

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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THEORY OF PNEUMATOLOGY.

There seems always to have been, until recently, a universal proclivity among mankind to believe in the preternatural and supernatural. Phenomena with such characteristics abound in history, and are gravely stated as matters of fact; and they constitute no inconsiderable staple in the ideal literature of all nations. The ancients and the moderns, the barbarous and the refined, have all yielded a practical credence, in some form, to the actuality of spiritual proximity and intercourse. The Greeks had their Gods and oracles, their demons, spirits, and seers. So had the Romans. Long before them, the Hebrews were visited by angels, and the Almighty addressed their priests in audible tones. The Hindoos, Persians, Assyrians, and Egyptians believed that their Gods, who were the deified spirits of their renowned warriors and sages, inhabited the statues and images made to represent them; and that they rendered their votaries material aid in the prosecution of wars and public enterprises. All the tribes of the earth, from the remotest times, have been surrounded by shadows and apparitions—dim revelations of a world but partially concealed—and have incorporated their vagaries into their religious and social habits and institutions. Witchcraft, necromancy, astrology, arts of divination, have found ample grounds for foothold and thrift among almost every people. The Scotch, English, Irish, and Germans have all had their wizards and witches, their fairies and familiar spirits. The North American Indians, the South Sea Islanders, when first visited by Europeans, were found in the full possession of goblin superstitions.

It is only of late years, and among a few nations favored by peculiar intellectual supremacy, that uncompromising skepticism has superseded this easy belief. All our old-fashioned fictions deal largely in its subjects, showing that they have been widely rooted in the general mind. When the present generation of men and women were young, the rehearsal of stories of perturbed and justice-seeking phantoms constituted a favorite amusement in evening circles; nor was it uncommon to meet with individuals who sincerely believed they had seen and heard sights and sounds emanating from no earthly source. Every neighborhood had its special moreau of ghostological property—its haunted house or haunted wood—to be feared and avoided.

Possibly a majority of the supposed facts of this class were illusory, originating and subsisting in popular ignorance of natural philosophy, and in excited morbid imagination. No doubt their less and less frequent recurrence during the last thirty or forty years has been owing to the growing disposition to discredit the testimony of the senses; to a determination to find an explanation of every apparent mystery by appeal to the natural laws; and in part to the inattention and inhospitality to the spiritual visitants. Yet, after the most rigorous investigation of the records—after the most liberal disallowance on the score of diseased fancy and partiality for the marvelous—after making every possible expurgation in the premises (that ingenuity can suggest—there remains an obstinate residuum of doubt and mystery to plague the expounders. We can not, do what we will, utterly explode the testimony, nor utterly eliminate from the human mind the suspicion that Spirits do walk the earth or hover in the air, and have shown, and will again show themselves, and intermeddle with the affairs of us mortals.

It is noticeable that the human mind is subject to extremes of action and reaction. Under powerful and prolonged impulses it acquires an impetus which carries it beyond legitimate bounds. For many ages, mankind were such superficial observers that they overlooked intervening agencies, and attributed natural phenomena to the direct instrumentality of the Gods or ghosts. Then, in modern times, came an era of practical, analytical investigation, which opened up the recondite processes of nature, and divulged their laws. The consequent discoveries were fatal to many of the old hypotheses and popular expositions: finding natural causes, and not spiritual volitions, in and behind effects, old theories were zealously exterminated; the Gods were dethroned, and the Spirits banished to parts remote, and for a long time have been denied by savans all interest or connection with the affairs of this forlorn world. So far has this scientific fanaticism been carried, that the heaven and hell of modern theology have enjoyed but a very dubious reality and location. Though they have to many minds continued to maintain their old-fashioned grossness and whereabouts, to multitudes of others they have receded and faded away into the thinnest and remotest fog.

But another epoch has now opened. "The mists that have so long hung about the horizon have lifted, and the outlines of the Spirit-world are seen with lesser or greater distinctness by earnest gazers. The inhabitants approach, and hold converse with the fervent and faithful. Their limbs and linaments are even unveiled to a favored few. They proclaim their sameness, their humanitarian interests, their unabated at-

tachment to friends and relatives. They divulge something of their state and employment; and give us facts in lieu of speculations regarding matters hitherto shrouded in darkness or distorted by dogmatism.. How have the ambassadors been received?

Believing instinctively in the indestructibility of the soul, in a perennial existence, and knowing, therefore, that incalculably the largest term of life will be spent in the world to which bodily death will usher us, have we not yearned with unspeakable desire to know something of that mysterious continent? Have we not followed our departed friends with importunate hearts to the separating shore, and gazed with curious longing eyes into the inexorable gloom that swallowed them up? Have we not groped about in the huge shadows after the loved ones we have lost, and grieved and wondered that no voice responded to our agonies—no least evanescent apparition comforted our despairing vision? Are not our contemporaries moving daily in crowds to the hidden realms—and shall not we, too, soon join in the procession? Were this veil of lengthened ages to be withdrawn, would we not all rush frantically to the foreground to gaze upon the revelation? Would we not eagerly scan the celestial landscape, soon to be ours, and seek untringly for our long-absent companions? Would we not, being permitted, question them again of their adventures and experience, and welcome a renewal of their intimacy and friendship?

So would we prognosticate. But in no such spirit of faith and love has the glad news been received. So long have the dead been dumb and voiceless, that they have been practically relinquished to irrevocable oblivion. So high and apparently impregnable has been the wall between us and them that most have become incapable of believing in its overthrow. The sappers and miners who report a breach in its adamantine fastnesses, are rewarded with contumely and derision, or at least indifference and contempt, by the majority.

And yet why should we doubt ? Why impossible, or even improbable ? Is it not a greater wonder that we should so long have been defeated and disappointed in our assaults ? Is it not strange that mankind should so long have knocked at the brazen portals and sullen battlements which frown upon the borders of the celestial country, and never seen so much as one answering face peering from its dark inclosures—heard no muffled voice from behind its bars and bolts ? Have we been urged to our inquiries by an abortive instinct ? “ Is idle nature laughing at her sons ? ”

If we have indeed discovered a new world—or rediscovered an old one—if it has been partially explored, and even its inhabitants are among us, the facts will sooner or later be established in spite of any amount of skepticism. In the meantime, let us indulge in some reflections growing out of the subject.

For aught we know historically to the contrary, manifold races of men occupied the Eastern hemisphere of our globe for ages before its American counterpart was known to exist. By slow and painful gradations, they crept from rudeness and barbarism to culture and civilization, formed themselves into societies, grew into powerful nations, built stupendous monuments and cities, waged terrific wars, and overran vast territories; were, in their turn, overthrown and exterminated—were buried and forgotten; and yet, during this long period, were all unconscious of the existence of nearly a half of the globe they occupied! Is not this almost as strange and incredible as that we should have lived for so long a time in ignorance of our contiguity to the spiritual world? Had the Egyptians or Phœnicians been told that beyond the dread ocean they looked out upon from the shores of Africa there lay another world as extensive as the one they were familiar with, would they not have treated the tale as fabulous and chimerical? Do you say that we have good reason to believe they were not altogether ignorant of the fact—that it is more than suspected that they held intercourse with, and peopled, these shores? We reply, that we have about as much reason to believe that they knew of a *bona fide* Spirit-world, and had commerce with its inhabitants; for such reports of them as have come down to us are replete with the superhuman and marvelous. The ancients apparently were on a capital footing with the celestials; and, it is hard to account for some of the performances of their priests and sorcerers, except on the supposition of spiritual intervention. As to the argument derived from the ruins extant in South America, and their resemblance, in some degree, to those of Egypt and Assyria, we reply that that can, by a slight concession, be accounted for on the theory that similar circumstances and experience are calculated to produce an analogous development, and conduct to analogous material expressions.

Again, the old world perished and was entombed—its magnificent creations wasted and crumbled, and formed its cemetery; of a part of it all vestiges were extinguished, and nothing remained to indicate with certainty its place of sepulture. Other races occupied their places, and established a dominion. Practically, Nineveh and Babylon to us had no corporeal status. Their history was a mere myth. Semiramis and Sardanapalus took rank with Prester John and Jack the Giant

Killer. The poets and dramatists appropriated the legends that survived them, and we hung enchanted over the gorgeous creations which those modern necromancers superinduced upon, the meager fragments which had drifted down to us on the muddy tide of centuries ; very much as we do over their revelations of the angelic world. And yet, within a few days, as it were, that old world, defunct and forgotten before history began, has been resuscitated, and its actuality and greatness exposed to our very view ! The dwellings and temples of a people who passed away from the earth forty centuries ago, with their ornaments and utensils, and the records of their arts, customs, and vocations, have been exhumed, and now verify the vague chronicles which, like our dreams of the Spirit-land, had only a lodgment in the fancy. And this other world lay only a few feet beneath the crust of earth ! A few Arabs scratched it out, and the soil which concealed its pomp was soon removed in baskets ! Is it much more strange that we should live on the confines of the Spirit-world so long time, and even entertain angels, unawares ? It is often said that these things could not be, and not be discerned before. Alas ! man is strangely blind, from generation to generation, to truths which emphatically challenge his recognition and greatly concern his welfare, and which are as plain as Alps or Pyramids when he finally discerns them.

But it may be said that these arguments are irrelevant—that such discoveries are proper to, and come within the scope of, man's faculties. These are material, physical, sensuous achievements, quite different from the attempt to scale the heavens and conquer an impalpable, invisible realm. This resort seems to be predicated upon certain hypercritical assumptions in regard to the world of Spirits, and to man's faculties, condition, and employments therein.

It must be conceded that the Bible, which is the sole authority for most of the dissenters to modern Spiritualism, says as little as could well be said on these interesting topics, and says it as vaguely; topics, too, as intimately connected as possible with what is generally regarded as the paramount purpose of that oracle, man's spiritual welfare. In truth, a great part of the notions attributed to that source are inferential, and are eked out and magnified into a factitious volume by the vaticinations of its exponents, between whom and the book itself there has not been any careful discrimination. There is nothing definite, nothing specific, nothing, indeed, but figures and abstractions, on the points in question, to be found in its pages. That this is the case is evident from the utter absence of any systematic, rational, hypotheses among Christian professors. It is quite supererogatory to attempt any minute statement of the theories that have been current within the churches—and without them, too, so far as they have had the power to shape the popular mind. The clergy have simply taught that human beings, on quitting this sphere, pass into two states—one of entire blessedness, another of utter misery; both absolute and eternal. In dilating upon these naked postulates, they have drawn freely upon the fancy, using all kinds of figures and hyperboles descriptive of joy and suffering here on earth, but have never seriously adduced any thing like complete social and economical systems as the ones established in the upper and nether worlds. How could they, with the slight materials to which they restricted themselves? It is true they have ventured on some discursive sentimentalities about good angels being employed on missions of mercy and love, and the like; but in the main they have pictured the ransomed as pensioners, exompts, invalid soldiers, who, having served faithfully through the wars with Apollyon below, making no boast of it, are paid off and put on the retired list above—while the unregenerate, the obstinate, are declared to be afflicted with tortures unspeakably horrid, and kept in pretty close confinement! And, more than this, the divines have succeeded so thoroughly in belittling and stigmatizing this world, this life, as something to be endured, but deplored—so odious and contemptible have they rendered it—that its intrinsic dignity, absolute utility, and legitimate corollaries have been ignored and pushed out of sight.

Now, in the absence of official and plenary information on the subject of the future life, we must have recourse to instinct, reason, analogy. It is useless to say that the problem is beyond the compass of human powers—that it is sacrilegious to invade a mystery so evidently put under lock and key by the Almighty. Such restrictions have applied with equal pertinency to other recondite matters which man has grappled with successfully. If mathematicians, in their closets, have triumphantly deciphered the mysteries of the material heavens—ascertaining the magnitudes, distances, motions, velocities, relations of remote orbs—why should not logicians prosecute their inquiries up to the celestial gates, and peep in, too, if not repelled by the police? They are inquiries that can not be suppressed. No man half awake to his situation as a transitory sojourner here can so stultify himself as to completely extirpate from his mind the involuntary and ever-recurring speculations in regard to the world to which he must soon migrate. Questions will arise—they are not optional; and somehow they will be answered. They are authoritative, for they are instinctive. Not that we can ascertain and dem-

onstrate any thing with certainty, unassisted by spiritual revelations; but perhaps we may deduce a theory on which the mind and heart may repose with some comfort and confidence, and by which any pretended revelations may be tried.

Man comprises his future within his present self. The outline of his destiny is already prefigured and prearranged in his determinate constitution. The future must be the outgrowth of the present, the same as the present is of the past. The cultivated and ennobled man of to-day is undoubtedly as identical with the creatures of his own kind in the upper spheres, as he is with his savage species, who, armed only with clubs, slew the beasts of the woods and fields, and ate uncooked their quivering hearts, and clothed themselves in their undressed skins, in the early ages of the world—and identical in the same way. Man can only reproduce himself. To divine the future, then, he must study the bygone and the present. Why should he not be able to see as far before as behind?

The separation of the soul from the body probably operates chiefly, if not only, to change its sphere. The idea of an abrogation of identity is insufferably repugnant; and that repugnance may be fairly taken as a divine indication of a fundamental fact, for we presume it is common to all. If, then, we are essentially the same after as before death, we are endowed, of course, with the same faculties, fitted for similar vocations, and subject to similar incentives and motives, requiring, consequently, a field for operations analogous to the one last occupied. If this is not so, of what practical value is the routine and special education of the present life? In the economy of nature, so far as comprehended, we assume, every incident has a productive significance—is related to that which is to follow as inseparably as it is to that which preceded it. Now, although the material enfolds the spiritual, and owes to that its chief importance, is it supposable that all the industrial enterprises and achievements of the race are improvised for our temporary diversion or present shift—that they have no innate dignity, no permanent and interchangeable worth in themselves? If it is fitting that man should be farmers, manufacturers, and artists on earth, is it likely that we should be degraded by such vocations in any other sphere? If so, what becomes of our mundane experience and education? They are comparatively unprofitable investments, unless consecutively tributary to the interest and occupation next succeeding.

Does it not follow that we shall require bodies—physical bodies, not the same, but similar to these—to admit of the executive activity of our faculties and the evolution of our natures? Who wants to live without a body? Who can conceive of such an anomaly? We mainly recognize the being of God by his embodiment. The universe is his person. If, at the outset, God created every thing, then there was a time when God was alone, and matter was not. If it was the Divine tendency to assume external form, may it not be a necessity with us?

If there be any force in these positions, we conclude that those who have departed from this world differ but little from those who have not. If the Divine nature is unitary, and is homogeneous in its manifestations, it is presumable that the laws which underlie the Divine administration here are universal, and pervade the spiritual codes provided for all the orbs. If so, the modes and conditions of our education and development here will be continued hereafter; we shall be compelled to extend our knowledge and improve our faculties by exploration and analysis of the material creation, and we shall be fitted for the task by physical organs, urged to it by physical wants, rewarded by physical gratifications, and enabled by the perception and appreciation of the spiritual principles disengaged or exemplified in the processes.

It is not likely that man will ever be able to overstep the limitations apparently so inseparable from his condition as a created, subordinate, and dependent being. He may, and doubtless will, become more and more Godlike, but must forever occupy a position infinitely below that of his Maker. He will never become self-existent—will never speak worlds into existence, or exercise any thing more than delegated trusts. The prevalent idea that death induces an instantaneous and unlimited expansion of his powers—liberates him, as it were, from a dungeon and shackles—exonerates him from labor and responsibility, and care and danger—introduces him to a totally different kind of life—metamorphoses him from a worm to a god—is preposterous and scandalous, and can not stand the ordeal of logical examination for an hour.

It is reasonable and delightful to believe that the future life will be an advance upon this—that we shall have larger powers, keener perceptions, extended privileges, and munificent scope for their exercise and enjoyment; but shall we not be intrinsically the same? Shall we not have the same congeries of faculties? Shall we not be composed of the principles, ideas, memories, hopes, and aspirations which make up the sum total of our spiritual being here?

We shall live, then—the departed do live—on a different plane, but under similar conditions. Their progress is gradual, their powers restricted. They do not suddenly acquire

the altitude of gods. They have to pursue and achieve their purposes by effort, by research, by experiment, by ingenuity. They do not all at once recognize the subtle laws that govern their relations, and rush to the accomplishment of their wishes by a fiat or volition. What, then, becomes of the caviling objections opposed to the tipplings and knockings, the vicarious speaking and writing, etc., claimed to be employed by the Spirits in their attempts to reopen intercourse with their former consorts? Carrying with them their interest in this world, their affections and attachments, how obvious that they should desire to see and speak again with their brethren; that they should wish to substitute facts in lieu of the conjectures which have so long perplexed us in relation to certain features of the life to come; and, so far as they are permitted, ameliorate the miseries which have grown out of our misapprehensions of destiny! To do this, they employ such means as are within their reach. Those means may be inadequate and unsatisfactory both to us and themselves; but they are not totally ineffectual, and may be employed until better are devised or discovered. There may be special difficulties in the way, and it may be a new field of effort.

By the invention and improvement of telescopes, we are enabled to peruse the aspect of the moon. We think we discover the outlines of mountains, the appearances of volcanoes, valleys, and physical phenomena. There have been observers who thought they discerned indications of cities and large bodies of people. Now, suppose the moon to be inhabited, and the inhabitants to have been engaged in similar examinations of our planet, with similar results. We discern them; they discern us. Next, suppose both them and us to be simultaneously actuated by the desire to open reciprocal correspondence; and imagine what a train of experiments would ensue. How ineffectual, how abortive the first trials! What clumsy mechanism and contrivances! What cross purposes and misinterpretations! Every thing at first comparatively puerile and ridiculous, but possibly eventuating in great success.

Our predicate is, that we are in all fundamental respects the same here and hereafter, and, as an incident, most likely clothed with bodies for the performance of our exterior functions.* But it does not follow of necessity that the celestial body is of the same substance, and subjected to the same limitations. Invisibility, so far as our perceptions are concerned, may be one of its incidents; and exemption from the rigorous operation of the laws that restrict our powers of locomotion and perception may be another.† At any rate, it seems reasonable that we should always, whatever our sphere, have the privilege of reviewing and revisiting that which is behind us, however insuperable the barriers interposed to our premature invasion of that which is beyond us. And in this connection we may observe that the sneering objection to the spiritual source of the phenomena under consideration, on the ground of the unimportance of the revelations, has but little force; for it is not to be supposed that the established conditions of this life are to be superseded by superhuman intervention. Our planet will continue the same in its elements, and in all its phenomenal evolutions and aspects; our relations to it will continue the same. It is our sphere and school, and we must make the most of it. What we learn has got to depend hereafter, as heretofore, on our diligent use of its instrumentalities. It is a volume which, while we remain here, has got to be closely and constantly studied, for it is one revelation of its Maker, and the one with which we have chiefly to do. This Bible and our own souls, together, are our books and tutors; and if we look to the Spirits to bestow gratuitously upon us what by Divine ordination can only be arrived at by personal industry, most probably we shall be disappointed. We shall no more be able to dispense with scientific researches and laborious cogitation, than we shall with railroads and steam-engines. We have got to work out our temporal advantages by the employment of mind, brain, and muscle; and every such advantage constitutes a platform for future exploits. The Spirits may certainly encourage us in our application to temporal duties, by giving us assurance of immortality and future well-being, without disturbing the established relations and duties of this life, which they would certainly do, if permitted to extemporize all the wisdom and knowledge which we may clamor for. If we had Spirits to do all work for us, this globe and all its paraphernalia might as well be summarily demolished, and the entire race be dispatched at once from the in-

* According to the Bible, Abraham was visited by an angel, who entered his tent and ate with him. And Jacob met an angel in the way, and wrestled with him. These celestials must have had bodies to have performed such dietetic and athletic functions.

† It is well known that there are certain abnormal conditions of the human body, during the continuance of which respiration and pulsation are suspended, and most, if not all, the indications of death supervene, excepting mortification; notwithstanding which, the patient, apparently dead, returns to life and to the possession of all his faculties—not unfrequently narrating psychological experiences of wonderful character, and fully believing that he has visited unearthly scenes, conversed with angels, and been induced into mysteries which puzzle the children of earth. It is very rare that they are able to give any account of what they have seen or heard; but it is not less true that they have not literally seen and heard what they relate. How is it with the clairvoyance induced by mesmerism? If material, leaving the bodies asleep or entranced, may exercise so large a liberty, may not the Spirits who are alleged to visit as be present in representative bodies on the same terms? This is an idea which we have not measured, and only venture to hint at.

fant school to the university. It may be possible for God to do an act tantamount to this, and so it would be possible for him to produce full-grown men, and dispense with the intermediate stages of growth. But he don't do it; and that he don't argues a self-imposed law, equivalent, to all intents and purposes, to a necessity. Judged by the rule implied, the declarations of the Spirits may be exempted from the cynical criticism that has been applied to them. Their mission is not to induct us by any short cut into all the arcana of physical and spiritual wisdom. That is obvious. But are we thankless for the demonstration that our departed friends live—that they have not undergone any monstrous metempsychosis, destroying their identity—that they reciprocate our continued love, take a lively interest in our daily experience, visit us and see us, though we can not see them—and that the skepticism and dread respecting the life beyond the grave are founded in phantasms? Is it of no account that the bereaved mother can have the proof and conviction that her child is not lost to her—that it is cherished and cared for—that its affections are not estranged—that it isn't wandering in regions incalculably remote, but that it can and does come and caress her? Is it no blessing that the overshadowing gloom of a dominating theology should be lifted from the hearts and homes it has so long depressed and obscured, and that God's sunshine and beneficence should be shown to illuminate and beautify the long vista of transmundane life? Webster, and Calhoun, and Bacon, and Swedenborg may well be occasionally employed in corroborating and enforcing these grateful teachings, if they never utter a single oracular dogma in politics, make any penitential recantation of bygone heresies, or institute any new system of ethics.

Pray, what have we known of the economy of the spiritual world, that we sit in judgment upon the alleged manifestations so insolently, and so arrogantly impeach the testimony without a hearing? The Bible, we assume, is the only authority which is generally admitted in the premises; and what does it divulge? Nothing specific. Certain principles of administration are declared to prevail; punishments are denounced upon transgressors, and rewards or compensations promised to the law-abiding—nothing more, we opine. And these *ipse dixit* might well be inferential; for they are as true of this as of any other life. All besides this is rejected as apocryphal; and this, we are told, is enough! All private depositions, no matter how well substantiated, are pitched into the category of illusions and hallucinations. Nobody since the patriarchs and apostles can possibly have dreamed dreams, or entertained angels, or obtained any responses to their sighs, and prayers, and tears. There was a time when the sons of men were vouchsafed visions of the celestial realms and their citizens; but there came an epoch when an impervious and impassable wall was built up between the two neighboring worlds, and all intercourse has ever since been inhibited, except that our dead are admitted through the dark postern of the grave; and the arbitrary doctrine of our worldly despotisms is relentlessly applied there—"Once a citizen, always a citizen"—they can't come back! In what other respects has the Divine government undergone so great a change? All other laws have been immutable, there is reason to believe; and there should be the most indubitable proof of a repeal or suspension of this, before we admit the unwelcome proclamation.

Why, oh, why should our race have been favored with such sublime privileges in its infancy, and be denied them in its maturity? When men were less developed and cultivated, they were more easily satisfied with the near and the present. Childhood is diverted with spectacles and sated with sensuous pleasures; manhood, outgrowing the specious, the superficial, looks for meanings, and connections, and issues. The child sobs for his lost parent or playfellow, but soon forgets him; the man fixes his imploring eye on the heavens, and demands the whereabouts of the departed. It is true that earthly life is brief, and that the answer will soon come to all; but to mortal senses the pilgrimage often seems prolonged and wearisome, and the bereaved heart longs for its expatriated companion.

Do the Spirits betray weakness, and frivolity, and ignorance, and even evil dispositions? What then? Is it supposable that this world is the only one whose denizens are imperfect and foolish? By what authority, except our own fancies, are we taught that men are instantaneously deified by decanation? Is the body a prison, and life a penance? Is this whole system of things an episode—a play within a play—an accident—a nightmare? Is our ship driving at the mercy of adverse winds and currents, among polar seas and inhospitable coasts, or are we in a reliable craft, and steering with some directness, by compass and quadrant, toward the great port and capital of the universe? Is it not more reasonable to believe that we are subject to a Divine legislation, whose beneficent and equitable laws are the same in spirit and purpose in every part of its domain? That everywhere courage, and endurance, and power will be the growth of impediment, and danger, and hardship? That knowledge and wisdom are attainments which can nowhere result from anything but experience and studious effort? That enjoyment must ever be purchased by suffering? That we can fully appreciate only those possessions which we, according to our consciousness, conquer by personal prowess? Such are the conditions of this stage of being; and if they are—as why should they not be?—those of the succeeding stage, we have no good cause to expect any sudden colossal expansion in those who have left us as dwarfs and pigmies. No; the conjecture is natural and reasonable, that the course of life, suspended here, is substantially resumed in the new home of the Spirit; and that the employments and studies appropriate to a man at the termination of his earthly career are there continued, the same in essence if not in form; so that, of two cotemporaries, he who departs and he who remains may eventually meet on an equal footing, provided they have been equally assiduous in the improvement of their advantages. Is not our sense of fitness and justice confused by any violent invasion of this conception? And if, in our weariness, and impatience, and defeat, we sometimes decry and despise this earth and its discipline, may we not fairly suspect that we have failed to discern their truest teachings and overlooked the wisest methods of arriving at the greatest possible good of which our situation is susceptible? In the event of a mis-spent life, may we not, to our surprise, find ourselves, in the other world, condemned to learn the lessons which, like idle or vicious schoolboys, we had neglected or refused to master and apply here, instead of the gratuitous plenary illumination and unearned enjoyment, which has been so loosely anticipated?

It is a waste of time to complain of other people's faults. The best thing we can do is to mend our own.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

SPIRITUALISM IN PRACTICE.

Not only every believer in Spiritualism, but thousands who reject the testimony to its manifestations, admit that its teachings and inculcations are good. None but the bigot will deny the beauty of its lessons—theoretically, at least. Nor can they, without denying to God the character of such a Creator and Father, as can be truly loved and revered by pure, loving, and exalted Spirits; and denying to man the nature and qualities necessary to render him capable, in any condition, of loving and worshipping such a Being. Spiritualism, in its most divine sense, utters, as it has ever uttered, the gospel of God for the salvation of humanity. Through the lips of its Christs and Platos, its prophets, poets, seers, and holy men—holy because of the exaltation of their thoughts and lives—it has revealed so much of truth concerning Deity, and his relations with man, that mankind have never, as yet, lived up to the measure of their knowledge. And not only through mortal and seraphic lips has this divine teaching been uttered. Even the dumb—so-called—universe, in all its forms, and colors, and motions, and melodies, has echoed and indorsed God's more direct revelations of himself in the human soul. Man has not been denied sufficient inspiration, warning, and reproof. He has not been denied a clear enough vision of what he should do and be—what duty he owes to his father, God, and his brother, man. The difficulty has been his practical repudiation of his professed faith, knowledge, and convictions.

The enunciations of Christianity, full of lofty Spiritualism and Democracy, have failed to regenerate the world—in so far as intended—only as they have been devalued by the practical lives of those who profess, and have professed, to be followers of and believers in Christ's teachings. The Christ eulogized with the tongue has been crucified in the heart and life, and the Christian theory made null by the practice of its professors. True Christianity, like all great spiritual utterances, has maintained a partial foothold and accomplished a partial work; but how much mightier and more glorious would its triumph have been if all who have professed to regard that saying upon which the law and the prophets are said to hang, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, etc., and thy neighbor as thyself," had lived up to that profession. Because these spiritual teachings have been practically denied, Christianity and all kindred systems have comparatively failed.

The question, then, arises, What is required of Spiritualists of our time to render their revelations and faith more vital and lasting; to render them enduring in fact as they are beautiful and inspiring in theory? Spiritualism, thus far, is the dawn of a new day, a new year, a millennial era, in our sin-stained world—the opening page of a brighter and fairer revealing from those higher spheres into which we are destined to pass, and progress, and live forever. Through his angels, and "ministering Spirits," God is renewing past covenants with mankind, and revealing himself in a broader and clearer light to his earth-children. Through this revelation it is distinctly perceived that the Spirit-world is nearer, more intimately and more beautifully related to our daily lives and thoughts than has heretofore been actively impressed on human consciousness. Visions are being unfolded that inspire our hope, our faith, and our joy; we are permitted to behold with ecstatic delight the loveliness and glory of the upper world, and to perceive that heaven and earth are divided only by temporary lines—by the blindness of religious bigotry and material sense.

Even more than this is being revealed to us. We are being taught that our paternity and brotherhood involve the duty of our practically recognizing God as our father, and every man as our brother; that as we profess to believe that Spiritualism, fully and faithfully illustrated, leads to man's perfect harmonic development, bringing the individual in true relation with man, with nature, and the Spirit-world, we are called to act, think, and live in accordance with the teachings of Spiritualism.

And what are these? That we must be pure, loving, earnest, active, and faithful in every relation and duty. That we must be pure in thought and deed; loving in heart and spirit; earnest in purpose and action; active in sympathy and service to our fellow-men; courageous and manly in our opposition to wrong, and faithful in all things. Mere profession of Spiritualism is not the thing. We must have action as well as belief, and the action must correspond to the belief. Those who think all is done when certain propositions and manifestations are witnessed and indorsed, would, if it were left to their guidance, soon run the bark of Spiritualism, a useless hulk, upon the sand. The world must not have it to say of Spiritualists, as it has said of Christian creed-men, "They preach well, but there is no practice." Spiritualists must teach the beauty of Spiritualism in their lives, and commend it by their examples. It may cost the sacrifice of some selfishness, some pride and lust of the senses, but until the gross, sensual man is thus subdued, Spiritualism will not have done its true work. We ask our readers to think of these things with us—to think and act. A practice of the teachings of Spiritualism is the great end to be attained—that will develop the harmonic man.

HARMONY HALL.

REV. HERMAN SNOW, who is not unknown to our readers, has, during the past year, kept open and free to the friends of Spiritualism from every part of the country, a large Room known and designated as above, and situated at No. 103 Court Street, Boston, has just sent us a circular letter, addressed "To the friends of Spiritualism," the object of which is to solicit donations for defraying the current expenses of that Room. Mr. Snow has from the beginning depended on the voluntary contributions of friends to enable him to sustain and carry forward his enterprise, but we infer that such aid as has been spontaneously tendered has not been adequate to meet the contingent expenses. The very crowded state of our columns renders it extremely inconvenient to give place to his

circular for several weeks, as requested, and accordingly we sum up its import and object in this paragraph. Those who may feel a spiritual movement, ultimating itself through the material region of the pocket, should address friend Snow as herein indicated.

MODERN MIRACLES.

The following remarkable facts have lately occurred in the experience, and through the agency, of Mrs. French, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who personally related them at a recent conference at this office, and has since repeated them, with additional particulars, to the writer. Being recently in the city of Washington, she was led to the house of Mr. Darby, the geographer, an elderly gentleman nearly seventy-nine years of age. Mr. D. had for some time been suffering from a paralysis of the left arm, which he was unable to move without taking hold of it with the right hand and applying to it a mechanical force. His hearing, also, was very imperfect. By means of a medicinal preparation which Mrs. French had made under spiritual direction, together with passes which she was impressed to make over the head and arm of the sufferer, the latter was in a few minutes so far relieved, that he moved his arm freely in all positions, clapped his hands at the back of his head, etc., without any impediment or difficulty. At the same time the old gentleman's hearing was very greatly improved; and the relief of his difficulties continued permanent up to the last accounts that Mrs. F. heard from him, which was some two or three weeks after these occurrences took place.

In the same house there was residing a gentleman (Mr. P.) who had been suffering, more or less, with a disease of the lungs for the last ten years. For the last five or six weeks he had been constantly confined to his room, and was daily growing weaker. By the administration by Mrs. F. of a spiritually prepared medicine, accompanied (as we understood) with manipulations by Mr. Laning, another spirit medium, the gentleman was so far relieved that he came down to the breakfast table the next morning, and declared that he had not been so free from pain in ten years as he was then.

Mrs. French subsequently went to Baltimore, where she stopped at the house of Mr. Laning, the artist (the gentleman mentioned above). While there, Mr. L. was impressed to send for two young girls, one of whom, about nine years old, was entirely deaf and dumb, and the other, about seventeen years of age, could only hear and speak very imperfectly. Mrs. F. manipulated the one who was entirely deaf and dumb for thirty-two minutes, at the same time bathing her about the head and ears with the spiritually prepared medicine which she had in her possession. At the end of that time Mrs. F. was spiritually impressed that the girl could hear. Standing, therefore, behind her, so that the girl could not see the motion of her lips, she spoke a little above her ordinary tone of voice, when the girl winced, as though the sound was too loud for her, and pained her. Moderating her tone of voice, Mrs. F. told her to say, "Pa," "Ma," "Sister," "Josephine," and several other words, all of which the girl distinctly repeated as by imitation as they were spoken by the medium. "The other girl, about seventeen years of age, was in like manner operated on by Mrs. French, and her hearing and speech greatly improved. These occurrences took place in the presence of Mr. Laning and some five or six other credible witnesses. The father of the girls, who was present, expressed himself highly gratified with the results of these operations, and manifested a strong desire that the treatment should be continued, believing that the result would be a perfect cure; but, strange to say, another very near relation of the girls utterly discountenanced the whole proceeding, and pronounced it the work of the devil!

While there, a girl was also brought to Mrs. French affected with St. Vitus' dance, and so badly that it took two persons to steady her as she was brought into the room. Mrs. F., while under spiritual influence, made passes over her for about fifteen minutes, when the girl walked the length of two parlors without any observable defect in her motion; and afterward she walked home without any difficulty, arm in arm with the lady who had accompanied her to the place.

A Mr. Cole, also of Baltimore, was confined and apparently far gone with consumption and other ailments. He subjected himself to spirit treatment through Mrs. French, and was immediately relieved from cough and other symptoms which prevented rest; and the next night he took a long walk through a storm of snow and sleet to a spiritual circle, where he remained to a late hour in a damp room, and then walked home again; and so far from feeling any ill consequences of this exposure on the next day, his health was, if any thing, still further improved. This gentleman is following a prescription given by Mrs. F., and at the last accounts that were received from him, was all the while gradually improving in health.

The foregoing are among the numerous facts that may be urged as proof that if the days of miracles were ever past, they have at least now returned.

DISCUSSION IN ST. LOUIS.

The Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., somewhat famed in the modern annals of theological gladiators, has been recently offering battle to the Catholics in St. Louis; but the glove which he cast at the feet of Orestes A. Brownson not being taken up, the Spiritualists of that city concluded to give Dr. R. a little work in his line, and so proposed to him a friendly discussion of the respective views on which he and they were divided. By way of bringing this proposal into tangible form, they drew up a series of propositions which they supposed the doctor would be willing to affirm and defend, and another which they proposed to sustain themselves, naming Mr. S. J. Finney as the spokesman on their side. These propositions were addressed in a letter to Dr. Rice, who answered them in a somewhat sneering and word-catching manner, utterly declining the debate. The correspondence was published in the *Missouri Republican*, in a subsequent issue of which the Spiritualists published a somewhat lengthy rejoinder to Dr. R.'s letter of declination, and there the matter, we believe, has rested.

SAVED BY WINE.

Some days since, as we were seated in the printing-office, our attention was arrested by the following passage in the journal of the late Rev. Adoniram Judson, Baptist missionary in the Burman Empire:

Sunday, July 11th.—No wine to be procured in this place, on which account we are unable to unite with the other churches, this day, in partaking of the Lord's Supper.

We believe that many Christians insist that there is a saving efficacy in this ordinance. If it be so, and if wine be indispensable to its observance, as is distinctly implied by Mr. Judson, it must follow that the poor heathen who have no wine

may be lost in spite of the benevolent efforts of the missionary society. As this passage was written several years ago, we may presume that this last requisite to salvation has been supplied ere this. Such heathen destitution is not likely to exist a great while among a modern Christian people.

ALLEGED PLAGIARISM.

A correspondent writes us that the poem entitled, "The Summer Midnight," published in the TELEGRAPH of Feb. 18th, and claimed to have been written by spiritual direction, through the mediumship of J. C. Myra, was originally written (and published) some ten years ago by the Rev. James Wallis Eastburn. Our correspondent says he was attracted to it at the time of its publication, and clipped a copy from a public journal, which copy is now in his possession. Allowing these statements to be facts, we, as well as the Washington Union, from which the poem was copied into the TELEGRAPH, have been imposed on. While our critical correspondent hides his name, however, we do not take his statement for granted, though it may be true. We have been more frequently deceived by mortals than by Spirits, and we can not fully indorse a statement for which the author hesitates to make himself responsible.

BRO. PINNEY, of Mill Brook, Conn., writes us, requesting our views concerning several great questions on which Mr. Davis and other modern Spiritual authors do not agree. The questions are of a deeply occult and metaphysical character, and the expression of our views would require more labored disquisition and a larger space than our numerous duties and the crowded state of our columns will at present permit us to devote to such a purpose.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

In Woburn, Mass., Wednesday morning, Nov. 30th, 1853, was born into the Spirit-world, Mr. DANIEL EXTON, being forty-nine years of age.

His exit was very sudden. The night before his departure he retired to rest at a late hour, and at somewhere between two and three o'clock, a. m., he awoke, feeling quite unwell. He arose and went below stairs, soon after which he was found by the family a lifeless corpse upon the floor. He was an affectionate husband, a tender and indulgent parent, an honest and much respected citizen, and a true Christian. He was one of those earliest, in the town in which he lived, to openly avow his full faith in the Harmonical Philosophy. He and his wife were happily united in this faith, which is so well calculated to prepare us for such a solemn and sudden change. He had received several warnings of his change, "But," said he, "I shall not die; no, never! To be sure I shall put off this body, but I shall live forever." His wife and three loving children will greatly feel his loss, but to him the change is most glorious.

The foregoing should have appeared long before this time, but was overlooked, and has just come to light. We hope our correspondent will accept this as a sufficient apology for the delay.—E.D.

In Mill Brook, Conn., Feb. 12th, Victor H. son of Harvey W. and Harriet A. Pinney, departed the life of the body, aged two years and seven months.

We did not receive our friend's letter, in which we were requested to officiate at the funeral obsequies, until Tuesday, 14th inst., 12 o'clock, a. m., and it was then too late to make any arrangement in season. We are happy to know that the great sources of consolation are limited to no locality, but that immortal life, hope, and joy have their springs even in the heart of the afflicted.

THE OLD BREWERY.

The name of no edifice is, perhaps, more familiarly known to New Yorkers than that of the "Old Brewery," for half a generation or more a sort of Five Points human-rookery, in the filthy spaces of which from fifty to a hundred miserable families found refuge—shelter or home it could hardly be called. Therein was gathered as much vice, crime, and wretchedness as could well be conceived. Fire, which in every other locality had range and power, seemed debared, by an inscrutable order of Providence, from touching this vast lazar-house, created to distill poison, and afterward made the foul nest of the victims it had helped to poison. But there came in time a gentle, yet mighty agency—the prophet heard not God in the cloud nor in the storm, but in a still, small voice—which performed what fire could not: a work of purification, not only for the "Old Brewery," but for hundreds of its loathsome inmates. That agency was a "Ladies Mission," which, beginning its work of regeneration only three years since, has already so perfected it that on the site of the "Old Brewery" stands a new and noble Mission House, within whose doors the young of that most degraded region, the Five Points, are being educated in the way of virtue, and the old reclaimed from outcast lives.

With the general history of this Ladies' Mission movement, and its gratifying success, the press has from day to day made the public familiar. It has been a matter of rejoicing to all. But there has been written, by "Ladies of the Mission," and published by Messrs. Stringer & Townsend, a more particular, authoritative, and perfect history, and it is to introduce this work to our readers that we now write. The record of the "Old Brewery" is indeed

"A strange, eventful history,"

and, in so far as facts are concerned, we may believe that this volume is a faithful chronicle. Extending to three hundred pages, finely illustrated, it glances at the origin of the building in question, and at the earlier history of the Five Points, and then more minutely traces the transformation consequent upon the missionary effort to redeem it. Many thrilling sketches of scenes and characters are interwoven, but there is throughout the book a studied purpose to make the record a calm and sober one. The authors of the volume have wisely avoided touching upon the rivalry existing between the "Ladies Mission" and the "House of Industry," and have only stated their own cause, hopes, and prospects.

The only objection that can well be raised to the volume, lies in its somewhat dogmatic religious ideas and tone, and its proneness, particularly in the preface, which bears the impress of a clerical hand, to sectarianism. With the practical labors and success of the "Ladies Mission" we are far more pleased than with the theology of "The Old Brewery." It is to us a somewhat blasphemous theology—inasmuch as it suggests that God designed man for purposes and ends which have not been answered. We can not believe that God's designs are ever thwarted. We also object to the partial "fear and doubting" spirit with which the "Ladies Mission" look to the continuation of the work before them. Under the providence of God, which ever attends humanitarian deeds, there is no temporal, moral, or spiritual reform possible to the earthly state, which can not be accomplished by brave, faithful, and loving labor. Those who go forth to battle with sin and error in the name of God, must never doubt—God is more merciful and powerful than mortal heart can desire, and he will surely enable those who strive, with a good spirit and adaptable means, to triumph.

"The Old Brewery" will find abundant readers. Probably no other book has been issued the precedent orders for which justified so large a first edition. Thirty thousand copies have been struck off, and twenty thousand are now bound. The publishers pay a liberal copyright, and the proceeds are to be applied to raising the mortgage which now hangs (its only cloud) over the "Mission House," which is the name given to the new building. The volume is beautifully executed in every mechanical respect, and will grace both the drawing-room table and the library.

"THE OLD BREWERY," and the New Mission House at the Five Points. By Ladies of the Mission. Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway, publishers.

THE LATHAM PRIZE POETRY.

We stated some time ago, we think, that the committee selected by Mr. Latham, the Washington banker, to decide which of the competitors for his offered prize of \$500 for a best National Epic, Lyric, Song, or Ode, reported that, in their judgment, no one of the many pieces offered in competition was worthy to rank as a "National" poem, of any class, and therefore they declined to make any award. Not a few aspirants to a visionary laureate have objected to this judgment. Partial, possibly, to their own efforts, as poets sometimes are, they question the verdict which says, in

fact, "A thousand American geniuses are not competent to the production of one American work." Well, it is a sweeping verdict; but what did Pope and Byron do when vindictive and incautious critics pounced down upon their juvenile verse? Did they sigh, or rage, or protest with idle clamor? No. They set themselves more heartily to the work, and in the "Dunciad," and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," proved that they could be—if they had not been already—great poets. Our friend McChesney, who deprecated some criticism we passed, in the TELEGRAPH, upon his effort for the prize, prefers to sigh and rage; but our wiser and valued correspondent, Henry Clay Preuss, of Baltimore, snaps his fingers at Sirs Oracles and their judgment seat, and with an inferred "be-hanged to the committee," boldly publishes his effort, "A Vision of Freedom," in a handsome pamphlet of sixteen pages, and appeals to the public for their award. We have perused the poem, portions of which are glowing and fiery, and must say that Mr. Preuss in after years will agree, in so far as he is concerned, with the Latham Committee. Not that his poem is without merit, but because Liberty and Patriotism, the bone and marrow of his "Vision," are hackneyed themes, and only tolerable when sung in a marked original and vigorous strain. Mr. Preuss has written much finer poetry for the SHERMAN than his "Vision of Freedom," and we are quite satisfied that he will find his best success as a poet connected with less ambitious, threadbare topics than are necessary for national epics and odes. We are obliged to Mr. P. for the copy of his poem, which will doubtless find many gratified readers.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF FEB. 23.—The usual number of Spiritualists and spiritual inquirers congregated at our office, 300 Broadway, on Thursday evening of last week, and the proceedings of the meeting were invested with the usual interest. Dr. YOUNG related some interesting cases of Spirit persons which lately occurred in the family of Mr. B., in Sixth Avenue, in this city. The persons and representations of particular scenes in the earthly lives of the Spirits by whom the medium purported to be controlled were accurate, and in a high degree striking, though the medium was an artless girl of fourteen. Mr. J. R. DUFFEE, of Carbondale, Pa., referred to and rebutted the charge of infidelity which sectarians bring against Spiritualism. He said he was recently told by a clergyman that this Spiritualism is all of the devil, and was asked what good it had ever done? When he offered to take the Rev. gentleman to ten men who had become praying men since this new light broke upon them, though they had never been religiously inclined before. The speaker having alluded to the spiritual experiences and labors of Rev. Mr. Harvey who has been ejected from the Methodist Church for his Spiritualism, Mr. C. PARTRIDGE spoke of the good services which Mr. Harvey had done to the spiritual cause. He said that the experience of Mr. H. had run in the channel of his former faith, and took occasion to remark that the same fact held in reference to the experience of those Spiritualists who had formerly been infidels, and that this accounted, in a great measure, for those present aspects of Spiritualism which the Church considered as wearing an infidel stamp. He considered the evidences of Spiritualism as appealing to all classes, recognizing the conversion of the infidel as of as much importance as the conversion of the man of the Church. He also dwelt, at some length, upon the practicalities of Spiritualism, and suggested plans for the harmonization of human interests. W. FRISVOLD then spoke of the practical bearings of Spiritualism, and considered it as involving the germs of all true reform, which, however, must commence with the reformation of our individual selves, and thence develop itself into social form. While the harmonization of mere exterior interests was well enough in its way, he had no confidence that the world could ever become truly reformed in that way, as all true reform must be founded on the rectification of man's interiors. Dr. YOUNG spoke against theorizing and demanded facts. Mr. CALTHROP related facts proving spiritual intercourse. Mr. D. G. TAYLOR spoke of the beneficial manner in which Spiritualism affected him as a professor of religion. Mr. DUFFEE instanced the present meeting as proof against the allegations of evil as growing out of Spiritualism. Mr. ROBERTS, of Boston, recommended Sunday meetings, and urged their advantages. The meeting then closed.

FIRE NEUTRALIZED BY SPIRIT.—At the Conference at this office on Thursday evening, February 18th, Mr. D. G. Taylor stated that recently, one evening, his son was deeply entranced by spiritual influence, when under the action of the power which controlled him he held his finger apparently for about thirty seconds, in the flame of a phosgene lamp that was burning before him upon the table. The finger was afterward examined, and found to be completely blackened by the smoke of the lamp, but entirely uninjured, even as to the most delicate tissues of the skin! At another time, during the last week, small articles were thrown about the room by invisible hands, during which time the narrator, casually turning his eyes toward the fire, saw a towel lying upon the top of a grate of glowing coals sufficiently hot to have set it in a blaze in an instant under ordinary circumstances. Mr. T. thought that the towel could not have laid there less than from ten to fifteen seconds; but when he took it off, not the slightest mark of fire was found upon it. The towel, which was apparently unscorched, was exhibited to the audience. Here, certainly, are two cases of no ordinary interest as reflecting light upon the ordeal of the "burning fiery furnace" through which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were caused to pass by Nebuchadnezzar, as well as upon the ordeals by fire to which spiritual people are said to have been often subjected, with immunity from injury and suffering, during the middle ages.

REVELATION OF MEMORIES.—Mr. W. J. Baner, well known to most of our readers in this city, and whose word will in no case be doubted by his acquaintances, has just informed us of the following curious fact in his experience: While riding rapidly on horseback several years ago, near the city of Philadelphia, he turned his head to inspect a curious inscription on a banner which he saw by the side of the street. While his attention was thus diverted from his horse, the latter stumbled and threw him over his head. The ground upon which he was about to fall being hard and stony, he fully expected to be killed, and with this apprehension strongly impressed upon his mind, and while he was passing from the horse to the ground, every incident, even to the most minute, which had occurred from his infancy to that moment, stood out before his mind with all the vividness of its original occurrence. Even the most insignificant acts that he had performed, and words that had been spoken to him by others, were now recalled—the events all appearing in their proper order of succession, and without the slightest jumbling or confusion; and after this memory-picture had been completed up to that moment, he had time to consider his prospects for the future world, before he struck upon the ground. From cases of this kind, many of which might be related, the reflective reader can not fail to derive an instructive lesson in respect to the constitution of the human soul.

A SNAKE STORY.—A child, nine years old, of Mr. W. Lincoln, of Warren, Mass., had been in feeble health for several years, and was much emaciated, being subject to frequent fits of strangulation and coughing, though her difficulty seemed to be in the stomach and throat rather than in the lungs. The Spirit guardians of this child wrote through her own hand, that she had a water snake in her stomach. This was subsequently confirmed through several different mediums, with the additional particulars, that the child had drunk the snake three years before, at a certain spring, while in the woods on a whortleberry excursion. By methods proposed by the girl's Spirit physicians, the snake was induced to ascend through the esophagus and protrude its head through her throat, so that it could be distinctly seen in the back part of her mouth; but whenever an attempt was made to seize it and draw it forth, it would draw back and disappear. His snakeship, however, was afterward poisoned and dislodged by medication. A portion of his skin is still preserved for the inspection of the curious. These facts, with the minutiae of their details and circumstances, are communicated by Dr. J. A. Gridley to the *New Era*.

A WRATH.—The wife of the present writer, who lives in Williamsburg, had a lady friend in New York whom she had been expecting for some days to visit her. As she was sitting one evening in the parlor before it had become dark, she casually cast her eyes toward the open door, and distinctly saw the head and bust of a female figure clothed in white. The light was not sufficiently strong to enable her to recognize features, and the figure vanished as soon as it was distinctly perceived. My wife then went to the kitchen, took a match, and was about to strike it to light a lamp, when several drops of water were thrown into her face. She lit the lamp, wiped her face with her hand, and found, upon examination, that it was veritable water that had fallen upon her face, though there was not a drop of water standing in the room at the time, and no person was in the room or anywhere near, who could have thrown it. It was afterward ascertained that her lady friend whom she had been expecting to see or hear from, had died on the morning of that day, and that at the moment of the occurrences above related, her body was being conveyed by her friends up the North River on a boat.

ODE TO THE SOUTH WIND.

THOMAS. L. HARRIS.

Dictated from the State of Interior Illumination.

Spirit, who dwellest where the Summer smiles
Upon a thousand Isles,
And opes her azure-lidded eyes to gaze
Through cloudless ether on the golden maze
Of constellations, moving through the sky
In the swift circles of eternity:—
Spirit, who movest with thy viewless breath
The sultry veil of death
From the parched ocean, that, unmoved, expands
Like a red waste of sands,
Where ships, becalmed, lie moveless like the dead
Or dying camels of the Nubian lands:—
Swift, dew-lipped Wanderer, thou art to me
Most welcome, coming as thou dost from far
With secret ministries. Thy breathings are
Filled with the essence of all poetry,
The joy of all religion. Silently
Thou hoverest, with viewless wings outspread,
O'er the wide landscape. Flowers that drooped unfed
Open their dying eyes, and, looking up,
Drink life from thee. Thou fillest every cup
With honey-dew. Thou comest, and thy kiss
Wakens the Spirit of the Wilderness,
And she comes forth to greet thee, riding on
Her panther, like a beautiful Amazon
Whose spear is tipped with lightning, and whose arrows
Sharp as the morning star, whose brightness narrows
Into a single point, and through the air
Flies from the sun. With locks of tangled hair
That wildly stream upon her shoulders bare,
Strong Spirit, beautiful and mild and proud,
She flies to greet thee. Like a smile that quivers
On Youth's enamored lip, when from afar
Love dawns upon him, throned upon her star,
The languid Earth receives thee. Thou to her
Descendest like a youthful Emperor
Scattering sweet odors from his rustling robes.
Thou bringest her, from far celestial globes,
Sweet perfumes tinged with music, halcyon gales
That sing immortal songs, like deathless nightingales,
And wake the bosom of her quiet sea.—
Sweet Spirit of the South Wind! hail to thee!

Thou comest like a youthful Shepherd Boy
Filling the air with carolings of joy
From the Celestial Mountains. Thrillingly
The glad airs tremble at thy minstrelsy.
O, Presence! dear and glorious and blest,
What troops of melodies within thy breast
Dance to the music of thy heart's delight.—
Thou twinest round the forehead of the Night
A veil of odors, musical and rare.
Silence and Song alike thy praise declare.

The Spirit of the North Wind bows before
Thy gentle coming. Regions bleak and froze,
Where Winter sat, turning the Earth to stone,
Making the ice-bound forests creak and groan,
Murdering the hapless Dryads in their groves,—
Thrill with sweet life. Thy genial breath removes
From earth and sea their fetters. Thou dost break
His icy coffin, and from sleep awake
The Genius of the Spring. He at thy breath
Rises like young Adonis. From their death
Thou wakenest all the germs of living things.
Thou wreathest lilies o'er the water springs.
The crocus, hyacinth, and snowdrop bloom
In the trim gardens, and a faint perfume
Rises like incense. Troops of daffodils
Wave brightening in the sunshine. O'er the hills
Thou scatterest daisies, and in meadows low
Bidd'st the sweet violets blow.

Joy! joy, O Spirit! thou whose bright career
Is one perpetual triumph over fear
And death and sorrow. Speed thee on thy way.
Hark! from her prison-house of snows young May
Cries for deliverance. Break the icy bars,
Give to the flowers their Queen, thou child of Southern stars.

In the Arcadian heavens where Beauty smiles
Forever, in the isles
Of the Immortals, tropical and vast,
Far to the South, where snow-white mountains cast
Transparent, milky shadows, tremulous,
And Spirits, over death victorious,
On thrones of alabaster sit supreme,
And Love Divine shines like a sun, whose gleam
Of undulating splendor fills the sphere
With visioned forms of beauty, which appear
With every change more glorious, thou wert born,
O Spirit of the South Wind, when young Morn
Herself awoke; and thou wert cradled where
The undulating bosom of the air
Is tremulous with love. Thou dost receive
Thy swiftness where inspired celestials breathe
Their hearts away in tenderness divine.
Thy wings were energized with strength sublime
Where all the rustling airs their plumes unfold,
Within that shrine of crystal and of gold
Where thoughts originate, where Wisdom, bright
With the clear vision of the Infinite,
Utters the secrets of eternal truth.
Joy taught thee music. Thy immortal youth
Is older than the Himalayan snow.
From land to land like morning thou dost go,
A floating Benediction, from thy mouth
Breathing delight, O Spirit of the South!

Before thy gentle breath the thunders die.
Thou whisperest, and the lightnings harmlessly
Dance in the golden zenith. Thou dost tame
The angry sea. Far o'er the level main,
As on a floor of sapphire, thou dost pass.—
Now thou art gone, Wind of the South! alas!
My heart forgets its music and the spell
Of song is broken. Spirit sweet, farewell!

NEW ORLEANS, February, 1854.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported Graphically by T. J. Ellinwood.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st, a crowded audience assembled at Doolittle's Hall, in Broadway, opposite Eleventh Street.

ISAAC C. PRAY said that some who enter into the investigation of the subject of Spiritualism have the idea that they are going to arrive at the whole truth in a very short period of time, and seem to suppose that it is like some of the creeds, which simply require their devotees to believe certain articles of faith. This is a mistaken notion, as all who have closely investigated the subject are aware. No one has arrived at any thing like the fullness of truth; but each one, as he investigates, finds himself advancing in knowledge, his faculties expanding, and a kind of inspiration taking possession of him. To his own surprise and that of his friends, he changes his course of life, and abandons many of the vices to which he is addicted. It is not necessary that persons should sit in circles in order to have these changes take place; they have merely to be awake to the fact that Spirits do communicate with mortals; and having become satisfied of it, their faculties, which have been smothered by education and the conventionalities of society, at once begin to unfold. The mere matter of belief never yet saved an individual, and never will save one. A belief in that which we do not and can not realize can avail us nothing. To merely believe that there is a future can do us no good; but when we know it, the fact becomes a valuable piece of knowledge to us. We can know that there is a future; but it is probable that while we inhabit these forms we never will have any absolute knowledge of its beauties, the pursuits of Spirits, etc. Yet these are subjects which address themselves to our reason, and concerning which we can draw certain inferences from certain facts. If Spirits communicate, it is reasonable to suppose that they are engaged in scientific pursuits; for if they are able to use the elements of nature to move tables, and to manifest themselves to the people of earth in numerous ways, they must be better acquainted with those forces than they were before they left the body.

The speaker contended that there can be nothing supernatural. There is no such thing as accident. Every thing that occurs has a cause when the very creation commenced. You can not get at the real causes of things unless you go to their primal causes; and by doing so you will find that what you call chance is direct and universal, and not "special providence." There is no "special providence." The same power sustains the violet beneath the oak that sustains the oak itself.

The speaker observed that the spiritual phenomena either form one universal lie, or it is true that Spirits of the departed do communicate with mortals. The invisible power which produces these phenomena invariably claims to be Spirits of departed persons. This being the case, either the mediums are all liars, or nature is a liar, unless the claim is true; and as there are very few persons, if any, that believe that human beings are so dishonest as mediums must be to carry on such a stupendous piece of deception, unless they admit that Spirits do communicate, they must allow that nature lies. In what has nature ever been found to lie before? Are not her laws invariable on every other subject?

After having written about Spiritualism for two or three years, the speaker visited a circle in Providence, where he saw a table move, being operated on by a visible power. When he entered the circle he resolved to submit to be humbugged, and that he would investigate the proceedings afterward. He attributed his success to the spirit of fairness with which he entered on the investigation, laying aside, as he did, all feelings of prejudice. He had seen a gentleman, who holds a high position in one of the professions, hold his fingers in the flame of a lamp six times sufficiently long to seriously burn the flesh of any person in his normal condition, and yet declare that the lamp was not lighted. The same gentleman had been seen by the speaker to snap a glass cigar-tube between his teeth, without cutting his mouth at all. On another occasion, this same medium was prevented from drinking brandy with some friends whom he treated to that beverage. He has also been caused to use a surgeon's knife to cut the back of his own hand in a remarkably skillful manner. These things, that seem so wonderful in this age of the world, will excite no wonder twenty years hence.

The speaker was satisfied that man has an internal nature, immediately allied to the spiritual world, and that that spiritual world is here, there, and everywhere.

The speaker thought that instead of looking to some far-off planet or sun for a heaven, we had better sit down and study to ascertain what the human mind is, what its faculties are, and the relation of that mind to the mind that created it. How much superior it is to this external flesh, bone, and muscle, which, at longest, exist but about a hundred years!

DR. JOHN F. GRAY spoke at considerable length concerning the reliability of matters uttered by writing, speaking, personating, and seeing mediums. He maintained that there were no absolutely certain means of knowing that the productions of such mediums originated in the spiritual world; still less is it possible, in his judgment, to determine the identity or even the presence of a Spirit purporting to communicate in any case through any medium whatsoever.

The Doctor considered the fact that Spirits do communicate made out conclusively by the physical phenomena; such, for example, as the creation of temporary organizations of a tangible and visible nature; the execution of writings without the aid of persons in the form; the production of sounds of various descriptions; and the moving of ponderous bodies in like condition as to the personal assistance, either as to mind or muscles, of human beings in the earth-form. But in reference to all purely mental enunciations proceeding from mediums of any description, and especially those from speaking and seeing mediums, he maintains with earnest cogency, that it is impossible for us to know whether they are simply spiritual or simply natural in their authorship, or a mixture from both sources. In support of this position he cites the facts of "Psychology," as publicly exhibited by Dr. Brown Williams, Dr. Dods, and others. He thinks the impressions or visions of the mediums as to the identity, or even as to the presence, of Spirits, the very weakest kind of evidence which occurs in the phenomena usually called spiritual; inasmuch as the state of trance, near akin to dreaming, nightmare, etc., pertains to all shades of mediumship, and as the power of the medium to discriminate between actual facts and mere fantasies of his or her organs of sense is deeply impaired by the very existence of that state.

The Doctor described the physical signs of the trance state, and maintained that these signs were detectable in every exercise of true mediumship, especially in the temperature of the skin of the medium, in the state of the muscular system as to voluntary motion, and in the condition and action of the pupils and balls of the eyes. Even in the rapping medium, he thinks these signs are observable to some slight degree.

From his own experience and observation in clairvoyance, trance-speaking, spirit-personation, writing through mediums, and also in rapping communications, the speaker concludes that the matters uttered are to be received only for the sake of the truths they manifestly contain; precisely as we judge of the value of what we hear or read from any anonymous source. He maintains that it is as unsafe as it is unwise to take Spirit-communications as authority for opinion or conduct in any case whatsoever, whether ancient or modern; that they can only properly have weight with us when they coincide fully, without fear or favor, without prejudice or predilection, with our pure reason, with the intuitions of our affections, and at the same time with the coldest logical results of our intellectual faculties.

Concerning the trance state being a characteristic condition in all mediumship, the speaker cited the details of ancient history respecting oracular responses through the pythoneses and sybils, and also the spiritual exercises and their trance results in Ignatius Loyola, and his disciples of the Jesuits; the ecstasies of Madame Guyon, and her disciples, including Fenelon; the experience in clairvoyance and trance-speaking of Geo. Fox and the Quakers of all kinds; the proceedings of John of Munster, and the trances of the Methodists of our own times.

As a warning against receiving as authoritative the results of trance of any kind, he mentions the modifications of laws and public acts, especially of a warlike character, which the most ancient records of the race abundantly show to have arisen from the oracles. Also, he cited the injurious form which the very earliest fathers gave to the Christian Church, making it a machine for coercing and benumbing the reason and love of mankind, by means of their own blind reception and obedience of whatsoever came from persons in the trance state. The fruits of this stupendous mistake, ranging from the time of Saint Ignatius to Loyola his namesake, 1300 years, including the crusades, were the denial and horrible persecution of the doctrine of Rights as belonging to man, and the insertion into the minds of consecutive myriads of millions, for all these dreary ages not yet closed, of the fallacy that power, absolute, irresponsible power, and obedience absolute and unreasoning, were and are the only pillars of human safety and happiness.

The speaker warned Spiritualists against the danger of receiving as true any thing that was said by or through a medium, because such sayings were accompanied by the unusual facts stupidly called miracles. Whatever the demonstrations might be, however terrible, or curious, or

lovely, we must hold to our insalienable prerogative of distilling all things through the alembic of our reason; of bringing all claims to faith and obedience before the calm, stern tribunal of our own internal faculty of legislation. If Spiritualism could not stand these tests, let it fall! Love, Fraternity, Truth, and Liberty belong to immortal Manhood; and whatsoever abates these in any of their spontaneous workings retards progress, lights the fires of persecution anew, and upbuilds physical and moral despotisms of all kinds.

(The speaker read from notes, which he spoke of publishing at some future day.)

DR. HALLOCK said that the class of phenomena of which we have recently had a few specimens, had suggested some thoughts which dwelt in his mind with a good deal of earnestness during the last week or two; and inasmuch as some were present who were at the last Conference, and exhibited manifestations of pain and sorrow at the course pursued by himself on that occasion, he was induced to earnestly, kindly, and candidly state some of the reasons for his doing as he did. He thought that it would agree that the particular business which calls the Conference together on Tuesday evenings is of grand import, and that it involves very serious considerations. If it be true that Spirits communicate truth, it is of vast importance; and if it be an error, it is certainly of great consequence. It seemed to him that the legitimate object for which the meeting was called into existence was, that persons should take the stand as witnesses to the alleged facts connected with spiritual manifestations which may have fallen under their observation. If such be the case, the character of the witness is of some importance—his competency and capacity become a matter of some consequence; and it seemed to the speaker that no one has any business to so demean himself as to weaken his effect.

He thought that if we have incarnated within us a ray of light which has never before appeared above the horizon, we have no right to put that light under a bushel, or to throw mist around it; but it is our duty to place it on a candlestick, and on a hill, for the benefit of the surrounding nations. He agreed with Dr. Gray, that this peculiar class of manifestations must be referred to one of three causes. That is, they may be induced by Spirits, or by self-magnetization, or be caused by the magnetic influence of surrounding and more positive minds.

The speaker alluded to a small work published at Auburn, during the early stages of spiritual manifestations, containing a plain, unvarnished statement of facts concerning them, and laying no claim to any of the graces of literature, but which created a marked sensation in the minds of the people, and which was sought for by them with great avidity. The speaker contended that if the statements in the book were of just such manifestations as were witnessed at the last Conference, the impression made would have been different, and the testimony of the witnesses would have been worthless, and the skeptic, instead of being converted by it, would have been sunk still deeper in his skepticism. He was sure that if he, or any one else, should stand up and relate his experience, contravening the experience of an audience composed of skeptics, and then should tell them he believed that Henry Clay, William Shakespeare, and Daniel Webster addressed them at the two previous meetings, his testimony would not weigh with them in the least. He did not wish to be understood as saying that he thought these manifestations the work of conscious deception on the part of the mediums who gave them; but he knew that these things could be done by boys and girls before the boy and girl who spoke last Tuesday evening were born. It is a nice distinction, and one we shall never be able to define precisely—the difference between that which can be done by a Spirit in the form, and one out of the form. They are Spirits and immortal beings in either case. The lines of distinction are as nice as those that mark the colors of the rainbow. As believers, and in our social circles, it makes not the slightest difference what the claims of any medium may be respecting the origin of what is said; for we are satisfied that Spirits do communicate; but as witnesses before the world, the case is entirely different.

Spiritualists stand before the world as witnesses in this great movement, and are surrounded by skeptics, who are earnest inquirers in reference to it. So the fundamental question is, "Do Spirits communicate with mortals?" It is not necessary to take facts of a doubtful origin. Here is a class of manifestations, the origin of which can not be doubted, which appeal to the senses, and which persons can not gainsay. He should not think that because we have had tests sufficient to satisfy us of the spiritual origin of these things, we may desert the field of investigation. We should remember that there is a hungry world asking, not for delicacies and luxuries to gratify the appetites of a spiritual epicure, but for the bread of life that is coming down from Heaven.

MR. LEVI took the platform for the purpose of making known his apprehensions that if manifestations were encouraged at the public Conference, impositions would be practiced by some professing to be mediums, and presented some reasons for entertaining those apprehensions.

MR. PRAY said that he was spoken to on the previous Tuesday evening by Mr. Levi, who expressed a doubt as to the presence of Henry Clay and Wm. Shakespeare, to which he made a somewhat cavalier reply, "That we know very little about this subject." He himself did not think that either of them was present; but, at the same time, there were certain phenomena. Mr. P. had seen much and had heard much in circles, and he believed that when Spirits really do communicate, the wisest sort do not give their names. The more you investigate the more this fact becomes known. You have to use your reason, and judge of the sentiments themselves. Spirits desire to free the world from authority. Man's reason too long has been crushed by the mere say-so of this Caesar and that Caesar, this king and that king, this book and that book, this catechism and that catechism! There has always been some authority. Now the highest authority given to the individual is the same mind of ours, of which we know so little, and the affinities of which, with the other minds of the race and the Original Mind, we do not understand. Now, as to the young lady, although the speaker did not fully believe that Henry Clay addressed the assembly through her agency, yet you must have observed that perhaps a more graceful exhibition could scarcely be conceived. No actress—not even Rachel—ever displayed more grace, dignity, and self-possession. That she was totally unconscious the speaker could not doubt. It has been said that she was surprised to find herself upon the platform. What was it that took her into the desk? Gentlemen may say they think it was not Henry Clay, but they do not know what matter is. Until we can tell what mind is, and its affinities, how difficult it must be to know the relations of the aggregated minds of the departed and of the living to each other, and to the Deity! How much or how little these mediums may have been influenced by a power beyond themselves no one can say. The boy-medium believed a Spirit spoke through him, and he submitted to the influence; he spoke because he was led to speak. So the speaker himself was now speaking, not because he desired to, but because some power urged him to do so. Where does that power reside? It is not important who it is that speaks, but what it is that is spoken. When any one speaks, Jehovah speaks; for if his power did not act, the mind and body would instantly fall apart. Each one can be greater than any who has a name, if he wills it. We need not rest on names, but we should gain wisdom, and live in accordance with the privileges given to us individually by a bountiful Creator.

IRA B. DAVIS felt as though it was his duty to say a few words. He had been a little pained by some of the remarks that had been made. He had paid considerable attention to the subject of Spiritualism, and had come to the conclusion that the manifestations do emanate from persons who once inhabited the human form; and from the multitude of evidence he had received, he had made up his mind that when Spirits cast off the flesh, they retain the sentiments which they entertained here; and if this be a fact, why should people feel so shocked if Spirits do tell us ridiculous things, and assume great names? For his part he was delighted to witness such demonstrations, and to see people humbugged, because he believed that if all the manifestations received from Spirits could be relied upon, we should soon lose our individuality and become idiots, instead of exercising our own reason, as Spirits generally teach us that we should. Any thing that will not bear the most rigid scrutiny ought to be rejected. Communications that are given in a dictatorial manner, and accompanied by high-sounding names, the speaker looks upon with suspicion, and is disposed to examine more closely; for his observation had taught him that, as a general thing, they possess less real worth than those that purport to come from a humbler source. He always receives a communication for what it is worth, without regard to the origin claimed for it. We deserve to be humbugged, unless we examine these things before receiving them. The question with him was not, "Did Shakespeare and Henry Clay speak?" but, "Was there any thing valuable in what the young lady and boy said?"

The speaker said he hardly ever has the pleasure of agreeing with any body. People get up and advocate principles adverse to his belief; but he considered that he should only show his weakness by finding fault with

them. Knowing that different individuals possess different organizations, he could expect nothing else but that they would differ in opinion.

A man takes the rostrum and says it is necessary that we should make great sacrifices, and acknowledge that we believe an unpopular doctrine, for the purpose of illustrating a great truth. It might be a sacrifice for some to defend what they consider to be true, but to the speaker it was not. He was frank to acknowledge that he came there, being impelled by the purest feeling of selfishness, and that he was actuated by the same motive in every act he performed. Every thing he performs is done because it gives him more pleasure than pain, and more pleasure than any other course would. He believed that every man is actuated by the same feeling of selfishness in every thing he does. The speaker considered it a mischievous error that men should teach that man is naturally evil, and that if he does any good at all he must do it at a sacrifice. He believed such teachings had led men into more error than any other cause. Notwithstanding the speaker was what the world calls an infidel, till he was converted to a belief in immortality by spiritual manifestations, at the same time he admired the principles taught by Jesus, and considered that the Bible contained many good and truthful precepts; and now the Spirits reiterate those sentiments, and tell us we must reduce them to practice. He could not see the necessity of laboring so hard to make men believe in the reality of spiritual manifestations, unless the good they teach is to be reduced to practice. Spirits are endeavoring to unite mankind as a common brotherhood, and to sweep away all antagonisms existing among them. This can not be done until a change takes place in the conditions of society. We find that a few individuals claim to own the whole earth, while the rest of mankind are their slaves. Can there be such a thing as brotherhood, where such a state of things exists?

degrading positions, and leading the most vicious lives, and then to reform and be reunited to society, and yet there is no means by which their wishes can be gratified. What is Spiritualism worth to us, unless we can make it of some use in removing these evils?

The speaker suggested the idea that the Spiritualists of New York should establish some branch of industry, and thus afford employment to those parties desirous of changing their mode of life and reforming their characters. This would be carrying out the principles of Spiritualism, and laying the foundation for some real good, and would prepare us to enjoy that real felicity which it is impossible for us to enjoy so long as society is in its present condition.

DR. HALLOCK again took the platform, and said he had a fact to state illustrative of the practical working of Spiritualism. On the evening previous, by invitation, he attended a gathering at the house of a friend, the object of which was to distribute among his workmen a certain percentage of his profits of the preceding year. He saw there a large number of girls and boys, and young men and women. There were between four and five hundred dollars distributed among a hundred or more operatives, in addition to their regular weekly wages. This employer is a Spiritualist. His laborers could hardly believe him when he declared to them his intention of sharing his profits with them. The speaker supposed that this same gentleman was now waiting for navigation to open so that he could obtain brick and mortar to build an institution which will have for its object the establishing of a home for, and affording employment to, those who desire to change their vicious mode of life for one that is honorable. This plan, now in successful operation, and the one in contemplation, may legitimately be ascribed to the influence of Spiritualism.

The speaker thought he saw in that operation the beginning of a most glorious end, because it must be limited, inasmuch as it combines two of the strongest motives impelling men—innate benevolence as well as selfishness. If this plan of dividing the profits of an establishment with the operatives employed in it is successful, those adopting it must secure the best labor, because laborers will be attracted to the employer who holds out the greatest inducements; for this reason those men who will not adopt the plan from the first and nobler motive, will be impelled to by the latter.

The speaker said, among the remarkable sayings of Jesus is the following: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." The agency of the woman was confined to the putting of the leaven into the meal. The leaven must do the rest. No art of hers could aid its operation. It seemed to him that our efficiency as Spiritualists is in the same direction, to aid in introducing the "kingdom of heaven" into the hearts of men, and let it work there until it leavens our common humanity.

LECTURES AT UTICA.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

The two lectures delivered at this place by Judge Edmonds and Mr. Dexter on the 20th and 31st ultimo, were listened to by crowded houses, with the most earnest and respectful attention. Every nook and corner of the large room, Concert Hall, used for the occasion were filled, and the seats and aisles were crammed to their full capacity, and the character of the audience was gratifying to the Spiritualists of our city.

The lectures of both evenings were opened by Dr. Dexter by appropriate prayer.

Judge Edmonds spoke about an hour and a half the first evening, and about an hour on the second, in which he laid down the general principles of our well-grounded doctrines in his peculiarly plain and lucid manner. In the course of his lectures the Judge related several instances of spiritual presence and intelligence in such a calm and reasonable manner, that many scoffers who came to deride went home to think, and since that time some of them have earnestly solicited an opportunity to witness the evidences of the new dispensation.

The position taken by the Judge is admitted by some of our best minds to be impregnable. He asserted that ponderable bodies are moved without any visible cause, and that intelligence is manifested by these movements; and then invited the educated and capable of those who heard him to investigate for themselves, and then explain these occurrences, if they could, upon any other than the spiritual doctrine.

The advent of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter has made an impression on the public mind, and my only fear is that Spiritualism may become fashionable, and by falling into the hands of superficial converts, it may suffer from the ignorance and consequent fanaticism of such supporters.

Judge E. and Dr. D. occupied rooms at Bagges' Hotel, and held their lectures there. The spiritual element in our city must be much more active than it was supposed to be, for during their stay here these gentlemen had a constant crowd of seemingly anxious inquirers pouring in upon them.

On the evening of the 31st ult., after the lecture, a large circle was gathered together, at the house of Mr. T., one of our prominent brothers (who can render a reason for the hope that is in him), at which Judge E. and Dr. D. were present. During the evening, Mrs. Van Dusen, a speaking medium, was entranced, and delivered a very beautiful exposition of the words, "Love to God and good-will to man."

Lord Bacon discoursed philosophically through Dr. D., and taught the true meaning of the word "Progression." Looking back to the time when man was a mere animal, beastly, selfish, and savage, he gradually brought us up to the present time, showing us all our changes, physical, mental, and spiritual—the true progression, typical of that constant advance to which we are heirs in the realms above. The Judge then, inspired by some heavenly intelligence, took up, all unconscious, the theme of progression where it had been left by the other medium, and pointed out in glowing colors and living words the progress of the skies—that progress which each soul must make itself, by active virtue and by practical love to man.

Spiritualism is in the keeping of cautious and inquiring minds in this place, and is now in a healthy condition, and we shall use all our efforts to keep it free from foolish enthusiasm.

Very respectfully, yours in Truth,
UTICA, Feb. 4, 1854. KAPPA.

QUERIES FOR W. S. COURTNEY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 13, 1854.

MR. W. S. COURTNEY, in the 83th Number of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, says, "Goodness or love is divine spiritual substance * * * * * and it is a property of love and wisdom that they do not grow less by being given or imparted to others."

It seems to me contradictory in itself. If love is substance, when imparted to others it must diminish in quantity in the individual that imparts it (at least for the time being).

A friend, having delivered a lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy on the preceding evening, remarked that his mind was as blank as it possibly could be in consequence.

Is not this emanation from the brain (or mind) the substance, or love and wisdom?

In kindness I would submit this for Mr. Courtney's consideration.

Yours, in love,
W. HOLY.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

APPEALS TO A DOUBTER.

The following letter, which will be read with interest, was addressed to us by an esteemed friend from Washington. The lines contained in it purporting to have been uttered by the Spirit of Burns, are not unworthy of that poet: 27th January, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Among many very beautiful communications from the Spirit-world, which have recently come under my own personal observation, is the following, spoken on the evening of the 24th inst., at Washington city, through Mr. —, medium, and purporting to come from the Spirit of the Rev. —, an intimate and devoted friend, when in the form of the medium's family. It was addressed to a gentleman present, who had for some days previously expressed many doubts, not so much of the truth of Spiritualism itself, as of the doctrines taught by the Spirits—their identity, their messages, and the assertions and promises they often make to man in regard to worldly affairs. Its beauty of expression and purity of sentiment none can deny; it presents, however, no test of Spiritualism, but such as it is, you are at liberty to give it to your readers if you think proper:

"LET HIM WHO DOUBTS, BE A DOUBTER NO MORE.
"Canst thou measure the height of the sky with a span!
The unfathomed abyss canst thou sound?
He'll find it, how deep, how low, how canst thou scan?
At the deeds by perfection achieved;
Though storms, clouds, and darkness now round him entwine,
When Time drops his pinions, effulgent he'll shine,
And thy bosom of doubts be relieved.

"Then doubt no more; for as thy soul liveth, so shall this light shine upon thee and upon thy house, making thy pathway bright, cheering thee in thy hours of darkness, bringing comfort and peace to thy bosom; and when thou shalt be called to take thy place with those who have passed before thee, thou shalt be ready. Then doubt no more. Cast all shadows from thy soul, and receive in all meekness and love that which has been sent thee. Oh! you know not the blessings which you cast from you when you close your heart against the teachings which have been given you.

"You are now about to part from those with whom you have been in such sweet communion. Their hearts and feelings have mingled with yours, and when far from thee they will often, often think of the hours you have spent with them. When when thy mind reverts to the scenes which have been placed before thee here, doubt no more.

"As the cherished friend of those who are so dear to me, shall my Spirit hover over thee and thine, watching, aiding, and upholding thee; teaching thee in the silent watches of the night to turn thine eyes upward; teaching thee to look for consolation to the only Source from which it can be given; teaching thee to place thy trust on the Rock of Ages; and when thy staff on earth is broken, He will uphold thee still. Then doubt no more."

A few moments after the foregoing was delivered, there were addressed to the same gentlemen, through the same medium, the following lines, which are certainly very much in the style of Burns; and whatever the skeptic may think, I am satisfied, and can assure him, they did not emanate from the medium himself. As a poetical effusion they are not remarkable, but taken in connection with the circumstances, they are worthy of notice. They were spoken as fast as I could write them:

"My friend, before ye gang away,
I one m' word to you would say,
'Tis, 'Doubt no more.'
Where'er your lot in life is cast,
The anchor hope will hold you fast,
You may be sure.

"But if these teachings you reject,
Much happiness you may expect,
I'll e'er conclude as I began,
And say to you, my bonny man,
'Oh! doubt no more.'

Just at this moment, the gentleman who had been thus exhorted to "Doubt no more," inquired if Fannie, a Spirit who professed to be one of his guardians, and from whom he had often received communications, had nothing to say to him; when the following was written out through the hand of another medium present:

"From more than one kind words were given
To turn thy transient heart to Heaven;
And though you sent me from your side,
No evil can your steps betide,
For I am with you as before.

"And whisper still, to 'Doubt no more.' FANNIE."

To the skeptic, who will call the foregoing but the ebullition of a diseased fancy, or the production of a lunatic, I have nothing to say; but to the candid reader, the one who is willing to investigate without prejudice, and receive the truth untinctured with fanaticism, I would say, Examine the subject with sincerity, and you will "doubt no more."

A WARNING VOICE.

A very respectable lady in this city, who has never been in the habit of sitting in circles, has recently been developed as a writing medium, and is receiving frequent communications purporting to emanate from Washington and others. The communications chiefly relate to subjects of great public importance, though we are not quite sure that the prophetic announcements which they contain will be strictly verified by coming events. We subjoin an extract from one of the communications. The reader can judge, as well as we can, respecting the probable source of the following.—Ed.

Tell my children that they have all gone out of the way; they have forgotten my example; they regard not my warnings. I have moved before them, but they have not seen me; I have spoken, but they have not heard; I have chastised, but they will not heed. They are left to their own folly. Before the earth's revolution of 1856 is complete, the last battle will sound over the grave of their freedom! for they are given over to their mercenary spirits, and will not suffer their eyes to be opened to view their own shame. They have sickened heaven with their folly; they will return when it is too late, and cry when they can not be heard.

You must warn them of their danger; for the hour is at hand when they will have no voice in their land equal to the emergency of the time; for there shall be such tribulation as has not been since the waters covered the earth. Moreover, the whole world will be in commotion, and the heathen shall reign and rule with rods of iron, and man shall not know his fellow-man, because his name will have been blotted out from the book of Nature. He will dwell with the Beast, and will not be known in the land of his fathers. . . . He will be subject to the authority of the Beast, whose power will cover the earth and those that dwell therein. He [the Beast] will conquer the saints and deliver them unto death, for the day is at hand when He that sitteth on the throne shall open the seals of the great book, and the Beast shall come forth having power to bind the saints, and there shall be none to deliver them out of his hand.

Deliver unto my children this message; they have need to prepare, for the day of battle is at hand.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

QUESTION BY THE MEDIUM.—Who is the Beast?

ANSWER.—The Beast is the Pope of Rome, who has now a hold on your land that no earthly power can break. He holds the world within his grasp, and men are sleeping near the precipice. The first alarm will plunge them into the abyss. The alarm will be given when they are beyond redemption. They will awake to a sense of their danger when deliverance is past and there shall be none to save!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ANGELS ON EARTH.—In sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand—no heart like a woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

Interesting Miscellany.

SPIRIT-RAPPINGS AMONG THE FRENCH.

The Paris correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* furnishes the following account of a practical and ingenious application of the "Spirit-rappings" in the gay capital of France. We copy the article without indorsing the use made of the agency, any more than we approve of the stupid credulity of those who are ready to do any thing that an invisible intelligence may please to command.—Ed.

Among the recent circumstances of an extraordinary character about by the agency of Spirit-rappings, the following, which is authentic, and which occurred somewhat in the following manner, may be cited. M. D. is a rich proprietor, very amiable, and of an original character. He is a widower, and father of one child, Mademoiselle Hortense, a young and handsome girl, as intellectual as handsome. Idle, and not knowing to what distraction to devote himself, M. D. had become enamored of the rapping Spirits; his only occupation was to make the tables talk, and he had arrived at the blindest and most complete degree of fanaticism. However, in the midst of his magic interviews with the mahogany, the ebony, and his lemonade bottle, the father found time to think of marrying his daughter; a choice must be made for her, and one fine day he announced to her his intention of giving her for husband M. Adolphe.

M. Adolphe suited the father perfectly; he was an estimable young man, well connected, and who could be content with a marriage portion of sixty thousand francs—a sum disproportionate to the large fortune of the avocateur. But M. Adolphe did not want Mademoiselle Hortense, who had made a choice for herself, and who loved M. Alfred. Knowing how inflexible her father was in his wishes, Mademoiselle Hortense took the greatest care not to manifest the least opposition; she responded with a submissive air and an ingenious artifice:

"I accept without hesitation the husband you have chosen, dear father, for without doubt you did not make the selection till after having consulted your table."

"You believe, then, in the tables!" demanded the father, delighted that his daughter should share his passion.

"And how could I not believe after having been a witness of your beautiful and decisive experiments? I believe so strongly in it that I should regard a marriage as unfortunate which should not have received the approbation of the rapping Spirits."

"You are right. Where has been my head, that I did not think of consulting the oracle on an affair so important! But it is time yet. Let us make the table talk; it will approve, I doubt not, the choice which I have made, and in any case I owe it to my convictions to decide in conformity to its directions."

"Very well," responded Mademoiselle Hortense, "I promise you the same obedience."

They called up the Spirit, which was just what the young lady wanted, for she had placed herself in intelligence with the table, and rehearsed the answers which it was to give, so that when the father demanded, "Have I done well in choosing M. Adolphe as husband of my daughter?" The table responded "No."

"Should I then relinquish this choice?" "Yes!"

"You see, my good father, how well we have done to consult the table. Who knows all the misfortunes that this union might have brought!"

"The decree is formal, and must be obeyed," said the father with a gloomy resignation.

"But, dear father," replied Hortense, in a caressing tone, "since you have the thought of marrying me, and that we are in the train of consultation, why should we not demand of the table to designate the husband I ought to marry?"

"We will," responded the father, who was pleased with the conversation.

M. D. and his daughter named all the young men of their acquaintance, who were candidates for marriage. M. Charles, M. Eugene, M. Gustave, M. Arthur, M. Emile, M. Victor, M. Ernest, M. Frederick. The table responded continually, "No."

At last Mademoiselle Hortense named Mr. Alfred, the table responded "Yes."

"M. Alfred!" said the father with a disdainful air, "that is certainly not the one I should have thought of. And you?"

"Me, dear father, I must obey; the table has spoken. I will marry nobody but M. Alfred."

"Very well, we shall see."

"What do you wait for?" asked the young girl.

"Is this marriage then so pressing?" asked the father.

"It is for the table to say," responded modestly Mademoiselle Hortense. The table responded that the marriage was to take place in a month.

The next day M. Alfred received an invitation to dinner. His lesson was rehearsed. The young man showed himself as great a fanatic in his love of the rapping Spirits as Monsieur D. himself, which was no more than just, for he owed the table the gratitude which his fanaticism imposed.

The ardent zeal and intelligent enthusiasm which he employed gained him the esteem and the affection of his future father-in-law.

All parties being agreed, the preparations for the marriage proceeded rapidly. When the time for preparing the contract arrived, M. D. announced to his future son-in-law that he proposed to give him as marriage portion, sixty thousand francs. M. Alfred was one of those young men of the latter days with whom the most tender passion never obscured the bill of interests. The sum seemed small, and he replied,

"I shall willingly content myself with that, if the Spirit, which I consult in all my affairs, says that this portion is sufficient and reasonable."

The table interrogated on this subject, and of which M. D. himself demanded if the sixty thousand francs were not enough, answered "No!"

"Very well, rapping Spirits, fix yourself the figures of the portion in rapping once for each ten thousands," said M. Alfred.

The table raised one foot and struck twenty times. That made two hundred thousand francs. M. D. recoiled; but the oracle had spoken—the believer was bound to obey. He was obstinate; but earnest supplications vanquished his aversion, and he signed the contract.

Thus, thanks to the rapping Spirits, Mademoiselle Hortense was enabled to espouse, with two hundred thousand francs, the young man whom she loved.

TABLE MOVING NOT A NEW DISCOVERY.—A Russian paper, the *Abeille*, says that the supposed Yankee invention of table moving has been long known and practiced among the priests of Buddha. When a priest is applied to by an individual who has lost something of value, and is desirous of knowing where to look for it, he sits down before a small table, and placing his hands upon it, commences repeating a passage from some religious book. Soon he rises, and moving backward and forward, closely followed or preceded by the table, which seems to be suspended in the air. After a certain time the table gives a whirl and falls to the ground, and the seeker is directed to look for the object of his search in that direction. On one occasion the table was known to move eight feet through the air before falling. On the same day a Russian peasant living near by committed suicide. The act created suspicion, and upon search the stolen property was found in his domain. The country people have the most implicit faith in the efficacy of this mode of search, and their constancy of belief is such that it can not be shaken by repeated failures.

LIBERAL SPIRIT.—The *Journal of Commerce* mentions that on Sunday morning last, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, gave notice that a sermon would be preached that afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Furness (Unitarian), of Philadelphia, at the Church of Rev. Mr. Chapin (Universalist), upon the subject of "Practical Religion." He said he supposed some people would think it strange that he, an Orthodox clergyman, should give such a notice; but though Mr. Furness entertained a different system of theology from him, yet he was right on the great question of human rights and human progress, and an eminently practical Christian. He added that some men live better with a bad system of theology, than many men did who had a good one, and that "some men could do more with a jack-knife, than other men could do with a whole chest of tools."

SPIRITUAL RAPING.—The Auburn *Daily Advertiser* learns with deep regret that Mr. Crocker, agent of the *Christian Ambassador* in that city, a highly esteemed gentleman, has had his mind so much wrought upon recently by the "Spirits," that he is now wild with insanity.—Exchange.

Years ago we knew Mr. Crocker. He was a very excitable man, and had been in the lunatic asylum at Utica, long before his "mind became so wrought upon by Spirits." Then the subject on which he was excited was religious anxiety. Let the rappers have justice and fair play.—*Philadelphia Register*.

A SPIRIT-DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

PAPER MILL VILLAGE, N. H., Sept. 20, 1853.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

I send you the following communication from a Spirit-daughter to her mother, spoken through Mrs. Brigham, talking medium, of Fitchburg, Mass.:

"Spirits can not express their joy! It is joy, joy, joy to see mortals learning at Wisdom's fount, and drinking the waters of life. My Spirit is in rapture, dear mother, to see you so eagerly grasping the water-drops of life. You seek not in vain; we will help you, and will bring others to help you, dear mother. The time draws near when you can realize our society—when, as of old, you can converse with us, with freedom. At times when you are lonely and sad, we will come as with healing on our wings, to take away the sadness from your heart. I loved you when on earth. Oh, I love you better in heaven! When you come, you shall realize the happiness of meeting your children. How much, my dear mother, do I wish to tell you of our joys, and of the joys of our home! We will come some time, and will take you and lend you in green pastures and by still waters. Your heart shall rejoice in the good things of our home."

"Angels all your steps attend."

ELLEN."

Also a communication from the same Spirit—spoken through Mrs. M. A. Billings—clairvoyant, Fitchburg, Mass.

"Mother, be not satisfied with what you have already obtained from us. This is nothing in comparison with what will be told you if you put your mind on us fearlessly. I see you, with many others, are a little fearful of having every one know your true position. This good work begins long ago, but superstition and darkness have kept it back. Go on fearlessly; this will prosper. Look yonder, you can not behold the beauties of the Spirit-world; but you will not always remain on earth."

"Throw aside every thing that serves to bind you. Be free! Obey the call of those who have gone before you. It is us (all) who come in the still small voice. You shall always have my presence. Oh, mother, look and see the thousands who are looking down on this little circle! How it rejoices to see you willing to spend your hours in getting communications from us, dear mother. Although they are slow, yet be not discouraged. Darkness will not always cover the face of the earth. Ere long, superstition and sectarianism will crawl away into one corner of the earth and die. Mother, believe it, it will be so. Tell father to investigate—study it. Tell brother, Ellen is not lost—not dead. It was a happy change. He feels my presence. No more now."

A. P. RICHARDSON.

ERROR, REMORSE, AND INSANITY.

An unfortunate German girl, aged sixteen, was yesterday consigned for safe keeping to the lunatic asylum. Her history for the past few weeks is full of mournful interest, and will convey to those who may be tempted from poverty to leave the path of virtue a truthful and warning lesson.

The name of the girl is Nancy Borsley. She has been in the country but a short time, earning a precarious subsistence in the vocation of an itinerant musician, wandering daily through the streets from tavern to tavern; her humble minstrelsy and good looks procured for her many a dime, happily preserving unsullied that maiden purity which in the poor and unprotected female is a jewel brighter than the famous Koh-i-noor, which sparkles in the imperial diadem of Queen Victoria.

The tempter came, not as usual, in a profligate of the opposite sex, but in an abandoned female, who, struck with the beauty and evident innocence of her unsuspecting victim, inveigled her into a house of ill-fame, where she fell from that high estate to which nothing could again exalt her.

An innate modesty, seldom found in persons who have followed her errand and vagabond life, was soon shocked at the scenes which in her new career daily forced themselves before her, and although ease and luxury cast alluring spells upon the dissipation which reigned around her, still the contrast of her present guilty to her once lowly and precarious but virtuous life was full of mournful reflections. She had not the moral courage to fly from the meshes of infamy which had already entangled her in its folds, and thus she struggled, a prey to remorse and despair, until reason fell from its throne, and she wandered from her fatal habitation a hopeless maniac.

In this state she was found on Thursday night, in a lumber yard on Elm Street, near the Canal, by officers Davidson and Fitzpatrick, who were just in time to rescue her from a gang of rowdies, who, taking advantage of her helpless situation, were about perpetrating an outrage the thought of which should

"Make us blush for human nature,
And stain claim kindred with the brute."

Cincinnati Columbian.

AN EXISTENT AMERICAN RACE.—The following passage, from the "Travels of Humboldt," possesses more than ordinary interest at the present time:

"Amid the plains of North America some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square, and octagonal fortifications; walls 6,000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several stories, and containing thousands of skeletons. The skeletons are the remains of men less slender and more squat than the present inhabitants of those countries. On a vast space of ground at the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Cassiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Branco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which inhabit the same region."

SOCIALISM.—We find in a Western paper, a statement that Brisbane, the Fouriérist, who studied the principles of association and attractive industry under Fourier himself, has come into possession, by the death of his father, of a large property, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, which he has been increasing by judicious railroad speculations. Having in company with Victor Considerant, the leading French socialist, made a survey of Northern Texas during the past season, they are about buying one million acres of land, in the beautiful and fertile portion of that country. Considerant has gone back to France, to raise a share of the funds, and Brisbane has already employed one or two more agents to buy up soldiers' warrants. The proposed tract lies in the probable route of the Great Pacific Railroad, and is described as one of the finest countries in the World.—*N. Y. Observer*.

"THE DYING SWAN."—*Carmina jam moriens canit exequialia cygnus.* "The dying swan sings its exequial hymn." We little thought when we read the above harmonious verse in our school days, that it had any foundation in fact. It would seem so, however. Mr. Hallett, of Hove, informs us, that it is his privilege and pleasure to feed the swans of Colonel Harris, at Radford; and that on Friday last he observed one of them swimming about a pond, and uttering a wild, melodious, wailing sound, such as he had never heard in his life, and which greatly attracted his attention. The poor swan, prescient of its fate, was singing its own dirge; for, although apparently in good health at that time, it was found, not many hours afterward, floating in the pond quite dead.—*Plymouth (England) Journal*.

INFANTS IN HEAVEN.—Beautiful is an infant, whatever way we picture it to ourselves. Beautiful in the cradle. Beautiful upon a parent's knee. Beautiful awake or asleep. Beautiful at play, in the corner of the room, or under the shade tree before the door. Beautiful as a lamb in the Saviour's arms. Beautiful at a fount of baptism. Beautiful beneath the coffin lid! Yes, beautiful even there, in the loveliness of death—with hands folded peacefully—with brow like molded wax—with eyes closed in sleep, "perchance to dream!" with lips so gracefully composed, as if to say, "I murmur not," and with its entire face radiant with a smile, which is the imprint of its dying vision!

SERIAL MANIFESTATIONS.—A. H. Powell, a Methodist minister, in Mobile, proclaims the "spiritual manifestations" to be a reality, and the mediums not deceiving, but deceived by the devil. He claims to have been a medium himself, but believes the devil was in him when he was one. He found the devil at a protracted meeting, as he says.—*Investigator*.

POOR RELATIONS.—Nothing can exceed the crimes and offenses of poor relations! It is really wonderful how guilty they are! But if they come into the possession of wealth, presto, what a change! They become virtuous, yes, even faultless, at once! Alas! for poor human nature!

THE SACRED CIRCLE.

EDITED BY

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