



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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Principles of Nature.

AN ADDRESS

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Delivered in the Melodeon at Cleveland, O., Sunday, Nov. 7, 1852.

"What will People say?"

Is there one in this assembly who does not deplore the cowardice of men?—deplore the absence of that commanding intelligence and humble independence of character, which alone exalts man above the brute creation? The uncompromising advocates of Nature's principles, where are they? Shall we seek them in legislative halls, or in the costly sanctuary? Well-meaning men may be found everywhere; in the private paths, and on the highways of life; but the well-doing men, where are they? Where is the man—the son of God—who has cast off the chains of bigotry and superstition—who confides in his own instincts, thinks his own thoughts, and reveals the talents with which he is endowed?

We need no independence of soul—not impudence or arrogance—but strength enough, courage enough, to do the bidding of our instincts, and rebuke the wrong which timidity generates! Every sect in religion occasionally brings the advantages of education to bear upon some precocious youth. Some young man, though of plebeian origin, has the good fortune to wear a sadder expression than his mates, which is regarded by his religious sponsors as an evidence of piety—a native predilection toward "the man of sorrow"—and so, it is concluded to send him to college to "study divinity," and then, to the village pastor to study the art of physical and moral imitation! I say imitation, because every student, instead of learning the divinity of his own soul, and exercising the angelic attribute of giving faithful expression to the good and true within him, learns, on the contrary, the art of whining out his prayers, of echoing the thoughts of his leaders, of imitating the carpenter's saw, and living, in short, every way in contradiction to his own genius.

Divinity colleges, for these reasons, are not the friends of humanity. They do not encourage the free expression of the good and the true within every heart. They learn the young man to become a perfect imitation—to follow the example of some religious chieftain—to employ his "ten talents" as tools to work with, not as so many angel voices, bidding the soul "be spontaneous, be confiding, and free!" So the divinity colleges, instead of encouraging the young man to rise above the sectarian crowd—to trust his own wings in flying from thought to thought over the customs and traditions of the world—they are institutions for manufacturing "echoes." They convert the students into so many hand-organs, constructed upon principles so extremely accurate and rigid, as to insure, whenever the crank is turned, the same old groans and time-serving melodies.

The mind thus educated, strives to write as the schools have taught, as custom dictates, as the sect requires. It echoes the immortal sentiments of Dr. All Right—Dr. Solomon—prays the prayers of the church—and so it stammers and makes no free expression. Nature made us individuals, as she did the flowers and pebbles, but we are afraid to be peculiar, and so our society resembles a bag of marbles, or a string of mold candles.

Nature teaches us a universal language. It is neither Greek nor Hebrew, neither is it the dialect of any particular latitude or spot on the map, but it speaks to the honest, true heart, wherever it chance to be beating. It tells the same truths in ten million ways.

There is not a semi-tone in love, there is not a shade of color, a warbling bird, a whispering pine, a babbling stream, or star in the sky, which does not tell the soul, "Be spontaneous, be confiding and free!" The rose perfumes the air with its own fragrance; every tree brings forth its own fruit; every star shines in the midst of its own glory—so the stupidest intellect has a beauty peculiarly its own! That beauty, though various in degree, is identical in kind with the highest. The difference between men is more external than actual—more in development than in essence. The commonest mind is full of thoughts—thoughts worthy of the rarest genius—which do not flow into the harness of diction, grammar and orthography, but breaks forth in fresh sounds and unexpected

directions, as water when pressed from its old channels.

Of all principles requiring strength and independence of character to maintain, there is none more conspicuous than the principle of integrity to one's own nature. Who is strong enough to be true to his instincts?—independent enough to be the exponent of the spirit of God within him? Who among you has the magnanimity to live just as the "still small voice" and the angels tell you to live? You desire the work of reform to go forward, but who among you has the courage—feels the sublimity of that philanthropic enthusiasm—to die on the cross of persecution, in order that the work may prosper? Have we the independence of nature—that is, the true representation of our own condition without duplicity—being natural at all times? Do we yearn for love, let us be loving; do we yearn for reformation, let us be reformed; do we yearn to free mankind from discord and wrong, let us be free!

"What will people say?" Yea, and so it is, we no sooner leave corruption than, through the force of habit, like Lot's wife, we turn back to it! Than this, nothing more quickly petrifies the mind. A stone, once loosened from its mountain bed, rolls down the acclivity faster and faster, till buried in the mud at the base. So he who would not forego some personal luxury, abolish some personal habit for the sake of reform, but turns away into the deep currents of popular injustice in order to escape the odium of being peculiar, he goes deeper and deeper into the mine of ignorance and vice, and retards the work he would have go forward. When a reform movement becomes positive, then this time-serving, "well-wishing" man comes forth, and declares, "He always thought just so," and takes hold with the enthusiasm of a "new convert," now that the work requires no more martyrs, and helps the cause which helps him! This class is very numerous. But the uncompromising advocates of nature's principles—where are they? Where are the minds who advocate the intrinsic goodness and royalty of every man? Where is the man, or class of men, who regards every individual as a sovereign in his own soul, a genius in his own way, a child of God, destined to enjoy the joys of the Spiritual Universe? The dying Quaker said, "There is a spirit I feel which delights to do no evil, to revenge no wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hopes to enjoy its own unto the end. Its hope is, to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contradictory to itself! It fears no evil in itself, and so conceives of none in any other. If befriended, it is humbled with gratitude. I see the end of all temptation—"

"For I do see a change, All rainbow'd in the far off future time, When men shall stamp their demon creeds to dust, And know the Evangel in its very heart, Regardless of the form."

So true minds look upon men and things. The individual triumphs over wrong, and comes out purified at last, like gold, all the better for the trial.

But who has the courage of soul to say he believes it; still more, the independence to live his nature out. Some truth, perhaps some fragment of life, wells up from within, demanding utterance. "What will people say?" Perhaps you belong to the church, but your spirit o'erleaps the rigid formality thereof, and feels like dancing. "What will people say?" Perhaps you feel like bursting away from your sectarian bonds, and doing your own thinking. "What will people say?" Perhaps you have found out a new way to human happiness, through the paths of organic liberty and attractive industry, or by other paths. "What will people say?"

"Be noble! for the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping, but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Intrinsically and essentially, there is no difference between human beings! All visible inequality and variety arise from different combinations of the same powers and attributes. In the great constitution of Nature, there are no masters, no slaves, no favorites of God, or beings beyond the circle of His love. And who are you—you who live in parlors, consume the richest viands, decorate your bodies with fine linen, and go in your coaches to church on the Sabbath? And who are they who live in dark kitchens, who sleep in narrow rooms, who pre-

pare your clothing and food, while you are praying to the throne of God? "O, we are rich, we can afford these things, we are favored! And they are poor—they must remain where the Creator placed them—the poor shall never cease out of the land." Of all living things, thou art alone made capable of blushing. The world shall yet read thy shame upon thy face; thy brow shall bear the "mark" of every joy thou hast murdered!

I know this law by heart! In my most elevated moments, I see how mathematically certain every act is followed by its legitimate consequences. There's no escape. For man is both individually and morally immortal! Every volition of mind remains forever, engraved in readable characters upon something. In the various relations subsisting between man and Nature, I know of no compromise-policies, no actual atonement, no possible way to escape the plain results of life. The garment of materiality, which now subsists between us and the spiritual, will one day drop off. Then we shall read the book that we have written. For we are all authors. We write books. Every day opens a fresh leaf in some heart, on which we trace some line of thought—make some impression thereon which can never fade away.

In the street there goes a hungry, lean-faced, hollow-eyed, sharp looking man—more dead than living. How came he to exist? Whence his origin? His aspect is villainous, his sphere repulsive, his eyes look downward and treacherous. How came he so constituted? Think you that that man is personally responsible? Did he make himself? An angel's tongue can alone describe the ten thousand discords—parental, social, and religious—which entered into the conceptive essences that formed that human soul! His eyes full of subtlety, his forehead retreating, his motions a perpetual insult to the laws of grace. Behold in all a grave-yard. His eyes the gates through which we enter; his forehead the tomb of parental ignorance, the dormitory of social wrongs, operating on his mother prior to his birth. He is a book, the compilation of the thoughts and habits of several authors; the mother compiled it. But nobody heeds the repulsive wretch, no one acknowledges the chapters he wrote on him. The nation sees none of its wrongs and injustices incarnated, and walking in the noon-day sun—nay, all pass by, glad to escape the contaminating presence, wondering, like good believers in the old theology, what stupendous providence or object the Lord must have had in his creation! And that poor, villainous, murderous wretch, that case-hardened, godless, unconverted conscience, is surely going to the realms of destruction. Art thou quite sure? Take heed; judge not; only the sinless can throw stones.

That man is immortal. He did not write the first resolutions which took effect upon his after life, which cut their channels deep into his conscience; but some external discord wrote it for him; perhaps an unkind word, a treacherous act, a bad example, a blighting habit, communicated to his mind by parents, associates, or the nation. Ignorance is a pregnant source. Her children, at first shadows and fanciful imaginings, finally grow to thoughts. Thoughts find words, words become habits, walking when we walk, speaking when we speak; they dine with us, praise our stupidity, approve deeds of cruelty, and tell us that "we are not our brother's keeper." They even flatter christians, telling them that certain creeds and forms of faith will save the soul, that sins can be obliterated by the concentrated suffering of a single human being, that our implicit credulity is alone required to secure a heavenly state. Meanwhile, ignorance tells us to shun the evil man. Let him get his own bread and clothing as best he can; only let us punish him if he steal from ourarder, let us murder him if he kill his brother; yet "let us pray" for his conversion; let us pray that God will take mercy on that deformed, villainous soul, and give it a seat, at last, among "the just made perfect."

When the young tree is planted by the roadside, the careful planter put a strong frame around it, shielding it from the blast of the hurricane and common dangers. A few years rolled by, and the young tree stood strong and firm, straight as an arrow, its boughs spread out in divers ways, loaded with foliage, fragrant and fair—sheltering both man and beast from storms and noon-day heat—the bower of singing birds, the "lute" of the evening zephyr.

Another planter, less wise than the other, and therefore less careful, planted another young tree, the brother of the first, at the same time, in the same neighborhood. He placed no protection about it, but left it to the strength of its own spine. The beasts of the fields pulled away its first buds; the bounding boy cast his weight upon it; the tempest twisted it in all directions, and so it leaned over, asked the ground for help, and receiving none, began to wither away. But the surrounding vegetation, seeing the poverty and debility of the young tree—fading when it should have been redolent with beauty, they sent in contributions of moisture and liquids, and forthwith it took fresh encouragement and tried to live like the neighboring tree. It tried to look cheerful, to stand up straight, to throw the mantle of beauty over its delicate buds, to breathe forth a soft loveliness, to attract the wayfaring man and the beast to repose beneath its shade. But no, no, it could not do anything like this! For its exterior was coarse, irregular, deformed. It wanted love; but alas, it lived in a world of sensuality, and so could receive neither sympathy nor respect. Instead of love, it received abuse—stones for bread—the winds whistled no song among its boughs, but screeched at them, whining out the solemn dirge of death. Birds hastened by; the storms of winter froze their icy fetters upon its tender arms; its head was destitute of clothing, the life-blood had flown drop by drop, into surrounding forms, and so it drooped and died.

When the tree dies from neglect, there remains no history of its wrongs, or joys, or sorrows. But man never dies. Every man shall meet every man, face to face, heart to heart, in the Spirit-land. All injustice is to be first examined, then understood, then acknowledged, then forgotten. A bad deed lives within us, or within others, till love is kindled upon the soul's altar, on the mount of wisdom, in whose flame all wrong is utterly consumed.

Are we independent enough to believe fully in the laws of cause and effect? If so, are we enough natural to live consistently with this belief? We depend upon no traditions—the Chaldean fables and Persian tales live in the Testaments—as sacred revelations. They appeal to our credulity; not to our reason. Have we the independence to think and say so? "What will people say?"

The Spirit of Nature—the Divine Being—has revealed to us the character of His religion. There is perfect freedom in it! Nothing looks monotonous. There is no long-facedness about it! In His universally published creed, the Creator declares himself to be no gloomy Quaker or Orthodox. Instead of clothing creation uniformly in a drab dress—giving it a dismal expression, foreboding evil—he has bedecked the hills and dales with variegated loveliness, and placed a crystal on the breast of the granite mountain!

The Deity is the crystallization of all Principles! Justice and joy, peace and progress, beauty and endless loveliness dart off from the common focus, and so the Deity declares the superlative grandeur—the boundless universality—of his spirit and its religion! He can not, with such attributes, be eternally conscious of the existence of a blazing pandemonium—just beyond the boundaries of his all-glorious dominion! "What will people say?"

No matter what; let us be true to the Gospel of Nature! "A house divided against itself can not stand." Fables may contradict each other, but the poles of the universe must be in accord. We may, therefore, say, that Deity can not use the eternal destruction of the poor, unfortunately organized wretch, and yet send forth principles of love and beauty into this world, causing souls to love each other, birds to sing the songs of gladness, and the fields to teem with blushing luxuriance! Nay; a contradiction so stupendous—an absurdity so gorgeously constructed—is a philosophical impossibility! The laws of love—the soul of God—in man, stand up like the ascending Alps, in resistance to horrors so unutterable. For if there were a hell in the neighborhood of heaven, (as our well-meaning clergy assert,) containing but one—just one—lost soul, we know (granting the Lord to be unable to save,) that the angels in heaven—our departed brethren—would weep tears enough to extinguish the fires of hell, and that, upon the swelling bosom of an ocean thus formed, that once lost soul would rise triumphantly into the courts of heaven!

We believe all this, do we not? Assuredly. Then why not have the independence to assert it?

"O, we do not wish to be too severe upon the prejudices of the people. They honestly think so, and we wish to treat them gently." In other words, "What will people say?"

But observe! Have the people any right to stifle the voice of truth within you? How many thousands of joys have the clergy murdered? How many prejudices do they severely shock? How many young, confiding hearts have been wounded by the teachings of popular theology? How many souls has it bowed down in slavery? The young mind believes in no hell, in no devil, in no wicked men! It believes in no "mine and thine"—in no hypocrisy—but as its faculties unfold, it reads goodness and God upon everything. Intuition weaves a garland around the heart. Every leaf, every flower, is gifted with a spell! Shades are omens, dreams are signs! But, alas, "dog days" must come! There is no escape, unless the parents be good enough to act according to nature. The young mind must be put in the pen, with these domesticated animals known as cat-ecism and dog-matism! And the contact is contaminating to the last degree!

The catechism sings dreadful songs, purring every superstition in theology, shedding a coat of every color.

The dogmatism thunders about the sheep and goats, teaches the young mind to hate one class and love another. Indeed, this dog barks every Sunday, and gives the young memory the first lessons in swearing! The village pastor talks about the devil and hell; shows how and upon what rigid laws of retributive justice, God will damn the souls of certain persons; and so, the child and the thoughtless man, learn to employ the same terms and epithets, in the same emphatic God-like manner, as the minister of the Gospel. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—From the New Testament alone you may find the entire vocabulary of the profane man! And when any clergyman preaches against the use of profane language—a habit, like smoking and chewing, unfit for man—would it not be well for him to look somewhat into its origin? Let him show the people—no matter what they say—how children learn to swear; and where, from what source of corruption, the disgusting words are drawn!

A kind word spoken at the right moment, may prove the salvation of thousands. Provide thyself with this piece of gold. True words, real commiseration, sometimes do more than money to save the erring. Straws frequently change the whole current of life.

A notorious pirate, who had unfurled the flag of universal defiance, and crimsoned the sea with the blood of many victims, he drew near, in spirit, while I was writing this, and related to me the following affecting cause of his early career. As he approached me, a generous smile played upon his face, his eye was soft and mild in expression, and I felt him to be a missionary from the Spirit-land to our earth:

"I am qualified to teach," said he, "for I have been to school; no other can! The most unrighteous judge of mankind is the sinless man; for he judges without wisdom, not having learned in the school of experience."

"What have you to communicate?" I inquired.

"In all compassion," he replied, "I come to say that my progression has been much arrested by an application of Solomon's rule to me while in childhood."

"How was this?" I asked.

"O, how well I remember it," exclaimed he, "My nature was so full of love! But I was a child, thoughtless and free, bounding to and fro—filled to the brim with vitality—strong and vigorous in my disposition, yet docile under the words of affection, and yearned often for them! But withal, I was deformed in my features. The mirror gave me back a visage I could not love, and my mother's eye, instead of glowing with the radiance of inward heat, returned to me the same cold reflection of myself. Then add to this fact, that she was a firm disciple of the Scottish church—a believer in the depravity of infants—in using the rod for slight offenses. She never encouraged me to tell the truth, nor to be kind, but smote me whenever she imagined I did a wrong thing. My nature was strong in feeling, and never did the rod touch me without

laying bare a wound in my spirit. These wounds were not allowed to heal; but, (for fear of "spoiling the child,") they were oft made to bleed afresh. Had it not been "my mother"—the only being to whom I dared to look for love, (my father having passed from earth)—I should not have felt the rod deeper than the flesh. But it was my mother! And we were poor and friendless, but the preacher came to us sometimes, and never failed to admonish my mother not to spoil me "with too much kindness." And so she had the approbation of the minister for her treatment of me. But I could have withstood all this, had not my little heart been crushed at a moment when I supposed I had triumphed over the horrid temptation to tell an important falsehood. In my sport, wild and thoughtless, and dared by my companions, I fired a small shed, near the house, for the excitement it would create in burning. The alarm was soon given, and the fire extinguished without doing harm. But my heart smote me for the deed, and that night I ventured to tell my mother, frankly, that I did it. Instead of bestowing love upon me for telling her the unwelcome truth, for conquering the temptation to tell a falsehood, for struggling to overcome a propensity to screen my guilt, instead of love, she—good Christian mother as she was—rose, in all the indignation of an offended Solomon, against me; the flower of truth, which I had presented her, she stamped to the earth; she deprived me of my food that night, confined me in a dark room till morning; then she smote me with her rod, and bade me do so no more. O, could she have seen my inward spirit—the wounds already there—the fires of vengeance kindled on the altar of every feeling, whose leaping flames warmed my every faculty to vigor, she would have kindly received me, as the father of Washington did his son. But I was disheartened, and angry with myself for having yielded to the weakness of telling the truth. A strange resolution came up within me to never try again. And the same day on which my mother thus wounded my spirit anew, I left my home and her, with feelings and resolutions that made me a wolf turned loose upon my brother man! Had I been of different mold, I might, perhaps, have remained at home, a crushed, dejected, cheerless houseplant, as many who have experienced similar treatment.

"Do you regret this now?" I asked.
"Not now," he replied; "but I have regretted it. For long years my mother remained on earth, after I had left it, mourning the loss of her son, and I could not comfort her. This was the source of my regret. The injury that was done to me, and which I, therefore, did to others, is all balanced and obliterated by the good which I can now do!"

"What good can you do?" I asked.
"What good?" he exclaimed. "I can save hundreds from the treatment (and its consequences) which I experienced, by relating to you this narrative."

Friends—thou art immortal! Thou art, all of you, authors and publishers! The books you write, can not be cast away—become obsolete and neglected; but they are placed in the temple where angels go to school. If you write falsehoods upon any page in human life—if you do evil to the least degree, there is only one way to obliterate it—"overcome evil with good." This is always practicable, because evil is the perverted form of good. Let truth and falsehood grapple—let good and evil have their battle, for God reigns; and so truth and good will ever come uppermost.

"What will people say?" Be patient, friends; for, surely as I now speak, the people will join in the chorus of our new song, and say—"O, we always thought so!"

The Spirit-world.

However imaginable and ideal the Spiritual theory may be, there is much beauty in its wild imaginings. Beautiful, indeed, is the creed that the angels are speaking to the world, and that the hearts of some are receiving an echo of their voices—that in the words which they have spoken a glorious home for humanity in the region of unfading light has been promised. In this promise the spirits have signified that this home is to be entered as the abode of the soul—as the mansion of its sweet and glorious rest, and not as the place where its powers shall be no longer exercised, and where its energies shall be steeped in lethargy. The home of humanity will be the home of the pure and the godlike spirit. It will be the home where the weary shall rest from the labors of earth, to receive the blessings of Heaven—where the wanderer shall return from his toilsome journey, to labor in the vineyard of the Great Master, and where the sorrowful and oppressed shall wipe the tears from their eyes, and lay down the weary burden from their hearts. Thus the home of humanity will be the home where the spirit may exercise its powers and expand its life, progressing forever in the truth and wisdom of the Heavenly spheres.

And yet all this is indoctrinated in the creeds of the churches—showing that the theory of spirits, how much soever of delusion there may be in it, is similar in many points to the orthodox beliefs.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The Spirits vs. Electricity.

A correspondent assures us, says the *Cambridge Chronicle*, of a case which is curious enough in its way, and worthy to be told. A "medium," who could write with one hand, while he held a book in the other from which he read at the same time, attributed the phenomena to electricity. The was always a *fac simile* of that of the person from whom the communication purported to come. On one occasion, as he approached the table, it started off from him a foot or more. Again attempting to reach it, it started to the other side of the room, and there remained in an inverted position.

At the same time a communication was received at Waltham by an acquaintance and medium, which stated that "Lewis," the name of the individual above referred to, "is making sport of us at Watertown, and we will have nothing more to do with him." This declaration, made at a distance from the place where the individual it concerned was at the time, was singularly enough confirmed by the fact that, from that time, he has not been able to act either as a writing or tipping medium. If the hypothesis of the individual was correct, that the phenomena of the table was caused by electricity, it is certain that the electrical fluid possessed a very remarkable degree of intelligence! We shall leave those who are curious in such matters to speculate upon the facts.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 4.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO INDICATIONS ARE GIVEN, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

We are again obliged to crave the indulgence of our readers on account of the temporary discontinuance of the Discussion. Dr. Richmond's ninth letter has but just reached us, and we are, therefore, under the necessity of deferring its publication until next week.

MR. DAVIS' ADDRESS.

The address by Mr. Davis, delivered in Cleveland, Ohio, which we copy from *The Plain Dealer*, will well reward the reader for the time allotted to its careful perusal. It contains some earnest truths, spoken without much apparent concern about "what the people will say." Mr. Davis—if he is correctly reported—uses two or three expressions that may be deemed offensive, especially by those who seek a pretext to reject, and an occasion to obscure, the great lesson which he earnestly and forcibly illustrates. We refer more particularly to what is said of the relations of the New Testament and profane swearing—that "the entire vocabulary of the profane man may be found in the New Testament." Mr. Davis is too bold and free to be disturbed by what the people may say, and at this we rejoice, for the truth is promoted by his manly independence, and, as one of the people, we may venture a suggestion without in any way infringing the most friendly relations.

The words deemed most objectionable might, and indeed should, have given place to others in the translation of the New Testament. The English language contains other terms which might have been selected with strict fidelity to the original. We attach no infallible authority to the Scriptures, beyond the truth they contain, and we judge of them by the same standards that we apply to Mr. Davis and other authors; but we do not understand the New Testament writers to sanction the practice of swearing at all. The following seems to contain the substance of what they teach under this head:

"But I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; . . . neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." (Matt. chap. v.) Now is there not a fundamental difference between the spirit of the New Testament and the spirit that actuates many of its professed ministers? It can not be denied that, not a few of the latter have been chiefly distinguished for a perverted sense of justice, a disposition to anathematize, and for the acrimonious spirit of their public ministrations; and to this source—and to a few expressions in the received version of the New Testament, depending chiefly on the caprice of the translators—we are to look for the origin of the evil complained of. The book that teaches us "to bless and curse not," certainly does not sanction the disgusting practice referred to. The dictionary may contain the "entire vocabulary of the profane man," but this surely does not convict Noah Webster of blasphemy, nor make the dictionary responsible for all the profane swearing in the country.

The general principles announced in the address, the earnest tone and honest spirit that pervade the whole, and the great and divine lesson of forgiveness which it inculcates, we greatly admire. In all these Mr. Davis appeals to our deepest convictions and elicits our unqualified approbation. Whatever the world may think or "the people say," the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations" will not fail to leave his image on the public mind. With a mental constitution fitted to grasp all natural truths, and, by a wonderful process of assimilation, to make them his own, he has—even without the aid of books, or schools, or ordinary guides—become a scholar and a profoundly original thinker. While we have never yielded a blind credence to Mr. Davis, as a philosophical expositor or revelator, we still entertain the conviction that he will yet occupy in the judgment of men, as he does already in fact, a prominent place among those who rule by the force of ideas, and are thus exalted to the rank of kings and princes in the realm of thought.

NEW MODE OF EXORCISM.

We copy the following paragraph, presuming it must be important, from the fact that it has appeared in most of our exchanges:

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.—A day or two since quite an excitement was caused in one of our grammar schools by the Spirits, who are at the present time rapping in this part of the world. One of the pupils, a Miss about twelve years of age, suddenly left her studies and began to write on various subjects when she should have been engaged with her book. Mysterious noises were also heard, which were traced to her, and she was at last called to account for her strange conduct. She assigned as a reason

that she was a medium to write, and could not prevent the rappings. The master immediately informed her that he should find it necessary to try another system of rappings, if the spirits were allowed to perform their raps in the school; and as for expulsion, he was also impelled to expel her from school, if she persisted in writing when she should study. The remedy was complete, and the spirits have not since visited the school.—*Boston Traveller*.

REMARKS.—We suppose that the inference, intended to be drawn from the above, is that the child was not a medium; or, perhaps, that there are no spirits; or, possibly, if spirits exist, that they do not and can not influence the mental or physical functions of men. We see nothing in the alleged facts to warrant either of these conclusions. If the child was really a medium for the spirits, we are not in the least surprised that the manifestations ceased. Any spirit that desired good society and amiable companionship, would not be likely to remain long in presence of a man who would punish a child for being subject to a power which it had neither the capacity to comprehend nor resist. Thus ignorance, materialism and brutality have, in every age, conspired to drive all spiritual and divine agents from the world. In their stupid exorcisms, unrighteous men have resorted to corporeal inflictions to banish angelic ministers, and their rash profanity spared not even the noblest human imbediment of the Divine Spirit. In past ages many of the media for spiritual intelligence and power, bore these persecutions with a child-like meekness, and yet with a more than mortal magnanimity, deeming it indeed a glorious boon to be immolated for the Truth's sake.

The Spirits—themselves being the witnesses—withdraw their influence in the days of the so-called Salem witchcraft, because the ignorance and inhumanity of the teachers and rulers of that day led them to abuse, whip and even murder the media. The spirit—presuming that one attended the little girl in Boston—acted very wisely in saving the child from the violence of its master, by withdrawing its presence, and the teacher achieved precisely what cruel men and obstinate unbelievers have done before him—he "grieved away the spirit."

BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

"The Peoples Edition of Finden's Beauties of Moore: Being a Series of Portraits of his Principal Female Characters, from paintings by eminent artists, made expressly for this work, engraved in the highest style of art, by, or under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Edward Finden, with a memoir of the Poet and descriptive Letterpress." John Tallis & Co., No. 40 John-st., N. Y.

We have received the second and third numbers of this elegant work. The portraits in the second number are the following: "Nourmahal," from Lalla Rookh; "The High-born Ladye," from the author's *Legendary Ballads*; "Lea," a beautiful conception from "The Loves of the Angels;" "The Last Rose of Summer," one of the most admired of Moore's melodies. Part third contains "The Wreath," "Kathleen," "The Cottage Maid," and "The Peri."

These illustrations of the melodies, etc., all exhibit a high degree of artistic taste and perfection of execution. They are not merely elegant specimens of art, but they give to the charming creations of the Poet, forms of light and beauty, so that images before but dimly seen, save by the vision of Genius, now delight the common sense and live in the memory of all. We trust that those of our readers who love what is truly excellent in art will take an early opportunity to examine this work. Every successful effort to embody our ideal conceptions in outward forms and images tangible to the senses, is a commentary on the capacities of the soul, and an eloquent sermon illustrative of its immortality. Living and divine thoughts, like angels with golden lyres, come to us, and the contact fills the soul with perpetual music, and we feel that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

THE SHEKINAH, Volume II, No. 2, for December, is now in press, and will probably be forwarded to all subscribers in the course of the week. It is a superb number and contains a variety of the most interesting papers from our ablest contributors. Will agents and others send in their orders?

THE SPIRITS AT HARTFORD.

DEAR BRITTON: Catherine Fox and her mother are here; there is a great interest, and many fine tests of spiritual presence are given. Some of the worst skeptics in the world are completely confounded. Last evening there was a man present that called it all humbug and deception—he knew it to be so—of course he did—which is the short-hand way of explaining all mysteries. He said he had a ring at home with a lock of hair in it, the history of which was unknown to any person in Hartford; if the spirits would tell him who the hair belonged to—the person was a great way off—that would be all the test he would ask. This morning he brought the ring, and the spirits immediately rapped out the name of the person to whom the hair belonged. The Spirits said also that there was more than one kind of hair in the ring, or rather there was some hair from two persons, all of which was found to accord with the facts.

Moreover, this same person had this morning, before bringing the ring, put in the hair from the second person. This is what I call close *scalping*; what do you think? "Humbug" prospers, and may go on its way rejoicing.

The believers here are multiplying by scores; while the walls and domes of Old Theology look as though they were in the last stages of atrophy—there is a general wasting from defects of nourishment.

Yours truly,
J. R. METTLER.

The following by the editor of the *Hartford Times* is further descriptive of the manifestations that occurred during Catherine's recent visit.

The raps were made upon the table, on the door, upon the ceiling, the chairs, and the sofa. Miss Fox was requested to stand upon the hair-stuffed sofa. She did so, and the raps came as usual. It was claimed that Electricity alone made the raps; two glass tumblers were procured, and the medium was insulated by standing on them. The raps still continued. In a special circle of nine, the raps spelled by the alphabet, "place a guitar under the table and we will sound it." One was procured and for fifteen or twenty minutes, it was sounded, in ordinary tones; no one of the circle touched it. The word "sing" was then spelled out. Several of the circle sang, and accurate time was kept on the guitar though no human hand touched the instrument. This fact can be attested by nine respectable citizens of this place.

A gentleman had a communication from his son. He asked for raps corresponding with his age, each rap answering to a year. They were correctly given. "Now for the number of months above the years you have designated," said the gentleman. Eight raps came. Wrong, said the gentleman. Right, said the raps. No, said the gentleman. Yes, said the raps, and so they differed, each confidently adhering to his own views. Subsequently, the gentleman compared the date of birth, with that of his son's decease, and found to his surprise that "eight" was right, though another number had, seven years ago, been engraved upon the coffin plate and published as the correct age—neither the gentleman nor his friends ever suspecting that there was an error in their own minds, till so informed by these raps. Here there appears to have been intelligence back of the raps, not influenced by the mind of the inquirer, or by any one present. Other tests, implying intelligence, were also given.

But it is asked, why erroneous answers are frequently given, while many remarkably correct and surprising are rapped out. We certainly can not answer, but trust that those who are able and have the time, will investigate, and satisfactorily ascertain, not only why erroneous answers are given, but also by what agency the correct ones are brought to light, and tunes played upon a guitar, without physical aid. We are among those who "would like to know." No intelligent person, who has given the matter even a tolerably fair investigation, can believe that these raps are made by collusion, or that the medium knows any more of the principle or power that produces these manifestations, than any other person who has frequently witnessed them.

But we will give the explanation of the raps themselves as to the erroneous answers. They say that the sounds are made by spirits—that spirits can not control the laws of nature, but in these manifestations they are compelled to use human agencies, and to act upon the refined electrical force which surrounds every person to some extent, and "mediums" to a considerable extent. In a harmonious circle of eight or ten persons, this force can be used more readily than it can be where a larger number are present, and where confusion takes the place of harmony. When the minds of the circle are inharmonious, the "impression" is imperfect, and the questions are not clearly understood. Sometimes questions known to be absurd are asked, and the person asking intentionally ridicules and insults; this is repulsive and leads to confusion. The electric force often fails to a partial degree, and as it is the lever used by the spirits, their communications are imperfect when it fails. Sympathy or general good feeling in the circle has something to do with success, and when this is partially or entirely broken up, it is difficult to get perfectly true impressions. The new development is yet in its infancy, and imperfect at best, but will hereafter be more complete, and more general. Such (we speak from recollection and in general terms,) is the information given by the raps.

It is wonderful that sounds or vibrations are made at all upon a material substance without the aid of physical force. If it be a law of the mind, or the body and mind combined, it is certainly a matter worthy of thought and investigation. If it be, what many believe, the development of spiritual intercourse with the world, it is still more important, for it settles beyond a flitting doubt, the great question of the immortality of the soul; and further, it settles the question, so intensely interesting to all, that spirits immortal are identified in the eternal world—that we shall unite with and recognize our lost children and parents and friends, knowing them as such—an idea the most happy that can be conceived, dispelling dark doubts as to the future, and robbing grim Death of his horrible terrors. Whether it be one or the other, or neither; whether it be fraud alone, or the development of some new and highly interesting principle, we say it is a matter worthy of investigation and candid thought. And it is worthy of remark, that those who have seen and investigated the least, or not at all, are the most forward in denouncing the whole thing as a "humbug" or a "cheat."

A REMARKABLE VISION.

MR. EDITOR: From 1822 to '29 I was, as a minister of the Gospel and a member of the Presbyterian Church, located in Jersey City. I was sincere, and entered upon the principle that, the greater the cross the brighter the crown. I bore the heat and burden of the day, preached three times upon the Sabbath, taught a Sabbath school, and solicited means to build and furnish a place of worship. I once, on a high flood tide, waded, between 10 and 11 o'clock on a dark night, waist deep, in November, between the Hoboken turnpike and Harsimus. In 1828, in consequence of a violent cold and fever, I was brought to the verge of the grave. I was so low that my death was reported in Newark, and the Rev. Mr. Hamilton came down to preach my funeral sermon. After expectorating a quantity of bloody matter, and feeling exhausted and languid, I repeated, as a formula of faith, assurance

and love, this prayer: "Thou Great Head of the Church, in whose cause, as a minister, I have labored, show me—for thou art the Prophet of thy people and art able—if this is a sickness unto death. Amen." It was a pleasant day, and the sun shining into my room. I happened to be alone. I felt a deep, and what was then called, supernatural impression. I was perfectly awake. I noticed carpet, chairs, blinds, &c., and they were all distinctly seen during my vision. All at once the room was filled with men of about 32 years of age, dark hair and eyes, well dressed, bareheaded and seated on circular seats, so that all could see me. Their countenances were open, benevolent and intelligent. As they all fixed their eyes on me I felt myself unworthy of their so strong regard, and as they turned and looked with reverence to some one not far from my seat, I also looked, and saw an august personage. This, thought I, is Jesus Christ, and instantly I was standing by his feet. I said to him, "If thou art the Lord Jesus Christ tell me whether this sickness is unto death." He arose gracefully, and with a benign expression of countenance, as he presented an open letter and dropped it with the unwritten side up, asked me, "Do you acknowledge that instrument?" I observed with reverence, "I can not read it, know not its import, and can not acknowledge it." He took it up and dropped it in its place another of a darker shade, saying, "Acknowledge that." As it was in the same position, and I knew not its contents, I felt that I would not acknowledge as valid, true, that of which I was ignorant, either to God or his Christ, and observed, "It is less legible than the former, and I will not acknowledge as true what I know not." He turned to the men and seated himself. I was returned to my bed, and after I had again surveyed the room and became convinced that I was not asleep and dreaming, still seeing every object, and the company in sunlight, said, "We shall leave him for a season." He arose, looked on me benignly, covered his head as he passed, and the company rose, two by two, and followed him out. As the last passed I saw that the same circular benches were gone. Then followed, first surprise and then assurance that I should recover. I told my vision, and expressed my assurance in the strongest terms. The next morning my attending physicians, Drs. Hornblower and Gautier, met at my house, by appointment. The former, the father-in-law, arrived first, and the latter, a young man, ten minutes after. After examining the symptoms and type of my disease, and while critically examining the bloody matter I expectorated, the old gentleman observed, "He will soon recover." Says the young man, "I think he ought to be bled, and had I arrived ten minutes before you, I should have bled him." "Had you done so," said Dr. Hornblower, "he would not have lived thirty minutes, for a congestion of the lungs would have immediately followed. His system requires all its energy to combat the disease. He is doing well and will soon recover." The conversation was in a low voice, with their backs toward me, and they facing closely a window, but I heard all distinctly but with much indifference, so much stronger my faith in Apocalyptic vision in answer to my formula-prayer, than in the result of a medical consultation. I soon recovered, and was left for a season, and have had to realize the unfolding of a darker envelop. I have stated, Mr. Editor, these things, which as facts, have been a quarter of a century in manuscript before me, and as they literally occurred. Such visions, are no doubt seen by many of strong faith and concentrated mind, but have not, until of late, been made publicly known, there having been no medium of communication, and it being considered rather matter of imbecility and superstitious weakness, than otherwise, to accredit and make them known. I shall not attempt here to give fully my faith, nor to give the philosophy, the why and the wherefore of the vision. It speaks for itself, and while I am constantly endeavoring to solve the phenomena in this high intellectual equation in which many unknown quantities remain to be determined, I am willing to abide the result. In their production and solution I have, during twenty-five years observation, experiment and experience, ascertained the absolute certainty of the following Rule. It may be called the Golden Rule in Biologic operation and in Apocalyptic vision:

All the pre-supposed conditions being secured and complied with—As is the formula in language silently conceived in the mind or expressed openly in words: into the will, confidence and love exerted; so will be the result seen in Biologic action or in Apocalyptic vision. In Apocalyptic vision alone so obtained—As is the imagery and language explanatory; so will be the inevitable result seen and realized in the future in regard to the person, thing or event concerning which the formula is made and used. It is a fixed and unchanging law involving mind—a law of nature fixed and infallible in the line of future Apocalyptic revelation. Let it be tested. It gives the key to prophecy. Every minister should know it. To morals—"Bless and curse not." To thoughts, sentiments. "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is."

Respectfully, &c., JAMES S. OLCOTT.
LOWELL, Nov. 9, 1852

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor and Readers of the Spiritual Telegraph.

WOODSTOCK, VT., Nov. 20, 1852.

DEAR FRIENDS: Permit me, as a thorough believer in the spiritual origin of the "Modern Manifestations," and an earnest seeker for new Truth, to suggest a few questions for the consideration of all those who have ability, leisure, opportunity and inclination to investigate, with a view to the classification, arrangement and understanding of the ever-varying phenomena of this new phase in the science of Mind.

I think very few will be so stupid, after what the last five years have revealed, as to assume that these things are not in some way identified with the natural powers of Mind, and to those even who do not allow their faith to reach beyond "the Valley of Death," this subject must be of some importance; while to those of us who find in these later day Manifestations a full and cheering confirmation of all our brightest hopes of a progressive immortality, it is of the greatest possible moment, and yet there is so much connected with it which seems vague and contradictory, in consequence, doubtless, of our own ignorance, it seems very desirable that all who feel the importance of these things should immediately set about such a course of observation and inquiry as shall resolve all this homogenous mass of evidence into the form of a teachable science.

With an earnest desire to elicit some thing to this end, I would ask of you the following questions, the proper solution of which, it appears to me, would as-

sist in laying the foundation upon which to arrange these phenomena into something like a regular form, preparatory to a more beautiful superstructure.

1. Are any of the communications which are received by us purely spirit messages, or are they all alloyed by the media?

2. If they are changed at all by the media, why, and to what extent?

3. Dividing the great ocean of thought into three general plains—the Sensuous, the Reasoning, and the Intuitive, does a medium ever receive a communication above his own plain of thought?

4. Are all spirits who have put off the flesh, positive to all who still inhabit it, without regard to the unfolding of either?

5. Are those spirits who are more unfolded in wisdom, though still inhabiting their clay, positive in power and will to those, who, although they have passed to the second sphere of existence, are still in a lower degree of progress—development?

These may seem to some, perhaps, all as idle questions, but to my mind, in view of what has passed under my own observation and experience, they seem of some importance, and I should like very much to see them definitely answered, by and in, agreement with FACTS.

Some of the most momentous results in natural science are made simple and plain by the aid of a few simple rules; then why may we not hope to see these mysteries explained and harmonized by a similar process.

Hoping my humble effort may give some "giant mind a jog" which may rouse it to labor in this great field, thereby securing for all a profitable result, I subscribe myself Your fellow laborer for Truth,

MAREMDA B. RANDALL.

Sensations while leaving the Body.

The following communications have been lost sight of, and have remained on hand for some time, as will be perceived by the date.

The first of the following communications was written through myself, so I have no remarks to make in regard to it. The second was written through a little girl, about fifteen years old, in whom I place as much confidence as I do in myself. It was the fulfilment of a promise, made a few evenings previous to its date.

Truly yours,

H. CORNELL.

BEDFORD, Mich., Aug. 16, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In accordance with my promise to you the other evening, I now proceed to give you an account of my feelings while lying on the bed of death. I felt an internal consciousness, from my first being taken sick, that that was my last sickness; nor did I wish to live, if it was my Heavenly Father's will to take me from earth. As my outward senses seemed to fail my internal sight was opened, and I felt that I was surrounded by spirits from another world. The terrors of death were gone, and I looked forth with joy to the time when my spirit should take its departure from earth. But then I had no idea that I should ever return to the sphere I was about to leave, and converse with my friends. I knew my hour was rapidly approaching, and a joy unspeakable pervaded my whole being, for I felt that I should be far happier when safely moored on that better shore. My friends told me, after I had left the body, that they impressed this on my mind while thus I lay.

Often times did I hear voices as from another world, speaking, as it were, to my inmost being, saying, "Rejoice, rejoice, for the hour of thy redemption is near at hand. Soon thou wilt be relieved of that clay that now binds thee to earth a prisoner; then thou wilt be free to go with us to our celestial homes, there to dwell forever." I felt that my departed friends were near, ready to conduct me to my new home when death should free me from my earthly shackles. As my hour approached I felt my mortal frame growing weaker, failing rapidly, while my spiritual perceptions strengthening every moment, my external senses were rapidly failing. I grew unconscious of things around me, and sank, as it were, into a slumber, from which I was suddenly aroused, as if by an invisible hand touching me, and, opening my eyes, I found I was still on earth, surrounded by my friends, of whom I was permitted to take a farewell—and again I sank into unconsciousness. How long I lay thus I know not—but I finally awoke—I scarce knew where I was. How changed was all around me! Bright forms were hovering near—I felt most unutterably happy. I soon found, however, I was no longer on earth, but in the Spirit-land, among my friends who had gone before me, and whom I was rejoiced to meet. They soon pointed out to me the beauties by which I was surrounded. I was greatly delighted with my new home, nor would I exchange it for the loveliest spot on earth.

Your friend,
EDWARD YOUNG.

The Spirit's Home.

BEDFORD, Mich., Aug. 16, 1852.

MY DEAR EARTHLY COMPANION: I think the time has arrived when I can write more freely than at any preceding opportunity. You may wonder why we can not write at any time; but could you understand the difficulties surrounding this mystical science, it would not seem so strange. We are often with you, and can approach you by the laws of sympathy and affinity, but seldom are all conditions, necessary for free communication, properly combined.

I will now proceed to give you a description of my paradisaical existence—yet no language can convey anything like the reality.

We can only convey truths which have representatives in the natural world. For instance, when we speak of the music of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the beautiful foliage of trees, your mind's at once revert to the birds, and flowers, and trees by which you are surrounded. But they are by no means true representatives of spiritual music, flowers or trees. They are as the body to the spirit—as the gross and unrefined metal to the highly polished silver vessel. We are surrounded by everything that you are, only ours are spiritual, yours are gross and unrefined. This, of course, will seem strange to those who have been taught to believe that Heaven is a kind of unimaginable, far-off, inconceivable dreamy nothing—for this was about my idea of it while in the earth-body, or something near this. I had no appreciable idea of the future life, and I know this is the condition of a large portion of the human family.

But oh! how changed are the views of men, and how much more changed will they be ere another half century shall be recorded in the annals of Heaven. Rejoice, oh ye inhabitants of earth! for the

time of your redemption from sin and ignorance draweth nigh. Soon shall the gross darkness which has enshrouded the human mind be dispelled by the glaring light of effulgent Truth. But you must excuse this short digression from my subject.

I was giving you a description of the Spirit-land. Its beauties surpass the powers of tongue or pencil. Its pure and crystal fountains—its waving fields of flowering herbage—its undulating and beautifully varied surface—all, all surpass the powers of description. And then our habitations, what shall I say of them? What can be said of that which baffles all the powers of the mind to give the least possible description of? No earthly habitations have any comparison to these Spiritual abodes of angels. But listen, my dear, to thy guardian angel husband—you are in a condition of mind to advance very fast. Give ear to the teachings of Truth, as made known by angels and affirmed by reason, and you shall soon be able to comprehend more of the mysteries of Heaven.

Your ever guardian angel husband,

ERASTUS.

The lady to whom this is addressed was present when it was written. Her husband has been in the Spirit-land about twenty years.

H. CORNELL.

BRIDGEWATER, Nov. 8, 1852.

MR. BRITTON: Sir: As I am an interested reader of your valuable TELEGRAPH, and find so very many instructive communications, I feel inclined to send you a copy of a short communication, written through my hand recently, in answer to the question, "Why are there so many misunderstandings in the spoken and written messages from the Spirit-land?" I subject it to your judgment, trusting that you will not place it in your columns to the exclusion of anything better, or more instructive, and not at all if you consider it unworthy:

"There are principles, or thoughts, so deeply interwoven with your natures, that with all our powers to influence, those innate principles still hold their sway, and bias many an opinion quite differently from what we do intend. Such are among the worst difficulties we have to surmount, for many very erroneous ideas are presented to your public because of this very reason; but all will eventually for good, as He who doeth all, is at the helm, and in His own good time will bring all out of errors they have inadvertently imbibed and cherished; and they will see their own duty and destiny in a truer and better light. Man builds his theory upon his own understanding, and gives no heed to other's thinking, it would seem that he is all in all. Oh, puny, weak and foolish man! why dost thou prate thy ignorance as knowledge, and close thy mind to our best influence? Why dost thou follow thine own encumbered mind, to the neglect of ours, so free from those very things which bind your own so closely? Why canst thou not lay aside thy own self-mightiness, and open thy understanding to receive new thoughts that would make your own mind awake and feel. I tell you, truth is mighty and must prevail. Thou knowest thine inability to cast aside the veil that shadows from thy view the future, even with all thy strong desires to read its pages, and find thereon thy destiny; then why not receive all good into thy soul, without casting it aside because thou canst not see the giver. Remember you are clothed with flesh to hide from thine optical sense the source from whence thy blessings come. And because a new phase has presented itself, with other new things of this thriving age, thou sayest 'tis folly or fraud. Do these things usually come among you clothed in robes of purity and love? destined only to awaken those most holy feelings of your hearts, which have so long lain dormant?"

Let your own best nature answer, and if I am in fault, I then will acknowledge that I am beneath mortal's understanding."

I rejoice in the progression of Spiritualism, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to feel that I am communing with pure and holy spirits.

Yours respectfully, S. M. NEWTON.

A Minister Fighting Spiritualism.

KANE, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1852

DEAR BROTHER BRITTON: I have long purposed writing you and inform you how the cause of Spiritualism is advancing in this part of the country. This is a dark, very dark place, with but a faint ray of Spiritual light now and then making the "darkness visible" to the receptacles of these heavenly rays. I am the only Spiritualist in these parts, although there are mediums for a kind of inferior manifestations, which, they think, proceed from the devil, or other infernal spirits. I have had all manner of abuse in the shape of ridicule and scoffs from those who profess to take Christ's teachings as their counsel and guide. I have been branded as an Infidel, despised as a fool, treated as an outcast and pitted as an insane, deluded, miserable victim of a "magnificent humbug." They call me a "fool," but my foolishness is wisdom compared with theirs. They call me an "Infidel," but if infidelity consists in believing in one God and a glorious hereafter for all spirits, I thank Heaven that I am one. They call me "crazy" and "insane," but if craziness and insanity consists in being conscious of, and enjoying a close communion with spirits, friends, of the upper spheres, and having my soul filled with peace, hope and joy, life, love and wisdom, I long to be more "insane," that I may enjoy more of God and his angels' presence. "Spirits have come," and I rejoice, for I am free, and no longer bound by ignorance, superstition, bigotry and idolatry. I am now a man, whereas I was a slave, a craven coward, a fit instrument in the hands of every base and malignant passion, every unnatural influence and desire. I have hopes, "big with life and immortality," that Truth will triumph and overcome at last, when evil will only be remembered as a child of ignorance, begotten in the dark ages.

I am a medium, and have enjoyed spiritual intercourse for some time; though I can not take as much pleasure as though I had "sympathizing spirits in the flesh," that we might cheer each other on in the good work.

A Rev. — (spare his name!) of the "Free Church" of this place, the other Sunday evening, came out against the "Spirits" and the "Spirit-rappings," with a whole "broadside" of bitter sarcasm and malignant expressions, full of wrath and indigna-

tion(?) He denounced everything spiritual in unmeasured terms, calling it all Infidelity, the work of the devil, seducing souls to destruction—despoiling the church of her most valuable workers—bringing ruin and desolation on scores of churches, and overflowing the land with a deluge of vice and iniquity! I was present, and the sensation was great, inasmuch that all eyes were directed to me, and sneering laughs were heard as an echo to the "thunder blast."

There is but one copy of the TELEGRAPH taken here, and without it I could not do. 'Tis the only silent friend I have, and I long for its coming as much as I do for the sun's rising. 'Tis like a refreshing shower, bringing life and vigor to my weary mind. 'Tis light to my footsteps and food to my soul.

JAMES COWEE.

Here is a "Spirit message," which was written by my hand a short time since, and though in particular addressed to me, yet I think it would be applicable to many. Under such cheering prospects, I can labor with all my soul for that cause which has for its object the salvation of the world from all error and evil.

J. C.

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

"A few words to you at the present time may not come amiss, and we, by impression, will convey to your mind and understanding a few thoughts respecting your future action, and give you some advice which, if followed up, will be for your own good, here and hereafter. We would say that your ways, some of them, do not suit us; but considering the short time in which you have thrown off your old worn-out garments—considering the time—you have made rapid progress, and it shall be still more rapid in the same ratio in which you come out of, and free yourself from evil, both within and without, which does and may influence you. Your light shall increase an hundred fold, and your happiness be without alloy. Your spiritual sight shall be unfolded, your soul shall be illuminated by light celestial, and be purified by fire from off the altar of truth, and be guided by unerring wisdom.

"All this shall be fulfilled. Yes, ten thousand times more, if you will heed the spirits' advice. We have come to bring light, life and wisdom to earth's inhabitants, that all may have a foretaste of our pleasures and happiness. If all do not listen now, some will, and for each one now, there will be a thousand soon. Be of good cheer, you are not alone—spirits are ever near to lend a helping hand—to aid when trouble comes, to encourage when despondency throws its curtain around the weaker ones.

"Have you committed wrongs? Now, and forever, lay them aside—the past shall be forgotten in the long, long future. Do you harbor bad feelings at times within your heart toward your brother? Drive them away—let love take possession, ruling every action, being the foundation of every motive. Are bad habits continually leading you astray, destroying your peace of mind and forcing the bitter draught of misery down? Why not leave all? O! why bring sorrow on your head and repenting tears in your eyes? Spirits tell you how. O listen to their words of love, and accept of their instruction!

"Engage in no wrangling disputes; no good can come therefrom. Let others speak as they please—truth will be truth, after all they say or do. So be not afraid, nor say aught to hinder truth from the fulfilment of its mission. It will speak for itself. Be silent.

"Patience, brother, patience; there must be time for everything. The oak lifts not its lofty head in a day—long years must elapse ere an acorn can become an oak. The child matures not in an hour—grows not to manhood's stature until the morning dawns many a time. The earth sustained no life until the sun's course had rolled for unnumbered ages.

"No hurry, brother. Truth will do its work, as time brings near the proper influences to work a revolution, so sure and complete that man can have no error upon which to build a foundation. Yea, there will be no untruths in the vast arena of the Universe; no antagonistic principles at war with each other; no variance—but universal peace and harmony shall reign supreme. So, brother, walk in the light you have, and more shall be given you. Persevere, and you shall find your reward in the fulfilment of all our promises. Waver not, if ridiculed—an end to ridicule is near at hand. Be not angry if skeptics scoff; their scoffings will soon be over. If scorned, return it not; scorners ere long will be worshipers at the shrine of truth and wisdom.

"Again, we say, be of good cheer—we are with you. Spirits ever hover where a waiting soul resides. They ever love to guide the willing mind, and speak in tones so soft and low to the confiding heart where angels dwell. (Signed) A SPIRIT BROTHER.

EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

EPISTLE VII.

UNRELIABLE COMMUNICATIONS.

TO H. H. HALL, Esq., N. Y. City:

When Jesus said to the flatterer, "why callest thou me good? There is none good but God," he uttered a maxim which, in that age, was valuable and important to all, and which, at this period of Spiritual phenomena and research, is no less important and valuable to those who are investigating the laws of supra-mundane manifestation and intercourse. On the first opening of alphabetical communication with the Spirit-sphere, by means of the raps, &c., the people rushed to the sittings, under the impression that whatever came from a spirit must be truthful and exalted. Many did not, even for a moment, think of such a thing as making allowance for wrong conditions in themselves, in the circle, or small development in the medium or the spirit. They expected, and some even exacted truth, under all circumstances and at all hazards, and, to this day, one of the most common arguments against Spiritual Manifestations, is the assertion that many false statements are made, and many things absurd or ridiculous uttered, and therefore these things can not be spiritual—can not emanate from the resurrection-land.

But it is very easily seen that, if Christ, with all his celestial exaltation of character was still not absolutely good—and if, as in his emphatic language, "there is none good but God"—then the highest of all created intelligences must be possessed of some measure of imperfection, and, from them downward, the degree of imperfection must be more or less marked and distinct, according to the degree of progress or development to which the individual (man or spirit) has attained. A human being whose mind has

never been instructed in the first principles of politeness, philosophy, art, science, or literature—or whose intellect is not sufficiently expanded to grasp these subjects—can not be expected to give them expression in word, deportment, or action; and so with a man whose life here has been one of selfishness and unamiability, or who has been merely indifferent to his interior culture and improvement—his spirit, on escaping from the body, can not have that full flow of love-feeling, truthful thought and attractive wisdom, which would have accompanied a higher degree of soul, expansion and attainment. On the contrary, it is quite probable that the manifestation of either truth, love, or wisdom, from a person departed, will be precisely correspondent with the degree of attention which has been given to the cultivation of those qualities in the spirit-nature. The germ that has been poorly protected in the seed, or the bird which has been badly nourished in the egg, is, at best, but puny and sickly in the beginnings of its new life; and that spirit of man which has been neglected, impoverished and downtrodden by the wild animal will—the passions and perversities of the flesh—must, in the first drawings of its resurrection career, be feeble and uncertain in the exercise and exhibition of some of the noblest faculties of the interior life and nature. The groveling and brutifying influences and tendencies of the animal instincts, can not, of course, operate in the spirit-spheres, for the animal part of man dies and decays on the departure of the spirit; but the mere separation of the spirit from the body has nothing in it to make a weak and neglected quality or feeling equal to one that has been continually trained and exercised—that is the work of attention and culture alone; and hence, if the WILL, before death, has been made the leading faculty, at the expense of love and wisdom, then, after death, the manifestations of the spirit may be expected to be more distinctly those of will than of wisdom and love, at least, until the less cultivated attributes are strengthened and expanded by suitable effort and encouragement.

Thus, in a thousand instances of differing development, the manifestations may be deficient in truth, in goodness, or intelligence, according to the degree or quality of attainment possessed by the spirit. Some spirits are so slightly developed in the truthful element of character, that they seem incapable of accuracy in any point or detail, and frequently take almost any name, or make almost any assumption, for the sake of making an impression or securing an influence.

On one occasion the name of a cousin, whom I had every reason to believe was still in the body, was given to me through a medium, and his death announced as having occurred some months previously. I paid but little attention to the matter at the time, as I knew the medium to be an imperfect and unreliable one. She, however, knew nothing of my having a relative of that name, and my mind was far from any thought of him; I therefore could not set it down as mere mind-reading, or the influence of my mind on hers.

Subsequently to this I was at the house where resided the parents of the young man in question. In the course of some conversation, it was remarked that they had not heard from their absent son for an unusually long time. They had written twice, and as he was generally very punctual in his replies, they felt somewhat anxious on account of his long silence. I took occasion to mention the manifestation before referred to; and there being a medium in the house, a communication was sought through her, and again the same name was given. This increased the anxiety of the parents, and at their request I indited a letter to the Postmaster of the place where their son resided.

Not long after this, being in another town, the same name was once more given me through a medium, the month of the young man's pretended death was announced, also the disease under which he suffered; and a request was made that his name (a mere scrawl, written through the medium,) be sent to a brother of his, with the information that had been furnished relative to his decease, &c. I sent the document, and not long after they had reached their destination, I had a letter from the person to whom they were directed, saying that they had just received a letter from his brother, who was alive and well, and had written before, but the letter must have miscarried.

So much for one case of story-telling from the spheres. On another occasion, a venerable Orthodox clergyman, sincerely interested in the matter, was seeking a communication at my house. The name "Wilhelm Williams" was spelled out. The old gentleman, in his simple-heartedness, inquired if it was not Esther Williams—as he had buried a daughter of that name. "Yes," it was Esther. I thought best to ask if the spirit intended to give the name "Wilhelm," in the beginning? "Yes," I inquired what reason it had for deceiving? "Because I wanted to!" was the reply.

The allusion I have made to the venerable clergyman above-mentioned, puts me in mind of a little incident that occurred at his house, subsequently. He supposed himself to be communicating with the spirit of a deceased son-in-law. He questioned concerning the state of the departed, and received for answer, that some progressed downward, into a state of desperation and evil, never to end! "There," said the old man, "there is Swedenborgianism." I told him to let me question awhile. I asked if spirits of a certain order did not sympathize with the feelings of those for whom they had special regard? "Yes!" Was that not the case with the communication just given? "Yes!" I, however, had no confidence that a relative of the old gentleman was communicating at the time.

I have every reason to believe that the less developed spirits take the more imperfect media as the subjects of their operations and the channels of their contributions to society. Through one of the most truthful media I have ever known, it is asserted that low spirits make it a point to amuse themselves with those whose mediumship is only partial: spirits of a higher class never undertaking to communicate through them. Certain it is, that a person whose physical or nervous condition is not what it should be, or whose mind is not well regulated, is seldom found to be a truthful medium; but, most generally, directly the contrary. Even a vain of mirthful feeling in a medium, otherwise very good, seems to mar the purity of the manifestations. I remember how many ludicrous things we used to get, through a lady in whom the organ of *liability*, or wit, was active and prominent. On one occasion, she and the other

medium found it difficult to suppress their risibilities on setting down to the stand, and all we could obtain that evening was the name of "Old Peter," and what was evidently intended for "speckled trout," or "toad."

At the "rappings" you will frequently find the sound to be one and the same throughout the evening, and ready to respond to anything—indicating an improper condition (of mind and feeling) in the medium or circle, and showing that some solitary, undeveloped spirit has full swing for the time being, and is enjoying himself to his heart's content. More anon.

Yours cordially,
ATHOL, Mass.

D. J. MANDELL.

THE SPIRIT LOVER.

We never met but once. It was a night Of mirth, and joy, and gay festivity; And hearts were beating to the measured tone Of sweetest music; and the ruby wine Sparkled and foamed beneath the dancers' lips; And the light forms of beauty flitted round Like fairy-spirits, in their thoughtless glee, Unconscious of their loveliness. The air Was deeply laden with the nectar breath Of gentle maiden; and the watching moon Threw down her silver radiance on the night, Heavy, and burdened with the incense deep, Of a many a heart, which dare not whisper forth Its tender dreamings.

There was one whose look Flew like an arrow to my very soul, And pierced it through. The lightning of that glance Left its electric essence on my heart, To thrill its depths forever. Onward rushed The breathless dancers; and there came a mist, Dim as a twilight vapor, o'er my eyes, And shut the glimmering of the moonbeams out, And all the candles gleaming.

I stood still, I know not where, nor how; and yet I heard The air grow tremulous, and echo back The murmuring music of my haunted heart.

I felt a breath, soft as elysian zephyrs, On my brow; and quivering my hand Lay unresisting in a fervent clasp. Then a deep world, flooded with Light and Life, Came up before my spirit, as I gazed In the calm beauty of those holy eyes.

We did not speak a word; and yet we heard The very thoughts that rushed so wildly up Within each others bosoms.

Time has flown, And often when the stars are twinkling out On the still midnight, and the winds are low, He comes to me, and lightly on my cheek, I feel his spirit-breath.

And we are ONE.

Earth can not long divide us.

When the grave Shall cast its shadows o'er my pulseless breast, I shall be there with him, my only love.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 20, 1852.

MARY.

The Heart's Window.

One of the most emphatic of ancient fables is that which declares that a race of men once existed, whose breasts were furnished with a window, through which the heart, with its motives, desires, purposes and impulses, was always apparent. Would such an arrangement be popular in these modern days? What would be its effect—and what the character of its revelations. Would not the best shrink from such an exposure, and the purest hide themselves from the scrutiny of men? Who is there among us that would approve the heart's window? There are good and virtuous and honest men in the world—but they are few. A test like this would level pretensions and lay bare corruption. Virtue would be found but a thin veil covering the rankest pollution—honesty would be found but a mere abortion of the lips, having no origin in the heart—even religion, in too many instances, would be reduced to an empty profession—employed for policy and self-aggrandizement, rather than the exalted purposes for which it was intended. A fearful thing would be this heart's window. It is better that we should not be too familiar with each other's hearts. The world like many other things is best seen at a distance. Too thorough an acquaintance with the internal man, might breed diseases in the soul for which there is no medicine. It is better to hope that all are good, than to know that many are evil. A blessed thing it is, then, that the heart's window is but a fable. There is an eye which penetrates to the innermost places of the bosom, and takes cognizance of its every feeling—and without the benevolence of Deity it is better that mortals have not its power. It is a wholesome reflection that "whatever is, is right." With this, let us be content, especially when knowledge would be grievous. The secrets of the heart will be known soon enough—and as they are found, so shall their reward be. We are daily shaping our own destinies."

"Earth, like a cunning sculptor, fashioneth The form and features of eternity."

(Detroit (Weekly) Free Press.

Beautiful Extract.

Poverty came to me, and said, "I must dwell with thee." And while I held the door of my room half open she was hideous and ragged and coarse. But when I said to her, "Thou art my sister," her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart, and she was ragged no longer, nor yet gay, but like the angels whom God so clothes. And though looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God. For, before this, my eyes could only see what coarse worth there is in medals, and stars, and crowns, and in such character as gets itself talked of and appraised in fine linen.

Conference Meetings.

The Spiritualists still continue to hold Conference meetings every Tuesday evening, in the Methodist Vestry, No. 149 West Sixteenth-st. The meetings are open to the public, and are usually well attended. Many startling facts are disclosed and profitable suggestions offered, by those who have made extensive observations.

Mr. Thackeray is now repeating his course of lectures in Mr. Chapin's Church, Broadway. The lectures are fresh and sparkling, and furnish to the intelligent auditor a delightful entertainment.

Miscellaneous Department.

A THANKSGIVING.

BY ANN PRESTON.

I thank thee, Father, that I live;
I thank thee for those gifts of thine—
For bending skies of heavenly blue,
And stars divine.

For this green earth, where wild sweet airs
Like free spirits joyous stray—
For winding stream, and trees and flowers
Beside its way.

But more I thank thee for true hearts
That bear sweet gifts of love to me,
Whom mine enfolds, and feels that this
Is love of Thee.

Warm from their spirits spreads around
An atmosphere serene—divine—
Magnetic, like golden haze,
Encircling mine.

To-day I bless thee most for power—
It draws me, Father, nearest thee
To love all thine, e'en though they give
No love to me.

In stillness deep I walk a land
Where spirit-forms my footsteps greet,
And beauteous thoughts—an angel band—
Chant low and sweet.

Drear hours I know will darkly come,
Like April days of cloud and rain,
But thus must hearts, like wintry fields
Grow green again.

I thank thee, Father, that I live;
Though wailings fill this earth of thine;
To labor for thy suffering ones
Is joy divine.

And even I, so weak and poor,
May bear some word of life from thee,
A beam of hope may reach some heart
Even through me.

THE DISIMBODIED SPIRIT.

O, sacred star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here,

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
Or paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly luster bright,
Their home the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amid those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of Heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during songs of praise.

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er Time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?

And who the sorrows would not bear,
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its cares,
So bright an entrance into bliss

BOOK OF THE MELODIES OF SPACE.

MELODIES OF ANGELIC SENSATION

Far in the distance I perceive an orb whose disk is
luminous with silver fire. As I draw near unto it a
silver crystalline flame, composed of elements that pene-
trate the inmost elements of mind, attracts my being.

The idea of color vanishes from the intellect. The
sensation of colorless effulgence, divested of all pris-
matic tendencies, subdues the consciousness. Dwell-
ing in light, dwelling upon the undulating ocean of the
terrestrial universe, even as the unreflecting fixed
star dwells above the atmosphere of Earth, appears
that unknown Galaxy whereunto the pure elements of
my interior existence approach now.

The sensation of color, from the superior position
now occupied, seems to be a sensation pertaining to
an inferior plane of being. I now realize the
SENSE OF PURITY. Bathed in colorless light my in-
tellectual life clothes itself with an encompassing form
of sensation adapted to my new condition.

From this exalted altitude I gaze upon the ter-
restrial sun and its encompassing dominions, and they
appear to me in the midst of all their magnificence,
yet as of the Earth and earthy.

I DISCOVER IN MYSELF A NEW SYSTEM OF SENSA-
TION. With the eye, the ear, the olfactory, the hand,
the lips, the cordia, the respiratories, the viscera, the
kidneys and the various internals of the form, I am
enabled to enter into sensational consciousness.

The eye emits at will, with rapidity of motion which
is not capable of measurement, penetrating streams of
mental flame. On Earth, sight was negative. Objects
were impressed upon the retina, and thence mirrored
within the sensorium. Here sight is positive. The
eye projects at will a receptive sight-sphere, whose
traveling beams concentrate around the object and
receive its electro-typal form and thence transmit it
to the interior intellect.

The ear is also a positive and not a negative instru-
ment. While on Earth the interior chamber or cyl-
inder of the ear receive the incoming vibrations, these
agitated the electric fluid of the brain. Thus this
organ was a channel for the introduction of sound,
and hence being negative was subject to the infection
of discord. Here its action is reversed. Lifting the
hand to the auricular organ and thus establishing be-
tween the two a polar circulation, and then extending
the hand toward the planet or the star from whose
distant expanse I wish to hear the utterance of life,
and radiating from the index finger electro-auditory
light which travels to the point upon which the mind
is centered, a spiral nerve of communication is formed,
and reaches from the distant object to the outer con-
cave of the ear. The auditory vital element outflows
from the tympanum with equal rapidity through this
external valve, and at the extremity unfolds a negative
or receptive auricular spheroid which receives each
undulation of the mental atmosphere, and transmits

the stream of utterance to my conscious thought, and
with the rapidity of thought oral communication is
established at will with any orb within the compass of
the far extended vision.

The hand, which is the projective sensation instru-
ment on Earth, and which by reason of its negative-
ness to surrounding objects, receives impressions upon
its indented surface and transmits the impression to
the brain, is here the positive mind-agent, manifold
in use, moving in instant action from the vitalizing
will, out-radiating aural fire, and by means of this
out-radiating element pervading every object brought
into mental proximity; thus making each object nega-
tive to itself, and thus communicating its discovery
to the superior intelligence.

The olfactory nerves have position of equal exalta-
tion in the great system of the sensitives. The respi-
ratory organs through the olfactory organization dif-
fuse an irradiate atmosphere, and this radiative at-
mosphere is also like the electric mantle of a planetary
star, controlled by the determination of the thought,
and when the mind desires sensation of the aromatic
elements of the mental paradise, clothing with aro-
matic wealth some distant planet, by effort of volition it im-
pels the aural sphere unfolded from the olfactory
which in quietude surrounds the body, and this like
some globe of light moved by the electric thought,
proceeds to the appointed place, and moved in every
element by the pervading will, absorbs the rarest
odors in its unfolding glands, and then at will, while
still upon that distant plane, conveys them by electro-
atmospheric pressure in form of aro-mal particles to
the positive olfactory, and thence to the cerebral cells;
and thus, moving according to intellectual volition,
unites the mind through the olfactory organs and its
revolving olfactory sphere with the aro-mal wealth of
the visible universe.

The lip is the most ethereal of all the sensitives on
Earth, and is united by electro-magnetic circulations
with the cerebral and emotional consciousness. But
on Earth the lip is a negative organ and only com-
municates the life of harmony when thrilling in physical
contact with the corresponding or sympathetically
related attributes of form. I now discover in this
ethereal and highly mentalized member a positive at-
tribute which exalts it transcendently in the harmo-
nic scale. When angel wishes to converse with
angel, however distant be the orbs which they traverse,
the living mind out-radiates its animated plain, which
like an ardent and embodied Zephyr presses the dis-
tant being's lip. The distant being, thus attracted,
radiates a corresponding breath, which vibrates upon
the lips of the first moving seraph. Thus face to face
in actual communication, though upon orbs revolving
in inconceivable distance from each other, the cerebral
and emotional currents of sensation concentrate upon
each lip, and with the inter-penetrative fire of holy
love, soul breathes to kindred soul in thrilling move-
ment of inspiring joy. Thus elements of wisdom and
love are blended, and thus mind communes with the
accordant mind in sensitive delight.

The respiratory organs on Earth maintain a nega-
tive position, and are subject accordingly to the bond-
age of locality. Pent up within their cartilaginous
envelopment, they only inspire that which they re-
ceive from the superincumbent ether. Here in this
exalted condition, breathing is an act which unites
me with the universe. The respiratory system, like a
solar orb, positive to the serene condensation of angelic
air, out-radiates from every pore a ray of penetrative
light, and re-absorbs, in movement like the movement
by which a solar orb distends and contracts its eth-
ereal dominions, the pure invigorative element, that
like unnumbered arteries of expanding virtue in-flows
into and inter-penetrates the expanded palace of the
breast; warbling like notes of sound through some
grand instrument, inundating with rivers of harmony
the respiring frame.

The human heart is the grand life agent connecting
the interior with the exterior body. Its functions are
negative on earth. Its limits are physical. Its or-
ganization is frail, transient and liable to dissipation,
being nourished by blood which is formed externally
of diseased corniferous atoms, burning with destruc-
tive passionate vitality. Its sensations are seldom, if
ever, harmonic, and its acute chronic agonies alone
indicate to the feelings its sensitive existence. Here
the heart is like a golden palace, where every sentient
joy inhabits, where the immortal societies of the harmo-
nic loves in many dances mingle with each other.
Each tiny globe as it emerges from the heart is like
a planet going forth from the midst of a solar pa-
radise, and every curvilinear spherule that revolves in
the venous circulation is like an octavian planet go-
ing up from the joy of paradise to the beatitudes of
immortality. Each arterial or venous globe is an
orb magnetic, receiving harmonic sensation from
every organic department through which it flows;
and the cordia is the great sun-sphere, positive to,
and receptive of, them all. Thus the heart is a palat-
satorium. The blood globules attracted to its
reservoir enter and compose an instreaming proces-
sion of multitudinous delights. The globe that has
traversed the eye, communicates to the heart the harmo-
nic sense of glory. The globe that has traversed
the ear, communicates to the heart the harmonic
sense of melody. The globe that has traversed the
olfactory, communicates to the heart the harmonic
sense of perfume vitalized with undying fragrance.
The globe that has traversed the hand, communi-
cates to the heart the harmonic sense of subtle and
artistic graces maniled with perfection. The blood
globe that has traversed the lips, communicates
harmonic sense of love ineffable, the gift of sympathy,
the tribute of celestial innocence. And the blood glo-
bule that has traversed the respiratory, communicates
to the heart the harmonic sense of external atmo-
spheres borne upward with the buoyant inspiration of
Divine delight. In like manner according to the sev-
eral spheres of sensation, the remaining organs com-
municate thereto, thus combining to make the heart
the festal hall of sensation, where the harp, the dul-
cimer, the psalter, the flute, and all the instruments
of gratulation resound in blended utterance for ever.
[Mountain Cove Journal.]

Spirits in California.

Jesse Hutchinson writes from California, that the
Spirit Rappings are quite prevalent in the land of
gold. There are now said to be some twenty good
mediums in San Francisco. They have seized upon
the editors and conductors of the public press. The
Herald is now the only sheet as yet unblest by their
presence. One of the editors of the Alta has become a
medium; also the principal editor of the Whig, and
one of the editors of the Placer Times, is an enthusi-
astic believer and medium.

ODORA: THE PLANET MARS.

Upon this orb the children radiate in obedient
movement around the parental center. The parents
in like manner radiate in obedient movement around
the patriarchal center. The patriarchs in like man-
ner, in movement august and venerable, revolve
around the center of the patriarchate. Seven degrees
of generations successively unfolded are thus or-
ganized, and the center of all is the prophet-patriarch,
the most ancient spirit existing upon the orb. He
ruleth through all intermediates unto the least, and
he is the pivot uniting the terrestrial with the spiri-
tual. He ruleth in continual exaltation of intelligence
until translated and visibly ascending, he taketh po-
sition superior in the spiritual expanse. He dwells
at intervals in the sanctuary within the grottoes of
the mountain, whereunto the pilgrims were conducted
last. He also, at appointed periods, ministers in holy
inspiration in the cathedral of the arch episcopal and
patriarchal city whose appearance has been hereto-
fore described. But his proper abiding place is in a
more secluded and glorious abode. This we are now
permitted to behold.

Within a circular range of hills appears a calm, se-
cluded vale. No place of ingress or of egress is made
known but through the palaces that are inwrought
within the guardian mounts. The inner slopes of the
encircling hills curve in majestic outlines to the plain
that forms the center of the vale.

Trees of majestic stature here appear. Fountains of
gold azure also spring. On every side are groups
of floral forms shining in all the hues and beams of
heaven. Their stems seem alabaster, and their leaves
are silver-fringed with emerald. Their purple blos-
soms, vase-shaped, glow with fluent light that man-
tles o'er like elemental gold.

The circling hills appear like battlements sustain-
ing a transcendent dome of substance, which to sight
external appears like a pure azure diamond. The firm-
ament, with its harmonious opal flame, shines
through it, and the varying hues, being in different
degrees, do not combine, but through the one the
other shines undimmed. Thus the terrestrial and the
spiritual both appear.

But how shall be made known the pure, immortal
scenery unfolded to our vision? Here are trees whose
burnished trunks appear of ivory hue, inlaid with in-
tersecting lines of purest flame. Their slender
branches bend and undulate as if the living essence
of the tree was moving in glad union with the swift
movement of ethereal airs. Their slender branchlets
seem composed of substance that is iridescent light.
Their leaves are like the tinted wreaths that shine
around some star of paradise. Their flowers are
transparent, to the touch of unascended spirits bodi-
less, impalpable, yet exquisite as if when touched
their elements vibrated on the nerves of spirit life,
and poured a stream of perfume through the calm
electric founts of the interior form. Thus these mys-
terious forms of floral life flow into spirit structure,
spirit bloom and spirit melody.

While thus one form of floral life is rooted in ter-
restrial substance and from thence unfolds into a
spirit glory, and while every floral shape that rises
from the surface of the vale ascends into a trans-
substantial life; and thus a spirit grove, a spirit garden,
blooms as the perfection of all natural grace and har-
mony and beauty, (a soul of floral life emerging from
a beauteous veil of form in visible perfection,) an-
other scene its counterpart unfolds. Here spirit trees,
and groves of inner life, and flowering shrubs that
have no outer element of earth around their interior
essence are revealed: visible now as the descending
harmonies of life unfold their spirit blossoms into
shapes of trans-electric beauty that are seen, as
through interior air, with shafts of diamond and with
leaves of green and golden light, and constellated
blossoms, rich with all ethereal splendors, that exhale
aromas like the holy airs of life that mark an angel's
presence: thus shining for an interval, and then in-
folding with the upward march of life's ascending
harmony and disappearing in a cloud of light. Swept
by alternate airs of holy life they bend toward ter-
restrial sight and gently undulate and bend again into
the unseen Spirit-world.

The floral harmonies of this abode appear repeated
in the aerial. The winged and warbling families of
this terrestrial paradise in shining multitudes are
seen disporting in the living shade of light, making
their dwellings in the ethereal groves, absorbing in
their almost spirit forms the elemental odors. Up-
ward they wing their way and warble hymns more
sweet than mortal fancy ever dreamed. As they
arise, their white pellucid forms shine with supernal
splendor, and outshine, like winged, revolving stars,
and with transforming life their song ascends the
scale of sweetness till it thrills the spirit sense with
melody of soul. Unseen at last by the exterior sight,
and then inaudible to outward ears, they shine upon
the inner mind and pour their music on the inner
soul. Their lovely counterparts, the birds of life that
dwell within the spirit orb, descend from the serene
ethereal and appear imbedded in electric, jewelled
light. Their forms become more visible as they de-
scend. They poise at last, encircled with a sphere of
radiating incense, above the blossoms of the trees,
and mingle breath with breath, and move amid the
unascended forms of melody, and mingle song with
song, and warble in the spiritual groves, and in their
inward movement disappear. [Mountain Cove Journal.]

GERRET SMITH'S PLATFORM.

To the Voters of the Counties of Oswego and Madison:

You nominated me for a seat in Congress, notwith-
standing I besought you not to do so. In vain was
my resistance to your persevering and unrelenting
purpose.

I had reached old age. I had never held office.
Nothing was more foreign to my wishes, than the hold-
ing of office. My multiplied and extensive affairs
gave me full employment. My habits, all formed in
private life, all shrank from public life. My plans of
usefulness and happiness could be carried out only in
the seclusion in which my years had been spent.

My nomination, as I supposed it would, has resulted
in my election—and that, too, by a very large major-
ity. And now, I wish that I could resign the office,
which your partiality has accorded me. But I must
not—I cannot. To resign it would be a most un-
grateful and offensive requital of the rare generosity,
which broke through your strong attachment to party,
and bestowed your votes on one, the peculiarities of
whose political creed leave him without a party. Very
rare, indeed, is the generosity, which was not to be
repelled by a political creed, among the peculiarities
of which are:

1. That it acknowledges no law, and knows no law,

for Slavery; that, not only is Slavery not in the Fed-
eral Constitution, but that, by no possibility, could it
be brought either into the Federal, or into the State,
Constitution.

2. That the Right to the Soil is as natural, absolute,
and equal, as the right to the light and the air.

3. That political rights are not conventional, but
natural—inhering in all persons, the black as well as
the white, the female as well as the male.

4. That the doctrine of Free Trade is the necessary
outgrowth of the doctrine of the human brotherhood;
and that to impose restrictions on commerce is to build
up unnatural and sinful barriers across that brother-
hood.

5. That the national wars are as brutal, barbarous,
and unnecessary, as are the violence and bloodshed to
which misguided and frenzied individuals are prompt-
ed; and that our country should, by her own heaven-
trusting and beautiful example, hasten the day when
the nations of the earth "shall beat their swords into
plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: na-
tion shall not lift up sword against nation, neither
shall they learn war any more."

6. That the province of Government is but to pro-
tect—to protect persons and property; and that the
building of railroads and canals, and the care of
schools and churches, fall entirely out of its limits,
and exclusively within the range of "the voluntary
principle." Narrow, however, as are these limits,
every duty within them is to be promptly, faithfully,
fully performed; as well, for instance, the duty on
the part of the Federal Government to put an end to
the drams shop manufacture of paupers and madmen
in the City of Washington, as the duty on the part
of the State Government to put an end to it in the
State.

7. That, as far as practicable, every officer, from
the highest to the lowest, including especially the
President and Post-master, should be elected directly
by the people.

I need not extend any further the enumeration of
the features of my peculiar political creed; and I need
not enlarge upon the reason, which I gave, why I
must not, and can not, resign the office which you
have conferred upon me. I will only add, that I ac-
cept it; that my whole heart is moved to gratitude by
your bestowment of it; and that, God helping me, I
will so discharge its duties as neither to dishonor my-
self nor you.

GERRET SMITH.
PETERSBURGH, NOV. 5, 1852.

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