



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Number 2.

Principles of Nature.

Insanity and the Manifestations.

BY D. J. MANDELL.

The papers are recording instances of insanity which they charge upon "Spiritual Manifestations." As I happen to be well acquainted with some of the most prominent of the alleged cases of such insanity, I feel that I can offer my opinion confidently and understandingly.

There is no instance within my knowledge, in which mania can be properly attributed to influences from the Spirit-world. One of the cases most frequently given by way of warning, of late—that of Mr. William Barber, of Warwick, Mass.—was but a recurrence of cerebral disorder to which the person had been subject in former years. As to the story that "his wife and other members of his family" were "in a similar state," it is utterly devoid of truth, and the entire statement has been criticised and denounced by one of the resident clergymen of the above named town.

The following account has been circulated and commented upon freely:

"A VICTIM TO THE SPIRITUAL DELUSIONS.—Mr. Charles Wilson, of this town, who has been one of the professed 'mediums,' since the introduction of the so-called Spiritual Manifestations into this place, became so infatuated upon the subject that his reason, already tottering under the baleful influence of his belief, suddenly abdicated its throne last Sunday night, and his whole family, and Mrs. Jones Smith, who was watching with his sick child, came near falling a sacrifice to the demoniac violence of the mad man. In the early part of the night he fastened the doors of the house to prevent ingress or egress, and professing to act under the command of God, summoned his household, consisting of his wife, several females, including Mrs. Smith, and his children, and directed them, under threats of the most terrible penalties for the slightest disobedience, to fix their eyes upon a nail in the floor near the center of the room, and not remove them. He was a raving maniac, and his manner and determination showed but too plainly that the penalty for disobedience to his terrible dictations would be the instant forfeiture of their lives. They had no means of escape. Submission was their only safety till morning should bring them relief. Their terror can be better imagined than described. At one time during the night he ordered the table to be spread with twelve cups and saucers, and some articles of food, when suddenly seizing his sick child, he bore it to the table and baptized it, calling it Jesus.

"Near morning he commenced beating his wife most brutally for some slight disobedience to his commands, when Mrs. Smith, seizing a favorable opportunity, made her escape from the house and alarmed the neighborhood. Wilson attempted to pursue her, but she had fortunately passed from his sight, and he returned to his house. The people soon gathered, when Wilson was secured, though not till after a severe struggle with several sturdy men, whose united strength seemed hardly equal to his.

"We saw Mr. Wilson a few moments after he was secured, but have no disposition to enter further into the details of his insane ravings and actions than we have already done. Under the direction of the selectmen he was conveyed to the Insane Asylum at Worcester. His insanity is but one of the many and similar lamentable evidences of the tendency and terrible effects of ascribing to spirits an agency in the production of the phenomena of the 'Spiritual Manifestations' so-called, and to those who adopt and disseminate a theory of explanation so fraught with evil, we would administer a word, if not of stern and harsh rebuke, of caution."

[Barre Gazette.]

The person above described I have both seen and conversed with. He appears to be, in some degree, a "medium," but he is, habitually, an intemperate man, and the painful consequences depicted in the article alluding to him would have been far more likely to have originated in *spirituous potations* than in Spiritual Manifestations.

Media in whom I have found a tendency to insanity, have generally labored under some irregularity of the nervous system, and have been excited by the cavils, sneers, and inu-

does of bitter opponents, or by the unthinking zeal of friends, in urging them to constant and exhausting efforts. The two causes are frequently combined; the carping of opposers frequently inducing a morbid desire on the part of the medium and his friends to have something wonderful and startling brought out—something which would crush and silence antagonism; thus inducing an excitable state of mind, with its corresponding results. Several incipient cases of this kind came under my observation during a short visit which I recently made to the town of Barre, Mass., all of which, by timely counsel and remedial applications, I succeeded in effectually counteracting. One case of confirmed insanity I entirely cured by virtue of certain principles in spiritual science.

I sincerely hope the time will soon come when spiritual phenomena will be investigated by those on either side of the question, with that candid and loving spirit which is one indispensable requisite of success. The importance of this can not be too deeply felt; and I hope, at some future time and through some appropriate channel, to offer some suggestions on this and kindred points, which will show the philosophy and indispensability of a principle so essential and ennobling.

A. J. Davis to his Reviewers.

HARTFORD, April 17, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: Although I am not particularly attracted to the polemical investigation or treatment of great moral questions, yet I prefer this method far more than a total neglect of the questions altogether. And in this connection I may as well express the gratification I have already experienced in consequence of the unreserved newspaper criticisms upon the "Approaching Crisis." This little work seems destined to develop more free discussion than I had the presumption to anticipate—especially when it is on all hands considered to be a "weak," "superficial" and "contradictory" conglomeration, scarcely worth the consideration of any intelligent mind. Nevertheless, as all things are ultimately overruled for good, as "Truth is mighty and will prevail," I venture now to entertain hopes that you, gentlemen, will be the means of unfolding salutary ends from the "combination of absurdities" in question. As to the "mistakes," "misreports," &c., I am perfectly willing to have them made known and 'exposed' in every honorable way; because it is only the Truth that I am desirous of seeing developed and applied to the life of man.

Now, gentlemen, this is my mental state. I am a lover of what I feel and see to be the Truth, and I address you for the express purpose to assure you that, should you deem it expedient to publish a *Critique of a Critique*, and should it contain frank and unequivocal demonstrations of 'mistakes' and absurdity on my part, I will be the first to acknowledge to any internal conviction of error, and will thank you for pointing those errors out.

But may I not expect from you as frank an acknowledgment, in case it should be your turn to be convicted of mistakes and absurdities? What you may see proper to do in the matter of sacrificing personal pride and love of infallibility upon the altar of Truth, can not possibly be any criterion for me to follow; because it is neither popular authorities nor A. J. Davis, but the Truth which I love and revere. All I ask, therefore, is, that whenever you, or the systems which you now support, are manifestly convicted of error, you will ingenuously own up and commence anew—on the ground that it is never too late to learn!

The Harmonial Philosophy, be it remembered, is not a matter resting upon individual authority; it is founded on the Laws of Nature and the Rights of Man—aiming at the harmonization of the individual and reconstruction of Society. You may therefore rest assured, gentlemen, that all the time and talents expended on me, as an individual teacher of this Philosophy, will be so much ammunition wasted on the air; because the friends of the Harmonial Brotherhood acknowledge no authority but Nature and no doctrine which can not be distinctly read on the divine Constitution of Things. Nevertheless, I for one, truly desire an investigation of the subjects developed by the Harmonial Philosophy, even if I must be the first in the battle, and the fulcrum on which the lever of Reason may operate upon the foundations of ignorance and superstition.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. J. DAVIS.
[Hartford Times.]

THE AUTHORITY OF THE IDEAL.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

"The Spirit of the living Creature was in the wheels!" An ancient Seer uttered this saying in his description of a vision, in which the connection between the Active Principle and the moving forms of the Universe, was illustrated by revolving wheels, informed and moved by supersensual life. They suggest to us the authority of the ideal—the truth that all outward action is the result of inward life: that all visible and material organisms are the product of invisible and organizing force.

The present Age, in one of its aspects, is eminently material. There is a temper abroad which studiously contemns, and undervalues, whatever is abstract, whatever is ideal. Political Economists, Practical Statesmen, Teachers of Religion, no less than the unlettered multitude, seem to lose sight of the connection between motives and deeds, between sentiments and actions, between abstract ideas and concrete institutions. In their veneration for the created works of man, they lose sight of the perpetual existence, the perpetual activity, of Creative life within man. Observing the wondrous play of the stupendous mechanism of Civilization, they forget the spirit of the living creature that is in the wheels.

Coming down to the common experience, how often do we see others commit—how often do we, ourselves commit—the error of which I speak. By the fireside we make much of the trifling act the little child performs—the sudden blow, perhaps, or the slightest effort or memory—but we leave unnoticed the lightning-like flickering of emotions, as they pass briefly over the countenance, and suggest the awakening activity of a primitive and spiritual life within. In our Courts of Justice, we shrink, horror-stricken, from the man who, in sudden heat, has put forth his hand to smite or slay. That is active—there is in it, we think, something palpable and real—but the ideas of revenge, the sentiments of hate the man has held, have been almost overlooked by parents, friends, government and society, till they have burst forth in murderous activity, in shed blood, bearing mute witness before high heaven.

In public places we do homage to the man who has proved himself great in action. The warrior who has won a battle, the statesman who has founded some public institution, the scholar who has written an eloquent book, meet with homage, which implies that men think them and their deeds exceptional. But in every imagination reside works of Art, in every mind lie latent codes and governments, in every will live battles, waiting opportunity to pass from the ideal to the actual.

We accord greatness when it has stamped its signet on the material world, when its idea has been realized, or its thought has been uttered; but often the higher Greatness comes and sits with us familiarly by our own fireside, dropping, in homely phrase, ideas that are yet to become the inheritance of all men, and the common property of successive ages; and our eyes are hidden that we can not see it. High thoughts, inspired prophesies, divine emotions, principles that fix themselves fast in the unalterable rectitude of God—all these, in the common apprehension, go unacknowledged; they seem unsubstantial, and ephemeral, compared with yesterday's successful bargain, or to-day's food and wine. But the thought that seemed so familiar and ineffectual, by the fire-side, at last gets utterance before the world, and breaks in thunder upon the nations. It marshals armies; it subverts dynasties; it breaks up old empires: it opens a new era in universal history. And the man who seemed to common eyes remarkable only for peculiarities of dress, or forgetfulness of etiquette, when his hour has arrived, becomes noted for other peculiarities. He grasps his thought; it is in his hand a scepter of lightning; and with it he rules the world.

By a divine necessity, life ever flows into form, thought into system, the ideal into the actual. In the long run, no Institution, be it ever so powerful, can withstand a thought that is higher and better than itself. The ideas that seem to one class of men harmless speculations, filling up gracefully the interludes between the morning drive and the afternoon banquet, grasped by another class of men, become swords in the hands of heroes, and chain-armor for the battle, invulnerable as tempered steel. Pleasant pastime seemed it for the cultivated and luxurious nobles of the court of Louis XVI, to speculate on the ideal rights of man, to dwell admiringly on the deeds of Dion and Brutus, to revive the heroic memories of Platon and Thermopylae, to hurl in sport at throne and altar, the philosophic arguments of Montesquieu, and the burning sarcasms of Voltaire. But these ideas, so tranquilly discussed, fell like coals of fire into the magazine of popular discontent; and one ter-

rific explosion, convulsing Europe, shook to the earth that time-cemented despotism.

The counting-room of our great merchants is an interesting sight. There, in long lines, stand ponderous ledgers, recording vast transactions. There are samples of the products of every land and clime. There is the iron-bound safe, the strong receptacle of treasures. Above, are lofts heaped up with teas, and silks, and spices, products of another hemisphere. Beyond lies the wharf, where deep laden ships depart sea-ward, or fold in rest their white, returning wings. All this seems to you real, permanent and substantial. But in that counting-room sits a MAN, silent, pale, unnoticed, and in his abstract, ideal thought originates this gigantic system of commerce. His abstract ideas send huge ships to India, making tides and trade-winds do their bidding. In that brain center magnetic lines of thought that radiate outward to the far circumference of the world. Inwardly he desires, meditates, and resolves; and thought and resolution are the living nerves that move the mighty framework. All this outward doing which we behold, had its origin in the abstractions of that silent mind. They live related, as created body and creative life.

Equally suggestive is the great Factory; one of those Fortresses of Industry peculiar to our own time. Centrally looms up the great building, many windowed, and many storied. Around it lie the grouped dwellings of its artisans. Reaching out is the iron road which pours in the raw material, and bears away the finished product. Within are ten thousand spindles revolving with sure celerity; slender threads, innumerable and never resting, fly from room to room. Viewless shuttles, swift as light, and certain as time, fly to and fro among them. Swift wheels in endless circulation revolve amid them; and busy hands of children, and women, and men, tend all the mysterious array. Below blaze great fires beneath chambers of iron; and pent up forces, generated there, keep active the complicated system.

How puny seems Man in the midst of these mighty organisms; how puerile his task among these splendid activities. How much more real, more substantial, seems this massive machinery than the abstract speculation, the hidden thought. Yet behind all this organized matter resides organizing force. The Actual is but the projected shadow of the Ideal. The iron heart of this mighty fabric, with all its mystic combination of metal, flame and steam, was once a thought, and only a thought, inhabiting the airy chambers of the student's mind. Those ten thousand spindles, revolving with surest swiftness, obedient to the impulses of one central force, are all projected from the slender filaments of a dreamer's brain. From the impalpable, invisible Ideal, sprang forth this goodly order. Watt and Arkwright were the visionaries of their day, whom any clown had liberty to ridicule. Yet from their pale and shadowy abstractions has sprung forth the New Industrial Order; thringing itself on the subverted Feudalism of the Past, multiplying a thousand fold all human products: lessening and simplifying, in like degree, all human labor; filling the world with newly created utility and beauty; hastening on the mighty march of civilization and self-government; and opening up a new and grander era in the existence of the human race.

Extend your survey to the capital of a People, the living center of its national existence. There rises its central court, where all the disagreements of its collective life are peacefully adjusted; there the University where the gathered wisdom and experience of the Past instruct the Present, and await the Future—there the Armory, stored with weapons of destruction, waiting their hour to speak in thunder and in fire—there the Patent office, crowded with machinery, novel in thought, mighty in use, and mysterious with combined, concentrate power—there the Press, silent, yet speaking to the four quarters of the heaven—there the chamber where center the electric wires that thrill with human thought—there the dépôt where interlace the meshes of the iron net-work of public communication. All this seems permanent and substantial; and the contemner of the abstract stands here to find arguments for his materialism. But from whence come Court, Palace, Press, Telegraph, Railway? From the unembodied; from the invisible! It is Thought that flies along the iron nerves of the telegraph; it is the Ideal that, like a mighty spirit, heaps together the palaces, controls the elements of nature, and utters from the bench, the senate, and the press, the oracles of its divine intelligence.

Returning from Collective to Individual Life, see there, too, the authority of the Ideal. See how the invisible things create the visible, and the bodiless contain within themselves the whole of the substantial. You speak; and the voice, like some mighty organ, is eloquent with the melody of thought. You raise the arm; and it is Thought whose fine resolve thus nerves

it. You write a letter, a poem, an essay; you construct a ship, a building, a system of government, a business enterprise; and it is all the manifestation of your ideal life. Hidden motive nerves the arm to action; ideal sentiment lightens from the eye, and trembles on the lip, in accents and words of fire. Behind all being, lie the infinite receptacles of feeling and desire. Our material deeds are but so many land-marks on the shores of existence. They reveal how high the spring-tides of feeling have risen within the soul; they are the boundaries that inclose the waves of resolution, and the tides of will; they are the shores around the infinite profound of animated thought.

All of life that is not lost in the grossest pursuits and enjoyments, is overshadowed by the thoughts of the mind, and overflowed with emotions of the heart. The joy of home springs from within, from ideal sentiment and its gratifications. The chief pleasure of business results from realized foresight, from recompensed skill. The joys of society flow from inward emotion, from inspired conversation, or fraternal fellowship, from the interchange of courtesies which are all, in their refinement and delicacy, purely immaterial. It is to the gratification of ideal, abstract emotion, that the landscape, the heavens, the poem, the statue, the eloquent flow of language, the glorious burst of music, minister. It is for their power to quicken the ideal life within, that the homes of genius, the creations of art, the scenes of grand achievements, the graves of saints, and heroes, and martyrs, are honored, and visited. It was a pale and bodiless Idea that held the helm of the caravel that bore Columbus over untraveled seas, to an undiscovered hemisphere. It was in the might of sentiments that Luther, before the Diet of Worms, defied the Pope, the Emperor, the combined chivalry and hierarchy of Christendom, exclaiming: "Here stand I. I can not do otherwise; so help me God!"

Why tremble the Despots of Europe to-day, in their palaces, and upon their thrones? Why do they blanch and cower in the charnel house that they have made, trembling before the very bones of the Martyrs of Humanity, as if they were the invincible and immortal armies of the Resurrection? It is because there is a sense in the Universal Reason, a nerve in the Universal Heart, that responds to the omnipotence of the Ideal, that intuitively realizes its final power to mold the Actual to its own divinest form.

And now to the final point which I would urge as the result of this discussion. To the exaltation of this Ideal Life, to the preservation of its integrity, the training of its energies, the culture of its faculties, and its affections, should be directed our earnest and perpetual care. To the determining, educating, perfecting of that Ideal Life, whose product is Art, Eloquence, Philosophy, Philanthropy, Society, Religion, Harmony of living joy, should be devoted life's hours of glad and blessed promise. For the outward mechanism of existence shall perish, but the Living Spirit shall immortally endure, there as here, to manifest in action the hidden sentiments of being; to light its outward heaven according to the glory of its inward life.

Exhumation of a Giant.

The remains of what is supposed to have been a gigantic Indian were discovered a few days ago on the banks of the Ohio river, near Shippingsport, Kentucky. The high water caused the bank to cave in, and thus the bones were discovered. A gentleman of that place, named O'Harra, had them carefully removed, and judging from the length of the thigh and leg bones, and other portions of the skeleton which were placed together, it must have been upward of seven feet in height. The skull was of immense size, with unusually high cheek bones—a sure indication of the Indian race. An antique fashioned jug, made of earthen ware, decorated with shell, was found alongside the bones. A year or two since, a quantity of human bones was found in the same vicinity, and it is supposed that a century or two since the spot was probably an Indian burial place.

A Lady with a Beard.

In Sheldon, Wyoming County, in this State, there is a girl only seven years of age who has a full moustache on the upper lip, large enough for a cavalry officer, and a beard which though fit only for a "mildling grenadier," is large enough for the envy of a city stripling of twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. The unusual growth of hair began when she was five years old, since which time it has been repeatedly plucked out. She is the child of Belgian parents, is healthy, and rather more than usually intelligent for her years.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15.

ALL NEWS FREE, EACH COPY GIVEN FOR SERVICE; AND WHEN IN SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ORDERS, NO ADDITIONAL WILL BE REQUIRED.

POPULAR MATERIALISM.

Every day's report but deepens the unwelcome conviction that the living spirit of the Christian faith, once majestic in its power, and divinely beautiful in its influence over the heart and life of the believer—the faith that filled the ancient church with the manifestations of spiritual presence and power—has declined, and nearly lost its hold on the human mind and affections. The nature of the opposition to Spiritualism, and the modes of resistance adopted by the church and the world, show how almost faithless men are in the great vital principles of the Christian Religion. If faith be not dead or sleeping, why are its requirements everywhere practically denied? That its chief claims are virtually disputed, and that the popular faith—the oral acknowledgment of the truth of a greater or less number of dogmatic propositions—exerts but a feeble influence over the lives and conduct of men, is quite too manifest to require elucidation.

Our religious teachers require an implicit faith in the ancient revelations and miracles, while they demand an unequivocal denial of those which are demonstrated to our senses, and our souls, in the stirring events of Today.

They insist on an unquestioning confidence in the ancient records, and an open denial of the living facts. We prefer to exercise a rational faith in both the ancient oracles and the present demonstrations. If a living faith is still cherished among men, why is the very possibility of spiritual intercourse denied? If the outward church has a spiritual religion, why is Spiritualism condemned as heresy without a careful hearing and an honest judgment? It is readily granted that, the few whose opposition is founded on some supposed defect in the testimony, concerning Spiritual Manifestations, do not properly render themselves obnoxious to the charge of entertaining materialistic views; but it is a well-known fact, that the great body of opposers have proceeded, hitherto, upon the assumption that the cardinal proposition of the Spiritualists involves an impossibility—that spirits do not and can not disclose their presence and their thoughts to mortals. Thus the old Materialism reveals its earthly form, and its dusty images flit like phantoms of the waning night, in "the dim religious light" of the outward church.

It is not true, as has been intimated, that the modern Spiritual Manifestations tend to destroy or diminish faith in the essential principles of Christianity. While we reject the modern theological idea, concerning the nature of the Christian miracles, we have a most undoubted faith in the occurrence of the remarkable facts recorded in the New Testament, and on which the church rests the claims of Christianity to Divine authority. No rational mind would be less likely to credit the statement that Christ walked on the water, because he has witnessed, in his own soul, and through the medium of his own senses, the proofs of an invisible agency that holds in subjection the great laws of material nature. Surely, none but a mind diseased would be disposed to question the startling revelations of power and intelligence, which were disclosed to the ancient patriarchs, and prophets, and seers, because he is permitted to be a living witness of similar manifestations.

The fact is too obvious to admit of concealment that, many of the most cultivated minds have silently yielded to a most withering skepticism, while the defenders of the faith have trembled in secret, lest the progress of knowledge might subvert the foundations of Religion. Hence, faith and science have not been on terms of very intimate fellowship. A system of philosophy which shall honor the respective claims of faith and science, rendering the one rational and the other spiritual, is what the age demands. If true to herself and to humanity, Science will not hesitate to enter the new realm of thought and discovery. The startling disclosures of the Present, in whatever light they may be regarded, must be classified and referred to the laws on which they depend. And when Science shall have accomplished her mission here, we shall fear no more the influence of a scathing fanaticism, and all rational and religious minds will hail with unspeakable joy the present immortal quickening, which promises to save from destruction the last hope of the world—the hope of IMMORTALITY!

All who would preserve complete files of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, should forward their orders immediately. The edition of six thousand copies of number one is nearly exhausted already.

A Mistake Corrected.

There seems to be an unusual effort, on the part of a portion of the press, to fasten the responsibility of numerous cases of insanity and suicide on some phase of spiritualism, and the most reckless negligence of facts, and probabilities even, is exhibited in these statements. If any cause really demands such means for its furtherance, it must be a desperate one, and require desperate men to defend it. The following paragraph, which we have seen in a great number of secular and religious journals, is an example in point:

A son of the Rev. Mr. Williamson, a Universalist preacher of Louisville, Ky., committed suicide by first using chloroform, and then hanging himself, on Tuesday night last. He was seventeen years of age and his mind had been affected for some time, in consequence of reading Andrew Jackson Davis' book on clairvoyance.

Dr. Williamson, the father of the unhappy youth, contradicts this statement in the following explicit terms:

It is not true as has been stated, that his death is attributed to reading the works of A. J. Davis. He did, indeed, read in Davis' book during the afternoon of his death; and if this had any effect at all, I have no doubt that the same effect would have followed the mental effort of reading any other book.

We have long known Mr. Williamson, and we have loved him, too, as an elder brother. When we last met he expressed no sympathy for the principles of Mr. Davis, and we presume felt none; but he did feel, and he manifested on all occasions, a deep religious love of truth, and an unwillingness that even an enemy should suffer unjustly.

We have not seen that son for a long time, but we remember his image as he appeared, when a little child, at his mother's knee. He grew up a youth of amiable disposition and studious and industrious habits; but his brain had been diseased for some time, and we learn that for a year prior to his departure he was subject to frequent turns of insanity. We deeply sympathize with Bro. Williamson, and those of his household, in this hour of their affliction. May our esteemed friend derive consolation from the divine hopes which he has labored so long and so successfully to inspire in the bosoms of others.

Clairvoyance.

In this age, when the claims of every thing are being subjected to the ordeal of the most searching analysis which science and skepticism can institute, it is in vain to expect that Truth will perish or be long concealed, and it is equally irrational to presume that any galvanic process will invest error with more than temporary and distorted signs of life. Every idea, system and hypothesis, whether in science, philosophy, or morals, that can not abide this ordeal, must depart and mingle with residuum of dead and forgotten things.

As the great trial proceeds, the popular confidence in the old systems of medicine is being shaken, and many, who once fancied they had a secure footing, now find that what appeared like solid ground moves beneath their feet and gives sensible signs of passing away. Our old pathological treatises, and the ancient pharmacopoeia are beginning to be interesting, chiefly, as the fossil remains of obsolete ideas, preserved as carefully as the old bones in the medical colleges, which they otherwise much resemble in their freedom from the principles of essential life.

We have those among us who look through the outward forms into the hidden recesses of being, discerning the very elements of disease, and where they first meet and mingle with the springs of life. In the department of diagnostics, therefore, we are not left to depend alone on the outward symptoms which, at best, form an uncertain and dangerous criterion; but we may call to our aid this power by which the entranced soul looks through the forms of things and sees their essences. We thus ascertain the precise condition of each separate organ, and the extent to which the vital equilibrium has been interrupted.

It is objected that numerous mistakes occur which render the exercise of this power wholly unreliable; but we apprehend that these may be chiefly ascribed to a want of discrimination on our part. The judgment of the observer, rather than clairvoyance, may be at fault, since we are not sufficiently careful in our observations to enable us to determine, with even tolerable precision, when the state is fairly induced. The failures are not, strictly speaking, those of clairvoyance, but every distinct failure goes to prove that the essential condition was wanting in that particular case, and that the faculty either did not exist at all or was inert at the time of its occurrence.

For the information of those who desire to know, we may observe that Dr. R. T. Hallock, No. 324 Broome-st., New-York, Mr. and Mrs. Mettler, Hartford, Ct., and Mrs. Tufts of Jersey City, are accustomed to apply clairvoyance to the discovery and treatment of disease.

There is no death; what men call death, is but the mortal struggle for immortality.

Greeting of the Telegraph.

The very rational editor of the New-York Express, abruptly descends on the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH in manner and form as follows:

THE "SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH."—We have received the first number of the new Ghost paper, which we announced, some time since, was to be shadowed forth in this city. It professes to be the organ of the Rochester Rappers, and other invisible agencies—but the editor, Mr. Partridge, seems to be a man of flesh and blood. It is filled with articles concerning "the spiritual phenomena," "the ordeal of science and skepticism," "the modern wonder," "Lives of the Seers," "Manifestation in Boston," "Latest news from the Religious Rapological," "Messages from an Arabian Prophet," and other such stuff, well adapted to the perusal of the inmates of a Lunatic Asylum, but wholly unpalatable to those who breathe the atmosphere of Truth, Reason, and Common Sense. The communications it publishes, purporting to come from the land of spirits is a blasphemy, predicated upon an imposition of the boldest description, and as such, will only be received, when ignorance has usurped the place of intelligence, and credulity, the most ordinary prerogatives of common sense. The humbugs of the Day, however, must have a living, and on that score, we don't see why the Spiritual Telegraph should not have at least as good a support as some other journals devoted to *isms*, at the first glance not so silly, perhaps, but quite as mischievous and absurd.

We consider the editor altogether excusable for his merely apparent want of "Truth, Reason, and Common Sense," that may be perceived by the reader of the preceding paragraph. He probably intended to be eminently rational and sensible, but may have a singular way of exhibiting these attributes, as some people confessedly have. If our paper is well adapted to the wants of the "inmates of a Lunatic Asylum," we think it ought to suit a large class of rabid people outside of the institution, and among others, the editors of the Express.

M. A. Townsend.

Of Brighton, Pa., writes thus, under date of April 24: "We have had many communications here of a high order, and evidences the most convincing and satisfactory. Many things have been written that are above the capacity of the medium, and numerous facts and circumstances related of which nothing was previously known." The writer refers to some deeply interesting manifestations through a medium recently developed.

Dr. M. A. Cushing.

An earnest friend who resides at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., in a note just received, says that spiritualism is onward in that region. We regret to learn that Dr. C. is about to remove with his family to the far west, and that we shall see his face no more for a season. May thy home, dear brother, in "the land of the sunset" be cheered by that light which suffers no decline.

Terms of our Paper.

To avoid the necessity of answering numerous inquiries concerning the terms of the TELEGRAPH, we take occasion to state them distinctly in this place.

1. The Publisher will appoint no agents.
2. A remittance of \$1.50 will entitle the subscriber to the paper for one year. The low price of subscription and the obvious claims of the cause upon its friends, will preclude any deviation from these terms in favor of those who may propose to form clubs.
3. Booksellers and Periodical Agents will be supplied at \$2 per 100 copies; provided always, that the order is for twenty-five copies or upward, (weekly,) and is, moreover, accompanied with the cash. These terms will be strictly observed.

The publisher holds himself in readiness to give the most satisfactory references to all who may question either his disposition or ability to discharge all obligations he may assume.

THE SHEKINAH, No. III., containing the remarkable visions of Judge EDMONDS, *fac similes* of the Spirit-writings, and numerous other interesting articles, may be had at the office of the TELEGRAPH and of STRINGER & TOWNSEND. Persons wishing to subscribe, and to secure the back numbers of this valuable work, should address S. B. BRITTON, either at Bridgeport, Conn., or at this office.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.—We are indebted to the publisher, John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau-st., for a copy of a superb mezzotint portrait of the Hungarian leader. Those who may desire to preserve the shadow of the material presence of the great Magyar, are advised to call and examine the engraving published by Mr. Taylor, before purchasing any other.

An article purporting to have been dictated by the spirit of Rev. JOHN WESLEY, (W. BOYNTON, Waterford, N. Y., medium,) is unavoidably crowded out this week, but will appear in the next number.

Also, the publication of the remaining portion of the interesting spiritual experience of Rev. ADIN BALLOU, is necessarily deferred.

THE EDITOR still resides at Bridgeport Conn., where he may be addressed as usual. Communications designed for him, may also be left at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

The Question.

MR. EDITOR: What are the so called "Spiritual rappings," writings, and other kindred phenomena? Are they facts or are they delusions? I think the time has now arrived when it may be answered boldly, they are veritable facts. That is to say, these remarkable sounds are produced without any physical agency known to the human sense. The same must be said of the spontaneous moving of ponderous bodies; and even the involuntary writings are scarcely less fully and satisfactorily attested and verified. The fact, too, that these sounds are often the vehicles of intelligence, is well established. This the writer of these remarks has witnessed, in such an unequivocal exhibition of facts as to leave "no loop to hang a doubt on." It is now more than a year since they have been so fully and conclusively proved and settled, as that to doubt would be like doubting the reality of any and every thing, past, present and to come. But what would you expect a discreet and prudent man to do and say in relation to this matter? Certainly, nothing but to ponder it in his own mind. It would be the height of folly for him to communicate his experience to others, who, he knows will, not believe a word of it, but are ready to ridicule him for his weakness and credulity. He might have the conviction, ever so strong that they were sober verities, and such verities, too, as should open a vast field for the investigations of science, and dispel a vast amount of superstition and skepticism from the world; yet, if nobody believed them, where was the use of promulgating them? Thousands have been witnesses of the facts—have been convinced that they were genuine, and have shut their mouths, rather than bear the imputation of falsehood or gullibility. Now let me ask, shall we longer stultify ourselves, and say that the facts are clearly proved, but we do not believe a syllable of them! Surely, this is a shameful abuse of our noblest faculties. Every possible shift and shuffle seems to be resorted to, to furnish some explanation of the facts, without referring them to an origin which might possibly be sound in that part of our compound nature which is not seen of the natural eye.

The moment one takes the ground that they are produced by the real man, that is to say, the spirit or mind—which is the all of man, in which power of any sort resides—he gives rise to uneasiness and alarm, which borders upon insanity. A desperate struggle ensues, in some way to find relief short of admitting that a man has a soul, and that there is such a thing as a spiritual body and a spiritual world!

We must, however, confess, that a great point has been gained by referring the origin of these phenomena to mundane causes. Thousands have shut their eyes to the facts, so long as they claimed to be the work of those who had gone to the world of spirits; but the moment we broach a plausible theory, to explain them on natural principles, (as they are called,) then they are ready to believe them. They do not seem to know that the facts are the same in the one case as the other. The facts themselves are proved by the evidence of our senses, and as I said, it is a great point gained to get an admission of them. Every man will construct his own theory and draw his own inferences; but we do claim, for the honor of humanity, that there should be a decent regard for undeniable facts. Theories are of the color of every man's mind and affections, but facts are the same to all minds; theories are unstable and unreliable, but facts are stubborn and honest, and we should not fear them.

The facts then, of which we have spoken, being admitted—as we now believe they are, or at all events, must shortly be—the question is, are they of any importance? I assert fearlessly that all the metaphysicians who have investigated the subject, from the beginning of the world, have never elicited a single fact tending to show the relations of mind and matter, which can compare in importance with these!

COMMON SENSE.

New-York Conference.

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA [WEEKLY REPORT.]

New York, Friday evening April 30th, 1852.—Present: Mr. Partridge, Wm. Wood and wife, R. W. Hurlley, I. S. Hyatt, John H. Hunt, J. P. S. Smith, Dr. John F. Gray, George Freeman, Wm. Fishbough, W. J. Baner, S. B. Britton, John J. Haley, E. D. E. Greene, Jas. H. Allen, J. N. Stebbins, J. G. Isham, Dr. R. T. Hallock, and others.

After the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting, Dr. Hallock remarked upon the "acorn," a subject which was under discussion by Mr. Cheseboro, at the last meeting. He observed, that what he was about to say now, he would have said then, only he feared that it would have looked like disputation, which he desired particularly to avoid. Mr. C. had apparently referred to the "acorns which do not produce oaks," as illustrative of men who were designed to unfold into angels and enjoy eternal bliss, but were arrested in their upward flight, and so become evil spirits, and as such, must suffer eternal misery. If such a use as this were to be made of the acorn. Dr. H. thought we had better examine it more minutely, to ascertain, if possible, whether its arrested development amounts to an ultimate failure. If we observe the constituents of that acorn, we shall find that it contains the elements of a vegetable, the elements of

an animal, and the elements of a man. These elements can not be annihilated; therefore, that portion of them which is vegetable, will, by the well known laws of affinity, be a vegetable; that portion of them which is animal, will be an animal; and that portion which is spiritual—the life of its life—its germinating substance, will be a man—a constituent part of an immortal soul. Can we call the acorn a failure then? Having traced it through these natural processes to this sublime result, is it not a glorious success, rather? Why should an acorn "fall to the ground unnoticed, or without a result, any more than a sparrow?" They both fall to rise again; for God holds them in the "hollow of his hand"—in the grasp of his eternal laws; and with him, "failure" is converted into a higher success, a more glorious victory. Not only

"The pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow cell of its little cup,"

but the elements of higher forms of life were also there; elements which the mutations of time might retard, but not destroy.

Dr. H. thought, in the history of that acorn we might find a key to the mode by which the reign of universal peace and happiness would be established, finally, throughout the universe. Isaiah speaks of a time, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fattening together, and a little child shall lead them; and he believed that this would truly come to be realized. But how? By super-natural means? He could not think so. He thought the progressive tendency of all things, as indicated by the acorn referred to, would necessarily ultimate in that, through the operation of the attractive force of the Great Creator, by which "he will draw all things unto himself." Men have an intuitive faith that the very climate in which we exist, will change for the better. We have only to look about us to see the agents of that change at their benevolent work. The vast mountain ranges, with their diadems of eternal snow, which so control our climate, have been progressively crumbling since the dawn of their upheaval. And thus the operation of the great law of progress will at length sweep the snow and the storms from the face of the earth, and, finally, sin and misery from the bosom of humanity.

Mr. Fishbough said, the doctrine of progression required a close investigation. Properly defined, he thought it true. He wished it understood that matter and spirit are distinct things, realms or kingdoms. The kingdom of spirituality is God. Particled matter is the kingdom of materiality. These two great kingdoms are sustained by two great suns. The Spirit-sun will ultimately overcome and attract the material up into itself. Without this distinction of kingdoms being kept full in view, we ran the risk of supposing ourselves Gods, or of supposing spirits or societies of spirits to be so; and thus we should degenerate into a kind of atheism. He would like to ask Dr. H. if he supposed the acorn, or any other organization, possessed within itself, the power of progress or development.

Dr. Hallock said, he supposed it to have one essential element of development; that of individuality. All else was from without itself, and from above. The sun and the rain which nourish it, were from above. This is true of all existences, vegetable, animal and human. The gross particles of matter which compose a vegetable, are first refined by ascension, and then they descend to nourish the plant, as truth descends to nourish the man. It is a common instinct of animals to look up when in distress; every thing that has life seems to recognize that help is from above.

Mr. Fishbough thinks there are many men who do not look up; he thinks there are also many spirits who do not look up, and who would dethrone God himself, if they could. He thought it a misapprehension of the idea of progression to suppose that spirits could not retrograde as well as men. They would doubtless return at last, by virtue of the higher attraction; but many, he thought would sink to a great depth in sin and misery, before the light of Divine truth could stop their downward career.

Dr. Hallock said, that in this world, the causes of retrogression could be clearly traced. We have rum and tobacco here: these are two great causes, with thousands of others more or less potent. We know, too, that when they are removed in any specific case, that the effect subsides, and the individual becomes better. Now, if it can be made to appear that similar causes of retrogression exist in the Spirit-world, the same effect will doubtless follow. But as he did not conclude that such was the fact, neither did he suppose that retrogression was possible in a sphere of existence where the causes of it could not enter.

Mr. Fishbough said he has had a vision of the lower spheres in the future state, and from this experience he concludes sadly, as to much of the other life. He thinks the determining cause of the upward or downward course of a spirit, to be the preponderance in the original affections, (which he thinks are seven in number,) and therefore, there may be, temporarily at least, progress downwards; this direction being induced by the preponderance of the lower affections.

Mr. Partridge said, the conversation had revived in his recollection, a communication which had been made to a circle, of which he was a member. It had reference to the subject under consideration, and he would like to read it; not as settling the question, but merely as the views of the spirit communicating. The test of truth is reason, not authority. Mr. Partridge read the communication. The object of it was to show that no subordinate power in the universe, was able to defeat the purpose of the Creator, and that the devil, and eternal misery, were inconsistent with established facts and known laws.

Mr. Hyatt, recently returned from the new settlement of spiritualists in Virginia, related some interesting facts pertaining to the affairs of that community. His report was not wholly favorable. The only authoritative medium was Dr. Scott, who was assumed to be infallible; and Mr. Hyatt thought too much was claimed by or through him, and in some instances he thought him self-deceived as to the origin of his communications. Mr. Hyatt had withdrawn from their community, but he spoke of the establishment in all kindness and with apparent faith in their honesty of purpose.

Dr. Gray presented "The Crisis," a new spiritual and religious newspaper, just published at Laporte, Indiana, by Henry S. Weller. He introduced it by some remarks on the circumstances of its appearance, the connection of Mr. Weller with the religious world, and the moral courage necessarily implied in the course he had taken. The Doctor read several extracts from the paper, illustrative of its character and objects.

The conference adjourned, to meet again on Friday evening, May 7th. R. T. HALLOCK, Secy.

Letter from Rev. T. J. Smith.

[Is it not possible that the faculty of memory—unconsciously of course, to the medium—received a peculiar quickening when the lines annexed to Mr. Smith's letter, were repeated in his presence? We have an impression—will not say it is reliable—that we read the lines several years since.]—En.

C. PARTRIDGE, Esq.:

Dear Sir: The following poem was spoken by the spirit of J. H. Hall, through Miss M. E. Hall, of Morris, on the 25th of May, 1851, with the circumstances and individuals attending named below.

On the afternoon of that day, S. Wilcox and wife, T. J. Smith and wife, Miss A. Starr, Mrs. S. H. Lewis, Miss Hall, of Morris; E. Weld, and wife, of Ridgeway, Orleans County; Mr. Stevenson, and sister, of Stamford, Delaware County; convened at the house of N. Stevenson, and formed a circle for spiritual intercourse. After a few short messages were written by Mrs. S. and L., and Miss S., Miss Hall gave evidence of being powerfully influenced, (she had written much and spoken a few sentences before,) and arose and left the room. Returning in a few minutes, the spirit announced through her, that he would speak to us, and again took her from the room.

Preparing myself for writing down the ideas, if not the words, that might be uttered, I awaited her return. On her return, the countenance was changed, her eye unearthly, and her voice of masculine compass and power.

With a fixed gaze upon me, I was asked "if I designed writing his speech?" I gave an affirmative reply. "I would like to see you do it," was the sarcastic response.

Then bowing gracefully, a dignified attitude was assumed, and without hesitancy, in deep, rich intonations of voice, with a master's grace, the poem was pronounced.

Not one word, however, reached the paper. As one person we were breathless; and when the medium was restored to herself, all were alike ignorant of the language used. After it had been repeated a number of times, I wrote it out.

Miss H. could remember that something had been said through her, but could not tell what it was.

Under the same influence many other heard this and other pieces spoken through her, none of which had ever been seen or heard by them before.

Yours truly,

T. J. SMITH.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY PHILOSOPHY.

There is a philosophy, hollow, unsound,
To matter confining its false speculation;
Whose flight is restricted to nature's dull bound—
Its pinions, the web of sophistic persuasion.

And there's a philosophy truly divine,
That traces effects up to spiritual causes:
Determines the link of the chain, where they join,
And soars to an infinite height ere it pauses.

That meanly debases the image of God
To rank with the brute in the scale of creation;
This raises the tenant of light from the sod,
And bears him to Heaven, his primitive station.

Hail, science of angels! Theosophy, hail!
Which shows us the regions of bliss by reflection,
Removes from creation's broad mirror the veil,
Where Spirit and Matter appear in connection.

It bursts on the soul in an ocean of light!
Starts from its lethargy! stretches its pinions!
Beholds a new world rolling forth on its sight,
And, soaring in ecstasy, claims its dominions.

A sense of original dignified worth
Her bosom expands, in sublime exultation;
She tastes immortality, even on earth,
In light that eclipses the sun's emanation.

Be sages and pedants to nature confined;
Let the bat darkly flutter in Luna's pale presence;
But soar ye, like the eagle, thro' regions of mind,
In the blaze of that Sun which is Truth in its essence.

Miracles of the Nineteenth Century.

[The following article, written some time since, is now, for the first time, given to the public:]

Demonstrations of messages being received direct from spirits of the Higher Spheres, have been for three weeks past, and are still, daily being made in this village, which probably are as reliable as any ever witnessed. To give the particulars of the many astounding phenomena presented, would require time and space, which can not here be appropriated. But as the case is one which will interest every Progressionist, I will endeavor to give a synopsis of this wonderful work.

The medium of this extraordinary display of God's wisdom and goodness, is a lady twenty-one years of age, who has been a member of my family for the last eight months. She was first magnetized by myself last March, for the relief of disease, and in a few minutes became clairvoyant. The third time, she visited the Spirit-land; and to her astonishment recognized and conversed with several of her relatives and others, who had departed this life. And from that time onward has, in this way, associated with spirits in the higher spheres, from one to four hours a day, during which time very many interesting demonstrations have been given, and much irresistible evidence received, that we, and our thoughts, are seen by our spirit-friends who have left the earthly body. Is not this truly the opening of a new era? One in which Light and Truth are flowing in bountiful and unmistakable streams, direct from the great Fountain of Truth and Goodness, which will make man "free indeed." It is thought that there are a greater variety of phenomena devel-

oped through this medium than any other known. When in a clairvoyant state, which is induced in about five minutes, she is strictly independent of the magnetizer, while the physical system is most perfectly under his control. Her spiritual vision is capacitated to examine the minutia of proximate or foreign objects. She gives the diagnosis of disease—traces back physical maladies to their causes, and by the laws of spiritual affinity finds out a remedy—reads the thoughts of others as they are passing—traces thoughts and words back and sees them when they were formed—quotes from ancient authors whose writings she has never seen, and translates the original language. Notwithstanding all this, she has a strong affinity for the Spirit-world, where much of her time is spent.

Omitting many interesting items of evidence presented in this case, I pass to notice an incident that occurred on the 13th of November, at 6 o'clock P. M. Miss H. was magnetized by spirits, or thrown into a trance in which she remained forty-two hours, during which time many messages and instructions were received from spirits through her organs of speech, among which it was said that, she would go into another trance just one week from that time. Accordingly on the 20th of November, at precisely 6 P. M., she again, to all appearance, left the body as in death, and remained eighteen hours, during which the organs of speech were moved, saying, that she was being conducted through all the windings of the three first spheres of the Spirit-home—together with many sayings of deep interest, but too numerous to mention. It was also said that at the expiration of the eighteen hours she would return to the body and breathe a few moments, and then go back to the Spirit-land, when she would be conducted through the higher spheres. Accordingly, at just 12 o'clock she awoke, conscious of all she had seen and heard, and said she would soon return to behold the glorious beauty and wisdom of the higher spheres of the Spirit-world. After remaining in this conscious, though dormant state, one hour, at one o'clock she again left the body and appeared as dead until Sabbath, 12 o'clock, making sixty-six hours, when she awoke with exclamations of joy, wonder, and astonishment, at the infinite grandeur and wisdom of the "many mansions," and the millions of happy, angelic spirits she had seen. She then said that at 3 o'clock she should go again never to return to the body. As the time approached she bade farewell to all with entire calmness and composure, seeming delighted that she was so soon to become a resident of that world of truth and happiness.

The symptoms of death now became even more visible than before. Respiration becoming less and less—pulsation weak—extremities cold—the death rattle in the throat—glassy eyes—cold clammy brow—all indicating death as real as any ever witnessed; and as the clock struck three, she expired with a death struggle, which told to those looking on, that she had really gone "the way of all earth." Fifteen minutes of solemn and anxious silence passed, when a voice said, "She is not dead but sleepeth." "Form a magnetic circle and call on Franklin for aid." The circle was instantly formed, and my will to the extent of its power, was fixed on Franklin, to the effect that she might return to the body and again live; and soon I felt an unmistakable current of electricity (as from an electric machine,) passing through my system for ten or twelve minutes, when her spirit again took possession of its earthly habitation, and gradually set the vital machinery in motion; and, in a few minutes, consciousness was restored, and she breathed forth exclamations of praise and adoration to the Divine Ruler, who had seen fit in his wisdom, to allow her to pass through the process, and realize, step by step, the philosophy of death, (or rather of the new birth,) the organization of a new spiritual body, and the mode of its existence, and return to the earthly tenement, and reveal it to man. Is not this indeed a new era?

For three days after this lady was restored from the trance, her eyes were rolled far back in their sockets, the power of vision through the natural or physical eye was entirely suspended; yet to her, all was light, and she could see nearly as clear as with the physical eye. On the fourth day after the trance I magnetized her for the purpose of getting information with regard to her eyes. She was informed that Dr. Franklin would open them as she could bear the light. It was also said that her memory for a while would be suspended, in regard to what she had seen and heard, and that from that time she would be magnetized by spirits twice each day, that they might control her organs of speech, and deliver messages which would be of great importance to mankind—and that during the delivery of said messages, I should solicit the attendance of from three to five persons, "who loved truth, could reason, and would have independence to proclaim." Also, that I must keep a record of what was said. Accordingly, for three weeks past, she has been thrown into a superior magnetic condition, in which she has remained from three to four hours a day, when messages have been delivered by the following distinguished spirits: Franklin, on physical and moral laws; Washington, on government; J. Q. Adams, on the rights of slavery; Z. Taylor and A. Jackson, on war; Noah Webster, Bonaparte, W. E. Channing, Judson, Byron, Milton, Penn, and others, all breathing forth a moral purity and harmony of philosophy, worthy of those from whom they purport to emanate. These lectures have all been taken down by three different scribes, and when finished will be published, that the world may judge of their merit. "The Harbinger of Peace" is the title which has already been given this work, and, thus far, it is highly characteristic of the name it is to bear.

Much might be said of the manner in which these heavenly messages are delivered; but a few words more must for this time suffice. The spirit wishing to communicate produces the requisite magnetic condition of the system of the lady, (which is a negative one, quite analogous to death,) when her spirit leaves the body, and the one desiring to speak takes possession, giving somewhat its own earthly style of speech, tone of voice, gestures, &c. In this way many interesting and convincing demonstrations are daily being made, which, when closely and philosophically investigated, irresistibly prove this (supposed humbug) a glorious reality, dictated by those godlike spirits, and will no doubt be directed by them, to the reason and understanding of the people of earth, whose well-being they seek, to the effect that they shall receive a true knowledge of themselves, their relation to each other, to nature, and to nature's God. The way now being opened, it would seem that spirits of the higher spheres, possessed of universal love, are making a general effort to teach man his origin, his duty, and his destiny.

P. B. BRISTOL.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Spiritual Manifestations in Wheeling, Va.

GENTLEMEN: Feeling deeply interested in the cause of truth, and having been identified with the rappings from their incipency, in Wheeling, up to the present hour, and finding my interest increasing as they progress, I hail the present call as an auspicious omen that the friends and honored instruments in this glorious work are disposed to act in harmony. I have felt all along, and published the suggestion that we should take notes, collect, collate, and deduce the generic truths therefrom, and leave the specifics to be filled up as the era develops. From indications in some quarters, I feared that an attempt would be made to force from the Spirit-world doctrines adapted to the views of those who sustain only a negative relation to the spheres above, and who should receive rather than impart. My fears are now allayed. "In the multitude of counsel there is safety." As yet, I am inclined to the opinion that our efforts should be confined to facts and design, until the method becomes more perfect, and we are able to know more certainly that what we receive is eternal and infallible truth.

I have been seventeen years a member of the M. E. Church; thirteen years a preacher—more than three years in the travelling connection, now local; an ardent, zealous advocate of the doctrines and usages of that body. Nor have I yet occasion to change my views of the generic principles of that same Church, nor of her utility in developing the Love element, and abolishing bigotry.

My mind is progressive; and long, long ago, I had espoused sentiments which find their first response from the Spirit-world, and at which my brethren were wont to manifest astonishment. Like other men I have taken much second-hand; but now that I am free, I shall know for myself and not through another. For seven years I have, spontaneously or by "impression," (the spirits say by impression,) been gradually advancing into a knowledge of the truth, so that the transition which I now am experiencing, produces no shock, though my religious friends are horribly shocked, because they have not traced the development of my mind. I am thus particular, because my case is anomalous, and I wish the world to know where I stand. Now to the questions.

1. I became interested in the rappings about one year ago; and as soon as I obtained tangible testimony, I became a convert on that testimony. This was the process: Those men who investigated the phenomena, are as competent as I am, and if they failed to detect, I would fail too; therefore there must be something superhuman. I collected what information I could, formed my opinion and waited for a development; but this would not satisfy my mind; I had tasted, and wanted a full draught. About five months since, I commenced trying to prepare for the rappings. But I had no guide. I wrote—got no satisfaction. But having the outline, I proceeded step by step through many difficulties, until, by perseverance, an iron resolution, and much help from the Spirit-world, I stand where my enemies and the enemies of truth can not reach me. I doubt whether any man engaged in this work has had half the trouble I have had to bring the matter to a satisfactory and reliable issue. Still it is in its infancy. But I regret no sacrifice; I am amply repaid in the past, and the future has overwhelming rewards. Onward is the word. I have no power to describe the ecstasy of joy I have experienced, one moment of which I count worth days of toil, but I must return.

2. We have had communications through some eight mediums. There are a number here, but not all of a high order. Some are good clairvoyants; some good mediums.

3. We have had communications by rappings, by the alphabet, by electrical vibrations or impressions, by impressing ideas on my mind, by simple clairvoyance, and by the same in a superior state; I count them a unit.

4. We have had no physical demonstrations; they are promised, if necessary; we have no good circle yet. We have had some slight exhibitions of music; that is, musical sounds, produced by atmospheric vibrations.

5. Darkness seems more favorable; though I have had the rappings abundantly in daylight. We have had many failures, on account of the state of the atmosphere, and the inequality of our circle.

6. The communications have all been of an elevating character, full of love and wisdom. Beautiful messages have been rapped out, and transmitted through the mediums. Any scriptural question I ask is solved to my entire satisfaction, beside the daily privilege of having the true meaning of the Bible revealed to my interior sense by impression, whenever I hear it read or read it myself. We are told that the Bible was understood at first, and that spirits impressed its true meaning on the mind of the sincere inquirer, and that they will unfold that meaning to us as they did to them. This I feel assured of in my own experience. We have had a description of the degrees or spheres; their appearance, relation and design; as also a panoramic representation, to the mind of a medium in the superior state, of the sixth sphere, as John saw it, with the throne and altar, book and seals, &c. I could furnish this if necessary, but it is lengthy, and the description is not full.

7. Good and useful advice is frequently given; and a few more demonstrations will send Atheism to oblivion. After that is done, I hope something may be done for the preachers. The reformatory effects of advice from the Spirit-world, have been apparent, but have not always lasted. The reason is palpable: the parties were not clearly convinced.

8. I have used all diligence to avoid imposition, and sincerely believe that no collusion has produced the results witnessed. I have placed myself in a position to detect the least motion. The raps have occurred frequently in daylight, and when no person but the medium and myself were present, and when I have been totally by myself; and surely I have no interest in deceiving myself, or the world, on such a momentous subject. Beside this, mysterious phenomena have frequently occurred in our family; twice in my own house, before I had anything to do with these things, which we were sure human agency did not produce, though we could not explain them. In March, 1848, three loud and distinct raps occurred on a table adjoining our chamber, as if struck with a raw-hide; in a few days our eldest boy went to the Spirit-land. In February, 1851, rappings occurred in the room of a sick cousin, so loud as to awaken my mother in an adjoining room, and afterward occurred when three of us were sitting in the room with her, in such a position, and so distinct and sharp, that there was left no doubt on the mind of mother, sister or myself, that

a spirit had done it. Before she died, her mother visibly manifested herself to a young lady about the house, who was a total disbeliever in such things, and who had never seen Mary's mother, and yet described her accurately. Taking all these things into the account makes me confident, that what I have seen and heard is independent of human design. It would be impossible to produce the rappings when, where and how I have heard them, by human agency, without detection. My medium will not let any thing be counted for a rap, which is not genuine; they prefer a total failure, rather than that we should deceive ourselves by mistaking other sounds for rappings. They are so careful, that when designing persons come into our circle and make the raps, so as to injure the cause, they expose them on sight. I therefore stand ready to vouch, that in Wheeling we are honest. Even Mr. Burr publicly acknowledged this. He was with my medium two hours in daylight. She was in the superior state, and he had full liberty to question her. She described his dead friends; told when one of them died; and examined many earthly objects for him. And in all, he detected only one mistake, and that was a shade of difference in the color of the hair of a dead lady. Mr. Burr accounted for it by somnambulism, but failed to say that somnambulism proves our point as far as it goes.

9. The communications evince, in many instances, intelligence far above the capacity of any one in the circle, especially in the scriptural expositions, and explaining the discrepancies of those manifestations. I make it a point to have the difficulties occurring abroad, explained here, so that we can keep posted up. Instance: Franklin is represented as speaking against Franklin. They reply: Many things attributed to him are not from him, and many things are not understood. All the failures, and all the erratic answers, and all the doctrinal difficulties, and all the moral and physical conditions of this movement, with the means of its accomplishment, have had to be met from above. They, the spirits, pass through a fiery ordeal in my hands; because I must have fact and philosophy, and when a mistake occurs, I must know who made it, and why it was made. I repeat, that in all these things, there has been manifested a high order of intelligence.

Let it be remembered then, that in Wheeling, where the cause stands without foreign aid, the generic principles of this method were known before any of us had read Davis on the "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse." First we proved the fact: the next question was, how is it done? There is no visible agency; how do the spirits rap, &c.?

On the 25th of July, while reading Davis on Spiritual Intercourse, I was impressed that the book would be useful to a medium who was strongly prejudiced. In the evening I carried it with me to the circle, where she was invited; but, after conversing with her, concluded to take the book back with me. She did not know that I had it along. But when the circle was formed, Rev. Hays, now in the Spirit-land, called for the alphabet, and rapped out, "Let her have that book!" No mortal knew what I took that book for; none knew the change which occurred in my mind, and no magnetic communication between waking persons could have produced a communication in opposition to my will, which is so positive that the mediums say, it will take several in the negative state to match my magnetic power or emanation. Numerous instances have occurred contrary to our wishes and expectations. The failures to use the alphabet, the refusal, the messages which come spontaneously, all show that there is some superior cause at work. And then the mental electrical impressions which I receive, are not produced by human agency. These occur when I am alone as well as in the circle; the cause is the same, and must be spiritual. I know Rev. Hays' electrical impressions as well as I know the voice of my own child. He was a holy man; is very refined in the new state, and the vibrations of his impressions are fine, infinitely fine, beyond imagination. Should twenty spirits impress me in so many minutes, I would know him from all. I know the rap of my son, and numerous friends, in the Spirit-world. The signal has been a good test. My son gave me his signal the first interview, and even after I have made that a test with new mediums; and in no case has there been a failure. I affirm that these things are so, and that I can not account for them 'by clairvoyance, mesmerism, or jugglery,' as the non-committal party attempt to do.

10. But little has been done by mental questions. I have received impressions, and afterward have been informed that they were from the spirits. Sometimes these are so palpable that I have gone down stairs to tell my wife that I had a new idea. The spirits say that they have been at this for years, and that thus I must account for my new ideas and progress. I can now recall many impressions which I did not understand. About March 15, 1848, a few days after my son died, while crossing Third-street, Cincinnati, he so sensibly impressed me with his presence that I came near speaking his name out. I understand it now. Then, I saw "through a glass darkly," now, "face to face."

11. There has been some disagreement on doctrinal points. Mediums who are resolved to have things just so, see them just so. And though there is the most palpable demonstration of their error, some few persist in the exhibition of their prejudices; but most of them remain passive. We have concluded to let doctrines alone, for the present, at least. My experience generally accords with what I have heard from abroad. The only point of difference here is on final restoration. The passive find no eternal hell; the spirits rap out "no eternal hell;" and those spirits from whom prejudiced mediums say they get their proof of an eternal hell, rap out that they are not sufficiently developed or advanced to be reliable; and the same spirits recommend Davis' Spiritual Intercourse to such mediums. Many errors have occurred, but they gave us reasons afterward. In all cases the spirits tell us that the wicked shall be punished "according to the deeds done in the body;" and that those who want a hell, will get hell enough!

On this point I am impressed that the only true condition to receive truth, is entire passivity of mind. Let it flow as the water flows from the clouds; and let the spirit drink it in as the parched earth the falling rain.

12. To identify spirits, is to prove their continued existence. This I have done. I called on a young lady (dead fifteen years,) to recur to some circumstance which would demonstrate her identity. She recalled to my memory a circumstance and conversation totally forgotten. While seated in the circle on one occasion, Rev. D. Merriman, came and impressed me with his presence, so that I spoke his name out, and that when

I had not been thinking about him. As soon as convenient I commenced a conversation with him. His object in coming was somewhat singular, and is worthy of record. About the 23d of May, 1834, while the said Merriman was preaching in Green Hill meeting-house, Carroll County, Ohio, he received spiritual illumination, by a direct and visible descent of a spirit upon him. During the whole meeting there had been no excitement, and one second before I saw this spiritual illumination, all was calm; but instantly he broke forth in the most impassioned strains, and the whole audience was electrified. The appearance was that of a pure whitish light, about six inches in breadth, which I saw as plainly as I see the hand which pens these lines. It was unaccountable to me, only a boy, and schooled to infidelity, and therefore I have told it seldom since. His object was to explain the phenomenon, knowing that my mind had been exercised about it. He says that it was a guardian spirit, and not the Divine Spirit of God as I supposed, and as he then thought. Mr. M. was one of the most loving and lovely men I ever knew. He was a weeping prophet.

Allow me to add, that I have asked numerous questions concerning the law of progress, the mode of spiritual perception and communication, the incipient and advanced stages; the effect of this life on that, in doctrines, morals and knowledge; the effect of prejudice and error, the mode of acquiring knowledge, concerning spiritual affinities and companionship, the new birth, the first and second death, first and second resurrection, the lake of fire, hell, the general judgment, the mode of spiritual illumination, the phenomena of religious excitement, and the cause of ecstasy and trance on those occasions, the locality of Eden or Paradise, the first place and state of man, ("a little lower than the angels,") and the final condition of all men, the devil, the temptation of Christ, the impassable gulf, &c. Many of the new ideas being in opposition to my creed, you may rest assured that I have kept my spiritual friends at work, and they have done it well; my mind is satisfied. They make no discrepancies when left to themselves; they harmonize the whole of the Divine administration with the doctrine of final restoration.

This is only the beginning; and I think the better plan is to "stand and see the salvation of God." It may be well enough to collect facts, generalize, deduce and harmonize the friends of progress and truth; but no expensive book should be published yet. Let us be sure we are right, and then go ahead. I could soon fill a volume, myself, with the most sublime and purifying truth; but I shall hold back a long time yet. There is a mighty work to do; a lofty and wide-spread pyramid to demolish, clear the rubbish away, and rear and dedicate a temple to the truth and a known God. My conclusions are these: 1. The Scriptures were understood when written, but have been perverted by the priests. 2. The churches, particularly the Arminian, are the product of progress, and built upon the free agency of man, and inculcating the Love principle, communion with God, and spiritual influences, have done much to prepare the way of the Lord. 3. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They are bigoted and prejudiced, and can not meet the wants of this age. 4. I believe, if Jesus would return as a Methodist, the other churches would cast him out; if as a Presbyterian, the Methodists would reject him, and if as the Prince of Peace, they would all cry, "away with the impostor." The candid among ministers admit the force of my arguments on this point. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." When there was but one church, and he came, in the fullness of time, when expected, if they crucified him, what will they do when there is an hundred of clashing creeds, and he comes as a thief in the night, not visibly, as before, but in the gentle admonition and silent annunciation of truth, impressed upon the minds of those who seek the true light, which enlighteneth every man that comes into the world? 5. Our ideas of the spiritual state, relations, influences and enjoyments, have been grossly erroneous. 6. The Bible is a sealed book to the priests; and how shall the people know! Many of them are honest; a few of them open; the most of them bigoted; and on the whole they are blind leaders of the blind, and fear to come to the light lest their errors should be exposed. Alas! alas! this shows a lamentable want of candor. Still there are honorable exceptions. 7. The present disorder must come down, and justice and equality, truth, love and righteousness reign in the stead thereof. 8. That man is about taking the last step which intervenes between him and the sphere above; that we shall gradually coalesce, until the union shall be perfect, until we shall all be changed—not sleep the sleep of death, but be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The true light is shining; the millennium of righteousness and truth is developing, and these spiritual manifestations are harbingers of a glorious day for down-trodden humanity. This is but the shadow of good things to come. The truth must be separated from the chaff, and this era become as distinct as the Christian from the Jewish dispensations. Finally, that no clairvoyant is perfectly reliable; that all communications rapped out are not reliable; that physical conditions are necessary; that discordant manifestations are produced by this sphere; that all must be received with due allowance and great caution. But still, that there is truth and fact enough to guide us in our upward tendency, until the full blaze of infallible truth shall shine upon our darkened pathway.

I have thus briefly replied to your inquiries, in a very hasty and laconic style. If it subserves the cause of progress and truth, by enabling you to generalize correctly, I will be remunerated. I could not well say less; and less or more, I cheerfully cast my mite into the treasury of the Lord, and fear no consequences.

Respectfully, JOHN B. WOLFE.

N. B. Since writing the foregoing I have learned that some mental questions have been asked and answered affirmatively by raps. I am also happy to say, that we have, almost daily, indubitable demonstrations that we are in communication with intelligent spirits, who can tell us of the past and future. I must refer to one other point. It is the anxiety of the spirits for the spread of this method, and the triumph of Truth. On last evening, July 29th, 1851, while reading a hymn embracing a prayer for the universal diffusion of truth, the rappings were loud, rapid and numerous, seeming to say that such sentiments sent a holy joy through the Spirit-home, and they sent it back by electrical vibrations, until the circle was filled with a holy sympathy, connecting us with the higher sphere. The manifestations here are now progressing well. Nearly every test question is correctly answered.

J. B. W.

WHEELING, Va., July 30, 1851.

Miscellaneous Department.

LABOR.

BY C. D. STUART.

From the beginning of time, it has been a palpable ordination that man should labor—should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was not originally nor is it now more a divine command than a necessity of his physical nature. His animal wants and his soul aspirations, have alike rendered labor indispensable; they have consecrated, dignified and ennobled it whenever and wherever it has been prosecuted and in no matter what pursuit or profession, to the advancement of human well-being. Labor is a noble and beautiful ordination. The strength of man, guided by intellect, in various toils, is the nearest approximation to the godlike, creative power, of which we can conceive. Labor, controlled by intellect, which also toils as well as the animal faculties of man, has achieved whatever is most beneficent, permanent and glorious in all the progress and triumphs of our race. Labor, ever peaceful, the developer of arts, science, trade, commerce and social intercourse, has subjected the earth to man; has founded empires, has reared cities and divided the earth into gardens, wherein fruits and flowers have sprung to answer the essential appetites of man. It has fabricated whatever has served the true desires, pleasures and aspirations of men. The earth exhibits its trophies in temples and palaces, pillars and domes; in altars, tombs, and whatever speaks for the intellect and skill of man. The sea exhibits in its fleets, whose wings fan the equator and the poles.

In the mart, the hamlet—in crowded and solitary places, where human feet have delayed and human hearts beat, there has labor, always great, noble, sincere and enduring, beaten down the barriers to human enjoyment, and secured to individuals, to families, nations and races a plenty for all natural wants, limited only by failure in its exercise. War and its desolations, the main and heretofore unmitigated curse of our race, is the great enemy of labor. The founder of feudalisms, castes, bondage for classes, and misery for the world. War is the animal in man, raging up and down the earth to blacken the beautiful foot-prints of peace, whose battle is labor's battle; whose victory is the victory of arts which enlarge the boundaries of human enjoyment, and sciences which exalt the ideas and capacities of the human mind. Kings and conquerors boast their sovereignty over the earth, and over man. They are but the dependents of the masses who till the earth, and provide for the wants of man; the momentary disturbers of the great physical and mental vocations to which man is forever bound; in which he finds his purest and highest mortal delight. Kings and conquerors are but puppets around whom intoxicated, foolish and mad people, in moments of forgetfulness of their higher calling, dance to the music of deadly ringing steel, smearing their hands and brows with the blood of their brothers. All robbers, and tyrants, and taskmen—among whom most of kings and conquerors may be counted—what are they when the mad war-dances of people subside? A curse, a derision, a bitter and stinking memory in the hearts of men. There is no sovereignty, nor royalty, nor nobility, save with the divine seal of labor, of hand, or thought, on its front.

Whatever attests civilization: the monuments which time buffets in vain; all things grand and beautiful in human achievement, are signs of labor. They alone are the true kings, the men who fell the forests, who make the wilderness to bloom, who plant, nurse and ripen peaceful, happy empire; the men who smite the ores in the mountain, who cast the timbers on the great deep, till commerce whitens the oceans, and the continents and isles clasp and clap their hands in the fraternity of association and trade. They are the true kings, the men who plow and reap the fields; who build the factories and forges, who guide the shuttles and spindles, who beat time to toil with the hammers, and trowels, sickles and spades. Only fools and drones scorn and condemn labor. Fools and drones, whose daily livelihood is a swindle upon brave and ungrudging toil. The dwelling of the nabob, the food, raiment and all surroundings by which he goes forth to play his shallow game of dazzle, are the fruit and creation of labor. Let the tailor, the shoemaker and the hatter—the artisan, mechanic and worker of every kind say to the labor-scorner, who will serve thee no more, and what would be his fate? Either to toil honestly to clothe, feed and shelter himself, or be driven forth naked like the savage to make his burrow among the beasts of the earth. (Shekinah.)

Resuscitation of Frozen Fish.

We have received a great many communications upon this subject, all of them corroborating the statement, "frozen fish will come to life again when placed in a tub of water." Quartermaster & Son inform us that fish in the streams of Westchester county, N. Y., are frequently caught, thrown out, left to freeze, and are re-

suscitated when thawed. Mr. Cummings Martin of Taftsville, Vt., caught suckers out of White River, Vt., hung them on the ice, allowed them to be there for hours, until they would rattle in a basket like pine-knots. When thawed out in cold water, they would wriggle and move about as good as new.

J. H. Bacon has taken tom cod out of the river, allowed them to freeze, carried them to Boston, and has seen them come alive when thawed.

Wm. Rummel, of Jersey City, New-Jersey, caught some perch in the Hackensack River, in 1836, which froze quickly; he carried them to market, which was very dull; he then packed them in snow for three weeks, and after this, when applying pump water to them, every twenty-five in thirty swam about in the tub. He says, if fish be frozen in moderate weather, and it takes a long time to do so, they will not return to life.

Robert Pike, of Wakefield, N. H., says he has caught brook trout in January, which froze in a few minutes, and, five hours afterward, when put in a tub of cold water, swam around quite lively.

Thomas Power, of Hudson, N. Y., says he has seen fish which have been frozen as hard as a rock, come to life when thawed in cold water. The fish were yellow perch caught in the Hudson River.

D. H. Qail, of Philadelphia, noticing the statement of Prof. Lathan, says he has caught fish in New-Jersey, near Fortescue's Beach, in Delaware Bay, in winter, in the following manner, which is interesting: he says, "having procured a small boat, we dragged it into the ponds that were formed on the marsh by high tides, and which were frozen over nearly hard enough to bear the boat; then commenced the sport; one would stand in front to break the way, another would push the boat along, the third, with a small crab-net, would scoop up the fish which could be seen upon the bottom, frozen as stiff as bones—they were all large perch. I caught half a bushel, which, when taken home and put into a tub of cold water from the well, were soon swimming about quite lively."

Mr. B. Douglass, of East Springfield, Conn., says, he has caught perch, pickerel, trout and carp, in winter, allowed them to freeze, carried them for miles, and when thawed out in well-water, not one in six but what would come to life. He adds, they can be carried to any distance if kept frozen, but if not frozen quickly after being caught, "they will not come to;" this he has always noticed.

By this it appears that if a considerable time elapses between the period when the fish are taken out of the river and frozen, they can not be resuscitated.

Ransom Cook, of Saratoga, N. Y., a very observing man, adds a new fact to this store of information on the subject. He says, that all fish which have been frozen and resuscitated, have their sense of sight destroyed—they all become blind.

The Man and the Vine.

A FABLE.

In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?"

said the prince of demons.

"A vine," replied the man.

"What are the properties of this tree?"

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee plant this tree."

So saying, the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all, a pig, killing each in succession, and moistening the root of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine, he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more, he resembles an ape in his mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a pig wallowing in the mire.

John Mitchell.

The Irish patriot, in one of the speeches that so excited the indignation of the British government against him, used the following language:

"I tell you frankly, that I, for one, am not loyal; I am not wedded to the Queen of England, nor unalterably attached to the house of Brunswick. In fact, I love my own barn better than I love that house. The time is long past when Jehoyah anointed kings. The thing has long since grown to a monstrous imposture, and has been already, in some civilized countries, detected as such, and drummed out accordingly. A modern king, my friends, is no more like an ancient anointed shepherd of the people, than an archbishop's apron is like the Urim and Thummim. There is no divine right now, but in the sovereignty of the people."

Buried Alive.

A late number of the London Weekly Times relates the following singular story:

"An officer of artillery, a man of gigantic stature and robust health, being thrown from an ungovernable horse, received a very severe contusion upon the head, which rendered him insensible at once. The skull was slightly fractured, but no immediate danger was apprehended. Trepanning was accomplished successfully. He was bled, and many other of the ordinary means of relief were adopted. Gradually, however, he fell into a more hopeless state of stupor, and finally it was thought he had died. The weather was warm, and he was buried with indecent haste, in one of the public cemeteries. His funeral took place on Thursday."

"On Sunday following, the grounds of the cemetery were, as usual, much thronged with visitors; and, about noon, an immense excitement was created by the declaration of a peasant, that, while he was sitting upon the grave of the officer, he had distinctly felt a commotion of the earth, as if occasioned by some one struggling beneath. At first, little attention was paid to the man's asseveration, but his evident terror and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Spades were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was shamefully shallow, was, in a few minutes, so far thrown open, that the head of its occupant appeared. He was then seemingly dead; but he sat nearly erect in his coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. He was forthwith conveyed to the nearest hospital, and there pronounced to be still living, although in an asphyctic condition."

"After some hours he revived, recognized individuals of his acquaintance, and, in broken sentences, spoke of his agonies in the grave. From what he related, it was clear that he must have been conscious of life for more than an hour while inhumed, before lapsing into insensibility. The grave was carelessly and loosely filled with loose, porous soil; and thus some air was necessarily admitted. He heard the footsteps of the crowd overhead, and endeavored to make them hear himself in turn. It was the tumult within the grounds of the cemetery, he said, which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep; but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the awful horrors of his position."

The Late Isaac T. Hopper.

The funeral of this lamented philanthropist took place on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, at the Broadway Tabernacle, under the direction of the Prison Association. Judge Edmonds delivered an address, and other gentlemen of the Association participated in the services. We have before us the correspondence between the Executive Committee and Mr. Hopper, last February, when Mr. H. resigned his post as Agent for the relief of Discharged Convicts. The letters are full of affection and charity. At a meeting of the Association held on Monday last, resolutions of condolence, &c., were passed, of which we quote the following:

"That in the death of Isaac T. Hopper, the community is called to part with a citizen of transcendent worth and excellence; the prisoner, with an unwearied and well-earned friend; the poor and the homeless, with a father and a protector; the church of Christ, with a brother whose works ever bore unfailing testimony to his faith; and the world at large, with a philanthropist of the purest and most uncompromising integrity, whose good deeds were circumscribed by no sect, party, condition or clime."

[New-York Tribune.]

Vegetable Serpent.

According to some Italian journals, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an immediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground; instead of a head, it has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a vicious liquid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two aspiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white, and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it a delicious food.

Curious Phenomenon.

A phenomenon at sea is thus described by Captain Leslie, of the barque Guilford:

"Arrived at Rio, February 10th. In latitude 27.00 North, longitude 61.00 West, in the Northern board near the constellation of Ursa Major, the sky, from N. to N. E. by E., assumed the most beautiful appearance I have ever witnessed. It appeared as if a vast volcano, bursting suddenly out beyond the visible horizon, threw its refulgent shadows on the sky to the altitude of twenty-five to thirty degrees, producing the most vivid colors, some of the brightest scarlet others of the most beautiful yellow, intermixed with streaks and columns of fire. The whole producing one of the most grand and beautiful phenomena imaginable. Its duration was about ten minutes; at the end of that time it gradually vanished and finally was lost to view. The weather had been very pleasant, the evening mild and serene, and so continued for many days."

Philosophy of Modern Justice.

When a poor, forsaken wretch steals a loaf of bread in order to keep his soul fast within his skeleton form, he is branded as a thief and forthwith installed in the interior of a prison—while the broadcloth swindler, though he may have no more real friends than a shark in a company of shad, can fashionably financier his thousands from the pockets of the laborer, by running away with the contents of a savings bank, of which he is cashier, and only be called "unfortunate in his business affairs!"

Singular Fact.

The Bermuda Gazette states that during the late disastrous fire at St. Barts, a young female who had for many years been suffering from insanity, suddenly became restored to her sane mind, and now continues in the full possession of her faculties, and has ever since taken her share with the other members of her family, in prosecuting any work or business to be done.

Strange Freak of Nature.

On Friday, the 7th inst., says the Utica Observer, a post-mortem examination was held by Dr. Parkhurst, on the body of the widow of Amos Eddy, in Frankfort, Herkimer County, aged 77 years, and to the utter astonishment of all present, a full-grown child was found, which she had carried for the term of forty-six years. It was cased in a sort of bony or cartilaginous structure, except one leg and foot and one elbow, which were almost entirely ossified. The facts and circumstances of the above case will be published at full length in the different medical journals, as soon as Dr. P. finds leisure to put together the history—of which he has extensive notes—that he has kept for the last twelve years, as well as of her life before and after marriage, which took place fifty-two years ago.

Extraordinary Wakefulness.

A case of extraordinary wakefulness in this city, says the Bridgeport Farmer, has been recently brought to our notice. The subject is a person in good health, and of active and temperate habits; and yet, we understand, from his own statement, has not slept for a period of four or five weeks. And what is not the least remarkable, he has pursued his daily avocations without any personal inconvenience or discomfort, more than usual. The case is one worthy the attention of the doctors. Persons desiring more information on the subject, will obtain it by inquiring of Mr. Fenelon Hubbell, a very worthy citizen, whose testimony in regard to the matter may be implicitly relied upon.

"The Man of the Woods."

The newspapers announce a curious addition to the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes—that of an ape of the species called "the man of the woods." It is between three and four English feet in height; and in its proportion is so much like a human being as to create the uncomfortable conviction in the mind of the spectator, that, after all, he himself (intelligence apart) is only a superior sort of monkey. This is, it appears, the first time an animal of the kind has been seen at Paris. And apropos of the Jardin des Plantes, it may be mentioned that M. Geoffrey Hilaire has just brought out the first part of his methodical catalogue of the mammiferous animals and the birds in the Museum of Natural History.

Minnesota Immigration.

A correspondent of the Albany Register, writing from Minnesota, says:

"It is a singular fact that the ordinary field-birds and songsters so common in old settlements, and also the honey-bee, unknown here before, have migrated hither with civilized man. The Indians say that the rattle-snakes follow in his wake also. Be that as it may, while they are numerous further down the Mississippi, they have not yet made their debut into this locality. In the neighborhood of Sauk Rapids, however, some have been killed, where, it is said, they were never seen till recently."

A Fable.

Aristotle tells a story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her guise, were ever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favor of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy.

THE SHEKINAH—VOLUME II.

TO BE PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THIS MAGAZINE is edited by S. B. BRITTAN, and is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychological Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work:

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