

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO., 91.

The Principles of Nature.

A REVIEW.

BY W. S. COBURN.

"A COMPENDIUM OF ALL THE THEOLOGICAL AND SPIRITUAL WORKS OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Being a systematic and orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works, selected from more than thirty volumes, and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with copious illustrations and Teachings, with an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full Life of the Author, etc."

It has often been made a question among the students of the writings of Swedenborg, whether his works could be abridged or so epitomized as to present all his elaborately detailed system, and its multifarious illustrations in brief. To the reader who has caught the spirit of his revelations, and got into the way of understanding him, there is nothing in all his vast tomes that does not interest him and seem of importance. He would not willingly lose any of his sentences. Besides, his works are so connected, dependent, interwoven, and mutually related, as to present us, as it were, with one volume, with many consecutive chapters, all in series, and none of which could be well left out without materially affecting the whole. So, likewise, is it with the sections and chapters of each single volume. They are all needed to make up the system, and illustrate it and enforce it. For myself, I could not consent to give up a single number in the *Diary*, however unimportant, for the sake of abridgment. That which is dim and ambiguous in one place and in one volume, will be found amply drawn out, detailed, and made vividly perspicuous in another volume or place. What is found only hinted at in one place, will be found fully illustrated and enforced in another. And in reading along carefully, we occasionally come across, where we least expected it, the very thing we had been in vain looking for elsewhere, and which was but darkly conceived till now. Wherever he makes mention of any law, principle, or fact, he refers to where he has mentioned it elsewhere, and again and again repeats it, with additional illustrations and applications—illustrating it this way here, and that way there, until he commends his meaning to any sort of reader. All this being so, it has generally been held by the sectarian and technical Swedenborgians that Swedenborg's writings could not be so abridged as to give a true and correct rendering of him, and do justice to the theology and philosophy taught by him.

But what is the big world outside of the Swedenborgian sect to do, who can not spend years in the careful study of some thirty odd volumes of a peculiar theology, philosophy, and religion? What are those to do who wish to economize time, and labor, and means, and yet want to get at the pith and essence of what this great seer has said? Are they obliged to purchase and cull the thirty volumes from beginning to end? If you hand them any one of the books to read, ten to one but not it alone they will gain but a fragmentary idea of the whole system, and be confused, and worried, and oppressed, and finally repelled by it. Give a man "Heaven and Hell" to read, which is mainly a relation of "Heaven and its wonders, and things seen and heard in Hell"—a circumstantial detail of facts—without his first understanding the grand philosophy upon which all these wonderful visible appearances depend—without his understanding the states of good and truth which they originate, and by which they are continually upheld, and he will say that it is just like Dante's "Inferno," and just about as real! There are some minds, however, peculiarly constituted—minds of highly developed spiritual powers, and naturally strong and clear perceptions of spiritual things—who are able properly to read, understand, and appreciate any or either of our author's volumes at first view. Their spiritual penetration and powers are such that they see it all at once, and as fast as they read. Hence some writers have said that it requires a peculiarly constituted mind to read and understand Swedenborg, and that he is not for the great world outside. There is truth in this saying thus far, to wit: a man of a powerful development of the mathematical faculty easily reads and understands Euclid or Davis, and can appreciate them fully, and needs not to commence with the simple axioms, but he may safely begin at any section or chapter. But this peculiar combination of his faculties by no means proves that Euclid and Davis are for him alone, and that the great outside world has nothing to do with mathematics. Whatever may be the peculiar individual combinations of our faculties, yet all mankind have essentially the same powers. Each man has a mathematical faculty and a spiritual faculty, but each in different degrees of development, etc. Here is an anecdote illustrative of this point. I once gave the "Spiritual Diary" to three professors of a university to read—one a professor of chemistry and the natural science, another of languages, and the third of mathematics and the branches of a common English education. The two former read some in it; understood it not; it was dreamy, wild, and fantastic; it excited their risibles, and they laughed heartily at both it and me, and wondered how any sane man could take pleasure in reading such stuff! But my other professor was taken with it; it delighted him exceedingly, and he understood

and profited by it; read all of it that was published, and the other works, and told me afterward that they had led him into a new world, and made a new man of him. He is now dead, and so is one of the other professors, and I make no doubt but that they have met in the World of Spirits, and my man has had his laugh at the other's expense.

But I am straying away from my subject. The book whose title stands at the head of this article is intended to meet the wants of those who wish to economize their time, and labor, and means in gaining an insight into this philosophy and theology, and a knowledge of the life and writings of the greatest seer that ever lived. The compiler is Woodbury M. Fernald, of Boston, a most industrious and thorough student of Swedenborg's writings, and well known to most of the readers of this journal. He is admirably qualified for the work by an interior perception of his author's teachings, a comprehensive and profound intellect, a correct discriminative judgment, methodical head, and, withal, the lively zeal of a new convert. His thoroughness is immense, and he has evidently taken great pains with this book. But it was a narrow policy that dictated the suppression of his name throughout the volume. Instead of frightening the people away by its publication, it would have made the book sought after and popular with all who know Fernald, and have begotten a confidence in the thoroughness and efficiency of the work. It is to be hoped that in the subsequent editions his name will appear, and that he may have the credit of the job. As it is, the public does not know who to make responsible for its merits or errors; and it surely is not in keeping with Swedenborgian morals to put out any thing in their line under a mask or anonymously. There is a great amount of reading in this book—more of the kind than you can buy for two dollars in any other shape. The type is open, and free and easily read, though necessarily small, in order that the volume might be made to contain what it does. The matter is well selected, and in point, and well headed. It is a sort of digest of Swedenborg's theology and religion. I fault the index. It is nearly as hard to find any thing in it as in the body of the work itself. It ought to have been arranged in some sort of alphabetical order. It does not facilitate the reader in finding what he wants, and seems to be utterly useless. For instance, see on page 198, "Danger of speaking with Spirits;" now try and find it in the index or table of contents, and see what trouble you will have, and the inappropriate head under which it is placed. Fernald writes an "Introduction," the main drift of which is to clear up the mystery of the "Miraculous Conception," and then the *rationale* of the "Internal Sense of the Word." This is also well done, and the Swedenborgians themselves will find here some new arguments in support of their cardinal dogma.

Thus much for the book, and I might here now dismiss the review. But I can not let the occasion pass without loudly raising my voice against some of the errors of the Swedenborgian faith, which I plainly see to be errors. Of those I do not so plainly see to be errors I say nothing.

1. Swedenborg never intended the institution of a new, external, ceremonialized Church, separated from and independent of the old Church. He did not intend that his followers should nucleate themselves about the "Heavenly Doctrines," and build up on them a spiritual hierarchy or new ecclesiasticism outside of and beyond the old. He never intended that they should *sectarianize* him—that they should confine his teaching to certain brick-and-mortar piles, to certain clergy, and that they should come under certain rites and ceremonies. He is woefully belied by his pretended followers in this respect, who have erected themselves into an exclusive spiritual dynasty. They have their own churches, clergy, formula of church government and worship, their own psalm-books and prayer-books, etc. This Swedenborg never intended. He designed that the *new Church* should come forward in the old—should come in every form of the old Christian Church, and in the Gentile world. He taught that the new Church was *good and truth* anywhere and everywhere. That this new Church was everywhere throughout the old Churches and the Gentile world, wherever there was *true manhood*. He expected that the truths of the new dispensation which he taught would enter into the minds, and be received by the clergy and laity of the then established churches, by the schools and colleges, and by the learned, and that they would gradually modify the old notions into conformity with them, and insinuate a new and better life. Accordingly, when he published his works, from time to time, he sent them to all the clergy, without regard to sect, and to all the professors of the institutes of learning, and to all the learned men of his time, no matter what their peculiar faith was. He never asked that they should segregate and form themselves into a new external order, renouncing and abjuring the old. He taught a *spiritual Church*, and brought to it a mass of philosophy wonderful in its scope, character, and depth! He declared that every man who was in the "good of life, and thence in the truths of faith," was of the new Church, was a new Church, and the new Church. He expected his doctrines to penetrate the minds of all men finally, and lead everywhere to the good of

life and the putting off and extermination of evils and false thence, which was really the purpose of the new Church.

But nevertheless, as with Christ so with Swedenborg. Certain of his followers have *temporalized* his mission, and striven to make a great religious leader or chieftain out of him, and to make a *creed* out of his universe-wide philosophy. What would we think of the followers of the philosopher who first discovered the component gases of the atmosphere, if they would make a great chieftain out of him, erect themselves into a party or school, adopt these discoveries as a *creed*, have a ceremonial, ordained teachers in a trinal order, and call the truths discovered *their* truths, etc.? They surely would not make the truths less universal; they would not stop the use of them by the scientific and philosophic world outside; nor would they detract from the merit of the philosopher, but they would certainly belittle themselves. Swedenborg is the world's philosopher. The truths he discovered and taught are eternal and universal, and not for a sect, but for all mankind. The new Church, so called, is not the new Church, but a mere *sect*—the *Swedenborgian sect*. It is preposterous to call it a Church. The class of men who have thus *sectarianized* him have done him infinite wrong, by placing the whole sectarian world in an attitude of hostility to his teachings and philosophy, and developing a general antagonism between them, that has for upward of half a century materially retarded the spread of his philosophy and suppressed the growth of the *true* new Church. Henry James says ("Lectures and Miscellanies," page 148): "It is, by the way, much to be regretted that an ecclesiastical sect should have seen fit to nucleate itself upon this long-suffering old philosopher (Swedenborg), because from the nature of the case a sect has necessities which no writings are adequate to meet, save in so far as they are destitute of humanitarian interest, or confess themselves unworthy of general attention. But Swedenborg's writings palpably exclude all sectarian ambitions, affording matter only of universal or scientific interest. Hence the sectarian attitude of his *soi-disant* disciple should no more be allowed to prejudice him in public regard, by suggesting a low estimate of his scientific value, than the climbing parasite is allowed to prejudice the hearty and unconscious oak, whose robust age shall live down a thousand of its deciduous generations."

The Swedenborgians, as a sect, are intelligent and learned, and so far as science and philosophy concern their religion, they are immeasurably in advance of the other sects. Their lives are exemplary, and they are exceedingly devoted to their notions, and very expert polemics in a religious discussion. They are so exquisite and transcendental as to escape the grasp of an opponent, and they have every thing so exactly explained, and all so arranged, as to meet and answer, to their own satisfaction, every objection. They are, however, the most subtly bigoted and dogmatic of the sects.

2. No doubt there is an internal or spiritual sense beneath the letter of the "word." The literal text is no doubt the body, the continent and base of a spiritual and even a celestial meaning—the mundane correspondent of a super-mundane signification. The letter is *dead* without it, and it is this internal sense that gives the letter *life* and efficacy. But that the word has any, or any more sacred and internal sense than nature has not, I positively deny. That it has any higher authority, or has been any more *specially* provided for than any thing else in nature, is a groundless assumption. It is to be recollected that this internal sense is to be come at through a knowledge of the doctrine of correspondences, which both philosophy and fact affirm to be the great science which reads the spiritual by means of the natural. It is the *answering* of one thing to, and for another on, different *discrete* planes. Thus material things are but the embodiment, correspondentially, of the natural plane of spiritual things on the spiritual plane. My spirit is not connected with, and does not fill my body by, *continuity*, as from finer imperceptibly to grosser, which would make it indeed one with it, but it only *corresponds* with or answers to it, and is separated from it by a *discrete* degree. My spirit is on the spiritual plane of existence, and my body on the natural plane, and they are one only by correspondence, and not by continuity. If they were one by continuity, as from grosser to finer, or the same thing in different *continuous* degrees, their *fate* would be united, and when the body died and dissolved, the spirit would likewise die. A lamb, for instance, is the material correspondent of innocence, which is the spiritual correspondent of a lamb. A frown is the material correspondent of anger, which is its spiritual correspondent. A smile the correspondent of joy, etc. But if you analyze the lamb, or the frown, or smile, by all the chemical appliances of retort and crucible, you never can get hold of the innocence, or the anger, or joy, for the simple reason that they occupy a plane *discreted* from the natural, and from whence they derive their animating principles. This plane is the spiritual world, and this is the relation between them—a relation of correspondence. The two worlds are not the same by continuity, but are *discreted* from each other, like the bark from the body of the tree, and they communicate only by correspondence. Hence the doctrine of correspondence becomes

the fundamental science—the science of determining, knowing, and reading spiritual things from natural things. The literal sense of the Bible is said to correspond to this spiritual sense. Thus, for instance, whenever the word "lamb" occurs, it is said to mean innocence; wherever the word lion occurs, it is said to mean strength; the word mountain, to signify the greatest love of God; the word light, to signify intelligence; and the word heat, love, etc. And in this way the entire Bible has been so concocted, put together, and arranged, as to mean, internally, a vast and consistent spiritual history and revelation! But there is no available argument to show that this can not be claimed in the same way for all things in nature. The Bible has an internal sense, I admit; but the very law that interprets it likewise interprets the internal sense of all external nature—makes the material universe a literal sense, pregnant with a spiritual meaning. Under this law or science nature is as much correspondential as the Bible—perhaps more *directly* so; for the Bible is a thing that man has had his hands on, whereas nature is daily fresh from God. Is not the veritable, *bona fide*, woolly sheep *itself* more directly correspondential than the mere word "sheep," whether articulated, written, or printed? Is not the *real* tree itself, planted by the rivers of water, more immediately correspondential than the *description* of it written out in a book? Is the *name* more sacred than the thing itself? Is the mere written description of the wilderness through which the Israelites passed any more significant of spiritual things than one of our oak forests in the West? The Bible is but transcripts of nature written out in a book—but glimpses of the story of the past—but descriptions of natural scenes, ideas, and conceptions long past and gone. It contains nothing but what we find now existing in a much enlarged, improved, and developed form. "What have I to do," says Emerson, "with the shittim and the gopher wood? Give me the hickory and the sassafras." Is not one of our steamers more correspondential than Noah's ark? And is there not as much spiritual meaning in the Crystal Palace as there was in Solomon's Temple? Fernald, in his Introduction, labors hard, however, to prove that though this may be the case, yet the correspondences of the word are so *specially* selected and arranged by Providence as to mean internally just what it does mean. Pieces of nature, as it were, picked out and set in mosaic, to make a sort of dial for the Divine rays to fall on, and from which to reflect light upon the world. But this is obviously an assumption. Besides, it is not true that the internal sense of the Bible is any more coherent and harmonious, and has any more special reference to the salvation of man, and was any more specially provided for, than the political, agricultural, or natural history of any other section or country besides the Jews and Canaan. The events of the American Revolution were as specially provided for, as coherent and harmonious, and of as much spiritual significance as the events of the exodus of the Israelites. And suppose Swedenborg had undertaken to write the internal sense of the history of America, and detailed it as elaborately as he has the internal sense of Genesis, would it not have been as consistent and as *saving* as the history of Adam's descendants? Would not Washington be as representative as Moses? and Benedict Arnold as representative as Judas Iscariot? All nature is alive with a spiritual import. It is *all* holy scripture, and incessantly inspired by the Spirit of the living God. Its chapters and verses are all correspondential and vital with an indwelling soul. In fact, Swedenborg himself alleges that this *was* the ancient Bible—that the men of the "most ancient Church" thus read it, and that the "written word" was only got up when the way of thus reading the ancient Bible was being lost—when the knowledge of correspondence was dying out of the world. But the "most ancient Church" seems likely to be revived in these latter times, and the ancient Bible to be again read.

3. Swedenborg's position on the subject of the "hells," and their necessity and eternity, is in every way so plenary with the *argumentum ad absurdum* that I scarce know how to deal with it. He teaches that good and evil are *essentially* and *absolutely* antipodal—that they are not related by a lesser or greater degree of progressive development, but are related only by antagonism. He teaches that evil is a *positive* thing, and not relative, and that good on a lower discrete plane of existence is not comparatively evil only when tried by the good of a higher plane, but that it is good only on a lower degree. The grades of progressive development in love and wisdom, from the lowest ignorance and selfishness, with all their resultant evils, up through concentric discrete degrees, refining and purifying and eliminating more love and wisdom as they advance, the outer or lower spheres being relatively evil to the spheres next above, and those above being relatively good to those below, and so on, he utterly ignores and sets up instead an absolute and eternal antagonism between the spheres! Thus he divides the universe—the one half into evil and the other half into good! and so fixes them forever! In short, he makes good and evil essentially and absolutely opposites. Yet he tells us that God in the creation predestined all the human family to eternal happiness. That he designed an angelic heaven out of the whole human

race, and yet he is defeated forever as to one half! If God be omniscient, why did he conceive a design of saving all, knowing, at the same time, it could not be effected? Was the Divine wisdom inadequate to effectuate the ends of the Divine love? Did he purpose doing in the creation of man what he knew to be impossible by the means he employed? He must have known from the first every man that would be saved in the angelic heavens, and every man that would go into the hells, and yet he seems not to have had any more compunctions about creating the latter than the former! If God's providence is in and over the most general and particular things the universe through, and if all infants who die go into the heavens, as Swedenborg says, why does and did not God take off in their infancy, and thus make angels, all those whom he foresaw and foresees by living would become devils, and thus forestall and prevent the hells altogether? But admitting the "freedom of the human will," what must we think of a God who would devise a creation, and calculate and ordain the eternal happiness of all his creatures, and yet *hazard* that design and that happiness upon a *contingency*? What must we think of the Divine love and wisdom that would create a man and stake his glory or his shame upon the equal chances of a *may or may not*? What must we think of the All-wise and All-good and All-powerful Being who would create a universe so immense and hazard its unitary blessedness and glory upon a chance? God never could have intended the "hells," if he knew they were, as an end but only as a temporary means in the *progressive economy* of the worlds, just as the ignorant infant's burning his fingers in the candle is not a Divine end, but a Divine means of that infant's knowledge and future happiness. But Swedenborg teaches the *eternity* of the hells. He does not surrender the principle of the old dogma of "eternal torments," but he so modifies and ameliorates the *application* of it as to render it much more tolerable. They are rowdy, carousing, drunken, and adulterous places, like the stew and brothels, the dram-shops, the gambling saloons, and the rendezvous of thieves and robbers, we so frequently meet with here. But their *eternity* is utterly inconsistent with the Divine love and wisdom. They can not be eternal in the Divine economy of a good God. Their eternity seems, however, to grow out of their necessity, as held by Swedenborg. For he says, "That any thing to exist there must be an equilibrium; without equilibrium there is neither action nor reaction, for equilibrium is between two forces, one of which acts and the other reacts, and the rest, occasioned by this action and reaction, is what is called equilibrium; spiritual equilibrium is between good and evil; there is a perpetual equilibrium between heaven and hell; all and single things in the universe, both in the natural world and in the spiritual world, derive consistence (*i. e.* coherent being) from equilibrium; where there is a preponderance on one part, and no resistance on the other, it is plain to see that both must perish. Thus the spiritual world must perish if good did not react against evil; and thus both heaven and hell would perish, and with them the whole human race. The equilibrium between the heavens and the hells is diminished and increased, according to the number of those who enter heaven and who enter hell, which is several thousands daily. But to moderate the balance and keep it equal is not in the power of any angel, but of the Lord alone, for the Lord is omnipresent, and observes in every direction any degree of preponderance, whereas an angel only sees what is near himself; all the societies of heaven are arranged according to goods and their genera and species, and all the societies of the hells according to evils and their genera and species; and that beneath every society of heaven there is a corresponding society in hell opposed to it, from which opposite correspondence equilibrium results. Wherefore, it is continually provided by the Lord, that no infernal society beneath a heavenly society shall prevail, and as soon as it begins to prevail it is restrained by various means, and reduced to a just ratio of equilibrium; the Lord alone provides that there may be everywhere an equilibrium between good and evil, thus between heaven and hell, for on such equilibrium is founded the safety of all in the heavens and of all on the earth." Vide H. & H., Nos. 589, 590, 592, 593, and 594.

Does not the eternity of the hells thus grow out of their necessity? Thus, for every heaven there must be a hell to oppose it and react. For every angelic society there must be an infernal society; and although Swedenborg does not say so in very terms, yet it inevitably follows, that for every angel there must be a corresponding devil! and all these, too, "provided by the Lord," that heaven may exist. In order that there may be an angel, and he be happy and *rectus in calum* evermore, there must be a corresponding devil invented, as it were, with his head down and heels up to the angels, and he be a devil evermore! Will the common sense of mankind endure this calumny on the Divine wisdom? The universe is thus divided, put in antagonism, and the hells and heavens on each side from time to time regulated and adjusted, like John Gilpin's saddlebags, "to keep the balance true!" Reader, is it not a dismal and insane thought, that your compatriot with

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

CONQUESTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

The history of the world furnishes no parallel to the progress of modern Spiritualism, whether we consider the nature, the means, or the rapidity of its triumphs. It is true that different systems of religion have been propagated, and nations have been converted almost in a day. Constantine at once embraced the religion of Christ, when he saw its burning ensign above the horizon. Through him the faith so impressively symbolized consecrated splendid temples where the manger and the cross had stood; the Goth was subjugated, and altars to the new religion were reared among the ruins of Byzantium. But the arm of imperial authority and the sword of the conqueror were the instruments of its propagation, and the banners of triumphal armies waved over the shrines of the Crucified!

The religion of the Koran was very speedily established throughout Arabia. It carried its conquests into Syria, and was only arrested by the death of the Prophet. But Mohammed also achieved his success by no very gentle means. He inculcated the idea that his disciples were not to defend their religion by words, but by the sword. A paradise of sensual pleasures, and the fellowship of angelic heroes, was promised to all who were victorious in the cause of God and the Koran. Such were the means and instruments whereby the Arabian chief made the conquest of his country, and produced the greatest revolution in human affairs which has occurred since the beginning of the Christian era. But he violated the rights of humanity. Liberty of conscience was granted to the Jew and the Christian only on condition that they would pay for it, while for idolaters there was no alternative but conversion or the sword. When the Prophet, after being exiled for seven years, returned to his native city, three hundred and fifty idols, which defiled its ancient Pantheon, were cast down and broken in pieces, while their worshipers only escaped destruction by a timely conversion.

It is worthy of observation, that the means whereby the Roman Emperor and the Arabian Prophet achieved their conquests were not essentially dissimilar. The divine spirit of Christianity was crucified in the very midst of its outward triumphs. Constantine was neither a greater nor a better man than Mohammed. The inscription on the fiery ensign was, "IN THIS CONQUER!" but he used his own sword, rather than the sacred symbol of his Master, to accomplish his purpose. They were both inclined to believe in spiritual manifestations. But while the radiant sky disclosed to the Roman conqueror the vision of the Holy Cross, Mohammed professed to have personally entered the heaven of heavens. It is true that in every circumstance of trial and danger he inspired his followers with the greatest enthusiasm, by promising them the assistance of Gabriel, and by his descriptions of the angelic hosts which peopled all the air, and stood by his followers to nerve their arms in battle, or to bear those who might fall in his service to the enchanted realm of voluptuous forms and rapturous joys. Foul deeds darkened the character and fame of Constantine. He died with his kingly hands stained in the blood of his own child. Mohammed expired from the effects of a deleterious substance administered with his food. Moreover, the closing hours of his mortal career were poisoned by the memory of unrighteous deeds, and his last words were a prayer for the pardon of his sins.

But the Church established by the power of the sword was a merely human institution. The remarkable gifts possessed by the primitive disciples were gradually withdrawn, and the spiritual element, which was the divine life in the Church, seemed to languish and expire at its own altars. Gorgeous temples, consecrated and enriched by imperial authority and munificence, were its sepulchers. The crucifixion, in a most essential sense, occurred when Christianity was married to the temporal power. Then it was that its indwelling spirit departed. That spirit was known to be present by the mysterious powers which it conferred on all true believers; and when the manifestations of that Divine Presence were no more, or but rarely witnessed, it was doubtless because the Power itself which bestowed such gifts had deserted the shrines which men had reared and profaned. Since that day the outward form of the Church has been in the tombs, and a great stone—the whole system of material theology—has been rolled against the door of the sepulcher. The clergy generally have resisted every effort to roll the stone away. When the spirit which characterized the primitive Church has manifested a disposition to return with all its ancient gifts and divine energies, far more widely diffused, they have resisted its power, and labored to drive the invisible presence from their midst, as though they desired that the spiritual death of the Church might be eternal.

What has Christianity been since it was thus corrupted but an outward, material system, holding fellowship with every false institution which pride, and fashion, and avarice have contributed to establish, and depending on the municipal, and frequently on the military arm, for protection, as well as for the means of extending its empire? Christian propagandists have, it is true, carried the Bible into every heathen land, but they have also carried rum and the sword with it, and all the vices of a corrupt civilization. The outward Church has countenanced polygamy, slavery, vindictive punishments, and aggressive war, and lived in open and adulterous union with every form of oppression and corruption. Despotism grasps its ensign to-day. The Russian autocrat, acting under the assumption of its name and authority, impudently invites the votaries of the orthodox religion to enable him to crush the Turk. The same despotic hand holds the sword and the Cross. With these Nicholas threatens destruction, and invites cooperation, while beneath the waving Crescent truth, conscience, and humanity are held sacred.

But Spiritualism is primarily indebted to no earthly agents or instruments for its present position and influence. An invisible and spiritual power, operating far and wide through the forms of material existence, reveals itself in the diversified and startling physical and mental phenomena which have of

late confounded the science and skepticism of the world. A new power, immensely superior to the force of gravitation and the laws of molecular attraction and chemical affinity, is revealed among the gross material elements. Inanimate objects are seemingly endowed with the powers of life, sensation, and volition. The ignorant astonish the wise by speaking in unknown tongues, and by revealing the profoundest secrets of Nature and the human mind. The great masters of Art, who left their carved memorials and pictured thoughts in the great Pantheon of the Past, come back to inspire the souls of the living, and to guide the hands of those who shall yet fashion immortal creations. A new fire kindles in the eye and burns on the lip of the orator. Sweet voices speak in the solemn night, and inspirations come with the rays of the morning. The strings of the lyre are swept by invisible fingers to notes of inspiration. The heavenly harmonies descend into the poet's brain, as soft perfumes and gentle sounds steal along the avenues of sense. They take form and clothe themselves in the cerebral chambers, and great thoughts issue in harmonic numbers to charm the listening nations.

A cause that is energized by such powers, a movement that in the brief period of five years, without any organization or concerted action on the part of its friends, has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, humbling alike the learned and the ignorant, will not be likely to require the assistance of legislation, fashion, or mammon in the future. The sources of its eternal life and the springs of its immortal action and progress are in the Heavens. Such a cause needs no means of defense except such as this age secures. The world is welcome to its arms and its heroes. The warrior shall carry his scarred helm and glittering spear with him to the scene of his last repose; the gold-worshiper shall build his gilded cenotaph; and even crown and scepter rust and molder in common earth with the kingly brow and the regal arm. It is fit that the sepulcher of unsanctified ambition should inclose its weapons and its trophies. Spiritualism requires no aid from these, for by the powers of Heaven alone it is immortal.

While the revelations of To-day are to thousands the source of undying consolation and hope, it is not denied that, in some instances, they may awaken unpleasant apprehensions. Spiritualism often excites the mistakes and weaknesses of poor humanity, but it offers no concealment for the enthroned errors and consecrated wrongs of the world. With unsparring hand it strikes off the mask from the face of the hypocrite, and in its mysterious light and before its unearthly vision the darkest secrets of his heart are disclosed. Men and women of depraved habits may tremble when it is mentioned, fearing lest their secret acts be comprehended in its revelations, but the just have nothing to fear. The pure in heart love to recline by the fountains of its inspiration, and innocent maidens and little children slumber while its oracles speak, and waking apprehend no evil.

Let those who condemn Spiritualism because a few persons have been temporarily deranged—it may be by the memory of unworthy deeds, by impressions derived from a false education, or on account of their extreme susceptibility to cerebral excitements—think of the sacrifices which attended the great religious movements of the past. It is preposterous to denounce the present revolution in the world's faith, and yet profess to venerate the names and deeds recorded in sacred history. Moses, Joshua, and David, Constantine, Peter the Hermit, and Simon de Montfort, offered whole hecatombs of human victims on the altars of their religion. The ashes of two millions fertilized the fields of the Crusaders. But Spiritualism, as taught in the first and the nineteenth centuries, abhors the bloody sacrifice, and requires its faithful disciples to leave those polluted shrines, and "worship the Father in spirit and in truth." It regards the laws of Nature as the oracles of God; each form of beauty is a revelation; the redeemed spirit is the temple and altar of the Divine; every curious process is a sermon; a sincere aspiration or grateful emotion it regards as a true prayer or solemn psalm, and all charitable acts are its appropriate benedictions. Its enlightened and true friends hope and trust that it will gloriously triumph by loving words, inspired thoughts, and Godlike deeds, and that its white banner, already unfurled in the golden morning of Freedom and Immortality, may yet become the ensign of the world!

HOBBS OUTDONE.

Our readers will remember that we recently gave an account of the opening of the celebrated Bramah lock by information received from the invisible world. The experiment was tried eight times, and the Spirits were successful in every instance. One after another the skeptics are quietly yielding up the ghost, and we presume that those who read the following and other similar statements will require no post-mortem process to elucidate the causes of their sudden dissolution.—E. N.

Considerable interest having been created by the late published account of Spirits having frequently opened the Bramah permutation or combination lock, Messrs. S— and K—, two decided skeptics of Williamsburg, resolved to try this test again. I might here state, that the former gentleman is satisfied to a certain extent in the phenomena of what familiarly passes under the name of *Spirit-rappings, tipplings, writing, speaking, etc.*, but can not, in his present light, admit of any other cause than some unknown, but yet to be discovered, law of nature; the latter gentleman either affects to, or really considers the whole a monstrous humbug, originated by knaves and sustained by fools, and consequently he, like many others in the supremacy of their wisdom, can not treat the subject or its advocates with common civility.

The lock was closed by Mr. S— to a certain combination of four letters, and in a sealed envelop, and closely pasted up, was the same arrangement written. I might here mention, for the satisfaction of those unacquainted with this kind of lock, that unless a person has the word, or set of the letters to which it was locked, there would be 20,736 chances to one of his guessing the proper way to open the lock.

Calling on Mr. Conklin, medium, No. 31 Howard Street, Mr. B—, to whom the lock was intrusted, after a few minutes laid the lock upon the table. Inquiring for the Spirit of his friend, Captain C—, who announced himself present, he was asked if he would open the lock? Answer. "He would try."

B— remarked he did not urge it for his own gratification, but to convince two skeptics. It was then spelled out, F O O L. This word on trial was found not to be correct. Somewhat surprised, and with a slight inclination to take off his coat, B— inquired if he intended to apply that remark to him? Ans. No. To Mr. S—. No. To Mr. K—? Yes. B— felt relieved.

Being strongly urged to give the word, it was answered, "Not now." "Will you give me hopes you can do it this afternoon?" Answer. Yes. Other persons coming in to in-

vestigate and get communications, attention to the lock was for a time suspended, and B— was thinking of leaving the subject for another day, when it was unexpectedly spelled out, "D——" (the Christian name of the interrogator), *sit by and I will now open the lock.* and M N O P was given as the proper letters, and on trial the lock was opened to this combination. It was then asked if these letters were in the envelop? Ans. Yes.

The opened lock was next day returned to Mr. S— with the unopened envelop, who affirmed these to be the correct letters. In regard to the contents of the envelop, we have only the word of the captain out of the form, and the word of my friend S— in the form, both gentlemen whose veracity have always been above suspicion.

Yours, D. B.

MORE MODERN MIRACLES.

We are indebted to Mr. Elisha Waters, of Troy, a gentleman of the highest respectability, for the subjoined correspondence, which will be perused with eminent satisfaction on account of the extraordinary proofs which it affords of the actual presence and intelligent agency of departed Spirits:

FRIEND WATERS:

In compliance with your request I forward you a curtailed copy of my letters, which you are at liberty to use at your pleasure, not mentioning names any further than I have inserted.

I expect that my sister will be with you on Sunday, the 20th of January; at least she has made the promise, and she never breaks them. * * * Please remember me with brotherly kindness, and believe me to be, in the cause of truth and progress.

Yours, very respectfully, HENRY.

Closing part of a letter from England, dated Manchester, Nov. 13th, 1853.

During the past summer we have been spending a few weeks in the vicinity of Lake Windermere. While there we attended a circle at the residence of one of our intimate friends, the whole company, except the medium, being altogether skeptical as to spiritual manifestations. Seating ourselves around a large table, we had scarcely time to collect our scattered thoughts before the family Bible was thrown open, and we were directed to read the fifth chapter of Matthew, during which time a piano in the opposite portion of the drawing-room struck up several interludes, none of us being within twelve feet of the instrument at the time.

We proposed an interview with many of our Spirit-friends, but, as a general thing, did not get a satisfactory response. At length I mentally inquired for your sister Annie, and immediately the pure Spirit beamed from the eyes of the medium. She kissed me, she embraced me, as she was always wont to do after a long separation, and her every motion and tone were true to the life. Dear girl! she was truly there, manifesting her stern approval of all that is wrong, and her love of the pure and gentle. I asked her many questions in reference to the probable result of these manifestations, to which she gave me suitable and satisfactory answers; and upon inquiring the object of her mission, she gave us an address replete with the highest order of oratory. We requested her to write out the address through the hand of the medium; but after many unsuccessful attempts, she said, "HENRY will write it out for me." We inquired what Henry? "My brother Henry," was the reply. "Do you ever visit him?" "I preached a discourse through him not more than fifteen minutes ago."

"What was your text?" "They have taken away the key of knowledge, they have not entered in themselves, and they that were entering in, have hindered." "What length was your discourse?" "Forty-five minutes." She said, "You appear to be very skeptical;" and she kissed and embraced me again most affectionately. We then told her that we were skeptical, and as a test of the truth of these things, we asked her to give us the closing part of the discourse, so that we might write to you and ascertain the truth of the communication. When she said she had left you fifteen minutes ago, it was precisely ten minutes to five, P. M., on the 17th day of July, 1853.

The above I received from a female cousin of mine in England, about the first of December, she being altogether ignorant as to my being interested in spiritual manifestations. On the 17th day of July I delivered a discourse from the aforementioned text, and the closing portion of it, which was given to them as a test, exactly agrees with my own copy, as I almost invariably get a second impression of my communication in writing. I closed my discourse a few minutes after twelve, which, reckoning the difference of the time between the two countries, with an additional fifteen minutes as her traveling time, would bring it to the hour mentioned in the above letter. At their request I sent them the discourse, and a few minutes after receiving the letter I was impressed to write the address delivered to the circle in Manchester, upon the purport of her mission, which was also forwarded to them, and a few days ago I received the following answer:

MANCHESTER, Dec. 13, 1853.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

My surprise was not greater than my pleasure when I last evening received a package containing the documents you were so kind as to forward. At the time Richard brought it in, sister and myself, together with a number of our dearest friends, were holding a circle, being the third one we have had since our return from the lakes. We were astonished to find that the closing portion of the discourse was a correct copy of what Annie delivered to us in H—'s drawing-room last summer; but we were still more dumbfounded when we found that the other address you inclosed was, as far as our notes will carry us, quite correct. In our first circles we had nothing of importance, but last night we had a glorious time. I can not comprise what I heard and saw in a letter, but your old friend T. will post you up.

In Manchester, especially, there are a great many circles, principally among the higher classes, but few seem to make a public avowal of the things they have seen and heard, lest they should be dubbed as fools. From the frequent rappings in our own house, one north-country girl has left us, satisfied that the dwelling was either haunted or that we were possessed of devils. Oh, Harry! your Spirit-sister talked to us last night with tears; I never felt more sensible of any living presence; she was the personification of gentleness, still she has all courage and intrepidity.

In the course of the evening a small piece of ribbon was taken out of the Bible and placed before my sister, with the request that she would write some inscription upon it, which she did; it was then placed before me with the same request, which I obeyed; it lay on the table for some time, when one of the company growing impatient took it up and threw it into his hat, which was lying on an adjoining table; immediately the hat, without any visible agency, was rolled on to the floor, and the ribbon was never seen after. Annie declared that she would take it to you. Thomas was up here this morning, and asking him about the ribbon, he very seriously affirms that he has not seen it since; but what wrought still more upon his organ of marvelousness, was the fact that when he came to put his hat on this morning he found a small hole cut in the lining of the crown, and a very small penknife there deposited. The knife is about three inches long with a dark transparent handle. These are strange things for a dabbler in philosophy to communicate, but I want you to write immediately and say if you have seen a piece of ribbon answering the above description, and tell us what was written upon it. The knife, I expect, is one of Tommy's boxes.

I am your cousin, M. H.

On the 12th of December, about two o'clock, P. M., I passed off in a vision, in which unconscious state I remained for some six hours. During that time one of my attendants discovered a piece of ribbon placed upon my forehead answering the above description, with the following words upon it, "Keep this as a gift from your cousin—M. H."

On the other side was written, "Where the spirit of truth is there is liberty; always contend for the right." M. H.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 12, 1853.

Some few days after I missed a small penknife which I had just been using previous to my vision, and which answers the above description, but whether the one spoken of is my identical knife I can not determine until I see it.

REMARKS.—But few facts have come to our knowledge since the commencement of the modern manifestations which equal, in certain aspects of the case, the examples here furnished. These will appear to be the more startling and convincing—to those who do not deem them altogether incred-

ible—owing to the intervening distance between the different localities at which the manifestations—seemingly produced by the same Spirit—actually occurred. However, the facts are, in reality, scarcely more remarkable on this account, since Spirits, for aught that we know or can conceive to the contrary, may travel with the rapidity of thought. The fact that the same communication was made through mediums on opposite sides of the Atlantic at or about the same hour, demonstrates the possibility of sending and receiving messages to and from every part of the world by these invisible couriers—provided, always, that they are disposed to engage in this service.

As to the implied transportation of the knife and the ribbon, we will only say, that while we are not at all inclined to dispute the possibility of such an occurrence, still the testimony in this instance, as contained in the correspondence before us, is not sufficiently explicit to place the matter beyond a rational doubt. It may be observed in this connection, that there are several apparently well-authenticated examples of a similar kind recorded in Cahagnet's "Celestial Telegraph," and in the works of other authors.

One of the persons who is said to have witnessed the manifestations at Manchester, is already widely known, and the literary world will doubtless receive from that source, during the coming year, a more circumstantial account of these and other similar phenomena.

LITERARY LARCENY.

The TELEGRAPH is the casket from which many of our contemporaries select such gems as sparkle most, and appropriate them to their own use and behoof. They transfer our goods in a sort of *sans souci* manner, as the French would have it, never so much as indicating the source from which they are obtained. It is not yet popular to acknowledge any indebtedness to our journal, and there are several editors who have not as much moral courage as Martin Luther.

The lines entitled, "A Story for Critics," which were dictated by a Spirit through T. L. Harris, and recently appeared as original in this paper, are copied, without credit, by the *Yates County Whig*. C. D. Stuart's original and beautiful poem, "To the Old Year," which was first published in the TELEGRAPH of Dec. 31st, has been appropriated by several papers. We have not taxed our memory with the numerous other cases of a similar character which are constantly occurring. We can not vouch for the consciences of those gentlemen, but that they are possessed of literary taste and an appreciation of beauty and artistic perfection is a claim which they may very properly set up and cite us as witnesses to its validity.

The able review of W. M. Fernald's compendium of the theological and spiritual writings of Swedenborg, which we publish this week, should not miss of a careful reading on account of its length. We desire, moreover, to remind our readers that we are the general agents for New York, for the sale of this important work.

We respectfully call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of THE SACRED CIRCLE, which will be found on our last page.

THE GOVERNORS' MESSAGE.

We find the following interesting report of a Spirit communication in the *Carson League*, a journal devoted to the Temperance cause, and published in the western part of this State:

FAIRFAXVILLE, Dec. '53.]

MR. EDITOR:

I give a case of spiritual communication in this place. The story dates back about eighteen months, and closes the first of this month.

Mr. Alfred Bailey, a merchant, and others of our village, called upon a resident, who is called a writing medium. Writing facilities were put in order, and Mr. Bailey applied for a communication. After the usual spasmodic motions, the hand seized the pen, and wrote thus:

I will communicate with Alfred Bailey.

GOVERNOR CRAFTS.

"Who is Governor Crafts?"

"I was Governor of Vermont for four years. Your father was then a member of the House. You was — years old when you moved from — to —."

And so went on giving Mr. B.'s history accurately, except as to the date of his moving from a certain place.

A few weeks after, Mr. B., and others called upon the same medium, and received communications as before. The question was also put—

"Will the Spirit give his first name?"

The following was instantly written:

"Samuel C. Crafts, of Craftsburg, Orleans Co., Vermont."

"Did you ever communicate with me before?"

"Yes."

"Were all your statements correct?"

"Yes—except that I said you was 31 years old when you moved from a certain place—whereas you was but 19."

This correction made, the whole matter was truthful. But this is the clincher: About the 1st inst., Dec., there came to Mr. Bailey's address a newspaper called "The Vermont Watchman," stating that "on the last of November, 1853, Samuel C. Crafts departed this life, at about 80 years of age—had been Governor of the State, and held other high and important offices. He died at Craftsburg, etc."

Now, sir, give us a solution of this, if you can.

CALEB WHITFORD.

HOT CORN.

By Solon Robinson—Dewitt & Davenport publishers.

This already famous volume has been for some days on our table, awaiting notice. Save "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no work has been issued from the American press that has met equal success, in point of sales and popularity, with "Hot Corn." Indeed, Mrs. Stowe's book was longer finding public favor. "Hot Corn" sold from the start, like "hot cakes." Its author, Mr. Solon Robinson, who is one of the editorial corps of the *Tribune*, and one of the very best critics of whatever pertains to the domestic animal kingdom, and also one of the readiest writers on agriculture in the country, hit the pulse of the reading multitude exactly when he got up this quaint, yet practical and stirring volume. Its basis is composed of several brief, powerfully depicted low-life, or rather wretched city-life scenes, which first appeared in the *Tribune*. Of these, "Hot Corn," or "Little Katy," and "Wild Maggie," will be particularly remembered by readers of the *Tribune*. We copied the "Hot Corn" story soon after its appearance in the *Tribune*. Though the volume is a mosaic of comparatively separate scenes, there is a thread running through them sufficiently strong to give them an interesting continuity. The book is full of characters, such as Mr. Robinson has found in his pilgrimages through the "Five Points," and the region round about the Tombs. Some of the persons whose characters are here so graphically sketched, have been—thanks to missionary Pease, to the author of "Hot Corn," and to other reformatory spirits—quite uplifted into respectable modes and conditions of life. There are some revelations in "Hot Corn," which, we think, had better not have been made; the pure and virtuous are sometimes harmed by too much, and too exact a knowledge of the ways of the impure. In their case, ignorance may be bliss, and wisdom folly. But above all its faults, "Hot Corn" stands out a very remarkable book—an earnest protest against many iniquities, legislative, political, and social, in our midst. Typographically, the work is admirably executed, and is finely illustrated. The demand for it is immense—so great, indeed, that printers and binders find it difficult to supply the market. The volume far overrules its local character, and sells to the most distant parts of the Union.

PROF. FOWLERS' LECTURE.

BOSTON, Jan. 2d, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Having been one of those exceedingly fortunate individuals who were present at the course of lectures on the New Era, delivered in this city on the evenings of Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Dec. 25th, 26th, and 27th, by Professor J. W. Fowler, President of the New York State and National Law School, Poughkeepsie, I can not resist the temptation of writing a short notice on his admirable discourse for your journal, that those friends of the cause who were not so happy as to be present on the occasion, and who are deeply interested in the great and mighty work which is at present going on in the New World, may learn what a powerful instrument has been raised up in their midst to go forth to battle in this glorious work of universal humanity, although I feel how inadequate I am to do him a shadow of justice.

Professor Fowler is rarely gifted in many respects, possessing, in the first place, a fine manly form, as erect and majestic as the stately oak in its native forest; a face beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and love; added to this, a voice seldom equalled for its varied richness, depth, and power. At one moment it sounds like the reverberating thunder through the heavens, striking awe to the very hearts of his audience with its volume and power; anon, descending into soft and plaintive tones, like the rich melody of the flute, charming the ear with its more than magical sweetness, rivaling the falsetto of the Aeolian harp. United to these accomplishments, Mr. Fowler possesses a giant intellect—a mind that by its varied acquirements proves that he has not been idle while in this sphere, but, on the contrary, has been most active in cultivating the rich treasure God has given—THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

It is only necessary to prove that Mr. Fowler is one of nature's true noblemen, to call to mind the present high official position which he occupies. The bright prospects which a man of such extraordinary powers might justly entertain for the future, were he but to walk in those beaten and flowery paths of public favor and approbation which lie open before him to renounce, standing as he does, at the very head of a profession which it is deemed almost indispensable in this country to possess to reach any high eminence of fame; yet, notwithstanding all these inducements are in his reach, he prefers to pass them by; to lose the sympathy of those connected with him professionally, and who are opposed to his present course; to give up the winning smiles of the world at large; to bear its taunts and jeers, to forego the public laurels which might otherwise be his; to trudge along the rugged path of the world's opposition, with a wreath of thorns upon his brow; to enter the great battle-field of human error, there to marshal on to the conflict the little army of progress to higher exertions—to nobler deeds of self-sacrifice and valor; to raise higher the standard of equality, universal brotherhood, and love among men, such a man as Professor Fowler. May the love and power of God rest upon and be with him in his glorious labors to redeem poor fallen man, to raise him nearer to God—to be the companion of angels. May a bright crown of eternal glory be his, and when "life's fitful fever's o'er," may he (to use his own words) "look down from his Spirit-home on high, and see men living together in the bonds of love and equality; and, as I go down the long, endless ages of eternity, I will erect monuments everywhere, and inscribe them all over and over with that one word, EQUALITY! EQUALITY!"

Perhaps some of your readers, who were not present on that occasion, may think I am too lavish in my praises; but I feel if they had been there, and listened to the man as I did, they would acknowledge that my poor pen failed a thousand times to do him any thing like justice; and to "the last syllable of recorded time" I shall ever remember, with pleasure and profit, his masterly efforts.

Mr. Fowler prefaced his remarks by saying, that if any of his audience had come thinking to hear an harangue on Spiritual manifestations, they would be disappointed, for that was not his purpose, having a higher object in view. First, that he should show that the race of men had been continually progressing from their creation. Secondly, that God had been operating upon men in all times past by spiritual influences, through the agency of higher Spirits, to those in lower spheres, and they in turn upon men; that the present time was a period of transition from the physical to the spiritual; that he should attempt to prove, by history, that the present race were further advanced, intellectually and morally, than at any other age of the world, and, further, that he should endeavor to show that this country was raised up especially by God to be a nation of universal brotherhood for all people, that its influences should be spread over all the earth; that a New and beautiful Era has commenced, and that every man shall one day repose under his own vine and fig-tree, and love rule the world.

For nearly two hours on each evening Mr. Fowler held captive, chained in breathless attention, a large and intellectual audience, entranced in wondering delight with his burning, matchless eloquence, as he poured out his vast stores of knowledge in an unbroken stream, like the gushing fountain that is overcharged, calling up by his magical power bright images, dazzling and sparkling like a sea of celestial diamonds, his glowing thoughts choking his very utterance, so fast did they flow out from the depths of his soul; dancing from heart to heart, thrilling its tenderest cords with music, such only as the angels sing around the indescribable throne of God. Then, like a great artist, who throws his whole soul into his beautiful creations, he would paint the most brilliant pictures, redolent with more than usual life and vigor, the light and shades combining all the colors of the rainbow blended in one harmonious whole. Then, like a monster Hercules, grasping as it were with a mighty hand the four corners of the past, bringing up the great volume of history, laying open its pages before his audience, and pointing with the unerring finger of Time to the unmistakable proofs of the never-ending footsteps of universal progress. Again would his unfettered mind soar aloft, far beyond the twinkling stars that keep heaven's watch by night—flashing like a bright meteor above the deep azure vault above, catching a celestial thought, and clothing it in the loveliest garb of beauty and splendor, revealing and bathing in the ever-glorious sea of wisdom. Now, like some mighty magician with his wand, presenting a panorama of unlimited extent, on which he would trace with master hand many of the principal scenes and events in the world's past history, going back almost to the period of man's creation, every figure seemed to be endowed with life, and speaking. Man rose before the sight in all his primitive beauty; then commenced a grand scene of action; men were fighting like brutes for the mere love of blood and carnage; millions of armed men were seen dead and dying on the battle-field of the past, waltering in their crimson gore, and like the

very offal, causing the green grass to grow above their decaying remains. Again were men seen contending in the deadliest strife, but not for the mere love of murder and death, but for the love of power and extended rule—for self-aggrandizement. The Roman Empire arose in all its majesty and grandeur. The arts, sciences, and the different branches of learning were cultivated in all their perfection for that period; yet, with all her strength and power, "as she sat on her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world," she declined, and fell amid her ruins a sad memorial to coming generations of her past greatness and glory. The cause of all this was clearly shown. The grand predominant motive of her rulers was selfishness and ambition, which are ever the sure instruments of self-destruction. Passing from this epoch to another, when men were actuated by nobler and higher motives (alluding to the war of the Crusades), when men fought for the love of their faith and in defense of their religion, showing that in every succeeding age men were more and more progressed, and further removed from the brute creation. Taking another great step in the march of time, Mr. Fowler brought his hearers up to the war of the American Revolution, when men fought in self-defense, in the protection of their families, in the great cause of republican liberty, for God and their country. Glancing back again, the lecturer pointed to an old time-worn and crumbling convent in Spain, standing at the gate of which stood an old mariner, over whose head the sun of fifty summers had risen and set, holding by the hand a little boy and begging for a crust of bread to appease the cravings of hunger, asking of the monks how he could reach the throne of Spain to crave an audience with the king. This old man was haunted by a phantom, which was ever at his side, urging him on, waking or sleeping. He dreamed in open day, with the bright sun shining above him, that there was a vast Western World beyond the barrier ocean, and in the simplicity of his heart he told this seemingly visionary tale from place to place. The religious world looked upon him as a blasphemer, for daring with impious presumption to entertain a thought of going beyond the boundaries which God had set up, as they professed to believe. It was sacrilegious impiety, and they turned away from the old man's importunities with a frown and counted their beads. The learned and scientific scoffed and jeered, but he heeded them not, and "still toiled on, hoped on," for the fires of hope burned as brightly as ever on the altar of that veteran's heart. Now, kneeling at the feet of the king and queen, he tells his story. Why, and wherefore, they know not; the queen grants his prayer, and his hardy and storm-worn visage is illumed with joy. Now see that old sailor with three small vessels, one only having a deck, shaping his course in the direction of the setting sun, over the trackless, dark, and stormy deep, urged on by his phantom—no, not phantom, but to him a bright and living reality. After many hardships, and suffering more than death itself, the watching, longing eyes of the dreamer are blessed with—what? Why, the sight of the promised land, which has haunted him for years! That man, said the lecturer, was Christopher Columbus, and that land was our own dearly-beloved country.

Mr. Fowler then went on to show the necessity of this country being discovered at the very time it was, alluding to the dark state of the Old World at that time; then turning to the Pilgrim Fathers, he showed why they left their native shores to seek a home in the Western wilds, and why they had been selected from different nations to people this continent. He reviewed the causes which led to the American Revolution, paying a just and merited compliment to the master minds of that day—to the prominent actors in the great struggle which established our glorious independence. One of the most interesting and original points in Mr. Fowler's discourse was his allusion to the previous owners of the soil of North America. "Where are they?" said he? "who will tell me where they are gone? When our forefathers landed at Plymouth, there were more than two hundred thousand in what is now known as the New England States, and millions of others in other parts of the country. Where are they now? Gone! But where are they gone? I ask again. Their beautiful hunting-grounds no longer kiss their footsteps and welcome them to the chase. They no longer kindle their battle-fires and dance around them. They are gone, but who will tell me where they are gone? But few, comparatively, have fallen in battle; no amalgamation has taken place; no disease or plague has visited them more than their white brethren; it is true a few have been removed a little farther to the West, but that will in no wise account for their disappearance. Have they vanished into the air, or gone down into the watery deep? Who will answer me? No one. Then I will. The Almighty through his ministers has laid his hand upon them, and they dwindle away like the dew before the morning sun. They no longer increase and multiply at the same ratio as other men. The red children of the forest have gone to their happy hunting-grounds on high, where the war-song is heard no more."

Mr. Fowler then went on to show that this country has been raised up especially by Divine Providence as a vast field for universal brotherhood; that our destiny is to be far higher than that of any nation or people that ever before dwelt upon the face of the earth. The lecturer then drew one of the most lovely pictures of what society ought to be, and will be at no very distant period, that I ever listened to. During its recital many of the audience were affected to tears, and the heart of the speaker seemed to be more than full, showing that he was not insensible to his own beautiful creation.

Mr. Fowler's lectures were confined to three evenings, which was far too limited for his subject, and compelled him to hurry over much that would have been deeply interesting to his delighted audience. Mr. Fowler gave the political demagogues of our country a most scorching and withering rebuke for their love of the "loaves and fishes" and utter disregard of truth, justice, and honor, seeking rather their own advancement and selfish purposes than the common good of their country; also to the licentious press, for its libelous character, suffering itself to be bought and sold to the most barefaced and dishonorable schemes, attacking private individuals, and blackening the character of the innocent, instead of lending its power as a shield of protection.

Professor Fowler has consented to return again to Boston, as soon as his official duties will permit; and I trust that his coming may be more generally known, and I feel that no hall in this city will be sufficiently large to hold his audience.

The Spiritualists may well be proud when such noble champions as Mr. Fowler enter their ranks. I feel that I have not done him any thing like justice in this hastily-written sketch, and I trust your readers will not judge Professor Fowler's discourse by the quality of this article, or hold him responsible for any inaccuracies which it may contain.

Yours, in the good faith,

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported Phonographically by T. J. Ellwood.

On Tuesday evening, January 17th, the Conference met, as usual, at half-past seven o'clock.

A GENTLEMAN commenced the exercises of the meeting by reading the following article, written by a lady, and addressed to the members of the New York Conference:

Thinking any communication in reference to Spiritualism might be received and appreciated by Spiritualists, if from a reliable source, I have taken the liberty of penning a few lines to you as a body of believers.

During my investigation of the wonderful phenomena called Spirit-rappings, I have learned that Spiritists do sometimes communicate things that are false, and often times when solicited or interrogated in regard to coming events, predict that which does not happen. I have also learned that communications given voluntarily are reliable in regard to the past or that in the future. I have had many instances of predicting the future. I will refer to two that occurred at the house of Mr. Charles Partridge, two years ago last September. I went to his house by rail and through the politeness of Mr. Edward Fowler, the medium of a circle that met at his house weekly. It was communicated to me by the alphabet, without my submitting any question or thinking about the matter: "Your son will receive an appointment for the Naval Department during the next session of Congress." Congress assembled at the usual time, and one week before they adjourned he received orders to prepare for an examination that would immediately take place preparatory to his appointment. I will just state that it was during the long session, which brought the prediction eleven months in the future. The other communication read as follows, and was voluntarily given: "I expect of your journey to the South—good will result from it." I asked, "What good?" The answer was, "Go and see." I went to the South; great good did result. No one knew me in the circle, or knew I intended going South, and it did not pass through my mind during the evening.

The Spirit that communicated the above purports to be the one that manifested himself in producing blood through the hand of the medium on the island of Nantucket, to which your attention was called on Tuesday evening last at the Conference. At a recent sitting at a circle on that island, by the same medium and the same Spirit, a stove moved from its place the distance of one foot with the pipe attached. The medium did not have his hand on the stove. A table moved from the wall some distance by request of the medium, and moved back again to its former position. By requesting the Spirit to do so, it will move the leaf of the table with rapidity against the wall. Many more instances of minor importance to you, but highly significant to me, I could relate. The Spirit of this dear friend of mine purports to be in the sixth sphere, and testifies that when he left the body his Spirit went to this sphere. I have always had truthful communications from this Spirit, by tests and by predicting future events. If these few incoherent sentences will be of interest to you individually or collectively, they are at your disposal.

Yours, respectfully,

M. C. B.

P. S. This Spirit-friend was my husband, and was murdered in California three years since, under very aggravating circumstances.

January 16, 1854.

With reference to the subject of false communications, alluded to in the first part of the foregoing communication, the speaker said there was much connected with it which we do not understand, and which no one, as he believed, professes to know any thing positively. He knew of instances in which persons at the commencement of a sitting had received a great many correct communications, but afterward, what they considered falsehoods, which were ascertained by investigation to be true; which fact goes to prove that communications are often pronounced false when they are not. It seemed to the speaker that if a person goes to a medium for the purpose of lying, he will naturally get responses adapted to the condition of his mind. If there are lying Spirits, and Spirits are drawn to us by affinity, it is natural to suppose that a liar would attract a lying Spirit. On one occasion he himself received a false statement, and was afterward frequently reminded of it by the Spirits in such a manner as to cause him to think that it was given him to teach him a useful lesson.

The speaker thought it a significant fact that in the early stages of the spiritual phenomena our immediate friends were most likely to communicate, while now philosophers and distinguished men address us, instead of our family connections. He had ceased to form theories; for his experience had been that as often as he formed theories some new developments would be manifested which would upset them. Spirits seem to help us to form theories and then give us facts to overthrow them, as if they would teach us how weak we are, and how limited is external knowledge.

Mr. Olcott followed with the relation of a few facts which had come under his notice since he turned his attention to Spiritualism. Immediately after the Fox girls were at Cleveland, a circle was formed at Amherst, Ohio, of which the speaker was a member. The circle met regularly for eight months without receiving a single demonstration of spiritual presence; but the members were finally rewarded for their patience, as a lady, who had been developed as a clairvoyant, was sent to them, who was competent to control the circle, and through whose mediumship the members received communications from their Spirit-friends, and a great variety of tests, proving the identity of the Spirits communicating. They had received communications which breathe the purest sentiments of humanity and philanthropy, accompanied by the true spirit of eloquence. They had received these communications in different languages, and on almost every subject. At that circle three gentlemen were developed as healing mediums, one of whom is Mr. Finney, and the name of the others is Steele. In some instances dramas have been enacted by five or six mediums who were controlled to speak different languages, and to imitate the customs of different tribes and nations, showing the different stages of man's progression.

A skeptical lady, who belonged to another circle, said that if the powers influencing her would prove to her that what she was controlled to utter was really a language she would believe it to be Spirits. A few days afterward, a gentleman who had for the last seventeen years been trafficking with the Indians attended one of the meetings of the circle, and two or three of the mediums addressed him in what appeared to be different Indian tongues, one of which he thought was a dialect with which he had a slight acquaintance. The next day he and the skeptical lady met at a neighboring town. She was moved to go to him and speak in a language which she did not understand. The gentleman seemed astounded. The earnestness of the medium increased, until she thought the Spirit controlling her was getting excited. The gentleman understood what she was saying, and she urged him to give her an interpretation of the communication, which he refused to do. A communication was subsequently given through the mediumship of the same clairvoyant, stating this gentleman had defrauded the Indian that addressed him of a deerkin before his death. The speaker himself had been made to speak that which was not English, and what was supposed to be a language.

The speaker had seen a table suspended in the air, about two feet from the floor, at the request of persons present; and he had heard raps so loud that he did not care to imitate them by rapping on the table with his bare hand. He had also seen ponderable objects thrown about in the atmosphere by some invisible agent. While in Amherst the speaker was addressed by a Spirit that claimed to have known him in this city. He asked the Spirit to prove his identity, when the medium said that the Spirit pointed to his heart, and indicated that a blood-vessel had ruptured there. Finally a name came to the mind of the speaker, and before he uttered it the medium said, "Yes, that is it," and spoke it. The speaker had had a slight acquaintance with such a person. The next morning the same Spirit came to him and wished him to write to his father. Soon after he received a letter stating that the young man had died.

Mr. Levy arose to state a few facts which had come to his knowledge. He had but recently become a convert to Spiritualism. Previous to his conversion he had been a materialist for many years. His belief in materialism was founded on the philosophy of nature, and he was led to his conclusions by reasoning. In all the works he could read on science, or any other subject, he could find no evidence that there was any thing in universal nature but matter; and he came to the conclusion that after our earthly career should close we should no longer exist. He was conscious of the fact that we have minds which make us superior to the animal creation; but he thought that might be owing to a different organization. He knew that there must be a power that creates and recreates, but he concluded that it was not for us to know what power. He could not then see the object of man's creation.

A short time since the speaker commenced the investigation of the new manifestations, and he was fully convinced that they have the origin claimed for them. In embracing Spiritualism his former opinions were not changed, but extended. Having become interested in the subject, and being anxious to witness the phenomena, he formed a circle at his house, but to no avail. A few days ago he went with his wife to visit a lady acquaintance for the purpose of forming a circle. Accordingly a table was taken from one room to another, and a circle was formed around it. They were unable to get any manifestations, until a little boy belonging to the family said, "Mother, I have a Spirit that I can call." The mother did not know what the child could mean; but he related the following circumstance that had occurred a short time before: Five little children, the eldest twelve and the youngest four years of age, went into the basement entirely by themselves, and formed a circle around a pine table, for sport. Soon the table began to move about. It answered any questions they desired to have it, and among other things spelled the name Rachel Beekman. None of the children had ever heard of such a person, except a little girl who was present on a visit. She said she knew who it was—that it was her cousin who died about two years ago, and said that Rachel

used to be very fond of dancing and singing. They asked the Spirit to dance, and the table did dance, and moved in such a way as to drum a tune.

After the boy had told his story, the mother told him he might call his Spirit. Said the child, "I wish she would come; she said she would." The speaker took every precaution to guard against being deceived. Soon the table began to move, and answered a great variety of questions. Sometimes one end of the table was suspended, and sometimes the other; and it was caused to assume positions in which no person in the room could place it. The lady of the house asked the Spirit to move the table back to its place in the room from which it was taken. It commenced moving in a straight line, and passed through the door, which was so narrow that there was but just room for it to pass, with as little difficulty as though it were guided by the most skillful mechanic, and stopped exactly in the place from which it was removed. One leg after the other raised over the sill as it passed through the door.

These manifestations made a deeper impression on the mind of the speaker from the fact that they first came to those innocent little children, who were too young to practice deception.

He then quoted the following passage of Scripture, which he thought was quite applicable to the foregoing circumstance: "Jesus answered, and said, 'I thank thee, oh Father! Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.'"

A STRANGER next occupied the stand, for the purpose of relating a few facts told to him by an intimate medical friend, who was formerly a resident of this city, and a disbeliever in Spiritualism. By request, this friend visited a circle where were three mediums—young persons of eight or ten years of age. He was told that he would assist more than any one else at the circle if he would place his hands on the table with two of the little girls. He complied with the desires of the Spirits by placing three fingers on the table, when, to his surprise, it commenced dancing. He "called off" for it while it was dancing, and it obeyed his directions. He asked who it was that produced those movements of the table, and was informed that it was "Uncle Sam," and that his "partner" in the dance was "Aunt Sam." "Uncle Sam" intimated that he wished to have a scuffle, and on being asked why, he said he wanted to convince those present (some of whom were skeptics, and determined not to believe) that Spirits have power. No one was willing to scuffle with him; so the persons present were requested to place themselves around the table, when it commenced rocking violently. Finally, all the hands were removed from the table but those of the speaker's friend, and one of the other skeptical gentlemen said, "Hold on, Uncle Sam, you are a little too fast," and grasped the table with the intention of holding it, when it moved him all about the room, to the great amusement of the spectators. After moving him about in that manner until he perspired freely, the table pitched in such a manner as to throw him on the top of it. Not daunted, however, he called a friend to his aid; but the two were unable to manage "Uncle Sam." Several others made the same attempt, and met with the same success.

The speaker's friend then said, "Uncle Sam, can you break this table?" No reply was given. Then said the friend, "If you will break it we will pay for it." Soon it raised up, and in its descent struck on one leg and broke it. Instead of settling down as it naturally would, it fell in such a manner as to knock the top off and split it through the center, leaving the table a perfect wreck. It is quite a common thing for "Uncle Sam" to meet his friends. He was present at a circle in the same neighborhood when a boy some ten or twelve years old commenced acting the drunkard, and finally danced and manifested a degree of wit entirely exceeding his own capacities. A lady who was visiting in the neighborhood, and who had previously lived there, was present, and asked who the Spirit was, when the medium was controlled to say, "It is your Uncle Sam, and he is going to make the little girl and myself laugh in a moment." Soon the medium and a little girl present commenced laughing. Then the medium said, "He will make you laugh too." She was made to laugh, and it was not long before the whole company were laughing. The lady was reminded by a certain remark made by the medium, which was peculiar to the Spirit while living, that while young she lost an Uncle Sam, who was a drunkard, and she was convinced that it was his Spirit communicating.

On another occasion, a young man who had heard raps in his presence, but who was a disbeliever in the spiritual manifestations, was induced to sit at a table with others, when his hand was forcibly raised from the table and returned with great violence. He pretended that he did it himself. It was communicated that the Spirits would make him write during the evening, when he remarked that it would take more Spirits than there are in the Spirit-world to make him write. But soon his hand moved to the pencil, and when it came in contact with it he threw it across the room. It was then written, "Let the pencil be and we will make him pick it up." "No you don't," said the young man. In a few moments his feet began to move, and he advanced toward the pencil, stooped down and took it between his fingers, and although he tried to, he could not get rid of it. He was compelled to write, but his writing was not legible. He finally refused to sit any longer, and as he left the table he observed, that if the others would sit there and be humbugged they might. He declared that he was going out, and started toward the door, but very suddenly turned and went the other way. He made several attempts to go, with increasing determination, but was unable to depart.

Another STRANGER related a fact which he thought would answer the question which is often raised, viz.: "What is the use of spiritual manifestations?" About a week ago he met a medium about two hundred miles from this city, who three weeks from the present evening, left her home for the purpose of going to a village a mile distant to do some shopping. When she left the omnibus at the end of her journey, instead of going and doing her shopping, she was surprised to find herself rapidly running toward home, not knowing why. When she was passing a mill-dam connected with the factory in which she worked, she heard the following cry, "Oh, save me from drowning, from freezing!" She raised an alarm, and the life of a young lady, who, it was afterward ascertained, intended to commit suicide, and had prepared her graveclothes, and written and left directions as to the manner of her burial, was rescued from a watery grave. Thus was this medium made an instrument of saving the life of a human being.

IRA B. DAVIS did not desire to feed the curiosity of the audience by relating manifestations which he had witnessed; but it would be a great source of happiness to him to relate a few facts which had come to his knowledge, and which, though simple in themselves, seemed to him as wonderful as any he had ever heard related, if by doing so he could excite in the minds of his hearers a desire to investigate the subject, or tend to elevate the moral and social condition of man, which he thought to be the object of the manifestations. Before relating facts, however, he thought it might be well to state the effect which they had produced on himself.

Before he witnessed any of these manifestations he was what the world called an infidel, simply because he could see no reason for believing in immortality; and the doctrine was to him a mere sound that fell on the ear, although he prayerfully examined the subject, listened attentively to every man's arguments in favor of it, and read all the works he could command that professed to give light respecting it. The more he reasoned the less he believed, till he not only discarded the doctrine of immortality, but was at a loss to believe even in the existence of a Great First Cause.

The first that he heard of spirit manifestations fell on his ear like some idle story. A few months rolled on, and he met his friend Charles Partridge, the subject of Spiritualism being broached, he told Mr. Partridge he did not suppose any one so silly as to believe any thing in spiritual manifestations. Mr. Partridge then invited him to attend a circle at his house, which he did. He sat at the table around which the circle was formed, and was asked to examine it carefully to satisfy himself that there was no mechanical arrangement connected with it. Although he had the utmost confidence in his friend Partridge, he thought that inasmuch as these were strange times, it could do no harm to make the examination, so he availed himself of the opportunity, but discovered nothing that appeared like trickery.

The speaker remembered that Mr. Partridge said to the members of the circle, "You need not feel strange if any of you should be touched," the invisible agent sometimes does touch individuals," and told them that if they did feel a touch, it would be of no use for them to look around, for they could not see the object touching them. The speaker was sitting quietly, and soon felt a touch on his hand, that lay over the back of his chair. He, naturally enough, looked back, and saw that it was a lap-dog that had touched him. This he thought a strange spiritual manifestation, but let it pass, as he was willing to investigate the matter thoroughly. The raps were produced in their presence, and others who questioned the power that produced them claimed that their questions were answered correctly; but all this was no evidence or satisfaction to him. A gentleman at his right asked concerning some relative, and he was informed by the intelligence communicating that this relative was present. Said the questioner, "Do you mean to say that that relative is in the Spirit-world?" He was an-

swered in the affirmative, and told that the deceased came to his death by a drowning. While this communication was being spelled out, there was a noise produced on the table which sounded like ships' pumps at work, and quite as loud, and the table was jarred so as to move the cloth that lay on it. The sound was so well imitated, that if the room had been dark persons might well have fancied themselves at sea. He then thought that if these things were performed by any mechanical arrangement the machinery was well concealed.

Before going to the circle, the speaker had prepared himself for asking questions, and had selected some particular individual with whom he wished to converse. After being informed that there was a Spirit present that would communicate with him, said he, "Is it the one I wish to communicate with?" He received an affirmative answer, and asked the Spirit if it would give its name. The Spirit said it would; so the speaker wrote a number of names, and while writing that particular one he heard raps, and when he had done writing he asked if he had written enough. The answer was in the affirmative; and when he pointed to each of the names he had written, as he pointed to that one the raps occurred again. The responses were all correct, and the speaker thought that if it was all guess work it was pretty well done.

He was not prepared to believe without the most conclusive testimony, and he watched the papers closely to see if there would not appear some philosophical explanation of the strange phenomena, until he became out of patience with the manner in which the subject was treated by the press. Subsequently he visited Mrs. Brown, where a gentleman asked questions in the French language, to which he received correct and prompt replies. Mrs. Brown said she was unacquainted with the language. There was an Italian in the circle, who smiled as if he thought some person was causing the raps; but after the other gentleman had received answers to questions in French, he said that if he could get answers to questions in his language he would be satisfied. He asked a number, and said the answers he received were correct. In the mean time the speaker purposely engaged the medium in conversation; but the rapping went on just the same. The next time the speaker went he felt that the subject deserved serious consideration, and had a number of questions prepared with reference to his departed relatives. One was a little child of his that died at the age of four and a half months—so young that he did not suppose that it could communicate, even if other Spirits could. He asked the Spirits to select a name from the list he had prepared, and as he passed them over the raps occurred when he came to the name of this little child. The speaker said, "I think the Spirit has made a mistake," and went over the list again; and when he came to the child's name the raps came again. He then asked by writing, so that no one could see what he wrote, "How is it that you are able to communicate with me now, while you were not when you went to the Spirit-world?" when the following was spelled out: "I have progressed much faster than I should if I had remained with you." The speaker then wrote, "Will you give me the age you bore at the time of your death?" The answer was, "Four and a half months." A great number of the speaker's relatives purported to be present, and he could distinguish the different raps which were peculiar to each one, even when he asked his questions mentally, as well as he could distinguish the voices of different individuals in the flesh, when with them in the dark. While sitting there, his foot was clasped by a hand, which he felt as plainly as though he had had no boot on. Answers to questions had been rapped out on his chair, for a period of nearly an hour. He was obliged to acknowledge that there was intelligence manifested. He had witnessed these things, and many more, and the effect that they had produced on his mind was to convince him that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is true. He was now a convert to that doctrine, simply through the influence of these manifestations. He did not think it would have been possible for any man, by any reasoning, to thus satisfy him of the immortality of the soul. He was unable to point to a sentence that he ever heard uttered, that would convey to his mind the truth of immortality, previous to his acquaintance with Spiritualism. He thought it hardly possible that he could have been convinced of the truth of future existence, if he had not witnessed the manifestations. He believed that if every man had sworn to the fact, he would have thought the world had gone mad, or he was dreaming, instead of believing it himself.

The speaker did not now discard his associate infidels, and he was frank to say that he had always met the most Christian spirits among them. He had always found them the most generous class of the community with which he was acquainted, and it was painful to him to hear them spoken of lightly. He had seen in the TELEGRAPH severe remarks against those who do not believe in the Great First Cause, and he thought the parties who wrote thus must overlook the fact that we all believe according to the evidence we have, and according to our capacity to receive the evidence which is presented to our senses. He was sorry to see Spiritualists deal harshly with the clergy, many of whom are induced to profess to believe that this, that, or the other doctrine is true, because their living depends upon it. Observation had taught him that clergymen are no more at fault in this respect than the rest of us.

The speaker thought the friends of Spiritualism ought to present some remedy for the evils of society, and uproot and destroy the old systems on which it rests. He thought these manifestations were intended to produce these results, and not merely to reunite us with our friends. He had hesitated about taking the stand, because he knew it was the desire that speakers should adhere to the facts of Spiritualism; but he thought that they should confer together for the purpose of ascertaining how some good can be done, as well as to state what manifestations have occurred. While almost every business man is arrayed against his neighbor, and almost every class arrayed against every other class, he thought measures ought to be taken to teach man to love his neighbor as himself, which he did not think could be done so long as the merchant finds it expedient to charge high prices. There can be no equality so long as the lawyer finds it to be for his interest to blacken the characters of the innocent, and try to free the guilty; or when the doctors, if they should cure their patients with some simple remedy, would lose their practice, because the world would learn the remedy. The speaker had been led to believe that doctors many times, when examining a patient, instead of revolving the question, "How much medicine does this party need?" thinks, "How much will he bear?" He had found that the man in trade does not say, "How much can I afford to sell this article for?" but he says, "How much can I make out of it?" His success depends upon how much he can wring from his neighbor.

These things being true, the speaker considered it to be the duty of Spiritualists to investigate these evils of society, as well as the fact that Spirits do exist; and if it be true that our future happiness depends on our degree of development here, he thought it behooved them to seek to relieve society of these evils. He had taken some part in trying to cure them, but he could say that if he had not become interested in Spiritualism, he might have turned villain himself, for his patience was nearly spent in the labor of reform; but Spiritualism seemed to come in just at the time when it was most needed. He would be happy to meet with any body of Spiritualists who would interest themselves in the laws of society, and he would like to have Spiritualists appoint a committee to look into that subject. But to return to the manifestations.

Soon after Mrs. Coan came to this city, last summer, the speaker called on her, and received communications from the Spirit of a daughter. The medium and he were entire strangers. He was informed that his daughter would give her name, so he took up the alphabet, and the letters that spell Emma were responded to. When the first "m" was indicated by the raps, the medium said, "That is a double letter." Shortly after the medium was influenced to seize a pencil, and wrote four or five verses of poetry, and signed it "Your little daughter, Emma." At this time the muscles of the medium's arm were observed to be quite rigid, but not cold; and it was with difficulty that the pencil could be removed from her hand.

The speaker visited Boston last summer, where he had not been before in thirteen years, and there he received a communication similar to the one referred to above, which was signed by this little daughter. Wherever he goes this Spirit accompanies him, and whenever an opportunity is presented she favors him with a beautiful communication, to which her name is attached.

The speaker stated that he had frequently, for his own satisfaction, and to satisfy others that the mind has nothing to do with the manifestations, engaged Mrs. Coan in conversation, and yet her hand was moved rapidly to write intelligent communications, and give tests, such as writing names, etc. He had seen her write sentences upside down, writing half a line in a place, and after going over three or four lines in that manner, her hand would go back and fill up the vacancies, so that the composition would be complete; and during this time the medium would be conversing with somebody present. On another occasion, the same medium was so violently attacked by illness, that her husband and others present were fearful that she would not recover; and the speaker thought her Spirit was about taking its final flight from the body. Her whole frame became rigid, so that but very slight indications of remaining life were visible. It was asked if Spirits could manifest through her, and give directions as to how

she should be treated; when her hand moved in response, while her eyes were fixed in their sockets, and the rest of her person was as rigid as though she had been dead, and by the movement of her hand directions for her treatment were spelled out. She did not regain her consciousness until magnetized by the Spirits.

The speaker contended that no man is justified in condemning these things, and calling them a "humbug," without giving them a thorough investigation; and that if he does so, he not only wrongs the individual that he detests from investigating, but he wrongs himself. Those very persons who condemn the Jews for crucifying Christ, are the Jews of the present day. They condemn and crucify the truth connected with these manifestations, and will not even examine them.

THEOLOGY OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

The following synopsis of the theological views of the Greek Church, as given by a theological author, will possess a peculiar interest to those readers who are not familiar with its tenets, from the connection of that Church with the present war between Turkey and Russia:

"They disown the authority of the Pope, and deny that the Church of Rome is the true Catholic Church. They do not baptize their children till they are three, four, five, six, ten, nay, sometimes eighteen years of age; baptism is performed by triple immersion. They insist that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ought to be administered in both kinds, and they give the sacrament to children immediately after baptism. They grant no indulgences, nor do they lay claim to the character of infallibility, like the Church of Rome. They deny that there is any such place as purgatory; notwithstanding they pray for the dead, that God may have mercy on them at the general judgment. They practice the invocation of saints; though they say they do not invoke them as deities, but as intercessors with God. They exclude confirmation, extreme unction, and matrimony out of the seven sacraments. They deny unctio confessionis to be a divine precept, and say it is only a positive injunction of the Church. They pay no religious homage to the eucharist. They administer the communion in both kinds to the laity, both in sickness and in health, though they have never applied themselves to their confessor, because they are persuaded that a lively faith is all which is requisite for the worthy receiving of the Lord's Supper. They maintain that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, and not from the Son. They believe in predestination. They admit of no images in relief or embossed work, but use paintings and sculptures in silver and copper. They approve of the marriage of priests, provided they enter into that state before their admission into holy orders. They condemn all fourth marriages. They observe a number of holy days, and keep four fasts in the year more solemn than the rest, of which the fast in Lent, before Easter, is the chief. They believe the doctrine of consubstantiation, or the union of the body of Christ with the sacrament bread."

An exchange states that the Greek Church comprehends a large part of Greece and the Grecian Isles, Wallachia, Moldavia, Egypt, Abyssinia, Nubia, Lybia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Cilicia, and Palestine; to which may be added the whole of the Russian Empire in Europe, a great part of Siberia in Asia, Astrakhan, Casan, and Georgia. It comprehends more extent of territory than the Latin Church, with all the branches that have sprung from it.

NEW WORK ON THE SPIRITS.—E. W. Capron, formerly editor of the Providence *Daily Mirror*, has nearly ready for the press a "History of Modern Spiritual Manifestations from their first commencement at Hydesville, N. Y., to the present time." It will contain the most minute accounts of the first manifestations in the Fox family; a full and only accurate account of the mysteries of Stratford, at the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps, from the Doctor's own records, and an authentic history of the Mountain Cove community, a movement which has never been published, together with other events in the progress of the manifestations in its different places; also a compilation of the different theories by opponents and answers to them. It will be a history, and not a defense of Spiritualism, giving specimens of the ridiculous manifestations and exhibitions of fanaticism on the part of Spiritualists, as well as the more rational manifestations which entitle the phenomena to public investigation.

Mr. C. was in the midst of the first excitement on this subject in Western New York, was acquainted with many of the early actors, and has been an attentive observer from that time to the present.—*Weekly (Phil.) Commercial*.

LIGHT AND LIBERTY.
ELIZABETH JUDD.

Behold, behold! the angels coming
From above;
To every nation they are flying,
Filled with love;
Oh, hark! and hear—the echo sounds,
It fills the earth's remotest bounds,
Through every nation it resounds—
Liberty!

Cheer up, O man, the time is coming,
You'll be free;
The power of love is now prevailing,
You'll be free;
Then let not shame your faces hide,
Though scoffing skeptic now deride;
Declare yourself upon the side
Of Liberty!

Arise and trim thy lamp, O man,
You've slumbered long;
The bridegroom shortly will be coming
With the throng;
Oh, go ye out to meet his call,
And have your vessels filled with oil,
And enter in to drink the cup
Of Liberty!

The Gospel trumpet is now proclaiming
Peace to man;
Angelic hosts its banners bearing
Through the land;
Before its power the empires shake,
The prowling despots hear and quake,
And trembling kings their thrones forsake
For Liberty!

Roll on, O Prince of Peace, roll on
Thy heavenly power,
Till every nation, kindred, tongue,
Shall be low;
Till man shall learn to know thy will—
And every duty to fulfill—
And may his watchword ever be—
Liberty!

When man on earth has filled thy law
And done thy will,
May holy angels round him draw,
To bear him home;
Open the gates of heavenly bliss,
And show him there his portion is
To range the fields of endless light
And Liberty.

GONE TO THE SPIRIT-LAND.

On the 27th ult., Hiram Hall, bosom companion of Lydia Hall, separated from his mortal habitation at Ballston Spa, New York, aged fifty-five years. In March, 1853, Mr. Hall commenced investigating the Harmonical Philosophy. Having for more than twenty years been a prominent member of the Baptist Church, and endowed by nature with sound, practical judgment, he was prepared to give the subject all that it claims, a fair and impartial investigation. After a lengthy examination of the phenomena, and applying to it whatever he had previously read of natural science, he came to the conclusion that disembodied Spirits could hold converse with the inhabitants of earth; that Spiritualism equalled its pretensions; that the phenomena were explainable on the principles of natural and spiritual law. He continued immovable in this belief through many weeks of severe sickness up to the final separation of his Spirit from its mortality. Mr. Hall shared largely in the esteem of all who knew him and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

