

# SPIRITUAL

# TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 60.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THE TWO INTERPRETATIONS.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Part of a Discourse, delivered to his Congregation, on Sunday evening, May 22, 1853.

The people, therefore, that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered. Others said, an angel spake to him.—John xx. 29.

In nothing is the fidelity of the evangelists more apparent than in the ingenuousness with which they declare the results of our Saviour's words and teachings. They exaggerate nothing and conceal nothing. With the utmost simplicity they tell us that although "the common people heard him gladly," the learned and influential of the Jewish nation generally rejected him. They show us that, while his miracles convinced many, many remained as hard as ever. At the grave of Lazarus a number "believed on him," but others went their way and told the Pharisees. After his resurrection some worshipped him, but "some doubted."

Now, it may be asked by some, "If all the wonderful works ascribed to Jesus in the New Testament, were actually wrought by him, must not all the witnesses have believed irresistibly?" But a little reflection will satisfy us that the record is a faithful one. For every-day experience demonstrates that prejudice and passion, the fore-gone conclusions of theory, and the suggestions of self-interest, are potent enough to quench the brightest evidences of truth. My friends, should a teacher come among us now whose doctrines should wound our pride or touch our gain, I am afraid that many of us would discover but little truth or goodness in him. Nay, should he even control the laws of Nature, it is quite likely we would remain unconvinced. An ignorant materialism would not believe a miracle because it had never seen one, a flippancy philosophy would impeach its genuineness because such a thing is contrary to its theory; and interest and dogma, and pride of position, and obstinacy of will, were, doubtless, as strong in the time of our Saviour as they are now. We do not wonder, therefore, that the formal Pharisee was steered against truths which sunk into the hearts of the common people. We do not wonder that the Sadducee turned incredulous from the evidence of the restored eyesight and the awakened dead.

An instance of this diversity of result is exhibited in the text. Christ, in the closing of his earthly mission, calls upon God, saying, "Father, glorify thy name!" And a voice from heaven answers, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again!" Immediately the incident receives two interpretations. Some said, "It thundered;" others said, "An angel spake to him." Possibly one cause of this diversity was ignorance of the language in which the voice addressed Jesus, or it might have depended upon nearness or remoteness of position from the articulate sound; but the fact sufficiently illustrates the different tendencies of different minds. And although not called to pass judgment upon the same kind of events as those which accompanied the mission of our Saviour, the one gives a rendering of things as diverse from that of the other as was the opinion of those who said, "It thundered," from that of those who said, "An angel spake to him."

Yes, my friends, there are two interpretations of things, the one or the other of which we shall be apt to give according as our conceptions and our lives are *sensual or spiritual*. And I propose to illustrate this truth in the present discourse by references to Nature, and History, and Human Life.

And first, I say there are two interpretations of the *Natural World* about us. If a man heartily believes only in that which he can touch, and see, and define, and if his affections are entirely mixed with things right around him, this habitual posture of his mind will determine the aspect of Nature. He will not be an Atheist, probably, for few, if any, can be. He may experience occasional emotions of gratitude and of awe toward the great Being who made and supports him, for the heart must be strange that never feels so. Thoughts, too, of a better world than this may flash across his spirit, for such suggestions are intuitive. But to the usual mood of his mind, Nature is virtually a self-moving machine. The intimation of higher realities sounds far outside the circle of his daily life, like a confused muttering of thunder. Or if, at times, he is made strongly conscious of these transcendent facts, it is only by something *extraordinary* in the material world. When the ground shudders beneath his feet, or when the sun is sick with eclipse, or when the whirlwind breaks forth with its desolating sweep, his religious feelings, perhaps, are aroused, and his soul's need is laid bare. Then he confesses the presence of Jehovah. Nature sinks into nothing before the Power that controls it, and a voice, speaking in thunder, awakens convictions that the ordinary movement of things could not reach.

For I observe, on the other hand, that a man of steadier Spiritual perceptions, finds the common forms of Nature rich with interior significance. He regards the universe in which he lives as something more than a mill or a factory, an abode

of mere mortality, or a charnel of the dead. To him it is a great and wonderful thing to *exist*; to be involved in the processes of such a munificent creation. In the most familiar things; in the fragrance of the summer fields; in the leaves dripping with the rain; in the woods glorified with sunset; in the majestic breathings of the ocean; in the midnight firmament; in the majesty of unbounded space; in the tireless velocity of suns; it is not a mere sentimental delight that he experiences, but a religious influence. He is lifted above the heats of life, and borne away from its cares, until he sees the entire universe buoyed up and transparent in the sight of God. And so the familiar world about him never grows stale. In the language of every part, and in the sweet accordance of the whole, it is as though an angel spake to him, and while the other detects these superior realities only in some shock or jar of Nature, He who sows the firmament with seeds of light, and pours forth the morning, addresses this one in no way so impressively as in the usual order and the majestic silence of his works.

As the matter lies so immediately at hand, let us see how this fact of divine interpretation is illustrated at the present season of the year. To the man of spiritual discernment, the spring always bears with it the marvel of a *new creation*. The earth is transfigured. A vail has suddenly been drawn from its face, and life is unfolding in countless forms. We may lay our ear to the ground and hear the crackling of the buried germ, and the growing of the wheat. And if there is any religious emotion within us, how can we help lifting up our hearts to God with new reverence and love? And yet there are many who in all this familiar process detect no Divine superintendence, who see nothing but natural causes in the moving year, and in the sounds of the falling rain hear only the thunder.

My friends, this difference to which I now refer is by no means merely a sentimental matter. It involves the entire interest of religious culture and the use of things. Not only does the lack of this Spiritual discernment breed indifference and sensual blindness, but superstition. A truly Spiritual mind is healthy as well as devout, and finds no nook of Nature free from beneficent control. But the other, from the gulf of mystery which stretches all around us, evokes ghostly shapes. Superstition and professed Atheism, a morbid sensuality and a morbid supernaturalism, have an affinity for each other; and that world in which a true faith discovers the unfolding of infinite wisdom and goodness, becomes to some a cabinet of dark and dreaded influences.

But I observe, in the second place, that there are two interpretations of *history*. One man, looking over the record of events, sees nothing but a moral chaos. Revolution and emigration, war and peace, the progress of literature and the aspects of religion, appear confusedly mixed on the map of the past. But another studies this same record in a very different light. In the succession of events, and the mingling tides of good and evil, he detects the current of an Infinite design. To the one, history breaks out in Babel discord like the rumbling of thunder; to the other, it testifies to a Divine order, and through the complexity of human affairs speaks like an angel.

Surely, my friends, there would be as little instruction as comfort in reading history as a record of *accidents*, or a play of chances; or, in other words, in considering humanity as cut loose from God, and drifting upon this planet without a helm and without a pilot. But he who discerns a grand purpose unfolding through successive ages, and sees all events falling into a sacred order, gains from the retrospect not only incentives to pious trust, but a spring of constant delight. Nor need we fear that thus we shall lapse into fatalism. "There is enough in our moral constitution, and in the way in which things touch us, to challenge our free-will, and demonstrate our personal responsibility. But it is essential to all lofty endeavor to believe that God overrules events, and steadily carries forward the destinies of the race. Without this, history has no vital law for us. It is inarticulate."

The same difference of interpretation, which prevails in regard to the general interest of history, will appear in the opposite views taken of its details. To select the present time as an illustration of this, to one man it looks all confused and gloomy. He considers it a time of unexampled evil. Another acknowledges the evil, but also recognizes the good, and sees the clue of Providence in the most tangled web of events. And to him the present does not stand in such disadvantageous comparison to the past, as to the other. The latter honors some remote epoch, and limits all sacredness to a time gone by. Then were pregnant opportunities. Then were wondrous realities. Then angels spake to men. But we live in an atheistic and barren epoch. Our efforts are fruitless. Our voices are incoherent like the thunder. Now, my friends, doubtless there are eras of the past which wear especial glory. Mountain peaks they are, looming through the mist of centuries, over which the windows of heaven were opened. The ages of Sinai and of Calvary stand sacred above all others, and peculiarly affected all others. But, when we speak of epochs in general, I ask, Why is not ours as great and pre-

cious as any? Is it not as favored in opportunities, as rich in means? Men are always sighing for the "good old times," and so overlook the vantage-ground of the present. But, whenever we undertake to follow this course of aspiration by going backward, we find the "good old times" still receding—we find that in each era the present was always profane, and the past sacred. But, after all, my friends, what time should we prefer to this? Would we rather have stood side by side with Columbus, or Luther, or Hampden, or Washington?

Believe me, if we detect no rich opportunities in the present, we would not have seen any then. Those agents which distance has glorified would then have looked flat and common. Perhaps in the newly-invented printing-press we should not have recognized an angel of emancipation, but a disastrous thunder. Perhaps we should have shaken our heads at the adventure of the Genoese sailor, before he came back with the glory of the New World trailing behind his keel. And still the good time would have loomed away back in the misty sunshine of the past. My friends, the spirit of love, and truth, and holiness is enshrined in no single or peculiar epoch. It is diffused through all generations, and the living God touches and summons us *to-day*.

Why, here we are in the six thousandth year of the world, with the wealth of all those departed ages flowing in upon us? Here we are in a land from whose grandeur God lifted the curtain late, in order, it would seem, that the stupendous experiment of intelligence, liberty, and religion might be tried in a new theater, unencumbered with feudal rubbish, but rich with better than classic memories—a land which, while the ashes of its founders have scarce mingled with the soil, is already ripe with the best vintage of civilization—a land, unique and fresh, stretching from sea to sea, in which education, freedom, religion, are, at least, honored words. Here we are, too, in an age of intelligence and moral movement, and still do we yearn for some "good old time" of the past. Do we discern some more momentous crisis in the long distance back? No; ours is the present time of Providence; in it nod and wave the ripened ears of all the past. And he who reads history with Spiritual discernment, will detect in the events around us the process of a Divine law, and will hear not a confused thundering, but a call to the best action.

But I observe, finally, that there are two interpretations of *human life*. The dispensations of our daily lot, and the fact of individual experience, will receive the same diversity of explanation as is manifest in the conceptions of Nature and of history. One man hears but thunder; to another an angel speaks. In other words, to this, life has only a sensual purport; to that, a great and sacred meaning. I do not mean by this to draw any abrupt line of distinction between men. No man lives entirely without devout sentiment or solemn thought. There are events which touch the deepest spring of every nature. The most worldly mind can not, at times, fail to ask the question, "What is life?" The hardest heart now and then realizes the pressure of stern realities. Few can see their friends and companions dropping around them. Like autumn leaves, without being startled at the certainty of death. Few can look back upon the tract of years over which they have already passed, without surprise at the shortness of life. Bring the most depraved father to the coffin of his child, and he will be touched and awed, and the world for a time will wear for him a more solemn look.

I speak not now, however, of fitful gushes of emotion, but of general characteristics. I speak of the habitual moods of these two classes of men; and of the diverse interpretation which they give to things, I hardly need bring examples. It is sufficient to say that, to the one, this earthly existence is virtually an *end*; to the other, it is a *means*. To the one, it is a theater of self-indulgence; to the other, it is a school of instruction and discipline. The one cuts it off from the sphere of existence, and limits it by the grave; the other detects its infinite relations, and sees in it a ladder reaching to the skies. Wrapped in a thick atmosphere of worldliness, the one hears nothing but the thunder of continual cares, while the other looks through to the clear sky, and in every trial of his life hears an angel speaking to him.

The destiny of the sensual man, according to his interpretation, is fixed by an unfeeling fate or necessity. His good fortune is "luck," and his ill success is "chance." His conduct is guided by a superficial policy. He conceives no higher good than selfish gratification, no richer wealth than pecuniary gain. The morning kindles no grateful devotion in his soul, the evening brings no sober thought. He lives as though this earth were his sole abiding place, and himself only dust and ashes.

But, as to the other, every event has a meaning for his soul as well as his eye. His success is not all his own achievement, nor his misfortune merely accidental. Life to him is a Spiritual process, an immortal faculty, and, therefore, he is more anxious about what he is than about what he has. Every day is full of devout incentives. He wakes with the consciousness of God's sustaining presence, and hears celestial voices as he lays him down to rest.

But that which most thoroughly tests a man, reveals his innermost life, and his difference from other men, is *affliction*. For, in prosperity we live out of ourselves, so to speak—we live in our friends, our occupation, our wealth, our pleasures. But sorrow drives us in upon ourselves. It breaks down the external props upon which we have leaned. It renders our usual enjoyments tasteless. It is apt to scare away our friends. Then if a man has no resources in his own spirit, he is poor and desolate indeed. Then, if he has no treasures, save those which belong to this world, he is truly bankrupt. And so it proves with the man of sensual life and perceptions. Sorrow is a mystery which he can not explain. It touches no inward adaptation. It has no accordance with his idea of life. And so it either overwhelms him, or hardens him. It comes upon him like thunder. It is an awful but unmeaning phenomenon. He is either frightened by it, or else meets it with an obstinate front. He looks wildly around upon the desolation that has befallen him, and seeks in vain for help he knows not how to find; or else he says, with sullen defiance, "Let affliction come, and let it do its worst!" And in those trials that will come, and that must come to us all, such is this man's only consolation and hope.

How differently does the other meet affliction! He feels its sting and owns its power. He shrinks from it, it may be, with all the dread of a sensitive nature. But he encounters it also with resignation, and with faith. He has meditated upon it; he has forecast its probability; he knows its discrepancy. Beneath the rod he confesses the Father. He extracts the divine efficacy of his sorrow. He is made stronger by it, he is inspired by holier thoughts, he is lifted up to close communion with God. And, looking upon this triumphant faith, and this Spiritual result, while to the other sorrow has burst like the thunder, we feel that here it has spoken like an angel.

### REPLY TO "MATERIALIST."

PHILADELPHIA, June 8, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I have read the remarks of your correspondent who signs himself "Materialist." His *nom de plume* explains the difficulty he labors under. A Materialist can not understand what is meant by the term Spiritual.

First, Because the power inherent in matter was never intended to be used in the discerning of what is immaterial. Second, Immaterial essences do not depend upon material laws, either for their existence, consistency, or principles.

"Materialist" opens with the remark, "If I understand Atheism, it is simply this: All *matter* is eternal, containing properties, powers, and forces, sufficient to cause all the forms of life, all the wonderful things which we see throughout the wide arcania of Nature," etc.

What is eternal? This question he speculatively answers, as any material being would, by asserting the plain, practical, common-sense view, which every sensible man believes, viz.: "That matter, etc., will continue, grow, develop, pass away into other matter, again to form new matter, forever." But he does not express his meaning; this ambiguity is occasioned by his connecting loose matter with the sun, planets, etc., which are but the same qualities, existing under these different names.

His language would not bear him out in its literal interpretation:

First, Because the sun has had a visible existence, at least as long as man has. For our knowledge of this fact, we need point to the testimony of man alone. Its continuance, we also have proved to be a fixed fact, from the testimony of mankind and our own observation at the present day. So we assert the same of the planetary system; of air, earth, water, etc. The matter of which these are composed, has neither changed nor passed away; its existence, as such, remains the same until this day.

Nebulae have passed from our ken, and others have been developed to our vision. But of the existence of these nebulae, in their proper forms, I have no doubt. They may have changed their orbits, but not their existence.

Second, The *moving powers* of this matter exist as well as their forms. Hence, according to his own words, the moving, acting principle connected with them is eternal.

Thus, in admitting this fact, he overthrows the base on which he attempts to build his theory of personal non-existence after death. What! assert that matter is from eternity to eternity, and yet, in the same sentence, separate from the particles of matter, the essence or life-principle of man as but the existence of a day, while the grosser part, called the body, is pronounced eternal? Poor logic! False philosophy! Again he remarks, "How little we know as yet! It becomes us to be modest in affirming or denying any thing, or setting bounds to the human mind, its powers, capacity, and intelligence." And yet we find "Materialist" casting this mind, co-existent with the matter it inhabits, into utter annihilation and oblivion, while the grosser parts, called flesh, bones, and blood, he eternizes!

He qualifies this remark in a subsequent sentence by saying, "No matter if there is a continuation of this personal existence, in an etherealized form, an ultimatum must be reached, and total annihilation of all consciousness take place at some time or other." Why, most erudite Materialist, this conclusion? Your premises of the eternal existence of matter completely destroys this loose-woven theory.

The question to be decided between Theists and Atheists is, Has matter the power without the discerning principle of unseen, yet certainly-existing spirit, to comprehend aught except matter? We say not, for these reasons:

First, The cause of all animated Nature must have pre-existed, or the cause would never have developed the effect.

Second, If there is a pre-existing cause, that cause must be composed of essences differing intrinsically from what we call matter.

Third, Matter, being perceptible to the senses, does not exhibit the pre-existing cause, else the same matter would be able to discern its own peculiar indwelling properties.

Fourth, The blade of grass exhibits to our eye a form, and examination enables us to divide and analyze its component parts. Yet, with all this, there is the principle of growth within, which we can neither discern nor comprehend with our material means of gaining knowledge. Hence, there is an essence within neither distinguishable by the senses, nor open to the comprehension. This cause—this moving, growing cause, and the author of it—are involved in mystery to the material being. It can not, in its search, go farther than material aid can carry it. All the rest belongs to the principle disconnected from matter which we call God and Spirit.

Think as we may, there is a living, moving principle, a governing, motive power in man and in all creation, which has neither shape nor palpable consistency discernible by our material senses. This first, great, moving, pre-existing cause, we call a Holy God. The individual action produced by internal movements of the human system, we call Spirit. Existing anterior to man was God, eternal and immutable. Existing within, and prior to the formation of men, were the living, eternal spirits which inhabit these material bodies of ours.

Existing before matter, they must be compared with matter. Hence, matter perishes and molds away into other forms of the same. Spirit, per contra, having no dependence upon matter, distinctively exists. In this existence is comprehended personal identity, and, as compared with material time, we call it Eternal.

J. K. G.

### FREEDOM AND ATHEISM.

A correspondent (E. B.) expresses great surprise that we recently admitted into the TELEGRAPH a couple of articles "advocating the horrible doctrine of Atheism," and fears that a persistence in such a course may be greatly detrimental to the paper, and to the cause which it advocates. We will here take occasion to say, that we abhor the doctrine of Atheism as much as our correspondent possibly can. We believe that that doctrine is not only unphilosophical and absurd, but shriveling to all the higher and purer aspirations of the soul, and that if it *universally* prevailed, mankind would necessarily sink to the condition of mere intellectual brutes. But if the Great God, who, we believe, controls all things with an omnipotent power, permits Atheists to *exist* in the world, and not only so, but constantly showers on them the innumerable blessings of nature, then we are not conscious of having greatly violated the injunction to be "imitators of Him," in having allowed Atheistic sentiments to have a fair representation in our columns, among many other doctrines that are contrary to our own; nor are we conscious of violating any true religious principle by treating the possessors of these sentiments with the kindness and courtesy which we really feel for them. Our correspondent may remember the parable uttered by the Great Master, concerning a certain fisherman who cast his net into the sea, and encircled *bad* fishes as well as *good*, and drew them all to the shore together, and afterward carefully preserved the good and cast the bad away. Now the TELEGRAPH is a net cast into the broad sea of conflicting human opinions, and from its contents our correspondent will please to select such as he most highly esteems, and permit others to do the same.

ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.—The novel invention of Mr. Richardson, of Boston, for transporting letters through hollow tubes with telegraphic rapidity, seems to find favor with the first merchants and business men of that city. He has made a series of experiments which have been considered satisfactory, and a company has been formed, under the general law of Massachusetts, who own the patent right, and another is being organized called the New York and Boston Atmospheric Dispatch Company, for the purpose of laying down a tube two feet in diameter between the two cities, for the transportation of letters and parcels. A committee of the Legislature, who have examined into the matter, are about to make a favorable report, and a charter will doubtless be granted. In the mean time, subscriptions are being raised to the stock, and it is confidently expected that \$100,000 will soon be raised, with which the tubes can be laid as far as Worcester. If the anticipations of the inventor and his friends are realized, a new wonder of the age will be developed, and the fable of the old woman, who wanted to send her sealed letter by telegraph, become an every-day-reality.—Ez.



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

## "THE TWO INTERPRETATIONS."

The reader will find on our first page part of a Discourse, by Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, who is widely known as one of the most accomplished orators of this or any other age. Men of liberal acquirements are sometimes inclined to pedantry, but this is very far from being the case with Mr. Chapin. True, he is familiar with the ideas of the best ancient and modern authors, but his erudition is never displayed in an ostentatious manner, and we are left to discover the results of his extensive reading and mature reflection in the fine taste and critical discrimination which characterize the productions of his mind.

There are some writers and speakers who deal in nothing but naked facts and logical subtleties, while they treat the sublime gifts of the poet and the orator as superficial attainments at best, and therefore unworthy of cultivation by the noblest minds. But this is a grand mistake. Any gift essential to the success of a public teacher is to be highly prized and assiduously cultivated. The class of men to whom we refer greatly err in presuming that the graces of the most fascinating rhetoric necessarily diminish the force of the most potent logic. That the two are not incompatible, has been illustrated by some of the most exalted intellects, but seldom more forcibly than in the case of Mr. Chapin, who has succeeded in blending in his style the sterner elements of the one with the plastic ease and elegance of the other. Very few men excel Mr. Chapin in either of these particulars, and we certainly know not where to look in the Christian pulpit for one who combines the two in more fitting proportions, or in a more eminent degree. And herein, if we mistake not, is the secret of his power. He is not only a sound logician, but a true poet and orator; and while the understanding of the hearer is convinced by the force of his reasoning, the imagination is entranced with the splendid images which people all his thoughts and make his polished periods luminous with Promethean fire.

The idea suggested by Mr. Chapin's discourse might admit of a direct and profitable application to the current events connected with the new movement. Many persons, in and out of the Church, hear nothing but thunder; or, in other words, confused and unintelligible noises, where others hear angelic voices speaking unto men. The former think that all revelations from the other life must be sublime and infallible in their nature, and highly imposing in the manner of their development; and as the phenomena referred to neither respect their ideal conceptions nor suit their fastidious tastes, they abruptly conclude that modern Spiritualism is all unmeaning thunder. Such persons would do well to remember that the Founder of the religion they so devoutly worship was *cradled in a manger*; that his early disciples were destitute of learning and honor, and spent most of their time in wandering from place to place, often without a local habitation or any visible means of support. What had Christianity to offer, we should like to know, in its infancy, to flatter the pride or fastidiousness of mortals? What did true religion ever hold out that would gratify the mere worldling or the devotee of a fashionable worship? Surely nothing, and if Christ and his primitive disciples were to appear among us to-day, precisely as they did appear in their own day and country, they would be liable, under the municipal arrangements of this Christian city, to be arrested for vagrancy!

Why is it that so many Christians hear only angelic voices in the past, while they can distinguish nothing but thunder in the present?

## AN ANGEL SPAKE TO THE CHILD.

We are personally acquainted with the friend who writes the following letter, and assure the reader that his statement is entitled to the fullest confidence.

GLENS FALLS, June 11, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

An occurrence which happened in this vicinity, a short time since, is interesting as being one of those facts which are so easily accounted for on the Spiritual theory, but which the great majority of people would pass by as a remarkable coincidence, or a singular circumstance. You can do with the account which I send you as you think proper. The facts are as follow:

On Monday, May 16, two young men, named Ball and Buttolph, were engaged in rafting at the "big boom," about three miles from this place. One of them lost his balance and fell into the water. Being unable to swim, his companion went to his assistance, and both were drowned. This took place about eleven o'clock A.M. At the same time, a little sister of Ball, four or five years of age, who was playing with other children at a neighbor's, a short distance from her home, but five or six miles from the scene of her brother's death, suddenly commenced crying, and said that her brother was drowned. On being told by those about her that it was not so, and that her brother was at work, etc., she only cried the more, declaring he was drowned; that she knew he was drowned, and that she must go home to her mother. She accordingly started to go home, but said she was afraid to go alone. Some larger children went home with her, when she told her mother the same story, and in answer to their inquiries of how did she know her brother was drowned, said, some one told her. In about an hour news of her brother's death was brought to his home.

The bodies were not recovered until Saturday, on which day—and, at the time of the occurrence, as nearly as can be ascertained—the little girl told them at home that the body was found, which statement, as in the former case, was speedily verified.

Yours, very truly,

A. T. HARRIS.

REMARKS.—We need scarcely give our interpretation of this significant occurrence, as it will readily be apprehended by the reader. It is quite evident to us that either the spirit of that brother, or some guardian spirit, went to that little child, whose simple and guileless nature rendered her approachable, and communicated the facts of the drowning and the recovery of the body. If this be not the true solution, let the materialist solve the mystery consistently with his theory. Tell us how did that child, at a distance of some five miles, while engaged at play with other children, suddenly acquire a knowledge of the fact that her brother was drowned? and how was she enabled to determine the precise time when his remains were found? The most ingenious speculations of material philosophers—who have labored to evade all similar facts rather than to explain them—are rendered powerless by the common instincts of human nature.

When Christians read that Christ was mysteriously informed that Lazarus had fallen asleep, they ascribe the occurrence to his wondrous interior illumination, or to his intercourse with the world of Spirits. But here is little child,

only four or five years old, who is made to communicate a similar fact in simple, yet most unequivocal language, and the dignitaries of the Church yawn, or become impatient, while we relate what occurred; and, at length, when we have finished the brief narration, they reply, that "the age of miracles has gone by," and that "eighteen centuries have intervened since the sacred canon was closed." And why does the Church disregard the fact which occurred but yesterday, and profess to venerate the ancient fact when they are intrinsically the same? Is truth not truth because it is spoken to-day? Or is it divested of its sacred importance when artless infancy is the medium for its utterance? O Christian! if your great Teacher spake the truth when he said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," by what authority do you presume that he has not employed this little child as his minister, and the inheritor of his divine gift?

## AN INVISIBLE PRESENCE.

A correspondent (A. P.) writing from Utica, states the following remarkable occurrence:

"I was very much surprised a few days ago, while sitting in my room, by the following circumstances: First, I heard some one rapping at my door. I went to the door, but found no one there. However, I was no sooner seated than again I heard the rapping, but it was near me, evidently upon the table. I arose and examined the table, to see if I could not account for the sounds by philosophical reasons, but after taking every article off the table, and finally setting it in the center of the room, so nothing could touch it, I found the sounds grew more rapid and loud. Then, for the first, I thought it might be Spirits; but, always having been skeptical upon the subject, I determined to 'try the Spirits.' I inquired if they were Spirits that caused the sounds, requesting that, if they were, they would cause three distinct sounds. Three sounds followed. After 'trying' them thus for some time, I took up my flute and played several airs, to all of which I distinctly heard sounds beating perfect time upon the table. Putting my hand upon the table, I could feel a jar accompany each sound. Since that time I have frequently desired the repetition of the same, but my desire has not been gratified. Can you explain this occurrence upon any philosophical principles? I do not know that it was not attributable to Spirits, and yet if the cause was Spiritual, why not the same thing occur again? Why not appear to my vision? Why not speak out to me, instead of 'knocking' upon 'doors' and 'tables'?"

Here is a case differing, in some respects, from the ordinary manifestations which occur in the presence of recognized human mediums; and to candid inquirers concerning the reality of the communication now alleged to be open between this and the Spirit-world, a reliable attestation of facts, such as the foregoing, can not be otherwise than eminently satisfactory. For, let it be observed, that there could here have been no trick played upon our correspondent by any person present, for he was alone; that no person out of the room, by means of connecting wires or otherwise, could have produced the sounds upon the table, because the table was moved from its position after the sounds commenced, and placed where nothing visible could have touched it without being observed; that the phenomenon could not be referred to the voluntary magnetic forces of our correspondent, because it occurred when he was not expecting it, and when he would have totally disbelieved its possibility; and that it could not be attributed to any involuntary agency, either as connected with himself or the imperponderable elements of nature, because it manifested intelligence.

But, on the supposition that this phenomenon was the work of Spirits, our correspondent wishes to know why the Spirits did not appear to him personally, and speak to him. We answer, for the same reason that Spirits do not ordinarily appear visibly in the streets, in the market-places, in the fields, and in the work-shops, as men in the flesh, speaking, acting, and performing all the physical labors of men. This would evidently be incompatible with their necessarily refined organizations—with all, indeed, that can constitute them Spirits in contradistinction to men. A Spirit evidently can act upon physical substance only through that refined medium which serves as the transition point between it and physical substance; and if our friend will conceive that a Spirit's body may be the organized nervous fluid which was previously contained in its physical body, and such as now pervades his own body, he will have little difficulty in conceiving how the nervous emanations of his own person, while in particular bodily or mental states, may be favorable, or otherwise, to the approach and manifestation of Spirits. A quiet state of body, and a passive, unanxious state of mind, would be most favorable to a repetition of the phenomena which our correspondent has already witnessed; and probably the main reason why he has not witnessed the occurrence but once, is owing to a repellent magnetism, or nervous emanation, which has been inseparable from the state of anxious expectancy with which he has since been looking for additional manifestations.

We offer these as general suggestions, answering oft-repeated queries from other quarters, and as applicable to many other cases besides that of our correspondent.

## REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

The friend who briefly narrates his Spiritual experience, in the following letter, is a clergyman of expanded views and liberal culture. For some years he has been associated with the Universalist denomination in the capacity of a religious teacher, but "was never subject to bonds." Mr. Gage will not worship error, though it be mitered and sceptered, but will respect the truth, even if it be cradled in a manger. May his example lead many to repentance.

KEY WEST, May 10, 1853.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

One week ago, I commenced writing in my room, alone, with an ease and facility, if possible, far above my usual voluntary writing. Since the first effort I have conversed in writing with a number of Spirits of different degrees of intelligence. I have been a medium for the Greek, Latin, French, and Spanish languages. The last-mentioned I am entirely ignorant of. With the other three I have heretofore had some acquaintance. Though I have not investigated the theory of Spiritualism much through the Spirits, yet my mind is enlightened to a good extent by a Spiritual or superior influx of truth. What is still stranger, by a previous understanding, I was favored in my pulpit efforts with the assistance of that great and good spirit, Father Ballow. His mind selected the portion of Scripture for me to read in the morning, inspired the prayer, and through me made the discourse. In manner and matter it was, to say the least, an excellent imitation of him. I know it was not myself, for I believe I was never an imitator of any one.

I can now converse mentally with the Spirits, and do so with perfect ease. Besides, I have for the last six hours been in conversation with a friend nearly a thousand miles distant. So intimately are we connected, that one mind may dictate, and the two pens held in our hands write the same language. I read a letter over to myself, and my friend in Maryland knows its language, and, further, we can converse with one another mentally, and, what is stranger still, the philosophy of the thing is clear to my mind by intuition or influx. I will say no more, for I hope to be with my friends at the North soon. You are at liberty to use the above as your inclination prompts. I am not unaware of the fact that this communication will astonish and provoke some of my many acquaintances. But they can not be as much astonished as I am, for the thousandth part has not been told.

Yours, for truth,

A. GAGE.

## THE SHEKINAH FOR JUNE.

The June number of the *Shekinah*, which has been issued for some days, contains, we think, a large amount of matter deeply interesting to our readers. The fifty pages embrace ten articles, in prose and poetry, sufficiently varied to satisfy all tastes, and all devoted, more or less, to the evidences and progress of Spiritualism. The opening article, by Wm. Fishbough, accompanied with a fine portrait, is a biographical sketch of the famous Lusitanian seer, Jacob Behmen, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and was styled by his followers the "Teutonic Theosopher." Behmen was of obscure birth and condition, but arose, in consequence of his marvelous illumination (which began at an early age) to be persecuted by Church and State, and to found a sect of disciples. His illumination, as described by his biographer, was similar to that of many "Mediums" of the present day. He felt himself, at periods, surrounded with "Divine light," and was moved, involuntarily, to write of things whereof he knew not in his natural state. His works became so celebrated in his life-time that his house was frequented by philosophers, chemists, and theologians, from all parts of Europe. He composed thirty treatises, several of them remarkable even in the light of our advanced age. The sketch of Behmen, which occupies ten pages of the *Shekinah*, is not only interesting, but fascinating.

The second article is a sweet poem, by our occasional contributor, Mrs. S. S. Smith. The editor introduces it with the following notice:

"Our dear friend who composed the following exquisite lines is being perfected through suffering, only that she may enter the golden portals with a diviner joy, having the dross of her nature refined away. It is a severe ordeal to which Mrs. Smith has been subjected, and her case affords an example of patient endurance and serene faith far more worthy of applause than the heroism which the world delights to honor. She has suffered long and keenly, but only the flesh is faint and weak; her spirit finds new strength and activity amid the very elements of decay. All day long she sits close by 'the peerless gates,' and her minstrelsy is so tender and musical, and yet so strong and hopeful, that heaven seems mirrored in the tranquil spirit, and we almost fancy that angels sweep the chords of her lyre."

"Spirit Warnings," by James S. Olcott, is the subject of the third article. Mr. Olcott cites a number of remarkable cases, in proof of the theory that we are often forewarned or premonitioned of important events, by agencies of the Spiritual world. The readers of the *Telegraph* are, doubtless, mainly believers in the theory already, but they will find Mr. Olcott's article none the less interesting.

Article four is a fine, vigorous poem, titled, "To an Artist," by Annette Bishop. We quote a specimen stanza:

"The soul which giveth light is aye the real,  
And but a shadowy truth shall he obtain,  
Who, trusting not unto his own ideal,  
Follows the outgrowth of another's brain."

"What and Where Are We?" is the topic of the fifth article, by Hon. Warren Chase, in which the writer discusses the character and conditions of man, physical and mental. The following brief extract indicates the temper of his article:

"Infinite and eternal harmony could never admit of a chaos or a beginning; order has never sprung from disorder; something has never sprung from nothing. Matter and mind are eternal, both collectively and individually; expressions or forms alone are fleeting, evanescent, transitional; these alone begin and end as forms or phases."

The seventh article, entitled "Beliefs Rejected on Realization," occupying some twenty-four pages, is contributed by C. D. Stuart. The article, which we suggested would have been better named "Spiritualism of the Poets," is an examination of the utterances of some of the great poets: Milton, Shakspeare, Coleridge, etc., with regard to the Spiritual and Supernatural. Mr. Stuart finds the poetical and prophetic mind, "sacred and profane," everywhere, and in all ages, committed theoretically to a belief in communion between man and the Spirit-world. But he does not find this mind so ready to confess its faith, when a practical realization of the theory-belief is urged or suggested. Therefore he can not resist thinking:

"How strange it is that all the world having spoken or written its belief in God, in some form or other, and in a world of spirits only separated from our own by a thin veil of sense—that veil thrust aside in Eden, and at epochs ever since, so that man communed not only with angels, but with God—the denial should be so universal, whenever it is claimed that communion with the invisible world has been, and may be, realized."

And he adds:

"I can not understand this mixture of theoretical faith and practical Atheism. And I can not forbear asking if the great voice of the world, so united in testimony as to the theory, be only a delusion and a lie, when we come to the practice?"

Mr. Stuart thus speaks for himself:

"I have never been troubled with a doubt of the existence of a wise and loving God, and of legions of angels, cherubim or seraphim, or by whatever names known; and of myriads of spirits of God's earth-children released from the bondage of the flesh, and made like the angels, God's ministers to earth and co-sharers of heaven. The earliest and by far the most beautiful teaching I remember, was belief in these things. Over my cradle, for many days and months, bent my mother, herself not unworthy the name of angel on earth, and in heaven, whither she is now gone, and angel I am sure, singing this sweet, this ever-present song:

"Hush my babe, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently fall upon thy head."

"The teaching of this song I believed, implicitly, from the moment I could exercise sufficient reason to believe, and I have not as yet faltered from that belief. I believed it first, because my mother believed and taught it to me, and because it was a rational, desirable, and beautiful belief. How could the spirit or heart of childhood refuse sympathy with the idea of hovering and nestling angels watching and guarding the paths of young life from evil? By-and-by I believed it only the more, from an indwelling faith, born of communion with all beautiful things in nature; born, too, of the native longings and needs of the soul, when it had expanded to feel its way in the universe. And there was much more to confirm my belief. Only here and there, at wide intervals, did I hear one doubt that the spirit of man was the child of God, and that angels and the spirits of kindred and friends were man's ever-present, though, to the eye of sense, invisible earth-guides and brothers. In childhood I found this belief common and universal. Sung at the cradle of infancy, it was preached from the pulpit to youth and manhood; and when age bowed itself under the mild shadow of death, holy men consoled each mourner with the assurance that God's angels were waiting to bear the soul of man home to heaven and immortal life and joy."

Here are some suggestive queries from Mr. S.:

"Whenever and wherever the human intellect has risen above material things, it has looked in upon a higher state of being. All Nature and all revelation have so taught. Why, then, this profound resistance to the idea, or faith, or belief, that man may, and does, under fitting circumstances, commune, while in his mortal state, directly with the Spirit-world? That he has done so is the perpetual teaching of all 'sacred' books and all religions. Why, especially, should Christendom, whose religion is based upon the spiritual and supernatural, and whose faith, without an accessible Spirit-world, would be but a rope of sand or a shadow, rebel against an ever-present communion between heaven and earth? Its Scriptures teach little else of moment; its prophets, its oracles, its Saviour, and its miracles, are as nothing if materialism triumph. If an angel loosed Peter from prison, if angels appeared to the Marys, and if John saw the vision he revealed from Patmos, why should angels and

spirits more akin to earth, not now and then, at least, be visible to us. For four thousand years there was no lack of celestial visitants upon earth. They walked and talked with the prophets and seers; and where is it taught that thereafter they should come unto men no more! Has the earth less need of such ministers than of old?"

"And why is it that the 'profane' intellect of the world—so-called—the literary mind, scoffs at and contemns practical faith in Spiritual relations. Strip literature of its ideal world and nothing is left. Do its professors simply utter fancies in all their imagery drawn from higher sources than earth and sense, or do they utter an all-pervading faith and belief? Do they believe in the angels, and spirits, and genii, and nymphs, and fairies, and sprites, so populous in their vision-land, or do they but play with shadows? These questions are worth pondering. The soul of poetry, music, sculpture, and painting is ideal, Spiritual. Rob them of this divine light and fire and they are formless and soulless. What are the immortal thoughts of Homer, of Eschylus, of Plato, of Virgil, of Dante, of Tasso, of Goethe, of Bunyan, and Milton, or the better genius of the great souls of Psalm and Song in all ages, if the Spiritual world be a myth, or so far a myth that it only mocks at earnest belief and practical realization? And Art, which has glorified itself on the canvas of Apelles or Raphael, and through the chisel of Phidias or Angelo, shall it be stripped bare of heaven, leaving to it only the harsh, sin-stained anatomy of mortal man? If it has lied in its interpretations, shall we longer exalt and idolize it! And if 'divine' poetry has but conjured scenes from tricky fables and unsubstantial fancies, shall we delight and glory in its strains?"

Mr. Stuart warns his readers not to fancy that he is about to confess a new faith or belief. He declares his belief in the Spirit-world, near and ever-present, as old as his conscious life. And so it is, and must be, with all elevated and reflective, and especially all truly poetic minds. His quotations from Milton, Shakspeare, Coleridge, Shelley, and many more modern and living writers, powerfully illustrate his argument. But we can convey no just idea of the article by fragmentary quotations. It should be read by believers and unbelievers, for it is the testimony of one with whose materialist (acquired) tendencies we have often come in contact. Yet Mr. Stuart's tendencies, arising from peculiar fields of study and association, could never overcome his diviner instincts and nature. The poet must cling to and acknowledge the fountain of his inspiration. Hence this frank and able utterance.

"The Prayer of a Dying Child," by Henry Clay Preuss, and "The Alpine Climber," by Isaac C. Pray, two fine poems, are articles eight and nine. Mr. Pray has struck a deep and noble vein in his vigorous verse. We quote a passage:

"The thoughtless world may scan the peril all,  
And not within the deed perceive the Good  
It has accomplished—but the Mind not thus  
Dismisses Bravery! It soars to link the name  
Of him who triumphs thus, with what his soul  
Has raised him to—Sublimity. Such acts  
Will live in time, far, far beyond the hour  
That holds the aggregated dust of him  
Who realized his thought, by having Faith—  
That most substantial of Man's attributes—  
Before whose power the Polar ice shall melt,  
And emerald verdure crown the crystal void,  
And arid deserts blossom as the rose—  
Instinct with vital elements which sleep  
Unnoticed and unheeded—viewless crusts  
Of particles Philosophy half scans,  
Believing now but half, and that the Seen—  
The weaker half! Oh, unseen powers are strong!  
And where is Strength man's finger has not touched  
To grasp its form. It is man's duty yet  
To find the cells of Strength and move the World!"

A poem "To my Mother," by C. D. Stuart, closes the number. We have space for only a single stanza:

"Is there a love all other love excelling,  
I yield it up as homage at thy shrine,  
Because I know, if God has deigned a dwelling  
In this poor world, 'tis in that heart of thine,  
Whose only impulse is true love, impelling  
To good deeds—and fancy has been telling  
If ever Spirits in clay temples shine,  
The life that warms my mother is divine."

Will not many of our readers be tempted to secure the *Shekinah* by the solid and sparkling baits we have thus hastily thrown out?

## INCREASING INTEREST IN BOSTON.

It will be recollected that some two or three weeks since we announced the publication of an interesting pamphlet, a letter addressed to the Edwards Congregational Church, written by Mr. A. E. Newton, editor of the *New England Railway Guide*. We made copious extracts from the pamphlet at the time, but have now a number of copies on hand, and can supply all orders. We deem it one of the best things to circulate which we have yet seen. The price, retail, is twelve and a-half cents; eight dollars per one hundred copies.

From a business letter, just received from Mr. Newton, we take the liberty to extract the following:

A new spirit of inquiry seems to have been awakened here, and among a class of people who have heretofore shunned and scouted the whole matter; namely, the *thinking* and the *religious*. It has been our privilege, within a few days, to be instrumental in pouring the glorious truth into minds hungering and thirsty for its reception. The veil is slowly, yes, in comparison with the past, I may say, rapidly removing, and the light is shining in as the dawn of heaven! May it increase unto the perfect day!

I take the liberty to ask you to call the attention of the friends of the new light, who may wish to employ the services of a powerful advocate of Spiritual truth, to an instrument who has been recently raised up, and, as I verily believe, "endued with power from on high," for the proclamation of the new gospel. I refer to Dr. J. H. Robinson, of this city, who, after a long course of preparation, has become eminently fitted for the great work to which he has been called. He has not as yet spoken much in public, but from a number of opportunities I have had of listening to him in private as well as before public assemblies, I can bear testimony to the fact, that "a mouth and wisdom" have been given him which it would be difficult for any of the "adversaries to gainsay or resist." So powerful an instrument ought not to remain idle when so great a work is to be done; and I think he only needs to be called forth to do a glorious work in rearing the new temple of spiritual truth.

Yours, in the joys and hopes of the spiritual era.

A. E. NEWTON.

## SPIRITUALISM AT KEY WEST.

A correspondent (G. A.) writing from Key West, says:

"The Spirit manifestations have at length reached this island, and several circles have been formed. Thus far the manifestations have been confined principally to the tipping of tables to imply affirmative answers and numbers, writing through mediums, Spiritual magnetism, and clairvoyance. Several are fast developing as writing mediums, and already some very consoling and interesting communications have been made. Believers enjoy a quiet happiness, and indulge a tranquil hope in further light."

Our correspondent then proceeds with some just strictures relative to the violently abusive spirit with which the dominant religionists of the place have met this new unfolding; but, in consequence of the present crowded state of our columns, we are obliged to omit this portion of his letter. Let our friends in that quarter proceed fearlessly in their investigations, with the assurance that no weapon wielded against the truth, or the truth-seeker, shall prosper, and that all abuse and unfairness, on the part of their adversaries, must result only in the shame and disgrace of the latter.

## "AMARANTH BLOOMS."

Such is the title of a handsomely published volume of poems (200 pages 18mo), by our esteemed friend and contributor Mrs. S. S. Smith. The volume is issued by J. W. Fuller & Co., Utica, and is inscribed to "My affectionate friends." It contains eighty poems, mostly tributes of affection, addressed to kindred and friends, elegiac stanzas, and deeply Spiritual utterances in view of that brighter world on whose borders the suffering, yet patient and trustful author, has long been hovering. We have received copies of the book for sale, and such of our readers as may purchase of them (as we hope many will), will recognize in its pages many gems that have, from time to time, graced our columns—both of the *Telegraph* and *SHEKINAH*. Mrs. Smith has most fittingly named her fragrant little volume. It is a cluster of fadeless blooms; of bright and odoriferous flowers, whose breath will bear sweet incense to sympathetic hearts long after she who wreathed them has passed away. It is seldom we have taken up a volume of poetry so replete with all that is pure, kindly, and generous in sentiment. Scanning its pages, here sparkling with a fond memory, a tender wish, or a holy prayer, and there glowing with a sadder strain of chastened grief or sorrow, we could not have fancied, but for our knowledge otherwise, that its author had been for years bowed to the very portals of the grave; that these, her "Amaranth Blooms," had beautifully budded and blossomed, as it were, at the gates of the Spirit-land. Many of these poems were written while the author was prostrate on a bed of sickness, where she now lies; and if the light of faith and hope, and a diviner joy gleams through them, it was not borrowed from the sunshine of earth, nor from the inspiration of mortal pleasure. Mrs. Smith's earth-life has been, in later years, an affliction as judged by the world, but not an affliction that could make her murmur or complain. She has seen and felt and confessed in it God's love. If it darkened the earthly and mortal to her, it brightened the Spiritual and immortal. Everywhere her poetry abounds with confessions of the nearness to God and heaven she has enjoyed in consequence of her mortal trial and suffering. Not a doubting strain mingles in all her song. Beautiful, indeed, is such a spirit; happy must such a spirit be. A few brief extracts from the "Amaranth Blooms," will sufficiently justify any praise we have bestowed on their art, merit, or spirit. A sweet thing is the opening poem, "The Minstrel's Bride," from which we quote a fragment to show Mrs. Smith's grace and facility of expression:

"The silver lamps shed a festal light  
O'er the young and fair who met that night  
To list to a minstrel's thrilling strains,  
Where the sweet WAIL flow'd o'er the verdant plains;  
The soft prelude with its rounding swell  
Trembled a moment, then rose and fell!  
Then changed to a clear and pealing strain,  
That shook each antique Oriel pane."

But it is not in romance that Mrs. Smith delights most, or utters best. She revels with the muse only when the heart has some pious trust, dear memory, or fond affection to plead. Here are sweet lines, addressed to her mother:

"I'm sitting all alone, Mother,  
Where I sat one year ago;  
And I listen to the same sweet sounds,  
The river's quiet flow.  
I list the river's quiet flow,  
And the robin's cheerful lay,  
And feel once more the balmy breeze  
O'er my wan temples play."

"I'm very changed now, Mother,  
My life is waning fast,  
And gently as the twilight shades  
Their mournful shadows cast  
Around this green and dewy vale—  
Deep'ning in somber gloom—  
Thus gently are my weary feet  
Still wending to the tomb."

The mother has already departed to the Spirit-land, and here is the daughter's confession of faith:

"A light illumines thy way, Mother,  
Across the pathless sky;  
Since thou hast taught me how to live,  
I do not fear to die."

And here are beautiful thoughts from "Summer Musings":

"They waken dreams of heaven,  
And move the heart to prayer;  
I hear the clasp of angel wings,  
Upon the silent air,  
And my Spirit-lyre attunes its chords  
With the voiceless harpers there.  
There are watchful eyes upon me,  
Among the shadowy band;  
There is one who pledged in dying,  
A cold and pulseless hand;  
She promised to be near me,  
When I tread the Spirit-land.  
Grew she in our quiet garden,  
Like a lily in its pride!  
When passed the twentieth summer  
She with the roses died.  
Long weary years since then have flown,  
Still she lingers by my side."

And here is a quiet picture of the poet's "Valley Home":

"My home lay in a sheltered spot,  
Where warring winds but seldom meet;  
The ring dove nestled o'er its top,  
And paced the roof with faltering feet."

"The stock-dove 'plained' her daily round,  
Thrice passed the summer's bloom away,  
Ere o'er the smooth enameled ground  
My trembling footsteps learned to stray."

Beneath the trailing ivy's shade  
Gleamed the sweet valley, sprinkled o'er  
With rural homes, where joyous played  
Young children by the cottage door."

It is Autumn, and the poet sees:

"The reaper stands by the gather'd sheaves,  
Of the ripe and golden corn;  
And the wild-bee toils 'mid the wither'd leaves,  
As he winds his tiny horn."

"May-day Greetings," "The Exile," "Norwich Valley," and many other poems we should delight in quoting, are so potent of the pure spirit of inspiration. "Robin Grey," "A Strong Man will carry me over the Mountains," will be remembered, as two beautiful poems, by the readers of the *Shekinah*. But our space compels us to pause. We have barely glanced at our friend's "Amaranth Blooms," yet we feel that a glance is sufficient to recommend them to the interest of our friends. She who wove them into a bright wreath is worthy the fellowship of all spiritual minds.



## Original Communications.

## THE LITTLE SPIRIT-BIRD.

BY JENNIE E. KELLOGG.

O, mother, come and hear the song  
This bright bird sings to me,  
Which makes the valley round us ring  
With pleasant melody.  
I've sat beneath this greenwood tree  
I can not tell how long,  
To watch this pretty little bird  
And listen to his song.

He *knelt* I listened, for he looked  
So lovingly on me,  
And said, as plain as he could say,  
"I'll come again to thee;  
And I will bring thee shining wings,  
Such as the angels wear,  
And teach thee how with them to soar  
Above this world of care!"

And, mother, then he went away,  
And left me here alone;  
But still comes rippling through the air  
His sweet and winning tone.  
I know it is a spirit-bird  
Which brother sends to me,  
From his bright home, in yonder sky,  
Where I so soon shall be.

For, ever when I'm sitting here,  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
That little bird, in loving tones,  
Keeps calling, calling me.  
Now, mother, when he comes again,  
I'll bid you *all* farewell;  
And to the spirit-land I'll go  
Where angel-children dwell.

BIRMINGHAM, June 3.

## LETTER FROM HON. WARREN CHASE.

LAKE MILLS, WISCONSIN, June 7, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN:

Since November last, I have devoted my whole time to lecturing on the philosophy of Spiritual intercourse, and visiting the friends in Wisconsin and northern Illinois, and I can assure you that there are thousands of firm believers, and hundreds who are in constant intercourse with the spirit-spirits, within this district of country. There is a great variety in the character of this intercourse, but all my experience goes to confirm the philosophy of correspondence. Among the many places where our friends are rapidly unfolding the new philosophy, this beautiful village (Lake Mills) deserves a notice. The friends organized a circle here last fall; a few had previously given some attention to the subject, but had no phenomena; a medium was soon developed under the control of Augustus A. Ballou, son of Adin Ballou, who, with one other spirit (a German physician), has controlled her ever since, entrancing her whenever they choose. From these spirits the circle and many friends have received many very interesting communications, and much true knowledge of the spirit-home. Augustus has delivered two funeral discourses through this medium, and often addressed public audiences, all of which has been very appropriate and highly interesting. This medium has also been used to heal some diseases under the control of the German physician, but sympathetic communications from relatives and friends have not been made through this medium, nor have tests to satisfy the curiosity of the skeptic been indulged in, yet the whole is a completely convincing test to the candid seekers after truth. She has now gone with her father on a mission of friendship and duty to the State of New York. Since they left, another medium has been developed, whose correspondence is in the sphere of sympathy, and through whom the friends, whose minds are prepared, are now receiving from their relatives and friends the most delightful expressions of friendship, sympathy, and love each is prepared to receive, and with irresistible convictions of personality. The friends here have a hall fitted up for public meetings, and hold such whenever speakers from either sphere are ready to use it. The "Circle of Progress" meets regularly, and thus far it has proved its name appropriate; and I think it is safely over the shoals of superstition on which so many have run aground, and from which they must be drawn off, or go to pieces as a wreck. This is only one of many similar movements within my little circuit of acquaintance west of Lake Michigan. In addition to this, our whole country is spotted with isolated persons, in various degrees of knowledge on this subject, and almost invariably are they the most intelligent, as well as independent minds among us.

Seven miles from this place (at Waterloo) is another point of radiation. One medium there was developed previous to the organic movement here, as a psychologic or pathetic medium, and through her hundreds of convincing tests and peculiar exhibitions have been given, together with many personal and sympathetic interviews; but the most remarkable in this vicinity, and what astonishes the ignorant, is the recent development of her sister as a healing medium, under the control of a German physician, who has been long a resident of the Spirit-world, and who has much power as well as knowledge on metaphysical subjects, upon which he talks freely. But the peculiarity is in the manner of curing the diseases—taking the disease off the system of the patient on to the medium, and subsequently throwing it off the medium, often after repeated efforts for successive days, the disease returning spasmodically, but not continuing long. They call it here bearing each other's infirmities. Many, very many, have been relieved in this vicinity in this way; but all will not be permanently cured, for many will still indulge in the contaminating vices of social life that cause these derangements in the physical systems. Many, however, have already abandoned the use of pork, tobacco, tea, coffee, and are thus preparing for health and happiness to some extent. Many incidents which have occurred here might be interesting, but I have neither time nor inclination to relate incidents.

Many other places in our State deserve as much notice as I have given this, or more, not on account of the friends residing in them, but as notices to the friends in other parts of the country. I have been here several days, and am now on my way home to Ceresco to spend a few weeks, then to return to this delightful department of labor.

Yours, truly,

HUNGARIAN EXILES.—We find the following paragraph in our secular city contemporaries, and pass it on, hoping it may bring profitable place and labor to the parties concerned:

"Some fifteen Hungarian soldiers, who, after the downfall of their country, were forcibly enrolled in the Austrian army in Italy, having succeeded in deserting from that hated service, have arrived in this city and desire to find work. They are stalwart fellows, able and willing to do severe labor. We trust they may not be allowed to suffer for the want of it. They may be found by addressing Col. Asboth, at No. 45 Ninth Street."

## HEAVEN.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh;  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure Spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.

## A LAMENT.

BY C. D. STUART.

She's dead in the bloom of her beauty,  
When goodness and loveliness crowned her;  
And silent and sadly the mourners  
Are weeping and desolate 'round her.

All cold in her shroud she is lying—  
No lily was fairer or sweeter—  
She's gone to the gardens of heaven,  
Where angels were waiting to greet her.

Oh, can the pale form that reposes  
So silent and motionless ever,  
Be her, who was brighter than roses—  
A joy in our memories forever.

Oh, weep for the lily-stem broken,  
But chasten the flow of your sorrow;  
It may be a teacher, and token  
That we shall be summoned to-morrow.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

Our readers may remember that several weeks ago we stated, upon authority of an American correspondent, that the insurgent movement in China had assumed a religious, and even *Christian* character. This statement is fully confirmed by the latest intelligence received by the overland China mail. Three of the victorious insurgent chiefs have issued proclamations, the following, so important that we think our readers will approve of giving it a prominent place in our columns:

## PROCLAMATION OF THE REBELS.

"Yang, entitled the Eastern King, and General-in-Chief with Seaou, entitled Western King, also General-in-Chief of Thae-ping, by Divine appointment Emperor of Theonkow, the celestial dynasty, unitely issue this proclamation, to announce that they have received the commands of Heaven to slaughter the imps, and save the people. According to the Old Testament, the Great God (Shang-te), our Heavenly Father, in six days, created the heavens and earth, the land and sea, men and things. The Great God is a spiritual Father, a ghostly Father, omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent; all nations under heaven are acquainted with His great power. In tracing up the records of bygone ages, we find, that since the time of the creation of the world, the Great God has frequently manifested His displeasure, and how can it be that you, people of the world, are still ignorant of it? The Great God, in the first instance, displayed His anger and sent down a great rain, during forty days and forty nights, by which means the Flood was produced. On a second occasion, the Great God manifested His displeasure, and came down to save Israel out of the land of Egypt. On a third occasion He displayed His awful majesty, when the Saviour of the world, the Lord Jesus, became incarnate in the land of Judea, and suffered for the redemption of mankind. In later ages He has again manifested His indignation, and in the Ting-yew year (A.D. 1857) the Great God sent a celestial messenger, who was commissioned by the Lord of Heaven, when He ascended on high, to put to death the fiendish bands.

"Again He has sent the Celestial King to take the lead of the empire and save the people; from the Mow-shin to the Sinhas (A.D. 1848-51) the Great God has compassionated the calamities of the people, who have been entangled in the meshes of the devil's net; on the 3d moon of the latter year the exalted Lord and Great Emperor appeared; and in the 9th moon, Jesus, the Saviour of the world, manifested Himself, exerting innumerable acts of power, and slaughtering a great number of impish fiends, in several pitched battles; for how can impish fiends expect to resist the Majesty of Heaven! And how, we would ask, can the great God fail to be displeased with men for worshipping corrupt spirits, and performing corrupt actions, by which means they grievously offend against the commands of Heaven! Why do not you inhabitants of the world awake! Having been born in the present day, when you are permitted to witness the glory of God, how fortunate you may esteem yourselves! Happening upon such a time as this, when you experience the great tranquility of the days of Heaven, it is time for you to awake and arouse. Those who comply with the will of Heaven will be preserved, and those who disobey the celestial dictates will be destroyed. At the present time this Tartar fiend, Hcen-fung, originally a Manchow slave, is the perpetual enemy of our Chinese race; moreover, he has induced men to assume the form of fiends, to worship the corrupt, while they disobey the true Spirit, and thereby rebel against the Great God, on which account Heaven will not endure, and men are determined to destroy him. Alas! you assemblage of valiant men, you do not seem to know that every tree has its roots, and every stream its fountain; while you appear willing to invert the order of things, coveting the smallest advantage, you turn round and serve your foes, and, having been entangled in the machinations of the evil one, you ungratefully rebel against your true Lord. You do not seem to remember that you are the virtuous scholars of the Middle Kingdom, and honest subjects of the celestial dynasty; and thus you easily bend your steps in the road to ruin, without compensating your own selves.

"Moreover, you valiant men are many of you adherents of the Triad Society, and have entered into a bloody compact that you will exert your united strength and talents to exterminate the Tartar dynasty. Whoever heard of men joining in a solemn covenant, and then turning their backs upon their foes! Now, throughout the different provinces, there must be a variety of determined men, numbers of famous scholars, and of valiant heroes not a few; we desire, therefore, that you may severally elevate the lofty standard, and announce that you are determined not to live under the same heaven with the Tartars, while you earn for yourselves some merit in the service of our new king; this is what we, his generals, most fervently desire. Our army, wishing to carry out the virtuous feelings with which the Great God loves to foster human life, and receives men into His compassionate embrace, has set forward on its march of benevolence, embracing all in its charitable folds. At the same time, we lead forward our generals and troops, carrying to the utmost our fidelity in recompensing our country, in which we can not refrain from displaying the same spirit to the end. These, our views, are now communicated to you all. You ought to know that since Heaven has sent forth the true Sovereign to rule over the people, it is yours to aid the monarch in establishing his dominions. Although the devilish fiends should amount to millions, and their artful schemes to thousands, yet how could they withstand Heaven! To kill without warning would not be agreeable to our feelings, and to sit still without saving the people is not what a benevolent person would do. A special proclamation."

Here are the great Scripture truths, distorted, indeed, in some respects, and mingled with unworthy inferences, but, as they stand, they give proof that the *Triad*, or secret Christian association of China, has not been laboring in vain, and that the Bible has been more generally read, and understood not less perfectly, in China than in some countries calling themselves Christians.—*London Standard*.

The very religion given to exalt human nature, has been used to make it abject. The very religion which was given to create a generous hope, has been made an instrument of servile and torturing fear. The very religion which came from God's goodness to enlarge the soul with a kindred goodness, has been employed to narrow it to a sect, to rear the Inquisition, and to kindle fires for the martyr. The very religion given to make the understanding and conscience free, has, by a criminal provision, sent to break them into subjection to priests, ministers, and human creeds. Ambition and craft have seized on the solemn doctrines of an omnipotent God, and of future punishment, and turned them into engines against the child, the trembling female, the ignorant adult, until the skeptic has been emboldened to charge on religion the chief miseries and degradation of human nature.

## MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

## NATIONAL QUESTIONS AND INTERESTS.

Communication from Henry Clay, at D. Gano's, Cincinnati, August 25, 1852, Mrs. Lowe, Spiritually Magnetized Medium.

In passing into this sphere I have examined minutely the present condition of the government of the United States. I see that it is based on false principles, principles diametrically opposed to love, justice, and mercy. Its tendencies are to elevate the capitalist and crush the laborer. Domestic slavery, incorporated in its constitution, has rendered labor disgraceful, and tyranny and oppression honorable. The spirit of slavery has not confined itself to the South, or so-called Slavery States, but its influence is felt through the length and breadth of the East, West, and North. The capitalists of the free States have imitated the slaveholder by oppressing the laborer and those in their employ, and they only wanted the power, the sanction of the law, to make them in very truth the slave-owner and slave-driver; and with this feeling wrangling in their bosoms, their voices, their votes, and their power, have all been thrown into the scale of oppression; and on their heads, on the heads of the inhabitants of the free States, will rest much of the sin of American oppression, from refusing to support men in office who had avowed themselves on the side of peace, justice, and mercy. Had they, as much as was in their power, withdrawn their support from slavery, it would, long ere this, have ceased to disgrace the page of American history.

The North has ever held the balance of power, and had they declared to the South that such was the fact, in terms not to be misunderstood, the South would long ago have ceased to oppose them. Without the aid of the North, slavery could not exist a single week, and the slaveholder well knows the truth of this. Oft have I talked over this with my fellow-slaveholders, and we used to often wonder why it was that the North possessed so much apathy and indifference on the subject, for we could see plainly that we were but dead weights hanging around the necks of the free States. I mean a disadvantage, in a moral and pecuniary point of view. Its influence is not limited by Mason and Dixon's line. With all our boasting, with all the contemptuous treatment which we extended to the North, we felt that our only security rested on their strength; we knew, and every intelligent slaveholder knew, that the South is a pecuniary curse to the North, "i. e.," a curse in a pecuniary view. Look at the three-fifths representation clause of the Constitution, or the provision in the constitution allowing three votes for five slaves. Look at the apportionment of the public funds, and examine the Post-office department. Nearly the whole expense of the Post-office department falls on the North or free States. The South is little or no advantage to the department. Then think of the amount of money expended in the Mexican, Texas, and Florida wars. Sum them all up, and see whether the North has not been blind to their own interest in their political support of slavery. The spirit of selfishness alone, if well looked into, would abolish the system of American slavery. It is a curse within itself, a curse politically, morally, and pecuniarily. It is a sin against high Heaven; a violation of the laws of God and Nature, and is deteriorating in its effects upon the whole fabric of organized society. It stands much in the way of Spiritual influences, or the efforts of Spirits to control and direct the minds of men in the channel of wisdom and goodness, and for this reason the Spirits, as a body, endeavor to impress on the minds of all coming under their control, the necessity of waging a deadly warfare on this first and greatest of evils. For this they endeavor, with united power, to infuse into the minds of men the great and important principles of justice; for when men become just, then will follow mercy, love, purity, wisdom, and holiness. Then will each individual see in man a brother, and feel that the whole race of mankind, of whatever nation, grade, or color, are all members of one family, and that each are equally the objects of God's love and compassion, and that all are equally entitled to the respect of each other. The day is now dawning when a mighty revolution will be felt through the length and breadth of this land; not a revolution of blood; not a revolution borne on the car of carnage and war, but a revolution of mind, a revolution of morals, which will shake to their foundations the edifices of Church and State. The first will fall, the latter be purified. The Church is so much the mother of this and all other great public evils, so full of rottenness and corruption, that her regeneration and purification is not to be thought of or expected. Consequently her total destruction is, above every thing, devoutly to be desired. Over her ruins will be spread the peaceful reign of God and his righteousness, which will purify the world politically, morally, and spiritually.

The prophetic language which I am using may seem to many to be entirely visionary, but ere five years have rolled around you will all be forced to believe that what I have said has been spoken through the power of truth. Spiritual affray has now gained the ascendancy; under the assistance and co-operation of the pure of earth, it must and will carry on successfully the great work of human redemption. D. Gano inquired, Has Mr. Clay's views changed as to the propriety of his plan of removing the curse of slavery, submitted to the Kentucky State Convention? Mr. Clay says: I will, hereafter, give a communication on the subject, and show the error and impracticability of the plan proposed by me. Slavery will be abolished, and the slave remain here, or go where he pleases. The whole community must be taught and enlightened, as to their relation to God and to each other. The Southern States will never advance or improve until slavery is removed. Viewing the matter, as I do, in its true light, I can not see how any one can travel on the rivers to St. Louis, and not see the great contrast.

On many occasions, through different mediums, when Mr. Clay's spirit was announced as being present, D. Gano inquired, If he should publish his communications, and always was answered "Use your own discretion;" and some time since, through a different medium, who announced Mr. Clay's presence, and described his appearance in a very pleasing and supremely graceful manner, it was said to D. Gano, in substance, as follows:

"I would esteem it a great favor if you would send a copy of my last communication to my friends B. F. Wade and John P. Hale, of the Senate, and the representatives of my neighborhood in the House. I will be present when they read it, and endeavor to impress them with the fact that the sentiments are my own, and, as nearly as I can communicate such as I would now assert, were I present with them in the body."

Mr. Editor: in what way the request of the spirit should be carried into execution is left for your discretion.

DANIEL GANO.

At, FULTON Co., OHIO.

## PROVERBS BY THE SPIRITS.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

## CHAPTER IV.

Write without wrong or evil in thy mind, and thy writing will injure no one.

Call no man evil; say not what thou wouldst deem offensive, if it were said of thee; and thy words will do thy neighbor good, and he will venerate thy counsel.

The tattler talketh much; in much talking there is much vanity. He who is uneasy, only when entertained by his own speech, will seldom satisfy those who hear him. A bridle for the tongue, a saddle for the horse, a rod for the tyrant, are embarrassments to which cowards resort; nevertheless, he who is sound in speech imposes no restraint on others.

The wicked are troubled; the sea is convulsed; but troubles and convulsions will not survive in a calm atmosphere.

I have heard discontent murmur at nature; but I have never known nature murmur at discontent.

I have heard folly complain because man overstepped the boundaries of her dominion, but never have I seen her pursue him who despised her entreaties. She stood on her own soil, never retreating, never advancing. So does the man who would be consistent with his own ignorance.

Consistency is a stranger to improvement; it is stationary, because he who improves sets aside errors.

Consistency with self is denial of amendment, but consistency with nature is self-reform.

Reformers seek wisdom, and he who reforms finds it.

Students have teachers, mothers children, but when the children command their parents, and pupils teach their preceptors, a house may be a school where ignorance is power, and weakness rules.

Make thyself wise; and when thou shalt become wise, wisdom will rule thee, and thou wilt rule thyself.

The nation that seeketh control, will in turn be controlled. He who diggeth a pit, or setteth a snare, will be caught in his own trap.

The love of good expels the fear of evil; the fear of evil expels the love of good. He who loves can not fear, and he who fears can not love.

Water slaketh the thirst, but fire consumeth the flesh; so he who drinketh of wisdom satisfieth his soul, but he who taketh coils in his hand will feel the rebuke of his folly.

Judge ye not another; for he who judgeth another is guilty of trespass. Trespass not against thy neighbor, lest thou provoke resentment. He may return thy trespass with interest.

Overcome thy wrongs, and goodness will bless thee; forsake thy sins, and mercy will follow thee; obey the truth, and harmony will not forsake thee.

Truth is one; one is not two. Two may be divided, unity never.

Truth is many in one; error is one in many. Parts are many, and yet one; so is man many in one family—in one whole—in one God; but error findeth a habitation only in parts. Parts are wholes in themselves, but parts are not the whole of all things. Thus error never can exist in the whole of all things, but may in the parts. So man, being a part, may receive only a part, and that part, as related to his condition, may be good or ill, but not ill as forming a part of the whole of all things.

Philosophy expounds mysteries; sayest thou nature is mysterious! Nature hath secrets, and so hath man. One conceals nothing, because shame is not in her countenance, but the other often hides because of shame.

Philosophy speaketh; her voice is in the clouds, her music in the waters, her eloquence in the stars, the flowers, and her audience on earth and in the heavens. She whispers in the zephyr, smiles in the sunshine, and dances in the whirlwind.

I have sought her counsel, but she saith not, I am weary, wait till a more convenient season.

Turn not thy face from her, for she will conduct thee to peace.

I have made philosophy my study, not my boast; and he who boasteth of his philosophy needeth a philosophy not his own, and is yet unlearned.

Can a leopard change his spots? Can ignorance generate wisdom? How then can man self-improve? He who improves himself may find an effect without a cause; and he who may find an effect without a cause, may find a mistake in his philosophy.

Self-improvement, like self-righteousness, is a balance for self-vanity and conceit. The man who is self-made is not made at all; but the maker of self-folly is always ashamed of his work.

Self-made things claim praise, and may claim honors; but praise and honors claim no affinity, nor acknowledge the philosophy natural and just.

The stars shine, the birds sing, the flowers bloom; but never weep. He who shines as the stars, sings as the birds, blooms as the flowers, will not boast of making any thing. A boasting man never strives, the man of harmony never fights, nor the flower of innocence mock its blooming with its own praise.

The memory of the just lives in the heart of friends, but the folly of ignorance vanishes in the day of progress; so he who would live in the memory of the good must nourish the plant most congenial with wisdom.

I will wait, saith the slothful, for mercy; but he waits for mercy in vain who maketh waiting the condition of his progress. Mercy cometh to him who seeketh her, but he who waiteth findeth disappointment.

Work while the sun shines; the night is for rest. He who is idle in the light maketh slow progress in the dark. Darkness shields wrongs, but light exposes them.

The lioness seeks meat for her whelp, and preys upon the imprudent; so doth the avaricious man seek support from the possessions of others. He covets the industry of his neighbor, but he covets not the industry of his own hands to gain wealth.

The young ravens cry, and a response cometh to their relief; but the poor man begs, and the door of avarice is shut in his face.

The merchandise of gold, and silver, and fine raiment yields reward of money; but he who works to obtain the useful, and sows the seed of virtue in his own soul, will receive a reward enduring as eternity.

## WONDERFUL WRITING MEDIUM.

Mr. N. B. Laird, writing from Monroe Center, Ashtabula County, Ohio, says:

"There is a medium in Comeat township, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, a son of Mr. Aaron Brooks, some ten years of age, who, in his normal state, can neither write nor read writing, whom I have frequently seen write the ordinary way, and frequently in the inverted manner when some one was sitting opposite to him, so that those opposite to him might read the communication that was written."

Our correspondent, in the same letter, relates an aggravated instance of persecution, in the form of prosecution, which lately took place in the same township, and in which, by a mock judicial proceeding before a Justice of the Peace, some ten persons, several of them children, were fined from five to ten dollars apiece, with costs, for no other crime than being Spiritualists, and some of them mediums. The persons, however, appealed to the Court of Common Pleas, by which the decision of the so called "justice" was reversed, it being made clear that the prosecutor (a church member), with his witnesses and the "justice," had conspired together to bring the strong arm of the law to bear against developments that were obnoxious to their prejudices.

## TABLE ELOQUENCE.

As a specimen of the manner in which the attention of skeptics is frequently and irresistibly drawn to the current Spiritual phenomena, by mysterious occurrences in which there can be no conceivable possibility of collusion or deception, we may give the following. Our correspondent, we trust, will excuse the liberty we thus take in making his epistle public:

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE &amp; BRITTAN:

Will you please send me a specimen copy of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. If the paper answers my expectations I will subscribe. I have been skeptical about the existence of Spirits, but I have seen some mysterious operations in my own house, such as moving a heavy table all about the room, without any person being within four feet of it, lifting other things into the air, etc., and I wish to investigate the matter further.

Yours, etc.,

A. B.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISING.—THE TELEGRAPH is not intended to be a general advertising medium, and we do not especially solicit this kind of patronage. The Publishers will, however, insert a very limited number of advertisements, as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention, is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 124 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

## A ROYAL CIRCLE.

We extract the following from a Spanish journal, entitled the *España*, published in Madrid:

I have been informed that, since the successful result of the magnetic experiments, which were made on the 8th ultimo, by a family residing in Aranjuez, and of which our readers are already acquainted by the *España*, of the 10th ult., her Majesty Queen Isabella, hearing directly of the circumstance, wished to be present at the repetition on the day following. On this day, in the morning, the same persons who on the 8th had discovered the successful application of the magnetism of the circle—not only to tables, but also to many other objects, and chiefly to the human body, were in attendance. To witness it, H. M. the Queen, H. M. the King, and H. R. H. the Princess of Asturias, accompanied by their respective attendants, went on the 9th, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the country-seat called Labrador, where also came, by invitation, H. M. the Queen's mother, with two daughters, and Dr. Rubio. Out of high consideration and prudence, H. M. the Queen did not take the least part in the experiments. Every thing was done by the other persons present, H. M. having condescended to call to her presence the noblemen and officers of the escorts to see that which they had never seen before, or to experience among themselves the effects of the magnetic circle produced by their associates.

The progressive movements, the turning of the tables, as well as the application of the circle to the human body, and, in short, as many trials as were made, had the most complete result. Her Majesty at a late hour retired, agreeably surprised, to the royal palace.

## ARTHUR SPRING.

The Philadelphia papers contain the following phenological estimate of the brain of the murderer Spring, based on a post-mortem examination. We quote from the *Evening Bulletin*:

"The phenological developments of the head of the murderer were characteristic of the man. The head was large, being over twenty-two inches in circumference. The perceptive faculties were strong, and the reflective weak. Benevolence and other organs, which are the indications of a good disposition, were found to be very poorly developed, while selfishness and firmness were large, and cautiousness was well developed. Secretiveness was large, and the animal organs, such as combativeness and destructiveness were enormous. The base of the brain was very large. The fore part of the head was very small, and the back very large, indicating sensuality and cruelty. The professor styled the cranium of the deceased a 'bull-dog head.'"

With such a "bull-dog head," or development of cranium, ought more than a bull-dog's responsibility to have attached to Arthur Spring! It is clear enough that his post-mortemizers considered his head just the head for a murderer and abandoned ruffian, such as Spring was. The fault of such a development must have been chiefly chargeable to one of two sources: to the Creator, or to those whose lot and duty it was to mold the affections, temper the passions, and regulate the instincts of Spring. We do not believe the Creator made Spring, or has ever made any man a bull-dog. The parents, guardians, society, and the various surroundings of the child, youth, and man, transformed the human into the brute, and developed at last the sort of cranium Philadelphia professors call "bull-dog head." We doubt if such a brain could entertain enlarged ideas of moral responsibility, and that was scarcely its own fault. Spring was altogether an orthodox materialist.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—There has been an almost unanimity of expression on the part of the press, in favor of free speech in connection with the case of Father Gavazzi. Even journals that condemn the spirit of Gavazzi's lectures, and set him down as a demagogue and charlatan, cry out, when it is attempted to force him down, "There must be no succumbing to mobs—let us defend the palladium of liberty, Freedom of Speech!" So say we, and we therefore rejoice that the people of Montreal have so vividly indicated themselves before the light and spirit of the age as to urge upon Gavazzi a return to their city, and a completion of his lectures, promising him ample protection against all riotous mobs. So far good! But we agree with the *Tribune*, that it is not necessary to go so far from home as Canada to vindicate freedom of speech. It was only a few days since, a student mob, from an Orthodox New England college, interfered with the freedom of speech of a peaceful meeting assembled at Hartford, Conn., which meeting said mob finally broke up. Why was there no cry raised against this outrage! The principle invaded and trampled on in this case was just as sacred and vital as in the case of Gavazzi; but then it was not Catholicism against Protestantism, both bootled and spurred, and ripe for a row. Let us have no half-chalk and half-cheese, but free speech all around, whether it tingle Catholic or Protestant ears.

VERBAL TELEGRAPH.—A Dr. Land contributes to the *Memphis* (Tenn.) *Inquirer* a description of a newly invented telegraph, of which he claims to be the author. Dr. Land states that he is engaged in arranging a systematic theorem, and in drafting a sketch line of communication, by which the sound of words may be delivered in remote cities in less time than it would take to write them. He calls it a *Verbal Telegraph*, and says the day is not far distant when the editor of the *Inquirer* (aforesaid) can sit in his sanctum, at Memphis, and utter words, of which sounds thereof can be delivered at New Orleans, in less time than he can write a dozen words. This Verbal Telegraph, says the doctor, will answer the end for which it is designed, beyond the possibility of a doubt.

A BATTLE OF SECTS.—Late foreign news reports that quite a war of sects has been raging in Jerusalem. On Palm-Sunday there was a battle between the Greek and Armenian Christians, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, about a lamp. Several persons were wounded. Another affray took place outside the Jewish Synagogue. An English missionary indulged in invectives against the Talmud, which incensed the children of Israel to such a degree that one of them threw a dead cat in the missionary's face. Thereupon the fight became general, the Christians being put to route. There is nothing remarkable in all this. Christians, so called, have been quarreling over the "outward things" of the Church for ages. It is the old story of struggle for visible relics and spoils. The marketable lamps and fixtures, not the precious light and spirit of religion, is what the sects battle for. Religious bigots and fanatics have often hurled things at one another quite as filthy as dead cats.

THE FIVE-POINTS MISSION HOUSE was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Friday last. It already affords shelter to a large number of families, and gives schooling and Sunday-schooling to a small army of children. It stands like a blooming oasis in the midst of a barren and depraved locality.

RESOURCES OF NATURE.—Among the vegetable productions of Florida is one called the *Paint Root*, which appears to be possessed of properties capable of being turned to profitable account in arts and manufactures. The editor of the *Ocala Mirror* gives the following description of this remarkable root:

"This root grows in great abundance in the flat woods near the streams, and in the savannas of the counties of Levy, Marion, Sumpter, and perhaps many other counties of East and South Florida. It has a top similar to the flag, and a root about the size of a man's thumb, of various lengths, running horizontal, not far below the surface. It is very juicy, and of a deep red color. Hogs are exceedingly fond of it, and fatten on it rapidly, if they are black, or have black hoofs. It is said, by the old settlers, that hogs with white hoofs seem to founder, and their hoofs come off, which causes them to perish unless fed well till they recover. Even where the animal has only one white hoof, the others black, the white hoof



# Interesting Miscellany.

## "SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS."

From the Buffalo Republic.

MESSENGER EDITOR:

I have observed that you hold yourselves aloof from discussing this subject, either not being prepared, or not deeming it expedient, to affirm or deny the spirituality of the phenomena. This evidently being your position, you may not be inclined to give a contribution on the subject a place in your columns. If so, I will thank you to return this to my address, through the post-office.

You will perceive that I use the text adopted by the editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, on Saturday last. I do not propose to take the affirmative of the question—my object is to call attention to some of the prominent points in the article which elicits this, and remark on them very briefly, that the author may, if he choose, apply to them the sober second thought; and that others may see how they look stripped of clustering verbiage. The first sentence is clear enough:

"We are not in the habit of devoting an article, in serious strain, to the consideration of subjects in which so much of the ridiculous mingles, as there does in the things which now pass under the appellation we place at the head of this article."

But, to the constant readers of that journal, it was superfluous; for they all know that he has never alluded to the subject, either "seriously" or with the respectful consideration toward those who favor the affirmative, which one gentleman should always manifest toward another, but rather with sneers, sarcasms, and insulting epithets, in which there is neither argument nor inquiry after truth.

I will now call from among the host of well-rounded periods with which he has peopled the territory allotted to his usual leading editorial, every thing which contains an idea, that they may not be hidden from view in the forest of words in which we find them. Native beauty, it is said, always appears to the best advantage in disabillment.

"We, of course, supposed the thing so openly and plainly ridiculous, that the common laugh, with which the whole matter was condemned, would be enough to put an end to the only half-formed belief that seemed creeping into too credulous brains. We were deceived. The delusion has outlived the proper derision with which it was at first greeted."

In what kind of society did the writer hear "the common laugh with which the whole matter was condemned?" Was it in the society of sober, thinking minds, which had been exerted, in actual investigation, to discover truth and detect imposture, where the phenomena were produced? Or, was it in the bar-rooms of hotels, where every thing, true or false, sacred or profane, meets the same treatment, without discrimination? By what authority does he so unqualifiedly assert it to be a "delusion"? Has he proved it such? If so, when and how? He says the "derision" with which he saw it treated, was "proper." Is he sure of this? If so, why does he recommend investigation, as we shall, by and by, see he does? Did he intend to be consistent, but forgot himself? Or, did he only aim at the fabrication of a popular article, to sound well with a chorus of laughter, where rational criticism is never heard? I hope he will elucidate.

"At this moment there are scores of men, in different parts of the world, who stand certainly above the level of ordinary capacity, who are, or profess to be, thorough believers in the notion of 'Spiritual manifestation.' It is melancholy that this is so—melancholy, for we know that from this cause every day instances happen of individual destruction."

Is this so? Are there really so many believers in the spirituality of the phenomena, who "stand above the level of ordinary capacity"? Then, pray, what must be the altitude of that superior intellect which can see, without investigation, that they are all deluded; that the thing is all deceit and sham, and whose commission makes him feel so melancholy? Laughing philosophers, who turn every proposition into ridicule which does not meet their views, would look well, certainly, to sit brooding in a fit of melancholy. Nonsense! man—"proper derision" is the remedy. Why would you sit sorrowing, with the tears of commiseration streaming down your pale face, when a sneer and a horse-laugh would be so much more efficacious? How does he know that there are instances of human destruction every day, occasioned by the Spiritual phenomena? I beg his pardon for doubting the verity of that assertion, but I happen to know that many reports of this nature are infamous fabrications; and I have reason to believe that four-fifths of them are such.

"We are opposed to all dogmatism, when the truth of any thing is to be denied or asserted."

Verily, this is a cool assertion, considering the unqualified assertions with which his article abounds, and considering that he has never vouchsafed a word of argument on the subject in his life. He is opposed to dogmatism, and yet treats the subject with nothing else. What justification!

Here follows an idea which is so diluted that I must be allowed to condense it before I can make it palpable or visible. He has sometimes thought that all the pretended phenomena should be admitted as true, for argument sake, and then subjected to fair examination and discussion. And he would have the believers in them attempt to prove them truly Spiritual on physiological principles. (This appears to be the sense, or nonsense, when condensed.) From this he proceeds to rebuke their stubbornness in refusing or neglecting to account for the faith that is in them, in this miraculous manner, which has never before been suggested outside of the Insane Asylum, as follows:

"We say that the initiated practitioners of these things exhibit such want of firmness that we have every right, in the coolest candor, to term them rank impostors, their performances wicked deceptions, and to condemn them at once in the most decided terms."

Where has this philosopher been for the last seven or eight months, during which a newspaper discussion has been carried on, on this subject, between two eminently able metaphysicians, the one taking the physical, and the other the Spiritual side of the question? It is unfortunate for him, and his readers, that he stands, like Saul, a head and shoulders above all the other philosophers of the day, so that he hears not what they say, and sees not what they write. With all the gravity of a goose, he charges the Spiritualists with unfairness and unwillingness to have the subject investigated and discussed, when, if he had been down among the world of men, instead of being up there so far above "mediocrity," he might have seen the discussion between Brittan, on the side of Spiritualism, and Richmond, on the side of materialism, which will make a volume of four or five hundred pages octavo. He might have seen the very able report of Dr. Beecher, who was commissioned to investigate the Spiritual phenomena, by the Association of Congregational Ministers, of New York and Brooklyn, and who, after long investigation, with all the aids that the courtesy of the Spiritualist could afford him, was compelled to admit the Spirituality of the manifestations, affirming that, to deny it, would sweep away the Spirituality of the Bible. He might have seen the widely published results of investigations by such minds as those of Judge Edmunds, of New York; Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, formerly Senator from this State, and more recently Governor of it; and U. S. Senator from Iowa; Hon. Mr. Simmons, U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, and a host of others of equal celebrity, who have ventured to investigate, and dared to proclaim to the world their conclusions. As lofty ships that venture, with their deep-reaching keels, to the verge of the Maelstrom, and are seized by the whirling undercurrent, and swallowed up by the engulfing flood, while chips and straws are thrown off by the eddy of the surface, so towering intellects, with deep penetration, are irresistibly drawn into the embrace of the new Spiritual philosophy, whenever they approach near enough to investigate it, while minds too light to gravitate, are thrown off by natural repulsion, to cry "humbug" at a distance.

In searching through the remainder of this singular production of editorial servitude, I find nothing but tautologous rehearsals of the same groveling ideas and sentiments which characterize the foregoing part of it, which are current among shallow thinkers generally, and which, but for the necessity of filling up the appropriated space, would have been much better left unwritten and unpublished. The want of modesty, which stands out on the face of the article, is astonishing, even in impudence itself. Look at the denouncer, and then at those grinnings whom he denounces as fools and cheats, and see how they compare! Think of the assurance of such a man, when he decides a question of infinite importance, confessedly without a moment's examination, in direct opposition to the result arrived at by the most powerful intellects of the country, after long and careful investigation. Can arrogance go farther than this? I can not help esteeming it the *ut supra* of editorial audacity. Let men speak who have investigated, and I shall be ready to listen to them respectfully, holding myself ready to be convinced, either for or against, according to the weight of testimony and the force of logic. But let willful ignorance remain silent on a subject of such immense moment.

## PHENOMENA AND MOVEMENTS IN UTICA.

MESSENGER EDITOR:

Thinking you would like to know how the Spiritual cause prospers hereabout, and feeling that we of this section, have not yet had a passing notice, even in your valuable sheet, I have concluded to send you a short account of "How we get along." We are blessed with the manifestations in nearly all its phases. First, we have one of the best mediums in the world, so far as relates to the phenomena of rappings, imitating sounds made in mechanical labor, table lifting (without direct contact, etc.), in the presence of a very respectable lady. In her presence, sounds are made as loud as those made in driving a nail or bolt; and twenty responsible witnesses will certify that a table, mounted by a gentleman weighing two hundred pounds, with his shoulders braced against the ceiling to prevent its moving, has been, on more than two occasions, tilted up and moved about in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. There are several other media of the same sort here, in process of development; and also a "trium circle," through whom come the most edifying, truthful, and philosophical communications yet given to the world, through any medium. Each member of this circle is a medium, and their communications correspond to Love, Truth, and Wisdom.

Quite recently we were favored with two beautiful and highly instructive lectures, in the public hall, through Brother R. P. Ambler. To say we were delighted would illly express our sentiments, for surely it was a feast of fat things. And yesterday we had a visit and lecture from and by Bro. John M. Spear, who was on his way, with his amiable daughter, Mrs. Butler, to Ohio. The manifestations received were of a kind and character which we never saw before, and for which we were unprepared. It is believed that at least one remarkable cure was effected by Bro. Spear, though, of course, time will determine that fact.

The lady, referred to above, was consecrated by the Spirits to her mission of love and light. She received the name of "Soundress." Truly it is hoped she may sound the glad tidings of great joy to a benighted world, for it certainly stands in need of it, particularly the world hereabout. Another lady also received a consecration; her mission is to be that of "Gentleness and Peace"—a glorious mission, truly.

In the evening, the angels spoke to us, through Bro. Spear, on the subject of the so-called Evangelical Ministry. The text being the last verse of Mark, 7th chap., "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith will ye be salted?"

There was a very impressive ceremony performed in the afternoon. While in conversation, Mrs. Butler was moved to lay her hands upon Mr. P. B. Randolph, a clairvoyant medium of this city, who was instantly thrown in the superior condition, and saw the "Circle of Beneficence," consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Rush, Thomas Jefferson, John Murray, Howard, and others, who were the directing Spirits of the occasion. Soon Bro. Spear, under the Spirit influence, advanced, and placing his hands on Mr. R., spoke the following beautiful invocation, and consecrating formula:

"Father of Fathers! Deity of Deities! aid Thou in this reverential service!" Then addressing the clairvoyant, he continued: "Thou art selected for a purpose most interesting, important, and lofty. Thy mission is to gather together chosen ones who are now widely scattered abroad; and to aid in the furtherance of a union most important; and thou shalt now receive thy new and appropriate name; and thou shalt be called the GATHERER; thou shalt be so unfolded that thou shalt see the condition, wants, and location of those who, through thy instrumentality, are to be gathered together. Go thou on in thy beautiful work of gathering together, and of forming of many one beautiful SPIRITUAL WHOLE. The dwellers on your earth are scattered like unto the fragments of a broken ship, each one floating in its own way, without reference to the whole. Each dweller on your earth is seeking his own individual good. Thy mission is to show them that the true interest of man, is the interest and welfare of his brother man. Thy adaptation to this labor is most extraordinary. Perform thy mission, and perform it well in gathering together."

Bro. S. also proved the virtue of the water of the wonderful springs in Ohio, in relieving a terrible headache of at least two persons. We hold, or are about to hold, a weekly conference of believers, to which we invite all the friends of the new philosophy and saving faith.

Thine, in the bonds of love, WATCHMAN.

UTICA, June 5, 1853.

## EXISTENCE AND ITS HISTORIC MEMORIALS.

OWEGO, April 16, 1853.

Dear Sirs—The following is a sketch of what passed my mind on being assured, by the revelations of Spirits, that history occupied the attention of immortals after leaving the earth. Dispose of it as you please.

K. D.

What, among the studies of the Spirit-land, more nearly approaches the Infinite in its expansive grasp than history? It covers all time, all space all action. History is not merely a *fact*, but has a continued life and growth, and *will* have, while "God and immortality endures." It embraces all time; not in its ordinary signification, as applied to the six or sixty thousand years that have transpired since this planet was individualized, but all that has been and all that will be. We might truly say of the events of our earth, "the world could not contain the books," if they were written. Think of the ponderous volumes that have been produced in recording a mere sketch of the more prominent events of earth's time: they could all have been filled, if used as mere chronologies, before dating a title of the changes and events that have taken place on this globe.

But, are these events lost? Though unpossessed, they are not unrecorded, not lost to the immortal student of history, for *Nature* is its own chronicler, and whose can read *Nature*, retrace the chain of cause and effect, can read *her* history; and though the acts of man seem to have utterly faded away, who shall say that the Spirit-land has not its art as well as its science—its archives of the long, long past, wherein is preserved all that is preservable for the use of such as would look backward through the course of time.

And may there not be those who "Have oft beheld the eternal years complete, The mighty circle round the throne of God; Great in all learning, in all wisdom great;" prepared to reveal from the past infinite, to others all that they might wish or be able to receive.

Again, the character as well as extent impresses us, or rather *appresses* us, with a sense of the infinite. "The history of two persons is alike; so of nations, so of planets, and so of systems. Generals differ, details differ. Individuality and variety, as well as harmony, characterize the works of God universally; so that whatever is said of our earth, as much may be said of each individual earth in God's boundless dominion, without infringing a single copyright. And if there are histories terrestrial there are histories celestial; and if mental, then also Spiritual.

What mortal, during his threescore and ten, could wade through the first chapter of a classified catalogue of *Supernal History*! And if it were possible for translated and glorified intellect to grasp the *all* of the limitless past, must then his study of history necessarily cease? Perhaps of history—but what less than history, to him who can see them, are the events yet to happen—what else than history? But here I pause, and now, reader, is not here food for contemplation! do you fear you shall lack employment in that great eternity you must traverse, after "this mortal shall have put on immortality?" Fear not, God's plan is as perfect and full in its details as in its boundlessness, and whatever your purified taste or desire may be, its gratification is as sure as God's wisdom and power.

## REMARKABLE PHYSICAL PHENOMENON.

Our attention was called, yesterday, to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full-grown man, six feet and two inches tall, thirty-seven years of age, has slept for nearly five years, with only occasional and brief intervals of wakefulness. The name of this man, subject to so remarkable a suspension of the ordinary faculties of the race, is Cornelius Broomer. He is the son of a farmer living in the town of Clarkson, in this county, in whose family only this singular and singular instance of prolonged comatose has ever occurred. The subject of notice first fell into this long sleep on the 19th of June, 1848, and since that time has been awake at different periods, from a few hours to four months at a time. It is remarked that when he comes out of this catalepsy, he appears to have no knowledge of the lapse of time, or of circumstances taking place, while he sleeps. The fit comes upon him instantly, without, so far as is known, any warning. His eyes close, his jaws are set, his muscles contract, and his whole form is rigid, so that if standing, he continues in that attitude partly bent over, and it is not easy to pull him down. He has continued in this condition for months together, unable to speak or move.

Various experiments have been tried to restore him to consciousness, without effect. A seton has been inserted in the back of his neck, without producing any apparent effect, and on one occasion cayenne pepper, moistened with spirits of turpentine, was put into his mouth, and no

visible emotion was caused by the caustic dose. Physicians have seen and wondered, theorized and experimented, in vain. The man sleeps on, lives, eats, retains perfect health, with a pulse at eighty, and without variation. When asleep, he may be placed upon his feet, and he will stand for days together, as he has been known to do for three days and nights in succession. In order to feed him it is necessary to pry open his firmly-set jaws; and in that manner a little food is introduced into his stomach. He is not, however, much emaciated, keeps his natural color, and appears entirely without disease, excepting that which produces his strange sleep. When he awakes, he comes out of his trance suddenly, his rigid muscles relax at once, he asks for meat or drink, and falls to voraciously. If asked why he sleeps so much, he appears to regard it as an imposition, just as any active man would receive an intimation that he was considered sluggish.

The last time he was awake was about five or six weeks since. He was left nearly alone at home; and on coming out of sleep, he got up and went to the lake shore where his brothers were; going into a grocery, he called for liquor, and asked the company to drink with him. On such occasions he is not violent or angry; appears strong and in the full possession of his mental faculties. A slight indication that he is not entirely unaware of what is transpiring about him, was given recently, by his asking his father if he intended to allow him to be taken to New York? Several parties had been endeavoring to get permission to exhibit him, and he appears to have become aware of it by some means, perhaps by hearing conversation about him. This was the only instance of the kind, we believe. The fact that his eyelids are in a constant tremor, favors the idea of his semi-consciousness.

This man is now in charge of Mr. Gardner Davis, of Brockport, who intends to exhibit him to the public, so that a thing so wonderful may be seen by all the world. A brother of the remarkable somnambulist accompanies him—a healthy, strong man, six feet and two inches tall. Many of our physicians have visited the man, at the place where he is lodged—Mr. Damare's Commercial Hotel, Front Street. Efforts have been made to waken him, recently, so that the Faculty, who are deeply interested in the matter, may see him in his wakeful mood. It is a little singular that whisky will have the desired effect, if it is possible to get enough down his throat. But he resists the introduction of the liquor, and it is very difficult to get it down in any quantity.—Rochester Democrat.

Lucy Stone.—We clip, from the Syracuse Weekly Chronicle, the following notice of this lady's oratory:

"As to Lucy Stone, the music of her eloquence sanctifies her very 'blowmer.' We well remember the first time we were brought under her influence. It was at the Women's Rights Convention in this city. Strongly opposed to some of the positions there taken, and prejudiced, in particular, against this wholesale sort of women upon the public rostrum, which had not seemed to us their appropriate arena, we were not particularly propitiated by Lucy Stone's dress (of a pattern at which our taste has always revolted), when she made her appearance on the stand. Not long, however, had her low, sweet, searching tone (that 'excellent thing in woman') fallen upon our ear, and into our heart, before every particle of our hostility was melted away, at least for the time, and her supremacy was complete. When she closed, and sat down, after having held an immense audience for more than an hour, in breathless attention, we turned away, in a state of subdued perplexity, saying softly to ourselves: 'Well, whether we like it or not, little woman, God made you an orator!'"

REV. CHARLES H. HARVEY, of Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., published a remarkable pamphlet on "Spirit-Manifestations" last year, of which we gave a synopsis soon after its issue. Mr. Harvey maintains the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and gives an account of his own experiences in connection therewith, which seemed to us remarkably lucid, impressive, and interesting. Being a Methodist, his orthodoxy and piety, and of the other world were of unimpeachable orthodoxy and piety. This, however, did not preserve Mr. Harvey from being hauled over the coals for his alleged necromancy, and he was silenced as a minister, deprived of his pastoral charge and of the post of Principal in the Methodist Seminary at Kingston on account thereof. Some months afterward—on the 24th of February last—he received a heavy broadside from Rev. Geo. Peck, D. D., through *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, designed to show that he had been guilty of deception and falsehood in the premises, and that he owes the clerical discipline, to which he has been subjected, to that fact! To this criticism, Mr. Harvey replied circumstantially, point by point, and sent this reply to the journal through which the attack was made, but was refused access to its columns!

Mr. Harvey's reply seems to meet the accusations specifically and convincingly, while its spirit and purport are such that there should have been no objection to its insertion in the journal which published the attack. It seems to us that the religious journals, as a class, are less fair and manly in this matter of allowing a hearing to persons vitally assailed through their columns than are their secular contemporaries. Ought this to be so?—Tribune.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.—It being the usual custom of the Roman governors to advise the senate and people of such material things as happened in their respective provinces, Publius Lentulus, being president in the days of Tiberius Caesar the Emperor, wrote the following epistle to the senate, concerning the description of the person of Jesus Christ. "Conscript Fathers: There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raised the dead, and cured all manner of diseases. A man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair of the color of filbert fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient of color.

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