SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

THE HARMONIES.

There is an accommodate tendency throughout all phases of nature's sublime economy to a just equilibrium. All things are, and ever will be, in harmony with one another, in at least a general sense. The Divine Being, in the fore-thinking of the entire Scheme by which all the multifarious consummations of universality in this land universe of created things to which it is our province to think and act, has somehow permitted the possibility even, of a society of angelic harmony, the nearest of a desert of positions of people and that immense where the first lessons of virtue and mercy are learning in every lesson, and where a moral deposit is determining each state and ending every person concerned, and in which a society, then steeped in a sea of gush into the beautiful region of the peace-kingdom, where the people of Omnipotence, the ends of love, the song of gladness—where the expanded soul leaps out to play in the endless light of a divine development—where hearts beat free, bright, and composed, and triumphant over sin and death, and live daily at the banquet of the pure made perfect.

The mighty earthquake, which rocks the solid earth, and fills with consternation the inhabitants thereof, is but a result in harmony with the mighty engine which perhaps for ages, but shattered down deep in the bowels of the earth, whose harmony have become too weak for resistance. The principles which mark the history of the globe we inhabit, and the predominant spheres which roll on in silent majesty in the order of the Heavenly, are but the sequence of a universe and its members in their tendency toward a more perfect balance. The powerful meteor-cloud that rests in another month over the bosom of the earth like a funeral pall, and sends its thundering tent and rolling hail on man and beast—a hoary-headed herald, ravages over mountain, and valley, and prairie—over the vestiges of the present and the palace of the Emperor—over the modern, populated hamlet and the monumental city, whose monuments and institutions have reared their rocky tongues—all this is but a result in harmony with its causes and antecedents.

And when we look back upon the world of humanity, and see it as in the following sections we propose to use, and suffer—its provinces and its sovereignties—its perils and its dominions—its strange circumstances of wind and weather—its hopes and fears—its love and hate—its humility and arrogance—its pride and meekness—its glory and shame—we shall see but the beginning of the prophecy made by the rude elements, the common motion of the stream of which physical nature gave the prophet long ago.

Nor can of nations. The history of nations is but a succession of wondrous changes. To day we may see a nation holding the conditions of the world's power—commanding "some to pass on to do her pleasure." Yesterday we may see spring up works of genius through national patronage, both of the Old World and the New. To Greece, on the pride and beauty of her architecture, to Carthage in her glory, to Thebes in her grandeur, to Tadmor, whose Temple of the Sun has been the marvel of astonishing ages, to Rome, thence down through the Middle Ages to the present.

Time is her strength. Tadmor in her commerce. Thebes in her grandeur. Carthage in her glory. Greece in her pride, and Macedon, and Persia, and in Egypt, and a host of like characters, have passed away. The shrill wind whistles through the crumbling shafts of the Temple of the Sun. Travellers would find a prospect of Palmyra on bright moonlight evenings, and a lonely swine would perhaps be all he would meet.

The many of best, but the bonds of consequence, the ring of the hammer, the merchant legions, the triumphal procession where are they all? Having sold and flaming entire weight their mortuary receives in the chamber of the prisoner, and covering serpents spit their venom on the pedestal of the throne. A vast monotonous, traversed all over with the stories of greatness and folly—the faithful inscription which mark of human frailty and the aberration of power—the indices which mark the progress of the race in manhood. May we predict in the history? All these constitutions and institutions whether in matter, mind, or morals, are as I suppose, in harmony with proper, imperfectly developed in time be.

Nations in every sense in humanity. In her right hand, under God, she grasps the scepter of omnipotence. Nature is the daughter, representative of the Deity upon matter, mind, and morals. There is a section all over in colors of gold and silver, blending the universe at midnight light—a sail who will study the language, and beautifully prophetic of the morning of that better time—that more perfect manhood—that human age, of which poets have sung, wise men prophesied, and for which good men have labored. Moderate I can come not in the fine frenzy of the future something of this millennial paradise. The chirp of birds, the hum of bees, the music of the elements, the look of confidence, and the blending of the pure, human affections. The Skylark of commerce, armed with his taste and scales, with his deep-lined, cadaverous face, and hanging jaws, shall find no entrance into the vestibule of this temple of harmony and peace.

To be in harmony. While there are wicked men there will be wicked institutions, punishment matches, firearms, knives, pocket-knives, and earthquakes, and war, and a thousand discords to fill up the measure of an imperfectly developed nature. What I desire chiefly to get at is the fact of a law of harmony, of a positive law, so to speak, which begins to work far back in the many labyrinths of the world's infancy, when time was young and heartless, and which law will continue in operation when the abscesses of ages shall have ground the Pyramids to powder, and the oceans walled the Cabrera to the ends of the earth. It is as eternal as the progression of the human spirit, and will never cease to work till the ends shall merge into the infinite.

I have called this law a principle law, but it is not only a law of positive development, but a law of destruction or disorganization. I have found that in a general sense all things are in accordance with the law of harmony, but in a particular sense that might not be so considered. We see around us ten thousand forms of beauty fading and dilting from our vision. See the beautiful rose, which but a few hours ago flowered in the gentle breeze, and mingled with the same its round life, now withered and falling to the earth, to be forgotten. But the law of development is but a law subordinate to the law of harmony and order which, in the progress of time, will work out the problem of change. The law of constructive harmony is that law which, from the beginning of things, looked forward, high above all specialities and catastrophes and contentions, to that great, far-off, stupendous end which shall bring in the great terminus of an infinite series.

The law of chemical affinity is to the grosser elements what the law of love is to the aromas of morals. In obedience to this law of affinity, substances which for ages, perhaps, cohered with a tenacity which put at defiance mechanical agencies to sunder them, have yielded in an instant of time, when more congenial elements are brought within their sphere, and dissolved that long-maintained relationship, to enter into new associations and the performance of new functions. It will be observed, moreover, that elements separate, not because of any repulsion to existing relations, but in the presence of more congenial ones.

The same law which governs the material world in its details also governs the mind in a general way, and while each person is obedient to its constructive laws, strangers dwell into some form of modification, and abandon that arrangement for stronger affinities, and thus molds the crude atoms in form and order, the same law holds sway over the vast laboratory of this world of ours to the completion of that great temple of our God, at whose shrines will be thankful, prayer hearts and sparkling eyes, where the rapturous strains from the lips of unclothed redeemed shall mingle with earth, and sea, and sky, while the tones of angels shall contribute to swell each note, and the deep bass of the rolling spheres fill up the measure of symphonies yet.

I have said that all things were arranged well each other. There would be no harmony in that arrangement, considering man and the universe in the aggregate, which would place him in his imperfectly developed state, where paternal direction was his only guide. The blind impulses of youth and inexperience need the guidance of mature years and superior judgment. Ferocious tigers and devouring wolves must not be let loose to prey upon the sheep-fold. Heavenly edifices, with decorations of damask and of gold, must not be let as tenements to swine, nor the Holy of Holies profaned by the abode of serpents and the organs of demons.

This law of harmony will, I apprehend, develop ultimate results, which will be the unfolding of a condition upon this earth adapted to the highest developments in man, and all conditions of whatever kind either by delicate earthquakes, or more gentle changes, are all the necessary incidents to this great consummation. The progress of the circle and man must and ever will keep pace with each other. All that we see goes to convince us that this world of ours is but imperfectly matured, and from its unmodifiable tendencies we have reason to hope and expect that at some future day in futurity will blossom, and its warm places be filled with the song of the human voice and the music of flowers.

What has been said of the material world may with equal propriety be said of the world of humanity. Man is in the infancy of his career corresponding to the infancy of his clods. His actions partake of the imperfect degree of his development. Like an infant just learning to walk, his actions are attended with casualties, but which strength and wisdom will correct. The babes are not developed in a constitution natural failure and intellectual characters are taken on. The mentalitarian of greatness with which God, love and then intellect, the world are the growths of nature (years). While all this is true of the individual it is equally true of the race. The world is gradually passing through its physical, intellectual, and moral growth. When these shall have been developed in harmony, then will be the incoming of the reign of liberty and order, such as has hitherto been but dimly conceived of. Then may the happy dwellers of a renovated earth sit down beneath their own vine, and drink deep pleasures from the well-spring of peace and joy. No consummation short of this is worthy of the plastic skill of the great Master Builder. No end short of the redemption of the race can be in harmony with infinite goodness. The past has done its work in nourishing the germ—the present is beautifully luxuriant with its buds of promise—the future will be glorious with its perfected fruit. If the analogies of nature teach us any thing, it is the truth of the millennial prophecy. Its heralds are in our midst, with the glad proclamations on their lips. Then music will be crystallized into form, poetry become the sober prose of life, and science open the vestibule of the higher spheres, and elaborate the ways of God to men.

To hasten this period, there is a work for us to do. We are all laborers, under the providence of God, in the erection of another temple greater than that of Solomon, whose dome shall reach the skies, whose dimensions shall be ample for the race, and from whose altars will ascend forever and ever the thanksgivings of grateful hearts to him who was its Architect. This is the work of constructive harmony. It is the brightest pearl that glitters in the crown of nature's dominion.

By faith we may survey the beautiful, transformed earth, when the social laws shall obtain their supremacy, and all the human capacities and sentiments be developed in harmonious order—a faith having the inevitable tendencies of all nature for its basis, well grounded and sure. Let us, then, be inspired with the hope, and, "though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning." The blackness of midnight must give place to a glorious noontide, no more to be interrupted by clouds nor interrupted by storms, and a calm and holy peace vouchsafed the elements of discord.

Portsmouth, Sept. 1st, 1853.

CORRESPONDENCE

Boston, N. Y., Sept. 19th, 1853.

Dear Brother and Partner:

After spending a few days with the friends, and lecturing twice in Cleveland, where there is at this time rather an apathy among the old adherents, but a strong undercurrent setting into our new philosophy, I made a visit and spent a week at the Spirit Springs, in the valley of the Kiantone, in our Carroll, Chautauque Co., N. Y. Like many others, I had heard much about these springs, but could get no definite facts without a personal examination, at least of the present condition. I met many friends and several old acquaintances here, most of whom were, like myself, on a visit. There was a strong Spiritual influence there, and several persons who came there to receive health were being developed as mediums. We had several very interesting dramatic exhibitions in our circles there. I lectured in the vicinity seven times, while there, to good audiences, and found most of the people willing to listen, but very ignorant of our Harmonial Philosophy, with a few exceptions. In Carroll two churches are deserted, or, at least, have no stated preaching, and were freely offered us for our meetings, one of which we used several times. The diseased world, which comprises about four fifths of the whole community, are most anxious to know about the healing properties of the springs. There are two springs—one on the farm of Job Chase, on the Pennsylvania side of the State line, and dug by Spirit direction, at considerable depth and expense, the water of which has been used quite extensively, and with considerable success, in many cases of disease. The other is a natural Sulphur spring, and is on the New York side of the State line, about forty rods below the dest, in the valley of the Kiantone, and is on land belonging to Dr. A. Underhill and others. The water of this is also being used extensively, and, for aught I know, with about the same success. The water of these springs evidently contains medicinal properties, and the friends believe, also, magnetic properties, which can and will be very important in curing diseases under proper arrangements, but at present all is rude and almost wilderness wild. A Mr. Bottingham is building a house for boarders, near the upper spring, and some arrangements are being made to erect one near the lower spring. There is at present some party rivality and a little strife between the two friends, that retards the improvements. As soon as I could make it out, the lower spring friends accuse the others of selling the water, and the upper spring friends accuse the lower with getting away there, and are rather inclined to measure its value by its price. Dr. Underhill and Mayhew are giving their attention to patients who wish to be advised or require attendance. Some numerous persons have no advantages close of wealth in connection with these springs, and will be disappointed. Others have too extravagant ideas of the healing properties of the water, and then too will be disappointed, especially if their expenses are personal, generally by the use of liquor, tobacco, pork, coffee, tea, tea. Such persons must learn that a proper diet, exercise, and bathing must accompany the use of even the water, or health is a stranger to them. Others, again, have too extravagant ideas of the society and social condition soon to be reared at these springs. This must be of slow growth, and many years must elapse before the comforts of life can be distributed to invalids and visitors. Yet I have no doubt the place is destined to be a retreat for invalids, and especially for Spiritualists, and for the development of media, by and through the strong mental influence that will gather there. The expense of living at the springs, at present, is three dollars per week for board, and not much other expense is necessary, as one a person needs personal care. Board at that rate can now be had at Carroll, and the patient carried daily to the spring and bath house free. The foregoing are my observations, made for the benefit of many friends who are inquiring of me concerning these springs. Since I left the springs, I have lectured in Leoni and in this place (Bunkirk) several times to large audiences, and find many believers and hundreds of inquirers. No person who has not watched the progress of this science can be aware of the change of public opinion in its favor since C. C. Burr and the Buffalo doctors exposed and exploded it. It is the topic of conversation almost everywhere, in public and private, by priest and bar-room loafer, and, strange as it may seem, these two characters treat it with ridicule yet.

WARREN CHASE.

THE PHALANX EXPERIMENT.

Office of the Social Science Phalanx, Red Bank, New Jersey.

Since I last wrote you, from Randolph, New York, many interesting incidents in my journey have occurred, but as most of them were in your city, I pass over them to this point of (to me) deep interest, both as an external and internal Apollonian in the human desert of civilization, antagonism, and strife. I reached here last evening, and must leave in morrow morning to meet previous engagements, and then am confined in my visit this time to one day, a part of which was spent in lecturing to the small band of brethren here, who are trying to live as well as believe in a better and purer social life than is to be found in the ordinary conditions of society. About one hundred persons, males and females (nearly equal), are living here in associative life, with a joint stock or sharehold interest in a valuable property, consisting of 672 acres of land, much of it in orcharding of peach and apple trees—moderately stocked with cattle and horses—no sheep or swine—a small saw-mill and grist mill running by engine power—two dwellings built for unitary life, one of them very convenient and moderately capacious, with a set of neat approach to joint interest improvement style of salons living, or hall of fare with rates of cost attached for the table part of the board. This is the nearest approach I have ever seen to the true plan of boarding-house arrangement, which must one long change, with our first-class hotels. They have also a large three story brick building for securing, sorting, drying, arranging, and packing the farm, garden, and orchard products, also several other convenient out-houses. About half the land is under cultivation, and with the improved state of manuring, produces well, but, unlike our land in the Western States, the crops have to be put into the soil in the form of manure before they can be taken off in food for man or beast, except, perhaps, the orchard crops, which the soil produces well without manure. Thus much for the external condition which meets the eye of a visitor, and answers for first questions of most persons, for most persons have been educated to look to the outer life as the only real life, and to the inner or mind life as visionary, transient, and dreamy. To what extent this idea prevails here I am not able to say from my short visit, but that it is not the prevailing condition of mind is evident from the fact that this small band of pioneers about ten years ago, with poverty as their condition, and the prejudice and ridicule of society—especially the religious world, calling them infidel because they were non-resistant Christians—all arrayed against them, they have built up and developed this condition from a desire to be principle, and an effort to alienate in our outer life their ideal of our inner life. The leading ideas of associative property, cooperative labor, and unitary living of course find a common home in every mind here, for none others would come here to live, but believe that there is a wide range of difference of opinion and expression, which is necessary to maintain individuality and variety. Unlike the Shakers, and many other societies, each person here does not become as to be of every exclamation of some leader. In such societies progressive venus when the leader or founder comes to progress, or dies, while here, in a sort of domestic life, progress continues as each person is working out for his own mental salvation or development. Individuality and variety on harmony must be maintained, and it is here, so far as I can discover. Of our Harmonial Philosophy among them, I am not prepared to say much now, but I recognize them as a band of brothers and sisters laboring to elevate themselves and the race to a plane of higher and holier social life. I shall try to visit them again, and longer, and I trust then to do them better justice.

WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM J. B. WOLFF

Mechanicsville, Madison Co., Va., Sept. 25, 1853.

Brother Brittan:

Having to write to you on business, it may not be amiss to say a word about the manifestations in this region of darkness. You were mistaken in applying what I said in my last to Western Virginia; but as it was only twenty-five miles from the line, I presume no harm is done. The cause is gradually looking up, and the way is preparing as fast as circumstances will permit for continuing demonstrations. We have a number of mediums and a number of believers in our town, and as soon as our circles are formed the number will be greatly augmented. Some of our most prominent and wealthy citizens only wait the visible and sensual demonstrations. I am reading the Telegraph, the "Seer," Tiffany's Lectures," and other works, they are read with avidity, and their readers ask for more. It is a good sign when the people will read. I am still lecturing occasionally on Magnetism and Spiritualism, relieve pain by laying on hands, extract teeth without pain, and do many other things wonderful to the unmanned. Wherever a course of lectures on magnetism is delivered the manifestations take right hold.

About eight months ago the Spirits predicted that I would become a medium. I thought it not possible, but, contrary to my expectations, it is even so. I am slowly progressing, and some day am likely to become a speaking and writing medium. Indeed, on the first evening I experienced the influx from the Spirit-world dimmed and spoke from my own relations. It was a double consciousness—the action of two minds was clearly perceptible.

Last month we had a Methodist camp meeting a few rods from our village. I presume there were twenty preachers present, and on Sabbath 20,000 people. It lasted one week, the converts were forty—men, women, and children. Some then, I think as many have been enlightened and strengthened in the progressive philosophy in a single week, through the instrumentality of one Spiritualist. See how "one chases a thousand," etc. Two of the preachers attacked me, and one of them agreed to debate if I would prove my morality and sanity. The conditions were accepted, and he backed out. I do not think the camp meeting did the immediate part the good our Western Virginia Agricultural Fair did for humanity.

Just as soon as I can arrange my business, I shall give my attention wholly to these things. The demand for lectures on Magnetism and Spiritualism is increasing, and that demand must be met. The harvest is great and the laborers are few, while the summer evening turns and retarding the harvest are multitudinous. The preachers are particularly violent, obstinate, and silly. Prof. Faraday's theory is quite prevalent, and the most deplorable ignorance of the new science. But the day is dawning, the power of the clergy is waning, and liberty for the captives will soon be proclaimed.

Yours for the work,

J. B. WOLFF.

THE ULEMAS OF TURKEY

Mohammed did not institute a priesthood, and say Mussulman can say the prayer himself. But the Koran, being in Arabic, and not being allowed to be translated, so that would be a profanation, a body of learned men gradually became normal, knowing Arabic, and reciting aloud the prayers in the mosques, to serve as guides to the believers, who prayed in a language which they do not understand, or which they understand but very imperfectly. These learned men or doctors have the name of Ulemas, and the persons aspiring to become Ulemas are called softas.

The Ulemas do not confine themselves to reciting the prayer and explaining the Koran; they also interpret it, and, as among the Mohammedans the religious law and the civil law form one, the Ulemas call themselves the interpreters of the law, but the real active chief of the Ulemas, having the title of Schech-ul-Islam, is the Minister of Justice. The Schech-ul-Islam has under him for each province a Kazasker, or superior Ulema, who is the provincial chief of justice. All the Kazaskers reside at Constantinople, near the Schech-ul-Islam, and form with him the council from which, in important conjunctures, the Sultan asks for a fetva, which is a declaration that the measure in contemplation is not in opposition to the Koran.

The question being presented by the Schech-ul-Islam, the Ulemas reply by yes or no, like a jury, and the decision is then adopted by the Sultan. The Schech-ul-Islam now in office is a man of learning and moderation, but also of great firmness, and all who know him are convinced that he would not tolerate a sort of revolt in the corps of the Ulemas. That body, compared for the whole empire, of about 20,000 persons, is more enlightened than is generally supposed in the West, and is not systematically opposed to reforms, provided they do not touch their personal interests. It is, besides, animated by a great respect and a great confidence for their present head.

The Schech-ul-Islam is of the party of resistance, and his influence on the Sultan's mind is sufficiently strong for the

Unless, not in fine, the Deity should overtop the hands of the conversation made in the public spirit in the office of Dudley. Between the Nobles and his psychoboxes there, but, within, in the Itunes Dudeldi dingbats, a well-nearly given Dr. Romeo, of spirits, the papabiscuits, judging that the Poets, wishful too much to the counsels of tables pronouncing him not which they did not give. Now the wanted to substantiated between, the matter, and the Nobles, both being decided to maintain the multitudinous tools, in the sum of the conclusions as to their their duality to the humors of wines.—*Evening Post.*

ROBERT OWEN AND THE SPIRITS.

The following account of an interview between Mr. Owen and the persons which are making the tables and "the world spirits down," we extract from the English papers.

As the consequence of the common conversation which here appeared in recent newspapers respecting the Owens, Spirit who such himself visible to three of the heads of the Wards, a business conversation that would seem from to put this subject, in a rational and sober manner to him the public. It will be mentioned that the spirit in the port Shelf (desired me to go with the two mediums to Pond Terrace on Saturday to the Clock. (Question reported the mediums to come to my residence in this town. When they arrived I discussed the tapping matters to some fair. I was spirit would come to say any thing made to us upon the spirit. The mediums were discussed this same spirit was nothing was appointed by them to be answer to my questioning to me. I requested where I should see the spirit, and the mediums were immediately gone. It was the spirit of one of the same name, mentioned as great young person; have seen him with one, high or high circumstances, who, before the war, twenty years ago, accompanied his father in trading the power in Edinburgh during the power house of a most malignant father there. I asked this spirit what she desired to say to me? "Will you be so good as to Dublin." "Why do you wish me to go?" "To inform the spirit of Ward." "Is the spirit now with Ireland?" "Ohm." "Should I take the two mediums with me?" "Ohm." "Why should we go?" "Immediately." "Will you accompany me and make yourself known when we come to Dublin?" "Ohm." "Will the spirit be with us when we go?" "Ohm." "Should I take the two mediums with me?" "Ohm." "Why should we go?" "Immediately." "Will you accompany me and make yourself known when we come to Dublin?" "Ohm." We then went to the door of the room in which the spirit was seen, and the mediums put her hand on the door, and asked the spirit, where she desired you, remaining upon beginning to become more distinct, when the mediums and those in that room with both were up stairs, in great night become, excited had been admitted into the house.

Seeing that these were work not in a manner of mind to be convenient with, I requested the mediums to leave the house with me, which they did, the spirit following us to the door, and there disappeared. The spirit desired to be taken to Dublin, Belfast, Bangor, Ireland, and other places, and I asked him when he wished to go to me? He replied, "I've been here very shadow to-night. It is time, although it is desired, there is a spirit in the room, and you will see it. They were outside the door the now." In this time the father of the Wards and one of his daughters (who) was wished to see me. I had these both introduced into the room. We asked the mediums their opinion. It was to tell the real truth respecting the spirit. It was seen, first by his daughter, by a considerable time which she by in bed, when a length she, because frightened she went for her mamma and father, who well saw the spirit, and were equally frightened, and much confusion then arose, as one of the families was, in a minute the beginning mind, in bed, but, and the point was called in. The gentlemen will say, when we went to the house, that he saw no spirit, and that is probably because, as a consequence, it appeared, the spirit desires to speak to the Wards and not to disappoint his secret to indifferent strangers. While the father and daughter were in the room, the spirit was seen by the mediums and those in the room. The spirit said, "Ward." They said that the opening and shutting of the door they had heard before and after they saw the spirit. They then received from the spirit to say further (which) that he wished "I would meet him in Dublin." (this day) in the form of the mediums, which I promised to do in the afternoon. Subsequently, then, other spirits mentioned that persons in the party, and they gave me much information upon other topics and subjects which had were to give to the public. (This ended Saturday's proceedings.)

On Sunday morning, about six or seven o'clock, I went to Mr. Hayden's, at 32, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, to see the mediums, Mrs. Hayden, (also her sisters from Paris and Ireland.) I asked the mediums, "Are there were heard, and I inquired what spirits were present." Mr. Hayden, mediums, wife, and two daughters, (who always come to work at 7 and 8) my spirits) had to withdraw, but old and much valued friend, Dr. Hayden, (deceased) who, also, come and given me interesting information, respecting the Spirit-world, and other matters of general importance. I asked, what my relatives and friend wished to say. The Doctor, because the speaker of the party, and was asked—"Do you know any thing about the spirit, in Chelsea?" "Yes." "Will you tell me the name of the spirit?" "Yes, it is Anne Ward."

"What relation is the spirit to the father and daughter who were with me last night?" "Grandfather and great-grandfather." "Do you well see where he dwell?" "Yes." "Do that, either?" "The spirit is not confined to the room or one separate, but has been in." "Is the spirit now with the father and daughter?" "Yes." "Do what want?" "By going and talking to him at the house where he is." "When should we go to him?" "Because to see you." "Today?" "Ohm." "Tomorrow?" "Ohm." "Ohm." "Why should go?" "The Stephen Mr. Hayden, and myself." "Should Dr. Anderson go?" "No." "Why?" "The house the best place to get accurate answers." "Ask the spirit, in the name of God, to answer, was what troubles him." "I no was troubled; should we obtain answers and information into the house?" "No." "Tomorrow?" "Yes." "Should the proceedings of last night and to-day be published in the Owen papers?" "Ohm."

In the afternoon I went to the other medium to keep my appointment with my brother Kirkham's spirit. He was punctually present. I asked him what he wished to say to me? He replied, "I've been now very shadow to the spirits to-night. My first brother, the spirit in Dead Dublin, in the grand Itinerant, and he wants to make Ann Ward a medium, so the spirit wants to tell her some more properly—the house to call her where he has holden it." A mistake occurred.

Lessons, Sunday night, 11th April, 1853.

P. S. Since the preceding was written, much communication has been had with the Wards, who appear to be the most honest people, what of that the mediums handled, who desire the property will be signed if they made the statements contained to wipe legacy for the relief of the spirit of Anne Ward.

The Morning Post and the Globe, who had published the statements, declined to give the public the correction of the spirit.

Public Meeting.—Mr. Jon Lloyd Brown, mesmerist known to, and of the most powerful tapping mediums, resides at No. 28 West Thomas-street, Strand, where interested meeting to investigate the Spiritual phenomena which Sunday, where conversation meeting to investigate the Spiritual phenomena may be received with an opportunity. House of Public Circles, 7 and 8 p.m. Admission, 6d.

Miss M. B. Coots, who has attracted much attention as an interesting and rapping medium, occupies rooms at No. 66 White Street, near Broadway, where she may be seen during the day and evening. Hours, from 2 to 10, i.e., and from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10, i.e., every day in the week. Admission, 50 cents.

Mrs. M. Jones, a medium for the Spiritual Manifestations, to whom numerous tapping phenomena are said to have occurred, has commenced at No. 629 South Sixteenth Street, where she will, and be visited by any who may be desirous to such mediums. Hours of Public Circles, 7 to 10 p.m. Admission, 50 cents.

The persons who wrote to Mrs. Richard Kinkel (Angela Lewis, late) are requested can hear to the Dudeldi, mentioned to give to the same, therefore, and to the address.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

JUDGE EDMONDS AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

In the last number of the TELEGRAPH we received that the RELIGIOUS CONVENTION of the portion of the Democratic party designated as "Hindoo-worm," or "Soft," had put forward the names of Judge Edmonds and Thomas W. Clarke to contribute to the Supreme Court Judgeship, now held by Judge Edmonds, whose term is soon to expire. The nominations from those venues were postponed to Tuesday, coming, the 18th inst., when, we were fully prepared to hear Mr. Clarke was nominated. He is also the candidate of the other portion of the Democracy, known as "Hards." Judge Edmonds has a large number of active friends in the Convention.

At its first meeting he was put in nomination by forty-seven delegates, to thirty-seven who named Mr. Clarke; and on the nomination a debate arose, in which a strong hostility to him was shown, ostensibly on no other ground than his belief in Spiritualism. The same opposition, and on the same ground, was exhibited in the other Convention, where it was successful in defeating him. It was under these circumstances that he wrote to a member of the Convention, pointing to the fact that the only objection against him was his religious belief, and submitting to them to decide whether, with the strong prejudice against him on that account, it was worth while to desist, to withdraw themselves with him, at the same time leaving to them the option to nominate him or not.

This letter, admirable in spirit and worthy the firmness and independence of its author, having appeared in the daily journals, we subjoin.

New York, Oct. 24th, 1853.

Dear Colonel:

I have your note in relation to my position as a candidate before the Nominating Convention, in which you speak of the fact that I was freely and fully admitted that my ability, integrity, and judgment were satisfactory, and that my political opinions were unobjected, the prejudice against my Spiritualism alone was sufficient to a vote in favor of nomination.

I am not at all surprised at this. I was well aware how widely spread is belief of some who were influential in the Democratic party, that I was a believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism, and that my political opinions were unobjected, the prejudice against my Spiritualism alone was sufficient to a vote in favor of nomination.

I am fully aware of the strong prejudice there is in the public mind against Spiritualism in all the regions. The manner in which my religious belief has been, during the last eighteen months, received by the press, in the public, and in private conversation, has left me no room to be ignorant of the state of public feeling on the subject. And while I have during all this time, now and again made known my views, I have not in a manner, been unobtrusive. But, I was thereby furnishing my position on the bench. My having exhibited my belief, when a man, made and pronounced, being, some, in the public mind, a sufficient reason for my not being a fit and proper person to occupy the bench. I felt that I ought not to do this, I could not, consistently with my conscience, consequence to mankind, I felt that I ought not to do this I could not, without the expression of my views boldly and fearlessly.

Independent of all other considerations, it seemed to me that, in honesty and good faith, I ought to be upon and unapproached in the exercise of my duties to those who have prejudiced against it, by reason of that my superstitious with it, or disbelief in it, might not be inclined to my address, and might not be inclined to my disbelieves to speak, to suppose that my views had been, in such be, changed.

In the numerous questions of my records on this subject I have not had prejudiced by any preparatory abstinence, or by any overweening anticipation of my own views, but mainly by the consideration which I have advanced, that, from both and not feeling dismissed that I should not permit my before-concern to be united in, or, my opinions, when, considering, viewing, themselves the property of continuing on to my high judicial position.

And now I have to say, with more sincerity, that as I have no choice in the Convention, so, if then, to my patron of them, think that the people are against my faith to be wrong, in recommending me to leave that other station, I, then, with a moment's hesitation, they will drop me. Yes! I say, no to have that their doing to will not be, in me, a single moment, we are word of complaint, but will have, in my mind the impression that I has been, my own conduct some which has deprived my friends of the power of leading me that of which I know they would have been glad to have wounded to me.

I hope, therefore, that there will be no causes the use and that I may not be considered for one moment to stand in the way of their harmony and efficiency which can not be unmixed to you. Yours, truly,

Gen. Colonel Ten. J. W. Edmonds.

We might present here, did we not feel that a precedent—authority, at least—has been set, which is in violence of the spirit of our institutions and age, and which, with the various attitude, while the evil is in the bud, and before it has merged into world-spread, degrading example. Judge Edmonds has been cast out from his high position, solely on account of his religious. The question of his intelligibility, raised by a prominent and prejudiced class of the community, has found no echo in the convention which made the nomination, and, with no example of weight, laboring, and doubt, set by his convention friends, what might not have been expected from the public? The long and short of the matter is, that Judge Edmonds was dismissed—his official head was ended in an expression of the numerous electors, whose devotion he had unfolded in the midst of their hopeless and prejudices, by facing in investigated and think for his own wind, and by declaring his convictions, though they chanced to differ from those of some of his fellow-men.

An expression then dismissed was not to be remained by politicians, who learn to sacrifice nothing but mouth, who desired honest principles no longer than while they serve purposes, or personal success, who have been in the field of working men, for the chance of office, bowing to every sort of "expediency," bowing their consciences to whatever current could wafl them to place and power, and who would profess any or no religion at all, to subserve necessary and indefinite ends. Therefore, the convention under notice was not disposed to render a sacrifice of their strength on Judge Edmonds' account. There is no disguising this fact. It was clearly intimated by Mr. Cochrane, to whom the presentation of the Judge's letter was intended. In presenting the letter, Mr. C. said that:

"In the previous course of the Convention the name of one W. Ed. which had been presented to a high station in the members to the convention. The present editorial, a discussion of the question which should constitute the public opinions of a nominee for the place, and which the need need the high consideration the present integrity, and the judicial talent of Judge Edmonds were fully and fully acknowledged, and affirmed by the Convention, on account prejudice in the consideration, of the public high trusts a nomination and action that he should be nominated."

Yes, the Convention delivered to a honest and shameful prejudice of the community. They thought it manipulated to wear Judge Edmonds; they failed his brow with moonbeams, and perceived it to a wickedness, and they virtually abandoned him to the tender mercies of theologic zealots.

Here we have a spectacle, in an intellectual age—in an age which boasts its political and religious tolerance. A public servant who has filled a high post of duty with honor, whose intellect and moral and judicial character are unimpeached, and to whom a political convention says:

"The best virtues the high attainments, the purest integrity, and the ardent zeal of Judge Edmonds are acknowledged and obvious, such a public servant, we say, is unsuited on the so-called Christian shore of this community. He is unfitted to participate in the existence and continuance of the upon which the whole fabric of Christendom rests—the believing in an active and intimate Spiritual intercourse between God ("in whom we live, move, and have our being") and man; an intercourse manifested by all written and unwritten revelations, attested by all traditions and miracles, and native to the aspirations and faith of every human soul.

What has the community, and what have political wind-watchers to ever against Judge Edmonds, were that he really believes, only in a different spirit and form, what all Christians profess to believe. If Judge Edmonds believes in "Modern Spiritualism," as it is called, he also believes the same intimately in all Spiritualism—whether of the Bible, of ancient Nature, or of his own soul. If he was a Christian believer, he is seen the less to be having his faith in the true, the beautiful, and the pure quickened, or in the Church built with bricks, expanding to the measure of the Universe, or for his enlarged views, realizing somewhat of that great temple—"not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Will any man rise up and say that Judge Edmonds has been corrupted by his modified religious belief? Can it be said that this has made him a bad citizen, a dishonest man, or a corrupt or inefficient judge? Has his sanity appeared in waver, in his practical intercourse with men? It does good—yes, or say one or thing, could be answered truly in the affirmative, then he might with some show of justice, be prescribed. Then his religious would have been a proper subject of debate in a political convention. As it is, his political immolation for a religious conscience, sake is a tribute to sectarian bigotry and prejudice, an outrage upon the just immunities of the citizen, an example which, duly persuaded in, will, like the fabled dragon's teeth, raise up a host of armed men—men armed to defend the freedom of conscience, thought, and speech, though the war should be carried into Kentucky, Georgia, and Papal camps. If true men are to be politically sacrificed on sectarian altars, the experiment will not stop at the doors of "Modern Spiritualism." A full and free spirit, it may smite the heavy sleep of all sectarians, and the Presbyterians, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Catholic, or the Unitarian, may find himself of a sudden on the rack, and under the pressure of "expedient" demi-screws. The Lutherans people will cry that a sad day for their liberties, when a citizen was cut down for his religious belief. But the "Church" will find it a sudden day. If it does not stand upon its acquaintance crumbs and falls, without dictating successful substantiveness to its dogmas, and warning all who rebel, it can not stand at all. Persecution is a two-edged sword that smites wherever drawn it, and in the Church's hand, in this age, it will prove doubly fatal.

In the Judge Edmonds his independence in this matter has placed him, in the regard of all honest, free-thinking men, higher than the seat or any judicial bench. Had he suppressed the voice of his conscience, put down his convictions, kept his thoughts and Spiritual experiences from the public ear, he might have been a nominated and an elected Judge of the Supreme Court. Popular with his party, at least with religious dress his conscience hand into its cassock, capable as a pulpit, to account, amiable and believed as a man, he had only to stand in the rules of convenient bondage, to have been hailed and hoisted to the bench. He preferred to be in power with his conscience—a power which pursuit political understanding—to act the part of a true man to hold to sentiments which he believed vital to the world's good, in dispute. He forsaken all the sunshine and counted all the cost, and though political place and power are, for a moment lost, he has infinitely gained in, of that is honorable and heroic—in all that can serve man when he recovers and passes judgment upon himself. Should Judge Edmonds live long he will outlive the shameful religious bigotry and prejudice that degrade the public opinion of the day, and wherever she may happen, he will be unfitted, in and for all that is good, the society, aspirational spirit, which has for months been cultivating to crush his political career.

Let the Journal of Commerce and the Express express: The Argosy their delight in sow lighted, the sectarian war-dogs howlers, and from the decapitation of a judge they may proceed to burn obnoxious persons in churches, in hope of realizing a uniformity of religious belief—a common standard of faith. But we have done, for the present to trust. We do not know that Judge Edmonds will appreciate our manner of treating his case; we have not consulted him, but have written, we to the trial him, but to rebuke the unlawful intolerance which, during to arrange and politically strike down one innocent citizen for, cause of his religious opinions, would, had it the same power, curtail and power, arrange and strike down any and every man in the community.

There are however, a all more grave and important considerations involved, or indirectly more consequence than he or his side. And that is religious freedom. It is in vain that we come to the Constitution, which professes to allow to this State "to all mankind the free exercise and enjoyment of religious sentiment and worship," if one conformity worship of his high position is to be hurled from it, merely for claiming to exercise his constitutional right. It is in vain that we boast of religious freedom, when persecution for opinion's sake can be the successful. And it will be a sad time for the stability of our liberty, when such an example shall pass without signal condemnation.

What matters it the shape in which this attainment, this violation of our diverse rights, may show itself? The stake, the gibbet, the fine of Sabbath, or the bludgeon of Nation, were not more vital manifestations of it than is the act now before us. All the difference is, that such things are not in fashion now. The shroud sheet of public feeling will not admit them. But the principle is the same, though displaying itself in a different form. And this display of it is sufficiently startling to all who fondly flatter themselves that there is real religious freedom among us.

A FRANKLY LETTER.

F. S. Hood, who is already known to many of our readers as the former editor of the Light from the Spirit-world, and likewise as the author of a very able reply to Rev. Mr. Lamb, has sent us a financial epistle, which will be perused with interest and pleasure. We hope our Western brother will move on apace, and frequently.

Dear Brother:—I trust you will pardon me in long delay in acknowledging the receipt of your favor of some months since. I intended your money to my friend, Mr. Nagg with the request that he would present to the business and deferred writing to you until now. I should have been to little more in length. Since then numerous cares have prevented my visit to Boston, and I not myself of the last strong opportunity of trying what I have long intended to do—of sending you a word of encouragement and sympathy in the great work you have undertaken, and in the conducted manner. I mean the determination of the highest tribute in which the age has attained, through the agency of the press. It was a matter of great pleasure to receive the information from a friend who had visited you during the summer that your means were ample, and your determination when to spend and to spare in the great enterprise you have begun. I can think of no other work which might show your views and capacity so admirably, in great words to themselves and humanity—to themselves, because conscientiously and to humanity, because the mother of wars. Should the world, making a process, manages, brighten yours, I know. You are a fortunate man, and I rejoice in your fortune, and in the fortune of your spiritual friends in high station." To humanity, because of humanity, were had in the mother and religious prejudice guidance, how depressing disease were the sight of human hopes—the desires deeper, long with years hence! Thus, we of hope—immortality—whose light has cheered the sages of Greece, the seers of Judea, and the noble minds of every time and land were but sinking behind the mists of mental darkness, when the development of the present age burst forth. Why, then, seers, and will, arrive to repeat and was back from development—yes, one their light, and with their voice, proclaiming truth, freedom, and progress, but the secular and religious press, untutored with all the forces of the judge? The Press and the Pulpit, what might express be ready, the public thought and action? Much, something, but little and exciting the opposing power, called the Church, is yet to be accomplished. Yes, gentlemen, were abolition to the rack and racks, to "Truth," "Free," was never cleared but messages, to shall with you you, thousand years, imparting hope to the despairing, strength to the weak, and a new sign to the strong. And ah, in the shadow, in secret, in wonders, how sensible were these messages! It has been said, "they are the Indian when the bark under him." What breaths of your earth-life can cleared in, sunshine, from which sank, then from the with determinative of the results which are being developed, respecting man here and hereafter? If your subscription numbers ten thousand, it is presumable that your readers are fifty thousand. Then do you realize when fifty thousand minds the opposers of truth and progress, enlisting their interests in her force, yearning for human, into their minds, and force making them, "free indeed." Or, say nothing of those immediate results, how mean they multiply in time? Why thousand making the centers of freedom, and freedom centers great? Mean can we here was may be the results of your efforts. Then, we can say, if high the standard, and hard is worth toward, so in hope, and in faith, and in the work, and in the, we can expected to have that your means are ample and be not deceived.

Among us here we have no organization who would be content to run the risk of establishing a Spiritual press. We need one much, and I know of no field so promising of good, reaching, from an old conservative press. Unfortunately, our free efforts in establishing one were not harmonious, and now, I see, we were, then, I will be unpopular.

We are in a healthy Spiritual condition, though much less is said than formerly; conversations seem to be deepening and widening, and the views which the public is year age unconsidered respecting the phenomena, are greatly modified. Does Spiritualism was demand's life, and its mission fresh to receive, but now the public mean to have settled into the belief that, it is a substantial reality which may claim the attention of every worthy man in any of the business departments. This is indicated by the results of the last session, but Spiritualism being mentioned, and to responsible offices—offices of large emoluments. They were by no means the worst men in the Legislature, but was being about Westchester county, we've seen mentioned.

We have some minds here fresh preparing to the higher phases of the development—speaking, writing, and healing.

Believe me to be yours in truth and love, S. B. Brittan.

St. Louis, Mo., October 3rd, 1853.

Brother:—Brother Hood will accept our thanks for the kind manner in which he is pleased to speak of our efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. We have never thought that we were permitted to hold intercourse with the Spirit-world, and to witness phenomena which just upon have imparted so instructive, merely for our own special interest or private advantage, but we have felt a perpetual consciousness that all such displays of power and wisdom were designed for the race we will, and we have therefore given them currency through the various channels of free thought as time and opportunity afforded the occasion. We would give place to no vain pride growing out of the consciousness of having discharged, opportunely as here, this manifest duty, but desire to be clothed with that wisdom which shall qualify us for a more faithful and efficient work hereafter, that others may be inspired with the truth, and the interests of the cause be promoted, until millions shall rejoice in their newly acquired freedom, and Humanity, clothed with the Spirit and with power, shall be accounted in nobler endeavors than a Spiritual and Divine life.

We can not expect that all who entertain the cordial truth to which we are devoted, will hazard an open and unreserved expression of their views. They are wedded to established usages and popular opinions, and though the mind is only of human ordination, it is hard to put aside the wonted-worn and their dish. Nor can we reasonably expect all to come to substantially the same conclusions from the same facts and testimony; will less will they be likely to agree on specifying the most suitable ways and means of promulgating the truth among men. In the management of the TELEGRAPH we have deemed it proper to allow each one to express his own without restraint. All phases of the phenomena, and all forms of the philosophy, have been presented in these columns, and the reader has been chiefly left to form his own conclusions. Occasionally one has been dissatisfied with an article, because, though we have reason to believe that the number is extremely limited. We are quite sure that every man who really loves freedom—yes, or tolerates, approves of this course. We have sectarian presses enough already, whereon men are entirely free to express precisely what the editors and publishers believe. The age demands something more, and better than this, and when the TELEGRAPH fails to supply the existing demand it will have no right to exist any longer. What is wanted, in our judgment, is a, *Progress*. This is what we are determined to have, or none at all, and we trust that no Spiritualist will be so unkind as to stop to where the Deity which he asks for himself.

Newspapers are the cheapest and most efficient mediums of general intelligence, and it is not to all surprising that Spiritualists, who are actuated by a lively zeal to spread the knowledge of the truth, should be led to engage in enterprises which are demonstrated by their results to have been premature. It is well in every sense, to calmly count the cost, and neither depend too much on the faith of those whom we do not know, nor the zeal which will finally hope to inquire. We certainly desire to see more papers devoted to the cause of Spiritualism when that cause demands and will support them—not before. Our first desire is to see those that now exist made stronger in their intellectual and Spiritual character, and in their financial capabilities and prospects. A great number of journals hastily conducted and inadequately supported, we must regard as a great evil. We sincerely hope that the number devoted to Spiritualism will not be increased while there is so much need of energizing those that you have a name to live. When a great truth is called in question, it should be vindicated, if at all, with convenience and skill; lay thing short of this rather serves to distract the strength of its claims to public attention and respect; and we need not say how impossible it is to make an able public journal without a patronage adequate to its support. If we were any thing, it is not more papers, but better ones.

If our friends at St. Louis, or elsewhere, have important facts or private arguments which they desire to have published, now that they have an press in their city, why not send them to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New Era, New York Reformer, or to some other paper which they may be pleased to patronize? If all is not published which would be likely to appear in the columns of a local journal, there may still be room for all that is really valuable. The public want the numerous of things in a small compass, and they can very well dispense with some of the general elements which enfeeble the mind.

The friends of Spiritualism in any part of the country can supply themselves with a paper much cheaper than they can make one. We are readily under any proper arrangements to furnish an edition of the TELEGRAPH of a very small advance on the actual cost of the impressions, and we can have the number of copies required ready for distribution at some News Depot, on the day of publication.

TEST OF PSYCHOMETRY.

Our readers will remember that we published in the TELEGRAPH of October 15th, a psychometrical portrait of Prof. E. J. Sears, literary editor of the *Philadelphia Daily Press*. Sears was previously a medical friend, Mr. E. H. Tyler, had placed in our hands a brief note from Prof. Sears: we placed this in a new envelop on which there was no writing, sealed it, and submitted it to Mrs. Mettler without the slightest intimation of what it contained. The result we published as bright two weeks since. We remarked, in a brief note accompanying the delineation, that we had little or no personal acquaintance with Prof. Sears, and that Mrs. Mettler had never so much as even heard of the subject of her correspondence. But we had faith in Psychometry, and confidence in the powers of Mrs. Mettler, and felt that we were incurring no great hazard in giving publicity to her impressions.

We have since received a public note from Prof. Sears, which he has kindly permitted us to publish. It is a frank acknowledgment of the fidelity of the delineation, and pays a high and merited compliment to Mrs. Mettler.

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Dear S. B. Brittan:

Dear Sir—In the TELEGRAPH of last Saturday I was agreeably surprised to find a "Psychometrical Portrait" of myself from the pen of Professor Buchanan, of Louisville, Kentucky, of the highly gifted Mrs. J. H. Mettler, of Boston, now in this city. I have read the portrait carefully, and, as truth is with her based to say, that while I do not pretend to be the very high minded which she has given of my character and business relations, in you, always having, through life, aspired through the medium of a better life that not really my friends, as well as myself, have been astonished at the feeling with which she has portrayed my peculiarities.

While I, in believe in "Spiritual intercourse," I probably should not wonder so much, but I am not—never have been, although I have always read your paper with deep interest, and have sincerely admired the ability and talent with which it has been conducted. Here is certainly, therefore, for Mrs. Mettler's truthfulness, in regard to my disposition, traits, etc., I am ready to a fear. Of this, however, I am convinced, that the whole thing depends—that is, the "light from Heaven," which she the individual, happened, the mental fire—or, we may say the sparkling sentiment and graphic powers, without the manifestation of being in communion with a superior.

Permit me, then, sir, to express, my best thanks, to you for the high honor you have devoted to your mental course, to that highly complimentary portrait; and should a successive opportunity present itself, I trust that under a well-founded obligation to your willing Mrs. Mettler how highly I appreciate the distinction with which she has honored me.

Believe me, with friendly respect, your obedient servant,

E. J. Sears.

Since the above was in type we have received a friendly epistle from Mr. Tyler, bearing on that the portrait of his friend is exceedingly lifelike.

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.

Reported Phonographically for the "TELEGRAPH," by T. J. Hillman.

Nov. 27, 1. Doors delivered three lectures at the Hudson College in Dutchess County, on Sunday, the 6th. We present a synopsis of the second and third lectures, and shall notice the morning one in our next issue. After reading from the New Testament and offering prayer, the speaker said:

We live in an age of startling phenomena, when the human things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. The author after truth, like Columbus, in search of a new world, puts out into the distant seas of Discovery, beyond the seas of the new heavens. The Divine Providence that originated the Universe is not alone the God of the Pyramids, nor buried in the Catacombs, but he is likewise the God of the Present. The speaker illustrated his position with respect to the intellect and the heart, by reference to the growth of an unknown plant. If he should discover it, he might not be satisfied with its fruit, though partaking with temper, but the end of the unknown might be so doubtful it might be injurious, by looking up into the face of the Divine Creator, he might be enabled to interpret its use. From the understanding and the affections, we perceive that all things have been created for a wise purpose. Now we behold that our age, in many of its aspects, is eminently Spiritual.

Not many years ago, in the presence of numerous friends, some of whom were then present, he had discovered in the materiality of the age. He said they then poured the light, and the light was now descending on them. The Spiritual Era had commenced. The waste of Materialism was passing away, and the verdure of the Spiritual Spring was growing and blossoming before them. Then their prayers had been answered. He might use symbolical language, because the universe itself was a symbol. The dove, descending from heaven, sings to the heart of our world and common humanity. The spiritual phenomena, separated from the universal principle, might appear terrible in themselves in some minds, but, when viewed in their relation to the purpose of Deity—down their, had a meaning embodied, and expressed in the spirit and language of love. Light is coming, darkness is ended, hope kindles in the human heart, morning breaks over humanity, and the soul rises once more in the jubilee song of the Spirit.

The speaker had traveled over a great portion of the Northern and Western States, and he had walked, as it were, [illegible]

on the soil of the forthcoming era. The song of light, love, and immortality, was heard. Men were changing their opinions, and living by the new light now flowing from a higher regard to their Spiritual nature. He believed this to be the age long ago predicted, when humanity should cast aside its bloody garments, and arise to put on the pure and spotless robes of righteousness.

The speaker then illustrated the providence of God, by pointing out the evidences of his power in the smallest, as well as the greatest objects of his creation. The original Eden, he thought, could not have been so beautiful as would be the coming Eden, when millions of God's intelligent creatures shall people the earthly paradise.

Although he had spoken of angels hovering near us in the present, he would not be understood as supposing that they were not hovering over men in past ages. The era of love has commenced, and will not cease till all humanity partakes of its blessings. Although differences of opinion may exist, though each mind may present, according to its position, a different color or phase of thought, yet all will be warmed by the sun of truth, and sparkle in the glorious coming day.

After following out, in very poetic language, this idea, the speaker concluded his morning's discourse with a narration of the following circumstance:

Last winter, while he was lecturing in a distant city, a gentleman was introduced to him under a fictitious name. Soon after he was seated, the speaker was thrown into an interior or trance state, in which he was enabled to see an immortal spirit—the companion of this stranger—who requested him to describe her to her husband as she appeared on the earth, which he did. She mentioned a lock of hair, a miniature, and twenty or thirty other articles which he was keeping as mementoes of her. She spoke of many mysterious manifestations that he had witnessed, and singular impressions which he had from time to time received, and assured him that they were no delusion. When he came out of the trance, he found the gentleman bathed in tears, and the latter inquired of the speaker who had told him that his wife was dead and that he was a widower. He answered that *the stranger's wife* had told him. Several other similar questions were asked and answered. Just then a gentleman of standing entered the room, and said that, at the stranger's request, he had not given his true name, and that he would again introduce them to each other. This circumstance of itself was a small matter, but it was sufficient to illustrate the great and consoling truth that the time has already come when embodied and disembodied spirits can chap hands across the grave.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

Mr. Harris commenced his second lecture by saying that a devout and noble life requires, of necessity, constant inspiration. He had no doubt this proposition would be obnoxious to the theological leaders of the age, but it was nevertheless a self-evident truth, and were man elevated to that exalted phase where their hearts would revolve harmoniously around the Center of all truth, it would need no proof. The theme on which he felt impressed to speak was the relation of man to God. That whatever is created must sustain a relation to the Power that creates, he considered self-evident; and since man was created, it follows that man sustains an immediate relation to the Great Original. Moreover, it is a doctrine of ancient revelation. Man is the receptacle which God fills from himself. Man is a dual being, and his duality flows through his entire organization. Man is formed in the Divine likeness for the purpose of receiving the Divine nature; but not one portion of that nature to the exclusion of another—not ideas to the exclusion of affections. He knew that it was considered heretical to say that man is made to be the receptacle of God's thoughts. It is supposed that barbaric kings who lived in past ages, whose garments were dyed with the blood of their fellow-men, held communion with the Most High God; but it is said that one of the purest and most spotless of human beings in this age, receives no holy thought from the Great Spirit of universal being, who mirrors his own face in such object he has made, horror is depicted in the face of the theologians. He could not see how those who dared to think the great Bible thought—the great scriptural thought of the ancient seers, from the stand-point of a beautiful and divinely inspired philosophy, can avoid the conclusion that when sublime ideas burst suddenly into the mind of an individual, unconscious of thought, they must proceed from the Great Source of intelligence. If we wish to solve the great problem of the origin of thought, we must go to original sources—men who think for themselves—who have the capacity of receiving thought. Dr. Chevyer can't tell how the book of Isaiah was written, but Isaiah could if he were here. To ascertain whence thought comes, go to the illustrious living on the earth, or to the more illustrious living on the skies. If any man can tell, it is the teacher, and not the mere reflection of other men's thoughts. Pythagoras received divine ideas, and says he received them from the Spirit sitting upon the starry throne. Plato, too, the highest of all the men of old, tells us that his were archetypal ideas.

Here the speaker related a conversation that occurred between himself and a devoted missionary, during which conversation he intimated that Plato was an inhabitant of the realms of Night, when the missionary said, "You startle me! Plato in heaven! Plato is in hell!" The reason that the man has good for supposing Plato was in hell, was that he was an infidel—he was not a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and because it has been written that, "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

The speaker remarked to him that Plato had not lived since Christ's time, and that it seemed unjust to him that a man should be condemned because he lived before Christ. Although Plato had never heard of a religion that did not exist in his time, yet he discovered the necessity and possibility of the divine reality. The question of Spiritualism was argued by Plato.

The speaker then adduced several arguments from the Bible to prove that man's intelligence proceeds from God, referring to Isaiah, Daniel, and other Bible authors.

By the beautiful words—*I am*," is expressed more than is contained in any creed. If the heart of man is entirely corrupt, as we are told it is, whence comes this love? He had nothing to say of the abuses of Spiritual communion, but if abuse precludes the use, he would say all men should starve, if one man has made a gourmand of himself.

Mr. Harris closed by saying that in the age such as spoken through the lips of unlettered babes who preach the gospel, and that the time had come when "young men should see visions, and old men dream dreams."

PERSONAL.

A brief note from W. R. Hayden, Esq., dated London, Sept. 30th, contains the agreeable information that himself and Mrs. Hayden were expecting to take passage on board the steamship "City of Manchester," which was advertised to leave Liverpool for Philadelphia on the 12th inst. They are doubtless on their way at this time, and will probably be in New York before this announcement reaches our distant subscribers.

About one year has elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. Hayden sailed from New York, and during their residence in London they have called the attention of many persons to the claims of Spiritualism. Through their instrumentality, several distinguished individuals have been led to believe in the ultra-mundane origin of the manifestations. Among these we may mention Lord Brougham, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, Dr. Ashburner, Sir Charles E. Isham, and Robert Owen.

On their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden will proceed immediately to Boston, where they expect to remain about one month, after which they design to visit New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to afford the occasion to such persons as may desire an opportunity to investigate the spiritual phenomena which occur in their presence. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden will be cordially welcomed by their numerous friends in this country. We understand that it is their intention to return to London on or about the first of March.

Rev. T. L. Harris.—Our old friend, after an absence of eighteen months, is now in this city on a brief visit, prior to his departure for New Orleans, and other places at the South, where he expects to spend the winter in giving lectures. He returns with increased vigor of body, while he has manifestly lost none of his original fervor of spirit. Bro. Harris has some earnest friends in this city, who will give him a cordial greeting and listen with peculiar pleasure to his familiar voice.

Brother Harris will lecture in the Hall of the Medical College, Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, next Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours. Whether our readers are disposed to entertain the same or similar views to those inculcated by the lecturer, is of no possible consequence. It is quite certain that all who can not accept the details of his philosophy, and even the most listless hearer, will be startled and interested by the bold and brilliant thoughts which flow out, uninterruptedly, in his ornate and inspired periods.

M. Jullien closed his second series of grand concerts in this city on Friday evening of last week. We were present on the preceding night, and listened with rapturous delight to his masterly rendering of some of the finest classic compositions, chiefly from Mozart. We claim very little ability in the department of musical criticism, and we have as little opportunity to cultivate a merely technical appreciation. To experience the highest pleasure one must imbibe the essential spirit of the music, and we incline to the opinion that the intuitive sense of harmony may be as reliable and perfect as any which depends on educational discipline. In this opinion we may be right or wrong, but we certainly hazard nothing in saying that the noblest efforts of musical genius and inspiration have sublime or never before been rendered with such delicate discrimination and masterly power.

Jullien and his unrivaled company leave us to visit Boston, whose citizens are proverbial for their liberal patronage and general cultivation of the divine art.

Dr. Buchanan, who is widely known as the founder and head of a flourishing Eclectic Medical College at the West, and as the author of a system of Anthropology which has already attracted the attention of learned men in America and Europe, is at present in this city, and may be addressed at this office until further notice. We are happy to learn that Dr. Buchanan is about to remove from Cincinnati to New York, which he proposes as his future and permanent residence. The *Journal of Man* will also be removed to this city, and continued under more favorable auspices. Dr. Buchanan is a bold and fearless investigator, and a lucid and cogent writer. He is, moreover, one of the few men in this country whose progressive tendencies and scientific attainments are on the same liberal scale.

Rev. James Richardson, Jr., one of the most erudite and vigorous writers on modern rational Theology and general Progress, and who is widely known to the Spiritualists of the United States through his able contributions to the Shekinah, has recently taken up his residence at Kingston, Mass. Mr. Richardson is a bold, free man, and in his walks through the ancient theological pantheon, the old idols tremble on their dusty and crumbling pedestals. We only wish he would walk this way.

Rev. Herman Snow (Unitarian clergyman) who has recently written and published an interesting work in favor of Spiritualism, has just opened a Reading-room for the special benefit of those who are interested in the subject, and cordially invites all friends, especially those from a distance, to avail themselves of this means of common intercourse and instruction by frequenting his place, which is known as Harmony Hall, 103 Court Street, Boston. Mr. Snow is distinguished for his amiable spirit and irreproachable character as well as for his bland and gentlemanly deportment. We cordially recommend our friends who may be visiting Boston, to call at Harmony Hall. We understand that our disinterested friend depends on his private funds, and such voluntary contributions as he may receive, to support his very laudable enterprise.

Mr. Brittingham, one of the proprietors of the Carroll Springs, has been in this city for several days, during which the magnetic waters have been variously applied to different persons, and we are constrained to say that their effects have been manifestly calculated to support the claims of the Spirits, and of Messrs. Chase and Brittingham, with respect to their singular virtues.

☞ The New York Conference of Spiritualists has secured the use of the elegant Hall situated on Broadway, opposite Eleventh Street, and known as Dodworth's Hall. The room is on the second floor and has a spacious entrance. The Conference will meet every Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock. All persons interested in the general subject are cordially invited to attend.

☞ The Conference Meetings noticed in our last number, as occurring at our rooms, 200 Broadway, will hereafter be continued on *Thursday* evening of each week.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

Is it real or not Mind?—There are those who suppose that the moving of tables, and other apparently preternatural phenomena, now claiming to be Spiritual, are the result of magnetic forces, proceeding from, and expressing the state of, the minds of those present. If any such theorists had witnessed what occurred at a circle which we attended, not long since, they would have been effectually cured of this impression. For the purpose of the better cheering the manifestations with reference to their producing causes, the writer seated himself at one side of the room, where, without his object being suspected, he could observe the motions, desires, and expectations which were evidently uppermost in the minds of the circle, as compared with the manifestations which might take place. It was observed that when the minds of those present would freely respond to all the questions and requests of the parties in attendance, *a very much more the more remarkable manifestations were of a kind least expected, and occurred when the minds of the mediums and others present were diverted to other points.* The Spirits were for a long time endeavoring to lift a tripod candle-stand upon a dining-table. They first threw the stand upon its side, and then, while the fingers of two mediums were resting lightly upon it, would move it, with wriggling and oscillating motions, in a semi circle, some ten or twelve feet from the table, and then, bringing it up to the table with great force, would use the circumference gained as an aid to their efforts to throw it upon the top. We observed that the mediums several times asked, "Shall we place a chair here, or a footstool there, that you may rest the stand on it, and use it as a purchase?" The Spirit generally answered "Yes;" but when the article was placed in the position indicated, it would not generally pay the least attention to it, but would move the stand in another direction. The manœuvrings and contrivances, all evidently unanticipated by the mediums and company, that were manifest to get that stand upon the table were really amusing, and finally, at a moment when all minds were absorbed in the purpose of placing a cover upon the table, to prevent it from being injured, the stand was tumbled over, and, by an adroit movement, thrown upon the top of the table. We observed that the mediums did not grasp the stand, but placed their fingers lightly against one end of it, while the grand movement generally took place at *the other end*, which sufficiently proved that they did not use any mechanical force, unknowingly or consciously, that would have been adequate to produce the results.

The Ancient Oracles.—The several performances, through whom the heathen oracles were rendered, were no doubtedly mediums, such as we have at this day for the manifestation of Spiritual power and intelligence. Though they were often prepared by the aid of outer appliances different from any now employed, the phenomena of their abnormal states was identical with that which is often exhibited by modern mediums. In these trances or inspired states, the consciousness of personal identity was often completely obliterated, the same as it is in some modern mediums, and the recipient operation of the inspiring influence, in their case as well as in the case of the moderns, was generally attended with convulsions of the muscles and violent agitation of the whole physical system. The description of the prophetic state and previous exercises of the Sibyl of Cumæ, as given by Virgil in the sixth book of the Æneid, is equally applicable to what is often witnessed in modern mediums; and the python of the Delphic oracle, and many others, presented similar phenomena during their inspired movements.

The degree of confidence universally imparted by the ancients to the oracular sayings of those pythias, is exemplified by the following among numerous facts which might be given. On the occasion of a war between the Athenians and the Dorians, the latter consulted the oracle concerning the event of the battle, and were promised victory on condition that the Athenian king was not killed by them. Codrus, who was then king of the Athenians, hearing of this response, and believing, from its import, that the interests of his country demanded the sacrifice of his life, doffed his regal garments and, assuming humble rags, entered the Dorian camp, where he was soon killed by a soldier whom, by way of stratagem, he had irritated by mimicking him with a scythe. The Dorians afterward learning that Codrus had been slain, believed, from the import of the oracle, that their chance of success had been forfeited, and, without hazarding a battle, they marched back into their own territory.

Tokens of Recognition.—Spirits sometimes adopt simple and impressive methods of making themselves recognized by their friends in the flesh who desire to be convinced of their presence. Among the numerous instances in point, we may give the following, which occurred in the presence of the Fox girls. The wife of the writer of this desired a communication from the spirit of Mrs. M., an aunt of hers, who had been in the Spirit-world for some time. A Spirit purporting to be Mrs. M. accordingly announced its presence; but, for confirmation, she was requested to do or say something that would bring to mind some peculiarity of her character as known in this life. Immediately a peculiar rubbing sound was heard upon the table, which the niece immediately recognized, and exclaimed, "It is aunt M., sure enough, and that is intended to represent her as arranging her drawers." Then recognized the sound as precisely resembling that made by pulling out and shoving in the drawers of a bureau, the sound of the friction of clothes upon the top rail over the full drawer being represented with the rest. The strongest peculiarity in Mrs. M.'s character, in fact, consisted in her extreme love of order, and her more than acknowledged, what all present had been ignorant of before, that she had always been in the habit of thinking of that trait in her character in connection with the neatness with which she was accustomed to arrange her things in her drawers, having a place for every particular thing, and inflexibly keeping every thing in its place.

A Blind Man Seeing.—The loss of an important sense is sometimes attended with a surprising development of an intuitive power supplying its place, and which may be considered as the sense existing in a Spiritual degree, after the death of its physical instrument. This it was related of Saunderson, the blind professor of mathematics, who was intimate with Newton, that every change in the atmosphere which was calculated to excite the visual perceptions of others, affected him, and that he generally knew when objects approached him, especially when the weather was calm. He wrote a work on Algebra, which was much esteemed by the learned, and gave instruction upon optics, or the laws of light. Assisting some astronomers, one day, in making some solar observations, he always knew when a cloud passed over the sun. He would go out at night with his pupils, and point out to them the situation of each star. It is said that he married his wife from the love of her bright eyes. And yet this person became, physically speaking, totally blind when in the twelfth month of his age, and, of course, could not have afterward recollected to ever have seen.

Speaking in Tongues.—A few days ago, we called at a place where there happened to be several mediums, and among them were a couple of ladies from Bridgeport, Conn. These ladies were talking in what purported to be, and what certainly sounded like, the Portuguese language—a language to themselves totally unknown. The Spirits seemed to use their organs with the utmost facility, and most of their conversation through them seemed to be addressed to each other, no person present in the body understanding what was said. Their collapsion, contortionism, etc., exhibited all the naturalness of conversation between living persons, through their own proper organs. The phenomenon struck us so remarkable, not only considered as a proof of Spiritual intercourse, but as showing that Spirits who have not been long in the other world sometimes are glad to retrater the external state, for the purpose of conversing with each other in the language to which they were accustomed while on earth.

A Presentiment.—A couple of painters, some time since, had some painting to do upon the masts and rigging of a vessel lying at the foot of Grand Street, Williamsburg. After they had been up among the masts and yard-arms several times, one of them became exceedingly reluctant to second again, under the apprehension that if he did, the scaffolding would give way, and he would be precipitated into the river and drowned. His companion, however, ridiculed his fears, and told him that there would be less danger of the scaffold breaking than there had been before, because there would be much less weight upon it than there had been. He was thus finally prevailed upon to second with the other and resume his work; but not long afterward the scaffold actually gave way and precipitated them both into the river, and the one who had been troubled with the previous apprehensions was drowned.

Protestant Crusaders.—The Nevada (California) Journal mentions it as a curious fact that many of the Chinamen in that region are Protestants, who take oath on the Bible in courts of Justice, and say they were converted in China by the labors of a missionary, whom they name with much love. They are peaceable and industrious, and give practical evidence that "their faith is illustrated by works."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER IV.

Dublin, *September 24, 1854.*

Dear Brittan:

I promised you in my last communication to give you an account of the Highland games, and an historical sketch of witchcraft in Scotland. My time and opportunity of research have not been sufficient to enable me to perform my promise in a manner that would be satisfactory to your readers. Witchcraft is a generated form of Spiritualism—by the result of mediums, from through mediums to an abnormal condition, or in the result of the influence of preternatural agencies. It has never been understood, and must be interpreted by the light of new truth, by the aid of laws newly discovered, to which must be referred many hitherto uninterpreted facts. I content myself with calling attention to the subject, hoping that some one of the able writers in your journal will make it of a special study, and will show to the world that Spiritualism is able to throw light upon things that baffle science and embarrass history. Depend upon it, a large class of thoughtful men will learn to appreciate new truth when its power of grappling successfully with difficult and practical questions is shown.

Since writing to you from Inverness, I have seen many things that are new to foreign eyes, that awaken thought and enable one to compare the value of different institutions. Since leaving the capital of northern Scotland, I have looked down from the bleak Cairngorm mountains in Balmoral—the summer residence of England's queen; have wended in the heather of the Grampian Hills; have visited all the scenes of "the Lady of the Lake;" have been in the study where Sir Walter wrote the books that have given delight to so many thousands, have been in a hundred places that were once charmed by the sweet, dear presence of Scotland's favorite, ill-fated, beautiful queen, have seen every spot of interest in the classic city of Edinburgh; have spent a day in high talk with Sir William Hamilton, the greatest of all living philosophers; have broken bread with Dr Quincy, the world renowned opium-eater, whose tongue is so strongly eloquent as his pen; have had pleasant conversation on modern painting with Sir T. W. Gordon, the friend of the celebrated Davie Wilkie, in his own studio; with Steel, a friend of the avator Hayden, and the sculptor of the statue of Scott that adorns his great monument; have discussed the probability and the necessity of returning to the idolatrous of character in the earlier Grecian art; in the midst of many ruins have felt the meaning of Wordsworth's Spiritual lines

"—— Forms there are
Your souls each other to the circle in another
Which has your world to notice both to perceive,
Yea and to discuss of,—"

Now that thing to the wanderer's memory like words of enthusiasm; in the second region of Northumberland, have meditated upon strange things in English history; have listened to the "musical" sermons in York Minster, where I heard a very fervid, well-fed preacher, an elegant conversational sermon, attempting in a soft, Pusseyite manner, to whose God sent of the nation of listing men; have learned in Leeds and Manchester how their manufactures, particularly woolen, cotton, linen, flannels, splendid equipages, elegant trappings of every kind, and high respectability, out of the cotton and clumsy brown blood; have wondered among the manufactories of Sheffield, and stood in admiration on the monument to the bridge that is laid across the Menai Strait; and have just completed a hasty tour of the green island, and have seen the Great Exhibition.

I have been in Ireland only a fortnight, and do not feel prepared to speak with much decision in regard to the condition of the country. It is a country as beautiful as any in the world; gifted with all natural riches, with the most beautiful waters, the finest ports, the greatest manufactories, it is called by the magnanimous natives a brilliant emerald which God let fall from his celestial diadem, "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," as poets lovingly sing; yet the condition of the people is most wretched; those that have survived famine, that are not too poor and wretched to escape, are migrating to the New World. As a writer in the *Journal des Debats* said the other day, "It is the emigration en masse of the whole nation." A name for this mysterious and providential movement has been sought for in Hebrew history; it is called the Exodus. It is now customary to say, the Irish Exodus, or the Celtic Exodus; the going forth of the Irish and Celts; as the Old Testament says, the Exodus or the going forth of the Children of Israel. In fact, it is a migration like that of the Hebrew people, with women, children, and chattels; it is a parallel in present of the promised land—the land of abundance and peace; it is one of those inspirations that move the popular mind, that nothing can check. In a few years the Irishman will have disappeared from the land of Ireland. In the mountains of Wicklow, in Cork, by the Lakes of Killarney, in the highlands of Connemara, everywhere, the question—"Would you like to go to America?" has been responded to by "I am going there," or, "I wish I could go there," accompanied with a sigh and tears.

And yet the land is not to the Irishman what Egypt formerly was to the Israelite, it is his country, his native soil, his paternal inheritance. Why should he wish leave it, then? Around him are the graves of his kindred; why should he abandon them? Misery sometimes crushes out human affection, and hunger has been known to make the mother devour her child. The Irishman loves Ireland, and Ireland seems to love him; between them is a veritable sympathy, but the tie is broken by famine and wretchedness.

So late as 1847, two millions in Ireland died of starvation. The people lay in the streets, and in the cellars, and at the very doors of the hospitals, and the survivors buried them when and how they could. The sons of Jerusalem must be called to mind to give an idea of the ravages made by famine among this wretched population. Two millions in a year—one in 5,479 a day, 228 an hour, more than four a minute! In the middle of this wonderful nineteenth century, in the center of Christendom, on one small island, four day minute of starvation, of actual hunger! What a fact for future historians!

Now, what has caused this condition? This question brings us to the very heart of the matter. Priestcraft has had more to do with it than any thing else. Such a condition of humanity is one of the sweet fruits of ecclesiastical despotism. Religion lies at the root of all social conditions, is the operative principle of every civilization. A simple, free religion, that teaches love to God and love to man; that insists upon general justice; that requires all to do the will of God, is sure to produce happy results. On the other hand, priestly tyranny, that requires an expensive outlay to keep the great, good God from hearing poor mortals after they get out of the body; that protects itself by keeping the masses in ignorance; that clothes itself in purple and fine linen by openly appropriating the earnings of the poor; produces such results as we have witnessed in the Green Isle.

The want of self-reliance, the shiftlessness in the Irish character, is owing, in part, to the same cause. As Archbishop Whately says, "The Irishman is always on the brink of ruin, and contents himself purely and simply with the quantity necessary to live on. Give that to him and he will not work at all." "What can be done," says Aubrey de Vere, himself an Irishman, "with people who are so savage and so devout, that if you were to give them a pipe to smoke they would have the impudence to consider themselves happy and would direct the easier for not having the stomach ache; who, at the same time, HAVE A FELICITOUS ORIENTAL BELIEF THAT WHAT MUST HAPPEN, WILL HAPPEN; and who, to all that pass in sight of Epsomian Phenomena, united with a little cynicism, which makes them find comfort in the damp stone on which they spread themselves in the sun, abandoning themselves to visions of a future world, which makes their lives neither England nor Ireland, and which floats before their half-closed eyes?" We see the fellow of the Irish peasant in the hazarons on the quays of Naples—both the result of the same organized Spiritual despotism.

We do not say that political causes have been wanting; England has played the despot, and her retribution has come. During the fatal year 1847, the starving Irish cost England a million sterling per month. She now hoops 12,000 soldiers garrisoned at Dublin.

No wonder that priestly and political oppression which against the institutions of Spirits, for the contents from higher spheres invariably based the principles of Spiritual freedom, and practicing the immortal words of each soul of man. As Paul was rectified by a vision from the mouth of the inspired prophet, so each one who experiences, instead of helping his fellows, shrinks back from any true and real view of future spheres where each one must appear dressed of his "little inner authority," and be recognized for what he is in himself. Religion is sent by God as a tool to have from these even the reality of future life, and if any representations in our times can mend it, and give witnesses for more than, let them be encouraged by all honest and earnest men.

In this communication I have not meant to condemn Ireland and the Irish, but I have meant to condemn that which has oppressed them. I have seen—I will remember them I never shall forget. There are men here—I will remember them I never shall forget. There are men here, of high position, in whom honors I have been a great course of their Catholic, narrow creed, I shall ever be ready to give the hand of friendship; but a bad system can not be defended, neither can a good system be transformed, for the sake of individuals. The Irishman is gifted by nature, is very brilliant, sensitive, imaginative, and eloquent; himself is rich in soul, and delightful in climate; yet the country is the standing a mark of popular misery—the object of the world's pity and wonder, in the language of another, "she has floated on her ocean as a wrecked vessel with black flag hoisted."

VIATOR.

NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Horace Waters, 333, Broadway, for the following new and beautiful pieces of music, which should have been noticed before:

"We are Happy Now, Dear Mother, or, Heavenly Voices," (a song), music by I. B. Woodbury.

"Row the Boat, Row the Boat," (song), words and music by I. B. Woodbury.

"The Mother's Vow," poetry by E. Bradford, music by H. Waters.

"Introduction and Variations Brilliant," on the favorite air of Lilly Dale; by T. Franklin Beasford.

"Katy's Cry, Come and buy my Hot Corn." Song and chorus as sung by Wood's Minstrels.

"Grandma Spirits," words by James Somerville, music by Thomas Baker, the eminent European composer. The words and melody are very beautiful, and must happy wealth.

The words and music of several of these pieces will be found to accord entirely with the Spiritual idea, and on this account they will doubtless be highly acceptable to our numerous readers. Mr. Waters has a large variety of popular music, and is constantly supplied from the manufactory of T. Gilbert & Co., Boston, with a complete assortment of piano-fortes of excellent tone and workmanship. Our friends will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Clerical Delinquency.—An Episcopal clergyman, named Walker, lately a preacher at Brooklyn, has been tried by the church tribunal for adultery and lying, and found guilty on one in not of the indictment. From the statement of counsel, as set forth in the Supreme Court, before Judge Edmonds, to which court the accused appealed for an injunction to stay the proceedings of the church tribunal, it appears that Mr. Walker was ordained as minister of the church in 1843, and was transferred from the State of Connecticut to the State of Illinois. He went to the former place and married there until January, 1851, when he removed to Sandusky, and became Rector of St. Thomas Church. After his removal to Brooklyn, charges of adultery and lying were preferred against him, founded on occurrences at New Haven, in the State of Connecticut. It was then alleged that Mr. Walker had gone to the Court Hotel and engaged a bedroom for himself, but it was suspected he had a female with him, as arrangements were heard of leaving and talking, and that Mr. Walker had told the landlord that his (Mr. W.'s) wife was with him. It was accepted that the disembarrassed had seen a "full grown woman there," and that Mr. Walker said she was his daughter. Upon these charges the church based its action.

Russia and Turkey.—Further foreign news do not confirm the report, stated in the last number of the Telegraph, that Turkey had declared war, and promulgated to actual hostilities. We gave that report as we found it in the London journals. Turkey has, however, resolved to make no further concessions, and a grand council has declared in favor of war. Russia, on the other hand, shows, whether sincerely or not, remains to be seen, a more peaceful disposition. In fact, having played the aggressor until she has put Turkey in a war attitude, she would like to throw the onus of the first blow upon the Sultan, so that the great powers of Europe can not say she first appealed to the sword. Such a game will hardly work. Russia really began hostilities months ago, and it may not be left for her to close them. Very much now depends on what the leaders of Europe shall decide. It is possible that they may preserve peace by shutting their purses, though even that may fail—the provocation to Turkey is extreme, and if she must ever fight for her soil or her religion, she will never be better positioned to do so than she now is.

Sad Occurrence.—A painter named Constantine Golden, who was engaged in repainting the St. Charles Hotel, said to a gentleman with whom he was conversing, "I shall die to-morrow!" The gentleman of course laughed at the idea, and conceived it a mere joke, or some foolish presentiment of Golden's, but the sequel proves it to have been rather too serious, and if a presentiment, too true to be branded as foolish. Yesterday Golden went to his work as usual, and while painting in the window of the third story, he suddenly fell from his position to the flag pavement in the back yard of the hotel, and dashed his brains out by the fall. He never spoke again. Whether the fall was accidental, or he wilfully destroyed his own life, is a doubtful question. His remark on the previous day would lead us to suppose that he had committed suicide, or that there is truth in presentiments.—*N. O. Delta.*

Legal Decision as to the Rights of Travelers.—A gentleman brought an action recently in one of the Ohio courts, against the owners of a steamboat on which he had lost a trunk containing $2,000. The court held that they were bound to pay for the loss of ordinary baggage, but not for any thing of unusual value, unless it was made known to them before hand, so that they could take extra care, and charge an extra price for carrying it. Accordingly, the jury brought in a verdict allowing him $200—the value of the trunk and the clothing in it—but disallowing the $2,000.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, in concluding a lecture on the new reformation in Ireland, based upon the results of personal observation during a recent visit to that country, remarked that he felt it with the belief that "if there be a few people in England and America really going into Rome, there are thousands in Ireland, as well as on the continent of Europe, fully rescued from it."

Population of Turkey.—A distinguished German scholar gives the population of Turkey in Europe as being 16,500,000, and that of Turkey in Asia, 15,750,000, making a total of nearly 32,000,000, about half the population of Russia, and nearly equal to that of France, though vastly less compact than the last.

The *Tribune* complains that colored sailors coming in vessels to New Orleans are subjected to $500 each as a bond that they will be taken out of the State, and are forced for Hospital fees; yet, when sick, are refused admission to the City Hospital.

The *Home Journal*, commenting upon the case of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Monroe County, "sleeping man," says there is a woman now near Southampton, England who has been asleep for twenty-seven years, with a very brief interval of waking.

Within the past month, there have been nine murders, suicides, and deaths from burning, caused by rum. These have come within the range of our notice; probably the list for the whole country would be much larger.

Tristam Burgess.—The telegraph announces the death of the Hon. Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island, one of the most talented and respected men in that State. His famous reply to John Randolph, in Congress, will not soon be forgotten.

George B. Cheever, of Magnolia celebrity, has formed Temperance societies.

A Woman's Rights meeting was held at Cincinnati, on the evening of the 16th. Lucy Stone and Mrs. Lydia Jenkins spoke eloquently.

The New Haven Railroad directors at Norwich it is said the company is in and, over $250,000, paid to receivers of those w—— notes.

A Socialist congregation is on the eve of moving Europe to join Horace Greeley Consolidated and Brisbane in their plantations of Texas. Several orders and notices are among the emigrants.

A conspiracy to destroy the life of Charles R. Gay has been discovered and thwarted in Kentucky.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer—
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And loved all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and contract the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
With thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not touch me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

HARMONY.

When whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part,
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Will scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet,
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear,
Down let me be,
And slumb'ring die,
And change this soul for harmony.

PARALLELS TO THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

GLEANED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

Under the head of Spirit-rappings, we include all those marvelous phenomena which, for the last few years, have become so common in America, and spreading thence, seem destined to overrun the whole world—embracing all the known or supposed modes of Spiritual intercourse or manifestation. Almost every one has witnessed himself, or finds among the apparently well authenticated traditions of his own family or friends, incidents of an extraordinary and, for aught that appears, of a supernatural character. The history of all nations and all ages has recorded like incidents—and, whatever may be the decisions of science, it is quite obvious that popular belief is, and always has been, on the side of the supernatural. Among the most remarkable of these well-authenticated records, is that relating to the

WHITE LADY OF GERMANY.

The case of the White Lady is particularly worthy of attention, for the reason that her appearance has continued for a period of more than three centuries and a half, and still continues. Within the last three or four years, we recollect having noticed in the foreign journals an account of her having been seen by some of the present royal family of Prussia, and of the alarm which followed. This was but natural, as her appearance has been noticed to precede, most generally, the death of some member of the household to which she presents herself.

The celebrated and learned Jesuit, Baldinus, gives the following account of the real history of the White Lady:

"She was born between 1420 and 1430, her father is said to have been Ulric II., Von Rosenburg, and her mother Catharine of Wartenberg, who died in 1430. This Ulric was lieutenant-governor in Bohemia, and, at the instance of the Pope, commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites.

"His daughter Perchta, or rather Bertha, was married in the year 1449, to John Von Lichtenstein, a rich baronet in Styermark. But as her husband led a vicious and profligate life, Bertha was very unhappy. Her marriage proved a constant source of grief to her, and she was obliged to seek relief from her relatives. Hence it was that she could never forget the insults and indescribable distress she had endured, and thus left the world under the influence of this bitter passion. At length this unhappy marriage was dissolved by the death of her husband, and she removed to her brother, Henry IV. The latter began to reign in the year 1451, and died without issue in 1457.

"Lady Bertha lived at Neuhaus, and built the castle there, which occupied several years in building, to the great grievance of the town's-people. Lady Bertha, however, spoke kindly to her vassals, and consoled them with the speedy termination of the work, and the due payment of their services. Among other things, she generally called out to the workmen, 'Work for your masters, ye faithful subjects, work!' and when the castle is finished, you and all your families shall be feasted with sweet porridge,' for so our forefathers expressed themselves when they invited any one to be their guest."

Baldinus goes on to say, that one autumn the castle was completed, and Lady Bertha kept her word. She treated her subjects to an excellent repast, and in the course of the dinner, she made them a promise in the following words: "In consequence of your loyalty to your liege lord, you shall every year have such a feast as this, and thus the praise of your good conduct shall flourish in after ages."

Toward the end of the fifteenth century, the year being uncertain, Lady Bertha died; but her descendants, the lords of Rosenberg and Slavota kept up the annual feast which she had promised, and it is still continued.

The "good Jung Stilling," a learned and pious German writer, relates a most remarkable circumstance connected with the non-observance of this feast, on a certain occasion. The feast itself he describes as an old institution, annually celebrated at Neuhaus, on Holy Thursday. On that day, many thousand poor people often assembled in the court-yard of the castle, and were fed with fruit and honey, after which all the small beer was distributed that could be drank, and each one received besides, seven pretzel. When the Swedes, in the thirty years' war, had subdued the town and castle, they neglected the distribution of this gratuity to the poor. This appears to have given mortal offense to the White Lady, who proceeded to render their occupancy of her castle as uncomfortable as possible. The sentinels and guards were suddenly assaulted by an invisible power, and thrown upon the ground, or beaten and dispersed. They were frequently confronted by strange figures, sometimes mere faces, and the officers were seized at night in their beds, and dragged out, and along the floor. The disturbance was quite unendurable, and no remedy could be found to remedy the evil, until the commander-in-chief, by the advice of the towns' people, had this yearly feast for the poor prepared and distributed according to custom, when the trouble instantly ceased.

There are several old portraits of the Lady Bertha, in the different castles of Bohemia, representing her in a widow's white dress, exactly corresponding to the appearance of the White Lady. She is most frequently seen at Roumlau, Neuhaus, Trzebon, Iduberska, Bechin, and Tirtzeno, all Bohemian castles inhabited by her descendants, and as individuals of her family married into the houses of Brandenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt, she is also in the habit of visiting them, "and wherever she comes," says Baldinus, "her object is to announce an approaching death—perhaps also to warn against some misfortune, but she often appears likewise without any one dying."

The appearance of this apparition, Stilling declares to be a matter of almost universal notoriety. He mentions the castle of Carlsruhe, also, as one of her places of resort. The appearance is that of a female figure, rather tall and clothed in white. She wears a veil, through which her face can just be distinguished, and generally appears in the night, "not long before the death of one of the reigning family, although many of them die without the spirit's appearing. She sometimes also foreshows, by her appearing, the death of those who belong to the court, but not to the reigning family." Merian relates, in the 5th volume of his "Theater of Europe," that she was frequently seen at the castle in Berlin, in the years 1652 and 1653.

Her first appearance was at the castle of Neuhaus, about three hundred and eighty years ago. She was often observed looking out at noon-day, from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret. She was entirely white; had on her head a white veil, with white ribands, was of tall stature and modest deportment. There are two instances related by Stilling, of her having spoken. "A certain illustrious princess," says this writer, "was standing in her dressing-room before the looking-glass, with one of her vassals of honor, in order to try on some article of dress, and on asking the lady in waiting what time it was, the White Lady suddenly stepped forth from behind a screen, and said, 'It is ten o'clock, my dear!' The princess was dreadfully alarmed, as may easily be supposed. A few weeks afterward, she fell ill and died." Again: "In December of the year 1626, she appeared also in Berlin, and was heard to say the following words in Latin, "*Vent, judicia vivos et mortuos, judicium mihi adhuc super est.*" that is, "Come, judge the living and the dead, my fate is not yet decided!"

Stilling relates two modern instances of the appearance of the White Lady, for the truth of which he personally vouches, having taken the pains to inquire into the circumstances himself. The first was at the castle of Carlsruhe, and is as follows: An illustrious lady was one evening walking in the garden of the castle, accompanied by her husband. She had had no thought of the White Lady, when suddenly that mysterious individual stood before her in the path. She was terrified and sprang to the other side of her husband, on which the appearance vanished. Soon afterward a member of this lady's family died. The second, Stilling received in person from a pious and learned man, one of the officers of the court, who was himself the party interested. This gentleman was passing late one evening through one of the lobbies of the castle, without thinking of any thing of the kind, when the White Lady appeared coming toward him. At first he supposed it one of the ladies of the court, intent on frightening him; he therefore hastened up to the figure to lay hold of it, when he discovered it to be the well-known White Lady. She vanished from his sight, but not before he had opportunity particularly to observe her. He could even remark the folds in her veil, and through it, her countenance, while "from within her a faint light appeared to glimmer."

The White Lady frequently appears in the daytime, in a broad light as well as in the night, and is particularly wont to show herself at about the period of the "three principal church festivals." Modesty, decorum, and piety are manifested in her countenance; but she also at times exhibits anger, and assumes a threatening aspect, especially when any one has made use of "blasphemous or indecorous language toward God and religion," and sometimes she has "even used violence toward them."

This account of the celebrated White Lady of Germany might still be considered incomplete, were we to bring it to a close without a notice of the excellent Jung Stilling's estimate of her character, her condition, and the reason of her wandering, unsettled life she appears to lead. In religion, she was Romish; but he concludes, from the benevolence she exhibits toward Protestant families, that she has "laid aside" that particular phase of belief. "It is certain," he says, "that she is not yet in a state of blessedness, for, in that case she would no longer wander about among us. She is still less in a state of condemnation." "All testimonies concur in this, that she is tranquil and cheerful, but still not in a state of bliss." He sums up as follows: "The circumstance of the Lady Bertha dying unreconciled, and with bitter animosity against her husband, is probably the chief reason of her melancholy wanderings on the earth, and of her not being at such a distance from the enjoyment of heavenly felicity. Could she open the springs of love within her, her state would soon be ameliorated; for her other qualities, particularly her beneficence, induce me to hope that she will eventually find favor. From this benevolent disposition her apparition proceeds; for, as soon as she observes, through the medium of her organ of presentiment—which in her present state is completely developed—that any one of her family will shortly die, she appears, solely with the intention that such persons may be brought to reflection, and prepare for death; and as no one knows to whom it has reference, *all* ought, therefore, to be induced by it to salutary consideration."

COMETS—THEIR COMPOSITION, HISTORY, ETC.

The recent appearance of a celestial stranger in the sky has revived the popular interest in comets, their history and movements. The comet which was lately visible, was first discovered on the 10th of June last at Gottenger, by Mr Klinkerfues, and it was regarded as remarkably bright and beautiful. A few weeks since its distance from the earth was calculated at 50,000,000 of miles, and from the sun 30,000,000. The diameter of the nucleus was 11 seconds of arc, and the length of the coma 62 minutes. Comets, according to Sir Richard Phillips, are moving masses of transparent fluids or vapors, which ascend from high angles of 40 deg. to 80 deg., toward the plane of maximum solar force, and are there turned by that force into another line of motion, like an orbit. They are estimated at many thousands in number. Comets are chiefly remarkable for a luminous projection in a line directly opposite to the sun, which goes before as they leave the sun, and follows them if they approach it, and is a head or tail as their positions vary. Comets have large atmospheres, and according to some astronomers they are all atmosphere. Thus, then, the sun's rays pass through the spherical atmosphere just like light through a glass globe, and the projection increases in length, as it approaches the luminous sun. When a comet has a distinct nucleus, the projection is divided in the middle by a sensible line. These projections are millions of miles long—some extend 150,500,000 miles.

The first comet that was discovered and described accurately, was by Seneca. At the birth of the great Mithridates, 185 B. C., two large comets appeared, which were seen for 72 days together. Their splendor, says Justin, eclipsed that of the midday sun—probably an ancient exaggeration—and they occupied a fourth part of the heavens. During the reign of the Emperor Justinian, in the early part of the 6th century, three comets appeared at one time. These, as did the phenomenon at the birth of Mithridates, excited the terrors of the superstitious—indeed, of all mankind, and more especially as both periods were distinguished by pestilence and famine. A most brilliant comet appeared in 1769, and passed within two million miles of the earth. One still more brilliant appeared in September, October, and November, 1811, and was visible all the autumn with the naked eye. Another comet appeared in 1823, while in 1844 there was one of enormous magnitude, but without any solid nucleus or body. This probably will be remembered by some of our readers. It only remained in sight for a few days, having moved from the sun southwestward with incredible velocity. To the eye of the common observer, when first seen just above the western horizon, its coma or tail must have been nearly 100 deg. in length.

Dr Dick, in his celebrated work on Celestial Scenery, devoted considerable space to the physical constitution of comets. The nucleus he regards as the solid or densest part of the comet. Some suppose that the nuclei of comets are transparent, as well as the nebulosities, and allege, as a proof, that stars have been seen through a nucleus. The accuracy of such statements is, however, questioned.

In respect to the tail, or luminous train which generally accompanies comets, it is found that it is generally in opposition to the sun, or on the prolongation of the line which would join the sun and the nucleus. But this is not always the case. Sometimes the direction of the tail has been found at right angles with that line, and in some extraordinary instances the tails of comets have been observed to point directly toward the sun. This was the case with a comet that appeared in 1824, which for eight days exhibited an additional luminous train in opposition to that which followed the ordinary direction. This anomalous tail, according to Olbers, was 7 deg. long, while the other was only 5 1-8 deg., and it was bright enough to be seen with an opera glass. In general, however, it is found that the tail inclines constantly toward and the region last quitted by the comet, so if, in its progress through an ethereal medium, the matter forming it experienced more resistance than that of the nucleus. The tail is generally enlarged in proportion to its distance from the head of the comet, and in certain cases it is divided into several branches, as already noticed of the comet of 1843. Some have supposed that the divided tail is nothing more than the perspective representation of the sides of a great hollow cone, but there are certain observations which prove that in some cases they have a separate existence as independent branches. The most remarkable instance of a divided tail was in 1744. On the 6th and 7th of March there were six branches in the tail, each of them about 4 deg. in breadth, and from 30 to 40 deg. long. The edges were pretty well defined, and tolerably bright; their middle emitted a feeble light, and the intervening spaces were as dark as the rest of the firmament. The tails of comets, as already noticed, sometimes cover an immense space in the heavens. The comet of 1680 had a tail which extended to 60 deg., that of 1811 to 25 deg., and that of 1770 to 97 deg. in length, so that some of these tails must have extended from the zenith to the horizon. The length of the tail of the comet in 1680 estimated in miles was 124,750,000; that of 1769, 83,000,000, and that of 1744, 8,250,000 miles. A body moving at the rate of 20 miles every hour, would not pass over the space occupied by the tail of a comet in less than 648 years. It has been supposed by some astronomers that certain changes in the appearance of the tails of comets arise from the rotation of the cometary body, as some comets have been supposed to rotate about an axis passing through the center of the tail, such as that of 1825, which was concluded, from certain appearances, to perform its rotation in 20 hours and 30 minutes. As to the nature of the immense tails of comets, their origin, or the substance of which they are composed, we are entirely ignorant, and it would be wasting time to enter into any speculation on this subject, as nothing could be presented to the view of the reader but vague conjectures, gratuitous hypotheses, and unfounded theories.

The following story is singular, if true: "In Paterson, New Jersey, recently, a girl was standing at a window, before which was a young maple tree. After a brilliant flash of lightning, a complete image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. This, it is said, is not the first instance of the kind."

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THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I lay me then in the sphere which keeps
The unremembered spaces of the past,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?
For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy sweet eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer—
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And large movements of the unfettered mind
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my burden strove to bear,
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast proved thy will
In humble homage to the rule of right,
And hoest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the social cares on which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as from the scroll
And words burn left in ashes—that one of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Will thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shall time not touch me in that calmer home?
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
The thing I contemplate, shall I not be?

HARMONY.

When whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and beat a part,
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Will scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O hall me, hill me, charming air,
My senses in rock'd with wonders sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like spirits, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear,
Down let me lie,
And slumb'ring die,
And change this woe for harmony.

PARALLELS TO THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

GLEANED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

Under the head of Spirit-rappings, we include all those marvellous phenomena which, for the last few years, have become so common in America, and spreading thence, seem destined to overrun the whole world—inducing all the knavery or supposed modes of Spiritual intercourse or manifestation. Almost every one has witnessed some if, or finds among the apparently well-authenticated traditions of his own family or friends, incidents of an extraordinary and, for aught that appears, of a supernatural character. The history of all nations and all ages has recorded like incidents; and, whatever may be the decisions of science, it is quite obvious that popular belief is, and always has been, on the side of the supernatural. Among the most remarkable of these well-authenticated records, is that relating to the

WHITE LADY OF GERMANY.

The case of the White Lady is particularly worthy of attention, for the reason that her appearances has continued for a period of more than three centuries and a half, and still continues. Within the last three or four years, we recollect having noticed in the foreign journals an account of her having been seen by some of the present royal family of Prussia; and of the alarm which followed. This was but natural, as her appearance has been noticed to precede, most generally, the death of some member of the household to which she presents herself.

The celebrated and learned Jesuit, Baldinus, gives the following account of the real history of the White Lady.

"She was born between 1420 and 1430; her father is said to have been Ulric II., Von Rosenburg, and her mother Catharine of Wartenberg, who died in 1436. This Ulric was first [illegible] in Bohemia, and at the instance of the Pope commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites.

"He daughter Perchta, or rather Bertha, was married in the year 1449, to John Von Lichtenstein, a rich baronet in Meyrenach. But as her husband had a vicious and profligate life, Bertha was very unhappy. Her mar- riage proved a constant source of grief to her, and she was obliged to seek relief from her relatives. Hence it was that she could never forget the insults and abscurdit distress she had endured and thus left the world under the influence of this bitter passion. At length this unhappy marriage was dissolved by the death of her husband, and she removed to her brother, Henry IV. The latter began to reign in the year 1451, and died without issue in 1457.

"Lady Bertha lived at Neuhaus, and built the castle there, which occupied several years in building, to the great grievance of the town's-people. Lady Bertha, however, spoke kindly to her council, and reconciled them with the speedy termination of the work, and the due payment of their services. Among other things, she generally called out to the workmen, 'Work for your masters, ye faithful subjects, work' and when the castle is finished, you and all your families shall be treated with sweet porridge,' for so our forefathers expressed themselves when they wished any one to be their guest."

Baldinus goes on to say, that one autumn the castle was completed, and Lady Bertha kept her word. She treated her subjects to an excellent repast, and in the course of the dinner, she made them a promise in the following words "In consequence of your loyalty to your liege lord, you shall every year have such a feast as this, and thus the praise of your good conduct shall flourish in after ages."

Toward the end of the fifteenth century, the year being uncertain, Lady Bertha died; but her descendants, the lords of Rosenberg and Slavota kept up the annual feast which she had promised, and it is still continued.

The "good Jung Stilling," a learned and pious German writer, relates a most remarkable circumstance connected with the non-observance of this feast, on a certain occasion. The feast itself he describes as an old institution, annually celebrated at Neuhaus, on Holy Thursday. On that day, many thousand poor people often assembled in the court-yard of the castle, and were fed with fruit and honey; after which all the small beer was distributed that could be drank, and each one received besides, seven pretzel. When the Swedes, in the thirty years' war, had subdued the town and castle, they neglected the distribution of this gratuity to the poor. This appears to have given mortal offense to the White Lady, who proceeded to render their occupancy of her castle as uncomfortable as possible. The sentinels and guards were suddenly assaulted by an invisible power, and thrown upon the ground, or beaten and dispersed. They were frequently confronted by strange figures, sometimes mere faces, and the officers were seized at night in their beds, and dragged out, and along the floor. The disturbance was quite unendurable, and no means could be found to remedy the evil, until the commander-in-chief, by the advice of the town's people, had this yearly feast for the poor prepared and distributed according to custom; when the trouble instantly ceased.

There are several odd portraits of the Lady Bertha, in the different cities of Bohemia, representing her in a widow's silver dress, exactly corresponding to the appearance of the White Lady. She is most frequently seen at Rosenlau, Neuhaus, Trzebon, Jabowska, Berlin, and Tretzen, all Bohemian castles inhabited by her descendants; and as individuals of her family married into the houses of Brandenburg, Baden, and Hannoveh, she is also in the habit of visiting them, "and wherever she comes," says Baldinus, "her coming is to announce approaching death—perhaps she has been against some misfortune, for she often appears likewise without any one being."

The appearance of this apparition, Stilling declares to be a matter of almost universal notoriety. He mentions the castle of Carlsruhe, also, as one of her places of resort. The appearance is that of a female figure, rather tall and clothed in white. She wears a veil, through which her face can just be distinguished, and generally appears in the night, and long before the death of one of the reigning family, although many of them die without the spirit's appearing. She sometimes also foreshows, by her appearing, the death of those who belong to the court, but not to the reigning family." Merian relates, in the fifth volume of his "Theater of Europe," that she was frequently seen at the castle in Berlin, in the years 1452 and 1453.

Her first appearance was at the castle of Neuhaus, about three hundred and eight years ago. She was often observed looking out at noon-day, from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret. She was entirely white; had on her head a white veil, with white ribands, was of tall stature and modest deportment. There are two instances related by Stilling, of her having spoken. "A certain illustrious princess," says this writer, "was standing in her dressing-room before the looking-glass, with one of her maids of honor, in order to try on some article of dress, and on asking the lady in waiting what time it was, the White Lady suddenly stepped forth from behind a screen, and said, 'It is ten o'clock, my dear!' The princess was dreadfully alarmed, as may easily be supposed. A few weeks afterward, she fell ill and died!" Again, "In December of the year 1628, she appeared also in Berlin, and was there heard to say the following words in Latin, "Fiat, judicia vivos et mortuos; judicium mihi adhuc restat sed" that is, "Come, judge the living and the dead; my fate is not yet decided!"

Stilling relates two modern instances of the appearance of the White Lady, for the truth of which he personally vouches, having taken the pains to enquire into the circumstances himself. The first was at the castle of Carlsruhe, and is as follows: An illustrious lady was one evening walking in the garden of the castle, accompanied by her husband. She had had no thought of the White Lady, when suddenly that mysterious individual stood before her in the path. She was terrified and sprang to the other side of her husband, on which the appearance vanished. Soon afterward a member of this lady's family died. The second, Stilling received in person from a pious and learned man, one of the officers of the court, who was himself the party interested. This gentleman was passing late one evening through one of the lobbies of the castle, without thinking of any thing of the kind, when the White Lady appeared coming toward him. At first he supposed it one of the ladies of the court, intent on frightening him; he therefore hastened up to the figure to lay hold of it, when he discovered it to be the well-known White Lady. She vanished from his sight, but not before he had opportunity particularly to observe her. He would even remark the folds in her veil, and through it, her countenance, while "from within her a faint light appeared to glimmer."

The White Lady frequently appears in the daytime, in a broad light as well as in the night, and is particularly wont to show herself at about the period of the "three principal church festivals." Modesty, decorum, and piety are manifested in her countenance; but she also at times exhibits anger, and assumes a threatening aspect, especially when any one has made use of "blasphemous or indecorous language toward God and religion," and sometimes she has "even used violence toward them."

This account of the celebrated White Lady of Germany might still be considered incomplete, were we to bring it to a close without a notice of the excellent Jung Stilling's estimate of her character, her condition, and the reason of her wandering, unsettled life she appears to lead. In religion, she was Romish; but he concludes, from the benevolence she exhibits toward Protestant families, that she has "laid aside" that particular phase of belief. "It is certain," he says, "that she is not yet in a state of blessedness; for, in that case she would no longer wander about among us. She is still less in a state of condemnation." All testimonies concur in this, that she is tranquil and cheerful, but still not in a state of bliss." He sums up as follows. "The circumstance of the Lady Bertha dying unreconciled, and with bitter animosity against her husband, is probably the chief reason of her melancholy wanderings on the earth, and of her still being at such a distance from the enjoyment of heavenly felicity. Could she open the springs of love within her, her state would soon be ameliorated; for her other qualities, particularly her beneficence, induce me to hope that she will eventually find favor. From this benevolent disposition her apparition proceeds; for, as soon as she observes, through the medium of her organ of presentiment—which in her present state is completely developed—that any one of her family will shortly die, she appears, solely with the intention that such persons may be brought to reflection, and prepare for death; and as no one knows to whom it has reference, all ought, therefore, to be induced by it to salutary consideration."

COMETS—THEIR COMPOSITION, HISTORY, ETC.

The recent appearance of a celestial stranger in the sky has revived the popular interest in comets, their history and movements. The comet which was lately visible, was first discovered on the 10th of June last at Gottenger, by Mr Klinkerfues, and it was regarded as remarkably bright and beautiful. A few weeks since its distance from the earth was calculated at 70,000,000 of miles, and from the sun 50,000,000. The diameter of the nucleus was 11 seconds of arc, and the length of the coma 62 minutes. Comets, according to Sir Richard Phillips, are moving masses of transparent fluids or vapors, which ascend from high angles of 40 deg. to 80 deg., toward the plane of maximum solar force, and are there turned by that force into another line of motion, like an orbit. They are estimated at many thousands in number. Comets are chiefly remarkable for a luminous projection—a line directly opposite to the sun, which goes before as they leave the sun, and follows them if they approach it, and is a head or tail as their positions vary. Comets have large atmospheres, and according to some astronomers they are all atmosphere. Thus, then, the sun's rays pass through the spherial atmosphere just like light through a glass globe, and the projection increases in length, as it approaches the luminous sun. When a comet has a distinct nucleus, the projection is divided in the middle by a sensible line. These projections are millions of miles long—some extend 150,000,000 miles.

The first comet that was discovered and described accurately, was by Nieuphaus. At the birth of the great Mithridates, 135 B. C., two large comets appeared, which were seen for 72 days together. Their splendor, says Justin, eclipsed that of the midday sun—probably an ancient exaggeration—and they occupied a fourth part of the heavens. During the reign of the Emperor Justinian, in the early part of the 6th century, three comets appeared at one time. These, as did the phenomenon at the birth of Mithridates, excited the terrors of the superstitious—indeed, of all mankind, and more especially as both periods were distinguished by pestilence and famine. A most brilliant comet appeared in 1769, and passed within two million miles of the earth. One still more brilliant appeared in September, October, and November, 1811, and was visible all the autumn with the naked eye. Another comet appeared in 1823, while in 1844 there was one of enormous magnitude, but without any solid nucleus or body. This probably will be remembered by some of our readers. It only remained in sight for a few days, having moved from the sun southwestward with incredible velocity. To the eye of the common observer, when first seen just above the western horizon, its coma or tail must have been nearly 100 deg. in length.

Dr Dick, in his celebrated work on Celestial Scenery, devoted considerable space to the physical constitution of comets. The nucleus he regards as the solid or densest part of the comet. Some suppose that the nuclei of comets are transparent, as well as the nebulosities, and allege, as a proof, that stars have been seen through a nucleus. The accuracy of such statements is, however, questioned.

In respect to the tail, or luminous train which generally accompanies comets, it is found that it is generally in opposition to the sun, or as the prolongation of the line which would join the sun and the nucleus. But this is not always the case. Sometimes the direction of the tail has been found at right angles with this line, and in some extraordinary instances the tails of comets have been observed to point directly toward the sun. The case with a comet that appeared in 1824, which for eight days exhibited an additional luminous train in opposition to that which occupied the ordinary direction. This anomalous tail, according to Olbers, was 7 deg. long, while the other was only 1 3 deg., and it was bright enough to be seen with an opera glass. In general, however, it is found that the tail inclines constantly toward the region last quitted by the comet, as if, in its progress through an ethereal medium, the matter forming it appeared more resistance than that of the nucleus. The tail is generally enlarged in proportion to its distance from the head of the comet, and in certain cases it is divided into several branches, as already noticed of the comet of 1843. Some have supposed that the dreaded tail is nothing more than the perspective appearance of the sides of a great hollow tube; but there are certain observations which prove that in some instances there is a separate existence or independent formation. The most remarkable instance of a divided tail was in 1744. On the 5th and 7th of March there were six branches on the tail, each of them about 1 deg. in breadth, and from 30 to 40 deg. long. The edges were sharp, well defined, and tolerably bright; there could be counted a double light, and the intermediate spaces seem to look as the rest of the firmament. The tails of comets are already noticed, sometimes cover an immense space in the heavens. The comet of 1680 had a tail which extended to 60 deg., that of 1811 to 23 deg., and that of 1770 to 97 deg. in length, so that some of these tails must have extended from the zenith to the horizon. The length of the tail of the comet in 1680 estimated in miles was 112,750,000; that of 1769, 45,000,000, and that of 1744, 8,250,000 miles. A body moving at the rate of 20 miles every hour, would not pass over the space occupied by the tail of a comet in less than 643 years. It has been supposed by some astronomers that certain changes in the appearance of the tails of comets arise from the rotation of the cometary body; as some comets have been supposed to rotate about an axis passing through the center of the tail, such as that of 1825, which was concluded, from certain appearances, to perform its rotation in 20 hours and 30 minutes. As to the nature of the immense tails of comets, their origin, or the substance of which they are composed, we are entirely ignorant, and it would be wasting time to enter into any speculation on this subject, as nothing could be presented to the view of the reader but vague conjectures, gratuitous hypotheses, and unfounded theories.

The following story is singular, if true. "In Paterson, New Jersey, recently, a girl was standing at a window, before which was a young maple tree. After a brilliant flash of lightning, a complete image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. This, it is said, is not the first instance of the kind."

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Waking dreams that oft restore us
Happy thoughts of bygone hours;
Oh! sweetest pleasure thus to know
Those we loved shall watch along a-long,
That through this life, in weal or woe,
Are Guardian Spirits, watching near."

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Are born in fragrant showers.
Would we come back, dear Mother,
And meet our glorious home?
Oh, though we have you dearly,
Yours can't be much longer.

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