

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

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WHOLE NO., 95.

The Principles of Nature.

FROM OUR BUFFALO CORRESPONDENT.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

On our own account, we desire to keep you advised of the doings of the Spirits in this city. More especially is this important to us, because, among the six dailies and several hebdomadals published here, there is not one which would dare to publish a detailed statement of occurrences such as I have to furnish you; and if one should venture to insert a paragraph on the subject, it would have to be accompanied with some editorial remarks, condemning it as imposition, humbug, or hallucination. Thus our own citizens must be kept in ignorance of what is going on among the rapidly increasing few who are engaged in the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, but for the space which you allow us to occupy in your columns. If this state of things continues, the day is not far distant when you will have to furnish the TELEGRAPH with thousands of Buffalo subscribers.

I have liberty to tell you the full names of the two mediums in Circle No. 1, of this city, whom I have designated as Miss B. and Mr. L. The first is Miss SARAH BROOKS, daughter of Lester Brooks, Esq., of this city. The second is Mr. EDWIN LOVELL, a young gentleman of great moral worth, who promises to become a powerful medium. It is fortunate for us that these media are such as to defy the tongue of malignity itself to assail their moral character. Miss Brooks is the very personification of artlessness and moral purity.

I have two somewhat extraordinary circumstances to narrate in the history of the mediumship of Miss Brooks, which have taken place since my last:

At an evening circle, some two weeks since, Miss B. was suffering excessively with pain from a felon on her thumb, which had been growing for a number of days. Notwithstanding her agony, the Spirits succeeded in putting her into a magnetic sleep, as they also did four others at the table. In this sleep she still writhed with the pain of the felon. One of the circle, on observing the contortion of her features, asked the Spirits if they could not relieve her suffering. It was immediately answered, that they would relieve her in three minutes. Thereupon one of the other magnetized persons took hold of her hand and commenced making magnetic passes over the diseased thumb. By the time the three minutes had expired, she bent the joint of her thumb without the least difficulty, although it was, up to that moment, as stiff as if no joint had been there. She then seized it with the other hand and twisted it severely, and then pounded the table with it to the utmost of her muscular power. I called on her two days afterward, when she told me she had been entirely free from pain with it ever since the operation.

The other circumstance was still more remarkable: Miss B. has a brother—ALONZO BROOKS—who is a moulder in one of the furnaces in this city. The foreman of that establishment (Mr. Wm. McBride), who had occupied that position for a number of years, and who, by his good offices and manly deportment, had ingratiated himself with all those who worked under him, was about to leave, to go into business on his own account. As the fashion is, in these days, the whole lodge of moulders and laborers in the establishment determined that he should not depart without some testimonial of their respectful consideration; and they contributed funds to purchase a gold watch for him. This done, there must be—to keep up with the times—a public presentation, which would require a speech by the person selected to present it. At a meeting held for the purpose, Alonzo Brooks was selected as the person who should present the watch and make the speech. Although the honor thus conferred was grateful to his feelings, he was pained by the reflection that he could not produce any thing in the nature of an address which would not be obnoxious to severe literary criticism; for Alonzo, though an excellent moulder of iron, and a very pretty chirographer, had never practiced the art of moulding words into sentences and paragraphs.

Alonzo was in a difficult dilemma; he must either forego the honor, or apply to somebody else to furnish the address. In casting about for a literary friend to help him out of his difficulty, "a sudden thought struck him," and he said to himself: "I know where I can get an address without the aid of mortal hand or mind; I will go to my sister Sarah, and she can have one rapped out by the Spirits." No sooner was this resolved on than he started for his father's house, where he made known his necessity, and broached his proposition, to Sarah. Alone by themselves, they took seats by the table. Raps were soon heard, and Alonzo inquired if there was any Spirit present who could furnish the desired address. The question was answered in the negative; but the responding Spirit proffered to go and bring one who could do it. Soon the literary Spirit arrived, and, through the raps, requested Alonzo to give him a minute description of the business, the duties of the foreman, and the whole circumstances of the case. This Alonzo did; and the Spirit, after responding to

the question: Who are you? by giving the name of DANIEL WEBSTER, thus proceeded to the task assigned him:

"WILLIAM MCBRIDE, Foreman of the Eagle Furnace—Accept this time-piece as a memorial—a lasting memento of friendship—from the moulders of this establishment, who have been objects of your studious care. In all your acts, whether prone to kindness or censure, we have had but a true and correct exemplification of your character. Your honesty of purpose and lofty magnanimity of heart have so blended as to produce that unwavering confidence which has penetrated the hearts of your men. We regret that one so much esteemed should leave his present position in this establishment, and the duties which have devolved upon you within the last five years. Still we will not complain, as another equally kind and generous succeeds you. We bid him hail! and may he manifest his worthiness of the position which you have left as clearly as you have done."

"What sacred memories cluster around the name of Foreman! It awakens those feelings which inspire the moulders with that ambition which leads men to honor in this life. You are no longer foreman; and as a token of our respect and esteem, we have selected this time-piece. The presentation of the gift has devolved upon me; therefore I present it to you, fully confident of my inability, yet I hope the generosity of my friends will overlook all imperfections. This gift accept, in behalf of the moulders of this establishment, and remember that with it goes our respect, admiration, and hope. When necessity prompts you to behold its face, see the smiles and hearty welcome of the givers; and when you hearken to its ticking, think of the many hearts that beat in unison with it. And when you thus think of the gift, let your thoughts steal away from its attractions, and think that those who regret your removal are happy to know that you are still associated with them in kindly sympathies."

This was all rapped out letter by letter, which occupied five hours. Now if any hypocritical caviler chooses to seek out imperfections in construction, whereby to disprove the authorship claimed for it, let him or her make the experiment of dictating an extemporaneous address, giving one letter at a time, at intervals as long as the time required to repeat the alphabet, and see if human memory is sufficiently retentive to preserve the chain of thought unbroken, as it is in this example. I do not believe that any mind in the form can do it, without previously composing and committing to memory. Nor can I well see how the advancement which a Spirit is enabled to make, in a few months, can enable it to approximate so nearly to correctness in construction, by this tedious process, as has been done in this effort.

Since the date of my last, we have had Warren Chase to deliver a course of four lectures on Spiritualism, to all who dared to come and hear him; and I am happy to inform you that he has sown seed which will not fail to produce a rich harvest of faith in the genuineness of spiritual intercourse. Mr. Chase is admirably qualified, both as to ability and moral bravery, for a pioneer in this all-important enterprise of love and mercy. He labors with a will, a singleness of heart, and a spirit of determined perseverance which can not fail to prove effectual. He has made an impression here which can never be obliterated.

Judge Edmonds and his friend, Dr. Dexter, passed through here last week, en route for Cincinnati and St. Louis; and, contrary to their calculation, they had to stay here one day and night, on account of the indisposition of the Doctor. A few of us spent a most agreeable evening with the Judge; but the Doctor was too much indisposed to favor us with his company. We have the promise of a course of lectures from the Judge on his return route.

Yours, unceasingly,

FRATER.

PROOFS OF SPIRITUAL PRESENCE AND POWER.

WARR, MASS., Feb. 13, 1854.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

I forward to you the following remarkable and interesting facts, which, I believe, prove the presence of an invisible power and intelligence beyond a reasonable doubt. Mr. H. P. Fairfield, the well-known clairvoyant and speaking medium, was strongly impressed by a Spirit, who called his name Fol-some (which name was unknown to the medium), to go to Somers, Ct., and spend two or three days, where, the Spirit affirmed, he had relatives and friends residing, who would give the medium a happy reception. Brother Fairfield, true to his impressions, on the 28th of January, started for Somers, where he arrived in the afternoon of the same day. He was directed to the house of Mr. Calvin Hall, who is a worthy and devoted laborer in the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy, where he was most cordially welcomed by all, brother Hall affirming that he had been strongly impressed that the medium was coming to visit them. Without further preface, I will give you the facts as they occurred, in as condensed a form as possible.

Early on the following Sunday morning, brother Hall was awakened by a vibratory motion of his bed and sleeping apartment. While he lay reflecting upon this strange phenomenon, it was again repeated. Being impressed that it was Spirits who were shaking his room, he remarked, "If it is Spirits who are doing this, will they please to shake my whole house five or six times, more powerful each time, so that I may be perfectly satisfied?" Instantly a vibratory motion was given to the whole house, apparently extending from room to room, one shock succeeding another, growing more powerful until the last, which shook the house, windows, beds, and furniture violently, awaking all in the house from their slumbers,

so that not only brother Hall, but all in the house, felt sensibly the shock which had been given.

Again: Brother Hall, during the morning, received impressions that he and brother Fairfield must attend the Universalists' meeting at Somersville, and that brother Fairfield would there be entranced and speak to the congregation. Therefore, without saying any thing to the medium about the matter, he invited him to go to church. They accordingly went. The forenoon passed off very pleasantly; but immediately at the close of the afternoon sermon, as the minister (Mr. Loveland) was about to read a hymn, brother Fairfield was instantly entranced, and rose in his slip, and said, "Brother Loveland, will you please to dispense with the reading of your hymn, for I would like to make a few remarks to this congregation upon the Spiritual Philosophy. Mr. Loveland gave way, and the medium left his slip, and took his stand directly in front of the desk. The Spirit then introduced himself as brother FOL-SOME, who had formerly preached to them while on the earth. The medium was so controlled as to take the voice and general characteristics of the Spirit-preacher, and then and there, before that astonished congregation, did he most eloquently address them on the great and living principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. The audience were as silent as the tomb while the voice of truth was so eloquently and affectionately proclaiming life and immortality brought to light. The medium, after speaking about half an hour, was suddenly awakened before the audience; and if ever there was a true picture of embarrassment blended with modesty and innocence, brother Fairfield presented it on that occasion. He started back suddenly, blushed deeply, and then, as if he intuitively comprehended the whole affair, he very modestly returned to his seat. Mr. Loveland then made some very appropriate and just remarks upon what had transpired, advising all to investigate the subject, as it was worthy the candid consideration of all.

Again: At the house of brother Hall a circle was held, and the following remarkable phenomena transpired—Mr. Marvin Mudge, a respectable and influential citizen of Somers, being present. Brother Fairfield, being entranced, addressed him as follows: "Your son has come to converse with you." He then gave the following communication:

Dear father, I am happy to meet you here, and to know that you take so much interest in the Spiritual Philosophy. I wish mother would come with you, and realize these great truths. How much happier she would be! And now I am going home where mother is (which was about half a mile), to get something to bring here, which will strengthen your belief that I am really present, and will tend to convince mother of the realities of Spiritualism. I shall not be gone long; so, good-bye.

In a few moments the medium announced his return, and said, "He has got something all rolled up, and he won't let me see it; he is going to throw it down upon the table; he is very much pleased about it." Instantly a common horn comb was dropped upon the table before the whole circle, apparently dropping from the ceiling overhead. All were struck with surprise at this. Mr. Mudge took up the comb, and instantly recognized it as one used in his family. The medium then spoke and said, "There, father, that is your comb. I told you I would get something and bring here for you. Now you must tell mother all about it." After some few more remarks, the Spirit-son bid his father "Good-night."

As soon as this interesting scene had closed, another quite as interesting and remarkable occurred. Brother Fairfield, continuing in the superior state, the Spirit of the celebrated Black Hawk (the Indian chief) came and wished to make some demonstrations. After exercising the medium in a manner to convince all of the presence of his Indian Highness, he requested the circle to remain passive, as he wished to give them some interesting demonstrations. Soon the medium rose, and walking near a cupboard, placed his hand upon the ceiling near the door. Instantly a large dinner bell that was left standing upon the top shelf was rung once or twice. The circle were startled and surprised. That instant the bell dropped upon the floor in the cupboard. "There," said the Spirit, "you have broken the chain. If you had remained passive, I was going to take the bell from the cupboard and ring it over your heads." The door was then opened by one of the circle, and the bell replaced upon the shelf. The door being again closed and the circle formed anew, the medium took a seat at the table with the rest. Soon the cupboard door was thrown open, and a lot of teaspoons that were standing in a spoon-holder were taken out and thrown some six or eight feet into the room. Then says the medium, "He has thrown out six teaspoons upon the floor." One of the circle went to pick them up, but remarked that he could find but five. The medium said that there were six on the floor. After considerable search the other spoon was found, and all were replaced in the cupboard as before, after which the circle closed.

Mr. Mudge went home, and showed the comb to his wife. She identified it as their own, and remarked that a short time before that their daughter wanted the comb to use, but could not find it anywhere. Mr. M. then related to Mrs. M. how he had obtained the comb. The latter was very much surprised at the recital of that evening's experience; and we will

only add, may these facts be a sufficient incentive to stimulate not only her, but others, to further investigations in Spiritualism.

Yours, in the cause of one universal religion,
HENRY BASSETT.

VARIOUS PHENOMENA.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Permit me to jot down a variety of facts, which may serve at least to confuse counsel on this subject. The parties seem not yet to be satisfied on this vexed subject. Mr. Rogers seems not to have settled it, his "presension of the brain" falling far short of accounting for intelligence. Mr. Beecher has not settled it, for nobody quotes him here—not even the Church; but the most intelligent clergyman of the region denies his statement respecting the fathers of the Church. Mr. Brittan's discussion seems not to have settled it; nor Richmond's; not even Mr. Greeley seems satisfied—he don't believe it is Spirits, nor he don't believe it is not—for once we have got Horace straddle of the fence. Mr. Davis seems as little successful as the rest of us; Dexter and Edmonds have no better success. I have asked many what they think of the book by the latter gentlemen, and I get no definite reply. Let us, however, continue to record the facts.

SPEAKING MEDIUMS.

In Chardon, Geauga Co., a laboring man, a member of the Methodist Church, suddenly became a speaking medium, and preaches in the trance state to his neighbors, who have for some months assembled at his house on Sunday evening. The intelligence asserts through him that the Spirit of Elder Billy Brown has the control of him. Billy Brown was killed by accident, some years since, and was widely known over this region as a very odd and eccentric clergyman, and belonged to the Methodist order. His manner of delivery was peculiar, and no man on the Reserve has uttered so many things that can never be forgotten as Billy Brown. What is peculiar, the medium knows nothing of his utterances; and when told what he preaches, he often repudiates it in his waking moments. The striking fact on this point is, that the medium in his trance repudiates vehemently the vicarious atonement of Christ, while in the waking state he firmly believes it. The most remarkable physical fact is, that the medium imitates most wonderfully the tones, gestures, articulations, oddities, and singularities of the deceased preacher. The medium has no powers of mimicry naturally, but in this state of trance his imitative faculty becomes almost perfect, exceeding what is seen in the most accomplished imitators.

SPEAKING AND PROPHECYING.

In New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., a year since, the Spirits broke out at the house of a friend, like a protracted meeting.

My friend writes that he was a medium for impressions, and prophesied under impression. This family are very impressive, and the father a musician of the exalted kind; as a violinist he is not often surpassed. Only think of a prophetic fiddler! That is the devil, sure. His daughter and wife also, I believe, are rapping mediums. His cousin, a young man of good mind, is a speaking medium—speaks by the Spirit of Joseph Brown, a very eminent Quaker orator, well known in Otsego County; also, he speaks by the Spirit of Daniel Webster.

The powers of Joseph Brown, as a pulpit orator, were unsurpassed, fervid, clear, logical; a deep student of nature and God's gospel, he drew the multitude wherever he went. How is it that two such remarkable men as Brown and Webster should reveal themselves through a lad of twenty years, vastly inferior in parts and capacities? Do men really run down hill, like that in the next sphere? The most remarkable fact that has occurred in this circle is the following: At a sitting, a Spirit announced itself as from California, and as living in a mortal body, made her communication, and retired. The fiddling prophet had, many years since, mesmerized this lady, thus forming a full rapport between the nervous fluid of the two. The lady is now living, and this establishes most fully the possibility of mental connection of living persons in producing the raps. That my friend B. should be beset with the Spirit of Paganini is not wonderful; but that a boy should be made a tool of by the Spirit of Daniel Webster is most marvelous.

RAPS—DREAMS.

On the night of the 15th of July last, about ten o'clock, while walking in front of my house, three loud raps came under the chamber window, on the outside of my dwelling, so loud that I turned around and called to my wife to know what she wanted. Getting no response, I went into the house, lighted a candle, and found all in the house asleep. I mentioned the occurrence to no one, as I could not explain it. A month after I had a dream, the prominent figure in which was a funeral procession and a graveyard. My father was distinctly connected with the dream, and I was impressed that he was dead. In a week I received a line from a brother sixteen miles distant, stating that my father died on the night of the 15th of July, the evening on which the raps were heard by me under the window, about the same hour. My dream

occurred while the letter to my brother was at the post-office, and my explanation is that the dream was psychometric, my mind, in sleep, having gathered the facts of the dream from the letter. I have had other dreams which sustain the same conclusion.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

Our sheriff, M. W. Wright, and N. L. Chaffer, Esq., were, the other day, sitting in the court-house, in the office of the latter. Mr. C. was standing a few feet from the sheriff; the little daughter of the latter had her hand on the back of the chair where her father sat, and the other hand on the safe, when a loud explosion in the iron safe, like a pistol, was heard by all. The next day the same parties, Messrs. C. and W., were in the office; Mr. W. was sitting a few feet off; Mr. C. took hold of a large office chair, and in moving it the chair touched the floor three times, and at each touch a stream of light issued from under the chair, accompanied by raps or sounds. The light passed toward Mr. Wright. Both parties, men of truth rather than of "property and standing," affirm the above statement. Mr. Chaffer is a lawyer, a large boned, large head, a man of tremendous activity, and one would as soon think the Spirits would rap through a volume of Lord Coke or Blackstone as through him. Mr. Wright is a less active temperament, eats meat extensively, has a fine brain, but in no wise inclined to spiritual phenomena. What light does this occurrence throw on the raps? Mr. Chaffer seems to have been the positive battery, and Mr. Wright the negative, the light passing toward him being above that of a pistol flash. This appears to be a very clear demonstration of the fact that the raps are electrical, and that they occur between two human organizations.

What think you of these occurrences, Mr. Brittan? Such facts are worth a serious investigation.

Yours, truly,
B. W. RICHMOND.

MUSIC FROM THE SKIES.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

The following stanzas originated in this wise. On Saturday, Jan. 14, while on board a steamer on the Alabama River, on my journey from Montgomery, Ala., to New Orleans, I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar vibration in the cardinal region, at first like distant music, which was so powerful as to draw all sensation of the various discords around me, occasioned by the jarring motion of the vessel, and by the clamor of its two hundred passengers. After a moment the music formed itself into words, which appeared to echo in my mind, and the strain was repeated with exquisite modulations of harmony during the few moments which elapsed while I was transcribing them into an external form.

Music o'er the waters, gliding
Through the twilight, come to me;
Tell me of the Loved, abiding
In the Golden Isléd Sea,
Dreamily, O dreamily
Sang the music through my soul.
Yielding to its deep control,
All its voices flowed through me.
"Yes! I'll tell of souls abiding
On the Golden Isléd Sea!"
Spake that fairy music, gliding
From the Twilight Land to me.
Dreamily, O dreamily
Sang the music through my soul.
Yielding to its pure control,
Heavenly voices flowed through me.

Through that fairy music, gliding
From the Golden Isléd Sea,
Loved ones, in the heavens abiding,
All the twilight sang to me.
Dreamily, O dreamily
Flowed their music through my soul.
Yielding to their sweet control,
All their voices flowed through me.

Now their Angel forms came gliding
Through the love-light unto me—
Lovely forms they wear, abiding
On the Golden Isléd Sea.
Dreamily, O dreamily
Shining, singing through my soul.
Feeling Love's divine control,
Heaven itself came down to me.

Through my bosom silence gliding
From their Golden Isléd Sea,
Loved ones, in the heavens abiding,
All the day sing on for me,
Dreamily, O dreamily
Singing ever through my soul,
And I feel their sweet control—
Evermore they dwell with me.

STAND BY THE RIGHT.—Perform fearlessly what you believe to be right. The threats of those who hate or envy you will fail, if you are faithful. On the side of truth, justice, and integrity, "one may chase a thousand, and put two thousand to flight."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, carefully retain a copy, as we do not assume the responsibility for any loss of papers. We are not responsible for the loss of papers, but we are responsible for the loss of papers.

SOME OF THE REASONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb 10, 1854.

S. B. BRITTAN:—Learning that you said in Conference or in your Office that you opposed all sectarianism, we are impressed to ask you this question. What, then, means this in the TELEGRAPH, that so much is required that you can not find rejected pieces to return them, if it be not that you have some sectarian standard by which to judge of the fitness or unfitness of pieces for insertion in your TELEGRAPH, which you consider an independent of faith?

Your brother,
W. F. BRITTAN.

We will answer the question of our correspondent, notwithstanding it requires no explanation from us to enable the intelligent reader to perceive that other reasons than a "sectarian standard" may influence a public journalist in the discharge of his duties. That it is no sectarian feeling which prompts us to reject many things offered for publication should be evident by this time, to all who have had an opportunity to observe the manner in which this paper is conducted. No man, at our hands, has undergone any kind of ostracism for his opinions. Those who believe in retribution, present and future, whether temporary or lasting, have been respectfully heard so far as they have respectfully claimed a hearing. The believers in many gods and in one God have met together, and the advocates of the Trinity have been heard at even greater length than those who believe in the Oneness of the Divine personality. Those who urge the necessity of oral prayer and the value of a public ceremonial worship, as well as those who chiefly worship "in deed and in truth," and who desire to render religion strictly spiritual, have been treated with like respect and consideration. We have paused to listen to men who believe in good spirits, and evil spirits, and no spirits at all. Thus almost every doctrine, in and out of the so-called evangelical category, has been vindicated through these columns by some one or more of our numerous correspondents. We have given publicity to many communications wherein ideas were inculcated which were known to be utterly hostile to our own views. Indeed, we have never rejected an article because the writer did not agree with us; and, what is more, we have rarely paused to express our dissent. And yet the question is formally and gravely asked, What means this rejection of so many contributions to our columns, if we have not a "sectarian standard" by which we decide what is and what is not suitable to publish? Being somewhat familiar with this part of the editorial catechism, we proceed to answer. The following are among the reasons why we do not publish every thing that comes to hand:

1. Sometimes we have several communications from different correspondents, the import of which is substantially the same, in which case we endeavor to select the best.
2. Occasionally we receive a fairly written article, but find, on examination, that the author's thoughts have previously been expressed in these columns—perhaps in a more felicitous manner—either by himself or another.
3. Many contributions are so destitute of any essential facts or ideas as to be of no particular value in the estimation of any one but the author himself.
4. Not a few things intended by others for publication are weighed in the balance, and found wanting—in common sense.
5. Some are so filled with ignorance and egotism—so manifestly designed to glorify their authors—as to disgust sensible readers, and as that is not supposed to be the appropriate mission of the TELEGRAPH such offerings are declined.
6. Other articles are so shabbily written, that to render them fit for publication, they require to be rewritten, and we have not the necessary time for that purpose, especially when the chief object would be the gratification of the correspondent rather than the discovery of truth and the enlightenment of the public mind.
7. Some communications are well worded, while the thoughts they contain—always presuming that they contain any at all—are stale and unprofitable. We are quite willing that men should spend their time in polishing weapons, if they can find nothing better to do, but they must permit us to decide whether the same shall be placed in the casket which contains our valuables.
8. Some things are offered in which we can perceive neither "rhyme nor reason," the editor's custom in such cases is to lay them one side and wait for a revelation to disclose the object of the writer, and to discover the value of his piece.
9. We have attempted from time to time to rejuvenate the venerable ideas of some folks, and to mend their lame logic, for which, perhaps, we have been accused of perverting and mutilating the author's works; and we have at length concluded that whenever an article requires as much modification as the celebrated jack-knife, which had received "three new blades and two new handles," it is best to reject it at once.
10. We will submit one other reason why we do not publish all that is offered—the TELEGRAPH will not contain over one half of what is actually received. We may be able to furnish some fourteen or fifteen additional reasons hereafter, should they be required to satisfy any reasonable mind that the TELEGRAPH has neither erected nor employed any "sectarian standard by which to judge of the fitness or unfitness of pieces" offered for publication in its columns.

As to returning rejected communications, we have a word to say. It is not the custom with journals which have an extensive correspondence. The authors of such communications—if they have ever been enlightened by a knowledge of the onerous duties of an editor's life—are usually willing to relieve him from such additional care and labor by taking on themselves the trouble of preserving a copy of whatever they are pleased to contribute. Moreover, most of the writers of rejected articles would not thank us to subject them to postage in this way; and there are few, we apprehend, who would be so unreasonable as to expect us to pay from two shillings to two dollars, daily, for such a purpose. Persons have occasionally sent to us for articles, six months after they were written; we have been required to suspend the most pressing engage-

ments, and look for an hour after an article which perhaps never reached us at all, or if it did was speedily engulphed in the great vortex which swallows up the residuum of unnumbered and forgotten things.

It seems proper to add in this connection, that able writers have very rarely given us any trouble in this way; and the reason obviously is, that men of distinguished abilities have generally too much modesty and good sense to suppose for a moment that the salvation of the world depends on their being allowed to appear in print, when they have nothing of consequence to disclose.

Our answer is not intended for J. S. W. alone, but also for several others, who have been seeking a solution of similar questions, and for any who may be moved to write in like manner hereafter.

The "Epic of the Starry Heaven" is published, and for a comprehensive idea of this remarkable work we desire to call the reader's attention to the extended and able review which will be found in this number. C. D. Stuart being himself a poet, and withal quite above any feeling engendered by prejudice, is eminently qualified to entertain and express an intelligent and unbiased opinion of its merits.

The great length of Mr. Stuart's review has crowded out a number of things intended for this issue of our paper, but we trust that neither readers nor correspondents will think that the space is unprofitably occupied.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF FEB. 10TH.—Our rooms, No. 300 Broadway, were again crowded on Thursday evening of last week, by ladies and gentlemen interested in the investigation of Spiritualism. When the writer entered the room, Dr. ORTON, of Brooklyn, was entertaining the audience with a relation of his experience as a Spiritualist, and citing some communications he had received having a theological bearing. He was followed by D. G. TAYLOR, of this city, who related some remarkable phenomena which he had witnessed during the last week, some of which we give in a separate paragraph below. Mr. KING, a Shaker gentleman from Waterford, N. Y., said that he had had a conviction of the reality of spiritual intercourse for many years, and proceeded to relate a singular case which had lately come to his knowledge, in which a Spirit had manifested an apparently capricious solicitude in respect to the disposal of its mortal remains. We give the main particulars elsewhere. C. PARTRIDGE spoke of the growing interest in Spiritualism, and favorably contrasted the enthusiasm manifested in the present meeting, with the dullness of a sectarian religious conference which he had recently attended in this city. Mr. KING spoke of the impossibility of doing any thing to retard this cause, and the certainty of its being promoted by agitation, even though such be by an adverse party. D. G. TAYLOR related how himself and his wife had been suddenly relieved from pain by spiritual treatment through Mrs. French, of Pittsburg, now present at this conference. Mrs. FRENCH afterward arose by spiritual impression, and related some passages of her remarkable experience, whereby it would appear that she has been a medium from childhood. A lady from Brooklyn then being deeply entranced, spoke for some time, but in so low a tone as to be mostly inaudible in the part of the room where we sat. Mrs. FRENCH again spoke for some time with great energy under an influence which claimed to be that of John Quincy Adams. Mr. PARTRIDGE spoke of the difficulties of Spirits' fairly representing themselves, and urged Spiritualists to reduce their truths to practice. W. FISHER explained, on magnetic principles, why it was that Spirits could not act and speak as freely through the physical organs of others, as they could through their own proper organizations while in the body, and concluded with remarks confirmatory of Mr. Partridge's practical suggestions. The meeting then closed, the audience seemingly leaving with a deep and favorable impression derived from the exercises of the evening.

A SPIRIT CONCERNED ABOUT ITS EARTHLY BODY.—At the Conference of Thursday evening of last week, Mr. J. M. King, a Shaker gentleman, related a curious circumstance which had recently come to his knowledge, and of which we give the main particulars briefly as follows: A medium of Mr. King's acquaintance, who sees and converses with Spirits almost as he sees and converses with men, climbed up into a hay mow in a barn to throw down provender for the cattle. As he was descending from the mow he placed his hand upon a carriage that stood at the place, but when he attempted to remove his hand he found that it was fast. Being somewhat surprised, he looked into the carriage, and saw quietly sitting upon the seat an old lady, the previous owner of the carriage, but who had died a short time before. The medium spoke to her and inquired what she wanted, when she said, "Tell Dick to have that box removed, or I will give him trouble." The medium well knew whom she meant by "Dick," but could not possibly conceive what "box" it was to which she alluded. On afterward meeting "Dick," the medium mentioned the circumstance to him and requested an explanation. "Dick" (who, by the way, is a man of distinction, but we are requested not to mention names) observed in substance, "Aha! the old lady, then, is as capricious and cross as ever. By 'that box' she evidently means her own coffin. In removing the bodies from the old family vault to the new one which has recently been constructed, and in which the remains of the old lady were the first to be placed, I thoughtlessly had the coffin of her husband placed upon the top of hers, and that is what she is now dissatisfied about." At a circle which met an evening or two after, at which this same medium was present, the spirit of the old lady again appeared to him, and said, to his internal hearing, in a still more imperious tone, "Tell Dick to have that box removed, or I'll give him trouble—I'll jerk his neck round just as I now jerk yours;" at the same time causing a violent contortion of the medium's neck. Afterward the spirit of the old lady's husband appeared to the medium and said, "I guess Richard had better move the coffin, for the old lady is very much dissatisfied with its present position, and if he gratifies her in this instance, it may be the means of raising her thoughts a little from their present low state. This advice was afterward repeated by the spirit of a Dutchman who was in some way related to the family. We understood from Mr. King's remarks, that the coffin was afterward accordingly removed, but whether the old lady is any better satisfied than before, dependent saith not.

THE SPIRITS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Nearly all the spiritual manifestations of this day have had their parallels in the past, and many wonders of former times are on record, the marvellousness of which transcends, if possible, any of the spiritual phenomena of recent date. Nearly two hundred years ago a remarkable collection of facts in spiritual manifestations was made and published by JOSEPH GLANTZ, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty the King of England. The purpose of the collection was to refute the Atheism and Sadduceism which were even then beginning to show themselves among certain dabblers in the exterior sciences. We extract the following as a specimen of the occurrences which sometimes took place on those days—from a chapter entitled "The Relation of James Sherring, taking concerning the matter at Old Gast's house of little Burton, June 23, 1677." After describing the phenomena of rappings, poundings with a visible hammer wielded by a visible, isolated spirit arm, throwing of things about the house, etc., which mainly took place in the presence of "two maids," the narrator goes on to say:

"There was a saddle in the house of their uncle Warren, of Leigh (which it should seem they detained wrongfully from the right owner), that as it did hang upon a pin in the entry, would come off and come into the house, and as they termed it, would hop about the house from one place to another, and upon the table, and so to another which stood upon the opposite side of the house. Jane Gast and her kinswoman took this saddle and carried it to Leigh; and as they were going along in the broad common, there would be sticks and stones thrown at them, which made them very much afraid, and going near together their whistles, which were on their shoulders, were knit together. They carried the saddle to the house which was old Warren's, and there left it, and returned home very quiet. But being gone to bed at night, the saddle was brought back from Leigh (which is a mile and a half at least from old Gast's house) and thrown upon the bed where the maids lay. After that the saddle was very troublesome to them, until they broke it in small pieces and threw it out into the highway. There was a coat of the same parties who was owner of the saddle, which did hang on the door in the hall, and it came off from the place and flew into the fire, and lay some considerable time before they could get it out. For it was as much as three of them could do to pluck it out of the fire because of the ponderous weight that lay on it, as they thought. Nevertheless there was no impression on it of the fire."

"AN EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN."

BY C. D. STUART.

Such is the title of a volume just issued from the press of Partridge and Brittan, that will, I venture to predict, make a marked impression, not only in the circles acquainted with its reputed medium-author, but upon the general mind of the literary world. To the readers of the TELEGRAPH a part of the circumstances connected with the utterance of the subject matter of the volume are already known. I shall, however, for the purpose of a more intelligible notice of the work, recur to them. The "Epic of the Starry Heaven" is a poem, in irregular verse, of over four thousand lines, extending, with a brief Preface and Appendix, to a volume of two hundred and ten pages. According to the history of its utterance, as set forth in the eloquent Introduction, by S. B. Brittan, this poem was spoken by Thomas L. Harris, within twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes, during a series of sittings, extending through fourteen consecutive days. During those sittings it is claimed that Mr. H. was in a trance state, unconscious of external things. From one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty lines were uttered at a sitting, and the whole sittings numbered twenty-two. With the exception of two, the sittings occurred at the residence of Mr. Charles Partridge, of this city.

The Proem to the Epic was uttered and published in the TELEGRAPH some months previously, apparently with no relation to the purpose to which it has been finally appropriated. The Epic itself was announced to Mr. Harris nearly four years since, by an angel, or spirit, who appeared to him, having a sealed book, of which he revealed that its contents should, in due season, be unfolded.

According to the historical Preface already referred to, Mr. Harris had, at the period of his late visit to this city, during which this utterance transpired, no intention of remaining for any such purpose. His visit was wholly in relation to a business enterprise, in which he had taken an interest unusual to his occupations and tastes, but which he had resolved to pursue—and is now pursuing. A week was to have closed his visit among old friends, much of that time even being required by his business plans; but some more powerful spirit than all his calculations was upon him; the time for the unveiling of the mysterious volume was come, and the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," uttered as already described, was the result. According to a second Preface, purporting to have been uttered by the Spirit-author of the poem, Mr. Harris was inducted to his mediumship by the Spirit of Dante, and brought in connection with a society in the Spirit-world called *Lyric Angels*. It is stated in this Preface that the Epic was

"Given through the agency of a circle of Medial Spirits who inhabit a classic domain in an ultimate dependency of the Heaven of Spirits, which corresponds in many of its features to lower Italy. It is their delight, in that serene realm, to weave Epic Poems, which, while they are divinely true in the internals of thought, are externally beautified with the embellishments of melody, and thus resemble the virgin daughters of the sky, whose spiritual forms are garmented with the robes of light, whose abundant tresses exhale the very fragrance of Elysium, and whose brows are crowned with undying flowers."

In briefly reviewing this remarkable production, I shall offer little or no argument with respect to its source. Its peculiar claims on the score of authorship are ably discussed and defended in Mr. Brittan's elaborate essay, and until his argument is answered, further defense would be idle. I will say, however, that it strikes me as irrational to suppose that any imposition has been practiced, for Mr. Harris might well claim, with pride, the authorship of the poem, if it were his own normal production. As the case stands, if he has deceived his friends, he has at the same time signed away his claims to a work of which he might safely have predicated a high, if not a lasting, reputation as a poet. I have known Mr. Harris for more than ten years, with every opportunity to study and judge of his character, and I can not believe him capable of the long-studied and deliberate deception necessary to the production of this poem, otherwise than as possessed by some superior Spirit. To believe him thus capable would be to believe what belies all his past life, as known to his most intimate friends. It is true that Mr. Harris is a fine natural poet. Many of his unpretending utterances, for years past, have evinced the highest order of poetic faculty—of imagination, feeling, and language. It is entirely true, I think, that no part of the Epic under notice transcends his possible natural power, but it would be difficult to convince me that even what are called the natural utterances of true poets are other than inspired, in a degree at least. The divine *offlatus* and *madness* credited to the ancient poets had more of the inspired and spiritual in them than is generally considered.

But I hold it utterly impossible for any poet living, or that has lived, to have produced an unstudied poem of equal length and merit within the time this Epic claims to have been uttered. There is no literary composition, in prose or verse, on record, to compare with it in point of rapidity of production. Therefore I hold that its authorship must have been as asserted, or such an imposition—with nothing to gain and every thing to lose—has been practiced as I am not willing to believe Mr. Harris capable of. It is no argument against the inspired authorship of the poem that it does not transcend the natural capacity of the medium. The same might be said (as literary efforts) of the *Psalms* of David, the *Songs* of Solomon, or the grand utterances of Isaiah. Certain it is that Mr. Harris never before uttered a poem of any considerable length. I may add here that I was present at two of the sittings, while this Epic was being delivered. Many most reliable witnesses were present—persons who are known widely in the community, and whose veracity is unquestioned. They were not by any means all so-called Spiritualists; some were exceeding skeptics as well as competent critics, and their united testimony, I believe, was in favor of the integrity of the spiritual claims of the authorship of the poem. There were many things to justify such a judgment. The physical condition, manner, and appearance of the medium were such as I can not conceive of being taken on and put off like a juggler's garment. There was a death-like pallor of countenance, a rigidity of limbs, etc., which it would have been impossible for a person of Mr. Harris' organization to assume and sustain for such lengths of time.

But enough, perhaps, has been said on this point. Recurring to the author's Preface, it is there stated that "This poem is a production adapted to the spiritual childhood of the medium; and when his interior faculties shall have been more highly vitalized and more luminously expanded, he is designed as an instrument for the production of works of a nature correspondingly exalted." From which it may be inferred that further and higher utterances have been foreshadowed to Mr. Harris. As to the particular Spirit of the society of "Lyric Angels" who dictated or controlled the utterance of the Epic,

I find no revealing. Dante is claimed as the introducer of the medium to the spiritual song circle, but the reading of the poem will impress every one familiar with the poetry of Shelley, that it was rather a Spirit of the Shelley than of the Dantean mould. "There is much of the spirit of Shelley's pure, ethereal fancy and ever-changing liquidity of expression in the 'Epic of the Starry Heaven.' As a mere literary work, judged by the most artistic and critical rules, the poem will bear a fiery ordeal. No poem more fertile in thought, and rich in strong and graceful imagery, or better sustained in its lofty flight from a lofty beginning, has been uttered in our day. It is luxuriant with pearls and gold-sands, with here and there a headland of granite, on which the song-spirit seems to sit, exultant in his inspiration, pouring forth a laud of truth, beauty, and goodness, and an adoration of falsehood and evil, as from an inexhaustible fountain of melody.

The Epic opens, as before intimated, with a Proem, in which is depicted the return of the inspirations of the poet's youth, by which the ashes of his life are quickened, and his soul made free. He sees the great procession of the wise departed, and a vision of humanity rising from its wintry death. He sits on a rocky Palms, and a mighty angel reads to him the fulfillment of his trial hour. He is led into the Heaven of Spirits:

On mountain summits they are thronged apart.
The Empires of the Free are widely spread.
Temple, shrine, palace, angel-peopled mart,
Where glorious thoughts and mighty deeds are made.
Sky, landscape, city, music, splendor, shade;
Where the heart's inner loves, in form outrolled,
Shine amber skies and atmospheres of gold.
All life to love in light and rapture tends;
All thought on chariot-wheels of glory runs:
All sorrows, like the rays of setting suns,
Are made celestial splendors.

And there he invokes the Spirit-powers:

Here let me gather thoughts, as heaven for aye
Ingathers all the stars into its day.

Passing from the Proem, the poet has a vision, embracing the first book or part of the Epic, the whole poem being divided into sixteen parts. The scenes of this book are, "Earth; the Seventh Spiritual Sphere of Earth, and the Electrical Ocean of the Solar System between the Earth and Mars." Interior pains fall upon the poet. Mournful voices call to him. He thinks of mighty Spirits in their prime, crushed by mankind into disastrous graves; of goodness trodden down, and spiritual freemen gyved; and "What," he asks,

"Is being but a Sorrow
Waxing and waning through an endless night,
Pursuing Joy as night pursues the morrow."

Then he exclaims:

There came a Spirit from the World of Souls,
Like summer flashing o'er a wintry sea.
And I looked upward from my agony,
As a pale Martyr from the burning coals,
And said, "Bright visitant, too late, too late!
Leave me, I pray thee, leave me to my fate."
I wrapped my face, and turned my eyes away.
"Oh! haunt me not," I cried, "for why should Day
Mock Night from heaven with calm, triumphant smile,
When the poor Night grows warm and dies the while?"
"I can not leave thee, brother, in thy woe,"
The angel answered: "while I lived below
My life, like thine, seemed all a dreary waste;
The cup I drank was bitter to my taste.
Now I am risen. Wake, aspire, ascend!
Great shadows all great images attend.
Mountains, whose peaks in heavenly sunshine glow,
Cast equal shades upon the plain below.
Within the shadow of thy own high fate
Why sit forlorn? Celestial friends await.
Rise! clothe thyself with gladness!"

Hereupon the earth disappears, and the poet stands on the summit of the earth's Seventh Sphere, and sees the Spirit-sky. A new-born language trembles on his tongue, and a company of Spirits from Jupiter, and Mercury, and Mars draw near to him, saying:

"Three days, dear friend,
Thou art our guest: come, wing thy blessed flight
Through the unrolling ocean of sweet light."
I saw this language penned
By a bright Angel on a golden scroll:
"Let heaven be opened for another soul."

And the poet sees a DIVINELY HUMAN FORM, standing upon the sun, holding a diamond rod, and knows it is Christ. He rejoices exceedingly, and thus utters his joy:

I feel the pulses of the Eternal Lord
In all my veins. My thoughts within me roll
Like new-born planets, flushed with happy life.
My nature is at rest. There is no strife,
No battle of contending forces above
Earth and its spheres.

Know ye the Land of Love!
Its ancient boundaries—the broad extent
Of its illimitable continent!
Where'er worlds bloom and Spirit-skies unfold,
Outflow its atmospheres of living gold.
The universe is like a silver bell—
The tongue of time such harmony doth tell,
That worlds are formed within the widening sea
Of one divine, perpetual ecstasy.

In Part Two, the scene is "The Electrical Ocean of the Solar System in close proximity to the Planet Mars." The poet sees that

There are seven degrees in the holy Sphere
That girdles the outer skies;
There are seven hues in the atmosphere
Of the Spirit Paradise,
And the seven lamps burn bright and clear
In the mind, the heart, and the eyes
Of the angel-spirits from every world
That ever and ever arise.

There are seven ages the angels know,
In the courts of the Spirit Heaven;
And seven joys through the spirit flow
From the morn of the heart till even;
Seven curtains of light wave to and fro
Where the seven great trumpets the angels blow:
And the Throne of God hath a seven-fold glow,
And the angel-hosts are seven
And a spiral winds from the worlds to the suns,
And every star that shines
In the path of degrees forever runs,
And the spiral octave climbs;
And a seven-fold heaven round every one
In the spiral order twines.

He beholds a company of spirits, to one of whom his thoughts are drawn "as dew-drops to the morn." She volunteers to pilot him

"Where Beauty sits in groves of asphodel,
And weaves for hearts of love joy's hysanthine spell,
Charming her human flock."

She drinks to him from a golden bowl, and pledges him with joy.

The scene of Part Three is "An Eden of Conjugal Affection, situated upon an Islet in the Equatorial Region of the Planet Mars." A fair-haired girl, thronged like young "Raffa-elle's Virgin," calls to him

With voice like nightingales in bowers of June,
When earth, and heaven, and man are all in tune.

She sings to him of conjugal delight, picturing a blessed pair who are one for ever in love and wisdom. She tells him that all are lovers in that land of gladness.

"The glorious company of angels move
In dual circles of conjugal love,
From every world within the stellar space,
Mind seeks its Heart, and Wisdom finds its Grace."

Star unto star in ether wed,
Heaven is to heaven in marriage led;
All Loves and Wisdoms interwine—
Goodness and Truth commingling flow.

And thus material worlds have birth
And thus unfold the flowers of earth,
And thus the golden East renews
The glory of its deathless hues.

The poet calls the spirit the "Eve of this Sweet Paradise." He is brought into celestial rapport with her mind, and sees therein the pictured story of her life. He thus describes it:

She thinks, loves, wills, and turns to God, the Giver
Of life's pure breath—adoring Him forever!
That calm, eternal Presence, shining on,
Inspires her being as the outer sun
Inspires the earth. Whichever way she turns,
Still in her breast the Eternal Image burns.

The dewy chalice of a thousand flowers
That opens eastward in the morning hours,
An urn of joy o'erflowed with love's pure dew,
Were but the faint reflection
Of thousand-fold affection
Unfolding in her spirit.

He proceeds to describe the wonders of this spirit sphere.

Celestial matrons in the heavens conceive
Pure forms of soul, that bud, and bloom, and smile.
Unconscious of a separate life the while.
These are the germs of Spirits, and inflow
Through father-life and mother-life below,
And are the immos of all children born
On earth.

And he sees

Why Love is endless—why the twain,
Conjoined in love, can never part again.
God's Truth is in the bridegroom. By its side
God's Love is shrouded within the immortal bride.
And Truth and Love, with infinite embrace,
Each other fold, through heart, mind, form, and face.

The scene of Part Four is "An Eden of Maternal Affection, situated upon the Eastern portion of the same Islet." Here the poet beholds a company of angels, each of whom resembles the Virgin Mary:

Each nursing in her bosom,
A bud of soul in blossom,
Like the Child Jesus in the ancient time.

And he describes how

The children, as they sleep,
Are taken from their mothers;
Angels from heaven's clear deep,
Like sisters and like brothers,
Shine through the golden morn, and bear
The happy infant higher, higher,
To where
Pale rivers of celestial fire
Flow down into the natural sky, and roll
Around the world pure love-spheres that the soul
Can bathe in. These young infants they baptize
In the Auroral effluence of their skies.
Each infant now, clairvoyant, wakes and sings
In the clear dawn, unfolding sphere-like wings
Of golden flame, instarred with beauty.

And he tells us there are children in the heaven who are earth were spirit-men; that there are children now descending to their outer life below; that we have fathers and mothers in the spirit and the form.

The scene of Part Five is "A Spiritual Temple in the Heart of Mars." The poet sees a flock of silver-breasted doves, and is informed that they belong to her "who led his spirit thither." He calls to her, and she comes and relates her history. She describes her home in the "fields of splendor overhead," and sends thither her swiftest footed angels to bear the tidings to her immortal friends that the poet is coming. He describes the sphere in which he moves as exceeding "the Arabian Fable." His soul is in a labyrinth of splendor. He is instructed and led by his angel-sister. Many floats in upon him, and his spirit rises and soars in the sea of melody. A mighty spirit tells him that

There are twelve stars,
Superior planets in the solar scheme,
Blooming as crystal lilies on the stream
Of solar effluence. Thou shalt yet behold
The Silver Heaven and the Heaven of Gold,
And afterward shalt visit that high fold
Of Love in Wisdom, whereunto no man
From thine own earth has risen since time began
Meanwhile from this high altitude of thought,
Since thou wast to us for that purpose brought,
We will instruct thee.

And the poet, after describing many things, thus prophesies

Great Truths shall rise from their forgotten graves,
And summon Falsehood to God's Judgment-bar.
No more, from cannon lips, loud-speaking War
Shout horribly; but Peace, with silver wand,
Descending from the Infinite, beyond
All pictured form of seraph fair and grand,
Unite the severed nerves of brotherhood,
Till earth becomes one free and happy land,
Which God shall bless and own divinely good.
More terrible than War is outward Peace,
Based upon slavery and nerved by crime,
While Virtue perishes, and like doll shime
The blood of nations stagnates in their veins,
And the crowned Despot reigns
In all the pomp and pageantry of guilt.
Ere long such arctic Peace from earth shall melt,
Such mimic order cease,
And the vast avalanche come thundering down;
Then too to every head that wears a crown,
Freedom shall raise the avenging blade and smite
Her foe, as morning smites the hostile night.

All forms of doctrine shall be tried by fire,
Each fallen man shall view some angel-sire—

Through rapture with that angel-friend shall see
In heaven the Great Republic of the Free,
And learn the truth which God himself makes known,
That Love, and Light, and Liberty are one;
That order blossoms from the tree of love;
That man alone can rise to realms above
Through individual growth and inward grace—
Through love alone behold his Father's face—
Through love alone redeem his brother lost.

Here the poet indicates his mediumship:

This inspiration, kindling in my soul,
Bids me declare. I can no more control
The mighty thoughts which visit me, than can
The dust rebel against the kingly man.
My nature like a harp is overlept
By Angel-fingers.

The scene closes with the following sublime song:

There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp—
One chord alone unstirring;
That chord is touched with a living spark,
And again it finds a tongue.

Joy! joy! joy!
That chord is touched with a living spark,
And the Earth grows fair and young.

There are twelve great Angels above the stars,
And they sit on their thrones of gold,
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars
Was crushed in the ages old.

Joy! joy! joy!
For Earth's throne again is among the stars,
And she sits in the angel-fold.

There are twelve great Nations in solar space,
But one of them sat in the gloom;
The sun of its glory veiled its face
In the darkness of the tomb.

Joy! joy! joy!
For the twelfth great Nation lifts its face,
And glows with immortal bloom.

The scene of Part Six is "The Electric Ocean of the Solar System between the planets Mars and Jupiter." The Poet is borne breathlessly, and "helpless as any foam-bells on the rivers," out where the sea of eternity rolls on his sight. Again he sees his angel-sister, and hears her sing. She bids him go up toward another bright world. There he sees a Spirit vaster in his stature than wisest of the ancient sages ever saw in vision. This Spirit calls to the Poet's angel-sister and speaks to her. She, returning, informs the Poet that this Spirit is from the planet Jupiter. Thither she leads the Poet, and thus closes one of his appointed three days in the Spirit-spheres.

The scene in Part Seven is "The Electric Ocean of the Solar System in near proximity to the Planet Jupiter." Here the Poet learns that,

"He who on earth was known as 'Man of sorrows,'
Is known in heaven as the CREATIVE MAN."

He sees the inner being of the world from which he has ascended:

"It is whirled
So rapidly around the sun—it flies
Like a swift meteor, yet with Spirit-eyes
Unfined from darkness now,
And lifted o'er all altitudes of death,
I see that God possesses it—and how!"

He holds it in his hand, as one might hold
A dying dove, smoothing its feathered gold,
Touching its filmy eyes and giving sight;
Touching its torpid brain and giving light;
Plumming its wings for heaven's immortal flight."

The scene of Part Eight is "The Planet Jupiter." The Poet thus describes:

"Vast Orb out-rolling, garmented with snow,
Nay, snow-white ether-spheres, and known below
As Jupiter, I rush to thy embrace!

Out from white light shines a majestic face;
He draws me to his breast;
His spirit soothes me into dreamless rest."

I see a company of angel-men,
And angel-women 'sociate with them;
White sheep in fields of ether star the meads
Of Chrysolite. Each flock a woman feeds
With silver lilies, which all radiant grow
In spiral pathways, where her bright feet glow."

The Poet falls into a slumber, and wakes in a wondrous apertured room, where

"The living hues of the upper sky
Flash out and each light is a melody."

And his brain seems turning to a globe of light. He feels a transformation stealing over him, which is not death, but a new creation. He sees how man, on the planet Earth, has never yet felt or understood his own great nature. He sees the time when the harmonic man shall walk the earth, and God shall again pronounce him good. He sees that Christ, in externals, was the revelation of the harmonic man, and that, ere long a Christ-like nation shall arise upon the earth. He sees—

"God's thoughts of love, like steamships filled with food
Of life for Earth's despairing brotherhood,
Already touch the shallows; and ere long
Immortal mariners, with angel-song,
Shall land, all visible, in eager haste,
Outreaching heavenly fruit for mortal taste."

"In lowly cots where poor men dwell
White angel hands shall spread the generous board."

"When the Perfect Man is come
Earth and Heaven shall be his home."

The scene of Part Nine is "An Imperial City, north of the Equatorial Line, upon the Planet Jupiter." The Poet sees:

"Ten thousand radiant streets like rays converge
In a vast temple like a rising sun."

He stands in twilight. All the city wakes at once. The Poet feels himself a young Apollo. He is made a winged form of music. Matter and spirit are interwoven. He sees solid, electric chariots in the air, each bearing an immortal pair. Celestial inspirations are there. There are Sculptors who shape the marble for art's ennobling sake:

"And their hands that touch the marble
Tinge the veins with light divine,
Till the lips half seem to warble,
And the eyes with life to shine."

And there are Painters who, with forms of Beauty, trace an angel-scripture through glory-tinted halls. And Poets, who whisper words that are like stars:

"Like the silver light of Hesper,
Or the ruby flame of Mars."

And Harmonists,
"Whose fingers,
From the pulses of the air
Call out melody that lingers
All along the golden stair."

And a "Higher Law" prevails there—the law of Heaven, without stain or flaw. The Poet sees when the white man and the red man shall embrace—and the Gentle and the Jew. Then:

The dark Battle-ship, that floating devil,
Through whose loud cannon speaks demonic Evil,
As angels speak through media—but inverse—
The fell Slave-ship, like a muffled hearse,
Bearing the living-dead across the waters,
Whose foul, black hold is hell, where sons and daughters
Of God, Most High, in stifling agony,
Choked up in living channels putrefy
And feel the flesh decaying from the bones;
While overhead, cold as the churchyard stones,
The felon-trader sits and calculates
The price of blood, and coolly speculates
How much God's Image, clothed in sable skin,
Will fetch some Cuban sugar-house within,
Shall sink into Oblivion's unknown wave.

The scene of Part Ten is "An Electro-spiritual region above the Planet Jupiter, and intermediate between the surface of the Planet and the Spiritual Orb in which it is inclosed." An angel-voice calls upon the Poet, as "Brother," to arise, and tells him,

"There are twelve great nations of Angel Men,
Each crowned with a separate diadem,
Each garmented with different hues, each wrought
After a separate archetypal thought
Of the Creative Mind,
And they have their homes in the planet vast.
The Future is theirs, and the mighty Past
No less than the present time, for they
Have minds that are filled with immortal day."

The Poet is borne up as an angel lifts a prayer. His thoughts are all vastness. He is taught great truths. He beholds the nature of matter, and argues with the materialist, thus:

Was matter before all? Did matter make
God, men, and angels? Is it a great snake
Crushing all souls within its iron span?
Did it the worlds, the skies, creation, plan?
Tossing out spheres like foam-bells on the sea,
Throwing up water-spouts of Deity,
Speaking in language, weaving periods, times,
Angels, angelic heavens, and Poet-rhymes,
Creating man, then making him a Lover?
Is matter an iron wrench to screw the cover
Of death upon a confined universe?

And he adds:

Not so you star-eyed children of the Light
Teach on their lofty thrones.
They say that heavens are domes
Outrolling from the vastness of the Mind.
Spirit is limitless and unconfined.
It speaks and all things are, and from above
Impermeates its own great thoughts with love.
Outbreathing waves of life in endless motion—
The spiral waves of one expanding ocean,
Whose every drop contains more solar schemes
Than Earth's astronomer entranced in dreams
Of heaven's immensity e'er thought or saw—
And all controlled by order, love, and law.

Hast thou ever thought, oh, mortal Man,
That the Sun itself in a thought began?
And that Thoughts are the inner Suns that dwell
Inspired as minds in each burning shell?
Hast thou ever thought how the Light forth-came?
I'll tell thee—

God breathed, and a sphere of flame
Outrolled and enwrapped the Universe.
Each ray of light was a thought in verse
From the Poet heart of our God outspung.

Didst thou ever think of the human tongue—
How still in itself, yet speaking the air
Into music of wisdom melodious and rare?
Look at it; think of it. Thy tongue can tell
Great truths, yet itself like the tongue of a bell;
It thinketh not, and it hath no voice,
Yet its golden tones bid the world rejoice.

All matter is God's tongue!
Out from its motion God's thoughts are sung,
And the realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music-notes are the suns and stars.

And touching the inspiration of poets, he says:

There is not a Poet in all creation
But chants from an inward inspiration;
Whether his thoughts be in octaves and rhymes,
Or outroll into eras or seasons or times;
Or climb through the air with their marble spires;
Or leap into space from a thousand choirs;
God is the Poet of poets.

The scene of Part Eleven is "The Middle Air above the Planet Jupiter, and the Imperial City, called 'The City of God.'" Here the Poet beholds visions to which we could do no justice short of transcribing them entire.

The scene of Part Twelve is "An Inner Sanctuary within the Imperial Temple previously described. During this scene the Spirit is uplifted successively into clairvoyance of the Spiritual and Celestial Heavens."

The Poet is transported into a purple chamber, fashioned like the heart. All things in heaven and earth grow visible. A white-robed Spirit inspires him with interior might. He learns that mind alone hath reality. He rises, and thus describes:

"I with the Angel rise, with her I stand
Upon the margin of a snow-white Land
Where Truth, in its own light, is seen and known.
Here thoughts, like seeds, in the white substance sown,
Rise with great shafts, expand their branches far,
Bearing vast fruits and flowers like sun and star.
These are the souls of worlds."

He sees that God ever worketh everywhere. That there is in every soul an inner shrine of love and wisdom, and that—

"There's not a pirate in the Indian Ocean
God dwells not in, with tides of pure emotion,
Seeking to hallow, sanctify, inspire,
And lift him from that hell of inward fire,
Whose scorching madness desolates, defiles,
Degrades his spirit."

In those barbarous Isles,
Where gory cannibals lap human blood,
And gnash their teeth upon half-living food
Of men and brothers, God is not afar."

"God is no iron bigot who beside
Some learned divine reposes sleepy-eyed,
While the grave prelate misapplies the law
And testimony."

The Poet sees that creation, like a new-born infant, lies near to the heart of God. He sees, also, that worlds are not destroyed by flame:

"Worlds do not perish by a slow decay,
But by degrees their dust exhales away—
Melting like music into golden light,
Blooming in beauty-forms that thrill the sight,

And like essential prayers
Rising through twilight airs,
And in the realm of aëther recombined,
Transformed into the Palaces of Mind,
And made sweet love-spheres, picturing in forms
Of skies and seas, and atmospheres and morns,
Filled with all images that charm the eye,
And sounds that lap the soul in ecstasy,
The gradual growth of the interior man."

The scene of Part Thirteen is "A Garden of Astral Fruit upon the Planet Jupiter; the Electrical Ocean of the Solar System, and the Planet Mercury."

Here the Poet sees that man grows like what he feeds on, and that in heaven love-fruits and wisdom-fruits are given to men to quicken them in truth and good. He describes a celestial company who have been fed on the fruitage of heaven, and utters the following prophecy:

"Ere many years have passed, there shall appear
A white, electric island in the seas
Of the Pacific, tenanted by these
Transcendent forms; and voyagers shall hear
Music outstealing in the twilight dim,
So sweet that they shall fancy it a hymn
Sung out of heaven by Angels round God's throne."

The scene of Part Fourteen is "The Interior of a School of Love upon the Planet Mercury."

Here the Poet sees the processes of the education of Spirits. He hears wisdom spoken in Orphic verse. His inward thought becomes a shape. He sees it take external form. He feels that the ancient creed, "Love God and man," must be wrought out in daily deeds, and that we are only required to love God in man. He thus discourses:

"In love all things begin and end,
Through love man doth to God ascend,
And talk with him as friend with friend.

Love stands to open the Morning gates
Whence shall descend Angelic Fates—
The Genii of Fraternal States.

Love lifts her angel-finger high;
And as she points, the brightening sky
Kindles with Immortality.

Love hath one mighty end in view—
'Tis this: God's Eden to renew,
And make all things divinely new."

He sees that man is the true Republic, and that earth shall have a new democracy (it needs one) and a new theology.

In that day—

All the old legends shall be verified.
In man such vital influence reside,
That herbs of meanness look touched by his hand
Into auroral blossom shall expand.
And the cold serpent, quickened by his power,
Become a winged globe, a spiral flower,
An animated beauty-form, whose flight
Shall be like some fair meteor through the night;
His hiss be changed to tones like any flute,
And heard through air like an Æolian lute
Distilling liquid cadence; and his tongue,
Poisoned no more, shall be to children young—
A lovely flame-flower. He shall lick their hands,
And dwell with doves conjoined in circling bands.

The scene of Part Fifteen is "The Sea of Glass, mingled with Fire, seen anciently in vision by St. John."

The Poet sees—

"An Angel, holding in his hand
A mighty volume with a seven-fold seal.
He touches, and the radiant leaves expand,
And music from it, like a thunder-peal,
Awful in grandeur, penetrates my breast."

In that great Book I see a vision shine:
A Spirit, with a countenance divine,
Touching a planet with a golden rod,
That orb is earth—that form divine is God!"

And he sees that "God is Love," and that Earth shall be made free indeed.

Part Sixteen describes the return of the Poet to the earth, and to a consciousness of his earth-form. Extended as are the above extracts, and clearly as I have attempted to interpret the spirit of the "Epic," the reader of this review will get therefrom but a faint impression of the wealth of thought and imagery contained in the volume. Every page abounds with rare felicitous expressions, the whole clustered beauty of which only the volume will suffice to show. A more superbly published volume, in all that relates to paper, typography, and binding, has not been issued from the American press. The "Epic of the Starry Heaven" is inscribed to "M. C. H.," the initials of the wife of the medium—Mr. Harris—and if the poem receives the consideration due to its intrinsic merits, it will be read throughout the land as widely as "Festus," or the poems of the latest European poet-meteor, Alexander Smith.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported Photographically by T. J. Ellinwood.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 14th, a large audience assembled at Dodworth's Hall.

Mr. West, of Philadelphia, after being introduced to the audience, proceeded to say that he had formerly been very much opposed to the modern manifestations which are called spiritual, believing, as he did, that in some cases they were positively injurious and calculated to produce unfavorable and unhappy results on the minds of certain peculiarly constituted individuals. Under this impression he had, in the largest hall in Philadelphia, lectured against these manifestations. He discovered that he could, by placing his hand on the brain of a medium and exercising his nerve aura, stop the movement of ponderable bodies, tables, etc., and was determined to prosecute his researches with great vigor.

On a certain occasion he was invited to visit the house of a Spiritualist, where he met two mediums, in whose presence ponderable substances were moved. He felt confident that he could prevent their moving; but he found that in that case disembodied Spirits were acting through the medium, and the more he tried to prevent their movements, the more rapidly and violently the articles were thrown about. He then found that the theory which he had formed was false.

The speaker related an interesting circumstance connected with his own experience, which occurred in the presence of Mr. Gordon. The speaker's deceased wife had requested him to call on Mr. Gordon, and in accordance with that request he did so at the time referred to, when he (the medium) chanced to be in Philadelphia. He called on this medium with the expectation that his deceased wife would communicate with him; but to his surprise, the first communication, spelled out by the raps, was, "I like your hair, uncle; it improves your appearance. Tommy." This "Tommy," a nephew of the speaker, died two years previous to his becoming bald, and at the time he received the communication he had worn a wig about six months. The Spirit next communicated, "Uncle, don't doubt; I have given you two tests with reference to your hair, and my name." This fact is proof of the fallacy of the theory of Dr. Rogers concerning the automatic action of the medium. If the Dr.'s theory is true, why did not the speaker receive a communication purporting to come from his wife, as he anticipated?

The speaker determined to go among strangers and carry on his investigations, so he visited New York city. He first called on Mrs. Coan. He told her he felt an interest in the so-called spiritual manifestations, and, as though he were entirely unacquainted with the phenomena, he asked her

to instruct him how to proceed to hold intercourse with Spirits. She informed him that he had only to sit still, when it was likely some of his Spirit-friends would manifest themselves to him. In a few minutes the raps came on the table, and Mrs. Coan told him he could proceed to ask any questions he pleased. "Tommy" was spelled. The speaker asked the Spirit to repeat the same that it had previously communicated at Philadelphia. After a silence of a moment or two the medium dropped her work, seized a pencil, and wrote the following, upside down: "I believe I said, 'I like your hair very much.'" This the speaker considered a very convincing case; for it is a forensic rule, laid down in all courts of law, that the very best kind of evidence is substantial agreement with circumstantial variation. This occurrence also militates against Dr. Rogers' theory, else why were not the exact words of the previous communication given?

Subsequently the speaker called on Mrs. Long, a speaking and tipping medium, and there, too, the name "Tommy" was spelled. Again the Spirit was requested to repeat what it communicated in Philadelphia, when the following was spelled: "Improves looks very much—hair."

At one time, at the residence of Mr. West, Mr. Gordon was entranced and caused to make sundry motions with his hands, which were intended to, and did readily, remind the speaker that, fifteen years ago, at the death of his wife, he employed an artist to give him a cast of her face and hand, she being possessed, as he thought, of a very symmetrical form. The speaker asked the Spirit manifesting, whom he supposed to be his deceased wife, what the hand was in; and Mr. Gordon was controlled to draw a box corresponding to the real box that contained it. He asked where the box was, and the reply was, "Up stairs," which was correct. He requested that the medium should be controlled to go and find it; and notwithstanding he endeavored to mislead the medium, he went and pointed out the box, which contained another box with the hand in it. During this time the medium's eyes were shut. The fact that the hand was in his possession had entirely escaped the memory of the speaker. On one occasion the following was addressed to him: "My dear, there has not been a single circumstance connected with your life, since I left you, that I do not as perfectly understand as though I had been with you the whole time."

On another occasion the Spirit of the speaker's father caused Mr. Gordon to imitate all the exercises of a company of royal dragons, to which he belonged previous to his death. As further proof of his identity the Spirit controlled the medium to draw a helmet with figures upon it, like those on the helmet used by the royal dragons.

It was the speaker's opinion that we have had an abundance of facts, corroborated by the very best of testimony, in proof of the reality of spiritual manifestations; and he thought it time to consider the philosophy connected with them, and if possible to arrive at some rationale on the subject. He was indebted to a lady, Miss Sarah Jane Irish, from Boston, for the idea that the manifestations are produced through the nerve sense.

Said the speaker: "Spiritual manifestations have regenerated and made a new man of me; I am a happier man than I ever was before. Now I know the things that I have seen." The lady above named stated that when she is long exercised, the influence becomes weaker, and her system becomes exhausted; showing that the medium is taken from the human system. This is not only so, but this medium can be restored, and imparted to the acting medium by a person of psychological power.

Mr. West spoke of a small effeminate gentleman who came from England to this country, through whose mediumship not a single development has occurred directly from Spirits, who said that "his mission was to develop mediums." He requested the speaker to sit at the table and see if he would not be a tipping medium. Mr. West complied, and although the best psychologists in the United States tried in vain to influence him, a center-table weighing forty or fifty pounds moved under his hands, and he has been a tipping medium ever since. This shows that there may be a power communicated from one to another.

It was the speaker's opinion, which had been confirmed by all his investigations, that the manifestations of this age are only a revival of the old phenomena called in apostolic times, miracles; and he thought the names and dates could be given of facts that have occurred in this age as remarkable as any recorded within the lids of the Bible, and susceptible of more positive proof.

After a few more remarks the speaker closed by saying, that inasmuch as he has been rendered happy by Spiritualism, he desired that his brothers and sisters should be happy likewise; and it was in consequence of this desire that he addressed the Conference on the present occasion.

A lad, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, under the spiritual influence, followed with some extended remarks; but he seemed to be very imperfectly developed, so that what he uttered was not of sufficient importance to merit a place in this report.

A gentleman from Carbonate, Pennsylvania, next occupied the platform. In his vicinity two or three ministers had been tried by an ecclesiastical body for testifying to their belief in the reality of spiritual manifestations. One of them, Mr. Harvey, issued a pamphlet on the subject, and was tried, condemned, and thrown out of the Conference, Seminary, and Church because he said he believed the movement to be of God, and what it purported to be. It is now about a year since it was first known that there was a medium in that place. Since then, medium after medium has been developed, till there are now over fifty there. Sermons are preached to the people there through the mediumship of young misses and lads, who of themselves are entirely incapable of speaking as they are controlled to do. The speaker believed that Spiritualism had worked out a greater good in that place than could have been done by any other means, the Church not excepted. In the same Church before referred to, high-minded ladies and others have been developed as mediums, and dismissed from it.

Mr. Fishbach said he was particularly gratified by the remarks of the gentleman who immediately preceded him, which showed, as he thought, that Spiritualism does not necessarily tend to mere naturalism and materialistic views of heaven.

The speaker said that at the last Conference he was understood by some to convey the idea that Spiritualists necessarily disbelieve the Bible. He did not mean to be understood so; he stood, indeed, as a living witness that it is not so. At one stage of his progress in the investigation of Spiritualism he was not disposed to regard the Bible as a peculiarly divine revelation, more than some other books. But as he advanced, this error was corrected, and he now felt himself elevated to a most peaceful communion with heavenly influences, and knew, as he could not have known, had it not been for the instrumentality of Spiritualism, that the God of the Bible is the true God, and that his kind and fatherly providences extend even to the least and lowest of his creatures. Mr. Fishbach wished to see this view developed, and this spirit cultivated, and he thought that this could only be done by cultivating a love for each other and for God. Said he: "When we are introverted into the divine heat, which is love, we will very soon be introverted into the divine light, which is wisdom; and if we do the things commanded us, we shall know of the doctrine whether these things be of God, or whether it be an offspring of human selfishness."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE said that he had never encouraged spiritual manifestations in promiscuous assemblies. He thought that if these influences are from Spirits at all (and he most firmly believed they were), it is reasonable to suppose that a Spirit might conjoin with Spirit or a human organization better where there is a great degree of harmony. In most cases that had come under his observation, Spirits had failed in public to fully control mediums, and they often make excuses to this effect. This is more generally the case, he thought, with mediums who are but partially developed. He had seen but few mediums sufficiently under Spirit control to edify public audiences. He had no doubt there is as much intelligence in the spiritual world at least as there is in this sphere. He had found, as a general thing, that under favorable circumstances the intelligence displayed by Spirits far exceeds that of mortals; and he thought that the reason why Spirits did not always succeed in edifying men was, the want of sufficient control of the medium of communication so as to clearly express their ideas, and for the same reason the more wise and judicious Spirits seldom attempt to communicate. The speaker did not wish to be understood to say that there are no mediums through whom Spirits can speak to the edification of public assemblies; he believed there were such, but they were few. Observation shows it proper for us to use the same discrimination as to the matter communicated from Spirits that we do as to communications from mortals, or that we should, or do, on questions relating to the origin of the manifestations. This shows the folly of attempts to escape from the consequences and responsibilities of our own words and conduct, whereby our external lives become monuments of folly or wisdom, and also show whether we are improving the talents God has given us, or have buried them in the earth waiting the Lord's coming.

The particular mode of manifestations is new, and mediums, as a general thing, are but partially developed. There are what we call test mediums—those who are most fully developed—and through whom the most satisfactory communications are given; but the speaker hoped

that whenever Spirits see fit to use mediums, those present would exercise forbearance, and listen patiently, for useful thoughts may be uttered through them, even though they may be but imperfectly controlled; and he would be satisfied to allow Spirits a little time, if he should not be edified by them. The speaker supposed, however, that the purpose of the Conference was to bring together the facts gathered from week to week, that all might be benefited by them. He had not adopted any theory which was not liable to be changed at any moment by some new phenomenon. One person may have facts, and another may have a better philosophy than himself for explaining those facts. He was willing to listen to any one's suggestions respecting any erroneous views he might utter. He was fully satisfied that the modern manifestations were destined to do a great work throughout the whole world; and he knew of nothing that had ever spread so rapidly, or extended itself so widely in so short a space of time as spiritual manifestations.

The speaker said he had recently experienced and witnessed manifestations at Mrs. Brown's, No. 78 West Twenty-sixth Street, that would have convinced him of the spiritual origin of these things, if he had never before seen any thing of the kind. He sat in a circle with about eight persons; when it came to his turn to ask questions, the signal for the alphabet was given, and Mrs. Brown called it until several sentences had been spelled by loud raps on the floor to the letters when called. While this was going on, the place for making the raps was changed from the floor to his foot. At first they were loud enough to be heard by all present; they were made on his foot equally distinct to his feeling, but without sound; consequently Mrs. Brown could not know when a letter was responded to, or when to commence the alphabet anew, and he commenced calling the alphabet, first audibly, afterward mentally, and the responses were made to the letters on his foot, and sentences spelled out by running over the alphabet mentally. To convince me that she was not touching me with her foot, Mrs. Brown proposed that I should place one of my feet on both of hers, which I did, and the raps continued on my other foot as before.

One of three ladies (strangers) who came in during our session, asked me some questions indicating that she was decidedly skeptical. When her turn came, and while asking questions, her dress was pulled, and she asked who did it! All answered, Not I! The medium was too far away to be suspected. Responses to her questions again commenced, and her dress was pulled again toward her sister, who sat by her side, and she at once charged her sister with tricking her, which she, with considerable emphasis, denied. She then sat away from her sister, so she could see there was no contact. Harmony being again restored, the communications with her again commenced. To her great astonishment all her questions were correctly answered. Her dress was again pulled as before, toward her sister, so strongly as nearly to draw her out of the chair. She saw her dress extended in the direction of her sister, but could not see the cause. She now exonerated her sister, and admitted that the phenomena must be the work of Spirits, all her questions being correctly answered.

A young lady, a medium, with a dignified appearance, was then controlled to speak in a deliberate and forcible manner, in substance as follows:

"My friends, I will occupy your time but a few moments. Henry Clay is not afraid to stand on your platform. His voice has sounded through your Capitol, and it will sound there again. Mortals can be much more interesting in their speeches. You will be so much more edified by them, that I do not wish to occupy your attention long. I only desire to say that the voice of Spiritualism, much as you disregard it, shall be heard at the remotest corners of God's kingdom, and that, too, ere long."

"There are many here that think this is the voice of a mortal now addressing you. I am a Spirit from heaven, and while living in your sphere was called Henry Clay. If I were now an inhabitant of your sphere, and should come into this room to-night, and stand on this platform, would you not all be glad to listen to me? Why are you not when I am delegated by the Most High God to teach you his mighty truths? Did he not send his only son, Christ your Saviour? Why, then, will he not now allow his ministering Spirits—those you loved while they were on earth—to converse with you?"

"Mortals, for your conduct here this evening you ought to tremble. If you had your deserts, God help you! But God is merciful, and he will forgive. Spirits are never made angry. They are often grieved, but never angry. Could you see the holy Spirits now in this room, and could you see their tears, and realize how deeply they are grieved, you would indeed feel sorry."

"Did not my friend and brother Daniel Webster tell you in this hall, one week ago to-night, that his voice would be heard in Congress? To-morrow that voice will be heard there, and the voice of others as well as that of Webster. They are all the same, think God, in heaven. Have you progressed so far that you can understand the language of heaven? No, there are not ten in this room that have yet learned the alphabet of Spiritualism. Go on. Learn your alphabet, and your words of two and three letters, so that when you go to that happy Spirit-land you may the sooner be enabled to read; for as you progress here, so shall you progress there."

"God himself—the great and holy One—is now with you. He has sent me here to-night to declare to you his holy truths, and to tell you that Spirits from heaven do communicate with you. What has been witnessed in this room to-night is shameful; again I say it is shameful, and it is recorded in heaven; but you may, and through the blessing of God Almighty, will be forgiven. God is not an angry God; he is a just God. God is love, and he loves his children, and is grieved when they do wrong. You have, each and every one of you, your guardian Spirits, who know your inmost thoughts, and your every action; and think you not they grieve when they see a wrong act on your part? If every one of you would heed the impressions you receive from Spirits, how much happier you would be! How much misery and sin would be saved from you, would you but hear the voice of God himself when he speaks to you through his angels. He sends those who have loved on earth back to declare his mighty truths, and you will not listen to them, but cry, 'Humbug, humbug.' Do you think that because humbug is the order of the day in your sphere, there is humbug in the Spirit-world? When you leave this sphere you will find out the true meaning of humbug. Think you this medium could stand here before this audience, especially after witnessing what she has, and declare to you these mighty principles? This is the first time her form has ever stood before the public. She is unknown, but she will be known. She humbled herself, and God will exalt her far above the heads of many here. She will be the instrument for doing much good in your country. She loves her country and her countrymen. While I was living she loved me, and when I died she revered my memory, and I have chosen her to make known my sentiments to man—man, how few deserve the name—man made in the image of his Creator. Why will he so defile himself? Why not listen to the voice of your own consciences, which are but Spirits from the other world—words which Spirits whisper to you. I have already occupied your time too long, but I have one more word to say—I thank you for your forbearance. When Spirits from the other world are sent by the Most High, they are not always treated with civility. If you can not listen to them patiently, at least forbear. Spiritualism, Spiritualism, SPIRITUALISM, again I say SPIRITUALISM, shall echo to the remotest corners of the earth, and the very center of the world shall tremble. Man shall go hand in hand with man, and every man shall be his brother. Can you credit it? The Most High God has said it shall be so, and when did he ever lie? The blessing of God rest with you now and forever."

At the conclusion of this address, the reporter left the room, and did not hear the closing speech, delivered by Mrs. French, under spiritual influence.

EDMONDS AND DEXTER'S LECTURES.

A brief note from Judge Edmonds, under date of St. Louis, February 11th, announces the following as the list of his appointments on his route homeward, from which it will appear that the Judge and Dr. Dexter will be absent until about the 20th of next month:

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Interesting Miscellany.

ANGEL VISITORS.

There are loved ones gone before us,
To that bright and happy land;
There are those who've loved, adored us,
Come to join the angel band.

Can they come with smiles of kindness?
Can they leave their homes of flowers?
Can they come to us at midnight—
Come to this cold world of ours?

Yes! they come with their glad tidings!
That they leave their heavenly home—
Come to us in joy and sorrow—
Come to bid us come to them.

Day thy tears then, O thou mourner,
Know that those thou lovest are by;
Trust the love of God, thy father,
For his angels hover nigh.

JULIEN AND THE YORKSHIREMAN.

It was the middle of July, 1858, when all London was stirred by the grand oration which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert Overture," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Crater, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, man!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Julien's last poem, "Con ye tell me if Measner Julien's in it?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple (for he was the one addressed); and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that peculiar ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and the warmth of the sun.

"Well, he is in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Well, ye, as a wood lark, to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk much about see g'ins to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd like to go over w'um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him? Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Well, as I think as a good do' um a good deal of 'good,' said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How! You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Well, as to look, that's nought here nor there, but as blow'n ophicleide sum—they say whans—better than any man in t' county."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coal mines."

"Yes, well, how much do you earn a week?"

"About sixteen shillings. And then, too, as w' belong to a brass band, and we make summat by g'ing yan or two concert a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Julien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services," and the music publisher having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps toward the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of music, beheld which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye might jus like to hear me play a bit. 'Gim ye'll gi' me an instrument, as'll show ye what aw can do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang awa' w' yer awd brass! Coom, man, g'ive us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands that were hardened, cracked, and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which concert was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide. The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astonished his listener by executing it with marvelous accuracy, capturing the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple. "Monsieur Julien must hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Cod ye moan as didn't play any, eh!" said the performer, as he strode out of the room, and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Julien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist was in the same upper room. Julien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! Mon Dieu, c'est extraordinaire. Mr. Chapple, engage him, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go for a quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Julien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it!"

On the north-east side of the orchestra, gentle reader, away back upon the highest platform, you will see if you attend Julien's concert at Castle Garden (as of course you will), this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue, and our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide.—*New York Musical Review.*

CONFESSIONS OF A SPIRIT-RAPPING MEDIUM.

It was about the middle of February, when I had paid no rent for nine months, no taxes for six, and no tradesman for three, that I first began to hear a series of rappings of a most persevering character. To account for these rappings was extremely difficult, and I made no attempt to answer them, for I knew it would be quite useless, as I had not a rap in the house. At length it occurred to me, that though I could not answer the rappings, they might in some way be got to answer me, and as my whole life had been of a rather questionable nature, I resolved on trying the experiment.

I was sitting alone about the middle of March, when I thought I heard a rapping, which soon became very violent, at the outer door. Having heard some talk of the Spirit-rappers, I determined to try and find out whether the rappings which were so frequent at my house could have anything to do with the phenomena alluded to. Having lighted my pipe I began to ask myself the question, "Can that be a creditor?" When immediately came a very loud "rap." As the Spirit, I am told, answer by a "rap" when they intend to express an affirmative, and give no sign when they mean to imply a negative, I made sure that there was a creditor at the door. "Is he alone?" I asked. No answer? "Were they all creditors who have been rapping during the last few weeks?" I inquired calmly, but there was such a thunder of "raps," lasting for several minutes, that I could not ask myself another question immediately, as I knew I could not have heard myself speak. "Has the butcher been here?" was my next inquiry, which was answered by several "raps" in quick succession; but when I hastily added, "and will he trust me any longer?" the rapping suddenly but most decidedly ceased.

I had read in some American books on this subject that the Spirits frequently moved furniture in the most eccentric manner. I determined, therefore, to choose the darkest hour of the night to see whether it would be possible to get my furniture moved by the aid of such Spirits as I might be able to command. I got a poor fellow who kept a truck to come to me, and, intending to make him a "medium," I brought him into communica-

tion with all the "Spirits" I could get together; but the "medium" I had chosen was quite unable to preserve a happy "medium," and the Spirits having taken complete possession of him, began to throw him about in the most mischievous manner that can be conceived. They bumped him up against the wall, and when he tried to lift a table under their influence, they threw him down on the top of it. While this was going on, the rappings became so violent, that I, who am pretty well used to them, became alarmed, and especially when I heard something like the forcing open of a door, which made me apprehend that there was some frightful "process," perhaps a writ or a summons, with which the rappers intended serving me out—rather at home—if they could get hold of me. Seizing the first friendly wrapper—a Mackintosh—that I could lay my hands upon, I made my way out by a back door, and did not return till the day following. When I came back to my dwelling, I became convinced in the most unpleasant manner that the "rappers" can really do what the Americans attribute to them. I had been told that in the United States there are rappers who have positively written with pen and ink, as well as moved furniture, and I could not doubt either fact when I found all my furniture had been carried away, and an inventory regularly written out lying on the floor. It was clear that not only was the house haunted by "rappers," but the furniture had become "possessed" by some evil Spirit in the shape of a "man in possession," who had carried it away. From this time forth the house had become a source of alarm to me that I left; but I have been told that the "rapping" still continue as vehement as ever, and some of the "rappers" who possess the power of writing have placed a written notice on the door, which I have not ventured near enough to read, but which I have been told conveys an intimation that they are acting as a "medium" of the land, in whose name they will go upon the premises to take possession of them in a few days.—*London Paper.*

A STRANGE REMEDY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Register*, of Philadelphia, tells some strange stories of doings in that city. The following, it will be seen, is stated as a fact:

"A singular fact, deserving of attention, has just been reported to the Medical Academy of Paris, and many of the faculty were engaged in experiments which may result in discoveries of priceless value to the human family.

"A poor bird-fancier, living in one of the faubourgs, and earning a modest income by raising birds for the market, has a child of three years and a half old, afflicted since its birth with a pulmonary complaint. Six months ago the doctors told the father that the child's lungs were almost entirely destroyed, and that it could not live long. About three months since, the little creature seemed to be perishing rapidly, and becoming each day more and more fretful, the mother placed its cradle in the large room where the birds were kept, thinking that the child might be amused, and forget its sufferings somewhat, in the noisy society of its feathered companions. The child, in fact, seemed to take an interest at once in watching the birds, and after a few days the mother noticed that it would lie still for hours, apparently entirely free from pain, a thing which had not been known since its birth. The doctor, who still dropped in occasionally, soon remarked a notable change for the better in the young invalid, and continuing his visits more frequently, astonished the parents at the end of six weeks, by declaring he believed the lungs were healing. At any rate, the child could now sit up and play, and began to have an appetite.

"But in the mean time a strange malady had attacked the birds; they no longer flew about the room but remained silent and drooping on their perches, eating very little and gradually dying off one at a time. The owner seeing this, but little suspecting the cause, had the whole tribe removed to the house of a friend, also a bird-fancier, in the country, where he thought the pure air might revive them. They had not been twenty-four hours in their new abode before they began to get better, and in a few days they had resumed all their life and health. But, also, the poor child left in Paris became visibly worse. The physician, wishing to try an experiment, had two birds, a parrot and a finch, brought back to the room. In week they were both dead, and being opened, the doctor noticed all the signs of rapid consumption. The fact was immediately reported to several members of the medical faculty, and birds of every description were sent to the child's room. Every one of them died, seeming to give its little life of life to aid the suffering child to live. The child is not yet dead, and has been taken to the country, while the doctors are busy studying the phenomenon which chance has thus brought before them."

USEFUL PURPOSES SERVED BY THE BEARD.

It is occasionally urged that beards are dirty appendages, such as dust gatherers. So far from being an encourager of filth, the beard, on the contrary, is an efficient protection against it. It gathers dust and dirt only to prevent their being inhaled into the lungs, or stopping up the pores of the skin. This important office it performs much in the same way that the eyelashes and the short hairs in the ears and nostrils protect the organs about which they are placed. And it would be quite as sensible an operation for a man to clip his eyelashes every morning as to remove his beard and moustache. The dirt which the beard collects can be more easily removed than if, by the absence of the beard, it were allowed to lodge itself in the pores of the skin. Because a man with a beard of one or two days' growth looks dirty, people are apt to conclude that it is the beard which causes that appearance, while it is only its shortness that does so; as soon as it has attained some length it no longer looks dirty. There are many who in their own minds are convinced of the folly of flying in the face of nature by cutting the beard, but who lack the moral courage to follow their convictions. The beard, indeed, is a tender point for foolish ridicule to aim its shafts at. Every man who has passed the age of twenty knows what stereotyped, but yet cutting jests, his youthful wickers have had to encounter. Many a man who might have faced the cannon's mouth has felt the laughter of fools too much for him. The only way to conquer this ridicule is to learn to despise it. If a man were to turn aside by every laugh he would be a living watercock. Many persons are now becoming somewhat ashamed of the antiquated prejudices against a most becoming and useful ornament to the human face divine. I might quote numerous medical authorities to prove the utility of the growth of the hair on the upper lip, especially of men who, in their professional avocations, are liable to exposure to all the ever-varying changes of season and climate, now subject to the chilling damps, freezing cold, or unwholesome night vapors, and anon to hot parching winds, or the scorching rays of a powerful vertical sun. But we shall rest satisfied with the *prima facie* evidence afforded by the fact that an all-wise Creator, for some useful and benevolent purpose has ordained that the masculine face shall be protected and adorned by the growth of hair. Irrespective, therefore, of considerations of health and comfort, we fly in the face of God's providence when we inconsiderately divest our features of every particle of their natural protection.—*Reveland on the Hair.*

A CORRECTION.

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1854.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

In your paper of the 4th inst. a paragraph appears, giving an account of the circumstance of my seeing light upon the wall; also, that a little while after a Spirit-child was seen by me on my way to school. The vision of the little girl occurred last March, an account of which was soon after published by brother Hewitt in the *New Era*. The writing occurred some three or four weeks since. I had written about a page and a half on my school composition, and was somewhat afraid I might not be able to proceed as well as I had commenced. I came home from school, however, and had retired to my room for a few moments, when I heard a distinct rap over the window. I looked up, and saw the writing. I then wrote it down, and in this novel way wrote the rest of my composition. You will, therefore, please make the correction in your columns.

Yours, most respectfully and in truth,

MARY R. KENDALL.

THE BLIND MADE TO SEE.—The *Charleston Evening News* in speaking of the experiments and success of Dr. Turnbull, who is now in that city performing miracles in the way of restoring the blind to sight, and making the dumb to speak, says:

Dr. Turnbull's remedies are said to have proved efficacious in many cases where there was no malformation or absolute disorganization of the ear, affording relief in cases of deafness, whether the disease depended on paralysis of the auditory nerve, rupture of the tympanum, or obstruction of the internal passages. Of the completeness or permanency of his cures we can not undertake to judge, but if the age of miracles has really returned, and the existence of a remedial agent by which the blind can be made to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of our medical and scientific men, it is at least a subject worthy of their attention, and we shall feel some curiosity to know the result of such an investigation.

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