

SPIRIT RAPPINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Yankee nation are world famed for *new inventions, new ideas, new words, and new movements*. The entire people, their institutions and progress, and manners, are new and ahead of all other nations. One of the strangest movements (not excepting Mormonism and Clairvoyance, is *Spiritualism*. It is now agitating the Union, and astonishing all her great and learned men. There is something in it that can't be understood. It may be all very well to laugh and talk of Spirit Rappings—but the thing is to explain what it is. Everything new has been in its time laughed at. We have seen the *originals* of this science, and although we heard the answers and the rapping, *table moving* did not come under our observation. In 1850 we thought it proceeded from two sources, *electricity* and *animal magnetism*. Time has not altered that opinion, and the more that is seen of the manifestation convinces us that the phenomena proceed from these causes and skillful guessing. Yet when we speak of animal magnetism, we are speaking of an occult science. What is it? Read these American observations:—

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—We hear that table moving and rappings have been a subject of very general attention in Washington, in distinguished circles, throughout the winter. And we further learn that all the phenomena which the rappers have brought out elsewhere, have been brought out in Washington, in the presence of Senators, and Representatives, and Cabinet Ministers, and various other grave and reverend personages of the political metropolis, with the most distinguished success. In all quarters in Washington are gentlemen to be found who have witnessed the moving of tables without any visible agency, sometimes in a vibratory, sometimes a rocking motion, and at other times keeping time with Yankee Doodle or Old Hundred. And then the rappings have been heard with thundering sound upon tables, and doors, and on the floors, under circumstances that precluded the possibility of the sound being produced by collusion or imposition. These things have been witnessed by the sober and grave men of the nation, who are ready on all hands to testify to the fact of the phenomena in question, and to avow their inability to imagine how they can be produced. It is proper to add, however, that there seems to be no belief in their spiritual origin, but that they are the result of terrestrial forces or influences, and that the discovery of the law which regulates and produces them must soon be made, and the marvel dissipated.—*Tribune*.

The *New York Evening Post*, has some remarks upon the "rappings," which so nearly resemble our own views, that we give them in the writer's own words, as well for the excellent choice of language he has made use of, as for the purpose of adding the weight of his authority to our views. He says:—The rappings have become the sport of evening parties, and excite no other feeling but curiosity on the part of any one. Two or three young persons, gathered together for amusement, can easily produce the wonders of table moving, and the mysteries of knocks on the wall. We know it to have been done in a large number of instances in which there could be no collusion or deception, and hardly a day passes in which we do not hear of new cases. The cause of these effects, however, we are unable to explain, although we see no grounds for the theory which ascribes them to spiritual agency, but believe, on the contrary, that they are physical phenomena, susceptible of a scientific solution. What inclines us to this view is, that they are not new, inasmuch as similar manifestations are recorded as having taken place in all parts of the world at various intervals of time. The electric girls of Smyrna, the electric girl of Strasburg, the seeress of Provoost, the witches described by Cotton Mather, &c., were often accompanied by precisely the same movings and rapping which are now going forward in almost every private society. These persons appear to have been charged with some unknown impalpable agent, resembling electricity in some respects, but not all, which, being directed on certain points, had the power of producing the most positive physical effects, such as overturning chairs and lifting heavy bodies. As to the apparent intelligence of the responses given by the raps, we think it will turn out not so much of a mystery as it seems, but a case of the sympathetic action of different brains, such as we have seen in well-authenticated experiments in animal magnetism. But we merely suggest these thoughts for the consideration of philosophers, and not as a matured opinion. In the meantime we would advise our friends to reserve their judgment as to the spiritual origin of the affair. The main facts there can be no question about, but the philosophy of these facts is yet undetermined. Investigation and not punishment, is what these curious developments require.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.—Table moving is now a fashionable amusement. How it is done, nobody knows. It is the development of a power we know little of anything about—a power subtle, mysterious, incomprehensible and inviolable. Whatever it is, a child may play with it with impunity. What an odd thing it is! Half a dozen people seat themselves about a large table, and placing their hands upon it, it seems begin to move about as if endowed with the principle of life and the power of locomotion. A few evenings since, we saw a heavy pier table, marble topped, that no man in the room could lift from the floor and carry bodily, spin around nimbly as a top. What moved it? Three or four people had sat about fifteen minutes with their hands upon it, and then it got uneasy and began to hitch about, nervously and spasmodically. In five minutes more it was under full headway, and performing all sorts of gyrations. To show that it was not stirred by any muscular power, all left it except a lady—who indeed was the "medium," whatever that may be—and still it whirled around as merrily as ever. She stood with her fingers playing lightly on the marble top, and nothing else touched it in any manner. When she removed her hand it ceased its motion. The moment she again laid her hand upon it, it spun round as before. On Wednesday evening, half a dozen ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlor of a resident of Broadway to entertain themselves with this odd pastime. Two gentlemen caused a large table to move about slightly in about twenty minutes. But the wonder worker of the evening was a boy only eight years of age. He was the famous "medium," and under his touch it was not certain but that he could set in motion the building that they were in, albeit it was a large three story one, of brick! To keep within the bounds of safety, he made no attempt at a house

moving experiment. He set a large table in rapid motion in a few minutes, and while it was "going the rounds" "rapidly," he jumped upon it, without stopping its motion. More still. While he stood upon it, a lady whose weight was upward of 125 pounds, was placed upon it with him, and still whirled the magnetized table! The lady then sat down in a chair, and placing her feet on the "round" in front the boy put his hand on the back of it for a few moments, when it began to turn about rapidly, and apparently with as much ease as if it had been empty. Other experiments, quite as curious, were made during the evening. So much for table moving. It is strange and inexplicable enough. Who can explain it?—*Albany Express*.

There is a paper published in St. Louis, Mo., of which we have received some half a dozen numbers, called **LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD**. It is "devoted to the dissemination of light and spiritual intercourse, and is edited by SPIRITS through MEDIUMS; editor in chief, W. H. Mantz, having received his credentials from the other world." The paper itself is well got up, and we have no doubt will be largely patronized. We have very carefully indeed read over all the numbers, and feel no hesitation in saying that such rank blasphemy, such broad, undistorted infidelity we never read before. To be sure this opinion will be attributed to earthly ignorance, that can only be removed by light from the spirit world; well, when that light does shine on us we shall give our experience. To show our readers the character of the paper, we give the headings of several articles—*Modes of Spiritual Intercourse, by Spirits of the Second Sphere*—*The unfoldings of the Age, written by Spirits*—*Philosophy of Freedom, by Members of the sixth circle*—*A Spirit Mother to her earthly child*—*The Works of truth, by Spirits, and so on*. The SPIRITS teach through this paper that there is no Hell—that Jesus did not die to save us; that he was not God, but only a developed representative of man—the complete result of the creating essence of nature! Is not this enough?—*Kingston Herald*

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

Two loafers met upon the wharf yesterday, and passed the "compliments of the season." "Jim," said one "have you seen Hall? He's looking for you." "Hall! What Hall? was Jim's answer. "Why, Alco-hall, you fool!" "Pshaw!" responded Jim, "that's a poor 'sell,' and you wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't been hurt last night when John tripped me up." "John who?" said Jim.—"Demi-john, you numbskull."

Some twelve hundred women employed in the tobacco manufactory at Marseilles, "out West," left their work a few days since, in consequence of an order having been given that they should for the future use a knife instead of a pair of scissors, in cutting the ends of the segars. What won't the women do!

There is a gentleman in Boston who gives twenty-five cents for some charitable purpose, whenever he uses a profane word, and the Secretary of the Boston Provident Association acknowledges the receipt of seventy-five cents from this individual, as penalties for breaking his own laws.

An Irishman on board the *Lady Robert* packet, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as the vessel was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned!

A poor scamp left his wife in great rage, declaring that she could never see his face again until he was rich enough to come home in a carriage. He kept his word, for in two hours he was brought home richly drunk in a wheel barrow.

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O to it; your family, is Irish, and no doubt illustrious?" "No family had a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe everybody."

"My dear where is my Morning and Evening Devotion," said Mr Paul Partridge—meaning a small book of that title, in which he was accustomed to read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partridge, producing a small bottle; "here it is in the bottle." He looked intently in her face, to see if malice was actuating her, but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation and partook.

Why is a four quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gall-on.—Why is a woman living up one pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.—Why is a man half asleep like twice six? Because he's a dozen-in." The youth who perpetrated this was drowned on Saturday while fishing.

Why is a railway train like a vision of night? Because it goes over the sleepers.

Why is a sphenitric's purse like a thunder cloud? Because it keeps continually lightning.

A gentleman who had a negro servant found him in bed rather long one morning—"Come, come, Samba, what keeps you so long in bed this morning?" "Massa! Massa! me be doing a piece of head work." "What head work can you be doing?" "Well, Massa, me just be thinking dat if der were three crows sitting on de top of dat tree, and Massa to shoot one of dem, how many would remain?" "Two, of course," said the gentleman, "Two of course, you blockhead." "No, Massa, you be wrong, dere, because de under two would fly away!"

"I see you don't go in for the Maine Liquor Law." "Why, I partly do, and I partly don't. I go for the liquor, but not for the law."

They have some cute darkies out in California. A friend writes—

"As I sat at breakfast this morning in the hotel I asked one of the waiters, pray tell me, my boy, why is it that these rolls which should be hot, are always cold?"

The little fellow grinned, as he replied—
"Don't know, Massa, unless it be that them biscuits are made of (Chily) chilly flour."

COSERVAT AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, demonstrated her attachment to Congreve, the poet, in a manner indicative of absolute insanity. "Common fame reports," says Dr Kippis, in the *Biographia Britannica*, "that she had his figure made in wax after his death talked to it as if it had been alive, placed it at the table with her, took great care to help it with different sorts of food, had an imaginary sore in its leg regularly dressed, and, to complete all, consulted physicians with regard to its health."



Ladies' Department.

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you now—don't I know,
That it's only cajoling you are;
With cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star!
'Tis true that my waist is but small,
And my ringlets may curl like the vine;
But I'm not like an angel at all!
Nor am I the least bit divine.

So be off with you now—don't I see,
You're deluding from eve until dawn?
My step may be bounding and free,
But I'm not in the least like a swan!
But 'twas ever the method we know;
Since Adam and Eden began—
That bosoms were sure to be snaw;
And necks were of course like the swan!

Come, be off with you now till you learn
To woo like a plain-hearted youth;
Let your mind, if you love me, discern
To win, you must woo me with truth!
I would rather! instead of these flowers,
In which you are ever so rife—
That you promised to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life!

THE NEXT SESSION of the G.U. Daughters of Temperance will be held in London, C. W., on the 27th April. We trust they may have a full attendance.

A black woman has been arrested in New York who has been carrying on a system of house robberies for several years. One hundred and ninety-one complaints have been lodged against her, sufficient to sentence her to the State Prison for one thousand years. The accused was arraigned and pleaded guilty to three grand larceny indictments, and the Court sentenced her to Sing Sing, for the term of five years on each, making fifteen years in all. At the expiration of her sentence she will be sixty years of age.

HIGH AUTHORITY AT TEA.—Dr. Johnson's admiration finds more eloquent relief when he describes himself "a shameless and hardened tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." For the sake of tea, moreover, he sacrificed his good manners, which we hope is more than the Chinese have done. Whilst on his Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunregan, we read: the Dowager Lady McLeod having repeatedly helped him until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble and be more agreeable. Whereupon he answered roughly, "Why, all the ladies ask me such questions. It is to save yourself trouble, madam, and not me." The lady was silent and resumed her task.

A VERY FOOLISH QUARREL.—The folly of connubial quarrelling was strikingly illustrated in Lowell, the other day. The better half (or, possibly, in this case, the *worse* half) of a Mr. Evans got angry with him about something, and sought satisfaction by cutting off the head of his portrait, and doing naughty things. The ignorant husband flew to the law for satisfaction on his part, and protection for the future; and the result was, that Mrs. Evans was fined for cutting up her tantrums as aforesaid, and Mr. Evans had to pay the fine!

"LEAN UPON GOD, BESSY."

"In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife.—
"Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God."—*Preface to Memoirs of Tom Moore.*

How quickly the dreams of this world slip away,
Still enticing those dreams to our eyes,
When reality comes, then the veil melts away,
And leaves us our tears and our sighs;
Then lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God,
For he is the staff and the rod, Bessy;
The staff and the rod
Is thy God.

When fortune frowns on us, and friends disappear,
And death chills the heart that we love;
Oh! where shall we look for support, Bessy dear,
If not to our father above?
Then lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God,
For he is the staff and the rod, Bessy;
The staff and the rod
Is thy God.