifferently, as I said before, in all places and corners of the chamber. Toward the end of the *seance*, five distinct raps were heard under the table, which number, the medium said, was a call for the alphabet. Accordingly, an alphabet was made; and on Mr. Hume asking if any spirit was present who wished to speak to one of the party, the following sentence was given by the alphabetic telegraph:—"My dear E—, Immortality is a great truth. Oh! how I wish my dear wife could have been present.—D. C." It purported to be a near relation of one of those present, who died last year. The spelling, "immortality," surprised me at first; but I recollected that the deceased, whom I knew well, was constantly versed in black letter writing, which makes elisions in that way. This ended, the medium fell into an apparently mesmeric trance, from which he addressed some good words of exhortation to each of us; and told one of the party in particular several details about deceased members of the family, which were not known in the circle at the time, but verified to the letter afterwards. These, I forbear to mention, because they were of a strictly private nature. In his address, the medium spoke, not as from himself, but as from the spirit assembly which was present; and he ended with a courteous "Good night," from them.

Considering that it requires a large apparatus of preparation for the greatest of wizards to effect the smallest part of what *we* saw on this evening, namely, a few raps, one might have expected that Mr. Hume would have had rather bulging pockets to do what I have related; but I can assure your readers that he was as meagre and unencumbered as the scantiest dresser need be. He had no assistants, and no screens. When, during the evening, I asked if the jugglers did their tricks by means similar to the agencies there present, the raps said "No;" but in a pronounced manner they said "Yes," when the same question was put with regard to the "Indian jugglers." We also asked the medium why the effects generally took place *under* the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained above board, visibly to all, but that at a first sitting it was not so. That scepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and marred the forces at work; that the spirits did what they did through our life-sphere, or atmosphere, which was permeated by our will; and if the will was contrary, the sphere was unfit for being operated upon. And

the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to spiritual truth than the vital, visceral, or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table. I give his explanation, in my own words, for what it is worth.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this, that Mr. Hume came, by invitation, to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. He was brought to the door in a pony chaise by some friends, with whom he was staying, and the little carriage was full when he was in it—a fact which I mention, because again it is incompatible with the paraphernalia of a wizard's art. I watched him walk up the garden, and can aver that he had no magic wand up his trouser leg, nor any hunch in his dress that could betoken machinery or apparatus of any kind whatever. Arrived in the drawing-room, the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing-room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the "circle" consisted of Mr. Hume, my four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large and heavy loo table, which occupied the centre of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first *seance*; and the chairs also, as before, thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from hers, exclaiming, "Oh! Papa, there's a heart in my chair," which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements, and after cracking, and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily some eight inches into the air, and floated wavering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted 29. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would scarcely have broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor of the room, and poise itself in mid air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals the medium was in a state of the completest muscular repose; nor, indeed, had he had the toe of Hercules for a lever, could he have managed this effect, for he and all of us stood up each time, to follow the mounting table, and he stood with as complete absence of strain as the rest of us. It requires two strong men to lift the table to that height. One person might throw it over, but could by no means erect it.

The travelling of the hand-bell under the table was also repeated for every one present, and this time they all felt the hand, or hands, either upon their knees or other portion of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it by a soft, palpable hand as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and once grasped the hand, but it melted as on the first occasion; and immediately a call was made for the alphabet, there being something to communicate. The "spirits" now spelt out, through Mr. Hume, who had known nothing of what I had done under the table, "Do not grasp our hands." I asked why, and Mr. Hume said that they had great difficulty in presenting, and thus rapidly incarnating these hands out of the vital

atmospheres of those present, and that their work was spoilt, and had to be recommenced when they were interfered with, perhaps as a thought is sometimes broken in twain, and cannot easily be resumed on the irruption of a stranger. During the *seance* I had the border of a white cambrick handkerchief just appearing out of the side pocket of my paletot, which was open; and though I could see no agency, I felt something twitching at the handkerchief, and very gradually drawing it from my pocket. Simultaneously with this, my eldest daughter, who sat opposite to me, exclaimed, "Oh! I see phosphoric fingers at papa's pocket;" and now, visibly to all, the handkerchief was slowly pulled out, and drawn under the table, whilst at the same time I felt an arm that was doing it, but which was invisible to me. At this time I was at least three feet from Mr. Hume, with a person between us, and he was absolutely passive. The feeling I had was of nudges, as distinct as ever I felt from a mortal limb, and that on my breast and arm, which were above the table; and yet, though the operation of abstracting my handkerchief was going on visibly to all, the rest of the circle, as well as myself, (all except my eldest daughter,) could see nothing. I can swear that there was no machinery, unless the skin, bone, muscle, and tendons of an unseen hand, forearm, and elbow, deserve the name.

While this going on, and for about ten minutes, more or less, my wife felt the sleeves of her dress pulled frequently, and as she was sitting with her finger ends clasped and hands open, with palms semi-prone upon the table, she suddenly laughed involuntarily, and said, "Oh! see, there is a little hand lying between mine; and, now, a larger hand has come beside it. The little hand is smaller than any baby's, and exquisitely perfect." Our domestics, and two of the children, as well as my wife, all saw these hands, and watched them for between one and two minutes, when they disappeared. I now held my watch at the table side, the key in my hand, the chain and watch dangling from it, and I felt the weight of the watch gradually taken off, the chain being raised horizontally to my hand, and then the key, which I retained, was pulled laterally, and I let it go. It was taken under the table to my youngest daughter, and put on her knee. Whenever objects were thus removed from the hand, they were taken with a degree of physical power sufficient to suggest that the agent was capable of holding the object without letting it fall. An hour and three-quarters were thus occupied in these and similar manifestations, of which, I have mentioned only the most striking, or those personal to myself; and now Mr. Hume passed into the trance state, spoke of the spirit life, and the coming knowledge of it on earth, and said a few words apposite to each person present; dwelling also upon the spiritual attendants who were standing beside each. When he came to my wife he lifted up his hands in an ecstasy, and described a spirit with her, most tiny, but beautiful. He said it was a little sister who had gone away a long time. "But," she said, "I never had such a sister." "Yes, you had, though she had no name on earth." On inquiry in the family, an event, such as he alluded to, had happened. This is the chief part of what struck me in *Seance* No. 2.

At 10, p.m., Mr. Hume went away on his own legs, so limber that I never so much as thought of any explanation of pasteboard arms or electric batteries concealed about his person.

The next *seance* which I shall describe took place about the third week in July, at the house of a valued friend in Ealing, who had become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena which accompanied Mr. Hume, and with whom that gentleman was now staying. The party sat down to the table with Mr. Hume, in the dusk of a fine evening, and were nine or ten in number. Here again I am forced to chronicle chiefly what befel myself, in order that I may be no second-hand witness. The first thing I remarked was a gentle, tremulous flash of light through the room, but what was the cause of it I am unable to determine. When we had sat a few minutes I felt a decided but gentle grasp of a large man's hand upon my right knee, and I said to Mr. H., "There is a man's hand upon my knee." "Who is it?" he said. "How should I know?" was my reply. "Ask," said he. "But how shall I ask?" "Think of somebody," was his answer. I thought involuntary of an intimate friend, once a member of Parliament, and as much before the public as any man in his generation, and who died on the 30th of June last. And I said aloud "Is it ——!" Hearty affirmative slaps on the knee from the same hand, which had remained fixed till then, were the reply to my question. "I am glad to be again in the same room with you," said I. Again the same hearty greeting was repeated. "Are you better?" I inquired. A still more joyous succession of slaps, or rather, if I may coin a word, of accussions; for the hand was cupped to fit my bent knee, and gently struck me in that form. "Have you any message to your wife?" whom I shall probably see in a few days?" Again, affirmative touches, five in number, therefore calling for the alphabet. Mr. Hume now called over the alphabet, A B C D, and when he called T my knee was struck; again, when he said H and E, and so on until this was spelled out—"THE IMMORTAL LOVES." I remember at the time thinking that this was rather a thin message; but the next time I saw Mrs. ——, I told her the circumstance, and gave her the words. Her son was sitting with her, and said, "That is very characteristic of my father, for it was a favourite subject of speculation with him whether or not the *affections* survive the body. Of the immortality of the soul itself he never doubted; but the words, the *immortal loves*, shows that he has settled the problem of his life." Such was the import which the family of the deceased, quite unexpectedly to me, conferred upon the phrase. To return to Ealing, and that evening: after the last stroke of the hand had indicated the end of the sentence, I said, "If it is really you, will you shake hands with me?" and I put my hand under the table, and now the same soft and capacious hand was placed in mine, and gave it a cordial shaking. I could not help exclaiming, "This hand is a portrait. I know it from five years' constant intercourse, and from the daily grasp and holding of the last several months!" After this it left my knee; and when I asked if there was anything more, there was no response, and the agent appeared to be gone. But in two or three minutes more another hand, evidently also a man's, but small, thin, firm, and lively, was placed in the same position which the former had occupied; and after some preliminary questioning with Mr. Hume, I said, "Is it Mr. ——?" naming another valued friend, who, after 20 years of

(to be concluded in our next.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

DEAR SIR,

From "Payne's Orbis Pictus, or Book of Beauty," recently published at Dresden, I extract the following circumstantial account of a curious incident, which I have never met with elsewhere. It may interest your readers, some of whom can probably throw light upon the marvellous occurrence. In relation to its *modus operandi*, there are two questions that seems especially worthy of consideration. 1st.—Was the theatre of representation the *spiritual* world; and were the objects rendered perceptible by the opening of the faculty of interior vision in those who beheld them? And 2ndly.—Were the scenic phenomena produced in the *material* world, and thus rendered cognizable to man's exterior senses; and if so, by what means were they produced?

There are also two questions of importance bearing upon the *rationale* of the phenomena, which it would be desirable, if possible, to elucidate. 1st.—By virtue of what law have spirits the capacity of foreknowledge, and the power of foretelling events which are hidden in the far-future. And, 2ndly.—For what purpose is such information imparted to men upon earth?

If any of your enlightened readers can illustrate one, or all of these points, none will feel more benefitted, than your subscriber,

E. G.

London, 1858.

A PROPHETIC VISION.*

It was on a dark and stormy evening late in Autumn, that Charles XI., King of Sweden, sat in his apartment by a blazing wood fire, in the old palace at Stockholm. His only attendants were his favourite Count Brahe, and his physician, Baumgarten, whom he had caused to be summoned in consequence of a trifling indisposition. It was already late, and the king, contrary to his usual custom, had not yet dismissed his companions. He sat with his melancholy gaze fixed upon the fire, and although he had no inclination to converse, he retained his attendants from a strange and indefinite dislike of being alone, which he could neither conquer nor account for.

Count Brahe had already more than once hinted that his majesty required repose; but a mute sign from the king, commanded him to remain; and on the physician venturing to observe that late hours were prejudicial to health, he replied in a low tone of voice, "Remain, I beseech you, I have no inclination to sleep."

Upon this, the two attendants now endeavoured to engage the king in conversation, but without effect; till at length Count Brahe, supposing that the melancholy of his sovereign arose from the remembrance of his deceased queen, stop-

* In the account from which we transcribe, the narration is headed,—*"A night at Stockholm,"* We prefer the above title, however, as being more distinctly expressive.

bed before her portrait and exclaimed, "That picture is indeed excellent—how admirably has the painter expressed the majesty and beauty of the original!"

The queen Eleonore had died but a short time previously, and Charles, in spite of his stern and harsh character, felt her loss severely, for he had tenderly loved her, notwithstanding that public report accused him of hastening her end by his severity.

The king who was perfectly aware of this circumstance, imagined any mention of the queen in his presence, to be a reproach; and he consequently replied sharply, "Nonsense, the picture is flattered! The queen was ugly!" Scarcely however had he uttered these words, than he appeared to repent them; and in order to conceal his emotion, stood up, and commenced walking up and down the apartment with rapid strides. Suddenly he stopped at the window, and gazed for some moments with apparent unconsciousness, into the dark and stormy night without.

It must here be remarked, that the palace at present occupied by the kings of Sweden, was at this time not completed, and that Charles XI., resided in the old palace, overlooking the lake called the Maelarsee. This building was in the form of a horse-shoe, at one extremity of which were the apartments of the king, and on the opposite side, the large saloon, in which the States-general of the kingdom were accustomed to assemble.

As the king's glance fell on the windows of the saloon opposite, they appeared to his great astonishment to be illuminated. He at first supposed that a servant had entered the apartment with a candle; but the illumination was too bright to be accounted for by this means, and it was evidently not an accidental fire, as neither flames nor smoke were visible.

Count Brahe, who also noticed the appearance, laid his hand on the bell, in order to summon a page, and enquire its cause, but was stopped by the king, who exclaimed; "I will myself visit the saloon!" He became extremely pale as he said these words; but nevertheless walked out of the apartment with a firm step; and the count and physician followed him, bearing wax candles.

Baumgarten awakened the officer who had possession of the keys, and all four entered the gallery which served as an antichamber to the saloon. To their great astonishment, the walls were found to be hung with black, as if for a funeral ceremony.

"Who has given orders to hang this gallery with black?" asked the king angrily. "I know nothing on the subject, sire," replied the officer, who was evidently both astonished and alarmed, "when I was last here, nothing of the kind was visible."

The king had by this time reached the further end of the gallery, when the officer, who, with the count and physician, followed him closely, exclaimed "Go no further, Sire, I beseech you! there is witchcraft in the matter; and besides the spirit of the queen has been more than once seen at this hour!"

"Sire," cried the count, "I implore you to go no further! there is a strange noise in the saloon, and the consequences may be dangerous to your majesty!"

"Allow me at least to call the guard," cried the physician, whose candle had been blown out by a sudden gust of wind.

"I will enter instantly," replied the king firmly. "Open the door quickly, officer."

With these words, he struck his foot against the door with such violence, that the sound of the blow echoed like thunder through the vaulted gallery. The officer trembled with terror, and his hands shook so violently, that he in vain attempted to introduce the key into the lock.

"You an old soldier, and tremble," cried the king, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, "Count Brahe, do you open the door!"

"Sire," replied the count, retiring a step backwards, "send me against German or Danish cannon, and I will not hesitate: but here —"

"Well," rejoined the king with a sarcastic laugh, "I see I must achieve the adventure alone."

With these words he took the key from the hands of the trembling officer, and ere his companions could prevent him, opened the door, and with the words, "With God's help!" entered the hall.

His attendants, whose fear was partly overcome by curiosity, and who were ashamed to leave their prince alone, followed him.

The great hall of the States-general was illuminated by numerous tapers, the walls were hung with black, and the trophies of Gustavus Adolphus, consisting of German, Danish, and Muscovite flags, hung in their usual order at the sides of the apartment. The Swedish banner was covered with black crape. The seats of the hall were filled by a numerous assembly of men in deep mourning, whose countenances were all strange to the spectators. On the throne was seated a bleeding corpse, clad in the symbols of royalty, and beside it was seen a shadowy figure in the antique robes worn by the regents of the kingdom before the accession of Gustavus Vasa. Opposite the throne several figures appeared seated at a table, and before them lay a block covered with black, and an axe, such as are used for the execution of criminals.

The assembly appeared not to notice the presence of Charles and his attendants, who on their first entrance were sensible of a confused noise like that of many persons in conversation; but were unable to distinguish a single word.

The eldest of the knights, who appeared to act as the president of the assembly, arose, and struck his hand three times on a large book which lay open before him, and this signal was followed by a profound silence. The folding doors opposite the president opened, and a well-dressed young man, with his arms bound behind his back, entered the apartment. He was followed by a gigantic figure in a leathern doublet, who held the cords which bound him. The first of these figures, who appeared to be of the higher rank, approached the block, and threw a haughty glance around him, while the corpse upon the throne appeared to be convulsively agitated, and fresh blood spirted from its yawning wounds. The young man knelt down, and the next moment his blood spirted into the air, and mixed with that of the throned figure, while the head rolled on the crimsoned floor to the very feet of Charles, which were spotted with blood.

At this horrible sight, the king unable any longer to contain himself, advanced several steps further into the apartment, and addressing the figure that bore the robes of a regent of the kingdom, exclaiming aloud, "If you are from God, speak! but if from the devil, leave us in peace!"

The apparition arose from its seat, and answered in a slow and solemn voice; "Not in thy reign will this blood be shed; but in that of thy fifth successor. Woe, woe, woe, to the house of Vasa!"

No sooner were these mysterious words spoken, than the whole scene began to fade before the eyes of the king and his attendants; the outline of the figures became more and more indistinct, till at length they vanished entirely; and the illumination of the hall became dimmer and dimmer, till at length it was entirely extinguished. The lights which the king and his companions carried, shewed the hall in its ordinary state, and not a trace of the spectacle they had just witnessed, remained. A low melodious sound like the murmur of the wind, or the faint tunes of an eolian harp, was heard for a few seconds, till it gradually died away, and all was silent.

On returning to his chamber, the king caused a minute account of this strange and inexplicable event to be drawn up, which was signed both by himself and his companions. This singular document is still preserved in the royal archives of Stockholm, and no doubt has ever been entertained with regard to its authenticity.

In the concluding paragraph, the king makes use of the following remarkable words:—"If this which I have here related, be not the strictest truth, I renounce all those hopes of a better future, which I may have earned by my zealous endeavours to promote the welfare of my people, and to uphold the religion of my fathers."

Although every precaution was used to keep this singular event from the ears of the public, the affair had become known even during the lifetime of Charles, and the story was generally disseminated among the people long before the fulfilment of the mysterious prediction.

On the evening of the 17th of March, 1792, as Gustavus III., of Sweden, was about to repair to a masked ball, his chamberlain entered his apartment hastily, and presented him a note written in pencil. The king broke the seal, turned pale for a moment, but instantly recovered himself. The note contained a warning couched in dark and mysterious language, and ended by earnestly entreating him to abstain from visiting the masked ball.

Gustavus, a man of truly chivalrous character, treated the warning as a piece of mystification, and repaired without fear to the masquerade.

Scarcely had he entered the apartment, when Count Horn, one of the conspirators, tapped him on the shoulder, with the words—"Good evening, Mask!" at the same moment a pistol shot was heard, and the king fell to the floor mortally wounded.

His murderer was Captain Ankarström, whose head, towards the close of the winter of 1792, fell under the axe of the executioner.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE II.

BEHOLD now, the earth was and the inhabitants thereof.

And the first state of human kind is called Paradization, and in it God shew his love toward the human race.

In it they lived upon the spontaneous fruits of the earth, and they had all its fruits in common, neither said they that things were mine or thine, but they were all theirs, and their labours were light and pleasant.

Yet they were dark in soul, and ignorant in mind, though angels of radiance walked among them, and they knew not the good they had, and desired to know that which God had not ordained.

And God permitted them to have their will, that in the fulness of time, the generations of generations should from the experience of evil, more fully evolve good, and rejoice in its glory.

And step by step, human-kind departed from their first estate, and families dwelt apart; and the second state of mankind is called Pastoralism.

And the families of the children of Abel fed flocks and possessed herds of cattle; and passed from pasture to pasture, as they exhausted the grass thereof.

And such was the second state of human kind, which offered first fruits which were accepted, yet was it not perfect nor enduring, but destined unto death.

For the families of the children of Cain formed tribes, and dug fields, and hedged them in around their tents, and wrought in wood and in metal, and increased in wealth and power, and overcame and subdued the shepherd-seed of Abel.

And this was the third state which is Tribism, and it could not be destroyed, for God had set it as a mark among mankind, as a sign in the paths of their progress.

And in it men made them swords, and fought with each other, and invented implements, and increased mightily in arms and in arts.

And the children of Cain did wickedly, and their tribes warred with each other, brother against brother, and God required of each his brother's blood.

But the seed of Seth dwelt together, apart from the world, and mourned for the loss of Paradise, and longed for God's will to be done upon the earth.

And Seth dreamed and prophesied: The earth shall again become the garden of God.

And Enoch, of the seed of Seth, also prophesied: God shall rule among his saints, and shall exercise justice upon the unrighteous.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 12.]

there on a little business: and, if I would go with him, he would find me some refreshment, and shew me the interior of it; also, that he would describe anything which I saw there. I then resolved that where he went, I would go; and where he staid, I would stay. He then took me by the hand, and led me to the gates of the city, whose gigantic appearance at first sight, caused me to gaze with astonishment; and here I must give you a brief description of this beautiful structure, and ingenious architecture.

On each side of the outer gate were two large pillars of the whitest marble; those on the right were coupled together with the lower branches of an evergreen tree; those on the left were coupled together with the lower branches of a tall sycamore tree; both trees were planted between the pillars on each side, the upper branches of which formed a triumphal arch over the gate. There were three steps of a triangular shape on each side the gate; three steps in the front, which were studded or inlaid with all kinds of precious stones. The gate was made of the finest golden rods, curiously curved from one end to the other, with exact uniformity. I asked if there was not an entrance into the city besides the one we saw. He answered, no, and as he spoke, he ascended the front steps, and gave three raps at the gate, which immediately opened, and an angel stood within who enquired of him our business. My guide said that he "had found a stranger who was wandering to and fro, and who was destitute of hope because of his misspent days; yet," said he, "he is desirous of receiving instruction from me, and also some refreshment, as he is almost fainting." The angel then bid us walk in, and although I felt as if I should faint with fatigue and hunger, yet I had very powerful suspicions as to whether they were good or bad, characters with whom I was going; or whether the city would afford any refreshment for me, or whether it was a place of torment which I felt myself deserving of. "Come," said they with one voice, "you will find all things within these gates better than you have anticipated." I then put my trust in him who made Heaven and earth, and all things therein, and followed the guide he had sent me. But we had no sooner got within the outer gate, than I beheld three other large massive gates. One on the left hand, which had faith in large letters engraven over it; one on the right, with hope; and one before me with still larger letters, and the word charity engraven over it.

"Now," said my protector, "through which gate do you choose to go?" and without any hesitation I said, "that the gate on the left, was the gate for me;" feeling within myself a degree of satisfaction and thankfulness that I had been taught, while in the world—the efficacy and power of faith.

But I endeavoured to keep these thoughts to myself, and by my own accord, knocked at the gate, with full confidence, that through faith, and faith alone, I should be saved. The gate was opened for me, and I was just about to walk in

when my protector looked at me with pity and astonishment, saying, "Take heed to thyself, lest some evil befall thee, as I cannot vouch for thy safety, yet I will accompany thee, and should anything unpleasant occur, remember the fault is thine own." But I was resolute, and we entered the gate of faith. But oh! the sights which presented themselves to my view, I am sure I shall never forget. Old men and young men, teachers, preachers, and reverend divines, exclaiming—"O Lord! how long wilt thou refuse to fulfill thy promises?" I asked my protector the meaning of all this, and he answered "These are they who in their life-time embraced the doctrine of faith alone."

Indeed, and do you mean to tell me that the doctrine of faith is not sufficient to save sinners? Do you mean to tell me that the words and actions of men have something to do with their future destiny? Do you mean to tell me that there is anything, (save the exception of faith,) whether it be hope, charity, or works, that is meritorious or acceptable to God. Nay, surely you cannot mean that! Surely you cannot!! For if such be the case, woe be to nearly all the churches in Christendom! Woe be to the teachers of the same! they being blind leaders of the blind, both must fall into the ditch.

Is there no remedy for all this? Can none of you visit the earth and warn them of their awful mistake? He answered, "Be calm, and I will prove to thee that such is the case. As to our visiting the earth, there is nothing more common amongst us. Yes, we have again and again visited its inhabitants by legions, and time after time have we succeeded in establishing the impressions you speak of in the minds of the many; but a few who stand up as teachers, are continually crying faith! faith! give us more faith! I" Here I exclaimed—"Now do I remember my fault. Yes, well do I remember when I was but a child, the impressions that were then wrought within me, as though it was from above; such as—Love to God, charity to mankind. Do good to all as far as lays in thy power. And well do I remember also the effects upon my mind when the doctrine of faith alone was sounded in my ears, as the only thing requisite for our eternal salvation."

"But," said I, "you have promised to give me some proof that I have been falsely taught. Where is your proof?"

Then he led me to an elevated position, from whence I had a full view of a very magnificent building. "Now, said he, "do you see yonder mansion?" "Yes," I answered, "I do." And he said,—“Do you perceive how elaborately the stones have been wrought, from the foundation to the topmost stone?" "Yes," I answered, "of course I do; but what of that? for I can only see that it is a very beautiful mansion." He then pointed towards the left, where I beheld another building, still larger than the former one; the walls of which were very irregular, and carelessly built. "Do you see yonder mansion?" said he. "Ye," I answered, "I do." "How do you like its appearance?" I said that the architect for that building must have had very curious notions concerning the construction of a building which should stand for ages. I asked the reason why the topmost stone was so elaborately wrought, and placed in such a

(to be continued in our next.)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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THE REV. J. WESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

"1. Presently after any noise was heard, the wind commonly rose and whistled very loud round the house, and increased with it.

2. The signal was given, which my father likens to the turning round of a windmill when the wind changes; Mr. Hoole (rector of Haxey,) to the plaining of deal boards; my sister, to the swift winding up of a jack. It commonly began at the corner of the top of the nursery.

3. Before it came into my room, the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rang and jarred exceedingly.

4. When it was in my room, let them make what noise they would, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead, hollow note would be clearly heard above them all.

5. It constantly knocked while the prayers for the king and prince were repeating; and was plainly heard by all in the room but my father, and sometimes by him, as were also the thundering knocks at the amen.

6. The sound very often seemed in the air, in the middle of a room, *nor could they ever make any such themselves by any contrivance.*

7. Though it seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, kick the man's shoes up and down, &c., yet it never moved anything except the latches, otherwise than by making it tremble; unless once, when it threw open the nursery door.

8. The mastiff, though he barked violently at it the first day he came, yet whenever it came after that, nay, *sometimes before the family perceived it, he ran whining or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company.*

9. It never came by day, till my mother ordered the horn to be blown.

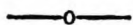
10. After that time, scarce any one could go from one room to another, *but the latch of the room they went to was lifted up before they touched it.*

11. It never came once into my father's study, till he talked to it sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if it had anything to say to him.

12. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six, it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time when she was employed in devotion.

13. Whether our clock was right or wrong, it always came, as nearly as could be guessed, when by the night it wanted a quarter to ten.

JOHN WESLEY."



MODERN MIRACLES,

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

TESTIMONY OF DEACON SILAS MOSMAN, OF CABOTVILLE.—Be it known that my daughter Mary, now twenty-two years old, has, for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last, she lost all power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eye-sight, becoming entirely blind, with no power even to raise her eyelids. All possible means have been used for her relief: she has been attended by twelve or thirteen physicians, some of them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about the same condition, changing only for the worse; and was finally told that she could never be any better. By this time we had almost despaired of any relief; but, through a kind Providence, we noticed a letter in one of the Springfield papers respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. Mettler, the *clairvoyant*, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately applied to her, and, after several attempts, we were fortunate in getting her to make us a visit. She at once made a *clairvoyant* examination of Mary's case, and prescribed for her. The next day Mrs. M. called again, and by manipulations quieted her a good deal. On the next Wednesday she called a third time to see her, and in about half an hour with *nothing but her own hands*, she succeeded, to the joy of all, in *opening her eyes, and restoring her sight and speech!* The next day Mrs. Mettler called again, and, to our astonishment, she triumphantly put the case beyond all question, by making my daughter walk entirely alone, which she had not done for three years. Such are the facts in this most remarkable case. Mary continues to see, talk and walk; and, for all we know, she must be restored to her former good health.

CABOTVILLE, January 9, 1850.

SILAS MOSMAN,

EVENINGS WITH MR. HUME AND THE SPIRITS.

[continued from page 17.]

suffering, had departed this life almost on the same day as Mr. —. With liveliest finger tips, the affirming hand danced up and down my leg, and upon my knee.

I said, "I am glad to find you are so much better." The playful hand beat "yes," again. And this, in reply to renewed questions, for two or three minutes. Then I said, "Have you any communication for your wife when I see her?" There was no response, and that agent there ceased to manifest himself. After another pause, a totally different hand (a lady's) came to me, rested in my hand under the table, rubbed my hand, and allowed me at leisure to examine the delicate, beautiful, and warmth-raying fingers. It was signified that it was Mrs. —, whom I had known in life, and who wished to greet me. Between and during what happened to myself, many of the rest of the circle were touched, and described their impressions much as I have described mine. Some had merely a single finger put upon their knees. Mr. Hume said that the presenting spirits could often make one finger where they could not make two, and two where they could not form an entire hand; just as they could form a hand where they could not realize a whole human figure; and he also said that this was one reason why they did not show themselves above-board, because they did not like imperfect members to be seen.

These phenomena occupied less than an hour; and now the circle was broken up, and reconstituted, nine persons, to the best of my recollection, being arranged at the table. The table was placed opposite a window, and the bright moonbeams streamed down upon its side. There was no candle in the apartment. The space of table which fronted the window was not occupied by sitters; but the company sat round about three-fourths of it, leaving the rest vacant. The right wing of the party was terminated by Mr. Hume; the left by the son of the host.

In a few minutes' time, close beside the latter gentleman, there emerged into sight above the rim of the table, in the vacant space, a delicately beautiful female hand and part of the forearm, apparently of ghostly tenuity. As I was sitting exactly opposite the vacant space, I had a fair opportunity of watching this hand as it projected against the moonlight; it was a filmy-looking woman's hand, with the fingers drooping forwards from left to right as I sat. The hand curved up over the table margin, deliberately grasped a hand-bell placed near, and carrying it partly down, let it drop upon the floor. It then rose to sight again, and took away a cambric handkerchief also placed near, which was tied in two knots under the table, and presented to one of the company, who had been strongly moved from the time that this hand was first seen. I forbear to give the further details of this hand, because they seemed to be of a private nature; suffice it to say, that it caused no little emotion to a gentleman who seemed concerned.

On its disappearance, another hand, large, strong, and with the fingers

extended, and pushed bolt up in the moonlight, rose above the table near to Mr. Hume. He cried out, "Oh! keep me from that hand, it is so cold! Do not let it touch me!" Shortly it also vanished, and a third hand was seen at the other side of the vacant table edge: this hand was in a glove. Then presently a fourth hand ascended on the extreme left—a lady's hand, of beautiful proportions—and traversed the entire vacant space from left to right, rising, and displaying the forearm; and then, as it neared Mr. Hume, the entire arm. When it reached him, the hand was level with his forehead, upon which it laid its palm, and with its fingers put his hair back, and played upon his brow for perhaps half a minute.

I was sitting next but one to him, and leant forward past my intermediate neighbour, at the same time requesting that if the hand belonged to my friend Mrs. —, it might also be laid on my forehead. This was deliberately done; and I felt its thrilling impression as the palm was laid flat upon my brow, where it remained for several seconds. It was warm and human, and made of no material, but softest flesh. During the interval in which I felt it, I had abundant opportunity of examining more closely the arm and forearm. The forearm sleeve appeared to be of white cambric, plain and neat, and it shone like biscuit-porcelain in the moonlight. The sleeve of the dress up the arm was darker, but I do not remember the colour. And bending over, as I did, to the vacant rim of the table, I saw how the arm terminated, apparently in a graceful cascade of drapery; much as though an arm were put out through the peak of a snowy tent, the apex of which thus fell around the shoulder on every side. On leaving my forehead, the arm at once disappeared, and I watched it go. It was drawn into the same drapery; but so natively, that I can only liken it to a fountain falling down again, and ceasing into the bosom of the water from which it rose. And I also saw the drapery itself vanish, apparently by the same dissipative process. And now the spirits spelt out "Good Night."

These events occurred in the house of one of my oldest friends, whose superior integrity I have never known, and of whose talent and sagacity I never heard a doubt entertained, until he endorsed these unpopular manifestations. I make this remark also as a part of my life's experience. His character, I know will stand the world's rack and laugh, for his honesty has already withstood its temptations.

Such is my experience. One hope I have in putting it forward is, that others who have seen Mr. Hume may do the like, and thus make their contribution to the facts of the case.

In conclusion, I will observe that Sir David Brewster, and others almost as eminent, appear to me to make a scientific error in one respect—viz., in their estimate of the value of a man's character. They seem to think that charging a man of good antecedents, and with every appearance of blameless life, with lying and imposture of the most systematic kind, is positively the easiest account that can be given of any rare phenomenon out of the pale of their own previous philosophy. I submit that this is not, for their own credit, the very first hypothesis of the case that ought to rush into their minds. Neither, parallel with this, is the other hypothesis that men of ability in all other things, and till then known

to be shrewd and searching, are insatuated dupes, to be commended at a proper valuation of what is rare and valuable in the human species. The rule of law, that "a man must be supposed innocent till proved guilty," is also *the* rule in such scientific explorations. This rule loves facts, and hates slander. I differ, therefore, with Sir David Brewster in his mode of exploration, and also in his valuation of presumptive honesty and human testimony, which always hitherto has been the most substantial word in the world, and a pillar which Divine Providence has not disdained to use in supporting the canopy of his revelations.

This rule I would especially press upon the great Sir David Brewster, a man of position, wealth, worldly repute, great talents, a name no one dares assail, and withal, responsibility to Heaven and his generation, when he is dealing with the orphan, Hume, a man apparently as blameless as himself, but with neither riches, nor health, nor station, nor any possession if not honesty, and a ruinous peculiarity of gift. It is not, I say, the easiest way out of a difficulty to call this youth a cheat. There are cheats of our own household, cheats in our own heads, sometimes called prejudices, which might be suspected *first*, without violating any rule of scientific inquest or humane valuation.

The experience of others in these matters has, perhaps, differed very widely from my own, and I desire to see this experience also brought forward. At other *seances* I have seen only a part of the phenomena which I have described as taking place on the three evenings which I have selected as being the fullest and best. And once or twice, when persons were present whom it was most desirable to convince, almost nothing occurred. This, I submit, is one of the strongest arguments in Mr. Hume's favour. Were the phenomena a trick, they might always be produced to order without variation. "The Great Wizard" never fails. But, as he himself says, the spiritualists always fail in his company. Let this suggest that there is a total difference between him and them. It does not surprise me that spirits and their gifts should retire to a great-gulf distance from where "the Great Wizard" is.

It seems probable, from experience as well as reason, that, granting the phenomena to be spiritual, the presence of determined scoffers at, and disbelievers in, them, should, in case the said persons be preponderant in their influence in the circle, render the manifestations imperfect or perhaps null. The known laws of human sympathy, and the operations of our own spirits when antipathetic persons are near us, may also be cited in proof of this. I conclude, then, that to the scoffer and the strongly prejudiced, who want no evidence, and to whom evidence has no appeal, evidence is, for the most part, not forthcoming. This simplifies the position; but what still remains is the peculiar Christian politesse of this century, viz., the necessity of good manners and the agreeing to differ. On the part of those who believe, this may be best secured by letting the other party be. Providence can convince *them*, too, as easily as ourselves, when the time and their function comes, but by snatching at them prematurely before they are ripe, we may evoke, on a great scale, two of the most formidable spirits of this world—WRATH and FEAR.

As a final remark, let me caution the public against being led by Sir David Brewster, Mr. Faraday, and other men of great names in their own departments,

In this matter, which is not obviously within their field. We hear much of not choosing Crimean generals on old Peninsular qualifications. But to select a Faraday or a Brewster for opinion on this case, is a far worse error; for all generals, past, present, and to come, are in the military line; but these great men are not, and never were, in the line upon which they have professed to decide. They are so alien on the subject, that they do not know the first condition of prosecuting it, viz., a gift of sympathy, and openness to conviction. Their very speciality of excellence in physical explorations, is against them in this new walk, which is combined spiritual and physical. The common observer, with little in his mind, with no repute to support, and no case to uphold, may perchance be equipped by nature for these revolutionary sciences, where the *savans* are stupid upon them. Twelve fishermen, and not the High Priests, are the everlasting resource of Providence. I therefore invite the unattached laity of all descriptions, the willing fishermen, to remember that they have no overmen in this department; that it is an untrodden field; and that by the grace of God, there is at last a freedom for us all from the pressure of big names; because "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." VERAX.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

14, Sussex, Street, Warwick Square, Pimlico, Sep. 11, 1866.

DEAR SIR,

I have had the pleasure of witnessing an extraordinary case of Cancer in the mouth and Lockjaw, by Dr. Hardinge, of 21, City Terrace, City Road, London, under Spiritual direction. I have taken much interest in this case throughout, and witnessed its progress under this particular treatment from the commencement; you may therefore depend on all I shall state being true. I must also say that, although effectually cured, it was without the usual use of the Scalpel. I will briefly give you the particulars of the case from the commencement. The name of the person cured is William Farrar, Hope and Anchor, Sarah's Place, Kingsland Road, London. He had suffered violent pains in his head, face, and neck, from time to time, for the last 6 years. The cancer fully manifested itself about the 28th or 29th of May, 1866, and he was attended from that time till about the 9th of July by a neighbouring medical man, but without any beneficial effect; in fact it continued to get worse, and he was advised by this same medical man to go into the hospital, for he considered it a hopeless case, and so discontinued his visits. About the 6th of July, a Mr. Canton, Dentist, 1, Middleton Road, Kingsland, was called in, and took out five of the lower teeth from this cancered jaw. Mr. Canton called again on the 9th July, and recommended Dr. Hardinge, whose labours commenced at once. In the course of an hour he relaxed the locked jaw about an inch, and it became still more relaxed each visit. On the third or fourth day the cancer, or germ from which the effects proceeded, came away in the form of a fibrous substance, and the patient that same night had a peaceful sleep for three or four consecutive hours, which he had not had for several months before, and this without the use of any

medicinal agent though the before-mentioned medical man who had attended him previously, had given opiates, exclusive of large doses which he (the patient) took, but to no purpose. He continued to improve under the treatment adopted, and in three weeks after Dr. Hardinge was called in, he was sufficiently restored to return to his employment at a Gas Metre Manufactory, belonging to Messrs. Parkinson, Cottage Lane, City Road, London. On the 24th of August, a large portion of the cancered jaw bone came away, without the use of instruments. Since that has been thrown off a cartilaginous substance has formed in its place. He is now quite well, though he was in such a precarious state at the time Dr. Hardinge was first introduced, that he could not have lived more than a fortnight. The portion of the jaw bone is in the possession of Dr. Hardinge, who would be happy to show it to anyone who may feel interested in the case. I enclose a drawing* I have made of it, which is very slight, but still sufficient to show you the horrible effects of the disease, that you may be better able to judge of the case, and you will I think see at once it must have been very bad, for so large a portion of the jaw to come away.

I will also mention another case of cancer in the mouth and lockjaw, which was successfully treated by Dr. Hardinge in the same way, under Spiritual direction. He has a portion of the jaw in his possession like the above mentioned. The person so cured is a Mr. Clark, 1, Stanmore Cottages, Stanmore Street, Caledonian Road, London. This case was cured the previous August, 1855, and Mr. Clark has had better health since that time than he had had for years before. I can vouch for the truth of this case, as I am personally acquainted with Mr. Clark, though it was not cured under my own observation. I could tell you of many extraordinary (so called incurable) cases, which have been successfully treated by Dr. Hardinge, under Spiritual direction, but I prefer those that came under my own immediate observation. I may state that I have had the opportunity of witnessing much (during my investigation into the facts of Spirit Manifestations) of a very extraordinary and convincing character, both through the table by tipping, and the far superior manifestations through Speaking and Writing Mediums. Mrs. Hardinge is a medium of the highest order, for Writing and Speaking; through whom Spirits from the highest spheres manifest themselves. I may at a future time, as opportunity offers, send you communications, or anything that may appear sufficiently interesting as connected with Spiritualism. I put this forward to testify to the truth as far as I have witnessed it, and that others may do the same, with the hope of its meeting the eyes of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with either the disease I have written about, or any other that may be considered incurable; for so far as I have seen and heard, Spirit Teaching promises to be a great blessing, by showing us that there are many diseases not understood now, but which may be in future cured; and this is only one portion of the important work Spiritualism will do. I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

GEORGE CHILDS.

P. S. I have given the names and address of all connected, that any person may make enquiries should they be disposed to doubt.

Birkenhead, 9th Mo. 5th, 1856.

Respected Friend,

Is the "Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph" given up? If it is, I should like to know if there is any other publication on the same subject, published in

* The drawing referred to is in possession of our late publisher, Mr. Rhodes, and may be seen by anyone who chooses to avail themselves of the opportunity.—Ed. Y. S. T.

this country, or whether any other is likely to be. I have been very much interested in these Spirit manifestations, ever since I first heard of them in 1848, indeed I was among the first in this country who knew anything of them. I have been present at several table-tipping exhibitions, but only within the last month or two. Some of the information we got I here send:—Shakespeare told us he was born at Seamingford, in Derbyshire, which I have no doubt is correct, he told us of a book in the British Museum called, "Mind and Matter, or Spirit redeemed from Sense," a poem which he met with and read when here; 500 were published, but only one copy left. He is in the 3rd sphere. Some who have been present are John Wesley, Richard Baxter, Benjamin D'Israeli, "Sir John Franklin," and several relations of the parties. J. W. said that Joe. Smith, the Mormonite, was an impostor, and spelt out "Spaulding" as the writer of the Mormon bible. Further information obtained was.—The battle of Armageddon, is to be in 1875, in Italy. England and France will begin another war with Russia, in April, 1857, and the war will last 8 months. On the 21st of January, 1859, Friday, Louis Napoleon will be shot by Italians in France, in battle, when at the head of his army.

The Papacy will be overthrown in 1866; after that time, Quakerism, modified a little, will be the general religion. Mormonism will be done away with at that time. The occurrence mentioned in Daniel, chap. 12, ver. 2, will take place in the year 2000, and our Saviour will come between one and two years after that.

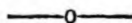
There are 34 inhabited worlds revolving round our sun. The sun is inhabited, the moon not: there are spirits in the moon. There is war in Saturn. They have intoxicants there, and the people can fly.

Methusaleh was a vegetarian! Friends in distant countries we wanted to know if living, we have been told where they are &c. We wanted the age of a deceased relative of one of our party. It gave out one year more than they had always understood, and stuck to it. On being cross-questioned the spirit gave ample proof of the correctness of the information, which was rather curious.

Queen Victoria will be the last crowned head on the English throne; she will wear the crown as long as she lives, and will die a natural death. The imperial infant of France will not succeed his father.

How many numbers of the Y. S. Telegraph have been published? I promised to send a copy to a party at Scarbro', but if it is given up I must let him know. I shall be obliged for the information and am, respectfully,
E.

[The above is a specimen of letters that frequently reach us, and should teach the readers of the *Telegraph* the necessity of doing all in their power to make it known that such a publication is in existence.—ED. Y. S. T.]



Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE III.

At length arose Nimrod, and strong was his bow, and sharp his arrows, for he was clad in the skin of the leopard, as a mighty hunter of beasts.

He tamed panthers, wherewith to hunt, and rode upon the back of the elephant; and from beasts he turned his arms against men; and with his tribe subdued many tribes,

And he was the first king of men, and founded the first nation that was known upon earth.

And he builded him a city, with a high tower in the midst of it; and he called its name Babel.

And because of his strong city, and of his tower, he thought to subdue all mankind, and to obtain the empire of the earth.

But the other tribes whom he had not conquered, removed afar from Babel, and also became nations, and dwelt apart, and builded cities, and walled them in, and spoke not with each other.

And thus those who at first had but one speech, now differed in language, and understood not each other.

And nation warred against nation continually; and this was the fourth state of humanity, which is named Barbarization.

And they made them gods of nations, and forgot the one God of all the families of the earth; and each nation had its god, and they said that the god of one nation fought against the god of another nation.

And Peleg became a great king in those days; and to him was a country appointed, and its bounds fixed; for they forgot that the true God had given the earth to the children of men, and not unto those who made themselves kings over his people.

And the nations of the earth understood not the speech of each other, and they knew not the knowledge of each other; and they called each other barbarians, and despised each other.

And difference of language and of country has divided mankind until now; and the lust of private possession, and the love of rule, has led to misery and warfare, to sin and wrong.

But the prophets of the Lord have borne their testimony to truth, throughout the ages; one choir of them taking up the chorus of another.

And there shall yet be one people, and one language, and one nation; for there is but one God—the Father of all, and Teacher of all, and King of all.

And ye shall all be one, saith ELOAH—God over all!

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 21.]

conspicuous form, whilst all the rest were in a rough state and so carelessly thrown one upon another. What a strange notion for the erection of so large a building, to have the stones heaped together in such a careless manner? What meaneth all this? Pray tell me, for I perceive that you have some useful lesson concealed in those two buildings.

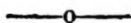
Here he smiled, and said,—“Yes, in these two buildings I have a lesson for thee, but useful only so far as thou art willing to learn. Yonder large building which thou thinketh so strange and so curious, is to shew thee the folly of men who live a life of ungodliness, and expect to make themselves complete and acceptable to God by an act of faith, in the hour of their dissolution, which they place so conspicuously before the world like yonder topmost stone. The other building, which thou says is a very beautiful mansion, is to shew thee the necessity of living a life of usefulness on earth, that thy mansion in the heavens may be beautiful; for every day which passeth over the heads of men, whether they be spent in folly or in usefulness, are as so many stones placed one upon another. Should they reach a good old age, or in other words the completion of their mansion;—What folly for them to suppose that they can make a vicious life appear virtuous, by one single act of faith;—just as easily might they expect to make an ugly building appear beautiful, by placing one beautiful stone on the top of it. I tell thee plainly, that as thy life hath been, so will thy mansion appear.

But it is well for thee that thou art not confirmed in those false doctrines which are so prevalent in the world; tis well that the impressions wrought within thee in the days of thy youth hath proved an antidote to the baneful effects of those poisonous compounds which were sounded in thy ears, and which are every day spreading a ruinous devastation amongst all classes of society; and I hesitate not to tell thee the very doctrines which are generally taught in the world give greater license for every kind of evil than anything else, inasmuch as it encourages the hope of making amends for a mispent life at some future time by an act of faith. It is the hope of a future reprieve which gives men the licence to rob, to steal and plunder, nay more, to commit murder, and they expect to have forgiveness through faith alone at the jail, or even on the scaffold. Tis the hope of making a misspent life acceptable to God by the efficacy and power of faith which brings thousands upon thousands of the purest of God's creatures to vice and prostitution; and there are thousands upon thousands amongst all classes of society both male and female who, while in the bud of youth, have been tempted from the path of virtue, and are now in the pond of recklessness. Alas for them! if they had heard the doctrines which are set forth by divine authority, they would have been happy citizens, and useful members of society. If the doctrine of faith alone had been locked in the hearts of its inventors, thousands would now have been giving thanks for the blessings which their Creator had bestowed upon them, instead of blaspheming his holy name and cursing the day in which they were born; thus you see, instead of an heaven, it is creating an hell upon earth.

If men of the most cunning devices had been selected from the four quarters of the globe, they could not have invented a more dangerous doctrine than that which is now taught, in nearly all the churches in Christendom; (and that too for extravagant salaries) for when a brother or sister is summoned to leave their earthly tenement, to inhabit other spheres, the only questions asked are, “How have they died?” and “What were their last words?” but as to how they lived, it is never thought of; forgetting that, if they live well, they must surely die well; and if not, “though they may have faith to remove mountains and have not charity, it profiteth them nothing.” Stay, stay, I exclaimed with emotion, say no more on

that subject until you have answered me a question or two. Surely you do not mean to insinuate that all who profess Christianity are depending on faith alone; surely there are some that strive to do all the good they can, with a hope to gain eternal life; surely the teachings of a few have not tempted all from the paths of virtue, and into the ponds of recklessness, cursing the day in which they were born. He said he had a few remarks to make, and then he would answer me afterwards. "Not one word" I exclaimed until you have answered my questions. "Well, well" said he, "but you will be none the worse for what I am going to say, for I can assure you that it is all for your good." Well, well, but I am not in the humour to hear you; and if you be determined to give utterance to what seems visible in your countenance, I shall leave you to preach to those around you who are crying "faith, faith, give us more faith;" and as I spoke I turned myself from him, and wended my way to the gate through which I was so resolute to enter; but I confess that I was greatly perplexed with what I had heard from him, for the force of his argument seemed to take root within me. Nay, my friends, I felt convinced of the truthfulness of all he had said, but I had no inclination to acknowledge it to him; little thinking that he could read my convictions by my countenance. When I arrived at the gate, I beheld another angel waiting to receive me: it was he whom I thought was Satan as an angel of light. He met me with cheerfulness, asking me how I had fared. I said that all things were favourable upon the whole. I have been on thither a little but

(to be continued in our next.)



Poetry.



THE VOICE OF THE PROPHETS.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.



Voice of the prophets! Word of God!
Thou Spirit of the Holy! dear
To us who bending wait thy nod;
O speak and let thy servants hear!

Thou great I am, whom Moses heard,
Who Samuel taught, Isaiah led,
Ezekiel bore on wheels that whizzed,
Elijah comforted and fed;

Who in Tekoah Amos called,
And filled with thine sweet David's heart;
And all the false one's souls appalled;
O speak and tell us that Thou art!

Thou art not deaf, Thou art not dumb,
Thy voice is glorious as of yore;
Thou wert, and art, and art to come—
The living God whom we adore!

O let us join thy ancient quire,
And sing thy ever ruling rod;
O fill our souls with prophet fire,
And grant us still thy Word, O God!

A CHILD'S DEPARTURE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

On a lowly couch in a quiet room,
Which was filled with the summer's rich perfume,
Lay a child, whose wasted form, though fair,
Told plainly that slow disease was there.
His mother anxiously o'er him bent,
Watching the shades as they came and went
Over his countenance; but while
She watched, there came a placid smile.
And, opening his eyes, he gazed around
The darken'd room, where not a sound
Its awful, gloomy stillness broke,
Till thus the little sufferer spoke:

"Oh, mother I see those beautiful forms
That by my bedside stand,
And gently and peacefully smile on me,
And clasp my cold, cold hand;
And, mother, see those crystal walls,
And those pearly gates unfold,
And the pretty beings treading there
O'er streets of the purest gold.
See, sister Fanny is with them there,
Though a year ago she died,—
Oh! little Charlie is with them too,
Whom we laid to rest by her side.
And they each have a little harp that shines
As bright as the summer's sun,—
See! now they are gazing sweetly on me,
Now towards my couch they come;
Now all are striking their beautiful harps,
And singing a joyful strain,
Which is caught by those in the golden streets,
And echoed back again;
And Fannie and Charlie and all have wings
As white as the driven snow,
And they're calling me away, away—
My mother dear—I—go."
A start, a smile, and a half-drawn breath,
And the young child lay in the arms of death.

Obituary.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On Friday morning, Sep. 12th, our esteemed brother and co-worker, WILLIAM COCKSHOTT, Ingrow, put off his earthly garb, and became an inhabitant of those spheres from which daily communications are being received.

From the first introduction of Spiritualism, (under its present title) he has been a constant attendant at nearly all our meetings, until he was deprived by his late sickness; since that period he has been compelled to content himself with listening to what communications have been obtained, and whilst doing so he has enjoyed the greatest consolation.

He could sing with the poet:—

"There's nothing lost by death
Except mere senseless clay;
Nor is the soul a transient breath,
Like vapour blown away.
The spirit is the man
Of substance real possessed,
With every sense and power that can
Make man for ever blest.

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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THOUGHTS DURING A NIGHT OF SORROW.

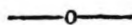
(From Hogg's Instructor.)

"Who has not felt in the hour of trial and bereavement a longing desire for association with the spirit land—an impatient, eager glance, that would pierce, if but for a moment, the thin but impenetrable veil that separates us from the loved ones gone before?—to witness their occupations, to behold their triumph, to see if their eyes or thoughts are ever turned towards those who are still straining and struggling on, with weary step and often fainting hearts, through the wilderness they have left behind. In these reflections all will sympathize whose diviner feelings are not altogether absorbed in the grossness of material associations, and who have a proper estimate of their own nature and destiny. I know there are many, very many, unknown and unnoticed by the world, unsought by its sympathies, untroubled by its jealousies and hatreds, whose deeper and holier affections have been blighted, and denied, for some unaccountable reason, a suitable response, but who can nevertheless find a solace, an excitement, a commingling of sympathy, in channels through which the heart may pour out in unrestrained freedom its pent-up affections, far more pure and elevating in their tendency than those which the world has denied or is fitted to bestow. For those bereaved and neglected ones, the following thoughts may possess some interest.

'Tis midnight. Agitating thoughts, occasioned by the trials and disappointments of the preceding day, cause a restless night: perhaps a link that bound us tenderly to earth has been lately severed; or some valued friend has lately deceived us; or doubts are entertained of our own fidelity and sincerity; our motives may have been misrepresented, or our weaknesses exaggerated, by those on whom the heart would delight to expend all its capacities of loving; or a thousand other causes of frequent

occurrence, may render us feverish and sleepless. When suffering from one or more of these causes, I rose, and looked out on the solemn stillness of the midnight hour. 'Twas a beautiful night. All were asleep: even the sea—the majestic, the restless sea—so placid, so faint its murmur, that it seemed asleep also. 'Twas the reign of silence; not the silence of death, but the silence of a quiet peace and fulness of satisfaction. Universal nature seemed reposing, save the sorrow-stricken spirit that contemplated the scene, and the sky glittered with ten thousand dazzling orbs, as if they were eyes celestial, gazing with a sympathizing yet hopeful interest on the sleeping world, now that the great whirlpool of human passion is a moment lulled, and were reflected with nearly equal splendour by the mirror-surface of the mighty ocean. It was silence, beauty, divine love, enthroned on the brow of night. I gazed a moment, in mute astonishment and admiration, at such a combination of attractions. It was but a moment: for what human heart could smother up the emotions that involuntarily gush forth in unrestrainable expression at such an hour? It is not sea, nor sky, nor earth, nor ocean, nor silent humanity, nor aught terrestrial, that can limit the soul's aspirations at such a season. Swifter than the light, it bounds upward as if on seraph wing, beyond the morn, and the blue sky, and the sparkling stars, and all material attractions, until, lost in the shadows of an unapproachable infinity, it returns in astonishment to look within itself, and finds subjects full of equal interest: emotions hidden in unknown depths of the soul unsuspected, and which no language can utter, and finds its fittest expression in an undefinable longing and sighing after an acquaintance with the unknown and invisible, while a voice, soft and soothing as an angel's whisper, breathes in loving accents on the spirit, and we imagine the atmosphere around us peopled with pure intelligences that wait and watch for holy converse, when the mind is calm and serene, when sorrow has chastened the affections, and lifted us above the usual grossness attendant on contact with the earth. And the hushed stillness of the night produces a solemnity, fitted for association with the pure and loving ones of another and a better land. But why should this be imagination? When the soul, with all its mortal encumbrances, can mount upward in such limitless flights, why may not those who are divested of all material hindrances and restraints revisit the land of their infancy and pilgrimage with equal rapidity? Why may not those friends around whom the fresh green tendrils of young affection were entwined, and which death tore from our sight and heart ere the sorest struggles of life were begun, delight to watch over us amid all our conflicts, and, as guardian angels, hover with an especial interest over those that loved them in their earthly

tabernacle? Is it not possible, or rather probable, that this covering of weak mortality is all that separates us from the spiritual world? that to lay it aside would be to introduce us to their visible presence? To be absent from the body (time and place being altogether overlooked,) is to be present with the Lord. And where is the extravagance of such a supposition? Oh! who would desire it were extravagance? How sweet at this hour to associate in such holy converse, to leave behind earth's cares, anxieties, and passions, and soar away with those messengers of love, and with a heart filled with the emotions such communings are fitted to inspire! How soothing, how natural, to pour out the warm gushings of affection to the lost and loved ones of other years; to cling to them with more than mortal warmth; to breathe out our sorrows, our aspirations, our regrets, our hopes, our desires; to unfold the heart in its secret workings, without fear or restraint, with all its weaknesses and follies, conscious of their fidelity, of their devotion to our interest, with greater confidence in their affection, and of their impartiality in judging of us, than ever we enjoyed while they were with us! And having enlarged ideas of their purity and power, we insensibly turn toward the seat they occupied; we recall the scenes we have witnessed along with them; the words of consolation and advice they uttered, the look of unexpressed and inexpressible agony when we had injured them. And when, silent and almost breathless, the past is revealed to us, with all the little kindnesses that have often dropped the healing balm of sympathy, on our wounded spirit, we listen for some sound; but all remains still: yet we feel their presence, with all its ennobling influence, and we drink in the warm stream of unabated love, pure from its native heaven, no less real because it is silent and indescribable, nor less valuable because it is immortal!"



REMARKABLE CURE.

(*From the New England Spiritualist.*)

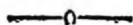


MR. B. SMITH, of Belvidere, Illinois, states the following, in the *Standard* of that place:—

I am personally acquainted with a case where a *stranger* medium described a case of putrid fever, (entirely unknown to any mind in the body present) nine miles off, a person she never saw! The person's life had been despaired of for several days. This medium, after giving an exact

description of the person and the disease, commissioned another person to go and effect a cure, telling him where to lay his hands, and the effect that would be produced. He went, did as was directed, and without any visible medicine the fever left in *ten minutes*. The patient then desired food, which he had not done in days before,—came completely to his senses, which had been wandering for a week, was about his usual employment in three days, and has been well ever since.

This *fact* can be proved by several as reliable persons as live in our country; and is as remarkable, in all its parts, as many cases in the New Testament would be, when stripped of the oriental style—and few men will deny that this case is similar and analogous to them.

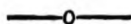


EFFECTS OF MESMERISM OR HYPNOTISM.



A HIGHLY educated lady, sixteen years of age, was brought to me from Newark, in Nottinghamshire. Dr. Chawner (then of Newark, now of Lincoln,) accompanied her and her father, and informed me that her head had been rigidly fixed to her left shoulder, as I then saw, for six-and-twenty weeks; and so firm was the contact, that no warrantable force applied to it could separate them to the extent of permitting a card to pass between the head and the shoulder. The doctor, moreover, added, that he had tried every remedy he could think of, and had done so energetically. He had caused the patient to be watched when in natural sleep, as well as when under powerful doses of opiates; but still the spasm was never observed to relax, by night or by day, during the whole period of six-and-twenty weeks. He also sent her to London, with a written history of her case, so that she might have the benefit of a personal examination and advice from Sir Benj. Brodie. She returned, however, without improvement, and was never worse than at the moment when I was introduced to the patient. I found the patient exactly as described; the head so rigidly fixed to the shoulder that no effort of mine was capable of separating them in the smallest degree by force. I therefore hypnotised the patient, by causing her to fix her sight and thoughts upon my lancet-case, held about ten or twelve inches above her forehead. Her eyelids very soon closed, with the twitter peculiar to patients passing into the hypnotic state. I then elevated her legs and arms, to render them rigid, and quicken the circulation; and thus produced a state of excitement in the sensorium and spinal cord. When she had

remained a few minutes in this state, and when I knew from experience that she was in a condition most favourable for acting on the muscular system, I gently titilated the skin on the right side of the neck, and thus roused the adjacent muscles into action, which I knew was the most certain and speedy mode of reducing the morbid rigidity in those of the left side, by reason of which the head had been so long bound to the left shoulder; and thus, by art, and not by force, I was enabled to move the head from the left, and incline it to the right shoulder, with as much ease as a mother can change the head of her sleeping infant. Having allowed the patient to remain a few minutes in this attitude, I aroused her by a clap of my hands near to her ear, when she instantly awoke, and, to the astonishment of herself and friends, with her head quite straight. When I called to see her next morning, I found her reading a book, with the head quite straight. There was a slight curve in the spine, however, for which I hypnotised her whilst standing on her feet; and during the sleep I manipulated the spine, so as to place it upright, in which condition I aroused her, when the body was found to remain quite straight, and the head also quite upright. I only visited this lady once more, when she appeared to remain quite straight, in which condition she returned home a few days thereafter.—*Observations on the Nature and Treatment of certain forms of Paralysis, by James Braid, Esq.*



MY VISIT IN BUFFALO.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)



FRIEND BRITTON:

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to be able to inform you that I have had a favourable opportunity of investigating the mediumship of the Davenport boys, and Miss Brooks of Buffalo. While the Davenports were in New York last winter, other engagements rendered it impracticable for me to visit their circles, which at the time I much regretted, and more especially as I was apprehensive that injustice was done them at that time—not intentionally, but in consequence of circumstances which were beyond the control of all parties.

My visit to the Davenport circle was on Sunday evening, July 13th, and every opportunity was granted me to satisfy myself of any fraud or collusion, that I could desire.

I was handed two cords, and requested to tie the boys in any manner I deemed most effectual against imposition. I first tied their hands behind them, with the

centres of the cords, and then to the back of the chair, passed the two ends back and under the seat of the chair, and with each end of the cord strongly lashed each ankle to the front post of the chair, and tied it in various knots. It will be seen by this position that there was no opportunity of bending forward, or of reaching the ends of the cords. The boys being thus most effectually secured the room was darkened. John King, who purports to be the conducting Spirit, then inquired of me if I was satisfied of the manner in which I had tied the boys, I replied that I was.

After many witticisms had passed between him and various members of the circle, the demonstrations commenced. A guitar, banjo and tambourine were carried with great rapidity about the room, striking first the ceiling overhead, and then the floor, almost simultaneously, and each being played upon at the same time with great violence, and as it appeared to me far more than the instruments could have endured from mundane hands. A bell was thrown on the floor by my feet, and I was requested to pick it up. In doing so, before I raised it six inches from the floor, the horn was put upon it with a quickness and accuracy which very much astonished me.

The lights were called for; I then examined the boys and they were yet tied as I have described. After airing the room for a few moments, it was again darkened, and a repetition of nearly the same was given us, but still more violently. I then requested the Spirit to untie the ropes, and in one-tenth part of the time in which it would have been possible for me to have untied them, they were removed and tied into a knot, one thrown at me, and the other at a lady who sat near me.

The Spirit then requested all to leave the room excepting the boys and myself, as he wished to give me a test. The request was complied with. I then examined everything in the room to satisfy myself that there was no other person present, or any chance for collusion. I then seated the boys, one upon my right and the other upon my left, leaning toward me. I put my feet upon theirs, and my hands upon their heads, and requested them to take hold of my arms with both of their hands. It will be seen by this position that I had full control of their hands and feet. The guitar was then played upon, so that it was heard by the circle which had retired; the horn was carried about and struck one of the boys upon the head quite violently, and was then placed under my chin. The circle was then called in. I reported the result, and the Spirit inquired;—"Doctor, were you ever accused of lying?" I believe not, by any gentleman. "Well, do not tell of this; if you do you will be."

The room was again darkened, and all the demonstrations were repeated in a still more violent manner. I and many others in the circle were repeatedly struck by a hand, and the hand was taken hold of by me and others, while the boys were tied.

In these demonstrations I am satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was no deception, and that they could not have been made by any other means than that which is claimed. Whatever deception they may have hitherto practised, if any, they have my fullest confidence in this case, that they are not chnoxious to the charge of any unfairness. I make this statement in justice to

them, and as an additional testimony to the public of the reality of the physical demonstrations; and, as I have no prejudices either *pro* or *con.*, to gratify, I trust it will have its due weight.

On Wednesday, July 23rd, I attended the musical circle of Miss Brooks. The music was upon the piano which was turned face to the wall, and sat close against it, and the finger-board placed in such a position as to prevent the medium from reaching the keys. The first demonstration was what appeared to me to be an inimitable trembling of the wires. Then followed a storm at sea, wherein every part was most beautifully imitated. The working of the engine, the whistling of the wind, the pelting of the storm against the vessel, the distant and nearer thunder, and the moan of the sea, were so beautifully and accurately illustrated, as to excite the sentiments of the sublime and majestic to their greatest intensity. It was most truly marvellously executed. Then followed a variety of other pieces, all of which were executed with greater artistic skill than I had ever had the pleasure of listening to upon any instrument. While the various parts were being played upon the piano, a clock, which stood directly over it, commenced striking, and without a moment's intermission struck two hundred and sixty-eight times, and was wound up three times while striking.

It will be seen, that to play the various parts upon the piano, and to wind the clock while striking, (which I think no one could do,) would require more than one person, and Miss Brooks was the only person in the room whose hands were at liberty, as all other persons present had joined hands in the back part of the room. If she could really execute such music, it is my opinion that she would as far excel the highest musical genius of earth, as day-light is superior to darkness. Her highest folly would be in not taking the credit to herself.

But there is one other demonstration, which in point of evidence of Spirit power—of the guardianship of angels, and of the intimacy and fraternal feelings of the heavens with the earth—is to me a more incontestable evidence than aught else I have witnessed. A girl of fragile form, of but feeble hold of life, and taken from school at the age of ten years, was at the early age of sixteen, developed upon the philosophical plain to an extent which would not only do honour to any woman, but to the most philosophical man of mature years. Such a demonstration we find in Miss Cora L. V. Scott, of Buffalo.

As a medium, as a philosophical, eloquent and attractive speaker, I believe she has no equal on earth, especially when we take into consideration her youth and limited advantages. Accomplished in music and all the departments of social life; thoroughly educated, not by schools, but by Spirits; most highly gifted and disciplined in oratory; gentle and affable to almost the highest perfection, combined with depth and philosophy of reasoning, and that too at so early an age, renders her one of the most remarkable personages of the nineteenth century. If her life is spared, and her mediatorial powers continue, the world will hear from her in a manner in which it seldom hears from woman.

If Spirits can thus control the affairs and destinies of individuals, develop and unfold them to their own use and purpose, what have we not to expect from this mediatorial age? Where is to be the end of that power which is yet but in its

embryo state? The imagination is too feeble to picture the future, and we fall back upon the realities of the present.

Since I commenced this article, I have been waited upon to know if I would lecture to the people of this place (Warsaw) on Sunday evening. I gave an affirmative answer, and efforts were made to procure a church or the court-house, but to no effect. The reply was that it was a dangerous doctrine to promulgate, I am told that they have had but little or nothing of Spiritualism in this place, but that they have heard much and may desire to hear more.

WARSAW, N. Y., July 27, 1856.

E. F. HATCH, M. D.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

West-gate, Newcastle, Sep 9th. 1856.

SIR,

According to promise, I beg to report the progress we are making in Spirit-experience, in connection with the circles ministered unto by the high intelligences who regularly visit us. The first spirit that came to us was no less a personage than David, the son of Jesse, and king of Israel, who, on subsequent occasions brought with him two Jews, Juthrun and Zelmennu; to which number were soon added Wesley, Thompson the poet, Luther, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Knox, with many other reformers and the drincipal founders of the modern denominations of Protestantism. The principal modern English poets, and some of the ancient poets and orators, as Homer, Demosthenes, and Cicero, have also signified their presence among us, as guides und teachers under the direction of David. Last Friday night we had present no less than five thousand one hundred and eleven spirits, among whom were twenty kings, and seven queens, all said to be of the royal descent and lineage of David. Some of them had ruled over the destinies of our country, others on the continent of Europe, where the lost sheep of the house of Israel, have been chiefly scattered. You will think, if this be true, the sceptre has not yet departed from Judah, which is correct, for Shiloh has not yet come to reign, though he once came to die for our redemption.

We have not yet arrived at any other method of communication than tipping and writing, but both these are accomplished with marvellous facility, by several mediums. We have found that those incapable of mediumship, only hinder the operation by laying their hands on the table. The table instantly rises when any of our mediums' hands touch it, but the process is retarded somewhat, if a non-medium be at the table at the same time. I mention this to show, that it is not necessary to follow Mrs. Hayden's directions, after you have found out who are mediums and who are not. The capacity for mediumship is chiefly physical, but can be weakened, and perhaps destroyed, by imperfect mental and moral training. Those who can be subject to what is usually called mesmerism, are trance mediums, and are completely subject to the operations of the spirit that takes possession of their organism. All such are clairvoyants. But the low spirits that usually minister at public exhibitions of mesmerism, take possession chiefly for their own amusement, and are controlled by the dictum of the operator, who has no further influence than to direct the tricks and pranks that shall be played for the amusement of the audience. This is a fact that all parents and guardians ought to understand, and not suffer any

young people under their control to become possessed by low spirits, for the emolument of any strolling professor of mesmerism, and the amusement of their ignorant audiences. There is no more mystery about mesmerism than about table-tipping, or any other spiritual phenomenon—it is all the work of spirits. The only question is are they of the right order? for a certain class are to be as much resisted as others are to be respected. I have wandered from the subject I intended to have treated of in this letter, but this is the substance of the explanation of the phenomena of mesmerism, that has been given to us by the spirits, and it may be useful and suggestive to some.

The doctrines that have been taught us, and the morals inculcated, have been of the sublimest and purest description, and strictly in accordance with the bible, and true christianity. We have not had one of the great mysteries of our faith denied; though mere human creeds and minor differences, are evidently held in little estimation in the spirit world. In despite of the reckless assertions made by Dr. Hare and others, the spirits have told us there is not a spirit in the heavens that does not believe in the atonement, and that spirits rise even from hell by believing that doctrine. Dr. Hare's sister is more likely to be in the sixth hell, than the sixth heaven, if she really does deny the atonement. In regard to the divisions of the spirit world the Dr. is equally at fault, and has no doubt been deceived by some low spirit operating through his entranced medium. According to the explanations given to us, there are eight heavens and eight hells. Spirits may come from all the heavens to minister in spiritual circles, and otherwise to men upon the earth; but they can only come from the four first hells. The latter have been very generally listened to among modern Spiritualists, both in this country and in America, and their absurd doctrines and peculiar exploits chronicled as veritable instruction from the spirit world. We enquired about the clairvoyant "Annie," and were told that she was influenced by one of the lower spirits, who was deceiving her respecting the Czar, and other matters. The emperor of Russia is in the first heavens; but the silly tales told through "Annie" respecting him are the mere invention of the low spirit that inspires her: so is the whole farrago of nonsense published in the last London "Herald" respecting Fairies, creatures that never had any existence out of the brain of a madman, and those subject to the inspirations of low and lying spirits.

The christian doctrine of the first and second resurrection has been confirmed unto us, so that all the fine stories we have been reluctantly compelled to listen to, about man's endless progression in the spirit spheres, without a body, are to be attributed to the same source of information—spirits from hell—whose testimony is not worth a rush, when set in opposition to the bible, and the great spirits whom God has sent to minister to faithful and willing christians.

A. GARDNER.

[We are pleased to hear of the progress of Spiritualism from any part of the country, and shall record what may transpire in the different circles; but in order to prevent all ill feelings, we must request our correspondents to avoid, if possible, giving personal offence. We have every reason to believe that Dr. Hare has given us a faithful record of his experiences in these singular phenomena; and as to the doctrines taught by spirits, we know they are not all agreed on the atonement, &c., but we would prefer each to have his own judgment as to which is correct, without sentencing anyone to "hell." The writer in the "Spiritual Herald" alluded to, is a man of clear reasoning faculties, and has done great service to our cause. Without endorsing all his peculiarities, we would strongly recommend a perusal of the 'Herald' to our readers, which contains several articles by the same gentleman. It can be had of Mr. Rhodes, Keighley, in parts, 6d. each; or 208 pages bound, 4s.—ED.]

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE IV.

Glory be unto Eloah—God over all—for from age to age, he hath sent his prophets upon the earth.

Job named him Eloah when he cried unto him amid his troubles in the desert, the history of which the poets have preserved unto this day.

The patriarchs called him Elohim, and Moses, Jehovah; and Muhummed, Allah; and Christ Jesus spoke unto him as a father, and made him known unto all the children of men as their common parent.

By whatever name he is called, he is the same God, for there is only one true God and there is none except him.

And whatever are the ideas of men respecting him, He is that which He is—one and universal, eternal and infinite, the same God for ever and ever.

And all things are over-ruled by him, and he over-rules all things for good.

Honey from the stinging bee, and clearness of the air from thunder; such are some of his works.

And from two opposites he produces one which agrees, and places the equator between the poles;

Even as from blue and yellow he mingles green, which is soft to the eye and strengthening to the vision.

Yea even, look forth in the eclipse, and at length thou shalt see the golden rim of the sun arises.

For from every evil God produces good, and from good, that which is better.

And he does away that which is good, because he would have that which is better, even as the flower falls that the fruit may ripen.

Thus passed away Paradization, because its innocence was ignorance, and God would have Humanity wisely blessed.

Thus mankind fell that they might arise again, and that the second Paradise should surpass the first Eden.

Thus Tribism succeeded Pastorism, and the rule of the patriarchs, and Barbarization succeeded Tribism.

For there was need to be a family before there could be a tribe, and a tribe before there could be a nation.

And families before there could be one family, and tribes before there could be one race, and nations before there could be one people.

And God meanwhile sent his prophets, that his human children might be brought unto a knowledge of that for which he has designed them from the beginning.

And his Anointed preached peace and gentleness, and the barbarian heard the voices of his messengers, from the east unto the west.

And the voices went unto the hearts of men, and prepared the way for future developements of society upon earth.

FROM OUR MINUTE BOOK.

ON another occasion a gentleman came into the room who had an acquaintance that was apparently near his departure, at least, such was the opinion of some of the medical faculty. The gentleman wished to have the opinion and advice of our spirit friend Dr. A. Combe, from whom we readily obtained the following:—

"According to your description of him, it seems he is some little affected at the liver, but, I am inclined to think he is not dangerously affected, if only his other complaints do not get the uppermost of his constitution. There are many ways of giving relief to persons thus affected: the object to be achieved is to remove an amount of nauseous matter, that is collected beneath the surface of the skin, similar to what is sometimes found upon the surface. In such cases, it is necessary to cleanse the system, which may be done by sweating, produced by either a few warm baths, or if he could endure it, the application of wet sheets: in either case, care must be taken to wash his body well, so as to clear away every particle of what is brought to the surface; also take care to rub well with a towel."

Some of the circle thought that the afflicted person might have some objection to wet sheets, and also to warm baths. The spirit then gave the following:—

"I merely want him to sweat freely for a few times. Let him drink freely of cold water; it will cause him to sweat, and also assist in producing regularity in his bowels."

The subject of mesmerism was then brought on, and whilst one and another were giving their opinions upon it, the table began to move. On enquiring if he had something to say, he answered in the affirmative. The following was then given:—

"There is more of the healing power in a real healthy person, than in any drug; but, alas for humanity; there are so few that are sufficiently healthy, that in a many instances its application would be dangerous!"

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 35.]

I am glad I've come back, and for the future, I shall take care to keep outside anyhow. He asked me what I had learned from my new companion, but I did not choose to answer him, but began to look about me for something which would attract his attention. "Friend" said I, "What are the uses of these ponderous pillars which are coupled together on each side the gate, and what are the uses of these three steps in the front, which are so beautifully inlaid with precious stones, also those of a triangular shape on each side? What is the meaning

of these two trees, whose lower branches encircle the pillars, and whose upper branches extend beyond each other, forming a triumphal arch." I asked all these questions in one breath ; not because I wished to know anything about them, but because I had received such a lecture on faith and its consequences that I was not inclined to repeat it to him even if he wished to hear it. But instead of asking me any more questions he began in good earnest to answer mine in regular rotation ; he said that the three steps on the left were emblems of faith. I said, if you mention that word again, I shall leave you. I have heard enough on that subject already. Well, said he, but I crave your attention until I explain unto you the necessity for these three principles being united, so much so, that to separate them would at once make them useless, as it is impossible for one to exist without the other. I have already told you that the three steps on the left are emblems of faith. I shall leave you until you have got something else to talk about, I exclaimed, and turned myself from him : however he continued by saying that the three steps on the right were emblems of hope, and those in the front are emblems of charity. I said that hope and charity was well enough, but as for faith, if I had my will, I would demolish it altogether. Then, said he, you would demolish the whole. He then called my attention to the construction of the steps, saying, that without faith, charity and hope would fall, and without charity, faith and hope could not stand, and without hope, charity and faith would soon be in ruins. You will perceive, said he, that the studs of all kinds of precious stones which decorate the steps of charity, are emblems of all kinds of good works, such as speaking the truth, returning good for evil, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, visiting the sick and doing unto others as they would wish to be done unto, not only for the sake of eternal reward but because it is good ; and the pillars are to represent the Jews, the Gentiles, the Christians and the Heathens. The trees are to represent Love and wisdom or Goodness and Truth which shall encircle the four quarters of the Globe, and unite them in brotherly love ; and the gate is to represent the Will, at which if you stand and knock the way is certain ; but here cometh your old companion, perhaps he will be able to instruct you better than me, if you are willing to hear him, and if so, I will resign that responsibility. But which of us would you prefer as you can have your choice ? I said that I felt it my duty to acknowledge my thanks for their kindness towards me ; I also told them that I entertained different views since I became acquainted with them, and that I was fully persuaded that both of them were my friends, and that I was very loathe to part with either of them. I asked them both to accompany me, and with one voice they acknowledged their willingness, making the remark that we ourselves were emblems of three inseparable principles like unto faith hope and charity ; and I found myself between them, one on my right hand and the other on my left, and as we walked together conversing together on different topics, they called my attention to things which closely concerned myself. I beheld something which had been a terror to me, ever since I could remember, and even when I thought of it, a thrill of horror would

(to be continued in our next.)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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ON GUARDIAN ANGELS.

(Abridged from the Works of the Rev. Alban Butler.)

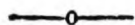
Amost the adorable dispensations of the divine mercy in favour of man, it is not the least that he has been pleased to establish a communion of spiritual commerce between us on earth and his holy angels, whose companions we hope one day to be in the kingdom of his glory. This communion is entertained on our side by the religious veneration with which we honor them as God's faithful holy and glorious ministering spirits, and beg their charitable succor and intercession with God on their side by their solicitude and prayers for us, and the many good offices they do us. It is clear in the holy scriptures, that these blessed spirits which we call angels, which means messengers, receive this name from their office, in being employed by him in executing his commissions in our favor.

One of the most merciful appointments of God relating to this economy, established by him between the blessed angels and men is that he commissions chosen high spirits to be particular guardians to each of us. That particular angels are appointed by God, to watch over each among his servants is an article of the catholic church of which no ecclesiastical writer in the pale of the church, ever entertained the least doubt. That every man even among sinners and infidels, has a guardian angel, is the doctrine of the most ancient fathers, and so strongly supported by the most sacred authority, that it seems not to be called in question. The Psalmist assures us, "He hath given his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." And in another place, "The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear him and he shall deliver them." The patriarch Jacob prayed his good angel to bless his two grandsons, Ephraim and Manasseh, "The angel that delivereth

me from evil, bless these boys." Judith said, "His angel hath been my keeper, both going hence and abiding there and returning from thence." Christ deters us from scandalizing any of his little ones because their angels always behold the face of God. So certain and general was the belief of a guardian angel being assigned to every one, that when St. Peter was miraculously delivered from prison, the disciples who upon his coming to them, could not at first believe it to be him, said—"It is his angel."

God, in fact, is pleased to oppose to the efforts of the demons who would tempt us to destruction, those of his good angels by making them our defenders. The good angels out of the same zeal with which they continue their war against these wicked spirits, come to our relief according to the order established by divine providence. They consider also that we are shortly to be their companions in eternal bliss and are at present by grace and the divine adoption, their brethren, their dear fellow members in God. They on the other side see the miseries of sin into which we are fallen, the dangers which surround us, and the infinite evils under which we groan. They therefore earnestly exert themselves for us.

We must therefore not only respect but gratefully love and honor our tutelar spirit. We likewise ought to place a confidence in the protection of our good angel. In fine, St. Bernard says, "Consider with how great respect, awe and modesty, we ought to behave in sight of the angels, lest we offend their holy eyes, and render ourselves unworthy of their company. Woe to us, if they who would chase away our enemy, be offended by our negligence, and deprive us of their visits. Above all the angels of peace expect us to live in unity and peace. Should they not be the most delighted with that in us which represents the form of their own holy city?"



SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN THE WESLEY FAMILY.

No. 1.

(*From the New England Spiritualist.*)

Mr. Samuel Wesley's journal—an account of noises and disturbances in my house at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in December and January, 1716-7.

"From the first of December, my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, knockings, &c., in every story, and most of the rooms in my house. But I hearing nothing of it myself, they would not tell me of it for some time, because, according to the vulgar opinion, if

it boded any ill to me, I could not hear it. When it increased, and the family could not easily conceal it, they told me of it.

"My daughters, Susannah and Ann, were below stairs in the dining room; and heard, first at the doors, then over their heads, and, the night after, a knocking under their feet, though nobody was in the chambers or below them. The like they and my servants heard in both the kitchens, at the door, against the partition, and over them. The maid-servant heard groans as of a dying man. My daughter Emilia, coming down stairs, to draw up the clock and lock the doors at ten at night, as usual, heard under the staircase a sound among some bottles there as if they had been all dashed to pieces; but when she looked, all was safe.

"Something like the steps of a man was heard going up and down stairs, at all hours of the night, and vast tumblings below stairs, and in the garrets. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one come staving through the garret to his chamber, rattling by his side, as if against his shoes, though he had none there; at other times walking up and down stairs, when all the house were in bed, and gobbling like a turkey cock. Noises were heard in the nursery, and all the other chambers; knocking first at the feet of the bed and behind it, and a sound like that of dancing in a matted chamber, next to the nursery, when the door was locked, and nobody in it.

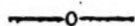
"My wife would have persuaded them it was rats within doors, and some unlucky people knocking without; till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed; but till, I think the 21st, at night, I heard nothing of it. That night I was waked a little before one by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of pause at every third stroke. I thought it might be somebody without the house; and, having got a stout mastiff, hoped he would soon rid me of it.

"The next night I heard six knocks, but not so loud as the former. I know not whether it was in the morning after Sunday the 23rd, when my daughter Emily called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noises there. She went in, and heard it at the bedstead, then under the bed, then at the head of it. *She knocked and it answered her.* She looked under the bed, and thought something ran from thence, but could not well tell of what shape, but thought it most like a badger.

"The next night but one we were awakened about one by the noises, which were so violent, it was in vain to think of sleep while they continued. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and down stairs; and, generally as we went into one room we

heard it in that behind us, though all the family had been in bed several hours. When we were going down stairs, and at the bottom of them, we heard as Emily had heard before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broke all to pieces, and another sound distinct from it, as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same, three of my daughters heard at another time.

"We went through the hall into the kitchen, when *our mastiff* came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of its coming: for then he barked violently at it, but was silent afterward, and *seemed more afraid than any of the children*. We still heard it rattle and thunder in every room above or behind us, locked as well as open, except my study, where as yet it never came. After two, we went to bed and were pretty quiet the rest of the night."



NEW KIND OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

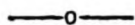
(*From the New England Spiritualist.*)



WE find the following highly interesting statement in '*Tiffany's Monthly*' for August:—

"Accounts which we have lately received through various channels, from Rochester, N. Y., represent that a young girl of the name of Mary Comstock, who has been a medium for some two years, and who for some time past has been under the care of Mrs. Sarah A. Burtiss, is now daily subject to a kind of phenomena, which it would seemingly be impossible for sceptics to gainsay or resist. It is said that the words and whole sentences, purporting to be the work of spirits, appear in raised letters on her arm, and after being read will disappear, and others will come in their place in response to the inquiries or wishes of investigators.

'There is no conceivable way in which these words and sentences could be produced through any voluntary agency on her part, or on the part of her friends, and there appears to be no other alternative than of accepting their claims in respect to the mode of their own production. We have just conversed with our friend, Dr. Hallock, of New York, and who while on his recent journey to the West, saw Miss Comstock, in Rochester, and witnessed these manifestations, and he assures us there can be no possible mistake in the matter.'



MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

PECKHAM, (LONDON, ENG.) 7mo, 28, 1856.

Sir—When many strange things are taking place, it is difficult to choose which should be made public, the more so as very many are apparently of a family character, and as such only interesting to the members of the circle, unless viewed by minds who see through the incidents the developement of that great principle of Spirit-intercourse sung on Sundays in our churches, but in prose, on Monday called absurd.

At the circle I now refer to, the leading medium is a young female, who falls into a trance on sitting down in the chair at the appointed hour—states she sees the Spirits who are in the room, and what they are doing. She is also frequently impelled to open the Bible, and with closed eyes and averted head, points to passages of Scripture applicable to the then state of the members of the circle, and the incidents transpiring. Others at the circle are affected by muscular action. One of these, who never but once had an accordeon in his hand, was requested by the medium to take up one brought that evening by me. His hands were powerfully influenced, and after shaking the instrument in his hands a short time, he commenced and played accurately a hymn tune called, "Helmsley," the words to which are

"Lo! he comes with clouds descending," etc.

While playing, the leading medium called for a Bible. One she never had in her hands before was brought, and with closed eyes and averted head, she opened the book, turned over a leaf or two, and then pointed with her finger to a verse which, when I went to the light at the other end of the room, I found to be Revelations, 20th chapter and 12th verse. The words were, "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." The unison of the tune then playing, with the passage of Scripture so pointed out, will doubtless surprise some of your readers.

At the following circle, held two evenings after, a concertina having two notes out of key was placed on the table. To my knowledge no one in the circle had ever seen it before. The person who on the previous sitting had played the accordeon, but never had a concertina in his hand, was influenced to take up the instrument, and played about fifteen tunes in a neat and perfect style. To test the power *mentally*, I asked that "Home, sweet Home" and "Helmsley" should be played. They were played immediately after the tune then playing was ended. The instrument was so handled that the false notes were not played the whole evening. How it was done is a mystery to one who thoroughly understands the power of the instrument, and who after the circle tried to play "Helmsley," but could not, owing to the false notes.

Yours as ever,

J. JONES.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

Sir,

The following is a part of a letter from a young man in America, to a friend near Inverness:—

"James you will think it strange to see my letter headed Easton, but if you knew the whole you would be satisfied; so I will try to tell you.

My time was out that I engaged for on the 9th of June. I got my wages on the morning of the 10th, and packed up my clothes and sat waiting until the stage would pass; but I felt very low in spirits, and as I sat musing in my bed room, the old wife came up and told me that I must not think of going, for she felt that all would not be right. But I said I intended to go, so she went away crying, and just at that time a middle-aged man, who had been here visiting on Saturday, came in his carriage, and he sent for me, and told me not to go, for since he had heard that I was going west, he had not felt right, and he thought it his duty to come and warn me of the danger that I should be led into if I persisted in going. He told me to think the matter over, and judge for myself. I told him that the spirits had been troubling him, (as he is a believer in Spiritualism.) He begged of me to take his advice. Then the old woman came and told me that the spirit of my mother came and impressed her mind to come once more to tell me not to go. She came to me crying, so I consented to stay three months longer. Now, the danger was this,—the stage went past here at one o'clock, and landed at the first railway at half-past two. The cars arrived at three o'clock to go to Troy; at which place I was going to stay all night and take the eleven o'clock train, which went within nine miles of Niagara Falls, where it was run into by another train, and one passenger car smashed to atoms. You will say that it was all imagination to be led by foolish thoughts; but perhaps you have seen an account of the accident in some of your papers. I did not believe in warnings of danger before, but I think I will believe now. You may say that it was all stuff, as I told them; yet I had to yield.

North Easton, July 8th, 1856.

JAMES DYER.

It is recorded of the Rev. J. Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, that at times, he was so powerfully impressed that certain persons were near the termination of their earthly career, that he felt it his duty to warn them to flee from, what he considered, the wrath to come: these predictions were generally verified.

HEAVEN IS HERE.—It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might shew the spiritual world compassing us on every side.—*Channing.*

THIS I am able to aver, that man immediately after death, is in the other life, and that there his life in the world, (i. e. his live's life) is altogether continued, and is such as it had been in the world. This I can aver because I know it; for I have discoursed with almost all whom I was acquainted with in the life of the body, after they had departed out of this life; and hence by living experience, it has been given to know what sort of lot awaits every one, namely, that it is according to his life.—*Swedenborg.*

Communications from the Spiritual World.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 48.]

steal over my guilty conscience, and the more I grew in years the more I looked upon it with dread. I looked and looked again to make certain that what I saw was real, yet I could scarcely credit it. A grave!! A grave!!! yes it must be true, and they are carrying my body to bury in the cold damp grave! But why those shrinking fears, when I am yet alive and in perfect health and vigour? It was here for the first time that I felt that death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory. I looked at my kind instructors, thinking they might have something to advance; yet they spoke not a word but rather did they look at me with surprise, that I should behold these things with indifference. The funeral procession came nearer and nearer still, so that I could plainly distinguish every feature, and hear every whisper, and I was half inclined to say to those who wept: "Weep not for me, for I am yet alive." I remember the hour when the word death was pronounced over my body: I remember the time when the women were assembled to perform the last office over my remains, also the efforts I made to convince them that I was not dead, and of my inability to do so. Now they have got to the grave! Now they are letting down the coffin!! I even read the inscription on the breast-plate. I was surprised that they never noticed me, and I enquired of my instructors if they could not discern us, but they answered by a shake of the head, saying, that men now-a-days, were too much engrossed with materialism: and the cares of the world, prevents them from discerning anything which is above the world. I distinctly heard the official, run over the funeral service with apparent absence of mind, and at the conclusion of which I was reminded of the great day of resurrection.

And is it possible, thought I, that at some future day God has ordained that the body which is now being deposited in the tomb shall rise again and be united to this glorious body? Oh, I hope not! God forbid that I should again be encumbered with so useless a shell! Why! oh why should this be done? But surely God knows what is best for us, and with him nothing is impossible. When my instructors beheld me wondering and filled with dismay concerning the resurrection of the body, they bid me refrain from my fears, for said they, it was only the effects of a gross superstition which was first invented by men who had an extravagant love for the world and for themselves so that they could not afford to part even with the old body, which is of the earth. These few remarks had a pleasing effect upon my mind: but, thought I; have I been misled a whole life long concerning the resurrection of the

body. Good God! what have I been doing in the world, to permit myself to be so easily led by the nose, instead of using the reason which God gave me?

At length I enquired of them whether or no the body shall rise again from the grave and be united to the soul? By no means, said they; you are as free from the body which is now in the grave as the butterfly which basketh her wing in the sun, and rejoiceth that she is no longer a caterpillar; but come let us go hence, for we have other things to shew you, which will be more congenial to your feelings; for, said Amity (that was the name of him who accompanied me through the gate of faith) you promised that you would go where I go, and stay where I stay.

Yes, I answered, and so I did; but stay, for I am anxious about my earthly friends. O! that I could tell them what I have already learned from you. O! that I could sit down as one who had removed to a distant country, and pen down some of the most prominent adventures I have encountered. What consolation it would give me; and I am persuaded that the description would be both instructive and amusing. They said that it was on this account that I had been permitted to see these things; it is on this account that we have met you by the way, and told you things which are little dreamt of in the world.

As we walked towards the gates of the city, my attention was drawn toward a great number of men, women, and children, apparently from all parts of the earth, whom, I was informed had finished their earthly career, and like myself, had become inhabitants of the spiritual world, and each was accompanied with a guide; and each had their choice as to which gate they would prefer. Some entered the gate of hope, some made choice of charity, and a large majority were like myself, resolute to enter the gate of faith. Now said Amity, there are two gates yet, charity and hope, which will you choose? I said I had a curiosity to have a look through them both; so they conducted me through the gate of hope. There I beheld men who were well skilled in the sciences when in the world, who were warmly debating with each other, on the love and mercy of God. The majority held the opinion that at some future period they would become equal with the highest angels; that God was no respecter of persons.

I took the liberty to ask one of them how long he had been in this country? he said that six hundred years had passed since he entered the spiritual world; that he was a native of Stafford, and that he hoped to reach the height of perfection, and to enjoy the most exquisite felicity, in these delightful regions; though he had not, while in the world, kept the divine commandments, yet he hoped that God would look over these petty faults, and raise him to a level with the highest seraphim.

My instructors told me, that these in their life time paid little regard to the commandments of God, yet their state of happiness was greater than might have been expected; not because they at present possessed any degree of reward, but because they had such an intensity of hope, that they would almost seem to live upon it. I said that I hoped we should soon leave this place. They said, we hope so too, and it was no sooner said than done, and once more we stood on the threshold of charity. Now, said they, we will have a look through the regions of charity. Perhaps the inhabitants will be more congenial to you. I said, I hope so, and of

my own accord gave three loud knocks, for I had become rather bold. Immediately the gate was opened for me, and a man stood within whose face shone brighter than the sun. His garments were white as snow, so that I was struck speechless for a time at the sight of him. I turned to my instructors that they might speak in my behalf. They said unto him, "we have found a stranger, who wisheth to gain admittance into the city." "A stranger," said the man, "why call ye him a stranger? for I know him well,—he is a friend of mine:" and he took me by the hand with a smile on his countenance, saying he was glad to see me, and that if I would come into his house he would give me some refreshment, and every thing which my heart could desire; for said he, "thou hast been a friend to me when I was poor." And he went on in this manner for a considerable time, making it appear that we were particularly acquainted. I looked at him earnestly from head to foot, on purpose, if possible, to distinguish in him some old acquaintance; but I declared I had never seen him before. I again turned to my kind instructors and earnestly told them that the man was mistaken, and that he was robbing some generous and benevolent philanthropist of his good merits, and laying them upon me who is a complete stranger and quite ignorant of these good deeds. They said, "perhaps not for he is a man of keen discernment, and one who is seldom mistaken. Look at your friend once more, and try if you cannot discern in him some bosom friend;" and I looked again and again, till I was almost dazzled with his appearance, and frankly told them that I never saw him before, nor any man like unto him; but he again clasped me by the hand and said, "did'st not thou give me meat when I was hungry, did'st not thou clothe me when I was naked, did'st not thou visit me when I was sick." I answered, "No, never, I never knew you,—Where? When? How? Explain yourself, for I am convinced you are decidedly mistaken." He said, "Friend, inasmuch as thou did it unto my little ones, thou did it unto me," and immediately I heard, as it were, ten thousand times ten thousand voices singing Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God Almighty, wonderful are all thy ways; thou judgest thy people with righteousness; worthy art thou to be praised. I said to my instructors, "is this the King of Glory." "Yes," said they, "He is the King of Glory, he is the King of kings, and Lord of lords, he is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, who is, who was, and who is to come, the Almighty, the life and light of heaven; praise him!"

I then said unto him, "what am I that thou shouldest deal so kindly with me," and I felt ashamed of myself, and for a time stood speechless before him. And he looked at me with compassion, saying, "Come up hither, and receive the good things of my house," and he gave my instructors charge that they should lead me through pleasant places, to which they gave their assent. And they led me through the gate into the city, when I again heard the most joyful sounds, as if all the heavens were singing and praising God, and I was so delighted with the harmony, that I began to join in the general chorus.

The King of Glory then gave unto me a little book, which contained the words as sung by thousands of thousands, and I was astonished to find that they were singing, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his

delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgement, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

When the singing was ended, my attention was drawn toward the different objects around me. I perceived that the ground floor was of the whitest marble, and that it was uniformly studded with precious stones, from the gate up the main avenue, and in the centre of the streets, which were arranged in every variety of form, for the accommodation of the inhabitants. They conducted me through some of the most magnificent streets, and I perceived that the buildings ranged from one to seven stories high, which were finished within and without in the most magnificent style. I was informed that the buildings were not made with hands, but were presented unto those who inhabited them by the Lord, according to their state of reception. Afterwards, they conducted me to an opening of a great square. "This," said they, "is called 'The Wanderer's Home,' the length thereof is one hundred thousand cubits,—the breadth thereof is one hundred thousand cubits,—the height thereof is one hundred thousand cubits, so that it is four square.

"Great God," I involuntarily exclaimed, "how wonderful are all thy works." "O," said my instructors, "this is only the beginning of the first tower, but it is nothing compared with what is laid up in the vast expanse, which, we are inclined to think, will be beyond your conception." And as they spoke they conducted me up a flight of steps, and apprised me of the grand and imposing sights which would be open to my vision. When we gained the summit I was suddenly struck with the profoundest wonder and amazement. But here let me tell you that when I was with you in the world, I frequently read and heard of different spiritual visions, but they have always concluded by saying that language would fail to give anything which would convey the slightest idea of what they beheld; and as this was always contrary to my wishes, I will make use of the simplest language I have at command, under the present circumstances, to bring it before your mind's eye, what I have really seen. I will commence by giving you a description of the great square. The steps we had to ascend were seven in number, measuring three-fourths of a cubit high, and seventy cubits long. On each side the steps were seven golden cherubims for pedestals, to support the extremity of seven golden bows, which extended from one side to the other, going cross-ways from the lowermost cherubim on the left, to the topmost cherubim on the right, and from the lowermost on the right to the topmost on the left. As we advanced to the centre of the square I perceived that the buildings on the four sides thereof, were of uniform size and height, which were seven stories high; having seven heights of projectings or balconies, for the reception of those who inhabit them. From the centre of each side were openings from the four parts

of the city, like unto that which I have already described. From each corner of the square, were erected two great arches transversely, and from the four entrances thereof were two great arches, which extended from the east side to the west side, and from the north to the south side; the arches crossing over the centre of the square, which at first sight appeared most stupendous. Also under the great arches were one hundred and forty-four great pillars, and around each pillar, (which were ten thousand cubits in circumference) were erected galleries, one above the other, twelve galleries high. Also, from one pillar to another were fixed suspension bridges, midway from every pillar; each bridge being seventy cubits broad, so that they could pass from one pillar to another over the bridges, and from one gallery to another up the winding steps: in the centre of the pillars, and under the battlements of the bridges were formed balconies, like unto those on the four sides of the square. Underneath again, and on the ground, were erected one hundred and forty-four tables, one table for each pillar, arranged around thereof, seventy cubits from the foot of the lowermost gallery. And here let me remark, before I proceed, that the inhabitants were not self-subsistent, for God only is subsistant, so that all need support from him, whether they be in the flesh or in the spirit. None can exist of himself but He who made all things; for in him we live, and move, and have our being. Though the tables were one hundred and forty-four in number, (at least were fifteen thousand cubits in circumference) yet each table was supplied with spiritual food by the Lord, entirely for the support of all who stood in need. My instructors then led me near to the centre of the square, from whence I had a full view of all the great pillars which supported the galleries, and also a full view of all the suspension bridges, and the seven balconies on the four sides of the square. And immediately I heard the sound of trumpets, cymbals, violins, harps, and other musical instruments, which gave sweetness to the harmony, and I was informed that the number of performers were seventy thousand souls. I looked, and lo! I beheld one of the great pillars, around which were fixed twelve galleries, filled with the orchestra, from the first to the twelfth gallery, all clothed in shining raiment. I stood spell bound, as it were, for a short time, until they had finished the first grand chorus, after which, I cast my eyes around and beheld the one hundred and forty-four great pillars were filled from top to bottom, by the inhabitants from the four quarters of the city. Also the seven balconies on the four sides of the square were filled, and also, the balconies under the battlement of the suspension bridges, all clothed in shining raiment, which was presented unto them by the Lord. The orchestra struck up the second grand chorus, and immediately a procession was formed from every gallery and balcony, and soon they were seated around every table. Those from the pillars occupied the concave side, and those from the balconies, the convex side of the tables. My instructors then invited me to the nearest table, to eat the living food therefrom.

(to be continued in our next.)

Poetry.

FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

Man has two attendant angels
 Ever waiting at his side,
 With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
 Wheresoe'er his feet abide;
 One to warn him when he darkleth,
 And rebuke him if he stray;
 One to leave him to his nature,
 And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
 All his life's minutest part,
 Looking in his soul, and listening
 To the beatings of his heart.
 Each with pen of fire electric,
 Writes the good or evil wrought,
 Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
 Purpose, action, word, or thought.

One, the teacher and reprover,
 Marks each heaven deserving deed,
 Graves it with the lightning's vigour,
 Seals it with the lightning's speed;
 For the good that man achieveth,
 Good beyond an angel's doubt,—
 Such remains for ay and ever,
 And can not be blotted out.

One—severe and silent watcher!—
 Noteth every crime or guile,
 Writes it with a holy duty,
 Seals it not, but waits awhile.
 If the evil-doer cry not
 "God forgive me!" ere he sleeps,
 Then the sad, stern spirit seals it,
 And the gentler Spirit weeps.

To the sinner, if Repentance
 Cometh, soon with healing wings,
 Then the dark account is cancelled,
 And each joyful angel sings;
 Whilst the erring one perceiveth,
 Now his troublous hour is o'er,
 Music, fragrance, wafted to him
 From a yet untrodden shore.

Mild and mighty is Forgiveness,
 Meekly won, if meekly won;
 Let our hearts go forth to seek it
 Ere the setting of the sun.
 Angels wait, and long to hear us
 Ask it, ere the time be flown;
 Let us give it, and receive it,
 Ere the midnight cometh down.

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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THE ELEVATIONS OF ST. THERESA.

EXCEPTIONS having been taken to the violation of the usual law of gravitation, in some of the advanced stages recorded of our modern spiritual manifestations, whereof it is narrated that bodies not only inanimate but animate, have been lifted in the air and sustained in it for some time, without any apparent or adequate agency, we herewith give our readers, some account of the elevations of St. Theresa, as they are called, from which they will see that our modern phenomena are not entirely insulated in their claims, that others beside modern spiritualists have professed that the laws of gravity were not invincible, and that the assertion of Solomon is confirmed that there is nothing new under the sun.

St. Theresa, in her life, written by herself, thus describes her elevations with their effects upon her mind.

"Sometimes," she writes, "my whole body was carried with it," (that is with her soul,) "so as to be raised from the ground, but this was seldom. When I wished to resist these raptures, there seemed to me somewhat of such mighty force under my feet, which raised me up, that I knew not what to compare it to. All my resistance availed little, for when our Lord hath a mind to do a thing, no power is able to stand against it."

She thus describes the effects of this phenomenon upon her own mind—

"The effects of this rapture are great. First, the mighty power of the Lord is hereby made manifest: for when He is pleased, we are no more able to detain our bodies than our souls; we are not masters of them, but must even against our will, acknowledge that we have a superior, that these favors come from him, and that of ourselves we are able to do nothing at all; and the great impression of humility is made on the

soul. Further I confess it also produced in me great fear, (which at first was extreme,) to see that a massy body should be thus raised up from the earth. For though it be the spirit that draws it after it, and though it be done with great sweetness and delight, (if it be not resisted,) yet our senses are not thereby lost; at least I was so perfectly in my senses that I understood I was then raised up. There also appears hereby so great a majesty in Him, who can do this, that it makes even the hair of the head to stand on end: and there remains in the soul a mighty fear to offend so great a God. Yet this fear is wrapped up in an excessive love, which the soul conceives afresh towards him, whom she finds to bear so great a love to such wretched worms as we are. For He seems not content with drawing the soul to himself, but he will needs draw up the very body too even whilst it is mortal, and compounded of so filthy an earth as we have made it by our sins. In raptures of the spirit alone there seems a total loosening of the soul from all things as it concerns the spirit; but here it seems that also the body partakes of this disengagement."

Many testimonies are borne by others to the fact of the Elevations or bodily raptures of St. Theresa.

"Bishop Ypres relates, that the saint when she was prioress of the convent of St. Joseph at Avila, as she was going to receive the communion at the hands of the bishop Don Alvarez of Mendoza, was raised in a rapture higher than the gates through which (as is usual in nunneries) she was to receive the holy communion; of which also Sister Mary Baptiste, prioress of Valladolid, was an eye witness with others. Likewise Bannes a very learned theologian of the Dominican Order, whose name is famous in the schools and who was for some time confessor of St. Theresa, testified that the saint one day in public, as she was raised in the air in the choir, held herself by some nails and prayed thus 'Lord, suffer not, for such a favor, a wicked woman to pass for virtuous.' He mentions other instances in the public choir; but says that at her earnest request, this never happened to her in public during the last fifteen years of her life."

These notes from the life of St. Theresa, are at least germane to the subject of modern spiritualism. While the Roman Catholic records such things of those in his own communion, he ought also to open his ears to the new phenomena narrated by others. Protestants generally disbelieve these Romanist recitals, but they have never succeeded in disproving them, while among them there are those, such as George Fox and John Wesley, of whom similar things are recorded to those we meet with of the saints in the Roman Calendar. We simply say, God is living, now as ever; He is not deaf: He is not dumb.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN THE WESLEY FAMILY.

NO. II.

(From the New England Spiritualist.)

"WEDNESDAY night, December 26th, after or a little before ten, my daughter Emelia, heard the signal of its begining to play, with which she was perfectly acquainted, it was like the strong winding up of a jack.* She called us; and I went into the nursery, where it used to be most violent. The rest of the children were asleep. It began with knocking in the kitchen underneath, then seemed to be at the bed's feet, then under the bed, at last at the head of it. I went down stairs, and knocked with my stick against the joists of the kitchen. *It answered me as often and as loud as I knocked;* but then I knocked as I usually do at my door, 1—2, 3, 4, 5, 6,—7; but this puzzled it and it did not answer, or not in the same method; though the children heard it *do the same exactly twice or thrice after.*

"I went up stairs, and found it still knocking hard, though with some respite, sometimes under the bed, sometimes at the bed's head. I observed my children that *they were frightened in their sleep and trembled very much till it waked them.* I stayed there alone, bid them go to sleep, and sat at the bed's head by them, when the noise began again. I asked it what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to me in my study if it had anything to say to me. Soon after it gave one knock on the outside of the house, (all the rest were within.) and knocked off for that night.

"I went out of doors, sometimes alone, at others with company, and walked round the house, but could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging chamber *would be lifted up very often when all were in bed.* One night, when the noise was great in the kitchen, and on a deal partition, and the door in the yard, the latch whereof *was often lifted up,* my daughter Emelia went and held it fast on the inside: but *it was still lifted up and the door pushed violently against her,* though nothing was to be seen on the outside.

"When we were at prayers, and came to the prayers for king George the Prince, it would make a great noise over our heads constantly, whence some of the family called it a Jacobite. *I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power, once against the corner of my desk in the study, a second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third time against the right side of the frame of my study door, as I was going in.*

* An instrument used, I think to turn a spit before the fire,—C.

"I followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and by night, with lights and without, and I have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird; but not like the noise of rats, which I have often heard.

"I had designed on Friday, December 28th, to make a visit to a friend, Mr. Downs, at Normanby, and stay some days with him; but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night that I did not care to leave my family. So I sent to Mr. Hoole, of Haxey, and desired his company on Friday night. He came, and it began after ten, a little later than ordinary. The younger children had gone to bed, the rest of the family and Mr. Hoole were together in the matted chamber. I sent the servants down to fetch in some fuel, went with them, and stayed in the kitchen till they came in. When they were gone I heard loud noises against the doors and partition; and, at length the usual signal, though somewhat after the time. I had never heard it before, but knew it by the description my daughter had given me. It was much like the turning about of a windmill when the wind changes. When the servants returned, I went up to the company, who had heard the other noises below but not the signal. We heard all the knocking as usual, from one chamber to another, but at its going off like the rubbing of a beast against the wall. From that time till January 24th we were quiet.

"Having received a letter from Samuel the day before relating to it, I read what I had written of it to my family; and this day, at morning prayer, the family heard the usual knocks at the prayer for the king. At night they were more distinct, both in the prayer for the king, and that for the prince; and one very loud knock at the *amen* was heard by my wife, and most of the children, at the inside of my bed. I heard nothing myself. After nine, Robert Brown, sitting alone by the fire in the back kitchen, something came out of the copper-hole like a rabbit, but less, and turned round five times very swiftly. Its ears lay flat upon its neck, and its little scout stood straight up. He ran after it with the tongs in his hand; but when he could find nothing, he was frightened, and went to the maid in the parlor.

"On Friday the 25th, having prayers at church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession, absolution, and prayers for the king and prince. I observed, when this is done, there is no knocking. I therefore used them one morning for a trial; at the name of king George it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the Prince. Two knocks I heard, but took no notice after prayers,

till after all who were in the room, ten persons besides me, spoke of it, and said they heard. No noise at all the rest of the prayers. Sunday, January 27th, two soft strokes at the morning prayers for King George, above stairs.

Addenda.

"Friday, December 21. Knocking I heard first, I think, this night; to which disturbances, I hope God will, in His good time, put an end.

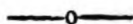
"Sunday, December 23. Not much disturbed with the noises, that are now grown customary to me.

"Wednesday, December 26. Sat up to hear noises. Strange! Spoke to it, knocked off.

"Friday, 28. The noises very boisterous and disturbing this night.

"Saturday 29. Not frightened with the continued disturbance of my family.

"Tuesday, January 1, 1717. My family have had no disturbance since I went."



EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES AT BUFFALO.

(From the New England Spiritualist.)

THE last *Age of Progress* gives an account of some singular doings in the presence of the Davenport boys at that place: the most inexplicable of which was the pulling off and putting on again of the coats of the two boys, by invisible agency, when the boys were *fast bound in their chairs by cords* "wound round and round their wrists, and then tied, and woven in and out, and tied again, so that it must occupy from two to five minutes to free the hand of one of them." The account proceeds:—

"The windows were closed and the light extinguished, and five seconds did not pass before two of the boys cried out, one after the other: My coat is off—and as they did so the coats were thrown into the laps of some individuals of the circle. The light was instantly struck, and we again examined the hands and ropes. The coats were off, but the ropes were on as tight as ever, and in the same complicated knots. Somebody then observed to Jonny [the Spirit] that if he would put the coats on again without untying the ropes, they would never doubt again. Jonny made some reply which we did not understand; but he soon ordered the windows closed and the light extinguished. From the time the light was put out, it did not seem to be more than one second before one of the boys cried out: My coat is on; and not more than another second before the other said the same. The lamp was lighted, and we again examined the hands, the ropes and the knots, and all were exactly in the condition that they were in before, excepting that the coats were on and as whole as ever. And we will give our word of honor, that, from the time the light was extinguished, till both coats were on and the light was made again, it was not half a minute."

This statement is testified to by *thirty-six* individuals, including Mr. Albro, Editor of the *Age of Progress*; Dr. Haskell, of Rockford, Ill.; Dr. Brookie, of St. Louis; and others, whose testimony would be unimpeachable on any other subject. We leave it for philosophers to dispose of as they can.

GIFT OF HEALING,

(From the New England Spiritualist.)

CONCORD, Aug. 12, 1850.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been greatly benefited by the so-called healing mediums, I esteem it a privilege and pleasure to contribute to your columns a few lines stating my case. For the last twenty years I had been troubled with a sore on my face, termed a cancer. For the last twelve years, I have employed physicians of every description and order, but with no success. They all seemed to think that they could cure it; but every one left it worse than they found it. Near the month of August, 1835, I applied to Dr. Green, of Boston, who gave me his opinion that he could cure it in four or five weeks. I employed him, and followed his advice and prescriptions four months; yet he succeeded no better than others before him. Besides the excruciating pain caused by his treatment for the cancers, the sore continually grew worse. It had spread so fast that it nearly covered my cheek, gaining nearly one half. My bodily health failed, unfitting me entirely for work of any kind.

My hopes of ever being cured were gone, and I, with my family, was nearly in despair, when I accidentally met at a friend's house C. C. York,—where he was entranced, and told all about the cancer, not having previously known me, or anything in regard to my trouble. He then stated that he could cure it,—or I supposed it was himself meant, but afterwards learnt that it meant not him, but disembodied spirits who work through him. They desired me to apply to him that I might be healed. My sceptical mind doubted what I then saw and heard; but, willing to submit to anything if I might but be cured, and as Dr. Green had told me, but two or three days previous to my meeting C. C. York, that the roots of the cancer were not then destroyed, and that I must submit to his burning process again, I concluded to try the powers of C. C. York for one month,—thinking by the end of that time I should know whether he would help me or not. Still I knew I must submit to the ridicule of my friends and acquaintances for leaving the old and popular way, and asking aid of the (to them) despised Spiritualist.

With my hopes a little revived, I threw aside all other prescriptions, and strictly followed the directions of the spirits. The prescriptions were entirely devoid of pain and invigorating in their effects. In a few days, I was able to resume my labors, which my former suffering under Dr. Green's treatment had caused me to suspend. In less than two weeks, the cancer showed that a healing process had begun. In less than seven weeks, my face bore testimony to all who wished to see that the terrifying sight of a cancer was not there. It was gone,—all healed over.

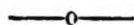
Thus, in seven short weeks, I was relieved by a healing medium of a disease which eminent and skilful physicians had tried in vain with their practice, for twelve years, to relieve. Over seven months I have waited to prove that it would not return again, as many prophesied it would; and some, I feared, hoped it might, on account of the way it was healed. But as yet it remains healed and

no signs of a return. My general health is also greatly improved. I call myself a well man.

With the deep gratitude myself and family feel for the benefit received, I would advise all persons afflicted as I was to apply to healing mediums for relief before applying to other physicians, however eminent and skilful they may be called. Likewise I would advise them to investigate the merits of Spiritualism, before they denounce it as evil. As the miraculous cure performed on me has caused spiritual light to shine into my mind, and the minds of many of my friends and acquaintances, so may an investigation of these truths happily relieve and heal the minds of many persons who now seem laboring under errors and mental disease.

Yours for truth,

CYRUS PIERCE.



ANOTHER HONORABLE AVOWAL.

(From the *New England Spirituulist*.)

In the *Providence General Advertiser*, of Sept. 6, we find a somewhat extended statement, occupying nearly nine columns, in fine type, signed by THOMAS R. HAZARD, Esq., of Vaucluse (near Newport, R. I.), giving a detailed narrative of the facts and observations which have led him to a firm conviction of the reality of spirit communication. Mr. Hazard is widely known in his native State as a gentleman of wealth, probity, intelligence and philanthropy. The *Advertiser* in apologizing for publishing the statement, (which it says, not very greatly to its own credit, was to be paid for as an advertisement,) says of Mr. H.:—

"To such of our readers as may not know Mr. Hazard, we would say, that he is a gentleman of education, and of the first respectability, widely esteemed in his native city and place of residence, and in many of the best social circles elsewhere. He was formerly a representative in the General Assembly, for Newport."

Mr. Hazard had been educated as a member of the Society of Friends, or a Quaker;—his father having been a noted preacher in that body. He states that he had early imbibed theories which prepared his mind in some measure to accept the fact of spirit-manifestations, though his attention had not been attracted to the modern phenomena till somewhat recently. As he had less of scepticism to overcome than many persons have, and was ready to accept the glorious truth of spirit-communication in simplicity and honesty of heart, his observations appear to have presented less of striking demonstrations of spirit-agency than have occurred to numbers of others—though they have been to him sufficient and conclusive. Omitting, therefore, the details of his statement, as furnishing little beyond the ordinary experience of investigators, we append the following paragraphs from near its conclusion:

"What I have witnessed has been sufficient, I may safely say, to convince me beyond a doubt that the spirits of our departed relatives and friends do return to earth after death, and that these are permitted, under particular circumstances and conditions, to communicate with us. I cannot conceive how a person of

Ordinary intelligence can fail of being convinced that the physical manifestations, now so generally taking place in the presence of hundreds of 'mediums' in this country, are really directed by some intelligence, and produced by some power apart from that of human minds or persons present, provided they have had the disposition and opportunity to fairly investigate the subject in a truthful spirit: (for that seems to be all essential.) In my own case, I am totally precluded from suspecting any collusion on the part of the mediums—with the physical demonstrations—as after I had once or twice visited the medium in Providence, I have in my own house and at other places, in the presence of numerous witnesses, been attended by some influence that has produced, I may say in hundreds of instances, the same description of rapping demonstrations. Often, as I have sat at home, these have been distinctly heard, not only by myself, but by others. At other times, and at all hours, when my children have been romping around me, I have again and again felt that their departed mother was with us, and that she indicated her presence by the simple raps; a mode of communication (however despised by the the self-righteous and self-sufficient,) that I have learned to prize as a boon granted by a compassionate Heavenly Father, unspeakably precious, and which has caused at times my heart to sing, as it were, with joy, and overflow in gushing streams of thanksgiving and praise.

"Although these raps that attended with intervals for some months, (but which have now totally ceased,) were apparently produced with too great an effort on the part of the spirits through my own mediumship, to admit of consecutive discourse in the usual way, still, with the aid of simultaneous impressions, a tolerably clear perception of an intention was sometimes conveyed to my mind; as for instance—on one occasion as I was sitting intently reading, my youngest daughter behaved improperly towards her sister, causing much noise and confusion in the room, I, being much vexed called hastily to her, and, in harsher language than I generally use in reproving my children, directed her to sit down in a chair beside me. No sooner was quiet restored, and my eyes were again directed to the book, than a shower of raps struck on the page I was perusing, which I felt as positively assured were conveyed by the spirit of my wife then present, and intended as a reproof for my hasty dealing with our little child, as if she had been with us in her earthly form, and had audibly spoken. I need not say that the child was quickly released from durance by my framing an excuse, and sending her out of the room.

"On another occasion, as I sat alone in my chair after the rest of the family had retired for the night, two different spirits commenced rapping, the one on my bosom, the other on my shoulder, and conveying through the harmonious sounds an expression of joyousness that I felt at the time to be unmistakable, but which it is impossible to describe in words. Some hours after, I learned that my wife's mother had died near New York, and I then did not question, as I had previously surmised, that the two joyous spirits that had manifested their presence to me the evening before, were those of my wife and mother now united in heaven.

"I have repeatedly had harmonious sounds drummed on the back of my chair, for consecutive minutes, so loud that they could be and were distinctly heard, and listened to, by others in the room."

Correspondence.

SPIRIT POWER.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

Sir,

I have been frequently asked, "Is it true you believe that after Death, our deceased relatives and others have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?" My answer has been, and still is, "Yes," because:—

1st.—The Bible is full of statements showing the power of Spirit to make itself visible, and to move tangible substances—and as those spirits are still alive, they may do similar things again.

2nd.—Apart from the historical narratives of all nations of the world as to spirit appearances:—Since 1848, but more especially since the year 1852, men eminent for mental power, (at first believing the whole to be a delusion,) have after examining the subject, candidly acknowledged their conviction of Spirit manifestations; some have boldly stated their conviction, and the evidences they have had; others, under the fear of loss of business, in private state their belief, but avoid the subject in public.

3rd.—I have *seen, felt and heard* those things which have thoroughly convinced me of the truth of our being surrounded with spirits who lived on earth; and while enjoying the benefit I have derived from three of my senses, I am aware that a joke and a laugh may be easily passed at my expense, but as they are only the usual tin-sword weapons of a non-thinker, they will do little injury in the day of battle; as the Truth of spirit manifestations is one of vital interest to every parent who has lost a child, and every child who is losing or has lost a parent, for the benefit of my friends I condense the memoranda made by me immediately after seeing, feeling, and hearing the incidents narrated; since then, (August, 1855,) I have been in the constant habit of seeing similar and other developments of spirit power.

Some who have not seen spirit manifestations say—

1st.—It is Collusion. 2nd.—Delusion. 3rd.—Cerebral action. 4th.—Electricity.

The first and second ideas are now generally exploded, as the manifestations take place at our own homes, with our own relatives and friends; as to the 3rd, it is simply absurd to suppose that the action of the human Brain can raise a table 5 feet in diameter, clear of the ground 18 inches, without any apparent support; or that Electricity can rattle the keys of an accordion, while held by one hand upside down, and play out in perfect time and with faultless execution, Melodies *mentally* asked for; or rap out connected sentences with the leg of a table.

Why not, as christians, believe that God to undermine the wide spread materialism of the present day, and to convince MAN of his immortality and of a judgment to come, has allowed those days to come again narrated by the Apostles, wherein some had the gift of healing—others discerning of spirits—others prophesying—others the gift of speaking foreign languages, &c., as well as by minor manifestations for families. And if it be said by some, "Well I should like to see those things," the answer is, you may if you will *work* for it, with a single eye to the mental good of your neighbour, and for confirming your own belief in the truth of life after physical death: Form a circle of *your own family* and a few relatives or friends, in all say from 10 to 12, who will make a conscience of meeting twice a week, for say 4 or 5 weeks from 8 till half-past nine o'clock; I have no doubt that in the majority of instances, before you have sat half an hour, you will have the commencement of those manifestations, which may have a powerful effect in

your future life; it matters little whether the table you sit at is round or square, large or small, if you and your friends are in earnest:—be cheerful but *avoid joking*, it is too serious a business for tom-foolery.

MEMORANDA OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

1st.—I have seen an ordinary loo table I was sitting at with some eleven friends, undulate up and down clear off the ground, and rise in one instance 6 inches, and in another 13 inches from a carpeted floor, the table resting apparently only on air, the finger ends of twelve pair of hands slightly touching the top of the table.

2nd.—I have had a lady's watch and chain taken out of my right hand by an unseen power, and carried to the owner sitting on the opposite side of the table.

3rd.—I have had the first and second finger of my right hand touched as if by an unseen warm finger.

4th.—I have seen an accordeon taken off the table by a person, held with one hand by the white rim, the *keys downwards*, his other hand resting on the table; and any tune *mentally* asked for, by any one of the circle, played with the style and finish of a master.

5th.—I have heard raps or knockings on loo or square tables as gentle as if by an infant's finger, and as loud and violent as if by a hammer; my fingers and those of other two persons gently resting on the tables.

6th.—I have seen a large heavy dining room table with four leaves, heave, twist, tremble and rock as if possessed with life, and the legs nearest me moved up and down several hundred times the same evening, answering questions.

7th.—I have heard under the table and round the chairs we were sitting at, sounds as if of a storm at sea—the scething of the sea,—the moaning of the wind,—and the table moved as if a vessel in distress, the accordeon giving out the cries of the drowning crew; and then when all was still, there was rapped out the name of one related to a person in the room, who was supposed to be alive and well, but afterwards found had been wrecked off the Cape.

8th.—I have seen another class of spirit manifestations, called Trance,—wherein ideas of mental power and beauty, jewelled with words of purity, have dropped from the lips of the young.

9th.—I have seen an accordeon handled by a person for the first time in his life, and under spirit influence, his hands moved to the proper keys to play out "Helmshley," which is sung to "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," and then suddenly another medium with *closed eyes* call for a bible, open it, and with averted head point to Revelations xx chap. and 12 v.,—the accordeon and bible never having been in the hands of either party before.

Having seen, heard, and felt these things, and very many others, you will no longer wonder at me so unhesitatingly saying "YES" to the question, "Do you believe that after death, our deceased relatives have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?"

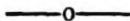
I am, yours truly,

JOHN JONES, PECKHAM, LONDON.

P. S.—I have been induced to write and print this letter, that I may put the facts which have come under my notice, in a condensed form, before those of my friends and others who are interested in Spirit Manifestations.

[We have been favoured with a copy of the above interesting letter, which comes from the pen of Mr. Jones, whose letter to the *New York Spiritual Telegraph* we

published last week. If Mr. Jones, and several others who are taking an interest in these phenomena, would furnish accounts of what takes place at their circles, we would engage at the end of THIRTEEN WEEKS, to devote the whole 16 pages to the subject. And though it is a continual loss to the publisher, yet he does not ask for one single penny of pecuniary aid, but we do consider that he has a claim upon the Spiritualists of this country to do all that lays in their power to extend its circulation. Improvements will continue to be made until it is equal to any other periodical in Europe.—ED.]



Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE V.

THE fifth state of society was Fiefdom or that which is called Feudalism.

Satrapas and Emirs in the east and knights and barons in the west: they came not without God's designing a use for them.

The patriarch, the chieftain and the king, were all teachers permitted to humanity; and the family, the tribe and the nation, lessons in the school of God.

Before the second came, the first was good; but when the second came, the first was evil.

And the first lost rule before the second, even as Jacob supplanted Esau.

For Esau was the type of the tribe and Jacob was the type of the nation, and hence the name of Jacob was changed unto that of Israel even unto the name of his nation.

For he was the father of the twelve tribes, who became one nation, which more especially were organized by God himself, as a revelation unto all that he desired one holy nation, a peculiar people, whose lawgiver should be God.

And this was progress, but there is ever progress unto perfection.

And as Patriarchality, and Tribism prepared the way for Barbarization, even for the nations which ruled by bloodshed, so did God ordain that other states should prepare for still grander developements of society.

And as already has been written the fifth state of society was called Fiefdom or Feudality.

For the One Anointed came, and with his Twelve Tongues and with his Four Pens, preached peace upon the earth.

And hearts were moved and many heard, albeit with half an ear.

And wide were the territories of the conquering nations, and every where could not the king rule.

And he gave lands to his chieftains and they owed him lances for his lands and their swords belonged to his sceptre.

And as now not one ruled but many, courtesy was needful in arms.

And the priest proclaimed oft times the Truce of God and turned the spear from the spear and the shield from the shield.

And chivalry came with the banner brodered of love and ladies looked upon the jousts of knights and the wild fight of the savage passed away.

And as the city had arisen around the palace of the monarch, so arose the town around the castle of the baron.

And many minstrels sung in those days of love and courtesy and valor, disinterested and noble and for the oppressed.

The fall had been and the arising had began.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 59.]

Now my dear friends, from this day (11th of Aug. 1856,) the earth has revolved twice round the sun, since I became an inhabitant of the spiritual world; but were it possible that the earth should grow weary of its course, and the moon be turned into blood, and the stars to fall from their sockets, and the sun become black with age; yet the Sun of Righteousness, which is the Lord, would for ever shine with healing in his wings, and I too should still live and never grow weary in well doing. But I am digressing from my story.

After I had taken my seat at the convex side of the table between my instructors, they informed me that I was as welcome to all the good things before me as any of my very numerous neighbours; for in those regions, said they, all things are in common: and I frankly confess to you all that I did ample justice to what was set before me.

When I was thoroughly satisfied, I began to look around me; and Oh! the astonishing sights that I then beheld. It seemed as if all the inhabitants that had ever lived on the face of the earth, from the days of Adam up to the present time, were congregated together to celebrate some remarkable event, which had taken place previous to my coming amongst them. They appeared so numerous that I enquired how many it was supposed that then would be present. My instructors said that at least there would be 17,000,000. "Seventeen million!" I exclaimed, "in what age have they all lived? Where was their nativity? And what were their persuasions while on earth? They said that some had inhabited the earth in the 15th century, but most of them had lived in more modern times. They further informed me that they were collected from nearly all nations of the earth, and that their persuasions were of an endless variety: hence you will see that it is not the persuasion, country, or age, in which they have lived; neither is it any particular belief that is meritorious; but the keeping of the Divine commandments in proportion as they have thought them good.

(to be continued in our next.)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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- 1.—How do they account for this?
- 2.—Instance of rapid conviction.
- 3.—Correspondence.

- 4.—Communications from the Spiritual World.
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HOW DO THEY ACCOUNT FOR THIS?

As a great many of the opponents of Spiritualism still maintain that Table-moving, in all cases, is the result of deception, or some act of the muscles unknown to the mediums, we considered it our duty to give them the following fact, which we trust will assist in changing their opinions to something more charitable. The writer of this happening to pay a visit to the house of a friend, whose daughter (a young married woman) has on several occasions manifested considerable power as a medium. It was agreed upon to try what could be done by way of curiosity. Accordingly the young woman, her father, and the writer sat down, and very soon had the table moving in a powerful and singular manner, by dragging itself on the floor, jumping off the floor, &c. During the time a young man came in, quite of a sceptical character, who, being known to the parties, they asked him if the table moved, or it did not. He answered the question by a good hearty laugh, and a remark that it did move, and so did all other tables occasionally. He was next induced to put his hands on, when it commenced paying particular attention to him, running towards him, and holding him fast in its seat. Of course this was all a thing of nothing to a person determined not to believe, when the thought appeared suddenly to strike him that, by way of joke, he would ask for the name of the spirit. He did so, and to his surprise it spelled out the name of his grandmother, who had been dead a great number of years. His laughs, which had been loud and hearty, began gradually to subside, and in a more serious manner he returned to ask, "That if that was really his grandmother, could she tell anything about a certain affair then pending between him and a relative?" A

communication of a private character was then given, which, by disclosing certain events unknown to any of the party but the young man, fully proved the presence of a spirit, or some power capable of knowing and telling secrets.

Last Sunday night, the same party happening to meet again, and to talk the matter over as of a very singular character, it was agreed to try again, and see what would happen; when, soon after commencing, a heavy square table, with a strong pillar and projecting feet or claws, was several times lifted completely off the floor and dropped down again, when on the third or fourth fall it happened to alight on the point of a toe, and snapped the whole claw from the stalk or pillar. Another table, a common round one of considerable size, with the usual straight round legs, was then supplied, and this, by the hands of the party, and sometimes by the hands of the medium alone being very lightly placed upon it, was made comparatively into a *shuttle cock*. It promised to give the name of the spirit moving it, which it did by lifting the table bodily about half a foot from the floor and letting it drop again like a bouncing ball at each letter, by which process it spelled out NAPOLEON. It then gave a short communication by the same means, lifting the table bodily up and letting it drop; sometimes allowing it to remain suspended a little before letting it fall. As some opponents to Spiritualism are of an opinion that hands have only influence in moving the table when placed on the edge, the medium's hand was put exactly on the centre of the table, and a hand of each of the others placed on the top. This had just the same effect. The table was lifted a considerable height without any apparent difficulty, proving the test of the sceptics in that case, as in all others, a complete fallacy. Without any exaggeration the table could not have been lifted from the floor less than fifty or sixty times, and appeared to have been converted into something like a large shuttle cock on the occasion. No doubt many, as usual, will set this down as a great falsehood, but we can assure them that we have rather under than over-rated the affair, which was witnessed by several who professed no belief in Spiritualism, but who admitted that it was a reality, of a character quite incomprehensible to them, and beyond anything they had ever witnessed. We could give the names of the parties, but trust that our solemn affirmation will be quite sufficient for persons of an honest and honorable character.

J. G.

Correspondence.

INSTANCE OF RAPID CONVICTION.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

Sir,

I have reckoned among my friends, for some years, a foreigner, a highly educated professor of German literature. This gentleman came to London for a short time recently, and calling upon me, after a conversation upon general topics, asked me if it were true that Robert Owen had fallen into that delusion—the “spirit nonsense?” I said it was true that he believed in the “manifestations.” “Then I pity him,” said my friend. “Pity me also,” said I, “for I believe it too.” I had some difficulty in getting him to think I was in earnest in saying so; he said he had too high opinion of my mind, and that I must have been duped; that the thing I believed was a philosophical impossibility. I said he would not think it an impossibility if he had witnessed some of the facts which Robert Owen and myself had witnessed. “Facts! what facts?” “Facts by which we conclude that spirits communicate.” It happened that this evening we expected a visit from Mr and Mrs. B., the latter an excellent medium; so I continued, “if you can stay till the evening, perhaps you will be able yourself to witness some of these facts.” “Facts! I will stay all night to witness your facts,” said he, half derisively. “Agreed,” said I, and now we will talk of other things.”

By and bye Mrs. B. came in alone. Introducing her to my philosopher, and while chatting and awaiting the arrival of her husband, the table began to move laterally. “What is that?” said he. “One of the facts,” was my reply. Continuing the conversation, the table moved again. “Very extraordinary!” said he. “Extraordinary fact,” said I. We believers then entered into conversation with our invisible friend, to his astonishment. I was called away, and on my return, my friend said in great excitement, “It appears that I also have friends here and I am about to ask whether it is Professor Richte, formerly of Berlin?” The table was moved in the negative. “Is it one of my family?” Movement in the affirmative. “My father?” Affirmative. Various questions were put and answered. One was, “Were you angry, my father, that I left home as I did?” No response. “How is this?” said he to me. I said that perhaps his father was trying to remember what anger was. The table, after a few moments, moved up closely to him and pressed him. “What is the meaning of this?” I suggested that it might represent an embrace; and the table moved in the affirmative. “It is very extraordinary! Here is not only intelligence, but feeling! I am convinced!” Such was the exclamation of my philosopher.

We continued our enquiry for some time longer; his conviction becoming more and more defined. Mr. B. now coming in, we resumed, in another room, our sitting. While discussing something that was said by one of us, the table was elevated to an angle of 45 degrees, on the table was a tumbler half full of water. To the astonishment of the new convert, the tumbler remained unmoved; in

attempting to lift it, he found he had to exert not a little force to detach it, showing that some force was in operation, overruling the ordinary gravitation force.

On breaking up for the evening, and wishing his unseen friends farewell, it seemed that they were reluctant to leave off their telegraphic communication, the table keeping for some time pressed against him with vibratory movement.

Imagine, Mr Editor, the change that had come over this gentleman's mind. He had entered my house in the afternoon a pantheistic materialist, believing that at death, the individual body is lost in the matter of nature, and the individual mind lost in its spirit. The conclusion he had now arrived at was, that the individual was not lost, but continued in another state, after his mundane existence.

The next day he came to me to talk further upon his new views, and to tell me that he had experienced some strange movements. On sitting at the table and placing his hands on it, one of them was drawn firmly on to it, while the other was twitched and made to execute little leaps. By this means we obtained telegraphic answers to questions.

The day following he was developed as a writing medium: the method and style of his writing being quite different to his own, his left hand being fixed flat on the table, while the other was used to write. During the writing he asked whether the table could be made to move through him? "Yes." "How?" "Yes." "Shall the medium put down the pencil and wait?" asked Mr. B. who was present. "Yes." "How long shall we wait, five minutes?" "Five! at least ten, I should think," said the medium. I suggested to ask how long. "How many minutes?" was then asked. Answer, "one." In one minute the table began to rise. This completely satisfied the medium that the active part of the operation was from without himself, for, as he said, his thought was *ten*. Mr. B. suggested the thought of *five*. I thought of no time at all. The medium regarded the answer as intended to prove to him that the intelligence guiding his bodily apparatus was not his own acting in some incomprehensible manner. I had come to the same conclusion previously, in this way: Mr. B. and he had been discussing the religious aspect of these manifestations, and the medium had expressed himself *strongly* in an antichristian sense. I said I should like to ask a question or two of the communicating spirit: this was assented to. "Without knowing the religious thoughts of Baker (the name of the spirit) when in the body, is he christian now?" Answer in the affirmative. The medium said, "*he was* not, it is singular." I then asked, "would he be happier if his friend the medium, and if we all were christians also?" Answer in the affirmative. The medium shook his fist at me and called me, playfully, some bad name: and said he did not think therefore, that Christianity was right; his friend Baker only spoke from his individuality.

You see, Mr. Editor, how far our medium had got by this time. A few days after, he came to pass the afternoon with us, previous to his returning to the country. He brought in his hand a paper covered with questions in his own handwriting, each question followed by answers in his mediumship writing, and which answers he had received sitting alone in his room. He said he had had

the spirit with him for three hours that morning, and had put questions orally for some time, receiving affirmative or negative answers by the table, until it stood up and thus firmly remained until he conjured the spirit to let it down. He had then taken the pen and continued the correspondence by that more tedious method, tedious to him, for his manner of writing since I have known him has been to work his writing-hand along with the fingers of his left hand; as I have said before, when used as a medium, his left hand is fastened flat upon the table, and his writing is large and free, and such as he, of himself, has never written nor can write. I saw by the paper he put into my hand, that he had been putting a string of theological questions, the answers to which were quite contrary to his past opinions; but he particularly called my attention to a curious figure among the answers. He had asked what sphere a certain member of his family had entered. The answer was conveyed in the figure 2, and the bottom of the figure was continued into a spiral of about a dozen turns. I told him I thought by that, a spirit could execute diagrams through his hand, and that we would enquire by and bye. In the sitting which followed, among the questions, I asked if the diagram I had drawn for the information of the medium was correct? Answer, "No." "Will you draw one through his hand?" "Yes." We laid a sheet of paper on the table, and the medium took a pencil. First, his left hand was firmly drawn flat upon the table, and the pencil was made to make a large dot, from which a faint line was carried to the right for about four inches, and from thence a spiral of 12 turns was drawn, converging towards the dot, but not exactly to it, for the spiral was made to terminate by describing a minute circle, of the same diameter as the dot, half an inch above and to the left of it. From the minute circle the pencil described a straight line upwards, and to the left in the same direction as the circle observed to the dot, to the outside of the spiral, then turning to the right it described another spiral, enclosing the former, and the lines of which were extended further and further until the medium in excitement called to us to "stop it, stop it;" for in the process his body was drawn half over the table. We asked if it were on so to infinity,—the action ceased, the medium resumed his seat, and "Yes" was written. We asked, "will you indicate the abodes of the evil?" A *W* was written on the commencing line of the inner spiral. "The good?" The pencil was now put upon the first line of the outer spiral, and a dotted line was carried out further and further and represented in the same extreme way "to infinity." Fancy his astonishment, and indeed ours was not a little. In answer to questions it was explained that the black dot represented the medium in relation to the material sphere—the minute circle represents the medium in relation to the spiritual sphere—the line through the inner spiral to the outer, represented the aspiration of the spirit to rise above evil, selfish influences, into ever progressing good.

Imagine, Mr Editor, the state of mind now, of the man who, in the same room a few days before, declared such things to be philosophical impossibilities! who had regarded the narratives of such events as ridiculous attempts upon the credulity of the people, and those who accepted them as pitiable dupes!

Other things took place in the evening, more interesting, perhaps, to himself;

all, he confessed, overthrowing his past "philosophy!" a philosophy which he had been building up in his mind for nearly half a century!

On bidding him adieu I said "your baggage will be no heavier, and yet you take something more with you than you brought." "I take with me a treasure," said he, "and after all, Robert Owen is not a fool, 'tis I that was a fool!"

J. D.

The following letter will, perhaps, be the best appeal we can make to those who are in possession of facts suitable to demonstrate the existence and presence of those who have left this earth's sphere. We heartily coincide with Mr Jones' remarks, and so far as we are able, will endeavour to carry out his suggestions. We are also grateful for his kind offer to furnish us with two or three pages per month, of "facts." Our friend J. D. also informs us that he is in possession of more "facts," which he is willing to furnish. And we are now having some singular occurrences taking place in our own immediate neighbourhood. We have just been informed that, in the presence of the medium alluded to in the first article of this number, a table has repeatedly risen a considerable height from the floor, with a child placed upon it, whilst her hands were resting upon the surface. On another occasion the table moved repeatedly, without any visible agency touching it.

PECKHAM, LONDON, 13th Oct. 1856.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

Facts! Facts!! Facts!!! of Spirit-action are what is needed by us, for those who pool, pooh! the declaration of Spirit power, reaching beyond the last page of the bible. Let well-attested cases come before your readers, of tables, chairs, and other inanimate substances being moved in a manner that shows unseen intelligence, and a mighty effect will be produced.

England flows with the milk and honey of Spirit power, in visions, apparitions, and physical manifestations; and if the friends would overcome their timidity and write what they know, you would have ample materials for the next 12 months' numbers of the Spiritual Telegraph. Let your friends not be afraid of sending you the facts, and, if needed, you will put them in the drapery of language.

Doubtless there are pigmies as well as giants in knowledge in the Spirit world, and I would therefore suggest, that crude *spirit communications* from the pigmies, be shelved, as they give a shock to the previous religious training of many, who otherwise would gladly examine for themselves. Encourage, for the present, physical manifestations, and soon powerful mediums will be developed, who will so blow the "ram's horns," that the walls of our moral Jericho will tremble and fall.

I have no objection to say, that I will, if needful, furnish two or three pages a month of facts; but let all work—nature everywhere is at work,—therefore I say to all believers in spirit power, "work away while you are able to work, work away, work away."

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

J. JONES.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE VI.

BEHOLD the hamlet grow into a town around the stronghold of the baron ; and the sixth state of society commence which is named Municipality.

For the earth is a theatre and again the curtain rises upon the stage of society and another act commences of the drama of life.

There is other scenery and further action but the unity of the drama remains.

For forget not that God is ever the inspiring poet, though varied characters are taken by the human actors whom he inspires.

And not, as according to men, is the drama of life in five acts, but in five twice told.

Many also are the ways that lead to one place, many the causes concerned in one effect.

Tickle a stone and it will not laugh, but speak unto men and they shall hear.

Stay the round from rolling, but should ye do this, ye stay not the movements of men.

Many the motives that urge them, many the objects that invite them.

But as different streets meet in the market place, so do their motives and objects meet.

One for safety and one for wage, one for power and one for protection, one for peace and one for war, one to serve and one to be served ; so gathered they around the castle.

And the hamlet of the castle grew unto a town of burghers.

For with congregation came intelligence and from congregation and intelligence came power.

And where there is power there is freedom, and where there is freedom there is progress.

And voices were heard, town and town saying unto castle and castle : we fight not for ye, unless we fight freely.

And their voices were heard and other voices answered them from the ancient towers : Behold your Charters !

And guilds walked forth, and under the pale moonlight burgher guards tramped upon their rounds.

And Municipality was, and castles crumbled and the owl and the bat rejoiced and the ivy stretched forth its long green limbs for its prey.

And winds wandered singing, We shall soon haunt the towers and whistle among the ruins.

What glory, did they sing, shall we have in casting the stone from the bastion and in filling the moat with the turret.

But little knew they what glory should arise from freedom or what fame from art; what wealth should be born of peace, and what power grow up from union.

We have received the following "communications" from Mr. Wm. Shaw, of Bradford, from whom we learn that they have obtained, in all, upwards of 300 pages of manuscript! Let our friends in all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, copy their example in constant perseverance, and soon will the banners of Spiritualism (or as one of our friends suggests "Spiritism,") be floating triumphantly over Sectarianism, and man, whatever be his creed, uniting with his fellowman in promoting the happiness of all.—Ed.

First Communication. September 25, 1856.

ALMIGHTY and universal Father! Infinite Creator of men! We bow our souls before thy Glorious Majesty! to thank Thee for the numerous blessings which Thou hast conferred upon thy creatures; and beseech Thee to remove from this earth all who wickedly strive to intercept the mercies which thou desires to bestow upon Thy children.

Bestow upon mankind universally, a portion of Thy own Divine Wisdom, and bless, with the choicest of Thy heavenly blessings, all who sincerely seek after truth.

Inspire all men with a desire for universal freedom, and a determination to obtain it. Bear up the hearts, and nerve the arms, of all who are struggling for liberty. But let cowardice and fear be the ever present companions of tyrants; and let weakness replace their strength, and timidity their courage. Grant that all honest men may speak forth as true prophets, and bring the power of fanatics and bigots to a speedy end.

Proclaim abroad thy own Eternal Truth, and prepare the hearts of all to receive its teachings; that Error may be banished from among men. Then shall the brightness of thy heavenly glory be revealed upon the earth, and blessings, and peace, and truth fill the souls of men.

From the same Spirit, Sep. 28.

The doctrines of Spiritualism are making rapid progress among all civilised peoples. Rejoice then! ye who constitute a portion of the advanced guard of that army, which is destined to obtain a universal conquest. Casars, Alexanders,

and Napoleons, have struggled in vain for universal empire. But the principles of which you are the apostles, if they do not proclaim one man a universal monarch; will teach to all men the truth of a universal God. It seeks not to subdue nations at the point of the sword; but aims at a higher and nobler conquest,—a victory over ignorance, superstition, and tyranny. It places not a crown on the head of one man, while millions in the height of human folly bow the knee before him and in willing and abject slavery, impiously cry “God save the king!” But it will proclaim with irresistible accents, that all are, in the sight of God, *brethren*, and that he who divides them into castes and classes, is the greatest rebel against humanity and God.

It teaches that heaven is the resting-place of all the good, and that the distinctions of class and colour, are the inventions of deceitful men.

This science is a Revolution! which kings will struggle in vain to resist, and against which the bayonet of the soldier and the hypocrisy of the priest, are alike ineffectual. The unthinking bloodthirstiness of the one, and the cunning vindictiveness of the other, combine together as they will, cannot resist, what they will call its *Devilish Aggressions*!

Hear ye! Fanaticism! Hypocrisy! and Despotism! the decree which shall seal your doom has already gone forth from the throne of the Invisible! and ye weak minded mortals who trust in them, *Know!* that your power must end!! If some Jews, filled with pride, selfishness, and bigotry, in ancient times, feared to fight against their local Jehovah! how much more need you tremble, who acknowledge, but still resist, the power of a Universal Deity! Think to what present or future misery your vain presumptions are leading you, when that dark cloud of ignorance which you have filled with the blackest superstition, is passing away.

Reflect where you will be when science spreads its glorious light upon the earth, and in its unrivalled splendour, shows the truth to man.

Where then can you hide your gross deformities,—with which for centuries you have beguiled the ignorant, the thoughtless, and the fearful.

When the people, no longer divided by creeds and libelled sectarians, shall acknowledge themselves the children of one universal Father, who distributes his bounties alike to all,—then shall pass away those periodical wars, which raise national animosities, and devastate peoples, and Good Will will be the bond of universal brotherhood.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF ALEXANDER HUTCHINSON.

QUESTION,—How do spirits operate upon, and through Media?

Just the same as one of your railway clerks manages the electric telegraph, with this difference, that he works upon inanimate objects, while we operate upon animated beings, full of life and vigour, conscious of what is going on around

them; but not having the power to control it, but possessing the power of obstructing or hindering, or completely stopping the communications or manifestations altogether; but only so far as they, (the mediums) are concerned: they have not the power, if they had the inclination, to stop other mediums from receiving them.

The next part of your question, which I have now to answer is, How spirits operate upon mediums? I have given you a short sketch of the power which mediums possess. I will now proceed to show, or at least attempt to show you, how we operate upon mediums. It will be rather difficult, and you must allow me to take mesmerism as a sort of a guide to explain. When you wish to try experiments in mesmerism, you have first to find some person or persons who are susceptible of your influence, before you can proceed with your experiments, and when you have got, say half a dozen persons or more, under your influence, you will find different degrees of power in all of them: you will find that over one, your power is very great, while over another, it is comparatively small: but your influence upon each of them, will be of different degrees. You will see some persons under the influence of mesmerism, thrown into the most beautiful attitudes: Others again, when the different organs are excited, will sing, cry, dance, or fight, be cruel, benevolent, according as the organs are excited, or naturally developed. So it is with mediums whom we have under our influence,—some of them we can impress, so that they can deliver you our ideas, without the trouble of table-tipping: others again we can give communications through with table-rapping: to others again we can show ourselves, or some part of us, such as a hand, an arm; while with some mediums, we can shake hands, others we can lift off the floor, and with some mediums at a table we can play upon musical instruments. All this we can do, and have done, but it requires the mediums to be very much under our influence and control. How this is done will be for me to explain. These things are not done by the mediums,—they are only the machine through which we work. We have this power in the same manner that a mesmerist acts upon his subjects; but we have first to find out who are susceptible of our influence. This is done in the following manner:—

A circle of persons meet and put their hands upon a table. Now as soon as the circle is formed, if there are any spirits present, and if there is anyone at the table who is subject to their influence, a magnetic current immediately ascends, and in a diagonal line is met by a sympathetic current, which produces the manifestations before mentioned, according to the susceptibility of the medium, or their intellectual capacity. If the medium be an intelligent one, and earnestly desires information, and is willing that we should have him or her under our influence, we can give it to them by either table-tipping, rapping, or inspiration in their sleep, or by throwing them into the clairvoyante state, or by the particular mode of which he or she is susceptible.

I shall now proceed to show you how the different manifestations are produced.

When we find out a person who is under our influence, we try to throw them into the trance state. This is done much in the same manner as a mesmerist throws his subjects into the mesmeric sleep, with this difference, that he does it by making passes over them; while we do it by a powerful concentration of will

on our part: if the medium is not capable of that, then we try them for the tipping manifestations, and these are given in the following manner:—

When a medium sits who is only a tipping medium, we have merely to keep his or her attention directed to the matter in hand. A person sits opposite to the medium with an alphabet; he runs along the letters and as soon as he comes to the letter the table tips. This is done by contracting the muscles of the arm by us, directing it at the proper time. But it requires in some cases the alphabet should be before the medium, but not in all instances. Now with some mediums, whom we can throw into a sleep-waking state, we can do with the alphabet completely out of sight altogether, but all mediums can do without keeping their attention rivetted upon it: if it were not so it would be fatiguing.

The next part of spiritual manifestations which I shall notice will be the rapping manifestations,—and these are not so difficult as you imagine. Now before I proceed further with this, let me say a few more words about the tipping manifestations. Now, although most people wish to see what they are pleased to call the higher order of manifestations, such as lifting mediums, shaking hands with them, making ourselves visible; yet speaking and tipping manifestations are higher than any of them, because it is through them that our ideas and information are chiefly given. When a person speaks to you in a trance state, you feel the same emotions and sensations that you would if listening to one of your most gifted and eloquent orators. The tipping, although not so striking as the speaking, yet it is very interesting on account of the communications given through it, and ought not to be despised. But I will now come to the other part of the phenomena, namely, rapping. This is done in the following manner. When you sit round a table, the magnetic current (which I before mentioned) rises and is met by the current descending. If the magnetic power in the circle be strong enough, we can, when they are met, direct it to any part of the table. If the wood of which the table is formed be pretty sonorous, the current of magnetism directed upon it produces certain sounds. These sounds produced are very distinct and audible, varying according to the density or sonorosity of the material. In the majority of cases the table is not required for the rappings, but a good medium can direct them to any part of the room, and the loudness depends upon the causes before mentioned, namely, the density or sonorosity of the material, and the force of the magnetic current directed against it, by the concentration of the medium's mind.

(to be continued in our next.)

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 72.]

As we were conversing on these points, the orchestra commenced one of the most delightful airs, and immediately all the people rose from their seats and joined in the general thanksgiving, after which they betook themselves to the various parts of the city.

My instructors proposed that we should have a tower through some of the great pillars to see the beauties of the architecture, to which I readily consented. They then conducted me to one of the great pillars on the east side of the square at the sight of which, I was struck with fresh wonder and astonishment. I perceived that there were four entrances into every pillar, East, West, North and South. The entrance on the East was decorated above, and on each side, with models of the human form of surprising beauty; having garlands of purple, green and yellow entwined about their figure. These, said they, will remind you of the beauties of truth derived from love; and the entrance of the West is similar to that on the East. They then conducted me to the entrance on the south side, which was decorated over the centre, with statues of infancy, youth, manhood, and mature age. On the left side were statues representing sickness and health, adversity and prosperity; and on the right were statues representing vice and virtue, ignorance and wisdom, and they were all in the attitude of shewing compassion towards each other. These, said they, will remind you of the beauties of truth derived from good. The entrance on the North side is like unto it.

I was next conducted to the centre of the pillar through the South entrance, where my attention was drawn towards the construction of the winding steps which appeared to be of the most ingenious contrivance, so that it would be difficult to describe all the details with clearness; but, be that as it may I will try. There were four sets of winding steps up the centre of the pillar from the East, West, North and South; those from the East and West, entwined around one central pillar; those from the North and South entrances were entwined around another central pillar, and the two central pillars entwined around each other those from the East and South entrances were steps to ascend, and those from the West and North were to descend; each flight of steps entwined twelve times around the two central pillars and the pillars entwined twelve times around each other. The entrance from the steps into every gallery were directly over the entrance at the foot of the great pillar. The galleries were finished in the most convenient plan, both as regards beauty and accommodation. There were some of the most elaborate carvings and inlayings of pearls and precious stones which could possibly be done.

I was conducted over the suspension bridge, which led to the next great pillar, and the bridge also was finished in the most elaborate style and there were thousands of cherubims arranged on the battlements and balconies, from one end to the other. We ascended the winding steps up the second great pillar, until we came to the very summit, and from the topmost gallery, I had a full view of all the country round about, and as we traversed around the gallery I perceived on the East, as far as the eye could behold, trees in full blossom and fields of the brightest green; on the South were gardens adorned with endless variety of plants and flowers; on the West were hills, dales and rivers, and here and there were erected some beautiful dwellings. On the North were mountains and rocks and deep valleys, of a beautiful and picturesque appearance.

(to be continued in our next.)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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SPIRITUALISM, OR SPIRIT-ISM.

SPIRITUALISM or **Spiritism**—which should it be? Which word gives the truest and best description of the doctrine of those who believe in the Spirit-Manifestations of the present day?

We would not dogmatize on the matter, but we submit it as a question to our friends and correspondents.

Spiritualism has hitherto been used as the contrary doctrine to Materialism. Thus in its extremest use it has implied the theories of Bishop Berkeley. In a less extensive and high it has signified the faith in a soul superior to the body and now or hereafter to be independent of it. Practically it has had reference to all things pertaining to the soul—its internal state—its culture—its growth in grace—its edification—its exaltation. In fact it is generally understood as referring to the internal state and action of the soul and spirit.

The new Spirit-Manifestations, however, assume a rather different relation to the soul, than the work of spiritualism implies as it is generally understood. They indicate, not the culture of the soul by indefinite moral and intellectual means, but the action upon spirits of this sphere of spirits of other spheres, and that in the most direct and definite manner, partaking even of an external character. The contrast indeed is decided between indirect internal spiritual development and direct external spirit agency.

Are not then different words needed to distinguish this contrast? Will not confusion be otherwise caused in literature? Should we not call the doctrine of the new Spirit-Manifestations, Spiritism and not Spiritualism? We ask the opinion of our friends across the Atlantic.

Correspondence.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

Having witnessed a somewhat strong Spiritual Manifestation a few days since, I am giving you the opportunity of presenting it to the public through the *Telegraph*. Happening to go into a neighbour's house, along with a friend, and finding other two there, one of whom was a medium, we agreed to try what could be done with a common round table by placing our hands upon it in the usual manner. After a number of very strong and singular movements, which would have puzzled Faraday himself, the table frequently lifting from six to twelve inches from the floor, we placed a little girl, three years of age, on the centre of the table, when it was lifted with this additional load upon it, and with apparent ease, nearly a foot from the floor; remaining there a perceptible space of time, before descending, and one of the party who was very sceptical upon such things admitted, that to test the matter, he had pressed very strongly upon the table with both hands without any apparent effect. We then left the medium alone with her hands on the surface of the table, towards the side, when it again lifted to a considerable height, remaining quite level as when resting on the floor. By way of a final test a hand was placed upon the centre of the table, each of us placing another hand upon it, when it was again lifted to a considerable height as before.

I know perfectly well that the intelligent part of the public have, long ago, swallowed Professor Faraday's theory, that the whole lifting and moving process of tables is the result of involuntary muscular action; but I want to know by what singular faculty the muscles of a human hand, placed upon the smooth surface of a table, can lift it straight up with a child upon it, and by being placed upon the surface of the same table within a few inches of the edge, can still lift it a considerable height from the floor in a level position. I know the Professor has made many valuable discoveries; and having broached this new one to the public, I think he is bound in justice to show how the phenomena is performed, as ignorant persons like myself are quite unacquainted with those wonderful and newly discovered powers in the human hand, and a more minute explanation by the learned gentlemen would be read by many of us with the greatest interest. He may perhaps discover a new theory by which the common laws of gravitation may be set aside and heavy bodies moved in any manner and direction, without having to bend and contract the fingers and strain the back by lifting in the usual manner. I must not however forget to remind the Professor, that in making out his theory, he must also account for the moving of tables without hands altogether, as only last Monday night the same table was dragged a considerable distance on the floor without the touch of either man or any animate thing, as witnessed by persons whose testimony is beyond dispute.

Yours truly,

Keighley, Oct. 16th, 1850.

A LOVER OF TRUTH & HONESTY.

INSTANCE OF TELEGRAPHIC PREVISION.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

A few months ago, a friend named Curtius, talking of the "Manifestations," said to me:—

"I have witnessed only those of the writing and speaking. I think them curious indeed, but not evidence of any agency outside the organization of the medium, unless perhaps, it were that of another sitting at the table and acting somewhat magnetically through the odyllic atmosphere, or, as I have sometimes thought, the medium's husband may influence her in some peculiar manner. They may be a very clever couple; or, the phenomena may be irrespective of the consciousness of the parties engaged in producing them,—but I cannot see with you that one *must* attribute the phenomena to the agency of invisible beings:—indeed the existence of any such in the affair, seems to me most gratuitously presumed. The tongue and the hand of a medium are parts of her organization, and some organizations are so susceptible, that they repeat the movements, external and internal, of another, in some peculiar magnetic relation to it. The books on mesmerism contain instances of that kind. But a table not being part of a human organization, I think I should find better evidence of the agency of an invisible being in what you call the lower phenomena of the table movements than in what I have seen. I must say I feel an interest in the subject. Could not you take me to one of those I have heard you speak of?"

"Well," said I "I would if I could but one of them is now out of my reach altogether, and I hardly know what to say about the other;—he can only be got at on Sundays, being engaged in daily work; besides which he wants persuading to sit, which is troublesome. But I'll try and manage him for you some early Sunday."

To my surprise, at this moment, the very man I was speaking of, walked in. "Why, what on earth can have brought you, friend Beer," I could not help exclaiming, "I was this very moment speaking of you."

"O I've come to see if you will sign this paper, about our being all right as to our health. We are getting an assisted passage, or trying to, for Australia. We've made up our minds to go."

"We'll see to that presently; but are you in a hurry? My friend here is anxious to see the table move. You'll oblige me and him by sitting down for that, will you, while I look at your paper!"

"Well, I don't mind if I do."

Beer, Curtius, my wife, and presently myself, sat down at a table, with the hands on the margin, and in one or two minutes the side at which Curtius was sitting rose, inclining towards Beer.

"Well, friend Curtius," I said, "what do you make of it?" His surprise as the table moved up under his hands, was undisguised.

"I think," said he, "we all rely upon Mr Beer not using any force?"

"I don't use any force, sir, my hands are pulled on to the table," said Mr B.

"But, even if he were," said C., half to himself and half to me, in confidence as it were, "I am using counter pressure. Curious, very curious!"

"Well," I replied, "be satisfied there is no collusion in us, nor delusion in yourself, and then we'll go on."

"O go on by all means," said C., "I can't believe in the collusion doctrine here, and as to delusion, *one* may delude one's self as to a matter of fact, but I don't see how *four* can. Each one's observation is proved, you see, by the others. The thing for differing upon is the principle to which the fact is to be attributed: there's the rub."

During this the table maintained its inclined position.

I said here, "The question now is, as it seems to me, not what the force is that is in operation—it may be electric, or odic, or a mixed force, or some special force—but what is it that rises the force? Is it the organization of the medium acting in some peculiar manner, or the organization of another, or of all of us?"

"Yes, said C., "that is the question."

"I think," Beer said, "that it's my electricity circulating from one hand round the table into the other and so pulling the table up."

Such an explanation by the medium might have attracted the attention of a Faraday, or an Anderson, but C. did not think much of it. He asked Beer, "Did you think, or wish, or will, that the table should rise?"

"No, it rises all the quicker when I am nice and quiet, and passive."

"Then," I remarked here, "if there is an intelligent direction of the force it does not come *from* the medium but *through* him from some other intelligent being. Now as we are only observers and not directors, we have to attribute the direction to an individual having intelligence, yet whom we do not see. Suppose instead of discussing this, we admit it for the moment, and proceed for proof?"

"How?"

"By asking this admitted individual to telegraph to us by means of the apparatus of the medium and the table, an intelligible communication. The fact of an intelligible communication will prove an intelligent communicator."

"Well, to your proof," said my friend C.

I said, "If an intelligent being is with us but unseen by us, will he please move the table several times, say three?"

This was done.

"If you wish to make a communication, please move the table in the same way."

It was done.

"I will call over the alphabet, and at every letter I am to write to express your communication, will you please to move the table in the same way?"

It was moved.

The following letters were thus checked off:—

g o t o z e a l o u s g a b e s i n w a r d s

Here the movements ceased.

C. thought there might be some zealous man in Wardour Street, who was to convince him effectually.

My wife said that she knew that street well but did not know the name of Gabes.

Knowing names to be sometimes telegraphed phonetically, I asked whether Gabes did not mean the name Jabez?

"Yes."

"Then is it Jabez Inwards he is to go to?"

"Yes."

The medium said he had heard Mr Inwards lecture, and thought he was against this sort of thing. The communication, he said, was perhaps for himself, about his wife's collection of phrenological casts. (Mrs. Beer had tried to make a profession of phrenology.) "Is he to go to Mr Inwards about the casts?"

"Yes."

We broke up now, after appointing to meet in the evening to hear Beer "report progress."

All this excited my friend Curtius's enquiring mind. But "the proof" was yet to come to him. He said, "you see, the medium knows Mr Inwards as a phrenologist, and he might have thought about going to him. But still it is altogether very curious."

We met in the evening. "Well, Beer, what fortune about the casts?"—"Oh I've been to Mr Inward's place, but he's out of town and won't be back for some days; he's out lecturing."

"Well, then that goes for nothing," said our friend Curtius.

"Don't give him up, Beer," I said, "look him up when he comes back. And now let us sit again."

We sat accordingly, but no consecutive sentence was telegraphed, only detached words as, "Malets," "Cobza," "Turner." C., who is rather partial to a joke, said he thought the spirit's name was Turner, and that Turner recommended his friend Beer to take with him to Australia a stock of maillets and Cobza oil. C. left soon, not so much excited as he had been in the morning.

I said to Beer now, "Well, perhaps the presence of my friend was an impediment. Have you any questions to ask about your own affairs? I dare say there is something; that is, if you think you are questioning something else besides electricity."

"Well," he said, "you know 'there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip,'—I certainly should like to know if I shall go to Australia. I will put that as a question.

The table moved "yes."

"But is it right that I should go?"

"Yes."

"Then, when shall I go? Then we can make arrangements accordingly. In how many days?"

The table moved thirty one times.

"Well," said he, that will be curious too; and I need not hurry so much, That is not my thought anyhow. They told me at the office that a ship was going in about a week which *might* have vacant berths for us; there was a bare chance,

also, for the one that follows a month after; but that I must not fully reckon on a passage till February.

Next day Beer called. He said that when he told his wife what advice he had had at the table, she was quite vexed that he had not mentioned his business about the casts, to Mr Toogood, Mr Inward's partner, and that she had persuaded him to go and do so as time was precious. He had been and Mr T. was going to look at them. "So we shall see. But I understand we have no chance at all of getting off by the January ship, unless I return the paper to the Park Street office before it closes to-morrow afternoon. The clergyman has to sign it and he refused this morning to sign until he has seen our marriage certificate, and told me to meet him at the vestry rooms to-morrow evening. I don't know how we shall get on about that: it's awkward, is it not?"

"Well whatever you do look in and let us know."

Next evening, Beer came in with:—"I've taken the paper to the office in time, and what is more, Mr Toogood came this morning and bought the casts at Mrs. Beer's own price. He took the whole lot, five pounds worth, leaving no more than what she would like to take with her: for she thinks of trying phrenology over there."

"That's good. You contrived to persuade the clergyman then?"

"Well, there's something curious about that. My wife said yesterday morning, that if we are to go in thirty-one days, as the spirits say, we ought not to neglect the means, and that I had better go again and explain to the clergyman, and not leave his house without his signature. I knew she was right and so I went: going along, wondering what I should say, and looking about, I saw a little Hahnemaun's bust in a window; so I thought here's a chance of my selling our big Hahnemaun's bust; I opened the door, it was a homœopathic chemist's, and asked the gentleman inside if he wanted a bigger bust than that at a bargain. Instead of saying No, he asked me (I was in my working jacket,) how it was that I had a Hahnemaun's bust, and why I wanted to sell it. I told him. He asked what part of Australia I was going to? and when? "Oh, that depends," I said, "if the clergyman signs the paper this evening I may get away in a month, if not it will be two months. He would have signed it yesterday if I had had my certificate with me. I have it now. He said it would be a pity to lose a month, and be out of work perhaps; he knew the clergyman and would go with me and explain to him for me. Presently, out we marched and had only gone a few steps, when we met a gentleman. "Better still," he said, "here comes the curate, he's our man." He turned back, the curate with him, and after he had looked at the certificate and the paper, and talked a little, he put his signature to it. He said he had a brother at Sydney, it was the best place in the world for young and active people, and wished me success. What do you think of that now?"

I thanked them, and posted off with the paper to the office, and so settled that part of the business.

Well, when I got home again, I said to Mrs. Beer, I was sure the spirits had

been with me, and told her all what had happened. And she said yes, to be sure, and then she told me all about the casts being gone, and paid for. It is curious is it not? We've only now to dispose of our little furniture and then we are ready."

After a few days our friends Mr and Mrs Beer called to say they were going into the country, to bid good-bye to some relatives, and should come back when they received their embarkation order.

In about three weeks they came to take a final farewell of us. They were on the way to her mother's where they proposed to pass the night, and present themselves, as per order, for embarkation the next day.

"Well, and how long is it since our sitting?" On reckoning, we found it was the thirty-first day.

Beer agreed now that there was a spiritual agency, besides his "electricity," in knowing and influencing his and others' movements, as well as in directing the movements of the table.

How my friend Curtius' views were modified by the realization of the telegraphed prevision in this case of Beer's, I must leave till another opportunity. But perhaps C. himself, should he see this, (as is most likely,) will favour us with his own narrative, including his subsequent experience; for some short time after he himself became a medium.

LONDON, Oct.

J. D.

Shack's Court, Milburn St., Carlisle, Oct. 11th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

Pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you on the subject of Spirit-manifestations. We have had several circles in Carlisle, and several communications of a good character; but we have been charged with Necromancy, and the passage of scripture which occurs in the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy and the 10th and 11th verses, have been brought to bear against us. This is the reason why I have written to you. A Necromancer, I'm informed, signifies one who consults the dead. Therefore, I should feel much obliged, if you would explain the passage referred to, in your next number of the *Telegraph*.

By complying with the above you will much oblige

Yours,

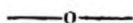
JOHN BURNS.

[It is pleasing to hear of the progress that is being made in almost all parts of the country, and especially is there no need to fear when our opponents resort to such lame subtleties as those spoken of in the above letter.

If to consult with, or have communications from, those who once inhabited this earth, be an evil, then must the best and wisest men of all ages have invariably been the greatest sinners, since most of them have experienced more or less of such phenomena. That it is possible to make an *improper* use of such phenomena we readily admit; but that *all* are open to the charge of Necromancy (or improperly using the gift,) who hold converse with departed spirits, is a position untenable by any fair, logical reasoning.

In the case of the "witch of Endor" we have proof that good spirits are approachable, as well as inferior ones; and are not we positively assured that angels are "ministering spirits," and that human beings *shall* possess the gift of "*discerning spirits?*" Was not Saul himself, one who consulted with the spirits through the Urim and Thummim, through dreams, prophets, &c.?

Take courage friend,—so long as your communications are of an useful character you have nothing to fear. Christ himself was charged with performing his miracles through Beelzebub, said to be the Prince of Devils.—ED.]



Reports of Progress.

LANCASTER.—Mr Smalley, the well-known Demonstrator of Magnetism has formed a circle for Spirit-manifestations in this town, in connection with which several mediums have been developed. His Magnetic Meetings have also been very successful and have convinced many.

BRADFORD.—We are making rapid progress. We seldom meet when we do not experience some extraordinary manifestations, of which we had no previous knowledge.

We have in our circle one writing medium, and two who speak during their Trance-state, besides several who can get communications by tipping. The quantity as well as quality of matter we get is quite astonishing. We are going on with six or seven continued communications. The communications inserted in last number have been got by our writing medium, when sitting at the table by the side of one of our speaking mediums, and as the spirits say, they take her voice, while she slumbers, and give it to him. In that manner we got the communication alluded to from a spirit in a high state, who says, "I am known by the name of Archbishop Tillison."

In all cases when the spirit has given us his name by alphabet he invariably spelt it "Tillison," and not "Tillotson."

KEIGHLEY.—We had a small party, one of them a stranger to the phenomenon and somewhat a sceptic. After a short time the table commenced moving. The spirit purporting to lift the table wished to communicate, but would not at that juncture give its name. The alphabet was called for, and we received the following in a very short time:—

"I never denied the existence of God, but rather did I advocate his presence in his handywork, yet I am sorry that they who pretend to be his ministers have done more to build up the temple of infidelity, than all I ever said or wrote; and yet they have the impudence to lay all the blame on a few honest truth-seekers, who detest hypocrisy. But I have the pleasure to inform you that the time is drawing nigh when nothing shall be hid. 'Thus far shall they go but no further.'

I remain your obedient servant in truth,

THOMAS PAINE."

One of the company wished to be informed if the spirit, when a resident in this

world, was ever seriously impressed with religion, or in any part of his life under the influence of a superior power?

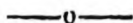
Answer, "I frequently felt impressions as though they were from heaven, which I sometimes attributed to the Holy Ghost, sometimes to the Great Maker of all which is good, and at other times to my own imagination; but now I have learned that the dear friends who have left their earthly tabernacle, were still hovering around me, and were still performing their acts of love for my especial benefit. Such I have no doubt has been the case with you. Good night, my truth-seeking friends, yet a little while and we shall no longer say good night; but ye shall know indeed and in truth, that your dearest friends whom ye think have left, are still with you, both by night and by day.

ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN MEDIUMS.—We have been informed, that the Misses Fox, from Rochester, are advertised to be in Liverpool shortly. We hope to receive some accounts of their proceedings there.

BELFAST.—Our esteemed friend Mr Scott continues his exertions in behalf of Spiritism. We extract the following from a letter addressed "To the Proprietor of the Ulster General Advertiser:"—

"Spirit-intercourse and spirit-teaching require efficient natural causes, and specific natural conditions to produce them; and no theory, science, or philosophy of spirit phenomena can be admitted, that does not fully acknowledge positive ascertainable causes, and specific possible conditions, and recognize the developed man's power to discover, comprehend and regulate the same. When these truths are fully recognized, and thoroughly known and acted upon, the candid developed man can have no option, but to accept the authenticated truths of spirit-teaching, unless indeed, he is ready to prove that what is taken for the truth, is, either an error, or an assumption. It is, however, utterly absurd for any man that has not investigated the subject, to set up his own presumption—the expressions and expositions of his own rude ignorance—against the refined results and realized discoveries of the patient investigations, and laborious endeavors, of those who have devoted their time—their best energies—and means, to find out, demonstrate, publish, and establish the knowledge of truth. My knowledge of the glorious truth, that the impossibilities of the present will become the positive realizations of the future, as sure as the impossibilities of the past are the practical possibilities of the present, has subdued all my fears—strengthened my hopes—elevated my courage—increased my confidence, and furnished me with the power and patience of endurance, and rendered me proof against all the attacks and abuse, which the knowledge of truth has still to encounter, from prejudice and ignorant opposition. And in this connection, I consider it of importance, to call particular attention to the fact, that the promoters and supporters of spirit-intercourse and spirit-teaching have too often allowed themselves to appear, as acting only on the defensive. They have hitherto allowed the abettors of superstition and scepticism to take the initiative. They have thus contented themselves with merely repelling the invasion of the opinion-mongers, and then retreated to enjoy the knowledge of truth. But might not the true representatives, of the living principles of free thought and free speech do something more than this? Might they not in-

stead of spending their whole strength, in merely repelling the invasions of the opinion-mongers, assume the initiative and attack all the fictitious foundations, and fallacious methods of superstition and scepticism? Fearlessly, freely, candidly, calmly, and honestly might they not carry the keen controversy of unsparing inquiry into the camps of superstition and scepticism, and endeavour more than ever, to throw the pure light of the knowledge of truth upon the very science, philosophy, and principles of investigation—by dissolving and analyzing the elements of thought—the shadowy and negative fancies of superstition and scepticism; and prove and demonstrate, that they are fallacious and degrading, not merely in their essence and influence, but in all their methods and applications? Let the cold cheerless abstractions—the unreal negative fancies, and mental aberrations of superstition and scepticism be unsparingly scrutinized, and fairly looked in the face;—let them be carefully dissolved, analyzed, tested, measured, and weighed by the harmonious light of the knowledge of truth and reality—by the unchangeable knowledge of ascertainable realities, as they have been and as they are. Let the true representatives of the living principle of free thought—of free speech—the promoters and supporters of spirit-intercourse and spirit-teaching—of the progress of the knowledge of truth, proclaim and publish to the whole human race, that they know themselves to be enjoying the light of the knowledge of divine truth—of the truth “without mixture of error or fear of man” that they know themselves to be entering upon immense new fields of the knowledge of undiscovered and unrevealed Divine realities,—while multitudes of mankind are sitting in frigid darkness, in an undeveloped condition; and being firmly convinced of these all-glorious truths, that they will cheerfully admit, cordially adopt and espouse all that science, philosophy and observation can show to be true—all that the best directed research and investigation can discover, prove and demonstrate to be real;—and the existence of superstition and scepticism, and the absolute reign of the knowledge of truth—the reign of brotherly love—of peace and prosperity upon the earth, will soon become questions only of time and mental exertion.



Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE VII.

GREAT is Eloah—God over all—the Founder and Ruler of Society.

The towns and the cities were, and the arts increased and knowledge was diffused and commerce extended and the seventh state of Society may be called civilization.

For men were no longer fierce and barbarian but civil to each other and less

military than commercial: the interest of the merchant being contrary to the employment of the soldier.

And war even became thus less barbarous and was moreover yet rendered courteous and chivalrous, as beheld through comparisons of the past, from the influence of the feudal days.

For each work of God is for ever and each developement of Society perishes not.

It changes, it is transfigured, but it does not perish.

It ceases to be the ruling characteristic of society, it ceases to be its dominant state, but it does not entirely vanish away,

Even while Municipality rejoices in towns and cities, Pastoralism reigns in the villages, and the days of the Patriarchs are not over.

Even while Barbarization rules in the great nation, Tribism reappears in the retainers of the court of the baron.

Even while civilization dawns in Greece and Rome, the nations around are barbarian.

And thus even in the midst of the noon of Civilization, barbarian war continues and pastoral ignorance and isolation, and the family interest which ruled in the tent of the patriarch and the severance and partizanship which gave the war cry to the tribe.

The commerce which arose with Municipality has increased and extends itself over the country, and all things are sold even those which are not for sale.

For civil and peaceful is the trader for the sake of his selfishness;

And Lydion who was the first who coined money was the first also who sold the bodies of his daughters for gold.

And deceit is the child of commerce, and to buy cheap and to sell dear and to deceive, is the life of the trader.

And their words are those of Amphilytus, the prophet of Acarnania: The cast is thrown, and the net is spread; by the moonlight the tunnies will run in.

For they lime the twig and the bird is caught and they show the fair side of the melon and the rotten side is bought also.

So also is Civilization, it is fair and it has foul, it has that which shooteth upward and that which tendeth downward.

It has moreover that which shall endure and that which shall be changed, for though naught shall be destroyed all shall be purified.

Even as the chaff is winnowed from the wheat, even as the dross is purged from the gold, even as the soul is chastened from its sins; so shall all things be purified.

For all things are imperfect but God and the ends of his designs who from evil even worketh forth good.

For from selfishness he produces the desire of peace and though commerce be evil, he quickens the intelligence thereby, that ultimately the end of true interest may be perceived of all.

And albeit spice is too strong of itself, it seasons the food, and it expels the wind from the body of the eater,

And better succeeds better, and the green the golden follows.

Yet though the civilian surpasses the barbarian, the civil is not the perfect.

For did not the Anointed declare, that the law of love required the neighborly and the friendly?

And did he not also say, that the Comforter should reveal further of these things?

But the dawn is not yet, though the watches of the night are fast fitting and the cockcrow is at hand.

The following Communication was given by a spirit who was well known when in the flesh :—

"WHEN I was upon earth, table-moving was a great deal talked about, and it will continue to be talked about, for we will yet preach through every man's table both rich and poor, believer and unbeliever. Persevere with us and it shall be spread through the whole universe. Persevere my friends and you shall have your reward in a brighter and better world, for the same great God that sends us, will receive you into his mansion and there ye shall be at rest."

TO OUR READERS.

WE have been compelled to defer the continuation of J. Edmundson and Alexander Hutchinson's communications until next week, having had occasion to introduce the "Reports of Progress," which we think will prove interesting to all.

We shall feel greatly obliged if our friends in different parts of the country would take the trouble to forward us reports of their proceedings. It would give a stimulus to the cause generally, and would serve for information, otherwise not attainable. Many of those who have communicated with us from different parts of the country, and to whom we should have replied did not our engagements prevent us, would thereby obtain the information and encouragement they require.

Those of our friends, whose communications have not been attended to, must exercise a little patience: we hope to bring up arrears yet.

The present volume will conclude with the twelfth number; after which, the whole of our pages will be devoted to the cause we have so much at heart.

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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SPIRITUALISM VERSUS "THE YORKSHIREMAN."

WE have had the privilege of perusing a rather lengthy article on the subject of Spiritualism, which appeared in the columns of *The Yorkshireman*, on Saturday last, (Oct. 25th.)

We have the Editor's reason for his attack in the following paragraph, which is an extract from the article alluded to:—

"We know, by sad experience, that there is nothing so absurd as not to find adherents—and we hold that every current theory, however absurd, which finds dupes and believers, is a fit subject for comment on the part of those whose duty it is to guard against the propagation of vulgar and mischievous falsehoods. That Spiritualism prevails to a greater extent than is imagined in this country, we have every reason to believe. The fact of the new philosophy having two or three organs of its own in England, is evidence sufficient of its having made considerable progress among a certain class of the people. Besides the *Spiritual Herald*, which is published once a month, and the *Christian Spiritualist*, it may be interesting to our readers to know that, even in our own county, there exists the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*—a periodical professing to "record the communications received from the Spirit World;" and published by 'J. Rhodes,' in the town of Keighley. We have not been favoured with a copy of this illustrious periodical, but from the specimens of it given in a London contemporary, we should imagine it to be even more intensely spiritual (if that be possible) than the *Herald*. The prophet of the new dispensation is claimed to be no other than EMMANUEL SWEDENBORG—the amiable lunatic, who believed himself to be on speaking terms with half the hierarchy of heaven, and who once saw St. Paul, in the flesh, walking in Cheapside. The Spiritual poet, (for like Moses and Co., "they keeps a poet") is one Thomas L. Harris, who has written an "Epic of the Starry Heaven," in two hundred pages, and of whose muse we regret we are unable to give specimens. Suffice it to say, that not even Tupper is more dull, Warren more mad, or 'Balder' balder.

There have flourished, before now, creeds, bred in ignorance, nourished by superstition, and sustained by imposture. The history of the world abounds in instances of human folly and human falsehood. But of all the phantasies generated in the heated brain of crazed enthusiasm—of all the juggles ever devised by designing impostors for the derision of ignorance—the grossest, the most monstrous, the most abominable, to reason and humanity is this latest lie which is seriously and solemnly put forth for our acceptance. In all the rank and grovelling superstitions of the Fetish worship—in the wildest legends of the Brahminal mythology—in the peurile and degrading forms of that religion which has faith in winking Virgins, and the doubtful bones of apochryphal martyrs—there is nothing so extravagant as Spiritualism—the belief, for which equal credit is claimed with the truths of Divine revelation, and which is intended to over-ride common sense, learning, science, and philosophy. It has been said, in excuse for Spiritualism, that it indicates at least a healthy yearning for the higher and abstruser mysteries of our nature; and the Spiritualists themselves defend their creed on the score of its tendency to correct materialism and rebuke infidelity. Yet the Spiritualistic method of raising spirits, and clothing them with bodily forms and attributes, is a process directly the converse of what it is pretended to be; for so far from sublimating earthly things to their diviner essences, materializes and carnalizes the most sacred and mysterious agencies of nature, and thus lowers it and degrades them to the level of the vulgarest understandings. The mythology of the ancient Greeks, in deifying the powers of the universe, had at least something of a natural and rational faith—even the old belief in witchcraft, the fairy folk, ghosts, and hobgoblins, had something of reverence and picturesqueness; but this latest doctrine, which

— makes us fools of nature
So horribly to shake our dispositions,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls,

has not the poor merit of being either pretty or poetical; but is no less clumsy in shape, than stupid in essence."

Our readers will very naturally conclude that the writer of the above article would be a very proper person to furnish them with information on what has served to perplex them so long, whenever they have endeavoured to account for such phenomena, as they themselves have most of them witnessed, upon any other hypothesis than that of Spirit agency—that is, providing they believe that all he says is gospel. For our part we must confess, that his remarks have done nothing to remove from us a belief in the power of departed spirits to communicate with mankind, nor in their willingness to do so. We are not alarmed about "the most sacred and mysterious agencies of nature" being brought "to the level of the vulgarest understandings," nor can we for one moment suppose, that by exploring any mystery, we "over-ride common sense, learning, science, and philosophy." But before we proceed further with

our remarks it may be advisable to put our readers in possession of the knowledge which he (the editor) seems to have of Spiritualism. He says:—

"The English public in general, we believe, are but imperfectly acquainted with the nature of the Spiritualist doctrines; and many of our readers are, doubtless unprepared to believe that they prevail to any extent in this country. The ordinary phenomena of table-moving, &c., are, it is true, familiar to most of us. Some two or three years ago, there was not an evening party which did not essay the performance of a Spiritual miracle. Our household furniture, for a time, had no peace; and tables, chairs, and hats, suddenly found themselves invested with a new property, and a new source of interest. In those days you were invited to 'tea and table-moving,' as to a new excitement, and made to revolve with the family, like mad, round articles of furniture. But when Faraday arose, the mighty magician, and encountered the spirits, suddenly they subsided; and for a time we have heard no more of their doings on this side the Atlantic. We have ample evidence, however, that "Spiritualism," as a vital and active belief, is not confined to the United States, but that it has found favour and acceptance among a considerable class of enthusiasts in our own country. We glean this startling fact mainly on the evidence of certain publications—among which is the *Spiritual Herald*—which it has been our privilege to receive and our pleasure to peruse."

We should have been glad to furnish the article entire if we had had space sufficient for that purpose; but those who wish to possess a copy, may perhaps obtain one on application to Mr J. Blenkin, Printer, &c., Parliament St., York. Price 4d. Stamped.

It would seem that the Editor has had some experience in the moving of articles of furniture, hats, &c., under what he is pleased to call "The ordinary phenomena of table-moving, &c.," but unfortunately, he seems to have regarded the agency by which they were moved as one of the "mysteries" that were not necessary to be brought to "the level of the vulgarest understandings," so that the opinion of Mr Faraday has been sufficient to set the matter at rest with him. The case has been otherwise with a many of us; and so far from the spirits having subsided, the belief, or rather the *knowledge* of those things have been continually gaining ground.

One of those, who has come forward to bear testimony to what he has witnessed, is a distinguished professional gentleman, who has earned for himself a name that will live after his body has mouldered in the dust; but whom he (the editor) has thought fit to ridicule in the pages of *The Yorkshireman*. The article referred to, in which the facts are stated, was first published in the *London Morning Advertiser*, and afterwards re-published by the Editor of the *Spiritual Herald*. That same article is now published in an 8-page tract, which may be obtained at the

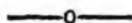
prices advertized on the cover of this number, by applying to our publisher, or to Mr J. Rhodes, Market Place, Keighley.

The manner in which the Editor deals with those who have come forward to give their testimony, will, perhaps, be most appropriately answered by some of the parties concerned.

We shall very willingly allow any of them a few pages of the *Telegraph*, should they deem it advisable to accept the offer. And as to our friend Jones, we are sorry that the Editor should use such a phrase as the following,—“Rising into the very sublimity of *lying*.” We can assure him that Jesse Jones is not the man to put forth a falsehood knowingly. Possibly he may be liable to be mistaken, and even the Editor himself is not quite free from this, as he will find if he takes the trouble to read Mr Jones’ letter again.

We are not surprised that he should pronounce EMMANUEL SWEDENBORG an “amiable lunatic;” many people have done this and have afterwards discovered their error. If it was (as the Editor says) “one of the conditions of belief in Spiritualism to be ignorant of physical science,” then was E. Swedenborg the most unfit of any we know, having done more to unravel science than almost any other man.

Notwithstanding the errors which the Editor has made, we would sincerely thank him for the honest expression of his thoughts on the subject.



SPIRITUAL-ISM VERSUS SPIRIT-ISM.

I HAVE this evening perused your eighth number, and will give you my idea of the terms Spiritualism and Spiritism. They are, you must be aware, both nouns; the former *general*, the latter *specific*; whilst *Spiritual Telegraph* is alike applicable to a work recording the communications from Spirits, or spiritual matter exclusively of a more general nature, such as the spirituality of the Christian religion, or the particular spiritual experience of individuals, &c. &c.

I consider the subject of Spiritism to be a very critical one. The sentiments thus portrayed are by no means in unison, whilst the revelations of the Crystal Seer would seem to be in some respects at variance with most others.

Spiritism is not new. In the reign of Queen Anne some French prophets came to England; and succeeded in gathering a multitude to their faith and experience, particularly in London, many of whom were evidently under Spirit influence, and in a state of trance; or were the subjects of delusive spirits, speaking through them in personification of God, uttering prophecies and awful denunciations that were never realized, and commanding immoralities which the poor dupes fulfilled, thinking themselves under divine teaching. One who, though whilst among them (but not one of the inspired,) thought it all genuine and right, (and genuine it was as being manifest spiritual influence) at length separated from them in disgust, and ultimately became a Quaker. He wrote a book entitled “A Brand plucked from the Burning,” in which he described their sayings and doings, which were truly awful.

So that it behoves all who enter into communication with spirits, to do their best to avoid the evil ones.

A NEW MANIFESTATION.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

On my route west from Pittsburg, I stopped one train at Joseph Smith's Spirit-room, which is located about three-fourths of a mile from Cardington, a station thirty-eight miles north of Columbus, Ohio, on the direct route from Pittsburg (via Cleveland) to St. Louis. Mr S. is very hospitable, lives very comfortable, and will entertain any sincere searcher after truth; nor is there such a "hard road to travel" as that which leads to Koons'.

I wrote a short account of my visit there one year ago. Mr S. was not then able to get the manifestation in his own family. At that time he had Nahum Koons as the medium, and I here wish to commend his *perseverance* as an example to all true Spiritualists.

Mr S. and wife visited Koons' room about two years ago. They were sceptics, but remained eighteen days in close attendance, and at length were converted, and were promised by King, the presiding Spirit, that if they would fit up a retainer and set off a room for the sole use of the Spirits, he would organize a band of Spirits to operate for him. Mr S. returned and did so, and there they sat *every night for eighteen months* before the Spirits came. Opposed from without, assailed by jeers and laughter, and at the same time doubting the result, this old couple remained calm and serene, at times still strong in faith that the manifestations would come at last; and they did come to reward their noble heroism. And there they are every night to be found, with from one hundred to two hundred people gathered in the room, in the adjoining rooms, on the porches and on the grass. The Spirit Kabel will sometimes pass out of the Spirit-room, and beat the tambourine while passing around over the heads of the people in the *adjoining room*.

The manifestations that I saw and heard have, for the most part, been often described; but some that were presented are new. I saw as many as twenty lights floatig about the room—some small, some as large as my hand; they would rise up from all sides and float over our heads, dart back and forth, and then vanish.

They had *three* Spirits speaking, two at once, and their voices are more distinct and characteristic than ours are. One of them sang "Uncle Ned" (by request) and accompanied himself on the accordeon. I was much pleased with the music (I am a judge) of the harps, accompanied with the bells of the tambourine; it was as good music as I wish to hear.

The tambourine fondled me several times, and by way of variety kept with the drums by beating the time on my head—gently, however, as a child might do it.

But to the new manifestation: I found there Edware Rogers, of Columbus, Ohio, a medium, whom I saw a year ago, but could not then produce anything from him. Mr Rogers was born in England, is a tailor in humble circumstances, with but an ordinary education. He seats himself, places his portfolio on his lap and his *colored crayons* on a chair beside him—he is *blindfolded* and remains

passive. The influence seizes him and he is set to work, with a nervous rapid execution; first here—then there—then back again, dropping one color and seizing another, so rapidly that you can scarcely detect the changes. In *thirty minutes* he handed me a beautiful picture, of a girl about ten years of age, and a perfect likeness of a niece now several years gone to the Spirit-world. To test the likeness, on my arrival home, without any remarks, I displayed it to my wife. She at once pronounced the name of the one it purported to be drawn for.

Aside from the likeness, it has merit of a high order as an artistic production. I asked one how long he thought it would take a proficient to produce such a picture? His reply was, "Any artist that could produce such a picture in less than *four days*, would make his fortune."

I do not remember that I ever saw or heard of a manifestation more pleasing and satisfactory in all respects than this unexpected one is to me. Mr Outley is attempting to take photographs from it, and if successful I will send you one.

Truly Mahan's Od Force is learning very fast. If I mistake not, there was some time ago a reward offered for some *practical result* to flow from Spiritualism; if so, I shall certainly claim it, for if this likeness is not a practical result, I don't know what is.

ST. LOUIS, October, 1850.

A. MILTENBERGER.

—O—

THE LITTLE WITNESS.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)

Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS.

WE copy the following significant testimony of a little child from a late number of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, a paper devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church:

THE DYING CHILD.

I was greatly pleased, says Dr. Thomson, with a little incident that a mother gave me the other day. A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations she said, "Mamma, what is the matter with me?"

Mother. "My child, you are dying."

Child. Well, mamma, what is dying?"

Mother. "To you, dear child, it is going to heaven."

Child. "Where is heaven?"

Mother. "It is where God is, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect."

Child. "But mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"

Mother. "O Mary I cannot. God has called you only, not me, now."

Turning to the father she asked the same question. Then piteously appealing to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the

same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying, "You need not go to heaven with me, I can go alone. I have been there and grand-mamma is there, and grand-papa is there, and aunt Martha;" and with a sweet smile, and a countenance bright as with the glory of opening heaven, looking upward and whispering, "Yes, I am coming," she passed away.

The incident here described evidently belongs to the phenomenal manifestations of Spiritualism. The little child was afraid to die—did not like to go to heaven alone lest it might meet only with unsympathizing strangers. To quiet its apprehensions some Spirit—doubtless a departed relative—entranced her—"She fell into a quiet sleep." During this spiritual entrancement the interior senses of the child were opened; MARY saw and recognised three members of the family who were already in the Spirit world. This was not a mere dream, nor can it be referred to the excited imagination of the child; for, in either case, the images of the vision would have been in general correspondence with the pre-existing state of mind; whereas, the fact is, *they were wholly dissimilar*. That the child had a vision of the Spirit Home, inspired by some angelic guardian, we entertain no doubt. Indeed, that she was in conscious communion with those Spirits—that they were calling her, and that she heard and answered them, is evident from the last words that MARY uttered on earth—"YES, I AM COMING."

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE VIII.

DARKEST is the night before the dim dawn breaks, and most painful the disease at the moment of the crisis of recovery.

And when all despair the Delivery comes and darkest coals yield brightest flame.

And even so densely dark it glooms before the rising of the Day Break over humanity, that men see not whither they are going, but fall against each other and fight in the dark and stumble over sepulchres and find their own graves in pitfalls and holes of the earth.

So dark is Monopolism, the eighth state of society.

Even now over a large portion of the world it has spread; its barriers in every land, its nets in every sea.

Yea! were the sun not so high above it, it would claim property in its light and lease the radiance of the stars.

Woe to the world, because of monopoly, while it reigns !

Woe to the world that is fed and clothed and warmed and lighted by it.

Through it the small homesteads are swallowed up by the large farms and the son works for another whose father lived upon his acre.

Through it the machine is a car of Juggernaut and does the work of horse and of man.

Through it the rich become richer daily, and the poor poorer.

Through it money makes more and low becomes lower.

For Monopolism is association against the many, is the conspiracy of the few for their own interest.

And thus is their strength doubled and they rule in the market and they fix the price of all things.

And whereas in ancient days kings appointed privileges, and you might buy your salt from one or from no one: so even now is it with the monarchy of money.

And ye shall seek even for quicksilver and find it but in one place.

And even so as to office, and even so as to truth, in claim at least.

For could they exclude genius and forbid enquiry great would be their joy thereat.

The few conspire against the many and behold ! labor is the slave of capital.

It is not whipped by law but it is whipped by want to work and savage is the scourge of want.

Yea, Monopolism is the tyranny of Mammon, is the enslavement of the soul to the body, of the spirit to the flesh.

And political liberty struggles in vain against it for the curse is social and though the kings of power fall the monarchs of wealth remain;

As when the tempest blows over Las Pampas, the gold-fish of La Plata hide themselves in the sands.

But the blacker the night is, the brighter is the dawn.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF ALEXANDER HUTCHINSON.

[continued from page 83.]

The next portion of the question which I shall now mention, will be the shaking of mediums. All that is required for the shaking is, that the person shall be of a certain temperament. I cannot positively describe the peculiar temperament a medium should possess; but mediums who can be shaken are generally of a

sanguine temperament. The manner in which it is done is very simple. We have merely to envelope the medium with the magnetic fluid, and then make a few tremulous passes in the peculiar manner in which we wish to shake them. For instance, the medium at the table is completely surrounded with the fluid, and being in that state, can be shaken easily. I will just give him a slight shake to let you see. (The medium was then shaken for about two minutes.)

I will now proceed to explain the shaking of hands. To shake hands with a person requires that person to be near an affinity to us, and to be of pretty strong nerve; not that it would injure him, but most people when they find themselves shaken by an invisible power are very often frightened; and it is only natural that people brought up in the belief that spirits never visit your sphere again, when they feel themselves grasped by an invisible hand, and shaken with it, to feel very much alarmed. But when we have got into closer communion with men, that feeling will pass away and be succeeded by one of pleasure.

What I mean by the affinity of mediums to spirits is, that they should be persons whom we could approach in the same manner that you could approach a very dear friend, or relative, and feel at the time that the persons you were approaching were worthy of your confidence. With such persons we can get so near that we can get hold of their hand. It requires nothing more than what I have just stated. But you will say, "are there not a great number of persons in whom you can place implicit confidence, and who are very wishful to be shaken hands with, and yet it cannot be done?" I can only say, that although they may be desirous of being shaken hands with, yet there is a timidity about them which they strive to conceal from themselves, but cannot from us, that prevents it: or else the affinity between us is not close enough, else it could be done.

The next part of the phenomena which I shall now proceed to explain, will be the Clairvoyant one. For persons who are subject to Spirits for clairvoyance, it requires that they shall not only be unblemished in their reputation, but their morality, both in theory and practice must be at a very high standard in our estimation: and it also requires the Spirits who operate upon them, to be from a very high sphere: for this reason,—clairvoyance being the highest manifestation which we can throw the medium into, without separating the spirit from the body altogether, and mediums when in that state being capable of visiting the ethereal worlds, in which we exist, it requires them to be of that high standard of morality so that they can enter the higher spheres of our existence. Almost any person, that could be thrown into the clairvoyant state, could visit the lower spheres; but if they have not that morality, of which I have made mention, they could not enter the higher ones. To put a medium into the clairvoyant state, simply requires the conditions mentioned; we put them into that state just the same as we put the trance mediums; but after a medium has been in the clairvoyant state a good many times, he has the privilege of throwing himself into it, at any time when he finds it agreeable.

Now I would recommend all mediums to strive and get to be clairvoyants, it is a privilege of inestimable value. You know the conditions on which it can be done. Let me entreat all mediums to endeavour and try if possible to reach that state. Only let your minds rest a moment, on the advantages that are to be reaped

from a medium being clairvoyant: think for a moment of the great privilege it confers, when a person can leave the material world, and roam at large in the Spirit land, gazing with inexpressible delight upon all the new and wondrous things that are exposed to his view: think of the rapture that he would feel, when all nature is thrown open to his wondering senses. Let me therefore beg of you in the name of all that is good and great, of all that is noble, and, as you value your own happiness in the state in which you exist, and in the sphere into which you will enter after you depart from it, to strive and gain that happy goal.

The next part of the phenomena which I shall now proceed with will be inspiration. This is also very easy. We do this in the medium's sleep, though it can be done in their waking state. For instance, the medium now sitting will be able in a few minutes to tell you how inspiration is done.

(The medium was then thrown into a deep sleep for about ten minutes, when he aroused up and the table tipped out "now he will write it for you." Writing materials being then given to him he was requested to write, but he seemed astonished and replied, "what do you mean," but in about a minute he was thrown into, (what appeared to the company) a mesmerised state, and commenced writing in a very rapid manner the following sketch on "the mode of Inspiration.")

"Inspiration is done in the following manner: when a person whom we have under our influence, and whom we wish to try inspiration upon is asleep, we (when he or she is asleep) excite the organs of causality and comparison, if we wish them to demonstrate any science; but if we only wish them to give a short sketch of anything, we throw them into a dream, and by exciting the imagination so that it appears to them as if the circumstance had really occurred; but they do not know that they have been impressed, in all cases. Now the medium before you does not know that he has been impressed, nor does he know that he is writing for you, some mediums though, are conscious of it.

You will see some persons, that as they are going about their daily occupation, will have their minds impressed with certain ideas, of which they had not the remotest conception in the world. They will be impressed with the idea that something dreadful is going to happen, and it very often turns out to be true. Again, some persons while in their sleep will dream that a very dear friend or relative, who is absent and perhaps hundreds of miles distant from them, will appear and tell them, that they are departed from your sphere: not only will they tell them the place where they died at, but the day and the hour, also the disease through which they died, and it is very rare that they turn out untrue. Some people would say that does not prove the truth of Spiritualism. I answer, it does, for this reason: because I have been the means of impressing some people myself, (though we cannot at all times impress them) so that the calamity, if it is something of that nature, can be averted. What I mean by averting the calamity is this: we know that something is going to happen, say to a friend of any of you: now we know what is going to take place, and if you know of it in time, you might possibly avert it. But we cannot at all times impress you with the idea that something is going to happen, and if the idea does cross your mind, it is a great wonder if it is not looked upon as an illusion of the brain, and not worth the trouble of thinking about; and if it does turn out to be correct, it is thrown on one side as

something very strange but not worth the trouble of thinking further about.

Hundreds of cases have occurred of that description, but credence has not been given to them. There has been a time though, when a belief in inspiration was almost universal. There have been in almost all ages persons who have disbelieved the doctrine of inspiration and a future existence altogether; such people are not to be condemned if they are conscientious in their disbelief, nay some of them are very much to be admired for their moral courage, which they display in avowing it, and the consistency which they show in combating for it against the prejudices of the world.

Now I have dwelt upon the subjects of Clairvoyance and Inspiration thus long, because I consider them the two most important manifestations connected with the theory of Spiritualism.

I shall now speak of the trance state. It is a very important part of our manifestations. The trance state does not always imply that the mediums who are thrown into it, can be made speaking mediums. For instance, I cannot throw the medium now sitting into the trance state, and if I could, probably I could not make him speak; besides, speaking, although very interesting to believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism, is neither so satisfactory nor convincing as the other portions of the phenomena: for this reason, some persons can, if they have the inclination, get up and deliver an oration about something or other, and tell you they were under the impression of spirits. Now that has been done in several instances, but I am happy to state, that it has only been done by people whose moral principles have been very lax, and in no instance has anything that they have said been of that importance as to affect the truth of Spiritualism. These things are very much to be regretted by all persons of thinking minds, but we cannot help them else we would do so with the greatest pleasure.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON:

[continued from page 81.]

My instructors enquired of me whither I should next wish to go? I said that I should prefer a visit to the gardens on the South.

We descended the winding steps of the second pillar, which nearly resembled those in the first; and I was informed that the one hundred and forty-four great pillars were on the same plane. I was next conducted through the square towards the South into the gardens, and I must confess, that at first sight, I was almost bewildered, so that I fear I shall not be able to give an explanation that will convey one half, nor even a tenth part of an idea of the reality; however I will make the best of a difficult job.

My attention was first drawn towards an elevated ground, at the top of which were congregated a large number of intelligent spirits, who appeared, from where I stood to be arranged in a kind of half circle, but on closer examination I perceived that they were on the banks of what is called, the philanthropist's valley,

which is fifteen hundred cubits in diameter. In this valley there were some of the most beautiful and sweet smelling flowers, apparently of endless variety and colours.

When we arrived at the banks of the valley, I had a fair view of all things therein, and my attention was drawn towards a certain spirit, which was in the act of describing unto the by-standers, the science of correspondence in a certain plant before him, whose branches extended over a great number of other plants and flowers; and it seemed to add sweetness to all the rest, yet of itself there was nothing about it to cause one to admire it. "This" said he "reminds me of the saints in the world, who are designated the salt of the earth," and he continued in this strain for a considerable time and seemed to give much pleasure to all his hearers. Now who do you suppose this talkative person was? why none other than my old and esteemed friend, John Murgatroyd.

I asked my instructors if they would allow me to have a little conversation with my long lost friend; to which they heartily consented, saying, that they had business in the city and they must needs go and do it whilst I had a stroll with my old friend through the philanthropist valley.

They then departed and left me on the banks of the valley, as yet unseen and unexpected by Murgatroyd who was busily engaged in commenting upon the beautiful correspondences between the plant before him and the saints on the earth.

"Yes" said he "every plant that grows in this valley has some correspondence to things in the world, which with your leave I will endeavour to explain unto you." Several of the bystanders acknowledged their willingness to hear him; so he went a little further until he came to the next plant, whose branches bowed down to the ground, and its leaves were withered and dead, whilst the rest of the plants round about seemed to gather fresh life and sweetness from the branches as they lay on the ground.

"This" said he "reminds me of the victorious results of the life of a good man," and as he spoke he fixed his eyes upon me, and suddenly exclaimed "can it be! what! another of my country-men! and all alone! Is there no one to accompany thee? or hast thou been so foolish and self-willed as not to hearken unto the voice of God's ministering spirits, which are sent forth to minister, and welcome those who have become heirs of salvation? What, hast thou been so confirmed in thy own preconceived opinions, or self-derived intelligence, as to turn a deaf ear to every kind word? But how comest thou hither?"

He then turned towards the bystanders, who were wondering why he should break off in such an abrupt manner and addressed them thus:—"This is one of my old acquaintances, and with your permission I will postpone my description of the plants to some future period." He said it was always his custom, whenever he met with any of his countrymen, to welcome them as friends and brothers whatever their persuasions might be. He then left them to have a little conversation with me.

(to be continued in our next.)

orkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

I.

As the "Curtius" of your correspondent J. D., I beg leave to confirm the truth of his statements concerning what transpired at the *seance* at which I was present, as well as the subsequent verification of the prevision then manifested; the only point I have to correct in his letter is, his allegation that shortly after I myself became a medium, an announcement which is at present premature.

As your correspondent has intimated that I might be willing to continue the narrative of my subsequent experience and views concerning spirit-manifestations I shall cheerfully embrace the opportunity of doing so, in a short series of letters, should you deem them worthy of publication.

I do not know that I can relate any phenomena but such as the majority of your readers are probably already acquainted with, and I know that there are many whose experience, could they be induced to relate it, would be found more valuable and interesting; but believing that no man has a right to regard truth as his own private property, to be locked up in his strong box for exclusive use, and then buried with him in the earth; but that it is a trust to be faithfully administered, and for which he will be held to strict account, I cast my mite into the treasury, and trust that those who are richer will be impressed to "go and do likewise."

It is advisable, however, in some cases, for a clearer understanding of a writer's views and experience on any particular point, to begin a little earlier than the beginning, to learn a little of his antecedents, so far at least as is necessary to understand his original stand-point of observation, and the side from which he has approached the subject: if we do this in the present instance we shall perhaps realise the truth of the old proverb, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

And this consideration leads me so far to anticipate what I had to say, as to caution all who believe in the Spirit-manifestations of our day, and especially

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young earnest converts, how they indulge in a miscellaneous indiscriminate propaganda: not to cast their pearls before those who cannot appreciate their value, but would trample them in the mire; above all, to be careful how they introduce any one to their circle-meetings without being fully persuaded that he is actuated by an adequate motive, and a desire to pursue the subject for some worthy end; those who would come for "Magic and Mystery," can be handed over to the "Wizard of the North," or some other Professor of the Black Art; those who would attend merely to ventilate their wit, can jump into the ring at Batty's and banter N. P. Widdicombe, they may be reminded that a joke and a laugh are all very well in due season, they fatten the body, and exhilarate the mind, but that there is a time and place for all things. A comic song may be a first-rate article in its way, but "Polly, won't you try me?" would hardly be considered by the most thorough-going latitudinarian an appropriate substitute for the doxology at the close of divine service; even among ourselves it would be well to cultivate a more thoughtful, earnest, reverent spirit. For want of this, I believe the communications we receive are often essentially vitiated.

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

And yet, we sometimes approach to seek communications with the spirits of the departed with as little mental preparation as if we were going to the theatre; and when they manifest their presence we can occasionally find no more important questions to ask of them than the date of our nativity, or the number of people who sat down with us to breakfast yesterday, and then we wonder that we don't receive communications of a higher order when we expect them, oblivious of the great law of spiritual affinity, of the fact that everywhere like seeks like, and that if we will play the part of simpletons, it is only a fit punishment that we should be answered according to our folly.

This absence of preparedness, this want of harmony with the proceedings to be entered upon, must be of still more frequent occurrence, and more glaringly exhibited when strangers are indiscriminately admitted; some of whom, probably, come to see the phenomena of which they have heard as being the latest novelty, the last wonder that has been imported, just as they go to see the Aztec children, or the performances of Tom Thumb. Of course all enquirers should be treated with courtesy and respect, frankly state your experience to them, reason with them, lend them books; but after you have done all this, it will still in many cases be best, both for them and for you, that they should be admitted only to the outer court of the temple.

I find, however, that I have pursued this thought so far that it has led me clean off the track, so I must pull up short, as Sam Weller did with his valentine, and begin to put the planks of my platform together in my next communication; meanwhile let this be considered as a word preliminary.

T. S.

INSTANCE OF SLOW CONVICTION.

As I have related a case of *Rapid Conviction*, it may be useful to give one of the contrary kind. It will be that of the medium, Beer. In my last I mentioned him as having gone to Australia. We have just received a letter from his wife to announce their safe arrival there. He has at once obtained employment. Mrs. B. speaks very indifferently of phrenological prospects at Sydney. This by the way.

Before I knew Beer I was acquainted with his wife,—had met her at spirit circles: she was a sister of D. O. mentioned as a medium, by Robert Owen in his latter writings. At the phrenological establishment where Elizabeth Oford was, Mr Beer presented himself to have his head examined, and Elizabeth had to write his character: she liked it, and Beer liked her, and the acquaintance thus commenced ended in marriage. I attended her professionally subsequently, and on one of my calls, heard for the first time that her husband was a medium. On speaking to him about it, he said, "I don't know anything about being a medium, I only know that all our family can get the table to rise, and then if we ask questions we can get answers, such as 'how old is Lizzy?' the table would knock out her real age; or, 'how many weeks will it be before Aunt Martha comes?' we were sure to know right. Sometimes when people did not believe us we would ask before them how many were in the room? or, how many plates were on the dresser? or such like, and it always counted the right number."

"Well, how did you account for it?"

"Oh, we thought it was electricity!"

Poor Beer! I found he could get no further than electricity; that was his grand solvent, as it is to this day with others.

One evening, finding him quietly sitting with his wife, I induced him to sit to the table. In a very little while it rose on one side. "So you think that's through your electricity?" "Yes, I do." "Would it not be curious if we could find out if there is anything else in the business? Let us suppose now, that your electricity is being used in accordance with some intelligence, then there is besides your electricity, the will of some one employing it, in accordance with the intelligence of that some one, the joint effect being the raising and keeping up of the table as we see it. Now, I will ask this question, 'If it is by the intelligence and will of some one whom we do not see that Beer's electricity is used to move the table, please let it descend and rise three several times.'"

The table was moved accordingly. I asked Beer if his own will had been at all concerned in that. "No, not at all." "Very well, then, some one invisible, having intelligence, will, and power to use your electricity, is what the world calls a spirit. Now, if it is a spirit perhaps it will, to convince you, have the kindness to communicate its name?"

The table moved again three times.

"Please move the table in the same way at every letter we are to stop at to

make the name, and we will go over the alphabet." The letters which were checked off formed the word "Cain."

"Is that your name?" "Yes."

"What Cain that killed Abel?" asked the medium. "Yes."

Some one present jocularly quoted a line of a nigger melody, "O Cain him was a wicked man." "Ah, well," said the charitable Mrs. Beer, "there may be wicked people living than even Cain was."

To this remark the table was moved twice, which was explained to the medium as meaning 'doubtful.'

Seeing that Beer looked rather uncomfortable, I said, "But perhaps it is not the identical spirit of Cain, it may be only one who is under his banner, or of the same fraternity?" "Yes."

"Not the veritable spirit of the original Cain?" "No."

"Can you tell Beer anything good for him to know?" "Yes."

"To-morrow evening?" "Yes."

"At what o'clock shall we sit?" Nine was counted by the table.

We took leave of our invisible visitors, and I took leave of Mr and Mrs. Beer.

The next time I saw him, I asked him if he had improved his opportunity? "Not I indeed," said he, "I don't want anything from your Cains, if they are anything at all, they are the wrong sort for me."

I said, "if you mend your manners, perhaps you may receive a communication from an Abel next time."

It was some months before he could be induced to sit down for that purpose, and it was on an occasion of his calling upon me. Wishing a nephew to see the table move, I prevailed on Beer to sit to it. We agreed now not to ask for the name, but for a communication, and received this:—

"Believe in heaven."

"Be pleased to let us know from whom this communication comes."

"Mother."

The mothers of all present were still in the body, except of one, to whom I said "then it must be *your* mother, Mary!" Affirmative.

I may here remark that we sat down on the occasion, full of the recollection of our "Cain," and therefore, that this telegraphed exhortation had a peculiar effect upon us. It especially affected those present who knew Mary's mother: it was, they used to think when she was on earth, a text she used to *preach* from too often. This gave our sitting a graver character than we had calculated upon, and we soon broke up. Wishing the invisible friends farewell, the table in return was moved three several times for each one of us present.

"What does that mean?" Beer asked.

"Farewell separately to each of us, at least I understand it so."

"Very strange, I can't make it out," said the medium as he went away.

"Beer does not see his way clear beyond electricity yet," said I.

I contrived, some weeks after, by some stroke of diplomacy, to get him to the

table again; but it was with some reluctance on his part. He knew he was in a mental fog, and was not willing to follow my leading out of it. He had the notion that if he could understand all about electricity he should get to the bottom of this; but, indeed, he troubled himself very little about it. At the sitting we now had, the communication telegraphed was:—

"Worm no more small jokes." This had a significance specially to myself. I had in the morning been humoring a witty friend to the top of his bent, while he talked about the spirits in *Burton's Anatomie of Melancholie*; he laughed about Burton's and declared he understood all about them, but as to these modern &c. &c.: he talked, I was amused and did not check him as I ought to have done. So when this communication was spelled out, I put the cap on my own head, and asked from whom it came?

"Lydia," was the answer.

Beer and his wife knew no Lydia; but I did,—a sister-in-law, deceased some years.

Many questions were put by us all, and answers received: these I need not relate. I pointed out to Beer that his electricity could know nothing of the incident which had been alluded to in the communication, and that he himself had said that he knew nothing of the name of Lydia. "Yes," said he, "but you did." I saw that my medium begun now to have a glimmering of the doctrine of "transmitted impressions;" wishing to save that school from a new disciple, I would willingly have addressed myself to demonstrating the fallacy of that doctrine as here applied, but was prevented by his indifference and my own engagements.

One day when I had to call, his wife said, "we must not ask Beer to sit again, he is quite put out; the other night while we were at tea, the table was moved without our looking for it: I asked what the spirit had to communicate; and the answer by the alphabet was, that his brother at sea had died: he wrote home to know how they all are, and instead of being dead, he's come home, and is quite well."

Perhaps this was intended to prove to him, by some invisible friend, the fallacy of the notion of "transmitted impressions." After this I did not ask him to sit at all until he came to me to sign his emigration paper, when I did for my friend Curtius' sake, and the particulars of which sitting I related in my last.

Whatever impatience I may have felt with friends at times at not comprehending the fact of Spirit-agency, such impatience I feel no more, after my experience with Beer,—himself a medium.

I entitled my first narrative an Instance of Rapid Conviction,—I think I had reason in designating this one of Slow Conviction, for Beer did ultimately become convinced, by the remarkable coincidences and results of the sitting related in the instance of 'Telegraphic Prevision, which you have thought worthy to be printed.

In my next I may give some outline of how I myself was convinced.

Nov. LONDON.

J. D.

Correspondence.

PECKHAM, LONDON, 28th October, 1856.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

I enclose a copy of the last Spirit drawing my hand has made—its history is as follows:—

I was on a visit to the Isle of Man, at the early part of this month. I there spoke about Spirit power, and two friends and self sat at a table, and all three were much under Spirit influence. Attached to the house was a garden or piece of ground, and as incidentally during the day I had said "your garden wants putting in order," at the circle, I thought, "what shall I ask our spirit friends to do"—the garden came into my mind, and I asked "Will our Spirit friend draw a plan for the garden opposite." I got paper and pencil, and at once, say in two minutes, a plan like No. 2, was sketched off, I using no mind—no thought—but my hand, under unseen influence, floated along the paper leaving the pencilled lines. I have drawn the plan of the original garden so that at sight the difference may be seen.

The Spirit plan has been much admired, and I think would look unique among the other gardens on the No. 1 plan.

I have, by Spirit influence using my hand, drawn several plans, &c. which have been greatly admired, and on getting one of them done, the gardener said "Well, I have seen over 200 plans of gardens in my time, but never saw one like this—who planned it?" I avoided the question, and for a good reason I could not answer it.

Many may say, "How absurd to suppose that Spirits are not better employed than in moving a man's hand to draw the plan of a garden." My answer is, it is not the garden plan we are to look at, it is the mighty—the glorious fact proved to us that we are under Spirit guidance—that the minute affairs of our life are parts of the whole of the "ministering angels'" oversight, and beautifully chimes in with the Bible statement, that the very "hairs of our head are numbered."

I am yours truly,

J. JONES.

[The drawing referred to may be seen in the window of our publisher.—Ed.]

14, York Place, Barnsbury, Oct. 24th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

Seeing the name of Dr. Hardinge in your paper together with some wonderful cures he has effected, I beg leave to say, I feel it my duty to testify to the efficacy of his treatment of disease, under spiritual teaching.

I have a daughter who was afflicted with Epilepsy for two years. The day I called in Dr. H. to her, she had had six violent attacks. He seemed to understand the cause

of her affliction, and with much kindness assured us, that he firmly believed he should be used as the instrument in the hands of God to free my child from *the evil influence* (to use his own words) which was upon her.

He read and prayed with my daughter that day, which was the 15th Sept. 1855, and did the same every day, besides attending to her bodily health, for three weeks. From that time, (the first day the Dr. attended) my child has never had a fit; and although she is only 14 years of age, she gets her own livelihood as a domestic servant.

I am acquainted with a similar case to the above of three years' standing, which was treated at the same time, *with equal success*.

Another case I will lay before you, being that of my daughter Sarah, whom Dr. Har- dinge was called to attend in the month of Dec. 1855. She was seized with very violent inflammation of the bowels, and as she was living with a married sister, away from home, a neighbouring medical man was called in. After attending to her for three days, he gave her up, assuring her sister she could not live more than six hours: that it was impossible for her to recover. I was then summoned to remain with her for those last few hours, and when told what the medical man had said, I sent immediately for Dr. H., believing and hoping he might yet save her. I am thankful to say his labors were blessed in her case also: she got quite well in a few days. She is 17 years old and is in service also.

I trust, Sir, you will pardon me for sending these accounts, but seeing other cases put before the world I send these with the hope that they may meet the eye of some anxious mother, or some suffering creature who, like my children, have perhaps been either given up to die almost directly, or be afflicted with some dire disease for life, by other medical gentlemen, who may not understand the disease under which they may be laboring.

Trusting your valuable paper, filled with *truth from our own country especially*, may make its way through the world, and be the means of doing much good among men,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. CHALKLEY.

[We must rely upon our friends in different parts of the country for interesting matter for our pages. All cases of cure that have reached us with a view to being made public, have been inserted, and we trust they will lead our friends to make a practical use of those gifts which certain mediums possess.

Mesmerism might, and ought to be used in numerous cases, instead of so many drugs.—Ed.]



SPIRIT POWER IN LANGUAGES.—A gentleman from Newark informed us the other day that at a private circle, a medium who was entirely unacquainted with language beyond her own vernacular, was controlled to write a communication in the French language, much of which was connected and intelligible.

On another occasion our informant, while communicating with a spirit relative was directed to offer a gift, without explanation as to what was meant by it. When asked for an explanation he was informed that a prayer was meant. "For whom?" "*Omnia personæ, rien mais* your prayer" was the answer. "Why do you mix foreign words in that way?" "Because you are in the habit of quoting expressions from those languages." This to the narrator, was a satisfactory test of the presence of a friend who was acquainted with his peculiar habit.—*Spiritual Messenger*.

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE IX.

BLESSED be Eloah, red rises the dawn of Heaven upon the earth, for Associativity is the ninth state of society!

Monopolism has taught the lesson to the many that they can combine as well as can the few.

For are not five shillings a crown and twenty shillings a pound, and is there aught of difference between the four crowns and the pound except in the share thereof?

And if five can combine, why not twenty? and if an hundred, why not a thousand?

And although the returns be less so also are the ventures; and foolish would he be who because he could not obtain a sovereign, should refuse a florin.

For by little added to little much is made; and the single stick shall break, but the bundle of sticks not be broken.

And even so is the monopoly of the few being succeeded by the association of the many.

And the many combine to buy their own wheat and grind their own flour.

And they unite together to build their own halls and to demand their own rights.

And they meet to enlighten each other and they leave the synagogues where all knowledge is monopolized by one.

And they call the Sunday the People's Day, because therein they gain rest and knowledge and power.

And their watchwords are Intelligence and Co-operation, Peace and Union, Love and Brotherhood.

Such is Associativity, the ninth state of society now developing—the dawn of the day!

And behold there arises with it, a church—a true church—a holy church! at first invisible like a seed beneath the ground, then witnessing as a confessor and prophecying as an apostle.

And one says, where is it? and another, where is it? but it is and they cannot find it, who seek the young child to destroy it.

For they who should find it are guided by a star in the heavens, which shines from the way of the east.

And all its people are priests and each of them has a new name written in the book of life, and all of them are anointed ones and they pay tribute to the treasury of the king of heaven.

And gifts and graces are granted them from on high, and the ministration of angels, and their men prophecy and their women see visions.

And to them is given, the gift of the discernment of spirits, the power of the laying on of hands, the gift of the healing of diseases.

And they see angels and hear voices and they talk with the departed and their spirits elevate their bodies.

And they know of Jesus that he formed the church as a community, even as a brotherhood and as a sisterhood under the kingdom of God, even in the communion of works and in the communion of goods.

And they grieve for the poor and for those who have no labor, nor food, nor lodging; and they say that the church of the Anointed should organize industry and distribute subsistence, that it should employ the people and that none should lack.

And they tell that the Comforter is come unto them, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the Anointed promised should come to lead unto all truth; and that he will constitute the church as at the beginning and lead it unto further progress, even unto the kingdom of heaven.

And lo, I lift mine eyes on high and behold the future of earth and of the heavens, and take up the prophecy of the ages, and bless Eloah that he hath given me a pen to write unto men of that which shall be.

The following communication has been forwarded to us, by our friend Mr S. Goode, of Hinckley;—

QUESTION,—Why is there a Spirit World?

ANSWER,—Because we need one.

When on earth I was a good living man,—not a religious one. I did not think about another world. Why should I be sent to hell as people supposed me to be? Had I done anything to send me there? No. Had I done anything to go to heaven? No. Then what must become of me? Why, I was sent into the world of spirits there to be taught that there was a living God, and to learn those things which I did not learn when on earth, such as learning to worship God and to look on him as my Father and Preserver; which I neglected while on earth. Those were the first things I was taught when I entered the Spirit world. I was by myself for a time and really thought I was not dead, when I saw some of my friends that died some years before me. They were true believers in God, and often had tried to make a convert of me but never could. When I saw them it made me shudder for the whole truth of a future state came to me, and they said

"You see you are wrong brother, will you be guided by us now?" and they began to tell me what I had done wrong in the world, and they led me to a beautiful garden and left me all at once, and there I strolled about as I pleased with some like myself, till there came a change in my mind as to a God, and I was instructed till I had become a believer, and all my prejudices taken away from me, and I kept losing my evils which I had when I entered the Spirit world. I was in the fifth sphere and fourth circle when I first entered the Spirit world. I have progressed since then to the first heaven. Would any true disciples of Christ have sent me to hell? I think you could not. You could not have sent me to heaven, could you? Then where must I go to, if not to either of those places? Why, I must go to the world of spirits, or else to one of my Father's mansions which he is gone to prepare for me. It is not your prayers that will save you, you must do good works with them. Without the love for your neighbor your prayers are false, and you will be judged by your works and not by your fashionable prayers.

Take heed, for the time is not far off when you shall tremble at your own foul works.

Another Communication by the same Spirit:

To love thy neighbour is what every human creature should do. To love thy neighbor is to love thyself and to love thy God; because God loves all, and all should love God, for loving God and thy neighbour is the true love which is in heaven. To go to heaven you must do both; if not you must enter the world of Spirits to have that taught you, for that you must learn before you can enjoy eternal bliss. If you can love God and your neighbor, you can do the rest; for when you can do those things you should do all good, because all good comes from love of goodness. I say with those qualities you can do any thing for your mind will be led that way; you cannot do any crime, for the love of goodness takes all those evils away.

If your ruling love be for yourself I hope it may soon be banished away.

Teach your children to love goodness while they are young. Let not your spirits be cast down for there is a place prepared for thee. Hold that which is good, and send that which is not good and truthful away from you.

[The spirit did not give its name, but it promised to do so at another time.]

A COMMUNICATION FROM A GROUP OF SPIRITS.

In answer to the question, "Can the group give us something of a scientific nature that will convince sceptics?"—

We shall be glad to furnish such evidence as will satisfy the most obstinate when the conditions are sufficiently favorable, but it is difficult to give the most simple sentences in the present crude state of mediumship.

There have been many attempts to do so; yet in most cases it has been a failure, and has done a great deal to create the very thing it was intended to uproot.

Past experience will satisfy you that in proportion as you have become susceptible, just in proportion have your communications improved. Scepticism will not be easily overcome. What some men think undeniable proof, others regard as utopian nonsense.

The work is in safe hands, with wisdom to act for the prosperity of our cause,

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 103.]

I related to him what was said to me on faith alone. He said he hoped that I had heard it to good advantage, "for," said he, "there are many of our countrymen who turn a deaf ear to every kind of argument which can be advanced for their special benefit; but it gives me pleasure to know that thou hast acted wisely. Now we will have a stroll through these beautiful gardens, as it will add to our happiness whilst we enjoy each other's company."

We then walked leisurely round the borders of the valley, which was ingeniously arranged in beds and walks, and which were formed into circles, semi-circles, ovals, squares, and triangles, and every other shape which art could contrive.

There were trees bearing all manner of fruit, and plants bearing flowers of every variety of color; and there was one particular plant in the centre of a circular bed which attracted my attention because of its wondrous construction and beauty. A brief description may give you a faint idea of all the rest.

The trunk of the plant was three cubits in diameter and nine cubits high, and from the top of the stem projected twelve kinds of roses; one of which was of a gold and purple colour, and on the top was a short stem bearing a kind of soft and silky ringlets of twelve different colors. At the end of each ringlet was something resembling a sweet nut. Another kind was of a pure white with blue, green, yellow, and purple ringlets, which were suspended from its border, and from the top of each of these was a bunch of what seemed like rich grapes, some white, some green and others quite ripe. Another kind was of a three-fold character, being three kinds of roses projecting from one stalk, each being surrounded with something of a silky dawn of seed, green, yellow and white, which was long enough to admit of being platted into a garland to entwine around its own stalk, and which gave it a very beautiful appearance. Another kind was of a very light red, which was the exact shape of an acorn, and which appeared about the size of a swan's egg. These were the least upon the whole plant, and gave by far the sweetest scent, and was almost hid by the leaves around them. Another kind was, as near as I can tell, in the shape of an ear of Indian wheat,

and from every seed grew, or projected curved elastic strings, and at the end of these strings were bell-shaped knobs, the lowermost of which were jet black, and grew lighter and lighter until they came to the top, which was of a pure white, besides these there was a large bell-shaped covering, of a dark purple, with stripes of white, black and velvet from the edge to the crown. Another kind, was the shape of an English pear, with a covering of crimson and green, with silvery strings bending downwards in a globular shape, so as to form a kind of cage. Another kind, had a very curious appearance, and were formed of shelves about the size and shape of cymbals placed one above the other, twelve in number, and separate from each other, with a stalk through the centre, and around the edges of the shelves hung little white drops, in continual motion.

The next kind which grew near to these were nearly of the same size and shape, but of different colours and with a large white covering, with black and white drops hanging from the edges of the cover and shelves, which were also in continual motion.

The remaining four, which were of a globular form, were black, white, red, and yellow, and from the top of each grew a sharp two-edged sword, which were set in array against every other flower on the plants.

Underneath the plant and from the borders of the bed, ran four different colors of ivy which extended around the trunk and branches of the plant, and which gave it a brilliant appearance.

(to be continued in our next.)

—o—

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN Mr. F. AND THE SPIRIT OF F. O'CONNOR.

Mr. F. Would O'Connor like to return to this earth?

Ans. I would gladly lay down all my heavenly treasure and walk and talk in the flesh, if I could be the means of forwarding the six points of the Charter, or, of completing my plans in the Land Scheme; but for anything else I would rather be excused.

Mr. F. Does the Soul continue to progress in happiness?

Ans. Yes.

Mr. F. As far as your knowledge goes, is there misery in the Spirit-world?

Ans. What misery there is, was the free choice of those who bear it.

Mr. F. Are the powers of man increased in the future state?

Ans. Yes.

Mr. F. Has O'Connor the power to visit other planets?

Ans. Yes.

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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EMBODIED AND DISEMBODIED.

To the different theological views of the writers of articles on Spirit-manifestations I pay as little attention, as to those of Special Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Unitarians, Church, &c. From all I try to extract the kernel and throw away the shell. The point with me is,—do Spirits *now* communicate with man by visible signs? if so, give the proof. The same divine energy rules the world as it did eighteen hundred years ago—the population of the world is greater than at that time, and there is an equal disregard of spiritual subjects; there is, therefore, more need of the stray, fitful, or grovelling intellects of men receiving a *shock* by the disturbance of the laws of gravitation, than at any previous period. There never was a better time for Spirit-power manifestations; because the newspaper and periodical press stream out there tens of thousands of copies daily, and, so far as the power of the English language goes, freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom of views, is the birthright of all. I say therefore, as the misplacement of a comma in written language, leads to the misapprehension of a writer's thoughts, and as educational bias often tinges a man's mind in the reception of knowledge; let each communication be taken as the produce of a *finite* mind, and valued accordingly.

The same applies to Spirit communications, and as there are STARS of intellectual power in the Spirit world of various magnitudes, you may occasionally have one of the lesser stars shining at your circles through a medium who is rather foggy in power,—therefore do not bow your neck to the yoke of *any* communication unless it shines clear in the atmosphere of "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly,"—a trinity of essences as necessary in the moral world, as the trinity of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is necessary for our atmosphere in the physical world.

THE YORKSHIRE SPIRIT POWER.

"I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed."—WATTS.

Look at that little boy, with earnest upturned face, gazing into the eyes of his mother,—mother dear, do angels *really* guard me while I sleep? The heard "yes" buries itself deep in the mind of the listener, and amid the turmoil, temptation, sorrow, and joy of after life, the yes rings out clear, and reverbrates in the dome of memory while earth life lasts.

Yes, my boy, I know that angelic beings are often around us, watching over us—guiding us.

I know, that these angelic beings were, at one time, human like us.

I know, your loved father—brother—sister—is often near you—in the same room with you—with me, though unseen—and will be, God willing, till we are disembodied spirits too.

And if that mother were asked, why she spoke so firmly, her answer would be plain and simple; before long I may, perhaps, send it.

PREMONITION.

Being on a visit to my mother's last month, and talking about the Spirit-power manifestations I had seen—she called to my remembrance an incident which happened during the fatal illness of my first child, some 19 years ago, as follows:—

"Having heard of the illness of Susannah—one evening when your father, brother, and servant were out—I was at this table kneeling and praying that the child's life might be spared; when there came as if the slash of a switch or rod so loud upon the table as caused me to jump on to my feet with fear—but I saw no one—I then knew what was to follow."

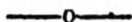
MOVEMENT WITHOUT CONTACT.

Mrs. R. and son were sitting in their room about half-past five o'clock, on Tuesday, the 14th of October, 1856. They hearing a noise, turned and saw a low flower stand rocking from side to side without any visible cause. At the fourth rock after seeing it, the stand stopt suddenly. The son, surprised, went up to the stand, but found nothing to cause the rocking they had witnessed. They also

heard rappings on the floor. Shortly after, a friend came in, and on telling the incident, a question was put and it was answered by rappings.

Mrs. R. states, that at the time she was thinking about Spirit influence.

[We are indebted for all the four preceding articles to our friend Mr Jones, of Peckham, which we have no doubt will be interesting to many.—Ed.]



MANIFESTATIONS IN NEW JERSEY.

(From the New York Spiritual Telegraph.)



BURLINGTON COUNTY. N. J.,

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

THE following wonderful manifestations occurred in my house at this place, which if you see proper, you may insert in your interesting journal; and if any of your readers can explain them on any natrnl or scientific principles, I will guarantee to pay his expenses from the most remote part of the world to New York, where it shall be satisfactorily explained and the funds handed over.

They occurred on four separate evenings. The first of the four evenings alluded to, my wife, daughter and a gentleman on a visit, with myself, sat down to tea as usual, when suddenly the table began to jar and move in a strange way, and in a few seconds raised up at one end and came down violently, spilling tea from our cups, etc. The conclusion by some of us was that the Spirits were manifesting their presence in a more than usual manner for the benefit of our visiting friend, who by the way, was an unbeliever in spiritual manifestations. After tea we were told to put out the lights and take hold of hands. We did so, and our friend held the hand of the medium, when the following phenomena took place, which to all of us were most extraordinary. I give only a portion, without regard to any particular evening.

The table, which is six feet six inches by three feet six inches, with the leaves up, is of solid mahogany, with a drawer in the end, and is unusually heavy for its size. It was moved up several inches and held some time, and at my request the Spirits raised one end and I the other, holding it several seconds without any one touching it except myself at one end. This subsequently had been done in the light. I asked if the Spirits would show us the lights often spoken of by Spiritualists; the reply was "Perhaps." We waited a few minutes, and to our great surprise a number of brilliant little balls appeared about the size of a pea, one of which appeared to be fixed on the forehead of my daughter, remaining there several minutes. All of us put our hands successively on the spot, but could feel nothing. Still the light remained. They also showed to each of us distinctly and repeatedly what appeared to be a human hand illuminated, opening and closing the fingers, and which all of us agreed to be a hand, especially our

unbelieving friend, who was repeatedly slapped in a gentle manner on the side of his face with this hand, and all of us seeing distinctly its motions to and from his face as it repeated the blows. An invisible hand also repeatedly took him by the hair, and in one or two instances brought his head down to the table, whilst they were holding each other's hands. The lights and slapping the face have been repeated several times, our visitor holding the medium's hands.

Next I enquired if they could play on an accordeon (the only instrument in the house.) The reply was "Perhaps;" so we placed it on the table, and in a few minutes it was moved about, and soon several notes were sounded, (we still holding hands.) A small whistle was then laid on the table with a request that it should be blown, when in a few seconds it was placed in the mouth of our friend, who blew it "loud and shrill." He acknowledges that none of us could place it so directly in his mouth in the dark, even if our hands had been at liberty. I asked the favor to place it in my mouth, which was done as exactly as if it had been noon-day, without even a perceptible variation of an hair's breadth from being exactly in the centre of my mouth. Our friend sitting on my left tried to place it in my mouth in the dark, but he fetched up on my collar bone. I tried on him and came nearer his ear than his mouth. The whistle was then blown without being touched by any of us, and thrown on the floor, whence it was placed on the table without the assistance of any one present.

Having shown us a hand illuminated, they next showed us, quite as distinctly an opaque human hand, which passed between us and the window, and was seen also by all, and which was passed gently over the face of our friend, and which he describes as rather peculiar, having an unnatural feeling. At another time the drawer of the table was shoved out and in several times, and several pieces of paper thrown out of it, on the table, one of which was thrust into the hand of our friend who embraced this opportunity to detect any deception, if such existed when, as he describes it, he found "a hand suspended on nothing." All of us felt the touch of the hand, and some of us several times.

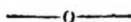
On one of the evenings alluded to, we took our seats around a smaller table, all of us with our hands on the top of the table, when the table was repeatedly raised from ten to fourteen inches, and in one or two instances was kept suspended several seconds, with our hands still on the top.

After these manifestations, many of which were repeated, and others not recorded, I asked our friend what he thought of it. His reply was, "John I believe, help my unbelief."

Both our names are herewith given you as a guarantee of the truth of the above.

Yours, etc.

J. C.



MANY religions have their sacred books. The Koran of Mohammed, the Shaster of the Hindoos, the Zend Avesta of the Medes and Persians, and the Bible of the Jews and Christians, may be considered the very much mistaken authority of each. Nature alone is our best book—obedience to her laws our best practice. All true written laws are founded in nature. They are God's will founded in nature.—N. Y. *Spiritual Telegraph*.

THE INFANT MAGNET,

(From the Manchester Examiner & Times.)

UNDER this title, a girl, a little over eleven years of age, commences to-day (Nov. 10, 1856,) giving public exhibitions of her performances at the Mechanics' Institution, Cooper-street. She is represented as "possessing the hitherto undiscovered power of moving heavy irons, weights, chairs, tables, &c., by animal magnetism." She comes hither from Liverpool, and the accounts of her performances, which have appeared in several of the Liverpool papers, evince a susceptibility of the miraculous, and a readiness to ascribe her feats to "animal magnetism" which we think few in this city will be inclined to indorse. On Saturday, our reporter, with several medical and other gentlemen, were witness to some efforts by this fine, strong, and healthy-looking girl. Amongst other tests, two irons for pressing cloth, weighing respectively 17lbs and 23lbs, were placed before her upon a table; by firmly resting her fingers and palms of her hands upon the handles of these, she could, with ease and rapidity, draw them over end towards her; and, by pushing them back, repeat the operation any number of times. The most powerful persons present attempted to do the same, but none could imitate the movement. It is at this point that "animal magnetism" is brought in as an explanation; just as any peculiarity in the seasons is ascribed to "the precession of the equinoxes." The girl is found to have her muscles exceedingly well developed; and this, with a considerable amount of nervous energy, and great mental concentration, combined with sufficient practice, will, we think, account for all she accomplishes. It is certainly somewhat strange to behold a young girl performing a feat of muscular power which a strong man cannot equal, and no doubt many of our fellow-citizens will be induced to see the "Infant Magnet" for themselves.

Correspondence.

EARLY EXPERIENCE OF AN OBSERVER.

SPIRIT-AGENCY IN A MAGNETIC CURE.

To the Editor of the Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph.

SIR,

I address you in compliance with your invitation to those who are investigating the subject of Spirit Manifestations, to send an account of facts they have witnessed.

I have steadily pursued the investigation for nearly four years, with the intention that if I found it to be a delusion or error, I would use all my endeavours to put it down; and if a truth, to uphold it.

I here send you a slight sketch of my earliest experience, which if you consider suitable for the *Telegraph*, I shall have much pleasure in continuing.

I would premise that about ten years ago, I attended some lectures on animal magnetism, where I witnessed some extraordinary phenomena presented by persons when put into what was called the magnetic sleep. Having seen many performances of Legerdemain I thought there might be something of the kind mixed up with this so-called animal magnetism. I was not convinced till I had tried my hand at it. My second attempt proved successful. A friend and relative whom I thus succeeded in magnetizing, became subsequently an excellent clairvoyante. Having satisfied my mind by experiment, that the magnetic sleep was not a delusion, I one evening attended a lecture given by Mr Stone, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in which he introduced the subject of Spirit Manifestations, as they were occurring in America. Although I had witnessed very extraordinary facts in the magnetic sleep, I was not prepared to admit such a theory as this, as I never could imagine that immaterial beings or existences could by any possibility move material bodies; indeed I had always considered those persons who believed in apparitions to be either under a delusion, or labouring under temporary mental disorder. I therefore could not restrain my laughter on this occasion, in which I was joined by many of the audience. However I had shortly after an opportunity of investigating the subject, at some private *seances*, where the table was moved and tilted, and written communications given in answer to questions put by various persons, as well as myself. I was not able by the strictest scrutiny to detect any trickery, neither could I account for how it was done: nevertheless I doubted. In this uncertainty I determined to adopt the same method of investigation I had pursued with animal magnetism, with my friend before alluded to. We sat several times from half an hour to an hour and a half at a time, with our hands placed on the table, without the least sign of any movement, or any other manifestation.

At this period I occasionally attended private *seances* held at Mr Hardinge's, who then resided in Duke St. Manchester Square, where I had an opportunity of witnessing the phenomena of table tilting, writing, &c., through a highly developed medium: the rapidity with which the communications were written through her hand was truly astonishing. One evening when I called on Mr H. the medium informed us that it had been lightning. I replied that she must have been mistaken, as there were no signs of electricity at that time. Mr H., who had just returned home, also observed that she must have been mistaken: however we could not convince her. In the course of the evening we sat round the table, to receive answers to questions by the movements. Unexpectedly we received a written communication, alluding to our recent conversation with the medium, directing her that whenever she saw this flash of light, (which she had mistaken for atmospheric lightning,) she should immediately take the pencil and paper, as it was the Spirits' sign, to inform her that they had something to communicate by writing. This sign is used by the Spirits to this time; if she attends to it, a written communication always follows.

My friend and I used to sit alone, but some weeks passed without result. When at length, one evening, on my return from Mr H's. and while reading from a book he had lent me, my friend exclaimed, that she had just seen a flash of light cross me. Had I not remembered what had occurred at Mr H's. I should have paid little attention to this, and have concluded that it was imaginary. Willing to test it, I immediately placed paper before her and a pencil in her hand, when to my surprise, the following communication was written:—

"When one loves as thou hast, thou shalt see a part of my kingdom. It is for thy good that I now write, and I will give thee my heavenly blessing. Go on as thou doest, and I will follow and protect thee all the days of thy life; and when I take thee hence, I will give thee a part in my realms. Do let me impress on thy mind the truth. Thou shalt be one of my children; thou hast erred and strayed from my ways, but I am still by thee. It is thy Saviour."

Another communication was written the same night, after she had retired to rest. Being aware that she had written something she got a light and read it over. On getting up the next morning she was about to throw it into the fire, and intended not to mention anything of it, but felt as if something prevented her. It was as follows:—

"Thou hast desired to know much; I will grant it to thee as far as I think fit, as one of my own children. Thou art greatly privileged. I would not have thee cast down; trust on and all will be well with thee. Let all thy prayers be as they have hitherto been, and thou shalt have thy just reward: let none of those fears disturb thy rest, but trust in God and He will always accept so humble a prayer."

Three days after this I called on Mr Hardinge. A circle was formed consisting of 5 persons. A stranger was present who asked several questions respecting a deceased relative. Whilst Mr H's. medium was writing a communication, my friend, who was sitting near me, asked if I did not see a luminous hand, over that of the medium, as if guiding it? I could not. She appealed to the rest of the circle, none of whom however, saw it, at which she expressed her great surprise. She described minutely the appearance and position of this hand, and observed that the movements of the medium's hand whilst writing corresponded exactly with those of the luminous hand. After witnessing many other curious phenomena, I now began to think there was something more in it than delusion. As a further test, an opportunity occurred connected with magnetism, which I will here relate.

On the 7th Aug. 1853, I dined with a friend at Holloway, near London. There were eight persons present. Of the party were Dr. B. a physician, a Rev. Mr R., and Miss P., a young lady then on a visit. This young lady had recently had a severe attack of *Tic Doloieux*, for which she had had six or seven teeth extracted fruitlessly; she appeared to be tolerably well on this day, with the exception of complaining of pains in the knee. Nothing particular occurred till after supper. We were all engaged in conversation when suddenly she appeared to be ill, and left the room accompanied with one of my friend's daughters, who soon returned to tell us that Miss P. was on the floor, insensible. Dr. B. and the ladies went

to render her assistance. The Doctor soon returned to the supper room and informed us that she was in a Trance and would probably remain so for some hours. On my enquiring soon after of the lady of the house how she was, she asked me if I would like to see her: I did so, and found her still unconscious, but agitated. I made magnetic passes over her which quieted her, but whenever I ceased the agitation returned. Presently Dr. B. came in again, and employed some medicinal remedies to restore her but without effect. He left the room again, repeating that she would remain in that state for some hours. I then repeated the passes which again tranquilized her. Dr. B. who has a contempt for magnetism, came in again, presently, forced open her eyelids, which were then closed, and said with a sneer, "you may try mesmerism as much as you like," turned on his heel and went away. Soon after Miss P. recovered her consciousness and walked up stairs to her room. I then returned home. The next evening I called to see her, and after making a few passes over her, and holding one of her hands for a few minutes, she went into the magnetic sleep.

Before I left home this morning, a thought occurred to me that if the communications came from Spirits, it was not improbable that cures I had heard of by mesmerism might be attributed to the same agency. I had therefore requested my medium to take the pencil, and having placed paper before her, a communication was written, of which the following is a portion:—

"Spirits above are pure in thought. You must keep your mind pure as you read of that blessed Saviour who died to save man. He will lead you through all those difficult paths which now seem so narrow to your view. He will direct you to cure all who are in any way afflicted, or distressed in mind or body. He will lead you by careful investigation. . . . Go on in the same way, all is well with you. Go to the afflicted one; you will be able to do to the utmost of your wishes. Instil into her mind the love of truth. . . . So hope on, and God will bless you. Amen.

Signed, W. W.

& PHRENO."

Wishing, as I have said, to ascertain how far magnetic cures were the effect of the same agency that produced the manifestations and communications, I now asked the young lady, whilst in the magnetic sleep, if she saw any one near me? She answered No! On asking her to look again, she stated that a tall handsome lady in white was approaching, surrounded by a bright cloud. I requested she would speak to her. She then said the lady turned and went away, but that she would come again, but not that night. Soon after I awoke her and left. That night, another communication was written through the hand of my medium. I only insert part of it.

"Do not fear Him that will invite thee to come unto His throne, for He is all Love. He is ever ready to keep thee in the right way. Thou art always doubting; but being full of love to thy heavenly parent, He will at all times grant thee His will; and when combined with good works, it will ever be a blessing to your minds. Remember, when I write it is from the power I have given me to impart knowledge. You want to know through me how to cure the afflicted and dis-

tressed, but you both want more of *that* great Truth instilled into your minds. You are anxious to serve. . . . Let your work continue, and when you see you have done right, kneel down and bless your God."

The next evening I went and magnetised Miss P. She was again better; scarcely any pain remained. When in the magnetic sleep she said she saw the lady in white; conversed with her, but would not tell us what she said to her. Told us the lady was her guardian angel, and that she had left the body two years.

Having asked when in the magnetic state, if she would have any return of Tic Douloureux, she said she should have one on Monday, the 15th Aug. and also on the 21st, but that they would be slight; and she had the attacks as predicted. I magnetised her, three or four times after this, and in a week she was restored to health.

The peculiar facts of this case induced me to think that there was some connection between the subjects of Magnetism and Spiritism. H. B.

Notices of Publications.

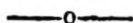
LECTURES ON MESMERISM, by J. W. Jackson. Bailliere, London. 2nd Edition, 1876.

This excellent little work, we can heartily commend to our readers. It is not only written in a good literary style, but evidently composed by one well versed in the science and well practiced in the art of its subject. It contains six lectures treating upon the History of Mesmerism, the description and explanation of its phenomena, its remedial agency and connection with religion and the moral duties. It is particularly rich in historic allusion to the Vital Magnetism of ancient time, and removes the ceremonial veil with which it was then shrouded. In this relation also, our author thus writes—

"Among the more recent revivals of popular superstition, under something approaching the form of science, by which the present age is beginning to be distinguished, we may mention the spirit rapping in America. This is ancient magic, with its necromantic spells, its supersensuous knowledge, and its motor power exerted without contact. Originating in the far west of modern civilization, this 'phases of faith' may be considered as outraged humanity's appeal against the degrading despotism of matter of fact. It is the reaction of our moral and ideal nature against the tyranny of materialism, utilitarianism and dollars, carried to a point no longer endurable by a people possessing souls. Like all reactions its excess is proportioned to that of the evil which it is intended to correct. Its media are ecstasies whose apparently preternatural knowledge is due to clairvoyance, with its post and prevision, its thought reading and intuition, its gift of tongues, and all but universal cognition of events and things. The ability of these per-

sons to produce phenomena transcending the range of facts recognised by existing science, is established beyond question."

The contact to our views, in this testimony is greater than the contrast, and as such we accept it, without further remark.



Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE X.

Behold I prophecy—the tenth state of society shall be called Communization!

Even as Pastoralism and Tribism caused Barbarization and organized the nations; even as Feudality and Municipalism led to Civilization and balanced the nations; even so shall Monopolism and Associativity lead to Communization and prepare for the universal community of Humanity.

And Communization is the Commonwealth of Mankind—the republic of all inhabitants terrestrial, one and universal.

And the conditions of its foundation are that all shall produce in common and that all shall share in common.

And this is the Great Day for all the earth as spoken of from the prophets, when the sun of heaven, as from the height of noon, shall shine on all the earth, with equal glory.

And in that day shall all acknowledge, that the earth and the heavens are God's alone, that his they are who made them, and he is the only Lord thereof.

And the earth as it revolveth around the sun, shall turn itself unto Eloah and sing—I am Thine! and all the stars shall join together and sing—We are Thine!

And the suns shall sing—Thine are we! and the heavenly spheres shall sing—We are Thine! and all the heaven of heavens shall be full of the great sound.

And the starry earths that are then still dark and dim shall wonder at the sound, and their prophets shall say: We have heard the hosts of heaven singing.

And the Lord shall embrace his Beautiful, his Spouse, the Lady, Nature, the Queen of Heaven! and new worlds shall be born on that day.

And every hour of that day shall increase in glory and its hours shall be twenty four, for there shall be no night and the hours shall mingle in larger lustre, and the days of the Lord be known as a thousand years.

And all things shall acknowledge Eloah their Lord, even in the first hour of that day; the mountains and the valleys and the plains, the forests and the fields and the wastes; they shall know whose they are and that he hath given them in common unto the children of men.

And all human kind shall acknowledge that God is the only Sovereign of the earth and heaven, that Eloah is the only Lord of land and sea.

And they shall say: They are not Mine—they are not Thine, but they are His; and they shall bow their heads unto the ground.

And they shall say: They are not even Ours, except as He has given them for our use and as his Holy Spirit hath directed us to share their use in communion together.

And all shall bless the Lord and this shall be the voice of their blessing: Blessed be God over all: love on earth and blessedness in the heavens!

And the word cometh, Blow the trumpet, even unto the four ends of the earth;

And say unto the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, Behold the day is at hand!

Assemble yourselves therefore together and build ye houses of the Lord and let his name be on them and his power within them and live ye together therein, beneath the protection of his arm, for the present world shall be destroyed.

And angels and archangels say, Amen and Amen!

And ye that read these things, pray for understanding, and know also that all things shall become new, even as shall be revealed.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 120.]

This is a very brief description of one of the many thousands of plants which decorate the borders of the philanthropists valley; but if I was to give you a description of the whole it would fill a great many volumes.

After we had traversed around and beheld the beauties of the borders, we came to the most imposing sight in all the valley, and though a description of this gigantic fountain may startle some of the would-be-philosophers, yet for your amusement I will contrive you as minute a description as I possibly can.

The fountain was erected in the centre of the valley which was one hundred and sixty cubits high, sixty eight cubits in diameter; and on the East side of the fountain twenty cubits from the ground, was the model of a great red dragon having seven heads, and from the mouth of each ascended pure water which sprinkled

one sixth part of the valley from the centre eastward. On the West was another great dragon as of fire, having seven heads which sprinkled the sixth part of the valley from the centre westward. On the North side was the model of a chariot with six different coloured horses, and in the chariot sat the model of a spotless virgin which I was informed was an emblem of truth, and from her mouth as well as from the mouth of the horses, ascended pure water which sprinkled the sixth part of the valley from the centre Northward. On the south side was a chariot of six, like unto those on the North; and in the chariot, sat the model, of an Ancient Shepherd, which I was informed was an emblem of goodness; and from their mouths also ascended pure water which sprinkled one sixth part of the valley from the centre Southward. Over and above these, and forty cubits from the ground on the four sides thereof, were the models of fifty-six extinct animals; fourteen on the east, fourteen on the west, fourteen on the north, and fourteen on the south. These on the east had heads resembling the lion, with necks as the necks of serpents, and their bodies formed like unto the bodies of stags, and tails like unto the peacock. And out of their mouths came stings in the shape of spears, from each of which came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, from the centre eastward. Those on the west were like unto those on the east, with the addition of wings like the wings of an eagle; from the stings of these also, came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, from the centre westward. Those on the north had bodies like unto the camel, and feet as the feet of a bear, and heads like unto the ox; and from their mouths came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley from the centre northward. Those on the south had bodies like unto the horse, with tails like unto lion's, and heads as the heads of men; and from their mouths came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, from the centre southward.

Over and above these, and the four sides thereof—sixty cubits from the ground—were one hundred and twelve mounted equestrians, and each held in his right hand a sharp two-edged sword, from which came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, east, west, north, and south. Over and above these—eighty cubits from the ground—and on the four sides thereof, were two hundred and twenty-four models of the learned philosophers, teaching the art of drawing, each having a young pupil under his care with a pencil in his hand, from which came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, east, west, north, and south. Over and above these—one hundred cubits from the ground—were one hundred and twenty-four models representing the ancient divines, each holding a quill in their right hand and a youthful pupil on their left, who also held a quill, and from each of these came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, east, west, north, and south. Over and above these—one hundred and twenty cubits from the ground—and on the four sides thereof, were models of one hundred and forty-four females, each having an infant on their left hand in the attitude of shooting an arrow from a bow; and in their right hand a scroll or manuscript; and from the arrow and the scroll came forth pure water to sprinkle another sixth part of the valley, east, west, north, and south.

(to be continued in our next.)

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph

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ROBERT OWEN AND THE SPIRITS.

According to promise we will now proceed to lay before our readers one of the letters addressed to Mr Owen, from our American friends, together with an accompanying address from the Spirit-world.

We shall shortly insert one containing a many important communications from the Spirit-world:

Melrose, Mass., W. S., Oct. 16, 1856.

ROBERT OWEN:

Dear Sir,

[I had the honor to receive an invitation from you to attend 'The Congress of Reformers of the World,' held in London, May 14, '55; but it was not in my power, either to accept the invitation or acknowledge its receipt, but am happy to say that I have been laboring for many years, that the object for which the said Congress assembled, might be realised. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I am at present engaged in aiding the practical unfolding of a new social state, as transmitted from the Spirit world, wherein God, as revealed throughout all nature, *alone* shall be recognised as Lawgiver.

In my humble opinion, it is entirely futile to look to any existing nation, or government, for the recognition of those principles, fundamental laws, which *must* form the basis of a true society upon this earth. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree, by selecting a spot of land dedicated to Freedom, Truth, Right,—whereon shall dwell those persons *seeing* and *feeling*, that all *patching* of the old is useless, and that an entire, radical, fundamental change, a new beginning of all things, a perfect unfolding of all, of nature's laws must be, and that they are no longer to be merely acknowledged with the lip, but to be incarnated in every thought, word deed, that outward elaborations may correspond to the perceived,

received, principles within; that no one is to be hindered from doing anything, and everything, harmonious with nature, requisite for the perfection of the same.

A perfect social state cannot be expected at once, composed, as it must be, of those who have been denied the elements and sources of growth, knowledge, power, because surrounded by ignorance, or hemmed in with an iron grasp. But much, *very much*, may be expected, by a true combination of these persons, thus emancipated by producing beautiful offspring, having symmetrical bodies, sound minds, high moral, religious, spiritual, celestial natures, trained prior to, and succeeding birth, in harmony with the laws of their being, working with, and not any longer contrary to nature.

Time would fail me, would your patience and leisure allow me, to tell you of the varied and multiplied plans, purposes, for the outlining of a new social state, as transmitted from the noble men and women who have entered into finer, and consequently higher conditions of life, through their well chosen and inestimable medium, John M. Spear. These manuscripts are now in process of publication. I will enclose with this a 'Prospectus,' which will give you a clear idea of the nature and character of the prospective volume.

I have also the pleasure of forwarding you this day the accompanying 'Address to the World,' which will give you a specimen of the addresses we are daily receiving from the Spirit life, also, somewhat unfold to you, the work in hand.

It will give you unmeasurable happiness to be thus assured, that the great object for which you have so nobly devoted your long life, is at last to be realised, by the founding of a colony, here in the New World, which shall, by the blessing of Almighty God, be the deliverer of all nations, kindreds, tribes, tongues, upon the face of the earth, from their present inharmonious, warring, hopeless condition, thus beginning at a single point, so shall eventually be described that mighty circle, which shall enclose *all* in one common brotherhood, one family, having one purpose, one Father, speaking one language. Thus, and thus only, shall come that blessed hour when the will of God shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

For this purpose I have dedicated all I have, am, or hope to be, while my life shall be continued on the shores of time, and when my work has ended here, may I wake in a higher sphere, with all my faculties still consecrated to the elevation, redemption of those I shall no longer behold with mortal eyes.

John M. Spear, Mrs. A. E. Newton, and other dear friends, unite in sending you best wishes, for your present and future peace and happiness.

Allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours, in serving a common humanity,

ELIZA J. KENNY.

P. S. I am located here for a few months, my permanent place of residence being Salem, Mass. W. S. A

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORLD.

"Mountains interposed make enemies of nations;
Lands intersected by a narrow frith abhor each other."

"How sad to the contemplative mind is the present condition of the inhabitants of this earth. Almost every person, town, clique, clan, nation, is seeking its individual interest separate from the good and interest of all. 'Mine and thine' are written in legible characters upon all things. There is no common weal, no deep and abiding interest in man as man, irrespective of nation, complexion, sex; hence, vast sums are requisite to sustain a few millions of people. That which man needs now to know is how best to combine his interest with the interest of others, and how to render labor attractive and consequently agreeable.

"It is felt to be wise to present, in a brief form, an outline of certain essential things, which when understood, observed, will tend in a large degree to unite man to his fellow man. In entering into a subject of such intense interest, there are many minor points which cannot, in the nature of things, be presented. Should that work be undertaken, a volume, rather than a brief paper, would be requisite.

"Man has certain natural wants. Unless these wants are supplied, he is a restless, uneasy, dissatisfied being. He wants the following things. First, a soil on which he can stand, to which he has a clear, incontestible, permanent right. Secondly, he wants a comfortable and convenient shelter erected on that soil. Thirdly, he wants certain essential sustenances, and comfortable garments. Fourthly, he wants what may be justly termed, in its broadest sense, *home*. Fifthly, he wants around him, within convenient distance, agreeable and attractive society or neighbourhood. Sixthly, he wants certain surroundings which shall in their tendency promote his bodily health, mental growth, and affectional unfolding. Seventhly, he wants to be entirely free from any fearful forebodings, in respect to any future life to which he may be destined. Give him these, in a high, pure, broad sense, he is in the enjoyment of what is absolutely essential to his purest and divinest condition. Give him any six of these, and cut off the seventh, and to that extent he is unsatisfied, longing, struggling, to obtain that which he has not. Now the mind of the intelligent reader should look at these points as a whole, that it may be seen, that they not only embrace the essentials, but that all and each are needful. Looking now out upon the world as it is, with ease it will be discovered that almost everybody is deprived of one, and some of nearly all of these, and it is because of a lack of these essentials, that man preys upon and devours his fellow man—'tis a reaching for something which he has not secured. Could these natural wants be supplied to man, individual wars, tumults among nations and colonies would not be. All efforts to promote universal peace and good will among mankind will, in the very nature of things, fail, until man's natural wants are supplied.

"There begins to be a desire among a few philanthropic persons to annihilate war, to induce the nations of the earth to beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning hooks, to produce that state of things, when nations shall no longer lift up sword against nation, nor longer learn the art of war. No writer yet has ever estimated the evils which come of war. But whence spring wars and fightings? War is declared between two nations; that declaration is simply an outbreak. The two nations were just as much at war before declaration as after. *Internally* the strife had commenced and the war declared. Wherever an effect is, behind it there lies a cause. Look into a neighbourhood—the cannon may not be there, the sword may not be seen, the fort may not be built, and yet war is there; or enter into a closer relation, the domestic; the parties may not blow out each other's brains, cut off one another's heads, or in any way, with brute force, mangle each other, and yet war is there—'tis a contest between parties—it is a strife to gain something which one or the other has not. Let that domestic circle have a *home*, in a pure sense war could not enter its doors,—let all needful sustenances, garments be at hand as they were wanted, let all the surroundings be consonant with bodily health, mental growth, affectional expanding, and there is nothing to war about. Cut off either of the parties from one of these essentials, no matter which, and war is in that domestic circle. Little things sometimes are useful as illustrations of greater things. Supply a neighbourhood with all these essentials, and war could no more enter there than it could invade the portals of heaven itself. In fact that neighborhood is heaven. But let some of the neighbors enjoy certain things which are essential to the well being of all, contention, strife, war appear, and these neighbors in some way will attempt to devour one another. The same law obtains with respect to colonies, provinces, states, nations. The American nation, as such, at this present moment, is as much in a state of civil war, as it ever can be. The mere breaking out of a flame on the roof of an edifice is not essential to call it a fire; it may burn internally, consume all the essentials of a dwelling and not be seen on the roof. One may have an internal cancer that is eating out the vitals, 'tis not essential, to constitute it a cancer, that it should be seen.

"Whence comes war in the American nation? Ans. An entire disregard of the principles upon which it professes to be founded—namely, that man has certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness. Grant man these to their fullest and broadest extent, and he could ask no more. Take his life, deprive him of liberty in any of its forms, cut him off from pursuing his happiness in his own way, and he lacks something; and this lack forms within a restlessness, a longing for, a desire to obtain, and when borne for a certain length of time, until the yoke becomes too heavy, one of the following results appear. First, the oppressed are crushed to the earth, groans, tears, anguish which no tongue can describe are experienced; or, secondly, the oppressed determine at all hazards to throw off the yoke, and then war, rapine, blood are; nation is arrayed against nation; ordinary labors are laid aside; everything is made to bend to that single point—emancipation. Commonly the weaker is crushed, or some slight arbitration may be; the cause is not removed, and sooner or later, of necessity, there will be another outbreak. 'Tis perfectly futile

then to undertake to smooth over things of this character. The parties look for peace, but there is none; they look for union, but there is none; they look for harmony, there is none. In the nature of things there never can be until man's essential wants are supplied. What then, the philanthropist may ask, is to be done? shall not efforts be made to promote peace? Unquestionably. But whoever undertakes that work needs to ask the parties, 'What do you want?' and when those wants are gratified, the peacemaker may go to bed and sleep until the crack of doom—there is no more for him to do. Until these points shall be made clear to the mind, there cannot be a reasonable expectation of permanent peace in the domestic circle, the neighborhood, province, state confederations, or nations at large. It may be as well then now, as at any future time, to look at the subject of war and peace in this plain common sense light. It will be seen that if war be settled by mere arbitration, that the settlement cannot be permanent. Why? Because there is not an internal peace, there is not a divine equanimity; something is longed for which the parties have not. It were useless longer then to dwell on the surface of things, it were wiser to come to an intelligent understanding of man's essential wants, and in the ratio that these are supplied, will internal peace be secured; and eruptions will not appear on the surface.

"It may be said that a work of this radical character must proceed very slowly. True. All thorough reformations will be opposed by the existing state of things. In short, paradoxical as it may seem, an effort of this kind to produce peace, will be tantamount to a declaration of war. Philosophically one said, 'I come not to send peace on earth, but I come to kindle a fire;' and that fire is kindled which shall burn the rubbish, separate the dross from the silver, the pure from the impure, the loving from the selfish, the true from the false, the good from the evil; but what of that? In view of the end to be reached, namely, permanent and universal peace, these incidentals are little more than the cobweb—comparatively of no consequence—developers they are, helping one to see the true state of things, opening blind eyes, occasionally perhaps breaking a heart, severing tender cords; but as long as the elements of disunion are within there is no union—man sleeps, and beneath him the fire is burning that some time, perhaps in an unexpected moment, the devouring flame appears. Who would risk going to bed at night, knowing that there were flames in the cellar below, which at some time would envelope the whole edifice? and yet this is precisely where the world is at this moment. The weaker nation may not venture to declare war, the stronger will do so, as certainly as one man will try to take advantage of another. In one case it is individualism, in another nationalism. Nations struggle for a season, become weary, lives are destroyed, property confiscated, millions of hearts broken, the combatants retire for a little time, enter into some sort of negotiation, peace is declared; externally, all seems quiet, but internally the fires are burning, and why? Because man's essential wants are not supplied. Turn the subject over as the statesman may, investigate it as the philanthropist will, it all comes back to that single point, something, somewhere, by somebody is wanted; and growing out of that there is struggle or effort to obtain it. If another has it a struggle to grasp it, and so wars are. The true friends of peace are they who

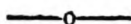
contemplate causes, who form broad, comprehensive plans to remove these causes. In efforts however of this character, to some extent, certain old institutions must be jostled; the foundations on which nations are based must be inspected; broad and practical plans must be presented; 'tis not enough that one see the evil, but there should be an ability to remove it and to substitute therefor that which shall strike at causes, and shall introduce a new state of things, wherein shall dwell harmony, peace, union, love.

"Remedies, unless they are broad enough to cover the whole ground are, to say the least, delusive, raise expectations, which not being realized, leave persons often in far worse conditions than prior to the proposed remedy. The skilful physician the intelligent surgeon, studies first, with care, the condition of his patient, obtains clear views, as far as may be practicable, of causes, and wisely endeavours to remove these. They know full well that if bad matter be left in the system, it will spread, corrupt and poison, and perhaps eventually endanger the life of the patient. Now evils are not to be palliated, but are to be removed entirely from the body politic, else corruption, disease and death, politically speaking, will sooner or later appear. In looking out then upon a subject of this character, it may not be altogether unwise to propose the following interrogations. First, is it likely that the oppressors themselves unaided by others will see the wrong they are doing and break off at once therefrom, and commence in a right direction? Secondly, is it likely that the oppressed and downtrodden classes will themselves be able, by any united and systematic effort to intelligently and systematically throw off the yoke under which they are suffering? or, finally, is it requisite that there should be a third class, who are in comparatively easy conditions, and who can balance between the oppressors and oppressed, and point out clearly the thing or things to be done? Such is the delusive nature of oppression, that the oppressed often hug their chains, and any effort to remove them will be resisted. Interested in continuing things as they now are, the oppressor, of course, would not welcome any effort, which, sooner or later, would, in his judgment, affect his personal interest, so that often the person or persons who attempt a labor of this kind may expect to be misjudged by the oppressed on the one hand, misunderstood by the oppressor on the other, so that he works, as it were, between two fires. Now that one may perseveringly engage in a labor of this sort, several qualities are requisite. First, an unfaltering trust in the triumph of Eternal Right; secondly, a deep and abiding interest in the welfare and general progress of human kind; thirdly, an internal prompting which says, "Wo is me unless I engage in this effort." These three considerations will lead to that condition of mind usually called prayer. The petitioner, in substance, feels or says, "Show me, oh show me the work I can do, give me wisdom and strength and I will perform it," In such a case all the emotional faculties are called into exercise—it becomes a work of the heart and there one stands in an impregnable position—such an one can neither be called off by flatterers, nor intimidated by dangers, but steadily moves on, faithfully, lovingly, and intelligently doing the work of each opening hour, each dawning morn or each quiet night, perpetually having a great purpose and so there comes to the laborer a strength of character, an energy of action, a firmness of purpose, corresponding to the work. One of the first things then,

which is essential to man's redemption, is to call out, wholly consecrate a class of persons of the character described above—true, such are rarely found. Sometimes a planet needs to be explored to find a single person, having that nobleness of life, devotion of heart, purity of thought, divinity of aspiration, that he or she will lay down a life, and yet the pages of the past record the appearance of persons of this unusual character—they are the lights of the world—they shine perhaps dimly in their time, but as man grows up to them, sees their greatness, comprehends the grandeur of their labors, reads the history of their efforts, the world garnishes their tombs and sepulchres, rears its lofty monuments, does homage to them as the benefactors of their day, weeps that they were not better known in their time. That which the world now most needs, and there is little hope of its redemption until that can be done, is, as it were, to generate a new world's Redeemer—one who elementarily, shall be able to command the love of a Jesus, the boldness of a Paul, the fidelity of a Daniel, learning of an Aristotle, morals of a Socrates, education of a Plato, intellect of a Webster, eloquence of a Brougham, and the religion of a Madam Guyon. All these elements seem to be essential that one may be suited to the emergencies of the present hour. Such an one would marshal his forces, gather around him his armies, call to his aid the distinguished persons of *his* time, nay, would command the interest, and call out the influence of distinguished persons of *former* times. Concentrating this power upon a single body, such an one would go forth armed with the panoply of love, truth, wisdom; become a grand organizer, place persons where they belonged, show them how to combine their efforts, how to actualize their ideas, discover the laws of attraction and affinity, so that labors would be natural and agreeable. Looking at a subject of this sort, one asks, how can a work of this magnitude be executed. The answer is, the friends of man must unite. Persons in comparatively easy circumstances, persons who can change their position, location, who can devote all their energies to a work of this sort, should plant themselves on a spot dedicated to freedom, to the interests of humanity, to all that is high and holy within, cultivate their finer faculties to the highest possible extent. Search should be made in different nations for persons having within themselves the right elements; these should come together, found a colony; these should construct a model society; should create a state of things, wherein it would be practicable, for such an one to be generated, born, reared, expanded, cultivated. Separated, to some extent, from unfavorable influences, seeing the world as it is, knowing its wants, something might, through that single instrumentality, be accomplished, that would not only aid man in the present, but would advance his interest in the future. The world's reformers then must, sooner or later, see the need of starting a work of this character. Unquestionably the American nation is the place above all others to commence a work of this sort. Domain can easily be had, economically purchased in central positions. Whoever then shall see that this is the work to be done will focalize their efforts in that particular direction. At first, efforts, of necessity, will be of a rude and simple character, yet having the right elements, commending the heart, head, and hands, the little tree may be planted, watered with tears, call forth an intense interest, bring out the diviner and emotional faculties, lift the soul up to God, cultivate the affections, and the enterprise shall

be, as it were, a dear child struggling into birth; and when the hour shall come, then plans of a broad, philanthropic, and business character shall be unfolded, then easy and natural steps can be taken. Already a single person has journeyed somewhat extensively in the New World, teaching these doctrines, unfolding these principles, declaring practical plans, calling out eminent persons. The Old World and the New need to combine their efforts. At a favorable moment some few choice persons will leave the New World, land on the shores of the Old, with a view of interesting persons of different nations in this branch of labor. Sir, the Spirit World looks to you; it knows your untiring fidelity; it rejoices that such an one has lived to ripe old age; it sees you busily arranging your papers; preparing for your departure to a higher and diviner state. It forwards this paper to you at this moment, leaving it to your judgment to incorporate it among your published documents, or, to read it to such parties, as in your judgment, will comprehend and appreciate teachings of this philanthropic character. The Spirit World takes this opportunity through a leading communicating mind to express its confidence in your judgment, its reliance in your fidelity, its consciousness of your desire to aid man as a man.

"It moreover takes this opportunity to state, that persons of an intelligent and moral cast are influencing your mind, leading you onward in the steps you are now taking. Should this document, Sir, meet your approval, should it in your judgment, be wise for some choice persons to visit the Old World with a view of interchanging thoughts, feelings, actions, unquestionably you will find highest delight in facilitating an effort of that character. At all events an epistle from your pen will be welcomed by the person to whom this paper was directly transmitted."



CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH SEEKER.

II.



THE first Spirit-manifestations which I had the opportunity of witnessing, were presented by a speaking and writing medium, to whom I had been introduced by the kindness of my friend J. D.

On Sunday evenings the medium was entranced, or thrown into a kind of magnetic sleep, in which state she became unconscious of all that was transpiring, and discourses were then delivered through her to the friends assembled. Many of these discourses would have done credit to any metropolitan pulpit: profoundly religious without being sectarian, they breathed a fervent piety, a faith in God, and in human immortality; an entire dependence upon and trust in Him whose messengers they proclaimed themselves to be: they exhorted to self-knowledge, humility, prayer to

God, and love to all, especially the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted. Ever urging to a higher life, they were yet considerate of human frailty. Their reproaches were directed only against the false, the conceited, and the pharasaic; they looked rather at the heart and life, than at the conclusions of the intellect, or the dogmas of the creed. The language of a true poet, whose worth the world did not learn to recognize till he was upon the point of leaving it—the late Thomas Hood, might be taken in part, as an expression of the spirit of their teaching:

“ My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All men I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding Heaven
As any priest's, or prelate's rotten borough.”

I could not conceal from myself that these discourses possessed considerable intrinsic merit, whatever might be thought of the source from whence they sprung: That they were much beyond the capacity of the medium in her normal state I could not doubt. It seemed to me too, tolerably clear, that if the views of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, which attributed ALL the Spirit-manifestations of our day to Satanic agency, were correct, then Satan had never before so completely transformed himself into an angel of light, had never before appeared to do God's work so effectually; indeed I was not sure but that many ministers of the gospel might advantageously both for themselves and flocks, have gone to his school, and taken a lesson out of his book, and that however apt scholars they might have been, there was little chance of their congregations ever guessing at the source from whence they derived their inspiration. I was inclined to think that if Mr. B's. hypothesis was true, then either the devil must have been converted, and turned clergyman, or, that he had *gone daft*, and was but a poor silly body after all.

Christ gave us as the rule of judgment,—“ By their fruits ye shall know them.” Now, were those principles true,—calculated to exercise a beneficial influence upon life and character? I think Mr B. would scarce have the hardihood to deny it. Well, if so, then one of two things—either Christ's rule was wrong, or Mr B. was under a mistake; which was it? *

On some occasions, members of the circle were called out and individually addressed, advice and exhortation given them suitable to their character, experience, and state of mind. On one of these occasions especially, I was thus addressed, and the impression produced on my mind by the strength, the fervor, the tender, earnest, loving words that were then spoken will not soon be effaced. I felt that if they were not indeed the utterances which they claimed to be, they were, at least, such as a watchful, sympathizing, affectionate spirit-friend might have uttered.

I did not attempt to conceal that I was still sceptical on this point; but believing that in this, as in all subjects of investigation, it was best to assume its

* This point might be still more forcibly illustrated by reference to the numerous well-attested cases of healing by Spirit-power. It is however, only the notion that manifestations are made by evil spirits EXCLUSIVELY, that I am now combating. I shall have more to say on this subject.

truth for purposes of enquiry, I at the next meeting enquired who the spirit was that thus addressed us, and expressed an earnest desire for evidence which should authenticate its claims.

I shall not in these confessions trouble your readers with many long communications, but the answer I received to this enquiry, is, I think, of so far general interest, and so directly connected with the purposes of this narrative, that I am induced to give it *in extenso*. It was given in writing, and some further allusions were made to the subject on the following Sunday, as it was intimated to me that I might expect:—

“MY DEAR SON,

“I am much pleased to perceive your mind is in a far better, and in a much more calm state than it was a few days back: that although you are still tossing about on the waves of doubt, yet those waves are not quite so unruly as they were.

I can only now tell you in answer to your question, that when we meet you on Sabbath evenings, there are several of us present, but it is I generally who speak through my medium, as my spirit has the greatest power over her at present; there are many spirits, however, who will yet have power over her in the way I refer to, namely as a speaking medium. You will be joyfully convinced in the good time we are approaching, but be patient, your own friends will surround you when you are fit to receive them; and although you are brought to truth in an apparently round-about way, yet it is the right way be assured, and the time is not far distant, when, if you will follow the rules we will lay down for you, you shall receive your Spirit friends even in private where no one can intrude upon you; do not get weary, but receive my thanks for your patient and passive state of mind, which I did not yet expect to see in so short a time. The more quiet you keep, the more you study, the more earnest you are for help, the more child-like and simple you become, the quicker will be your progress; the less you depend upon yourself, or your own reason, the greater will you become in the eyes of your Creator, and the more readily and in greater number will your Spirit friends flock around you, and finally convince you of the happy truth which will be the means of making smoother your path in life, softening the pillow on which your dying head will rest, and make your spirit more happy when it awakes to a never ending state in the spiritual world.

Yours faithfully,

PHRENO.”

I find I must here leave the subject to the consideration of your readers, till my next letter.

T. S.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received two letters concerning certain remarks in the “Yorkshireman.” One from a gentleman residing at York, the other from our friend Mr Jesse Jones. They shall appear next week.

In answer to our friend at York, we beg to say that we do not know of any publication in England that will admit articles favorable to Spiritism except our own, but if we have sufficient encouragement to continue a weekly issue, he shall have perfect freedom with us; and we have some useful suggestions to lay before our readers for accomplishing this from the pen of T. S., author of “Confessions of a Truth Seeker.”

Communications from the Spiritual World.

THE PAGES OF THE PARACLETE.

PAGE VI.

BENOLD all things shall become new, as hath been prophesied, even the names of things.

For as at the beginning all things were named by the first Adam, so also at the end shall all things be named by the second Adam.

And the words of the children of Christ shall be mightier than the words of the children of Adam, and shall prevail over them even as the voice of the winds of God.

For the Comforter cometh as is foretold, to lead unto all truth, and he cometh though not with observation even as the winds come.

And as there is a first dispensation of the Father which is one of Life, so is there a second dispensation of the Son which is one of Light, and a third dispensation of the Spirit which is one of Love.

And these three come from the one God—the Only One—even Eloah, God over all—blessed for ever!

And in the first dispensation God manifests himself through his paternal providence in the creation and preservation of all things.

And in the second dispensation God manifests himself in man, even in the character and example of his Christ for the enlightenment of all men.

And in the third dispensation he manifests his Holy Spirit in the hearts of all his children, that universal love may prevail and brotherhood and sisterhood be established over the earth and all become of his celestial family and joint heirs with his Anointed.

And it is given me to write, Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! three times, for the third dispensation is at hand.

And lo, the book is unrolled wherein are written the new names of the children of the church of the chosen and the oil is ready for their anointing and the seals ready for their foreheads.

And as the prophet Zephaniah foretold, the time is at hand when the Lord shall restore to his people a pure language, and when his name shall be one throughout the earth.

And the old Babel shall be destroyed and the new Salem shall be builded, bright and beautiful as a mansion of the heavens.

And there shall be no more any Shibboleth, for all shall speak with a true tongue.

And the spelling and the speaking of the words shall not falsify each other, for as they are spoken so shall they also be written.

And words shall have their true meaning given them and none shall call outward possessions, riches; or cunning, wisdom; or lust, love; or arms, charity; or war, glory.

And no more shall nations differ in dialect with each other, but there shall be one common language for all the inhabitants of the earth.

And all the children of earth shall praise their Father in Heaven with one heart and voice and in the same words, saying, Blessings upon blessings, and thanks eternal for the Holy Word of our God.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EDMUNDSON.

[continued from page 132.]

I was informed that the fountain as far as I have described it, up to one hundred and twenty cubits from the ground was supplied with water from the high mountains, far beyond the city of the north, which was sufficient to sprinkle the whole of the valley, but that the water from these mountains caused weeds, briers and thistles to spring up in abundance which cumbered the ground and were detrimental to all the plants and flowers in the valley.

But, to return to the fountain; higher up again, and one hundred and forty cubits from the ground, were one hundred and forty-four models of experienced fishermen, in the act of mending their nets, yet each of them was also engaged in reading the title page of a sealed Book which was held before them in the mouths of many turtle doves; and from the wings of the doves came forth pure water which sprinkled the heads of the fishermen. Over and above these and one hundred and sixty cubits from the ground were also the models of one hundred and forty four experienced fishermen, with their nets laid aside, and each was engaged in reading the Book which was unsealed by the heat of the sun, and was held in the mouths of turtle doves which hovered above their heads; and all the fishermen held up their hands, apparently amazed, and from their finger-ends and their mouths, and also from the wings of the doves, ascended pure water which sprinkled over all the valley. I was informed that these were supplied with water from an exceeding high mountain which was situated in the south but could not be discerned from the philanthropists valley.

I was also informed that the water from this mountain prevented the weeds, briers and thistles from growing, after the ground had been sprinkled with it.

(to be continued in next. Vol.)

END OF VOL. II.