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THE

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

EDITED BY

S. B. BRITTAN.

New Series.

VOL. II

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# To the Reader.

Many persons formerly expressed regrets that the Spiritual Telegraph was not originally issued in quarto or octavo form, that it might be conveniently bound and preserved as the most interesting and complete history of the great Spiritual Reformation of the nineteenth century. To all such, and to many others, we trust, the LIBRARY EDITION of the TELEGRAPH, of which this is the second number in the series, will be peculiarly acceptable. The present volume contains the important articles, whether in prose or verse, including all the leading essays and editorials, important facts and reasons, together with a large proportion of our miscellaneous correspondence for the three months ending with the first of November, 1853. The low price at which the LIBRARY EDITION is offered, and the intrinsic interest of the work itself will, the Publishers have reason to believe, secure for it a wide circulation, and give it a permanent value.

PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN.

300 Broadway, New York, 1853.

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

### DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

A SPIRITUAL PHYSICIAN .- Mr. Luther Burt, of Walpole, New Hampshire, writes that he has been for several months acted upon by the Spirits in a singular manner, being made to work in a variety of ways, and without the slightest volition on his part, for the benefit of the sick. . Frequently, while in a room in company with a number of persons, strangers or otherwise, his hand is carried involuntarily to a particular person, and he is made to go and examine that person's physiological condition, being impressed with the nature of the disease under which he or she is laboring, and with the appropriate remedies which he is made to compound and apply, although in his normal state he has no knowledge of materia medica, or therapeutics. Last fall he was impressed to lay up a large store of herbs of different kinds before they were nipped with the frost, but without knowing what they were for; and later in the season he was frequently impelled by an irresistible power to traverse fields and woods through the snow, without knowing what he was going after, until he came

to the article needed, and then he could not leave until he had gathered the quantity that was necessary, nor could he stay to gather any more after this had been obtained. These medicines were thus procured generally without knowing for whom they were intended. Sometimes he was impressed where to go to find the patient, but at other times he was led directly to the person without having any knowledge whither he was going. Most of his patients have been greatly benefited by his singular treatment, and many of them have been speedily cured.

Our friend's case is indeed a remarkable one, but there are many which more or less resemble it. We would like to see Professor Faraday attempt to explain such cases on his favorite theory of "mechanical pressure."

A PENTECOSTAL SCENE.—We have received a curious letter from the Rev. John Crapsey, of Brookfield, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, in which the writer states, that on the first of January, 1853, he held a meeting in Roulett, Potter County, Pennsylvania, during which there was a most extraordinary display of a preternatural influence. He says that while he was quoting the words of Jesus on the cross, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabacthani," an invisible power came upon him, and something ran round his hand like a blaze of light, which shone with great effulgence. "I sprang," says he, "from the desk out upon the middle of the floor in the midst of the congregation. Great signs and wonders were seen-fire and pillars of smoke, speaking with tongues and prophesying," etc. These demonstrations, he says, were accompanied with the most beautiful and heavenly singing, in an unknown tongue. The persons operated upon were aged from eleven to about thirty-five years. Demonstrations like unto these occurred at their public assemblages from day to day during the entire

month of January, nor had they yet entirely ceased at the date of our correspondent's epistle (June 29).

"Some of them," says he (the mediums, we suppose), "showed me how I should be taken" (probably enacting a kind of spiritual drama). "They came to me with chains and ropes, but could not speak a single word in the English language. They were engaged in showing this (drama) half or three quarters of an hour, and then came out and told me who they were that would take me. A great quarrel was then represented, and then the house where we were assembled began to shake. They then showed (declared, we suppose our correspondent means) that all the miracles that were done in the days of the Apostles must shortly be performed again." The house again shook, and, as appears from the tenor of the account that there was a school kept in one part of it, our correspondent was finally requested to dismiss the meeting, inasmuch as, owing to the shaking, the scholars could not write.

A public meeting was afterward holden in the place, and a committee was appointed to request our correspondent to leave the neighborhood; on refusing to do which, he was arrested on the charge of assaulting some persons in his congregation during the extraordinary demonstrations before described. But, on finding that nothing of this kind could be proved against him, his accusers offered him twenty-five dollars to settle the affair and leave the place, which offer he promptly rejected.

We give the details of this marvelous account just as we received them, with no other comment than that they appear to be stated in an honest, unsophisticated, though rather confused and disjointed style, and we judge them to be quite possible within spiritual laws, which have now come to be in a degree understood. Our correspondent, in attestation of the

facts, gives the names of Leroy Lymon, Charles Card, M. Ellsworth, and H. Card, residents, we suppose, of the place where the occurrences are alleged to have taken place. If any of our readers in that quarter can give us a more circumstantial account of those transactions, they will confer a favor by so doing.

## DR. HARE ON THE ELECTRICAL THEORY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1853.

Dear Sir—I am of opinion that it is utterly impossible for six or eight, or any number of persons, seated around a table, to produce an electrical current. Moreover, I am confident that if by any adequate means an electrical current were created, however forcible, it could not be productive of table turning. A dry, wooden table is almost a non-conductor, but if forming a link necessary to complete a circuit between the sky and earth, it might possibly be shattered by a stroke of lightning; but if the power of all the galvanic apparatus ever made were to be collected in one current, there would be no power to move or otherwise affect such a table.

Frictional electricity, such as produced by electrical machines, must first be accumulated and then discharged, in order to produce any striking effect. It is in transitu that its power is seen and felt.

Insulated conductors, whether inanimate, or in the form of animals, may be electrified by the most powerful means, without being injured or seriously incommoded. Before a spark of lightning poises, every object on the terrestrial surface, for a great distance around, is subjected to a portion of the requisite previous accumulation. Yet it is only those objects which are made the medium of discharge that are sensibly affected.

Powerful galvanic accumulation can only be produced by those appropriate arrangements which concentrate upon a comparatively small filament of particles, their peculiar polarizing power; but nothing seems to me more inconsistent with experience than to suppose a table moved by any possible form or mode of galvanic reaction.

It was ascertained by Gaziot, that one of the most powerful galvanic batteries ever made could not give a spark before contact to a conductor presented to it, at the smallest distance which could be made by a delicate micrometer.

More than a month since, at the house of a friend, a number of respectable visitors were observing a charming young lady, who was under the impression that a table caused the movements which actually resulted from her touching it. I then stated that the subject was a physiological mystery, not a purely physical mystery. The only subject for inquiry, was how people could so deceive themselves as to suppose that what they really moved, moved them. Putting my hand on the table, it displayed not the slightest tendency to motion. Yet whatever an admiring youngster might do, who would suppose that a table would move more readily for a young lady than for an old man? If there is any law . . . it is that inanimate matter can not per se change its state as respects motion or rest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# HOW JACOB SAW THE EVIL ONE.

make the backets it discharge that the same

Our patrons have been accustomed to forward to this office the names of such of their friends as they thought proper, and, agreeably to our proposition and their request, we have sent specimen copies of our paper to all such persons. Some of the parties thus addressed respond in an amusing and highly suggestive manner. The following, from a clergyman in Pennsylvania, will serve to illustrate the peculiar manner and spirit in which many persons of his class are prone to acknowledge the civility.

RADNOR, PA., July 20th, 1858.

Messrs. Partridge & Brittan:

I received the Spiritual Telebraph accompanied by your circular. I read your circular, and partly read your paper, when it occurred to me that an inspired Apostle has said, we shall resist the devil and he will flee from us. Acting in accordance with this divine injunction (with all due respect for yourselves and the friend who gave you my name), I return your paper, wishing you not to trouble yourselves to send me any more of them.

Yours, etc.,

JACOB RODENBAUGH.

Friend Jacob has a righteous purpose in his heart, but he is unconsciously subject to what may be termed a spiritual, optical illusion. A little incident in our experience will illustrate the nature of his mistake.

Some years since, as we were standing one evening at a window which looked toward the occident, our attention was especially arrested by the singular outline of a beautiful eminence which appeared in the distance. It might have been

half an hour after sunset, and the intervening plain was buried in deep shadows, which concealed every object. The daylight had not wholly disappeared, and the western sky, still faintly tinged with the purple glory of the departing day, revealed the bold form of the mountain, rising, as it were, out of an ocean of darkness, while the dimly lighted horizon seemed like a halo around its rugged brow.

The writer gazed for some minutes and was absorbed in meditation, when, suddenly, a huge animal was seen ascending the mountain. It was unlike any thing we had ever read of, and transcended all living quadrupeds in its immense size. It moved, at first, with astonishing rapidity, but in a moment all motion was suspended. We were greatly amazed and could not account for the existence of this monstrous beast, and especially for its presence so near the abodes of civilized men. Neither Goldsmith, Buffon, nor any writer on zoölogy, had described this strange animal. It appeared like a mastodon in its vast dimensions, even at that distance, and our astonishment was not a little heightened by the consciousness that we were at least a mile from the summit.

Suddenly the monster moved again, and the illusion vanished in an instant. We saw that the object which had excited our great surprise, was a fly which had crawled up on the outside of the window. Some little wave or inequality in the glass had distorted the insect, and magnified it to the most gigantic proportions.

Now Jacob views all things through the medium of his theology. His creed sustains the same relations to his mental perception, or spiritual sight, that an optical instrument does to the eye. The strongest images in his mind seem to have an objective existence, and appear in visible form and outline on the objects and scenes before him. The devil which appeared to our Reverend friend was not, therefore, in the

TELEGRAPH at all, nor yet in the Spiritual Manifestations whereof it treats, but the image was painted on the object-glass of the optical instrument employed in his theological observatory. This, we apprehend, is the reason why that same ugly figure appears to certain theologians more frequently and vividly than to any other class of men. It is no use, however, for our pious brother to spurn the Telegraph, for he will be sure to see the cloven-footed beast in something else-in almost any thing which he is pleased to look upon. The only way to resist him successfully and finally, is to obliterate that image, and to this end we recommend friend Jacob to use a clean copy of the Telegraph once a week to wipe his spiritual glasses. Several have already tried the experiment with the most signal results. The unwelcome visitor, who came with all his imps, comes no more, and it is presumed that they will see nothing of the kind, to speak of, for the remainder of their natural lives. Exeunt omnes. S. B. B.

SLEEP AND DEATH.—"Death and his sister, Sleep," says the poet Shelley, "twin spirits are." Among the persons fatally injured by the late explosion of the steamer Empire were two Indian women, sisters, who were on their way with a large quantity of bead work and other manufactures to the World's Fair. After the disaster it was observed that they bore their condition with great fortitude and without complaint. The one named Betsey died first, and when the attendants attempted to screen the fact from the other, named Mary, by saying that Betsey had gone to sleep, she replied, "Yes, she has gone to sleep dead; by and by I go to sleep dead, too." Mary, the poor Indian woman, like the exalted poet, looked upon death as near akin to sleep.

### ASYLUMS, BY A LUNATIC.

It will be perceived from the following communication that Mr. Ira B. Eddy is back to Chicago, and that he talks very much like some other reformers who are deemed insane, merely because they strike right and left at popular error, titled stupidity, and chartered wickedness. If we may credit what our correspondent says, respecting the manner lunatics are treated at Hartford, we must heartily agree with Judge Phelps, in what he said respecting that "most valuable and meritorious institution"—we "think it ought to be protected."—Ep.

Having been confined within the walls of one of these institutions for one week, and graduated from the basement upward to the family table, and having conversed with both patients and keepers, I have learned the management of Insane Asylums in their general detail. The buildings are reared and filled with patients, and it now only needs Superintendents possessing reform ideas to render them useful.

I was received solely by two letters from D. C. Eddy, and the personal presence of J. A. Kinnicott, J. Freer, and J. P. Lynn, and was refused any counter testimony whatever, so that any one can see that a *troublesome* parent, or child, or relative can be received, and many such I found there.

The institutions are managed as well as those who conduct them are capable of doing, and their defects are not the faults of the managers, for I believe they do as well as they know how. Ignorance is to be pitied, and not blamed. The buildings are divided into separate halls, with a dozen bedrooms attached for patients, who are locked in every night, and watched and fed during the day. Abundance of food is given, and all are bathed once a week and kept as clean as

possible. But the food is too heavy for persons kept in confinement. The Superintendent was very polite, and shook hands with me till I was sick of it, but is educated in the school of those who think it a sin to learn any thing new, except by compulsion or by popular will. Such old fogies are unfit for the progressive movement which is now demanded. Let their places be filled by those minds who can keep up with the times, and will not restrain the march of mind.

The next officer to the Superintendent is called the *Doctor*, whose business it is to administer brimstone and treacle to the weakest patients, very much as Old Squeers did in his school, and with as little regard to the importance and usefulness of the treatment. The under keepers are good, intelligent Yankees and rowdy boys working for wages. The boys occupy their leisure time in irritating the lunatics, very much as the boys do with a mud turtle when exposed for sale in the streets of Chicago, by poking sticks at them to see if they will get angry. The treatment is not particularly beneficial in cooling the brain. Many a rich man's son is thus degraded and brutalized, and thrown by passion into perfect idiocy, when possibly the sole first cause of the disease was simply solitary indulgence, or some such curable complaint.

Under such self-conceited Superintendents no good and kind-hearted agents can be long retained in these institutions. The subordinate overseers so informed me, and said they saw no way to cure their patients, nor could they stay themselves, even to exceed a few months, under such tyrannical and ignorant rules from those above them. Patients who were so confused in mind as not to know when food was placed before them, were jerked about, and the Doctor, to show his stupid ignorance, was in the habit of tying one man three times a day and forcing down his throat with a force-pump a large bowl of prepared food, each time enough to sustain a canal la-

borer. The man merely needed some cooling appliances to his head to enable him to eat of his own will, and which I could have done in a week, as insane as I was. But ignorance and self-conceit united being rather an incurable disease, it was impossible for me to do any good within the Asylum.

Means must now be used from without to convince the minds of the people that a humane man, possessing only common sense, is better fitted for the head of an Insane Asylum than all the learned arrogance and scientific M.D.'s that can be gathered together upon the face of the whole earth. Under such management insane retreats are no better than jails, if as good; but with an intelligent, plain man, of no profession whatever, and no qualifications but kindness and good sense. these Asylums could be emptied in a few months, and the poor inmates be suffered to breathe the pure air of heaven and earn their own living. But learned ignorance will fight hard to prove, as in my case, that no one but an M.D. can tell a sane from an insane man; whereas, all sound thinking men know that a ONE-IDEA professional physician knows nothing out of the channel of physic, if, indeed, he even knows any thing in that channel. IRA B. EDDY.

Holy Relics.—At Aix la Chapelle, France, according to the Paris journals, the Church authorities have lately been exhibiting some extraordinary relics, among which were a chemise of the Virgin Mary, the shroud in which Jesus was buried, and several other nearly as remarkable articles. The crowd of visitors to see them, at a large price, was very great. Will the Express, and papers of its kidney, please inform us if they think the credulity of the Spiritualists, or "Rappers" so called, is more lamentable than that of the Orthodox Christians of Aix la Chapelle and vicinity, who believe in the existence of the Virgin Mary's shirt and the shroud of Christ?

### SPIRITUAL THINGS IN VIRGINIA.

Moundsville, Marshall Co., Va., July 10th, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN:

I transcribe and transmit from the original, now in my possession, the following communication, which I have reason to believe was written without human hands, at the place alluded to in my last letter. This composition was found on the table at the close of the demonstration which I have already imperfectly sketched.

"The Spirit-band of this circle desire to drop the following remarks, which may be useful and instructive to those who seek and defend truth, in answer to those who say, Why do Spirits, at times, make false statements? To which we now interrogate in reply: How would man know that Spirits are not all-wise or omnipotent, without evidence? and how would man know that as the tree falleth so it lieth, until transubstantiated by a chemical process, under the purifying laws which act upon all matter, animate and inanimate? or that as the spirit and mind leave their earthly tenement, so they exist until acted upon by the refining elements and laws of Spirituality? But one thing you do know-that if you withhold the fuel, the fire goeth out. So why can not you also know, that so long as you contaminate your investigations and researches for truth in Spirit Manifestations with your own physical and mental depravities, that your fire will be kindled and blaze forth agreeably to the character of the fuel of your own depravities, or the purity of your designs. So if your investigations are characterized with fears, jealousies, and all

manner of temptations, you will be consumed by the flames of the fire of your own kindling, by which you will ultimately become seared and branded with the title of infamy, which only can be erased by moral refinement, under a conviction that none are perfect except God alone in the untarnished and unblemished attributes peculiar to his own divine nature, the fullness of whose attributes no other being can possess. So why should the ignorant expect to receive infinite perfection from the race of their own immortal beings, who, like themselves, are merely acting under a law of progression.

"And again; suppose the spirit of some friend should make a false or incorrect statement, would it not be a sentient fact, characteristic of their former nature and imperfection, which falsehood would merely be an undesigned proof that they occupied a low sphere in the vast schools of refinement? And should such statement be made by some highly developed ministering angel, under divine authority, would it not accord with the case of Ahab in the days of Micaiah, which was permitted by the counsel of God in answer to the king's unrighteousness? I Kings xxii.

"Now, in conclusion, we wish to commend the following interrogatories to the consideration of those who read our communications, to wit: Why do so many deny the Spiritual agency of the present manifestations? 2d. Why do so many, who have full conviction that the manifestations are the production of Spirits, say it is the devil? 3d. Why do those, in general, who investigate the present manifestations, under a pretension of seeking for truth, begin their correspondence with Spirits with a lie on their tongue? 4th. How could you know that Spirits were equally unlike as the inhabitants of this earth in regard to moral and spiritual refinement, except God sent you the personal evidence? 5th. How could you know that the answers obtained from Spirits were not the

productions of the people's own minds, as many assert, except the Spirits would respond in such a manner as to convince them to the contrary? 6th. How could you tell whether those manifestations were any thing more than electricity, or od force, as some also claim, except you had evidence of there being a diversity of mental phenomena connected therewith, which would prove the contrary? 7th. How could the people become reconciled that the manifestations were the production of the spirits of men peculiar to this world, except the character of the communications, accorded in a measure to those peculiar to the residents of this earth?

"Now we wish our readers to digest what we have here written in the stomach of their own conscience, which, we trust, will support the spiritual constitutions of their own minds, and which, we hope, will also relax the rigidity of their own compressed judgments, and extimulate their mental functions to a full submission under the true fulciment of Spiritual Philosophy and heavenly indictions, which is the only source of perfection in spiritual knowledge, so essential to your future state of society, and the glorious participations of those who humble themselves while here upon earth, to the rewards of the upper seats in the temple of God's abode, where you may join in the exultations of God's seraphic host, over the minor state of their first existence. So we again subscribe ourselves,

"YOUR HEAVENLY BAND OF SPIRIT-TEACHERS."

On the third page was written a permit for publication in your paper, and promise of assistance should I conclude to lecture in the neighborhood.

When I penned my last letter, I intended to send you a map of the celestial regions, embracing a representation of the spheres; the lowest state of the wicked; the law of progress; the star of light and beauty; the throne of God; the great central sun; suns of the second and third magnitude; the breast-plate or book of life, and its use; the throne of Christ and emblem of his mission, and the meaning of kings and priests unto God; the second death; the origin of the idea, and application of the figure, etc., etc. But I can not send it by mail safely, and it will be of no use to you, except as a curiosity, and I have use for it.

They have at this place a multitude of drawings, maps, designs; one is twelve feet long. The side of the house is almost covered with them, and there are daily additions.

On the whole, this is the most extraordinary case I have witnessed, and at the present rate it promises to do wonders more wonderful still. Every week converts are made, believers strengthened, and bigots silenced. All who go are confounded. Some still persist in asserting the diabolical character of the manifestations; but the manifestations breathe forth harmony and good-will to all men.

The great difficulty is the upsetting of the doctrine of eternal damnation. If the Spirits were only a little more orthodox, and accommodated themselves a little more to their whims, they would more readily accede to them. Even when they get a little truth, they say it is only a ruse of the devil to draw us on, etc., etc. But it is useless to detain you with a detail of their silly extravagances. The only plan is to let their souls expand a while longer, until they can comprehend their own fallibility. We may then hope for reformation. But they are so unprogressed, that they hold, like mother Rome, to the dogmas of perfection and infallibility.

Yours, for the truth,

JOHN B. WOLFF.

#### SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

The following communication is from a gentleman of cultivated mind and of the most unquestionable veracity. The reader may rest assured that our correspondent has not been prompted to write by a groundless suspicion, for he is about the last person in our circle of acquaintance to suspect the motives of any one, being characterized by the most generous and noble impulses, while his tastes and habits are refined in an unusual degree.—Ed.

### FRIEND BRITTAN:

The readers of the TELEGRAPH may take an interest in the following facts: In the month of May, during the present year (1853), I was attending a circle in this city, held in a public hall, near the corner of Canal Street and Broadway. Among those present was a man who, though taking no part in the circle, yet opened a battery of opposition against Spiritualism. one gentleman present undertook its defense, but being himself more capable of relating simple facts than of reasoning on them, or in exposing the cunning sophistry of his opponent, I was induced to throw in my "widow's mite." I answered his flimsy arguments, and propounded such questions, together with affirming such views of the subject, that my combatant's argument soon run into contemning epithets and witless ridicule, till he could evidently say nothing more to the purpose, whereat the medium announced the circle closed. But about fifteen minutes before the medium made this announcement, the person with whom I was having the controversy observed very emphatically to me, that he wished me to remain in the hall alone with him after the circle closed,

because, observed he, I desire a further interview with you on this subject. I formally consented to remain.

Now the hall was up two flights of stairs, and more than a hundred feet from the street. It was a quiet place. During the argument, the collar of my coat was thrown back, which exposed my pocket-book to partial view. It was about the length of a bank-note, and contained between forty and fifty dollars in small bills, making quite a bulk. I noticed his eye several times directed toward the side which contained the money, but being earnestly engaged in converse, did not think at the time what it was that attracted his attention to that particular spot. I had that day been en rapport with a spirit purporting to be my father, who, by the way, is in the Spirit-world. All present, except us two, were now leaving the hall; but before they had descended the first flight of stairs, my mind was suddenly struck with an irresistible impulse to leave the hall, instantly followed by the impression that I would be injured if I remained. My own will was to remain, and I designed to continue the argument, and to disperse the skepticism from his mind, if possible. But, contrary to my own will and design, I arose, put on my hat, quick almost as motion would permit, and followed the others, leaving the unknown opponent alone in the hall. He expressed surprise at my leaving, but I heeded it not.

A few days subsequently to this I called again on the same medium, when the following sentence was immediately spelled out: "My son, I impressed you to leave the hall a few days since. That unknown person with whom you was then conversing, is a gambler by profession, and obtains his livelihood by villainous arts; he had designed strangling and robbing you, had you remained alone with him. I impressed you to leave."

Again, a day or two after this, while in company with an

esteemed friend, I saw this same man pass us on the opposite side of the street. I observed I would give a little sum to know who he was, at the same time pointing him out to my friend. "Why," said he, "I observed him about two weeks ago down at the City Hall, answering a charge made against him for passing counterfeit money. On inquiring who he was, I was answered, by one of the counselors of the court, "A gambler." Of course the spirit's view of him was confirmed. These are the facts; I offer no comments; the reader will make them for himself. Yours, truly, H.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1853.

THE GRECIAN MAID.—When the Turks captured the Grecian island, Candia, they found two girls of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, whom they carried off as slaves to the Turkish Seraglio. One of them had a circle of friends and acquaintance; the other was an orphan, with few friends and no relatives. They were, however, devotedly attached to each other, having resided together from infancy. After having dwelt some time in the Harem, one of them (the orphan), by making strenuous exertions and at the peril of her life, saved that of the Turkish Princess. When this came to the ears of the Sultan, he ordered her to be brought before him, and then bade her ask whatever she would of him, and assuring her that however hard her request, it should be granted. She modestly, but nobly refused the gifts he proffered her, but pleaded most eloquently, not for her own freedom, but for that of her friend, portraying in lively colors the joy that would fill the hearts of her parents and friends were she restored to them. The Sultan was moved to tears. "Go, generous girl," said he, "go back to the home of your youth, and take with you the friend for whom you would sacrifice yourself, and without whom even freedom would be slavery."

# WHAT AN EARNEST FRIEND CAN DO.

Dr. H. J. Paine, of San Francisco, to whom we are indebted for most efficient services, rendered in behalf of the Telegraph, communicates, in a recent business letter, some interesting facts in his own experience, from which we extract as follows:

I was at one time thrown out of my chair into the corner of the room; again, while sitting at the table, I was suddenly turned round, performing a perfect revolution, chair and all. I have been raised up on a table, and laid out as if dead, and my mind made to view my body, which appeared like a corpse. I have been made to see forms of persons and cities, and on other occasions impelled to converse, lecture, preach, pray, and give thanks; also to dance, sing, laugh, cry, etc. I have been made to finger the piano, and to perform tunes without number, which I can not do of myself, for I do not know one note from another in music. The power has rocked me from side to side, while I was extended on a table, and at the same time the table would be turned down so that the side would almost touch the floor without rolling me off; and I have myself had the power of ten giants at one time.

We must not omit to remark, that the letter from which the above is taken contained a draft of forty odd dollars, subscriptions to the Telegraph, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. Our medical friend is one of the best mediums for obtaining subscribers we have yet found, and we earnestly hope that more of the same class may be speedily developed. A similar effort from our other friends would immeasurably extend the knowledge of the truth, and at the same time place our enterprise out of harm's way.

S. B. B.

# PHILOSOPHY FROM A SPIRIT.

UTICA, July 21, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER:

Again have I received a friendly visit from our Spiritual guides. Again have words of wisdom fallen like gems from their spirit lips. Again has knowledge been taught us, and the work of love received a new impetus. After returning from a Spirit séance, I received a visit from the three persons (accompanied by several of my relatives) whose names are appended—the last-named being the speaker and writer. At first I saw the spirits, and then became influenced to speak (being alone at the time), and then was moved from my couch to the table, and wrote as follows. It is, as you will perceive, addressed to you—the reader:

Again I approach thee, with these my brothers, to teach thee and to congratulate thee (the medium) on the victory which thou, aided by the pure dwellers of this our beauteous land, hast lately won. Temptation surrounds man on thy sphere. Horrible pits beset and environ thee and thy brethren on every hand. Yet their use is good, beautifully good, because by their existence thou art developed in wisdom, which is the flower of all knowledge. I will impart to thee, and to the race through thee, a lesson; and its teachings will save thee in thy peril, and preserve thee from the snares laid for virtue by that undeveloped thing, society, the product of unprogressed man.

I now tell thee of the human will, informing thee of the inmost source of that wondrous—that mysterious thing. Study well that which we give to thee. I will tell thee of its normal sphere, and how thou mayest always call it normally into action. First, then, let me say to my brethren of the earth,

that deep within the bosom of immensity there dwells a spirit, not in solitude, but in the midst of an endless, shoreless, boundless OCEAN of music, melody, and harmony divine, and beauty ineffable, stupendous, and celestial. This spirit is that Sun, that Spiritual Magnet, that only, holy, infinite Oneness, the Father, God! This Spirit was and is the Fount of love in seven series-of power and unity, which is will, and wisdom infinite, goodness inexhaustible, and beauty ineffable and grand-A Sun. God manifested himself, first, by rays of love, in seven modes, forms, or degrees; and when it had performed its first office (for there are still six more), matter was ushered into being; man, the animus, was born, and love manifested itself in him in the form of desire, which is the first of all actions. But how? I reply, when the love of God, in the first instance, had gone forth in waves of rays, and rays of waves, from the luminary of all that is, intelligence was the result, as seen in man. In him all the subtile elements, contained or embodied in the first emanation of love, emerged into one—a point. At this stage of the primary action of love, man was, because the seven rays of original love once more became a unity, a finite oneness; and man became an immortal being from that one fact. This fact, again, constituted him a magnet. He was a sun of love finite, resembling the sun of love infinite. In the image of God created he him. Here, then, thou seest clearly that man is immortal by virtue and force of love. And by virtue of the image of God in him thus formed, light, intelligence, consciousness became established also; and here was the LIKENESS he bore to Deity. The mutual action of love and light, and the cohesive, attractive, magnetic essence upon each other, produced the Human Will-the result of the union. Thus man was individualized, and was the perfect image of God in the first stage of the first love, or by the completion of the

mission of the action of the first series of love-rays or waves. This was the transition point, for he now became the recipient of the second series of love-rays (that which he now receives from above), which brings him nearer God. And now he became endowed with intuition, the least or lowest effect of the action of the second series of love-rays Divine.

Intuition belongs exclusively to the germinal essence of purity—the spirit in its most interior selfhood. Instinct, understanding, reason, belong to the first series, and intuition bears the same relation to reason that it does to animal instinct, except that reason is more negative to intuition than instinct is to reason. Now, when thou art tempted to err, pause one moment, but attempt not to reason, for the very attempt may prove fatal, because the process requires time. Instead of this, suspend for a moment all intellectual action, and that very moment intuition will assume the helm, and light and salvation will flow in upon thee by virtue of the human constitution and the relation subsisting between thee and the Sun of the Universe, God the Father. This will save thee and bring thee out of darkness, and not only profit thee, but all the race. Of thy duty toward thy brethren, I will tell thee another time. For the present, adieu.

EBEN EL TELEKI,
ZOROASTER.

We get light of a beautiful character from Spirits weekly, through various channels, and we feel to rejoice that truth is spreading far and wide. The Spirits are about to speak to the multitude through my lips shortly, in different parts of the State. Whatever of rare value we get shall be forwarded to you in season.

P. B. RANDOLPH, MEDIUM.

#### PROFESSOR FARADAY AND THE TABLES.

THE celebrated Professor Faraday, of London, has lately been engaged in investigating the phenomena of table turning. His report upon the affair, which is long, contains minute details of various and ingenious physical tests which were applied by him, by which he satisfied himself that the phenomena were in no way referable to electrical or magnetic agency, but owed their origin exclusively to mechanical or muscular pressure on the part of the so-called mediums. In respect to these conclusions, it is unnecessary to say any thing further at present, than to thank the learned Professor, in behalf of Spiritualists, for setling by his potent authority the electrical question, and thus demolishing the principal stronghold of skepticism against the Spiritual hypothesis. As for the Professor's conclusion which resolves the wonders of table moving to mere muscular and quasi voluntary action, we are willing to leave it in the hands of the thousands who have repeatedly seen heavy tables, and other articles of furniture, move with great freedom and power when no living being or other visible agency was in contact with them, and who have witnessed many other phenomena to which his tests fail to apply.

Keep it before the people, that the phenomena in question are not owing to any form of *electricity*, and that Professor Faraday, perhaps the most learned electrician in the world, says so.

# TO MY BROKEN BUDS.

BY VIOLA ODORATA.

Come, my dear cherubs,
My spirit needs cheering;
Come, rest as ye did,
On this bosom of yore;
O press 'round my neck
Your soft arms, while each carol
Shall soothe my lone heart,
And lost comfort restore.

Art ever around me,
My own tiny darlings?
To comfort and bless me
In pain or in tears;
To soothe my sad spirit
By sorrow o'ershaded,
And wipe the tears wrung
By its anguish and fears?

O Freddy, my first-born,
My pride and my darling,
May I thy soft presence
Feel fanning my brow,
As I see, as in time gone,
Thine eye bright and sparkling,
And locks shining dark
On thy forehead of snow?

And Helen, my birdling,
Of tender embraces
The image of one who
First won my heart's love;

O ever be near me,
Midway like an angel,
Between thy earth-tomb
And soul-temple above.

Come sweetly, come gently,
My own angel darlings,
And raise the bow'd soul
From its grovel in dust;
O teach it to rise on
The wings of the spirit,
And place high in heaven
Its treasure and trust.

STREET-PREACHING.—Attempts have lately been made, through Catholic influence, to suppress street-preaching in Cincinnati, Louisville, and Baltimore. At Cincinnati the people took the matter up, in opposition to the mayor and police, and upheld street-preaching. In Louisville the battle was a drawn one. In Baltimore the foes of street-preaching prevail for the present, though there is great excitement on the subject. The mayor of the city is down upon the peripatetic disciples, one of whom has been in the habit of street-preaching these fifteen years past. One of our city exchanges (Courier & Enquirer) having defended the mayor's course, another (Mirror) replies as follows:

"What would the editor of the Courier have done with Christ and his Apostles, who followed street-preaching principally—even entering the temple and casting out the money-changers? Was not Christ a little incendiary when he said, 'Proclaim liberty from the house-top,' etc.—and cried, 'Wo unto you, lawyers and scribes (editors, doubtless), and Pharisees; how can ye escape the damnation?' etc."

#### SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—The following was received from Poe, last evening, in relation to "Shadow and Sunshine," the poem published in the Register.

"I shall still continue, if permitted, to give poems through this medium. My poem, entitled 'Shadow and Sunshine,' I wish to change a little. Critics will laugh at the idea of a spirit changing words which have been dictated; but when they ascertain that my spirit still retains many of its earthly characteristics, they will not wonder so much. The change will be accomplished by placing thee in the place of me and us.

POE.

And upon asking for some demonstration of its Spiritual origin, he replied:

"The fact that the poem appears before you with a regular succession of poetic syllables, divided into feet, is sufficient to show that it had a mental origin; and if the mind of the medium did not compose the poem, some other mind did. Mr. \*\*\*\*\* and yourself are not aware of having composed it, so that it could not have been pyschologically imparted from either of yours."

This argument of Poe, to establish the Spiritual origin of the poem, is substantially the same as that in my communication in your paper of Friday. Though fully satisfied myself, yet upon reading your remarks, I am free to confess there is one link wanting to complete the chain of evidence, by which I should have established at once the independence of the medium, and the Spiritual origin of the poem. Had the fact alluded to as the test been unknown to all of the trio, then, in such case, the conclusion is irresistible; and if any reliance can be placed in our senses, we have incontestable proof of an intercourse with the Spirit-world. Now, sir, with your kind permission, I will state that on the evening when the communication from Keats was received, among very many poets was announced the name of "Lloyd," and as this name had several times during the evening been written, the curiosity of the circle prompted it to ask who he was, to which was received this reply:

"A poet who lived in the age of Churchill, and was his most intimate friend."

This reply was written involuntarily and unconsciously by the medium. That such a person, a poet, had ever existed, was a fact of which not one of the circle (and no one else was present) was aware—no one of us had ever heard of "Lloyd"—consequently this communication was entirely independent of the action or influence of the mind of either the medium, or of the others present. That a person could write, voluntarily, that of which he has no perception, and of which he could receive no psychical impression from others, they themselves being without such impression, you will readily perceive to be an impossibility.

Yesterday, having some spare moments, I called at the old Philadelphia Library for the purpose of verifying this communication. Upon looking into Rose's Biographical Dictionary, article "Lloyd," I there find the facts to be as stated. From article "Churchill," I extract:

"He (Churchill) was immoderately fond of pleasure, etc. Lloyd, the poet, had been one of his schoolfellows, at Westminster, and their intimacy was now renewed."

And further, upon examining "The Poetical Works of Robert Lloyd, A.M," by W. Kenrick, LL.D., London, 1774, I find the following:

"The news of Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to our author while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, 'I shall follow poor Charley,' took to his bed, from which he never rose again."

Thus, to my surprise, were the facts, as stated in the extraordinary communication, fully verified. I desire in this article simply to present the facts, to say that I am willing to vouch for their truthfulness in every particular, to indorse the character of the medium and of the other persons present, and await an explanation of so wonderful a phenomenon, which has thus irresistibly forced me, against long-established, long-cherished opinions of an entirely opposite tendency, to a belief and faith in a "Spiritworld" and "Spirit-intercourse."

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1853.

[Daily Register.

FULL OF BULLETS.—Herr Alexander, the magician, while playing off his hocus pocus of the "magic pistol" in a Western city, found that his weapon had been really loaded, and that he had shot a young man dead. Professor Anderson, in a recent entertainment, exhibited another instance of "too many bullets;" but he only knocked himself over, instead of killing all the "mediums" in the country, as he had boasted he could.

### CATCHING AT STRAWS.

ONE of our cotemporaries thinks that all sensible people will now give up Spiritualism forever, and assigns as his reason, that Professor Faraday's recent communication on table moving had satisfied the *Tribune*. But stop, friend; not so fast. The remarks which accompanied the publication of Faraday's disquisition in the *Tribune* were by Mr. Dana. A few days after Mr. Greeley published the following:

I have seen—so my eyes positively averred—tables moved by some inapparent force when no human hands were in contact with them, nor aught visible beside but the floor beneath their feet. How they were moved, or by what, I did not know and do not now decide. But it seems to me that Professor Faraday's experiments were fairly made and his conclusions fairly attained. That they do not dispose of cases of table moving wherein no hands or other physical motors are in contact with the table is obvious enough.

I am not quite so sure as my associate who wrote in our last, that an investigation of the "spiritual" glamour of our day will "kick out the ghosts," but I heartily concur in the demand that our Faradays shall make the attempt. It is a shame to them that they have left to their British peer the task which he has just performed. Will they not be inspired by this lead to deal as thoroughly and temperately with the Rappers?

—Tribune, July 15.

We have only to add, with all due respect to Mr. Dana, that this pretense that the *Tribune* is convinced, while Horace Greeley is not at all satisfied, is very much like leaving Hamlet out of the play.

# CURIOUS MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Dr. Carpenter, in his fifth lecture at Manchester, related some curious instances of aberration of mind. He spoke of a very learned professor, some years ago, at Aberdeen, Dr. Robert Hamilton, whose essay on the national debt largely contributed to the abolition of the sinking fund. In public this man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He went to one of his classes early in the morning, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and a black one on the other. He often spent the whole time of the class in moving from the table the hats, which his students as constantly returned. He sometimes invited the students to call upon him, and fined them for insulting him if they called. He ran against a cow, and begged her pardon, called her Madam, hoping she had not been hurt. He would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of the way. Yet if any one was with him at the time, his conversation would be perfectly logical.

Another instance of absence of mind was quoted in the case of a Scotch clergyman, who was invited to a party in Edinburg, at a time when it was usual to mix devotion with social intercourse. He was requested to conduct the services before the company broke up; and he therefore knelt down and began to pray in an appropriate manner. But soon he apparently entirely forgot where he was, and he continued his prayer as if in the quietude of his own chamber. He made reflections, in the prayer, on the mode in which he had spent the evening, and on the individuals present with him at the party. When he had concluded his prayer, he rose up, took off his coat and waistcoat, and was about to proceed to further extremities when his friends stopped him. More familiar instances of absence of mind were mentioned as occurring to more than one gentleman, who have been known to go up stairs for an evening party, and have actually undressed and got into bed, while their wives, perhaps, were waiting for them below!

After giving other cases of spontaneous mental abstraction, the lecturer spoke of the case of induced revery, commonly known under the absurd

name of electro-biology. All the essential phenomena of this state had been shown to him (several years before "electro-biology" was brought before the public) by Mr. Braid, in the person of a gentleman well known in Manchester, a man of high intelligence, and utterly incapable of deceiving, who has the power of spontaneous abstraction in a very remarkable degree, and who, when fixing his attention for a very few seconds upon any object, loses so entirely his voluntary control, that he is completely at the mercy of external suggestions, as his whole mind is for the time possessed with whatever idea may be communicated to him by another. This he (Dr. Carpenter) considered to be the essential character of this state of mind—a condition in which the power of the will over the current of the thought is entirely suspended, while the sensorium is more open to extravagant impressions than it is in ordinary revery; but otherwise the two states are essentially the same.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.—The following extract from an address of Meagher, recently delivered in New York, is truly eloquent in its description of the present state of Europe. How impossible, remarks a cotemporary, for a soul not stirred or even tried in fire to conceive and utter such things as these!

"Austria—the whole German family—tongue-tied; the Rhine stagnant in her bed; Poland, still the Niobe of nations, and her estate and children cut up and parceled out among the robbers; Hungary, with the knife at her proud and beautous neck; Italy, locked with her sculptured sepulcher, and a profane soldiery keeping watch upon it; France, grimacing in a masquerade, the glare of which binds men to crimes of which it is the senseless and reckless carnival; Ireland, her people decaying and disappearing faster than the ruins even, which a ruthless civilization has yet left standing on the soil. Where, where can the eye that scans the history of this day turn with joy—without grief, without vengeance, without despair—unless it be to this great commonwealth, the power, the progress, the immensity of which are mapped out in those mighty waters of the West, from which I came but yesterday?"

# JUDGE EDMONDS TO THE PUBLIC.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the calm, clear, and forcible appeal of JUDGE EDMONDS to the Public. The Judge has hitherto made no reply to those thoughtless persons who have not only charged him with folly and insanity, but have openly profaned the most sacred memories, by their coarse allusions to one who was, and is, unspeakably dear to his heart. In this we think he has acted wisely; and even now, when it seems proper for him to write as he has done, it will gratify his numerous Spiritual friends that he has treated his misguided enemies with so much forbearance. Men who can neither respect the virtues of the living nor the memory of the dead, certainly require our compassion. They know nothing of the nobility which dares to sacrifice itself for Truth, and their want of sensibility to the refined and generous emotions of human nature is in itself a sufficient retribution.

Those who have indulged the notion that Judge Edmonds was disposed to relinquish his faith in Spiritualism, will find their suspicion unfounded; and if any think him insane, after reading the interesting paper herein presented, we presume that neither the reputation of our distinguished friend nor the cause of Spiritualism will materially suffer in consequence.

S. R R

### JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

### TO THE PUBLIC:

On my recent return from an excursion into the country, I found that during my absence a decision lately pronounced by me had been seized upon as an occasion for an attack, in several quarters, on my religious belief. I was fully aware that that judgment, running counter as it would to popular sentiment, would subject my action to severe criticism, but I confess I did not anticipate that thence would flow an assault on my religious opinions. Were I a private citizen I should content myself with merely claiming the right which belongs to every one in this country, of entertaining such faith on thisthe most important of all topics—as my conscience might dictate. And as it is, I might perhaps rest satisfied with challenging those who assail me to point out a single article in my creed that aims at aught else than exalted private worth and public virtue. But as the position which I occupy renders the soundness as well as the integrity of my judgment a matter of public interest, I am bound to acknowledge the right of others to question my faith, and my own obligation to defend it.

I acknowledge a still further obligation. And inasmuch as I accepted my present position under the implied understanding, at least, that I believed in the Christian religion, and would administer our civil law according to the principles of the Divine law as it had been revealed to us, on which all our institutions were based, so I am bound to certify to those who have intrusted me with the Divine attribute of administering justice among men, that my reverence for that revela-

tion has not been shaken, nor my obedience to that moral law impaired.

I have not, however, waited for these assaults, to be impressed with these obligations, but have already so far felt them, that I have prepared to publish a volume on the subject, which, but for my other avocations, would ere this have been in the printer's hands. To that I must refer for much in elucidation and proof of my belief, which the limits of this communication will not now allow me to dwell upon, and content myself on this occasion with such general statements as may tend to give a correct idea of what it is that I believe or have done. Even this would not have been necessary, if those who assail me had but done me the justice themselves to have published any thing I have said or written on the subject. But hitherto I have been able to reach the public only through publications of very limited circulation; and the wildest and most erroneous notions have therefore been imbibed as to my belief, and the mischief has been increased by the recklessness with which erroneous statements have been fabricated by those who could not know them to be true, but who could easily have ascertained them to be false.

Thus one writer,\* with a want of feeling not perhaps surprising, speaks of my consulting my dead wife in making up my decisions. Another says, that it is "rumored" that I have consulted Spirit Manifestations in regard to my decisions. Another, that my belief is "at irreconcilable variance with all divine revelation, and is fit for no other system than devilworship;" and still another, that "it constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses, to the most nonsensical jugglery."

All these statements are as wide as they can be of truth,

<sup>\*</sup> Daily Chronicle, of New London.

and I might with some justice complain at being subjected to such grievous imputations, merely because I had made a decision which was unacceptable to a portion of the community. But it is not for the purpose of complaining that I sit down to write. I am aware that it is not so much me, as it is the faith which I profess, which is the object of attack. It is "the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate," which offends. I am also aware why it is that so much error exists in the public mind on that subject, and my whole purpose is, so far as I am concerned, to correct that error; to state truly, as far as I can in this connection, what it is that I do believe, and generally the grounds on which my belief is founded, that all who take interest enough in the matter to read what I may say, may have the means of judging for themselves as to what I really do believe, rather than what others erroneously impute to me as a belief.

I am sincerely grateful to my assailants for not imputing to me any unworthy or selfish motives, for conceding that as a private citizen I "stand exempt from public criticism," and that I am "not a fool," and for confining themselves to the mere imputation that I am laboring under a delusion. It is, therefore, to that point I shall confine myself in what I have now to say.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of "Spiritual Intercourse." I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was laboring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had in the course of my life read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know, if after death we should again meet with

those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings." I complied, more to oblige her and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and I determined to investigate the matter and find out what it was. If it was a deception, or a delusion, I thought that I could detect it. For about four months, I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witnessing the phenomenon in all its phases. I kept careful records of all I witnessed, and from time to time compared them with each other, to detect inconsistencies and contradictions. I read all I could lay my hands on, on the subject, and especially all the professed "exposures of the humbug." I went from place to place, seeing different mediums, meeting with different parties of persons, often with persons whom I had never seen before, and sometimes where I was myself entirely unknown-sometimes in the dark and sometimes in the light-often with inveterate unbelievers, and more frequently with zealous believers. In fine, I availed myself of every opportunity that was afforded, thoroughly to sift the matter to the bottom. I was all this time an unbeliever, and tried the patience of believers sorely by my skepticism, my captiousness, and my obdurate refusal to yield my belief. I saw around me some who yielded a ready faith on one or two sittings only; others again, under the same circumstances, avowing a determined unbelief; and some who refused to witness it at all, and yet were confirmed unbelievers. I could not imitate either of these parties, and refused to yield unless upon most irrefragable testimony. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far the question I was investigating was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible, unknown agency; in other words, whether it was a

deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown, unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone, fill at least one hundred and thirty closely-written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundred. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact: 1st, that I have thus very many witnesses, whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and, 2d, that if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as intelligent, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was first drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communing. Of course I was on the look out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances: the mediums walking the length of a suite of parlors, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard five or six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as if struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when traveling, on a rail-

road, and on the floor and the table, when seated at lunch, at an eating-house by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distant from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table, in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds; sometimes, when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some one of the party, and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and of eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, examined the matter. We pursued our inquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things: first, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, second, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the mean time, another feature attracted my attention, and that was "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs, lifted bodily up from the floor, in the center of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted up on two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a center leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp

retain its place, though its glass pendents rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless retained there by something else than its own gravity, yet it fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner-bell taken from a high shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, and then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlor, and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, and once, when all my own strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a tithe—nay! not a hundredth part of what I have witnessed of the same character, but it is enough to show the general nature of what was before me.

At the same time, I have heard from others, whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, and which I could not permit myself to disregard, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions, for I have been by no means as much favored in this respect as some.

While these things were going on, there appeared in the newspapers various explanations and "exposures of the humbug," as they were termed. I read them with care, in the expectation of being assisted in my researches, and I could not but smile at once at the rashness and the futility of the explanations. For instance, while certain learned professors

in Buffalo were congratulating themselves on having detected it in the toe and knee joints, the manifestations in this city, changed to ringing a bell placed under the table. They were like the solution lately given by a learned professor in England, who attributes the tipping of tables to a force in the hands which are laid upon it, overlooking the material fact that tables quite as frequently move when there is no hand upon them.

What I have thus mentioned has happened in the presence of others as well as myself. I have not alluded to any of the things which have occurred to me when I have been alone, for as that would depend upon my testimony only, I have preferred not to subject my veracity to the rash and reckless contradictions of those who venture to denounce as an "atrocious imposture" that of which they are profoundly ignorant, and which has been examined and is believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who are, to say the least, every whit as honest and as intelligent as they are. Nor am I very anxious to submit my faith to the judgment of those who would have persecuted Galileo nigh unto death for discovering our planetary system, and have united in the cry of "folly" at Fulton's steamboat, "humbug" at Morse' stelegraph, and "insanity" at Gray's iron road.

Having thus, by a long series of patient inquiries, satisfied myself on this point, my next inquiry was, Whence comes the intelligence there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

Thus I have frequently known mental questions answered, that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him or known to others. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded, and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in

the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken to as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to, and could be disclosed by, the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own; and it is a fact that can be attested by many, that often there has been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who were unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred, May not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that facts were communicated which were unknown then, but afterward found to be true; like this, for instance: when I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health seven times, and on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was traveling on the railroad between Cleveland and Toledo. So thoughts have been uttered on subjects not then in my mind, and utterly at variance with my own notions. This has often happened to me and to others, so as fully to establish the fact that it was not our minds that gave birth to or affected the communication.

Kindred to this are two well-authenticated cases of persons who can read the thoughts of others in their minds. One is an artist of this city of high reputation, and the other the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city. The latter wrote me, that in company with three friends he had tried the experiment, and for over forty successive attempts found he could read the secret thoughts of his companions as soon as they were formed, and without their being uttered. So, too, there is the instance of two persons, one of them also resident in this city, who can give a faithful delineation of the character, and even the prevailing mood of mind, of any person, however unknown to them, upon whom they fix their attention.

These are not apocryphal cases. The parties are at hand, and in our very midst, and any person that pleases may make the investigation, as I have, and satisfy himself.

But all this, and much, very much more of a cognate nature, went to show me that there was a high order of intelligence involved in this new phenomenon—an intelligence outside of, and beyond, mere mortal agency; for there was no other hypothesis which I could devise or hear of that could at all explain that, whose reality is established by the testimony of tens of thousands, and can easily be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to inquire.

If these two points were established—and there are now in these United States hundreds of thousands of sentient beings who have investigated and believe they are—then came this important question, Cui bono? To what end is it all? For what purpose? With what object?

To that inquiry I have directed my earnest attention, devoting to the task for over two years all the leisure I could command, and increasing that leisure as far as I could by withdrawing myself from all my former recreations. I have gone from circle to circle, from medium to medium, seeking

knowledge on the subject wherever I could obtain it, either from books or from observation, and bringing to bear upon it whatever of intelligence I have been gifted with by nature, sharpened and improved by over thirty years' practice at the bar, in the legislature, and on the bench.

I found there were very many ways in which this unseen intelligence communed with us, besides the rappings and table tippings, and that through those other modes there came very many communications distinguished for their eloquence, their high order of intellect, and their pure and lofty moral tone; at the same time I discovered many inconsistencies and contradictions that were calculated to mislead. I saw many puerile and some very absurd statements, and many that were admirably calculated to make man better and happier, and I set to work to see if I could not out of this chaos gather something that might be valuable.

I was satisfied that something more was intended than the gratification of an idle curiosity; something more than pandering to a diseased appetite for the marvelous; something more than the promulgation of oracular platitudes; something more than upsetting material objects to the admiration of the wonder-lover; something more than telling the age of the living or the dead, etc.

For that something I have industriously searched. I thought that was wiser than to condemn without investigation, and denounce without knowledge. What I have discovered in that regard I have intended to give to the world, that all may judge for themselves whether there is any thing in it worthy the attention of intelligent beings. It would have been done ere this if my leisure would have allowed me time to prepare my manuscript for the press. Now I expect that my book will be published by the first of September, and to that I refer, as I have already said, for particulars.

In the mean time, it is due to myself and to others to say, that our faith, as growing out of these researches, is not "at irreconcilable variance with revelation." How little do they, who make such charges, know of this matter! Misled by the crudities which alone are seen in the newspapers of the day, because the graver matters can not find admission there, the idea is, I am aware, entertained by some that this new philosophy is at variance with the revelation through Christ, the Redeemer. This is indeed a sad mistake, and one that believers would be too happy to correct, if only the opportunity could be afforded them.

So, too, is it a grievous error to suppose that it "constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses." There was never yet, I venture to say, a religious creed promulgated among men, which so entirely eschewed blind faith, and so fully and always demanded the exercise of the judgment and the supremacy of the reason.

Hence it is that we are taught that none of these extraordinary things which are witnessed by so many, are miraculous, or flow from any suspension of nature's laws, but are, on the other hand, in conformity with, and in execution of, those laws; that like the steam-engine and the magnetic telegraph, they are marvelous only to those who do not understand them or are not familiar with them; that those laws, and the means by which they produce such results, are as capable of being found out by human research; that the knowledge is not confined to a few, but is open to all, rich or poor, high or low, wise or ignorant, who will wisely and patiently search for it, and that when it is attained it can not but work in the heart "a closer walk with God," and an intercourse with our fellow-men of a more elevated character, void of selfishness, and devoted to their absolute advancement in all knowl-

edge and goodness, both in this world and in the world to come.

This is a part of the something which I have found in my researches. But there is more yet. There is that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smoothes the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the Atheist and can not but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain. What that is, I can not in the limits of this letter explain, but in due time it will be forthcoming, and each one can judge for himself.

But now may I not ask if I overrate the importance of the subject of my inquiries? Scarcely more than four years have elapsed since the "Rochester Knockings" were first known among us. Then mediums could be counted by units, but now by thousands-then believers could be numbered by hundreds, now by tens of thousands. It is believed by the best informed, that the whole number in the United States must be several hundred thousands, and that in this city and its vicinity there must be from twenty-five to thirty thousand. There are ten or twelve newspapers and periodicals devoted to the cause, and the Spiritual Library embraces more than one hundred different publications, some of which have already attained a circulation of more than ten thousand copies. Besides the undistinguished multitude, there are many men of high standing and talent ranked among them, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen in great numbers, a Protestant bishop, the learned and reverend president of a college, judges of our higher courts, members of Congress, foreign embassadors, and ex-members of the National Senate.

That which has thus spread with such marvelous celerity

in spite of the ridicule which has deterred so many from an open avowal, and which has attracted the attention of so many of the best minds among us, can not be unworthy of my investigation, or that of persons far wiser and more reliable than I am.

It is now more than a year that my peculiar faith has been the subject of public comment. During it all I have been silent as to those attacks, content steadily to pursue my investigations until I could arrive at satisfactory results. Perhaps I have been silent too long, for, in the mean time, very erroneous notions, as to that faith, have been allowed to spring up. But I was unwilling to speak until I was as sure as I could be that I was right, lest I might utter some crudity which, by-and-by, I might regret—or commit some error which I might find it difficult to correct, or, in fine, unhappily mislead in my ignorance, rather than wisely guide by my knowledge.

I went into the investigation, originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. I say mainly, because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious can not but make them happier and better.

If those who doubt this could but spend a few days with me in my library, and witness the calls I have from strangers from all parts of the country; if they could but look over my portfolio, and read the letters which pour in upon me from all sections, and from persons whom I have never seen and never may see, they would be able, from the evidence thus furnished of the good that has been done, to form some idea of what

may yet be accomplished, and they would not wonder that I find a compensation for the obloquy that is so freely heaped upon me by the ignorant, in the grateful outpourings of hearts which have, by my means, been relieved. One of them says (and it is a fair specimen of the whole), "You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and poured oil into the wound of one like to die, and you will have rendered a death-bed, sooner or later, calm and hopeful, which might have been disturbed by doubts."

This, then, is the offense for which I have been arraigned at the bar of the public with so unsparing a condemnation, declared unworthy of my high office, falsely accused of consulting aught else than the law of the land, and my own reason, in the judgments which I officially pronounce, and have had invoked against me "the fires of Smithfield and the hangings of Salem." From such a condemnation it is that I appeal to the calm, unbiased judgment of my countrymen, with a firm reliance upon its justice.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, August 1, 1853.

AN EXTINCT AMERICAN RACE.—The following passage, from the "Travels of Humboldt," possesses more than ordinary interest at the present time:

"Amid the plains of North America some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square, and octagonal fortifications; walls 6,000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several stories, and containing thousands of skeletons. The skeletons are the remains of men less slender and more squat than the present inhabitants of those countries. On a vast space of ground at the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Cassiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Branco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which inhabit the same region."

## A PLAIN SPEECH.

WE find, in a late number of the Knickerbocker, the speech of Oliver Cromwell on dissolving the Long Parliament. It is extracted from the record of the Parliamentary debates. One expression, "The Lord has no further need of you," said to have been used by Cromwell on that occasion, does not appear in this rendering. Perhaps our astute cotemporary has discovered that the Lord required their services more than the country did. But here is the speech, and it is sufficiently spicy as it is.

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House, and which, by God's help, and the strength He has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the perils of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place! Go! Get out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves. Begone. Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors !"

## HINDOO PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Gentlemen—In your last number I observe a California story of a Hindoo priest, Lehanteka, of a rather marvelous and improbable character. That any ancient Hindoo priesthood are in possession of a science of the brain analagous to that which I have established by experimental investigation, is so entirely improbable and Munchausen-like a story, that I have no doubt it is either greatly exaggerated or totally untrue. Nor could the analogy be fairly appreciated at the present time, since a great portion of the science of Anthropology has not yet been published, even in outline, through the Journal of Man. In ascribing to myself a "polar theory," your correspondent attributes an idea which I have always repudiated.

There has always been a great disposition to admire, reverence, and exaggerate the literature, science, philosophy, and miracles of antiquity. The world in its infancy adores the past, as children entertain exaggerated conceptions of the power and greatness of their parents. Hence very trivial fragments of knowledge or philosophy, which are supposed to have been in existence for many centuries, are magnified into greater importance than the most elaborate and extensive results of modern scientific research. This superstitious tendency, which prevails but little among the thorough cultivators of science, still has its hold upon the popular mind. And, indeed, it is easy enough to impose upon mankind by modern charlatanism, without resorting to the prestige of antiquity.

I have observed among my pupils, that the merest charlatans, entirely incapable of comprehending or expounding the fundamental truths of Anthropology had, in a certain sphere, much greater success with the public in presenting their conditions than men of true science, learning, and philosophy, who scorned the tricks of the charlatan, and taught the inestimable truths of cerebral science.

As to Lehanteka, if he be in reality a Hindoo priest, and not a shrewd American or English impostor, such as we have had in the older States, it will be found upon examination that although he may be a good clairvoyant, as the narrative indicates, and may have some vague ideas of the Nervaura and the philosophy of the human constitution, derived from intuitive perception, he has in reality no science of the brain except what he has derived from the study of writers upon such subjects. It is probable that your correspondent did not intend to intimate any more than what is really probable, although his expressions imply much more.

In these matters it is very easy for the public to be deceived, as the prevailing ignorance is so very dense as to prevent the detection of scientific error, or of a respectable imposture.

The probability that any Hindoo, without access to my publications (which, by the way, are sent to California), has brought from antiquity any notable amount of analogous philosophy, is about as great as the probability that he has brought from antiquity something analogous to the modern science of medicine, embracing the results of microscopic and pathological anatomy, or that he has brought from the same source the modern system of Astronomy, as demonstrated in the Měchanique Celeste of Laplace. The supposition is intrinsically extravagant and absurd. As to borrowing ideas in the clairvoyant or spiritual way, I doubt whether any honest

clairvoyant could do so, without being aware of their source, and ready to recognize it.

There is a vast difference (which is not sufficiently appreciated) between vague notions derived from our speculative faculties, such as prevailed anterior to the dawn of the physical sciences, and the results of experimental research which constitute positive science. The tendency of the Hindoo mind in ancient times was speculative and poetic, but not scientific. In the VEDAS, and in the poems of Kalidasa (a cotemporary of Virgil), as well as the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and the later Bhatti-kavya, the descriptions of Nature are poetic and devotional—sometimes highly graphic and picturesque, but never philosophic. The ancient Hindoo astronomy was a matter of observation rather than philosophy, and had no conception of the true theory of the universe. Their methods of algebraic investigation were defective, and indeed the Oriental mind has never been able to achieve much in the domain of science. The observatories of Samarcand and Meraghar furnished but observations. The medical knowledge accumulated by the Hindoos in their great book, the Susrata, is never referred to by modern physicians or writers.

Tropical climates are more favorable to indolent speculation than to profound philosophy, which springs into being where greater strength of character is developed by a more invigorating climate. Mankind have been indebted, according to Baron Humboldt, "to the inhabitants of a small section of the temperate zone," for "the earliest revelation of an intimate and rational acquaintance with the forces governing the physical world." "Moreover, it is from the same zone that the germs of civilization have been carried to the regions of the tropics."

In these tropical regions, however, where human impressi-

bility is developed to the highest possible extent, the constitutions of the mass of mankind render them fit subjects for marvelous operations, for easy deception, and for abject subjugation by the will of their cunning superiors. Esdaile's account of Mesmerism in India shows that no part of the world contains better materials for Nervauric miracles. In such a climate, the intuitional faculties acquire a high development, and many intuitive observations are made, which would be highly valuable if brought together and organized by the philosophic faculties and spirit of inductive research. Supplied by nature with the necessary conditions for the vocation of the clairvoyant or seer, and for spiritual communication and the use of supra-physical powers, we might expect from such regions much that is marvelous and interesting, but little that is truly scientific and philosophic.

J. R. BUCHANAN.

CINCINNATI, July 16, 1853.

TRUE REFORMERS are always deemed rash men by the world. Christ was crucified, and for what? To enable the wicked to live in sin and vice. Socrates was forced to drink poison, and why? To enable the youth under his charge to continue pagans and the worshipers of thirty thousand gods. Galileo was persecuted, and why? To make converts to superstition. It was called rashness in Luther, when he declared that he would go to the Diet of Worms, if there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses of his enemies. Wesley preached against bishops, despite all his brethren could say on the subject. Most sects and parties profess to be reformers; but too many of them wish to form and reform the world according to their own particular ism, and not to reform sin, vice, intemperance, and crime out of it. Purity of life and action arise from true reforms. Wicked men and tyrants are alarmed at revolutions-witness the monarchists in France, England, and Austria. But truth will rise, and true reformers should never despair of the "good time that is coming." Hope on, and persevere !- Boston Investigator.

#### DISEASE - MEDICINE.

#### S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—In a letter to the Telegraph, giving an account of the Hindoo priest, Lehanteka, Dr. Pope asks for a solution of the question, "If medicines act like disease, deranging and disturbing the vital forces and functions, on what principle do you justify their use?"

I reply, that I am an extreme skeptic in medicine, and regard it as a curse to the race as now used. My observations on diseased and vital action have convinced me that Napoleon displayed a deep philosophy when he assured Corvisart that the human organization was a fort, and none could defend it but its own internal forces.

It is a matter of grave doubt whether medicine ever cures disease. It does, however, in all instances, set up diseased action. The grand laboratory of nature is fitted up for the production of vegetable and animal life, and intelligence is as plainly unfolded in vegetable as in animal life. The one I would call an involuntary manifestation, and the other a voluntary, conscious operation between mind and matter. The vegetable feeds itself by intuitional intelligence, while man and all animals have a will-governed connection with the food they consume. This food, acting through the medium of the nerves, blood, etc., develops the phenomena of life; for life is manifested by chemical action, and when the requisite supply of food is withdrawn that action ceases, and with it life goes out. Disease is also manifested by chemical action, and may be defined as action ranging above or below the

standard of normal life-movements; and this definition explains clearly why medicines and disease act alike—they both set up an action in the human system above or below the natural molecular motion. The narcotics or poisons sink the standard of action; the stimulants raise it above the proper point.

Fever, and, in fact, all disease, is a combustion of the blood first, and then the solids; and this combustion, or burning up of vital parts, falls either on the centers of life or on the surface. Small-pox sets up an action on the skin that destroys a large space of the surface, and fills the circular pits with the ashes of the burned matter. Consumption is a burning of the substance of the lungs, while cholera, yellow fever, and plague are apparently a combustion of the blood. That fluid is literally cooked-boiled by excess of heat, evolved by intense chemical action. Fever, plague, cholera, I regard as centripetal diseases; they are the work of intense poisons carried into the blood, called animal and vegetable miasms. Smallpox, measles, scarlatina, etc., are centrifugal or surface diseases. The action is in the capillaries of the skin. Ague and fever, in its revolution, shows both these actions. In the cold stage, the central action prevails over the surface action, and the blood retires to the center. The fever comes on, and the surface is flushed; the blood returns to the surface, and an intense chemical action is set up in the capillaries, and so much of the blood as is rendered useless is poured off through the skin. It was the observation of this law that led Galen to remark, that ague had an annual and diurnal revolution like the earth. This disease is produced in the system by dead matter, and it of course follows the laws of matter as above indicated.

In consumptive patients I always observe alternations of chill and heat, and these symptoms always arise as soon as the matter of the decaying lung begins to be absorbed into the system. And these chill and fever flashes are perfect types of what we observe in all miasmatic diseases; they are the same, and I have interrupted them by small doses of quinine as distinctly as you can interrupt the paroxysm of an ague.

The vital action of the system is carried on in the blood, and the vital fluid is eliminated by a rusting process, analogous to that which occurs in the battery when electricity is evolved. The acid is replenished, and its action is continued till the zinc and copper are worn out. So in the blood, it must be constantly supplied by the food with certain properties, or its ability to eliminate the phenomena ceases. The air inhaled into the lungs, when the blood has no nutriment in it, only sets up a reversed action in the system, and consumes what zinc and copper (nourishment) it finds, and the battery is rusted out—the body dies. Whatever modifies this vital action influences the life-principle; hence all medicines—all substances in nature taken into the organism—work changes in this phenomenon.

With this idea of vital action before your mind, you will readily guess my conclusions respecting the use of medicines. They can not be safely taken. No rule can be established for their administration. Calomel salivates and acts as a cathartic, but in doing so it sets up an action in the system which elaborates a large mass of bilious matter. This may be absorbed and destroy the patient. Salts may physic, but the patient may die under its action. Arsenic creates a fever in the system in doses of a few drops. Prussic acid destroys life with the rapidity of lightning, and no trace is left of its action on the stomach: it goes directly to the centers of life and extinguishes the vital flame. Alcohol acts as a stimulus on all the vital tissues, and the increased momentum it gives to the vital movements wears out the machinery. In the language of the eloquent Dr. Dixon, of the "Scalpel," "Nature

is ever busy by the silent operation of her own forces, endeavoring to cure disease. Her medicines are air, warmth, food, water, exercise, and sleep."

Man can not so modify vital action by disturbing her forces as to produce health or equilibrium, for the reason that he can never calculate the amount of action that may result from any given amount of medicine. An extensive range of observations on the action of infinitesimal doses, given upon the law of similars, has failed to convince me that one vital change favorable to health has ever been worked by the whole squad of dabblers in the small end of a shadow whittled down to a point. Water, as now applied, is a series of experiments upon heat and radiation; its merits are yet to be determined.

Mesmerism as a remedy has not yet been fully tested, but it is apparent that if a healthy vital fluid can be thrown from one system to another, a tangible influence may be worked on a diseased person. It yet remains to be proved that medicine, in large doses or small, has cured or even mitigated disease or suffering. You may break the paroxysm of an ague by a dose of quinine, or stop pain by opium, but the veriest tyro in medicine knows that a cure is never effected by either remedy.

In all epidemics multitudes are killed by medicine. In cholera, thousands have been slaughtered, and the Homœopathic system claims a grand triumph over Allopathy in its treatment, from the fact that their remedies have done no harm. I have treated small-pox, typhus fever, and many cases of malignant scarlatina without a jot of medicine with as good success as with the most noted remedies. These I know are sweeping declarations, but let him gainsay them who dare. All the changes in the progress of disease that are favorable are charged over to the medicine; all unfavorable to the patient are saddled upon the bile, inflammation, fever, etc.

Disease is a unity, and the work of modifying the action of chemico-vital forces, by flinging into the laboratory a mass of crude materials, is not so easy as we are taught to believe. Dr. Forbes, editor of the *Foreign Medical Review*, London, in reviewing Hahnemanism discusses these questions; read him.

Yours, truly,

B. W. RICHMOND.

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS. -- Some workmen recently employed to excavate the foundation of a warehouse in the Minories, London, struck upon a large stone chest, to which a cover had been fastened. Expecting to find some concealed treasure, they broke the cover, and the chest also; but in this they were disappointed, for they found only a leaden coffin, containing a skull and bones. Fortunately the Rev. Thomas Hill heard of the discovery, and lost no time in having the sarcophagus, with its leaden coffin, placed within Trinity Church. The entire length of the stone sarcophagus is about 6 feet, its width about 2 feet, and the depth about 1 foot 7 inches. The cover is saddle-backed, or roofed, and in front is ornamented with foliage. The entire face of the sarcophagus is sculptured. In the center, within a circle, is a youthful male bust, clothed in a tunic. The face, which is turned sideways, is marked with a strong individuality, which conveys an idea that it was meant to portray the person deposited within. The rest of the front of the coffin is filled with a striated incuse pattern, very common on Roman sarcophagi. The cover was fastened with two strong iron clamps at each end. On removing the cover, the lid of an ornamented leaden coffin was exposed to view. It was covered with a beaded ornament and escalop shells, like examples found in past years at Colchester and in London, only that the pattern was somewhat differently disposed. Within the coffin were the remains of a young person, imbedded in lime, who, from certain indications in the skull and teeth, it is considered was not more than eight years old. The lime and the bones are to be carefully examined on a future occasion. It is intended to advise the parish authorities to deposit the sarcophagus and coffin either in Guildhall or some other accessible place of safety.

## FACTS IN WISCONSIN.

WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN, July 24, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

This young city, with Yankee enterprise and a German population, has felt enough of the effects of Spiritual philosophy to arouse the vindictive feelings of the preachers and their satellites. The rod of expulsion to church members and threats of mobs and law-suits to others have neither stopped nor retarded the process of Spiritualization or investigation. The first time I lectured here, I found one firm believer, a writing medium, Mr. N. P. Straw. Only a few could be induced then (last fall) to go and hear any person talk about this "humbug." Now the greatest fool has ceased to call it a humbug, in direct terms; but many call it the devil's doings, and most intelligent persons consider the devil a creature of fancy, or a humbug of the proselyting priesthood.

Several mediums have been developed here. The most remarkable one is a Mr. Healy Akeley, a young man of honest heart and good habits. By Spiritual direction he abstained entirely from food for thirty (30) days, taking nothing but water during the whole time. He pursued his object steadily, and accomplished his development as a healing medium, and has now gone on his mission to aid and restore the sick and afflicted. He lost about thirty pounds of flesh during his fast, but did not suffer from disease or hunger, did not labor, but walked about, read, and chewed spruce gum. All sorts of lies are reported by the enemies of Spiritual knowledge, to evade or get rid of this fact, but there is ample proof to sustain it, and the fruits will show its object and importance.

Another person, an old man, was taken last winter with violent convulsions both of body and mind, and during this process of transition his neighbors got alarmed, bound him and put him in jail, treating him like a brute, with just as much reason as there would be for treating a person in that way who is delirious with a raging fever. The good Samaritan at last found him and bound up his wounds, took him home, and is now bathing him with the electro-magnetic fluid, and he is steadily recovering from the effects of the treatment he received from the thieves he fell among. In

this case, as in the old one, the good Samaritan belonged to the infidel side of sectarianism. All those who call themselves Christians, make long prayers, keep clean the outside of the cup and platter, and carefully tithe the mint and cummin, passed by on the other side.

This is only one of thousands of cases where this mad world of strife betrays its want of true charity, and boasts its wealth in churches, priests, Bibles, and creeds. Who does not see the need of a practical religion, when the old faith has ceased to do works of charity and mercy, and become a mere creature of boasting and pride, selfishness and oppression. It is seen and felt, and it has come; and although born in a stable, and compelled often to flee for life, yet the young child is safe while angels protect it from the persecuting priesthood, as they did in old times the persecuted Jesus.

The cause prospers in the West. Gov. Tallmadge has given two lectures at Fond du Lac recently, to very large audiences, and many are inquiring what they shall do to be saved, or how they can know these glorious truths.

Yours, for progress,

WARREN CHASE.

REMARKS: The foregoing communication from our friend Chase details some facts which deserve a few passing remarks in addition to those he has made upon them. The case of fasting for thirty consecutive days, without injury to the health or material diminution of physical strength, is not without many parallels, however incredible it may seem to be. Not to dwell upon several cases reported in the Biblical records, or to speak of the marvelous mortifications of the ancient stylites and other religious recluses, we not long since read of an English girl, of the name of Elizabeth Squirrel. who, at the time the writer saw her, had not touched (material) food for five or six weeks. This was proved by the positive testimony of the members of her family, who were highly respectable persons, and who, moreover, could neither have been deceived themselves, nor have had any motive to deceive others on such a subject. During this protracted fast the girl kept her bed for most of the time, and was frequently in a state of catalepsy, but she retained her ruddiness, and

there was no apparent diminution of flesh. She all the while professed to see, and be able to converse with, Spiritual intelligences, and to receive from their hands Spiritual nourishment; and an equally remarkable feature of the case was, that an old glass tumbler, which through several generations had descended to the family as an heirloom, and which was now kept constantly on a table near her bedside, would frequently ring several times in quick succession, as if struck with a stick or little mallet, while no visible agency could be assigned as the cause of the phenomenon. We saw an account of this case in a review and extracts from a new English book entitled "The Summer and Winter of the Soul," given in the London Athenœum some months since.

The cruel treatment of the old man who fell into convulsions is another instance showing with what insane horror many persons, even in this enlightened age, look upon nervous and psychical phenomena which wear a preternatural aspect. It is this feeling which frequently induces such persons to hurry off with indecent haste to the lunatic asylum such convulsionaires and others as claim to be the subjects of, or believers in, Spiritual influence, when a little good sense and candid reading would either enable them to identify such cases with many which even their Bibles teach them to regard as visitations from the angel-world, or to distinguish and rectify, by the simplest means, any irregular phenomena which may proceed from over-excitement of the nervous system.

#### FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

#### LETTER I.

The Ocean, a Spiritual Teacher—The Mexican Minister to France—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Liverpool, its Environs and Institutions—Chester and its Cathedral—Table Moving—The London Leader.

LIVERPOOL, July 17, 1853.

#### DEAR BRITTAN:

I am now over the sea; an ocean three thousand miles wide rolls between me and all that is dear—between me and my country, my friends, and my kindred. The sea is a revolutionist; is something more than a democrat; is at once a creator and a destroyer; is the charm and the terror of the world; for it deters the weak and invites the strong, is the highway over which goes the vanquisher to lay the hand of commerce or of war upon nations that are doomed, because guilty of being feeble.

But I will not now speak of the sea as related to man the conqueror, to man the pursuer of gain, to man the trafficker. It is also related to man in a higher sense-to man the thinker, and, above all, to man the worshipper. The ocean is a great Spiritual teacher. It preaches to man, not according to the thirty-nine articles; not according to any creed of any church; it takes no stereotyped text; it declares, with voice deep, sincere, melodious, the wisdom of the ever-living God, and utters a praise that comes fresh from its great heart as when it first lifted up its voice after' creation's hour. It teaches in parables like the great Master himself. It is a glorious symbol of the Infinite, out of which is mysteriously born the finite. Its unfathomable depth beneath you, as you sail over its everthrobbing bosom, reminds you of a Spirit that is in all, through all, around all, which is yet unsearchable. It refuses to wear the trace of man, and symbolizes the oblivion to which most mortals are destined. The mists that go up from its hoary waters are like the aspirations that are everascending from the heart of struggling humanity. By the sea the land is embraced with innumerable soft watery arms, as all things are embraced by the love of God.

He that can not listen to such a teacher has no spirit of worship within him. His soul yet sleeps, and must be awakened. With the exception of a single day my voyage was uncommonly smooth, yet to me at every moment the sea seemed the fittest emblem of power. Its gentleness was the gentleness of strength, not of weakness. To use the personification of Wordsworth, the "mighty Being" seemed to be "awake," and did "with its motion make a sound like thunder everlastingly." Its sunniest smile had an under-look of sadness, like the smile of genius. At the close of each day, night settled down on the deep, slowly, calmly, like a great sorrow on a grief-worn heart. Yet somehow it seemed to say that within its bosom there was "rest." Christianity, in a certain sense, is a "worship of sorrow," and the ocean seems to moan out with a never-ending utterance along its interminable rock-bound shore a solemn "amen."

The day before coming in sight of land we had a storm which lasted about ten hours. It was what the seamen call a "fresh gale." The big swells rolled over the bow of the staunch steamship, and the spray dashed upon deck like a flood. I remained on deck from the commencement to the termination of the storm. Never did a day pass more rapidly with me, or bring more real enjoyment. On every side the huge tumbling waves were crested with foam, through which continually appeared the most beautiful emerald color that the eye ever feasted upon. The excitement was too high and the pleasure too great to admit any room for seasickness.

We had many pleasant, and some distinguished, passengers, among whom were the Mexican Minister to France, Senor J. R. Pecheco, and the American Consul to Liverpool. The Mexican Ambassador was an intelligent-looking man, and, what is remarkable for one of his nation, comported himself in a very quiet manner. He exchanged cards with me, and invited me very cordially to visit him at Paris. Mr. Hawthorne, the famous author of the "Scarlet Letter," "House of Seven Gables," "Blithedale Romance," "Twice-Told Tales," and other books, was the "observed of all observers," if not the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." As usual, he was reserved, and seemed to look and think more than he talked. He has the richest place in the gift of the American government, and will no doubt be hereafter independent of the booksellers.

In England every thing looks new to an American, because every thing looks old. Time has been busy with every thing. Nothing wears the appearance of having sprung into existence yesterday. Centuries, not years, are here thought of in connection with all objects. But I am as yet too

fresh a comer to generalize in regard to a kingdom that has been growing since the time when the great name of Cæsar awed the world.

Liverpool is a smoky, dingy town. It now numbers about 400,000 inhabitants, and contains more shipping than any other place on the globe. The Adelphi Hotel, St. George's Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, a Town Hall, a statute of George Canning by Chantrey, an execrable monument to Nelson in the center of the Exchange, the Lyceum in Bold Street, an Athenæum, the Royal Institution of Science and Literature, founded by William Roscoe, in 1814, which contains a set of casts from the Ægina and Phigaleian marbles, a workhouse capable of affording in-door relief to 1,800 persons, and the finest docks in all Christendom, are among the most notable things that Liverpool affords. In 1850 the tonnage of the port amounted to 3,336,337 tons, and the number of ships to 20,457. The custom dues were £3,366,284 sterling. Six sevenths of the cotton imported into England goes through Liverpool. It may be added—and the fact must be somewhat humiliating to the boasting English—that in 1764 more than half the African slave trade was carried on by Liverpool merchants.

Liverpool is called by many a very immoral place. It may, or may not be so, as compared with other places. "The immorality of the age," says Goethe, "is a standing topic of complaint with some men. But if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent him."

July 18.—I have been here now two days and have seen several places about Liverpool. I rode through the court end of the town to West Derby last evening, a distance of five miles, along a winding road as smooth as a floor, and inclosed on either side with a wall and hedge. The fields are very green and the foliage very rich, owing in part to the great moisture of the climate. A mile beyond Derby is the seat of the Earl of Sefton. The park is not large, but the flowers and the shrubbery in the garden are arranged with exquisite taste, and are surpassingly beautiful. I also visited the seat of the Earl of Derby, which is two miles beyond. The Hall is much more imposing and the grounds more extensive. Herds of deer grazing in the park, and swans swimming in the artificial ponds, look strange to American eyes.

This afternoon I went by railway to the old cathedral city of Chester, a distance of seventeen miles. It is situated on an eminence, and is surrounded by a wall which was built by the Romans. Besides the old wall, with its gates, the most noted object in Chester is the cathedral. The statistics of the town I have collected, but have no time to digest them and arrange them here.

I passed through Water Gate and crossed the Dee, upon which the city is situated, and took the road leading to "Eaton Hall," the celebrated seat of the Marquis of Westminster. It is four miles south of Chester, about a quarter of a mile from the Dee, in an extensive park that slopes gently up from the river. It is regarded as the most magnificent Gothic structure in the kingdom. Unfortunately, for me, the Hall was undergoing repairs, and I was refused admittance. I feasted my eyes on the beauty of the Gothic architecture and the gardens, but was grieved to return without seeing the grand entrance hall, the ante-dining room, the dining room, antedrawing room, drawing room, library, conservatory, chapel, etc., in the country house of an English nobleman whose income is the snug little sum of half a million sterling. O, high-headed, hollow-hearted, Paul Potiphar, Esq., your house with a freestone front in Fifth Avenue, and your summer residence on the Hudson, don't amount to so very much after all! Yet, somehow, a man seems to us nobler than a lord; especially much nobler than some foolish apes of a lord.

Things "Spiritual" are exciting much public attention in this conservative country, and whatever may be the issue in regard to "rappings," inquiry will be raised, and the trammels that hinder free thought, and the expression of free thought, will be broken. The friend of mental and moral liberty, who has confidence in human nature when its development is unobstructed, hails with joy the advent of whatever will destroy cant, dissolve the petrifaction of creeds, and emancipate the soul of man from the bondage of constitutional authority.

I find the following in the last number of the London Leader, which betrays the usual shallowness with which any thing new—however sublime it may be—is treated in high places:

"Table moving is still active, though Faraday's authority has cowed the majority. No delusion can fairly be dissipated as long as people 'believe what they see,' and fancy they can see when in truth they infer. We were much amused last week by this example of 'evidence of the senses.' Walking down the Strand in company with a friend, we were both surprised at seeing, in a bookseller's window, 'Bleak House' lying open in the unmistakable shape of a thick octavo volume. Our knowledge that 'Bleak House' was not yet complete, and therefore could only be seen in numbers, not in volumes, made us doubt the evidence of our senses. We looked again and again. There was the volume evident enough, unmistakable! What could it be? It turned out to be the last number of that work laid open on an octavo volume, but so nicely adjusted that the

two seemed one. We both laughed at this deception of the senses, and agreed that had not our previous knowledge corrected the report of the senses, we should have been willing to swear we had seen a copy of 'Bleak House' bound in one volume. Had we said so to any one, knowing that such a thing was unlikely, we should not have considered him hypocritical in saying, 'No, my friend, you saw nothing of the kind, but from certain impressions made upon your retina you inferred that a volume of "Bleak House" was before you.'

"A well-compiled volume—' Table Turning and Table Talking'—has just been issued by the house of Vizetelly, wherein the articles which have appeared in French, German, and English papers are collected and translated."

The editor of the "Leader" assumes that table moving is a delusion, because we must rely upon the senses for our evidence. If the senses are in no case reliable, then are experience and philosophy wrong in asserting that we know any thing, for the senses always furnish the occasion even for the positive deliverances of the understanding. He is out in the principle of his argument, and is particularly unhappy in his illustration. Two men mistake a pamphlet, lying on top of a book in a shop window, for a thick volume, not by the delusion of the senses, but by want of sufficient examination: ergo, table moving, which is seen by the senses, is, not may be, a delusion. If the editor of the London Leader should thoroughly study philosophy, which he stupidly affects to have outgrown, he would—always supposing him by nature capable of close reasoning—be fortified against such ridiculous blunders.

The book mentioned—"Table Turning and Table Talking"—seems, at a glance, to promise much, and might make a valuable number of your series of publications.

A DILEMMA.—Ex-Episcopal Bishop lves, of North Carolina, having gone over to the Roman Catholic Church, can not be ordained, it seems, in his new faith, without the consent of his wife. To make her consent worth any thing she must be a Catholic, and retire voluntarily to a convent. So says the Boston (Catholic) *Pilot*. This is a hard dilemma for a seceder who, renouncing his first love in religion, still clings to his first love of womankind.

### PROSE AND POETRY.

Woodstock, July 31, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Two weeks ago the angels came for our little Frankie, residing with his mother in Western New York. The turf reposed over his "dust" ere the tidings of his departure reached me. On returning from the grave, his mother's hand was moved to write the following, from the spirit who is charged with the development of our "angelic trio" in the Spirit-world.

"I see the strong desires you feel to know how your dear, sweet Frankie was received in the Spirit-world. It is indeed a pleasant task for me to speak to you on this point. Long before his sweet spirit left the body, many bright angels hovered over him to lend their influence in soothing his pains, and lighting up the dark valley which they saw he must inevitably soon pass. His spirit-brothers, who departed long before him, were nearest, and, let me assure you, it was a scene in which I could not be indifferent. The moment his spirit was released, it mounted up on wings as it were, and we all began our song of praise that one more had been born into this glorious kingdom. His little spirit seemed lost for a time at what he saw, but soon he began to see the glory which surrounded him, and he was filled with joy and happiness unspeakable. He seemed to know his spirit-brothers, and roams with them through infinite space, to admire and adore the handiwork of our Creator. It will take a little time to develop him so that he will understand many things which he sees; but his spirit was so pure and free from the blighting influences of sin, that he was prepared for a higher circle than

many who are far in advance of him in age and knowledge. He feels free and happy, but in knowledge and wisdom he has not made much advancement. I shall be his teacher, and soon I shall see him expanded to the size of a full-grown spirit, and infinitely more advanced in wisdom and love than the most learned and angelic spirit that yet inhabits the mortal body. Dear sister, you felt his spirit in the silent night watches—you were not mistaken, for he loves to linger about you; and when he saw you weep, he wondered why—for he is so filled with joy and happiness that he sees no cause for weeping. Your dear children now form an "angelic trio." Oh, how lovely, how blessed are they! Do you, can you, wish them back? I shall try to impress your dear husband with the fact of his departure to the Spirit-world, so the letter will not meet him entirely unprepared."

The same mail which brought the above, brought the following from Miss L. M. Cady, of this place, whose name is not unknown to you.

Woodstock, July 23, 1853.

Dear Brother: While I firmly believe your angel boy is still with you, and that you will again hear from him in his spirit-home—though I know it is right that he should pass from earth ere his spotless soul had known aught of the sins and temptations of this alluring world, still I can but shed tears o'er the departure of one so promising. Sympathy for those loved ones who now miss the sweet music of their darling's voice, who view no longer the light of his sunny eyes, causes the silent tear to flow.

But we will not dwell upon him as he was, but think of him as he is. We will leave the fleeting, transitory things of earth and follow him to that bright land where the flowers of life shall bloom forever; to that home above the blue skies—that land of quiet rest, far from this changing world of ours, where sickness, sin, and sorrow hold their sway. And oh! how sweet to know that there is such a home; how sweet the word! how full of beauty! strange and sublime—a home of peace and happiness, where no sorrow ever comes, where joy hath no cloud—no anxious fears disturb the spirit's rest, nor shade the angel brow with frowning care—no sickness

enters there—no paling of the cheek or dimming of the eye—no wearing pain—no failing step foretelling an early doom—no parting there with those we love—no tearful, saddening farewell; but there friends meet in blessed reunion—meet no more to part in that bright home, where the moonbeam hath no cloud and the sun no setting, and the music of golden harps floats gently from the sky forever, and in that heavenly abode your darling boy hath found a resting-place—a beautiful bud hath unfolded 'neath the ever-radiant skies of heaven; and now, methinks, I hear his tiny voice chanting hymns of praise with that little cherub band in heaven's high courts. Yes, you shall hear from your little Frankie when you come to Woodstock.

I have lately been newly developed. In fact, this morning was the first I received any intimation of it. I was sitting alone, when a low, silvery whisper broke the silence around me. I started, expecting to see some one, but no visible object was present. I sank back into my chair, and in a few seconds the same low, silvery voice, rang in my ears. It said, "Dearest sister, take the pencil and write what I shall say unto thee." I grasped the pencil and wrote eight verses of poetry—the silvery voice dictating each line as I wrote. Though no name is given, that influence was from none other than dear A. The poetry is for you—I was thinking of you before I wrote. This seems to me the most beautiful of all I ever experienced. To know that the silvery voice of angel guardians will direct my every action seems too delightful to be realized. Truly the spirit prophecies seem about to be realized, that "Man will soon walk side by side with Angels."

#### HEAVENLY SOOTHINGS.

Mourning, sorrowing, loving parents,
Lo! the angels sing to thee—
"Weep not, mourn not, that thy darling
From the blight of earth is free.

- "Think not vain our heavenly soothings, Well we know that now thou art Grieving in the gloom and sadness Of a bleeding, stricken heart.
- "Yet could'st thou but once behold us, Bright and shining angel bands— Follow in our starry pathway To that sweet celestial band.

- "Enter once the heavenly mansions
  Of the freed, the ransomed—blessed—
  And behold that little cherub
  On his loving Saviour's breast—
- "Then the tears would flow no longer,
  Then no more would'st mourn thy lot,
  But in blissful, heavenly rapture
  All thy pain would be forgot.
- "Listen! ever now he striketh
  On his tiny, golden lyre,
  Sweet and softly gushing music
  Fraught with deep and holy fire.
- "Listen, then, fond sorrowing parent,
  Angels whisper soft to thee
  Mourn no more thy little cherub,
  Bid thy pain and anguish flee.
- "Soon again thou'lt meet thy darling
  In this home of deathless life—
  Here to dwell forever with him
  Free from aught of mortal strife."

On arriving in Woodstock yesterday, Miss Cady handed me the following, derived from the same source, in the same manner, and addressed to the mother of Frankie:

Oh, mourn not, fond mother, thy beautiful boy,

He has flown to his home in the bright azure skies,
The angels have taken him home to that land

Where the troubles of earth shall never arise.

His pure spotless spirit is forever removed

From earth's trials and sins—from its sorrows and pains,
And in joy and delight his freed spirit now roams

Through those fields where the sunshine eternally reigns.

Then dry up thy tears, for thy loved one's at rest,
Oh, weep not, oh, mourn not above his cold clay—
It heeds not, it hears not, nor answers your call,
For thy boy is not there—he has flown far away.

'Tis but the fair casket that once held the gem—
That gem that now glistens in heaven's bright home;
Oh, be patient and watchful—you soon shall behold
The glittering spire of that vast golden dome.

And at twilight's sweet hour, when the soft breezes play,
And the dew-drop shall glitter on each leafy bough,
Soft words from thy loved one shall fall on thy ear,
And his warm loving kiss shalt thou feel on thy brow.

Then sink not in sadness—repose not in doubt,
Arise and be doing for those with thee still;
Teach them of that home where Deity dwells,
And instruct their young minds to follow his will.

The above presents in a very pleasing light a few of the bright links in that mysterious chain of sympathy which holds in sweet communion kindred souls in earth and heaven, and binds them to the loving heart of the Spirit-Father.

Yours, for the truth,

S. STANLEY.

Another Crack in his Skull.—The last steamer brought a letter of subscription from Lord Brougham to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the organ of the "Rappers."—*Evening Mirror*.

Lord Brougham is not the only eminent party in the skull-crack's category; we received several other subscriptions from distinguished persons in England at the same time. Through such "cracks," the light of a better knowledge and faith is being let in upon man, irradiating the mental and moral world. We are glad to find our neighbor, quoted above, so appreciative in signalizing the conversion of such men as Lord Brougham.

#### A SIGNIFICANT VISION.

Some twenty years since, Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer of the bridge which spans the Merrrimac and connects "Rock's Village," Haverhill, with the ancient town of Newbury, Mass., announced to his friends that he had seen a vision of such strange and portentous character that it left him with an abiding impression of impending evil. His first communication was with his relatives and most intimate friends, who attempted to persuade him that his vision was nothing more than a troubled dream, induced by some slight physical derangement, and as such unworthy of further thought. But finding all their efforts unavailing, and that the impression, instead of gradually fading from his mind, actually grew stronger, the pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist Church, of which Mr. Morse was a zealous and worthy member, was consulted. The pastor remonstrated, reasoned, and prayed with him, but still the dark shadow deepened on his mind—still

"The grim specter rode fast by his side."

I suppose that at the present time, when the Church seems to be devoting all her energies for the suppression and utter putting down of every thing purporting to emanate from another world, unless it be at least eighteen hundred years old, would be horror-stricken at the very idea of admitting a layman into the sacred desk for the purpose of relating Spiritual experience. But whether the Church has grown harder, more material, and more intolerant during the past twenty years, or whether the branch at East Haverhill was less flinty in its Calvinism, and still retained some lingering idea of Spiritual existence, I know not. At all events this Church readily granted Mr. Morse permission to mount the pulpit and narrate his wondrous experience to the assembled congregation.

I was quite young at the time; but I distinctly remember the solemn occasion when, before a large and hushed audience. Mr. M., in simple but clear and earnest language, declared the mysterious vision that passed before him. The following is the condensed substance of his narrative:

He was sitting at the door of his house about the middle of an autumn afternoon. The sun was shining brightly over the broad expanse of

meadow, and on the dancing waters of the beautiful river flowing between, when suddenly the light became obscured, and thick darkness settled over the scene. For a brief interval the darkness was so great that he could discern nothing, not even the nearest objects; but it gradually gave place to a lurid, yellow glare, partaking of neither day nor night, and attended with a stillness that was awfully oppressive. As the toll-gatherer sat entranced by this wild scene, he heard, swelling out on the silence, the notes of a trumpet. The sound was familiar, it was the signal-horn of an approaching vessel, and he must rise and raise the draw for her passage. But vain were his efforts, he was spell-bound to his seat. Again and again the horn pealed louder and nearer, and now, looming above the bordering trees, appeared the bellying topsails of the swift-coming vessel; and mingled with the frequent trumpet-blasts came other sounds, and familiar. There could be no mistaking the clank of those great chains or the harsh screaming of those reluctant hinges. Somebody was raising the draw!

"I turned," said Mr. M., "and looked toward the draw, which was slowly rising, and distinctly saw turning the great key the exact figure and likeness of myself! Horror-stricken, I watched the operation of my phantom self. When the draw was about half raised, the specter suddenly ceased winding, the awful pallor of death spread over the features, and the figure fell heavily upon the bridge. In an instant the scene changed—the apparition, the vessel, the darkness, all disappeared together; the sun was shining brightly, and all looked the same as before the passage of the fearful panorama."

The following paragraph, which appeared in the *Essex Gazette*, about six weeks later, gives the sequel of the vision:

We regret to learn that Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer at Rock's Bridge, died almost instantly yesterday morning, while in the act of raising the draw for the passage of schooner —— of Thomastown, Me. It is supposed that in fitting the ponderous key he ruptured a blood-vessel.

We understand that Mr. M. had a singular vision a few months since, in which every particular attending his death was faithfully represented. It is also stated that when wakened from slumber yesterday morning by the signal-horn, he told his wife that he recognized the tones as the same he heard in the vision.

I have no doubt, Messrs. Editors, that all that remain of those who lived at East Haverhill at the time will readily corroborate the foregoing statement.

Truly yours,

M. F. W.

We are assured that the preceding narrative has "the merit of being strictly true.

The writer will accept our thanks, and favor us again at his convenience.—E\*\*

## WRESTLING WITH A SPIRIT.

THE Spiritual Era, a paper published at Ripley, Ohio, contains a letter from an old correspondent of ours, from which we extract the following remarkable facts:

Some time last winter an old friend called on Doctor J. A.'s family to spend an evening with the rappers. The doctor had a large pile of wood hauled up for winter use; he went out to cut some large sticks to make the room comfortable while sitting; he found several large ones he wished to cut, but was unable to move them-other sticks were piled across, and piled upon them in such a manner that he gave it up as a hopeless job. He, more in joke than otherwise, said, "The Spirits can throw them down;" to which his friend replied, "I should like to see that done, for that would convince me." The Doctor called to his little daughter, only ten years of age, who is a medium, and told her if she would call on her Spirit-friends, and get them to roll down those sticks, he would make her a present. She placed her fingers lightly on one or two of the logs; her father then called on them to roll down the sticks, in imitation of the power of Spirits that rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher. The logs and wood were made to shake and move, and in a short time, not more than five minutes, the sticks were rolled and moved ready for the ax.

At another time several friends had come together to witness the strange power that seemed to be at work at the house of Brother J. A. While the rapping was going on, one of the company denounced the whole thing, said he did not believe it was Spirits, or if it was, they could not rap and move tables, etc. And he defied and dared the Spirits, saying he could throw down or whip any Spirit. The Doctor then inquired of the Spirit that was rapping at the time if he could wrestle; he said he could. The Spirit was then asked if he was willing to wrestle and show fight with that gentleman; he said he was. The brave man then told the Spirit to follow him out into the yard, and started; all the circle rising from the table, when it commenced moving toward the man, rose from the floor and hit him several hard blows before he reached the door, which hastened his

steps; and as he passed out, the table, or rather stand, was thrown at him, only missing him a little, striking the door facing about midway, denting and scarring the facing, bursting off the top of the stand, breaking the legs, splitting the upright post, leaving indentations as though bullets and shot had been fired into it, the medium not touching it, only following close after, and out into the yard, where the spirit-fighter had arrived unhurt.

But now commenced a new struggle: he began striking, jumping as though he was contending with flesh and blood, manifesting all the signs of determined bravery, and to fight it out to the last. He was several times thrown hard on the ground, then struggled and regained his feet, and down he would come again. This mode of testing the invisibles continued until the Spirit's adversary was sorely wounded, and worried out of breath and physical strength. He finally regained his foothold and made a hasty retreat into the house up a flight of stairs, taking to himself a private room, clesing the door after him, "declaring that he never wanted to fight Spirits any more, and that if they would let him alone he would let them alone;" the Spirit not pursuing a fleeing foe, for I presume they are too noble for that. Thus ended the contest between a man in the flesh and one out of it.

I will leave your readers to digest this strange occurrence for themselves; and if any person should call in question the facts in the case, I can give the names in full, time and place, and of the whole matter on that occasion. So I subscribe myself, yours, in the bonds of love and truth,

Purdy, June 19th, 1853.

S. D. PACE.

An Extraordinary Discovery.—The attention of men of science, in Paris, has been drawn to an extraordinary discovery made in a neighboring department. A grave-digger, in throwing up some earth, came upon a bedy in a state of perfect preservation. On examination it proved to be that of an individual buried thirty-seven years ago. He had died from the effects of a bite of a mad dog. The shroud and the coffin had fallen to the dust, but the body remains intact. This is the third exhumation made within twenty years, of bodies of the victims of hydrophobia, under similar circumstances; and it would seem that they are beyond the reach of decomposition. The registry of deaths was consulted, and no mention of the embalmment of the body was found.

Ans.—Things not to be entered at the custom-house or on a merchant's ledger.

Ques.—Why is Judge Edmonds not competent to judge of the facts and evidence before him, touching the Spiritual Manifestations?

Ans.—(implied by the Editor of the Herald.)—Because he does not arrive at the same conclusion which we do, who did not witness the facts and will not regard the testimony.

We desire to impress the class with this consideration: Possibly Spiritualism and the views of the Judge may merit attention though they have no place in the "Stock Market," and are held at a discount by the servants of Mammon. It is probable, moreover, that those who appear "on 'change" in New York, think about as much of the subject generally as the money-changers in the Temple thought of the Spiritualism of Jesus.

S. B. B.

THE SPIRITS IN SYRIA.—The Sheik Bechir is a personage of acquirements; he has a store of history and literature; his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen, and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonder-worker, and the advantage of interview with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders! A stick, at his bidding, will move unaided, from one end of a room to the other! A New Testament suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself! An egg boiling in the saucepan will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance! A double-locked door will unlock itself! But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room-the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came !- Churchill's " Mount Lebanon."

#### SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF AN EDITOR.

The following account of personal experience is from the senior editor of one of the most prominent daily papers in this State. There are others in high places who have arrived at substantially the same conclusions from the evidence of their own senses, and the number is rapidly increasing. When will those who yet love to betray and crucify the new Truth learn that it is immortal. It is quite impossible to resist the mysterious power. It rends the vail of the old Temple, it triumphs on every cross, and walks forth, from the very door of the sepulcher, clothed with new majesty and power.—Ed.

August 7th, 1853.

# S. B. BRITTAN, Esq.:

I have frequently been tempted, by the invitation held out in your paper, to address you on the subject of Spiritualism; but it has constantly occurred to me that the extent to which the cacoethes scribendi affects the multitude, must necessarily, under such general license, almost overwhelm you with favors. Reflection has finally convinced me that it is my duty to add my testimony in favor of the convincing effect of the Spiritual Manifestations on such minds as have been honestly skeptical in relation to a Spiritual existence after the death of the body. I wish you to understand, before I proceed any farther, that I am not writing for publication. My purpose is to furnish you a brief history of my religious experience, that you may cull from it whatever you may deem worthy of note, or useful as additional testimony.

I was born and educated in a section of this country where the Christian sect denominated Baptists was more numerous than all others, and that was the faith sought to be established in my mind by my parents, one of whom professed to have experienced the "new birth," and was a member in good standing of the nearest church of that denomination. regular family worship, and no want of good moral precepts or orthodox spiritual teaching. All the family, nine in number -myself, mother, and one sister excepted-became members of the same church. I do not think that I was any more inclined to immorality than any other member of the family, but I was constitutionally skeptical. It is true that I heard a great deal said about religion, and duty to God, the danger of damnation, etc., in childhood; but as none of it was ever addressed to me especially, it passed, like the morning and evening prayer and the dinner grace, entirely unheeded, till my sister, who was much my senior in years, and who had recently become a convert—as those were called who fancied themselves regenerated and born anew-took an opportunity, when we were alone together, to open to my young mind the treasure-house of her spiritual knowledge. Whatever I have been since, or am now, my soul was then guileless. I was but eight years old, and although, as I have said, naturally skeptical, I did not conceive it possible for a full-grown person, as my sister was, to tell a deliberate falsehood, or to assert a thing without positive knowledge of its truth. Hence her declarations were received by me as indubitable testimony, and I believed every word of them. Her communications, which comprised the creation of the world and its appurtenances, including the first human pair, their transgression and fall, the consequent damnation of the whole human race, the eternal suffering of the wicked in hell-fire, and the means of redemption by the sacrifice of the Son of God, were delivered to me with all those evidences of sincerity which characterize the teachings of those who are free from doubt, and who labor in obedience to the promptings of love. Here I had all that any skeptic ever required—evidence sufficient to convince my mind. I therefore did not, because I could not, doubt. I was further instructed that, in order to escape the damnation which the whole human family had inherited from their Edenian ancestors, I must love God with all my heart and above all things else. This condition I found it impossible to comply with, because, according to my informant's representation, I could discover nothing in his character to love, but every thing to hate; and I did hate him with all my soul. The reason of this was, that he had been shown to me clothed with all the attributes of infinite divinity, and had chosen to constitute man so that there was not one chance in a thousand for him to escape the eternal torment which he had purposely prepared for him, when he might just as easily have ordered it otherwise.

As reason waxed stronger, my hatred toward the Great Author of my existence was more and more confirmed, till the simplicity of childhood passed away and a new light broke upon my soul. The happiest moment in my whole life was that one in which the constitutional skepticism of which I have spoken, which had been latent from infancy, was aroused into activity by an incident. I was still a boy, and was laboring in the field with two religious disputants, one of whom was a Calvinist and the other a Deist. I need not tell you that it was the argument of the latter which relieved me from the load of mental misery which had oppressed me from the moment of my induction into the mysteries of the Baptist faith. The effect was like that which is described by those who fancy themselves miraculously converted. An immense weight seemed to have been removed from my oppressed spirit, and I felt light and happy. Not an hour passed before I was a confirmed skeptic, because I had been ripe and ready for it a long time. But the worst of it was, that I was not

capable of discriminating between the truths of a rational theism and the God-slandering blasphemies of a soul-distorting
creed. My skepticism was too broad and deep. It swept
away truths as well as errors, and I treated all revelation as
fiction, all religion as fanaticism, and all pretended communion
with God as the dreams of visionaries. My mind never did
positively reject the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the universe; but I had a theism of my own manufacture—a kind of
nondescript semi-pantheism—in which I made the physical
universe the body, and the all-pervading, intelligent principle
the Spirit of God. And for this I was probably indebted to a
couplet of Pope, which I need not quote to one of your extensive reading.

From the moment in which my mind was emancipated from the thralldom of that abominable creed which so shocked me in childhood, I labored against the continually increasing doubt of a spiritual existence, for the hell of orthodoxy seemed more tolerable to me than annihilation. The idea of being stricken out of existence has been my only source of fear for the future, from my earliest manhood. In all my contemplations of the goodness and mercy of God, as manifested in the works of creation and in his fatherly care of his creatures, which no thinking mind can avoid, the doubt of future existence, and that crushing idea of annihilation, would put to flight the blissful vision before it was a minute old, and settle down like a leaden incubus upon my spirit.

This had been the character of my religious feelings and sentiments up to the winter of 1851, when we had two of the Fox family to visit this city. I had heard much of the Spiritual Rappings, as they were termed, but never gave them a second thought after hearing them alluded to. A friend whom I esteemed as a man of a well-balanced mind, told me some very strange things of his experience, in the presence of those

women; and I had no doubt that he had been duped by some deep artifice, for I knew that no shallow trick could accomplish so much upon his mind. I laughed at him as respectfully as I could, and peremptorily declined his invitation to go and witness the phenomena at his expense. As often as I met him he renewed his importunities for me to go with him to the room occupied by Mrs. Fish and Miss Fox, which I stubbornly declined, till he hinted that I did not dare to go for fear I should be compelled to admit the truth of his position, that the phenomena were spiritual. This touched my pride, and I resolved to go and show him how impracticable it was to impose on me by such mummery. I went in the afternoon. There were but few present, for the thing was ridiculed unmercifully, and so were all who attended and came away seriously impressed. I was induced to take a seat at the table. All present were well known to me, the media excepted. Mrs. F. directed me to ask for guardian spirits. This my risible propensity prevented, and she put the question herself. Instantly there were all sorts of raps immediately under my own hands. They being at a distance of some five feet from me, this was a little surprising. I was then induced to ask if the spirit of my mother was present, and was replied to in the affirmative by three sharp raps. I then inquired of her how old she was when she entered the Spirit-world; what her Christian name was; how many children she had been the mother of; how many there were of each sex; how many remained in the flesh, and how many were with her; what was the name of the one that died first, and so on to the end of the deaths; their respective ages when they died; and many other questions, not one of which was known to any one present, save myself. These questions were all answered correctly by the raps. I then called for the spirit of my father, and received true answers to every

question put to him. I did not hesitate to confess my full conviction that those women had no agency in the answers which I received, nor have I ever hesitated, from that day to this, to give my opinion to those who asked it seriously, that those answers came from the spirits of my departed parents, because the evidence was sufficient to produce conviction; and I could no more refrain from believing, with the evidence, than I could compel myself to believe, without it.

Some months subsequently to this experience, my spiritual vision became developed, so that I frequently saw the spirits of my father and mother, and other relatives who have passed into the spiritual state. This has been continued up to the present time, and I am now visited by a great many spirits, among whom are all the illustrious names of our own country, and many of foreign countries. These phenomena have established my faith in revelations, ancient and modern; in the parental love and kindly care of our heavenly Father; in the immortality and eternal progression of the human soul; and in the great importance of spiritual progress in this life, the tendency of which is to add a thousand-fold to the happiness of this state of existence, and to prepare the spirit, when it is born of the body, to take a position to which other spirits have only attained after many years of slow progress in the celestial realm. This, independently of the happifying effect which a well-ordered life has upon both body and mind, while here, is, in my estimation, the greatest possible incentive to morality and the practice of the active virtues.

Judge ye whether I am or am not the gainer by my experience. I was a confirmed skeptic—I am now a firm believer, not only in present revelations, but in those which were made by the ancient prophets. I was a scoffer at the divinity of Jesus, and the verity of his reputed miracles—I am now a full believer in both. I was an unbeliever in a spiritual ex-

istence—I now know that those who have left the earth live in heaven. I have forsaken all the immoral practices of a careless though not a criminal life, and subdued my propensity to evil, as far as time and circumstances have allowed me to succeed in my endeavors, which have been constant for the last two years. I mention these circumstances in anticipation of the question which I have so often heard asked—"What is the use of these phenomena?"

I now feel as if I had discharged an incumbent duty; and I submit the communication to you, to make any or no use at all of it, as you see proper.

### STANZAS.

BY C. D. STUART.

O GIVE me the heart of childhood back,
And the hours that were all divine,
When life was free from a thorny track
And full of love's glad sunshine:
I thirst for the days when the spirit quaff'd
Joy, that sparkled like ruby wine;
When at sorrow and wrinkled care I laugh'd,
And sky-built castles of gold were mine!

O give me that happy heart once more,
And the light of those golden hours,
When life a paradise glory wore,
With sandals and crown of flowers;
O give me those days of gladness back—
I ask for no other gift divine;
I thirst for the free and flowery track
When sky-built castles of gold were mine!

# STUDY OF GOD IN NATURE.

LIFE is the first gift of God. It is as a Creator and a Father that God is first revealed to our thoughts. "Still," says one, "God is terrible; He requires tears and punishment for the crime that thou hast committed." But while man, affrighted by such an announcement, seeks within and around him the indications of divine wrath, suddenly the divine harmonies and paternal care are developed to his sight, with all the beneficence of Him who has lavished the blessings of life and placed eternity at the close of time. Everywhere is to be seen the care of a Father who seeks to preserve and embellish his works. It is evinced in the green earth under our feet; in the blue heavens above us; in the mother's love; in the infant innocence; and in the strength and science of manhood. Feeble creature! all is prepared to receive thee at thy birth! Sublime intelligence! the suns unvail to thee their motions. How exalted, how privileged this being who finds at his birth a globe to traverse, nature to explore, and a God to love! Observe what takes place in the fields of infinite space, where the stars are multiplied as the sands of the sea. These stars and suns I weigh without touching, and measure while standing at an inconceivable distance from them. I compute their motions with lines and figures. Geometry is the divine reason. Man is allowed to discover it in matter, and to remount thus to his intellectual source.

But my intelligence is still more vast: the infinity that it contemplates gives me an idea of that which is beyond its comprehension. Man alone has the capacity of raising conjectures, and this is a power without measure and without end. Perhaps each of those suns has a system of its own, as each of those planets has a different course—perhaps the light of these stars produces colors that are unknown to us—perhaps those nebulæ dispense atoms that spread joy and ravishment, as our light brings spring and life—perhaps, in fine, those innumerable systems which contain millions of worlds, are but avenues to the abode of the incomprehensible Being who sees them as the dust of His feet. But this divine spectacle is seen only by angels, who spend eternity in these boundless fields of contemplation. And to us feeble creatures it is permitted to penetrate these wonders. Poor sojourners upon this globe that is itself lost in infinite space, we imagine what we can not see of those wonders that God alone has been able to conceive!

This correspondence of man to God; these suns placed between us, feeble creatures, and the Creator, as luminous steps that guide to the courts of the celestial temple, astonish my soul without oppressing it. From admiration I pass to love, and from love to prayer-a testimony at once of my weakness and grandeur. All the creatures that surround me follow their instincts and fulfill their destiny, but I alone have aspirations to Divinity, and by these I learn the object of my being. man had not a soul for prayer, the world would be as though it had not been, and there had been no connecting link between man and the Deity. Here are two corresponding intelligences; one in heaven and the other on earth. The all-powerful Being has deigned to manifest himself to his creature. Our soul is a temple that bears the impress of his thoughts. In nature, as in ourselves, his being is to be revealed by intelligence, power, and goodness. To the work of creation, power is necessary; to the possession of intelligence, relations and harmonies are necessary; and to the display of goodness,

foresight and benevolence are indispensable. From the existence of all these conditions I infer the existence of a God; the attributes can only be represented because He exists. And while a great part of the laws of nature are inexplicable, and while a multitude of the relations and harmonies escape my understanding, it suffices me to have seized some of them to establish my certainty, for that must not spring from a profound knowledge of nature, which no person possesses, but only from an acquaintance with some of its laws. If foresight and goodness appear in a single point, I thence conclude that they exist in all others. How could they be there unless they existed elsewhere? The universe is but one work; its whole is but a single cast; its laws are but one, and its order is a unity. Now the genius of evil can not produce any good, and if good appears in some parts of the work it exists everywhere.

The Lord reigns, and therefore the earth exists. Sublime truth! God exists! and his attributes are power as manifested in creation, providence as displayed in preservation, and goodness in giving us life. God exists! and the light which renders him visible shines only in the soul of man, who rises to heaven to trace the causes of what he sees on earth. To multiply suns in infinite space, and the worlds around the suns, and sentient existences in those worlds; to give them day and night, pleasure and pain, life and death; to display the harmonies of these contrasts, and the love of these harmonies, is the prerogative of Deity. And we who enjoy his terrestrial benefits are witnesses to his powerful goodness. We are allowed to meditate upon that which we see not, and to support ourselves upon that unto which we can not attain. We, feeble creatures, believe in that which is invisible, and address our supplications to the unknown.

There is within us a principle which aspires to the Infinite

without conceiving it, which longs for Eternity without understanding it, and which rises to God by love. Thus God is revealed to man in all the works of nature, that man may aspire to him. If I look up to heaven, I recognize him; if I contemplate the lowest orders of creation, I behold him. I seem to hear a voice from each blade of grass, which exclaims, "Thou seekest God: he is around thee and within thee. Ask thy soul, thou wilt find him there; inquire of the smallest insect, and he will discover a great foresight." "I am only a blade of grass in the midst of a prairie, and am to continue but a few days; yet for me the winds beat the seas, and bear upon their wings refreshing dews, and for me the rivulet flows constantly from the mountain. For me the zephyr breathes, and the sun beams. I have my share of light in this immense creation. I bear a flower which produces seeds to furnish pastures for flocks yet unborn. Drops of milk are formed in my stalk, and particles of honey in my flower; thou canst not discover them there, but a quadruped and an insect will extract them for thee. I am only a blade of grass, and yet thou seest I enjoy the great phenomena of Nature. What a harmonious concurrence between the winds, the clouds, the sea, the sun, man, an insect, a quadruped, and a frail plant, the offspring of a day! My history is that of all nature. Whoever would understand my secrets should know the history of creation; he who would know how I exist, must hear the voice of God. Between nothing and life-between existence and non-existence—there is a power, an intelligence, and a will. Between life and life, being and being, there exists a relation, and everywhere a God." Such, to him who can understand it, is the language of the grass of the field; thus speaks a grain of sand, thus speak the trees, and thus exclaims all creation.

And if we rise from details to the whole-from a plant to

the globe—from a globe to the universe—we see with surprise all these particular foresights blend in the combinations of a general providence, which unites God to man by his benefits, and man to God by love. This is the celestial chain of Homer; each of its links is a world suspended upon infinity; it fills up all the interval between creative wisdom and the admiring soul. Thus each study reveals to me a foresight or providence; each providence a benefit whose germ proceeds from the hand of God, while its fruit ripens in the hand of man!

And yet philosophers complain of the wants of man. They exclaim that the animals come into life armed and clothed, while man is cast upon the earth naked and defenseless. Yes, man is born naked and defenseless: wouldst thou, wonderful genius, that he should be made like the animals? Let then thy lofty intelligence preside over this new work! Remodel this frail creature; lavish those gifts that an unkind Heaven has withheld, and correct the work of God! See man sheltered from the storms, clothed with the fur of the fox, the feathers of the swan, or the skin of the lion! Alas! thou hast torn him from the world. His nakedness fitted him for all climates: thy care has confined him to a few degrees of latitude. Thus thy pity was but a blindness; thou hast blamed for want of understanding. Man is found in all climates, because he is naked. Let him then be born naked that he may have dominion over the globe. Let him take the spoil of the animals, or clothe himself with the fibers of the plants. This is not a proof of want, but an act of power. He only takes possession of his empire; and as if to lead us to himself, God orders that his natural wants should first lead him to exercise his domin-Praises to Him whom only ignorance accuses.

SPIRITUALIST.

### AN EVENING IN BROADWAY.

"Hot Corn! here's your nice hot corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour last evening as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft, plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out means of subsistence in this overburdened, ill-fed, and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notoriously dirty city, where they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power, to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark till midnight.

"Hot corn! hot corn! here's your nice hot corn," rose upin a faint, childlike voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court-yard, or livery-stable grounds, of the City Hall, which, in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass-patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot-corn cry in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands, and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimmed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face. "Some corn, sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as, "Give me some corn, you little wolf's whelp," or a name still more opprobrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said, piteously, "Please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"Oh, dear, then, what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

'I can't go home-and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh, dear!"

"Can not go home-why not?"

"Oh, sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little sis and me eat them, for I have not had any thing to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn—what shall I do?"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier and tell your mother you can not sell all your corn and you can not keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery

man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that reeking center of filth, poverty, and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class grog-shops—we almost involuntary cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin," "old rum," "pale brandy," "pure port," "heidsieck," or "lagerbier," poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, yes, of women too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be, "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughters.

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came up the cry of "Hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that hers was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring Street, the glare and splendor of a thousand gas-lights, and the glittering cut glass of that, for the first time, lighted-up bar-room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first-class hotels must have such Five Point denizen-making appurtenances, as this glittering room, shamelessly open inviting to the street; when that watch-word cry, like the pibroch's startling peal, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn.'

"Yes, yes!" I hear you cry—it is a watch-word—a glorious watch-word, that bids us do or die—until the smoking hot, fiery-furnace-like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a

Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets crying "hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor-selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watch-word of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the insatiable hot maw of the whisky-still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight city cry, that you will devote, if nothing more,

"Three grains of corn, mother, Only three grains of corn,"

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause of this present dish of "Hot Corn—smoking hot!"—Tribune.

WALKING UNDER WATER .- A Frenchman in Paris, M. de St. Simon Sicard, has recently contrived an apparatus for submarine exploration, apparently very similar in its principal features to the "armor" in common use for this purpose in the United States. It consists of a complete clothing of caoutchouc, including helmet and sack, enveloping the wearer from head to foot, and allowing him to descend below water without danger from contact with any thing he may encounter. The helmet has a valve which permits the air to escape at the moment of submersion; and no sooner is this submersion complete than the pressure of the water closes the valve hermetically. A provision of air to be inspired is carried in a box, placed like a hump on the back of the diver. This box is furnished with a tube which carries the air into the helmet, in order that the breathing may take place without difficulty, and a little stop-cock enables the distribution of air to be regulated at pleasure. The instant respiration is performed with effort, a signal can be made and the diver brought to the surface.

#### INTERESTING TO NATURALISTS.

It is well known to most of the scientific men in this country, and also in Europe, says the Spring field Republican, that the late Dexter Marsh, of Greenfield, had, during the last ten or twelve years, at great expenditure of time, money, and patience, accumulated a collection of the peculiar fossils of the Connecticut River sandstone, which is absolutely unrivaled. These fossils are so-called ornothicnites, or foot-prints of the gigantic birds which at some remote geological period inhabited the valley of the Connecticut. Some of these tracks are eighteen inches in length, with a stride of three feet six inches, the impression is so perfect as to show markings of the rough skin of the toes, with the claws and other anatomical configurations of the foot. Other specimens are smaller, and of divers characters. One slab of stone in the collection, ten by six feet, is literally covered with foot-prints of birds, having at least seventy distinct impressions, arranged in definite lines or transits. The specimens are mostly from the celebrated localities of Turner's Falls, South Hadley Falls, and the Chicopee and Cabotville quarries.

By the decease of the owner, this magnificent collection is to be sold at public auction, in separate lots, on the 21st of September next. The specimens have been appraised by President Hitchcock, Professor Shepherd, and others, at rates varying from \$350 to \$1. The collection also embraces some rare reptilian foot-prints from the sandstones, a series of two hundred specimens of American fossil fishes, and an extensive museum of minerals, shells, Indian relics, etc. This is probably the only opportunity that will occur for a long time, if ever, of acquiring these beautiful and peculiar fossils of the Connecticut valley. They can now only be obtained by skillful prospecting at great risk and expense. All the localities have been exhausted for several years.

It is to be hoped that this fine collection may be preserved for the benefit of our country, but we fear that a good part of it will find its way to the British Museum, or the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Both of these institutions have agents in this country, and the value and rarity of the articles to be disposed of are well known to their managers. We understand that the Boston Society of Natural History has had its attention drawn to the subject, and an effort will undoubtedly be made to secure the whole, or a part, for the city of Boston.—Franklin Democrat.

### THE PRESS AND JUDGE EDMONDS.

The letter of Judge Edmonds has created a profound impression in quarters heretofore abusively and vulgarly skeptical in regard to the Spiritual philosophy. Even the daily press, chronic with the materialism of the age, concedes that Judge Edmonds is a sane and reputable witness, and that his candid and manly statement merits consideration. We can not forbear quoting somewhat in point. The Courier and Enquirer, which published the letter, a day or two after reviewed it; from that review we extract the following:

"The letter from Judge Edmonds, published by us on Saturday, with regard to the so-called Spiritual Manifestations, coming as it did from an eminent jurist, a man remarkable for his clear common-sense in the practical affairs of life, and a gentleman of irreproachable character, arrested the attention of the community, and is regarded by many persons as one of the most remarkable documents of the day. Judge Edmonds has at least shown that he does not shrink from a full investigation of his case; and his error is, verhaps, upon the right side, under the circumstances."

While the Courier says thus much in a manly spirit, it makes a lame attempt, based, we should say, upon the theological education and prejudices of its editor, to answer some of the positions taken by Judge Edmonds. The attempt, stripping it down to bare logic, amounts to nothing—not a point in the letter is shaken. Of the closing paragraph of the Courier's article we have a word to say. The Courier remarks:

With regard to the extraordinary phenomena which Judge Edmonds testifies to as having occurred in his presence, it is worthy of note that

others far more incredible are testified to by other persons equally eminent with himself. We have the word of a gentleman of acknowledged high, social, and professional position, one whose bare word on any other subject we would receive without question, that he saw a man carried through the air for seventy feet at the height of three yards, although no one touched him or brought any mechanical power to bear on him. The story is entitled to exactly the same faith which is due to those of Judge Edmonds; no less, and no more."

Will the Courier please state how much faith, if any, is due to the evidence of Judge Edmonds and the other "equally eminent" person to whom it alludes. Are they credible witnesses in ordinary temporal matters? If so, why not in Spiritual matters, where the evidence is tangible to the material senses? Would these men tell the truth sooner under oath than voluntarily? Would they be likely to bear false witness in regard to Spirit-phenomena when their general credibility is unquestioned-nay, eulogized? And why not Judge Edmonds and others bear witness as well as Peter in prison, or John in Patmos, or the many who testify to the wonderful works of Christ? These were all human witnesses. church and the world generally credit their testimony. The Christian religion is largely based upon it. We should like to have this point of the credibility of witnesses defined and settled, in order that we may know whether testimony is to be received in modern as in ancient times, or not; also, how far faith in evidence is to be controlled by the ignorance or prejudice of the tribunal before which it is taken.

The Evening Mirror, equally opposed as the Courier to Spiritualism, says of Judge Edmonds in connection with his letter:

"John W. Edmonds, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for this District, is an able lawyer, an industrious Judge, and a good citizen. For the last eight years, occupying without interruption the highest judicial

stations, whatever may be his faults, no one can justly accuse him of a lack of ability, industry, honesty, or fearlessness. No one can doubt his general saneness, or can believe for a moment that the ordinary operations of his mind are not as rapid, accurate, and reliable as ever. Both by the practitioners and suitors at his Bar, he is recognized as the head, in fact and in merit, of the Supreme Court for this District."

After reviewing that portion of the letter in which Judge Edmonds records the experiences which led him to embrace the Spiritual faith, the *Mirror* remarks:

"Judge Edmonds, with characteristic energy, has not been silent on the subject of his recently-formed opinions. He has repeatedly published his experiences in some of the periodicals devoted to the new faith, and several of his articles were copied extensively by the daily press. Of course, these have furnished food for those editors who prowl about in search of a paragraph or a satire, and have afforded a target for many blunt but not innocuous arrows.

"Whatever may be said of the religious opinions, we admire the independence of the man. He has nothing to gain, and perhaps every thing to lose, by the discussion. He finds few to sympathize, and still fewer to agree with him."

We must dissent from the *Mirror's* conclusions. We think no man, in the end, can gain by suppressing his convictions in a matter of vital importance, not only to himself but to his fellow-men. It is only a free and full revelation of what it believes to be the truth, that gives satisfaction to an honest and ingenuous mind. To profess faith in, or respect for, what a man disbelieves, simply to gain the favor of men, is servile hypocrisy and meanness of spirit, by the display of which no man can gain. The *Mirror* makes a greater mistake in saying that Judge Edmonds finds "few to sympathize with him" in his new faith. There are tens and hundreds of thousands who believe in the Spiritual doctrines and manifestations as sincerely and devoutly as Judge Edmonds. They are in every community, and converts are rapidly falling in from the rapiles

of the church and the world. We hazard nothing in saying there are over one million of believers now in the United States.

It is highly probable that had the Hon. Edward Everett, who, it is said, aspires to the Presidency, reflected upon this fact, he would not have uttered his uncalled-for fling at Spiritualism, at the late Plymouth Festival. But enough—we are happy to record a yielding to greater frankness and honesty in the temper of the daily press. As Kossuth said of the Russians, in one of his thrilling addresses, we may, from these indications, hope one day to see even the New York Express converted to decency, if not fully to the truth.

Remarkable Discovery in Russia.—M. B. Larsky, the engineer, lately deceased, who had also acquired a reputation as a poet and an archæologist made a discovery of the greatest importance in White Russia—a discovery brought to light when his papers were examined after his decease. Being occupied in making a road in that province, he found it necessary to drain off the waters of a lake into another lake at a lower level, and in the course of the operation he discovered in a forest, several feet below the surface of the soil, a road paved in that antique Roman or Mexican style, with traces of a stone bridge of a peculiar construction. In M. Larsky's opinion 2,000 or 3,000 years must have elapsed before the face of the country could have been transformed to such an extent as he observed, and if this supposition be well founded, this district must have been inhabited before the time of the Scythians by a more civilized nation. M. Larsky's discovery will doubtless not pass unnoticed, and may lead to important results.—Odessa Journal.

### GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

The London *Illustrated News* of July 23d has the following paragraph, communicated by its Paris correspondent. Prof. Faraday's experimental *exposé* does not quite cover this case; on the other hand, the case, we think, rather *covers the exposé*.

An immense sensation was caused here, a few days since, by a revelation given on the authority of some of the most respected and influential members of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, on the subject of the tables tournantes. Here is the tale, as we received it through the channel above stated. The Archbishop, being questioned as to his opinion of the legitimacy, in a religious point of view, of attempting to communicate with Spirits through the medium of the tables, replied that he had not sufficiently studied the question to reply thereon; that he imagined the effects produced were wholly of the nature of a physical science, and in that case harmless; but that, in order to form a judgment, he would attend a meeting composed of certain members of the clergy, at a place appointed, to try the usual experiments. The table being put in motion, one of the party demanded it to reply, by a certain number of raps, if there were a spirit present. The response was in the affirmative; and, in answer to a second question, the spirit was stated, by the table marking by raps certain letters of the alphabet, to be that of Saur Françoise, deceased a week previously, at the Convent of ---, in Paris. The Abbé B-stated that he had confessed the Saur Françoise, who had, in fact, died at the time and place named. General consternation, as may be supposed, ensued; when the Abbé L--, rising, commanded the spirit, "in the name of the Saviour," to appear. The report declares that the spirit hereupon actually became visible, and replied to a variety of questions put to it, but of what import we are not informed. On the above details we de not pretend to give either explanation or opinion. Such is the story as related by the different members of the séance, two of whom were so affected by the events related, as to be for some days seriously indisposed-one

of them even confined to bed. Various histories declare that, through the medium of the tables, communications are held with spirits of all nations, who, happily being excellent linguists, find no difficulty in expressing themselves in any language chosen by the questioner, and reveal the "secrets of the prison-house" with a frankness, not to say indiscretion, that would shock the more reserved ghost in "Hamlet," and that in no way confirm his statement of the horrors of his temporary abode, many of them describing, in most glowing terms, the beauties and delights of the planets which they inhabit.

The conduct of the Archbishop is worthy of commendation. He was willing to examine before rendering judgment. Of course, the "general consternation" must have been great, when the clergy found that the truth of what they had always taught, respecting the existence of Spirits, their capacity to appear to men, and to converse with them, could be verified by fact. We are not surprised that this potent remedy for chronic skepticism made them sick. There are many patients who require a similar treatment, and we hope that they may be prescribed for whenever a convenient opportunity shall offer.—Ed.

Solar Phenomena.—This morning the disc of the sun presented a veined appearance all over. Near the edge of its right upper quadrant, was perceptible a very large and brilliant facula, or light streak, lying almost parallel with the edge. Just to the left of this was a small spot, or macula, and in the left lower quadrant was a considerable group of well-penumbrated maculæ, or dark spots. The main body of the sun appeared of a light ash-gray color, streaked in irregular squares, diamonds, parallelograms, etc., of brighter outlines. The group of spots must have extended some 25,000 or 30,000 miles in length.—Boston Traveler, July 29.

# DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Joshua J. White, of Bellefontaine, in a recent letter incidentally states that his wife "is an extraordinary clairvoyant, can examine the diseased and prescribe the appropriate remedies-frequently has future events revealed to her, and sees spirits, and sometimes converses with them, as she believes, in the normal condition." He says that in a circle in that place astounding manifestations have from time to time been made. "The result hath been," says he, "that I, a Methodist of twenty-two years standing, have subscribed to the pure theology of the Harmonial Philosophy, and have left the Church forever." Mr. White himself is a medium, and is engaged in collecting materials for a small work consisting of miscellaneous communications given by spirits, and which he expects to publish soon. He sends us, as a specimen, a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Charles Wesley, which shall be placed before our readers.

Of the communication of which Mr. W. speaks as having forwarded us some time since, we have now no recollection. We have probably laid it aside with a multiplicity of other articles for which we could find no room in our columns; but if we should find it hereafter, we will forward it to his address.

B. Moore, of Adams, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes us an essay entitled, "Popular Christianity Not of Christianity—to show that Christ's religion is a life rather than a creed, and to point out the inconsistencies of the professed followers of Jesus in insisting so strenuously upon mere unproductive

forms of faith, while their conduct is a constant practical denial of the teachings of him whom they profess to follow. "Jesus," says he, "sought out the poor, the down-trodden, and the despised, the sick, the lame, and the blind. But are his followers thus philanthropic? Their money, time, and talents are spent in keeping their churches in a flourishing condition, and in supporting their priests in pride and arrogance, while the poor among them are unrelieved, and their worth is unappreciated." Our correspondent thus proceeds in well-merited denunciation of this condition of things in the professedly religious world; but in consequence of the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give his article in full.

T. H. writes us some interesting facts principally occurring in his experience as a medium; and if he will send us his full name, his essential statements shall be given in detail. We feel it unsafe to give publicity to any statements involving the least responsibility, without the name and residence of the author, as a pledge of good faith, though the name of the author will in no case be given to the public if he request us to withhold it. The propriety of this course we trust will be readily seen by all; and these remarks will serve as an explanation of the non-appearance of several articles which have been sent us.

Mr. A. D. Thompson, of Pittston, Pa., writes us a passage in his Spiritual experience the essential particulars of which are as follows: Mr. T. was a soldier in the Mexican war, and on one occasion was detailed with several others, to accompany and guard the mail in its passage from Comargo to Monterey. While on their way, they were attacked by a band of Mexican robbers. Mr. T.'s horse was shot from under him, and he was taken prisoner; but while the robbers were subsequently endeavoring to secure the horse of his companion,

who had been dismounted, Mr. T. escaped to a neighboring thicket. After having concealed himself in a certain spot for several hours, he began to feel mysteriously disturbed in mind, and was seized with an irresistible impulse to remove to another place. He obeyed this prompting, and within twenty minutes afterward saw an armed Mexican riding directly over the spot where he had been lying. Mr. T. has since become convinced of the reality of Spiritual Manifestatious, and in a consultation which he had with the invisibles, was told that it was a guardian spirit that impressed him to remove out of the reach of danger in the case above referred to.

### EFFECTS OF THE EXPOSURES.

WE extract the following from a letter just received from a gentleman who resides in Monroe County, Michigan:

"Having a strong desire to fully investigate these modern phenomena of Spiritual intercourse, and to know something of the matter, I have thought proper to send for the Spiritual Telegraph. We have plenty of Prof. Mattison's pamphlets, pretending to unvail the whole mystery of what he is pleased to call a mischievous humbug, but his quotations from the alleged communications are far more sublime than his own comments."

Our correspondent goes on to intimate that Mattison's mode of treating the Spiritualists reminds him of the conduct of the wolf toward the lamb, as illustrated in the fable. The wolf wanted a pretext to devour the lamb, and accordingly insisted that the latter roiled the water of the stream by which they were standing, and that the filthy waters flowed toward the wolf, who complained that he could not drink in consequence.

It was in vain that the lamb suggested that he was farther down the stream, and that it was therefore impossible that the waters should flow from himself to the wolf, or that the latter should have any just cause of complaint. The wolf was not convinced, merely because his appetite for mutton was superior to his perception of logical relations.

It will be perceived that Spiritualism, as misrepresented and distorted by Mattison, is still admired for its beauty and truth compared with the more repulsive views of the author referred to, even when Mattisonism is varnished by the art and sophistry of the Professor himself. Those extracts are garbled and perverted in a most shameful manner; but still they are so much more sensible than the accompanying observations, that our opposers will place us under further obligations by circulating them as far as possible. They are doing much to extend our cause. The thanks we ascribe to the Providence which makes even the wrath and folly of men the means of great good and lasting praise.

S. B. B.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A Miss Read, of West Boylston, took chloroform a few days ago for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, and after the operation was performed, she was attacked with a severe pain in the head, became unconscious, and apparently died. Her friends supposing her dead, laid her out for burial, and began to prepare for the funeral ceremonies; but their grief was unexpectedly turned to joy and astonishment on finding that the supposed dead began to revive! She eventually recovered the full possession of her faculties; but, what is still most singular in her case, as we are told, she suffers violent pains in the head as regularly as evening approaches, and at length, and about the same hour each night, falls into a swoon very similar to that which in the first instance was supposed to have been the sleep of death. This case certainly presents a most remarkable escape from premature burial.—Worcester Transcript.

## A LETTER FROM ADAM CLARKE.

Having been an inhabitant of the Spirit-life over twenty years, I have attained an experience that enables me to throw additional light upon some subjects which occupied much of my time on earth. I have ever considered myself a student of Nature, and willing to learn from her Sacred Oracles. While in the earthly form, however, I was fearful of being deceived in yielding to the teachings which God had inscribed upon his works, for the instruction of mankind. I was tenaciously attached to the ancient records of the Jewish and Christian churches. I was surrounded by an almost impenetrable wall of superstitious reverence for the Bible, which my early teachings, and my own extended labors to explain, had constructed. And it was not until repeated efforts had overcome my prejudices, that I was enabled to view the Scriptures in a rational and natural light.

But my mind was ever in search of truth, and I soon occupied a position from whence I could survey every object that attracted my attention. Indeed, so clear was my spiritual and mental vision, that I could look into those things which formerly appeared very mysterious. From the position I now occupy, I perceive that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were written by men subject to the common infirmities of ignorance, and a superstitious credulity.

I can not now see that the Infinite Father of the unbounded universe made any *special* efforts to communicate to the earthly inhabitants. Communications were received by man from the Spiritual sources of Nature; but these were the natural influxes of truth, according to the sphere of development occupied by those susceptible to Spiritual impressions.

The Bible is so intermixed with truth and error, that those who do not exercise a wise discrimination, will assuredly imbibe much which will occupy their first efforts to remove from the mind, when they become residents upon a higher plane of observation. My advice to theological teachers is, to cease their contentions about the Bible, and turn their attention to those truths and principles which are clearly discoverable by the human perceptions. Do good to one another by harmonizing the present life, as the better way to prepare for the life to come. I would have the teachers of theology consult God in his works, by looking after the interests of humanity as they are expressed upon the human-divine constitution. the great Volume of Nature-God's Original Manuscript-be unfolded successively to the ever-expanding mind of the race. Here no "second-hand" edition will be seen, and no rescript of "copy" will be discovered. Nature should most surely be considered as God's SACRED BOOK. He will not refuse acknowledging its Authorship, however affectedly his professed representatives may ignore its teachings. It may be objected to this counsel, that "man needs a guide and standard by which to measure his responsibilities and direct his footsteps." We reply, that it is man's misfortune to acknowledge thus his intellectual and moral imbecility, as to look outside of himself -an embryo universe-for a Spiritual directory. God has caused to be deposited in every human spirit a germ of himself, which, when unfolded in harmony with its true nature and the laws of the universe, will be a law unto itself. Divine Spirit has not left his noblest work so imperfect, that a certain book, introduced through the agency of man, must be studied, to secure spiritual knowledge and heavenly wisdom. Nay, God has not left his work to struggle alone, but

is ever present as man's Divine Teacher, flowing into his inmost nature, as the life of his soul, and the ever-expanding germ of immortality.

To be saved, man must live in harmony with the laws of his whole nature, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, while the development of these varied, yet unitary elements of his being alone comprehends the system of salvation needed by the human family to elevate them to a harmonious and progressive state.

R. P. WILSON, Medium.

## RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

A BISHOP'S PAY AND PERQUISITES .- The Bishop of Durham is in embarrassed circumstances, poor man! His income having been reduced to about \$40,000 per annum (it was formerly about \$120,000), he finds himself in a state of pitiable destitution, and has applied to the ecclesiastical commissioners for an additional \$5,000 a year to pay his "game-keepers" and "watchers on the moors," and keep his lawns-not the lawn he wears, but the lawns around his palace, in apple-pie order. The commissioners decline to make the extra allowance, more because the "Lord Spiritual" has already overdrawn his account some \$350,000 since his salary was cut down; or, rather, has retained that amount instead of paying it over like an honest prelate. In the diocese of Durham there are dozens of poor curates with wives and families to support who do not receive £50 sterling per annum; and yet the Bishop, in his schedule of extras, puts down the annual wages of one game-keeper at £101 6d., and of another £58 6s. 6d. Saving his lordship's game, therefore, is considered a more valuable and important service than saving the souls of his lordship's flock. The estimation in which his lordship holds carnal luxuries as compared with things spiritual is also manifested in another part of his "little bill." He puts down the expenses of his parks at £1,000, but modestly charges only £15 for those of his chapel! That blessed institution known as the "Church of England," is based upon a system of the most monstrous inequalities. If the piety and good works of its humble clergy did not set off the ungodly rapacity of its hierarchs, it would be in peril of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah .- New Orleans Picyaune.

## NEAPOLITAN MIRACLES.

The official journal of Naples, of June 7th, gives a long account of pretended miracles performed in that kingdom, accompanied by the attestation of the priests of Tramatola, who profess to have been eye-witnesses. Those papers are drawn up in legal form, and duly signed and certified according to law, and are probably as good evidence of what they affirm as a thousand others which, in the course of ages, have been published in various countries, in support of the prodigies of various kinds claimed to have been performed by the priests of Rome, including some miracles recently attributed by the same newspapers to the defunct Queen.

A long drought had prevailed in that part of the country, which threatened destruction to the crops. Many of the people resorted to the priests of Tramatola, with earnest solicitations to propitiate Heaven by the ordinary resort, viz., a grand festival, processions with the images of the cathedral, and prayers for rain, with their intercession. The priests consented, and the 16th of May was the day appointed. The people assembled, the images of the Virgin and Saints were brought forth, and the parade commenced—a long procession passing through the streets. Signs of favor were at length seen; for "the Virgin indicated her sensibility by returning to several places to which she had been borne on the shoulders of men," who, although strong, were unable to resist the unseen and miraculous power which she exerted, and were forced, against all their efforts, to walk back in directions opposite to the places to which they were going.

This took place in a very remarkable manner, at the church, on the return of the procession, when the people were so much astonished at it

that they shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!"

"When the images were exposed to view in the church, and while the homily was delivered, on the breast of the most holy Virgin of the Rosary appeared a small flame, which extended up to the throat, and continued several minutes. The crowd of people increased every moment, while the flame changed its form to that of a circle, and then to that of a cone. And what was most remarkable, the light increased in intensity when the devout raised their voices loudest! The people remained through

the rest of the day, neglecting their domestic cares, and taking no food, making the stones in the church walls ring with their acclamations."

On the 17th, the pyrotechnic phenomena reäppeared, and it began to rain. The royal judge (V. Forte), "as if inspired by a diviner spirit, ordered that the wax candle should be removed; when oh! unheard-of prodigy! in two minutes a brilliant spark appeared on the right hand of the infant in the Virgin's arms, which illuminated the whole church."

On the 18th, a procession was again formed, and the inhabitants joined it barefooted, and poor women and gentle dames, laying aside their bashfulness, followed the holy images, beating their breasts, and weeping and wailing.

After the close of the procession, in an adjacent chapel numerous shining spots were seen above the niche; and at the sight "the people struck their breasts with their fists and great stones, until they were perfectly covered with blood."

The Gypsies.—The origin of the people called Gypsies has long been a subject of various but unsuccessful antiquarian research. In Western Europe they made their appearance early in the fifteenth century, under a leader who styled himself the Duke of Lower Egypt (hence their English name). Fortune-telling and thieving were then, as now, their predominant occupations. They were at all times treated as sorcerers and heathens, and most severe laws were repeatedly enacted against them without effect. At present this singular race may be found on nearly every continent and island, distinct in manners and customs from the people who surround them. In Germany, as well as in England, they profess various trades, as itinerant horse-dealers, smiths, farriers, etc., but have never been reclaimed, in any number, to settled occupations. The Gypsies possess a language of their own, and are apparently destitute of religion, but readily submit themselves to outward observances whenever they think it is for their interest.

# SPIRITUAL AUTHORITIES.

A CORRESPONDENT (H. M.) writing from Otsego, N. Y., comments, with deserved severity, upon the disposition of some Spiritualists to erect certain works, now extant, as final authority on matters of Spiritual philosophy and theology. He says: "I am sorry to see those who so lately and so strenuously opposed any thing that pretended to be infallible, and discarded the same as they would an old coat, go forth in their shirt-sleeves to get a new coat that will pinch in the same places. I would say, Draw no lines and set no bounds to the development of mind."

On this subject we are altogether of our correspondent's way of thinking; and we have frequently observed with regret the manifest inconsistencies of some Spiritualists, on which he animadverts. Let all books, whether ancient or modern, be regarded as lights in proportion as they give light; but let none of them be esteemed authorities in any sense which will dispense with the exercise of the highest reason and the purest intuition in respect to the validity of their contents. It should be observed, however, that reason, warped by selfishness or prejudice, is not reason, and that real intuition can only exist in connection with purity of heart. For a Spiritualist to make Swedenborg or some living medium the "end of the law," is to practice the folly he is prone to condemn.

# INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1853.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds:

Dear Sir-Because we are interested in the investigation of one of the most sublime subjects that ever engaged the human mind, I feel a more fraternal freedom than I otherwise would in addressing you, an entire stranger to me. I have read with delighted interest your wonderful experience, as published, in Spiritualism. I am glad to see you acknowledge the great divine truth, that we are all allied to one Eternal Father, and that we should recognize the universal brotherhood of man. This is another reason why I make free to address you. My own experience has been remarkable, and is still full of interest to me, as scarcely a week passes without some new phenomenon being added to it. In Mr. Davis' last book, "The Present Age and Inner Life," you will find, commencing on page 162, a letter written by me, detailing in general terms what has, in part only, happened to me. Some portions of it remind me of your own case. I presume, however, you have been more fortunate than myself in satisfying your mind as to the usefulness of it. Here is my greatest trouble. I can not place implicit confidence in all I have experienced, and I sometimes fear I may be in some way hallucinated. I have been promised, or, at least, I think so, that I shall be able to do some good in this way to my fellow-man; but as yet I have done nothing. It is now almost two years since I was first sensibly influenced, and by this time I think I should be able to do something, if I am not indeed under a delusion. What I wish to ask of you is, your opinion of my case. If you will read my published letter, you will get a general idea of the peculiar manner in which I have been influenced. I had hoped Mr. Davis would have been able to throw some light upon it; but after all his remarks concerning it, my mind is still in the uncertain mood. Have you ever had things promised by the Spirits which were not realized?

In my seekings I have always insisted on this one point, that the Spirits should desist from influencing me, unless they were certain of accomplishing some good for others, by me; but I can not prevail upon them to do so. If I had kept a regular diary of the facts which have transpired with me, I think I would show there were either deceiving Spirits attending me, or that my own mind is most singularly hallucinated. If I could be persuaded that good will eventually come out of it, I am patient enough, I think, to pursue my investigations further; but at times I am disheartened, and am almost ready to abandon all idea of ever accomplishing any useful purpose in this way. Will it be asking too much of you to read my letter, if you please, in Mr. Davis' book, and give me your opinion respecting it?

I do not know of any one whose spiritual experience tallies with my own in all particulars; but the nearest I have read of is yours, which, in the pictorial part, seems to correspond in a degree. Yours is more reliable, and so far very useful, it seems to me. All I desire to know is, that I can be made useful in this way, and if so, I think my mind is patient enough to pursue the subject to an available issue.

Will it be asking too much of you to write me at your convenience, and give me your opinion respecting my case?

Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

J. F. Laning, No. 124 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, July 29th, 1853.

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 24th, and, so far as I can, I will answer it.

Your difficulties seem to be twofold: one is that you do not or can not do as much good as you expect or wish, and the other that the communications are not always reliable.

As to the first, I beg to ask you how do you know that you are not doing good? How do you know that your letter to. Mr. Davis, or that to me, have not already done good? How do you know that your experience, in your immediate vicinity, and among your acquaintance, is not doing good? You can not know any more than I can, when I deliver a lecture or publish something. Perhaps I may hear of some one benefited by my action, and perhaps not. What then? Shall I, because I do not see the good I do, therefore rashly conclude that I do none? Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that gives the increase, and it is often that it is God alone that sees the increase. Now it seems to me (and with this I content myself) that it is enough for me to do all I can -the rest is in the hands of God, and we have hardly a right to demand that it shall be disclosed to us. And if it was, would it not be apt to engender in our minds a feeling of vain-glory, rather than a disinterested desire for the good of our fellow-men? But again, are you yet prepared to go forth on your mission? Have you been to school long enough, and learned enough, to be sure you are right, and that it would be wise for you to go ahead?

Here again I hesitate, for as I progress I find how much there is to learn, and how little I know, and I approach the task of teaching (or doing good) with fear and trembling, lest I may err and teach error instead of truth—may mislead rather than wisely guide. Against this there is but one remedy, and that is patient and persevering industry in my studies, and not venturing to teach any thing until after long and carefully weighing it. I am satisfied I am right. I can not get all knowledge at once. I must get a little at a time; and it is only as I get one point here and another there, firmly established as true, that I venture to attempt to do any good with it. Any other course renders me liable to the danger of uttering some crudity or some inconsistency that, by-and-by, I may regret; and our New Philosophy has suffered enough from that cause already.

Now the substance of all this is, be patient; the time will come when your mission will be unfolded to you. I waited longer than you have to learn mine, and I passed through such a "slough of despond" as lies in your way; but now I can see right well how all that was preparing me for my task; I think you will find it so with you, for you may rely upon it that no person is gifted as you are in vain. Be patient, then, and abide your time. It will come surely and speedily, unless delayed by unnecessary doubts and despondency. And when it does come, oh! how richly will it repay you!

Your other difficulty, the unreliability of the communications, involves more considerations than I can find room for in a letter like this. I must content myself with a few general ones.

In the first place, do you not expect too much from the Spirits? You seem to expect them to be perfect and unvaryingly accurate in what they say. Can that be expected of any thing but the Almighty? Spirits in that respect are like mortals, they can tell us only what they know and as they know it. They, like us, frequently think they know when they do not, and while they mean to speak truly, from ignorance they err. Is not this natural? nay, is it not inevitable,

unless you clothe the Spirit with the omniscience which belongs alone to God?

Then as to the future, how do they know any thing about it more than we do? Simply, as I understand it, because they are better able to see the surrounding circumstances than we are, and can therefore form a better judgment as to results. Yet their judgment may err sometimes as well as ours; and here again, unless we clothe them with an attribute of the Deity, we have no right to expect entire accuracy.

But there is another kind of foretelling still, that, namely, which involves their own action. For instance, they say on such a day a thing will happen. By this they mean that on that day they will do that thing. Now, with them as with us, a thousand things may happen to prevent their accomplishing their purpose; they may change their minds about it; circumstances may occur to render it inexpedient or unnecessary, etc. Shall we, therefore, withhold all credit from them?

I tell you that on Monday next A. B. will go to London, and I say so because certain circumstances cause me to believe he will. He has told me so, perhaps, or the like. But he does not go. Am I therefore unworthy of all belief? Again, I tell you that on Monday I will go to London, but I alter my mind and do not go, will you condemn me as a falsifier of the truth before you learn the reasons of my change of purpose? The difficulty in all this matter lies in our expecting too much perfection in the Spirits, in looking upon them as knowing more than they do, and as being able to do more than they can; in other words, in an erroneous conception of the true nature and character of the Spirit-world.

This regards the communications which are intended to be true. There is, however, another class which are intended as deceiving and to mislead. I have good reason to believe that there is in the Spirit-world much opposition to their intercourse with us, and that a combination has been formed to intercept and, if possible, to overthrow it, and one mode of this operation is by visiting circles and individuals, exciting their suspicion of Spirits and bad thoughts as to their good faith and purity of purpose. To one acquainted with the true nature of Spirit-life, and not misled by erroneous conceptions of unattainable perfection, this will not appear improbable, for it is precisely what men do in this stage of existence and what they would be likely to do in that, if influenced by the same feelings. So that between the hasty uninformed Spirits and those having positive mischievous objects, we are liable constantly to erroneous communications. It is just so in this life. Go out into the streets and ask of the passers-by an account of an affray, and see how many different accounts of it you get. No two will agree. Now what will you do in such a case? Will you reject them all as being untrue? Will you refuse even to hear another word from those who thus clash in their stories? Or will you set down, like a man of sense, and by the exercise of your reason endeavor to gather the truth from this mass of incongruous matter? Or, in other words, would it have been wise for Franklin because he was knocked over by one of his batteries to have abandoned his researches in electricity?

There are still other considerations not to be overlooked. Our communications are apt to be affected by our own minds, for two reasons—one, because every state of mind has its kindred Spirit, and the other, because they can not take complete possession of our minds to the entire exclusion of our own reason and imagination, and the communications, therefore, often come strangely mixed and made up of our thoughts and theirs. Now all these are difficulties and dangers of Spiritual intercourse, and what is the remedy? I say, patient perseverance, which day by day will perfect us in the inter-

course, make it more distinct and reliable, and more under the control of our reason. One other topic, and I have done. You complain that you do not distinctly remember all that is said and done to you. Mr. Davis explains how this is done, and I suppose that why it is done is this, in order that they may get an habitual control of your mind, so as to prevent you from mingling your thoughts with theirs, and to teach you to keep them distinct. I have seen such cases and have found that self-discipline and aiding the Spirits at this self-control soon remove the difficulty.

And now I must close my letter. I have been necessarily very brief on a topic where a great deal may be said—indeed must be, if one is to understand it; but I could not do otherwise, and I only hope that I have aided you. At all times I shall be glad to hear from you.

Truly, yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Mr. J. F. LANING.

P.S. I have just re-read your letter to me, and notice one remark: "I have always insisted on this point, that the Spirits should desist from influencing me, unless they were certain of accomplishing some good." Let us illustrate this. You meet a man in the street who says to you, "Mr. L., I will not use that medicine you gave me, unless you are certain that it will do good." Your answer is that of an honest, intelligent man, "I can't be certain, I can only judge it will do good." "Very well," is his reply, "I won't use it," and leaves you. In a short time he meets a quack, or mere pretender, and asks him for a remedy that he is certain will do good. Either fraudulently, or misled by ignorance or zeal, his new friend says he is certain.

Now see the condition of that man. His state of mind has found a kindred spirit, not in your integrity and intelligence,

but in the quack, or pretender. He has left you and gone to an inferior mind, though he is unconscious of the inferiority. Will he by-and-by have a right to complain that he has been deceived by the association he has thus chosen?

In the mean time, you who wanted to aid him and was able to act with wisdom, what has become of you in reference to him? You saw there was no use of your continuing with him, and you went elsewhere in search of those who would appreciate you and not repel you by their unreasonableness. And this would have been prevented by his acting rationally, by reasoning with you on the subject, by earnestly desiring of you knowledge of what your remedy was, and how you expected it would do the good anticipated. In that case you would have kept up the connection with him, and with pleasure have taught him all you knew, until he should have become as wise as yourself and been prepared to seek and receive knowledge from those whose knowledge was superior to yours.

Now is not this a fair illustration of your whole case? You can tell better than I can. But as I have gone through this same "slough," it seems to me that I can not do better than give you the clue which led me out of my difficulties.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3, 1853.

My FRIEND:

Not to weary you, do I again take my pen, but to thank you with a heart full of gratitude, which words can not express, for your kind regards to me in your very timely and highly instructive letter, which I have read many times, and I think with lasting instruction to my spirit. You certainly have given me the key to many riddles, which have perplexed my mind so much, in my seeking the goal I ever had in view. You have answered all I desired to have answered, except one

point, and I will not now ask you to write again, as I see by the length of your letter, how great a tax I was to you. doubt which comes over my mind is suggested by a remark you make in these words-" I have good reason to believe that there is in the Spirit-world much opposition to this intercourse with us, and that a combination has been formed to interrupt and, if possible, to overthrow it, and one mode is, by visiting circles and individuals, exciting their suspicions of Spirits, and bad thoughts, as to their good faith and purity of purpose." The only indication I have had of such being the case with me, is in the incorrectness of what they have said to me, in answering questions falsely, by whispering in my ears, and presenting to my inward vision symbols which contradicted the facts as they afterward came to my knowledge. Now I do not so much fear that I shall do a serious evil, at the instigation of any Spirit, so long as I am governed by principle; but may not such Spirits hold out false notions to my mind, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary? Is there a possibility, with my motives pure, of an evil Spirit always keeping so closely en rapport with me, as to prevent those whose motives are good from communicating with me and aiding me?

I do not ask the questions to trouble you for a reply now, but should you at any time be at leisure, and feel disposed to answer me on this point, I think I can then go on my way rejoicing, humbly waiting God's time to come for me to labor.

I have not attended circles as a general thing, and never have I been influenced, except once, in any circle. I spend full six hours nightly and alone in my room, and have always conclusive evidence of the presence of Spirits. How they are to accomplish any good by me I know not, as by education I am quite ordinary, my time having been mostly employed in an exciting business, in which there is little call for book learning. I thank you for the encouraging words in your

saying, "You may rely upon it that no person is gifted as you are in vain." This idea has always sustained me midst all my doubts, because I believed that such a gift properly cultivated could be brought into requisition, and herein has been my earnest labor to become properly developed for usefulness. And now, my good friend, do not let me trespass on your time for any further reply to me, but just as you feel inclined, thus do. You have already laid me under a debt of gratitude I know not how to repay.

Truly, yours fraternally,

J. F. LANING,

No. 124 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds.

New York, Aug. 5, 1853.

My dear Sir—Yours of the 3d has just reached me, and I avail myself of a few moments' pause in my business to answer you, simply because it affords me pleasure thus to occupy my leisure, and I might otherwise find it difficult to do my duty as it ought to be done.

Before, however, referring to your question, I want to suggest to you whether your desire to do good may not be in some measure gratified by allowing our correspondence to be published? There are many others in the same situation with yourself, to whom my advice to you may be also valuable, and I should like to bring it to their attention. It can be published without our names if you wish, but it would be better with them, as thus it would have more effect, and besides would encourage others by our example to speak boldly before God and man, the shrinking from which being one of the greatest evils we have to contend with and encounter.

And now as to your queries. "May not evil-disposed Spirits hold out false notions to your mind in spite of all your entreaties to the contrary?" Certainly they may. May not

some loafer from your sinks of iniquity approach you and tell you all sorts of lies? May not some abandoned profligate fellow, whose delight is in tormenting others, thrust himself upon your attention and amuse himself by relating to you a farrago of nonsense or blasphemy? Certainly, and what is your remedy? It is twofold—first, to take the measures which the circumstances of the case demand to get rid of him, and second, to weigh what he may say in your judgment, and determine by your reason how far you may rely on or accredit his statements.

It is just so with Spiritual intercourse; forever bear in mind that many in the Spirit-world are even below our level, both intellectually and morally, and they can commune with us just as well as those who are higher.

Then again you ask, "Is there a possibility, with motives pure, of an evil Spirit always keeping so closely en rapport as to prevent those whose motives are good from communicating with and undeceiving you?" When you say "always," I answer No; but if you should say "occasionally," I would answer Yes. And for this reason, would the loafer of whom I have already spoken always seek your society? By no means; he would be uncomfortable in the society of one purer and better than himself, and would soon leave it, and only "occasionally" come, to answer a special purpose. It would be only as long as he found himself welcome, or until he had fairly tried the experiment whether he might not be welcome that he would come. There is probably no worse punishment to the evil-disposed than constant association with the pure; and, except for some special purpose, we need not fear their society.

But there is another consideration growing out of my experience, and that is, that lower Spirits are often allowed to come to us, in order to contribute to their elevation. It is not

a week since I had such a case. It was one who hated me and came to annoy me, and who did so for several days. By dealing with him with good sense and kind feelings, and uninfluenced by any foolish fears that he could injure me, I not only rid myself of the annoyance, but I helped him so that, though he came with all the vindictive feelings which were uppermost in his mind at the moment of his death, he left me, begging me to "remember him only as the humble, penitent, grateful Spirit who had by my means been lifted out of the darkness of despair and death." It is only three or four times in all my experience I have been thus visited, and once, at a circle to which I belonged, it was asked why inferior Spirits did not more frequently come to us as they did to others? and it was answered, "Why does not the loafer from the Five Points seek the society of the judge or the minister?" One thing, however, I have observed in all my intercourse with that class—that I can make them obedient to my will, and compel them to speak the truth to me whenever I command them in the name of God. And still another thing-that I can know them to be inferior, when I find they can not read my mind or answer a mental question.

These are very general propositions in answer to your questions. I can illustrate and enforce them by many other remarks and instances, which the limits of a letter will not allow; but you will find, by reflecting on what I have said, and applying it to your own experience, that I am right, and that these considerations will materially aid you in dealing properly with this new, most interesting, and extraordinary phenomenon.

In the mean time, allow me to make a further suggestion to you, and that is carefully and laboriously to preserve accurate records of every thing communicated to you. I have done this from the beginning, and I regard my records as invalua-

ble of themselves, while I find that this course has been productive of another good, and that is, that Spirits who are aiming at man's advancement, finding that their instructions are not thrown away or confined only to myself, but are preserved so as to do good to others, are more anxious to commune with me, bring others also, and go higher and higher in the character of their teachings, and thus I am able to do good, by giving to the world, at proper times, their beautiful and elevated teachings.

Pray have no hesitation in writing to me at all times. Do you not think that the consciousness derived from your last letter, that I have done you good, amply repays all my labor?

Truly, yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Mr. J. F. LANING.

PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1853.

My FRIEND:

Your most welcome and unexpected letter of the 5th inst. is at hand.

There is certainly a luxury in doing good, and he who tries it most will partake most largely of its blessings. When I first became satisfied of the reality of Spiritual intercourse my mind was called to this point, which I see impressed you also so strongly, "Of what good can all this be?" I was informed that by yielding myself calmly to its influence I might be enabled to do something for the benefit of my fellow-man. I then made a pledge that upon such conditions only would I humbly seek to render myself useful in this way. I feel how inadequate I am to such a task; and were it not for a letter I received from a most gifted lady stranger, to whom I had written some three or four times, explaining, as best I could, the results of my experience and trials, I should not know

that my advice and guidance had assisted any one. In the closing remarks of her last to me, received but a few days ago, are these most cheering words, "This correspondence was necessary to me—I should have died Spiritually without it. You have done me immeasurable good, because I stood in a most perilous position, and you helped me in the right direction." Not to appear egotistic do I quote from this lady, but to satisfy you of my motives in allowing my letter to be published over my name, even in so distinguished a connection. Therefore, I say, publish just what you please of mine, as in your wisdom you may see best, and if I can in this way awaken one thought of usefulness, which shall tell for humanity, I shall be more than paid for the sacrifice of feeling it costs me to have my name appear in print.

I know but in part what Spiritualism has done for you, my friend, but for me it has done a blessed work. For twenty long years was the subject of religion a most inexplicable mystery to me-my mind never could be fully persuaded, and often did I wish I had never been born. It will not do for others to say of me, I was not honest while thus seeking. My attention to the religious services of the Church, to the study of the Bible, only tell me how anxious my heart was, as it longed for the blessings I supposed were to be found in them. I have now no more misgivings on this point. I am free, and oh! what a freedom it is! Shall I then hesitate to bend my humble efforts to so ennobling a cause? True, they may not influence the learned, yet the unlearned perhaps may read the little I have said to you, and who can tell but your replies may in such connection be better understood and more wisely appreciated by the honest seekers of the light, the truth, and the way?

Yours, truly, J. F. LANING.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds, New York.

# LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

Our aged friend who wrote the following communication without any view to publication, will excuse the liberty we take in laying the essential portions of its contents before our readers. In doing so, we are governed by motives which he himself will readily appreciate. After ordering the Telegraph, and stating that he was for forty years a member of the Presbyterian church, he proceeds as follows;

I now perceive that I have lived but-a little above the animal. On examination, I find that for about three-score years my physical powers or senses have been my ruling or positive powers. But now my whole being is filled with the warmest gratitude to find that my spirit has taken its own proper station-for it is now my positive power; and to my great joy I find that both body and spirit are in harmony, which was not the case before. I now have no cross to take up, for I can deny myself any thing that I know to be injurious, either to body or mind, without the least inconvenience. This I had no power to do when my physical nature ruled. I can now, with the liveliest gratitude, thank our Creator that thousands, for the first time, perceive that our prison doors are thrown open, and that the chains of mental bondage which for thousands of years have been kept firmly riveted by the high-priests, popes, bishops, and clergy, are thrown off. Through God's unalterable laws of nature, Progression is both seen and felt. This deliverance far surpasses the year of jubilee; for we may now come out from a degrading and mythological bondage, unfold our minds to truthful instructions, and feel that we are in our own beloved element. Our minds may soar away to the Spirit-world, as would the lark let loose from his cage soar high in the air with his song of joy and freedom. The want of words will not suffer me to express the happiness I feel in being delivered from this most degrading bondage into the joys of freedom. I feel that I shall return to it no more, for my mind seeks spiritual things because it is itself spirit.

As the spirit is the development of all things below it, it must be destined for boundless freedom. We have liberty to strive to comprehend the unbounded expanse of the Infinite, because our spirits are part of an unimaginable Infinite Mind. This we should know by experience, rather than faith. I feel thankful that we may now unfold our minds to receive instruction directly from the Spirit-world, and from exalted spirits if we are in harmony with them. It appears to me that the first object of these noble and glorious spirits is to bring us into union, love, and harmony with themselves and our Creator; also to convince us that we are one with them as they are one with God-that the interest of God, of the Spirit-world, and of all on earth that are in harmony with them, is one interest, which is that this earth, yes, the whole empire of Jehovah, may be brought into harmony with God, with his laws of nature, and that happiness may be universal. Now if we do in all sincerity feel this union, this harmony, this desire to do good to all, we are most certainly happy; for it makes us one with spirits and angels, and one with our Father, God.

I will now mention that I have professed to be a healing medium, and know that through me some have been restored to health; but what has been done has been covered up as closely as possible by the dark cloak of sectarianism. I will leave these matters for others to mention. The next next inquiry is, From whence comes this power to heal the sick, etc.? By what I have written above, the inquirer will perceive it to be the power of union and harmony, or the power of all whose desire is universal health and happiness. There is no necessity of our receiving any new power, but that we should know and cultivate the power that has ever been with and within us, and that we should know by experience that we are one with the powers above mentioned. Still we are to feel ourselves the subordinate power; for God is positive, and angels, and men, and all else, are negative. This is not only a situation to be in to heal the sick, but to cause happiness that exceeds expression.

We may joyfully say, "Thanks to our Creator for causing us to understand that his laws of Nature and Progression are truthful and infallible." These are our guide-boards to lead us directly to union, harmony, and happiness. So I perceive there is no necessity of waiting until after what we term death to be happy, if we will but free ourselves from mental bondage, and open our minds to receive new truths from these harmonious spirits or angels. I feel fully satisfied that the above-mentioned desires and feelings are the same that filled the whole being of the blessed Jesus when he boldly said, "I and my Father are one." He no doubt had impressions

and communications from spirits and angels. He was far in advance of those of his day—so much so that he appeared more God-like than human: thus he was called God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours in the bonds of universal love, harmony, and happiness,

J. G.

BIRMINGHAM, ROCKLAND Co., MICHIGAN.

## DREAMS VERIFIED BY FACTS.

WE are indebted to a legal gentleman in Illinois for the following interesting facts. We desire to inform the writer that the laws which govern such intercourse render success, in the proposed experiment, doubtful, the personal presence of the interested party being usually required to constitute the attraction. We will, however, seek some opportunity for a trial.—ED.

General Stephen Rowe Bradley, formerly of Westminster, Vermont, a lawyer of distinction, and senator from that State in Congress, a gentleman not likely to be influenced by superstitious notions, on one occasion, when absent from home some 100 miles, dreamed that his son, a youth, was drowned. The impression of this dream upon his mind was so intense, that he immediately, with all haste, started for home. On his arrival there, he found the funeral procession just leaving his house, to bear that son to the grave! He was drowned, according to the indication of his father's dream.

Hon. John M. Goodenow, of Ohio, a lawyer of high standing, at one time member of Congress, and also a judge of the Supreme Court of that State, while residing in Bloomfield, in Trumbull County, resting at a tavern—a short day's ride from home, when on his return from a journey—dreamed that his house was on fire, and his family asleep within it. He was

a nervous man—one of the last persons to yield to fancies of that description; but, instantly awaking, and feeling an unusual solicitude for his family, he at once arose from his bed, mounted his horse, and rode with all speed for home, where he arrived just after daybreak. His first sight of his house disclosed the smoke breaking through or issuing from the roof! His early arrival enabled him to arouse his family in season to save themselves and the house, which was ignited in some of the timbers, but had not yet burst into a flame.

## MY FATHER.

BY MISS SUSAN TATOR.

The following more than commonly meritorious lines we find in the Albany Sunday Atlas, accompanied by an editorial note stating that their writer is "a young lady of only sixteen summers." In copying them, we venture the prophecy that their author will hereafter be better known, if she cultivates and gives to the world the maturity of that power of which she, even in this early effusion, shows herself the possessor:

Thou eagle, circling 'twixt the clouds and sun,
Whose cycle in the heavens is so high,
Oh! speak, if thou, since first thy flight begun,
My father dear hast seen, and is he nigh?
Thou star of eve, that twinklest in thy sphere,
Loveliest gem in all the crown of night,
Oh! whisper it in mine attentive ear,
Did'st see my father's spirit in its flight?

Thou rising ofb that gilds the eastern sky,
Whom worlds awake to greet on each return,
Oh! tell me whether with all-blazing eye,
Thou saw'st my father in his long sojourn?

As sails the vessel forth to distant seas,

Anon is lost, to lingering eyes on shore;
So sail'd his spirit with celestial breeze,

And we've beheld its sweet return no more.

A thousand times I've closed my eyes at rest,
And thought I saw him bright as noonday beams,
A thousand dreams have fill'd my hopeful breast
With his lov'd presence—could it be but dreams?
I'll see him yet again—again I'll press
His heart to mine, gaze in his gentle eyes,
List to his manly tones, and he'll caress
His loving child once more, nor ever say "good-bye."

ALBANY, March 2, 1853.

Bewitched of Course.—Some of the records of the times of Cotton Mather contain strange accounts of the freaks of "ye unseen spirits." Here is one, copied by the Boston *Chronicle* from an old journal of a schoolmaster, who resided in "ye ancient town of Ipswich." The description is spirited.

"Last nighte, as my wyfe and myselfe were going to bedde, a dreadful noyse was heard about ye house; an'n ye soundes increased violentlie, and seemed toe be in the bedde-roome lykewise. Ye wyndowes shooke lyke a dyce box, and a horrible stynke arose, smelling very much like untoe brymstone, allmoste taking from us our breths. Suddenly ye chairs and taybles did move hyther and thyther by some unscene hand; anon all was sylent. Soon ye beddies did rocke and shayke terriblye, and ye bedde clothes didde move hytherre and thytherre violentlie. Then ye plastering didde cracke and snappe lyke unto ye report of a pistoll. Soon ye jordan began to move aboute, and it did jump upon a chair, whyrlynge around right meryie. I clutched by ye handdell, and ye potte did hoppe and skyppe around ye roome, all toe our greate amusement."

# FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

#### LETTER II

GLASGOW, August 2, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I have just left the famed "Lake District" of England—a region beautiful by nature and consecrated by genius—and will give you a full account of my walks and talks. Upon lakes and mountains have I gazed; places have been visited famous in song; I have stood beside the graves of illustrious poets; I have seen the habitations of some of the best and most distinguished men of our century; and with an "eye single" to the Spiritual significance of scenes and persons, I will give you an account of all these—not in their essential reality, for that no man can do, but as they seemed to me. As one is, so he sees. Achromatic eyes have not yet been invented. To the ever-flowing fountain of life and thought each carries his own goblet, and, dip as long as he may, he can bring it away only full. Let love warm the eye and a glow and richness will be added to all things that are seen.

Inasmuch as I have explored the "Lake District" quite thoroughly, perhaps my best method will be to describe things in the order in which they were viewed. Unless a mere dry generalization be given, this method will have the advantage of brevity as well as clearness, and perhaps some American travelers may learn the best way of visiting this interesting portion of England.

Shortly after writing you last, I left Liverpool for the old city of Preston.

Nothing was seen there that it is necessary to describe here. The next
morning Kendal was reached, from which the mountains were seen in the
distance. Wordsworth describes the town as:

"A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud, And diguified by battlements and towers Of some stern castle, moldering on the brow Of a green hill."

The ruins of Kendal castle, alluded to by the poet, are on a high hill, and although they are not very beautiful, yet from the crumbling towers are charming views of the town and valley. While strolling about in the area

within the fallen and moldering walls, I recollected, all of a sudden, that it was once the habitation of Catharine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. It seemed to me that over the ruins of her ancestral house the queen of the tyrant who murdered so many wives was keeping watch. As a satirical writer truly remarks, she "had the good fortune to descend to the grave with her head, in all probability merely by outliving her tyrant."

In the afternoon Bowness was reached, which lies dreamy on the sloping

"Wooded Windermere, the river-lake."

Soon after reaching the beautiful lake I procured a boat and rowed down it several miles past Storrs Hall, the mansion of the late John Bolton, Esq., where Canning was in the habit of visiting for the purpose of breathing the fresh air of the hills, and escaping for a season from the cares of public life. I had from the bosom of the lake a very fine view of the beautiful house and grounds. Lockhart, in his life of Scott, gives a lively description of one of the visits of the great English statesman to Storrs Hall, when the presence of Wordsworth, Southey, Professor Wilson, and the farfamed novelist gave to the occasion more than ordinary interest. "A large company had been assembled at Mr. Bolton's seat in honor of the minister-it included Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey. It has not, I suppose, happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honored and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was 'high discourse,' intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed; and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy, transient pleasantries in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn this circle. The weather was as elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day Professor Wilson ('the Admiral of the Lake,' as Canning called him), presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storrs, to admit into the place of honor the vessel that carried the kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The three bards of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music, and sunshine, flags,

streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made a dazzling mixture of sensations, as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."

Directly in front of Bowness is a beautiful island—Belle Isle it is called—about a mile in circumference. The trees on it "lay their dark arms about the fields," in the midst of which there is a beautiful residence,

### "A Grecian temple rising from the deep."

I saw hanging in one of the aisles of the old church at Kendal a helmet, which, in the time of Charles the First, was lost in a curious manner by the proprietor of this island. In the war between the king and the Parliament, two brothers, Colonel and Major Philopson, espoused the Royal cause. The Colonel owned the island. The Major, from some of his desperate exploits, was called by the Parliamentarians Robin the Devil. A Colonel Briggs, of Kendal, belonging to Cromwell's army, after the king's death, hearing that Robin was secreted in his brother's house, besieged the island. At the end of eight months the siege was raised. Robin the Devil raised a small band of horse, and started after Briggs on Sunday morning. Arriving at Kendal, he was told that his foe was at prayers. Into the church he dashed, riding all the way up to the altar. Colonel Briggs was nowhere to be seen. The congregation was stupefied. The Major rode furiously down another aisle to make his escape. Unfortunately the doorway was not so lofty as that by which he had entered. His head came violently in contact with the arch of the doorway; his helmet was struck off; his saddle-girths gave way; and Robin the Devil was stunned. He was himself rescued by his followers, but his helmet still hangs in the church at Kendal.

Sir Walter Scott, taking the hint from this historical incident, has described a similar adventure in "Rokeby."

"All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed—
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unwonted clang return'd.
One instant's glance around he threw;
From saddlebow his pistol drew,
Grimly determined was his look,
His charger with his spurs he struck.

All scattered backward as he came, For all knew Bertram Risingham. Three bounds that noble courser gave: The first has reached the central nave, The second cleared the chancel wide, The third, he was at Wyckliffe's side.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And bursting in the headlong sway
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
"Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wyckliffe's soldiers waked at once."—Canto vi.

The next morning I started for Ambleside, which lies at the head of the lake, six miles from Bowness. After walking about a mile, I came to the house where once lived the great philanthropist, William Wilberforce, of whom it is enough to mention his name. A little beyond is the country seat of Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh. Major Hamilton, author of a "History of the Peninsular Campaigns" and "Cyril Thornton," once occupied the same house. "To the view from this place," says the famous Christopher North, "there is nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water-the richest foreground of wood-and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmorland, but-believe us-in all the world." Two or three miles beyond I came upon a house called Dove's Nest, which was occupied one summer by Mrs. Hemans. "There is an air of neglect about the little demesne," she somewhere says, "which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest. You see everywhere traces of love and care beginning to be effaced-rose trees spreading into wildness-laurels darkening the windows with too luxuriant branches; and I can not help saying to myself, 'Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and sufferings has here sought refuge and repose." Poor sorrowing child of genius—the little mignon of English literature, who wept poetry-who can be rightly read only when our very hearts are weeping, had lived there in the cottage by the roadside, and tears of mine watered the neglected rose trees and the over-luxuriant laurels.

Toward evening I called on Harriet Martineau, at Ambleside. She is

quite gray, and shows still other signs of advancing age. She seemed very cheerful, and talked for an hour or more with incredible volubility. She wears her "mesmeric atheism" easily, if a jocose manner and "robustious" look are any indications of mental and spiritual peace. She is now translating and condensing Augusté Comte's Philosophie Positive, to which Professor Nicol, of Glasgow University, the celebrated astronomer, lends a hand. It seems to be a work of love with her to render into English the work of the great French atheist, the "Modern Bacon," as some of his followers call him. Miss Martineau told me of an English gentleman who had sent her five hundred pounds to further the work.

As the sun was going down I strolled on to Rydal Village, a mile and a half beyond Ambleside. Near at hand was "Rydal Mount," where the great and good Wordsworth lived many years-the last years of his life. I knew that admission to the grounds or house had been forbidden, yet I stole quietly into the inclosure, and among the roses and ivy spent the long twilight. Not a voice disturbed the sacred stillness of the place. Every shrub seemed to remember the presence of the apostolic poet, and bent with a sweet reverence. Some tall pines stood at the gateway of the grounds-emblems of the altitude of his soul and the elevation of his spirit. From behind, a mountain rears its majestic head more than a thousand feet in air-fit sentinel to guard the place where a good man lived. In front, one gazes down the wooded valley of the Rothay, upon Windermere, whose waters lie placid in the distance. On the right there is a long mountain wall, many hundred feet high, which seems like a barrier to those who would thoughtlessly desecrate the shrine to which many generations of men will go on a grateful pilgrimage. On the left the mountains slope far away to the bending heavens, carrying the thought upward to the Benignant Spirit that sleepeth not, that keepeth watch over the earth, and whispereth peace in the soul of the worshiper. There I realized anew what the poet meant, when he spoke of "feelings too deep for tears." The little bird that came there for its night's rest seemed to have left its fear behind. The small river that flows under the hill sent its hushed voice up on the gentle evening breeze, as if unwilling to forget to take its kindly leave, at the close of day, of one whose loving spirit was wont to worship there at the twilight hour. God be thanked for those who have taught us a living sympathy with nature, who have revealed to us what priceless treasures of affection there are in each beating heart, who, by purity and rectitude of life, combined with genius, have pointed out to every gifted poet the true end of his mission.

Returning to Ambleside, I took a private road that wound under the base of the mountain, and led by Fox Howe, the residence of the late Dr. Arnold, the well-known master of Rugby School, and the interpreter of the great German historian, Niebuhr.

The next day I sailed over Lake Windermere, or, as Wordsworth persisted in calling it, Winandermere (windingmere, or lake), to Newby Bridge, at its outlet. I then wandered down the Leven, half a dozen miles to the sea; then up another beautiful stream to Coniston Water (a local name for lake), over which a countryman rowed me seven miles to its mountain-guarded head. Some of the peaks, up to which one looked from the still bosom of the lake, were more than two thousand feet high. The afternoon was sunny, and the streams that ran swiftly down the steep sides of the mountain looked like bright threads of silver. The hills echoed the beat of the oars, and one seemed to be visited with multitudinous troops of the spirits of beauty and joy. Alas! for the condition of those who ridicule the idea that there may be innumerable beings "who walk the earth, unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep," with whom souls that are pure may hold sweet communion.

Near the upper end of the lake I found Tent Lodge, the villa where lived Elizabeth Smith, one of the most gifted of England's daughters. The beautiful house overlooks a landscape of mountain, valley, water, wood, and lawn, as enchanting as imagination of painter or poet ever conceived. Alfred Tennyson, the present laureate of England, spent the summer there, a year or two since. I was told that I would find him there, but was disappointed.

Returning over the mountains to Ambleside, I passed Hawkshead, where Wordsworth and his brother were educated—where Elizabeth Smith is buried. Standing at her grave, Byron wrote one of his most touching little poems, the words of which my memory can not now recall. Going down the long descent into the valley of the Windermere, as the sun was beginning to hide itself behind the dark mountain peaks in the west, I gazed upon a succession of landscape pictures such as I never expect to behold again. Every step, for miles, shifted my point of view, and a new scene presented itself. There was every variety, from the quiet little picture by the hedge-row on the wayside, to the broad picture embracing the lake and its wooded islands, numerous villas, sloping fields, and far-off mountains. One seemed to be floating in some Delphic ship, through a valley of enchantment. My limbs were weary with a walk of twenty miles, yet the beauty of the scene excited me almost to madness. Nature will

yield no such treasures to those who, through indolence, are dependent upon public conveyances.

The next day I ascended the rugged road to Kirkstone Pass, where is found the highest inhabited house in England. I then climbed a mountain peak, not half a mile off, that was a thousand feet higher. From that point I had a splendid panoramic view of nearly all the "Lake District." The sea, along its bay-indented shore, seemed to sleep lazily in the warmth and haze of a summer day. Half a dozen lakes were in full view,

"— with all their fairy crowds Of islands, that together lie As quietly as spots of sky, Among the evening clouds."

At evening I returned through the valley of Troutbeck, which Professor Wilson has made classic ground by the descriptions of his magic pen.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked four miles to Grasmere, to worship by the grave of Wordsworth. The "Knob," overlooking Rydal Lake, was passed, where once lived Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the opiumeater, the dram-drinker, the poetic philosopher and the philosophic poet. His weird imagination has no parallel in all literature, yet he was wanting in central rectitude of nature, a defect that weakened his will, that vitiated not only his mental but his moral action, that caused him to deceive him self and others, that made his life a kind of celestial-infernal tragedy, so that contemplating him is like contemplating the ruins of some splendid structure—a structure, too, that never was completed.

A mile farther on, near Grasmere Lake, is the little white stone house where Wordsworth lived many years, to which he led his bride in 1802 In his "Farewell," which he wrote previous to going after his bride, he thus describes it:

"Farewell, thou little nook of mountain ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent Temple, which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found."

In the same house lived some time De Quincey, another great opiumeater, who has over his own spirit achieved a victory that shames all the victories of those who conquer cities. I hope to see him in a few weeks at Edinburgh, when I will speak more of him.

Not a stone's throw beyond, is the house where Hartley Coleridge had

lodgings most of the time for a dozen years, and where he died. The people in the neighborhood say that a barn sometimes afforded him shelter for the night. Poor child of genius, in more senses than one! He sleeps yonder in the churchyard, by the side of Wordsworth; and the morrow no longer haunts his dreams. God shall hide thee, my brother, in the great bosom of his love, where each "shadowy recollection" shall be transformed to joy.

A plain gray stone, bearing the simple inscription, "William Wordsworth," marks the grave of England's great apostolic poet. I could not think of him as there, and my feelings were not touched. With his living spirit I had communed at "Rydal Mount;" why should I be affected by the dust that was no part of the poet that I revered and loved? When we weep at the grave and refuse to be comforted, the Christ has not yet brought life and immortality to light in our souls. Near the tomb of the immortal bard were the graves of four of his children, but he and they were elsewhere. I returned at evening, not only hoping, but feeling and knowing, that the something—call it what you will, mind, soul, or spirit—within me, which thinks, wills, remembers, loves, and worships, is not perishable like the clay garment with which it is clothed.

The next afternoon I started on foot for Keswick, a distance of sixteen miles. I passed again through the vale and by the lake of Grasmere. I can say of them, in the language of Mrs. Hemans:

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting luster seem to float
On golden clouds from Spirit-lands, remote
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man with touch unhallow'd, jar
The perfect music of the charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer!"

After climbing a rugged hill I came to Dunmail Raise, a pile of stones,

"Heaped over brave King Dumail's bones,

He who once held supreme command,

Last king of rocky Cumberland,"

who was defeated in 945, by Edmund the Saxon king. A little beyond I

turned aside to climb Helvellyn, next to the highest mountain in England. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, but its lofty top looked too tempting to resist. An obscure path, three miles in length, led to the summit, which was gained by a vigorous climb of an hour and a half. Not long did I enjoy the magnificent prospect from a point three fifths of a mile high, for, as if in obedience to the command of some evil genius, there came up a sudden storm, and I was buried in rushing clouds. The wind blew a hurricane. It was many miles to the sea, yet on my lips the mist had a saline taste, as in an ocean storm. Night was coming on, and the prospect of remaining all night on the mountain in the cold and rain, was far from being pleasant. I was lost, and wandered about, enjoying the terror of the storm. All at once before me yawned a gulf that in the mist the eye could not fathom. Afterward, I learned that it was near the place where, in 1805, perished a young man, who was overtaken by a storm while crossing the mountain. His remains were found after three months, still watched by a faithful dog.

"This dog had been through three months' space A dweller in that savage place;
Yes, proof was plain that since the day
On which the traveler thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot
Or by his master's side;
How nourished there through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate."

Scott also has a poem on the same subject, commencing

"I climbed the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn."

The storm soon abated somewhat, and by using a pocket compass, and following a water-course, I at length got below the clouds, when the descent was comparatively easy. It was nearly midnight before I reached Keswick.

The next day a visit was made to Greta Hall, where resided the industrious and prudent Robert Southey. The poet has described the scene visible from his own window:

"'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorned them
Fade like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of youth is departed;
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding

Mountain, and lake, and vale; the valley disrobed of verdure; Derwent retaining yet from eve a glossy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that calm and majestic
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Bleacrag, and Maidenmaur to Griesdale, and westermost Wythop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
High in the middle air huge purple pillowy masses,
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Earth was hushed and still; all motion and sound were suspended;
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,
Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness."

Derwentwater is indeed the most beautiful of all the lakes. Hour after hour I feasted my eyes upon it; but to describe it adequately is impossible. I find that my letter is growing long, and must hasten my narrative.

From Keswick to Penrith there is a beautiful walk of eighteen miles. One passes on the way the famed valley of St. John, which is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." Near Penrith is the seat of Lord Brougham, the first of living English advocates and orators. A mile from Penrith is "King Arthur's Round Table," a circular area about sixty feet in diameter, surrounded by a fosse and mound.

From Keswick I passed the falls of Lodore, which do not amount to much, notwithstanding the poem of Southey—"How do the waters come down Lodore," and the exceedingly musical name by which they are called, and went on through Borrowdale to a little village near Scafel Rikes, the highest mountain in England. I then took a guide and climbed to the highest peak of the mountain. The views were similar to those already described, and it is not necessary to dwell upon them.

I stayed all night at a farm-house, by the foot of the mountain. There was comfort there for a weary man, although the pigs came rooting under my chair as I sat drying my bruised, wet feet by the kitchen fire. The next day I strolled along Wastwater, the wildest of all the lakes. One looks almost straight up from its margin to mountain peaks, nearly three thousand feet high. It seemed strange to walk five miles in England without meeting a person or passing a house. The sea-shore was gained late in the evening, and a few hours' ride the next day brought me to Furness Abbey, the most beautiful ruin in the United Kingdom. It was founded in 1127, by Stephen, Earl of Montaigne and Boulogne, afterward King of England The same evening I reached Whitehaven, where I was disap-

pointed, the next morning, in procuring a pass to descend into the coal mines, which are nearly a thousand feet deep, and entered like a subterranean city, far under the sea. The same evening the old Cathedral town of Carlisle was reached. From a bridge that crosses the gently-flowing Eden I gazed pensively, at twilight, upon the tower where Mary Queen of Scots was confined on her flight to England, after the battle of Langside. In the Cathedral is buried Dr. Paley, of whom many think more than they do of the Bible. A long ride in the mail train brought me here last Sunday.

Of Roman stations and Druidical remains, which abound in the "Lake District," I have said nothing; an account of them, to be at all satisfactory, would require too much historical explanation, and antiquarian research is far from being interesting.

#### MY SPIRIT-CHILD

BY A. W. FENNO.

The following lines, glad and sparkling from a father's heart, we publish with pleasure. It will be seen that the two verses are in very different meter, but the merit of their thoughts being in no wise lessened on that account, we prefer not to pass them through our critical sieve, simply to modify their rhythm.

She comes in the sparkling sunlight,
She comes 'neath the silv'ry moon,
She comes in the gentle twilight,
She comes in the rosy noon;
She comes 'mid the dewy flowers,
She comes on the mountain slope,
She comes in my lonely hours,
Filling my heart with hope;
She comes o'er the raging sea,
When its waves are tossing wild,
She comes at all times to me,
My dear one, my Spirit-child.

Shall I reject so great a blessing Because the world is deaf and cold? Can I resist my child's caressing, Shut the light from out my soul? God, our Father, thou in kindness Hast permitted this to be; Shall ungrateful man in blindness Spurn a gift that comes from thee ? No; I bless thee for the token Thou hast given to our earth, That affection's chaine 's unbroken, Death is but a glorious birth. Come then, little pet, in gladness, From thy bright home undefiled, Come! my heart it knows no sadness When thou'rt with me, Spirit-child.

NEW YORK, August 14th.

# MATTERS IN ILLINOIS.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, Aug. 8th, 1853.

This beautiful city of the West, with its five thousand inhabitants, mostly American born, is pleasantly situated on Rock River, where the Chicago and Galena Railroad crosses it, and is one of the pleasantest locations and best business places west of Lake Michigan. I delivered a course of nine lectures here last spring, on the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, which were well received; and by repeated and pressing invitations of our friends here, I have returned, and am now delivering a course of about the same number, to large audiences of the freest and most intelligent part of the inhabitants. In no place where I

have lectured have I found warmer hearts, freer hands, and clearer heads than in this place. The friends here are well supplied with books and papers, and pay more attention to investigating the philosophy of the new religion, than to experimenting in its phenomena. A well-developed healing medium would find a home and a good field of labor here, for a few weeks. The homes and the hearts of many citizens here are open to the visits of messengers of truth and love, who come to bring tidings from the home of the soul, whether their permanent residence be in this or that sphere.

The clergy are alarmed at the spread of this heresy, and are constantly warning their flocks against this horrible infidelity, which is converting people to a belief in eternal life, and raising a hope of happiness beyond the grave, and yet do not bring them into their sectarian folds. One preacher here is said to have remarked in the pulpit, that I had better have come here and murdered ten men, than to have delivered the ten lectures on Spiritual Intercourse. Probably for sectarian bigotry it would have been better; but the light will shine, and the truth will spread, even though madmen rave, and hurl their anathemas at it.

On my way to this place I spent a few days with our friends at Lake Mills, Wis. They are steadily progressing, have recently developed another medium, with remarkable speaking powers, and one from whom I hope and expect much. The friends there think they need, and could sustain, a small weekly newspaper, devoted to human freedom, free land, temperance, spiritual intercourse, and other reforms. I believe a practical printer, with his kit, and free from debt, accompanied by sufficient talent, in his own head, or some other, to edit and properly conduct such a paper, would find a good home and good living in that place, with proper industry and economy. The friends also think that a good point

for a school that shall be free from sectarian bondage, with a male and female department. Any of our friends who would like to engage in either of these enterprises, will learn more about the prospects by addressing Dr. E. M. Joslyn, of Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

Are we to have a National Convention this fall? If so, why are not the notices circulated through the press?

WARREN CHASE.

## WONDERFUL WRITING MEDIUM.

Mr. N. B. Laird, writing from Monroe Center, Ashtabula County, Ohio, says:

"There is a medium in Conneaut township, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, a son of Mr. Aaron Brooks, some ten years of age, who, in his normal state, can neither write nor read writing, whom I have frequently seen write the ordinary way, and frequently in the inverted manner when some one was sitting opposite to him, so that those opposite to him might read the communication that was written."

Our correspondent, in the same letter, relates an aggravated instance of persecution, in the form of prosecution, which lately took place in the same township, and in which, by a mock judicial proceeding before a Justice of the Peace, some ten persons, several of them children, were fined from five to ten dollars apiece, with costs, for no other crime than being Spiritualists, and some of them mediums. The persons, however, appealed to the Court of Cemmon Pleas, by which the decision of the so-called "justice" was reversed, it being made clear that the prosecutor (a church member), with his witnesses and the "justice," had conspired together to bring the strong arm of the law to bear against developments that were obnoxious to their prejudices.

# OLD TESTAMENT INCONSISTENCIES.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ALL True Religion is immutable. I wonder that any one can for a moment imagine the possibility of its overthrow. Is truth a mere circumstance? Do clouds and storms extinguish the sun? Is true religion dependent for its existence upon belief or disbelief—upon forms and organizations?

O ye of little faith! Go by the ocean's side, and behold far away the rock of ages. The storm-king sends his servants to battle. The clouds assemble, thunder answers thunder, from the four corners of heaven the elements rush to one center, and the fierce tempest descends with all the pageantry of contending deities. The ocean groans with the voice of anger, mountainous waves roll forward with a mighty power; but amid all, and above all, stands you noble Rock, erect, unmoved, and unchanged. Ten thousand times ten thousand storms may rage beneath, around, above—ages upon ages may roll away—empires may rise and kingdoms fall—millions of human beings may come and go—the terrestrial ball may pursue its pathway about the parent orb; yet, unshaken and immovably stands the True Religion—firm as the universe—beautiful as Deity

You who fear or hope that religion will be extinguished, need wisdom; go, study the constitution of the world. Contemplate the ROCK in the ocean, which no storms or contention can disturb. Gaze at the sun, whose life-giving glories no clouds or tempests can ever diminish!

But where shall we find this religion which changes not? Ah! here is the question. And when we become acquainted with its locality, how shall we know that it is the "true religion?" What is the rock? The answer may be found in the New Testament: "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." That is to say, the law and the spirit—the way, truth, and life—are natural to the soul of man. Yea, religion has a rock in the soul. In its elements and essences, in its inextinguishable instincts and unfolding faculties, which are true prophets and true apostles—in these find we the true religion. If this position be not tenable—if the mind of man is not the basis of true religion—then is God a respecter of persons, partial in his dealings, and the New Testament answer must be a fallacy.

We hear much lamentation concerning the fate of the Bible. In most minds, religion and the book are one and inseparable. "They must stand or fall together!" But I can not think so. Can not a man exist without a shadow? Are symbols essential to the existence of thought? Surely the letter and the spirit are not indissoluble! If they are, then well may we lament and deplore any examination of the Bible.

The idea that the Bible is the infallible word of God—that it is the Rock of Ages, that in it is only to be found the true religion—is fatal to itself. There is a prevailing superstition, generated by commentators, that the Old and New Testaments are intrinsically and extrinsically harmonious. When the whole volume is correctly understood (they assert), the beauty and stupendous unity of the system is clear as the sun in the heavens. But this assumption is made by persons who have the presumption to suppose that they have seen the harmonies of the Scriptures.

Let us reflect on this. The assumption is that the Bible is the word of God—a supernaturally-originated and a supernaturally-inspired volume—given to man for his enlightenment and salvation. And yet, according to the Protestant system of private judgment and liberty of conscience, each mind, though uninspired and in no manner supernaturally endowed, is left to read and find out the meaning of God in this word. While one man finds the Bible infallible, another finds it fallible—one discovers it to be harmonious, another inharmonious; and so comes contention and criticism. I can not but admire, in bold contrast, the beautiful logical consistency of the Roman Catholic Church. It never was guilty of trusting religion to the people—never committed a deed so fatal to priestly despotism as that of permitting an unsupernatural laity to read and interpret a supernatural book! The reading of the book is fatal to the idea of its supernatural origin, also to its so-called infallible principles of religion and truth. When will Protestants fully realize their present situation?

Protestants must certainly see, sooner or later, that the door which Martin Luther opened can never be shut against the onward march of the free-born soul! The infallibility of the Pope is but a continuation of the Protestant idea of the infallibility of Moses, John, or Paul. If you admit the supposition of the possibility of Isaiah's infallible inspiration, you have then granted the premises upon which Pope-and-Priest infallibility is predicated. If God saw proper ever to inspire supernaturally a Jew or a dweller of Palestine, how do you know but he also sees it proper to supernaturally inspire a Cardinal or a Pope? If God has ever inspired a paper and pasteboard book, how do you know but that he now inspires the Roman Catholic Church? If you admit the one, there is no escape from the other. As believers in the supernatural inspiration of the Bible writers, you are, according to every principle of logical deduction, constrained to admit the possibility of all which the Catholic Church claims for itself.

But Luther, I say, in protesting against the authority of the Pope, opened a door for the final rejection of the book-author-

ity upon which the first is based. Pio Nino is as likely to be a chosen vessel of God now, as Paul was in the beginning of the Christian era. The superiority of the character of one man over that of another is of no account where supernatural transactions are involved in the premises. Therefore I affirm that the Protestant idea of an infallible Bible writer is the firm foundation of Popish despotism, and of all the absurdities of the Catholic institution.

Persuade me that the paper and pasteboard Bible is the infallible word of God, and I will at once accept the brick-andmortar church as the recipient and emporium of his divine favors. Persuade me that Moses, Joshua, Solomon, David, Isaiah, Matthew, John, and Paul were in very truth the chosen vessels or penmen of the Supreme Being, and I promise you that I will at once accept, and would demonstrate conclusively from your principles, that the unbroken chain of cardinals and popes, extending from Peter the First to the kingdom of heaven, are as certainly the attorneys of Jehovah, and as being indispensable to all temporal and spiritual government and civilization. If Moses, and Joshua, and Paul are to be my masters in those sacred principles which bind my soul to its Author, then why may I not accept Pio Nino as my master and father in spiritual things? You who are Protestant believers in Bible infallibility, can not deny me this logical inference. But you reply that I should not allow a mere man to rule over my conscience—that it is yielding my liberty to the jurisdiction of despots, and placing my soul in the keeping of mere priests and teachers of religion. Verily; but what are you Protestants doing, when you take Moses and Paul for your masters? Surely these were mere men also-manifesting all the attributes and characteristics of humankind-and so, why should they, any more than Clement or Alexander, be my masters in the affairs of my soul?

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, editor of a Catholic Quarterly Review, a man of much learning and independence, is a very consistent and faithful exponent of religious aims and tendencies. He has traveled from Egypt, through the wilderness of skepticism, into the promised land of belief, which he is now preparing to rid of all Protestants by logical weapons. Protestants advocate the supreme authority of the Bible, but tolerate to each man the liberty of reading its pages to suit himself. Brownson, on the other hand, advocates the absolute supremacy of the Pope, and denies to man any rights. God only has rights. Man has duties. The Church is God's representative, and society is under its exclusive dominion. The Church grants privileges to governments, and governments owe allegiance and obedience to the Church. Now, this is nothing less than theological or Protestant DESPOTISM, logically and legitimately carried into practice. But how much better than this is the Popery or clerical dogmas of Protestants? The Bible is God's representative or word, they affirm. The individual has no rights, but duties; mind is not the master, but the subject of its teachings. The Pope regards all as heretics who reject his authority! The Protestant denounces all as infidels who reject the authority of Moses! The idea is simply this: Protestantism is but a child of Catholicism. By a law of hereditary descent, the parent transmits its character to the offspring; but, as evidence of a law of progress, the child is not so wicked and degraded as its venerable progenitor.

Catholics make no more opposition to Free Schools, whereby education may be extended to all people, than do Protestants to the free discussion of the Bible, whereby truth may be elicited and transmitted to posterity. In regard to Free Schools, we quote from Dr. Brownson:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Our enemies rely upon Godless schools-State education-as a means

of checking the progress of Catholicity. We must admit they have laid their plans with *infernal* skill. The result will *not* meet their anticipations, however! The attention of the Catholic world has been directed to this subject by those whom God has sent to rule over us, and a *struggle*, which will end in victory for the Church, has begun between Catholicity and the State, to see who shall have the child."

So speaks O. A. Brownson concerning Free Schools. But observe, when you read Protestant notices of this Bible Convention, that, by substituting the word "convention" for schools, with one or two other alterations, you will see the same spirit manifested toward us. Indeed, it is hard to determine which is the worst enemy of freedom and humanity. The party that would make the Church our master, or those who would give to us the Bible as a sovereign, with only feeble reason to comprehend and harmonize its multifarious inconsistencies. Reason is feeble only after having been for a lifetime subject to bondage. Protestant denunciation of reason is paralleled by Catholic defamation of Protestantism: the opinions of the two parties are equally valueless.

Father Gavazzi comes to our country, and lifts up his eloquent voice against the despotisms and abominations of the Romish Church. But he is in bondage, and can do nothing more than delight a Protestant audience. He can not do the "work of destruction," because he stands intrenched in Protestantism, which deserves the same fate. He cries out against the ignorance, the idolatry, the slavery of Catholicity; but against Protestant ignorance, idolatry, and slavery his voice can not be raised, because the receivers of his messages are composed of the latter party. He affirms that Catholicism is too narrow for his soul. With a soul so expanded beyond the circumscribed confines of Pius the Ninth, I wonder how he can breathe the confined air of Protestant bigotry and superstition! I can see no difference between the infallibility

of the Pope and the infallibility of Paul. But we have political freedom under Protestantism, which the Church of Rome denies to its subjects. Very true; but how came this blessing? It was first established through the instrumentality of the greatest despot—Henry VIII.—that ever ruled over mankind. But in our blessed land let us raise the hymn of gratitude to Thomas Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and many others, who were the sworn friends of liberty and of free principles. Let it be remembered that the political and other blessings of America are not owing to any exertions on the part of priests, nor to any logical application of the doctrine of Bible infallibility upon which Protestantism rests.

In a recent letter to the clergy of all denominations I affirmed . that the Battle of the Evidences of Christianity is to be fought on the broad field of scientific and positive principles. The old metaphysical ground of idealistic impossibilities—such as what and where is God? what and where is spirit? what and where is heaven? are now scarcely admitted into the arena. But the mountain torrent of civilization has dashed along regardless of religious and mythical obstructions, and with each succeeding wave there comes to our land a new discovery in some department of creation. The progress of scientific discovery, in one brilliant day, is carrying the war into the very heart of biblical authority. The positive and unavoidable deductions of astronomy, of ethnology, of archæology, of hierology, of physiology, stand in startling opposition to nearly all the assumptions of popular theology pertaining to Bible infallibility. I will presently bring this fact more distinctly before the reader.

The scientific education of the Protestant clergy is so utterly neglected, while preparing for the ministry, that they usually enter the field of labor without the proper implements of spiritual husbandry. Consequently, having read the standard works on theology, and one or two books in reply to "infidel objections," the young minister is apt to entertain several inflated notions respecting the perfection of biblical wisdom. Sometimes we hear them preach thus: "The Bible has stood the test of ages. No closeness of inspection, keenness of investigation, or strictures of criticism has been able to defeat its claims. Moses' account of creation is simple and sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown open; time is proclaimed; creation arises; and a new race of intelligence appears on the scene. Nothing can shake the plain narrative of Moses. The Bible is perfect in all its parts—full of excellences—and, taken as a whole, is without contradiction or inconsistency."

Most congregations accept this as a tenable doctrine. Children grow up with this conviction, and so the Protestant notion of *Bible infallibility* is kept alive and before the people. But now is the time to investigate these positions, because never before was the world so full of scientific discovery.

In the light of the nineteenth century, the Mosaic account is notoriously unsound and fallible. We have a vast number of cogent reasons for rejecting the divine authority of Genesis. Let me ask your attention to a few of them.

First. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." There are several philosophical objections to the truth of this statement. It is found that matter, though changeable, is indestructible—not a particle can be put out of existence. Chemists have tried the experiment in vain. Hence Nature declares that matter is eternal substance, and could not have sprung from nothing. The creation of matter implies the bringing of something into existence from nothing, which proposition no healthy mind can for a moment entertain. Here is one reason why we object to the Mosaic account.

Second. "And God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night." Aside from the supernatural operation here implied, there are very strong scientific objections to this statement. But first let us notice the *internal* contradiction. You will observe that there were three days and three nights before God put "lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night." Before the creation of a "greater light to rule the night," how, let me ask, could there have been "evenings and mornings." But this objection is trivial in comparison to the following:

It is asserted that "darkness was upon the face of the deep"-that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light"-implying the absence at first of all light from the universe. This is in direct antagonism to all the positive discoveries of the age. "The celebrated speculation of La Place, now very generally received as probable by astronomers, concerning the origin of the earth and planets, participates essentially in the strictly inductive character of modern theory. The speculation is, that the atmosphere of the sun originally extended to the present limits of the solar system; from which, by the process of cooling, it has contracted to its present dimensions. There is in La Place's theory," says Mill, in his system of Logic, "nothing hypothetical; it is an example of legitimate reasoning from a present effect to a past cause, according to the known laws of that cause." Science demonstrates that first heat, light, and electricity were in existence before the earth was formed; but Genesis makes the earth to exist previous to light! Nature and the Old Testament are here at war with each other. Which shall we believe?

Third. The Mosaic account is unsound, because it teaches that the heavens and earth, and all that in them is, were made all perfect at once. "The Almighty voice is addressed to chaos. Confusion hears it, and wild uproar stands ruled.

The waters subside; the verdant landscape is seen; songs burst from every grove; and stars, bright, rolling, and silent-beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty hand." And Genesis also affirms that man was more pure, perfect, and wise—more in unity with heaven and its Author—than the race is to day!

In absolute refutation of all this, how explicit are the positive declarations of universal nature! The first types of vegetation, the first indications of animal life, the first things performed or invested by mankind, were rough, crude, incomplete, and in every respect inferior to after developments. All things—trees, fish, birds, animals—grow from incompleteness to perfection, from rudeness to refinement, from the imperfect to the beautiful. And must all the declarations of Nature be overruled by the authority of a book whose origin is Eastern and mythical!

Fourth. We object to Genesis because of another internal contradiction. The book asserts that "God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." If God saw every thing and pronounced every thing good, let me ask: Who made the wicked serpent that tempted Eve? If this animal was more subtile than any beast of the field—having the devil in him—who created them? Who was it that made and pronounced every thing good?

Fifth. Genesis can not be a true report of creation, because instead of coinciding with the revelations of universal nature, which prove the gradual formation of the globe by a cooling-off process, the progressive introduction or development of plants and animals on its surface by a natural method of growth, the account teaches the particular, the sudden, the miraculous, the incomprehensible creation of every thing in six literal days.

Sixth. Genesis can not be a true report, because it contra-

dicts the positive declarations of Astronomy. According to our system of chronological calculation, Moses makes the heavens and the earth about six thousand years old. But Astronomy declares that light requires three hundred thousand years to travel from one of the fixed stars to our earth! This one fact alone proves that those orbs have been in existence three hundred thousand years! But you answer, "that all things are possible with God." Paul denies this (Heb. vi. 18), and affirms by two immutable things it is possible for God to lie. In this I believe with the apostle; for I can not think that the Spirit of this beautiful universe is capable of an inconsistency!

Seventh. Genesis can not be a true report, because it belittles our ideas of God. The extent and grandeur of the universe, the resplendent objects and countless assemblages which people the empire of being, cleanse and purify the mind of all contracted notions of the Deity and his governments. But Moses destroys all consistent ideas of an omnipresent energizing Spirit, by describing him as a man making the universe in six days, and, being fatigued, as resting on the seventh; and not only so, but as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day"-as any common Egyptian god would be supposed to do-with hands and feet, and a limited power of "Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of an omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient Spirit. And an omniscient being, unable to find the guilty pair among the trees of the garden, began to call unto Adam: "Where art thou?" And after the creation was getting along altogether too fast and wickedly for the Creator, then, again, like an Egyptian god (Gen. vi. 6), "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Now all this is vastly too human and insignificant to be applied to the omniscient Spirit of this Universe. Every man, Christian

or Pagan, when in his right mind, totally rejects the narrow and cramping idea of God advocated in the book of Genesis, and elsewhere. "A universe," says Rev. Thomas Dick, "vast, boundless, and incomprehensible, is just such as we ought naturally to expect from a Being who is infinite, eternal, and omnipresent; whose power is uncontrollable, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose goodness is boundless and diffusive. All his plans and operations must be, like himself, vast, boundless, and inconceivable by mortals." Now I submit that this idea is not applicable to the Mosaic God of creation!

Eighth. The most advanced thinkers among the supporters of the Mosaic theory, have, as I am fully aware, made a virtue of necessity, by abandoning the idea of six literal days of creation, and accepting, instead, the geological interpretation of epochs, or "ages." The most learned of modern Christian writers say, that the term "evening and the morning" must be accepted figuratively to mean the "ending and beginning" of indefinite stages of creative development. Very well: there can be no objection to putting a little new wine in an old bottleif therefore the wine will but be more acceptable to creatures of habit. But here comes a trouble of inconsistency. If we are now to receive the six days as figurative, how shall we regard the seventh day, on which the Lord rested? If the six days signify "ages," what does the seventh day mean? Why are we inconsistently and hypocritically keeping one day in each common week as the day hallowed by the repose of Deity, while, in our theory, we are compelled to accept the six days as uncertain, immeasurable, indefinite strides of creative development? Here, again, the positive principles and deductions of a philosophical theology stand in direct antagonism to the accounts of Moses.

There are before my mind eighteen other reasons, all equally

cogent, going to invalidate the divine authority and intrinsic correctness of the very first chapters in King James' Bible. But we will let them pass, and ask attention to the *origin* of those chapters.

It is a singular and significant fact, that there is not a line in Egyptian history alluding to the existence or prodigies of Moses. The Egyptians were a cultivated people. Like a chain of mountains, their wonderful pyramids extend far behind the period set to Noah's flood, without so much as mentioning such a marvelous catastrophe or event. Recent ethnological discoveries carry us into the remote past, or eight thousand years from the present time, making the Egyptian nation, with signs of the existence of a still riper civilization previously, two thousand years older than Moses sets to the creation of man. The hierologist is sustained by Chinese records, and the latter of geologic sciences.

And, what is still more remarkable, the thrilling, mythic, and simple orphic sayings and verses of Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece are in conception, and mostly in phrase-ology, identical with the first part of the book of Genesis. And when the hieroglyphic characters of Egypt, Tartary, and Africa shall have been perfectly deciphered, it will be found, I think, that the cosmologic and demonologic relations of Moses were in existence nearly two thousand years before such a people as Jews had begun to be. These discoveries, however, will be tardily introduced, because every traveler and antiquarian knows that he is writing books to be read by Protestant and sectarian readers.

Richard, in his work on Egyptian mythology, repudiates the idea that Moses was inspired to write the Pentateuch. He says: "The five books of Moses carry with them internal evidence, not of one sole, connected, original composition, but they bear evidence of being a compilation from earlier annals.

The genealogical tables and family records of various tribes, that are found embodied in the Pentateuch, bear the appearance of documents copied from written archives. They display no trait which might lead us to ascribe their production to the dictates of immediate revelation." The first ten chapters of Genesis, which contain an account of Creation, are nearly two thousand years older than the Jewish nation. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and the hieroglyphic records on the land of Tartary, will, when fairly brought to the light, reveal the Oriental parentage of the books of Moses.

Perhaps you think me too far in advance of discovery. The celebrated Mr. Gliddon, in his carefully written work on "Ancient Egypt," says, "There is no reason for supposing that other cotemporary nations\* did not possess, in those earlier times, similar records; nor is there any reason why other cotemporary nations should not have chronicled all great events, and handed down, as far as ourselves, some of the annals of those events on which the Bible, during an interval of four hundred years, is strictly silent." Two books, one entitled the "Wars of Jehovah," and the other "Sepher-Hajasher," have been found, which our Bible does not contain. How came these omissions?

Intelligent Christians acknowledge that the present antiquated mode of biblical interpretation can not withstand the positive deductions of all the sciences and discoveries of the age. Regarded as a record of physical events, the Mosaic history can not be sustained. Hence many minds are driven into spiritual or symbolic interpretation. The creation of the world, the garden of Eden, the temptation and fall, the deluge and tower of Babel, are received by many as symbolic relations—as types of spiritual experiences and events—referring equally to nations and individuals. Swedenborg, distinguished

<sup>\*</sup> That is, nations existing at the time of the Israelites.

for his historic and scientific knowledge, declares in his commentary on the Jewish Testament that these events and accounts can be understood and supported only in a figurative or spiritual sense-implying that a literal view of them, as entertained by New England clergy and laity, is at once absurd, untenable, and unsupportable by Nature, Reason, Intuition, and History. It would consume our time to present Swedenborg's science of correspondences—but enough is adduced to show what reasonable men and scholars think of the Mosaic account. Swedenborg affirms that the early scriptures were written in correspondential language, of which the hieroglyphic scriptures of earth are vestiges. Every figure symbolized some particular idea. Thus, as some writer remarks, a beetle did not stand for a beetle only, but also for the world; an asp corresponded to royalty; an eagle, to courage; the lion, to strength; a ram's head, to intellect; a duck, to a doctor of medicine; and a goose, to a doctor of divinity.

The idea that the Bible is a connected whole—without contradiction or inconsistency—is a superstition of the Protestant priesthood. The intelligent and accomplished Jesuit entertains no such untenable opinion. He depends upon the external despotisms of organization, and upon the attractions of a well-regulated and venerable ecclesiasticism, for the success of his design upon the religious liberties of humanity. Protestantism and Catholicism deserve the same condemnation. They differ, not in the character of their notions respecting infallibility, but in degree only.

The Catholic idea of Pope and Church infallibility is simply an elongation or extension of the Protestant idea of Old and New Testament infallibility.

The two parties are, in theory and theology, equally foes to the interests and liberties of the world. And I have shown, I think, that one should not be allowed to impose any more restrictions on the soul of man than the other—that is to say, neither is good enough to merit the support of intelligent, benevolent, free, and conscientious minds.

Have I said any thing against true religion? Because I reject the infallibility of Paul and the Pope—the infallibility of a book and a church—am I therefore irreligious? The Old Testament is a statement of the ideas and events of the Patriarchal Age—the era of Force; the New Testament is a statement of the ideas and events of the Transitional Age—the era of Love; the two, combined, formed King James' Bible. But, let me ask, why should the statement of one age remain the statement of all ages?

Can religion be based on a book? This idea has obtained among Christians; hence they imagine the heathen to be benighted, and without religion! Is God a respecter of persons or nations? Far from it. True religion, like true anatomy and physiology, is older than books! There must be a religion older than the Bible; a God better than it declares.

Did Newton learn astronomy in books? Did Jesus learn intuition and love of all human kind from the prophets? Is there no inexhaustible fountain from whose flowing rivulets each soul may freely drink? Does the same God not always inspire and nourish? What would ye think of a man who does all his farming, plowing, and planting by reading books on Egyptian and Roman agriculture? The land before his eyes would meanwhile grow thorns and unwholesome vegetation. What, then, do ye think of Christians who bid their followers to read and believe King James' version of the Testaments, to the end that they may be religious and acceptable unto God? He who would not "be wise above what is written" (in any book), is a miserable pagan, engaged in blindly loving his ideals, and needs philosophic culture. For is there not a law, a science, a principle of justice and equity

in man's mental economy, superior to all writing? Let every son and daughter of nature be developed to the fullness of the structure of the perfect man—let society develop the kingdom of Justice and Freedom within each soul and family—then you will see a manifestation of TRUE RELIGION.

#### A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

A REMARKABLE picture, having an equally remarkable history, is now being exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute in Broadway, near Bond Street. It is the portrait of the Prince of Wales, subsequently King Charles I., painted more than two hundred years ago by the great Velasquez, one of the most celebrated of the old masters. It was painted during the romantic visit of Charles to the Court of Spain to pay his addresses to the Infanta, who, according to negotiations between the English and Spanish Courts, was to be his future wife. After the lapse of several months, the prince's courtship was from some cause abruptly terminated, and Charles immediately departed from Madrid, leaving his companion, the Duke of Buckingham, in charge of his baggage, among which was this portrait just finished by Velasquez. Charles was subsequently married to the Princess Henrietta, of France; and it is supposed that from motives of delicacy toward his bride, he was induced to conceal a picture which could only have served to remind her of his previous visit to Spain, and of his courtship of another woman. It is supposed that the painting was in the mean time preserved by Buckingham. During the political storms which many years after ensued, King Charles, as our intelligent readers well know, lost his head; and after that event the portrait in question was, as it is supposed, still kept in obscurity for fear of being destroyed by his enemies. Thus, almost forgotten, it descended through the family of Buckingham to the Earl of Fife, after whose death, which occurred about the year 1809, it passed successively into the hands of several other proprietors, and finally found its way into an auction room in Reading, where, covered up with house dirt, it was purchased by its present proprietor, Mr. Snare, for £10-he being the only

person who even suspected its authorship or its real merits. On being cleansed from the accumulated dust of two centuries, it appeared as fresh and distinct as if it had but just been painted. The documentary evidences in the possession of Mr. Snare, and collected by him with incredible perseverance, leave no shadow of doubt as to its authenticity; and this, we believe, is now acknowledged by all who have impartially examined the history of the affair.

The picture was subsequently exhibited in London and other cities, and immediately attracted throngs of admiring visitors, and elicited the most enthusiastic encomiums of the Press; and not among the least of the tacit testimonials to its merits were the unjustifiable and abortive efforts of some of the English gentry to wrest it, on trivial legal pretenses, from the hands of its present proprietor and appropriate it to themselves, by which persecutions Mr. Snare, worried out, was finally driven, with his picture, to seek repose in America.

But the painting needs not the aid of its romantic history, or even the name of its illustrious author, to commend it to the admiration of the lover of art. It combines power and delicacy in a most extraordinary degree; and whether viewing it in respect to its tout ensemble, or its minutest touches, the most striking marks of genius are everywhere seen. After viewing it for a couple of hours with the greatest pleasure, we are constrained to advise such of our readers as may have a taste for the fine arts, to lose no opportunity to see this unsurpassed production of one of the greatest of the old masters.

EUREKA!—M. Theodore Taffereau has laid a paper before the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, in which he asserts that he has produced gold by artificial means. He believes that there are very few simple substances in nature, and considers that the forty metals now assumed to be such are in reality compound ones, probably of one radical with some unknown body, hitherto not studied, but which of itself alone modifies the properties of this radical, and thus presents us apparently with forty bodies, while in reality there is but one. He asserts that he has discovered this body, by which the radical is converted into gold. M. Taffereau will have no difficulty in disposing of his secret, if it be what he claims, at a large figure.

### SECTARIAN OPPOSITION TO SPIRITUALISM.

WE have received lately several copies of a "Discourse upon the Ancient and Modern Arts of Divination, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, on Sabbath Evening, March 23, 1853," which seems to deserve a passing notice. It deserves nothing more, for it is as strange a compound of ignorance, arrogance, and disingenousness as was ever uttered in the pulpit, and can excite in every well-informed mind no other emotion than that of profound pity for the man who can thus like the serpent draw its poison from the same plant from which the bee may extract its honey. Of itself, it deserves but little consideration; but as a fair specimen of the intolerance with which bigotry is arming itself for the conflict, it may not be improper to notice it.

Its text is as follows:

"Deuteronomy xviii. 9-12. When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

From that text it denounces Spiritual intercourse in such terms as these:

"You, dear friends, have committed a great and deadly sin; you have rebelled against the God who made you, with his express prohibitions before your eyes; you have despised his own revelations of himself and of spiritual things, and have sought to penetrate into his secrets; you are involved in the horrid crime of having led into insanity more than five hundred human beings, whom these abominations have already shut up in Lunatic Asylums; and you are stained with the blood of all the souls who have been and shall yet be slain by this delusion."

But it carefully conceals the fact, that in the book from which this text is taken, is written these commands, which are equally binding: "And thine eye shall not pity, but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot;" "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house if any man fall from thence;" "Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woolen and linen together;" "A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord: even to his tenth generation shall they not enter into the congregation of the Lord forever;" "And the swine, because it divideth the hoof, yet cheweth not the cud, it is unclean unto you: ye shall not eat of their flesh, nor touch their dead carcass."

Now, we might pause here to ask the preacher, who denounces against us one part of the Mosaic Law, whether he is observant of the other parts? Whether, when he invokes against us one injunction of that law, he intends to demand of us an observance of the other?

The answer to these questions might be too troublesome, and we therefore pass to the remark, that the sermon seizes upon a few of the commands given by Moses to the Jews, which are equally condemnatory of the intercourse between man and his Maker, through Christ and his apostles, and of that great command on which, he said, hung all the law and the prophets.

The great argument, however, is the insanity which Spiritual intercourse produces. Without stopping to inquire where

the "Discourse" gets the alleged fact, several times repeated, that five hundred people have been made insane by Spiritual intercourse,\* it is enough to say, that preacher knows full well what every one else knows, that for every one made insane by this cause, ten have been made insane by Christian religious excitements. And the veriest child would know that if this tendency to insanity were any argument against Spiritualism, it is an argument ten times as strong against Christianity.

It is, however, lamentably true, that for many years and ages religious excitements have been a prolific source of mental derangement. The reason why it is so, is a problem of no ordinary interest. And it requires no profound investigation to be able to know that it has its origin in such false teachings as those of this Discourse, which, instead of looking upon the next stage of existence with the eye of reason, regard it only through the dark obscurity of superstition, and which, instead of going to nature's laws for a solution, seek for it only in the dogmas which men subject to moral blindness have interwoven with the pure teachings of the gospel.

The preacher is indeed truthful in saying that the most fruitful of all immediate causes of insanity is the undue excite-

<sup>\*</sup>It was reported some months since by the New York Herald, and copied by other papers, that there were twenty persons on Blackwell's Island who had been made insane by Spiritualism. As the locality designated was not far from this city, our colleague went to the place with a view to ascertain the facts, and learned from the resident physician of the Island, that there had never been but one person there who was reputed to be insane from that cause, and that he remained but a very short time, his mental equilibrium being soon restored. We, however, found among the victims, whose cases admit of no hope, a young lady who was converted at a revival meeting and baptized through the ice some two or three years ago, and who has never had the use of her reason since her introduction into the Church. Does this fact constitute a valid reason why people should not join the Church.

If all the reports respecting the insanity occasioned by "the rappings" have been as much exaggerated as the foregoing, the whole number, according to our arithmetic, will be reduced from five hundred to twenty-five, which is probably much nearer the truth.—Ex-

ment of the imagination, that awful power which is the image in man of the creative energy of God, and which calleth those things which be not as though they were; but he is too short-sighted to see that the remedy is in the proper education of that faculty, and removing from it the idea too freely taught by such blind instructors, that Spiritual intercourse is ghostly, and therefore fearful, and not that it is in obedience to a general law which is as easily understood as that which governs the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph.

The whole error consists in the fact which the preacher himself is obliged to concede, and to us, though it seems not to him, comes the inquiry, Whence comes this, and what is the remedy?

He says:

"What other fact could so strikingly set forth that decline which has been going on in the children of the Puritans since they banished religious instruction from their public schools? For, fifty years ago, all our education was based upon the Scriptures. In every school in the land, whether public or private, was given a course of instruction in the doctrines and truths and histories of the Bible. But we have changed all that: and for thirty years, at least, our great and all-molding systems of education have known little or nothing of Scripture doctrine. The first generation thus trained is now upon the stage; and these are some of the first-fruits of that education which, in order to be universal by the votes of Pagans, Jews, Mormons, Infidels, and others, must needs be without the Scriptures and without God. And if this system be not soon and fundamentally changed, and the Word of God be not made the matter of instruction and the principle of education, this decline will not stop here; but we shall soon have divination by the entrails of sheep, and oxen, and swine, by the flight and the voices of birds, and by the barking of dogs, and every other besotted and soul-destroying superstition which once held sway over the heathen mind. No extent or thoroughness of merely scientific culture can save us from being rebaptized with pagan superstition. Nothing but religious truth, Biblical instruction, can be at all adequate to the great objects of popular and universal education. Without this, science itself soon becomes incomprehensible and impossible."

True, true, most true. For more than fifty years, aye, for nearly one thousand eight hundred years have these blind teachers been departing from the doctrines of the gospel, and substituting for them such glosses of men as that now before us. And so lamentable have been the effects, that even in this free country, professing to be Christian, out of a population of more than 23,000,000 not 5,000,000 profess to belong to any religious denomination. What is to affect the remaining 18,000,000? Is it the teaching of such doctrines as those now before us? For hundreds of years it has been tried, and orthodox teachers, like this "pastor," in great numbers, are now compelled to admit a complete failure. Shall we try the experiment any longer? Let this man himself answer.

"Man must have some open communication with the Spiritual world; without it he can not rest; it is a necessity of his nature, of his most inward and Spiritual being, which must be satisfied."

True again; most true. But this craving of the immortal soul is not to be satisfied by such chips and porridge as this Discourse. It must have something more. And thanks be to God! it comes to us—comes, as it did of yore, with healing on its wings, and the gates of hell, in or out of the pulpit, can not stay it.

J. W. E.

SLEEP-WALKING.—A case of death from sleep-walking occurred in Mercer Street on the night of the 10th inst. A young lady from New Hampshire, named Mary Jane Whitham, and aged 21 years, jumped, while in a sleep-walking state, from a second-story window, and was impaled on the area fence below. At the inquest, it was elicited from the evidence of her relatives that she had been a decided somnambule since her early childhood; that she must have been in that state when her death occurred, as there was no known or suspected cause for her willful destruction of her life.

## PHYSICO-PSYCHOLOGICAL.

In the researches of Baron Von Reichenbach concerning the economy of imponderable agents, the results of which are embodied in his curious work, "Dynamics of Magnetism," etc., one fact was developed which should be known to all who value sound and refreshing sleep. It was discovered in the following apparently accidental manner: A Mr. Schuh, a scientific gentleman who assisted Reichenbach in some of his experiments, had the singular habit of changing his position in bed in the after part of every night, placing his head where his feet had previously been. He found that after this change his sleep was invariably more refreshing than it had been on the previous part of the night; and that whenever he neglected it, he invariably felt dull and stupid during the whole of the subsequent day. He mentioned this singular habit to Reichenbach, when the latter inquired as to the position of his bed in respect to the points of the compass, and was told that it stood with the head to the south and the foot to the north. The philosopher then advised his friend to assume a position opposite to that to which he had been accustomed, on going to bedthat is, with his head to the north and his feet to the south. He did so, and never after found the change of position necessary, his sleep being sound and refreshing during the whole night.

This fact induced Reichenbach to make further inquiries in respect to the effects upon other persons of position in sleep; when he found that cataleptics and nervously or odically sensitive persons were invariably affected most favorably by the northern position of the head. One peculiarly sensitive young lady was found to have chosen that position instinctively

and was with the greatest difficulty persuaded to temporarily alter it, even for the purpose of experiment; and when she did accede to the solicitations of the experimenter, she found the newly assumed positions unendurable—that with the head toward the west being the worst. Other persons he found to be affected unpleasantly, and sometimes even to fainting, by sitting in church with the face toward the west; and several of these could not walk in a westerly direction for any length of time without experiencing similar results.

The cause of these phenomena Reichenbach found in the odic principle accompanying the magnetism of the earth, with its polarity as affecting the polarity of the human system. The writer of this, from some three years' experience, as well as from the intrinsic nature of the case, has no doubt that the conclusions to which the Austrian professor arrived in this department of his inquiries are well founded, and that all persons, and the more nervously or magnetically sensitive in particular, would derive essential benefit from always sleeping with the head to the north. When that position is impracticable, the next best position is with the head to the east.

The Center of Life.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, it was demonstrated by a learned academician, from various careful experiments on the brains of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger than the size of a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal. Whatever portion of the nervous system remains attached to it lives, while that which is separated immediately dies. It is a singular fact that the greatest forces and powers in nature touch the domain of the invisible, a fact strikingly in accordance with Swedenborg's philosophy in the "Principia," that the greatest power is in the least form.—New Church Repository.

# DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

G. L., of Lockport, Ill., writes us the following account of his own personal experience as a medium, and of the general aspect of the Spiritual unfolding in his vicinity:

During the past winter, quite a number of the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy devoted considerable time to the investigation of the new manifestations. There were in the early part a very good writing, also a rapping, and two very good speaking mediums, one of the latter being a male and the other a female. We could communicate, at times, very freely by the raps; but, as a general thing, the Spirits were more willing to converse by speaking or writing, as they could tell us so much more by these means than by the sounds. The communications that were received, whether directed to a single person or to the circle, were always of a pure and elevated character; and many a tear of joy was shed at these unmistakable evidences of the presence of departed loved ones. I had several communications from my mother, given through the lady medium. These, to me, were sufficient evidence of my mother's presence. In about two months from the commencement of my investigations, I began to feel the influence of Spiritual magnetism. Soon after I felt myself under complete control. For the first two or three times I could not speak. One evening, after that, when the male medium was under influence, he drew a plate, which the following represents, and, upon being asked what it represented, he answered that I would explain it. At the next circle I began to speak fluently. I was also influenced to magnetize those in the circle who did not feel well. This, to me, was an entirely new process of healing, so far as I was concerned in its practical application, as before I had for some vears recommended the water-treatment. But as in many cases I found that Spiritual magnetism did much good, I very reasonably came to the conclusion that even the heaven-directed water-cure was not the alpha and the omega of the healing art. When under influence to explain the meaning of the plate before spoken of, I found that I was controlled by Benjamin Franklin, and that the plate is intended to represent the outlines of a

new science, named by Franklin the Science of Human Nature, commencing with the first dawn of feetal existence, and proceeding through the various changes of progressive life up to the perfection of development, as manifested in the seventh sphere.

Our correspondent furnishes us with a sketch of the diagram above referred to, which we are compelled to omit. In a subsequent part of his letter he proceeds to speak of a series of predictions given by the Spirits respecting his movements, then future, and which were fulfilled in a remarkable manner. The essential facts in these statements were, that as he was one morning talking with his wife respecting the inconvenient tenement into which they had been obliged to move, as the only one vacant at the time, he was suddenly controlled by the Spirits to say, that within about three weeks they would move into the house of a certain neighbor, who would leave the house by that time. This prediction was thought to be extremely improbable, as it was supposed that that neighbor was permanently settled. Shortly after, however, the neighbor actually did move; but before our correspondent was informed of the intended vacation of his premises, they were let to another party. It was again extremely improbable that this latter party would give up the lease of the house; but the Spirits constantly insisted that they would, which, in fact, they actually did, without solicitation from any quarter, and our correspondent and his family moved into the house within three weeks from the day on which the first prediction of the Spirits was given. The prophecy was thus fulfilled in its generals and particulars, against all human probabilities, and the proof of its Spiritual origin was thus highly satisfactory.

Mr. D. M. Miner, of Oriskany Falls, in a business letter, incidentally writes that he has for the last sixteen months spent much time in diagnosticating and prescribing for disease by clairvoyant power. He states that he has been en-

abled to use medical terms, and to master other technicalities of the practice, although he has never had the benefit of a medical education. He relates two cases, accompanying the same with documentary testimony, in which he had correctly described the diseases of persons, total strangers to him, who were in Buffalo at the time, while he was at home at Oriskany Falls—and states, that if Professor Mattison, Anderson, or the learned Faraday will explain how that is done on any theory which they have manifested an inclination to adopt, he will become their disciple.

A. H. D., of C., informs us that he has written a work, by invisible aid, of about 400 pages, on the order of Nature and the harmony of its laws, with natural and prophetic revelation. As the work treats upon subjects of great importance, he wishes to compare its positions and conclusions with the results of modern physical science, before he decides upon laying it before the world; and, with this end in view, he inquires what is the best work on geological science? It is hard to say which is the best work written upon a science which has received very able treatment at the hands of many different authors. The larger work of Mr. Lyell ("Principles of Geology"), however, is probably more elaborate upon the subject than any other work extant, though our correspondent would find the information he desires in the works of Bakewell, Buckland, Phillips, Mantell, or in almost any other general treatise on the same theme. But we know of no better synopsis of the combined results obtained by geologists than Hitchcock's "Elementary Geology," an octavo volume, the expense of which would probably not be over \$1 25. If our correspondent desires multum in parvo, we may venture to commend this work to his attention before all others .- ED.

# REMARKABLE DISCERNMENT.

WE learn, from a paragraph in last Saturday's Times, that at a meeting convened at Providence, R. I., on the day previous, for the purpose of taking some action respecting the recent collision on the Worcester Railroad, the Preamble to the resolutions—which was drafted after the stereotyped form, thus: "Whereas, in the providence of God," etc., was so amended as to read on this wise: "Whereas, by the gross mismanagement of those having charge of the Providence and Worcester Railroad." It is said that Dr. Wayland, who was presiding at the time, left the chair, pleading an engagement as the cause, and that a number of other persons retired from the meeting.

Pious people have generally charged their greatest sins to the Devil, while they have as frequently ascribed the consequences of their own carelessness to the Divine Providence. Thus they manage to slip their heads out with as much ease as President Wayland vacated the chair on the occasion referred to. We think that the amendment to the Preamble indicates an intelligent consciousness of human responsibility, without which there can be no reform among men. Those who voted for the amendment certainly evinced a higher respect for the Divine character, and a deeper sense of human wrong, than those who still inclined to follow "the old ways," in falsely and foolishly charging their sins to the account of Providence.

WE respectfully give place to the following letter, from a gentleman of various literary attainments and acknowledged reputation. The writer is a warm admirer of Mr. Greeley, but is accustomed to judge even his friends with discrimination.—Ep.

### HORACE GREELEY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Messrs. Partridge & Brittan:

Dear Sirs-I have several times been on the point of addressing your widely circulated journal, the Spiritual Tel-EGRAPH, in relation to what I must call the peculiar shifts of Horace Greeley, from time to time, on the subject of Spiritualism. Having been for many years a subscriber to his paper, the Tribune, and a pretty constant reader of its columns, I am not a little surprised at his very compound treatment of what not only myself, but thousands within the circle of this community, consider a question of profound importance—I mean the question whether or not there is any truth in the remarkable revelations now being made, purporting to come from the world of Spirits, or any verity in the many marvelous physical manifestations reported on every hand, and that, too, by witnesses whose respectability is unquestioned. have learned, or had learned, to regard Mr. Greeley as strictly honest, and entirely above hasty conclusions, or time-serving in his public declarations. Right glad have I been to believe him so, for his position enables him, if he has the confidence of the public, to do a vast deal of good. Certainly he has had my confidence, partly from the fact that I found his ideas and faith generally acceptable to my convictions and sympathy, and partly because I thought I saw in him an unswerving dis-

position to get at the truth and defend the right, at all times, and in all places. But, in some respects I have been disappointed, particularly in Mr. Greeley's treatment of the Spiritual question. When it was first made a public question, coincident with the public appearance of the celebrated Fox family, and the whole press was disposed to laugh, and cry "Humbug!" Mr. Greeley opened the columns of the Tribune to the exponents and defenders of the new development, and went so far in recording, and at least semi-endorsing, its revelations and revelators, that his paper was stigmatized as, among other ismatic things, "The Rapper's Journal." This went on for many months, long prior to the appearance, Messrs. Editors, of your journal, up to the period of Mr. Greeley's visit to the World's Fair, at London. He had, in the mean time, if I mistake not, been assiduous in looking, or pretending to look, into the rappings, etc., and had invited members of the Fox family to his house, and had satisfactory communications with deceased members of his own family. From time to time his own experience and views were recorded, and I appeal to the files of the Tribune, when I say that, up to the time of his departure for Europe, the public was impressed that Horace Greeley was a believer in the supra-mortal character of the so-called Spirit Manifestations. When in London, on being charged with believing in the Spirits, he addressed a letter to the Athenaum, in which, while he confessed that remarkable things were done, he believed they were and might be done mainly by clairvoyance and jugglery. This letter seemed to me very unlike Horace Greeley. It was neither ingenuous and manly, nor in agreement with his prior utterances. had recorded no such opinion in the Tribune, as he should have done being so convinced, in order to set others right, and from this omission I think it fair to presume he had formed no such opinion. Whence, then, did he get new evidence on

which to honestly found his Athenaum letter? Did it come to him intuitively, spurred by the politic conclusion that it was time, and a good time, to take the back track-that, as Edward Everett probably thought at Plymouth, the thing was about used up and would'nt come to much, after all. I do not say this-I merely suggest the idea. Mr. Greeley returned to his post at the Tribune, and not many weeks elapsed ere, through his approval of communications on the record of opinion and experience, he reconfirmed the impression with many, myself among the number, that he regarded the Spirit Manifestations worthy of consideration. Nay, more! if any one has particularly urged that these manifestations should be investigated, it has been Horace Greeley. He has even gone so far as to suggest that we need a National Institute, like that of France, at Paris, before whose savans all such questions and matters as this "inexplicable" Spiritualism should be tried and solved. Again and again has he deprecated the cry of "humbug" raised against it, and said, "Gentleman and Christians, many of your intelligent fellows believe there is something in the rappings and revelations; don't cry 'Down with the thing,' without a why or wherefore; such is not the way to reason with men, but just look into the matter and see if it be a humbug, and if so, let us know how it is done!" I have not, perhaps, used Mr. Greeley's exact words, but I have got at the sense of his repeated appeal and admonition. Well, sirs, I confess to you that, while I was, from the start, disposed to laugh with those who laughed, and cry "humbug" with those who cried "humbug," I was, by-and-by, led by the course and convictions, as I believed, of Mr. Greeley in the Tribune, to think seriously of the Spirit phenomena. Nay, more! the Tribune was the almost direct and sole means of bringing me to investigate the matter, and I venture to say that Mr. Greeley and the Tribune have similarly impressed

and directed thousands, for in no other quarter (save your own journal) has so much evidence and encouragement appeared. Of course I did not pin my faith to Mr. Greeley's sleeve, yet I took his advice as to investigating, and hence the surprise I felt when I read his London letter to the Athenaum. that letter did not so much surprise me as did a late article in the Tribune from Mr. Greeley, in the course of which he advises that no more time should be given to the investigation of Spiritualism than to any other form of dissipation. The only inference I could draw from this advice was, that the thing was not worthy a sober, intelligent mind's attention—that it was an idle and useless dissipation. I was surprised at this, because in the same article Mr. Greeley says there may be something in it. Besides, but a few days previous, he had rebuked a paragraph in his own columns, endorsing Prof. Faraday's nonsense, and averred that he had seen bodies or things moved without the application of hands-which application was an adjunct in all the movings witnessed by Faraday. In this way, Messrs. Editors, Mr. Greeley has been blowing hot and cold with the same breath. One day he believes, the next day he doubts, and the next he denies. this masterly balancing over, and at times to all sides of the subject, does not now in the least shake or affect my opinions with regard to Spiritualism. I was surprised and pained for a time, on account of my faith in Mr. Greeley's knowledge of the matter, as well as his honesty; but I have finally ceased looking to him as an exponent of the question. Yet many others doubtless will look to him, mainly because he has repute for candor, and for a great amount of experience and knowledge as to the Spirit revelations. And for this reason it is, chiefly, that I have ventured to write this letter. I am constrained to say that, however well posted on political and social matters, I believe Mr. Greeley's investigation of the

Spirit phenomena has been exceedingly limited and superficial. I believe he has talked a great deal more than he has examined, and that while urging his tens of thousands of readers to investigate, he has jumped at conclusions and changed them just as whim or conceit might dictate. He has been awarded more credit for knowledge than was deserved, and hence has exercised an entirely undue influence on public opinion. This should be understood, for his sweeping conclusions against "Spiritualism" are quoted with avidity by all opposers. They say, "Do you see-Greeley has been a believer, but has got his eyes opened, and now says it is all an idle dissipation!" I do not mean to impugn him on any other point, but on this I think it time his dodgings, inconsistencies, contradictions, and doubtful knowledge should be understood. I regard the Spiritual question, if at all worth considering, one of the very first moment. If for no other reason, the fact that tens and hundreds of thousands are being swayed by it, should commend it to a speedy investigation and solution. No other revelation ever compassed so many adherents in so brief a time. It was asked in Christ's day if any of the rulers and chief men believed in him, and there was no witness to say, Aye! Not so with Spiritualism-its believers are among the senators and judges of the land. It has in its widening ranks intelligence, wealth, uprightness, and an irresistible enthusiasm. Its teachings are beneficent-full of love, hope, and charity. It has brought light and joy to the infidel and the mocker. Its presses are among the most earnest and respectable, and are fast becoming a lever wherewith Spirits move the world. Yet Mr. Greeley would have us think it all an idle dissipation. Nay, Mr. Greeley, the day has passed when such a fiat had power, if ever it had such power, to arrest the greatest moral movement of the age. You may cry-as on Tuesday morning-Give us a special miracle, tell

us what is going on in Europe; but you can not stave the question from its true issue. Even Christ and his apostles revealed of the future only what was beyond the mortal capacity of man to learn. So will it be with the Spirits sent of God; they will leave you and all of us to get our European news in the earthly way, though they may unfold to us the kingdom of heaven and all the glories of the immortal state

Yours, for the truth,

New York, Aug. 23, 1853.

# CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

It is pretty well settled that the revolutionists have so far succeeded in China as to divide the empire, and that they now hold one of its chief capitals, a great number of large cities and strongholds, and a large part of the country. Their success has been altogether remarkable. Composed of scholars and peasants, the rebel force has, nevertheless, shown a far better discipline and greater courage and valor than the regular Tartar-Chinese armies. It is averred on all hands that they have been from the start animated with an essentially new religious faith, and that this faith has led them to destroy idolatry—idols, idol-shrines, idol-priests, etc.—root and branch, from their path.

We have been at some pains to get at the theology of this new faith, and find it a species of Mosaic, Calvinistic Christianity. The rebel leaders declare their belief in one God, in Christ, in the Trinity, in the Ten Commandments, in the Sabbath, etc. But like all other Christians at war, they find plentiful command and sanction for smiting their enemies (imps), the Tartars, and all others who oppose their progress. One of the leaders styles himself the younger brother of Christ, while all the great chiefs pretend to receive orders direct from heaven. The new religion has a Mormon streak, inasmuch as one of the leaders is permitted to indulge in thirty-six wives. The great cry of the new religionists is, "Smite the imps!" and they appear to have done so. On capturing Nankin, they

slew all the Tartar garrison, Tartar families, mandarins and priests, to the number of over thirty thousand. During the whole war their forces have been much smaller than those of the empire; and that they should have made such headway—each soldier carrying his lantern, fan, and umbrella, and accompanied by a "help-man" to touch off his gun in battle—seems almost an absurd fancy rather than a fact.

If China, conservative to the last degree for thousands of years, is prepared for progressive government and ideas, there can be no reasonable fear for the rest of mankind. The revolution of the celestials we can sympathize with, since it seeks to overthrow a foreign, conquering oppressor, and restore a native dynasty. As to the new religion, its controlling precepts are yet too sanguinary to merit the name of genuine Christianity. It savors far more of the spirit of Moses, Joshua, and Calvin.

LEGACY OF GOOD HABITS.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of Leicester, is the following clause. No doubt its influence upon the legatees will be of a far more beneficial character than the pecuniary part of the bequest.

"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 till 8 o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of Oct., being three hours each day; and from 7 till 9 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of Oct. to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning; this is to be done for some years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion."

# DR. RICHMOND AND MEDICAL SCIENCE.

### S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Ever since the discussion between you and Dr. Richmond, I have been prepared to hear strange and utopian ideas from him; but I was not prepared to see him turn round and show such uncompromising hostility to the whole healing art. He commences by saying that he "is an extreme skeptic in medicine, and regards it as a curse to the race as now used."

If he has been so unfortunate as to see such accursed effects of medicine in his own experience, that is no good reason why he should make such sweeping denunciations, as there are multitudes of the faculty who can bear very different testimony on the subject. And, for one, I can say most emphatically, that I almost daily witness the unmistakably good effects of medicine. Had I time, and it would not draw too much upon your columns, I should like to review his whole article; but, for the present, I shall only notice his remarks upon calomel.

He says: "Calomel salivates and acts as a cathartic, but in doing so it sets up an action in the system which elaborates a large mass of bilious matter."

Well, we admit "calomel salivates," when carelessly used, and so does fire burn houses when carelessly used. Hence, agreeably to his logic, we should discard fire. And we will also admit that it elaborates and carries off a "large mass of bilious matter." Very well; and where were the elements of this "large mass of bilious matter" before the calomel was

given? Surely they were in the blood, chiefly in the form of carbon. And now, will Dr. Richmond say that it is not better to physic it out, even with calomel, than to have it remain and set up a real combustion, attended with all the phenomena of fever, which will most probably induce local inflammations, and, as a common consequence, the destruction of some vital organ, and ultimately death?

There are many of the Doctor's pathological and physiological ideas almost as crude as some of his anti-Spiritual ideas, as advanced in some of his former articles.

Hear the Doctor again: "Fever, and, in fact, all disease, is a combustion of the blood first, and then the solids." Well, indeed; how dangerous it is to be made up of flesh and blood! Surely the Doctor unwittingly proves one thing, viz., that nothing but a Spirit can be exempt from disease.

Again, he says: "The vegetable feeds itself by intuitional intelligence, while man and all animals have a well-governed connection with the food they consume." We will leave this as being too transcendental for us.

From what follows, it will be seen that the poor Doctor can have no hopes of immortality nor life beyond the mush pot. "The food, acting through the medium of the nerves, blood, etc., develops the phenomena of life; for life is manifested by chemical action, and when the requisite supply of food is withdrawn, that action ceases, and with it life goes out."

Yours, very respectfully, o. J. Phelps. Piketon, Ohio.

#### A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

Translated from a German Work, "Existender Geistar und ihr Einfluss auf die Sinnerwelt," by Fr. Nork.

WHEN Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death-bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbock, between whom and the queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by a most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock at the same moment lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Life Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch. During the afternoon the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines and presented arms, as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributing her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the side of the corpse, and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officers present then hastened into the room, and there they all beheld the queen standing upright in her coffin and tenderly embracing the countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the apparition seemed to waver, and resolved itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared the corpse of the queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state, but the countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they

searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once dispatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased queen! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.—The Token.

#### TO - AND A PORTRAIT.

BY ETTA.

"Perhaps thou art more beautiful In mine, than other eyes."

SILENT companion of my lonely hours!

How oft I gaze upon thy noble brow, words

May not tell, nor yet how dear thou art,

More prized by me than those who cluster round

Me here, and strive with potent words to banish

From my heart the sigh which oftentimes with

Grief bursts from its prison-cell.

I may ungrateful be to those
Who strive to win my thoughts from care;
But oh, they can not penetrate the gloom which o'er
My spirit rests, with darkening hues.
They do not see the heart, or feel its pangs, and
May they never suffer all that's saddened my
Once joyous heart;

For often when I fain would smile
Upon some kind one lingering near,
I turn aside with aching brow,
To hush the mem'ries rising now,
And check the falling tear.

And then they marvel that upon my lip there
Rests no smile of joy; but when the spirit droops
'Neath sorrow's blight, 'twere mockery to wreathe
The lip with smiles; but when the radiant moon
Looks down upon thy beaming face, and memory tells
Me of the past blest hours, which thou hast made
More dear, my heart thrills with a rapture wild;
I would not barter one short hour thus spent,
For all their words of love, for thou art dearer far
In thy mute eloquence than others e'er can be.
And but for thy kind face to smile on me,
Amid this city's din, my heart would wither,
E'en as flowers beneath the burning sun.

#### But now the echoes

Of thy music-voice steal through its chambers oft,
And all around seems lighted up with a pure ray
Of glory, strange and fathomless, beyond the stars.
I ofttimes sit entranced, and almost think I hear
An angel's whisper from the land of dreams.
But stern reality the bright illusion bears away,
And scenes of actual life appear to break the spell.
'Tis but thy semblance that I see—thy fancied tones
I hear; and yet I know thy voice will still breathe
Blessings on me, and that I am sad, thou'lt grieve.
I would not have one tear-drop dim thine eyes—
One shade of sorrow mark thy brow, at thought of me!
But when thou art most blessed, wilt breathe one
Prayer for her whose fond pure hopes to thee are
Given, and bless me once again?

-Ambassador.

### A SPIRIT'S BELIEF.

SPOKEN THROUGH MR. ----

The subjoined communication reached us through the post, without any explanation further than appears on its face. It purports to have been spoken by a Spirit, and from its abrupt opening and inconsecutiveness, as a whole, we take it that it is only a fragment, or fragments, from a more extended expression:

Friends! the question is often asked, "What is the Spiritualist's belief?" That question some are able to answer, and some are not, we are sorry to say. Now every true follower of this new dispensation, as you are pleased to term it, should be understood; or, so far as each one has traveled, they should understand what they pretend to believe. No one should plunge head-foremost into any thing, expecting to comprehend the whole contents thereof, without a careful survey of the external appearances. They should try and understand the basis on which rests this theory which they are about taking hold of or plunging into.

I say a careful survey should be first taken, to go no further than they can comprehend, so that they may know what kind of a foundation they stand on. Now, among the numerous believers of Spiritualism, we find very many that don't really know what they do believe. They believe something, but they don't know what. They have jumped upon a pile of loose brush, and there they stand, tottling about, trying to get a foothold. Perhaps the first gust of wind that comes along will blow them off clear back to where they started from, because they have not cleared away and placed themselves on a

sure foundation. Mounted, helter-skelter, just as it happened, there they halt, not able (many of them) to withstand even the slightest tempest or storm, if it is any way severe. Now those that would step on a sure, steadfast foundation, should move with care. Every step should be distinctly and clearly seen. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Friends, 'tis an old saying, but it will do in this case—"Look before you leap." Know what you do know, or, at least, what you pretend to know, so that you can tell what you believe, and where you stand, and feel that you rest on a rock. We are glad to find you there. Have a foundation, and then you can build without fear of being washed away, blown down, by any fierce storms that may come along; for there are heavy storms to brave—there are many tempests to face. (A pause here.)

I believe there is but one God—the Father of all mankind. I believe in Jesus Christ, as a son of God and brother of the human family—one who was nearer perfection than any that ever lived. I believe that he suffered and died on the cross for the evils of the then existing human race. He died suffering, the concentrated evils of that race pouring in upon him and pressing him down as under a mighty weight. That he was our brother; that in his perfection he, of necessity, took upon himself the then existing evils which were weighing heavily upon the human family. I believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; but I would interpret that phrase according to my own notion. (A pause.)

That august personage, whom some are pleased to call the Holy Ghost, I would call the influence of love, spreading over the vast domain of God's kingdom, reaching high and low, far and near, encompassing the whole. I would call that by a little milder name. Influence of a love which is perfect, for God is perfect and his influence is mighty. Therefore this

Holy Ghost dissolves and resolves itself into nothing but an influence exerted by the power of love—the same as the influence of any good man is felt in his community where he dwells.

I believe in the communion of mortals with those that are immortal. Those that are clothed in mortality, I do believe, can and do commune with those that are clothed in immortality. I believe there is no hell but that which dwells in the breast of all evil. I believe there is a heaven, and that heaven blends with earth. I believe in the original inspiration of much of the Bible. I believe portions of it to be the word of God. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

We may carry this subject further at some future time. Be strong in the faith and knowledge of God, as revealed by his angels, from the throne of his love.

And now, may faith, hope, and charity be and abide with us forever. And unto our Father would we render thanksgiving and praise, glory and power, and honor. Amen.

The following came to us in the envelope containing the above:

WRITTEN THROUGH MRS. ----

Question.—I hear you speak of a land above,
Where all is peace, where all is love;
Brother, oh! brother, tell me where—
My wearied spirit would fain be there.

Answer.—There is a land of peaceful rest
For all the wearied and oppressed,
Where they can every comfort find,
To soothe and elevate the mind.

Q.—That land so blest, of which you speak, My wearied spirit now would seek; Tell me, then, oh! tell me where, That I for the journey may prepare.

- A.—There is a land of rest, I say,
  Where night is ever turned to day;
  No sorrow ever enters there;
  'Twill not with aught on earth compare.
- Q.—But where! again I ask you, where! For I its blessings fain would share. I, sure, would leave this land of woe, To such a place as that to go.
- A.—But stop, my brother; stop, I say.
  I, sure, to you would show the way,
  And help you on your journey, too,
  If you will faithful prove, and true.
- Q.—Believe, I'll faithful be, and true,
  If I that better land can view;
  You say I ever shall be free!
  That place of rest—oh! show it me.
- A.—Yes, brother, I will point the way;
  Be willing yet a while to stay,
  Till all thy work on earth is done,
  Till God our Father bids thee come.
- Q.—But there is happiness, you say, And all is one eternal day. Why should I longer linger here, Oppressed each day with grief and fear?
- A.—The sorrows of the earthly sphere
  Will make your pleasures richer here;
  For what you now may sow in tears,
  You'll reap in joy in future years.

Oh, then, with patience travel on, Till you the victory have won; You then this heavenly land shall see, And spend in it eternity.

#### THE MAINE LAW.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

WE have hitherto expressed no decisive opinion respecting the justice or propriety of this law, though we have by no means been indifferent to the discussion which of late has occupied so much space in the secular journals. It is not denied by those who oppose such legal restraints that the law, if strictly administered, would conserve the morals of society, and afford a vast protection to property and life. This can not be disputed by any man who has witnessed the maddening effects of alcohol, and its power to excite and stimulate the latent passions to ungovernable fury. These effects are quite too obvious to be denied, and hence the unwillingness of the opposition to meet the question here. It is indeed tacitly admitted that the law, if rendered operative by the force of public sentiment, would inevitably diminish crime and exert a highly moralizing influence. Of this there can be no rational doubt in the mind of any intelligent citizen.

But those who oppose the law object that it is arbitrary and unconstitutional, and that for these reasons alone it should not pass. They appeal to the popular hatred of oppression and the love of liberty, which are inborn in the American heart, to resist the administration of this law, where it already exists, and to prevent its adoption by other States. While many are prompted by sordid avarice or a perverted appetite to urge these objections, there are doubtless many others who oppose the law on similar grounds, from a sincere conviction and an honest purpose. If they err—and we honestly think

they do—their error is one of the judgment, which time and reflection will be likely to correct. Not a few of this class are deservedly numbered among our most humane and temperate citizens. On numerous occasions, we have found them to be generous and self-sacrificing men. They only need to be convinced of an error to abandon it, and in what we have to say on this question we shall bear in mind that it is not our province to censure, but to reason.

The objection that the Maine Law is opposed, in its letter and spirit, to the genius of our republican institutions, should be fairly met and thoroughly removed; for it is now the chief stumbling-block in the way of many. We think that those who urge this objection have not comprehended the whole ground of the controversy. A genuine democracy as much requires that all shall obey as that all shall govern, and it is the furtherest possible remove from that unbridled license which knows no law, and will submit to no restraint. A morbid propensity to do as one has a mind to, regardless of the common interests of humanity, and at the expense of public tranquillity or private virtue, is altogether foreign and adverse to true republican principles. That freedom which alone is worth possessing, is strictly compatible with every wholesome prohibition, and the government which should neglect to recognize and enforce such legal restraints would, in the present state of society, speedily degenerate into that most terrible of all the forms of despotic power—the despotism of unrestrained lust and passion.

Any idea of individual sovereignty which disputes the right of the State to enact such laws as the public safety may really require, is, in our judgment, as false in theory as it would be pernicious in its practical effects. If those who contend for the sovereignty of the individual mean to imply that every man may do precisely as he pleases, the idea is utterly pre-

posterous and totally impracticable. Only the strongest man could fully act on this principle; since in doing his pleasure he would be liable to violate the individual sovereignty of others, by subjecting them to the dominion of his will. The assumption that a man has a natural right to do as he chooses in all cases—at his own expense—is a fallacy, for the reason that no man can do wrong at his own cost. Others must inevitably participate in the sacrifices which such actions necessarily involve, and this admonishes us that the law of individual sovereignty coexists with, and is limited by, another law which grows out of the social nature and relations of man. Any pretended respect to one of these laws which results in the utter subversion of the other is not, in any true sense, an observance of either. Both must be duly observed, that one may not restrain the legitimate operation of the other. If it be true that every man has a distinct individuality, it is no less true that every one is related to every other member of the common humanity. Hence it follows that no man can, even by a possibility, do wrong entirely at his own cost.

Our proposition may be illustrated in a clear and forcible manner. Can a man utter falsehood without injuring some one? We apprehend not. Can he steal at his own expense? No, never. Can he slander his neighbor, and at the same time do him no wrong? Impossible! Can he oppress the poor, and add nothing to the sum of human suffering? This can not be. Can a man blaspheme, give full scope to his baser passions, and perpetually disturb the peace of society, and experience all the consequences in himself? Nay; these are all impossible. The refined sensibilities of the devout nature are shocked at profanity; the truly good man must be sad at heart when he surveys the moral ruins which people the empire of passion; and the lover of peace, forced

to dwell amid scenes of perpetual strife, must feel like the Hebrew poet when he said, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.".

Nor is this all. Every violation of the individual conscience -however secret and apparently disconnected from his social relations the act in itself may be-must affect the condition of others. The injury done to his own physical, intellectual, or moral nature, or to all of these, may be inherited by his children after him; and thus generations unborn be involved in the fearful sacrifice. And what if he leaves no offspring to perpetuate his physical weakness, his mental imbecility, or moral deformity-unhappy beings, inoculated with his love of lawless liberty, and the virus of his everlasting shame-he can not deprive a bad example of its corrupting influence; he has no power to save others from the effects of his sensual magnetism; nor can he purify the atmosphere which surrounds a selfish heart and a depraved life. No man, therefore, has, absolutely, any natural or acquired right to do wrong. To say that he may commit a wrong, if he pleases to do so at his own cost, is a mere solecism, since no man can engage in the business of wrong-doing strictly on his own account. He must at least have several silent partners whose vital interests are affected by his every transaction.

In seeking to develop the *individual*, we must not attempt to separate him from *his social position*, or be unmindful of the obligations which are inseparable from his relations to his fellow-men. It is only when the State attempts to impose legal restrictions, which are neither demanded by the popular voice, nor necessary to protect the lives and possessions of its citizens, that it violates the inalienable rights of man. In such an emergency it is the duty of the individual to resist the arbitrary claims of the government, by all such means as do not involve a still greater evil. If, however it can be

demonstrated that a certain law—for example, the Maine Law—is necessary for the proper protection of property and life, such a law may be enacted without doing violence to our republican institutions, or to any principle of human nature. Indeed, the true principles of democracy are most essentially violated if such necessary restraints be not at once imposed and respected. Thus liberty, as rightly defined and understood, does not consist in an absence of all restraint, but in the legitimate exercise of all our faculties, under the restraining power of salutary laws, and with a wise reference to the best interests of mankind.

This, then, is the question to be decided: Is the passage of the Maine Law, or some similar legislative enactment, necessary to secure the property and lives of our citizens? After mature deliberation we are constrained to say, Yes! more impressive answer arrests the startled senses and awakens the conscious soul. From almost every scene of violence it is emphatically spoken. Look at the thousands of paupers that fill the alms-houses of city and country. Do they not offer a significant plea for that law? Ten thousand poverty-stricken wretches, from the helpless infant to the gray-headed sire, crawl out from the filthy lanes of this great city to repeat the answer. It echoes along the path of the incendiary; and the ghastly remains of murdered victims, sacrificed to the unquenchable fires of this horrid Moloch, speak from their gaping wounds to silence our doubts, and to rebuke the heartless avarice which values the privilege of doing wrong more than it pities the woes of humanity. It is clearly enough proved, that more than four fifths of all the murders are perpetrated at the instigation of those evil spirits which men put to their lips

"To steal their brains away."

And shall we longer object that the power is arbitrary which

proposes to restore to man the possession of his intellect and the dignity of his manhood. Can we question whether it be proper to fill the empty stomachs of the hungry, to clothe the naked forms of little children, and to wipe the scalding tears from the pale cheek of the neglected wife? Shall we say it is "unconstitutional" to wrest the burning brand from the hand of the incendiary? or that it is "arbitrary" to seize the assassin's arm? No; forever no! The objection is equally valid against all laws designed to restrain the inordinate indulgence of the grosser appetites, and to temper the action of the individual will. It should be remembered, that it is not the proper object of law to limit the freedom of the virtuous citizen, who is qualified to be "a law unto himself," and whose life is ordered in righteousness, but it is designed to restrain the disordered passions and ungovernable appetites of the vicious. And such men appear to us to require such restraints, as truly as a fractured bone requires to be kept in place by suitable instruments. But those who become strong in their integrity and firm in the resolution to do right, need the restraints of the law no more than the man who is sound in every limb requires the surgeon's splints and bandages. To us it is manifest that broken limbs and broken morals should be treated in a similar manner. Those, therefore, who have not the strength to stand alone, but are liable to lose their moral equilibrium, must be upheld, and restrained, if need be, by the strong arm of the law.

In advocating the necessity for legislative interference, to stay the tide of intemperance, we are not unmindful of the fact, that all such restraints are at best outward and superficial as means of reform. To fully redeem the erring man from the evils of his present state we must move the powers within, and call into active and vigorous exercise the latent attributes of his spiritual being, so that he may be able to stand erect

and firm in the wilderness of his temptation. External restraints serve to check the more outward displays of lust and passion, but man is only truly reformed when the *inward nature* is developed into grand, harmonious, and Godlike proportions. The great work will approximate its completion when flesh and sense are subdued and refined, and the spirit is permitted to assert its peaceful dominion over the whole realm of outward life.

## SPIRITUAL FACTS IN TENNESSEE.

J. W. Killgove, of Como, Henry Co., Tenn., in forwarding orders and remittances for books and papers, appends to his letter the following interesting account.

### FRIEND BRITTAN:

While writing, it is due to state something of the cause of Spiritualism in this section. About Christmas last, the manifestations commenced, first by rapping, then rocking, and then writing. After this, one or two speaking mediums were developed, spiritual lights were also seen—one very remarkable light, nearly the size of a feather pillow, was seen for several different days, in open daylight—it was of a dazzling white. Physical manifestations were sometimes very powerful. On one occasion a large table was raised to the joist, with eight stout men holding to it to prevent it. In spite of their efforts it did rise, and waved to and fro as if trying to escape from them out at the door.

But notwithstanding these manifestations, it seems that undeveloped spirits, or undeveloped mediums, or both, have been engaged in the whole affair with but few valuable exceptions. Consequently but little or no good has been done, unless it was to convince the foggy conservatives that it is no "humbug," that it is a real, intelligent, unseen power, and thereby prepare the mind for a more pure and exalted phase of the manifestations.

It is to be regretted that we have no one to lecture on the subject in this section. If we had, there is no doubt that reliable and intelligent mediums would soon be developed that would be a blessing to this community. Will the friends of the cause in those sections where they have obtained a footing, devise ways and means by which destitute places may enjoy the light of day. I wait to see what will be done, and to see what advice you, friend Brittan, have to give on this subject

P. S. There is a case of insanity in Maury Co., Tenn., of a very aggravating character, caused by an intense religious excitement. (My information was derived from a reliable source.) The subject is a young man of superior powers of mind, who was considered the star of that whole section. Having a religious cast of mind, he followed in the steps of his ancestors, and set about the work of "getting religion." At length he succeeded in getting through, and for a while he rejoiced that he was rid of his burden. But in two or three days after, he fell into doubts, when he set about seeking a brighter manifestation. In this effort he sank into the most gloomy feelings, when his mind gave way, and the last account says his life is despaired off!

Orthodoxy has no right to complain of Spiritualism as producing insanity, while it is liable itself to a similar charge.

Yours, truly,

J. W. K.

Friend K.—Send us word what can be done to encourage a lecturer in that region, and we will do any thing in our power toward realizing your wishes.—Ep.

WITCHCRAFT.—The following case of witchcraft is copied from the Liverpool Mercury:

"A report that a woman had bewitched two sickly children recently became so generally accredited among the women at Middlesboro'-on-Tees, that on Monday evening week a great crowd assembled before the supposed witch's door, and uttered cries of 'Pull her out,' 'burn her,' etc. Ultimately the disturbance became so great, that four police officers were brought from Stockton to assist in quelling it, and six or seven of the mob were lodged in the lock-ups."

# TESTIMONY-MORE LIGHT WANTED.

The particularly bigoted opponents of Spiritualism continue their "ground and lofty tumbling" in sometimes laughable, sometimes pitiable, and often despicable attempts to combat the "delusion," as they please to call it. Both clergy and laity have a hand in the up-hill work. The editor of the Hingham (Massachusetts) Journal, alluding to this subject, says:

"Two sermons have been delivered in this town against Spiritualism, at two different places of public worship, but the people were not enlightened thereby; the speakers heaped upon it their contempt, but not one word of explanation. Several mediums were present upon both occasions, of high respectability and private worth, but it did-them no good, as the speakers seemed unacquainted with the subject. Enlighten them and us, and you will surely be rewarded."

The editor of the Piedmont Whig, published at Warrenton, Virginia, who, like the Hingham editor, is not a convert to Spiritualism, says, in answer to the cry that the manifestations are all a juggle and humbug:

"Here are many thousands of 'mediums,' many of them children four or five years old, exhibiting these things daily and nightly in the presence of hundreds of thousands of spectators, many of whom were shrewd, intelligent skeptics. Supposing the thing to be a trick, all these mediums, men, women, and children, must be respectively provided with a set of juggling apparatus of the most delicate and complicated character, sufficient to produce results which have all the outward appearance of miracles, which must nevertheless be so easily managed and understood that a child can operate with it, and yet be so carefully and artfully concealed that all these thousands of eager, prying eyes can not find it out. All these

chousands of juggling machines in operation, and controlled often by young children, for four or five years, in the presence of hundreds of thousands of spectators, and not one solitary case of detection occurring in all that time! We can not believe it. It seems to us as great an absurdity as the wildest theories of those who believe in the Spirits. And if the thing is not a contrivance—a trick of the mediums—what is it? That's just what we want to know."

The Rochester *Daily American*, by no means a disciple of the Spiritual faith, says, regarding Faraday's absurd theory of table moving:

"It is no new thing to us, that human hands can move a table, and it does not require 'ingenious' inventions to satisfy us on that point. But the question is, Who moves the table without human aid, and in opposition to human resistance? Who moves tables when no visible being is within ten or fifteen feet of them? Professor Faraday says, that there is no power in electricity or magnetism to do such things, under such circumstances as have been witnessed by thousands. If, then, his 'ingenious apparatus' answered the purpose of showing the power exerted upon the table when hands were in direct contact with it, it does not solve movements of tables at such distances as to preclude the possibility of their being moved by human or mechanical effort. Scores of such movements have occurred in this city, in the presence of believers and unbelievers."

In this way the soberer portion of the press and of thinkers are speaking out. They see that Spiritualism can not be scoffed or laughed down, and with a decent moral courage they cry for more light. Doubtless they begin to feel that there may be something in it after all.

A SOCIETY has been formed in England, under the name of the "Assyrian Fund Society," to provide means for continuing Mr. Layard's excavations at Nineveh. Besides the ruins of Assyria, it is intended to explore those of Babylonia.

# LETTER FROM OUR COLLEAGUE.

North Bridgewater, Mass., August 29th, 1853.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

We arrived here yesterday morning. Our friends are somewhat interested to know whether Spirits do communicate or not; but the former are sufficiently orthodox not to believe much which they see and hear outside of their creed.

One sitting for Spiritual Manifestations has been held in their house. The medium visited them unexpectedly, late one evening, and people in the region through which the medium passed followed, and assembled at the same place. As usual, in such large and promiscuous assemblages, one of those knowing ones, who feel that "the ends of the world" are resting on their shoulders, and who believe that the salvation of all men depends on their faith, also appeared in their very midst. This man commenced interrogating the unseen agency, and finally promised the Spirits that he would believe in them if they would move the table (a large, square table, without castors), which moved accordingly. Of course, he knew that some of the persons present moved it, and asked his friend to get under the table with a lighted candle, and see that no one touched the table. "Now," says he, "if you will move the table, I will believe." It moved. "Did any body touch it?" "No," answered the man under the table. "Now, if you will move it this way, I will believe;" and it moved this way. "Now, if you will move it that way, I will believe;" and it moved that way; and so he continued to falsify, banter and barter with the Spirits. Finally they thrust the table forcibly against him several times, until he was driven into a corner of the room—no one touching it during this time but the medium, whose finger-ends only rested on it lightly.

After this farce was over, the Spirit of my sister's daughter announced her presence. She left the form about two years since, at the age of thirteen years and three months. This child was of a gentle and retiring disposition, and any thing like noise and confusion, or trifling with Spiritual things. shocked her fine sensibilities. She was very intelligent and lady-like. The great desire of this delicate Spirit to improve this first opportunity to speak words of consolation to her agonized parents overcame natural diffidence; she announced her presence, and demonstrated her identity in various ways. All this was as a healing balm to their bleeding hearts. So abundant and conclusive were the evidences furnished, that in despite of sworn allegiance to orthodox creeds, her parents are emboldened to say, "If it was not her Spirit, we don't know what it could have been." This is as much as the keepers of people's religion allow them to say in this region.

Here I met with a man who related several interesting facts, which he promised to write out and send me; but, fearing he will become absorbed in business, and neglect to do so, I will briefly mention one which occurred in Stoughton, a few miles' distance from this place. Himself and some twenty other persons were assembled, and a medium sat by him on one side of the room; this medium was spiritualized and unconscious. While in this condition he was raised up by some invisible power (no person touching him), and was passed horizontally over the heads of several persons, and seated in a chair on the opposite side of the room.

It is difficult for people to realize this phase of Spiritual phenomena; but there can be no question that this took place substantially as here related. I have it from the gentleman who witnessed it, and he is a discreet and sober-minded man, with no enthusiasm in his nature. It will, perhaps, be recolulated that I have witnessed (several other persons being present at the time) a similar case, only that the man was carried some fifty or sixty feet. The particulars of the case which I witnessed were published in the *Tribune* a year and a half ago. Many other cases of this kind have occurred in different places, but no explanation of them has been attempted by those who have spoken or written in opposition.

Fraternally, yours,

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

# FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PAPER MILL VILLAGE, N. H., August 19, 1853.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

\* \* \* The cause is progressing slowly, but surely, in this place. The opposition is strong against it, for prejudice, superstition, and bigotry, have fastened their bands of steel around the minds of the mass. A partial God and an endless hell are believed in by a majority in this town. But, thanks be to God, this dark and gloomy creed is letting go of the community some. The regenerating beams of love and benevolence are shining in upon the human mind, and melting those cold and cruel ideas entertained of God and the destiny of the human race.

The good can not be computed which has resulted in this vicinity from the "glad tidings" brought to us by our Spirit-friends from those celestial circles of life and love in the Spirit-world. Many a heart that was buffeting the cold surges of infidelity—which saw no God in the world, and which felt no joyous hope of an immortal life beyond the tomb, is now rejoicing in a new dispensation. A new world with its God, a new and all-glorious life with its immortal joys and eternal blessedness, have been revealed to them; and through the gates of the boundary of this life they behold the glorious destiny of the children of God. And some, who had

settled down in the belief of an endless separation from friends and all they hold dear in this life, in that life to come, have had their hearts made glad and their fears removed by the glorious truth brought to them by dear ones who are living the life of immortality.

But, as for myself and family, we never could believe in endless wo. We had, however, no clear vision of the future. We thought we should exist somewhere, at some time, but soon we had that faith tried. Our little boy—our only one—was taken from us, and O, the pangs which rent our bursting hearts when we saw his little eyes close in death upon us! Could we but feel sure that he lived still, and that we should meet him again, that would have soothed our griefs and lulled our souls to rest. But now we can see clearly that he lives. We can feel his presence. We listen to that dear voice in glorious transport, while he describes his blessed state to us. And soon he will guide us to that Spirit Eden of joy, life, and love. Now we can see the mission that dear boy was to perform, and is still performing for us; and now our great desire is, that we may so live that our minds may expand in truth, benevolence, and love, that when we leave this rudimental sphere we may go up to those blessed circles where our loved ones dwell.

Yours truly, in the blessed bonds of love,

WINSLOW B. PORTER, M.D.

Improvement in Pianos.—An ingenious invention has lately been exhibited in Paris, which promises to be the precursor of a new era in the manufacture of piano-fortes. La France Musicale announces that one Mons. Sax has transformed the piano by a process very simple indeed, but which, like all simple things, required a man of genius. The fact that the violin is an instrument of small volume, yet its sounding power is very great, while the guitar, much larger in size, produces but thin and meager sounds, induced Mons. Sax to inquire into the reason of this difference, and he has come to the conclusion that the difference in sound is occasioned by the relative height of the bridge of the instrument. This idea Mons. Sax has availed himself of, and constructed a piano on this principle. And an experiment which has been made, in the presence of artistes and professors of mark before the Court of France, has been successful in the highest degree.

## MORE TABLE-MOVING FACTS.

WE have received a well-written communication on the subject of table moving from a gentleman whom we may describe as one of respectability and veracity, and who describes himself to be a person of an incredulous disposition, "not given to novelties either in religion or science, but remarkably the contrary; of moderate imagination and unimpassioned temperament, occasionally incurring the reproaches of his friends for being so matter-of-fact." This gentleman testifies to the following "facts:"

"A lady in New York, and her son, a youth of about thirteen, did repeatedly, during last winter, by merely placing the tips of their fingers on the top of a table, cause it to move across and around the parlor; the table was a common pine table, with four legs, and without rollers. And this motion accelerated in passing near the furnace flue, and also on passing from one parlor into the other, where the carpet was a newer one, and of somewhat different material. This increased motion I consider an important fact, because it was to them entirely unexpected, and therefore could not have been in any wise premeditated. And further, the maidservant coming in, knowing nothing of what they were about, was requested to sit upon the table, which she did; and being obliged, in consequence of the motion of the table, to put her hands upon it, in order to preserve her seat, suddenly withdrew them, saying that they felt as if pricked by pins. By way of comment, let it be observed, that it would require no little exertion of the muscles, either voluntary or involuntary, for any two persons, still less a lady and a boy, to move a table with a full-grown person upon it; certainly for them to move it unconscious of any muscular exertion, would be quite as incredible as the most extraordinary phenomenon of table moving yet heard of. But further still; the table in question, finally, under the influence of the mysterious power, whatever that may be, fell to pieces, the joints all parting one from another; and being put together again and nailed, it soon went to pieces again, the nails in some places being drawn, and in others, where their hold was stronger, the wood being split off.

"These are the facts in this particular instance among many others

which have come under my notice. They were communicated to me by the lady herself; and her son, being interrogated separately, confirmed them in all the particulars. I may mention, although I do not consider it material, that she is of rather a nervous and excitable temperament, and always felt exhausted after making the experiments, so that she was advised by her physician to discontinue them. Her son, a stout, manly boy, with a strong aversion, by the way, to nonsense or humbug, felt no other effects than a peculiar feeling in the hands and arms.

"I have communicated these facts, not because I believe them to be more remarkable than many others that can be equally well attested to, but simply with the desire to promote and advance the discussion, in all fairness, of this very remarkable subject."

Such facts as these, our correspondent thinks, are not accounted for by Vivian or Faraday; nor does he offer an explanation of them himself. He merely submits them to the consideration of those who are interested in the subject.—Home Journal.

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

The summer sunshine falleth
O'er mountain, glade, and rill,
And warm the purple shadows
Lie round the woodland still.

And from the rock whose borders
The eddying waters lave,
The daisy and the blue-bells
Look down upon the wave.

The berries in the hollows

Are drooping from their stems,

And many a glistening cherry

The lonely hedge begems.

Where art thou, dark-haired sister?
We miss thee from our home;
These pleasant haunts are lonely
Where thou wert wont to roam.

The twilight gently falleth,

The mountains sleep in heaven,
And softer, holier beauty
Unto the sky is given.

And when the moon upriseth

The weird, dark shadows come
All trailing down the hillside—
All wizard-like and dumb—

And now, oh, dark-haired Lucy,
We miss thy singing voice,
That echoed 'mid the mountains,
And made the night rejoice.

STRANGE Noises.—The people out in Dayton, Ohio, are greatly exercised, owing to some "strange noises" heard thereabout. The Gazette says:

"Between 9 and 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, a number of our citizens heard a noise resembling the discharge of heavy artillery, followed by lighter artillery. One or two individuals say their houses were very sensibly shaken, though generally motion was observed in connection with the noise. It was heard at Troy, at the junction of the Western and Greenville roads, and at the Pinnacle, five miles below the city."

A Cincinnati paper of the 23d says:

"At the same hour a similar rumbling noise was heard in this city, windows were shaken, and many persons remarked that there must have been an earthquake in the city. The same noise was heard at Xenia, and different points along the railway. Some of the farmers supposed it was the firing of artillery, and some the blowing of a steam-boiler in a foundry or mill. The residents of Xenia thought the powder-mill near that place had again blown up. As yet the cause of this noise remains a mystery."

# THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

#### NUMBER TWO.

Some weeks since I had the honor of writing a communication for the TELEGRAPH, which I entitled the "Cause and Cure of Crime," in which I alleged, in opposition to the orthodoxy of Christendom-1st. The inherent purity and uprightness of man. 2d. That the law of harmony and love evermore abides in his soul. 3d. That development, or "Progress," is nothing but the normal and unobstructed outgrowth or unfolding of these inner harmonies, capacities, and loves into exter-4th. That this outgrowth, unfolding, or nal social life. development requires true and appropriate external conditions and relations. 5th. That it requires a free and untrammeled and unperverted external growth. 6th. That this free growth. in the midst of those conditions and relations, would bring out the inner or essentially good man into an outer or externally good man. 7th. That the divinest beauties and energies of the human soul would thus be displayed on earth. 8th. That to suppress or pervert this free and normal development, by false or unnecessary moral and civil codes, by religious creeds by bad conditions and inharmonic relations, is to distort man in his outer growth, and render him externally deformed and hideous. 9th. That thus encumbered, suppressed, or perverted, his development takes an oblique direction, and goes off into vice and crime. 10th. That thus made vicious and criminal, he hereditarily entails the form of his spirit upon

successive generations. 11th. That no man seeks nor does evil purely for the love of evil, but only thereby to accomplish an end, which is in itself good, and which he is of right entitled to, but which society, law, custom, creed, or bad relations and conditions have denied him. 12th. That law, creed. or custom is powerless against our natural and spiritual wants, which seek their objects, circumstanced as we now are, illegally, immorally, and unrighteously, in ten thousand subtile and sagacious ways. 13th. That this denial, restriction, perversion, etc., of our natural wants, passions, and appetites, and our spiritual loves and attractions, breed fraud, covin, deceit, over-reaching, theft, burglary, arson, rape, adultery, and murder, in almost every avenue of life. 14th. That man is entitled, in virtue of his origin, birth, and destiny, to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." 15th. That, sequitur, he is entitled to all the means of his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness-namely, feeding, clothing, housing, freedom of his instincts and loves, attractive industry, etc., etc. 16th. That he is entitled to judge of, pursue, and enjoy his life, liberty, and happiness according to his own "private judgment," so long as he makes justice his law, or recognizes and respects the like private judgment and pursuit in others. 17th. That liberty or sovereignty, in its enlarged sense, limited only by its fundamental law of justice, is the indispensable condition of his physical, moral, and spiritual development. 18th. That the inner potencies and excellences of his soul harmoniously unfold themselves in proportion as he is free. 19th. That in the proportion that he is not free, he grows not to his full dimensions, nor straight. 20th. That his complete enfranchisement, naturally and spiritually, would purge away his obliquities and delinquencies, and enable him to recover his integrity -with much more to the same purport.

Since writing that communication, I have received many

commendatory letters from friends and strangers, and many requests to write further on the same subject. This I now do.

The subject is one of vast scope, and of the deepest interest, and volumes might be written upon it-volumes have been written upon it. Many able authors have treated of the Rights of Man; Civil, Political, and Religious Liberty; Constitutional Freedom; Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Development; Political Economy; Associative Industry; Social Reform, etc., etc.; but few have gone back to the true premises, viewed the subject with a clear eye, and considered it with a mind unobsessed by a system or creed. Nevertheless I claim no exemption from error, in treating this or any other subject. It is possible for my judgment to be warped, and my eye obscured by the films of prejudice. I don't pretend to have reached the ultimatum of science and philosophy on this or any other subject or branch of inquiry. I intend to look further and know more, and continue to look and know as long as I possess reason and observation, and can gather experience. If to-morrow I see reason to change my views, I will do so. There is no condition of mind I more deprecate than that of becoming fixed and sunk in a system, and dogmatizing it. Such a state of mind is the cause of all intolerance and illiberality, and fatal to the liberty I inculcate.

Now let us inquire what "sin" is—what crime? We all know what the orthodox definition of sin is; but never mind—we will not concern ourselves about that. I feel "impressed" to consider sin and crime as one and the same thing, being as well that overt act which the law seizes upon, denounces, and punishes, as the subtler and more covert guile and deceit, fraud and covin, among men. Sin or crime, in its most comprehensive sense, is the workings and doings of what are called the "evil passions," such as hate, jealousy, malice, envy, revenge, covetousness, avarice, suspicion, fraud, lying,

over-reaching, theft, burglary, arson, murder, etc.—all manner of mal-pense and mal-feasance; every thing that is anti-social, unchristian, unbrotherly, or unkind. You will perceive that these crimes pertain to our social natures, and that they expressly relate to our fellows There must be some one to hate, to steal from, to deceive, to murder, etc. But there are said to be sins against God—crimes that grow out of our relations to the Supreme Being, such as are called "irreverence," "blasphemy," etc. I see, however, that the crimes that grow out of our social relations, and which relate to our fellow-beings, include all sin. A crime against our fellow-mortal is a crime against God; and he who loves not man loves not God—does not recognize and acknowledge the Divinity in the Humanity.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it light and like a lily bloom, An angel, writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And in a voice made all of sweet accord, Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spake more low, But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great waking light, And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

#### Therefore,

"Let no man call God his father, Who calls not man his brother." And let no man think that when he sins against his fellowmortals, he is not at the same time sinning against God. It is irreverence and blasphemy to backbite and slander our neighbor, and to bear false witness against him is to deny God—is practical atheism.

I have said that crimes regard our social natures; that they relate to our fellow-beings. There must be a sinner and one sinned against. Accordingly, a crime is that which hurts somebody—is that which works injury, wrong, or unhappiness to some one or more of our fellow-creatures; which tends to, or does destroy their peace, quiet, and enjoyment Crime or sin is, therefore, an aggression or trespass upon the life, liberty, and happiness of the fellow-man. It is hurt to others that is the very essence of crime. The aggressive act and its consequences; the injustice or inequity that is wrought toward the neighbor, that makes the sinner or the criminal. A man has a right to do as he pleases, provided he hurts no one-provided he casts not the consequences of his actions upon others against their consent. If you examine the entire class of words in the vocabulary of all languages which express any degree of turpitude or criminality, you will find that they all mean this hurt to the neighbor. Such, for instance, as unkind, inhospitable, tyrannical, intolerant, despoil, violate, treacherous, slander, steal, outrage, insult, indignity, etc.

But has any man an *innate* love and desire thus to hurt the neighbor? Has he an *inborn* tendency to injure and wrong his brother? Does he innately love to make his fellow-mortals unhappy? Is he "prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward?" Would he rather do it than not? Surely no. And if no, then is his heart *innately upright and pure*. Why, even the very spiders do not worry and tear each other, nor the snakes, nor the wolves; and there can not be a greater blasphemy than to say that man innately and instinctively thirsts

for the blood of his species! Whence, therefore, does he derive the motive to wrong his brother? What lays him under the necessity-what inseminates the animus, and instigates him to injustice? Here is the point. I hesitate not to say, that when he knowingly does wrong-when he willfully injures his fellow, he does so under duress. He is not free to "do justly and love mercy." He is himself the perpetual victim of social inharmonies and aggressions, that suppress his instincts, tyrannize his loves, poison the flow of his affections. destroy his confidence in his fellow-man, and pervert all his spontaneous, humanitary sentiments. His free and normal physical and spiritual growth is suppressed or perverted, and inflexibly turned into channels of vice and crime; and by ten thousand social inharmonies, obliquities, and wrongs he becomes as subtile in evil thinking and doing as he would be subtile in beneficence and love, if he was properly conditioned and stood in true relations to his fellows. All man's physical wants were intended to be abundantly supplied, and Nature, in her every department, has made bountiful provision for them; and man wants but liberty to go forth and supply them. He will then neither starve nor steal, but will delight to feed, clothe, and house himself. So all his passional wants were designed to be fully met, and Nature has made ample provision for them. His family instincts, his sexual, conjugal, and parental loves, were intended to be freely and fully satisfied, and he needs but passional freedom to go forth and enjoy them. In like manner his spiritual wants were intended to be completely supplied, and he needs but spiritual freedom to go forth and supply and enjoy them. It is only when all these demands of his nature are met by a corresponding supply, that he can physically and spiritually grow to the "full stature of a perfect man." And these wants can not be suppressed without fatal detriment to his integrity, well-being, and happi-

ness. But instead, what have we? Why, even as to the physical alone, for every one man that is comfortably fed, clothed, and housed, and exempt from the incubus of future privation—for every one that is ennobled by this supply, ten thousand are turned, empty and starving, away! The wrongful conditions and inharmonic relations in which men are placed toward each other, destroy their trust and confidence. Their interests are everywhere adverse, and their lives antagonize each other at almost every point of contact. Each for himself, and the "devil take the hindmost;" and the fear of being the hindmost makes them aggressors upon the rights of others, and monopolizers of all the means of life. No man, in the present order of things, is governed by his attractions, his aptitude for this use or that, his passional instincts, and spiritual affinities. No man is free to assert himself externally what he is internally. No man is free to act out the "divinity that stirs within him." There is no Freeman-no spontaneous man, but all are twisted, and distorted, and dwarfed, and stretched by the racks, the procrustean beds, the thumb-screws, and iron boots of social and religious tyranny! Discordant relations and unnatural restrictions discounting our physical wants, inhuman laws embargoing and tariffing our passions, and erring and dogmatic creeds blockading our spiritual aspirations, everywhere motive us to crime, and beget all the intricacies and subtileties of evil thinking and doing. The man of true spontaneity has not yet appeared, nor can he in this yet too Ismaelitish age. Once upon a time, indeed, there came such a Man, who attempted to live out the divinity that shone within him; but for so doing he met a bloody death upon the cross! I never read the affecting story of Christ without applying his case to those of our time who assert the sovereignty of the human soul, and liking the current orthodoxy to the Judaism of old. His is a "case in point." If he

had given in to the Church-and-State orthodoxy of his time, would he not have belied the divinity of his soul and distorted its integrity into hypocrisy and deceit? He pronounced the purest democracy—the sovereignty of man's nature over all external institutes, and his accountability alone to the Father of Spirits. His life was an unremitting rebellionan incessant protest against the stringent wrongs of civil tyranny, the bigotry of the priest, and the thralldom of a ceremonial religion. He grew up, in his Godlike stature, a free man, in the midst of surrounding antagonisms; and it was because he was so "filled with the Holy Ghost"-so inspired with the Divine Spirit, that he yielded not to the ritual observances and overpowering authority of the Jewish orthodox code. He outraged almost every rite, requirement, and dogma the Rabbi held most sacred and dear, and set at naught the civil police. Accordingly, he was charged as a blasphemer, a seditionist, an incendiary, and a crazy man, a false prophet and a teacher of heresies. Either he was right or he was wrong. If his life was right, then the organized system of Jewish restraints put upon that life was wrong, for they stood in direct antagonism to it. Hence he was bound to yield his integrity to them, or give his life a sacrifice for it. He had the courage and bravery to choose the latter alternative. Oh, what an instructive story is this! This instance of great and glorious manhood unbendingly asserting its purity, integrity and sovereignty in the midst of all-overcoming restraints and imperious wrongs, reflects the light of Heaven over all succeeding time, plainly showing the guilt of suppressing the outflow of the Divine Spirit inherent in the soul of man, by dogmatic orthodoxy in Church and State, by organized aggression upon the rights of man, and by the systematic spoliation of the means of his life, liberty, and happiness. And is there no Judaism here in the nineteenth century? Is not the fearful alternative of the Christ to some extent put upon us by the antagonisms in which we live, and the unnatural restraints we are yet under? And how few of us have the courage to "take up the cross and follow Christ!"

But history furnishes another bloody example of this outrage upon humanity. Time was when "the right of private judgment" was dominated, not by public opinion, as it is now, but by physical tortures. I have said that no native instinct, passion, faculty, or capability can be in any way suppressed or restrained without fatal injury to the integral development of the individual; that to do so only distorts or inverts his outer growth, and turns him round to crime. The right of private judgment is an imprescriptible and inalienable prerogative of his nature, and inseparably attached to his being. The private judgment of every individual differs, and this difference is also a law of his existence, and grows out of the interminable individualities of human character. Hence, to set up a standard whereby to govern men's judgments, and to enforce that standard by pains and penalties, is an enormous outrage upon the individual. But such was once done, and enforced by all the physical appliances of pain that orthodox cruelty could devise! How could a man be a freeman, be honest, upright, and sincere, when, perchance, to be so, the rack and the stake would be his fate? We shudder at the memory of these monstrous aggressions. But how stands the case now? Is there no rack and inquisition among us? Very true; the law guarantees the right of private judgment. I may lawfully think, and judge, and believe as I please, in all matters pertaining to my spiritual man. The police comes down on me only when I attempt to do otherwise than it directs in social affairs. But there is an authority more imperious than the law, and which is behind and above it. This authority is Public Opinion. It has the power of crucifying

And old Orthodoxy, which has hitherto manufactured and possessed that public opinion, and does yet to a certain extent. uses it on all occasions to rack the heretic-the man who is guilty of private judgment-upon, and break the bones of his character, or cripple it for life! In former times it was a spiritual despotism physically applied, but now it is a spiritual despotism morally applied. The theater of its tortures is only changed from the physical sphere of the victim's nature to the moral sphere, yet the animus and the act are essentially the same. This mode of applying the rack is, to some minds, more cruel than any body-hurting screws and wrenches. To such persons the terror of orthodox public opinion puts their private judgment under a merciless duress, and effectually suppresses any practical avowal and exercise of it. In the exercise of their private judgments, in scientific, philosophic, and religious inquiries, they are met at every corner by the jealous and dark frowns of black-coated and white-cravated orthodoxy; and turn which way they will, in their free inquiry, they find the great red dragons of a soul-distorting creed standing in their path, "ready to devour them." Accordingly, the alternative is put upon them-of stifling this natural growth or outflow of their inner man, or incurring the martyrdom of their "good name, fame, and reputation" at the hands of the orthodox priest. They don't use force to suppress them, but they use public odium, ridicule, vilification, etc., and call hard names, such as Infidel, Atheist, Mormon, "Spirit Rapper," etc., etc. But there are many minds who secretly contemn this inquisitorial tyranny, and laugh in their sleeves at its authority, yet for the sake of popular respectability, material well-being, and success in life, they pay it an outward, hypocritical respect, and even court and use it for the sake of place, discounts, sales, patronage, gains, etc., etc. Furthermore, the one whose conscience is bound by this authority, so

as to stifle all free inquiry or private judgment in its inception, is the victim of an incalculable wrong—the very child of deformity, as much as though his eyes had been put out in order that he may not see, and appreciate, and enjoy the light.

But this species of tyranny has lost much of its former authority in these latter times. It has been softened and enfeebled by the comparative enfranchisement of the individual, the birth of the democratic idea, the State nominal guarantees of the right of private judgment and pursuit of happiness, and a pretty good alloy of reform notions and sentiments forced upon it by the discoveries in science, giving birth to new theories and systems, which have broken in upon the "Old Dominion" and driven it to concession after concession until it is much more tolerable and humane. Moreover, we have the cheering assurance that science is not yet done with old orthodoxy. Science is a stubborn thing-a geometrical problem-and yields not to speculative belief. Ever since Private Judgment cut loose from fast anchor in Roman Catholic faith, it has been becoming more and more private and individual. Tenets and sects are becoming more multiplied and various, and the individual more and more free to break off from the faith of his particular church and follow his own private judgment. The tendency to individualism, in the emancipation from religious and civil restraints and authority, evinces the ultimate overthrow of all organized systems of external bondage and the final supremacy of the right of private judgment. The multiplication of sects, churches, schisms, forms of belief, etc., is a phenomenon of Progress, and marks the onward tendency of things to the "sovereignty of the individual." And you may be assured it will continue until every man is his own Church and his own State-until the very lions and lambs of "private judgment" will feed and lie down in peace together! The authority of a creed over man's private judgment is essentially Papistical and despotic; and the day of Liberty is at hand, when Protestantism becomes consistent enough to practice what it professes.

No outward restraints, no matter how politic and systematic they are, and no mal-development begotten by them, can ever reach and crush the germ of good in a man's soul; no outward inharmonies can penetrate and contaminate the indwelling purity and integrity of his central heart. The germ is ever ready to grow into a vigorous symmetry and beauty, when the social atmosphere is subdued into genial warmth and purified from the pestilential miasms of false conditions and heterogeneous relations; when the sunshine of harmony shall expand its flowers and fruit into beauty and use. The repression of his outward natural growth may distort the Divine Image into a thousand hideous forms, and turn it into the polluted channels of vice and crime, but God's own image remains entire in his inmost soul, to be revealed when the day of his freedom "Inspiration is a perpetual fact;" each individual is a "medium," and continually inspired by the Divine Spirit according to the form of his genius, measure of his powers, attraction, adaptation, and use; and this inspiration is God's direct revelation to him. When, by a system of outward repressions and misdirections, of inharmonies and antagonisms, he can not respire outwardly that inspiration, it throws him into a fever-agony and sweat, begets an abnormal condition of his outward being, and develops vice and crime. The truth is, the physical, passional, and spiritual interests of every human being under the sun, in a true order of life, harmonize. Inharmony, antagonism, and repression, with all their resultant enormities, such as fraud, deceit, passional excess, gluttony, drunkenness, etc., are not institutions of the Divine Being. They are not the legitimate and normal growth of man's spirit Harmony, which is but another name for liberty, justice, and

love, is the true and God-appointed law of man's being. This harmony is not, however, the effect of a dead and monotonous uniformity of human character, but the result of myriad myriads of separate individualities or distinct identities, as the harmony of the diatonic scale is the result of distinct and individual notes. The greater and more distinct the varieties of human character, and the more freely and fully those varieties are expressed, the greater and more perfect the harmony of the whole. It is our neglect of the components of this harmony—the individual, and the perfect and free expression of all his natural, passional, and spiritual endowments—our neglect of the full outward development of the component individual character, as the element of harmony, that has hitherto so troubled it, and made the discord, the sin, crime, and vice. Some notes have been muffled and suppressed, some too sharp, some too flat, and some so loudly strung that they drown the voice of others. Hence the discordant jars and the inharmony of the whole. There is not a more beautiful law in all the fields of creation than the law of individualism—the distinctive character, nature, and identity of each thing God has made. It is a demonstration of His oneness or identity. Human plane it is a rapturous scene of contemplation! Any institution, law, creed, or opinion that suppresses or misdirects the full expression of this individuality of character, is anti-Christ, and diabolical. By the physical, intellectual, passional, and spiritual sovereignty of the individual, limited only by the law of justice to others, which penetrates every relation and condition of life, can this individuality be fully expressed; and only by this full expression can harmony be attained, and discord, which is vice and crime, be superseded and washed away. God has ineffaceably written liberty on the heart of man, and who shall enslave him? He inspires him continually with love and justice, and who shall turn them to hate and iniquity? He walks in robes of light in the inner sanctuary of man's soul, ready to descend into his outer life, and who shall stay his advent? He has, with His own right hand, planted a garden of Eden in his soul, to bloom in his outer life on earth, and who shall overrun and suppress the "true heir's" inheritance? Allow the heir to till, dress, and keep it himself, else thorns and thistles shall it bring forth. He has tuned the thousand-stringed harp of man's soul to ever-swelling harmony, and who shall change it to discord? He has decreed that the "wicked servants," who have seized upon the heir's inheritance, and trod down the vineyards, shall be destroyed, and who shall resist His decree? The Lord of the vineyard shall come—is coming in the outflow of the Divine Spirit in man, gradually wasting away and overturning all external obstacles to His coming.

We have no more right to enslave the spirit of man-to suppress his intellectual, passional, and spiritual powersthan we have to put chains upon his body; and no matter how it is done, whether by social inharmonies and aggressions, by ecclesiastical assumptions, or by the tyranny of public opinion, the result is substantially the same, namely, decrepitude, misdirection, malformation, pusillanimity, duplicity, misanthropy, and all moral and spiritual deformity. To grow to a glorious manhood, and disclose undistortedly the Divine Image within him—in one word, to be good—he wants his liberty. wants true and harmonic relations and conditions with his fellows. He was not made to be put in intellectual and passional strait-jackets-to be nailed to the cross of moral, passional, and spiritual martyrdom. To extinguish his native instincts, passions, and aspirations by any system of repression whatever, is as atrocious mayhem as lopping off his limbs or putting out his eyes! When there is a crime perpetrated in our midst, it is a dim vision that can't look back be-

yond the assassination, and beyond the dram-shop, or the bawdy-house, or the starving hovel of a home, to the true origin of the mischief. If we trace it back through all its "pandemoniac windings," we will find it will "come home to roost." and implicate legislative wisdom, orthodox respectability, palatial opulence, and judicial ermine, as accessories in its enormity! We will find that the perpetrator has himself been the victim of innumerable social wrongs and aggressions, that have wrought him into an assassin from his mother's womb. I never hear a trembling criminal sentenced but I think of his "appeal to a higher tribunal"—a tribunal above the skies, where all his manifold wrongs will be redressed-and I can almost hear the judgment of that tribunal pronounced, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." The guilt of each crime that is enacted among us attaches to us all; not only in virtue of the solidarité of the race, but in virtue of our antecedent aggression upon, and misdirection of, the native rights and powers of the individual. He has been thrown out of his just relations to his fellow-men, and warred upon them because they warred upon him. He has been wrought upon by misdirecting influences, which have educated him to crime. He has been the victim of avarice and selfishness, which monopoly and spoliation have begotten, or of prodigality and excess, the offspring of foregone repression and want. He has been the victim of the more cunning and subtile in the arts and frauds of trade than he, who have over-reached and despoiled him; or he has been the keenest and most calculating, and plundered until there came along some one more far-sighted and agile who plundered him. He has been alternately the oppressor and the oppressed; alternately repelling and repelled. He has been wasted with the cares of life, with concern about his bread, and terror for the future, until all natural cheerfulness and glee have been extinguished in his bosom, and he has

become morose, melancholy, and misanthropic-ready to forge, and steal, and murder! The land, the air, the water-heaven and earth-are monopolized, and his life bought and sold as an article of merchandise in the marts of trade. His passional attractions and loves have been so conditioned by law and custom as to be more than two thirds suppressed, and he seeks their indulgence in love intrigues, in forbidden amours, or in stews and brothels. He has been unhappy and ill adapted in his domestic relations; and the law and custom, in ten thousand instances, denying him relief, he sets them at naught, and is provoked to incontinence, bigamy, or adultery. If, in his disappointment and woe, he looks to the world to come for consolation and hope, it is made to him an insoluble problem, and his conscience is oppressed by inhuman and God-blaspheming creeds. He finds the same monopolies, assumptions, and injustice stretched over the heavens, and pervading all the Spiritual realms, and accordingly he abandons himself to wretchedness and despair. These, and a thousand other wrongs and misdirections which I have not time to write, perpetually distort his development and provoke him to crime and sin and shame.

But, nevertheless, there is an evident advance in these latter days, out of these tyrannies and assumptions—an evident tendency to enfranchise the individual—to throw off these incumbrances and declare him free. See it in every reform measure, in every humanitary sentiment. See it in the tendency to individualism, in the breaking up of parties and sects and the return of sovereignty to the individual. See it in the improvements and inventions of the age, in the growth of the arts and sciences, and the new discoveries; all which are the results of individual enterprise and inquiry, thereto qualified by the enlargement of the sphere of his liberty. Progress is naught else but the disenthrallment of the individual from re-

straints, allowing the elimination of his inner harmonies and powers; and in the exact ratio of his freedom, limited only by its true and organic law of justice, is the birth of his genius, the excellence of his powers, and his integral manhood. You must give him liberty or give him death!

It would be an interesting study to inquire how deep the evil, the sin, and vice, originating in mundane misdirection, suppression, etc., enters into the soul of man, and how long it attaches to him, and distorts his spirit in the World of Spirits, and what pain must be endured in bending the crooked spirit back to good and truth again? I hope some abler pen than mine will trace this inquiry. It is more vital to us, at present, that we should forestall that bending, and "vastating," and reclaiming process by a true and harmonic rudimental life.

In reading over this communication, I find that I have dealt rather more with the "cause" than the "cure" of crime, and that I default somewhat in not being more specific and clear in the practical reduction and application of the "cure." But he who knows the cause of the ill can be at little loss for the remedy and its application. "Where there is a will there is a way." I may, however, write more on that branch of the subject.

PITTSBURG, August 19, 1853.

AMERICANISM ABROAD.—Numerous demonstrations are being made in this city and other sections of the Union in favor of a testimonial to Commander Ingraham, of the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis, for his gallant conduct at Smyrna, in compelling an Austrian frigate to give up a Hungarian named Kostza, formerly aid to Kossuth, who had been seized on Turkish soil by the Austrians, notwithstanding that soil was sacred according to treaties, and Kostza had papers showing that he had been in the United States, and declared his intention of becoming an American citizen.

#### NATURE'S VOICES.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

Dost thou love the pleasant voices, Breathing, whispering on the air, Thousand-tongued, yet sweetly blending Into music everywhere?

'Tis the thrill of dreamy harp-strings
When soft breezes sweep the pine,
Hushing, slowly, then upswelling
Into harmonies divine.

When a tempest's regal power Sways it with a master hand, 'Tis the rush, the tramp, the music Of a nation's armed band.

O'er the meadow's waves of purple, Spreading broad, a flowery sea, Floats the mellow, breezy murmur Of the sunshine-loving bee.

While the water-drops are ringing, With their tiny silver bells, Chimes among the moss and flowers, Down in summer's greenest dell

And the ceaseless rush of waters
Far away in wildwood lone,
Seemeth oftentimes to murmur
In a weary, plaintive tone.

There the coiling ripples ever
Weave their slender weired chain,
With a ringing spell of voices,
Half in pity, half in pain.

In the sunshine, in the shadow,
Or beside the waters fair,
Still are heard those pleasant voices
Softly floating on the air.

[Journal of Progress.

SLEEP-WALKING .- A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the while asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. Mertinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer, who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family was assembled, conversed with them, and afterward entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he was awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well-authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march with their comrades.

## RETURN OF THE SPIRIT TO THE BODY.

What we call death is a gradual process, and in all ages occasional instances have occurred of the reanimation of the human form long after all external signs of life were suspend-In all such cases something has occurred to enable the departing Spirit to resume its former relations. When, for example, a living person, who has strongly sympathized with the supposed defunct, has for some time been in close contact with the mortal remains, it has occasionally happened that the parting soul, being en rapport with this living medium, has reentered its deserted dwelling, and perhaps remained for years. To say nothing of the examples recorded in the Scriptures, such a resuscitation has several times occurred, when the visible phenomena of life have been suspended during an interval of ten days or longer. Such a resurrection of the dead, so called, is in strict accordance with the laws of spiritual dynamics. We purpose to treat this theme at length on a future occasion; our attention has been called to the subject, at this time, by the following paragraph, which we find in an exchange paper:

We learn (says the Memphis Whig) from a reliable source, that as a married couple were traveling on a steamboat bound from New Orleans to an up-stream port, the man sickened and died. When the boat touched at Memphis, the bereaved and distressed widow landed with the corpse; an undertaker was sent for, who came and took the measure for a coffin. The coffin was prepared, the body deposited therein, and all was in readiness to take the mortal remains of that dear husband to their final resting-place. The lady, with all the fond affection and deep love of a wife, begged the privilege of taking one more look—one parting kiss—on him who

was more dear to her than all others upon earth. The lid was taken off, and as she laid upon that cold, icy brow, bathing it in tears, and smothering those cold lips with warm kisses, a sort of consciousness and symptoms of life became apparent; the body was taken from the coffin, and a physician sent for. Our tale is soon told. The man soon became convalescent, and but a few days since the happy couple took passage from Memphis on an up-stream boat, and are now en route for their place of destination. But for that fond, loving wife, the husband might now be lying in a cold grave.

# WHERE'S THE CHURCH?

WE shall not pretend to answer a question involving so many difficulties, but in so far as its connection with the humanitarian spirit of the age is concerned, we commend our orthodox neighbors to the following paragraph, from a leading editorial in the New York Evangelist, the leading Presbyterian journal of this country. The Evangelist says:

"To the shame of the Church, it must be confessed that the foremost men in all our philanthropic movements, in the interpretation of the spirit of the age; in the practical application of genuine Christianity; in the reformation of abuses in high and in low places; in the vindication of the rights of man; and in practically redressing his wrongs, in the moral and intellectual regeneration of the race, are the so-called infidels in our land. The Church has pusillanimously left not only the working oar, but the very reins of salutary reform in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are practically doing with all their might for humanity's sake that which the Church ought to be doing for Christ's sake; and if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuses, and elevating the masses, then the recoil upon Christianity will be disastrous in the extreme. Woe, woe, woe to Christianity when infidels, by force of nature, or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the Church in morals; and in the practical work of Christianity, in some instances they are already far, far in advance; in the vindication of truth, righteousness, and liberty they are the pioneers beck oning to a sluggish Church to follow."

#### M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

Now and then occasions arise when we should fail of imparting the means of real pleasure and benefit to our readers, if we neglected to notice such amusements as are not only innocent, but profitable. Such an occasion is the appearance of M. Jullien and his great concert troupe at Castle Garden. Music, from time immemorial, has been regarded by all intelligent minds as an elevator and spiritualizer. Music of a high order exalts, purifies, and ennobles, and, like the atmosphere of flowers, or whatever is refined and beautiful, pervades the soul, tranquilizing the passions, and filling our whole being with a new and rapturous sense of delight and joy. We are absorbed and lifted up by it, and seem for the time, and often long after its strains have died on the outward ear, less gross and earthly, and more like the angels incarnated in our dreams, our fancies, and our faith.

The European fame of M. Jullien had long preceded him. We had heard of him as a great orchestral leader, and as one of the first composers of Europe. His quadrilles and waltzes, his operas, and his more classic compositions, were known to musical men. We had, therefore, been prepared to expect very much; but what had perhaps most elicited our interest and sympathy was the fact, that M. Jullien had been the means, in London and England, of taking the concert from the circle of the aristocracy, where it had been confined, and introducing and popularizing it among the great masses of the people. Millions have been made familiar with the noble works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others, who knew little

or nothing of them until Jullien appeared in England. His labor in the field of the musical education of the masses has been immense, and the character of reformer and benefactor may be fairly added to that of composer.

The concerts produced by M. Jullien at Castle Garden are the same as his famous London Promenade Concerts. His orchestra is the largest ever organized in this country, and by far the most brilliant. It is composed of about one hundred artists. Of this number twenty-five are soloists, each, perhaps, the very best performer of his kind living. Such, at least, is their European reputation. The concerts, which were commenced on the 29th ult., and have been given every weeknight since, are divided between concerted pieces, solos, and vocal music. We have attended a portion of them, and must confess that our prior concert experience, in so far as pleasurable sensations were the result, has been swallowed up and lost in the sea of harmony at Castle Garden. We can compare it to nothing more fitly than a sea-now gently undulating and almost calm, under the murmurs of tender-toned flutes; now tossing under the sharper notes of violins; now swelling with the breath of trumpets, or thundering and crashing under a blast of cymbals and drums, and at last shaking the roof of the old Castle-its o'er-canopying heavens-with the roar of a hundred instruments blending their voices in mighty diapason.

The effects produced are grand—wonderful! The soul is swayed by turns with the pathos, the merriment, and the exultance of the great orchestra. A hundred instruments whisper, wail, and shout in such unison, under the guiding hand of Jullien, who stands in the center of his band like some enchanter, that not a discord is heard, not a light or shade of note or phrasing is misplaced or lost. A machine with human volition could not be more exquisite in perfection of time. It

is all but a miracle. The concerted pieces are a noble performance, particularly—if we may instance—such overtures as "Zampa," the Scherzo from Beethoven, the "American Quadrille," etc. This latter, a combination of our national airs, introducing twenty solos and a grand finale, has been composed by M. Jullien since his arrival. It has never failed of an encore. But the solos take us entirely captive. These are individual expressions. The orchestra, like the voice of a crowd, thrills and sways us, but it also leaves the memory confused, bewildered. The solo, like the single voice of the orator, brings us back to a point. We can concentrate our sense of enjoyment, and take in the whole expression. It lies in our memory fragrant as a beautiful flower, a holy thought, or a solemn psalm. It has unity, and we can retain the impression, for it is individualized. We have only heard Herr Kænig, on the cornet, Wüille, on the clarionet, Reichert, on the flute, Bottesini, on the double bass, and Lavigne, on the oboe. But such music was never before heard in New York, and we are willing to submit our judgment to the verdict of such of our readers as may hear or may have heard these artists. We have not space to record our impressions further at this time; the claims of music are great, and we shall return to the theme in a future number. In the mean time, as a treat in which sense, intellect, and soul are alike appealed to and may be enraptured, we commend M. Jullien's concerts to our readers. They are delightful, exalting, and spiritual.

Dr. Tobert de Lamballe, a physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

#### WHO SOUNDED THE HORN?

WE have of late heard of several remarkable facts in which Spirits have returned and demonstrated their presence and identity, by resuming their old occupations, or by performing some act to which they were most accustomed while in the body. The following which, we believe, originally appeared in the Cambridge Chronicle, seems to be an example of this kind:

The following remarkable statements were made to us by Mr. Robert L. Ells, of Medford, deacon of the First Baptist Church in that town, and a very excellent man. On Wednesday evening last a Mr. Edwards, a member of a band, died suddenly at his residence, on Ship-street. Mr. Ells kindly called upon the afflicted family to tender his services to perform those offices required at such a time. He had been in the house but a few moments when he heard the notes of a post-horn coming seemingly from an apartment in the house; the sounds—the same notes—were repeated at intervals of from five to ten minutes, at least half a dozen times. Annoyed by it, he searched the house and vicinity to discover the cause, but without success. There were ten or twelve other persons in the room, all of whom heard the sounds, and all were utterly at a loss to account for them. Mr. Litchfield, a very respectable man, who occupies a part of the house, suggested that the sounds proceeded from a certain closet. It was opened, and they were more distinct. On a shelf laid the post-horn of the deceased. It was removed by request, and the sounds ceased, and have not since been heard. We know Mr. Ells personally as a gentleman of intelligence and strictest integrity. He says all who were there will testify to the same facts. Here is, then, an item for the marvelous, which has caused no little excitement in Medford.

## LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

August 17, 1853.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

I closed my course of nine lectures, and parted with many warm friends who took a deep interest in our new philosophy, in Rockford, on Monday. Accompanied by several friends and a speaking medium I came to Belvidere, and lectured one evening, according to previous notice, but to a small audience; held two short conterences with the Spirits for the benefit of a few friends there; but the light from the Spirit-spheres has as yet sent only a few scattering rays into that place. need some rapping to awaken them; some tipping to show them they stand on slippery places; and some writing to show intelligence that the eye of the body can not see. One or two have had some shaking, which has served to awaken an interest thus far; but the darkness that shades that beautiful town will, I trust, not hide it much longer. Tuesday, the friends returned, and I came to Elgin, where our philosophy is not unknown. This is a manufacturing town of early history, for this section of country, and beautifully situated on Fox River, at the crossing of the Chicago and Galena Railroad. The Spiritual Manifestations commenced early here, and the people have fostered well what they have had, and made good progress. They have made good progress in developing media of various kinds, until the place and vicinity can number more than twenty, several of whom are developed to speak so as to entertain the audiences at the public meetings, which are held regularly in a large hall. The friends here are well advanced

in the phenomena and experiments, and have learned much from the Spirits through their media; but they are not as well advanced in the philosophy by reading, by lectures, and correspondence as in many other places I have visited. It is a slow process to gain the philosophy from the Spirits through the imperfect media, and especially when the first work and most of the efforts of the Spirits is to develop the media. They, however, as many observations have proved to me, send teachers adapted to the classes, as our best regulated schools do. And in developing the physical systems they often send Spirits fitted for that work alone, and not for teaching philosophy; and although they are ever ready to communicate as opportunity offers, yet they are often as unfit to teach our philosophy as a blacksmith to repair a shirt. How beautiful this system becomes, and how beautifully it expands and brightens as the mind becomes familiar with its unfoldings! How proper and legitimate every manifestation, and how beautiful and useful every exhibition of Divine power and government becomes to a mind that can embrace cause and effect, and see and feel the hand that moves all and each for universal good, and the endless joy of all creation to the extent of capacity! My mind and pen run off my narrative and into our philosophy.

There have been a few cases here of casting out or taking off diseases, or, what is more properly termed, bearing each others' infirmities; but the friends and media are not yet sufficiently advanced to do this part of our work effectually, as in some other places. They would advance much faster if they would use all the means pertaining to this sphere as well as those they can reach from the other. Elgin is one of the light (not dark) places of the West, and our friends traveling this way who can impart instruction, or who honestly seek and can be taught here, will find open doors and open hands, with

generous hearts and kind words of comfort and good cheer. Sectarianism withers here, like the accursed fig-tree, wherever, like it, the barren branches are held out to the light of the new philosophy. So it must everywhere. I must here mention a beautiful and appropriate reply of a spirit which I heard yesterday to a question put by a high-church man, as follows: "Are prayers essential to us in this life?" Answer: "Prayers and other ceremonies are what crutches and staves are in your sphere: if you are a cripple use them, no others need them." Many others were equally pointedly answered; but this seems so appropriate and truthful I could not pass it by. How can modern theology escape being burned up by this new teaching, except by fleeing and calling upon the rocks and mountains to cover and hide them! and indeed this is what they are doing.

Anointing with Oil.-Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned professor, when recently visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed, and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigations on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians residing in Dumferline, Alloa, Tillicoultry, Inverness, and other districts where the wool mills are in operation, and in the case of all it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal disease mentioned, further mentioned that in some of the localities scarlatina had been added to the list; and, also, that employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to be wool workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength-a result in almost every instance attained.

#### FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

LETTER III.

Inverness, August 22, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN :

In this communication I do not propose to give you a full narrative of my wanderings in the Highlands of Scotland; for, in that case, I should be undertaking the composition of no inconsiderable book, instead of writing a letter. There have been delightful boatings on the Clyde, and charming voyages on the most picturesque lakes in the world; tours have been made to the Western Islands, visits to the wonderful caves of Staffa and the ruins of Iona; mountains, whose lofty heads are covered with perpetual snows, have been climbed; the ruins of numerous castles, that tell the history of by-gone times, have been gazed upon in sadness and silence; glens have been passed, where the wild, brave men of another age met in bloodiest conflict, places consecrated by the genius of illustrious bards and sacred in Scottish history have been visited; but a full description of these things would occupy too much space, and it would be necessary to do over again what has often been done so well.

Not only by the public conveyances have I traveled, but have wandered much among the mountains where a shepherd's path alone marks the way. From the coolness of the atmosphere, and the habit of climbing, one soon acquires a vigor that astonishes himself. One day I walked on a rugged road fifty miles. The highest mountain of Scotland I climbed after a morning walk of twenty miles. My pedestrian excursions through the Highlands have brought me in contact with the peasantry, an account of whose superstitions and habits may not be uninteresting to your readers. The Gaelic (pronounced gah'-lik) is the language in common use, but I almost always have found at least one in each household able to speak tolerable English.

The declaration that I was an American has, in almost every instance, unlocked the heart of the brave Highlander. He has heard of America as a land of liberty, and speaks the word with a tone of sadness, referring at the same time to the past history of his own land. But he is himself an

incarnation of the wild storm-hills that surround him—hills that he loves—hills that seem to love him—hills that he never can forget. I have seen the Highlander's eye glow when talking to him about the greatness and the glory of my own country; but, after a moment's reflection, he would point to the mountains and exclaim, "There is no land so bonnie as this."

When seated with Highland families by the peat fire in their cottagehut (I must compound a word to convey my meaning) at evening, I have heard strange tales and traditions, that were told with an enthusiasm tempered with awe, that perhaps were none the worse for the addition of a touch of poetry and romance. Since hearing these tales and traditions I have searched in various books for a fuller account of them, and, from such helps as are at hand, I shall be able to give you, as I hope, some information in regard to the SPIRITUAL element in Highland life. It must be added, however, that the Highland life of a century since, rather than that of to-day, is referred to. Since the rebellion of 1745, which, together with its consequences, broke the feudal power and opened a communication between the mountaineers and the inhabitants of the Lowlands, the characteristics of the race have been gradually disappearing with the decay of the race itself; but in many places-especially in those remote from the generally traveled routes-what was true of the Highlanders a hundred years ago, is also true at present.

In one place an old Highland man told the story of the two famous giant ghosts, "Ben-Baynac and Clashnichd." The story was interpreted for me by a fair-haired boy, who listened with kindling eye to an oft-repeated tale of his grandsire. The boy was little more than a dozen years of age, and spoke English and Gaelic equally well. It is impossible to give the story in the picturesque language of the narrator, therefore I will abbreviate it, at the risk of allowing its spirit to escape.

The giant first mentioned was male, the other female. Like many a "weaker vessel," Clashnichd was sorely treated by her lord. Ben-Baynac beat her out of sheer sport, when other amusements were wanting. The shepherd, James Gray, looking after his sheep one day, fell in with the much abused feminine ghost, who related to him the sad story of her wrongs. Like a true Highlander his heart was touched, and he promised to avenge her miseries. She kindly warned him of the danger of such an undertaking, stating that the cruel monster could not be wounded with an arrow or dirk, nor, withal, be shot with a silver sixpence—the almost infalible ghost-killer. However, on his breast there was a mole, lying next his heart, that might be pierced with steel. James Gray was a real Robin

Hood of an archer, and promised to engage in the perilous undertaking. One night, after receiving a severe beating, Clashnichd repaired to the cottage of the shepherd and demanded the fulfillment of his promise. Preparing himself with bow and arrows, he mounted the giant's back, and was soon on the field of action. The savage, huge Ben-Baynac cries out to the bold shepherd that he will feed the eagles with him; but, in the language of Ossian, "the gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost." A terrific howl shook the mountains around, and "the form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace."

Clashnichd still demanded of James Gray the use of his horses to carry back her goods to a favorite place of habitation, from which she had been driven by her oppressor. The shepherd pointed "to the red-deer on the

mountains which she yoked and stabled for him."

The people were glad that the great ghost was slain, for they were no longer disturbed by night with the cries of his victim. Clashnichd, however, sorely taxed the hospitality of the neighbors, whose houses she frequented and where she helped herself without ceremony. At length she entered a miller's house, whose wife was roasting a gridiron full of savory fish. The health of the family was courteously inquired after, and the fish uncourteously swallowed. The Highland ire of the miller's wife was up, and into the bosom of her uncivil guest she overturned a huge caldron of boiling water. The ghost who had connived at the death of her lord, fled with piercing cries up a mountain crag, and has never been heard of since.

It is a belief among the Highlanders, that each one from his birth is attended by his ghost, that completely resembles him in size, form, countenance, and dress. This attendant upon the mortal is invisible to all, save to those who are gifted with SECOND-SIGHT. The ghost is far from coming up to the excellence of a "guardian-spirit," for it looks after its own amuse ment and pleasure quite as much as after the interest of its mortal yoke fellow. It eats, drinks, disturbs the neighborhood with unearthly yells gets up a row, fights, and waylays travelers. Quite unconsciously the Gaelic man describes himself in telling a ghost-story.

The ghost, just before the decease of his mortal partner, is seized with the "locked jaw," and becomes the most awful emblem of death. Shroud clad, accompanied by an azure-colored light, that fades as the mortal' breath grows fainter, it goes with noiseless tread, and slow, its visag covered with the "face-cloth," to the place where the dying shall soon b

buried. Soon after, a sound of saw and hammer is heard in the undertaker's house. The undertaker's ghost is making a thistly coffin. There follows the funeral foregoing, an exact ghostly similitude of that which in a material manner will soon succeed.

The ghost, on its nocturnal journey to the future grave, may be stopped by any one who has the hardihood to reverse, in its presence, the cuff of his own coat. Tradition says, that the sage, Donald Doul, stopped a ghost one night, and found it to be that of the wife of his near neighbor. In her throat and distended mouth was disclosed the Lowing death-light, by removing the face-cloth. The rash sage was transfixed with terror. The ghost could not move, until it was released at the gloaming, by the crowing of chanticleer. The wise man was admonished; but, owing to his friendship with her husband, he was dismissed without punishment.

But after death the ghost is more devoted to the interests of its partner. The Highlanders believe that a man's condition after leaving the body depends very much upon the deeds done while living among men; but amends can be made, unsettled affairs can be arranged, through the agency of the ghost. The living are often visited by these shadowy embassadors. It is sometimes very difficult, almost impossible, for them to procure an audience with mortals, for those in the flesh are usually terrified by the approach of such unearthly visitants. Moreover, before the ghost can speak, it must be embraced and lifted from the ground, so that the wind may pass between its feet and the solid earth. Perhaps none but a grimly courageous Highlander is equal to such a "dead-lift." Luther's throwing the inkstand at "the gentleman that limps" is nothing to it.

The ghosts of the buried also perform the friendly office of watching their burial-place. In the opinion of the mountaineers, no resurrectionist is hardy enough to encounter such wakeful sentinels. It is a belief among the Gaelic people, that certain fell diseases among their cattle can be cured only by the juice of a DEAD-HEAD from the kirk-yard. Imagine a High-ander at midnight, beset by such defenders of the bodies of the departed, ligging for a head in "the heaps of ruinous mortality." A solemn business for him it is, too, when the head has been obtained, to brew from it a DEAD BREE, with which to rescue his cattle from destruction. Indeed, before such a business is undertaken, all the "forlorn fires and hallowed waters" must fail to produce the desired effect.

But few words of commentary are necessary for your readers. All this an indirect but a very strong testimony in favor of the idea that the pirits of the departed may visit the living. Among the Highlanders there

are many clairvoyants, who are said to possess "second-sight." Most of these are also mediums, and some seem to possess very high Spiritual power. Of these facts the highest literature of Scotland takes, at least, indirect cognizance. Allan Macauly, one of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," has living representatives among the northern mountains at the present time. Some Spiritual influence of agency is recognized in all literature, and, I believe, is denied by none, except by certain small theologers, who are now uttering, in a sort of scran nel-pipe tone, another variation of the old cry of the image-makers, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But I am not yet done with the prolific subject upon which I have entered. The "fairies" claim an earlier descent than the "ghosts." Un like the latter, they are a pre-Adamite race. When the angels rebelled in heaven and were cast forth, the Highlands of Scotland received a plentiful share of the exiles. Of this there can be no doubt; for, in a very "un canny" place, a Highland clergyman, noted for his piety and learning, ha had a nocturnal interview with one of them. The poor fairy was penitered and inquired whether there was any salvation for a fallen angel. The clergyman explained to the poor creature the Genevan creed, and then requested the penitent to repeat after him the Lord's Prayer, when he found that the fairy could not repeat "art," but always said, "wert" in heaven, he concluded that the fallen spirit was thinking of some other majesty than the of Jehovah, and declared that there could be no hope. A shriek of desparing out upon the midnight air, and the fairy plunged into one of the Scotish "lochs," where, for aught I know, there may be a descensus Averna

The fairies dwell beneath the sea as well as upon the land. They as represented as being surpassingly beautiful. The female, especially, escels in loveliness any conception of imagination. The Highland fairing are democrats. Over them Queen Mab never extended her mad empire Even Auld Nick is set at defiance by the lawless spirits. The fairing however, are fond of show and display, and occasionally allow his Satan Majesty a kind of Chobham or Spithead review.

Very intelligent and ingenious are these airy beings. They are expering using the shuttle, the needle, and the awl. In fact, there is nothing which they can not do with great rapidity and skill. A fairy barber on shaved, with the palm of its hand, a Highlander's face so effectually the beard never grew on it afterward. They are also unrivaled as architect some may recollect that they were the laborers employed by the wonderworking Michael Scott. And who has not heard of the festivity and the state of the st

dancing of the fairies? Notwithstanding their loss of Paradise, they are the merriest creatures in the world. A story that is not very long, the scene of which is in the town where I am writing this, will give some idea of the length of a fairy festival.

"Nearly three hundred years ago," says a chronicler of Highland stories, there lived in Strathspey two men, greatly celebrated for their performances on the fiddle. It happened upon a certain Christmas time that hey had formed the resolution of going to Inverness, to be employed in heir musical capacities, during that festive season. Accordingly, having crived in town and secured lodgings, they sent round the newsman with is bell, to announce to the inhabitants their arrival in town, and the ob ect of it, their great celebrity in their own country, the number of tunes hey played, and their rate of charge per day, per night, or hour. Very oon after, they were called upon by a venerable-looking old man, grayaired and somewhat wrinkled, of genteel deportment and liberal disposion; for, instead of grudging their charges, as they expected, he only said at he would double the demand. They cheerfully agreed to accompany im, and soon found themselves at the door of a very curious dwelling, the ppearance of which they did not at all like. The house resembled no ther they had seen on their travels. But the mild, persuasive eloquence the guide, reinforced by the irresistible argument of a purse of gold, soon emoved the scruples they felt at the idea of entering so novel a mansion. hey entered the place, and all sensations of fear were soon absorbed in ose of admiration of the august assembly which surrounded them. rings tuned to sweet harmony gave birth to glee in the dwelling. The ght passed on harmoniously, while the diversity of the reels and the loveness of the dancers presented to the fiddlers the most gratifying scenes ey ever witnessed. In the morning, when the ball terminated, they took eir leave, sorry that the time of their engagement was so short, and ghly gratified at the liberal treatment which they experienced. Strange as the scene that awaited them. They had come out of a hill, instead a castle, they knew not what way. All was changed. What shone in lendor yesterday, was in ruins to-day. The people of the town were rayed in strange costume. Around them the crowd gathered, wonderg at their strange appearance. An old man, at length, thus addressed em: 'You are the two men my great-grandfather lodged, and who, it s supposed, were decoyed to the habitation of the fairies. Sore did ur friends lament your loss; but the lapse of time—a hundred years now rendered your names extinct.'

"Finding every circumstance conspiring to verify the old man's story, the poor fiddlers were naturally inspired with feelings of reverential awe at the secret wonders of the Deity; and it being the Sabbath day, they naturally wished to indulge those feelings in a place of worship. They accordingly proceeded to church, and took their places to hear public worship, and sat for a while listening to the pealing bells, which, while they summoned the remainder of the congregation to church, summoned them to their long homes. When the embassador of peace ascended the sacred place to announce to his flock the glad tidings of the gospel, strange to tell, at the first word uttered by his lips, his ancient hearers, the poor, deluded fiddlers, both crumbled into dust."

At the sepulchral voice of "some apostle of despair," many a one crumbles into dust who has not been fiddling for dancing fairies a hundred

It may be added, in brief, that the fairies are given to pleasure; that they will pilfer; like gipsies, will carry off children, leaving phantom children in their place, and sometimes will destroy life. They raise the whirlwind and cause conflagrations, yet they are not insensible to kindness, and often generously reciprocate favors. A challenge always stops them, and when a thing is blest it is beyond their reach. When one meets them, and pronounces the significant Gaelic sentence, "Sluis sho slumus sheen"—"Mine is yours, and yours is mine," they will immediately give whatever they have for whatever you offer, however unequal the values may be.

I give these particulars because it is a pleasant method of describing the Gaelic character, in addition to giving a full account of their superstitious beliefs. The character of a people is always revealed in the attributes of their ideal creations.

Another important supernatural personage in the Highlands is the Brownie. It is not so tall and beautiful as the fairy, and has a brown complexion—hence its name. Its origin is unknown. It always work faithfully in some high family, for nothing but a scanty subsistence. Unde all circumstances it is devoted to its master, and is, indeed, always an heir loom of some ancient family. It usually quarrels with the servants, an ever looks out for the interest of the master. The Brownie, which is not almost unknown, is a true emblem of the Highlander's faithfulness to the lood of his always.

Another agent, belonging to the past rather than to the present, is the Water-kelpie, or Water-horse. He is an infernal agent, in the service of

the devil. He has the power of assuming any shape to lure the unwary. He usually takes the form of a horse, and is thus sought by the traveler, and mounted. He can touch no one unless he is first sought. When his victim is secured, he springs into a pool or lake, and devours the body, while he delivers the soul to Satan. Burns, in his "Address to the Deil," has the following:

"When thaws dissolve the snowy hoord,
An' float the jingling, icy boord,
The Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
And nightly travelers are lured
To their destruction."

From the Highland Kelpie one may learn the important practical lesson, that the agents of evil will not disturb him unless he first seeks them.

Another agent of Satan is, or rather was, the Spunkie, a vigilant "link-boy," corresponding to the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"An' oft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy some wight that late and drunk is,
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkies,
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er more to rise."

This letter has grown to such a length, that I must leave the subject of "witchcraft" and the "Highland festivals" for another communication. These things are curious and interesting in themselves, and afford a true light whereby to read the character of the people.

"There are fairies, and brownies, and shades Amazonian, Of harper, and sharper, and old Cameronian; Some small as pigmies, some tall as a steeple; The Spirits are all gone as mad as the people."

VIATOR.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—An old lady named a pet dog "Moreover," because she thought that a Scripture name. She had read in a certain parable that—"Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores." The idea was worthy of Mrs. Partington.

### LETTER FROM ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Friend and brother in the investigation, development, and publication of truth! I have just finished reading the first thirteen numbers of the second volume of your "Spiritual TELEGRAPH," with which I have been pleased and gratified; but more especially with the leading article in No. 10, by Mr. W. S. Courtney, of Pittsburg, dated June 16th of this year, and headed, "The Cause and Cure of Crime."

I am particularly gratified with the whole of this article, because it is essentially and immediately practical. It proceeds entirely on the principle for which I have so long contended-"that all the human faculties are good, and that when man shall be surrounded by good conditions, in accordance with his natural qualities of body and mind, he will in every instance, without merit or demerit of the individual, become good, wise, and happy through this life, and be well prepared for all future changes. It is thus that the physical and mental character of each one is formed for him, and through this knowledge that it may be speedily well-formed for every one from birth, as soon as the superior conditions shall be created which are in accordance with human nature.

All the conditions hitherto made by man to surround man from his birth have emanated from the undoubting belief that each one forms his own physical, intellectual, moral, and practical qualities; and for which he should be made responsible to his fellow-men. This supposition, unsupported by one fact, through all time, is the origin of evil, and the sole cause of all crime and misery now experienced over the world by the human race. It is the father of all lies, the destroyer of truth and creates the repulsive feelings between man and man. It disowns the human faculties, and makes the race irrational in mind and practice. Man, therefore, never has known, he knows not to-day, what good and superior conditions are, or how to create and combine them.

Should reliable and superior Spirits confirm these truths, then I will send you the conditions which will make, at no distant day, the human race good, wise, united, and happy. I believe this letter has been dictated by the same Spirit from whom all my former publications have emanated.

Yours, faithfully, ROBERT OWEN. PARK, SEVENOARS, KENT, ENGLAND, 18th Aug., 1853.

The benediction of a parson is considered requisite for any deed of glaring public wickedness, from hanging a single man to butchering the people of a whole city. A minister of the religion of love stands beside the sheriff under the scaffold where a convict is to be executed; and while one chokes the breath out of the culprit's body, the other wastes his own preath in blasphemous palaver intended to sanctify the killing. A general, narching to the battle-field, takes a chaplain along with him, provided with in assortment of Bibles, hymn-books, and tracts, which are safely stowed way in some ammunition-wagon or gun-carriage. And when the soldiers are not engaged in the routine of slaughter, the holy man "circulates his locuments" among them; but stations himself at a safe distance, and nerely "prays for luck," on such days as are devoted to scientific bloodetting, flesh-tearing, and bone-breaking. This is a picture of one branch f the business in our day of the self-styled "ambassadors of Christ." and that they do shockingly pervert their instructions, the most careless eader of the Sermon on the Mount can not fail to discover .- Liberator.

#### PAPAL EXORCISM.

The function of "casting out devils," so long suspended among the churches—not for want of business, we presume—seems tikely to be resumed, at least in the Roman Catholic Church. A late number of the Freeman's Journal tenders the services of the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, who will act in this capacity, or will appoint some suitable individual to exorcise the spirits. We copy the following paragraph from that paper, with the accompanying remarks by the editor:

"One of the most highly educated ladies at Ballston Spa has become a raving maniac. She has been for some months past what is termed a 'medium,' and though possessing more brains and a more finished education than any or all of the other 'mediums' at Ballston Spa combined, yet her intellect has been the first to give way, and she has become a maniac through the cursed influence of so-called 'Spiritualism.' She is continually raving about 'Spirits,' alleging that 'evil Spirits' have seized hold of her, and entreating her parents to cease believing in 'Spiritualism,' etc."

"We find the above in some of the daily papers, and we insert it, chiefly to take occasion from it to express our conviction that the time is not distant when the Spiritual powers of the Catholic Church will be invoked to exorcise the subjects of these delusions, which, it is our decided opinion, are demoniacal, If the unfortunate lady above referred to desires once more to be in possession of her right mind, and to be freed from the evil spirit that molests her, she had better apply to the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, who, if he finds reason to believe that there is demoniacal possession in the case, will appoint an exorcist to drive out the devil that troubles her. Perhaps some of our readers at Ballston will charitably draw the unhappy lady's attention to the subject, or to this paragraph."

We can not advertise the *terms* on which the Right Rev. Bishop referred to will perform this service for the unhappy victims of demoniacal possession, but presume that he will

work as cheap as any of the dignitaries of his church. If the Catholic priesthood could monopolize the business of exorcising the spirits, it would doubtless very much increase their annual perquisites. The people, too, would be relieved, possibly, from the influence of evil spirits, and, it may be—of their "loose change."

S. B. B.

How a Man Feels with his Head Off.-It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body, beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided, must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and, like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a cimeter before-nor like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory, many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this fact is attested by Fontenello, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called, in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half-closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

# THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A Lecture, delivered at Concert Hall, St. Louis, on Sunday Evening, August 7th, 1853,

BY WILLIAM H. MANTZ,

Late Editor of the "Light from the Spirit-World."

My BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Several friends, whose hearts are in the cause, have come to me repeatedly of late, and inquired why it was that I remained silent at our media meetings. I have only to say, that the reason why I did so (if reason it can be called), was because I felt unwilling to occupy a place which I knew could be better filled. And the thought crowds in upon me just here, that those who know me would desire no more convincing proof of the operation of some higher power than my presence before a listening Circle.

I am a medium for Spiritual influence; and though in my own private moments this influence seems to pervade and surround me in the freest, fullest, broadest, and most expansive shape; although, with pen in hand, my impressions flow in upon me clear, gentle, ready, distinct—bordering almost upon the audible sound—yet I could not but feel as content as I was thankful. I am a medium for this influence, and can be used to write truth from the free, untrammeled mind of the Spiritual spheres, and I repeat my willingness, that those whose peculiar organizations fitted them for a different, and, may be, higher work, should be used in the wisdom which they might attract.

Yet, yielding in a measure to these earnest friends-but

more especially to the familiar impressions of my Spirit-guides—I stand here this evening. Whatever may have been my own feelings in the matter (and I assure you they were reluctant), or however watchful be the eye of that world which beholds me now, for the *first time*, in this capacity, I have the satisfaction to know that I am in the care of those whose strength is mightier than my own, and whose consoling power sustains and will carry me through any and all the positions which, under their guidance, I may assume. And this, I hasten to say, should be the object of every medium, to know, not the *name* so much as the *condition*, of those that approach them.

Brethren—We of earth have lived to a strange, yet glorious day! Amid all the errors, and inconsistencies, and prejudices, and hypocrisy, and ignorance of the world, mortal tongues, obeying an interior impulse as truthful as honest, have been made to proclaim that happiness is seen as well as felt. But mortal tongues have not always dealt justly with the interior being. In order that the sickly gaze of society might be gratified, this tongue has thrown an artificial garb about the finer senses of man; and man, bending in dismal pomp, has acknowledged leaders and submitted to decrees as degrading to himself as they are revolting to the free minds that behold him.

Spirits often go back in the history of their brothers of earth. That history was once *their* history; and they are free to unfold that in it is heard many of the doleful sounds of their and your oppression.

But, softly; an external world hath ears; an external world hath laws; an external world hath established rules; an external world hath modes of worship—various, 'tis true—yet none the less <code>established</code>. And these rules, and laws, and modes of worship, strange to say, have advocates as numerous

and stern as their edicts are numerous and stern. And stranger still, they are commissioned! By whom? God, say they! God with one breath wraps you in the mournful robe of the confession-box, while with the next he inspires another to shout that the confession-box is wrong! This is worldly religion—this is worldly slavery—this is worldly ignorance! Can we dwell upon this point? Is there an eye in our presence that is not free enough to see slavery? Is there a mind that is not wise enough to see error?

In this body of commissioners is concentrated our most relentless and determined opposition. The same ill-feeling and unaccountable passion, the same prejudices and persecution exhibited in their own peculiar family, are hurled at the honest Spiritualist. And how, let me ask, should this opposition be met? There can be but two modes. Shall we meet it with moderation and in the light of reason, or fan the flame that spreads around? Shall we place ourselves behind our volumes of facts and philosophy, and speak peace to the troubled mind; or, like others, trample on justice and truth in the conflict for momentary glory and selfish aims? Never! never! We must not-we can not abuse truth! Is it Spiritualism to fever discord? Is it Spiritualism to heat animosity? Shall our efforts be to confuse, or to harmonize the mind? If with us there exists a doubt as to our step in this matter, let us be passive for a moment while some guardian Spirit speaks to us of the love-principle of our nature. Let us list while some familiar lips convey to us the causes that wafted them to a high and happy condition in the Spirit-world. Can we go so far back in our course as to breathe the atmosphere or use the weapons of our erring brothers? While we have an antidote, can we administer poison to the reckless spirits about us? While we have a precious balm of consolation and strength, plucked from an hitherto undiscovered field of nature, can we inflame and disease the wounds that lie open around? It is a singular yet beautiful truth in our philosophy, that by assisting others we become happier and richer in Spiritual treasure.

Brothers, this opposition is strong, yet it must give way. A high and enduring principle of nature—a grand law—the results that follow the growth and spread of truth must, will meet it. It can not be otherwise. The truth is eternal—the results natural, sure. This truth—these results have arrested us; they must startle them! And what between us is the contrast?

Oh! sir, whose heart does not swell with heavenly emotion when the thought springs in upon it, that friends and relatives are hovering near! That those for whom we have wept, and sighed, and mourned (and who of us has escaped these pangs?) are alive, happy, and with us! For my part, I would rather sit beside the humble medium, and interpret the eager intimations of some Spirit-friend, that "I'm with you still!" than to be the object of all the high-strung, excited, unreasonable exhortations in the land. I would rather sit beside that medium and catch the soft whispering of some known voice, that "I am progressing," than to listen to all the fancies and extravagances of the Bible community! I would rather be permitted to take my seat in a Circle of congenial minds, for the reception of Spiritual truth, than to be clothed in the most gorgeous robe of human systems! Tell me not that we are wrong. If we are wrong, then is there no such thing as right. If we are in error, then is there no truth—then is nature a forgery, and Heaven's angels criminals! Tell me not of your theological conclusions and your eternal miseries! The impression is deep within me-and the truth but elevates methat these are certain, fixed, eternal, natural laws-divine principles-and it is only by disobeying these laws and neglecting

these principles that misery, if misery there be, can ensue; and just in precise proportion as these rules, laws, and principles of our nature are trampled upon and overlooked, will this misery follow.

Our philosophy teaches us all that is noble and truly great in earthly existence. It unfolds and invigorates the drooping spirit, and throws a halo of light in upon the inner being. The source of this philosophy does not, can not, lessen its beauty or pollute its stream. Come whence it may, whether from the Spirits of the departed or not, it is truth-eternal truth-and must stand. The principles and laws upon which it is founded are as firm, and expressive, and enduring, as nature, because upon them nature herself rests, and acts, and moves. It is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand, because nature is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand. You may, in your prejudice and ignorance, lift the axe of mortal power and stifle for a moment the thousand tongues that proclaim and advocate these truths and this philosophy, yet a more congenial season must cause them to bloom and to diffuse their own fragrance! This, we say, must be so, because nature hath spoken it.

So it is as unwise as it is unfruitful in our opponents to cast aside, suddenly, the whole matter, with an abhorrence of *Spirits*. On our side we have all that is required to prove this fact with the rest, and once beyond the beaten paths of sectarian schooling and fashionable superstition, this fact, with the rest, will also appear clear to our opponents

The truths of this age invite intelligence—not ignorance—to their investigation; they call upon freedom—not slavery—to test their purity; they mingle with reason, and depend, therefore, upon no unmeaning form or frantic support; and, though while in them we behold such love, justice, goodness, and wisdom, that we can not but expand in our conceptions

of Deity, and overflow in our gratitude to the Author of all being, we do not take them in the light of special providence. They are no special act of God's, because God does not unfold himself in that way. That "all things are possible with God," a remark which has grown stale upon the lips of error's advocates, we distinctly deny. It is utterly impossible for God to sink the mariner's vessel while the planks of that vessel are sound and the ocean calm; and even when surrounding elements rage, and the billows dash hard against that bark-when, in a word, all is overcome and lost, will any man tell me that a special aim of God was accomplished? Could human imagination be more cruel? Could human ignorance be more harsh? Could divine love be more abused? And this, they tell us, is the inscrutable wisdom of Deity! The wisdom of God, according to these advocates of olden theology, is, and ever will be, confined to disasters! It has never yet pleased Deity, in his inscrutable acts, to give us midnight at noonday, or noonday at midnight. Nor can he. It is not in the laws of being; it is contrary to the principles of nature, and against all reason and truth. Such a phenomenon would indeed be recorded as an inscrutable act of Deity. At such a juncture human intellect would become a blank! But these are idle points. Now, the sinking of the vessel and loss of life can be explained. Turning our attention from God (why, indeed, should we drag him into all our controversies, and make him the unnatural carrier and source of all our burdens), we can, by sticking to our reason, our freedom, and our acquaintance with nature and her laws, see how the billows overcame the efforts of our voyaging brothers, and outrose the capacity of their frail bark. We see the effect-we mourn the result—yet this should not hinder us from tracing out the cause. Standing here, then, the instrument of those who live in more intimate relation to nature, those upon whose spirits

the light of eternal truth has broke in, and who, after years of progression, are just now beginning to contemplate rightly God, heaven, and eternity, I can not better express the truth given me, than to declare emphatically that God had no agency whatever in the matter! The vessel and crew were, unfortunately, in the way of an inevitable result of a natural action of a natural law, from which neither God nor angels could rescue them. Think, for a moment, of God and angels, and ask yourself, if they possessed the power would they not have used it, and saved our earthly wanderers from a watery grave?

As in every thing else pertaining to religion, the duties and relations of man here, and his existence hereafter, the world has erred-blindly, sadly, rashly erred-in its opinion respecting the Harmonial Philosophy. Had coming generations no other evidence of the cruelty, selfishness, bigotry, ignorance, and prejudice of our sectarian leaders, their persecution of the honest believer in Spiritualism would be sufficient to cause them to shun forever their walls. And, sir, I may state here what it is useless for us longer to deny, that the clergy, from the beginning, have been at our heels, crying, Fire! fire! when there was no fire, save in their own heated brains. While they, in their efforts to crush us, have shifted and turned into as many shapes and conditions as is recognized by their infallible directions, we have remained firm-we have been composed. This statement is as remarkable as it is true, and I rejoice to be able to give it utterance. The scandalous epithets-disgraceful only to their source-that have been heaped upon us, I will pass by; your feelings could not be improved at hearing them; my thoughts could not be sweetened at recounting them. So let them rest. That law-that natural result-about which we have been speaking, will catch them; they will be harmless, they will be silent.

The more I look at our philosophy, the more I love it. I love it, because while it points us to the errors of society, it discloses a means of redemption. I love it, because while it leaps with a natural charity upon the corrupted systems of religion, and tears the flimsy vail from the face of hypocrisy and deception, it rivets us to one of the most delightful positions the world in all its wisdom has ever been permitted to review. Let us gaze. What can be more refreshing than the contemplation of what humanity will be under the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy! What the use of your unnatural restraints, when the grand secret of individual unfolding and individual progression enters the human family? What a picture will the world present when the principle of Peace is cultivated and made to bloom upon the buried passion for War; when intelligence and conscious liberty enliven the mind; when brotherly feeling lives uppermost in the human heart; and when universal love, justice, and charity actuate, ennoble, and move us all!

The mountains that covered and the barriers that have surrounded this heaven upon earth, this natural existence of humanity, are moved and leveled by the Harmonial Philosophy. The philosophy that has lifted the inky robe of priestly power, and proved by facts that have gone home to the combined senses of our being the immortality of the soul, is our philosophy. The philosophy that does not court ignorance, but, on the contrary, gives energy to individual reason and inculcates universal knowledge, is our philosophy. The philosophy that scrutinizes theories to stand on facts, is our philosophy. The philosophy that casts doubts and superstitious fear from the soul, and warms it into a new life with the truths of Spiritual freedom and Spiritual progression, is our philosophy!

What becomes of your idolatrous religions, when we open

this philosophy? What becomes of your sectarian schools, when mental freedom is encouraged? What becomes of your useless ceremonies and your tiresome exhortations, when the truth of certain natural results fill the human mind? What becomes of your gorgeous displays and your fading incense, when the simple philosophy of natural progression is understood? What becomes of your conflicting religious opinions, when a philosophy is opened which shuts out everything that is not founded in and based upon the eternal and unchanging principles and laws of nature? What becomes of your gods of wrath, your gods of war and hatred, your gods of the olden record, when a philosophy is opened which points us up

## "Through Nature, to Nature's God?"

The historian that writes of the day will be quick to admit that with the reception of this philosophy commenced the good time on earth. We know that you boast of your freedom from the hands of oppressors, and sing with full and glad hearts your national songs of liberty; you commit to memory the liberal sentiments of your independence paper, and exult in the declaration that "all men are created free and equal;" but what is the view to the free and unobstructed eye? You want freedom-you want liberty-you want individual independence! If all be free, why do we continue to tighten the fetters about our fellow-man? If all be free, why not turn our declaration into practice, and break at once the ponderous chains that bend human flesh and blood in life-long slavery? Go ask the leaders of public sentiment-go ask the council of the nation! There you will learn that it is right to do wrong; there you will be told that it is wrong to do right-circumstances in either case directing.

But breathing as I do the breath of harmony, I have no inclination to throw a brand of confusion into the ranks of our

opponents. This, in me, in a natural point of view, would be wrong, and that which is naturally wrong can not be made right by any mortal effort. This is our high ground-upon it we stand, below it we can not go. Those beneath we will assist upward; it is not natural, it is not in our philosophy, it is not Spiritualism, to crush them down. Yet, while we occupy this high position, while all this is allowed by us, we must be heard in our own good and reasonable way. Do not attempt to hush or crush us. The yells of prejudice, of vanity, and of ambition must not be expected to prevail against our efforts with the weak and ignorant, but honest millions. Liberty, mental freedom, justice, love, intelligence, must be heard from our stand. If we can not be permitted to purify and change the stream of error and corruption now flowing in upon our helpless brothers, the very fountain itself must be plugged, and new explorers allowed to report!

We come not to disturb the peace of society, but to improve and exalt it. We are the real, the true friends of society. We are for truth, not error; for freedom, not slavery; for practice, not empty profession. Believing that truth can suffer nothing from individual scrutiny, we are for probing even to the vital veins of the popular sectarianism. This right to us, we feel, should not be denied, because even were we to strike that vitality, naught but a triumph in a new life—naught but a triumph of truth—could ensue. In a plainer word, if the declarations, promises, conclusions, sentiments, and prophecies of the Bible be of God, they by being tested will only stand out the more noble, and clear, and true.

And this test the Record of Old must endure. The energy and intelligence of the day are after it. The reason of the age is hard upon it. It must stand, divested of all the cloaks of darkness, ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, or shrink behind the breathless pillars of its own creation! It must stand

before the free and untrammeled gaze of natural reason, or sink and be buried amid its own gorgeous ruins. The analyzing intellect that gave us steam; the vigor of application that conveyed this power to the ocean ship; the genius that caught lightning, and the minds that have conquered time, are determined to test all truth, solve all propositions, weigh all conclusions.

All, then, we have to say to the world is, Be free, and meet us in the good work. All truth is not for you-all truth is not for us. If it be with you, it can not be harmed by the shafts of opposition; if with us, you must sooner or later acknowledge it. Calmly, gently, wisely let us meet. Spirits, not by the fashionable rule of this or that sect, but by individual investigation, and unbiased, rational judgment. Your reason alone should be your guide. And while you are with us thus in the labor, we must be permitted-we claim the privilege of looking into your credentials. With the clear heads and bold hearts of this bright day, the relations of God to the Council that framed the present brazen religious fabric of the world will be readily discovered. Under the eye of the impartial Spiritualist, we shall all hear whether Christ was God, or God Christ, or whether, indeed, both God and Christ are one.

Thus let us meet—thus let us examine. And if, on the other hand, you find that with us which seems contrary to reason and against nature, we are with you in the detection, we are with you in putting it aside. Do not suppose that we believe "every Spirit;" we only "try the Spirits," and see whether they be what they pretend.

A MUSICAL composer named Hartung, condemned to death in Prussia, has petitioned for a postponement of his sentence until he can finish an opera on which he is engaged.

### LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earthward,
Leaned upon the hilf.

Listening leaned those silent angels, And I also longed to hear What sweet strain of earthly music Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets, And a warlike march draw nigh; Solemnly a mighty army Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes Soon had faded from the hill; While the angels, calm and earnest, Leaned and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor;
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory, And the toil of day was o'er, Still the angels leaned in silence, Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done, and, lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness, Bringing with it sleep and rest; Save a little bird was singing In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor She had warbled all day long, While the angels leaned and listened Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming, And she ceased her little lay; From the mountain-top the angels Slowly passed away.

Ancient.—A human skeleton was recently found imbedded in a rock on the line of the Cincinnati, Wilmington, and Zanesville Railroad. A small fissure in the rock of about two inches in width opened to the resting-place of these remains, which, in all human probability, may have been deposited there centuries ago. The rock contained an indentation of the greater part of the body, as perfect as though molded of potter's clay. From the hip to the foot, particularly, this sarcophagus was as complete as carving could have made it. The proportions, curvatures, etc., of the limb were distinct and regular, and indicated that the skeleton had been that of a person of full size. The editor of the Zanesville Times saw the skeleton, and the rock from which it was taken. The bones were in a good state of preservation.

## PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

#### AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON, M.D.

The following article originally appeared in Sartain's Magazine. We omit the introductory portion of the paper, as it would not particularly interest our readers. The facts contained in the part which we have transferred to our columns are extremely interesting, and should serve as a salutary warning. Especially is great caution required at this time, when so many are subject to trances, and to intervals of suspended animation, which in their more external aspects are analogous to death. Let it ever be borne in mind, that decomposition is the only infallible sign of dissolution.—Ed.

In France, premature interments frequently occur from the prevailing practice there of burying bodies too soon. In the course of twelve years, it is asserted that ninety-four cases were prevented by fortuitous circumstances. Of these, thirty-four persons came back to life the moment the funeral ceremonies were about to commence; thirteen recovered by the tender care and attention of their families; seven from the fall of the coffins; nine from wounds inflicted by the needle in sewing up their winding-sheets; five from the sensations of suffocation they felt in the coffin; nineteen from accidental delay in interring them, and six from doubts entertained of their death.

In England and the United States, interments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law for three days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on trestles, with rings on their toes and fingers to which

bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, how ever, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Geron, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Duns Scotus, who was afterward found with his hands torn and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximilian Messon. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poictiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterward been the mother of several children. Mason gives another instance of an early similar character

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the grave-digger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself, made his escape in great haste; and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of he servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and, filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the mean time, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard with profound grief of the event; but, as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxsym. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death

Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him, when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir toward the vault. countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but as soon as he recovered he hastened toward the house of the senator, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the mean time the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry. but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped. The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, how-

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In England and the United States, interments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law for three days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on trestles, with rings on their toes and fingers to which

bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, how ever, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Geron, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Duns Scotus, who was afterward found with his hands torn and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximilian Messon. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poictiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterward been the mother of several children. Mason gives another instance of an early similar character

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the grave-digger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself, made his escape in great haste; and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of he servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and, filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the mean time, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard with profound grief of the event; but, as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxsym. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death

he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and urged a thousand other reasons suggested by love; but perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor littérateur, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favorite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died-as it was supposed-for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterward they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognize her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

These two strange cases, though apparently similar, occurred at different periods and in different places. In the latter the court seem to have been influenced by a higher sense of justice than that of the court which was about to decide against the claims of the preserver of his wife, and which he avoided by retiring with her to a foreign country.

Among the well-authenticated cases of premature interment and restoration to life is the following, which is recorded by Ochlenschlager. It occurred in Cologne in 1547. I give a translation from the original.

"Adocht, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, had buried his young and beautiful wife. She had been subject to frequent fits, and in the last seemed to be dead, and was so considered. The funeral had been magnificent, and a vault in the great cathedral was to hold the body, which had been deposited in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, according to the manner of the time and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with rich garlands, and the fingers with precious rings. The sexton, named Peter Bold, had locked the door and returned home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him. His own wife had prematurely given birth to a fine boy, and was totally unprovided with any kind of the comforts required on such occasions. His marriage had taken place against the desires of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac the Jew was recalled to his mind; but he would require a pledge. 'A pledge!' murmured Bold to himself; ' and why not borrow from the dead, as nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this lady who lies yonder. She would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without injuring any one?'

"Influenced by these thoughts he returned to the place which he had just left, but which he now visited in a very different state of feeling.

Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him, when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir toward the vault. The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but as soon as he recovered he hastened toward the house of the senator, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the mean time the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry, but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped. The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. She then attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, however, she was so faint that a deadly coldness seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some wine might have been left from the last mass. She therefore made one more effort to reach the altar, and found just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

"No true believer had set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude to the Creator than she did thus adminster the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and her servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that a few weeks afterward she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

The following is another instance of premature interment, of a still more romantic character, and is taken from the ancient chronicles of Venice.

Gherardo was a brave officer of the republic, and joined in the crusade which ended in the conquest of Constantinople. His return was greeted with joyful shouts, as his ship, laden with booty, approached the shore. But Gherardo had been betrothed to a beautiful Venetian lady, whom he passionately loved, and to whom he was to be united upon his return. He hastily returned the embrace of his father, sisters, and brothers, who had come to meet him, and inquired for Elena. "Why," asked he, "is she not with you?" They were silent, and he guessed the cause of her absence. His grief was intense and overwhelming, but he said nothing, and determined to see her once more. As soon as he had an opportunity, he hurried to the church where her body had been deposited, almost in a state of frenzy, and succeeded by bribery in obtaining access to the sacred depository. "There gleamed," says the writer from whom I have taken this curious incident, "here and there a glittering lamp; the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the colored panes of the Gothic windows. The stillness of the sepulcher, the obscure depth of the lonely chapel, the solitude of the hour, the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hands trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen, white as snow, extended on the bier; a vail was over her face. The rays of the moon fell for a moment over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the vail. He,

however, raised it. Her face was as pale as a lily, and her long fair hair fell over her shoulders and mixed in tresses on her breast; her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips. "She sleeps!" cried Gherardo in his frenzy. "Oh, waken, in pity!" and he laid his arm under her. He pressed his lips to her pale, cold cheek, and as he did so he fancied he felt her breathe, and that there was some warmth about her. Immediately he lifted her from the tomb, and placing his hand on her breast, he was satisfied that the heart still beat. Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulcher, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms! Immovable as stone, and as white, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulcher. The vital heat returned slowly into her breast; and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

#### FROM VERMONT.

Tunbridge, Vt., Aug. 17, 1853.

The Spiritual-intercourse system is fast gaining ground here, and will ere long be believed by nearly all of us. The old theology must and will be thrown aside. The orthodox ministers are making a last effort to save their now tottering churches, and every thing indicates an approaching change. Too long have we been made to believe the old theological system which has been handed down from father to son. Many are seeking to find out the truth, and claim the privilege of being "fully persuaded in their own minds." Quite an excitement prevails here at this time. On the 7th inst. an orthodox minister by the name of Kendall gave a lecture at East Randolph, on the subject of the Spiritual Manifestations. There were many present who were expecting to hear him prove them a "humbug." But instead of that, he tried to prove that they were the Spirits of "demons" (or dead men, as he translated it), and furthermore said they were evil Spirits. He exerted himself to the utmost to show that no good Spirit would communicate with us here on earth, but he utterly failed. The question that arose in the minds of the hearers was, "Why not good Spirits communicate with us as well as evil Spirits?"

Yours, for truth,

F. G. B.

# THE CAUSE IN THE WEST.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, Aug. 30, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN AND PARTRIDGE:

After my last letter to you from Elgin, Illinois, I remained and lectured several times there, and once in Dundee, a small village near Elgin, and then closed my visit with a meeting in a grove, on Sunday, the 21st, six miles from Elgin, in the midst of an excellent neighborhood of farmers, many of whom, in the vicinity of Elgin, are among the best Spiritualists I have met in my travels-independent mentally and pecuniarily, and do their own thinking. I found at the place of our meeting a bound copy of the beloved Univercalum, which is ever a sign of early and well-advanced Spiritualists. We had a large meeting in a beautiful grove, and a very pleasant day, and one of the most interesting gatherings I ever attended; the whole audience seemed delighted, and I believe all went home better and happier than they came there. I had in speaking the aid of the Spirits through four different mediums, and all was proper and appropriate. The day will not be soon forgotten; but many will look forward with anxiety to a time when another such a feast can be had. From Elgin I came to Chicago, and spent a few hours with Brother Eddy, whom I found about as sane a man as the city contains, and far more so than the majority, for there are many mad men in Chicago, even in the churches, and some in the pulpits. I had not time to lecture in Chicago and comply with other engagements, neither did we deem it best, until Harmony Hall and Eddy's affairs can be legally unlocked. Nearly the whole population of the city feel the outrage and persecution of Eddy. The Protestant Church tyranny there is looked upon as little better than the Inquisition in its spirit, and needing only the power to carry it fully out.

From Chicago I came to Battle Creek, a well-situated and thriving village, with two thousand five hundred inhabitants, on the Central Railroad and Kalamazoo River, in the midst of an excellent farming district. Here I met a cordial reception from many Spiritualists. Brother Finney had been here, and given several lectures to large audiences and with good success. Many notices of his lectures were still sticking up about the streets when mine were posted. It was hard to tell whether grief or scorn was most distinctly marked on the countenances of the clergy and their few devoted satellites, who call this the work of the "old arch enemy." Two clergymen here have exploded Spiritualism each by a sermon which was printed and circulated, and has given much aid to our cause by exposing the weakness, ignorance, and folly of their objections. All their efforts aid us, and the more they struggle the deeper they sink in the mire. I delivered five lectures here in the Quaker meeting-house, which was well filled. The last two on Sunday afternoon and evening were attended by about four hundred persons, many of whom have seen, heard, and read some of, and partially or wholly adopt, our philosophy. We also had the attendance of an old superannuated Scotch Presbyterian, by the name of Anderson, who has come away out West among the heathen to introduce the Bible, and is traveling over the country crying, in substance, as the gold-beaters of Ephesus did, "Great is the goddess Diana of the Ephesians," and with about as much success, He made some remarks at the close of my lectures, and was taken up by one of our friends here, a Mr. Averill, and I think if he ever tries to fly again he will do as the bat does-try it

alone and in the dark. He will not be very likely to be caught with the birds again, for he can not fly, at least until he gets dry and recruited, for he came out, to use a vulgar phrase, looking very much like a "swill-pail chicken," trying to sail with the ducks and swans, or fly with the pigeons and eagles. There was much inquiry for him and his Bibles in the streets on Monday, but he was not to be found, and it is supposed he took the cars without offering his wares for sale here. I have seldom found more freedom and intelligence and willingness to investigate than in this place. The phalanx of progressive minds here has its center made up of the Hicksite Quaker stock, who have been long fitting their minds by silent meditation for Spiritual impressions, and as the light dawns they hail its rising, and come almost immediately, along with their "meeting-house," to the new philosophy. Many of them here are aged persons, adding a dignity and calmness to the circles and meetings that is very interesting. The right wing of the phalanx is made up of the progressive Universalists, who are not far from the "kingdom of Heaven." They go boldly forward to the examination of all things, determined to "hold fast" only "that which is good." The left wing is composed of the skeptics, who are not a few or weak here, either in numbers or intelligence, as the large list of subscribers to the Boston Investigator shows. They have done a good work here in eliciting free thought and expression, and battling down error and superstition. They are generally free, fearless, investigating minds, and come more readily into the embrace of the Harmonial Philosophy than any other class of society. Our friends may register Battle Creek as one of the places where the light shines, and if our opponents have got any extinguishers of Spiritual light they might as well send several along this way, for those that preach here only increase it by efforts to extinguish. Since here, I have had a visit with our friends

at Bedford, an adjoining town; and in a settlement they call the Plain, six miles from here, I found one of the pleasantest neighborhoods I have ever been in. There are a dozen or more families of Spiritualists living there, making an excellent state of society-farmers mostly-on good soil and in a healthy. section of country. Our brother, Hiram Cornell, has in successful operation a school there, where he is educating a large list of scholars, both physically and mentally, and without sectarian trammels; and notwithstanding the efforts of the clergy and their satellites to break it up, it increases and strengthens continually. It affords an excellent retreat for scholars whose parents wish to send them out of the reach of rum, tobacco, gambling, licentiousness, sectarian bigotry, and other evils of civilization surrounding most of the schools where the clergy have the keys as they have to most of our school houses. There is also in this neighborhood a shop where musical instruments, pianos, melodeons, etc., are manufactured neatly and cheaply. It is, on the whole, a very excellent neighborhood for a farming community. There are several good opportunities for purchasing land here, for there is much not yet improved, and our friends coming West to look for homesteads will do well to call here and visit the school, and friends, etc. This was said to be the second spot in the State where Spiritualism started, since which it has done a thorough work in the community around its center of radiation, until even the atmosphere of the neighborhood seems imbued with Spiritual harmony. From here I go to Cleveland, and shall be in New York the last of September.

WARREN CHASE.

Home-Made Wine.—The culture of the grape in Ohio and South Carolina, for the purpose of wine making, has been extensive and highly profitable. The Catawba grape makes an excellent champagne.

On the next day ofter this vision occurred, I very unexpect-

# piocenal sevialer A PREVISION.

In the writings of Jung Stilling, Mrs. Crowe, Justinus Kerner, and others, are noted many cases of accurate previsions of funerals, with all the minutiæ of their attending circumstances. This strange psychical phenomenon is, I believe, particularly indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland, and to some parts of Germany, and also of Denmark, where the "second-sight" prevails; but it has, as it would seem, been occasionally experienced by people of all countries. A fact belonging to this same category of wonders has just occurred in my own family, and which, for the illustration it affords of this branch of psychological mystery, I will here briefly relate.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 8, as my wife lay upon her bed, perfectly awake, she had a distinct vision of a funeral assemblage at a house which she had never before seen. The house was apparently situated at the corner of a street, with its left gable end facing the street, which formed the corner with the one on which it fronted, and in the yard before the door there were several large trees. At a first view, the assemblage seemed to be standing, without order, before the door. The spectacle being unpleasant, she diverted her attention from it for a few moments; but soon the vision opened again, and she saw the procession marching round the corner and along the other street, the ground of which was ascending. She saw no hearse, but about half way along the line of the procession she saw a "dark, square thing," which was borne along by several persons, but which, owing to its position, she could not see with sufficient distinctness to tell what it was.

On the next day after this vision occurred, I very unexpectedly received a letter from Clinton, Hunterdon Co., N. J., informing me of the dangerous illness of a near and dear relative. On the morning after that, I took the cars of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and arrived at my relative's house in the course of a few hours, but found that his spirit had left its mortal tenement on the evening previous. The house (of the situation of which I had had no knowledge before) I found upon the corner of a street, with its left gable end exposed, and trees in front, just as had been seen in the vision; and on the day of the funeral, as I followed the body of my deceased relative from his house, I was struck with the exact realization, even to its minutest particulars, of the scene described by my wife, as previously presented to her internal vision. The "dark, square thing" which she had indistinctly seen borne along in the midst of the procession, was the bier on which the remains of my relative were borne in a coffin covered with black cloth.

The whole affair, taken together, manifestly adds to the previously-developed evidences of the existence of some mysterious psychological law by which "coming events," especially of that solemn nature, "cast their shadows before;" and I commend the phenomenon to the attention of those who are interested in the study of the intercommunicating media between the outer and the inner world. If I may venture an hypothesis explanatory of this perhaps darkest of all psychological mysteries, I would suggest that previous to every death there is probably a descent from the Spirit-world, of a general sympathetic aura, bearing with it the impression of the predetermined occurrence, which thereby, without any special effort of Spirits, becomes perceptible to the interior senses of those whose affections or interests it involves, and who are sufficiently sensitive to its action. W. F.

### FREEDOM AND INTOLERANCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Freedom of thought and speech are sacred among the inalienable rights of Humanity, and those especially who are distinguished for power of conception and utterance demonstrate their right to think and speak, and to be heard, by the possession and use of the appropriate faculties. The adaptation of particular individuals to specific spheres and modes of action is the testimony of Nature that they are required to occupy such places, and to perform the political, social, or spiritual functions for which they discover a natural taste and a peculiar fitness. Nor is the application of this remark to be restricted to a part of the human race. It applies to woman as well as to man, and if the former has the capacity to acquire a preëminence in the noblest human pursuits, she also has the right, and may properly claim the place and the reward.

It is believed that woman is qualified, by her native delicacy and the refinement of her sensibilities, to excel in those elegant arts and accomplishments which have done so much to adorn the walks of civilized life with the divine ideas of genius and the inspired creations of beauty. We conceive that the simple ability to fill any place, however exalted, affords the best possible evidence that the person possessing the requisite qualifications is duly authorized to assume that place. No man, whether in Church or State, was ever truly called to a post of honor or responsibility, either as teacher or governor, who was not endowed with the powers necessary to an efficient and honorable discharge of the obligations and

functions of his office. If, in any case, woman is "apt to teach" and able to govern, her prerogative as teacher and ruler can not be legitimately denied. Whenever she unites the desire and the capacity to excel in any department of practical industry, natural science, or belles-lettres, we concede to her the right to an open door and the unrestrained exercise of all her latent powers. If she is an orator, like Lucy Stone, the gift itself is verily the seal of God to her commission to speak. Titles and credentials from the schools would be useless appendages, and she no more needs a diploma than ministering angels require letters of recommendation.

All men discover abundant reasons why they should themselves be free, while, it must be confessed, most men are prone to think that circumstances make it necessary to abridge the liberty of others. Any foolish excuse which selfishness may devise is presumed to warrant them a respectful hearing at all times; but the most shallow pretenses suffice to justify-in the eyes of such men, we mean-every arbitrary attempt to silence others, and, it may be, Heaven's own messages. The excuses which the enemies of freedom offer for thus restricting the liberty of speech, are false as they are superficial. They are prompted by a manifest antagonism to Protestant and republican ideas. If a woman has an unwelcome truth to reveal, she must not speak of it, because she is a woman, and so the truth must be concealed and the deepest convictions of a true heart stifled because that heart beats in the breast of woman. If a man is moved by the suggestions of conscience to expose some great public sin, he must do it gently, and labor, for the most part, to palliate the offense, or he may be accused of treason before Cæsar. Each newly discovered principle in Nature is disputed by ignorance and self-conceit; all original ideas in morals or theology are deemed irreligious by dogmatists; and every acquisition within the domain of science is treated as an indignity offered to "the proper authorities." If an earnest Reformer draws aside the vail, so that the world discovers the cold formality and gross sensualism of the Church, his right to a hearing is at once virtually denied; his motives are openly questioned, and his character defamed. And such is the vaunted freedom, even in republican America, of which the world is so eloquent and musical-freedom to think, speak, and act, very much as the "old masters" in philosophy, ethics, and religion are pleased to determine. True, a man, if he pleases to transcend the ordinary limits, may do so, but he must have enough of the martyr-spirit to peril reputation, and in his devotion to truth must resolve to labor cheerfully at his own cost. Such sacrifices must be made by some men, only because others are unwilling to concede to them the freedom which they demand for themselves.

This opposition to freedom develops itself in numerous forms and on various occasions. It is manifest in the sectarian enterprises of the time, in the promulgation of Papal edicts, in the expulsion of Christ-like natures from the fellowship of Protestant churches, in the denunciation of honest men for a civil expression of their opinions, and in the unmerited aspersions cast at the names of free, noble, and inspired souls. A portion of our polite literature, so called, is impolite enough to countenance these encroachments on the most sacred rights of man; and it is no less true that a large number of American journalists are constantly laboring to subvert those principles of reciprocal justice, religious toleration, and universal freedom which they profess to respect and vindicate. They insist that the press is the very palladium of our liberties, while they use it as a mere engine of oppressionto excite suspicion and prejudice against whole classes in society; to destroy the influence and to blast the prospects of

men and women, because they have the magnanimity to be free and truthful, when to preserve their freedom and integrity they must sacrifice a good name and every temporal interest.

We have an example of this intolerance in the conduct of a portion of the press toward Judge Edmonds, whom they have labored to crucify for opinion sake. It surely has not been proved, and it will not be pretended, even by the most stupid and malicious adversary, that he is incompetent to perform the duties of his office in a highly creditable manner. On the contrary, it is believed by many of the most intelligent and candid citizens that his qualifications have seldom been surpassed by those of any judge who has occupied the Supreme bench. That he is less worthy of his distinguished position now than formerly, will not be assumed by any one who reverences the truth and respects his conscience half as much as he venerates his political or religious creed.

Why, then, should the efficient services of Judge Edmonds be spared from the judiciary? He is still able to concentrate the whole force of his mind on any subject, temporal as well as spiritual; his analysis of facts and evidence is as critical and, withal, as just as at any former period; his reasoning is as cogent and his conclusions as legitimate as ever before. How, then, is he disqualified for the duties of his office? Why, simply by an unpopular faith and communion with the Spirit-world. The same objections might have been urged against the ability of Paul to reason and the capacity of Moses to be a judge in Israel.

We trust that the force of an enlightened public sentiment will require several journalists, who object to the reelection of Judge Edmonds, to submit the grounds of their opposition. The people who have honored him with their confidence, and whom he has served with zeal and fidelity, have a right to inquire into the principles which actuate the objectors. If the Judge is to be rejected because he is a Spiritualist, we shall be likely to know it. It will, moreover, sufficiently appear that his opposers are the enemies of religious liberty, and that their influence is utterly hostile to the true spirit and genius of republican institutions. We shall see who are the enemies of true political and religious freedom. The spirit of the age will set a mark on those men, and they will be left to the terrible retribution of having their deeds remembered.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—A gentleman claiming to be a "friend of the human race," and who keeps the run of facts, figures, and babies, has just laid before "an inquiring world" the following statistics:

"The whole number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064: 578 in Europe, 936 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die before the age of 7 years; and one half before reaching 17 years of age, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one half the human species. every 10,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, only six reach 66 years, and not more than one in 5,000 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,-333 die every year, 91,324 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by the equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in proportion of 175 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one fourth of the population."

## DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

S. B. Nichols, of Burlington (Vt.?), writes that Judge Edmonds' letter is making a considerable sensation in that neighborhood, and people there are anxiously waiting for the Judge's forthcoming book. He then proceeds to speak of a healing medium who is being developed in their midst, and who has now under her charge a young lady who has been an invalid for thirteen years, having been pronounced incurable by the physicians. Under Spirit-treatment, however, she has, during the past two months, so far improved as to encourage hope of final recovery. The medium of this salutary influence is also used by the Spirits to write and speak, and her Spiritual ears are so opened that she can hear her invisible attendants talk and sing, the latter using the same voice which they possessed while in the bodily state, and thus making themselves easily recognized.

E. Y. Durant, of Lebanon, N. H., writes that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in that village and neighborhood, and that many previously skeptical persons have, solely by its means, been converted to a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. As valuable as this result is, our correspondent seems to place as high an estimate upon those influences of this new unfolding which have tended to the overthrow of a superstitious, restrictive, and degrading theology, prevalent there as in other portions of the land. After remarking upon these features and tendencies of the new development, our correspondent proceeds to state a few facts, as follows:

"Our circle has held weekly meetings for the last six months. The de-

monstrations were first given us by 'raps,' some two years ago. Soon after, they were given by writing, but latterly they have been presented in the form of speaking in the trance state. Very little has ever been given us by table-moving. Our communications have invariably been of a high order, calculated to elevate and purify the general mind, and awaken those feelings of benevolence and kindly regard for our fellows, which are such strangers to the human heart at the present day. We have one young lady and two young gentlemen who are used as instruments by the Spirits, and through whom we are favored with beautiful lectures and colloquies, many of which are highly instructive. One of the gentlemen is being developed as a healing medium more particularly, and some prescriptions have been given through him, which have proved highly beneficial. We feel that the cause has gained a foundation here which bigotry and superstition can not undermine, and that our investigations thus far have resulted in the benefit of those who have participated in them. Consequently, guided by the light of reason and judgment, we have every inducement to continue." be glorified. There may be several Spiritualists-w

# "THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME."

vastly less caliber—who would do well to mutate such at ex-

WE trust that no intelligent Spiritualist will neglect to read the articles bearing this title, which have appeared, or may hereafter appear, in the columns of the Telegraph. We have still several contributions from the vigorous pen of Bro. Courtney, which will be published in their order. If some of our readers are not prepared to adopt all the ideas of the writer, they may yet derive pleasure and profit from the liberality and ability which characterize the productions of his mind. When so many men merely repeat the stereotyped thoughts of past ages, it is certainly a rare merit in a writer that he has ideas quite unlike the worn-out clothing of other minds and other times. Bro. Courtney may hold some views

which the reader does not choose to entertain. It is equally the privilege of the former to express them, and of the latter to reject them. We can not say that his views, on all the questions of our philosophy, precisely accord with our own; but, for aught we know to the contrary, they may be intrinsically valuable in proportion as they vary from the accredited standards, or, perhaps, from the results of our own mental exercises.

There is at least one cardinal excellence which attracts our notice and challenges our admiration in whatever emanates from W. S. Courtney; it is this: He never sacrifices the respect of the reader by giving an undue prominence to himself at the expense of others or to the injury of his cause. The subject to be discussed is never crowded out of sight that the ego may be glorified. There may be several Spiritualists—writers of vastly less caliber—who would do well to imitate such an example. They have need to learn that the world does not altogether rest on their shoulders. Indeed, the attractive forces which sustain the modern world neither circulate within the shell of a tortoise, nor are they confined to the brain and spinal column of some Spiritual Atlas.

An eccentric individual in Gloucester, Mass., has built a vessel, but having been informed, as he supposes, by the spirit of his deceased father, that he would not live six months after his vessel was launched, he immediately procured the assistance of several of his neighbors, loaded her on wheels, and with several yoke of oxen she was drawn into the river at low water, and placed upon blocks, where she remained till high water, when she was afloat. She is named the Lyvancha, and hails from "The Kingdom of God." She is believed to be the only vessel ever built that was not launched.

# CRYSTAL PALACE—EXTREME SENSIBILITY.

"To the pure all things are pure."

We have heard of several ladies and gentlemen who have attended the great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and have been fearfully shocked at the revelations which Art has made of Nature. The unvailed beauty displayed in the sculptured forms which line the naves, fill them—if we may credit what they say—with emotions of unqualified disgust. They are prone to blush before the pure and spotless marble, not that marble is unchaste, but because their own thoughts and desires are so. They belong to the class described in Festus,

"To whom sweet shapes and tantalizing smiles Bring up the devil and the Ten Commandments."

Well, we advise all such persons to stay at home and subdue their passions by devout exercises and a low diet. Men and women who can only look at the immortal creations of genius through the vulgar eye of sense should not go to the Crystal Palace, nor frequent the galleries and shrines of Art. Paradise would be a dangerous place for them, and such people should not so much as visit the primitive Eden, even in imagination—they might see Adam and Eve before they were "up and dressed."

As there are many things at the World's Fair which even persons of excessive modesty would be pleased to examine, we venture to suggest the propriety of setting apart one day in the week for their especial gratification. Those deathless

memorials of genius which render Hiram Powers the pride of America and the admiration of the world, and all the classic forms of Italy, may be dressed in long skirts for the occasion, and, if necessary, the Committee might be induced to put trowsers on the great equestrian statue of Washington—we mean on the horse!

S. B. B.

## LETTER FROM A CLERICAL FRIEND.

Our good brother, who writes the following letter, has been required to pass through a severe ordeal; but the discipline has evidently not been lost, for amid the darkest scenes of mortal conflict his chastened spirit becomes more serene and hopeful, life more significant, and the future more glorious.

The lines by Mary are pervaded by a spirit of tenderness and a loving and hopeful faith which are grateful to the bereaved and sorrowing heart.—Ep.

CARLTON, August 28, 1853.

My DEAR BRITTAN:

Since early manhood, life has never appeared so beautiful nor God so glorious, as since emerging from pecuniary difficulties and residing in these "Northwoods," surrounded by the intelligent group of little ones intrusted to our care; but especially when the light from the future began to radiate across the dark boundary of the present did the designs of the Omnipotent Father appear indeed perfect. Upon this little plot of earth on the banks of the Oak Orchard, which in common parlance we call ours, is a beautiful grove of oaks, pines, and other evergreens, variegated near the surface with wild roses, whortleberry, and wintergreen, wherein, four years

since, we made a sacred deposit of the remains of a son four years old. Here we continue to weep and pray and plant flowers, yearning to enfold to our hearts that beautifully developed form that was, and to realize again the affectionate responses of soul to soul. Oh, how tenderly engrossing in look and tone and movement does that sweet boy live in our thoughts and affections! But no external manifestations have been made here, as we are pretty much alone in this belief, and perhaps don't know how to induce them.

On the eleventh of June, ultimo, we made a fresh entry in that registry of earth. Wendell, between eleven and twelve years old, all life, all soul, the first of his age in school in labor-slight but powerful-widely known for his years, and loved as far as known-was killed instantly by passing under a roller he was using away from home. Having no living impression of his countenance, we called an artist to give us those crushed features, so beautiful in his last repose. But God preserves the original of which we shall realize neverending joy-preserves it here even, in recollection, and will preserve it while we tread the vale below. But the shadow of the Death Angel is not altogether dark. His wings begin to be illumined with light from beyond the sunset of earth. That grave is becoming our passage to glory. Our treasures center there where the material rests, while the germ, adorned with what of celestial beauty it may appropriate in its earthly experience, may go home.

Mary (our eldest girl) has just come in from the grove, where she found a little bird, which, assaying to fly, lit upon their graves. How symbolical of the earthly career of those resting beneath!

The following lines, so indicative of our feelings, were written by Mary, part of which, in a mutilated manner, appeared in the Rural New Yorker; but upon finding that, by adding four lines to each, they might be sung in the tune of the "Broken Vow," she made an amendment, which we desire to have published.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours, truly,

CYRUS THOMPSON.

#### TO MY BROTHER.

BY MARY.

Air-"The Broken Vow."

Wendell, brother, why art sleeping
On this pleasant summer day?
Fragrant zephyrs softly creeping
Come to call thy steps away—
Little birds are sweetly singing,
"Come where pleasant sunbeams glow,
Come where gentle flowers are springing."
Wendell, brother, why not go?
Why, oh, why so still art lying
When the beauteous birds are flying,
Why are we thus sadly sighing
Farewell, farewell?

Wendell, oh, alas! my brother,
Singing birds and summer flowers
Ne'er shall call thee from that other
Happy region back to ours.
Wendell, speak but once more to us;
Tell us all we long to know;
Ope once more thine eyes and view us,
Then, oh, then we'll let thee go!
Let us see thy footsteps springing;
Let us hear thy glad voice ringing;
Let us cease this sad, sad singing,
Farewell, farewell!

'Tis in vain—those pale lips never Shall give forth their music more; Earth hath lost thy song forever, Time, thy footsteps on its shore. Sadly must we lay another
Of our faded blossoms by;
Close beside where rests the other
Shall its withered petals lie
Oh, why must we who thus nourish
Flowers of beauty, see them perish?
Why must say to those we cherish,
Farewell, farewell?

Wendell, now we've gently laid thee
Where thy little brother sleeps;
Trees of fragrant beauty shade thee,
And the zephyr softly creeps—
Parts their leaves with gentle finger,
Waves their tresses o'er thy head—
Birds and balm and blossoms linger
'Round their olden playmate's bed;
O'er thee play the sunbeams brightly;
O'er thee stray the zephyrs lightly;
Stars are softly whispering nightly,
Farewell, farewell!

Here's thy bed—but mid supernal
Song and bloom thy footsteps rove;
Brother, in that home eternal
Thou so soon hast found above,
Wilt thou think of us who wander,
Spirit-bound, with sin and fear?
Wilt thou tell the Spirits yonder
Of thy kindred waiting here?
Tell them that on some bright morrow
We the golden harps would borrow,
Never more to sing in sorrow
Farewell, farewell!

Happy thought! my faith grows stronger, Brothers, sisters, dry your eyes; Weeping parents, mourn no longer For your angels in the skies; For, oh, when ye've left the mortal,
When the shadowy vale ye've trod,
Their fair hands may lift the portal,
They may lead you home to God.
Let us pledge our hearts, in token
That we'll be a band unbroken,
'Round that throne where ne'er is spoken
Farewell, farewell!

Absence of Mind.—We have heard of numerous instances of menta abstraction—most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific, or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent inter vals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handker chiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also are frequently found in his pocket when returning from social tea parties at his parish ioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pocket on his return, for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the right ful owner. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satis factorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject it which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing hi abstractedness, rather than break the string of the discourse, she untie the apron string and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket .-Portsmouth Journal.

# LET THEM BE HEARD.

Thus says the Tribune, in reference to the eloquent women whose speech has lately been silenced in this city by a World's Temperance Convention, and by mobs of two-legged beings calling themselves men. We heartily respond to the suggestion-" Let them be heard!" New York city is a large place, a populous place, but it is not the whole country, and with all its boasted intelligence, philanthropy, and religion, its judgments are not infallible—they may be reversed. In regard to the women under notice, we think the judgments of the mobocrats of this city will, as they ought to, be reversed. We appeal from their gag-law rule, from their hissing and catcalls, which seem to be their most effective, if not their natural language, to the candor, the intelligence, and the decency of the country. Let the women who feel that they have a reasonable and righteous word to utter, be heard. The season of lectures is approaching. All through our land are Lyceums and Institutes in the habit of inviting lecturers to address them. Instead of confining their invitations to men (and sometimes to very stupid men at that), let the women have a chance to be heard. We venture to say that intellectual enjoyment will not be lost thereby. There are women, in point of genius, judgment, and every literary or philosophic accomplishment, equal to the best of the men-lecturers of the age; women who have as deeply studied the great questions affecting societysocial, religious, or political; women who, with rare eloquence, represent their sex in exposing the wrongs to which they are subject, and the rights that belong to them by virtue

of humanity. If upon a fair hearing these women shall condemn themselves, let them retire from the arena. It is as unfair as it is ungallant to condemn them unheard. More than this, the end of their struggle for the freedom of speech will never come from mob enforcements. Women may be shouted, and hooted, and hissed from the orator's or lecturer's stand, but every such success, whether of clergymen in a Temperance Convention, or rowdies of a lower grade at the Tabernacle, will as certainly react in favor of woman, as truth is sure to finally triumph over error, and right over wrong. We have heard several of the banned women speak, and we know they are worthy in themselves, as well as for the causes they advocate, of being heard. Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Stanton, and others of their stamp, are a credit to the human intellect, anywhere and everywhere. We trust, therefore, that such women, especially in consideration of their treatment in this city, will be heard at the Lyceums and lecture halls of the country during the coming winter. We subjoin the names and addresses of several women of acknowledged eloquence and ability, all champions of the Emancipation of Women:

LUCY STONE, West Brookfield, Mass.

Antoinette L. Brown, South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELIZABETH C. STANTON, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Battleboro', Vt.

Mrs. C. M. Severance, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. L. Rose, New York city.

LUCRETIA MOTT, Philadelphia, Pa.

There are many others, as for instance, Mrs. Swisshelm, Frances D. Gage, etc., whose addresses are unknown to us, but whose talents are known throughout the Union.

# SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

AFTER a long silence on the part of our esteemed and worthy friend, Rufus Elmer, he has at length appeared to us in the familiar form wherein we have been most accustomed to see him. He always comes to us with a small bundle of well-selected but most unaccommodating facts—we mean such as are not easily accommodated to the wants of the opposition. To some he may appear like one of Shakspeare's spirits, "in a questionable shape;" but he will generally be found to carry a "sharp stick" in his hand, which he uses, in a good-natured way, to "stir up" the sleepers in Zion—Ep.

#### FRIEND BRITTAN:

It is a fact, confirmed by observation and experience, that mediums for Spirit-communications are generally subject to peculiar nervous phenomena, especially in the first stages of their development. It is a fact that they are frequently told through other mediums, that they must abstain from animal food, and, at times, that they should partake of vegetable food very sparingly, or abstain from it altogether. It is a fact that when mediums are controlled by some invisible influence or power independent of their own minds, their appetites are sometimes temporarily destroyed, or their hands are controlled so as to prevent them from eating meat or the usual quantity of other food. It is a fact that many mediums are under the impression that animal food is injurious to health, and that they abstain from it entirely. It is a fact that many physicians and physiologists affirm that a rigid vegetable diet has a peculiar effect upon the nervous system-refining its susceptibilities and powers. It is a fact that Sir Walter Scott describes the effects of what he calls "a severe vegetable diet' upon himself, as follows: "I was affected while under its influence with a nervousness which I never felt before or since, a disposition to start upon slight alarms; a want of decision in feeling and acting, which has not usually been my failing; an acute sensibility to trifling inconveniencies; and an unnecessary apprehension of contingent misfortunes, rise to my memory as connected with vegetable diet."

It is, moreover, a fact that the Spirit-mediums of the olden times-prophets, apostles, and seers-were in the habit of dieting and fasting. For instance, the prophet Daniel, previous to his visions and trances, in which he was touched, taken hold of, and set upon his feet, by a Spirit whom he called the Angel Gabriel-" who had the appearance of a man"-refused "the king's meat and the wine which he drank; he ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine into his mouth at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled;" and it is said that his usual nourishment was "water and pulse." It is recorded that even Jesus of Nazareth, previous to his taking his disciples up into the high mountain atmosphere, where they saw the departed spirits of Moses and Elias, "fasted forty days." It is a fact that when the disciples of Jesus failed to relieve a poor medium of a troublesome Spirit, they were told "that kind goeth not out except by fasting and prayer;" and it is a fact that the principal food of that most excellent speaking medium, John the Baptist, was "locusts and wild honey."

O thou boasted science! whose province it is to recognize and explain these facts—if they can be explained upon any material hypothesis—where art thou? O ye blind gui les, who preach the old Spiritual manifestations while ye sneer at the new, which are proved by innumerable stubborn facts to be strictly analogous, how long will ye "strain at a gnat

and swallow a camel?" Surely the immutable laws of Divine Providence have hidden these things from the much-respected, the reverend, "wise, and prudent," and revealed them to those who "make themselves of no reputation," and are accounted "babes."

RUFUS ELMER.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 10th, 1853.

# DICKENS AND SPIRITUALISM.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

A short time since, on looking over a late number of "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-room Companion," my eye rested upon a quotation from Dickens, which was as follows:

"The Memory of the Dead.—It is a beautiful and exquisite thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched or softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often, and how long may those patient angels hover about us, watching for the speil which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten amid the din of worldly jarrings."

This paragraph struck me very forcibly at the time, knowing that either before or since it was written, its author has been very much against Spiritualism in the form in which it now comes, and had poured out a very severe tirade against Mrs. Hayden (our well-known medium from Boston) on her arrival in London. To me, it seems a very favorable omen that Spiritualism is progressing on bravely. Mr. Dickens has indeed taken the first step, and let us not despair, for he may

yet prove to be one of the noblest champions of our cause. But first, let him not reject the media, or pour out his invectives against the Spirits; then investigate the subject thoroughly. If he still think it a humbug after he has had evidence which should convince any man, then let him keep away from, and cease abusing it. For 'tis a mighty thing, which causes old orthodoxy to tremble in its shoes, for fear its sectarian bars may be rent asunder and its prisoners go free—a thing which is tearing down the tottering Babel tower of theology, and which will build upon its ruins the spacious temple of truth and justice; and a thing which shall place all men on a plane of equality. So let it be.

Yours, for the truth, South Boston, August 23, 1853. M. E. KENDALL.

Remarkable Enterprise and Skill.—Among the American artisans who contribute to the attractions of the great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, Genin ranks—as every body would naturally infer—among the most conspicuous. Men of genius are not all painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians—manifestly not. Genin is a genius in his way, and, perhaps, the first of his class. His last effort is destined to cast a shade—lighter and yet darker than the shadow of a laurel crown—over the brows of thousands. We advise all who have brains to carefully preserve them from exposure to the elements. For this purpose Genin's last production is admirably adapted. If any one happens to be wanting in the particular part referred to, Genin may not supply that, but he can cover the spot—

"Where the same ought to be'

so skillfully, that ordinary observers, charmed with the outward grace and beauty, may not discover the internal deficiency. In this last statement we are, of course, obliged to depend—as we do in many external matters—on several cotemporaries of the secular press, whose opinions are believed to be founded in experience

# EXORCISM BY HOLY WATER A FAILURE.

MR. EDITOR:

In your paper of the 17th inst. I notice you intimate that the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Albany intends to exorcise Spirits, or, in other words, cast out devils. It may be of interest to the rev. gentleman and the balance of the Catholic clergy to know that the thing has been tried and can not be done. The Catholic clergymen of St. Louis tried it last spring, and failed; they could effect nothing.

The case was as follows: Four silly, sadly-educated girls, of ages ranging from fifteen to twenty, having gathered together at a friend's house (in the name of somebody, I know not who), to "have a time with the Spirits," or, in other words, to trifle with Spiritual Manifestations, having seated themselves around a table, and after asking all manner of foolish questions, they requested the Spirits to take hold of them. The Spirits complied at once, and seized them, treating them in the roughest manner imaginable-shaking their bodies, causing them to saw the air, and use the most outrageous language, etc. One of the dignitaries of the mother church was sent for-some say it was Archbishop Kendrick who officiated, but I guess it was only an ordinary priest-one of those they keep for "casting out devils." Had it been for the invocation of an angel, I suppose the Bishop would have attended to it himself; but as it was only exorcising a few demons, any of the ordinary priests could perform the service.

Well, after the priest had arrived at the scene of disorder that so much required his services (?), he put on his robes, got ready the holy water, and approached the possessed girls with all the dignity of Pio Nono himself. After a few sallies of the fluid and sundry motions, without effect, the mediums charged on him with their finger-nails. He, like a sensible animal, was not long in finding the door, much to the amusement of the spectators, many of whom had come to view the miraculous flight of devils.

The padre has not been seen in that vicinity since. The girls were used roughly by these discordant Spirits for some hours afterward, when, by the direction of some Spiritualists,

they were relieved.

The Boston Pilot said, some time ago, "that a few hearty prayers and a plentiful supply of holy water" would keep down the humbug. Now, I will agree to produce a medium that the whole Catholic Church can not affect. They may collect oceans of holy water, and any thing else that will make their orgies imposing; and if they can stop the manifestations of Spirits through the medium, I will agree to raise enough money to build at least one small-sized church.

Yours, etc.,

SPIRITUS.

New York, Sept. 13th, 1853.

# LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart is beautiful,

I care not for the face;
I ask not what the form may lack
Of dignity or grace.
If the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
What matter though the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy?

## FROM THE SPIRIT OF A CLERGYMAN.

MR. EDITOR :

This communication purported to be from Elder S. Hutchinson, a Free-Will Baptist minister of Standish, Me., who left this sphere some twenty or thirty years since. His style of speaking is said to have been very much the same as here written. If you think it worthy a place in your columns, you can insert it. It was written one year ago; since which time we have had many, very many written communications, many very satisfactory evidences of the presence of those who have gone to the "shadowy land." At one time an Indian chief wrote hieroglyphics, and explained them. At another time quite a lengthy communication was written through the medium's hand, and after trying in vain to decipher it, it was passed round the circle until it came to a young Frenchman who once lived near the boundary line between Germany and France. He pronounced it a communication from his father in the German language. That was the language generally used by him.

Yours, truly,

PETER R. HALL.

WINDHAM, ME.

MRS. HALL.—You have been wanting to hear from me; also I have been wishing to write to you. You wished me to write in regard to Spiritual Manifestations. They will be the greatest blessing to them that attend properly to them, that ever was since Christ was crucified. You are in the "straight and narrow path," friends, that leads to "life eternal." Keep in this path; heed the advice of your guardian Spirits, and great will be your reward.

You are laughed at, and the finger of scorn is often pointed at you, for your belief; but what matter what men say? Spirits will love you—they will watch over you, so that when this fitful dream of life is o'er, you will be borne away by angelic Spirits to mansions of eternal rest. When those that scorn you enter the Spirit-land, they will be ashamed of their weakness, while you will rise above them in wisdom and goodness, for listening to the Spirit of your companions on earth who have left their frail bodies. When Christ was on earth, he was scorned, repulsed; and should he come again as he came before, the proud ministers of the day would not "stoop," as they would say, to speak to him. The world is in as bad a state as in times past. You may consider this the beginning of the millennium. You see how it is received by the church in general. "Humbug," is the cry of the ministers of this day. If they really wanted the true light to shine, they would try and investigate the matter. The Church, Mrs. Hall, has ceased to perform its duty. It has run altogether to show and flattery, but the true beacon-light is dawning; its rays are faint and dimly to be seen now, but soon they will shine out with splendor; and those who hearken now will reap their reward. Time presses, I must away. At some other time I will come again. My business must be attended to. Persevere, my friends. Angels will rejoice at your progress and faith. May the blessings of an all-merciful God rest upon you all. Adieu, my friends, adieu.

PHEBE LARY, Medium.

SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

The "Mental Telegraph" is noticed generally by our exchanges, and by some old fogy presses with a sneer. Others have bid the young inventor go on, and perfect his crude machine. This he will do, and we firmly believe his studies will result in a world-wonder. Will it not be a wonderful thing to see the present telegraphs superseded by a telegraph, to the opposite batteries of which a man in New York and a man in Cleveland becoming attached, may silently converse.—PLAIN DEALER.

# CAUSE OF THE RAPPINGS DISCOVERED.

Last Saturday evening quite a serio-comico affair occurred in Cambridgeport, in one of the pretty cottages of that place. About nine o'clock, as two young ladies were seated in a room engaged in reading, one of them had her attention attracted to an item in a newspaper, which dwelt on the "Spiritual rapping," now so prevalent; and while having her mind absorbed in this article, she thought she heard a noise proceeding from a cupboard in the apartment, and being of a very susceptible disposition, it much alarmed her.

She apprised her companion of the fact, when they both heard three distinct raps, which caused them to be very much frightened, and deranged the economy of their tippets and rufiles. After recovering somewhat from their confusion, they mustered sufficient courage to question the "rapper," enjoining it, "If you are the spirit of my mother to signify it." Three loud raps, most solemn in their import to them, were the response. In a moment graceful positions were assumed by both ladies, and—they fainted.

Another young lady fortunately passed the apartment soon after; noticing the condition of the fair occupants, she succeeded in arousing them from their lethargy, and inquired to what it was owing. So terrified were they, that all she could elucidate from them, was "Cupboard, cupboard!" Wishing to divine the meaning of these words of such mysterious import, she went to the cupboard and opened it, when lo! out jumped an enormous—rat! The mischievous animal had crawled into a tin pan, which was hanging against the wall, and in his efforts to get out had caused the "Manifestations." The conclusion of this affair, relative to the conduct of the young ladies after they were made aware of the cause of all their misery, is too rich to be described.

The foregoing article from the Boston Transcript proves, as clearly as some other things are proved, that the tendency of rats is to cause susceptible young ladies to faint. Will not some erudite editor or preacher give us a solemn disquisition on the impropriety of rats, abstractly considered, and especially on the danger of their sustaining tangible relations to "tin pans?"—ED.

## INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Man is created with certain attributes, faculties, and powers, the free growth and exercise of which are inalienable prerogatives of his nature. To the end that he should be perfect and completely happy in his sphere, all his endowments were intended to be fully developed and freely exercised. He has no native instinct, faculty, or passion which is not the gift of God, and divine. He has no useless or hurtful endowments. His eating and drinking, his passional attractions and loves, his tastes and his intelligent powers, are all of Divine institution, and sacred above every earthbegotten code or creed. They are the revelation of the will of God to man, infallibly expressed. The suppression or misdirection of these attributes, faculties, and powers deforms and perverts them, and gives us a false rendering of this revelation. Man has no innate tendencies to evil, but to good. Evil is his abnormal state, and represents him in an inverted order. The aggression upon the inherent sovereignty of these attributes and powers is what throws him into this order. I have shown, in a previous paper, that it is hurt to others-that it is aggression, that is, the essence of all wrong-doing and crime. Man was intended to be a "law unto himself"-to do just as he pleases-to follow his own instincts and reason and judgment in all matters pertaining to his own happiness. It is only when he exercises that sovereignty at the cost of others that he becomes an aggressor,

and needs foreign law to coerce and restrain him. What, then, are the legitimate boundaries of a man's sovereignty? what the scientific limit of his freedom? I answer, Justice. A man has a right to do just as he pleases, provided he hurts no one against that one's consent. If he consents to be hurt, then he, too, is in the exercise of his sovereignty. A man has a right to the free and full exercise of all his instincts, passions, and faculties, provided he don't inveigle others, unwillingly, in the consequences of that exercise. If I understand language at all, this is alone what is meant by "Liberty," "The Right of Private Judgment," "Freedom of Conscience," "The Pursuit of Happiness," etc., which are only different ways of formalizing "The Sovereignty of the Individual exercised at his own cost." This is the fundamental idea of Protestantism and Democracy, and both make a merit of its profession. How consistent their practice is with this profession, let every one judge for himself. All "progress" in the arts, sciences, philosophies, and religions date from the practical operation of this formula-from the free outward birth and growth of the individual's genius, powers, and attractions; and all slavery, misdirection, tyranny, conflict, war, bigotry, and intolerance date from its practical nullification. To suppress or misdirect this outward birth and growth, by foreign aggression or restraint, is essentially conservative and despotic-is the suppression and adulteration of the "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Here is the birth of wrong; here the inception of evil; here is the point where man is first attacked with abscess and leprosy; here is the remote origin of all intolerance and persecution; here is where the rack and the inquisition are begotten-where murders, and riots, and routs are conceived; here is where the sanguinary strife begins, which spreads over and desolates the fair fields and vineyards of the earth.

The cure must be as fundamental as the disease. It must go to the *point of attack*, for all remedies that fall short of this are but quack nostrums, and idle and inefficient—such, for instance, as fines and imprisonment, jails and gibbets and penitentiaries. Few statesmen or jurists have gone so far back as to account for and explain the phenomena of crime, but contented themselves with self-complacently applying these inefficient nostrums and cataplasms—have contented themselves with sluffing off the morbid and gangrenous secretions of his diseased condition, without ever thinking of renovating and *reinstating* his constitution!

The right of every individual under the sun to his private judgment, to his life, and to his liberty, and to his pursuit of his happiness, so far as they do not interfere with the same in others, grows out of the interminable varieties of human character-grows out of the great law of individualism. Each individual has his own peculiar combination of faculties, his peculiar tastes, his peculiar passional endowments, associations, propensities, and uses; and differs from all others in every line and trace of his individuality. The peculiarities of countenances, and expressions, vices, etc., are but outward general types of wider and distincter differences in their mental, passional, and spiritual constitutions. There is no standard by which to regulate and determine them. Each is his own standard-his own law, and to bring him under any other, or to regulate and adjudicate that standard for him, is manifestly an aggression and a monopoly, and strikes directly at his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. It is this aggression and monopoly-this practical denial of the formula of freedom-that introduced woe into the world. Only by preserving this individuality, and allowing it liberty, or full and free expression, limited only by the law of equity in every relation of life, can peace and harmony be attained. But,

mark now, harmony is not unity-not combination, nor association-but cooperation, or what Brother Tiffany calls "commensurability." Unity implies the merger and loss of separate individualities in one; combination implies a bond, or outward coercive restraint; and association implies the interpenetration and commingling of distinct elements. cooperation implies the preservation of individualities, and their full and free, yet simultaneous accord and expression. Witness the octave. Each note is distinct and has its full expression, and is independent of all the others-stands on its own merits, in its own sovereignty, and yet it cooperates with all the others in producing the harmony. The vibrations thrown off by the several notes do not commingle, but are propagated parallelly to any conceivable distance, and go abreast, as it were, like a phalanx-each note living out its life of equity with its fellows. If there be a note so strong as to throw its vibrations across the others, so as to violate the equity of its relations toward them, it is an aggressor, and introduces discord.

Now, I want my liberty. I want to be free to think and do as I please. I want to pursue my own happiness according to my private judgment, observing equity, however, in all my relations toward and conventions with my fellow-men. I have no disposition to aggress or monopolize. I do not desire to cast the burdensome consequences of my liberty on others against their consent. I wish them not to become inveigled, unwillingly, with me in the results of the exercise of my freedom; nor will I take advantage of their ignorance or mental imbecility to thus impose upon them. Such would not be liberty, but slavery, and I would be the despot, the aggressor, and the monopolizer. That liberty which I ask for myself, I freely accord to all others. I ask no one to become responsible with me for my actions, my thinkings, and my

doings; nor do I want any other responsibility thrown upon me against my consent. Observing the law of equity, I de mand my physical freedom-the right to all the means of life, and that they shall not be made the specific or exclusive property of any. I demand the full and free exercise of all my intellectual powers, the right of free inquiry, the formation of my opinions, and the candid expression of them without reproach, ridicule, or abuse-without the odium theologicum, the rack, or the thumb-screw. I demand the freedom of my tastes and attractions—the full gush of my native impulses and sentiments. I demand passional freedom, and the full enjoyment of all my loves and spontaneous sympathies. I demand the free exercise of all my devotional tendencies, my religious aspirations, and spiritual exaltations. And I accord all these to every human being under the stars-to the Jew, the Gentile, the Quaker, the Shaker, the Mormon, the Puritan, the Spiritualist, etc., so long as they accord them to me. If this liberty is aggressed, like the worm when it is trod upon, I instinctively turn upon the aggressor and declare war against him. If he is able to suppress this liberty in me, I am prompted to seek, by all covert ways and means, to evade and defeat the tyranny, by guile, deceit, treachery, open denunciation, etc. If the laws and customs under which I live dominate this liberty by restraints, penalties, public opinion, inequitable relations, proscriptive creeds, etc., they distort my growth, misdirect my faculties, poison my affections, vitiate my tastes, and deform my manhood. How plain, therefore, that justice is liberty's law, and that there can be no peace and harmony on earth, no "good-will to man," until all aggression upon the individual's sovereignty ceases forever! This liberty ever throbs in the bosom of man, and no tyranny can raze it from his heart. It breaks out in "reform" on every available occasion, and will never cease its war of extermination until all opposing obstacles are swept away. Each individual, in virtue of his being an individual, possesses it evermore, and can not, if he would, divest himself of it. It is gone by no proscription, barred by no statute, confiscated by no edict, surrendered by no acquiescence, nor ceded away by any compact. It is perfectly competent for him to assert it at any time, and avouch himself free. He is asserting it all the time, and daily fighting its enemies.

All combinations, societies, churches, sects, associations, phalanxes, etc., which swamp this individuality, and constrain the freedom of its expression, can not long subsist. They violate the indwelling sovereignty of the individual, and demand a surrender of his private judgment, and thus carry the very elements of dissolution in their vitals. This liberty incessantly rebels against their restraints, dissolves their bonds, and they accordingly disintegrate and disintegrate until they are no more, and the individual is free. This is a most potent fact. It is the secret cause of the death of so many beautifully elaborated systems of social life, so many captivating utopias, and economies of social order. Here is where Fourier blundered, and where Plato blundered before him, and where all writers blunder who do not recognize and respect the element of harmony and durability in the individual sovereignty.

This consideration of the individuality of human character, and its consequent sovereignty, fills me with the kindliest toleration toward all men, and all manner of opinions, beliefs, creeds, etc., so far as they do not aggress my liberty. I know that there is no other man in heaven or on earth just like me; no one with precisely the same combination of faculties, with precisely the same tastes and attractions, with precisely the same associations, memory, perception, and reflection. No man sees precisely as I do, feels precisely as I do, nor thinks, nor does precisely as I do. Such an identity or

individuality as W. S. Courtney is found no where else in the universe, nor ever was, nor ever will be. I shall never lose my identity in another, nor will you; but each of us will preserve our individualities immortally, and ever become more and more individualized. Hence the sovereignty that attaches to us, in virtue of this individuality, is an immortal sovereignty; and justice, the law of its limitation, is an immortal law. How idle, therefore, to expect or require other men to be governed by our standard—to require them to stultify themselves, and yield their private judgment to our speculative opinions! They can not even look at facts in the same light we do, nor reason upon them in the same way, nor judge, nor ronclude as we do.

But when we make inquisition for this individual sovereignty in the "practical details" of the prevailing social order, we find it infracted in every walk of life. We meet the aggressor and the despot at every corner, and see the inborn harmony of endless individualities thrown, by aggressions and monopolies, into discord, antagonism, and confusion! This notable fact has led some writers to affirm war to be the natural state of mankind! We will now point out a few of those aggressions, which are never suspected by the aggressors themselves to be such, and quit writing for the present.

The true formula of liberty and justice, when reduced and applied to productive industry and exchange of products, stands thus—"Cost is the limit of price." If I labor a week to procure the material and make you a hat, and you labor a week to procure the material and make me a pair of boots, and we exchange equally, neither of us aggress the other. But if I labor only three days on the hat, and you six on the boots, and we exchange equally, I aggress you to the extent of three days—that is, I make you labor for me three days for nothing—make you my slave for three days, and rob you of

your "pursuit of happiness" to that extent! Equity requires that I should make up the difference to you in three days' more labor, or its equivalent in something else. By observing this rule, each man, no matter what his pursuit, gets all the fruits of his own labor, not only in his specific productions, but in anything else he wants, by an equitable exchange. Wealth then remains with the producers of it, and would so remain, in every department of industry and art, were this formula observed, and the equity of men's relations preserved. Each would then get and keep his own, and there would be no spoliation—no foray upon his industry and skill.

But place this formula alongside of the one now in vogue, viz., "The price of a thing is what it will bring in market," and you will see where and how the aggression begins. I have a barrel of flour which cost me, adding on my labor upon it, all told, three dollars, and is worth in the market five, and I sell it to you for that sum. I manifestly aggress you to the extent of two dollars. I take from you your two dollars without an equivalent. This is my "profit," and I go on selling you, and the rest of you, flour for whatever I can get for it beyond its cost to me, until I accumulate "capital," with which I buy up all the flour and hoard it, until your necessities compel you to pay me three times its cost; or I go where I can buy it cheap, and carry it where I can sell it dear; or I am sharper, and can calculate better than you, and wait or watch the fluctuations of the markets, take advantage of them, and, by a thousand other maneuvers and "tricks of trade," I manage to get for my flour ten times what it cost me-that is, I manage, under this formula, to plunder you and the rest of you of ten times the equivalent of its cost to me! But the flour passes through various hands, is turned over and over again, before it gets to the man who eats it. First, there is the land monopolist, who "shaves" the grower of the wheat in the

shape of rent; then there is the grower, who puts that shave together with his own "profit" on the manufacturer, who puts both shaves with his own on the merchant, who also must pay the "profits" of the carrier, in order that he may get his "dividend;" and, lastly, the merchant, who puts all these shaves with his own on the consumer, who is effectually consumed by their repeated and accumulated inequities! Now it is evident that some one or more of these spoliators must "break." If each, looking to the next man to him, can "stand the fall," and throw it on to him, the break comes down on to the consumers, nine tenths of whom are "broke" all the time! The commodity that is passed around is not the subject of the spoliation, but the mere pretext for it! This is the secret of all "speculation," of all "profit-making," amassing of "fortunes," etc., and develops the sharper and the blackleg!

Now, apply this to all trade and traffic, to all productive industry, manufacturing, and carrying, and you have the result in overgrown fortunes, squalid wretchedness, and poverty, costly mansions and filthy hovels-in swindling, lying, cheating, fraud, over-reaching, forgery, perjury, and theft! If we look to "cost as the limit of price," we pass not beyond the sphere of our individuality and sovereignty; but if we look to what we can get for the article in market, regardless of cost to us, our eye is upon the "liberty" of the purchaser, and we meditate and perpetrate an aggression upon it. How much the article is worth to me—how much I am benefited by it, is no business of yours; the cost of it to you, adding in your time and labor, is all you are concerned about; and when you get the cost of your production in an equivalent exchange, you are fully paid, and not over-paid. The article may be worth to me ten times the price I pay you for it, but with that you have nothing to do. If, for instance, you have a barrel of flour which you don't need, and which cost you (adding in

your own labor and time, which is part of the cost) but three dollars, and I and my family are starving, and it is worth forty or four hundred dollars to me, and you take advantage of my necessities to exact that amount from me, you are an unconscionable and outrageous spoliator and despot! Yet you do nothing more than is done daily and hourly in our markets and marts of trade, shops, stores, and professions! The difference here is only in degree, being put in a little stronger light. If I am a physician, and invent or discover a pill that infallibly cures fever and ague, and each pill, adding in my time, the material, the cost of manufacture, etc., costs me, all told, one quarter of a cent, and with it I cure a man "nigh unto death" with the fever and ague, and I charge him what it is worth to him, say, at a moderate estimate, five hundred dollars, I am an aggressor and tyrant; and yet I do nothing but what is done every day on the same principle. Again, suppose I am a lawyer of good legal discipline and mind, extensive reputation and practice, and a client comes to me with a -to him-doubtful claim of \$1,500 against his neighbor (a claim, too, no doubt, made up of repeated forays upon that neighbor), and, by professional service and advice, which cost me about one hour's labor, I recover it for him, and charge him the one third of it for my fee, do I not aggress and plunder him, say to the extent of \$495? And yet I do what every lawyer in the State does when he gets a chance! On looking around, you will find this principle practiced upon in every pursuit, vocation, trade, etc., in life. You will find every man on the "look out" thus to aggress and plunder his neighbor-"seeking whom he may devour." Each man, striving to escape from bearing his share of the burdens of life, and to cast them upon others. They thus come into a state of war with each other, and, by all subtle arts, maneuvers, and exploits, overreach, outgeneral, and defeat each other! How can you

expect men to grow straight, be honest and upright, under such aggressions and monopolies?

But I am told that "this formula of yours, 'cost the limit of price,' takes away all our 'profits'-we can not 'make any thing' by it; we can get nothing but what we produce, or its equivalent." And, in Heaven's name, what more are you entitled to? Do you want not only what you yourself produced, but some of mine too-" free gratis for nothing?" That is, you want me to bear part of the burdens of your life for you-to labor harder and longer to spread your table, support your equipage and state, and enable you to live in indolence and idleness! Poor fellow! No, no; bear your own burdenseat your own bread in the sweat of your own brow. I have enough to do to pursue my own happiness. . . . Upon raising my pen and thinking a moment, I find innumerable instances of this life of inequity and spoliation crowding upon me for utterance. I see it in almost every action and thought of those around. I see almost every man, woman, and child seeking exemption from the burdens of life, and pursuing their happiness at the expense of others, so far as their wits, their positions, circumstances, etc., will allow them. It needs but a hint to direct the mind of the reader to them. Any who wish further to read the practical operation of this system of spoliation, will find it admirably put forth by Stephen Pearl Andrews, in his "Science of Society," a book which every reformer, who looks for a reign of equity yet to come on earth, should attentively read.

Aggression and monopoly in the sphere of the passions and love attractions, by law, by creed, and by custom, are no less high-handed and despotic, originating domestic infelicities and broils, love intrigues, illicit commerce, and all manner of impurity, debauchery, irregularity, and excess! But these restraints, aggressions, and monopolies are so puritanic, pietistic,

and pharisaic, that to assail them, or even mention them, brings down the clergy, the police, and the "devil" on your back.

Now I have repeatedly declared, in former papers, that man has no native instinct, faculty, or passion that is not divinethe gift of God, and enstamped upon his being; and that to suppress or misdirect their spontaneous development, and free and full exercise, limited only by the law of justice, is to introduce wretchedness and woe into the world. We see in the vegetable kingdom the exact exemplification of this integral growth and deformity. The tree grows according to the laws of its being, enstamped upon it by the Creator. In good conditions and true relations; in good soil, open to a genial atmosphere, and sunshine, and light, and heat, it expands itself, unfolds its buds into leaves and flowers, and ripens its fruit to use and beauty. But if the laws of its being be infringed, and its free and normal growth be suppressed or misdirected, it grows crooked and dwarfed, and its blossoms are sickly, and its fruit bitter and brackish. But here is a better illustration. We sow a patch of grain in a sweet and salubrious soil, open to the sunshine and heat. There is no evil in the grain or germ; it is pure and good; we cultivate it according to the laws of its nature, and it accordingly grows to its full dimensions and straight, and "bears fruit abundantly." But if, while it is growing, we stretch over it, say about two feet from the ground, a sheet-iron canopy, when the stalks reach it, they become crooked, twisted, bent downward, gnarled, intervolved, knotted and broken, pale and sickly, and yield little or no fruit. If there be a hole here and there in the canopy, to let down the sunshine, showers, and heat and light, some fortunate stalks will rush through them, and expand their blossoms and fruit to maturity. Precisely so is it with man. If the free and normal development and exercise of all his faculties and capabilities are thus suppressed and

misdirected by unnatural restraints and aggressions, he grows crooked, dwarfed, distorted—becomes gnarled, knotted, and intertwisted with his fellows, and bears only the fruits of vice and crime.

The sovereignty of the individual—his physical, intellectual, passional, and spiritual freedom—limited only by the laws of justice—is the only salvation for this world. We want no other State; no other Constitution or Declaration of Independence; we want no other Church, no other creed nor catechism, to bring us all into harmony and install the reign of equity. Through no other order, and by no other instrumentality, can the vision of perpetual peace be realized on earth.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 28th, 1853.

MILLERITES.—The Millerites are to meet in Convention at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 19th inst. The Worcester Ægis says:

"A Mr. Kendrick Partridge, aged about 35 years, committed suicide at South Royalton on Thursday night of last week, by jumping into Miller's River and drowning himself. He was of a party that had been up to the Miller camp-meeting at South Vernon, and at the time of making away with himself was doubtless under the influence of the pernicious excitement there awakened.

Yes, and there are plenty who go mad and commit suicide from hearing the doctrines preached at Millerite, Methodist, and other camp-meetings and revivals, but the press generally say nothing unless they can pin "victim of the rappers" to the persons thus deprived of reason and life. Thus they libel thousands of sane men. It is true that religious dogmas, acting on weak intellects, have made thousands of lunatics; but religion may be a good thing for all that.

# BRILLIANTS.

#### BLIND MARY.

THERE flows from her spirit such love and delight,
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—
As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will show,
Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast-falling snow.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times, As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes; And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends, And the starlight, as love, that nor changes nor ends.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—
For beauty and grandeur, and glory and light,
Are seen by the spirit and not by the sight.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunbeam and shade; In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade; While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound, Is one of the guardians an Eden around!

THOMAS DAVIS.

#### DAYBREAK.

These fine descriptive stanzas were taken from one of the Magazines, a few months since.

Fling back the orient gates! behold awaking Aurora beautiful from trancéd sleep, While with crystalline fingers she is shaking Morn from her dewy hair; the young hours keep Watch o'er her car, and round its pathway sweep Roses, far scattering onward as they flee Light-rays, flash'd forth like foam from the blue deep; Downward they wheel in dance and revelry, Waking on earth's gray hills the choirs of melody.

Her eyes are flashing glories! round her head
Iris her diadem ethereal flings;
Her bow, o'er which the sun's rich rays are shed,
Who with all-radiant eyes the treasure brings
For his immortal daughter; forth she springs—
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurl'd,
Life wakes from death-like sleep, Time plumes his wings,
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurl'd,
Behold! great day is born, and walks along the world

### TO A CHILD.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven
With all the God upon thee still,
Beams of no earthly light are given
Thy heart even yet to bless and fill;
Thy soul a sky where sun has set,
Wears glory hovering round it yet,
And childhood's eve grows sadly bright
Ere life hath deepen'd into night.

WILLIAM ARCHER BATTER.

#### THE VOICE OF GRIEF.

From them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

TENNYSON.

#### BIRDS.

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burden, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment.

J. MONTGOMERY.

#### BLUSHING.

The rose with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.

SCOTT.

Beautiful Little Allegory.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

# EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name of Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I can not rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, then he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling as he did so, "It is I, Daber. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter; "since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not ?" said Daber. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would then be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped, as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to his owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

## SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

The Journal of Commerce, whose editor is a churchman, though he abhors "Spiritualism" as a reality, has occasionally a correspondent of more liberal and enlarged views and sympathies than find expression in its editorial columns. The following, which we quote from a late number of the Journal, is a specimen in point:

"Many there are, at the present day, who imagine that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, even when we think ourselves most alone. To some, this is a source of constant dread and terror; while to others, it affords a sweet felicity. Addison used to say, that he was apt to join in the opinion with those who hold this belief; but, instead of terrifying himself with such a notion, he felt wonderfully pleased to think that he was always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration. Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise, in the following lines from the fourth book of Paradise Lost:

Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
MILLIONS OF SPIRITUAL CREATURES WALK THE EARTH
UNSEEN, BOTH WHEN WE WAKE AND WHEN WE SLEEP;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heaven.'

"The ancients believed that each person had a guardian spirit who watched over him through life, even as they believed in the metempsychosis of the soul—the transmigration of the spirit from one body to another at death. Their whole theology was but a system of spirits. Their Jupiter, their Pluto, Mars, Venus, and, in truth, all their gods, and demigods, both small and great, were so many invisible spirits. Mohammed, too, taught his followers the existence of such intelligences; and the Great Spirit of the Indian,

---- 'whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,'

is only another manifestation of the same belief. Many of the aborigines of our own country believed in the apparitions of the departed spirits at night, in solitary places among the trees of the forests; and sometimes they were believed to mingle with the living. The ancient Carib Indians, although they believed in one Supreme Being, inhabiting the sky, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible, never directed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators. Each family and each individual had a particular Zemi, or protecting genius, like the Lares and Penates of the ancients. They believed that these Zemes presided over every object in nature, each having a particular charge or government. They influenced the seasons and the elements, causing sterile or abundant years; exciting hurricanes, and whirlwinds, and tempests of rain

and thunder, or sending sweet and temperate breezes and fruitful showers. They governed the seas and the forests, the springs and fountains, like the Nereids, the Dryads, and Satyrs of antiquity."

## DARING FEAT

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an Indiarubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet witnessed. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India-rubber cord, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop. The athlete was dressed as Mercury. His body, from the neck to the small of his back, was inclosed in a framework, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove into space.

The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first one hundred and fifty feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in a few seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps 200 feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voltigeur lay calmly cradled in mid-air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The æronaut above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was.

## HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.

It is not generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-shore. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mr. Goddard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of Hon. T. Chase; but the first three coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand, there was no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Combernere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake that occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?" These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of Feb., the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, that the sudden bursting forth of noxious gas from one of the coffins could have produced this phenomena? If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been hermetically sealed again—when to be reopened we can not tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at

Hauton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when again, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it), was found on the fourth step which led down to the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

ALLEGORY.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: "Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the gentle Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blacked, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We can not be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

Body and Spirit.—A friend, who has it from the party in question, informs us that an eminent orthodox clergyman of this city, lately at the point of death, and by his friends thought to be dead—though recovered after a time, and now likely to live for years—informed him that he distinctly apprehended all the circumstances of his condition, and believed he was dying, and that his Spirit, his real life, in a halo of light, seemed to rise and hover over, but near to, its earth-tenement, which he could see lying, pale and pulseless; also, that his first perception of a return of the Spirit to the body was on hearing his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, calling him back. He seemed to think that but for strong and pure earth-bonds his Spirit would have fully departed. He felt great peace and joy while hovering between the two states of being.

## ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

The California papers contain an account of the discovery of an old pyramid standing on the Colorado, in the midst of a sandy desert. A party of five persons were in search of a more feasible route to California across the desert, when an object struck their attention, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, that they determined upon visiting it. A walk of five miles through the sand brought them to the base of a colossal work, the fit monument of the surrounding scene of desolation. It was un unmistakable pyramid—somewhat in the Egyptian form, but more slender and pointed, and instead of being composed of successive steps, it evidently presented, when new, smooth surfaces from the base to the top.

It is, however, composed of layers or courses of stone from eighteen inches to three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. There are fifty-two of these layers above the present level of the sands, averaging two feet at least—thus making the height one hundred and four feet.

The top of the pyramid, which was level, is fifty feet square—but by some convulsion of nature has been displaced, and now lies upon one of the sides. This must have made the whole structure twenty feet higher. Such a convulsion is apparent from the decided and unnatural inclination out of the vertical—being nearly ten degrees from a perpendicular line.

How much of the pyramid is buried beneath the sands it is impossible to say. For ages and ages they have been drifting against its base—as every part of the structure bears evidence of the remotest antiquity. The perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of five or six inches by the storms and suns of centuries.

THE Rev. David Thurston, of Maine, declines the honor which the Faculty of Dartmouth College have recently conferred upon him by making him a D.D. He has scruples respecting the propriety of such distinctions among Christian brethren.

# MR. FRANKENSTEIN'S NIAGARA.

Ir there is one thing more than almost any other, in the visible universe, that we should have judged it impossible for art to adequately express on the painter's canvas, it is the Falls of Niagara and their surroundings. The subject is so grand, the scene so sublime and epic in all its characteristics, that human genius shrinks, silent and abashed, in its presence; feeling and acknowledging in its inmost soul that this is the voice of God, before which all meaner voices should be dumb. Nevertheless art has thus expressed this wonder of nature; has seized upon all its vast proportions, and compelled the canvas to bear most faithful witness to the actual scene.

We do not ask the readers of the Telegraph to take our word for this; we may be too enthusiastic; let them go, as we have done, and witness one unrolling of the Panorama of Niagara, painted by Mr. Godfrey N. Frankenstein, now exhibiting at Hope Chapel, and we venture to say their observation will indorse our judgment. If they have ever seen the real Falls, they will only the more agree with us. Mr. Frankenstein's work far surpasses our expectation. Paint, poetry, and prose have so universally failed to interpret the form and spirit of Niagara, that we doubted if the idea of such interpretation were not presumptuous as vain. This Panorama has taught us that art, directed by genius, may counterfeit nature in her loftiest moods.

Mr. Frankenstein has for ten years past been an almost

constant resident at Niagara, engaged solely in studying and sketching all its varied aspects and phenomena. Over two hundred elaborate sketches are compounded in this Panorama. The Falls, from all points of view, in all seasons, and under all lights; the rapids, above and below; the islands and shores; the whirlpool; the thunderous river, rolling away to the Ontario; the foliage of spring, summer, and autumn, and the barren winter scene, with the Ice-king sitting,

## "Throned in awful majesty"-

all these are depicted with a vividness and power that startle and thrill the beholder. Nor is the Iris—that beautiful symbol of peace to earth—forgotten. It spans the roaring abyss of waters, and glows with a mystic and sopulchral light, a perfect circle, in the gloomy cavern behind the Falls.

We have looked upon the Niagara of nature; have been rapt and exalted under the influence of its spirit; have felt to utter some thought commensurate with its presence, and found our lips sealed by the overwhelming grandeur of the scene. Yet, though it denied us utterance, it impressed an image upon our soul which no memory can recall so vividly as did this Panorama. It seemed to us that we again stood "face to face" with the mighty cataract; the solemnly religious spirit that scene never fails to evoke, was again upon us; the ear, following old memories, and inspired by present vision, was again filled with continuous thunders; and but for an intermissive pause, or the final fall of the curtain, recalling us to a consciousness of time and place, we were rather a spectator at Niagara, than a fraction of a large audience gazing on Frankenstein's Panorama at Hope Chapel. Such is the power of inspired art to abstract and transport us, mentally and spiritually, from the counterfeit to the original.

Mr. Frankenstein has achieved a very great triumph. has embodied the "eighth wonder" of the world so near to the life, that imagination and memory supply all 'that is lacking-motion and sound. With these, the illusion is perfect. Embraced in the Panorama is the scene of the fearful catastrophe of last summer. This has been added since the Panorama was first opened to the public. Other scenes of peril and rescue are also given. We could linger at single points, and exhaust our space and power of eulogy. Only a view of the whole work, which occupies an hour and a half in unrolling, can convey a just impression of its character, and in no way can that space of time be turned to a more deeply interesting, inspiring, and exalting enjoyment. The accompanying descriptive discourse, by a brother of Mr. Frankenstein, adds greatly to the effect, even with those who are somewhat familiar with the scene in nature; while to those who have not seen it, it renders Niagara intelligible. It is difficult to say which are most interested, the initiated or the uninitiated. Our impression is that the Panorama gives to all a better idea of Niagara and its surroundings than any ordinary visit to the scene. The artist has condensed the observation and experience of ten years to a comparative point of time. Besides, the true artist's eye detects much of the beautiful that escapes the common observer, until he beholds it transferred to canvas. How few, for instance, were ever so moved by the "Stillwater" scene, as when viewing it in this Panorama! And so of a thousand forms and tints of foliage. How few of those who have visited Niagara have seen it in the glittering garb of winter! In Frankenstein's Niagara we have an epitome of the cataract at all times and in all seasons. In this respect it excels the real scene at any particular season or under any special aspect. We therefore can commend it to our readers and the public as an intensely interesting transcript of the real Niagara, and we trust, for their own sakes, that all who read what we have said will visit Mr. Frankenstein's Panorama, which is to soon leave our city for Europe. The work and its author deserve this tribute from the public.

C. D. S.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—Some years ago we gave a detailed account of the condition and appearance of a man who was then supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is yet living in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and still remains in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined, it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy, the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through a night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits. We leave the statement of these curious facts, unembarrassed by comment, and simply ask of learned editorial friends the probable cause of this unsatisfied thirst .- Boston Medical and Surgical JOURNAL.

Married.—On the morning of the 20th ultimo we happened to be among the persons gathered at Trinity Church to witness the marriage of Mr. James W. M'Donald, a sculptor, from St. Louis, and Miss Sarah Ada Westbrook, of New York. Rev. S. H. Weston officiated. Among the spectators we noticed C. D. Stuart, editor of the *Evening Mirror*; W. S. Courtney, Esq., and lady, from Pittsburg, Pa.; T. D. Jones, the sculptor, and several other artists and editors of this city. Mr. M'Donald is an earnest and intelligent Spiritualist, and a man of genius. We trust that his matrimonial step will accelerate his progress toward the celestial harmonies.

## FACTS AND SCRAPS.

BROTHERS PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I desire, in behalf of the Spiritual cause and for the benefit of humanity, to narrate through your columns some incidents in the experience of Mr. N. Upton resident at the present time in Columbus, Ohio.

Brother Upton was formerly a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, and has been, since last January, a healing medium. His labors in this department have been highly successful, and I herein present some of the facts sufficiently interesting to be given to the public.

His first operation was upon himself. At a time when his physicians had given him over as beyond the reach of their usual remedies, he found himself operated upon by Spiritual influence-his hands directed with remedial efficacy to the seat of disease throughout his entire system, his lungs made to play vitally and freely, and directions relative to his diet, etc., written out through himself, in the manner usual with other mediums. He soon recovered full vigor, and since then has been assiduously engaged in aiding and healing others. He reports that in Columbus alone, out of some forty or fifty cases which came under his charge, all but one were cured. His success elsewhere has been correspondent. He narrates many pleasing illustrations of the curative power which is exercised through him; but as those cases, with which this article is more intimately connected, are those of persons with whom I enjoy a particular acquaintance, I proceed directly to them.

Brother Upton desired a specific communication from the Spirits of the "Beacon Light" Circle, of Winchester, New Hampshire. He accordingly visited that place, en route for the residence of a brother farther north, and the result of his interview with the medium and Spirits will be found in two messages given at the close of this article.

While in Winchester, Brother Upton was briskly engaged in searching out and helping the sick. I hear of several instances of relief besides those narrated below; the latter, however, being given in the language of the individuals who attest to the relief experienced by them, are more appropriately presented to the public, and will suffice as examples of his character and success as a healing medium.

Mr. Silas French, in a private letter to me, says:

"Brother Upton arrived the day after you left. He operated immediately upon me, telling me what my disease was without any previous examination or information."

WILLIAM HOWARD testifies:

WINCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 17, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER MANDELL:

I called upon Mr. N. Upton, the healing medium. He took my hand a few moments and equalized the electricity, as he called it. He then made manipulations over me, and found the seat of my difficulty in my side, without one word said on the subject; and that side, which had been lame for nineteen years, during which time I could not lay on it, and for eighteen months do any labor, is now entirely free from pain, and I can rest upon it as well as I ever could, and I feel as if I could go to work as well as I ever did. My eye, also, in rolling [Mr. Howard has one eye entirely blind, which has pained him almost constantly since he lost the sight of it by a casualty], has not troubled me a particle since. My head is also relieved from the catarrh.

Mrs. Caroline Starkey, wife of Mr. Alvin Starkey, also states:

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DEAR BROTHER MANDELL:

Mr. N. Upton called on me Saturday before last. I was confined to my bed as low as I was when you were here last. He took my hand, made manipulations over me, and found the seat of my disease without a word from me on the subject, neither feeling of my pulse, nor examining my tongue; nor did he make any inquiries as to my complaint, till I was greatly relieved. He operated three times-once on Saturday and twice on Sunday-and then he left for Richmond. I was so much better that on Monday night my husband went after him to Richmond, and, in the mean time, I got up alone and walked the house. I was confined to my bed thirteen weeks, and medicine did not effect a cure. I received strength immediately through him, and have been gaining rapidly ever since. I now feel well; and in one week from the time I was confined to my bed I rode out. In four days from the time I first saw him I went up and down stairs without help. I have now a good appetite; and I was so relieved, so happy, and so thankful, and it was all so sudden and unexpected, that tears ran down my cheeks for joy.

The above attestations—all from my familiar friends—were brought me direct from Winchester by Brother Upton, with whom I then formed my first personal acquaintance. I am exceedingly happy to impart my convictions in behalf of him as a fully reliable medium for healing purposes. In addition to all that is said above, I have ocular demonstration that he has a most ready capacity in finding the seat of disease or debility in persons with whom he is entirely unacquainted, and an equal capability in affording them relief. May the Lord provide for his angel ministrants many helpers as worthy within themselves and as perfect in their adaptations as is he.

The following are the communications alluded to above, received by Brother Upton at the "Beacon Light" Circle. They both relate to his mission. The first is from the Spirit of his first wife. The description given of her was correct.

MESSAGE ONE.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Holy, most holy, beloved, is the mission which ministering Spirits have

given thee to do. Go thou with lofty purpose and relieve thy languishing brothers. Go thou, and, heaven-guiding angels lovingly guarding thee, thou shalt feel our heavenly influence surrounding thee. Walk cagerly on. Tread lightly through the path of earth-life. Thou shalt not feel its piercing thorns. Thou shalt be surrounded by the soothing halo of Spiritinfluence. Thou shalt not need, for Heaven shall direct and reward thee. Onward! Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do thou with all Spiritual might, faltering not, but in the full faith of our ever-attending presence, knowing that thy labor is of Heaven; and from Heaven shalt thou receive thy strength. Then come onward and upward through the beautiful path of Spiritual progression, relieving thy brothers of their burdens as you journey home, knowing that it is the brightest, purest, holiest offering thou canst bring to our Infinite Father. Blessed art thou; and, forever blessing, journey thou on to meet the rapturous welcome of those who watch with angelic sweetness around your path on earth. Onward! Do thy duty faithfully-achieve thy calling here. Onward!"

The second "Beacon Light" message to Mr. Upton is from the Spirit of Silas French (sen.), father-in-law of the medium:

MESSAGE SECOND.

"Brother! Thrice brother!! Thou hast shaken from off thy soul the shackles which bound thee. Thou art free to walk the glittering road of Eternal Progression. The time is coming when we shall sweep the galling chain of corroding bigotry, and break every link of those fetters which so firmly bound us\* to man-made forms. With a rising brotherhood of enlightened, aspiring humanity, we shall sound the glad tidings wide, that Heaven has borne the truth to earth; and shall thrill through every spirit of man the joyful news, that death is indeed swallowed up in victory—victory resounding through the highest arches of the Spirit-home—while Zion's white-winged Dove of Peace shall float securely above you, and, gently lowering her pinions, shall inclose you in her soft embrace, and lull the wildest spirit to its rest of love."

I will simply add, that the *name* given to Brother Upton by his Spirit-guardians, as significant of his mission, is that of The Good Samaritan.

D. J. Mandell.

ATHOL (DEPOT), MASS., Aug. 19, 1853.

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. French, when in the body, was a member of the Methodist connection, as has been Brother Upton.

## J. HOWARD PAYNE.

WE find in one of our exchanges the following reminiscences respecting one whose memory we cherish:

The following is a sketch of one who has, by a single emanation of his genius, caused more hearts to thrill with pleasure than, perhaps, has ever been done by any single effort. How painful the fact, that "the author of 'Sweet Home' never had a home!" The sketch was written by a friend of Payne, from Washington.

As I sit in my garret, here in Washington, watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payneauthor of "Sweet Home!" I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at that time-Consul at Tunis-from which he had been removed. What a sad sight it was to see the poor man subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking. Of evenings we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop-and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings-his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and his poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or on the hand-organ playing, 'Sweet Home, without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office—and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land-to be buried by strangers, and in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consu-

late?" said I. "Yes, and I leave in a week for Tunis. I shall never return!"

The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized. He died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be, and if none others will do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and, for an inscription, the following:

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE,

A wanderer in life—he, whose song was sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart,

NEVER HAD A HOME! HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND!

It is a singular fact that very few persons in America knew that the author of "Home" was an American. If you ask nine persons out of ten, even among those who have any knowledge of musical history, they will tell you Sir Henry Bishop, or some such person, must have the credit. The truth is, this song was almost the only thing that Payne ever did that is entitled to remembrance. The author was a maker of melo-dramas and musical plays. "Home, Sweet Home!" was a song in one of them. Payne did not remain in the country to see the piece performed, and the first time he ever heard his own song sung was in the street of a great European city. Its pathetic appeal to a sentiment which exists in every human bosom gives it an immediate echo over the whole world, and one which will never die away.

We also had a brief personal acquaintance with John Howard Payne, and often had occasion to notice the exqui site delicacy of his sensibilities. In this respect his nature was truly feminine, and made up in beauty what it lacked in strength.

The untoward circumstances of life are often the means of inspiring our highest thoughts, and the noblest human efforts have birth in seasons of severest trial. Payne was, indeed,

"An exile from home,"

and to this circumstance he is chiefly indebted for the place

he occupies in the affections of mankind. He could only have enjoyed all that his spirit yearned for at the sacrifice of the solemn inspiration and touching pathos of his beautiful song.

It is of little consequence where the mortal elements repose, since all that was immortal survives the physical ruin, and is free to choose its own abiding-place. But we should certainly like to see some suitable memorial to the memory of one whom we so love to acknowledge as the interpreter of one of the noblest sentiments. We do not, however, like the above inscription, for the reason that it asserts two things which are both false and disagreeable. It is not true that the departed sleeps beneath the sands of Tunis—that he will ever lie under any marble memorial—or that he had absolutely no home. We suggest that the following may, for the reasons indicated, be an improvement:

# In memory of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

He was a wanderer on earth, and left the chains of his mortality in a foreign land, that his spirit might

GO HOME!

Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads to embarrassing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin. A party met, the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, a married lady present put the question, "How many children have I?" "Tap, tap, tap, tap—or four," replied the table. "True—wonderful!" exclaimed the lady, and all others. Presently her husband came in and asked the same question. "Tap, tap—or two," was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described. This might be termed "scandalous table-talk."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION. - A Madame Adrien D-, living in the quarter St. Paul, had on Sunday a slight quarrel with her husband, and refused to give him a kiss of reconciliation before he left home. As, however, she was devotedly attached to him, having been only recently married, her conscience reproached her with what she had done, and she went after him. But not being able to find him anywhere, she, being of a nervous and impressionable character, pictured to herself that, stung to the heart at her coldness, he had thrown himself into the river. She accordingly determined on not surviving him. She lighted two pans of charcoal by her bedside, and threw herself on her bed to await death. She previously wrote a touching letter making known her reason for committing suicide, and left it on the table. Late at night her husband returned. He found his wife still breathing. He at once threw open the window, and she recovered sufficiently to ask his pardon. He told her that he had not been angry with her at all, and she then expressed a desire to live. A medical man was sent for, but in spite of all he could do she expired in a short time. - DROIT .- PARIS PAPER.

Noble Sentiments.—In a late address (theme, the Destiny of the Republic), on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, William H. Seward said:

"The standard which the University shall establish must correspond to the principles of eternal truth and equal justice. The University must be conservative. It must hold fast every just principle of moral and political science that the experience of mankind has approved, but it must also be bold, remembering that in every human system there are always political superstitions upholding physical slavery in some of its modes, as there are always religious superstitions upholding intellectual slavery in some of its forms; that all these superstitions stand upon prescription, and that they can only be exploded where Opinion is left free and Reason is ever active and vigorous. But the University must nevertheless practice and teach moderation and charity even to error, remembering that involuntary error will necessarily be mingled also even with its own best instructions, that unbridled zeal overreaches and defeats itself, and that he who would conquer in moral discussion, like him who would prevail in athletic games, must be temperate in all things."

WHISKY AND SNAKES.—T. S. Bailey, of Macon, Ga., writes that one of his negro boys has been bitten by that most poisonous reptile, the copper head moccasin-snake. Said he, "I immediately made him drunk with raw whisky, and soaked the wound with hartshorn. He has suffered no inconvenience, except a bad sore on his leg. It ought to be generally known that no animal poison can stand whisky in a fair fight."

# THE GOSPEL OF HARMONY.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Philosophers in all ages have observed with astonishment the power of Music to subdue the baser passions, and to inspire the most devout as well as the most delightful emotions. In these respects Music is certainly unrivaled and alone as an agent of human refinement and elevation. No other power appeals so effectively to all men on every plane of life. human affections are essentially the same among all nations, and a kind of universal language is therefore indispensable to their appropriate expression. Music is such a language, because it addresses itself alike to the sense, the intellect, and the soul, and in some degree is interpreted and understood by all men. The mere sensualist listens, and experiences a bewildering sense of pleasure, the most exalted, perhaps, of which his nature is susceptible; persons educated in the science of harmonics, and hence endowed with an intellectual appreciation of the best musical compositions, find a source of still higher enjoyment; while those who have the capacity to imbibe its essential spirit and to interpret its divine language, are filled with the most religious and rapturous joy. Thus the nature of the rudest barbarian is softened by its mysterious enchantment, for

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

while those who are deeply spiritualized find in the soul of narmony the very keys of Heaven.

The efficiency of music as a great tranquilizer and harmo-

nist is everywhere acknowledged, and its power over the lowest natures has been demonstrated by many interesting illustrations. Animals exhibit signs of pleasure while listening to a succession of musical sounds. Individuals belonging to several of the inferior orders have been trained to move with remarkable precision to the time in music; the dog has been known to detect the slightest discord, and even the vilest reptiles are spell-bound by its marvelous power, as the feats of Indian jugglers and serpent-charmers sufficiently evidence. And in every condition of life, not excepting the most disordered and wretched, man, especially, yields himself to its potent and peaceful sway.

We have an example of the power of music

"To calm the passions and to soothe the soul"

in the case of Elisha, who, being in an unpleasant frame of mind, on a certain occasion, sent for a minstrel to play in his presence. The music had the effect to compose the prophet's thoughts; a divine tranquillity reigned within, while a Spirit breathed upon him, and he received the prophetic inspiration. It is also related that when Saul, king of Israel, was in a state of melancholy bordering on insanity, he sent for David, at the suggestion of his physicians, who recommended music as a remedy for his gloomy hallucination. The experiment proved successful. As the shepherd boy swept the chords of his lyre, the mysterious influence pervaded the lone depths of the saddened spirit,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony."

A martial strain has often nerved the hero to deeds of noblest daring, and a simple ballad has disarmed the most violent resentment. Even the raving maniac, in his wildest paroxysms,

when iron chains are ineffectual restraints, has been quieted and rendered harmless as a little child by the gentle tones of woman's voice. Miss Dix, the philanthropist, once visited a madman whose extreme violence made it necessary-in the judgment of his keepers-to chain him to the floor. There was a sullen yet frantic expression in the maniac's eye, and his matted locks floated wildly over his terrible brow. As she entered his narrow apartment he made a desperate effort to break his manacles. Seating herself at a little distance, she commenced reading the Beatitudes, in a voice so low and musical as scarcely to break the silence of his cell. At length the paroxysm subsided, and the supposed victim of incurable madness exhibited an unusual composure. He listened, and was silent. When he heard the voice no more, he wept, and as she rose to depart he strove to embrace her, and declared that she was an angel sent to comfort him.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, gay or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

The influence of Music is eminently religious, at least in a true sense, and that it has been so regarded appears from the large place it has occupied in the religious exercises of all civilized nations. It has never lost its power to make men happier and better. When Painting and Poetry have been used to excite the basest passions, to gild the surface of a false philosophy, or to throw an imaginary charm around a life of sensual indulgence, Music has remained measurably uncorrupted. When the pulpit has spoken coldly or falsely, Music has still preserved its power to warm the heart and purify the life. And is not the divine spirit and redeeming influence of Music manifest in those who have felt all its power? Who

ever knew a truly great musician to be a really bad man? A gross and disorderly life is too full of discords to please a mind so delicately organized, and so beautifully endowed. Acts of violence are moral discords. Such deeds shock the finer sensibilities, and it does not appear to us that either the perception or the love of moral harmony can be wanting in a mind thus gifted with the highest musical inspiration.

We never listen to good Music without feeling that we have been made happier and better. If the outward world does not appear more consonant to our best desires, the world within certainly is so, and it should be observed, that in this internal harmony our highest happiness chiefly consists. Is not this love of concord a reliable prophecy of a final harmonic state of society? We are not utterly faithless on this point, though the world has prophesied long. While the power and the love of Music remain, we shall not cease to hope that man will one day find the key-note in the social scale, whereby this life and its manifold relations and duties may be harmonized. All Music in which the soul finds a true expression, is a revelation of the love of harmonic relations, and a prayer that the same may be realized, in the life of the world. great musician is a true revelator. He discloses the Divine Harmonies to the outward senses and the conscious souls of men. He worships according to the highest form of religion-HE ADORES THE SPIRIT OF HARMONY, and all his service is a musical orison.

The man who inspires us with the love of harmony, whose office it is to fill our whole being with a supreme sense of joy, is a worthy evangelist. He preaches the true gospel so eloquently that infidels listen and worship in spirit. The proper object of all true religion is to subdue and discipline the passions, to give the mind its rightful dominion over the sphere of external being, and to secure for the spirit constant com

munion with the sources of its inspiration. To accomplish this object, Mozart did far more than John Calvin. The inspiration of the latter, if he had any, was from beneath, and sadly wanting in the essential elements of harmony. It found expression in the pains and groans of those who suffered from his austerity and intolerance, and in the lamentations of lost spirits. But the nature of Mozart was adapted to receive divine impressions, and in his inspired moments he heard, as it appeared to him, the immortal creations of his genius distinctly rehearsed.

Every great master of the divine art of Music is a gospel preacher. I am sustained in this remark by the literal signification of the term. It is well known that the word gospel means good news, or that which inspires gladness, and fills our whole being with agreeable and divine emotions. How much of that gospel is dispensed from the more illiberal and sectarian pulpits of this city? Much less, we apprehend, than at the concerts of M. Jullien. Indeed, we hazard nothing in saying that the latter is a more efficient gospel minister than thousands who statedly bore the ears of the people with the old system of homiletics. If the true religion be that which makes men happy—and the real heaven is to be found alone in harmony—Music must be integral in both.

Those who are disposed to entertain our general philosophy, may profitably consider the importance of Music as a means of practical reform and spiritual culture. We think it should form an indispensable part of our system of popular education. Whether our readers have or have not been favored with such opportunities, they will find Jullien's Concerts a means of improving their taste, and a source of the most refined and intense pleasure.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.—We gave our readers in the last issue of the Telegraph, some remarkable comments from the New York Evangelist (Presbyterian) touching the position and influence of the Church in connection with the progressive spirit of the age. Here is something in point from the Independent, equally interesting. The Editor of the Independent says:

"Among all the earnest-minded young men who are at this moment leading in thought and action in America, we venture to say that four fifths are skeptical even of the great historical facts of Christianity. What is told as Christian doctrine by the churches is not even considered by them. And furthermore, there is among them a general ill-concealed distrust of the clerical body as a class, and an utter disgust with the very aspect of modern Christianity and of church worship. This skepticism is not flippant; little is said about it. It is not a peculiarity alone of the radicals and fanatics; many of them are men of calm and even balance of mind, and belong to no class of ultraists. It is not worldly and selfish. The doubters lead in the most self-denying enterprises of the day."

A Musical Mouse.—A correspondent of the Savannah Georgian of the 3d inst., from the southern part of the State, says he has in his possession a very extraordinary mouse, recently caught by his overseer. In general appearance the little animal does not differ from others of its species; what is extraordinary is its musical gifts. "To hear the little creature warbling the exquisite notes of the canary bird, its imitation of the quail or partridge, the peculiar yelp of the wild turkey, with an occasional imitation of the mocking-bird," says our correspondent, "is truly wonderful. Its notes are very sweet, but not loud, though sufficiently so to be heard distinctly in any ordinary sized room."

The gentleman who writes the above facts is an extensive planter in Glynn County, and is said to be incapable of committing an imposition upon the public.

Bulls Without Horns.—The Roman Catholic Journal of this city states that the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York received on Tuesday the Bulls erecting Brooklyn, L, I.; Newark, New Jersey; Burlington, Vermont, and Portland, Maine, into Episcopal Sees, and naming to the See of Brooklyn, the Very Rev. John Loughlin, Vicar-General of New York; to the See of Newark, the Rev. J. R. Bayley, Secretary to the Archbishop of New York; to the See of Burlington, the Very Rev. L. de Goesbriand, Vicar-General of Cleveland, and to the See of Portland, the Very Rev. H. B. Coskery, Vicar-General of Baltimore.

## FROM BEYOND THE VAIL.

Our circle of influence is like a band of harmonious chords, each full and complete in its order, and all vibrating to the touch of love. True harmony arises from different notes rightly blended; so all the varied organs of the mind and heart must be brought into action, that they all may be strengthened, and move on to the development and perfection of character. Whose would be taught of Christ must with humility and self-sacrifice learn the requirements of his holy law to do them, whose first and greatest commandment is, "Love to God, and to thy fellow-man."

THE CIRCLE.

The following communication was the first I received through the circle, and through Mrs. L. (a medium) they (the Spirits) wished it published. I send it to you, having full faith that there is a good and sufficient reason for their request.

A. T. H.

Motion and action are the moving principles of much power on earth. As on earth, so in Spirit-climes, behold the onward progress of truth and love! Impelled by the irresistible impulse of Almighty Will, the archangel bends his ear to mortal man; the angel of promise comes bearing the olivebranch of peace; and the Saviour draws nigh unto earth, that he may take away the burden of her woes. The great circle of love, revolving through the spheres, involves all in its revolutions. None are exempt from the call of duty. If angels and archangels acknowledge its presence and obligation, what is man, that the syren voice of pleasure should lead him from the right path, and that he should dare to question the omnipotence of that Power which sways alike both great and small?

It is not the voice of the earnest inquirer after truth we would silence, but that childish, oftentimes impertinent, curiosity which greets the Spirit-ear alike of friend and teacher, to impart a knowledge of things as trivial as itself. Think of the sublimity, the sacredness of this Spirit-communion! You, are upon earth—we, in Spirit-land! You, enveloped with

the fleeting shadows of time-we, admitted to the glories of eternity. You, just opening your mental eyes, yet seeing more than is revealed to angels (in your own imagination), discussing the themes of an eternal world, as though you were their authors, rather than hamble recipients of God's bounty, afar from his throne by reason of your feebleness. Seek humbly the light that is falling in rays of purity upon the benighted footstool of his presence. Bow submissively to his appointments. heavenly Father is with thee, and will uphold the heart that acknowledges him in humility and prayer. Be like the faithful of old, who waited upon the Lord, leaning on the staff of his word. This staff is held by angelic power, planted firmly on the rock of ages. The winds and waves of prejudice and self-righteousness shall not move it, for the power of the Most High is its strength, and his almighty love shall warm it with joy and blessing everlastingly. Fear not, then, ye who are willing to fight under this banner of salvation. Its ample folds shall wave over you in peace, and the trumpet-notes of its heralds proclaim the truth of God's word to a sinful world. Pride and power, error and superstition, shall flee before it, and the simple omnipotence of truth triumphantly reign. Praise the Lord, and render unto him the glory thereof. BY THE CIRCLE.

ABBY T. HALL, Medium, Harmony Hall.

A PAPER by K. Jobert de Lamballe, on the effects of electricity employed to restore animation in cases where it had apparently ceased under the influence of chloroform, was read at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences. M. Jobert, after administering chloroform to various animals and producing apparent death, used the galvanic pile, and operating by properly graduated shocks, succeeded in restoring animation. In some cases the time that elapsed before the desired effect could be produced was so great that little chance of success seemed to present itself, but by persevering, the result required was produced.

Chloroform as a Motive Power.—The French Government has constructed a vessel to be driven by chloroform. Its powers were tested recently at L'Orient, and the experiment, it is said, was considered very satisfactory. An equal power is obtained at an expense of 50 per cent. less than by steam.

# MEDICAL SCIENCE AND DR. RICHMOND.

In an essay upon "Disease and Medicine," which appeared not long since in the Telegraph, Dr. Richmond declares that he has "treated small-pox, typhus fever, and many other cases of malignant scarlatina, without a jot of medicine, with as good success as with the most noted remedies." It may be so; and the fact only exposes the inefficiency of the drugs, or the lack of skill in using them.

Being no friend to the administration of drugs, secundum artem, of the allopathic school, I am inclined to understand this declaration as its author probably intended I should; but when he says that "an extensive range of observation on the action of infinitesimal doses, given upon the law of similars, has failed to convince me that one vital change favorable to health has ever been worked by the whole squad of dabblers in the small end of a shadow whittled down to nothing," I am inclined to think that it might be his object to say a smart thing, in the hope of derogating from the merit of homeopathic practice, without a sufficient knowledge of the subject to make him a competent judge of its value. He adds: "These, I know, are sweeping declarations; let him gainsay them who dare!" The consequence of gainsaying these declarations may be more fearful than I apprehend, yet, for the cause of humanity, I will hazard the asseveration, founded on the experience of many years, that so far as these declarations relate to homeopathy, they are erroneous. There is reason to apprehend that Dr. Richmond is a universal skeptic; yet he may not remain so forever. It is one short step only which separates the sublime from the ridiculous—the passage from obstinate unbelief to blind credulity is no less facile; and would it not alarm our positive friend, I might add, sooner or later, this change can not fail to supervene.

Incredulity with regard to the merit of homeopathic practice, is by no means to be wondered at, since it does violence in its alleged operation to much of our previous experience in cause and effect. There is, too, quackery, humbug, and unfounded pretense to be met with in this system of practice, as in all other. Nevertheless, sustained as it now is by the approbation of able, scientific, and distinguished men, whose judgment upon medical subjects has hitherto been deemed sound, may we not be pardoned for asking in its behalf a fair examination, before it is condemned?

Not being a medical practitioner myself, and having no pecuniary interest at stake, which is the sole *legal* test for the credibility of a sane witness, I can have no ordinary inducement to be warped in my judgment upon this subject. Freely confessing that I was very slow and reluctant in resorting to this method of cure, I did not embrace it until convinced of its efficacy by facts that I could no longer resist.

With a large family, and in a climate where every household is more or less familiar with disease, there has been no other medical treatment, nor any drug whatever taken under my roof, except in homeopathic doses, for many years. The effect is so uniformly prompt and efficacious, that we all feel comparatively safe, and enjoy almost an immunity from disease, when complaints, more or less alarming, prevail in the surrounding country.

Let me ask the patience of the reader to a case or two from my small experience, premising that it is quite limited, and the service rendered in all cases purely gratuitous. I have taken in hand a bedridden case of rheumatism, abandoned by a popu-

lar allopathic physician, set the patient upon his legs in a few days, and accomplished a thorough and permanent cure in a few weeks. A case of chronic rheumatism, of several years' standing, which all other treatment failed to alleviate, and deemed hopeless, cured in a few weeks. A case of determination of blood to the head (apoplexia sanguinea), relieved permanently, and the patient in a soft slumber, with gentle perspiration, in twenty minutes. Cases of the common itch (scabies psora) invariably, so far as taken in hand, cured. In one instance a family of small children that had been inveterately afflicted six months, and pronounced incurable by a skillful allopathic physician, and abandoned, were thoroughly and permanently cured in a few days. A case of severe and incessant cough, of several weeks' duration, cured entirely in less than one minute! [These instantaneous cures may not be common, but other cases of the kind have been so described to me that I could not doubt them. ] A case of lumbago, of more than forty years' standing, so severe as to constrain the body of the patient into an acute angle, and hold it so for weeks at a time, was immediately and thoroughly cured. In cases of fever I have been invariably successful; the most violent and alarming attacks yielding immediately to the treatment, and the patient coming out of them with unimpaired strength, and ready for active employment. So, also, with chills and fever, intermittent, quotidian, tertian, and quartan. Cases of hemorrhage of the lungs, urethra, etc., immediately and permanently relieved.

Many cases that are serious or vexatious, and that no allopathic physician would dream of undertaking, are immediately and effectually cured by homeopathic treatment. And, to the sensitive and delicate, at least, it is no small recommendation that the homeopathic practice permits neither bleeding, blistering, vomiting, nor purging, and administers no nauseous drug, nor any preparation in the slightest degree offensive to the taste or palate. But it is said: "True, homeopathic treatment is sometimes successful, yet not by any virtue of the medicine infinitesimally administered; it is the regimen only, and the effect produced upon the imagination of the patient, that cures." Be it so. If the regimen cures, or a figment of the imagination induced by the treatment, the desired end is accomplished, and the merit of the system established.

The law of cure in this system, "similia similibus curantur," may or may not be controverted. But what is to be said in behalf of the infinitesimal quantities? To those who, like myself, have witnessed the power, no further evidence is needed. But a perfect and beautiful demonstration of the virtue and power of infinitesimal quantities may be found in the od force of Reichenbach. This recently-discovered influence, which is observed to flow in an uninterrupted current from the human body, and may be controlled by the will, gives a spontaneous vibratory motion to any substance which is suspended from the hand. It moves a ten-pound weight as readily as an ounce, and, so far as tried, its power is illimitable. This power is controlled, and the motion it induces paralyzed, by the near approximation of a single pellet of medicine homeopathically prepared. But place a pellet each of two distinct kinds together, and their power is neutralized, and the od force uninfluenced by either; thus strikingly verifying a precept of Hahnemann, that "in no instance is it requisite to employ more than one simple medicinal substance at one time "

In speaking of this force, as distinguished from magnetism, Reichenbach alludes to special cases, in which "od appears with a force and variety of effects which are quite astonishing, and seems capable, in particular instances, of shaking the very foundations of life." Yet this powerful influence may be controlled by a homeopathic pellet in which the quantity of the drug is entirely inappreciable by taste or smell.

Experiments with the odic force have been made in England, which confirm many leading facts in the science of homeopathy; and a few experiments, made by myself, satisfy me that it may prove a valuable test, in cases of doubt, to correct or guard against error in the proportion of medicine for homeopathic use.

The power of an infinitesimal quantity over the animal economy is sufficiently shown by its control of the odic force. This control may not decently be denied, because the proof is within the reach of any individual whose curiosity may induce him to try the experiment.

A medical preparation, one single pellet of which, the size of a pin's head, will control or paralyze the action of a principle known to pervade the human system, and so powerful, in the words of Reichenbach, that it seems capable of "shaking the very foundations of life," will scarcely be pronounced too insignificant for a medical agent.

Believing, as I do, that the homeopathic system of practice is the greatest medical boon ever permitted to man, and that it is destined to work an entire and salutary revolution in the healing art, I have felt it a duty to offer my testimony in its behalf. This testimony, I know, is quite imperfect, yet it may induce an examination of the subject, especially so far as connected with the odic force, by some whose leisure and talent will enable them to do justice to the great discovery of the wise and benevolent Hahnemann.

To say nothing of a recent attack from the same columns, your journal would seem an appropriate medium to recommend this practice; for its magical success, in numerous instances, appears due to some influence beyond the well-ascertained

laws of practical science; while among its numerous, intelligent, and increasing advocates are to be found very many warm friends and supporters of the new doctrine in the great cause of human progress, which you so ably sustain.

W.

Exorcism of Spirits.—In a previous number of the Telegraph we alluded to a proposition made by the *Freeman's Journal* (Catholic), that "mediums" or persons troubled by Spirits, should be turned over to Catholic Bishops for exorcism. The subjoined, which we quote from the *Daily Times*, would seem to argue that priestly exorcism is more likely to kill off the patients than to relieve them from their Spiritual inconveniences:

"A gentleman, writing from France, tells a story concerning the obstinacy of his Satanic Majesty, when requested to evacuate the body of one of a set of fanatics, called Jewingians et Pious, who were praying and singing with vast zeal and unction in their chapel, in the village of Cormerania, which is of some interest. It appears that the person whom Sir Cloven Foot had made his tenement became aware of the unwelcome intrusion at the time the exercises in the chapel were at fervent heat. He roared prodigiously, and implored the others to aid him in relieving his bowels from that on which gastric juices could not operate with effect. The brethren rushed to the rescue-but instead of an internal application of drastics, they belabored him with sticks and stones, before and behind, until he (the person in whom the devil had taken refuge) was bruised and swollen from head to foot. He bore it with the stoicism of an enthusiast, and Satan said not a word. The matter now became most serious. The martyr declared that they had forced the devil up into his throat, and requested them to press hard upon his neck, as that would make him fly out of his mouth. They did so, and succeeded in squeezing the breath from his body, leaving him a corpse."

JESUITISM.—A Monsieur Bedini, a Jesuitical legate from the Pope to a South American State, has been tripping it in company with Archbishop Hughes in the Lake region; and much complaint is made that the Government placed a national vessel at his service on Lake Erie. It is thought to savor of courting the Catholic vote. Father Gavazzi, in a long and scorching letter to L'Eco d'Italia, exposes M. Bedini as the foe of freedom in Italy, and as having caused the death of the learned and famous Italian patriot, Ugo Bassi.

# GONE TO THE SPIRIT-HOME.

ON the 12th ultimo, Clara L., bosom companion of Mr. William H. Hoy, left her mortal habitation, at Newtown, Conn., aged 19 years.

About thirteen months since the Editor of this paper was called to officiate at the marriage of the parties named above. It seems but yesterday, and yet to-day, to the eye of sense, which is the eye of the world, they are separated. But it is our happiness to believe that there may be no such separation. What we call death can not dissolve our soul-relations, and when the civil institution is the outward expression of an internal law, or spiritual attraction, the union may remain uninterrupted forever.

CLARA was gentle in her disposition and innocent in her life. She desired to remain in the body, but did not fear to depart, and when the parting hour came it was serene and peaceful. Her spirit was called while yet the luster of youthful emotion shone from her fair cheek, and her eye was not dimmed by care or sorrow. Her memory is sweet and precious as the perfume of flowers.

GIVE US THE FACTS.—The Tribune's interest in Spiritualism is liable to wane, unless it can be fed with a fresh miracle every day. Moreover, every one, to answer the demand, is required to be a little larger than that which preceded it. We incline to the opinion that several mischievous persons, having a desire to gratify that appetite, have undertaken to hoax the editors. We regard the "Tough Story" of Robert Martin, of West Troy, published in that paper on the 17th ultimo, as an example of this kind; and a more recent letter "from Knox, Indiana," was probably written to afford some one a text for a short discourse on the ignorance of Spirits, and the stupidity of such as believe in "ghostology." If any one desires to have Spiritualism held up to ridicule, he has only to write "four very dirty pages," more or less, and sign himself a medium.

## SWEDENBORG ON SPIRIT-MEMORY.

Among the mysteries connected with the intercourse between man and Spirits through rapping and writing media, is the seeming difficulty, and in some instances apparently total inability, which Spirits experience in relating the details of their earthly lives, especially to persons who are not already acquainted with those details. People have wondered and wondered again why it is that communications, as tests of the Spirit's identity, so generally have to come through affirmative and negative answers to leading questions, and why it is that the Spirits did not proceed, without embarrassment, to rap or write out almost any fact connected with the history of their past lives, whether such fact be known to any person present in the flesh or not. For an answer to this, as well as to a thousand other important questions relating to Spirits, and their condition and capabilities, we can do no better than turn over the writings of Swedenborg. The following, from Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary, certainly throws important light upon this subject, and to those who are capable of a sufficiently deep and interior reflection, it will probably involve a solution of the whole mystery. Attention is invited particularly to the passages which we have put in SMALL CAPITALS.

Souls in the other life seem, indeed, to themselves, to have lost the memory of particulars, or the corporeal memory, in which merely material ideas inhere, because they are unable to excite any thing from that memory, while yet the full faculty of perceiving and speaking remains as in the life [of the body]. But this is owing to the fact that the Lord has so ordained that the soul shall not be able to draw forth any

thing from that memory, as then it would excite the same things as it did in the former life, and would live in like manner, and so could not be perfected. Still that memory remains, not, however, as ACTIVE, but as PASSIVE, AND IT CAN BE EXCITED BY OTHERS, FOR WHATEVER MEN MAY HAVE DONE. SEEN, OR HEARD IN THEIR DIFETIME, WHEN THEY ARE SPOKEN OF TO THEM WITH A LIKE IDEA, THEN THEY AT ONCE RECOGNIZE THEM, AND KNOW THAT THEY HAVE SAID, SEEN, OR HEARD SUCH THINGS, which has been evinced to me by such abundant proofs that I could, in confirmation, fill many pages with them. As such, then, is the state of the case, it appears that Spirits retain all their memory of particulars, so that they lose nothing, only that, for the causes above-mentioned, they can not draw any thing from it, as they are now led onward into [their interior] life, and thus no longer act from their [externals]. Souls are not at all aware but that they speak from their own memory, AND DO, IN FACT, SOMETIMES THUS SPEAK. AS I HAVE HEARD, BUT THEN IT IS FROM THE INTERIOR MEMORY, THROUGH WHICH THE THINGS IN THEIR CORPOREAL MEMORY ARE EXCITED; and how they can thus speak, and even preach, is a matter for investigation at another time. They confessed, however, that they had lost the memory of particular [or material] things, at which they were indignant. It was ONLY GIVEN THEM TO REMEMBER THOSE THINGS WHICH THEY COULD EXCITE FROM MY MEMORY. Spirits also do the same, and thus speak in a manner suitable to their own life, the life which they have contracted from the life in the body, for they can excite nothing else; [but this they do] with va riety according to the state of life in which they are, which state is induced by the societies they are conjoined to, as they then speak in an altered manner. As spirits speak from the life of their loves, and that life appears sufficiently manifest, many things can thus be excited by other spirits which they recognize, and thus what they have said, seen, and heard is excited [indirectly] in their own memory: But all these things are directed to the Lord alone. - Spiritual Diary, No. 1662.

Dr. Gardiner, in the Medical Gazette, remarks that within the last few years, intermittent fevers and influenzas have been unusually rife among us, and attributes it to the introduction of the Croton water, by which the city has been deprived of its wells, and the rains and snows formerly caught by them are absorbed in the ground.

We republish the following beautiful Poem, which was written some years ago, the author being an invalid, whose protracted illness was brought on by over-exertion in benevolent labor, and whose beautiful life, through a long period of suffering, steadily etherealized to the last point of the spirit's predominance over the body, consistent with their unity.

The Poem was suggested by Poe's "Raven," and is in some measure a response to that admirable production.

### THE DOVE.

#### BY MARY TOWNSEND.

'Twas midnight, solemn, dark, and deep,
And vainly I had courted sleep,
When worn with pain, with anguish toss'd,
Hope, faith, and patience nearly lost,
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,
Breaking the solemn stillness round—
A gentle, soft, and murmuring sound,
Making the stillness more profound.
I hushed my breath! again it came!
My heart beat faster—still the same
Low, gentle murmur met my ear,
Approaching nearer and more near;
A single sound, yet soft and clear,
And strangely fraught with memories dear.

A flood of clear and silver light
Then burst upon my raptured sight,
Filling my little chamber quite;
And in that light a bird was seen,
Not "grim and black with stately mien,"
But purely white and beautiful,
With look so mild and dutiful—
A lovely bird with plumage white,
In that calm, still, and clear moonlight!

Floating a moment round my head,
It rested opposite my bed
Beside a picture, lovelier
Than heathen gods and holier;\*
Two beauteous babes, whose sinless eyes,
Bespeak them still in Paradise—
Whose loving, soft, and gentle eyes,
Tell where that land of beauty lies.

There sat the radiant white-winged bird—
I listened, but no sound I heard—
And then I spoke: "Sweet bird," I said,
"From what far country hast thou fled?
Whence com'st thou, and why com'st thou here?
Canst thou bring aught my soul to cheer?
Hast thou strange news? Speak, gentle dove!"
And the bird answered—"God is Love."

"They tell me so," I faintly said;
"But joy has flown, and hope is dead,
And I am sick and sad and weary,
And life is long and dark and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move."
Still the bird answered—"God is Love."

"Some dearly loved are far away,
And some who fondly near me stay
Are sick and sad and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring;
Each for the other grieves, and tries
To stay the tears that fill their eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above?"
Firmly but mournfully the dove
Distinctly answered—"God is Love!"

I started up—"The world," I said,
"Though beautiful it once was made,
Is full of crime and misery now;
Want sits on many a haggard brow;

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Rested on a bust of Pallas."-The Raven.

The warrior draws his bloody sword—
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word—
Vice honored—virtue scorned we see—
Why are these ills allowed to be?"
He raised his head, that soft-eyed dove,
As though my boldness he'd reprove,
Then bowed and answered—"God is Love.'

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild;
"I would I were again a child;
I've wandered from the heavenly track,
And it is late to journey back;
My wings are clipped, I can not soar,
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er
My feeble wings I raise in vain—
I flutter, sink, and fall again!"
In low but earnest tones the dove
Still softly murmured—"God is Love."

"Thou mov'st me strangely, wondrous bird!
My soul is strongly, deeply stirred—
My heart grows lighter—may I still
My mission upon earth fulfill,
Proving my love to God sincere,
By doing all my duty here!
Shall past omissions be forgiven,
And shall the weary rest in heaven!"
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,
And cheerly answered—"God is Love!"

"Thanks, heavenly messenger," I cried,
"Remain that picture still beside;
Surrounded by the light of Truth,
Companion meet for sinless youth;
Thou blessed type of Love and Peace,
My hope and faith thou'll still increase;
Be ever near me, gentle dove,
I know, I feel that "God is Love!"

CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an unmarrying process so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

IMPROMPTU, ADDRESSED BY A PRIEST TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT.

"For cut-ting all connect-ions famed, Connect-i-cut is fairly named; I twain connect in one, but you Cut those whom I connect in two, Each legislator seems to say, What you Connect I cut away."

Monomania.—The following is related of the late Earl of Portsmouth: In 1823 this nobleman was declared insane; but the disease was rather monomania—his lordship being afflicted with an incurable love not only for attending funerals, but for officiating among the functionaries. Whenever he could manage it in his own district, he drove the hearse, behaving with perfect decorum, and wearing the full costume of the conductor of that somber vehicle. If it was a walking funeral, he was always to be found either among the mourners or the undertaker's men, with a band of crape round his waist and another round his hat. A keeper always accompanied his lordship on these funeral occasions, and also when he drove four-in-hand, in which process he was understood, but for his recklessness, to excel.

Musical Dos.—A French paper gives an account of a dog so trained by his master to detect musical discords, that he became the terror of all second-rate performers, and was invited to concerts as excelling in criticism in all that related to time and tone. His method of criticism was to how at every discordant note. His master thus taught him by at first beating him when a discord occurred, and the dog soon became a better monitor than his master. Could much more be beaten into a human?

Foreign Missionaries.—A late naval review, comprising but a fraction of England's naval force, in the British Channel, exhibited the frowning muzzles of over 1,200 cannon of the largest caliber. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and nearly all the nobility and members of Parliament were spectators. England's missionary is the cannon.

## DEPRAVITY OF THE TIMES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Some years have elapsed since we determined to keep coo on all occasions. The ungovernable passions, and the un righteous deeds of men, are sufficiently disagreeable when they are regarded dispassionately. Moreover, we propose to allow every man to perform his appropriate function, though it be an ignoble one, and if some are especially qualified to misrepresent and vilify others, we, at least, shall grant then as large a license as they will be likely to obtain elsewhere We can bear to be falsely accused, but we can not afford to lose our self-control. We may suffer in reputation where we are not known, but if we can preserve our character where we are known, it shall suffice to satisfy a laudable ambition. It is an easy thing, as the world goes, to acquire the peculiar kind of reputation for which so many sacrifice their integrity; bu to form a true and exalted character demands a life of self sacrifice and unwavering devotion to great thoughts and noble deeds. If one has already established a character for cando and truth, he had better preserve that, even at the sacrifice o the world's applause; but if, on the contrary, he has no sucl possession-more especially if he never expects to have-he may as well cherish

"The bubble reputation."

Certainly every man has a right to take care of his own and when his goods and chattels are exposed, he will first se cure such as he values most. This will suggest the reason why so many sacrifice truth, honor, and humanity—all that can exalt and dignify the human character—to secure the favor of the world. Men who have cause to despise themselves may have greater need to be respected by others, and society not unfrequently bestows its empty honors on men of hollow hearts and depraved lives—those who reverence its hoary errors and worship its deified customs and traditions. They, especially, who plunge into the tide of popular feeling, thought, and action, and float like stool-ducks on its capricious surface, are rewarded with reputation, even when the current is downward toward the perdition of all ungodliness.

It must not be inferred from the title of this article that we are to discourse on the present wickedness of mankind in general. It is The New York Daily Times, of which Henry J. Raymond is the responsible editor, with which we have to do on this occasion. The theme is not the most agreeable one to the writer, and may not be the most profitable to the reader, but it is, nevertheless, the best which the Times affords. To illustrate the subject under review, we here introduce the following notice of "Brittan and Richmond's Discussion," which recently appeared in the editorial columns of Mr. Raymond's paper:

Discussion of the Facts and Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism; by S. B. Brittan, and Dr. B. W. Richmond. New York: Partridge & Brittan.

Appended to the fly-leaf of the copy of this work with which we were honored, was a printed notice from the publishers, drawing our attention especially to the book, and concluding with these words: "We are now rapidly extending our list of publications, and shall be pleased to send you, from time to time, the better class of our books, should we learn from this experiment that you are disposed to treat them fairly." We are very much obliged to Messrs. Partridge & Brittan for their consideration; but could none of their Spirits inform them (is not Mr. Brittan himself a medium?) that we should certainly treat the present book most unfairly? For, of course, treating it fairly means praising the book, the mediums, and the Spirits. Now, we can do neither the we have, on the contrary, very harsh things to say of all parties concerned, and the book into the bargain. Messrs. Partridge & Brittan will not thank us for our opinion

of "the better class" of their publications, if the present work is to be considered as a specimen. They must understand that we look upon the Spirit-rapping question as a most detestable swindle. While we believe that many of the mediums are poor, deluded creatures, we are convinced that the projectors and promoters of the affair are knaves, as infamous as ever served out a life-sentence in a State prison.

Of this particular work, which purports to be the record of a controversy between a believer and a skeptic, we can only say that, if it were not saved from our loathing by its stupidity, the evident collusion between the pretended disputants would disgust us. A more dishonest book has surely never been published in any country. We do not, after this judgment, expect to be favored with any more of Messrs. Partridge & Brittan's publications.

We are not surprised that the work appeared stupid to the rudimental understanding of the critic. A discussion of natural principles, carried on for six months in a dispassionate and friendly spirit, could not be expected to accord with the irascible temper and undisciplined thought which dictated the above criticism. Even the Gospel of Jesus was foolishness to the Greeks, and all men who have not yet transcended the state of intellectual and moral adolescence must be pardoned if they feel no interest in the investigation of the great laws and subtile powers of the Universe. The opinion which the Times expressed, of the book in question, was quite harmless; but thinking it proper to contradict the false and libelous charge respecting the alleged dishonesty of the parties in the discussion, we addressed a civil communication to the editors, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

#### DISCUSSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

## EDITORS OF THE TIMES:

Gentlemen—My attention has just been called to your notice of my recent discussion with Dr. B. W. Richmond, of Ohio, wherein I find a single remark which must serve to excuse what you might otherwise regard as an unnecessary obtrusion. It is not my purpose to controvert your opinions, nor to meddle with the question which involves the facts and philosophy of the present spiritual movement. Respecting the supposed

delusion of the media, and the alleged knavery of the prominent Spiritualists, I have nothing whatever to say. Time and the succession of human events will determine whether their claims are well or ill founded. The rational believer may be satisfied to await the issue, and need not claim the right to appeal from that decision. If the principles of a scientific Spiritualism are founded in truth, the believer can well afford to be dispassionate, and to suffer all similar attacks to pass without a reply; but if, on the contrary, those principles are false, he certainly can not afford, in such a cause, to lose his temper with his reputation.

The single remark in your criticism which gives me a claim to your indulgence, in the present instance, is the following:

"Of this particular work, which purports to be the record of a controversy between a believer and a skeptic, we can only say, that if it were not saved from our loathing by its stupidity, the evident collusion between the pretended disputants would disgust us. A more dishonest book has surely never appeared in any country."

As the above language charges the respective parties in the aforesaid discussion with manifest collusion and unmitigated dishonesty, I must be allowed to repel the charge, and to insist that the circumstances of the case are utterly irreconcilable with that assumption in proof of which I submit the following brief statement of facts:

1. The writer of this never even heard of Dr. Richmond until his articles against Spiritualism appeared in the daily papers. Moreover, it is impossible to disguise the fact that the Doctor's letters to The Tribune were extensively copied and widely indorsed by the secular press, as affording a complete refutation of the Spiritual theory. At that time no one doubted Dr. Richmond's disposition, and few except Spiritualists questioned his ability to demolish the whole fabric of Spiritual philosophy.

- 2. The invitation to engage in a critical examination of the facts and philosophy of the Manifestations emanated from Dr. Richmond himself, who insisted that he could account for all the phenomena on purely natural principles or physical laws.
- 3. Personally, Dr. Richmond, even to this very hour, is a stranger to me. I do not know that we were ever within 500 miles of each other.
- 4. Our mutual correspondence has been limited to the published controversy, and the few brief epistles necessary in the arrangement of preliminaries and the transaction of business.

Such, gentlemen, are the facts; and your readers will judge whether they afford any evidence of "collusion," or of the slightest disposition on our part to deal unfairly with the public.

Allow me to add, in conclusion, that while I have hitherto invited no man to a discussion of this subject, I have never shunned a public interview with an intelligent opponent. Any ordeal which recognizes authentic facts and logical deductions as the legitimate means of trial will still find me ready; and should you, gentlemen, after the perusal of this letter, be disposed to entertain your first impressions, that the discussion already published was not entered into and conducted in good faith, and with a view to elicit the truth, perhaps it may be within your province to propose some advocate of the material hypothesis in whose fidelity and ability you have confidence. Should you find it convenient to designate such a man, I shall readily accord to his personal claims, and those of the subject of our inquiry, the respect and attention which they shall seem Yours, respectfully, to require.

S. B. BRITTAN.

New York, Sept. 21st, 1853.

Our accusers did not deem it proper to allow us a hearing

in our own defense. The foregoing letter was suppressed, without a word of apology from the editors of the *Times*, whose shameless abandonment of the principles of honorable dealing may be justly inferred from the subjoined editorial remarks which appeared in their next issue:

### SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

Mr. S. B. Brittan, who asserts, we believe, the Spiritual nature of the rappings, table movings, etc., about which so much noise has been made, writes to us denying that there was any "collusion" between him and Dr. Richmond, in their recent con. troversy upon this subject. He gives sundry reasons in support of his assertion, which, however, is just as good without them as with them. Mr. Brittan invites us to designate some person to hold a further controversy with him upon this subject. We do not happen to owe any of our acquaintances so deadly a spite, as to lead us to recommend that he should engage in such a task. There are, probably, many ways in which more positive evil may be done than by studying, writing, or reading upon this subject; but we know none in which time can be more utterly wasted, or from which less good can possibly be derived. It is the easiest thing in the world for a fluent writer to cover reams of paper with interminable disquisitions upon this topic, and it is not very difficult, as things go, to procure their publication. But we can conceive no task more dreary or unprofitable than that of reading them. Every now and then we hear of some poor creature whose brains have been addled by their devotion to such studies; and the only reason why we do not hear of more is, because the majority of those who enter upon such pursuits are either destitute of brains altogether, or else they are hopelessly addled in advance.

We think Mr. Brittan would have shown a much stronger faith in his Spiritual gymnastics if he had accepted the offer recently published in our columns, of \$100 to any medium who would move the tables, or answer the questions, of the gentleman who made the offer. The money was in our hands, and the offer was repeatedly published in our columns; but as no medium came forward, we were compelled to return the money. If Mr. Brittan, however, chooses to accept it now, we presume the offer would be renewed. This would be a much more decisive and satisfactory mode of settling this question than by such a controversy as Mr. B. proposes. What does he say to it?

Thus the *Times* sought to vail the malicious aspect of its unmanly assault, and to divert public attention from the true issue by turning us over to its correspondent, with whom we have no controversy. The cowardice which prompted this shuffle is quite too manifest to require exposure. However, to give the *Times* a chance to redeem its credit by some show of moral courage, if any such latent element remained in its

nature, we forwarded the following communication to the Tribune:

#### READY FOR TRIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

Sir-Some days since, the Daily Times charged Messrs. Brittan and Richmond, the parties to the late discussion of Spiritualism, with "evident collusion" and dishonest dealing with the public, whereupon the writer of this addressed a civil letter to the Editors of that journal, denying the charge, and specifying certain facts and reasons which from their nature utterly preclude the existence of such alleged collusion and dishonesty. Instead of publishing the letter, the Times renewed its assault in the peculiar spirit which had already given it a mean distinction, and concluded by proposing what it was pleased to regard as a "decisive and satisfactory mode of settling this question"-the claims of Spiritualism. One of its correspondents had previously offered \$100 for the production of certain phenomena, and the Times, to conceal the cowardice of its unprovoked and unprincipled attack on Brittan and Richmond, and the leading Spiritualists—who were all characterized as "knaves, as infamous as ever server OUT A LIFE-SENTENCE IN A STATE PRISON," calls on the writer to accept the offer of its correspondent.

The object of this communication is to signify that the party whose name is subscribed below will accept the challenge, WITH OR WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING OFFER OF \$100, provided the first can be so modified that the Times and its correspondent will enter into the following fair and

equitable arrangement:

1. The undersigned will designate two distinguished citizens of Nev York, who are known to the public, and are above the suspicion of persona or other improper motives; the Times shall appoint two of like reputation for candor and honesty, and the four thus selected shall name a fifth. The parties so chosen shall constitute a Committee to investigate any phenom ena that may occur in the presence of such mediums as the undersigned shall select.

2. The Committee shall have twelve sittings, or a greater number if th majority of the same shall so decide; and at the close of the investigation it shall report the result.

3. The Committee shall be privileged to select the place of meeting which may be changed, if preferred, at each succeeding session.

4. The TIMES and the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH shall each publish what

ever the Committee shall be pleased to submit as its report of the essential facts elicited by the proposed investigation.

As it does not comport with the illiberal and unjust policy of the Times to give publicity to any reply to its unfounded accusations, I am forced to depend on your more liberal and widely-circulated journal, to enable me to reach the general public before which I am accused.

Very truly, yours,

S. B. BRITTAN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1853.

How did the *Times* treat this proposition? Why, after the manner which has characterized all of its class—it did not notice it at all—IT WAS SILENT. We have ever been ready to submit the whole subject of Spiritual Manifestations to any just ordeal, however severe. We have expressed and otherwise manifested that disposition on numerous occasions, through these columns, before public assemblies, and in social circles. At the same time we have never sought such opportunities, nor have we urged our principles when the occasion did not obviously demand an undisguised and open expression.

When Prof. Mattison assailed Spiritualism, and we were sent for to vindicate its claims, we neglected other duties and went to New England to answer the call. The Spiritualists at West Winsted offered to pay Mr. Mattison's expenses and to give him twenty dollars to come back and support his unwarrantable assumptions in presence of the writer. But our astronomical friend had already reached his aphelion, and owing to the distance of that part of his orbit he could not return in season.

The prince of jugglers, on one occasion, gave a vaunting challenge and offered \$500 to any person in the United States who would produce the Spiritual phenomena at Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Charles Partridge presented himself at the Hall, and proposed to make an effort to obtain the required results, on condition that Prof. Anderson would consent to abide the

decision of an impartial committee. Notwithstanding Mr. Partridge positively declined to accept the money, in any event, the Professor would not hazard a fair trial. He, however, became greatly excited and abused Mr. Partridge and the mediums. In his confusion he called on the Lord and the New York Volunteers, and, of course, disgusted the sensible portion of his audience.

Mr. Partridge has elsewhere made a similar offer, and or one occasion through the columns of the Tribune. The be lievers in Spiritualism have never declined any fair trial; bu how has it been with the opposition? Many of our valian opposers have kept themselves out of sight, while they have hurled their missiles in the form of challenges and denuncia tions. They have assumed various disguises, that they migh stab in secret at the most vital interests of truth and human ity. Whenever we have offered to meet them openly and it a scientific spirit, they have uniformly insisted on imposin unjust conditions and unnatural restraints. They claim the the manifestations, if they occur, must obey the laws of mate rial nature, and insist that they shall be tested by such mode and formulas as are alone applicable to the domain of physics When, occasionally, we have driven hypocrisy to its last resort, by proposing terms which sophistry can neither cavil a nor evade, these conscientious opposers become suddenly taciturn. The masked faces look grim, solemn, and stered typed as the figures on Egyptian tombs; and if no one speak we presume it is because no one has any thing to say.

Now we desire our readers and the public to observe ar remember that we are in constant readiness for a fair trial; be our judges must be honorable men. We do not propose to to the Times office to turn over the editor's table, with without human hands, and leave him to tell the story, for the reason that we can not depend on the accuracy of his statement.

ments. Men who dispute the most obvious facts and principles are in no case the most reliable witnesses, and whoever will falsely accuse and slander even the humblest disciple of the Truth, for nothing, may not scruple to defame Truth itself for "ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

WAR PROBABLE.—The foreign news by the last steamer is regarded in political and commercial circles as of the utmost importance. The Emperor of Russia had rejected the Turkish modifications of the note which he had accepted at the suggestion of the four powers, and the Sultan having accompanied his modifications with the enunciation of principles which he can not consistently recall, war is not only possible, but probable. Such was the decided impression in Europe, and the corn and money markets were vibrating under the expectation of a collision. What greatly heightens the prospect of war, was the fact that the Turkish troops were clamorous to be led against the Russians. Omar Pasha was scarcely able to restrain them. We shall not be surprised to hear by the next arrival, even, that the war is begun; and if Turkey enters the field unsupported by England and France, there can be but little doubt that her hold on Constantinople and her empire in Europe will find an end. Turkey has a strong force at command, but her resources are vastly inferior to those of Russia, even should she be backed by the entire Moslem power of Asia, which seems, from the religious character of the question at issue, not improbable. For our part, we would as soon that the crescent should flame from the dome of St. Sophia, as that the cross, guarded by semi-barbarian despots, should take its place. Turkey has proved herself of late years a better friend of Christianity, humanity, and freedom than Russia. But the struggle will be hailed, however it issues, as likely to open up chances for the further liberation of the down-trodden masses of Europe. Kossuth and Mazzini will not be idle spectators of a war between Russia and Turkey.

A Greek merchant, named Barbakis, residing at Moscow, deceased some time since, left his entire fortune, which exceeds \$1,500,000, to the Greek government, to be applied in aid of education in Greece. The money has safely arrived at Athens.

# SAVED BY SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR BRITTAN:

You invite all who have any thing interesting to relate in their Spiritual experience to send such to you. I have some things to relate which may be interesting to that class of individuals who are continually asking "What good can it (Spiritualism) do?" and which may help them to solve this question in their own minds. I know it will be interesting to ALL who have the true light, and are enjoying a blessed communion with departed friends—angels in heaven. I had long thought of writing you on this subject, but put it off with the thought that my experience would be of no benefit to any one; but I finally concluded that it might do some good if it was only to cheer and encourage such desponding hearts as mine was before receiving such strength from a Spiritual source.

I was brought up under the strong influence of the Baptist creed and church, as my parents were its supporters. I was taught that God was a REVENGEFUL Being, and would "visit his wrath and fiery indignation" upon all who offended him. I was told that I was a sinner long before thought an evil thing, and when my soul was pure as at my birth; and was made miserable by being frightened with horrible stories of an ever lasting hell, and of a certain MONSTER who "goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and that he would make ME a special visit unless I appeased "the wrath of God" by saying MEANINGLESS prayers and so my young life was stunted and dwarfed, and my loftier aspiration were smothered. When very young, I was subject to fits of despondency and would think there could be no mercy for such a sinner as I was SAL to be, and would, therefore, do those things which were wrong, which never would have done had it not been for the thought that, "it can be only hell at last." And so as I grew up I plunged deeper and deeper into crime and thought I would take my fill of forbidden pleasures and sins, as I coul not make my condition any worse.

At times I would have compunctions of conscience, and would try t live a better life; but as I had no higher motive than what I have men

tioned, such resolutions were not lasting, and, at the first blast of temptation, they were entirely dissipated, and I was the same wandering, wretched being as before. I thought that unless my "heart was changed," and I our of a "state of nature," it would be of no use to live a virtuous life; and thus with the fear of hell before my eyes I cursed every thing, even the God of my existence, for giving life to one Doomed to a life of temptation and misery, and to an eternal death. I cursed the parents of my earthly being for ever coming together and thus giving life to one so infirm and weak. I loved nothing, for nothing was lovely, all being under the curse of that angry, jealous God of my youth. I was told to love him, but could only hate; told to fear, but could only despise; told to reverence, but could only detest. And thus I lived-hopeless and miserable, and consequently fell an easy prey to temptation; and following out the example of that "revengeful God," I "revenged me on mine enemies;" but while in the midst of my career, my deeds of darkness were brought to light, and I was compelled to flee my country, and went to dwell among strangers, forsaken and despised.

My parents mourned over my folly, and their hearts were almost broken. My friends were filled with sorrow that one so young, so promising for worldly honor and fame, should, in an evil hour, have fallen. "Twas but the result of teachings in my youth, and who was to blame?

I went to live where my faults were not known, but was still the same weak, erring being, until I heard of the Spiritual phenomena, and went to see and hear. I saw and believed—heard and was filled with joy, and a heart once desolate, sad, and despairing, was filled with peace, hope, and love—yes, love DID find a resting-place where revenge and hate had ruled and reigned for long, long years.

My days are now days of happiness, and my cup of joy is full. I became a medium, and when no earthly friend or being was near, I was aught by unseen teachers of truth and wisdom, and was encouraged by theering communications from the once loved upon earth. I now see God as a Father of Spirits, and ghastly visions of death, hell, and the judgment have vanished as the morning mists before the rays of the mid-day um. Spirits now watch over and guide me, and I long for the time when hey shall conduct me to their own pleasant home. I now have higher notives to araw me onward and upward, and those motives are sufficiently trong to impel me to action, and that action has placed me out of the each of old influences, and I can resist a much greater tempest and over-

come obstacles which before would have turned me aside or else crushed me. I can only praise and thank my Father for his loving kindness, and wait his pleasure with perfect composure and happiness, conscious that "He doeth all things well."

Yours, in this greatest of all Causes, JAMES \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Music and Literature. - Alfieri, the Italian poet, before he wrote often, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies," he says, "were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after;" a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon often had music played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration, and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions might have prepared the inventive mind of the great critic for the vision of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin to screw his mind up to the pitch preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short in terval, he was to preach before the Court. Curran's favorite mode of med itation was with the violin in his hand; for hours together he would forge himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination revel ing in its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency a the bar. To these might be added a very long list of names of men of letters and men of science; besides numerous theologians, who, in hour of relaxation from severer studies, beguiled time, and braced their mind for further exertion by the practice or audition of the witching voice o music.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—Dr. Cooper, of this borough, claims to hav discovered a certain cure for this terrible complaint. In consequence of the inability of patients to take liquids, he has reduced the ingredients into an extract, and then into pills. It is said to be a sovereign remedy. The receipt is—Alcoholic extract of red chickweed and skullcap in equal parts, made into four-grain pills; three given three times a day for nindays. Spasms will be stopped in twenty-four hours; and the continuant for nine days is to prevent relapse, by bracing up the system against the disease.—West Chester Republican.

# A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I will now relate one of the greatest wonders that was ever witnessed since the days of the apostles. I shall be under the necessity of giving you the facts as they were given to me by those who witnessed them. They are reliable and responsible persons.

About the 17th or 18th of August last, in Henderson County, Tennessee, about nine o'clock at night, four families were aroused by an unusual noise in the west, like the rushing of many waters together, proceeding in a northwest direction, and having the appearance of an unusually bright cloud. When it reached or moved due north, voices and other extraordinary noises would be heard in the direction the cloud was moving, and then the cloud would grow more faint, and die away. It would then reappear in the west, beautiful and bright, and quite as plain as at first. All kinds of languages and all kinds of noises were heard, such as the braying of asses, neighing of horses, cackling of geese, lowing of cattle, the sound of rushing waters over cataracts, the discharge of large cannon, small-arms, and pistols, the beating of drums, and the sound of the fife. This then would cease, and give way to the singing of birds and sweet and delightful music. Then would be heard shouting, like that of victors after a battle; and then the scene would change, and mourning, and shouting, hallooing, the crying of women and children. It is impossible to give a true description of this grand scene. The cloud moved some six or seven times from due west to due north from the spectators.

Having heard of these things, and that they occurred in my old place of residence, I went and spent several days, and conversed with the persons who witnessed them. I found, in conversing with them about the matter, that they had taken up a wrong view of it, concluding it was the announcement of the resurrection, and the end of all things shortly to take place. We had some mediums close by, and we concluded to ask the Spirits about the matter, and requested them to show us the Scripture that would explain it. The Spirits agreed to do this by me and another person, directing us to commence turning from chapter to chapter, until we came to the

right place, when our hand would be thrown off at that chapter. I first tried it, and my hand was thrown off at the nineteenth chapter of Revelations. The other person who tried in the same way as I did, was not present, and did not know that I had tested it in this way. He said if they would do it for him, he would believe. He tried, commencing at the first of the Bible, and when he came to the nineteenth chapter of Revelations his hand was thrown off as had been mine at the same place. And from all the circumstances it must have been a work of Spirit-powers.

Any person wishing to know more about the matter, can address the Rev. Washington Perkins, who was the first who saw it, and lives in the neighborhood. I have given you the facts as they were given to me by letter from a much-respected brother Spiritualist—one whose experience is greater than mine—John Autery, of Christmasville, Tenn.

S. D. PACE.

### HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,

Though with pictures hung and gilded;

Home is where affection calls,

Filled with shrines the earth has builded;

Home—go watch the faithful dove,

Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—

Home is where there's one to love!

Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's one who loves to meet us!

# ANOTHER TESTIMONY.

Pultneyville, August 7, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN:

I have been somewhat interested in your paper from the time I commenced taking it; but much more so of late, and since I have witnessed for myself what purports to be "Spiritual Manifestations." Particularly have I been interested in reading the experience of those who have investigated; and as I am desirous of obtaining and diffusing all the information I can in relation to this new phenomenon, I feel it my duty to say that I have witnessed in my house, in the moving of the stand, as also in writing, some astonishing and singular manifestations. These have taken place within the last six weeks. When my attention was first called to the subject, my faith was quite weak. Some three or four concluded to sit about the stand, and did so for some half hour, when, to my surprise the stand moved about in various ways, and at our requests. I soon became satisfied that it was moved by some invisible agency, and I asked if it was moved by Spirits. The answer was, "Yes." I then inquired who it was that moved the stand, and by calling the alphabet, it spelled the name of a friend who died some years since, though that person was not in the mind of any one in the house.

We soon discovered that my son was a medium. Since that time we have had many interesting communications spelled out. I have had some from many of my relatives to me and my family and friends, and I think remarkably adapted to the persons to whom directed. Many Spirits have purported to be present whom we were not acquainted with, but we have found on inquiry that their announcements were correct. Most of the communications have been of an elevating and purifying nature. Some, however, have been frivolous and triffing in their character, and yet they have exhibited quite a resemblance to the persons from whom they professed to come. Others, again, have been untruthful. Questions have been answered correctly and incorrectly. My son has lately become a writing medium, and in that manner also we have received important and instructive thoughts, directing us to live a life of devotion to God, and to

the interests of truth and righteousness. I wish I had time and space to forward them, but can not now. I have written this to testify what I have seen.

If I am asked whether I am satisfied they come from the Spirit-World, I answer, I am satisfied, from full and careful investigation, that they come from an intelligence over, and above, and separate from the minds of the medium or the circle, and that as I believe that spirits exist after death, and as they have spelled and written out their names, I am driven irresistibly to the conclusion that they are spiritual. I hope to be able to make further investigations, as I desire the truth. If it is the work of the devil, it is not such work as I have been wont to suppose he would do—not such instruction as one might expect from him.

There are other mediums and other manifestations in our town, and all have been witnessed, I believe, of late among us. Some are interested and inquiring; many are skeptical and unbelieving. Some will not be convinced, nor investigate, because they believe it to be WICKED. When I am convinced that it is wholly evil, then I shall cease my investigations; but I will not be so foolish and WICKED as to cry "humbug" and "devil," and yet refuse to examine. How sad that so many are cultivating their animal natures at the expense of their spiritual and intellectual!

Yours, for the truth,

S. C. CUYLER.

Spiritual Manifestations are a very old story, after all. About the time of the witch-burning mania in New England, the following deposition was made by a responsible and respectable person: "I do testify that I have seen Margaret Rule, in her afflictions from the invisible world, lifted up from her bed, wholly by an invisible force, a great way toward the top of the room where she lay; in her being so lifted, she had no assistance from any use of her own arms or hands, or any other part of her body, not so much as her heels touched the bed, or resting on any support whatsoever. And I have seen her thus lifted, when not only a strong person hath thrown his whole weight across her to pull her down, but several other persons have endeavored with all their might to hinder her from being so raised up, which I suppose that several others will testify as well as myself, when called unto it." Five other eye-witnesses attested to the above by their signatures.—Exchange.

Beauty is inexplicable. It appears to us as a dream, when we contemplate the works of the great artists. It is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow, whose outline cludes the grasp of definition. Mendelssohn, and others, tried to catch beauty as a butterfly, and pin it down for inspection. They have succeeded in the same way as they are likely to succeed with a butterfly; the poor animal struggles and trembles, and its brightest colors are gone; or if you catch it without spoiling the colors, you have at best a stiff and awkward corpse. But a corpse is not an entire animal; it wants that which is essential to all things, namely life—spirit, which spreads beauty on every thing."

Papier Mache.—They are making houses of papier mache in England for exportation to Australia and India. These houses (says an English paper), which contain from four to ten rooms each, can be readily taken down and re-erected within a period of from four to six hours, so that, immediately on landing in his new home, the emigrant may find himself in a comfortable residence. These houses will be less than one third the cost of ordinary brick houses.

A NEW kind of cotton has been brought from among the Pino Indians of New Mexico, by an officer of the Mexican Boundary Commission. Its peculiarity consists in a fine, silky staple, superior in length and strength to all kinds previously known. We learn that the seed has been introduced into Texas, and that the plant will soon be grown there extensively. It has also the great advantage of not degenerating, and not requiring a renewal of the seed.

TELEGRAPHIC accounts from Vienna announce that the lost jewels of Hungary, affirmed by the Austrian government to have been stolen by Kossuth and his Ministry, had been discovered near Orschova, buried under ground. The jewels comprise the Hungarian crown and insignia, and the cloak of St. Stephen. The latter was almost destroyed by damp. Therefore Kossuth is proved to have been no thief, as his enemies would have wished the world to believe.

LAMARTINE has begun the publication of his "History of the First Constitutent Assembly," and it is likely to create as great an excitement as his "Girondins." The Gazette du France, in a furious philippic against it, says, "that France is not saved so long as such an explosive element exists in its bosom."

# OPERATIONS OF THE INVISIBLE POWERS.

Wood Co., Оню, Sept. 4, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Being desirous, as every reader of the Telegraph should be, of laying before the public every new phase of Spiritualism which comes under my observation, I am induced to give you a brief account of some rather remarkable phenomena which have been witnessed in this county during the past year. The facts which I am about to relate occurred in a family of the highest respectability, and were by them kept carefully secret for a long time. Finally, a physician in the neighborhood was called in to assist in unraveling the mystery, and through him the public were first informed of the strange occurrences. A few days since I saw Mr. C., the gentleman in whose house the phenomena occurred, and from him I obtained a brief account of the occurrences which were witnessed at his house. Not thinking, at the time, of making them public, I did not obtain his consent to mention his name in connection therewith; but from my knowledge of the man, I place the same confidence in his narration that I would in my own eyes, had I witnessed the facts.

At first the rappings, so-called, began in his family, and continued for some time, when they were succeeded by physical demonstrations similar in character to those which were witnessed in the house of Dr. Phelps a few years since. I will merely relate a few examples, as specimens of a thousand similar ones, with which the family were favored. First, a stone weighing perhaps two or three pounds was dropped in the middle of the room, the doors and windows being all closed. This was thrown out of doors by one of the family. Soon it, or one like it, came back again. A man in the employ of Mr. C. took it up, marked it with his knife, and threw it as far as he could into a field of buckwheat. In perhaps ten minutes the identical marked stone was dropped in their midst. At other times apples from Mr. C.'s own orchard were in like manner dropped in the room; so likewise were objects of every description. One peculiarity attended all these phenomena which entirely precluded the possibility of any kind of trickery in the case. Whenever a stone or other

heavy body was dropped, the sound made by its fall was very slight, and resembled what it would be if the stone had been enveloped in many folds of flannel. An apple, or any other round body, remained precisely where it fell, not rolling in the least, as it must inevitably have done had it been dropped by human hands. Finally, the family began to amuse themselves by directing the unseen visitants to put the various articles brought by them into this, that, or the other place; which directions were implicitly obeyed. On one occasion a large chip from the woodyard was dropped in the room. Mrs. C. threw it out and told the Spirits if they brought it back to put some blood on it. Shortly after it was returned completely spotted with what looked like blood.

The above is a fair sample of what occurred every day in this family for a length of time. Mr. C., not being aware that similar scenes had been enacted elsewhere, never mentioned these things away from home, lest, as he told me, his character for veracity should suffer. To his subsequent regret, no efforts were made to continue any intercourse with these Spirits, and they finally left altogether.

The above narration may be relied upon as strictly true. The particulars can be verified by affidavits of unimpeachable persons, if necessary. I regret that I was not informed of the occurrences until they had ceased, as I have no doubt but, had they been attended to by a judicious person, something more might have been learned from them.

Truly yours,

W. R. PECK.

# THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

SMOOTH the hair, and close the eyelids,
Let the window-curtains fall;
With a smile upon her features,
She hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she hes upon the bed;
God hath called her to His bosom,
And the little one is dead.

# LIFE IN DEATH.

BY S. STANLEY.

Well, ah, well do I remember,
When a little child at play,
With what joy I used to clamber
On my gentle mother's knee—
Where I'd sit for hours together
Gazing on her sunny face,
Wondering—loving—doubting whether
Aught could add another grace.

Nor is this the only picture
Graven on my childish heart—
Setting forth in silent lecture
Nature's triumph over Art;
Close beside my sainted mother,
Bound to her in love's bright loop—
Memory traces still another
In the cherished household group.

Tis my father's care-worn visage
Beaming on his loving child,
Every grace here found its presage—
Heaven opened when he smiled;
Blest companions! loved and loving—
Hearts attuned in sweet accord,
By their true contentment proving,
Virtue brings its own reward.

Next appears my gentle sister—
Dear indeed she was to me;
Oft I've wondered as I kissed her—
"Can an angel sweeter be?"

Next I see my noble brother
With his thoughtful, manly face,
Vain I try my pride to smother
While his lineaments I trace.

Unto these were added others,
Till at length a merry group—
Sisters dear and loving brothers—
Swelled the happy household group.
With what charms my partial fancy
Clothed these loved ones to the last!
With what skill love's necromancy
O'er their faults a mantle cast!

What though age the brow had wrinkled—
What though care had furrows plowed—
What though time gray hairs had sprinkled
Over heads by sorrow bowed—
What though childhood's bud had blossomed—
Naught on earth such beauty wore
As the forms which lay embosomed
Deep within my fond heart's core.

Time sped on—anon was blended
With the group so loved before,
One whose heart by love expanded,
Lent the charms she meekly wore.
While I viewed this charming creature,
Basking in her eyes' bright beams,
Love illumed each radiant feature,
Realizing all my dreams.

Oh, what charms had nature lavished
On that sweet and lovely face!
Oh, what love my bosom ravished
As I scanned each budding grace!
Nor the love one bears a sister—
Nor the love which kindred boast—
FROM MY BOSOM HAD I MISSED HER,
HALF MY BEING HAD BEEN LOST.

But, alas! while time was adding
To the group attractions new,
Death was at his elbow padding—
Shading it with somber hue.
One by one these loved ones slumbered
In their dark and narrow bed—
One by one their forms were numbered
With the cold and silent dead.

And the group, so sweetly blended,
Slowly vanished from my sight;
Love's young dream in sadness ended—
Sorrow changed my day to night.
Long I mourned my fond hopes blighted—
Long I murmured at my doom—
Till a lamp by ANGELS lighted
Shed a halo round the tomb.

By this light let down from heaven,
Sorrow's night is changed to day,
Back to life the dead are given—
Joy descending with each ray.
To my faith-illumined vision,
Those I mourned now reappear—
Roaming through the fields elysian—
Watching over loved ones here.

Other friends to these succeeded,
Dear indeed they are to me—
Just the balm my sad heart needed;
Unto God let glory be.
Still my soul delights to linger
With the dear departed ones;
Backward memory points the finger,
Thitherward my spirit runs.

Nay, I will not say "DEPARTED,"

Nor can I account them "DEAD,"

Mourn for them, or, broken hearted,

Tears regretful o'er them shed.

Oh, how manifest their PRESENCE
In the meditative hour!
They of LIFE enjoy the ESSENCE—
They have felt the QUICKENING power.

They have joined the happy legions
In a home of deathless life;
Dwell they now in heavenly regions,
Free from earthly toil and strife.
Far removed from pain and sadness,
Pinching want or cankering care—
Singing songs of joy and gladness—
Palms of victory they wear.

Soon, oh, soon shall I go meet them
Where all parting scenes are o'er—
Soon with rapture I shall greet them
On a blest and peaceful shore.
Then with patience let me tarry—
Bear the cross—await the crown—
Cheerfully all burdens car
Till in heaven I lay them down.

Home and Foreign Heathen.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a late missionary discourse, recommended the heathen of New York to the care and sympathy of Christians, as being a worse set than were likely to be found anywhere else. A learned English divine, Dr. Duff, after looking into the vices of London, says:

"I have been comparing notes between the condition of the heathen of London and the heathen of India, and I am compelled to say that, contrasted with the outrages and wild orgies of Indian heathenism, there are lamentable proofs that heathenism is actually surpassed in wickedness by the metropolis of England."

Somnambulism.—A Mrs. Helen McDonald, of this city, was killed a few days since by falling from a third-story window, while in a sleep-walking state. This is the second death from somnambulism in our city within a few weeks.

## THE "MANIFESTATIONS" IN ENGLAND.

In the English journals we find a narrative from the Rev. N. S. Godfrey, incumbent of Wortley, Leeds, and a clergyman of good repute in the Church of England, detailing his experiences in regard to Spirit Manifestations. Without remarking upon the character he gives to the Spiritual agency with which he is clearly convinced he has had to do, we can not present his case better than to quote his own story. He tried, it seems, a series of deliberate experiments, entirely satisfactorily to himself and friends. The first, he thus describes:

"On Thursday evening, 16th June, 1853, my wife, my curate, and myself sat down at a quarter past 9 P. M., and placed our hands upon a small, round mahogany table. The top was about 12 inches in diameter, and it stood upon a tripod stand without castors. I was exceedingly skeptical as to the fact of electricity being the moving power, and was therefore prepared, should we succeed, to test that fact. I should also say we had previously tried several times and failed. At 10 o'clock the table began to move. I immediately summoned our female servants (two in number) and also our National schoolmaster, in order that they might witness whatever should take place. It was agreed that I should direct the movements of the table. I first commanded it to move round to the right, to the left, to go to the door, to the window, to move forward without turning, to turn slower or faster, in order to make sure that I really had power to cause the table to obey me. Every one in the room being satisfied that I had, I then commanded it to stand on one leg, to move forward on one leg, to move forward on its three legs successively, to rock quickly from side to side, to turn to me, to turn from me, to throw a hat off in a given direction-all which commands it implicitly obeyed! I then told it to move toward each servant in succession, to lift up the leg opposite each person named, which it did. I then said, 'If F. (female servant) is in the room, knock three

times on the floor with this leg,' naming the leg. It slowly rose and did as it was commanded. 'If Mr. M. (the schoolmaster) is in the room. knock three times quicker.' It knocked twice quicker. I was watching it, and observed it did not knock the third time. I said, 'It's wrong now,' when I found that Mr. M. --, to test it, had slipped out of the room. I now felt convinced that electricity had nothing to do with the matter, and resolved upon a different course of experiment. I spoke to the table, and said, 'If you move by electricity, stop.' It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, 'If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop.' It moved round without stopping! I again said, 'If there be any evil agency in this, stop.' It went as before. I was now prepared for a further experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal; the Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped! We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table to see whether the fact of a book lying upon it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved-it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it."

At this point the sitting was interrupted by supper, after which the experiment was resumed, and the narrative thereof is given as follows:

"I commanded the table to move, and it immediately began as before. I now said, 'If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg (the one next me) twice;' it was motionless. 'If there be not a hell, knock twice;' no answer. 'If there be a devil, knock twice;' no motion. 'If there be not a devil, knock twice;' to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice! I then said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be no devil, knock twice;' it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions—'If there be a heaven, knock twice,' 'If there be not a heaven,' 'If there be not an eternity,' 'If the soul live after death.' To not one of these questions could I get an answer. I then asked it to tell me the hour—the leg knocked eleven times. I then said, 'Tell me what time Mr. —— came home to-day.' It began; I said,

'No, not that leg, the next.' It changed that leg, and struck four, the exact hour. I then said, 'Tell me the day of the month;' it commenced; I said, 'Quicker;' it quickened, and at length it came fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and, after a slight pause, it rose very slowly and fell the seventeenth. I said, 'It is wrong now; I do think you (my wife) must have been unconsciously pressing it;' but Mr. —— (the curate) looked at his watch and said, 'No, it's right; it's about three minutes past twelve.'"

The next experiment is thus related:

"On the evening of Monday the 4th July, a few persons assembled at the apartments of Mr. R., the lay agent here, and after a short time succeeded in getting the table to turn, and also to lift up the leg, in answer to questions. They immediately sent for me, and four of us, two ladies, my curate, and myself, went down to Mr. R.'s house. Various questions had been put, some of which it answered correctly, some incorrectly, before I arrived; after my arrival we proceeded thus: I procured an alphabet on a board, such as is used in a national school; this board I laid down on the floor at some little distance from the table, and I lay down on the ground beside it. I then requested one of the three persons at the table to command it to spell the Christian names of Mr. L., of B., by lifting up the leg next him as I pointed to the letters of the alphabet in succession. He did so, and I began to point. (I must say that neither of the three persons at the table had ever heard of Mr. L., and B. is 150 miles from this place.) In order that there might be no possibility of trickery or collusion, one person always looked over me while I pointed, and I kept the pointer about three seconds on each letter in succession. When I arrived at G, they said, 'That's it, the table is lifting its leg.' I then directed another person to put down the letter. When I came to E, it rose again; that was put down, and in this way it spelled 'George Peter,' which was perfectly correct. After other unimportant questions, my wife, my curate (Mr. Powell), and myself sat down to the table (a square one with rounded corners, about two feet across, on a tripod without castors). I, as on the former occasion, asked the questions. I asked questions concerning the Rev. Mr. G., of C., the answers to which were accurately taken down.

"I now wished to ascertain something concerning the spirit itself, and the following is the result of the cross-examination; and none but those who witnessed it, and saw the table, can form any idea of the varied expression thrown into the answer by its mode of rising—sometimes nearly overturning itself, sometimes rising up a long way very slowly, sometimes quickly

and decidedly, giving a sharp rap as it descended; sometimes its answer was so faint as to be little more than a heaving of the table, and always according to the nature of the question. I asked-Are you an evil spirit? -Yes. Are you one cast out by Jesus ?-No answer. Are you one of legion ?-No answer. Were you one of those who entered into the swine ?-No answer. Are madmen possessed by devils !-Yes. Is epilepsy possession ?-Yes. Can you break this table ?-No. Can you move the table without our hands ?-Yes. We took our hands off, and commanded it to move. It did not. We replaced our hands, and I asked-Is it necessary to place our hands on the table !- No. Why don't you move the table when our hands are off? Are you restrained!-Yes. By whom? By the devil !- Yes. Are you one of those seducing spirits spoken of by St. Paul ?-Yes. Are you in suffering ?-Yes. Are you the spirit of a dead person !- Yes. Have you been in hell !- Yes. Are you one of the angels cast out from heaven !-No. Are you a lost soul !-Yes. Have you power to come into and to leave this table !- Yes. Do you go into the earth !- Yes. Do you go into the abyss !- No answer. Do you go back into hell?-Yes. Can you tell us the name you had when alive ?- Yes. Spell your name."

The following experiment was made in the National school-room at Wortley, on Monday, July 18th:

"After about a quarter of an hour the table began to move; three persons were seated at the table; no chain was attempte 1; the hands were simply laid on. I should say, that in almost every experiment three persons were placed at a tripod table, in order that, the hands of each being placed over their respective leg, it might be more apparent to all that no deception could be very easily practiced, even had any one desired to impose on us. It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to mention this, as the results clearly show imposture to be out of the question. Most of the following questions were asked by me, standing at some distance from the table, and consequently not in contact with it : Are you a departed spirit ! -Yes. -Were you an inhabitant of Wortley !-Yes. This I was thankful for, as it gave us an opportunity of testing the truth of any statements he might make. Did you die here !- Yes. Were you buried here !-Yes. How many months ago ?—The leg knocked the number of months; but as his relations are living, I am obliged to suppress all particulars which could lead to the identification of the individual. It is sufficient TO SAY, THAT ON SEARCHING THE REGISTER WE FOUND THE ENTRY. Can

you spell your name?—Yes. Spell it. He spelled it by knocking the number of the letters from the beginning of the alphabet. Did you know me ?-Yes. Who buried you? Did ---, or ---, or --- (mentioning the names of neighboring clergymen) ?-No. Spell the name of the clergyman who buried you.-He spelled my name. By examining him I elicited the following facts: That he was deeply sorry he did not attend to what I told him; what I told him was true; he did sometimes come to church, but generally attended the Weslevan chapel. Had been in the school-room before; not to day-school or Sunday-school, but at a teameeting. On its spontaneously lifting its leg, and being questioned, it spelled a message for me as before, 'Death.' What he meant to tell was a lie, and for mischief. He delights in mischief. Do you haunt houses ?-Yes. Have you ever appeared to any one?-No. Can you appear now?-No. Are you prevented ?-Yes. Did you ever read the Bible ?-Yes. Do you remember the things you read on earth !- Yes. Do they make you miserable !- Yes. Do you remember the parable of the rich man and Lazarus !-Yes. Have you seen the rich man !-Yes. Are you in the same place !-Yes. Can you see Paradise !- Yes. Is there a great gulf fixed between !-Yes. Can they see you !- (Faintly) Yes. Are literal fire and brimstone the punishment of hell !- Yes. Are they as dreadful as Jesus Christ has said !- Yes. Are the Spirits punished for answering my questions !-Yes. Shall you be punished !-- Yes. By whom? Spell the name. Spelled 'Devil.' Why do you answer, then? Are you compelled ?-Yes. By whom? Spell the name.—Spelled 'God.' Are you compelled to answer any one ?-No. Can you resist the power that compels you ?-No. Can you tell us why you are compelled?-Yes. Is it because I am a minister of the gospel !- Yes. Dare you tell me a lie about sacred things ?-No."

The following additional information, thrown into the form of a consecutive narrative, was elicited in the course of the same experiment:

"In answer to questions, he told us that there is a connection between table movings and Spirit rappings; that the Spirit would not rap for every one; that there is something to be done first; that the parties called mediums, or media, do that something?

"The Spirit is not in but about the table, and retains his numan form; he has no power to move when the name of Jesus is mentioned.

"It is necessary to place the hands on before getting answers. It is a kind of incantation or charm, and places the person in connection with the Spirit. On being asked whether the unclean Spirits ever entered into any one, he knocked an affirmative; and when asked, 'Into whom? What diseases were possession?' he spelled 'Madmen,' 'Falling sickness' (or epilepsy), 'Palsy,' 'Murder.'

"We also learned from him that there were good angels; that he could see them; that they wander on the earth, and protect God's people; but that THE SPIRITS OF THE PIOUS DEAD DO NOT WANDER, BUT REST."

The high character of the clergyman who made the above experiments, and the abundance of credible witnesses brought to verify his statements, has created a very deep sensation. The "John Bull," newspaper, from which we have clipped Rev. Mr. Godfrey's narrative, in closing a review of the same, says:

"Here we leave the subject for the present. Putting Mr. Godfrey's own theory (that the Spirits are Satanic) of the whole subject on one side, and confining ourselves to what he sets down as matters of fact, to which there are divers witnesses—the whole of the circumstances being such as to preclude the notion of intentional fraud—there are two conclusions which most sensible people will concur in: first, that the matter is too grave for a jest; and, secondly, that table moving is an entertainment with which it is best and safest not to meddle."

The eccentric Grant Thorburn, alias "Laurie Todd," known equally as an author and a florist, has been marrying lately, and says, in a letter to a Philadelphia paper:

<sup>&</sup>quot;My wife is a blooming lass of forty summers; I succeeded in capturing the prize only two weeks ago; my own age is eighty-one, so that my wife just meets me half way. She is two inches taller, and five pounds heavier; so I think, on reflection, I have got the best of the bargain."

### EXPERIENCE OF A HEALING MEDIUM.

It may be remembered that some weeks ago we published an account of the remarkable Spiritual experience of Mr. Luther Burt, an elderly gentleman residing at Walpole, New Hampshire. The following letter, which we have recently received from him, presents an interesting sequel to that account, and as such it is commended to the special attention of our readers:

Walpole, N. H., Sept. 14, 1853

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

The Old Farmer writes you again for a few more of your papers, and to let you know something that is going on in this place. I am moved by the Spirits almost all the time for the benefit of the sick, and am now preparing medicine to be used after the frost visits us. I have visited many some ten or twelve miles distant, and prescribed and furnished medicines and psychologized them as I was pressed to do. When I am under Spiritual influence (to examine) my eyes become dim, my countenance is paler, and I can not converse much. Sometimes one hand moves, sometimes both, with great rapidity. My right hand moves as though it could see from the ends of the fingers. When the examination is finished, whether the patient is in the room or ten miles off, my hands will commence pointing out on my own person where the difficulty is seated in the patient. We have not been caught in an error, though we disagree with some of our physicians.

When we have done examining a person, my hand will move around tremblingly, as though looking after medicine. My mind goes with it, gliding over a large space in a few seconds. When I understand by a motion that the article, or

articles, are discovered, I know where they are, and can take the best route to them. I think we have used something like one hundred different kinds of medicines, judging from those I have on hand, which comprise nearly sixty kinds. It appears that there are many kinds of leaves which are of but little value when dried, though useful when green. I have been led to get the leaves, twigs, barks, and gums of forest trees, and shrubs, tops and bottoms of various plants, different sweets, spider-webs, dirt under buildings, five kinds of moss, several kinds of grasses, and as many sorts of brakes, mushrooms, and many other things-all to be used in various ways, in pills, plasters, washes, steamings, ointments, bandages, but mostly to take into the stomach. We use cold and warm water as remedies, and also vinegar, but no alcohol or minerals, although mineral water has been given with great benefit. I am impressed to prescribe the quantity of the medicines and the manner of taking them.

I have been led to get medicines at a distance, upon the tops of high hills, on the sides of rugged cliffs, on steep banks, in gullies, and in ditches. Very often when riding with company, engaged in deep conversation, my hand would move off as though there was something wanting. We stop, and I go and get it and put it aboard, and we drive on, continuing our conversation, not knowing who or what the medicine is for until I come to the one that needed it. Not long since I received a letter from a gentleman in an adjoining town, requesting me to visit him. There were, at the same time, others for me to visit farther away. I was directed to medicines before I started from home, pointed to more several times on the road, and when I arrived at his house I discovered I had eleven kinds, a part of which only was for him. (I have since met with him, and found that the medicine had worked to a charm.) The remainder of the articles I carried

on, and dealt out to other patients in like manner. When I got through, I found I had visited six persons. The last one I visited with medicine already prepared, though I had no knowledge of her until I arrived at the place. That lady a short time since returned from the West, loaded with disease, and was considered by herself and friends as in a critical situation. She was soon out, and now is teaching school.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

I was at Papermill Village gathering medicine, as I supposed, for four persons; when I had all collected, and had laid each parcel by itself, I knew not what it could all be for, there being thirty-five kinds, and such quantities were not wanted for four persons. But I soon learned it was for seven persons, whom I knew when their turn came. The medicines were all put up in good order, with directions attached to them, and were then conveyed to the proper persons, all of whom received benefit.

My Spirit-physician is almost always present with me. He represents himself to have been a German—a natural botanist—and to have practiced medicine in Germany, and also in this country, having died in the State of Georgia. When there is a case out of his line of business, such as disease of the hair, my hand will extend over my head with the muscles strained, and in a quivering circular motion for a few seconds, and will then drop relaxed. Soon it will move very rapidly with the impressions that it is a Spirit of a hair-dresser. Likewise, when prescribing for the gums and teeth, I am controlled by a dentist, and when for horses or cows, by a farrier.

Last winter, when I was under a sort of discipline, I was beaten tremendously on my head, body, and limbs, but never was hurt. The Spirits continued that process until they could move me as they pleased. And now, occasionally, when I have a little leisure, I am trained from the Seventh

Circle (my physician is from the sixth). My hands will then play as easy as feathers in the wind. Sometimes one hand will move very rapidly in various directions, when the other will move in an entirely different manner at the same time. Each foot will move in a direction opposite to that of the other, while the head will move with another, and the body with another motion, neither touching floor nor chair. These motions are of short duration, and are probably intended to show the looker-on that something more than mortals are at work.

When I am gathering medicine for present uses, I am led to inquire, why I pass over an article and afterward get the same? The answer is, that people of different temperaments with the same disease need the same medicine that grows in different situations. Plants growing on the north of shady banks have different qualities from those growing on the south or sunny side of hills. There is a difference between those in sandy and those in wet and clayey soils. Furthermore, the growth of trees, shrubs, and plants, in localities where there is a particular kind of mineral substance, will partake of that substance, and will suit one person, while another person with the same difficulty would want medicine from another locality. In the month of June I was in pursuit of something for a lady who was out of health. I was led away some distance into a long piece of woods where a species of brake was plenty. I passed almost through the woods, when my hand went down, pointed out what was wanted, and where to get it. the identical article I had been passing through where the surface of the earth was of but a slight elevation. Being some fatigued, I inquired what it meant. My hand raised to my head, as usual, to impress my mind. The impression was, that there is something ever passing from the bowels of the earth through the atmosphere to the regions above, and that

more of this flows at some particular places than at others. This something (for I did not understand what it was) was passing at that particular place, and changed those plants in a degree that just suited that lady's difficulty, which it did.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

When I am gathering medicine, sometimes I am moved as with a heavy current of air, and have even to run to keep my legs under my body. Once in getting over a fence I lost my balance and was falling. This force pressed me forward, and away I went like a boy.

You recollect, when I wrote you before, I mentioned that I had been called to a man in fits, and gave him immediate relief. I did not give the particulars of that case, nor have I time now to give an account of what has taken place since. But he is now gathering herbs and prescribing for the sick, similar to what I am doing. He is young and smart, goes with great force, and when he comes to a fence his hands will give a slap upon his legs and he will leap the fence, touching nothing. One fence that he leaped was measured, and found to be lacking a trifle of six feet in height. He told me if it had been ten feet it would have been the same. He seemed to move with great ease. There are other mediums here for other uses.

I am a mark for many to point their arrows at, but I fear them not, for truth will prevail. I have experienced in various ways that which mind in the body can not do. If any person disputes the truth of my statements, let them come and see for themselves. I will board them, provided they are seeking after the truth, something that can be supported by reason. It has been said by some that I was crazy; others have said that I would be. I tell them to keep a close look-out so as to know when. Others have said that I had ought to be cowhided; but let them fire away all they can, it does no harm—

it all flashes in the pan, and the smoke blackens their own faces.

Now, gentleman, you have had a long story from an old man over sixty-one years of age. I have had but little education, and have been broken down with hard labor, with stiffened joints, and rheumatic limbs, with the catarrh in my head, so that I had no peace day nor night; tried very many remedies, all to but little good. I let out my farm two years ago last spring, my head being much worse than before, and with the prospect of running down. When the Spiritual physician commenced with me, he directed me to lav aside all the remedies I had been using. Now I am spry, can get out and in a wagon like a boy; my head is almost well, I sleep like a babe; appetite good, and what is still more remarkable is, that all over the top of my head, which before was bare, there is a coat of hair now coming out. There have been no means used on my part to effect this result, except my dry hand.

Our correspondent then goes on to state, that for all this trouble and exertion he has not been permitted, by his Spiritual guide, to receive one cent, and that he does not wish to, and then closes with some slightly pungent strictures upon the course of those who have used Spiritual gifts and privileges as a source of pecuniary gain.

This case presents several features which are worthy of remark, and among these we will invite special attention to the impression which was received, that different portions of the earth's surface send forth different degrees (it might also have been added, different qualities) of ethereal emanation, and that these emanations affect differently the medicinal qualities of plants growing in the different localities. This doctrine is, by implication, clearly set forth in the writings of Swedenborg, and Baron Reichenbach has, by experiment, reduced to an actual demonstration. If this hint were duly followed out, it would become clearly evident that the (odic) emanations, not only of different portions of the earth, but of all other forms and organisms—not only upon this globe, but in the planetary spheres—are related in different ways to the vital forces of man, to the

different faculties of the mind and organs of the body, and to different individuals according to the peculiarities of their respective conditions. Herein consists the connecting point between every thing that is natural and every thing that is Spiritual; and if this universal law were properly understood, the proper means of restoring and preserving health and harmony in every department of human life would become distinctly evident.

AN ORTHODOX Doc.—Attending meeting last Sabbath evening for the first time at Dr. Chandler's church in this town, I was amused to see a large one-eared dog stalk up the aisle near the commencement of the services, and quietly stretch himself out upon the pulpit platform. After taking a survey of the congregation, as if probably to see who were absent, he dropped his head and fell into a sound sleep, perhaps thinking that was city style. I afterward learned that this dog was strictly sectarian in his views, having after mature deliberation settled down upon the mode of worship as adopted by the Congregationalist order, and chosen the Meadow Church as his regular place of meeting.

His master is of the Baptist denomination, and attends church in this village. But the dog pins his faith to no one's sleeve. He accompanies his master on the Sabbath to the road that leads to his own chosen place of worship, and there turns away without saying one word to persuade him that his own way is right and all others are wrong. At the intermission he calls on a neighbor, gets his dinner, and attends divine worship again in the afternoon. At the close of services he quietly wends his way homeward, meditating upon the topic of the day, no doubt, and perhaps revolving in his own mind how much more of the true Christian spirit might be shown by professors if they would but do as he does, worship where he chooses, and let others do the same without molestation.—

Greenfield Gazette.

REV. B. WALLER, against whom a verdict for \$5,000 has been found in Carroll County, Ky., for the seduction of a young lady, is a preacher of the Reformed Baptist persuasion. He promised marriage, and quoted Scripture to quiet her scruples. He is now married to a South Carolina lady who has property. Rev. B. Waller was a decided anti-Spiritualist.

### WHAT SPIRITUALISM CAN DO.

Poquonock, Conn., Aug. 27th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

Spiritualism, I am happy to inform you, is making rapid progress in our village, notwithstanding the strong opposition it meets with from the ultra orthodox, who piously believe it a sin to investigate, and who appear to be unmindful of that terse old saying—

He that can not reason is a fool; He that will not reason is a bigot; He that dare not reason is a slave.

A similar spirit of pious opposition, you are aware, endeavored to crush the soaring genius of Galileo, incarcerating him in the dungeon of Padua, for daring to promulgate a new fact—a new theory—not in consonance with the established philosophy of the schools of that day. But in that instance, as in all great reforms and struggles to diffuse the light of knowledge, we find the words of the poet verified:

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers.

What appears the most absurd and inconsistent in the animus of the opposition is the fact of the disposition they manifest to reject all testimony on the subject; which, certainly, is a great oversight, inasmuch as such a course can not fail to weaken one's faith in the prophecies and miracles recorded in

the sacred volume. In fine, the *onus probandi* is decidedly in favor of Spiritualism, as is evident from the following considerations:

Firstly. It has a tendency to do away with Atheism or Pantheism, which has numbered among its votaries, in ages past, as it does at the present day, men of the most astute and exalted intellects—the philosophers, Bacon and Voltaire; the historians, Hume and Gibbon; the poets, Byron, Goethe, and the *Christian* (?) persecuted Shelley; the statesmen, Thomas Paine, Jefferson, Calhoun,\* Webster, and others, whose name is legion, but who, like the latter, do not dare, for popularity's sake, their true sentiments

### "To speak bravely out."

Secondly. Spiritualism explains many of the incredible Scriptural narratives, divesting them of that mythical character to which they approximate, by presenting facts based upon a substantial foundation; for in the one we find the testimony is mostly derived from a few illiterate fishermen, while in the other we have the testimony of numerous living witnesses, and among them men whose voices have been heard in the councils of the nation, together with others of the highest legal and literary attainments. They are, moreover, men who can have no earthly object in deceiving, and whose integrity of purpose has never been questioned. If we discard these communings with the Spirits of this our day, is there not ample ground also to discredit the accounts of similar visitations in the days of the worthy patriarchs and apostles? And further, if these Spiritual Manifestations are, as the Rev. Dr. Beecher concludes, only the works of "evil spirits," may we not also conclude, as you, Mr. Editor, suggested, that the

<sup>\*</sup> Calhoun. It is well known that the man of the "iron nerve" refused the visits of the clergy during his last sickness.

'inspired volume' was dictated through the same diabolical agency.

Thirdly. Spiritualism, as I understand it, plainly interprets the Bible, serving as a key to that most mysterious book; it dispels ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance, gives a poetic charm to existence, is in keeping with the spirit of the age, whose march is onward, untrammeled by superstition, tradition, or sectarian fogyism.

To the Spiritualist the gracious power is given

"To discern

The far-off mountain-tops of lofty thought, Which men of common stature never saw."

Yours, for the cause,

NEW DISPENSATION.

P.•S. Since writing the above, I have heard that a young lady of our village has become fully developed as a Spiritual clairvoyant. Many are being converted to the truth through her instrumentality. Hence great excitement prevails.

PRAYER.—One has somewhat quaintly, but very truly, said: "God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity—how spiritual they are."

Ladies Turning Doctors —A Cincinnati exchange says: "The success of Doctor Caroline Brown in the practice of the medical profession has already had a sensible effect on the ladies in the country round about Cincinnati. Six young ladies, of good families and superior education, have applied for admission into the Eclectic Medical College at the approaching term."

### WHAT IS LOVE?

This question has been asked and answered many, many times, and yet it stands as much a question to-day as though it had never been spoken. Then what is Love?

There is a cold conventionalism which bears this name, but are its claims legitimate? Let us try if we can define by its examination what Love is. This says, that after a proper age, and after a prescribed rule, a young and innocent maiden may love one man, and one only. This, then, is where we are to seek the type of Love. For a time this pair, in artless confidence, believes the law has conferred upon them the power as well as the right to love each other, and for a time this hope is a substitute for the reality; but soon, aye, too soon, the cankering cares of life dispel the pleasing dream, and those who at first were wreathed in smiles of joy, and employed in caressing each other, are now repelling each other with frowns and tears. Is this the type of Love? Again, we say the mother loves her child. Let us, then, look there for the solution of our question. The mother presses her infant to her breast, her eye beams brightly, and we feel that our answer is here, when suddenly she casts the child from her, and, with a frown, shakes and beats it, "all in love," she says, "for its good," and again we ask, What is love? The child loves its mother. We look, and it twines its tiny arms about her neck, and covers her lips with kisses, and anon that child turns and rends that mother, and still we cry, What is Love?

All Spirit-life cries, "God is Love," and man, parrot-like, repeats, "God is Love," and passes on without even stopping

to think that Love is God. Let us, then, devote a moment to this thought. As God is the soul, the center, the all-attracting principle of life, this, then, is Love—drawing, attracting, ever absorbing, dissolving all things into one—subject to no conventionalism of time or condition. Now let us apply this principle to the human world, and say what is Love there. Is it not that same absorbing, embracing principle here as in universal nature? Is it not the God within every human breast? If this be Love, can man arbitrate its movements? Ah! what soul that has ever felt a thrill of this God-given principle does not know that it spurns all control, save its own attractive tendencies?

As well may the magnet be deprived of all its attractive powers, and still be a magnet, as Love be bound by human laws, and still be love. We may have filial love, parental love, conjugal love, and universal love; but in all, as in one, Love is the attracting, the embracing, the absorbing principle; not the punishing, the rebuking, the repelling; it acknowledges no law but attraction, which is its own inherent force.

Let us, then, talk no more of Love where selfish gratification is the aim and end. This is but passion or trade; we make a bargain—we promise to love—and do we hence love? Let us no longer deceive ourselves—this is not love. This will be called heresy, disorganization, revolutionism, and all these hard names—but no matter; let us cherish the God within our own breasts, and follow fearlessly its leadings, trusting that all will result in the highest happiness. If we do not this, where is our faith? While we are fostering feelings of hatred and revenge, are we not opposing the puny arm of flesh to the omnipotence of God? Let us, then, try to comprehend this one great truth—God is Love, and Love is God.

M. B. RANDALL.

PHILADELPHIA, September 18, 1853.

## THE SPIRIT'S TEACHING.

BY E. A. C.

Musing on life, its mysteries and its truths, Its solemn truths, that teach the bursting heart A lesson, beautiful though stern, I left My books, o'er which, unconscious, I had pored, And wandered forth into the blessed air To cool my fevered brow; for thought, sad thought, Had filled my brain with fire, and set the mark Of care where should have been the light of joy. God's firmament was o'er me-around, The blessed sunlight that bent down to kiss The laughing waters. Sloping fields spread forth Their treasures to the eye, and gentle flocks Grazed on the quiet hills. The soft south wind Breathed gently o'er the mighty forest tops; They knew the signal, and bent low their heads In prayer. The happy songsters poured their gush Of melody, a chorus soft and sweet To that great hymn which ever doth ascend From Nature's temple, acceptable to God. How could the jarring passions of the mind Resist such influence! Even as the sea Obeyed the mandate, "Peace; be still," all cares, All troubled thoughts retired, and in my mind "There was a calm." Then came a voice, whose tones Were rather felt than heard, so soft, so sweet. Methought the strains of heaven were less Melodious.

"Why dost thou sigh?" it said;
"O mortal, why complain of wearied life?
Nay, why arraign the just decrees of God,
Because thou seest not his purposes
And canst not comprehend his ways divine?

Look forth on you celestial dome, and learn; Its arches ring with sounds of joy and praise. What, though the cloud may hide it from thy view, The thunder peal and the fierce lightning flash, Knowest thou not, O frail and madly weak, That when the storm subsides, you heavenly dome Will smile on thee, brighter and purer far That it hath battled with the storm? And say, May not thy spirit, if it gird itself With a strong faith to bear the coming strife—May not thy spirit, too, be purified, And fitted to commune of God?"

It passed.

I bowed my head, and said, "Strength, Father, give Me strength to do, not to resist thy will."

[Ambassador.

Spirit Manifestations .- Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, delivered a lecture on Thursday evening on the subject of "Spirit Manifestations." The lecture was given in the City Hall of Roxbury, which was filled with a highly respectable and intelligent audience, who listened with deep attention to Mr. Putnam, while in the address, of more than two hours in duration, he described many extraordinary facts which he himself had witnessed, and furnished other evidence that these manifestations were actually from the Spirit-land. He read various extracts from spirit-communications, couched in eloquent language, and breathing an elevated and religious tone, to illustrate his position that the object of this was to improve mankind and urge the human race to progress in intelligence and virtue. Several of these communications purported to be from Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Putnam is well known in this section of the State as a high-minded and intelligent gentleman, formerly a member of one of the learned professions, and decidedly conservative in his general views and character. The statements, opinions, and philosophic speculation of such a man, enforced with much earnestness and eloquence, are calculated to give a new impulse to this subject, which already engages the attention of a considerable portion of the public.-Journal.

## PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAIT.

Some weeks since, while passing an evening with some friends at the residence of Mr. James Mettler, in this city, we handed a brief note, in the handwriting of Prof. E. L. Sears, to Mrs. J. R. Mettler, of Hartford, who is widely known as a Psychometrist, Clairvoyant, and Spirit-medium. The note was inclosed in a new envelope, which was sealed so that the Professor's chirography could not be seen. Mrs. Mettler had never even heard of Prof. Sears, and had no external means of knowing whether the note was written by a male or female. We have little or no acquaintance with Mr. Sears, but venture to presume that his friends will detect in the portrait some strong points of resemblance.—ED.

I receive the impression that this man is puzzled about something, and it appears to me that when he is perplexed he has the habit of putting his hand to his head and of brushing up his hair in front.

This person's character is not clearly revealed at once. It is necessary to be associated with him for some time to fully understand him. Those who know him intimately have not failed to discover many noble characteristics. He has some traits which few possess so perfectly. He has a strong desire for knowledge, and takes various methods to acquire information. Some of his ideas are peculiar to himself, and he has a way of solving most problems that are presented to his mind. His faculty often enables him to illustrate a subject in a new, clear, and impressive manner: He seems to reach after the depths, and is dissatisfied with a superficial investigation of important questions.

This man is benevolent, and will be active in charitable deeds. He will bestow his gifts in secret—it is his pleasure

to perform kind offices when they may not be spoken of again. He has a real sympathy for all men, and strongly desires to see more equality on earth.

If any thing new presents itself to the world, it will not be likely to escape the keen observation of this person. Whatever appeals to his reason he will receive—reason and intuition are his chief guides. It affords him pleasure to engage in conversation, and he frequently does so, not merely to be heard, but for the purpose of eliciting an expression of other men's ideas. When he is successful, he listens attentively; or if he speaks, you perhaps think he is a singular being—that he is unfathomable. To most minds he is so, especially to all who are accustomed to judge from appearances, and have no ability to discern the thoughts and motives of men.

I judge that this man has a way peculiar to himself, which must be very pleasing. There are times when he appears to be excessively fond of the ludicrous, and when he is in that mood he would be likely to make himself and others merry with humorous anecdotes.

The combative and destructive propensities of his nature are well developed, but their action is mitigated and directed by other powers. The former might, I am inclined to think, be suddenly aroused, but they would be as speedily subdued by his large benevolence. These powers give activity to his mind and strength to his character; and while he is cautious in business and careful in his investigations, he has strong argumentative powers, and will maintain his position well on almost every occasion. He is very firm and decided, relies mainly on himself, and draws his own conclusions in a free and independent manner.

This man possesses great powers of concentration, and his thoughts are elevated and aspiring. When the mind is absorbed by any subject of peculiar interest, he is measurably uncon-

scious of outer circumstances. He may derive great pleasure from his mental exercises, especially when the order and beauty of Nature engross his attention. He observes order and punctuality in his affairs, but is inclined to detest many of the conventionalisms of the age. He has an intelligent appreciation of the Fine Arts, and the memory of historical facts and scientific principles is good. He endeavors to act the part of a philosopher in every circumstance of life.

The filial affection is strong in this man; he is pleased with children—he loves innocence—is devoted to his family, and all his attachments are very strong. In the choice of companions he is inclined to disregard sex, and to select those who are intelligent and congenial. At the same time the conjugal feeling is strong, and he exhibits great suavity of manner and speech when in the presence of ladies.

I am much pleased with the sphere of this person; his presence is altogether agreeable. He is generous and intellectual—is endowed with strong and manly qualities, and will attract you to him in spite of his eccentricities.

An Ancient Manuscript.—Mr. Arder, of London, having purchased from an Arab, at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, Egypt, a roll of papyrus, has been instrumental in the publication of two pleadings at the Greek bar of Hyperides, felicitously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three hundred years older than the Christian era, claims precedence in seniority before all known manuscripts. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator Hyperides.

Longevity of Quakers.—The late census returns in England reveal the singular fact, that the average age attained by this peaceful sect is "fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days," while half of the population of this country die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of life the world over is but thirty-three years.

# THE SPIRIT'S BIRTH.

Poe is a good fellow, after all. A month or two ago he sent us a poem, the authenticity of which we dared to question. Indeed, we ventured to say, what we thought, that if Poe did write it, he had grown rusty. He has forgiven us, however, as is evident from the following letter:

DEAR SIR—The absence of one of our "trio" prevented operations since the last communication which appeared in "Dead Man's Corner."

We had a meeting on the 22d, and received the poem accompanying, from the spirit of Mr. Poe, for the Register, should you find it worthy.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26, 1853.

Very truly, your friend.

### Here is the poem:

From the rough waste of a dreary life,
From the gigantic waves of time,
From the discordant scenes of strife,
Psyche arose with a light sublime—
Arose in a form with a light sublime!

I knew she had wept—that her brow
Had been clouded by sorrow and shame
For I saw that her lips muttered low,
In the tremulous terror and shame,
That enveloped her spirit in flame—
That burned in a passionate flame!

Now shorn of her shadowy wings,
And pinioned in glittering gold,
Sweet Psyche sojourneth and sings
In the light which is brighter than gold—
In the crystalline fountains of gold!

FROM THE SPIRIT OF EDGAR A. POE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, '53.

[Phila. Daily Register.



## FACTS IN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

WE propose to relate, very briefly, two or three facts which will serve to illustrate as many different phases of the Spiritual phenomena. Among the Spirit-mediums, Mrs. Harriet Porter, of Bridgeport, is known to be favored, at times, with certain forms of manifestation which are interesting, and, in some respects, peculiar. Among the phenomenal exhibitions to which she is of late most accustomed, we will here instance that of apparently written or printed communications, which suddenly appear to the vision of the medium, on the person of the questioner, on the table, floor, or walls of the apartment, while Mrs. Porter is not only awake, but apparently in the normal possession and exercise of all her faculties. We will here furnish a single example, which will indicate the general characteristics of a somewhat numerous class.

On the 19th of September, a lady by the name of Mrs. Mary Osborn called on Mrs. Porter for the purpose of asking a mental question—whether a certain sick child of her brother would ever be any better. Mrs. Porter was very busy at the time, and the lady thought she would defer the matter until another occasion. Accordingly, she was about to withdraw, when the medium saw, in plain letters on her forehead, the following words:

"You want to ask one question."

The lady replied that she did. Mrs. O. had a small basket, on the lid of which the medium now read these words:

"Open the basket and take out the pocket-book."

The medium complied so far as to open the basket, but did

not see the object referred to. Her hand was then controlled to remove the contents of the basket, when she discovered the pocket-book at the bottom. As she loosed the outer clasp the following message immediately appeared:

"In this part [meaning within the inner clasp] is a lock of hair, of a light color; it is a boy's hair; his disease is congestion of the lungs and inflammation of the bowels."

The medium next saw on the forehead and hand of Mrs. Osborn the succeeding announcement:

"Dr. Norton is attending him; he will get better."

It appears that the lady had very much desired to go to New York, but did not like to leave while the recovery of the child was so uncertain. Though she had not openly expressed this desire, Mrs. P. next read from the lady's face, as though it had been a sheet of letter-press:

"You can go to New York."

Mrs. Osborn declared all the statements in the preceding mystical communications to be true, so far as could then be known. It is, moreover, worthy of observation that the child and its parents were utterly unknown to Mrs. Porter and all the members of her family. The lady went to New York, and the child convalesced, as was promised.

In addition to the parties named above, Silas Tyrrell and Mrs. C. Pettit were present, and witnessed what we have related.

SINGULAR WARNING.—We are indebted to Mr. Mallory, of Bridgeport, for the following significant fact: Many years ago, Mr. John Weeks, of Waterford, Connecticut, related to our informant that his father on one occasion said to him, "John, the tide will be right to-morrow morning and we will go down and catch some clams." Accordingly the father and son rose at an early hour in the morning and went through

the fields to a place called Jordan Cove. While pursuing the narrow path that led to the water, John walked behind his father. Both parties had been silent for some time, when the father turned round and with great seriousness said, "John, I don't think I shall live long." The son demanded to know the reasons for this opinion, when the father thus replied:

"I have seen a man walking in the path just before me who looked just as I think I look; he was dressed as I am dressed, and had a hoe and basket over his shoulder, as I now have. The figure walked some distance and at last gradually settled down into the ground out of my sight."

The son treated the vision lightly, and the subject was dismissed. On reaching the shore, the two took a boat and went out to a sand-bar at the mouth of the creek. When they were about to return, it was discovered that the tide had risen so that the boat was drifting off from the bar. The elder Weeks waded in for the purpose of securing the boat, which at that moment floated over a deep place. In the attempt to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Weeks accidentally stepped into the pit and went down suddenly under water. The next moment the body rose and floated on the surface with the face downward, when the son discovered, to his great astonishment, that life had departed.

The presumption in this case is, that some Spirit foreseeing that the accident was about to occur, took this method to admonish Mr. Weeks of his approaching dissolution. Those who are familiar with the Spiritual philosophy will readily apprehend the probable process. The Spirit being en rapport with Mr. Weeks, doubtless caused him, by an effort of volition, to see himself in the manner described.

### LETTER FROM ENGLAND

22 QUEEN ANNE St., CAVENDISH SQUARE, London, Sept. 14th, 1853.

MY DEAR PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Since I last wrote to you we have been on a tour to France and Ireland. We gave several séances in Paris, but found the inhabitants of that gay metropolis quite unprepared to candidly investigate so serious a subject as Spiritual Manifestations, and after two weeks' sojourn, we recrossed the Channel and went to Dublin.

In Ireland the people are greatly prejudiced against the phenomena, believing that the manifestations are either a deception or the work of the evil one, and that we are his emissaries. The stupid and silly article which appeared in Dickens' "Household Words," almost a year since, has done much to set their minds against it. By invitation of Dr. Baxter, we visited the celebrated Hydropathic Institute at St. Ann's Hill, Blarney, near Cork, and were most cordially received and entertained by its enterprising proprietor.

On the evening of our arrival, Mrs. Hayden gave a séance to sixteen persons, by request, some of whom were much interested, while the rest treated the whole matter with ridicule and contempt. On the morning after the circle, a Rev. gentleman of the Church of England, from Southampton, tarrying at the establishment, waited on Dr. Baxter and informed him in a most grave manner, that he had been requested by a large number of the patients to inform him that their feelings had been greatly shocked by the proceedings of the previous evening, and that they desired he would request us to leave St. Ann's for other parts, or else they should be compelled to wait on him with a ROUND ROBIN, signed by the complainants, demanding our departure. He also asserted the falsehood, that I was an infidel and did not believe in a God, and that we were both distributing BLASPHEMOUS TRACTS through the house (two copies of Newton and Tallmadge's letters, and two copies of the "Spirit-World"). The Doctor replied, that it was the first intimation that he had had of the matter, and he would investigate the charges preferred against us at once, as he had not been aware of our interfering with any one, or forcing our views or publications upon the attention of the inmates. On inquiring afterward, he learned that the blasphemous tracts complained of had been pirated out of his own private apartment, without his consent or knowledge, instead of being distributed about the premises. Whereupon the Doctor at once informed the good man of the result of his investigations, and of the untruthfulness of his charges, and further, that we were his guests, and so long as we did not directly interfere with him, or others in the house, that we must be respected as such, and would remain until it suited our pleasure to go hence.

We also learned, before we left, that this SERVANT of the Lord had made use of the names of some of the parties without their knowledge or desire, and on the morning of our departure we were informed that some of the inmates had signified their intention to get up a Round Robin requesting "Old Blue Coat" (they having bestowed this appellation upon him) to withdraw from St. Ann's. Whether they did so or not I have not learned, but trust they have thought better of it. At the present time priesteraft has too firm a hold of the minds of the masses of the Irish people for them to investigate any new truth for themselves, so firmly are they bound in the slavish chains of superstition and bigotry. Yet I believe there is hope for them, as we were informed that within the past few years the Roman Catholics have been decreasing in power and numbers, and that a brighter prospect may be entertained for the "Gem of the Sea." With all my heart I pray that it may be so.

Dr. Baxter is a highly progressive man, and one of great influence in Blarney, being a very large landholder. To him and to Mr. Jeffries, the proprietor of the celebrated "Blarney Castle," the town owes much of its present prosperity. With a few more such men in Ireland she will flourish equal to any other part of Great Britain.

It was quite unfortunate for us that our visit to Dublin fell on the same time with that of her Majesty, which usurped the greater part of public attention. We have now returned to our old residence in London, but find it very still just at the present time, as the majority of the better classes, as they are termed, are absent from town in the country, or on the Continent. Although there are always more than two millions of people in London, they are not those who will investigate such a subject as Spiritual Manifestations. At the present moment it is extremely doubtful how long we should remain in England, and you must not be surprised to see us in New York in a week or two. There are some persons here devel-

oping as mediums, but none that I have seen or heard of possessing remarkable powers.

I have been greatly delighted by the perusal of the reply of P. E. Bland, Esq., of St. Louis, to the discourse of Professor Lind against Spiritual Manifestations of the present day. It is certainly without exception one of the most able and manly arguments that I have ever read, and in my humble judgment is not surpassed by any thing on the subject in the language, throwing aside altogether the subject of Spiritual Manifestations. It is of extraordinary value for the powerful light it throws upon the inspiration of the Bible. Were I able I would republish it here, and distribute a thousand or two copies gratis for the great good that it would do. I should hardly think that Mr. Lind would ever venture to speak or write against Spirit Manifestations again.

I have republished here the Rev. Adin Ballou's work, N. P. Tallmadge's letters, Mr. and Mrs. Newton's excellent letter to the Congregational Church, which can not fail to be an instrument of much good. Besides the above, I have issued some few other minor publications, which I am convinced have been the means of calling attention to the phenomena, especially my reply to the "falsehoods of the Zoist" on Mrs. Hayden, which has been most commended even by the friends of Dr. Elliotson. It had the effect to bring him out in a disgraceful article in the July number of the Zoist, under his own signature, and it had one good effect, if no other, that of reflecting the true character of the man who wrote it. Although I am fully satisfied that the works I have republished have been the means of good to others, they have not in a pecuniary point of view reimbursed me for their outlay, nor do I expect they ever will. I mention this fact only to show that it is not the almighty dollar alone that actuates me.

Many thanks to Judge Edmonds for his most excellent reply to his detractors. If I remain here for any time I shall republish it for the benefit that it will be to others on this side of the water.

Yours, ever, in the bonds of the good faith. W. R. H.

P. S. An extraordinary occurrence, or apparition has just made its appearance in a house at Chelsea, some two miles from my residence. Contradictory statements in regard to the matter have appeared in a number of the daily papers, but a true statement of the facts from the mouths of the family I will send you next week, as I am at the present moment investigating the singular occurrence for the benefit of your readers.

### FROM THE SPIRIT OF A CLERGYMAN.

#### S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—The publication of the inclosed communication from the spirit of Rev. E. M. Wooley, our revered "teacher friend," will, I think, be most acceptable to his friends, should you deem it worthy a place in your columns. The imperfections of an article which comes through a medium for impressions argues nothing against its Spiritual origin, as the brain receives the imagery, and is left to use its own words and style, assisted only by the force and beauty of that imagery. Being of this class of mediums, I should not be surprised should the imperfections of this article exclude it from your paper. It, however, breathes throughout the pure and expansive love with which, while here, the noble soul of its purported author was filled.

MRS. N. J. BRADNER.

BEDFORD, WAYNE Co., MICH.

#### BELOVED FRIENDS:

I have visited the unseen home of earth's inhabitants. I have basked in the light of its beauties, and could not sooner leave its joys and purity to return through the darkness of earth's enshrouding atmosphere, and converse with my loved ones there. It is the love for them, still warm in my bosom, that now stays my joyous soul to commune awhile with them. I fain would bask eternally in the bright light of the kind Father, with which he has deluged this lovely sphere. Dear friends (oh, how many dear friends I had on earth!), the joys that now encompass me, could I reveal them to you, earth could not bind you to her; but do not rashly break her bonds, but trust the Father's good time, and the promises of life more exalted than the human thought can conceive. Beloved ones, mourn not my departure, but be glad. Rejoice that the thralldom which bound me with

galling chains no more confines me; but bring your hearts to me, and soar with me as far as flesh and blood will allow, into these realms of celestial happiness, and feel that the interior communion with friends beloved, though unseen, has a power that fleshly bonds can not give. If, when with you, I strove to raise your hearts to feel the Father's love, oh, how much more would I now exhort you to bless that God—that Father of light! If, when with you, amid the troubles that bound my soaring heart and crushed it in dust, I felt that the love of our heavenly Father was around me, how must I now feel it, when naught speaks but of his love!

There is life for the children of earth; there is love for the children of men! All shall partake of the feast the Father hath prepared, and no hate, no sorrow, no disunion shall be known among them. No discord arises here through uncongenial companionship. Those who are not fitted for the harmonial union may have the social unity, and concord is the result. The harmonial union is the unity of the twain that shall be one flesh, and those thus united can never be separated. They are they whom God has joined, and whom man can not put asunder. The social unity is the converse of promiscuous individuals, in all degrees of strength, depending upon the affinity of the parties for each other; and the pleasure enjoyed by these is in proportion to the congeniality of the united. Those whom we felt to be our worst enemies on earth, may become, when the vail of time and false relation is rent asunder, warm friends, never enemies. Do not condemn any; you see not the springs whence rise their actions. Each one of you justifies yourself in the deed you do; therefore condemn not others, who also feel that they too have the merit of right to sanction their actions. Cherish brotherly love toward one another, that the light of the Spirit-world beam brightly before your prospective vision; and when it shall burst in all its glory upon you, be prepared to soar on, drinking in the unalloyed delights of this beatific life-fainting not, but eager for more; always happy, yet each moment happier still.

Oh, how I bless the beloved Father who gave me on earth a love toward my brother, and bade that love win the hearts of many of earth's children, and bade them to offer them as tributes to God, by bestowing them in kindly feeling upon one another! I thank the Father that my feeble labors made the great heart of humanity throb with a stronger pulsation, and send its current farther on to encircle a few more of the brotherhood, who, in their turn, shall bid it renew its beatings, and thus, from one to others, continue through ages yet unborn! Friends: though the clouds of sor-

row seem to hang over your heads, fix firmly your hearts on the bright star of hope that rides ever above them. Raise high your vision, that you may meet its cheering rays. Those only who bow their head earthward, fail to discern it. None who trustingly lift their eyes aloft will lose its cheering ray. Remember ever the God of love, who has fashioned the heavens and the earth. A trust in him makes the heart steadfast. I joy now that the trials of your sphere did not crush me. I joy that I taught man the love that abideth in him, and bade him yield it as the flower yields its nectar. I joy that the love of the Father in me flowed forth over those who sought to learn of me; and here, in this sweet home, I feel the wealth of that stream, which has not ceased to flow, but which has gradually expanded until it has became a wide and deep river, clearer and purer than any on earth, and deeper and more placid—a true mirror of the love of the Father!

I see not here the golden throne of God, with his Son seated in state at his right hand; but I see the glorious workmanship of Deity. And there, in the developed purity of the Spirit-world, reigns my Spirit-Master, Teacher of purity and truth, revealed through him for the elevation of his race. Yes! Lofty and pure as my conceptions of the Father, stands him whom man should love—whom angels adore. It was the purity of his Spiritual nature that developed him on earth a teacher of Spirit-truths, and that same purity has elevated him above all who have been dwellers on that planet. The smiles that in beauty radiate from those pure lips envelop the surrounding masses in a halo of happiness. Blessed Teacher! (Teacher still.) Purity has enthroned thee upon an altar of love, and angels seek thy presence, that a gleam from thy sweet face may cast its light of love upon their hearts!

Say with me, loved ones, that I am now a dweller in light, and that you shall one day join me here. I will now hie me away to scan a small portion of the lovely book of God which this sphere discloses, and thence learn exalted truths which earth knows not. Now, dear friends, farewell! The light of love beckons me hence, and bands of congenial beings join the throng with whom I now depart from this scene, redeemed from its darkness by rays of love which pierce the shadows and reach my heart. Heavenly music calls me hence. For the present adieu!

E. M WOOLEY.

## THE FACTS EXPLAINED.

WE find the following fact in the editorial columns of the New York Pathfinder:

Spiritual Manifestations.—A friend of ours, whose veracity we can rely upon, related to us the following incident touching the so-called Spiritual Manifestations, which, to say the least, is quite singular:

He says that, having some curiosity to examine, and wishing to make a test of the "Spirits," he prepared a series of questions for the Spirits to answer, and which no person had any knowledge of but himself. He then visited the room, corner of Broadway and Lispenard Street, where several "mediums" are holding meetings every afternoon and evening, and requested to have a communication with some of the Spirits. The spirit of a relative lately deceased answered his call, and, through the medium, inquired if he desired answers to the questions that he had prepared at home, and then proceeded to repeat the first question and give the answer—both of which were correct! Our friend states that no one present but himself could have known that he had prepared any questions, as the sheet whereon they were written was folded in his pocket, and was not shown until after the revelation was made by the Spirit.

Can any one explain how this astonishing fact is to be accounted for?

Why, friend Whitney, such things have been explained already in a great variety of ways, and the explanations are as clear as the most obscure things that we know of. Dr. Taylor ascribed them to electricity "broke loose;" Mr. Burr and the Buffalo doctors, to the articulations of the joints of the nether extremities; Prof. Faraday, to muscular pressure; Mattison and Page, to machinery and mischief. The New York Daily Times says it is all "a detestable swindle." There are many other explanations, and one can take his choice, but the above are so luminous, and, withal, so preëminently satisfactory, to all who fully believe, that we need not enumerate any others.

S. B. B.

### SPIRIT OF THE OPPOSITION.

Ir the Spirit-rappers, as they are derisively distinguished, are not mad, some of their opposers probably are so, as may be inferred from the subjoined specimen of editorial thunder, which is said to have emanated from the Flushing Journal. The editor's sanctum must be a complete laboratory of explosive elements. The fulminations are startling and terrible. We advise the presiding genius of that place to apply icewater to his head, and he would doubtless be greatly relieved by suffering a Spirit-medium to allay the irritability of the cerebro-spinal nerves by manipulation. The case is desperate, but the patient keeps up a strong resolution. His courage is almost sublime; there is not a cowardly, quivering muscle in him. If the editors of the Daily Times, of this city, could only imbibe a portion of his spirit, they might venture out into an open field. Listen! a voice from L. Island.—Ed.

"We now have a taste of the quality of this 'Flushing Circle.' It is time to ask what is to be their next saintly performance, their next missive of love? Is it to be a display of the revolvers and muskets with which they are armed to the teeth, and will they dare to seek triumph in secret assassination, or open and undisguised murder, that they may stop our mouth in this world, and hunt us down in eternity, and torment our spirit with their stupid investigations in these present world-hells called 'circles?' Do they suppose a good God will subject an intelligent spirit to their brainless interrogatories? Poor fools! Do they suppose that our soul is concealed in our pocket, or that it lies in our flesh or our blood, or in a tangible any thing, that they can usurp the mastery of Omnipotence over it, and their puny hands seize and squeeze it as they do a lemon? Their acts prove that such is their folly. In their dealing with us they shall be undeceived, if brain enough is left them to discriminate white from black.

Our eye is fixed coolly, calmly, and determinedly upon this fanaticism. If that eye quails—if there shall appear the quiver of a muscle—the faintest signal of trepidation—let men, but not cowards, shoot us down at the gun we dishonor. A free press shall not suffer through us."

How a Certain Person was Convinced .- A lady of our acquaintance, who had little faith or interest in Spiritual Manifestations, became in the slightest degree jealous with the Spirits, because they absorbed too much of her husband's attention, attracting him to circles when she thought herself entitled to his society. On a certain evening, during the absence of the husband, she beguiled the tedium of her lonely hours by studying the method by which the alleged Spiritual raps might be supposed to be Having heard something of the theory of toe-snappings and bonecrackings, she put her system to the torture to discover some joint from which a sound might be elicited, and finally succeeded in making fair imitations of the Spirit-raps by a slipping of the ankle-joint. The discovery, in her estimation, was a capital one, and she promised herself much amusement in displaying to her husband her newly-developed mediumship. Hour after hour did she wait for his return, in order that she might give him a sequel to his evening's entertainment; but the midnight oil began to burn low, and the spirit of Morpheus hung heavily on her eyelids, and she retired to bed in an adjoining room, the door of which she left open. No sooner had she laid herself down, than she heard a loud rapping on the table in the room she had just left with no person in it, and then the raps continued in rapid succession along the wall on two sides of the room, and passed directly through the partition into that bedroom, at a place where there was no door, and then continued in like manner along the wall of the bedroom, till they came right by her head, when they ceased. As no one but herself was in the house at the time, except her children, who were asleep in the room with her, and as no human being could have produced the phenomena, had one been present, the lady was forced to acknowledge that her new discovery with the ankle-joint was somewhat at fault; and instead of joking her husband on his return, was compelled to admit that the joke was somewhat against herself. To retaliate upon her husband, she now often goes to Spiritual circles, while he prefers to stay at home.

## THE PRESS ON THE "TIMES."

Last week we published what we had to say respecting the unmanly conduct of the New York Daily Times. We were not actuated by personal feeling, but by a desire to correct its false and libelous statements for the truth's sake. Our readers will perceive that several respectable city presses are disposed to indorse us, and to censure the conduct of the Times. Immediately after the publication of our letter to the editor of the Tribune, the following appeared in the Evening Mirror:

Mr. S. B. Brittan, editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, accepts the challenge of a correspondent or subscriber of the *Times*, to produce physical phenomena without visible agency, only stipulating that he shall select two of a committee, and the *Times* two, and those four a fifth person, the said committee to be known to the community as reliable, and to hold twelve meetings or more, and to report the issue—the same to be published in the *Times* and Telegraph. As the *Times* called for an acceptance of the challenge, it is bound to stand by the guns.

It will be remembered that the *Times*, in its notice of the Discussion, took occasion to stigmatize the leading Spiritualists as the 'vilest knaves.' The New York *Reformer*, in a caustic leader, under the caption, "Who are the knaves?" holds the following language:

Are they knaves who conceal the truth of science and religion from the people? If they are, who are they? Are they knaves who conceal facts which may lead to the discovery of important laws? If they are, who are they? Are they knaves who teach, while they are in ignorance of the truth, because unwilling to investigate? If they are, who are they? Are

they knaves who preach the facts of Christianity, and deny, without investigation, the very facts which teach what Christianity consists in? If they are, who are they? Are they knaves who assume to know all that is to be known, and deny every thing not under their immediate cognizance? If they are, who are they? Are they knaves who misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbors? If they are, who are they? Are they knaves who maliciously use their power to destroy the good names of their cotemporaries? If they are, who are they? We leave the Times to examine these questions, and to make proper answers. Much would we prefer that there should be no necessity for any such interrogatories. It would be more agreeable to see the Times, and the press of this country generally, doing its duty to mankind on the most important subject that has come under the investigation of the mind. It would be agreeable to see the press casting aside the prejudices which interfere with the acquisition of truth and knowledge; and to behold it heeding the voices of those bold pioneers in the progress of the race, who, regardless of the contumely and scorn of the unthinking many, have placed the axe at the very roots of error, and are hewing a way for the down-trodden millions to advance in one common phalanx, animated by the assurance that the power is in man to throw off the shackles which bind him mentally, morally, and physically, and to rise in the scale of being for nobler purposes, pursuits, and ends than have ever yet stimulated the higher faculties of his being. Shame, shame on the men of thought in our country who have not the moral freedom to be just to themselves and to their countrymenwho, with myriads of facts before them to prove the existence of a higher philosophy than ever before enlightened the earth, are not contented with their own lawless indolence of thought and neglect of duty, but are strenuous in their opposition to the self-sacrificing few who are willing to peril all for the welfare and emancipation of society!

Again we say to the *Times*, without pretending to know much of Spiritrapping, the men you have abused with such grievous wrong are reputable and valuable members of the community. Blushes should mantle you when you reflect upon the passage, "THE EVIDENT COLLUSION BETWEEN THE PRETENDED DISPUTANTS." If there were no proof of such a folly, why have you brought such a charge, and how could such a decision as is contained in the last sentence, quoted above, be made by you without a tittle of evidence? How glaringly apparent that passion, not principle—that prejudice, not truth, dictated that unjustifiable judgment! It is of such injustice that the elements are gathered to overwhelm error at last. True

men will not bear that the lovers of science and of truth shall thus be treated; and the very course adopted to crush the growing spirit of inquiry will only add zeal to the efforts of philosophers, that mankind may escape the victimization of false teachers. The world will yet know who are the knaves.

Since the above was written, the Times has published another illiberal attack upon Mr. Brittan, who desired that that journal would publish a gentlemanly and courteous letter in reply to their cowardly and wanton assault. They stabbed Mr. Brittan, and refused to let him speak in his own defense. We can not help exclaiming, Who are the knaves? The probability is, the Times wishes to be considered an "independent newspaper," as it styled itself recently. Yes, it is independent-independent of decency, propriety, of justice. All the independence it has is that of the highwayman, who knocks you down and takes your life-not a whit more independent. It is not independent in a manly sense, for it does a wrong, and refuses to have its wrong exposed in its own columns, that the truth may be known to its readers. The Times, however, will yet repent of its own folly. It has meddled with a serious subject as others have done, and it will cover its head with shame as science reveals her treasures. We do not censure it in anger, but in sorrow, determined only to show the public that the spirit of truth shall be protected from the envenomed shafts of malicious ignorance. We think our readers will be able to answer the question, "Who are the knaves?"

Mr. Greeley sets the matter to rest, respecting the origin of the Discussion. That it was not sought by us is a fact now abundantly fortified by his testimony. He states what we did not before know, viz., that he personally suggested to Dr. Richmond the propriety of challenging us to the controversy. Mr. Greeley has made a frank and unequivocal statement, and we leave the *Times* to digest it at its leisure. We copy the article entire from the *Tribune* of Friday morning, the 7th instant:

#### DO MEN LOVE TRUTH

Some probably do, but the great majority love it only as it tends to increase their own sensual enjoyments, or minister to their own aggrandizement. If it upholds our sect, our creed, our party, it is an excellent

thing; if not, kick it out, howl it down, crush it, crucify it! Hence unbelief is often culpable, not because it is wrong to believe according to the apparent preponderance of proof, but because the infidel never candidly considered and fairly weighed that proof.

Some two years ago, Dr. B. W. Richmond, of Jefferson, Ohio, living in or near a focus of what is called "Spiritualism," wrote us a very long, caustic, and thorough review of the "Spiritual" pretensions and alleged phenomena, intended to show that the latter were all produced by natural causes, and were identical in essence with the phenomena which in various ages have been characterized as witchcraft, necromancy, possession, somnambulism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc., and that no Spirits had any part in them but the spirits of living men and women still incased in mortal bodies. Nothing so cogent, so able, so well fortified, as this essay of Dr. Richmond, had then been given to the public, and it seemed to us, until we afterward ascertained that some of the Dr.'s statements (for instance, that in every case of mysterious moving of inert, ponderous bodies, the movement was TOWARD the "medium") were contradicted by facts, that he had floored the "Spiritualists" and ended the controversy. We had several private letters from him, before and after our publication of his essay, all overflowing with zeal in opposition to the Spiritualists, and proposing to amplify his essay into a book. We suggested to him the idea of challenging Mr. S. B. Brittan, editor of the Spiritual Telegraph (which was started during the progress of our correspondence), to a controversy in the columns of the Telegraph, and afterward submitting the whole argument to the public in a volume. This was readily assented to; the controversy was prosecuted through twelve letters on either side-all printed in the Spiritual Telegraph, but in no other periodical, and finally issued from the Telegraph office in a volume already noticed in the Tribune. There is no other volume extant from which so clear and full an idea may be gained of the pro and con of the "Spiritual" hypothesis.

This volume was sent, among other journals, to the *Times* of our city. That paper was not content with abusing the book, but proceeded to speak of its authors and publishers as follows:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Messrs. Partridge and Brittan will not thank us for our opinion of 'the better class' of their publications, if the present work is to be considered as a specimen. They must understand that we look upon the Spirit-rapping question as a most detestable swindle. While we believe that many of the mediums are poor, deluded creatures, we are convinced that the projectors and promoters of the affair are knaves, as infamous as ever served out a life-sentence in a state prison.

"Of this particular work, which purports to be the record of a controversy between a believer and a skeptic, we can only say, that, if it were not saved from our loathing by its stupidity, the evident collusion between the pretended disputants would disgust us. A more dishonest book has surely never been published in any country. We do not, after this judgment, expect to be favored with any more of Messrs. Partridge and Brittan's publications."

Now that this charge of "EVIDENT COLLUSION" is unfounded, we do most certainly know. Dr. Richmond was utterly unknown to Messrs. Partridge and Brittan until he appeared in the Tribune as a most sweeping opponent of the "Spiritual" pretensions, and was introduced to them by us. The controversy in debate was entirely of our suggestion. We had printed about as much for and against "Spiritualism" as we could find room for; and since a paper has been started expressly to commend that subject to public attention, we turned the Doctor over to his natural antagonists, and requested the belligerents to fight out their battle on their own territory—at all events, not on ours—which, to our sensible relief, they did. And the Times' assertion that a controversy so originated and prosecuted manifests "EVIDENT COLLUSION" in support of "Spiritualism," is a much stronger testimony in behalf of that hypothesis than we ever uttered.

Mr. Brittan, thus implicated by the *Times* in a swindling conspiracy, addressed a brief and courteous letter to its editors, stating that he had NEVER HEARD OF Dr. Richmond prior to his appearance in the *Tribune* as an opponent of "Spiritualism;" never saw him to this hour; and had scarcely heard from or of him other than as the volunteer assailant of the Spiritual hypothesis in essays widely reprinted from our columns as a complete refutation of that hypothesis. Mr. Brittan closed by asking the *Times* to designate some person to oppose the "Spiritual" cause whom that paper could rely on as REALLY arguing on their side, and let the controversy be brought to an issue.

This letter, from a man whose integrity it had grossly and wantonly assailed, the *Times* refused to publish—refusing, also, to coöperate in bringing the controversy to an issue, as proposed by Mr. B. But it referred, instead, to an offer formerly made in its columns of a premium of one hundred dollars to any "medium" who could move tables under certain circumstances, or procure answers to certain occult questions which the one-hundred-dollar man stood ready to propound. The *Times* added, that this offer had been withdrawn, but would doubtless be renewed.

Mr. Brittan, thus shut out of the Times, responded through the Tribune,

accepting the *Times'* banter, if still open, and proposing further, that two respectable citizens should be designated by either party—they to choose a fifth—which five should thoroughly investigate the alleged "Spiritual" phenomena, and report the facts and their conclusions—the same to be published in the Telegraph and the *Times*. To this acceptance of the *Times'* own proffer NO RESPONSE HAS BEEN MADE!

These facts bear their own comment on their face. Whatever may be the truth respecting what is called "Spiritualism," we know that Messrs. Partridge and Brittan are not scoundrels—that there was no "collusion" between them and Dr. Richmond—and that the *Times* has acted in these premises exactly like the *Times*.

### WHAT GOOD WILL SPIRITUALISM DO?

URANIA RAMSDELL, of Laoni, Chautauque Co., N. Y., had more than ordinary health until sixteen years of age. She is now twenty-five years of age. When in her seventeenth year she had the erysipelas, which, seated on the lungs, heart, and spine, left her system in a diseased condition, beyond the reach of the physicians in the place and vicinity. When in her nineteenth year the left side of her body was palsied, leaving her left hand and arm void of sensation. The nails did not grow; the hand was clenched, and could not be straightened; the hair on the left side of the head did not grow; the whole side of the body was numb, and almost void of life; the left eye lost its sight, and the hand and arm withered. she was about twenty years of age, her father left his body and went to the Spirit-sphere. Soon after this event she had a very severe attack of disease, that carried her to the verge of separation from the body. When all hope and expectation of herself, her friends, and the physicians for her recovery were gone, she slowly recovered so far (as the Spirits now say, by the influence of her father's spirit) as to be able to use her leg and foot, and to enable her to walk some; but she did not regain the use of her hand and arm. To give some idea of her treatment, let it suffice to say that she was bled twenty-two times in two weeks, and forced to take medicine enough to destroy any system that was not very highly vitalized.

For about four years she remained in this hopeless condition, with life

a burden, until last winter, when the Spirits undertook her cure through a medium, by Spiritual magnetism, and without any medicine. She soon recovered the use of her arm and hand, and whole side. The arm and hand have now attained nearly the size and strength of the other. The hair and nails grow as well as on the other side, and her whole system has the appearance of ordinary health. Her lungs are recovering, and she is now easily put into the magnetic sleep, and is a very good medium.

This is one of the cases where the medium had to have her system imbued with health, and her mind with belief in Spirits, ere she became a medium.

LAONI, N. Y., Sept. 19th, 1853.

We subscribe to the truth of the foregoing statement,

Urania Ramsdell, Mary Ramsdell, Robert Cowden, A. C. Straight, Wm. B. Ramsdell, H. J. Thayer.

Spirit-power.—The great power which may sometimes be exerted by Spirits, through suitable mediums, is evinced by some facts lately witnessed by the writer. A gentleman possessing rather more than an average amount of muscular power, held a light footstool firmly in both hands, with the intention of keeping it as nearly as possible to a certain position, while a medium who was present placed her fingers lightly upon the top The footstool immediately commenced oscillating violently from side to side, and the gentleman in his effort to stop it was severely shaken from head to foot. Finding the utmost exertion of his powers unavailing, his wife took hold of the other side of the footstool, but the utmost powers of the two combined could not stop it. The more forcibly they held it, in fact, the more violently it shook. The medium, certainly, with simply the points of her fingers laid upon the footstool, could not have exerted a lateral force of five pounds without her fingers slipping from the stool. Here, then, was a force of at least one hundred—perhaps more nearly two hundred-pounds to be accounted for as coming from some invisible source, and overcoming the combined muscular strength of the gentleman and his wife!

## THE SPIRITS DOWN SOUTH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, who says that the editors of that journal can vouch for his character, relates the following:

A few evenings since, a little circle of three young girls were sitting at a table which was in violent motion. Communications by "rapping," on the alphabet, were thrown off with great rapidity, and names of departed persons were given as being present and conducting the phenomena. this, however, I can account for, I think, upon the mental biological theory. One of the young ladies at the table is a WRITING MEDIUM, and at my request she took a pencil and in a few seconds began to write with great rapidity, in a clear, bold hand, her eyes being shut. In a short time it was announced that a person recently deceased was present. At the instant, a thought occurred that I could TEST the matter in a new way, and I asked -though not sitting near the table myself-this question: "Will you answer, if instead of calling the alphabet, I substitute numbers from 1 to 26-say 1 to mean A, 2 B, 3 C, etc.?" The reply was, Yes. I said, Tell me who you are? and I began calling the numbers, one, two, three, etc. The raps occurred upon different numbers, which I put down on paperno one in the room, not even myself knowing what letters the numbers denoted. After the raps had ceased, I privately selected the letters and placed them over the numbers, and COULD MAKE NO SENSE of the name. I said so, but did not name the letters. The table began to rap, and spelled out in the usual way, these words: "I did not give the right number last." Numbers were again called, and the number NEXT to the one before given was struck. On placing the corresponding letter over it, the whole name became PERFECT and complete. Without intimating that any name was made out, I asked for the name through the writing medium. After an instant she wrote, and the same name of the deceased person was written. Now here I had two different communications in different ways-one in a MODE which by its nature forbade deception, and the other through a young lady, whose very soul would revolt at the idea of TRIFLING with the DEAD or deceiving her friends.

#### THE FAIRIES' BLESSING.

All delicate and beautiful things refine the taste and sublimate the soul, and it may yet appear, in the superior light of other worlds, that the whole range of objects, in Nature and Art, which have been deemed merely ornamental, have been, after all, the most useful. Their images once impressed on the mind may remain as immortal creations in the realms of Spiritual and celestial life. With us it is a settled conviction, that whoever contributes to make the present existence and the world of outward relations, objects, and images more beautiful, is a true minister of Heaven and a benefactor of man.

We are indebted to a young lady of varied accomplishments for her first offering, which will be found below. The female portion of our readers, and especially the young, will be pleased with "The Fairies' Blessing." The conception is exceedingly delicate, and the style altogether in keeping with the subject. "Addie" has been much devoted to various intellectual pursuits, but her love of knowledge is, nevertheless, subordinate, and in the preference of the Fairy Queen she, perhaps unconsciously, reveals her woman's heart.—ED.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak.
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry."

The last echo of the village clock had scarcely died away, when, under an old oak upon the green, myriads of tiny forms assembled, for now that mortal eyes were closed in sleep, fairy-day dawned.

Some parted the leaves of the wild honey-blossom, and with a half sigh left their fragrant resting-place; some came from moss roses, where they had been nestling, some from the pure cup of the lily-numbers emerged from a neighboring mossy bank where the blue violet hides, and myriads sprang from the boughs and branches of trees, where they had been cradled among the glossy green leaves and rocked by the wind's lullaby; but at length a strain of fairy music, low, sweet, and clear steals upon the listening ear, and from a lily-bell springs a form of more dazzling beauty and more majestic air. robe, made of butterflies' wings, seems with its rainbow hues to reflect moonbeams, that with a flood of silvery light came dancing and flickering upon the mossy carpet beneath the old oak; and as she gracefully waves her wand, the bright little favs form a circle, and in silence await the commands of their Queen. Her voice, sweet as a nightingale's most melodious tones, breaks the stillness. "My children-my fays, you all know that this is the anniversary of that period on which we have ever been accustomed to bestow some favor upon a mortal-some fairy spell that shall enable them to fight with greater ease the stern battle of life-to gather more fragrant blossoms by the wayside of that always weary pilgrimage that leads from their cradle to their grave.

"I have selected a child young in years, pure as yet in heart—an orphan, and entirely without those advantages that cause a distinction among earth's children. I wish you to propose several boons, and when we have found one that suits our approbation, we will see that, talisman-like, through sunshine and storm, it shall cling to the little earthly pilgrim as her blessing from Fairy-land."

There was a pause—not a murmur broke the stillness, until the chain parted and a lovely little fay half hesitatingly said, "Please, your majesty, let us give her *Beauty*. Let it be of the most exalted but bewildering kind. Let all that is charming in Nature by comparison fail to equal her unrivaled loveliness."

"Nay," replied the Queen, "not so; for that which we intended for a blessing, might and doubtless would prove far otherwise. Who shall say that the noxious spirit of vanity might not find access to her heart? Or might not that heart be like the butterfly, which in the morning of its life is flitting from flower to flower—what so happy? Ere long it is the spoiler's prey—crushed, bruised, its beauty gone!"

As the disappointed suppliant bowed her pretty head before her Queen's disapprobation like a lily in a storm, another, with confident air, approached and said, "Let our gift be Wealth. Let her treasures be vast and inexhaustible. I have heard that the gifts of fortune are highly prized by earth's children, for their wishes can be fulfilled as if by enchantment. Surely with nothing to sigh for, she would be happy."

"You have made an unwise selection," was the response. "If she never knew a wish ungratified, would the lovely blossom of humility nestle like the dove of peace in her heart, or would the hateful spirit of pride render her indifferent to the sufferings of others less highly favored, until that noxious weed o'ershadowed the beautiful blossom of sympathy, and it drooped and died?"

Another tiny form advanced from the crowd as the rejected retired, and said, "If beauty and wealth are frail reeds to lean upon, would not Wisdom aid her? Not that learned by bitter experience, but intuitive knowledge; so that she may wisely and well guide her bark among the breakers and half-hidden rocks by which so many voyagers are wrecked, until she, in safety, reaches the desired haven at her journey's end."

The Queen thoughtfully replied, "Too much wisdom at life's outset would destroy her happiness—for would it not be well for one so tender in years to lose even the pleasure of anticipating a joyous future. She would then know that 'All

that is bright must fade,' and that sad faith would chase the smile from her lip and the sunshine from her heart."

There was a long silence, before, with timid, faltering step another suppliant approached, half trembling, and kneeling on a pearly white pebble, bowed her graceful form, and softly and sweetly whispered, "Please, your majesty, let this be our gift—that she may LOVE AND BE BELOVED."

The presiding fay smiled most graciously as she raised the fair pleader. "Your desire is granted," she replied. "All shall acknowledge her power. She shall be guarded, cherished, protected from the world's rude changes by hearts that love her. All shall smile upon her most kindly. Infancy shall fearlessly look up to her. Old age shall confidingly lean upon her. You have chosen well, for of all earth's blossoms none are so lovely as that 'truant flower of Eden that maketh glad the garden of the heart;' and now, fays, one and all, we will visit the little mortal." . . . There was a sound like the fluttering of wings, and when the next moonbeam reached the earth the old oak was deserted.

In a cottage-home slumbered in all the lovely innocence of childhood a little one, as through the open casement with the bright rays of silvery light the fairies glided and clustered about the child of their adoption.

As music soft and sweet flooded the air with melody she nestled her flushed cheek closer to her pillow, and the dimples deepened and played hide-and-seek as though "a pleasant thought were at her heart."

Voices like silvery bells chanted the spell, and as the first gray light of morn stole through the casement the fairies vanished, and the child opened her blue eyes and smiled.

ADDIE.

## THE ANGEL VISITOR.

BY VIOLA ODORATA.

VIOLA, though personally unknown to us, need offer no more apologies for the freedom which she has exercised with so much delicacy and reserve. She has our cordial invitation to send us as many "ANGEL VISITORS" as may be consistent with her pleasure, and if in any instance we can not entertain them, after the manner of our present example, we shall at least treat them kindly for her sake. All who are like Viola may derive encouragement from the reflection that the earnest desire of the heart is a prophecy, and that it is ever given to the faithful to realize its fulfillment.—Ed.

Last night as I sat at my lattice,

Thinking of days that were gone,

A form stole in at the doorway

And murmured in soft music's tone.

It murmured as 'twere at my elbow,
And looked down fond in my eyes—
"O what is the cause of this weeping—
O why let such dark thoughts arise?

"Dost not know, my own dearest darling,
That we're near thee—and guarding thee yet—
That we never have left thee all lonely?
For our sun has just risen, not set.

"We're ever around thee, to bless thee,
To comfort and cheer when in pain;
To strengthen when weak, and in sorrow
All saddening thoughts to restrain."

And those eyes looked upon me as fondly,
The soft hand smoothed my tresses away
As it pressed on my brow its cool air-lips,
Then vanished like the last beam of day.

But it left on my brow the bright impress Of that soul-cheering, soul-given kiss, And that fond glance will shine on me ever, Till we meet in the world of pure bliss.

Powers and his Works.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Florence, makes the following mention of some of the works upon which the great American artist, Powers, is at present engaged:

"Among his important works now in progress are a noble monument to Washington—a colossal statue in the military costume of the Revolution—for the State of Louisiana; a majestic personation of America, the Goddess of Liberty, resting upon the emblem of Union, as she tramples on that of Despotism, and serenely pointing to heaven as the source of her authority and power; her youngest daughter, California, a fine-limbed figure, in a thoughtful, questioning mood, holding a divining rod pointing to buried treasures in one hand, and half concealing a crown of thorns in the rear with the other, and an illustration of Milton's "Il Penseroso"—

—— pensive nun, devout and pure, Sober, steadfast, and demure, All in a robe of darkest grain, Following with majestic train, And sable stole of Cyprus lawn Over her decent shoulders drawn—

ordered by James Lenox, Esq., of New York. If one might be permitted to hazard a conjecture from a survey of the yet unfinished model, I should say that this latest would prove to be the greatest achievement of the artist—whose personifications of the goddess "sage and holy"—

—— with even step and musing gait, And locks commercing with the skies—

will at least realize the conception of the mighty poet of Paradise.— NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

# SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

THE Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer contributes to that journal two interesting letters touching a work that has been dictated by Spirits through the medium of Victor Hennequin, an ex-representative of the French National Assembly. As these letters best explain themselves, we give them in their order—the first, as addressed to the Emperor, Louis Napoleon:

SIRE-My name is Victor Hennequin. I was a representative of the people on the 2d of December, 1851. I have never rallied to your Government. I write you with the hope that you will read my letter to the end. I ask from you neither place, nor cross, nor money, nor any sort of favor. You have heard talk of the turning tables. I have pushed this phenomenon to its last limits, and the movement of the table has become converted into a voice, which has inspired me and dictated an entire book. The celestial voice has commanded me to entitle this book, "Let us Save the Human RACE." I speak to you about it for two reasons. The first is to request from you direct authority to publish it without control. What Mr. Proudhon did for himself, I am doing for the inspiration of God. The second motive of this missive is, that God has overthrown all my political datathat my book attacks the dearest principles of democracy-that it upholds the cause of power in general, notwithstanding the lively repugnances of my nature; and that I am commanded to say to you, to you personally, that you have a providential mission. This is no interested rallying to you. I prove this by asking, what you will accord without difficulty, permission to publish my book, and then that you will take no more thought about me. Two things will prove to you that I am not mad-the supernatural phenomena which so abound on all hands, and the reading of the book itself.

I am ignorant, sire, of court forms, and I pray you to permit me, contrary doubtless to all established usage, to finish this letter with my name only.

VICTOR HENNEQUIN.

The above letter having found its way into the *Independence Belge*, a leading journal, with editorial comment appended, the name of the author of the letter being omitted, M. Hennequin addressed the following letter to the editor:

Paris, September 12th.

SIR-You said, in your number of the 10th of this month, that an exiled Montagnard had just addressed a letter to the Emperor, upon the subject of turning tables. That Montagnard is not exiled: it is myself. It is true that I commenced, in my communication with the other world, with tables and hats; but I have long since thrown aside these vulgar instruments. My hand, placed upon the paper, moves of itself, and answers my questions with the pen. I hear a voice in my ear. This voice is that of THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH. It has dictated to me or inspired a work which we have written together, principally of rights. The work contains a moral for myself as severe as it was unexpected. I saw myself initiated into the general organization of the universe, into the life of Spirits, into astronomy, of which I was utterly ignorant, revelations that I can only give a first taste of in a publication entitled "LET US SAVE THE HUMAN RACE." Such is the title chosen by the Spirit of the Earth. If I have written to the Emperor, it is to be sure, first of all, that the circulation of this book should meet with no obstacles. I have taken in behalf of truths, of which I am merely the communicating agent, a step contrary to all my antecedents, but for which I console myself from the double consideration that it is neither interested nor voluntary. I expect from you the insertion of this letter in the Independence Belge, and I pray you to accept my warmest civilities. VICTOR HENNEQUIN,

Ex-Representative of the Department of Saone et Loire.

The National Intelligencer's correspondent sees fit to pronounce the writer of the above letters a "poor, deluded" fanatic, but we think our readers will discover any thing but signs of madness or fanaticism in M. Hennequin's epistles. They are eminently calm, independent, and to intelligent Spiritualists, entirely rational. Their revelation corresponds with precisely what has occurred in this country, England, and elsewhere, to wit: that rappings, etc., the earliest device

of the Spirits for communicating, have given way to more exalted agencies, pointing to the time, possibly, when even hand-moving will be done away, and man will be enabled to stand face to face and confer directly with the Spiritual world. We shall be glad to see Victor Hennequin's promised book. The spirit of his announcement suggests that it will be an interesting revelation. Thus is the good work spreading through all lands.

# IN ADVANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Kingston (Jamaica) Morning Journal of the 8th ultimo, gives the following example of the mysterious power which takes possession of pine wood and mahogany. It will be perceived that tables are—occasionally, at least—superior to telegraphs as mediums of the earliest intelligence. We incline to the opinion, however, that they will not render such services often enough to suit the demands of speculators.

A table, under the influence of a certain party in this city, was questioned as to the day on which the expected steamer would arrive, when it gave six distinct raps, making it the 6th. On the next question, as to the day of the week, seven was struck, making it Saturday. Subsequently, another system of rapping—that of suspending a shilling by a thread over a glass—was consulted, as to the hour at which the steamer would be signalized, and the answer was, one. How many minutes after? the answer was, twenty. These questions and answers were communicated to several parties in this city, and have, as our readers are aware, been correct—the steamer having arrived on Saturday, the 6th, and was signalized about the hour stated.

## A SPIRIT RESPONSE.

S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., sends us the following communication, written by a Spirit in reply to the mental question of a skeptical lady, "Will my father write something, if possible, to convince me that this theory is true?"

My happiness is great; I view things not as I once did. I have long desired to write to you about my present condition; now I am permitted to do so, I can not portray as I would wish the beauty of the spheres; no, that can never be done; but this much I can say, all is in perfect keeping with the power of the great OVER RULER—all is love and harmony. We all strive to progress so as to see the divine face of our Lord.

We come to earth to proclaim-"Peace on earth and good-will to man." It is a matter of great RIDICULE among men, that SPIRITS come to earth to rap; but we must come as people can best bear it. I am permitted to say, that we could just as well, or would just as soon, appear to you face to face, so that you would now gaze upon me (or us) if you were prepared; but you know that very few could bear it. Certainly they could not, unless they had much more information on the subject. My daughter, is it hard to believe this? Are we told to doubt the power of discernment which Gon has given us all? Ought we not to study deeply into these manifestations-compare them with the best judgment of our natures and the Bible-then embrace the theory as coming from the Great Giver of all good gifts? This new and strange doctrine was never given to the devil to mislead mankind. God is all love, and works for the good of all. WE do not pretend to have power, only as it is given us from the same high and holy source. May I ask all of these friends to consider well before they condemn. But let ME say to you and them, that we do not ask them to accept any thing which does not accord with true principles of purity.

# MR. DAVIS AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It is a subject of regret with many that the influences of Spiritualism should be so much directed to the undermining of Christianity; and that in the present stage of these interesting investigations, such a disposition should be manifest to establish a sect in opposition to the Bible. Certainly those communications received from Spirits who declare the Bible to be the inspired word of God, are, on their face, not inferior in marks of intelligence and honesty to any others. On the contrary, there are several circumstances which should give to this class of witnesses great weight. They are uniformly gentle and modest, never issuing arbitrary commands, never enjoining obedience to themselves, and never tormenting the mediums. On the other hand, it is an unfortunate fact, though not entirely conclusive, that while many of those Spirits who support Mr. Davis' theology exhibit great powers of language and logical skill, we find no difficulty in tracing their doctrines downward, until we discover them blossoming among those ruffianly Spirits who delight to throttle mediums and talk in oaths.

Mr. Davis, in his journeys in the Spirit-world as a clair-voyant, has failed to discover any place where God is in person, or to make the acquaintance of any Spirit who had ever seen him. The Spirits with whom I communicate declare that in another part of the Spirit-world, diverse from that visited by Mr. Davis, God is visible in the form of a man; and that he exists there as a Father, surrounded by his children.

Now it is a well-established law of evidence, that one, or a hundred witnesses, not having seen, heard, or found a thing, amounts to nothing, as opposed to the testimony of others who did see, hear, or find it. The Bible makes a like distinction as to diverse localities, and intimates that the communication between the two is not very frequent or easy.

The law governing our explorations in the Spirit-world I suppose to be this: As we are made up of body and spirit, the spiritual sight of a persom is liable to become opened at any time. But if it be the spiritual sight merely, he will be able to investigate but a very limited class of objects; for he will not be able to rise one line's breadth above the condition of his own moral nature. If he would ascend, the spiritual degree of the inner man must also be opened; and if he be conjoined by a personal love to the Lord, he will be able to penetrate to the great center of universes, where the Lord personally is, and will find him, and not otherwise.

The dogma which reduces God to a mere operative principle in nature, is as unphilosophical and illogical as possible. It is never arrived at but through a peculiar and very painful process. The child intuitively regards God as a man-the Infinite Man; and he continues ever to do so, unless the desperate flimsiness of modern pulpit theology, or very strong influences from associates, tempt him curiously into atheistic speculation. Then he becomes ambitious to comprehend God in his life and his beginning; and, failing to do so, he falls back, a wreck as to his interiors; and, in dying agony of soul, casts God and his revelations to the four winds; takes refuge in his own intellectuality as the chief good, and goes to amusing himself with the attempt to construct a Supreme Power out of the external elements of nature. He forgets, what the child knows without reasoning, that there must be an intelligence behind the motion of the watch, and that every

apparent cause in the universe is but an effect until a one First Intelligence is reached. He forgets that the human mind is so constructed, that it is really and logically impossible for it to conceive of intelligence in a mere principle, or of intelligence at all, without a form, and that form the human form. How unsatisfying the thought of worshiping, and being ourselves born of, a cold, deaf, unthinking, unyielding principle, in comparison with the idea of a living, acting, warm-hearted God, the great Image of ourselves, and who is the Father of our Spirits, as completely, and by exactly the same relation, that our earthly parents are the progenitors of our bodies; and who, occasion requiring, did not hesitate himself to take on our form, and to die, as to his external part, out of love to his children!

Soon after the execution of Lopez, at Havana, I took occasion to get in communication with his Spirit (or what purported to be his, and this is all I ever mean by the use of this form of expression). He said he was still alive and busy, and would yet accomplish his purposes in Cuba. The spirit of Bonaparte declares that he is inspiring and aiding his nephew to carry out his measures in France and the continent of Europe. Swedenborg relates that Luther, on arriving in the Spirit-world, gathered assemblies and continued his preaching; that Melancthon went on with his writing; and that Calvin busied himself with hunting up the predestinarians, The general fact that Spirits change their opinions but slowly after leaving the body, and that those who had devoted themselves to any particular projects in the propagation of beliefs, or otherwise, still desire to carry them out, is confirmed by all experience. With this fact staring us in the face, that men should go to Thomas Paine for information in theology, men who, were he still in the flesh, would not consider him authority at all, is not a little remarkable. And yet the finger-marks of Thomas Paine are very clearly visible in many parts of Mr. Davis' great work, "The Great Harmonia."

When we come to survey the great field of Spiritual communication, ancient and modern, we find the balance of evidence very much against Mr. Davis, as a slight examination of the writings claiming a Spiritual origin will show. First, we have the book of Genesis, which bears marks of having been, at least in part, transcribed by Moses from a yet more ancient Spiritual record; interesting traces of which are still discoverable in Eastern Asia. Then follow the other books of Moses, and all the rest of the sixty-six books which go to make up the Old and New Testaments, together with the various writings called apocryphal. I will only name, in addition, the Koran; Swedenborg's Spiritual works, which extend to thirty octavo volumes; of German works, Stilling's Pneumatology, the Secress of Prevorst, and Guardian Angels; Cahagnet's French work; Davis' goodly number of volumes; the Auburn Disclosures; and the several other modern works advertised in the TELEGRAPH. Now by far the greater number of these agree on three points, viz., the actual personality of God; the divine inspiration of the Scriptures; and the necessity of redemption through Christ. Setting aside the Koran, which affirms fully the first of these propositions, and there remain only the books of Mr. Davis, and those other very recent, and mostly very ill-digested productions, which have come forth, as it were, from under his wing. borg, as he tells us, for a period of near thirty years, was in almost constant association and communication with the angelic heavens and with the Lord, a place and a presence which Mr. Davis makes no pretension of ever having reached. The Auburn Disclosures is a series of very remarkable papers, which, as mere literary and logical productions, would do

honor to any age or country; and I can but express my sur prise, Messrs. Editors, that in your anxiety to place Spiritualism, in all its phases, before the world, you should have overlooked those papers so long. Through some of these channels, and through others, Daniel, Paul, Luke, John, etc., have communicated pretty freely. These persons have been long enough in the Spirit-world to correct, at least, the more prominent of their earthly errors. They affirm the personality of a visible God, the full inspiration of the Scriptures, and that God and Christ are one. But they also say that the Scriptures are interpreted by traditional opinion, in such a way as to falsify them in several important particulars.

Having thus, in a very brief way, touched the great points at issue, I intend to say very little, in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, about the *eight* Old Testament inconsistencies which Mr. Davis has given us, and nothing at all about the *eighteen* others which he has not given us. And,

First. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Mr. Davis objects that matter, though changeable, is indestructible, and hence eternal; and that "the creation of matter implies the bringing of something into existence from nothing." Mr. Davis is obviously mistaken in the meaning of the word create. With his restriction we should have no use for it in the language; for if to create can not be predicated of God, it certainly can not of any thing else. We put fire to wood, and create heat. The sun creates light. The chemist may collect floating vapor, and of it create water, and afterward ice. It can not be pretended by any really philosophical man that God created the universe out of nothing, and the word does not imply any thing of the kind. Without doubt, every thing that is has emanated from God. He may be likened to a great central sun in the universe of universes, of which the sun in our solar system is a correspondence

And I have, as I consider, very good Spiritual authority for saying that the natural universe proceeded from the Divine Creator in the form of ethereal efflux, producing, first, suns of universes, and second, suns of systems, from which, in turn, proceeded planets. Science has demonstrated pretty conclusively that every known substance is capable, by the application of heat, of being resolved into a gas; showing very satisfactorily that the gaseous state in creation preceded the solid; and that it would be possible, by the application of sufficient heat, to reduce this entire globe into organic vapor.

Second. "And God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night." All this was on the first day of creation; and Mr. Davis objects that the sun and moon were not made until the fourth day; and that the paragraph, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light," implies "the absence at first of all light from the universe. Mr. Davis avers this to be in "direct antagonism to all the positive discoveries of the age." "Science," he says, "demonstrates that heat, light, and electricity were in existence before the earth was formed;" and he asks which shall we believe—Nature, or the Old Testament?

Let us see if we can not help Mr. Davis out of his entanglement. And, first: We talk to children according to their capacity; and again, there are certain appearances in nature which are not real, but which, for the sake of convenience, we adopt as real. Thus we say, the sun rises, and the sun sets, when the sun neither does one nor the other. The Bible conforms itself to the same law of necessity in addressing our understandings, and to the same doctrine of appearances in dealing with nature. With respect to the order and method of creation, I presume Mr. Davis' views and my own are very similar. It is to be presumed that the work of creation

reaches back into infinity, and will proceed on to infinity. But when our world became sufficiently mature to be stocked and inhabited, the work, with us, in a certain sense, may be said to have ended. We were furnished with such an account of it as we could best understand; and I have no doubt, when the actual processes come to be understood, but that they will be found to accord with the periods and descriptions in the book of Genesis.

I hold, then, that the six days of creation were indefinite periods of time; that the earths of each system are emanations from its sun, and are inclosed within its sphere; and, notwithstanding the decision of astronomers, I am by no means certain but that one atmosphere, of different density in different parts, incloses an entire system; that the earths emanated from suns as mere gases, and are gradually solidified by the action of fire, electricity, and, perhaps, other forces of which we have little knowledge. The expression, "In the beginning God created," etc., does not of necessity imply any conflicting limit as to time. We say, "In the beginning of the Roman empire," and we may mean any early point of time in its history, or the whole time up to the period and beyond when it could properly take rank as an empire. No one would think of confining the application to that point of time when the first stone was there laid for the first foundation of a structure.

We are now to remark that, in the Scripture account, the production of light is spoken of at several different times, but always under different aspects; and, furthermore, we are to bear in mind that the account of the creation, in Genesis, relates almost exclusively to this earth, and that the other heavenly bodies are, in the main, only incidentally alluded to, as seen from the earth. On the first day of creation, it appears, there was light on the earth; on the second, the firmament, but

of sky simply, became visible; and not until the fourth day, or period, were the sun, and moon, and stars to be seen. Now all this is very natural, and accords perfectly with what would be likely to occur, if the world originated in the manner both Mr. Davis and myself suppose, and its own geological structure confirms; and when we come, in addition, to consider that the relation is given us according to appearances, as in other parts of Scripture, and as we every day speak and write ourse'res, we have nothing more to ask. As the crust of the ear a consolidated, the smoke and vapors, which had hitherto shrouded it in darkness, would begin to dissipate, admitting a degree of light; and as the maturing process proceeded, next sky; and subsequently still, sun, moon, and stars would gradually break in all their glory upon the astonished world. In supposing that the expression, "Let there be light, and there was light," applies to the whole universe, Mr. Davis is again mistaken. The reference is obviously to this earth alone.

Third. Mr. Davis' third point is, that the Mosaic account "teaches that the heavens and earth, and all that in them is, were made all perfect at once;" and that "Genesis also affirms that man was more pure, perfect, and wise-more in unity with heaven and its Author-than the race is to-day." Mr. D. affirms that universal nature refutes all this; that the "first types of vegetation," "animal life," and so on, are "rough, crude, incomplete," and in every respect inferior to after developments." As to creation having been produced all perfect at once, in point of time, the Scripture makes no such declaration. On the contrary, it expressly extends the work through six distinct periods, now very generally considered to have been periods of great extent. I would like very well to know what kind of perfection Mr. Davis means. The Bible expression is good. God saw that his works were all good as they came from his hand. Does any body doubt

it? Allowing God to be a mere principle in nature, that principle must of necessity work in perfection, like a perfect steam-engine, until forcibly obstructed. But it does not follow that man, as he came from the hand of his Maker, should have been perfect in wisdom and knowledge. A child may be good ("perfect") to look at; but he is perfect as a child not as a man. A savage may be good ("perfect") in bodily and mental organization, but not in intelligence. A fair, rational interpretation of the Bible meaning is this: God saw that man, and the other works of his hands, were well fitted to the purposes for which he designed them, and therefore pronounced them good. Of course, as the first man had no taint of hereditary disease, either physical or mental, before he commenced to act, or in any way had injured himself by a disorderly life, he was "more pure," and "more in unity with heaven and its Author, than the race is to-day."

Fourth. Mr. Davis' fourth objection is but an elongation of his third. If every thing was "very good," Mr. Davis wants to know "who made the wicked serpent that tempted Eve?" and, also, who made the devil? We have already seen that under the supposition of an impersonal God, as well as a personal, the conclusion is irresistible, that first creations are good, that is, perfect of their kind, until they become corrupted. For an explanation of the corruptions and imperfections which supervene, we must look to the doctrine of perversion. The light and warmth of the sun are very good; and yet with a glass I may pervert those glorious and blessed rays, set my house on fire, and perhaps lay a whole town in ashes. The little infant, so far as we are able to judge, is pure as an angel. He grows up to manhood perfect in health, in bodily and mental vigor. And yet he may pervert every one of those noble faculties which God has made so good, if he chooses, and perish at middle age, or before, as many do, a brokendown debauchee, every power, both of body and mind, by that time having been utterly exhausted. The devil perverted the good gifts of God, and became the wicked being he is. Desiring company and subjects, he seduced our first parents to follow his example, and probably entered the serpent, as at a later period demons entered the swine, and used him as his instrument.

Fifth. Mr. Davis' fifth objection is, that Genesis confines the work of creation to "six literal days." This by no means follows as a necessity. The word day has now, and always had, different applications. It frequently means an indefinite period. We say, "in our day," meaning our age—"in the days of the Cæsars," "in the days of the Judges," meaning the whole periods that the Cæsars held sway at Rome, and the Jews were ruled by Judges. This is emphatically a Bible use of the word; and in this very account of the creation, the six periods are first spoken of as so many days, and then all together as one day, showing very conclusively that in the use of the word, literal days were not intended. The language is this: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

Sixth. "Genesis can not be a true report," says Mr. Davis, "because it contradicts the positive declarations of astronomy." "Moses makes the heavens and the earth about six thousand years old." "Light requires three hundred thousand years to travel from one of the fixed stars to our earth." Mr. Davis makes two mistakes here: first, in supposing that the record confines the work of creation to a week; and, second, in assuming that the Mosaic account is an account of the Universal Creation, instead of an account of the creation of this globe. The Mosaic chronology can have no proper application beyond the confines of this earth.

Seventh. "Genesis can not be a true report," continues Mr. Davis, "because it belittles our ideas of God." Mr. D. specifies: Genesis represents God as getting "fatigued," and "resting" on the seventh day, like a man; as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Adam and Eve hid themselves from an "omnipresent" God; and He "being unable to find" them, called to them; and again, after the fall, "it repented the Lord that he had made man," etc. I can not avoid a feeling of indignation as I read Mr. Davis' sneers and sarcasms (which I do not repeat) over so grave a subject; grave, whether the Bible be true or false, from its own intrinsic importance, as well as from the fact that the faith and hopes of a large part of mankind hinge on the questions which Mr. Davis handles so flippantly, and so uncourteously, and so unwisely. A proper respect for the opinions of others should have taught him differently, and he ought also to know, that true reason and a good cause require and accept no such aids. I will ask Mr. Davis if he "belittles" himself when he talks to his child with such choice, and variations, and simplifyings of language as may be necessary in order to enable his child to understand him? or if he would "belittle" himself in accommodating his language to the comprehension of an unlettered, ignorant person with whom he might be conversing? I suppose Mr. Davis does this; we all do it. We do it simply because it is unavoidable. Our talking would be useless if we were not understood; and hence of necessity we conform our language, not to the standard of our own knowledge, but to the intelligence of our hearers.

Mr. Davis is again mistaken in the meaning of a word. "To rest" does not necessarily imply fatigue. It means simply to cease from action or motion; and it is only when the accompanying circumstances imply fatigue, that we understand it in that sense. Of the Supreme Worker nothing of

this kind can be predicated; and God's resting on the seventh day means simply, that having finished a certain work his labors ceased. I see nothing unnatural or belittling in the familiar intercourse represented to have subsisted between God and our first parents before the fall. On the contrary, every logical deduction of reason and consciousness agrees with revelation in affirming that we are God's children, made in his own likeness; and nothing can be more natural than that father and children should associate together. Such having been the original order of things, into the same order will the restored man again come.

Eighth. Under his eighth head, Mr. Davis informs us that he is aware that the more advanced thinkers among the supporters of the Mosaic theory have abandoned the idea of six literal days of creation, "accepting, instead, the geological interpretation of epochs, or ages." He asks, "If we are now to receive the six days as figurative, how shall we regard the seventh day, on which the Lord rested?" "Why are we inconsistently and hypocritically keeping one day in each common week as the day hallowed by the repose of Deity," etc. "Here, again," continues Mr. D., "the positive principles and deductions of a philosophical theology stand in direct antagonism to the accounts of Moses." Mr. D. fails to give us, with any clearness, his reasons for this conclusion. Let us see if it properly has any basis to rest on. If the six days are taken as periods of unknown length, the seventh, which completes the series, is entitled to a like character. For aught we know, it may not yet have ended. As a correspondence of those great periods, the natural days of the earth were divided into periods of seven, six days of labor and one of rest, for the use and convenience of man. All this looks very natural and very probable, and I fail utterly to discover in it any "antagonism" to the principles and deductions of philosophy.

Having thus patiently traversed Mr. Davis' eight specifications of Old Testament Inconsistencies, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that when intelligently and unprejudicially examined, the Mosaic account of the creation is not only in consistence with itself, but also in harmony with, and is confirmed by, modern geological discovery. I can not now follow Mr. Davis into the question of the age of the world since the peopling of its surface, as indicated, or supposed to be indicated, by Chinese records and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Suffice it that the main doctrines of the Bible, relating to man's condition, wants, and duties, are the unavoidable deductions of pure reason, and need no revelation whatever to sustain them. Who needs a revelation to inform him that man is corrupt? that in his infancy he was pure, and as he ripened into years fell from it? that we all are born with hereditary taints? that the first man (for there must have been a first man) had none of these hereditary taints? and that if he had lived an orderly life his offspring would have escaped hereditary taints? Who needs a revelation to tell him that, as an individualized intelligence, he is after the image of the Great Supreme? He feels it within himself. He knows it. Every well-ordered mind is conscious that he is an offshoot from the One First Great Intelligence; and as like begets like, and can impart no qualities it has not, and must impart what it has, it is very easy to trace back from the sprout to the original tree, and to find God in the form of an Infinite Man. We propagate our kind, but what have we to do with the process of molding the human form divine, as it appears in the infant? That part is done by a superior Power. We look about us, and discover that we are surrounded by effects. There is not a cause visible to the external man in the whole earth; and by this we know that every thing we see is an outgrowth of things we do not see. Understanding, however, the relation between cause and effect, especially that like produces like, we are able to discover, as the apostle declares, what those invisible things are; and from natural hills, and dales, and trees, and rivers, and cities, to go to Spiritual, and thence to celestial landscapes of unimagined beauty; and from the best types of the human family, the father surrounded by his children, to the Great God and Common Father in the midst of his angelic offspring.

The Bible, without doubt, is very poorly understood. Undoubtedly some verbal errors have crept into it; and much of the theology, which is professedly sustained by it is a mere Pharisaic theology, without life. Nevertheless I accept the Bible as the inspired word of God; not, however, simply because of its own demands to be so considered, or the claims of tradition in its behalf, but because I find that careful logical deductions from all that we see and know, aside from revelation, lead inevitably to the same conclusions; because it appeals to my own interior consciousness with a power and sweetness I can not resist; and because what appears the purest and loftiest sources of intelligence in the modern Spiritual Manifestations, as well as the Spiritual Manifestations of all ages, fully affirm it.

J. R. ORTON.

Cancer Relieved.—The New Era learns from a correspondent that Mr. David Leighton, of Bangor, nearly eighty years of age, who had been afflicted for many years with a severe cancer in the face, and which was thought to be incurable by the physicians, has been essentially relieved of that loathsome disease by Spirit-influences exerted through the mediumship of Mr. John S. Williams. After a few visits and manipulations by Mr. Williams, the progress of the cancer was manifestly stayed, and the wound was set to healing.

## THE MODERN CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Extracts from a volume just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, entitled "Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and Popular Theology," by Theodore Parker.

Eighteen hundred years, with threescore generations of men, have passed by since Paul first went to Rome. What a change since then! It is worth while to look at the ecclesiastical condition of Christendom at this day. The Christian Church has very great truths, which will last forever. But as a whole, it seems to me that, at this day, the Christian Church is in a state of decay. I do not mean to say that religion decays-piety and morality; the sun will fade out of the heavens before they perish out of man's heart. But the power of that institution which is called the Christian Church, the power of the priesthood of the Christian Church-that is assuredly in a state of decay. It has separated itself from new science, the fresh thought of mankind; from new morality, the fresh practical life of mankind; from new justice; from new philanthropy; from new piety. It looks back for its inspiration. Its God is a dead God; its Christ is a crucified Christ; all its saints are dead men; its theology is a dead science, its vaunted miracles only of old time, not new. Paul asked for these three things-liberty, equality, brotherhood. Does the Christian Church ask for any of the three? It does not trust human nature in its normal action; does not look to the human mind for truth, nor the human conscience for justice, nor the human heart and soul for love and faith. It does not trust the living God, now revealing himself in the fresh flowers of to-day, and the fresh consciousness of man. It looks back to some alleged action in the history of mankind, counting the history of man better than man's nature. It looks back to some alleged facts in the history of God, counting those fictitious miracles as greater than the nature of God; He has done his best, spoken for the last time!

The Protestants worship the Bible, with its Old Testament and New; that is infallible. The Bible is the religion of the Protestants, as the Church is the religion of the Catholics, and the Koran of the Mohammedans. This is the ultimate source of religious doctrine, the ultimate stand-

ard of religious practice. Here the Protestant sects are unitary; even the Universalists and Unitarians agree in this same thing, or profess to do so.

Then the Protestants differ about the doctrines of that infallible word; and so while one hand of Protestantism is clenched on the Bible, the other is divided into a great many fingers, each pointing to its own creed as the infallible interpretation of the infallible word; the one pencil of white Protestant sunshine, drawn from the Bible, is broken by the historic prism into manifold rays of antithetic color. . . .

The Christian Churches have broken with science, and are afraid of new thought. This is somewhat less true of the Protestant than of the Catholic priesthood. They have broken also with fresh morality, and are afraid of that. And so the Christian Church to-day is very much in the same condition that Heathenism and Judaism were at the time when Paul first went to Rome. . . .

In the Christian Church there are many churches. But there is not one that bears the same relation to the civilization of the world, which Paul bore eighteen hundred years ago. He looked forward; they look back. He asked liberty of thought and speech; they are afraid of both. There is not a Christian government which has not some statute forbidding freedom of thought and speech. Even on the statute books of Massachusetts there slumbers a law prohibiting a man to speak lightly of any of the doctrines in this blessed Bible; and it is not twenty years since a magistrate of this State asked the grand jury of a county to find a true bill against a learned Doctor of Divinity, who had written an article, proving there was no prophecy in the Old Testament which pointed a plain finger to the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

All over Europe, religion is supported by the state, by the arm of the law. The clergy wish it to be so, and they say Christianity would fail if it were not. Hence come the costly national churches of Europe, wherein the priest sits on the cartridge-box, supported by bayonets, a drum for his sounding-board, and preaches in the name of the Prince of Peace, having cannon balls to enforce his argument. What a contrast between the national churches of Russia, Austria, Prussia, England and the first church which Paul gathered in his prison-house, where he preached with his left hand chained to a soldier's right hand, "his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible."

Once the Christian Church fostered the actual humanities of the times. There was not a temperance society in the world; the Church was the temperance society. There was not a peace society, the Church was the peace society; not an education society; the Church opened her motherly arms to many a poor man's son who had talent, and gave him education; and he walked through the cathedral door into the college, thence to the great mountain of the world, and climbed as high as he could get. Now as the Church is in the process of decay, we need special missionary societies—societies for preventing drunkenness and every vice. The function of the ancient Church has passed to other hands. She teaches only from memory of times long past. The national churches apologize for the national sins and defend them. In Europe, the established clergy are seldom friendly to any movement for the benefit of mankind. In America, it is they who are eminent supporters of every public enormity which the nation loves, willing to send their mother into slavery, pressing the Bible into the ranks of American sin.

It is for earnest men of this age to protest against the evils of the Christian Church, as Luther against the Catholic Church, as Paul against the Heathen, as Christ against the Hebrew Church. This can be done only by a piety deeper, a philanthropy wider, and a theology profounder than the Church has ever known; by a life which, like Luther's, Paul's, Christ's, puts the vulgar life of the churches all to shame. The new Church must gather to its bosom all the truth, the righteousness, and beauty of the old world, and add other excellence new got from God. Piety must be applied to all daily life, to politics, to literature, to all business; it must be the creed which a man repeats as he hands goods over his counter, repeats with his hands, which he works into every thing that he manufactures. This is a piety already on its way to success, and sure to triumph.

There are evils which demand a religious hand to redress them. The slave is to be freed, the state and society to be reorganized; woman is to be elevated to her natural place; political corruption to be buried in its grave. Pauperism is to end, war to cease, and the insane lust of our times for gold and pleasure is to be tamed and corrected. This can be done only by a deep religious life in the heart of the people. All great civilizations begin with God.—Liberator.

THE Mormons are making an effort for the conversion of India to the creed of Joe Smith. Thirteen "ministers" arrived there from the City of the Salt Lake, via California.

#### THE HUNGARIAN REGALIA.

THE official Temesvar Zeitung gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary, from which we draw the following sketch:

"It was fully shown at the outset, by Auditor T. von Karger, that Kossuth first took the insignia to Alt-Orsova, but being unable, with any due degree of security, to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Baths at Mehadia. Finding, however, still less opportunity to hide them there, he returned forthwith to Alt-Orsova, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodor, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night across the Cserna toward the Wallachian boundary, on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain that companions of Kossuth had purchased on the same day, at Alt-Orsova, tools for digging, and had at night left for the Cserna. 'The winter on the lower Danube having come on very early, and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months in the ground about Alt-Orsova, and when, in April, 1850, the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom, by the shrewdness of the Kossuth party who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

"Early last spring Karger was ordered to devote himself to the task of seeking the chest in which the insignia was deposited. He started on the principle that the secret could have been imparted to but few persons in order to attain to any degree of security, and that they must have chosen some point, which could be easily found again by them or by their messengers, even upon the lapse of years; and further, that they could have crossed the Cserna by only one way, and that the place of concealment must be beyond that river—a region affording but few places suited to their object. Although a pretty thorough knowledge of the surface of this territory had been gained previously, a most thorough and careful examina-

tion was once more begun. This lasted several months in all weathers, and even throughout the clear moonlight nights of July and August. Every upturned clod, every bush, tree, broken branch, stone, rut, or scratch in the earth was noted, the same spots were passed over and over again by those engaged in the search, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, now leaving the spot in despair of finding the clue, and yet, as if called back by some higher power—says the Austrian writer—returning again to the search. The result of all this research was the conviction, that the tokens of the place of concealment must be found in some peculiar conformation of the earth or hills, or in some peculiar tree or trees.

"Karger concluded finally that the desired sign must be sought among the trees. Now began anew a careful examination of the entire wooded district, and at last in a solitary spot almost hidden from the eye, and not far from an old road, untraveled for the last fifteen years, which once led to Wallachia, was noticed a clump of crees in which many branches had been looped off or partially cut, and which on the whole presented somewhat the appearance of having been trimmed with some special object in view. Next it was noticed that branches found entangled in the thorns bushes, and in the branches of other trees, belonged to the trees in the clump, which showed that those could not have been trimmed by the peasantry for fuel. In process of these examinations an elegant watch-key was found, and an ax handle, which indicated that a man of the better classes had assisted in the work. This, taken in connection with the light and friable soil, the peculiar position of the trees, completely covered with creeping plants, the solitary position of the place, and yet its proximity to the Danube on the one hand and the Turkish-Servian boundary on the other, awakened in Karger's mind a feeling of the highest confidence that the place was found. He had been instructed not to begin the work of removing the earth until he had unmistakable signs of having found the right place; but he was now so sure, that on the 6th of September last a space of twenty square fathoms was marked out, and men set to work examining it by digging ditches at intervals of a foot and a half, which were to be extended in each direction across the gore inclosed here in the bend of the river Allion, on which the clump of trees stood. On the 8th of September, at 81 o'clock in the morning, a man at work in the prolongation of the second ditch struck something which gave a metallic ring, and a moment later a well-locked iron box was exposed, taken to a place of safety, opened by force-and the Austrian tyrant had once more the crown of St. Stephen in his possession."-Tribune.

### HOPPER.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Joy! for another victory is won!
In calm omnipotence a conquering spirit
Treads the bright fane where souls most pure inherit.
Another star is risen with light sublime—
A star of strength, above the cope of time,
Brightening forever from the spirit sun!

Earth is bereft. Heaven hath one angel more—
A new-ascended splendor wings its flight
From love to love, from light to purest light.
Another brother pleads for us above;
Another heart of unextinguished love
Prays for mankind where risen saints adore.

Yet, friend, when souls like thine from earth depart,
We feel that ministering angels go,
And leave the populous city of our woe.
The sky becomes less grand. The breathing air
Misses the good man's presence, and his prayer.
A link is dropped from life's fraternal chain;
A lamp is quenched, no more to shine again;
A solemn fane where Christ was shrined away,
Crumbles and falls to undistinguished clay,
And all who love their race grow sad at heart.

Away our fears and pains! Thou livest still!
Thy memory is music, and thy deeds
Are bread of life, whereon affection feeds.
The lamp is fallen, but the flame it lent
Kindles the heart-fires of a continent.
The mute religion of thy story pleads
For suffering man more mightily than creeds.

The stalk is broken, but the seed survives.

Thy life with love inspires a thousand lives,
And daily triumphs o'er aggressive will.

Our miserere in rejoicing dies.

The new-born ages travail with the birth
Of myriads like thee, who shall all go forth
In the dear Master's name, and in his love,
While hate, the vulture, flies from peace, the dove.
'Tis morn, not eve, whose twilight fills the skies.
Star, to thy bright perihelion speeding on,
Good man, become an angel, love us still;
Pray for us to the Father, that His will
May in our lives, not less than thine, be done!

[New York Tribune.

CLOCK STOPPED BY SPIRITS .- We received the following, verbally, from Mr. Wm. Havs, of Williamsburgh, who personally witnessed the occurrences related: At a Spiritual Circle, where one portion of the manifestations consisted of slight rappings on a table, the members of the circle were annoyed by the ticking of a clock on the mantlepiece, which they were constantly liable to take for the Spirit-sounds upon the table. A person finally arose, and was proceeding to the mantlepiece to stop the clock, when he was unexpectedly arrested by an annunciation through the medium that the Spirits would stop it. The gentleman resumed his seat, and in a few minutes the clock stopped, without any visible cause, and while at a distance of several feet from the person nearest to it. It was again set to going, but again stopped almost immediately; and so the experiment was repeated several times, with the same result. Finally the Spirits informed the circle that that clock would not go before seven o'clock the next morning, when, if they started it, it would go as usual. Accordingly every successive effort to make that clock go, both as made on that night and the next morning before seven o'clock, failed; but at seven o'clock it was started, and it went as usual, and this, too, without any readjustment of its machinery, which some might suppose to have been deranged.

VIOLENT MANIFESTATIONS .- It is a matter of real astonishment, that apparently the greatest violence is sometimes done to the human body while under Spiritual influence without producing any injury. We were struck with some remarkable instances in point while perusing, some time since, an account of the occurrences, undoubtedly of a Spiritual origin, which took place at the tomb of the Abbé Paris more than a hundred years ago, as attested by scores of the most intelligent and respectable persons of those times. Invalids seeking the benefits of the Spiritual Magnetism which seemed to be concentrated at that spot, would sometimes be raised up into the air by an invisible power, and then be permitted to fall violently upon sharp corners and projections of stone; or their muscles would be set in violent convulsions, causing them to beat their heads against the wall until the blood would spurt from their nose and mouth; but if any wounds occurred they would be quickly healed, and the patient, instead of being injured, would be greatly benefited or entirely cured. People with paralyzed limbs, on coming upon the charmed spot, would sometimes become possessed with a furor, and would be set to beating the diseased limb with a heavy mall until spectators would suppose the bones to be crushed to fragments, yet instead of injuring the limb, this operation would speedily cure it.

A RECENT CASE.—A gentleman of known veracity recently stated, at the New York Spiritual Conference, that he personally saw a medium, while under Spiritual influence, thrust his hand into a fire, such as is ordinarily kept in a stove during winter, and stated that, on another occasion, the same medium held one of his fingers in the flame of a lamp for several seconds without, in either case, experiencing any injury. A still more remarkable manifestation of this kind occurred in the case of the three Hebrews, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, mentioned in Daniel iii. 19–27. Facts of this nature prove the superiority of Spiritual over physical laws, and are eminently suggestive in many respects.

Time of the Greatest Impressibility.—The Spiritual history of the past will show the fact that impressions and sensible visitations of Spirits have most frequently occurred about the MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. Reichenbach has proved, by actual experiment, that the "odic" emanations of the human brain are most nearly equalized at about that period. It is highly probable that man is most easily approachable by Spirits when these emanations are most nearly equal.

# REASONS FOR NOT SHAVING THE BEARD.

MR. JOHN S. WILLIAMS of Boston, who styles himself a "Medium," wishes to set forth through our columns his reasons for not shaving, and as they seem to be pretty well condensed, we give him a hearing. We are not afraid of any excessive hearkening to his counsels—which run thus:

1. In the first place, it seems to us that an all-wise Creator could not have placed the heard of the male man on his face, where wise end to be obtained by its growing there.

2. "The hairs of our head are numbered, and therefore each and every

one is designed for some good use. \*

3. It is as much a subversion of the designs of God to shave off the beard as it would be to cut down a forest of trees, and afterward, by continued exertions, to prevent another growth of trees or vegetables on the soil.

4. To practice shaving is a continual exertion on the part of man to destroy the works of God, and unnatural, because the Creator is in the continual endeavor to reproduce and establish a beard. Such has been the strife between the medium during more than forty years, that he shaved off what the Creator reproduced, until he cut off about thirty feet in length of beard from his face! What a monstrous destruction of the vitality of the system, as well as of refined nutriment!

5. It has been told to this medium, from the Spiritual world, that the beard has especial reference to a guard kept by Spirits over the speech of men, of the power to do which they are in a great measure deprived the

moment the beard is removed from man's head.

6. They say, also, that a man, by removing the beard from his face, destroys the distinction that God has wisely placed there to show that he is a man, and not a boy.

7. That the destruction of this distinction causes men, women, and children to forget that he is a man, and that thus impertinence and frivol-

ity of speech are engendered in all the race, as the constant effect of removing a distinction so salutary.

- 8. That the deference that is observed in speaking to females arises from the fact that they can not remove from the view of the race the pectoral development of females, and thus men, women, and children are reminded constantly that females are, or may be, the mothers of angels, and the constant effect of this is to check impertinence in sensible men and women, as well as children.
- 9. The speech, as well as the proper position of males and females, can never be restored to the race, until the patriarchal-looking beard is suffered to take its proper position on the face of men, who might be the fathers of angels, and even angels themselves.
- 10. It is a duty we owe to God to submit to all the disadvantages of wearing it, if any there be, and to influence our fellow-men to omit shaving and employ the necessary time and expenses more usefully.
- 11. The disadvantages of wearing it are not worth mentioning, as a little skill in training it will keep it well out of the way, without trouble, as I know from near a year of experience.
- 12. It protects the throat and chin from the effects of damp and cold atmospheres, and thus the bronchial tubes from inflammation, both in winter and summer, thus rendering the voice more clear, distinct, and forcible.
- 14. The grown beard supplies necessary fluids to the head, and thus keeps it, as well as the throat, cool in summer, as by covering the face it protects from cold in winter. All who wear their beards the year round can testify to this; it is also a great comfort to have a well-grown and full beard in bed, whether one is sick or well, as this medium knows by experience.
- 15. In olden time, all who were dedicated to the service of the Lord, as were Samson, Samuel, Jesus Christ, etc., were forbidden to shave or to "mar the corners of their beards," and there is such a conscious connection between exalted virtue and a beard on the face of men, that were a picture of any good patriarch, apostle, or male martyr presented without a beard, people would call it a humbug and a cheat.
- 16. I feel now like a whole man before God and men, not now to be subjected to cowardly distrust or fear, as if I had violently removed a necessary part of my being, formed by wisdom divine, for which I am guilty. I can now stand forth in my entire identity, not being maimed by the destructive works of my own hands, and pass the world's mistaken sneers and smiles without annoyance.—Exchange.

## THE BIBLE AND INSPIRATION.

Extract from a Speech delivered before the Hartford Bible Convention,

I can not say that I am here to oppose the Bible, nor shall I msist that its errors are divinely inspired. However, I regard this book as a work of peculiar interest, and I can not doubt its value to those who entertain rational views of its contents. I am happy to accept this book, but I must receive it for what it really is. I can not take along with it the sacred fictions to which it has given birth. The book contains many beautiful and useful things. There is much valuable history in the Bible which it would be folly to reject, and I therefore receive it as history; I accept its poetry-of which there are some sublime and beautiful examples—as poetry; its records of Spiritual experience are very numerous and greatly diversified, and I joyfully embrace these as among the proofs of our immortal life, and as illustrations of the intercourse between the Physical and Spiritual worlds. Its descriptions of so-called miracles I must regard as honest, and, for the most part, reliable accounts of actual occurrences. With my present views of the nature of the human mind, and of the philosophy of inspiration, I can not suppose that those who recorded such experiences were free from a liability to err, but I do feel assured that they were honest men, and that many of the phenomena described were produced by the direct agency of Spiritual beings. That the Bible is either entirely or exclusively the word of God-the letter being inspired-or that it comes to us with Divine, infallible authority, I do not believe.

No language is adequate to express our highest thoughts, or to disclose our deepest emotions. Men who are not inspired, according to the prevailing acceptation of the term, often feel that all language is too tame and powerless to reveal the depths of mortal feeling, or to reach the loftiest conceptions of the human intellect. And if we, who claim no very exalted inspiration, find language wholly inadequate to this purpose, how can any man be so profane as to attempt to rank the infinite beneath himself by presuming that the ALL of revelation is comprehended in this single book! Indeed, the idea that any written communication can be an infallible guide to all men, under every circumstance of life, and in every age of the world, is, in my humble opinion, simply absurd; for, however perfect the sources of this inspiration may be, perfection, in the absolute sense, certainly does not characterize the modes of this intercourse. High and holy beings may have inspired many things contained in these Scriptures -I believe they did-but the assumption that we have here a complete transcript of their thoughts, and more especially that the book contains all divine wisdom, which it may be requisite for man to know in the present and the future, is to limit the Infinite and to set bounds to human progress.

I need not remind you that the meaning of words is often determined by parallels of latitude and longitude. The meaning of an important passage is sometimes entirely obscured by our inability to determine the sense in which the author employed a single term, or by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer in pointing a paragraph. Moreover, the various mental attributes and tendencies of men lead to the adoption of as many opinions as there are expositors or readers. This is obviously true in the widest sense among men who do their own thinking. If the writers of the ancient Scriptures were overshadowed by a Spiritual and Divine presence, they may

have understood what they endeavored to express; but if the Divine afflatus was long since withdrawn, and men are no more inspired, it is morally impossible, at this remote period, that the original impressions should be communicated to us. Before we can be unerringly informed and directed, we also must be inspired, and not merely the sources of that inspiration, but its modes, and our capacity to apprehend the import of divinely-originated ideas must be perfected.

Revelation can not make any thing true that was not true before. It never did create any truth. The word implies nothing more than this: Revelation is the making known by means of written characters, articulate sounds, or otherwise, some truth that before existed. All the truths of revelation were recorded in the constitution of things long before they found expression in human language. The act of tracing them on stones, parchments, or in books, adds nothing to their significance or authority. The original revelation of God exists in the great empire of being-in the Physical and Spiritual Worlds. These constitute a grand and comprehensive record of God's thoughts, which no utterance of ancient prophet, or seer, or record of Jewish traditions and miracles, has ever equaled. Hence I can not for a moment presume that all the truths which are concealed or disclosed in the mysteries of creation, beneath, around, and above us, are contained in the Bible.

Some years since I was brought to the ordeal of deciding whether I would remain in the Christian Church or not. The issue depended on my solution of the single question, whether I would consent to accept this book as an unerring guide in all matters of faith and practice. The ecclesiastical association of which I was a member required me to file a declaration with the standing clerk, to the effect that I believed the Scriptures to contain "a sufficient," and, indeed, "the only

rule of faith and action," for all men in all ages of the world, On reflection I found that my faith and practice, in the various relations of life, were regulated and governed by all that I had learned from every other source as well as from the Bible, and consequently I could not make the declaration. I am sorry to say that this ordeal was instituted by one of the professedly liberal Christian denominations—the Universalists. who had inculcated the largest liberty consistent with Nature and Reason, who had loudly professed to exercise the broadest charity, and to favor the most unlimited toleration of theological opinions and modes of religious culture and worship, ventured, in an hour of seeming peril, to falsify their professions by this effort to shackle the mind. I had never been catechised on this point, and on entering the church no clerical inquisitor thought proper to question the general soundness of my religious opinions. There was, at that time, no morbid apprehension that the church was in danger. door stood open, and the sentinels did not invariably require the shiboleth or theological pass-word. I was allowed to walk erect into the church, and to stand upright after I was in; and when, at length, the judgment was required to bow, when the deepest convictions were to be smothered and the soul dishonored, I took the hazard of walking out of the church. [Applause.] There was room enough outside, on the great plane of nature and reason, where I might be permitted to study the sublime revelations of the Universe without restraint, and to worship the Father in spirit, in his own great temple.

Now, while I accept the Bible, with the qualifications already specified, I hold that nothing in this world is too sacred to be examined. [Cries of hear, hear.] If I can not subject its contents to the action of the rational faculties, and decide upon its merits precisely as I am accustomed to judge of other books, take it away. [Hear, hear.] Give it to

beings that have no reason. For what purpose are these faculties given to me—to Man—if not that they may be exercised? Is not the Universe revealed to us to incite them to action? The Material and Spiritual worlds are filled with problems of vast significance and revelations of wondrous power and glory; and these, and all things invite us to observe and to reason. If, therefore, any man has a sacred book, a stereotyped theology, or a lucrative settlement that is likely to be jeopardized by the developments of science and the results of enlightened reason, he had better dispose of his interest in the same now, for the present age will try his treasures "as by fire."

An ancient inspired speaker once said, "In him [God] we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28). If the Divine Spirit is IN all and every thing that has life, if his presence and power are revealed in the beautiful forms and activities around and within us, we can not resist the conviction that Inspiration is universal and perpetual. God is in ALL THINGS, and by the power of his indwelling presence all things have life. The Infinite Spirit dwells in all men; therefore all are inspired, not indeed in the same measure, but in degrees corresponding to their several wants and capacities. If God is in all, if the divine life and thought flow into, and animate all living and intelligent creatures, it may reasonably be inferred that revelation is purely natural-in the sense in which we use the term-and that all men, in every age of the world, have been inspired of God, in so far as they have become fit receptacles of the Truth.

It will be perceived that Inspiration, as viewed in this connection, is something more than the mere records of Hebrew prophets and poets. It is the influence of the Spiritual world which overshadows the realms of physical existence and the power of the ever-present God—present in every thing, but

especially in the human spirit. Inspiration is not, for these reasons, confined to this book; it is not all comprehended in any other book, nor yet in all books. It is a living, present, and universal truth, displayed in the graduated influx of the elements of the Spiritual into the Physical world. Inspiration is not unnatural; as we employ terms, it is not supernatural. And here I wish to define what I understand by Nature, for we may differ endlessly about things unless we agree in the use of words. It is believed that nine tenths of all the controversies, from first to last, have arisen from a different understanding of terms, rather than from any radical difference with respect to essential principles. [A Voice, "Yes."]

The common idea presumes that Nature comprehends merely the visible forms and phenomenal aspects of things. It limits Nature to what addresses the senses only. The inward laws and vitalizing principles of the Universe, and all Spiritual existences, are not included in the domain of Nature according to this definition. If Nature only embraces what is tangible to the senses, I believe in supernaturalism; so do you; so, also, do all men. But we object to the popular definition. Nature, as we regard the subject, is not the mere shell of the Universe, and the superficial aspects of its ever-changing phenomena; it comprehends the whole system of outward existences, with their internal forces, and the laws which regulate all invisible material processes and external developments. Whatever, therefore, relates to mind in its mundane relations comes within the domain of Nature; and as all inspiration and revelation, in every age of the world, have been given to us through the medium of the human faculties, revelation is seen to belong to the empire of natural results. If, on the contrary, Nature is admitted to comprehend only the grosser forms and visible changes of the material world, the execution of the simplest mechanical operation is supernaturally performed, inasmuch as the ordinary operation of material forces, unaided by intelligence, would never construct a table, or print a copy of the Scriptures. Thus it will be perceived that the printing and binding of the book are supernatural in the same general sense in which the revelations it contains are so. But let Nature be truly defined—let the popular idea be enlarged so as to comprehend her whole empire, and the human faculties illuminated so as to perceive what Nature clearly comprehends, and all material transformations and mental phenomena will be found to observe a uniform, natural order.

<sup>&</sup>quot;A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS."-Under this title we published, week before last, an account from our correspondent, S. D. Pace, of Tennessee, concerning an extraordinary phenomenon in the heavens, in the form of a luminous cloud, from which proceeded voices of men and of animals, and all sorts of noises, as of armies engaged in mortal conflict. Though this occurrence may truly be considered extraordinary, it does not appear to be unparalleled. In 2 Maccabees v. 2, 3, may be found an account of a prodigy of the kind which took place at Jerusalem, before the sacking of that city by Antiochus Epiphanes. Says the writer: "It happened that through all the city, for the space of almost forty days, there were seen horsemen running through the air, in cloth of gold, and armed with lances, like a band of soldiers, and troops of horsemen in array, encountering and running one against another, with shaking of shields and multitudes of pikes, and drawing of swords, and casting of darts, and glittering of golden ornaments, and harness of all sorts." Josephus, in his Wars of the Jews, book vi., chap. v., mentions similar but more striking occurrences which took place before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. The Highlanders of Scotland, among whom the second-sight prevailed, would frequently, before a conflict between two hostile clans, see and hear the same represented in the air; and the apparition of a lost ship in the harbor of New Haven, as mentioned by Cotton Mather, seems to belong to the same category of phenomena. If such appearances are not referable to the immediate agency of Spirits, they must at least be due to the operations of those laws which govern the interactivities of the mutually bordering confines of the two worlds.

# THE CAUSE IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTANT:

The inclosed communication, entitled "Pilgrimage of William Judson," was forwarded to me from Roseville, Warren Co., Illinois. It was written through the hand of Henry S. Woodward, of that place, who is both a writing and speaking medium. The name, "Minerva Eldred," which occurs in the communication, was that of a niece of mine, who departed this life about three years since. I should not, however, send you this at this time, were I not desirous of informing you concerning the state of the cause in Central New York.

As respects the central city, Utica, there can not be much said for the popularity of the cause. Nevertheless, we are not without hope, and the means in operation are truly progressive. But a short distance west of here, at a place called Wampsville, there is a medium of whom we may boast somewhat. Her name is Miss Vanduzer. She became a medium about a year ago. I was present at the time when she was first Spiritually influenced, at which time she appeared to be deprived of all knowledge of the outer, and to us visible, world. In her subsequent similar experiences she never has had the pleasure of knowing what she said upon any occasion. She improved first as a speaking medium, and at the end of about two months she commenced addressing public audiences, and has been doing so every Sabbath since, with one or two exceptions-speaking in a number of different churches in her neighborhood, at different times, and frequently in the groves, to from five hundred to two thousand earnest listeners. Her speeches are always characterized by soundness and eloquence, unsurpassed by any thing I have either listened to or read.

On a recent occasion, at which time she spoke at great length, her eyes were constantly turned upward and back, insomuch that she could not possibly have seen any thing in front of her or around her. She held the Testament in one hand, while with the other she turned over its pages, pointed to chapter and verse, read accurately, explained numerous of the, to some, mysterious passages to the satisfaction of the progressively-minded, and to the astonishment of the blind and priest-ridden. At the close of

the speech the name of "Lorenzo Dow" was given as being that of the one who had dictated it.

But what renders the demonstrations that are made through this medium the more imposing, and even irresistible, is the manner of her passage into the abnormal state preparatory to speaking. She seems to be compelled to take upon herself "the death," as it purports and appears to be. Sometimes the contortions while undergoing this process are any thing but pleasant to behold. And so perfect is the imitation of the death of the purported speaker that it is readily recognized by those who witness it. The voice, also, is recognizable by such as were familiar with it while the spirit was yet connected with the body, and spoke through organs it could call its own.

All this, together with the unquestionable veracity of the medium, and the high place she occupies in the affections of all who know her, has caused thousands to listen to her with that degree of profundity which is seen and felt only at the mouth of the sepulcher.

I will close this article by saying, that, notwithstanding there has been little or nothing said about it through the Spiritual paper, there is no region of country that I have read of where this soul-cheering cause has a more permanent hold than in that lying between Syracuse and Utica. I am myself acquainted there with over thirty mediums who are in different stages of development, for the phenomena in its different phases.

A. ELDRED.

#### PILGRIMAGE OF WILLIAM JUDSON.

When I left the tenement of clay, I awoke as from a sleep and found myself in an open space. I looked around with amazement, but saw no one, and wondered where I was. Soon a bright angelic form presented itself to my view. I asked where I was, and with a smile it replied, "You are in what you have preached" (in heaven). With amazement I said: "Is this heaven?" The answer was: "It is the heaven for you." I then said: "Tell me, is there no other place of happiness for man?" The reply was: "As man lives on earth, so is his state in the Spirit-land." I replied: "I have been a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and am I not entitled to a higher seat than others? But tell me," said I, "who are those happy Spirits that are hovering over me?" "Do you know," said she, "John Stebins?" "Yes," said I; "but is he above me? He was nothing but a moral man, while I was a preacher and taught thousands

to believe in the Saviour." "But," said she, "your deeds did not correspond, and your teachings were not those you should have taught, while others, although not taught by you, have attained a higher circle. But you may progress." "I do not wish to," said I, "if I am to associate with those in the Spirit-land that I could not fellowship on earth. I choose to remain where I am!"

With that the pure angelic form left me, and all again was dark. I wandered about for a time, but could not tell how long. At last I saw a dim light, and made my way to it. As I approached, it grew brighter, until at length I was compelled to place my hands over my eyes. At length I ventured to look again, when I beheld thousands of happy forms playing on musical instruments. And I again wondered where I was. Soon there came a sweet form and took me by the arm, and said to me: "Come, and I will show you new beauties-or do you wish to remain where you are?" "No," said I; "but tell me, sweet Spirit, who are you, and were you a Baptist while on earth?" She answered: "No, I was not, but my name was Minerva Eldred; and what was your name?" I answered: "William Judson, and I was a preacher." "But come," said she, "throw off your sectarian principles and follow me." "How long have I been in the Spirit-land?" said I. "You died August 1st, 1828, and have been in the Spirit-land twenty-five years. But come," said she, "follow me." "But," said I, "is there not a great throne, and are there not four-and-twenty elders, and is there not a great Book where all the sins of men are recorded, and is there not a hell of fire which the wicked go to, and where little harmless infants go?"

With that a tear stood in her eye, and she exclaimed: "Oh, foolish man! how long will you be led astray by such doctrines? But come, and I will show you where infants go (or the infants' hell), and if you wish you may associate with them." With that I followed my guide, and she took me into the fifth circle, where I beheld millions of little, bright, pure, angelic forms, with their golden harps playing, singing, and kissing each other. Oh, such happiness! such joy unspeakable!

With that my guide left me to my own meditation. I began to reflect and threw off my sectarian principles, and was a new being. Then did I leap for joy; then could I fellowship all. And here I now am; but my motto is onward and upward.

WILLIAM JUDSON.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

THE following poems were sent to us as having been written by Mary E. Morse, a little girl eleven years of age, who is a Spirit-medium, residing at South Royalton, Vermont. The lines entitled "The Dying Boy to his Mother," adapted to music, would make a sweet hymn.

> A year to-day, as flowers of May Began to bud and bloom, My Charley's spirit soared away, And filled our house with gloom.

His golden tresses shining fair,
Lay parted on his head,
And, sleeping in his coffin there,
We could not think him dead.

'Twas hard indeed to part from one I loved surpassing well; My heart had broken, had he not Gone home, in heaven to dwell.

A year to-day, the fifth of May,
He joined the Spirit-band,
From earth he calmly soared away
Unto the Father-land.

Heaven's happy land, where I shall meet
His smiling face again,
And never know of parting more—
Nor sorrow, grief, nor pain.

# THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

They say that I must die, Mother, And I feel it must be so, For wand'ring is my mind, Mother, And gone my cheek's red glow.

Then place me on my couch, Mother,
To rest my aching head,
And O promise me, dear Mother,
You'll weep not when I'm dead.

My pains will soon be o'er, Mother, When I shall sweetly rest, So do not grieve, dear Mother, That I am with the blest.

Nay, weep not for me thus, Mother— I am going to that land Where I shall sing for joy, Mother, Amid the angel-band.

I soon must part from earth, Mother—
My limbs grow cold in death;
I can not see your face, Mother,
And feebly comes my breath.

One word, one word—farewell, Mother,
To all I bid good-bye;
But do not weep for me, Mother—
We'll meet beyond the sky.

20\*

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

London, 22 Queen Anne St., September 23, 1853.

MY DEAR BRITTAN:

I promised you last week to investigate the Chelsea ghost story for the benefit of your readers. Having done so to the best of my abilities, I send you the result. The young girl, "Ward," who seems to be very innocent and unsophisticated, states, at the time she first saw the specter she was in bed, not having been to sleep; its face was of an appalling and deathlike hue, its figure in a falling position; that she continued gazing on it for half an hour, until she became so terrified that she jumped from her bed and ran into an adjoining apartment and called her brother, who followed her back, and on seeing the frightful apparition went into fits, as did also his father on seeing the same. A second brother was called in, who attempted to grasp the phantom, but was overcome with fright on finding nothing but the thin air in his embrace. The mother of the Wards asserts, that for some three weeks previous strange noises had been heard about the house, both day and night, such as groans, rappings, walkings, etc., that the doors were opened and shut without any visible power. Up to this time no one has been able to solve the mystery; but there is no doubt that some extraordinary phenomena has been witnessed. As usual, however, the press and the knowing ones scoff and ridicule the whole affair as a trick, instead of calmly and candidly investigating the subject and giving the facts to the world. I can not do better, therefore, than inclose you the following extract from Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, edited by Douglas Jerrold, who himself has witnessed some of the modern Spiritmanifestations through Mrs. Hayden's mediumship, and expressed himself much interested.

Within the past week I have been much gratified to learn of several new mediums in families of the highest respectability. A little girl, at Ealing, only four years of age, has become a writing medium. Although she can neither read nor write of herself, yet under the influence of the Spirits she has written in Latin. There are also some speaking and rapping mediums.

Two gentlemen whom Dr. Elliotson sent to Mrs. Hayden to discover the *trick*, have not *only* become believers, but mediums. One of the parties is well known as author of a work on North America and as a civil engineer of eminence, formerly holding an important commission under the British Government. Thus, you see, the cause is not dead, even in this country, where the government organ attempts to muzzle public opinion and to prevent investigation, a sample of which I will give you.

Having recently returned from Ireland, and being desirous of informing the public of Mrs. Hayden's return to town, I sent the following advertisement, accompanied with the money, to the London *Times*, requesting its insertion:

"Mrs. W. B. Hayden has returned to 22 Queen Anne Street, where she will remain for the present."

The above is a verbatim copy, and you will observe that no allusion to Spiritualism or Mrs. Hayden's calling as a medium, but simply an announcement of her return, yet was this refused by the clerk advisedly, he having first conferred with the higher powers of the establishment, without any reason being given. I mention the above fact to show that this journal, which boasts its great liberality and independence, endeavors by its power to stop the progress of truth; but a million such papers can not arrest the good work which has already begun here, for the seeds are sown which will grow in their own time.

It is now the very dull season of the year here, so that there is little taking place that would be of interest to your readers. In the north of England the cholera has already made great havoc, and although every precaution has been taken, some few cases have appeared in London. It is hoped that by timely measures its progress will be stayed. We have not yet decided whether to return to the United States this autumn, but if we do, we shall do so by the steamer of the 12th of October.

Yours, in the bonds of love,

W. R. H.

LAMARTINE has accepted from the Porte an annual pension of \$3,44, for twenty-three years, in consideration of his relinquishing the grant of a large tract of land which was made on the supposition that he would become a Mohammedan.

AN APPARITION.—We are informed from an authentic source of the following occurrence: One day, about three weeks since, a servant girl in a family in the upper part of this city was alarmed by the sudden intrusion of what at first appeared to be a man, into the kitchen where she was at work. The person presently passed out of the door, but soon returned, when, from his appearance, as well as from the fact that he passed through a very small aperture on entering the door, she suspected he was a Spirit. While having her eye fixed upon him in alarm, he went to a pile of dishes, dashed them to the floor with a tremendous crash, and instantly vanished. The lady of the house, hearing the screams of the frightened girl and the noise of the rattling crockery, ran to the kitchen to learn what had occurred, and found her crockery strewed pell-mell over the floor, but, strange to say, nothing was broken. The girl ran to the priest, and was by him advised to leave her place, as it was evidently infested by the devil. She, however, mustered courage to attempt to remain in the house that evening, and made her bed on the floor of the room occupied by the daughter of the family, placing a bottle of holy water under her pillow. Not long after they retired a Cologne bottle was thrown violently across the room, and struck upon the wall above the daughter's bed, leaving an indentation and falling to the floor, but without breaking. The whole family were then aroused, and the room was searched; but, while engaged in this process, loud noises were heard in a basement room, which was locked up and no one in it. They mustered courage and unlocked that room, and found that since leaving it, an hour or two before, the furniture had been displaced in a most singular manner. A portion of the family had before been skeptical as to Spiritual Manifestations, but they were entirely convinced by this visitation; and the poor servant girl, thinking it no longer safe to disobey her priest, left the house at midnight, in a violent storm.

A Noble Woman.—Miss Dix, the philanthropist, offers to give £1,500 toward a lunatic asylum in Newfoundland, provided the citizens of St. John and vicinity subscribe £2,000. The offer has been promptly responded to, and a subscription paper opened, on which the governor and two leading merchants subscribed £100 each.

APOSTASY.—The distinguished American who recently gave in his adherence to the Papal Church while at Rome, turns out to be, not Senator Douglass, as first surmised, but the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, one of the Pennsylvania delegation, whose wife has long been a member of that communion.

## IS THERE NEED OF SPIRITUALISM?

THE following letter contains the sentiments of millions who are now awakening to a living faith in immortal life through Spiritual Manifestations, and demanding a philosophy capable of demonstration:

ORAMEL, ALLEGHANY Co., N. Y., Oct. 3, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have been a "skeptic" from my boyhood. The religious doctrines of the day, in which I have been nurtured, have appeared to my understanding so irrational, that I have been forced to conclude they were without foundation, and unreal. For honestly dissenting from dogmas wholly inconsistent with my reason, I have been derided by Christian professors, branded as an infidel, an enemy to God, and a scoffer at his Word; all of which I have borne, I believe, with tolerable forbearance, and have groped my way through life as best I could, without any hope or prospect of a future, until the dawning of modern revelation, which has in a measure lighted up my way.

Nearly three years ago, while living at Rochester, I consented, very unwillingly, to call with a friend at Mrs. Fish's and witness the "rappings." Fully believing, as I did then, that the thing was too idle and frivolous for a serious thought, I went predetermined that if we were to believe in "Spirit Rappings" there was nothing left in the world too absurd for our credence. Instead of regarding it in the light of an unfolding of new and higher principles of nature, and leading to an advance step in the world's progress, I imagined it a startling retrogression—taking us back to the times of spirits, apparitions, and enchantments. I was soon undeceived in the character of the manifestations. I saw at once they were extraordinary, and involved some new, or rather unknown, agency. My attention once arrested, I have endeavored to investigate the phenomena earnestly and candidly, though with but limited opportunity. I have read all the matter I could well obtain, both for and against its spirituality; and the

result is, that the subject has become one of deep interest to me. None of the exposés, as I can perceive, render it any easier to believe the agency electrical or Satanic, than to take the intelligence at its word, and call it Spiritual. Although I would be glad to see more evidence—something so unmistakably tangible that the future will become as real as the business of to-morrow, I have already a hope of immortality that I would not lose for the world. I can perceive that man has a strong incentive to do good, and should take pride and pleasure in elevating himself and fellowmen in the scale of being. I can perceive there is a rational purpose in the position of man in the world, and that he who fully realizes it will not live in vain. Nor am I alone in this respect. In my own remote neighborhood, where but a faint expression of Spiritualism has been felt, I have one brother and a number of friends who, but for the light the new philosophy is shedding, would be living without hope in a future.

Very truly, yours,

GROVER LEAVENS.

REMARKS .- Is there any need of Spiritualism? Ask those who think they have hope in immortal life through the Scriptures. I say think, because Spiritualists are constantly witnessing unmistakable conversions through Spiritual Manifestations, of those who thought they fully believed before. Many are moved to acknowledge that, whereas they hoped to live again, they now, through intercourse with Spirit-friends, know that a future life awaits them. For millions of professing Christians like these is Spiritualism needed to-day. There are men and women so organized as to require a reason rather than a miracle for their hope of another life. Their minds run in a rational channel. To them miracles-such as are inexplicable and may never occur again-become stumblingblocks, and are recognized, if at all, as natural events transcending cotemporary philosophy. If the Church had known and urged the philosophy of its so-called miracles, rather than the authority upon which they rest, it would ere this have convinced the world. Their authority is too remote and questionable, while mistranslations, ambiguities, and interpolations are too apparent for a living, tangible faith. Hence

there is need of Spiritualism to-day to reaffirm and demonstrate by similar occurrences the credibility of past events.

There is need of Spiritualism to-day to Christianize the spirit of the Church; to move it to self-examination of its assumptions, dogmas, formalities, and all manner of uncharitableness.

There is need of Spiritualism to bring peace to those wrangling and fighting in the name and for the glory of Christ; to inspire Christendom with humanitary deeds, to love and unity of spirit, and with that forbearance and charity which will tolerate free thought and diverse views without prejudice or passion.

There is need of Spiritualism to-day to teach the Church proper humiliation for its self-righteous assumptions to holiness, and consequent neglect, cold indifference, and bitter anathemas against those daring to utter thoughts not recognized in the creed.

There is need of a Spiritualism to-day which shall recognize a brotherhood, and demonstrate the influence which want, ill-treatment, and wrong have on the masses here and hereafter.

There is need of Spiritualism to-day to unlock the doors of the sanctuary to the poor—to warm and cheer them with Christian hopes and sympathies—and especially to nourish their famishing frames.

There is need of Spiritualism to-day to energize our efforts; to reform and to stimulate holy endeavors toward a higher life; to subdue pride and personal ambition; and to inspire a broader philanthropy.

There is need of Spiritualism which shall do something to relieve suffering, overcome evil, and elevate humanity everywhere.

There is need of a Spiritualism to-day which shall disclose

a comprehensive philosophy more ancient than miracles, more reliable and enduring than human testimony, more potent than authority, and which shall comprehend the nature and harmonize the relations and interests of mankind.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

WITCHCRAFT. - On Saturday morning last, in Stone Street, a crowd of men and boys were observed gathered about an empty flour barrel, which was apparently performing all sorts of queer antics. At first, it seemed as though some rapping medium was performing for the edification of the fun-loving people, and had thereby occasioned this Spiritual gathering. Suddenly the barrel tipped over and a sort of "Will-o'-the-Wisp," quickly sped its way, seemingly with the wind, though of sufficient weight to be rolling or tumbling on the ground. The whole party ran howling and hooting after it-and then one who was passing thought it must be an exorcised evil spirit, when lo! it stopped among a pile of stones as if unable to proceed farther, and the flames vanished. What was it? the reader may ask. Simply a poor unoffending rat, in its dying agonies, was all that was visible. It had been saturated previously with some spirits of turpentine, and this had been set fire to, for the delight of all parties. Such was the cruel amusement participated in by a large crowd of persons .- Trihune

I. H. S.—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase, "Jesus Hominum Salvator," which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name John spelled Iohn.

The bill repealing the advertisement tax in Great Britain has become a law. It is said that the London Times, by the remission of the tax on the four pages of supplement, without which it is rarely ever published, will gain about £40,000 a year.

# EXPERIENCE OF A MEDIUM.

Mr. Isaac H. Carman, of Clarke Township, Montgomery Co., Indiana, writes the following items in his experience: Having been for a long time anxious to witness for himself the alleged Spiritual Manifestations, he finally saw them and was convinced, and subsequently became developed as a medical clairvoyant. In that capacity he has cured the sick, and has done many other wonderful things while under the influence of Spirits. He has, however, had the misfortune to be deemed insane by his neighbors and professed friends, and states that these have three or four times bound him hand and foot, and compelled him to take poisonous medicines, which came very near destroying his life. He requested them, if they thought him insane, to pursue a lawful course of treatment with him; but with this request they did not comply. He then deliberated upon the expediency of prosecuting them for the treatment he had received, but he finally concluded, as he quaintly expresses it, "that it would be a bad chance to have a trial in hell, with the devil sitting as judge, and his servants acting as jurymen." (Pretty good for an insane man!) Notwithstanding all this treatment, Mr. C. says his faith in Spiritual influences remains unshaken, and that he "would rather die for truth than live for falsehood." He says he would be glad to receive the visit of any Spiritualist who may happen to be passing through that section of the country.

# PARALLELS TO THE SPIRIT-RAPPINGS.

#### GLEANED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

Under the head of Spirit-rappings, we include all those marvelous phenomena which, for the last few years, have become so common in America; and spreading thence, seem destined to overrun the whole world—embracing all the known or supposed modes of Spiritual intercourse or manifestation. Almost every one has witnessed himself, or finds-among the apparently well-authenticated traditions of his own family or friends, incidents of an extraordinary and, for aught that appears, of a supernatural character. The history of all nations and all ages has recorded like incidents; and, whatever may be the decisions of science, it is quite obvious that popular belief is, and always has been, on the side of the supernatural. Among the most remarkable of these well-authenticated records, is that relating to the

WHITE LADY OF GERMANY.

The case of the White Lady is particularly worthy of attention, for the reason that her appearance has continued for a period of more than three centuries and a half, and still continues. Within the last three or four years, we recollect having noticed in the foreign journals an account of her having been seen by some of the present royal family of Prussia; and of the alarm which followed. This was but natural, as her appearance has been noticed to precede, most generally, the death of some member of the household to which she presents herself.

The celebrated and learned Jesuit, Baldinus, gives the following account of the real history of the White Lady:

"She was born between 1420 and 1430; her father is said to have been Ulric II., Von Rosenburg, and her mother Catharine of Wartenberg, who died in 1436. This Ulric was lieutenant-governor in Bohemia, and, at the instance of the Pope, commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites.

"His daughter Perchta, or rather Bertha, was married in the year 1449, to John Von Lichtenstein, a rich baronet in Steyermark. But as her hus-

band led a vicious and profligate life, Bertha was very unhappy. Her marriage proved a constant source of grief to her, and she was obliged to seek relief from her relatives. Hence it was that she could never forget the insults and indescribable distress she had endured, and thus left the world under the influence of this bitter passion. At length this unhappy marriage was dissolved by the death of her husband, and she removed to her brother, Henry IV. The latter began to reign in the year 1451, and died without issue in 1457.

"Lady Bertha lived at Neuhaus, and built the castle there; which occupied several years in building to the great grievance of the town's-people. Lady Bertha, however, spoke kindly to her vassals, and consoled them with the speedy termination of the work, and the due payment of their services. Among other things, she generally called out to the workmen, 'Work for your masters, ye faithful subjects, work! and when the castle is finished, you and all your families shall be feasted with sweet porridge,' for so our forefathers expressed themselves when they invited any one to be their guest."

Baldinus goes on to say, that one autumn the castle was completed, and Lady Bertha kept her word. She treated her subjects to an excellent repast, and in the course of the dinner, she made them a promise in the following words: "In consequence of your loyalty to your liege lord, you shall every year have such a feast as this, and thus the praise of your good conduct shall flourish in after ages."

Toward the end of the fifteenth century, the year being uncertain, Lady Bertha died; but her descendants, the lords of Rosenberg and Slavota kept up the annual feast which she had promised, and it is still continued.

The "good Jung Stilling," a learned and pious German writer, relates a most remarkable circumstance connected with the non-observance of this feast, on a certain occasion. The feast itself he describes as an old institution, annually celebrated at Neuhaus, on Holy Thursday. On that day, many thousand poor people often assembled in the court-yard of the castle, and were fed with fruit and boney; after which all the small beer was distributed that could be drank, and each one received besides, seven pretzel. When the Swedes, in the thirty years' war, had subdued the town and castle, they neglected the distribution of this gratuity to the poor. This appears to have given mortal offense to the White Lady, who proceeded to render their occupancy of her castle as uncomfortable as possible. The sentinels and guards were suddenly assaulted by an invisible power, and thrown upon the ground, or beaten and dispersed. They were frequently

confronted by strange figures, sometimes mere faces; and the officers were seized at night in their beds, and dragged out, and along the floor. The disturbance was quite unendurable, and no means could be found to remedy the evil, until the commander-in-chief, by the advice of the towns'-people, had this yearly feast for the poor prepared and distributed according to custom; when the trouble instantly ceased.

There are several old portraits of the Lady Bertha, in the different castles of Bohemia, representing her in a widow's white dress, exactly corresponding to the appearance of the White Lady. She is most frequently seen at Roumlau, Neuhaus, Trzebon, Islucocka, Bechin, and Tretzen, all Bohemian castles inhabited by her descendants; and as individuals of her family married into the houses of Brandenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt, she is also in the habit of visiting them; "and wherever she comes," says Baldinus, "her object is to announce an approaching death—perhaps also to warn against some misfortune, for she often appears likewise without any one dying."

The appearance of this apparition, Stilling declares to be a matter of almost universal notoriety. He mentions the castle of Carlsruhe, also, as one of her places of resort. The appearance is that of a female figure, rather tall and clothed in white. She wears a vail, through which her face can just be distinguished, and generally appears in the night, "not long before the death of one of the reigning family, although many of them die without the spirit's appearing. She sometimes also foreshows, by her appearing, the death of those who belong to the court, but not to the reigning family." Merian relates, in the fifth volume of his "Theater of Europe," that she was frequently seen at the castle in Berlin, in the years 1652 and 1653.

Her first appearance was at the castle of Neuhaus, about three hundred and eighty years ago. She was often observed looking out at noon-day, from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret. She was entirely white; had on her head a white vail, with white ribands, was of tall stature and modest deportment. There are two instances related by Stilling, of her having spoken. "A certain illustrious princess," says this writer, "was standing in her dressing-room before the looking-glass, with one of her maids of honor, in order to try on some article of dress, and on asking the lady in waiting what time it was, the White Lady suddenly stepped forth from behind a screen, and said, 'It is ten o'clock, my dear!' The princess was dreadfully alarmed, as may easily be supposed. A few weeks afterward, she fell ill and died." Again, "In December of the year 1628,

she appeared also in Berlin, and was there heard to say the following words in Latin, "Veni, judicia vivos et mortuos; judiciam mihi adhuc super est!" that is, "Come, judge the living and the dead; my fate is not yet decided!"

Stilling relates two modern instances of the appearance of the White Lady, for the truth of which he personally vouches, having taken the pains to inquire into the circumstances himself. The first was at the castle of Carlsruhe, and is as follows: An illustrious lady was one evening walking in the garden of the castle, accompanied by her husband. She had had no thought of the White Lady, when suddenly that mysterious individual stood before her in the path. She was terrified, and sprang to the other side of her husband, on which the appearance vanished. Soon afterward a member of this lady's family died. The second, Stilling received in person from a pious and learned man, one of the officers of the court, who was himself the party interested. This gentleman was passing late one evening through one of the lobbies of the castle without thinking of any thing of the kind, when the White Lady appeared coming toward him. At first he supposed it one of the ladies of the court, intent on frightening him; he therefore hastened up to the figure to lay hold of it, when he discovered it to be the well-known White Lady. She vanished from his sight, but not before he had opportunity particularly to observe her. could even remark the folds in her vail, and through it, her countenance, while "from within her a faint light appeared to glimmer."

The White Lady frequently appears in the daytime, in a broad light as well as in the night, and is particularly wont to show herself at about the period of the "three principal church festivals." Modesty, decorum, and piety are manifested in her countenance; but she also at times exhibits anger, and assumes a threatening aspect, especially when any one has made use of "blasphemous or indecorous language toward God and religion," and sometimes she has "even used violence toward them."

This account of the celebrated White Lady of Germany might still be considered incomplete were we to bring it to a close without a notice of the excellent Jung Stilling's estimate of her character, her condition, and the reason of the wandering, unsettled life she appears to lead. In religion, she was Romish; but he concludes, from the benevolence she exhibits toward Protestant families, that she has "laid aside" that particular phase of belief. "It is certain," he says, "that she is not yet in a state of blessedness, for in that case she would no longer wander about among us. She is still less in a state of condemnation." "All testimonies con-

cur in this, that she is tranquil and cheerful, but still not in a state of bliss." He sums up as follows: "The circumstance of the Lady Bertha dying unreconciled, and with bitter animosity against her husband, is probably the chief reason of her melancholy wanderings on the earth, and of her still being at such a distance from the enjoyment of heavenly felicity. Could she open the springs of love within her, her state would soon be ameliorated; for her other qualities, particularly her beneficence, induce me to hope that she will eventually find favor. From this benevolent disposition her apparition proceeds; for, as soon as she observes, through the medium of her organ of presentiment—which in her present state is completely developed—that any one of her family will shortly die, she appears, solely with the intention that such persons may be brought to reflection, and prepare for death; and as no one knows to whom it has reference, all ought, therefore, to be induced by it to salutary consideration."

### HARMONY.

When whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Will scarce deny

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air, My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet; Like snow on wool thy fallings are, Soft, like spirit's, are thy feet.

The soul can melt in harmony.

Grief who need fear
That hath an ear;
Down let me lie,
And slumb'ring die,
And change this soul for harmony.

# COMETS—THEIR COMPOSITION, HISTORY, AND MOVEMENTS.

THE recent appearance of a celestial stranger in the sky has revived the popular interest in comets, their history and movements. The comet which was lately visible, was first discovered on the 10th of June last at Gottengen, by Mr. Klinkerfues, and it was regarded as remarkably bright and beautiful. A few weeks since its distance from the earth was calculated at 70,000,000 of miles, and from the sun 30,000,000. The diameter of the nucleus was 11 seconds of arc, and the length of the coma 62 minutes. Comets, according to Sir Richard Phillips, are moving masses of transparent fluids or vapors, which ascend from high angles of 40 deg. to 80 deg., toward the plane of maximum solar force, and are there turned by that force into another line of motion, like an orbit. They are estimated at many thousands in number. Comets are chiefly remarkable for a luminous projection in a line directly opposite to the sun, which goes before as they leave the sun, and follows them if they approach it, and is a head or tail as their positions vary. Comets have large atmospheres, and according to some astronomers they are all atmosphere. Thus, then, the sun's rays pass through the spherial atmosphere just like light through a glass globe; and the projection increases in length, as it approaches the luminous sun. When a comet has a distinct nucleus, the projection is divided in the middle by a sensible line. These projections are millions of miles long-some extend 150,000,000 miles.

The first comet that was discovered and described accurately, was by Nicephorus. At the birth of the great Mithridates, 135 B. C., two large comets appeared, which were seen for 72 days together. Their splendor, says Justin, eclipsed that of the midday sun—probably an ancient exaggeration—and they occupied a fourth part of the heavens. During the reign of the Emperor Justinian, in the early part of the 6th century, three comets appeared at one time. These, as did the phenomenon at the birth of Mithridates, excited the terrors of the superstitious—indeed, of all mankind, and more especially as both periods were distinguished by pestilence and famine. A most brilliant comet appeared in 1769, and passed within

two million miles of the earth. One still more brilliant appeared in September, October, and November, 1811, and was visible all the autumn with the naked eye. Another comet appeared in 1823, while in 1844 there was one of enormous magnitude, but without any solid nucleus or body. This probably will be remembered by some of our readers. It only remained in sight for a few days, having moved from the sun southwestward with incredible velocity. To the eye of the common observer, when first seen just above the western horizon, its coma or tail must have been nearly 100 deg. in length.

Dr. Dick, in his celebrated work on Celestial Scenery, devoted considerable space to the physical constitution of comets. The nucleus he regards as the solid or densest part of the comet. Some suppose that the nuclei of comets are transparent, as well as the nebulosities, and allege, as a proof, that stars have been seen through a nucleus. The accuracy of such statements is, however, questioned.

In respect to the tail, or luminous train which generally accompanies comets, it is found that it is generally in opposition to the sun, or on the prolongation of the line which would join the sun and the nucleus. But this is not always the case. Sometimes the direction of the tail has been found at right angles with this line, and in some extraordinary instances the tails of comets have been observed to point directly toward the sun. This was the case with a comet that appeared in 1824, which for eight days exhibited an additional luminous train in opposition to that which assumed the ordinary direction. This anomalous tail, according to Olbers, was 7 deg. long, while the other was only 3 1-3 deg., and it was bright enough to be seen with an opera glass. In general, however, it is found that the tail inclines constantly toward the region last quitted by the comet, as if, in its progress through an ethereal medium, the matter forming it experienced more resistance than that of the nucleus. The tail is generally enlarged in proportion to its distance from the head of the comet, and in certain cases it is divided into several branches, as already noticed of the comet of 1807. Some have supposed that the divided tail is nothing more than the perspective representation of the sides of a great hollow cone; but there are certain observations which prove that in some cases they have a separate existence as independent branches. The most remarkable instance of a divided tail was in 1744. On the 6th and 7th of March there were six branches in the tail, each of them about 4 deg. in breadth, and from 30 to 40 deg. long. The edges were pretty well defined, and tolerably bright; their middle emitted a feeble light, and the intervening spaces were as dark as the rest of the firmament. The tails of comets. as already noticed, sometimes cover an immense space in the heavens. The comet of 1680 had a tail which extended to 68 deg., that of 1811 to 23 deg., and that of 1779 to 97 deg. in length; so that some of these tails must have extended from the zenith to the horizon. The length of the tail of the comet in 1680 estimated in miles was 112,750,000; that of 1799, 45,000,000, and that of 1744, 8,250,000 miles. A body moving at the rate of 20 miles every hour would not pass over the space occupied by the tail of a comet in less than 643 years. It has been supposed by some astronomers that certain changes in the appearance of the tails of comets arise from the rotation of the cometary body; as some comets have been supposed to rotate about an axis passing through the center of the tail, such as that of 1825, which was concluded, from certain appearances, to perform its rotation in 20 hours and 30 minutes. As to the nature of the immense tails of comets, their origin, or the substance of which they are composed, we are entirely ignorant, and it would be wasting time to enter into any speculation on this subject, as nothing could be presented to the view of the reader but vague conjectures, gratuitous hypotheses, and unfounded theories.

AN ACTIVE YOUNG LADY.—The present editress of the magazine conducted by the factory girls at Lowell—a Miss Farley—writes to a friend: "I am proprietor of the New England Offering. I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing, and as it is bound at my office, I can, in a hurry, help fold, cut covers, stitch, etc. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stitching, etc.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hands, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand."

M. Agassiz, the eminent physicist and Professor of Zoology and Goology in Cambridge University, is now engaged in writing "The Natural History of the Fishes of the United States." He is desirous to procure specimens of all the fishes in every portion of the Union, and particularly of the fresh-water streams in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. He wishes, also, the names which they bear in their various localities.

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer—

Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

MEDIUM FLOATED IN THE AIR .- Mr. Henry Gordon, a well-known medium for Spiritual Manifestations, being at a circle in this city, one evening last week, was repeatedly raised from his seat and carried through the room, without any visible power touching him. The room was but partially darkened, and the members of the circle could distinctly see him floating, with his lower extremities some two or three feet from the floor, and some fifteen or twenty feet from the person nearest to him. The idea of any mechanical contrivance in this case is out of the question, as the circle was gotten up extemporaneously by persons too intelligent to deceive themselves, and too honest to deceive others; and the occurrences took place at a house where Mr. Gordon was an invited guest only for the evening. Full particulars of the affair were related by eye-witnesses, at the Spiritual Conference in Bond Street, on Tuesday evening last. Our friend Dr. Hallock was one of the party who witnessed this phenomenon, and perhaps may be induced to write out a more detailed account of it. The same event took place with Mr. Gordon in this city some two years ago, of which an account was published.

French papers state that an effectual means of preserving writings, charts, bank bills, and pictures, as well from injury by time as from forgery or alteration, has been discovered. The process consists merely of running a coating of gutta-percha solution over the surface of the article.

## FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

## LETTER IV.

Dublin, September 24, 1853

DEAR BRITTAN:

I promised you in my last communication to give you an account of the Highland games, and an historical sketch of witchcraft in Scotland. My time and opportunity of research have not been sufficient to enable me to perform my promise in a manner that would be satisfactory to your readers. Witchcraft is a perverted form of Spiritualism—is the result of manifestations through mediums in an abnormal condition, or is the result of the influence of pernicious agencies; it has never been understood, and must be interpreted by the light of new truth, by the aid of laws newly discovered, to which must be referred many hitherto uninterpreted facts. I content myself with calling attention to the subject, hoping that some one of the able writers in your journal will make of it a special study, and will show to the world that Spiritualism is able to throw light upon things that baffle science and embarrass history. Depend upon it, a large class of thoughtful men will learn to appreciate new truth when its power of grappling successfully with difficult and practical questions is shown.

Since writing to you from Inverness, I have seen many things that are new to foreign eyes, that awaken thought, and enable one to compare the value of different inclinations. Since leaving the capital of northern Scotland, I have looked down from the bleak Cairngorm mountains in Balmoral—the summer residence of England's queen; have waded in the heather of the Grampian Hills; have visited all the scenes of "the Lady of the Lake;" have been in the study where Sir Walter wrote the books that have given delight to so many thousands; have been in a hundred places that were once charmed by the sweet, dear presence of Scotland's favorite, ill-used, beautiful queen; have seen every spot of interest in the classic city of Edinburgh; have spent a day in high talk with Sir William Hamilton, the greatest of all living philosophers; have broken bread with De Quincy, the world-renowned opium-eater, whose tongue is as strongly eloquent as his pen; have had pleasant conversations on

modern painting with Sir J. W. Gordon, the friend of the celebrated Davie Wilkie, in his own studio; with Steel, a friend of the erratic Haydon, and the sculptor of the statue of Scott that adorns his great monument; have discussed the probability and the necessity of returning to the idealism of character in the earlier Grecian art; in the midst of many ruins have felt the meaning of Wordsworth's Spiritual lines:

"—— powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of, ——"

lines that cling to the wanderer's memory like words of enchantment; in the storied region of Northumberland, have meditated upon strange things in English history; have listened to the wonderful organ-music in York Minster, where I heard a rosy-faced, well-fed preacher, in elegant canonical robes, attempting, in a soft, Puseyistic manner, to whine God out of the notion of hating men; have learned in Leeds and Manchester how they manage to manufacture palatial houses, extensive lands, splendid equipages, crimson trappings of every kind, and high respectability, out of dear cotton and cheap human blood; have wandered among the mountains of Wales, and gazed in admiration on the mammoth tubular bridge that is laid across the Menai Strait; and have just completed a hasty tour of the queen island, and have seen the Great Exhibition.

I have been in Ireland only a fortnight, and do not feel prepared to speak with much decision in regard to the condition of the country. It is a country as beautiful as any in the world; gifted with all natural riches, with the most beautiful waters, the finest ports, the greenest mountains; it is called by the imaginative natives a brilliant emerald which God let fall from his celestial diadem, "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," as poets lovingly sing; yet the condition of the people is most wretched; those that have survived famine, that are not too poor and wretched to escape, are migrating to the New World. As a writer in the Journal des Debats said the other day, "It is the emigration en masse of the whole nation." A name for this mysterious and providential movement has been sought for in Hebrew history; it is called the Exodus. It is now customary to say, the Irish Exodus, or the Celtic Exodus; the going forth of the Irish and Celts, as the Old Testament says, the Exodus or the going forth of the Children of Israel. In fact, it is a migration like that of the Hebrew people, with women, children, and chariots; it is a journey in pursuit of the promised land-the land of abundance and plenty; it is

one of those impulsions that seize the popular mind, that nothing can check. In a few years the Irishman will have disappeared from the land of Ireland. In the mountains of Wicklow, at Cork, by the Lakes of Killarney, in the highlands of Connemara, everywhere, the question "Would you like to go to America?" has been responded to by, "I am going there;" or, "I wish I could go there," accompanied with a sigh and tears.

And yet the land is not to the Irishman what Egypt formerly was to the Israelite; it is his country, his native soil, his paternal inheritance. Why should he wish leave it, then? Around him are the graves of his kindred, why should he abandon them? Misery sometimes drowns all human affection, and hunger has been known to make the mother devour her child. The Irishman loves Ireland, and Ireland seems to love him; between them is a veritable sympathy, but the tie is broken by famine and wretchedness.

So late as 1847, two millions in Ireland died of starvation. The people died in the streets, and in the gutters, and at the very doors of the hospitals, and the survivors buried them when and how they could. The siege of Jerusalem must be called to mind to give an idea of the ravages made by famine among this wretched population. Two millions in a year! that is 5,479 a day, 228 an hour, more than four a minute! In the middle of this wonderful nineteenth century, in the center of Christendom, on one small island, four dying per minute of starvation, of actual hunger! What a fact for future historians!

Now, what has caused this condition? This question brings us to the very heart of the matter. Priestcraft has had more to do with it than any thing else. Such a condition of humanity is one of the sweet fruits of ecclesiastical despotism. Religion lies at the root of all social conditions, is the operative principle of every civilization. A simple, free religion, that teaches love to God and love to man; that insists upon general justice; that requires all to do the will of God, is sure to produce happy results. On the other hand, priestly tyranny, that requires an enormous outlay to keep the great, good God from hating poor mortals after they get out of the body; that protects itself by keeping the masses in ignorance; that clothes itself in purple and fine linen by unjustly appropriating the earnings of the poor, produces such results as one witnesses in the Green Isle.

The want of self-reliance, the shiftlessness in the Irish character, is owing, in part, to the same cause. As Archbishop Whately says, "The Irishman is always on the brink of ruin, and contents himself purely and

simply with the quantity necessary to live on. Give that to him and he will not work at all." "What can be done," says Aubrey de Vere, himself an Irishman, "with people who are so savage and so devout, that if you were to give them a pipe to smoke they would have the impudence to consider themselves happy, and would digest the easier for not having the stomach laden; who, at the same time, have a perfectly Oriental belief that what must happen, will happen; and who to all that join a sort of Epicurean Platonism, mixed with a little cynicism, which makes them find comfort in the damp straw on which they spread themselves in the sun, abandoning themselves to visions of a future world, which resembles neither England nor Ireland, and which floats before their half-closed eyes!" We see the fellow of the Irish peasant in the Iazzaroni on the quays of Naples—both the result of the same organized Spiritual despotism.

We do not say that political causes have been wanting; England has played the despot, and her retribution has come. During the fatal year of 1847, the starving Irish cost England a million sterling per month She now keeps 12,000 soldiers garisoned at Dublin!

No wonder that priestly and political oppressors rebel against the visitations of Spirits, for the visitants from higher spheres invariably teach the principles of Spiritual freedom, and proclaim the immortal worth of each soul of man. As Saul was terrified by a visitation from the spirit of the departed prophet, so each one who oppresses, instead of helping, his fellows, shrinks back from any near and real view of those spheres where each one must appear divested of his "little brief authority," and be recognized for what he is in himself. Religion is used by most as a vail to hide from their eyes the reality of future life, and if any manifestations in our times can rend it, and give substance for mere show, let them be encouraged by all honest and earnest men.

In this communication I have not meant to condemn Ireland and the Irish; but I have meant to condemn that which has oppressed them. I have received kind attentions here that I never shall forget. There are men here, of high position, at whose houses I have been a guest—some of them Catholic, too—to whom I shall ever be ready to give the hand of friendship; but a bad system can not be defended, neither can a good system be condemned, for the sake of individuals. The Irishman is gifted by nature, is witty, brilliant, amiable, imaginative, and eloquent; Ireland is rich in soil, and delightful in climate; yet the country is the standing symbol of popular misery—the object of the world's pity and scandal; in the language of another, "she has floated on her ocean as a wrecked vessel with black flag hoisted."

# TEST OF PSYCHOMETRY.

Our readers will remember that we published in the Telegraph of October 15th a psychometrical portrait of Prof. E. I. Sears, literary editor of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. Some time previously a mutual friend, Mr. H. H. Tator, had placed in our hands a brief note from Prof. Sears; we placed this in a new envelop on which there was no writing, sealed it, and submitted it to Mrs. Mettler without the slightest intimation of what it contained. The result we published at length two weeks since. We remarked, in a brief note accompanying the delineation, that we had little or no personal acquaintance with Prof. Sears, and that Mrs. Mettler had never so much as even heard of the subject of her investigations. But we had faith in Psychometry, and confidence in the powers of Mrs. Mettler, and felt that we were incurring no great hazard in giving publicity to her impressions.

We have since received a polite note from Prof. Sears, which he has kindly permitted us to publish. It is a frank acknowledgment of the fidelity of the likeness, and pays a high and merited compliment to Mrs. Mettler:

11 TWELFTH ST., NEW YORK, October 18, 1853.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN :

Dear Sir—In the Telegraph of last Saturday I was agreeably surprised to find a "Psychometrical Portrait" of myself, from the pen, as I perceive from your introductory remarks, of the highly gifted Mrs. J. R. Mettler, of Hartford, one of your contributors. I have read the portrait carefully, and, for truth's sake, feel bound to say, that while I can not pretend to deserve the very high estimate which the lady has given of my character and faculties (without, as you observe, having known aught about me,

except through the medium of a letter she had not read), my friends, as well as myself, have been astonished at the fidelity with which she has

portrayed my peculiarities.

Were I a believer in "Spiritual intercourse" I probably should not wonder so much; but I am not—never have been; although I have always read your paper with deep interest, and have sincerely admired the ability and talent with which it has been conducted. How to account, therefore, for Mrs. Mettler's truthfulness, in regard to my disposition, habits, ect., I am utterly at a loss. Of this, however, I am convinced, that let what may inspire her—let it be "light from Heaven," or from the disembodied, inspiration she certainly has—no one can read her sparkling sentences and graphic pictures without the consciousness of being en rapport with a superior mind.

Permit me, dear sir, to express my best thanks to you for the large space you have devoted in your talented journal to this highly complimentary portrait; and should a convenient opportunity present itself, I should feel under a still deeper obligation by your telling Mrs. Mettler how highly

I appreciate the distinction with which she has honored me.

Believe me, with friendly respect, your obedient servant,

E. I. SEARS.

Since the above was in type we have received a friendly epistle from Mr. Tator, assuring us that the portrait of his friend is exceedingly lifelike. s. B. B.

A WILD MAN.—A man named Williams was stopping at the United States Hotel yesterday, who might justly be styled a "wild man." He eats nothing that is cooked, nor drinks any thing but water. His meats, potatoes, and all his vegetables, cabbages, turnips, etc., are all raw. He alleges that he has not eaten any cooked food for several years, and that any deviation from his present mode of living would most probably cause his death. He resides in Iowa, and is on his way to Washington, to make a purchase of some United States land.—Cincinnati Gazette, Oct. 5.

## ROBERT OWEN AND THE SPIRITS.

THE following account of an interview between Mr. Owen and the powers which are turning the tables and "the world upside down," we extract from the English journals.:

SIR-In consequence of the erroneous statements which have appeared in several newspapers respecting the Chelsea Spirit who made himself visible to three of the family of the Wards, it becomes necessary that I should state facts to put this subject in a truthful and useful manner before the public. It will be recollected that the spirit of the poet Shelly directed me to go with the two mediums to Pond Terrace on Saturday at five o'clock. I therefore requested the mediums to come to my residence at that hour. When they arrived I desired the rapping medium to ascertain if any spirit would come to say any thing more to us upon the subject. The medium soon discovered that some spirit was making raps, and appeared by them to be anxious to say something to us. I inquired what spirit was present-the name was immediately given. It was the spirit of one of the most pure, intellectual, and good young persons I have ever met with-a lady of high attainments, who, before she was twenty years old, sacrificed her life by visiting the poor in Edinburgh during the prevalence of a most malignant typhus fever. I asked this spirit what she desired to say to me? "I wish you to go to Chelsea." "Why do you wish me to go?" "To relieve the spirit of Ward." "Is the spirit now suffering?' "Yes." "Should I take the two mediums with me?" "Yes." "When should we go?" "Immediately." "Will you accompany us and make yourself known when we may need your advice!" "Yes."

We at once drove there and were rather reluctantly admitted, the father not wishing to admit strangers. We sat at a small table, and the medium asked for a spirit, and the same superior spirit announced herself by the alphabet. "I asked her what are we now to do?" "Try to get into the room where the spirit of Ward is." "We can not get in, the door is locked. Tell us who has the key." "The landlord." (This was true, and some one went to the landlord for it.) I proceeded to ask more questions, and said, "Can you tell us the Christian name of the spirit?" "Yes, his name is James Ward." "Can the spirit in the room rap on this letter before us?" "No." We then went to the door of the room in which the

spirit was seen, and the medium put her hand on the door and asked for raps, when she heard low, rumbling raps beginning to become more distinct, when the landlord and three or four men with him came up stairs, in great anger because parties had been admitted into the house.

Seeing that these men were not in a frame of mind to be conversed with, I requested the mediums to leave the house with me, which they did; for the spirits above all things deprecate contention. Their uniform recommendation is, kindness, charity, love, and great forbearance on account of the present prejudices of education of the human race. We returned to my residence, when, after a short time, a party of eight sat round a table, and the mediums soon obtained raps from a spirit. Upon inquiring, by the alphabet, the name of Richard Owen (my youngest brother, who had died more than half a century ago) was given. I asked him what he wished to say to me? He replied, "You have been very obedient to-night. It is true, although it is denied, there is a spirit in the room, and you will see it. They must unlock the door for you." At this time the father of the Wards and one of his daughters called and wished to see me. I had them both introduced into the circle. We asked the cause of their coming. It was to tell the real truth respecting the spirit. It was seen first by his daughter, for a considerable time while she lay in bed, when at length she became so frightened she went for her sister and brother, who both saw the spirit, and were equally frightened, and much confusion then arose, as one of the brothers was in a violent fit, requiring many to hold him, and the police was called in. He, the policeman, told me, when we went to the house, that he saw no spirit, and that is probable, because, as it subsequently appeared, the spirit desires to speak to the Wards, and not to divulge his secret to indifferent strangers. While the father and daughter were with me, the spirit present with me said the name of the spirit was James Ward. They said that the opening and slamming of the doors they had heard, before and after they saw the spirit. They then returned home. The spirit of my brother Richard added that he wished I would meet him to-morrow (this day) at the house of the mediums, which I promised to do in the afternoon. Subsequently, then, other spirits announced their presence to the party, and they gave me much information upon other important subjects which shall soon be given to the public. Thus ended Saturday's proceedings.

On Sunday morning, about ten or eleven o'clock, I went to Mr. Hayden's, at 22 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, to see the medium, Mrs. Hayden, after her return from Paris and Ireland. I asked for a séance—

raps were soon heard, and I inquired what spirits were present? My father, mother, wife, and two daughters (who almost always come as soon as I ask for any spirits) and, in addition, my old and much valued friend, President Jefferson, who often comes and gives me interesting information respecting the Spirit-world, and other matters of general importance. I asked what my relative and friend wished to say? The President became the speaker of the party, and was asked—"Do you know any thing about the spirits in Chelsea?" "Yes." "Will you tell me the name of the spirit?" "Yes, it is James Ward."

"What relation is the spirit to the father and daughter who were with me last night?" "Grandfather and great-grandfather." "Can you tell me where he died?" "Yes, in a fort." He then added, "The spirit is not confined in the room as you suppose, but he haunts it; he is troubled, and you can do much to relieve him." "In what way?" "By going and talking to him at the house where he is." "When should we go to him?" "As soon as you can." "To-day?" "No." "To-morrow?" (Slowly), "Yes." "Who should go?" "Mrs. Hayden, Mr. Hayden, and myself." "Should Dr. Ashburner go?" "No." "Why?" "The fewer the better, to get accurate answers. Ask the spirit, in the name of God, to reveal to you what troubles him." "If we went to-day should we obtain access and admittance into the house?" "No." "To-morrow?" "Yes." "Should the proceedings of last night and to-day be published in the newspapers?" "Yes."

In the afternoon I went to the other mediums to keep my appointment with my brother Richard's spirit. He was punctually present. I asked him what he wished to say to me? He replied, "You have been very obedient to the spirits to-night. My dear brother, the spirit in Pond Terrace is in great distress, and he wants to make Jane Ward a medium, as the spirit wants to tell her about some property—he wants to tell her where he has hidden it. A faithful statement.

R. OWEN.

London, Sunday night, 11th Sept., 1853.

P. S. Since the preceding was written, much communication has been had with the Wards, who appear to be simple, honest people, afraid of their insolent landlord, who thinks his property will be injured if they made the truth known to the public. Other spirits have also, since I wrote this statement, interfered to urge inquiry for the relief of the spirit of James Ward.

R. O.

The Morning Post and the Globe, who had published the erroneous statement, declined to give the public the correction of the error.

## JUDGE EDMONDS AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

In the last number of the Telegraph we noticed that the Judiciary Convention of that portion of the Democratic party designated as "Administration," or "Soft," had put forward the names of Judge Edmonds and Thomas W. Clarke as candidates for the Supreme Court Judgeship, now held by Judge Edmonds, whose term is soon to expire. The selection from these names was postponed to Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., when, as we were fully prepared to hear, Mr. Clarke was nominated. He is also the candidate of the other portion of the Democracy, known as "Hards." Judge Edmonds had a large number of ardent friends in the Convention.

At its first meeting he was put in nomination by forty-seven delegates, to thirty-seven who named Mr. Clarke; and on that nomination a debate arose, in which a strong hostility to him was shown, avowedly on no other ground than his belief in Spiritualism. The same opposition, and on the same ground, was exhibited at the other Convention, where it was successful in defeating him. It was under these circumstances that he wrote to a member of the Convention, pointing to the fact that the only objection against him was his religious belief, and submitting to them to decide whether, with the strong prejudice against him on that account, it was worth while for them to incumber themselves with him, at the same time leaving to them the option to nominate him or not.

This letter, admirable in spirit and worthy the frankness and independence of its author, having appeared in the daily journals, we subjoin:

DEAR COCHRANE:

NEW YORK, Oct. 16th, 1853.

I have your note in allusion to my position as a candidate before the Nominating Convention, in which you apprise me that while it was freely and fully admitted that my ability, integrity, and judgment were beyond dispute, and that my judicial reputation was unimpaired, the prejudice against my Spiritualism alone was noticed as a reason for declining to nominate me.

I am not at all surprised at this. I was, week before last, waited upon in behalf of some who were influential in the Convention of the other branch of the party, was requested to withhold the publication of my book, and was assured that if I would do so, my nomination and election could be secured. I declined to withhold it, and my defeat there was not at all unexpected to me, nor is it unexpected to me that the opposition should manifest itself in a similar form in your Convention.

I am fully aware of the strong prejudice there is in the public mind against Spiritualism in all its aspects. The manner in which my religious faith has been, during the last eighteen months, assailed by the press, in the pulpit, and in private conversation, has left me no room to be ignorant of the state of public feeling on the subject. And while I have during all that time once and again made known my views, I have not for a moment been unaware that I was thereby hazarding my position on the bench. But having imbibed my belief, after a most careful and pains-taking examination of the whole subject in all its bearings—having satisfied alike my conscience and my judgment that I had found in it a religion fraught with immense consequences to mankind, I felt that I ought not to, that I could not, withhold the expression of my views frankly and fearlessly.

Independent of all other considerations, it seemed to me that, in honesty and good faith, I ought to be open and unequivocal in the avowal of my belief, so that those who were prejudiced against it, by reason of their unacquaintance with it, or disbelief in it, might not be misled by my silence, and might not be induced by my forbearance to speak, to suppose that my views had been, or could be, changed.

In the unreserved openness of my avowals on that subject I have not been governed by any pragmatical obstinacy, or by any overweening attachment to my own views, but mainly by the consideration which I have already mentioned, that good faith and fair dealing demanded that I should not permit my fellow-citizens to be misled as to my opinions, when canvassing among themselves the propriety of continuing me in my high judicial position.

And now I have to say, with entire sincerity, that as I have no claims on the Convention, so, if they, or any portion of them, think that the prejudice against my faith is so strong as, in nominating me, to injure their other action, I trust that, without a moment's hesitation, they will drop my name. And I beg you to believe me, that their doing so will not excite in me a single murmur, nor one word of complaint; but will leave in my mind the impression that it has been my own conduct alone which has deprived my friends of the power of lending me that aid which I know they would have been glad to have accorded to me.

I hope, therefore, that there will be no contest for me, and that I may not be permitted for one moment to stand in the way of that harmony and efficiency which are now so essential to you. Yours, ever truly,

JOHN COCHRANE, Esq. J. W. EDMONDS.

We might pause here, did we not feel that a precedentindirectly, at least-has been set, which is in violence of the spirit of our institutions and age, and which calls for earnest rebuke while the evil is in the bud, and before it has merged into wide-spread, degrading example. Judge Edmonds has been cast out from his high position solely on account of his religion. The question of his ineligibility, raised by a passionate and prejudiced class of the community, has found an echo in the Convention which made the nomination; and, with an example of scruple, faltering, and doubt, set by his Convention friends, what might not have been expected from the public? The long and short of the matter is, that Judge Edmonds was doomed-his official head was asked as an expiation at the sectarian shrines, whose devotees he had startled in the midst of their bigotries and prejudices, by daring to investigate and think for his own soul, and by declaring his convictions, though they chanced to differ from those of some of his fellow-men.

An expiation thus demanded was not to be resisted by politicians, who learn to sacrifice nothing but morals; who defend honest principles no longer than while they serve partisan or personal success; who have been in the habit of seeing men, for the chance of office, bowing to every sort of "expedient;" Molochs, bending their consciences to whatever

current could waft them to place and power, and who would profess any or no religion at all, to subserve mercenary and ambitious ends. Therefore the Convention under notice was not disposed to make a sacrifice of their strength on Judge Edmonds' account. There is no disguising this fact. It was clearly intimated by Mr. Cochrane, to whom the presentation of the Judge's letter was intrusted. In presenting the letter, Mr. C. said that:

"At the previous session of the Convention, the name of John W. Edmonds had been presented by a large portion of the members for the nomination. The occasion witnessed a discussion of the elements which should constitute the public reputation of a nominee for the place, and while the lucid mind, the legal attainment, the personal integrity, and the judicial repute of Judge Edmonds were freely and fully acknowledged and affirmed by the Convention, an existent prejudice in the consideration of the public might render it inexpedient and unwise that he should be nominated."

Yes, the Convention deferred to a loose and shameful prejudice of the community. They thought it inexpedient to nominate Judge Edmonds; they hailed his letter with satisfaction, and perverted it to a withdrawal, and they virtually abandoned him to the tender mercies of theologic zealots.

Here we have a spectacle for an intellectual age—an age which boasts its political and religious toleration! A public servant, who has filled a high post of duty with honor, whose intellect and moral and judicial character are unimpeached, and of whom a political convention says:

"The lucid mind, the legal attainments, the personal integrity, and the judicial repute of Judge Edmonds are acknowledged and affirmed,"

such a public servant, we say, is immolated on the so-called Christian altars of this community. He is sacrificed for believing in the existence and continuance of that upon which the whole fabric of Christendom rests—for believing in an active and intimate Spiritual intercourse between God ("in whom we live, move, and have our being") and man; an intercourse asserted by all written and unwritten revelations, attested by all traditions and miracles, and native to the aspiration and faith of every human soul.

What has the community, and what have political windwatchers to aver against Judge Edmonds, save that he really believes, only in a different spirit and form, what all Christians profess to believe. If Judge Edmonds believes in "Modern Spiritualism," as it is called, he also believes the more intensely in all Spiritualism—whether of the Bible, of outward Nature, or of his own soul. If he was a Christian before, he is none the less so for having his faith in the true, the beautiful, and the pure quickened; or for the Church, built with hands, expanding to the measure of the Universe; or for his enlarged ideas, realizing somewhat of that great temple, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Will any man rise up and say that Judge Edmonds has been corrupted by his modified religious belief? Can it be said that this has made him a bad citizen, a dishonest man, or a corrupt or inefficient judge? Has his sanity appeared to waver in his practical intercourse with men? If these questions, or any one of them, could be answered truly in the affirmative, then he might, with some show of justice, be proscribed. Then his religion would have been a proper subject of debate in a political convention. As it is, his political immolation for a religious conscience' sake is a tribute to sectarian bigotry and prejudice; an outrage upon the just immunities of the citizen; an example which, duly persisted in, will, like the fabled dragon's teeth, raise up a host of armed men—men armed to defend the freedom of conscience, thought, and speech, though the war should be carried into

Arminian, Calvinistic, and Papal camps. If true men are to be politically sacrificed on sectarian altars, the inquisition will not stop at the doors of "Modern Spiritualism." A fell and foul spirit, it may startle the heavy sleep of all sectarists, and the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Catholic, or the Unitarian may find himself of a sudden on the rack, and under the pressure of "expedient" thumb-screws. The American people will call that a sad day for their liberties, when a citizen was cut down for his religious belief. But the "Church" will find it a sadder day. If it can not stand upon its accustomed creeds and faith, without dictating universal subserviency to its dogmas, and stoning all who rebel, it can not stand at all. Persecution is a two-edged sword, that smites whoever draws it, and in the Church's hand, in this age, it will prove doubly fatal.

As for Judge Edmonds, his independence in this matter has placed him, in the regard of all honest, free-thinking men, higher than the seat of any judicial bench. Had he suppressed the voice of his conscience, put down his convictions, kept his thoughts and Spiritual experience from the public ear, he might have been a nominated and an elected Judge of the Supreme Court. Popular with his party, at least until religion thrust her sectarian head into its councils, capable as a public servant, amiable and beloved as a man, he had only to stoop to the yoke of customary bondage, to have been hailed and huzzaed to the bench. He preferred to be at peace with his conscience—a peace which passeth political understanding to act the part of a true man, to hold no sentiments which he believed vital to the world's good, in disguise. He foresaw all the sacrifice and counted all the cost, and though political place and power are for a moment lost, he has infinitely gained in all that is honorable and heroic-in all that can serve man when he reviews and passes judgment upon himself. Should Judge Edmonds live long, he will outlive the shameful religious bigotry and prejudice that degrade the public opinion of the day; and whatever else may happen, he will far outlive, in and for all that is good, the motley, inquisitorial spirit which has for months been culminating to crush his political career.

Let the Journal of Commerce and the Express rejoice! The faggots they delight in are lighted, the sectarian war-dogs let loose, and from the decapitation of a judge they may proceed to burn obnoxious presses or churches, in hope of realizing a universality of religious belief—a common standard of faith. But we have done, for the present at least. We do not know that Judge Edmonds will approve our manner of treating his case; we have not consulted him, but have written, not to defend him, but to rebuke the unholy intolerance which, daring to arraign and politically strike down one eminent citizen because of his religious opinions, would, had it the same provocation and power, arraign and strike down any and every man in the community.

There are beneath it all most grave and important considerations involved, of infinitely more consequence than he or his fate. And that is religious freedom. It is in vain that we point to the Constitution, which professes to allow in this State "to all mankind the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship," if one confessedly worthy of his high position is to be hurled from it, merely for claiming to exercise his constitutional right. It is in vain that we boast of religious freedom, when persecution for opinion's sake can thus be successful. And it will be a sad hour for the stability of our liberty, when such an example shall pass without signal condemnation.

What matters it the shape in which this intolerance, this violation of our dearest rights, may show itself? The stake,

the gibbet, the fires of Smithfield, or the hangings of Salem, were not more vivid manifestations of it than is the act now before us. All the difference is, that such things are not in fashion now. The altered state of public feeling will not tolerate them. But the principle is the same, though displaying itself in a different form. And this display of it is eminently startling to all who fondly flatter themselves that there is real religious freedom among us.

A BLIND MAN SEEING .- The loss of an important sense is sometimes attended with a surprising development of an intuitive power supplying its place, and which may be considered as the sense existing in a Spiritual degree, after the death of its physical instrument. Thus it was related of Saunderson, the blind professor of mathematics, who was intimate with Newton, that every change in the atmosphere which was calculated to excite the visual perceptions of others, affected him, and that he generally knew when objects approached him, especially when the weather was calm. He wrote a work on Algebra, which was much esteemed by the learned, and gave instruction upon optics, or the laws of light. Assisting some astronomers one day, in making some solar observations, he always knew when a cloud passed over the sun. He would go out at night with his pupils, and point out to them the situation of each star. It is said that he married his wife from the love of her bright eyes. And yet this person became, physically speaking, totally blind when in the twelfth month of his age, and, of course, could not have afterward recollected to ever have seen.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEIL.—The Corriere Mercantile, of Genoa, quotes a letter of the 15th, mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently forming one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons, displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

### A FRIENDLY LETTER.

P. E. Bland, who is already known to many of our readers as the former editor of the Light from the Spirit-world, and likewise as the author of a very able reply to Rev. Mr. Lind, has sent us a fraternal epistle, which will be perused with interest and pleasure. We hope our Western brother will favor us again, and frequently.

#### PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Friends-I trust you will pardon my so long delay in acknowledging the receipt of your favor of some months since. I referred your letter to my friend, Mr. Stagg, with the request that he would attend to the business, and deferred writing to you myself until I should have leisure to write more at length. Since then, multiform cares have pressed me, and I avail myself of the first fitting opportunity of doing what I have long intended to do-of sending you a word of encouragement and sympathy in the great work you have undertaken, and so far conducted nobly-I mean the dissemination of the highest truths to which the age has attained, through the agency of the press. It was a source of great pleasure to receive the information, from a friend who had visited you during the summer, that your means were ample, and your determination taken to spend and be spent in the great enterprise you have begun. I can think of no other work which might share your labor and capital so abounding in great results to yourselves and humanity-to yourselves, because every disinterested act performed for the welfare of man directly affects the soul, making it greater, stronger, brighter, purer, lovelier. How rich a harvest springs from right deeds prompted by right motives! To humanity, because if humanity were left to the secular and religious press for guidance, how deplorably dismal were the night of human hope-its darkness deepening with every hour! That star of hope-immortality-whose light had cheered the sages of Greece, the seers of Judea, and the noble minds of every time and land, was fast sinking behind the mists of sensual materialism when the developments of the present age burst forth. Who then strove, and still strive, to repress and beat back these developments-to put out their light, and stifle their voice, proclaiming truth, freedom, and progress, but the secular and religious press, reinforced with all the forces of the pulpit? The Press and the Pulpit! what mighty engines for swaying public thought and action! Truth bounding into life and surveying the opposing powers, called for a press to defend her and bear on her conquests. You, gentlemen, were obedient to the call, and anon, by "TELE-GRAPH," you sent abroad her messages to thrill with joy ten thousand hearts, imparting hope to the desponding, strength to the weak, and a new vigor to the strong. And oh, in the conflict, so uneven in numbers, how needful were those messages! It has been said, "they are free indeed whom the truth makes free." What results of your earth-life can exceed in excellence those which must flow from the wide dissemination of the truths which are being developed, respecting man here and hereafter? If your subscription numbers ten thousand, it is presumable that your readers are fifty thousand. Thus do you combat before fifty thousand minds the opposers of truth and progress, enlisting their interests in her favor, pouring her lessons into their minds, and thus making them "free indeed." To say nothing of these immediate results, how must they multiply in time! Fifty thousand tasting the sweets of freedom, and freedom contagious! None can say how vast may be the results of your efforts. Then, let me say, lift high the standard and bear it nobly forward, as ye have, and time will reveal your reward. I, for one, am rejoiced to hear that your means are ample and its use devoted.

Among us here we have no capitalists who would be content to run the risk of establishing a Spiritual press. We need one much, and I know of no field so promising of good resulting from an ably conducted press. Unfortunately, our first efforts in establishing one were not harmonious, and now I fear for some time it will be impracticable.

We are in a healthy, Spiritual condition, though much less is said than formerly; convictions seem to be deepening and widening, and the views which the public a year ago entertained respecting the phenomena are greatly modified. Then Spiritualism was deemed a folly, and its receivers fools or knaves; but now the public seems to have settled into the belief that it is a substantial reality which may claim the attention of trustworthy men in any of the business departments. This is indicated by the results of the late election, two Spiritualists being returned elect to responsible offices—offices of large emoluments. They were by NO MEANS

ELECTED AS SPIRITUALISTS, but not long since SPIRITUALISTS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN ELECTED.

We have some media here finely progressing to the higher planes of development—speaking, writing, and healing.

Believe me to be yours in truth and love, P. E. BLAND. St. Louis, Mo., October 1st., 1853.

REMARKS.—Brother Bland will accept our thanks for the kind manner in which he is pleased to speak of our efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. We have never thought that we were permitted to hold intercourse with the Spirit-world, and to witness phenomena which past ages have regarded as miraculous, merely for our own special interest or private advantage; but we have felt a perpetual consciousness that all such displays of power and wisdom were designed for the race as well, and we have therefore given them currency through the various channels of free thought as time and opportunity afforded the occasion. We would give place to no vain pride growing out of the consciousness of having discharged, imperfectly at best, this manifest duty, but desire to be clothed with that wisdom which shall qualify us for a more faithful and efficient work hereafter, that others may be inspired with the truth, and the interests of the cause be promoted, until millions shall rejoice in their newly acquired freedom, and Humanity, clothed with the Spirit and with power, shall be prompted to nobler endeavors after a Spiritual and divine life.

We can not expect that all who entertain the cardinal truth to which we are devoted, will hazard an open and unrestrained expression of their views. Many are wedded to established usages and popular opinions, and though the union is only of human ordination, it is hard to put asunder the worshipers and their idols. Nor can we reasonably expect all to come to substantially the same conclusion from the same facts and testimony; still less will they be likely to agree re-

specting the most suitable ways and means of promulgating the truth among men. In the management of the Telegraph we have deemed it proper to allow each one to express his idea without restraint. All phases of the phenomena, and all forms of the philosophy, have been presented in these columns, and the reader has been chiefly left to form his own conclusions. Occasionally one has been dissatisfied with us on this account, though we have reason to believe that the number is extremely limited. We are quite sure that every man who really loves freedom must, on reflection, approve of this course. We have sectarian presses enough already, wherein men are entirely free to express precisely what the editors and publishers believe; the age demands something more, and better than this, and when the TELEGRAPH fails to supply the existing demand it will have no right to exist any longer. What is wanted, in our judgment, is a free press. This is what we are determined to have, or none at all, and we trust that no Spiritualist will be so intolerant as to deny to others the liberty which he asks for himself.

Newspapers are the cheapest and most efficient mediums of general intelligence, and it is not at all surprising that Spiritualists, who are actuated by a lively zeal to spread the knowledge of the truth, should be led to engage in enterprises which are demonstrated by their results to have been premature. It is well in every similar case to calmly count the cost, and neither depend too much on the faith of those whom we do not know, nor the zeal which we fondly hope to inspire. We certainly desire to see more papers devoted to the cause of Spiritualism when that cause demands and will support them—not before. Our first desire is to see those that now exist made stronger in their intellectual and Spiritual character and in their financial capabilities and prospects. A great number of journals feebly conducted and inadequately sup-

ported, we must regard as a great evil. We sincerely hope that the number devoted to Spiritualism will not be increased while there is so much need of energizing those that yet have a name to live. When a great truth is called in question it should be vindicated, if at all, with earnestness and skill. Any thing short of this rather serves to diminish the strength of its claims to public attention and respect; and we need not say how impossible it is to make an able public journal without a patronage adequate to its support. If we want any thing, it is not more papers, but better ones.

If our friends at St. Louis, or elsewhere, have important facts or potent arguments which they desire to have published, now that they have no press in that city, why not send them to the Spiritual Telegraph, New Era, New York Reformer, or to some other paper which they may be pleased to patronize? If all is not published which would be likely to appear in the columns of a local journal, there may still be room for all that is really valuable. The public want the essence of things in a small compass, and they can very well dispense with some of the grosser elements which offend the taste without illuminating the mind.

The friends of Spiritualism in any part of the country can supply themselves with a paper much cheaper than they can make one. We are ready, under any proper arrangement, to furnish an edition of the Telegraph at a very small advance on the actual cost of the impressions, and we can have the number of copies required ready for distribution at some news depôt on the day of publication.

S. B. B.

THE Home Journal, commenting upon the case of Cornelius Vrooman, the Monroe County, "sleeping man," says there is a woman now near Southampton, England who has been asleep for twenty-seven years, with a very brief interval of waking.

# LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.

Reported Phonographically for the "Telegraph," by T. J. Ellinwood.

Rev. T. L. Harris delivered three lectures at the Medical College in Thirteenth Street, on Sunday, Oct. 23d. We present a synopsis of the first and second lectures, and shall notice the remaining one in our next issue. After reading from the New Testament and offering prayer, the speaker said:

We live in an age of startling phenomena, when the former things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. The seeker after truth, like Columbus in search of a new world, puts out into the distant seas of discovery, beneath the stars of the new heavens. The Eternal Providence that originated the Universe is not alone the God of the Past-the one buried in the Catacombs; but he is likewise the God of the Present. The speaker illustrated his position with respect to the intellect and the heart, by reference to the growth of an unknown plant. If he should discover it, he might fear to meddle with its fruit, though perishing with hunger, lest the trail of the serpent might be on it-lest it might be injurious; but, by looking up into the face of the Divine Creator, he might be enabled to interpret its use. From the understanding and the affections we perceive that all things have been created for a wise purpose. Now we behold that our age, in many of its aspects, is eminently Spiritual.

Not many years ago, in the presence of numerous friends, some of whom were then present, he had discoursed on the materiality of the age. He and they then prayed for light, and the light was now descending on them. The Spiritual

Era had commenced. The winter of Materialism was passing away, and the verdure of the Spiritual Spring was growing and blossoming before them. Thus their prayers had been answered. He might use symbolical language, because the universe itself was a symbol. The dove, descending from heaven, sings to the heart of our wide and common humanity. The spiritual phenomena, separated from the universal principle, might appear terrible in themselves to some minds; but when viewed in their relation to the purpose of Providence, they had a meaning embodied and expressed in the spirit and language of love. Light is coming, darkness recedes; hope kindles in the human heart; morning breaks over humanity, and the soul joins once more in the jubilee sung by pure Spirits.

The speaker had traveled over a great portion of the Southern and Western States, and he had walked, as it were, on the soil of the forthcoming era. The song of light, love, and immortality was heard. Men were changing their opinions, and living by the new light now flowing from a higher regard to their Spiritual natures. He believed this to be the age long ago predicted, when humanity should cast aside its bloody garments, and arise to put on the pure and spotless robes of righteousness.

The speaker then illustrated the providence of God, by pointing out the evidences of his power in the smallest, as well as the greatest objects of his creation. The original Eden, he thought, could not have been so beautiful as would be the coming Eden, when millions of God's intelligent creatures shall people the earthly paradise.

Although he had spoken of angels hovering over us in the present, he would not be understood as supposing that they were not hovering over men in past ages. The era of love has commenced, and will not cease till all humanity partakes

of its blessings. Although differences of opinion may exist; though each mind may present, according to its position, a different color or phase of thought, yet all will be warmed by the sun of truth, and sparkle in the glories of the coming day.

After following out, in very poetic language, this idea, the speaker concluded his morning's discourse with a narration

of the following circumstance:

Last winter, while he was lecturing in a distant city, a gentleman was introduced to him under a fictitious name. Soon after he was seated, the speaker was thrown into an interior or trance state, in which he was enabled to see an immortal spirit-the companion of this stranger-who requested him to describe her to her husband as she appeared on the earth, which he did. She mentioned a lock of hair, a miniature, and twenty or thirty other articles which he was keeping as mementoes of her. She spoke of many mysterious manifestations that he had witnessed, and singular impressions which he had from time to time received, and assured him that they were no delusion. When he came out of the trance, he found the gentleman bathed in tears, and the latter inquired of the speaker who had told him that his wife was dead and that he was a widower. He answered that the stranger's wife had told him. Several other similar questions were asked and answered. Just then a gentleman of standing entered the room, and said that, at the stranger's request, he had not given his true name, and that he would again introduce them to each other. This circumstance of itself was a small matter, but it was sufficient to illustrate the great and consoling truth that the time has already come when embodied and disembodied spirits can clasp hands across the grave.

## AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

Mr. Harris commenced his second lecture by saying that a devout and noble life requires, of necessity, constant inspiration. He had no doubt this proposition would be obnoxious to the theological leaders of the age; but it was nevertheless a self-evident truth, and were men elevated to that exalted plane where their hearts would revolve harmoniously around the Center of all truth, it would need no proof. The theme on which he felt impressed to speak was the relation of man to God. That whatever is created must sustain a relation to the Power that creates, he considered self-evident; and since man was created, it follows that man sustains immediate relations to the Great Original. Moreover, it is a doctrine of ancient revelation. Man is the receptacle which God fills from himself. Man is a dual being, and his duality flows through his entire organization. Man is formed in the Divine likeness for the purpose of receiving the Divine nature; but not one portion of that nature to the exclusion of another-not ideas to the exclusion of affections. He knew that it was considered heretical to say that man is made to be the receptacle of God's thoughts. It is supposed that barbaric kings who lived in past ages, whose garments were dyed with the blood of their fellow-men, held communion with the Most High God; but if it is said that one of the purest and most spotless of human beings in this age receives some holy thought from the Great Spirit of understanding, who mirrors his own face in each object he has made, horror is depicted in the face of the theologians. He could not see how those who dared to think the great Bible thought—the great scholastic thought of the ancient seers, from the stand-point of a beautiful and divinely-inspired philosophy, can avoid the conclusion that when sublime ideas burst suddenly into the mind of an individual, unconscious of thought, they must proceed from the

Great Source of intelligence. If we wish to solve the great problem of the origin of thought, we must go to original men—men who think for themselves—who have the capacity of receiving thought. Dr. Cheever can't tell how the book of Isaiah was written, but Isaiah could if he were here. To ascertain whence thought comes, go to the illustrious living on the earth, or to the more illustrious living in the skies. If any men can tell, it is the thinkers, and not the mere reflectors of other men's thoughts. Pythagoras received divine ideas, and says he received them from the Spirit sitting upon the starry throne. Plato, too, the highest of all the men of old, tells us that his were archetypal ideas.

Here the speaker related a conversation that occurred between himself and a devoted missionary; during which conversation he intimated that Plato was an inhabitant of the realms of bliss; when the missionary said, "You startle me! Plato in heaven! Plato is in hell!" The reason that the man assigned for supposing Plato was in hell, was that he was an infidel—he was not a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and because it has been written that, "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

The speaker remarked to him that Plato had not lived since Christ's time, and that it seemed unjust to him that a man should be condemned because he lived before Christ. Although Plato had never heard of a religion that did not exist in his time, yet he discovered the necessity and possibility of the divine reality. The question of Spiritualism was argued by Plato.

The speaker then adduced several arguments from the Bible to prove that man's intelligence proceeds from God, referring to Isaiah, Daniel, and other Bible authors.

By the beautiful words, "I love," is expressed more than

is contained in any creed. If the heart of man is utterly corrupt, as we are told it is, whence comes this love? He had nothing to say of the abuses of Spiritual communion; but if abuse precludes the use, he would say all men should starve, if one man has made a glutton of himself.

Mr. Harris closed by saying, that in this age truth is spoken through the lips of inspired babes who preach the gospel, and that the time had come when "young men should see visions, and old men dream dreams."

Is IT FROM OUR MINDS?—There are those who suppose that the moving of tables, and other apparently preternatural phenomena, now claiming to be Spiritual, are the result of magnetic forces, proceeding from, and expressing the state of, the minds of those present. If any such theorists had witnessed what occurred at a circle which we attended, not long since, they would have been effectually cured of this impression. For the purpose of the better observing the manifestations with reference to their producing causes, the writer seated himself at one side of the room, where, without his object being suspected, he could observe the emotions, desires, and expectations which were evidently uppermost in the minds of the circle, as compared with the manifestations which might take place. It was observed that while the invisible force which was present would freely respond to all the questions and requests of the parties in attendance, in every instance the more remarkable manifestations were of a kind least expected, and occurred when the minds of the mediums and others present were diverted to other points. The Spirits were for a long time endeavoring to lift a tripod candle-stand upon a dining-table. They first threw the stand upon its side, and then, while the fingers of two mediums were resting lightly upon it, would move it, with wriggling and oscillating motions, in a semi-circle, some ten or twelve feet from the table, and then, bringing it up to the table with great force, would use the momentum gained as an aid to their efforts to throw it upon the top. We observed that the mediums several times asked, "Shall we place a chair here, or a footstool there, that you may rest the stand on it, and use it as a purchase?" The Spirit generally answered "Yes;" but when the article was placed in the position indicated, it would not generally pay the least attention to it, but would move the stand in another direction. The maneuverings and contrivances, all evidently unanticipated by the mediums and company, that were manifest to get that stand upon the table were really amusing; and finally, at a moment when all minds were absorbed in the purpose of placing a cover upon the table, to prevent it from being bruised, the stand was tumbled over, and, by an adroit movement, thrown upon the top of the table. We observed that the mediums did not grasp the stand, but placed their fingers lightly against one end of it, while the greatest motion generally took place at the other end, which sufficiently proved that they did not use any mechanical force, consciously or unconsciously, that would have been adequate to produce the results.

THE ANCIENT ORACLES. - The ancient pythonesses, through whom the heathen oracles were rendered, were undoubtedly mediums, such as we have at this day for the manifestation of Spiritual power and intelligence. Though they were often prepared by the aid of outer appliances different from any now employed, the phenomena of their abnormal states was identical with that which is often exhibited by modern mediums. In their transic or inspired states, the consciousness of personal identity was often completely obliterated, the same as it is in some modern mediums; and the incipient operation of the inspiring influence, in their case as well as in the case of the moderns, was generally attended with convulsions of the muscles and violent agitation of the whole physical system. The description of the prophetic state and previous exercises of the Sibyl of Cumæ, as given by Virgil in the sixth book of the Æneid, is equally applicable to what is often witnessed in modern mediums; and the pythia of the Delphic oracle, and many others, presented similar phenomena during their inspired moments.

The degree of confidence universally reposed by the ancients in the oracular sayings of these pythia, is exemplified by the following among numerous facts which might be given: On the occasion of a war between the Athenians and the Dorians, the latter consulted the oracle concerning the event of the battle, and were promised victory on condition that the Athenian king was not killed by them. Codrus, who was then king of the Athenians, hearing of this response, and believing, from its import, that the interests of his country demanded the sacrifice of his life, doffed his regal garments, and, disguising himself in rags, entered the Dorian camp, where

he was soon killed by a soldier whom, by way of stratagem, he had irritated by wounding him with a scythe. The Dorians afterward learning that Codrus had been slain, believed, from the import of the oracle, that their chance of success had been forfeited, and, without hazarding a battle, they marched back into their own territory.

Sad Occurrence.—A painter named Constantine Golden, who was engaged in repainting the St. Charles Hotel, said to a gentleman with whom he was conversing, "I shall die to-morrow!" The gentleman of course laughed at the idea, and conceived it a mere joke, or some foolish presentiment of Golden's; but the sequel proves it to have been rather too serious, and if a presentiment, too true to be branded as foolish. Yesterday, Golden went to his work as usual, and while painting in the window of the third story, he suddenly fell from his position to the flag pavement in the back yard of the hotel, and dashed his brains out by the fall. He never spoke again. Whether the fall was accidental, or he willfully destroyed his own life, is a doubtful question. His remark on the previous day would lead us to suppose that he had committed suicide, or that there is truth in presentiments.—N. O. Delta.

A PRESENTIMENT.—A couple of painters, some time since, had some painting to do upon the masts and rigging of a vessel lying at the foot of Grand Street, Williamsburg. After they had been up among the masts and yard-arms several times, one of them became exceedingly reluctant to ascend again, under the apprehension that if he did, the scaffolding would give way, and he would be precipitated into the river and drowned. His companion, however, ridiculed his fears, and told him that there would be less danger of the scaffold breaking than there had been before, because there would be much less weight upon it than there had been. He was thus finally prevailed upon to ascend with the other and resume his work; but not long afterward the scaffold actually gave way and precipitated them both into the river, and the one who had been troubled with the previous apprehensions was drowned.

PROTESTANT CHINAMEN.—The Nevada (California) Journal mentions it as a curious fact that many of the Chinamen in that region are Protestants, who take oath on the Bible in courts of justice, and say they were converted in China by the labors of a missionary, whom they name with much love. They are peaceable and industrious, and give practical evidence that "their faith is illustrated by works."

# PERSONAL.

A BRIEF note from W. R. Hayden, Esq., dated London, Sept. 30th, contains the agreeable information that himself and Mrs. Hayden were expecting to take passage on board the steamship "City of Manchester," which was advertised to leave Liverpool for Philadelphia on the 12th inst. They are doubtless on their way at this time, and will probably be in New York before this announcement reaches our distant subscribers.

About one year has elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. Hayden sailed from New York, and during their residence in London they have called the attention of many persons to the claims of Spiritualism. Through their instrumentality, several distinguished individuals have been led to believe in the ultramundane origin of the manifestations. Among these we may mention Lord Brougham, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, Dr. Ashburner, Sir Charles E. Isham, and Robert Owen.

On their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden will proceed immediately to Boston, where they expect to remain about one month, after which they design to visit New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to afford the occasion to such persons as may desire an opportunity to investigate the spiritual phenomena which occur in their presence. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden will be cordially welcomed by their numerous friends in this country. We understand that it is their intention to return to London on or about the first of March.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.—Our old friend, after an absence of eighteen months, is now in this city on a brief visit, prior to his departure for New Orleans, and other places at the South, where he expects to spend the winter in giving lectures. He returns with increased vigor of body, while he has manifestly lost none of his original fervor of spirit. Bro. Harris has some earnest friends in this city, who will give him a cordial greeting and listen with peculiar pleasure to his familiar voice.

Brother Harris will lecture in the Hall of the Medical College, Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, next Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours. Whether our readers are disposed to entertain the same or similar views to those inculcated by the lecturer, is of no possible consequence. It is quite certain that all who can not accept the details of his philosophy, and even the most listless hearer, will be startled and interested by the bold and brilliant thoughts which flow out, uninterruptedly, in his ornate and inspired periods.

M. Jullien closed his second series of grand concerts in this city on Friday evening of last week. We were present on the preceding night, and listened with rapturous delight to his masterly rendering of some of the finest classic compositions, chiefly from Mozart. We claim very little ability in the department of musical criticism, and we have as little opportunity to cultivate a merely technical appreciation. To experience the highest pleasure one must imbibe the essential spirit of the music, and we incline to the opinion that the intuitive sense of harmony may be as reliable and perfect as any which depends on educational discipline. In this opinion we may be right or wrong; but we certainly

hazard nothing in saying that the noblest efforts of musical genius and inspiration have seldom or never before been rendered with such delicate discrimination and masterly power.

Jullien and his unrivaled company leave us to visit Boston, whose citizens are proverbial for their liberal patronage and general cultivation of the divine art.

DR. BUCHANAN, who is widely known as the founder and head of a flourishing Eclectic Medical College at the West, and as the author of a system of Anthropology which has already attracted the attention of learned men in America and Europe, is at present in this city, and may be addressed at this office until further notice. We are happy to learn that Dr. Buchanan is about to remove from Cincinnati to New York, which he proposes as his future and permanent residence. The Journal of Man will also be removed to this city, and continued under more favorable auspices. Dr. Buchanan is a bold and fearless investigator, and a lucid and cogent writer. He is, morever, one of the few men in this country whose progressive tendencies and scientific attainments are on the same liberal scale.

REV. James Richardson, Jr., one of the most erudite and vigorous writers on modern rational Theology and general Progress, and who is widely known to the Spiritualists of the United States through his able contributions to the Shekinah, has recently taken up his residence at Kingston, Mass. Mr. Richardson is a bold, free man, and as he walks through the ancient theological pantheon, the old idols tremble on their dusty and crumbling pedestals. We only wish he would walk this way.

Rev. Herman Snow (Unitarian clergyman), who has recently written and published an interesting work in favor of Spiritualism, has just opened a Reading-room for the special benefit of those who are interested in the subject, and cordially invites all friends, especially those from a distance, to avail themselves of this means of mutual intercourse and instruction by frequenting his place, which is known as Harmony Hall, 103 Court Street, Boston. Mr. Snow is distinguished for his amiable spirit and irreproachable character, as well as for his bland and gentlemanly deportment. We cordially recommend our friends who may be visiting Boston to call at Harmony Hall. We understand that our disinterested friend depends on his private funds, and such voluntary contributions as he may receive, to support his very laudable enterprise.

Mr. Brittingham, one of the proprietors of the Carroll Springs, has been in this city for several days, during which the magnetic waters have been variously applied to different persons, and we are constrained to say that their effects have been manifestly calculated to support the claims of the Spirits, and of Messrs. Chase and Brittingham, with respect to their singular virtues.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, in concluding a lecture on the new reformation in Ireland, based upon the results of personal observation during a recent visit to that country, remarked that he left it with the belief that "if there be a few people in England and America madly going into Rome, there are thousands in Ireland, as well as on the continent of Europe, daily rescued from it."





