

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 134.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUAL ANNEXATION.

J. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Extended Friends—As much interest is felt by Spiritualists in the question of organization or no organization, I am induced to detail briefly the action taken by the Brooklyn Spiritualists in several of their late meetings upon the subject. Since the commencement of the meetings in Brooklyn the want of some sort of organization has been felt to exist. To prosecute any object before the public involves no inconsiderable labor and expense; and to equalize responsibilities and duties, and to render effective the action of the whole, it was deemed necessary to adopt some basis for methodical and effective action, that would distribute more equally the labors, and prevent the expenses from becoming a burden to any.

On Sunday afternoon, the 22d, ult., the subject was up for consideration, and Mr. Ryerson, late of Cincinnati, but now a resident of Brooklyn, presented the plan of organization of the "Friends of Progress," the society of Spiritualists in Cincinnati, which, after considerable discussion, was laid over to the next meeting. I regret that I am not able to embody a copy of the Preamble, Constitution, and By-laws of the "Friends of Progress" in this article, as, in my view, it is better adapted to the present wants of the cause than any plan of organization I have yet seen. I trust Mr. R. will furnish a copy for publication in the TELEGRAPH, and that you will give it an insertion. I am convinced that the form of organization required by the present condition of the cause is one that admits the widest range of discussion, and which provides for the largest liberty of individual action consistent with order, and a due regard for the feelings of those honestly entertaining different views; and, moreover, one that shall not be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, but which contains within itself provisions for expansion corresponding to the progress of the cause.

At the succeeding meeting, held the 29th ult., owing to the inclemency of the weather, there was but a small attendance. In the absence of Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting, J. H. W. Toohy, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, and apparently in some sort the representative of the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," presented the following preamble and resolutions, which he supported in an able speech, and which were further supported by Uriah Clark, P. B. Randolph, and others, viz.:

Whereas, we believe it to be a blessed truth that men and angels may and do hold Spirit-intercourse, which is calculated to console the mind under every phase of pain and disappointment; proving, as it does, the soul's immortality, the wisdom of all experience, and the necessity of progress in a true and pure life, to be happy here and angelic hereafter—therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt the following, as well-calculated to aid in making this truth practical:

First. That the name or title by which the Society shall be known shall be, "The Brooklyn Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," which shall be auxiliary to the Parent Society in New York City.

Secondly. That the business and objects of the Society shall be:

1. The diffusion of the knowledge of the phenomena and principles of Spiritualism.
2. The defense and protection of believers and inquirers in the freedom of thought and inquiry against all opposition and oppression.
3. The relief of the suffering, the distressed, and the erring, so far as to enable them to lead upright and pure lives.
4. That, as members we pledge ourselves to the cause by subscribing to the above, and paying the sum of — per month, to defray general expenses.
5. That the officers of this Society consist of, and be represented by, an equal number of either sex.

The preamble and resolutions as above printed are not precisely as first offered, for, feeling insuperable objections to several parts of them, I made several motions to amend, which, after considerable discussion, were carried. The fifth and last resolution was added entire upon my motion, and the whole, as above, is the amended copy. When the final vote to adopt was about to be put, finding that the few present were determined to press the question to an immediate vote, I offered a motion to strike out that portion of the first resolution that would make our Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," and which is therein declared to be the "Parent Society." This movement was not prompted by any hostility to the so-called "Parent Society," but because I knew that many Spiritualists were not willing to admit the assumptions of that society, and were opposed strongly to the idea of spiritual centralization; and I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform that those most widely differing in sentiment could not with entire freedom occupy it. I was opposed to any action that would deprive any Spiritualist of the fullest opportunities of usefulness, or that would tend to prevent the fullest fraternization of all investigators and believers of the spiritual phenomena. I was in favor of the adoption of such a basis of organization as would tend to unite and harmonize all. It was my belief that after the movement had acquired age and experience, stability and character, it would

be qualified to form such alliances, enter into such obligations, and perform such labors as the times and circumstances might then seem to approve. But the motion to strike out did not prevail. Not one could be found to do it reverence, so far as to second it. I learned afterward that this was not because it was not approved, but was in consequence of a fear that to further urge the point would lead to further discord. The motion to adopt being put, I voted in the affirmative, in order that I might be privileged to move a reconsideration at the next meeting, to which the subject of officers was referred, as will appear from the following notice published in the *Christian Spiritualist* along with the preamble and resolutions, the following week:

On next Sunday the officers will be chosen, when a full attendance of those interested is desired, that there may be as full an expression of opinion as possible.

We hope the friends will take the necessary steps to make this a working as well as a preaching Society; as it is a conviction now, nearly general among Spiritualists, that one sermon with the hand is worth more than a thousand with the tongue; the plain sense of which is very old, as it is a simple reiteration of an old saying, that "a little help is better than a great deal of pity." Society needs the right kind of talk and the right kind of work; and we believe both to be necessary, as the former is educational to the latter.

Make men and women thorough-going Spiritualists, and you make them practical workers for progress and humanity.

We hope to know this Society as a body of workers, whose delight it shall be to vindicate the ways of God to man, by living the harmonies and doing the duties of the developed man. If this is done, Brooklyn will not be long ignorant of the existence of such a Society, as it will be "a living epistle, known and read of all men."

At the succeeding meeting, which was the last, I briefly recapitulated the previous action, and stated my object in voting as I did in the affirmative, and then proposed to make a motion to reconsider the vote by which the preamble and resolutions were adopted. Hereupon, and before I made the motion, the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* made a speech, in which, among other things, he said that he should regard the reconsideration of the vote, with such an object as I had proposed, viz., to amend by striking out the name and the clause making the society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," a direct insult, and particularly as the preamble and resolutions had been published in the *Christian Spiritualist* with the approbation of the previous meeting. The speech was altogether a very caustic one, yet I have no doubt it was dictated by what he deemed to be the right spirit, and was what he supposed to be demanded by the occasion for the good of the cause. At the close of his remarks, Uriah Clark, in an explanatory speech, informed the audience that his views had changed since the last meeting, and that he was now opposed to the Brooklyn society becoming auxiliary to any other. This change seemed to have been occasioned by what Mr. Clark considered an unwarrantable interference on the part of a representative of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, with reference to his own course, since the preceding meeting. After a desultory conversation, in which all more or less participated, it was concluded to organize for the present for the purpose of holding meetings, simply by the appointment of a committee of finance, who should also have the general direction and control of the meetings during the pleasure of those who appointed them.

There is in Brooklyn a constantly increasing interest in the subject of Spiritualism, and the time must soon come when some more comprehensive plan of operations must be adopted to satisfy the desire, so rapidly spreading, to investigate and learn more of the philosophy of the spiritual phenomena. The experience we have had, and the desire to fraternally cooperate with one another, which inspires the most of Spiritualists, I trust will result in an effective and wisely constructed movement, which I hope may speedily be developed.

TAPPEN TOWNSEND.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8, 1854.

ASSOCIATION VS. OPPOSITION.

"The life of the body is the school-time of the spirit for eternity."

Nearly two thousand years have now been occupied by the laborers in the Christian mission, and viewing the miserable state of society after all this, evidently, misdirected labor, the present stupid course of the clergy in the old beaten track, regardless of all warnings and friendly advice, is nothing more or less than a gross insult to the cultivated judgment of the age. If they can draw conclusions from the past, they can not but be sensibly cognizant of the fact that they are laboring to no purpose; that influences, *inevitable* to their present mode of warfare, are opposed to their every effort. The plan of battle against sin and error must be entirely changed, or they may go on toiling into the very eternity of duration, and the results be and continue as unsatisfactory in every stage of their progress as they are at this moment. Why, the cause of their failure is as plain to the mind as that two and two make four, namely—that where men's interests are divided, their feelings will be divided. Now, it is a fact, that the whole system of Christendom is based upon this very principle—*divided interests*. How, then, can the Saviour's injunctions, "Be united," "Love ye one another," be fulfilled or complied with? It is

perfect folly for the opponents of the principle of association to raise objections to the efforts now making to the building up of a different state of temporal affairs.

The question is, is man now divided in feeling? Do men love one another? Will *divided* interests *unite* them? No! no! no! Then stand out of the way with your fine-turned sentences and plausible sophistries; we don't want word-masters; the *past* has tried and proved that plan; we want, for the future, *work-masters*; we want men who know how, and are willing to do, something. Nature answers the language of EXPERIMENT alone. We have had an *eighteen-hundred-year-experiment of TALKING*; now give us a *LIKE TERM*—which would be but fair—for a *working, doing* experiment, and then we will be very willing for mankind to condemn or applaud us for the result, good or bad as the case may be. It is very easy for any man, with a vivid imagination and ready tongue or pen, to prophecy that this, that, or the other bad result will arise from such or such a course of conduct on the part of the friends of humanity; but who gave such men this prophetic knowledge—this clear-sightedness into the FUTURE? "The Spirits," he may reply. Well, perhaps so. But in answer to this, we declare that Spirits, or that mysterious *intelligence* which can not be designated by any better name at present, has told us a very different tale to that related by these men, for there are more than one such. This "intelligence" has told us that the mission of Spiritualism is the upbuilding of the Divine Unitary Kingdom, such kingdom to be based on the principle of cooperation, united interests, common property; and for ourselves, we would rather submit to be guided by said "intelligence" than by the intelligence of any man who is an advocate, admirer, or defender of the present low, mean, degrading, huckstering, lying, and legally-swindling system. Man "intelligence" has governed the world up to this time, is still governing it. Look at the results. View the consequences. Is not the world—is not society—Christian society (!)—a perfect hell of every thing that is base, vile, and anti-religious? Is not even our churches, the acknowledged point of *highest purity* in the whole system, and all their polity, prostituted to the sinister idol—mammon? Do they not every seventh day make of Christ—the Master—a beggar before his people? How can the people be expected to hold a reverence for his character under such circumstances? He who thinks so is a mere *close-philosopher*, and knows nothing about human nature as it *really* is. Let such stand out of the path of the NEW ORDER. Let such go and mix with mankind, and open his mouth when his schooling is complete. How can the expenses of church organization, under the *present system*, be defrayed but by making Christ, periodically, a beggar before his people? It can be done in no other way, while the people are under a system of *divided interests*. But under a system of UNITED interests, it can and *will* be done, which must be apparent to even our opponents. In the Unitary Kingdom, then—the negative of the present—the character of Christ can and will be revered; he will stand in full, un tarnished glory before his people as the Divine Redeemer, and not as now as an importunate beggar; he will stand as *designed*, namely, as the heaven-created *ideal of human character*, and all will become shaped to his celestial proportions. And what, in plain terms, is the *end, aim, and object* of our present commercial, trafficking, trading, huckstering system whom some, even claiming the name of Reformers, are so ready to laud and defend? Is it not simply and avowedly a system of *EXTORTION*, *barely* within the pale of the law, and not unfrequently outside the law? And mark, that law made by the very men who have become *rich*, and, consequently, influential by robbing just *within* the pale of the law made, fixed, and proportioned by the cunning and unprincipled *selfishness* of their own class! Look at it! Is it not so? A precious system, truly. Who, as a REFORMER, can applaud such an unmitigated eye-sore ranking before high heaven? From the earliest page of history we learn that the lowly order of labor has shaped nature out of the rough into forms of beauty and utility. The earth has been wrought by labor from a wilderness to its present state of magnificent cities, gorgeous palaces, castles, and superb mansions and chateaux. If this state of society is *just*, how is it that after labor has done all for the world, how is it, we say, we find the *LABORER in rags and poverty*? There *must* be, and is, something wrong somewhere. And that wrong is a vile, and abominable wrong. It ought to be ferreted out by some parties. Where can be the harm if SPIRITUALISTS try their hand at the task? None. It is their duty; it is the duty of every one professing a regard for the welfare of his species. And what can that man be *really* in heart who can rail against and try to place stumbling-blocks in their way? Such may call themselves Reformers, but such are of that class of world-cobblers who have by their ignorant, bigoted, and sinister piece-meal botching brought society to what we see it—to a mass of bloated extravagance on one side, and a turmoil of misery, poverty, and discontent on the other. Precious Reformers, these!

Opposition, judging from the past, appears to be the destiny of all reformatory effort. So it is; and we must hold ourselves prepared to expect it. In attempting to pierce a wood you

are more annoyed with briars, and brambles, and little, tangled, fantastic creepers, than with the towering, majestic oaks; and in passing through a village at midnight, the little, wiffling curs will make more noise and uproar than the sturdy mastiff, waiting silently and patiently to do his duty. Yet both these annoyances are equally harmless. Seriously, how can any man in conscience venture an opinion on the *future*, predicated on the *past*, of associative effort, when it is a fact that that effort was directed by unaided, human judgment? Things are now changed entirely, or does the spiritual revelation—the power of man to communicate with higher orders of intelligence—count for nothing? Said orders of intelligence may not be able or willing to sharpen our intellects. There is too much of that commodity already. We find it swindling and over-reaching in the mart; we find it coining and counterfeiting so ingeniously that its work can not be detected by even the shrewd money-monger himself. But it can be foreseen what Spiritualism will do—it will *chasten our spirits*. The very fact of the discovery by man that he has an *immortal life* will irresistibly cause him to guard and temper his passions and appetites in this. Yea, 'tis the spirit of man, and not his intellect, which now needs cultivation; the lack of which is even now making society a hell, a pandemonium, utterly unfitted as a dwelling-place for all whom God has endowed with refined and sensitive natures. To such the present phase of society is continual and unending annoyance, anxiety, and torture. Talk of the single, one-family, model home! Why, every such home is, in plain terms, a little, petty, selfish hole and corner conspiracy—a plotting to outwit, perchance plunder, all the world without, and to concoct ways and means so that the world shall not outwit or plunder them. Beautiful model home! Such homes you may find in the FIVE POINTS of New York, in the Wynds of Glasgow, in St. Giles', London, and somewhere in the suburbs of every large city belonging to this Sodom and Gomorrah, called Christian society! Such model homes are the natural and inevitable results of your precious system of *divided interests*—of your "every man for himself, etc." Down with such a system to perdition, or to any other region, so long as it continues to blight and curse the earth with its enormities.

In conclusion, we would urge upon the ASSOCIATIVE SPIRITUALISTS to persevere steadily in their practical work of temporal and spiritual redemption, nor heed the idle prattlings of pretended friends or open foes. Your work, your aim and object is approved by Heaven, and by every really practical, doing philanthropist in the world. Should you fall in the first attempt, up and at it again; cowardice or faintheartedness must not be known among you. Remember, Heaven and all good angels are at your side, and you must in the end be triumphant.

Sincerely, in the cause of God and Humanity,

POTOSI, WISCONSIN.

JAMES NIXON.

SPIRITUAL WONDERS.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Some few months back, a friend from Parksburg, Penn., paid me a momentary visit, during which a few friendly words were passed upon different subjects, and among them that of Spiritualism. It was the first serious thought upon the subject our friend had indulged in. On returning to his farm, he, with some friends, formed a circle for investigation of the proscribed subject. A few weeks after our meeting I received a letter, announcing their entire conversion to Spiritualism, from the fact that Mr. S. and his daughter had both become writing mediums. A Rev. Gent. in the neighborhood requested the loan of "Edmonds on Spiritualism" from Mr. S., promising a careful consideration of its contents; but, strange to say, he speedily returned it; it may be, however, that the work was sufficiently long in his hand to burn a considerable hole in his theology. It was soon announced, however, that the same careful consideration would preach a sermon *against* Spiritualism. It was done with a solemn warning to his people not to go near the varmint. I have long heard the Protestant outcry against the dupes of the "Scarlet Lady," that they feared the truth; and then quote from the poet the charming words:

"Seize upon truth wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
Among our friends, among our foes,
The plant's divine where'er it grows."

But let truth tread upon their theological corns, and how quickly they fly to their ark of safety, and cry, Beware of intruders!

But my purpose is to speak of the daughter of Mr. S., above alluded to. She is now a most wonderful medium. Spirits write freely through her; play upon different instruments of music, even to a flute; preach with power and eloquence, and make free use of nearly all languages, and correctly. These things are beyond her powers when in the normal state. A sermon, in answer to the one above alluded to, was written through her hand, requiring about an hour to read; in which the accomplished Spirit reviews, and successfully refutes, the one by the reverend gentleman above alluded to. I will en-

deavor to give a few of the most interesting manifestations through this medium.

The Spirits vs. Spirits. On one occasion the Spirit of an old fellow by the name of Whitley, once a resident of the place and proprietor of a public-house, announced himself. He said he was in *Zero*—the lowest of the spheres, and miserable. This was thought strange, of, as Old Whitley was considered a right clever, old fellow, and deserving of a better fate. To be sure he sold rum, but this was, an honorable calling, inasmuch as it was legal. The next time that they called up their Spirit-friends, who should be announced but the old landlord-alluded to. "I want to answer some inquiries upon your mind before you proceed further," said he. "You want to know why it is that I am in 'Zero.' I'll tell you. I sold rum, and THAT HERE IS CONSIDERED MURDER." The answer was thrilling, and sent a cold chill through the system of the inquirers.

Here is a theme for thought. What if the spirits of departed rum-sellers—the respectable and low—should visit their former dens of iniquity, and proclaim from the lowest depths of spirit-being into the startled ears of their successors: "I sold rum, and that here is considered murder."

Murder, indeed! 30,000 annually fall in these States by the weapon of rum. And how fall? Not as the victim on the highway—it may be prosperous in finance, and prepared for death—not so, but fall, alas! degraded morally, physically, intellectually; and unlamented. Give us any death but that of the rum victim.

We want to die respected by society—die beloved and lamented by relatives and friends—we want that the family we leave behind shall point without shame to our life, and the sweet smile of conscious hope shall always lift the thought of our near on-ones from the senseless clay to the spirit immortal and happy. But as a Spiritualist we might say, we don't intend to die—we know a better way.

A Spirit, formerly known on the earth as Friend Evans, of Ohio—so he announces it—is the almost constant attendant of this young lady. He is evidently a classic scholar and a deep and able moralist. He is ever present to guide and advise the medium, who is somewhat timid, concerning these things, and to speak wisdom to those who seek it. It is this Spirit who writes so fluently in the different languages.

On one occasion a Spirit took possession of her and delivered a most appropriate speech on "prohibition." He begged her to "come over to the public hall, that he might speak to the people," saying, "Don't fear, Eliza, I'll put you through and make the old hall ring."

The spirit of Daniel Webster was on one occasion announced. He expressed great pleasure in finding in her the most susceptible spiritual medium that he had yet found, and desired to speak to his countrymen upon a subject of deep importance—"the growth of sectarian animosity." There is a feeling abroad, said he, which, if not checked by wisdom and prudence, will end in blood.

This is but a few of the many instances which have occurred since their introduction into the investigation. These cases are more interesting inasmuch as the parties are but novices in the matter. Mr. S. is a farmer, and is independent on the subject. He cares not for the scoffs of the neighborhood; asks no favors for himself or Spiritualism, but is ready in kindness to aid inquirers when they knock for admittance. He does not cry, Walk in, until the knock is first heard. Many are becoming curious regarding them, and some cry, Crazy, humbug, etc.

Through this medium another has been developed, while on a visit this last summer. She lives in Philadelphia, and is now thoughtfully spreading the inquiry in another quarter. Thus it is that the cause spreads. Heaven is at work arm-in-arm with the co-workers of earth, and pushing forward this glorious reformation. It must succeed.

May I add a few plain thoughts? They are sad thoughts. I was making inquiries of some of our prominent agitators here as to the probability of getting a few lectures in Philadelphia by the most promising and talented leaders of the cause, and I was told that it would cost about one hundred dollars a day. They must have a first-class hotel, ten dollars, and the usual accompanying extravagance, or they would not come. Are these the men, I asked, who preach the glorious new philosophy of progression—rich with the fruits of Spiritualism—whose books of monstrous editions have been freely bought by Spiritualists? They who have preached successfully against the selfishness of men, and are they the very personification of selfishness? If so, it must be known, and Spiritualists must be warned of them. They have trafficked in justice, and would traffic the kingdom of heaven for lucre. I trust it is not so. I hope there is some misunderstanding in the matter, and we will find our fears are without foundation.

Yours, truly,

A. C. M'C.

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1854.

PITY is a sense of our own misfortunes in those of another man; it is a sort of foresight of the disasters that may befall ourselves; We assist others, in order that they may assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

ATTEMPTS AT ORGANIZATION.

We have hitherto said little or nothing on the subject of organization, but, judging from present indications, we shall have occasion to express our views more fully hereafter. We are certainly not a little surprised at the proceedings which recently occurred in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, as detailed in the communication of Mr. TAPPEN TOWNSEND, which will be found on our first page. There certainly can be no reasonable objection to such local organizations as may be designed and calculated to further the material and spiritual interests of humanity, and to render the present Reformation orderly and effective. But all this, we feel assured, can be quite as successfully accomplished, and with the least possible danger to individual freedom, by leaving the friends in each and every place to follow their own convictions respecting the specific nature and form of the organic arrangements necessary to be adopted. We see no reason why the Spiritualists all over the country and the world should be made auxiliary to a few persons in this city, or elsewhere. The attempt to organize in this manner may be very well intended—we impugn the motives of no one—but we regard the scheme as at once ambitious and repulsive in its general aspects and intrinsic character. An auxiliary is a helper or an assistant, and the proposition to organize all creation into auxiliary associations to cooperate with the Spiritualists in New York is virtually saying, that we are the principal parties on whom the prosecution and consummation of this work mainly depends, and that all the rest of mankind may assist us if they please.

The attempt to constitute one organization a paternal guardian and governor over all others of a similar character is, in our judgment, calculated to centralize power in the hands of a few, and to diminish the individual freedom of all others. Such organizations have never ceased to invest their own members, and such as have acknowledged their authority, with an adventitious influence and importance, while they have as constantly overlooked the righteous claims of the people at large. The institutions of Church and State have thus too frequently fostered the empty pretensions of certain favorites, while at the same time they have stooped from their "bad eminences" to defraud and crush humanity. We impute no such designs to any Spiritualist here or elsewhere, but we can not close our eyes to the tendency of such organizations. We have felt the scathing impress of their burning scorn, and humanity has been made to agonize in every fiber of its great heart. We want spiritual teachers deeply imbued with the principles of our divine philosophy; but we want no titled and mirrored classes to preside over us. We have laid our hand on the altars of Freedom and Religion and entered into a solemn covenant to resist, calmly but firmly and forever, all such institutions, because they waste the substance and subvert the liberties of mankind.

MYSTERIOUS SILENCE.

Some six weeks since the author of certain articles on "Ghost Literature," after having repeatedly slandered the great body of Spiritualists and Spiritualism, by attempting to make the odious doctrine of a sensual Free-love a part of their system, took occasion to defy everybody in general, and himself in particular, to show that Spiritualism has made known any new truth. To this vaunting invitation we promptly responded, that the TELEGRAPH was ready to accept the affirmative of a proposition covering this new issue whenever the *Tribune* might find it convenient to open its columns to a fair discussion of the question. But since that day the writer in the *Tribune* has kept silent on this point; and still there is no reply. We have waited patiently until the election is fairly over, and the returns are in, and now we should like to know whether the party who gave the ostentatious challenge referred to really meant any thing. We are ready to exhibit the new truths of Spiritualism, or the old falsehoods of its enemies, if the occasion shall require. Is the *Tribune* prepared to admit its readers to the exhibition?

WHO DECEIVE THE PUBLIC?

We extract the following paragraph from the November number of the *National Magazine*, published in this city:

"Our readers know very well that we have labored in these pages to repress the delusions of Spirit-rapping, hyinizing that its alleged phenomena should not be referred to spiritual causes (as in the report of Mr. Beecher), but could be explained on physical principles, on some abnormal action of the nervous system—a fact to which we do yet most soberly hold. We scarcely know a man who has looked into it that does not hold to our own opinions upon it, except the fanatics who contend for its supernaturalism. It has had its day, and it is time it were done with, except as an illustration of the times for the examination of the learned and curious."

Now whatever may have been this writer's intention, his statement is obviously calculated to mislead and deceive the public. The assumption that the spiritual phenomena can be accounted for by reference to some undefined "abnormal action of the nervous system" is a shallow and stupid pretense. This notion is neither illustrated by a single fact whereon we are disposed to rely, nor supported by the remotest probability of which we can conceive. Will the pretended "abnormal action" of a young lady's nerves move 700 pounds' weight? Can it speak a poem of four or five thousand lines in one day? Will it enable a man to lift himself, without effort and unconsciously? Phenomena such as are here indicated often occur, and to refer them to an abnormal nervous action involves such a total abandonment of all the dictates of reason, that we can hardly suppose that any man with good sense and ordinary sincerity would so dispose of them.

We are told, moreover, that Spiritualism "has had its day." Did not the editor of the *National Magazine* know better? If not, he must have neglected his opportunities, and therefore had no right to speak so confidently at the hazard of leading his readers astray. We do know that the very thing declared by this writer to have had its day, is really stronger now than it ever was at any previous period in the history of the movement. Our opportunities for receiving reliable information on this point are far more extensive than those of the writer under review, and if our cotemporary does not want to deceive the public respecting the real facts in the case, he should at once retract his statement.

The editor of the *National Magazine* says: "We hardly

know a man who has looked into it, that does not hold to our opinions upon it, except the fanatics who contend for its supernaturalism." Now it should be observed that the great body of Spiritualists in America do not believe that *any thing is supernatural in the sense here implied*. Finally, we are personally acquainted with many Spiritualists, but we do not know of one who has pursued the investigation to any extent that can be induced to announce the *National's* "opinions," if we except those craven souls who openly stigmatize what they secretly believe.

THE DISPATCH ON SPIRITUALISM.

The *Dispatch* of Sunday, the 19th inst., has a digest of the contents of the last number of our paper, wherein the editor of that journal endeavors to give the substance of the more important articles, which he treats in a grave or facetious manner, as the subjects comprehended in his analysis chance to impress his mind. Some of our facts and ideas must appear strange to an outsider, and it is not at all surprising that the deductions of the *Dispatch* are not always warranted by his premises. For example, he selects from our columns a curious illustration of the presence and power of the invisible agents and argues therefrom that Spirits have an *appetite for candies*, and that their organizations are fitted to assimilate sugar.

But the statement in the *TELEGRAPH* authorizes no such inference. It was merely alleged that what purported to be the Spirit of a little child came to a circle, of which its father was a member, and asked him, in the course of the evening, for three several pieces of candy; that in each instance the father took a piece in his hand which was removed by the invisible agent purporting to be his daughter; that after the pieces had severally disappeared, a sound was heard as if they were being crushed between the teeth. Such was the simple fact for which we are responsible. From this the *Dispatch*, as we believe, reasons to a false conclusion—that Spirits "eat candies," and that they "must have natural stomachs." But perhaps our cotemporary has a logical right to be logically wrong. Be that as it may, all we require is, that he will father his own and not leave such illegitimate offspring at our door.

The *Dispatch* presents a lengthy synopsis of Mr. Brown's article, "Where is the Spirit-World?" in which it presents the writer's views fairly. Then follows a paragraph embodying the cardinal idea of our editorial leader—Sectarianism Tried and found Wanting—which is rendered in such a manner as to afford no ground for complaint. Next follows a reference to the letter of E. E. Gibson, which is characterized as strongly "atheistical." The next paragraph is devoted to the article by Dr. Robinson, "Spiritualism and the Press," and aims to present the gist of what the Doctor says on Free Love. The remaining portion of the article in the *Dispatch* relates to the paper selected from the *Sacred Circle*—"What is Spiritualism?" The answer to this question, as given by Phoenix, does not altogether satisfy the writer in the *Dispatch*, as will be inferred from his concluding remark, which is subjoined:

"Well, this is all edifying, though we do not yet exactly understand 'what is Spiritualism,' a question which the writer set out to tell us very plainly. Our comprehension may be dull, and others may have no difficulty in seeing through the mist that hangs like a cloud over our intellect. The Bible tells us of 'the spirit of the beast,' but we never heard any authority for the spirit of a tree or a mountain; but we live in a remarkable age, and will have to travel along with the fifteen hundred thousand who see all these strange things clearly."

No, friend, that course will not subserve your interest or that of the cause. If you propose "to travel along with" us we want you to keep your eyes open, lest unhappily you fall into some snare and leave us to suffer the reproach of your blindness. We should like your company, but presume you are most interesting when wide awake.

LECTURES BY THE EDITOR.

We have heretofore been frequently solicited to deliver lectures in several places at the East and West, but, with rare exceptions, we have been unable to comply with the wishes of our friends in this respect. Our duties at home have been so numerous and complicated as to render our constant presence quite necessary, if not altogether indispensable. But we are making arrangements to be absent a portion of the time during the present lecturing season, and we are now prepared to receive and consider any similar requests from our friends in those directions. Our lectures will cover the general facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and will be illustrated by a collection of curious specimens of Spirit writings, in various ancient and modern languages; drawings alleged to represent celestial fruits, flowers, etc.; numerous mythological heads and portraits of ancient seers, philosophers, and artists, etc., all executed by invisible agents, claiming to be spirits. Those who may desire our services in this capacity will oblige us by communicating their wishes at an early date. Address, S. B. BRITTAN.

BRO. HARRIS IN PHILADELPHIA.—A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Rhode Island Freeman*, in a letter addressed to the editor of that journal, has the following paragraph:

T. L. Harris has been lecturing here to-day, on man, and his relation to the spiritual world. His discourse in the morning was a very beautiful one, having not only beauty but substance in it. The heavy rain has probably kept many away during this evening. His manner of speaking has much of the fervor of his impulsive and impressive organization. On the subject of Spiritualism we have much discussion. There are two or three public debates weekly, and three or four different places of meeting on Sundays. It has become so common to meet Spiritualists and media, that they now elicit no comment here.

THE SPIRITS IN SCOTLAND.—An eminent lady, who resides in Massachusetts, suggests that we inquire of our orthodox friends "what Hugh Miller had in his mind when he wrote the following:

"There is a phase of the religious character (which, in the south of Scotland, belongs to the first two ages of the Presbytery, but which appeared ere its third establishment under William of Nassau) in which a sort of wild machinery of the supernatural was added to the common aspect of a living Christianity. The men in whom it was exhibited were seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; and standing on the very verge of the natural world, they looked far into the world of Spirits, and had at times their strange glimpses of the distant future."

"LYRIC OF THE MORNING-LAND."—We shall speak at length of the contents, etc., of this beautiful book in our next issue. The work contains some forty pages more matter than the *EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN*; it is printed in the very best style, on paper of the first quality, and elegantly bound. The *LYRIC* is sold at the same price as the *EPIC*, viz., 75 cts., \$1, and \$1 25, according to the style of the binding. The *Journal of Commerce* of Monday, 20th instant, says:

"It is a poem of great beauty, exhibiting much power of imagination, melodious and correct versification."

AN HONORABLE COMMISSION.

The following is the substance of a letter just received, dated Mt. Palatine, Putnam Co., Ill., Nov. 7, 1854.

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir—I send thee a commission herewith, which I hope will be agreeable. I have a farm of one hundred acres on which I work. I was brought up on a farm, and I love farming. My children are all married and moved away, and I want help. I want two boys, say from twelve to sixteen years of age, to work with me. I had rather have orphans, and prefer Germans to Irish. I speak and read German. I will feed and clothe them, and send them to school until they acquire a good business education; and when they are twenty-one years of age, I will give each of them money enough to buy a quarter section of government land wherever they please to select it, or two hundred dollars in cash. I want these boys well made, both in body and brain. I have brought up an orphan girl who is married to one of the first merchants in Cleveland, and I have now another orphan girl. I should like one of the boys immediately, and the other any time prior to April next. We take your paper, the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, and hold spiritual circles every week in my house, etc.

I most cheerfully accept this commission, and esteem it an honor to be permitted to discharge the duty it involves. I am most happy to take the neglected orphan children from our streets, and show them a father; to remove these immortal germs from the sloughs of filth, degradation, suffering, and crime, and transplant them in the verdant West, where all nature invites to industry and virtue, and promises to reward the laborer with abundance. Such a change in the physical condition of the young, affords the sure prophecy of a corresponding moral and intellectual improvement. I wish the next five weeks would bring me five thousand just such commissions, and I would fill them. Who can estimate the benefits to humanity for the next thousand years that must flow from such a change in the earth-life of one of these children?

Think of this subject, in connection with what our correspondent has said of his orphan girl, who is now the wife of one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland. Where would she have been to-day, and what the condition of her offspring, if she had not found a father in our friend. And now think of the inestimable advantages to society, by a like change in the lives of five thousand children running at large in our streets. Society must not blame the vagrant and vicious until they change the conditions which make them so. What can we expect of children who have no father, mother, or friend? To advise them; and those worse off who have indolent, drunken, and vicious parents, who send them into our streets to beg or steal, and whip them at night if they have not done the vicious errand? Many of these children are sent out barely covered with rags, bare-footed, and leaving marks of blood upon the sharp ice and snow. The lash is used to compel them to beg, and they are abused if they do. I have sometimes queried as to which was the worse of the two, those who send out their children on such errands, or those who abuse them for their unfortunate condition. Yet the children should not be blamed, for it is by beating and starvation that they are made profligate, and profligacy or death is the only alternative. God only knows how many choose the latter, rather than involve the soul in the degrading conditions upon which society allows the physical body to be sustained. I say society, because I don't believe there ever was a man or woman who became profligate or vicious in and of themselves alone, but rather through circumstances and conditions over which they individually had but little or no control. Will any body pretend that these poor children can control the circumstances and conditions which are confirming them in a degenerate and beggarly mode of life? Well, then, where does the responsibility lay, but with you and I, and every other member of society, who have left undone any thing which might better their condition and place them under more favorable circumstances.

Reader, examine thyself, and see what thou mayest do or say to meliorate the condition of one of these little ones. Who among our numerous readers can do as our brother U—has done? If you are not moved by humanitarian considerations, consider it in a pecuniary point of view. Boys from twelve to sixteen years old, on a farm or in a manufacturing establishment, can earn one dollar per week more than the cost of their board, clothes, and schooling, which would amount to \$208. From sixteen to twenty-one, say two dollars per week more than schooling, board, and clothes, amounts to \$520; total \$728 (and this is a moderate calculation). From the above amount deduct one or two hundred dollars to be paid to the boy when twenty-one years of age, and then a large margin is left, which shows it to be a money-making operation; and to those who have no humanitarian enterprise, I appeal on the ground of money-making.

The writer is one of the Executive Committee of the New York Juvenile Asylum, an incorporated institution. The object of this institution is to take and provide for orphans and other neglected and destitute children in New York city, and as soon as properly disciplined, to bind them out to well-recommended people about the country. We have circulars and printed forms of indenture, which will be forwarded to those desiring to examine them with a view of taking our children. Thus far we have obligated the persons to whom we have indentured children, to give them an ordinary education, and from one to two hundred dollars when they are of age. We have bound out several hundred, who have given general satisfaction, and we have several hundred boys and girls at present in our establishment, for whom we want to get good places, to give room for others who ought to be there. The weaklings have not survived the terrible trials to which they have been exposed, and those who remain are generally strong, healthy, and well developed in body and mind. Under proper training they are likely to become useful members of society, and to distinguish themselves in the boiling surges of true human endeavor. No Spiritualist can be indifferent to a reform like this, and I trust they will esteem it a privilege to be instrumental in finding homes for these little ones.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

LECTURES AND CIRCLES.—From a note just received from A. Sternburg, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., we learn that the friends of Spiritualism in that place met on the evening of the 5th inst., and appointed a committee for the purpose of securing speakers and making other necessary arrangements for a course of public lectures, and a series of general circles for the ensuing winter. The committee consist of the following-named persons: Rev. H. Slade, A. A. Kellogg, B. Huling, Dr. N. Bedortha, Mrs. B. Huling, Mrs. R. B. Newton, Mrs. J. W. Crossman, Miss C. Green.

We are happy to learn that Mrs. J. R. Mettler, who was some time since confined by a severe illness, has entirely recovered her health, and that her powers seem to have been quickened by her recent painful experience. Mrs. M. is unable to attend to all who apply to her for relief.

CONFERENCE AT THIS OFFICE.

NOVEMBER 7TH, 1854.

Mr. Partridge remarked that it had been proposed at a previous meeting to name in advance some specific topic relating to spiritual phenomena, to be discussed at our meetings. This method, if adopted, would give the opportunity for a more deliberate examination of the subjects named, and would result in clearer statements of the views they elicited. He proposed for subsequent consideration the subject of *Mediumship*. He would inquire whether there were not a universal law or laws of mediumship applicable to all its phases—a law by which we shall be able to decide between that which is spiritual and that which is of the earth in its origin. We have many communications which to his mind bear the impress of a spiritual origin, but then there are others that seem as obviously to originate in the natural world. The media in both cases may be perfectly honest, but this is no shield against deception. To be secure from that, we must find the law of the case, if that be possible, and he hopes it is. There is supposed to be a law of communication between separate identities of matter, a law of relation between particles, a communion of stellar systems and worlds; there ought to be discoverable a law of the "communion of saints"—a great spiritual law binding soul to soul. There is such a law doubtless. Are we to look for it in the unfolding law of atomic attraction, or shall we look for another?

Mr. M. suggested the question whether it is not as desirable to be able to receive rightly, as to be a medium for the transmission of, the thoughts of Spirits? He thinks the state of the inquirer determines more than any other one condition, the nature and character of what comes from the interior world; else, why is it that some persons get good answers from all mediums, and others nothing but mistakes?

Mr. Fishbough thought the subject presented by Mr. Partridge too important for him to enter upon without due consideration. He wished to examine it more fully, and thought he would be able to present his views on next Tuesday evening. He would say, however, that he did not think it very important to be a physical medium, but to be a medium for interior impressions was all-important. Spirits are incapable of imparting, through the prevalent mode, wisdom much superior to the earth plane, for they must, from necessity, assume it when they communicate with us in earth language. In that case they descend to us and become, as it were, earth men and women again. But when we ascend to them (which we may do by solemn preparation), and are introduced into their sphere, we enter into their own state of wisdom and purity. He never thinks of getting any thing much beyond himself through the common physical media, but when he rises to the angelic plane he gets superior wisdom by a process at once easy and reliable.

Some communications which may appear elsewhere were then read to show that Mr. F. might be mistaken in his estimate of the wisdom which Spirits were able to communicate by the common mode.

The question of Mr. Partridge, in Mr. M.'s judgment, needed further elucidation. We have medium manufactures, where the article is produced by wholesale and retail for home consumption and for exportation. He wanted a standard of value for the commodity. In other words, he would be glad to find the law by which it can be determined when mediums are influenced by ourselves merely, and when they are acting for Spirits; or he would be glad to know whether the manufacturing process so much in vogue just now, does not vitiate the reliability of mediums for Spirit-intercourse?

Dr. Gray said that his long and carefully-repeated experiments in clairvoyance compelled him to answer Mr. Partridge's inquiry in the negative. He was not able to find any sure criterion in any case of seeing mediumship for determining whether what the mediums think they see be a reality outside of the seer's constitution, or a picture language created within the vast arena of his own region of phantasy.

The well-settled facts of psychology destroy all reliance on the consciousness of the seer. We can in no case say absolutely that the seer is not receiving his images of Spirit-sight from the plastic powers of some mind in the body with whom he is in mesmeric rapport. Dr. Dods, Dr. B. Brown Williams, and many other itinerant experimenters have publicly retorted this point beyond a cavil.

A member of the Conference interrupted the speaker to ask what evidence he required to convince him that the Spirit alleged to be seen by the medium was in reality present?

The consciousness or persuasion of the seer being entirely discredited, we must look for evidence in the communications themselves, and in demonstrations of a physical nature which shall correspond in character and import with the sense of the communication.

The physical demonstrations regarded by the Doctor as the least ambiguous, as in fact to his mind completely convincing, are those he denominates temporary organizations. He instanced particularly the cases where a tangible and visible human hand, corresponding in all respects to the hand of the party purporting to communicate, as well in size and shape, as in temperament and emphasis of action, was felt by the party addressed and found to respond to mental questions, to rap out communications, and to perform telegraphic manipulations indicative of the affection and intelligence of the deceased party. This is the most convincing demonstration which the Doctor has witnessed, although many others of a physical nature give very strong proof of the presence and identity of Spirits. These manifestations, while they confirm the truthfulness of the seer's vision in some cases, by no means depend on such vision for their value or force.

A seeing medium may see correctly, i. e., objectively at one time, and fallaciously, i. e., subjectively at another; and, according to the Doctor's opinion, we have no absolute means of determining which is fact and which fallacy, unless such means are furnished from the spiritual world by physical demonstrations of a very unmistakable character. The persuasions of the seer are of no scientific value as evidence whatsoever; for the trance state is a negative condition of the conscious plane of the man—one in which visual impressions, however foolish, grotesque, or disorderly, as to form and action, are necessarily received with reverence and submissive respect as actual and serious verities. The moment the medium begins to criticize or doubt the veracity of his vision, his consciousness reappears in his external plane, and he becomes positive, i. e., what we call awake. The state of denial is ever the positive state, as well mental as physical.

Dr. Hallow said if he were an inquirer after the alleged facts of modern Spiritualism, between the "seventh heaven" of Mr. Fishbough's theory and the stern criticism of Dr. Gray, he should surely be lost in a fog. It can not fail to be discouraging to the beginner to be told that he can get nothing of value from his friends in the Spirit-world through a medium of flesh and blood like himself, and that he must aspire to be so much better than the angels, as to be able to soar above and beyond them before he can hope to receive any thing reliable or valuable as to knowledge and wisdom. On the other hand, statements purporting to be from Spirits are declared to be destitute of the requisite evidence to support the claim. Discouraging as this fact may appear on the face of it, it is only on the face. Intrinsically, it seemed to him to present no difficulty. The communications around which these doubts cluster, have within themselves their own standard of value as absolute as any other. But they do not prove the same thing. One form of manifestation is an attempt to establish the fact of spiritual existence and intercourse; the other assumes to be a manifestation of wisdom—it treats of doctrines and dogmas. Tried by their respective claims they present no difficulty. Suppose an effort is made by or through a medium to establish the identity of an individual who has departed this life: we apply our knowledge of the person as one of the tests by which we determine its value; and there are innumerable instances in which all the tests point absolutely to the one glorious conclusion—our verdict is—"That was a spiritual manifestation!" It set out to establish that, and has succeeded. The same plastic individual, perhaps in half an hour afterward, treats us with a manifestation of wisdom. Principles and doctrines are the theme now, not the identity of Spirits. For this purpose it matters not what name may be appended to the communication; it matters not whence it came. Its value (if it have any) is intrinsic, and therefore manifest.

LECTURE NOTICES.

Rev. T. L. HARRIS lectured last Sunday, morning and evening, to very large and deeply interested audiences, in Sansom-street Hall, Philadelphia. Bro. Harris will supply the desk in Dodworth's Academy on Sunday next, morning and evening.

J. H. W. TOOMEY, of the *Christian Spiritualist*, addressed the New York Spiritualists in Dodworth's Academy on Sunday morning and evening last. We understand that the audiences were large, and that liberal collections were taken up for the benefit of the Ladies' Humanitary School.

Original Communications.

INVOCATION.

The following beautiful and sublime utterance was written by C. D. STUART, and accompanies the introduction to the "Voices from Spirit-Land," the volume of poems recently communicated through Nathan Francis White, and which we published several months since.—Ed.

Spirit divine, eternal and immortal,
By whom all things created live and move;
Who holds the keys that open every portal
Of this vast universe of light and love;
Who hast vouchsafed all things that we inherit,
So not to chance is left a shade or tissue
To shape our destiny—mind, body, spirit—
From being's smallest need to thy immortal issue,
Thee we invoke! O let thy love divine
Speed on the Truth, since all of truth is thine.

Spirit beneficent! if so thy ministers,
Angels, or spirits of the freed of earth—
Alike thy servants and thy worshippers—
Have spoken aught, to quicken or give birth
Through mortal lips to Freedom, Truth, and Love,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Blessedness;
Or aught, or all that lifts the soul above
Material things, Thou wilt thy utterance bless,
Though poor and weak the mortal tongues they borrow,
To waken mortal joy and lessen mortal sorrow.

Spirit all-merciful! since first to being
Thou didst draw from chaos and from darkness call—
With hand omnipotent and eye all-seeing—
All forms, all life, vast suns and atoms small,
Thou hast not left one sparrow e'er to perish,
Nor yet one hair unnumbered e'er to fall,
But with all-mighty love dost keep and cherish,
And guide, and guard, through tender mercy, all,
Making the universe to glorify
Thee in all things—earth, heaven, sea, and sky.

Spirit all-bountiful! in other ages,
Thou didst not walk in mortal paradise
With Adam! and with prophets, seers, and sages,
Thy angels, down descending from the skies,
Since then have frequent held sweet intercourse,
Watching and warning, and in cell and prison
Holding with saints and hermits discourses;
Sitting in sepulchres, from whence, uprisen,
Thy Son, ascending, God-like, to the skies,
Unvailed to man the immortal paradise.

Spirit all-mighty! not alone thy angels
With thee have walked along our mortal way,
Breathing in raptured souls Love's high evangel,
Making our night of sin and sorrow, day;
Thou stoodst with Moses on the holy mountain,
Thy angels, Peter, 'prisoned, comforted;
To many an ancient shrine and sacred fountain
The memory of thy presence still is wed;
But more than this, man's spirit thou hast given
To bring us messages of Love from Heaven.

Spirit eternal! was it not thy prophet,
And not an angel, John in Patmos' baw?
So reads the "Sacred Word." Shall doubters scoff it?
Ay, one who erst, obedient to thy law,
'Mong men walked forth ere called to the Elysian;
A holy man—a saint—at death upborne
To Heaven, from whence, in glory, to John's vision
He came, of all his mortal image shorn.
And if one earth-born soul, through death immortal,
Descend, may not another pass Heaven's portal?

Spirit adorable! thy love surpasses
All thought, all wish, all prayer of feeble man.
In all time's cycles not a moment passes
But thou dost all thy vast creation scan.
Thou watchest, guidest, givest life and motion—
Temp'ring the pulses of the universe;
Alike in smallest mote, star, tempest, ocean,
Each voiced thy praise and glory to rehearse;
But most of all, thy love to man is shown,
For in Thine image made is man alone.

O Spirit, who didst bear in chariot, burning,
The rapt Elijah up from earth to heaven,
While yet with mortal eye and sense discerning
The glorious convoy to thy spirit given;
Who caught up Enoch ere death's hand had stricken
The cords that bound him to mortality;
Thou canst our mortal to immortal quicken;
Thou canst from sin and bondage make us free—
To Thee, in faith and trust, we look, adoring,
Upon thine altars all our incense pouring.

O Spirit infinite! do thou guide—guard us,
By thy dear messengers of love and grace;
Thou art our God! forever turn toward us
The light and glory of thy Father-face;
Speak, by the spirits, to our souls and through us,
As thou hast spoken to the saints of old;
In truth and all things beautiful renew us;
Purge us from dross and make us as fine gold—
Unto our spirits be thy Spirit given,
To lead on earth and bear us up to heaven!

GEORGE LIPPARD.

The subjoined delineation of the character of GEORGE LIPPARD, author of "Jesus and the Poor," a part of which will be found on our last page, was given by Mrs. Mettler on the 5th ult. Some one in Ohio, wishing to test the powers of Mrs. M., inclosed the autograph of the deceased author in an envelope, closely sealed, which was returned—seal unbroken—with the description here published.—Ed.

Like a bright light in the midst of darkness does this mind shine forth. It illuminates far and wide, quickening the understanding, and giving to the world deep, new thoughts, that flow out of the depths of his intuition and love.

Mighty indeed is his word, and great are the thunderings of his mighty power. He has too much brain and intellect. With too much of a progressive soul to ever be willing to bend or submit to the shackles of dogmatism or priestly rule, his great aim appears to be the unshackling of the human mind. He would give such plans as would release the world from oppression and wrong. He seems to have suffered long—mentally and physically—from the galling chains of narrow laws and bigoted and contracted minds. Though he will be free—this is right—he will speak freely, boldly, and to the purpose. No power can stop his tongue from uttering the great, expansive truths which should exist for all. He has large benevolence and sympathy. His imaginative and poetical genius are almost without a parallel. His ideas flow out rapidly, and he seems to dwell much in a state of abstraction. I think that oftentimes, when walking along in the street, he may be seen with his head in an attitude of deep thought, so abstracted as not to notice the nearest friend who may be passing by. He is very entertaining in conversation; has a searching, piercing mind, and a keen, penetrating eye, enabling him to scrutinize most keenly the motives of man, penetrating their very souls.

He has learned to read human nature well. Appears to understand all its various forms and exciting motives.

He loves and venerates the beautiful in every form; is inspiring in his nature, though sometimes may be impulsive and sensitive, owing more, I should judge, to outward conditions and outward circumstances that aggravate and irritate him. He is a person that possesses great firmness and decision; has ardent attachments. I should judge there might be times, from his mental exertions, when he would become almost like a child.

He has a large amount of self-propelling power; cares not a straw for the scoffs of the world, nor the ridicule of the priesthood. He will be free, and will stand upon his own merits and intuitions. He is not ungrateful—is given to reflection—would like to give full scope to his feelings. He loves his friends ardently; likes to converse with them, and prizes their sympathy. This person might be thought by many very eccentric in his ways, yet he is communicative and loving to his friends.

He has strong appetites, and too much indulgence in them would oftentimes make him reckless or nervous. He seems specially fond of good living—likes his food richly cooked. He is a great lover of music—especially if it be perfectly harmonious. He has a wonderful memory, with a great flow of ideas and power to express his feelings. He has very full language, can speak readily, and write, as it were, by inspiration. He must be an original man, and a strong literary character, whose powers upon the world must be felt. The intellectual faculties predominate.

"Farewell; we did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized.
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized."

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

I will come back again, I will be near thee,
Thy soul shall feel my presence and rejoice;
Dearest, be not afraid—thou needst not fear me,
Thou shalt not hear my footstep nor my voice.

I will come back again, ay! I will linger
Around thee in the home I've loved so well,
And sometimes I will press thee with my finger,
But thou shalt feel it only as a spell.

I will come back again, when thou art sitting
By our old window, on thy lonely chair;
The low-breathed zephyr, 'gainst the casement flitting,
Shall tell thee softly, gently I am there.

And when, at evening, thou art sadly singing
The songs I've listened to with love and pride,
My spirit-tone shall in the strain be ringing,
Unknown, unseen, I will be by thy side.

I will come back again, I will follow ever
Where'er thou goest, with gliding step and still;
My spirit from thee, dearest, can not sever—
I will be near thee, guarding thee from ill.

I will come back again, I will be near thee,
Thy soul shall feel my presence, and rejoice;
Dearest, be not afraid—thou needst not fear me,
Thou shalt not hear my footstep nor my voice.

HOW SHALL LABOR BE REDEEMED?

MR. EDITOR:

In the proceedings of the Convention of Spiritualists as published in the TELEGRAPH of the 14th October, I perceived the foreshadowing of a practical measure for the social and spiritual elevation of the human family. In a body as large as that of the Spiritualists, differences of opinion on subjects of importance must necessarily exist. Observing in the same paper the remarks of J. H. Robinson, in which I cordially agree, and having for years devoted much consideration to the matter, I beg leave to offer a few suggestions as the result of my reflections. Before proceeding, however, to unfold my views, let us determine what portion of the human family stand most in need of special efforts in their behalf. I presume I shall not differ widely from the general sentiment when I designate the laboring classes as the proper objects of the greatest solicitude. The wealthy can and do have times and opportunities for spiritual investigation if they only choose to employ them. Not so the laborer. But little improvement, either spiritual or otherwise, can be expected from those whose necessities compel them to labor unceasingly for bread, until no other thought than labor and bread can enter their souls. Man only needs time and opportunity to surround himself with circumstances that will lead to the attainment of the highest degree of mental and spiritual excellence—time to think, time to reflect, time to study and analyze his own nature. This is now virtually denied to the working classes; with them all the hours are employed to support and maintain a mere animal existence. Essential to its full development, the mind requires to be brought in contact with mind; when it is debased this it becomes contracted and deformed. The minds of the laboring classes are crippled for want of a proper field of exercise. The lawyer, the merchant, and the preacher are each brought in continual conflict with the highest intellect, while the laborer is confined almost solely to inert matter; hence the difference. When it is considered that the laboring part of community are largely in the majority, it becomes an object of the first importance to cultivate and improve their intellects. It is not sufficient that the masses have better opportunities now than formerly, they are entitled to the best. Notwithstanding schools, lectures, and books are plentifully distributed, the laborer remains comparatively ignorant. What is the cause? Ask the workman. The reply is, that the exertion necessary to a mere subsistence is so great, that body and mind are both unfitted for study. The most they can do is to rest their wearied frames and recruit strength for renewed labor. Thus their lives are spent. They work, eat, sleep, and again return to work, until worn down with toil they sink into the grave, having worked a lifetime and gained nothing; others have received the benefit.

The question occurs, why should this be; what cause can be assigned: is it the destiny of the million to toil on and toil ever, that a few may be exalted? The answer, as I conceive it, consists in this: That labor is robbed on every hand. The laborer is the creator of wealth, the merchant a mere distributor. Yet the merchant obtains the largest share. What is the remedy? The only true and effectual remedy is for the laborer to become his own merchant, banker, and employer. He will then secure to himself all the avails of his capital, skill, and labor, and then the complaint that he has no time for study will cease, the net proceeds of his labor will be doubled, and his elevation in the social scale be correspondingly acknowledged.

It is now well understood, even by the workman, that capital controls and directs labor. Reverse the rule; make labor

to command capital. The matter is of easier accomplishment than is generally supposed; it only requires confidence in themselves and in each other and a determination to succeed. The workman's true cause lies in the direction of industrial unions, joint stock companies, cooperative and mutual in their character, embracing the essential qualities of savings banks, union stores, manufacturing associations, and relief societies. The mutual principle is the foundation; a mutual-support in business affairs, mutual aid in obtaining the necessities of life at the smallest possible cost, a mutual relief in sickness or infirmity; let them combine together in making small contributions in payment of shares of stock to a general fund for procuring necessities of life and material to employ themselves; in this manner to supply the greatest needs of the greatest number. Persevering in this course, the laborer will emancipate himself from the thralldom of capital, and make rapid advances in physical and mental improvement and expansion.

INDEX.

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION.

The Law of Progression ever acting on matter, and quoted by the believers in Spiritualism as explaining the material creations seen in nature, and the varied kingdoms thereof, is assumed to account for man's existence on earth, and for his continued existence in the spirit and immortal life. This doctrine, it is asserted, is taught in the communications received through mediums from Spirit-minds who professedly are presenting to mankind information as to fixed laws of nature by them clearly perceived and seen to so operate in their effects as to thus teach and explain—"the origin, nature, and destiny of man." That the teachings of Spirits do account for the creation of this planet, and the development of the several kingdoms of nature thereon found up to the human kingdom, or mankind on the hypothesis of motion ever acting on matter, causing continual progression from one form into another upward and onward, until what was chaos once is now organized form, and life, and intelligence, I am free to admit; but that these teachings assert that this same law, and cause, and effect still acts and progresses beyond the human kingdom, developing the Spirit-life as a result of its own inherent action, I am not able to find taught as a fact; nor can I reconcile it with the principle asserted, when accounting for the creation of the earth and its varied inhabitants up to man.

The principle asserted is—motion is ever acting on matter, causing an absolute progressive change of form and refinement of inherent element and nature—hence that matter never can be stationary, but is ever progressive. If matter progresses under the power of motion from the human to the spirit-kingdom, what is it that is there to stop its action? We are taught the individualized spirit or angel has a material organized body, that the refinement and nature of that body is dependent on the purity of the soul, it is true, and hence that there is great difference in the refinement of the bodies of Spirits; but all have an individualized, organized material body which is forever maintained as an entity, and which will never be subdued or absorbed by counter-attraction. Therefore, I ask, if matter attains its ultimate only in the spiritual organized body, what is it that there sustains its fixed development against all counter-attraction? Why does it not there dissolve and enter into the great ocean of unorganized existence? I will be told, I presume: The soul of the spirit is a magnet which holds that organized material body against the attractive power of the universe. So the Spirits teach, and so I believe, but this only brings up directly the question: Is that soul of the spirit a development of matter obtained under this law of progress resulting from the action of motion, or is it the direct creation of the Divine mind? Let your readers ponder this.

SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

During a visit to the house of some worthy Kentucky acquaintances who have become Spiritualists, under the influence of unmistakable evidences developed under their own direction and observation, we received the following interesting and beautiful descriptions, through the mediumship of a little girl, who bids fair to become a star of light to many a weary pilgrim of life in her neighborhood. The readers of the TELEGRAPH shall have more of her development and progress if time and circumstances allow. The following was given in the presence of a large circle of skeptical friends, and challenged their interest and admiration, through the mediumship of Miss Agnes Morrison's mind—a sweet-tempered girl of 12 years:

"I see a magnificent cathedral inclosed by large and well-proportioned trees, arranged in avenues. A stream flows near it. Numerous crowds are thronging the avenues—having crossed the shore to reach it. They lift up their voices in lofty strains of worship and praise. A mighty man has arisen to address them. I would that I could repeat his words, but this is impossible. He seems to say: The Spirits are mighty and will accomplish their work. We come here to worship our Universal Father. We all inherit from his unbounded goodness this happy Spirit-land. We must try and help the people in the rudimentary world to do as God willeth. There are many of them who believe us not. We should not press them too strongly, but give them our blissful knowledge by degrees. We will after a while have it so that all may commune with us as though they were of us. Meanwhile we must relieve their midnight ignorance and make them better. They will then rejoice with us. There are many who go by death to the dark Spirit-land. We are called to teach them also; have to relieve their ignorance, and open their souls to holier objects. There will a time come when all will be happy together. Then will our joy be increased.

Supposing the scene to be intended as an allegory, I asked what was its meaning. We received a reply:

"The stream is the stream of earthly life. The church is the Home of the Spirit. The trees are the lessons of Beauty and Wisdom. The peaceful animals that recline in the shade are the dispositions we should cherish. The teacher typifies our sources of knowledge, and the songs our felicity and triumph. If now you will listen you will hear the song:

Beauty is a beam of light
That gathers over the blooming flower,
It glides both field and mountain height."

Here we could get no more, and the medium arose.
MERRVILLE, Ky., July 25, 1854.

THROUGH AGNES.

I see a towering mount covered o'er by animals of all descriptions. It is festooned with vines and covered with flowers. A broad river flows by its side and winds around its base, presenting every variety of cascade and entanment, before moving on into a wide and undulating valley. The sweetest strains of music pour forth from myriad voices, accompanied by innumerable instruments, while hosts of high-born Spirits move to the melodious notes, in offices of duty and ecstasies of love. I hear a strain which I can not repeat, but it was something like—

Happy Spirits, come away,
Why should you stay
Where all the day
You feel life's bitter sorrow.
Oh! come let us go
Where purest blossoms grow,
And little children ever bring
Their voices of daily song—
The time shall not be long,
Come, come away.

MERRVILLE, Ky., July 25, 1854.

AGAIN THROUGH AGNES.

I see a mighty man. He stands upon a lofty mountain, and says: Peace be unto you!

There is a time for all things. The day shall come when all shall see joy everywhere. Yes! joy everywhere—o'er all the lands that God has made. No one can know the happiness you will then see. There will yet be men everywhere to teach what awaits you in the Spirit-land.

I asked his name. She said she saw many names on rolls and flags, but could give the letters of only one, which she gave me by one:

PAUL THE APOSTLE.
She was not aware that the letters spelled the name till I told her. I understand this as a scene presented by her guardian-Spirit, for our instruction.

MERRVILLE, Ky., July 25, 1854.

At the same place, through another medium, we received the following, which we present as exhibiting the evidences of identity often afforded us.

THROUGH MRS. J. B. FERGUSON.

At twelve o'clock, while a company of four persons, including Mrs. F., were conversing, she said: "If you will all leave the room I will make a communication to Mr. Ferguson on a Spirit now present." I was lying down at the time, but readily consented. When alone, her countenance assumed a very happy expression, and she exclaimed:

"Oh! that I could give you what I see as I see it, but it is impossible. I will do the best I can to tell you what she desired to communicate."

I did not even suspect what Spirit she referred to, and knew not until she had proceeded through most of the communication. She commenced as from the Spirit:

I died while in the bloom of youthful womanhood. The germ was crushed within me ere it was fully opened. I desired to live much longer, and would have lived had my early training been more perfect. Say, therefore, to those who have the care of my children, Train them up so to secure robust, healthy constitutions. From me they inherited a very delicate one. When I departed I desired to live, but no sooner did I give up my frail tenement, than a bright, happy, and glorious world opened to my enraptured vision. I am now with congenial friends and relations, and am held upward toward mansions of Eternal Progression. I would not return if I could. My friends here are far more numerous and beneficial to me than the loved ones left but for a short time behind. They strengthen the native nobleness of my nature, and help my strongest desire for the Perfect and the Everlasting.

I wish to say that no earthly skill could have saved me. My frame was too frail. Cast no reflection upon any one. All was done that could have been done. My time had come. No power on earth could have held me then. I see the happiness of some disturbed by an opposite thought. It is unjust, and should not be indulged.

[Here the medium said, "She wishes to say more, but I can not get it. I see the wonderful enlargement of her mind. How happy to die so pure, so noble in our purposes! The brightness dazzled me. I can not see for brightness." Again, after a few moments she said:]

To you, oh! my brother, I would say, your calling is one recognized by high-born Spirits, and is like theirs. Many, many Spirits surround you daily. Be true to your position, and fear not the face of misguided and time-serving mortals. I desired much to see you when dying; but could not. Not so sooner did I enter the Spirit-state, than I saw you and your exalted mission. Your life must continue in devotion to the best interests of mankind. Your mind will be directed, day by day, as your duties open. Follow your intuitions. Consult not with flesh and blood. Be careful to discriminate between the True and the False. Could you see the bright and rewarding Future that stretches out before you, you would never fail in courage. The elevation of thought, and all the nobler capacities of our nature that ignorance and human servility have smothered, will yet be opened where all is Love. Your position will undergo some changes. No more. At another time I will say much.

[Again the medium expressed her incapacity to reflect the full spirit and words of the communication. Some minutes afterward she resumed:]

Say to my father and mother I love them devotedly. I would communicate to them, but influences hinder.

Tell my Uncle William to submit more willingly to spiritual influence. If he will, his mind will open as he sincerely expects. He will be relieved. Tell him to love me although gone from earthly sight.

[Again the medium said a bright light overshadowed her, and she exclaimed: "How incapable I am of telling what she wishes!"]

Spiritualism will comfort him. He will yet see and know what but a few years ago he feared was but a dream: that the future life is a reality. He has a noble mind. I see it now, but can communicate no more. The time is fixed when I will visit you again.

N. M. FERGUSON.

Mrs. Ferguson died a few months since. She was an amiable woman, of good mind and pure instincts. I loved her from her childhood. In the above communication she states three facts that were not known to either the medium or myself: the thought of some of her friends that her disease ought to have been cured; her desire to see me when dying, and the state of her uncle's belief; I have since verified them all. I need not say this evidence of identity was overwhelming to all acquainted with the circumstances of her departure.

J. B. FERGUSON.

TO MARY.

The following stanzas were composed by a young lady while under spiritual influence:

'Tis the bright and joyous sunshine,
Birds are singing, stars are fair,
E'en existence seems a blessing;
Can't thou ever know a care!

All thy skies are tinged with morning,
All thy hopes are rain-bow hued;
With pure hopes, high aspirations,
Loving thoughts thy heart's imbued.

Shall I ask that sorrow never
May thy glorious spring-time cloud?
That the heart, so fresh and joyous,
Life's sad cares may ne'er enshroud!

I will ask that if the Father
Hath decreed thee pain and care—
If thou must e'er feel a sorrow,
He will give thee strength to bear.

M. E. L.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY D. C. STURGES.

Youth went a-maying,
Age stayed at home;
Age felt a praying,
That Youth might not roam;
Youth turned a laughing eye
On Age a-praying;
Age turned with a sigh
From Youth a-straying.
Youth and Age should dwell together—
Prayer and laughter make good weather!
Fairest of the hours of day,
Is the dawn-time white and gray;
And the sweetest month of all
Is the month when apples fall!
So, in life, the fairest time
Is Age's mellow-ere, when blent with youth's
Bright prime!

New York, Aug. 6, 1854.

Miscellaneous Correspondence.

ANOTHER JUVENILE POET.

South Boston, Sept. 14, 1854.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

Sir—Thinking that facts are the most acceptable to your many readers, I think I will relate a circumstance which occurred some four or five years since, which, though perhaps not exactly coming under the garb of Spiritualism, may be classed by some under "the list of spiritual things." The names of the persons concerned I am not aware of; but receiving my authority from a cousin of the young girl involved in the circumstance, who, by the way, is a schoolmate of mine, I can not at this moment doubt the truth of the statement. But to my story.

A widow lady, an aunt of my friend, resided in Northampton, Mass. Her husband died at sea, and left her with seven helpless children. The poor woman did not long survive the shock, and one night, a few months after the death of her husband, left this world for "the better one beyond the grave." She died from the effects of a paralytic stroke. There were no persons near whom the children could call in, for they were strangers to every one, having but lately sought a residence in the neighborhood. The seven little ones, the oldest of whom was only seven years of age, stood silently around the dead mother, weeping. No answer did the mother give to the many caresses bestowed upon her by the affectionate little children, when Jeanie, the eldest, said: "You must not cry for mother;" and taking up a piece of paper, she wrote the following lines:

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping 'round her pillow, for we knew that she must die
It was night upon our bosoms—it was night upon the sky;
There were seven of us children, I, the oldest of them all,
And I tried to whisper comfort, but the blinding tears would fall.

On my knee my little brother laid his aching head and wept,
And my sisters' long black tresses o'er my heaving bosom swept;
Then a shade of awful feeling came across me as I trod,
And I tried to whisper comfort, but the blinding tears would fall!

"Oh, be kind to one another!" was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake on the baby's golden hair;
Then a glory bound her forehead, like the glory of a crown,
And in death's dark gloomy waters her sweet star of life went down.

I have done. I now more fully ask if there was not a possibility that little Jeanie was helped by some dear guardian friend—if there was not some possibility that she was a medium? I ask in sincere faith. Yours, MARY E. KENDALL.

WRECK OF THE ARCTIC FORESHADOWED.

PORTLAND, MAINE, Oct. 25th, 1854.

BRO. BRITTAN:

The profound interest which the public have taken in the destruction of the ill-fated steamer, the Arctic, fully justifies the following brief statement in relation to that lamentable event. The TELEGRAPH of the 21st ult., I perceived, contained an article on this awful calamity, in which a remarkable instance of spiritual manifestation is quoted from the columns of the *Journal of Commerce*, detailing the experience of a son of one of the passengers of the Arctic, who was lost, and therefore I feel more at liberty on that account to make a statement, which under other circumstances would have been withheld. During the earlier part of last September a circle of ladies and gentlemen, eleven in number, assembled at the residence of Mr. W., for the purpose of obtaining spiritual demonstrations. There was present on the evening in question a lady from Boston, Miss H., who, I am informed, had been for a long time a somnambulist, but who had, quite recently, been developed both as a trance and a writing medium. When I entered the room, the medium was sitting at the table in an apparently exhausted state, and upon inquiry I ascertained that she had just returned from visiting a shipwreck. Taking a seat in the circle I endeavored to elicit some information from the medium, who at that time was entranced, respecting the scene she had witnessed, but I did not succeed in obtaining any thing of a definite character. She appeared extremely reluctant to return to the wreck, on account, as she stated, of her sea-sickness and the great fatigue she had already undergone in assisting to save the passengers from drowning. It soon became evident that the Spirit, or, if you please, the peculiar influences, could not wholly overcome her aversion again to view the terrible event, and we were told to meet, as soon as convenient, on some other evening, when our curiosity would be gratified.

We were urged with considerable feeling to have another sitting, as the event then to be unfolded to us was of the highest importance, and shortly to take place. I inquired of the medium, if she would tell the name of the vessel, and her hand was soon moved to write, but we were all unable to make out what was written. After a few unsuccessful efforts to write out the name of the vessel, I inquired of her if it was a sailing vessel or a steamship, and she immediately wrote out quite legibly, "It is a steamer." I then inquired the name of the captain, and she then wrote out very distinctly, in a large, bold hand, the name of Captain Luce. On being asked when the event was to take place, she wrote the latter part of this (September) month, but the particular day it was impossible to foretell. I then suggested that if that were the case, it might, perhaps, happen somewhere in the first of October—the hand of the medium quickly seized the pencil and wrote, "No, it will happen the last of this month." The name of Captain Luce was distinctly written out several times, and no one present knew at the time that it belonged to any one connected with the Atlantic steamers.

We were at a loss to make out a meaning for the above manifestations, but concluded that they foreshadowed some calamity at sea, in which a certain Captain Luce was more or less interested. Although I was fully satisfied in my own mind that a reality of the greatest importance was being laid before us, I should have considered the phenomenon simply such as commonly occurs at our circles, but for the circumstance that tests were greatly needed in Portland, and a few of my spiritual friends had quite recently regretted that they had never been favored with any. To one gentleman in the circle I had remarked, in going to the place of meeting, that tests, according to my experience, would frequently be given where they were most needed, and when they are least expected.

I have been led to give the above statement, not with the anticipation of thereby proving Spiritualism, or converting the skeptical, but because I have been urged by others to set forth a very singular fact for public consideration. Now it will undoubtedly be objected—that it always unfortunately happens that such statements are published *ex post facto*, and it is mainly for this reason, if I had no other, that I resolved to call your attention to the subject. As no one present on the evening to which I allude could feel any degree of assurance that Captain Luce was in some way or other to be connected with a shipwreck during the latter part of the month of September, although the sad event fearfully verified the prophetic writing, so no assurance can be felt that the intimations which followed on that occasion will be realized. After the Spirits seemingly had become satisfied with the general impression already made upon our minds respecting Captain Luce, the medium's hand was again moved, and wrote out the name of Captain Salt, with which none of us were familiar. On being asked what vessel he was captain of, she wrote he was the captain of a vessel from Liverpool, and we inferred, from a variety of matter both spoken and written, that the vessel was bound for Portland, and would meet, near this harbor, with difficulty, in which our assistance might be rendered.

At this point the influence seemed to have left Miss H., and the hand of Mr. P., a writing medium, at once received it. Mr. P. in a short time wrote out the name of the vessel that had been asked for—the *Cleopatra*. This name was written out several times in a clear and legible style. None of us at that time knew that Captain Salt was the captain of the *Cleopatra*. The name of Captain J. S. May was also written out by the hand of Mr. P., and a gentleman in the circle was enjoined to see him or communicate with him, for what particular purpose we could not divine, but we supposed he was also connected with some disaster that was to befall the *Cleopatra* on her passage to Portland. I may mention that it was not recollected until afterward that this

vessel had entered this harbor once during the past winter—and we have lately seen it announced, that the *Cleopatra* will sail from Liverpool for Portland on her next trip, instead of for Quebec as formerly. If the communication through Miss H. had been confined solely to the subject of Captain Luce, and any calamity in which he was to be involved, I certainly should have hesitated to make a public statement of it at this late day.

THOUGHT'S LAST CONQUEST.

Newton's perceptive mind resolved
One problem of the universe—
Showed how it was that orbs revolved,
At bidding of the primal force;
That first magnificent push,
Which stirred the pond's ripples hush
Of silence—brooding o'er the vast abyss
Of gravity—dark shadow of the bliss
Of those eternal realms of will and thought,
Whence comes the force by which old matter's wrought.

* * * * *
But it yet remains for man,
Primer thoughts to span;
Show how Divine intent,
O'er the dark chaos bent,
Infusing of his will,
The pulsating thrill—
And shaking from its lethargy—
The mist-enwrapped energy:
This great creative force
Resides in each of us;
Imponderable in space,
It fills each interstice,
And acts by odd power
On matter every hour.

100.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

Departed this life on Sunday, Sept. 24, 1854, J. HENRY HOFFMAN, aged 53 years. The funeral was solemnized on Tuesday the 26th, at his late residence, No. 93 Chrystie Street, when an address was delivered by the Editor of this paper.

During the last day of his earth-life, Mr. Hoffman remarked that he saw birds flying about his room; but there seemed to be no indications of any deranged action of mind, nor did it otherwise appear that he had lost the normal use of the senses.

Some days after, at a circle in the upper part of this city, where several eminent physicians were assembled, the following communication was unexpectedly received:

Friends, the medium is too anxious to gratify. I have the power to write, though but a few days here, because I do not have to contend with that which your friends do. I never knew you or the medium. You can find out who I am if you choose. I lived and let the form at 93 Chrystie Street a few days since. I have been attracted here by sympathy. I thank you, the medium, and my God for this privilege.
(Signed) J. H. HOFFMAN.

There was no one present who had any knowledge of the invisible author of the above. Dr. ——— questioned the Spirit and obtained answers to the following effect:

Question.—Were you married or single?

Answer.—Married.

Q.—Did you leave any children in the form?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How many?

A.—Four.

Q.—What is your age?

A.—Fifty-three years.

Q.—Where do your wife and children now live?

A.—At 93 Chrystie Street.

Q.—When did you leave the form?

A.—At 11 o'clock Saturday night.

Q.—When was your body buried?

A.—On Tuesday.

Q.—Do you wish us to communicate with your family?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you a Spiritualist when in the form?

A.—Partially.

Q.—Is your wife a Spiritualist?

A.—Yes.

The persons present on the occasion subsequently learned that Mr. J. H. Hoffman had lived at the place designated, and that the Spirit's answers to the foregoing questions were substantially correct. There appears to be one error in the answer to the question relating to the time the Spirit left the body. But that is a point that sensuous observation may not enable us to determine with infallible certainty, and the Spirit, for aught we know to the contrary, may be right.

Mrs. Hoffman subsequently had an interview with Mr. Conklin—with whom she had no acquaintance—at which the presence of the same Spirit was announced. Numerous tests of identity were given, and the Spirit indorsed as his own the communication which we have imbedded in this notice.

Departed for the Spirit-land, on Tuesday, November 7th, DANIEL MCCUNNY, in the 73th year of his age, long a resident of Philadelphia.

The subject of the above notice was greatly consoled and comforted by a studious investigation and an abiding confidence in the great spiritual development of the age. Years ago, before the manifestations were heard of, he felt strongly impressed regarding the present wonderful revelations. The time would come, he thought, when heaven would be brought nearer to man; and when the great gates of the spiritual spheres were thrown open, and floods of revelation flowed down to the benighted mind, he was eager to embrace it. He was not like those who, with the bigoted Jews of old, cried, "We have Moses and the Prophets; away with the new light." He revered truth, whether from the hovel or heaven, and sought for fresh means of progress wherever it could be found. Few had studied more deeply the all-important subject of immortality, and it may truly be said of him, he was no stranger to the sphere into which he was about entering. To him there was no death. The breathing ceased only when the real, incorruptible individuality was departing; the eye was set and ghastly, because the spirit had left to tread, with the elastic strength of eternal youth, amid the ecstatic beauties of that new world of which he had heard so much. He did not merely believe this, he knew it. This being the view which his immediate family also took of the matter, there was little sorrow expressed, and few tears shed. Death was truly robbed of his sting, and the grave of its accustomed victory over the affections. If we believe truly in the immortality of the soul, why should we mourn to see the old friend released from prison—the loitering father and husband strengthened and renewed? Such would be cruel indeed. Did mankind but appreciate the great consoling power of these new and indisputable evidences, oh, how would they cherish their advent and eagerly push on their investigations!

A. C. M'C.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10, 1854.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"Oh, mother! I've been with an angel to-day! I was all alone in the forest at play, Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees, And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees. I played and I played, till so weary I grew, I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew, While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top, I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop! Thus a long while I sat looking up at the sky, And watching the clouds that went hurrying by, When I heard a voice calling just over my head, That sounded as if, 'Come, oh, brother!' it said; And there, right up over the top of the tree, Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me.

"And 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh, brother!' he cried, And flew on bright pinions close down by my side! And, mother, oh, never was being so bright As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight; His face was as fair as the delicate shell, His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell, His eyes resting on me, so melting with love, Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove; And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid, As his hand on my head was caressingly laid, And he whispered so softly and gently to me, 'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high, Or the chariots of God roll along the dark sky; While his breath floating round me was soft as the breeze That played in my tresses and rustled the trees. At last on my head a deep blessing he poured, And then, up he went, through the blue sky so far, He seemed to float there like a glittering star; And still my eyes followed his radiant flight, Till, lo! in the azure, he passed from my sight. Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream! Then soft voices whispered once more from the tree, 'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart, For she knew that her fair boy from this world must depart; That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb, Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom. Oh, how his young footsteps she watched day by day, As his delicate form wasted slowly away, Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face, And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.

"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast, On that gentle pillow again let me rest; Let me once more gaze up in that dear, loving eye, And then, oh, methinks I can willingly die! Now kiss me, dear mother! Oh, quickly, for see, The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast, As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed, And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye, As it strove to meet hers, ere the fair boy could die. "I see you not, mother, for darkness and night Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight— But I hear your low sobs, dear mother, good-bye! The angels are waiting to bear me on high! I will wait for you there, but, oh, tarry not long, Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song."

He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast, While his sweet face sank down on his pillow of rest, Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim, Went up with the angels that waited for him.

JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

But let us pass to another scene, which may have some pleasing contrasts between the Guilty Power that robs, and robs by law, and the Poverty and Toil that must be robbed and bear it. Away from the dark alley, and behold a scene whose luxury mocks the Leper's rags to scorn. There was a night—a dark, cold, winter night—when a round-faced, good-humored Bank Director sat in his comfortable parlor, counting the gains he has won by the failure of his Bank.

Observe the bland smile that undulates over the corpulent gentleman's face, as he sits in his luxuriously-furnished parlor, with his oysters and his coffee, and his wines and his terrapin soup, spread out before him. The delicious influence of the terrapin and champagne pervades his rosy visage and imparts its soul to his eyes.

Tell me; can you believe, that this man retired on a handsome fortune last week in consequence of the failure of a Bank? Is this a mystery to you?

He is the President of the Broken Bank. That sentence makes plain many remarkable things.

While he is sitting there—smiling as the President of a Broken Bank only can smile—lo! there is a faint knock at the door.

"Come in!"

And you half-clad man, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, enters. He enters a picture of heart-broken famine and despair that has lost its last clutch on Hope. He stands trembling by the rich Bank President's table. In a faint voice, he asks, whether there is a chance of the Broken Bank paying its debts; "for," he exclaims in that hollow voice—made husky by famine—"for you see, sir, last summer I deposited all the money I had in the world in that Bank—six hundred dollars, sir—I worked for that money in summer's heat and winter's cold—and now, sir, oh, now—he pauses for a moment as if to gather his feelings under his control, while the amiable Bank President is finishing his terrapin soup—"and now, sir—oh, now—my wife has died of want more than disease—my daughter lies on her death-bed, and I have not a crust of bread to give her—not a drop of medicine to still a single death-pain!"

The Bank President looks up from his comfortable supper:

"My dear fellow, what's all this about? Your wife dead—your daughter sick—can I help it? You deposited your little trifle of six hundred dollars in our Bank—that was bad—decidedly! For the Bank is broke! You'll never get one cent of your money!"

The Mechanic stands there, with downcast eyes—thinking of his dead wife—his dying child.

"O sir, I have no bread—no wood!"—he begins, raising his hands, tremulously—

"Well!"

These Broken Bank Directors are so terse.

"Won't you—won't you—lend me one dollar?"

"Sorry, my dear fellow—very sorry! But I can't do it! I must buy a piano for my dear little daughter—and my wife has been teasing me for a seventy-five dollar shawl!"

He might have said that it was necessary to subscribe some hundred dollars to the Missionary Society, and some hundreds more to put down the Pope of Rome.

With these calm words, the Bank President rises; stands with his hands in his pockets in front of that fire; stands there jingling the gold in his pockets. Fine music for the Mechanic's ears!

At this moment, look there, and your heart will freeze with awe, as you behold the awful change passing over the Mechanic's face. His eye glares, the veins writhe on his face—his lip quivers with a horrible smile; he is no longer a pleading Beggar, but a Madman, boiling over with a sense of his wrongs.

The want of bread, the thought of his dead wife, his daughter dying—under that lonely room, without a drop of medicine, or crust of

bread—these are not pleasant thoughts. Do you wonder that they have driven him mad?

He approaches the Bank President; that good-humored man starts back with some horror painted on his glowing face.

There is danger in the Madman's eye. You hear that husky voice: "You rob me of the sweat of my brow—the blood of my soul! But look you, proud Pharisee, I will carry my cause to a higher court—yes, yes, I will carry my cause up there! And there—my dead wife on one hand—my starved daughter on the other—I will meet you and plead my cause, with a Judge that can not be bribed with all your gold! I—I—the robbed, the wronged, the starving, as I am, summons you to meet me yonder at the bar of God, at daybreak to-morrow!"

When the Bank President awoke from his fright, the Maniac was gone.

The sequel of this story is not without interest.

The next morning, just before the break of day, that jovial Bank Director, while returning from a merry Christmas party, even as he lolled on the soft cushions of his carriage, was stricken with an apopleptic fit; rushed into a dumb mass, that had neither voice nor ear. He was carried by his liveried footman toward yonder small frame house; up the dark stairs, into a miserable room, lighted by the lamp held in the watchman's hands. An hour or more elapsed while he lay in a state between life and death—but at last, tearing his broadcloth coat with his gouty hands—foaming at the mouth, he tottered on his feet, and gazed around.

Can you guess the nature of the sight that then burst upon his eyes?

There—in the full light of the watchman's lamp—lay a man of some forty-five years, his head resting against a chair—his arms flung stiffly by his side. It was the Mechanic, the red light pouring over his livid face, over his bleeding throat, severed from ear to ear in one red gash.

There—far back in the room, stretched on a tattered bed, lay the form of the dead girl.

Gaze upon that young face—so beautiful even in death, and remember—she died of starvation.

For a moment—a single moment only—the Bank President gazed upon this scene, and then fell—like a mass of lead—down on that uncarpeted floor.

Had he heard and obeyed the summons! Had he gone yonder to meet his victim!

The Good and Merciful God has hung between our eyes and the Shadow of Eternity an awful veil. Did we believe in the Heathen Creed which preaches an endless Hell, and has a Gibbet for its Gospel, we might follow up to Judgment the Soul of the Bank President.

We might behold the long train of orphans who follow his soul, with curses, to the bar of Almighty Justice. There, while the pale Suicide stalks before him, blasting his sight with a spectacle of speechless woe, we might see the guilty wretch crouch and tremble in the presence of his God.

We might see that long train of Widows and Orphans, women and little children, poor burning lead on his soul with their story of wrong, starvation, and death.

But we are not called to follow him beyond the grave. The sight before us preaches a lesson worth all the terrors of a creed-begotten Hell. This room, with miserable furniture and naked walls. The single light upon the chair, trembling as it contends with the light of the day, breaking through the narrow window. The Mechanic with the red gash across his throat; the dead girl, and, in presence of these victims, the Bank Director, rotund and sleek in form, with his red face deepening into purple, as the first sunbeams streams upon his cold eyeballs.

You may say that this picture is overdrawn. Did you ever, on a dreary winter's day, toward sunset, when the sky was leaden and the air bitter as Iceland, stroll through the crowd who gathered in front of the Broken Bank? Did you note that widow in faded black—a little child clutching her right hand—who turned to the closed doors, and besought from goodly men that pittance which was bread—life—to her? The rude Laborer by her side, in his working-dress, silently clutching his fists, as he wondered to himself whether that Bank—meaning the building, not the Thieves within it—would burn? Did you ever go through a crowd like this, see the vacant apathy of crushing desolation on their faces, hear their various ejaculations—their murmurs to each other—and then, after your heart was chilled by their overwhelming misery, did you ever see, from yonder side-door, the Bank Directors, so sleek, rotund, and easy, come sundering forth, like men who had been praying with their God, and knew no sin!

Have you witnessed scenes like these, and yet hug to your heart one doubt that the Justice of God—that awful Justice, governed by the eternal law of Cause and Effect—sometimes overtakes the Robber of the Poor? That the voice of these wronged Masses of the Large City, sometimes calls a sudden Vengeance down upon the head of Crowned Wealth? Who shall estimate the wrongs of the Poor in the Large City—who refuse to acknowledge and reverence the Bolt that comes suddenly upon the Wronger's head?

Oh, many times have I imagined that Fate gazing upon the City, at dead of night, surveying at once its luxury and starvation, its gilded crime and naked wretchedness! The voice of the Widow, starving in her desolate home—the voice of the Orphan, crouching in the cold, clutching for bread—the voice of Starvation, and Nakedness, and Disease, goes up, even now, to God!

Do you not hear those voices—speaking even now from Fairmount—Moyamensing—from Kensington—from the heart of the City, from dark courts where disease rangles, and festers, and kills! Do you not hear those awful voices, asking not for wealth—not even for comfort—but—O, God of Mercy! can this be true, in enlightened, Protestant Philadelphia—asking for a rag to cover their nakedness—asking for bread!

Look yonder! Is it not a magnificent festival that flashes along the wide hall, with its pillars, its draperies, its columns? Ah, it is a gay scene! Elegantly-dressed men and beautiful women swaying gently along the bounding floor, while the music of a full band bursts upon your ears. Ah, it is a beautiful scene; and this world is not so bad, after all. Who talks of misery and rags in Philadelphia, while these rich wines flow like water, these satins glister, and these jewels flash from panting bosoms?

But hold, let me tell you a Romance connected with this ball-room; yes, a Romance of a Shirt; and, mark ye, those who may laugh at the title of this Romance may pray God to forgive them for it, ere I have done.

Let me tell you, then, the Romance of a Shirt. Yes, that elegant shirt, clothing the bosom of yonder gay, good-humored man—his pleasant face grows pensive with genial champagne—in the ball-room; let me tell you the Romance of this Shirt. You smile; it is indeed a laughable thing—to look upon that Shirt, and remember that every stitch has been drenched with a widow's tears—every thread along its carefully-wrought surface has been baptized with the sighs of a breaking heart; that Candle, held in the Skeleton Hand of Poverty, has lighted the White Slave and shone on her hot eyeballs, as she listened to the moans of a child for bread, and worked on, at the Shirt, sixteen weary hours; and all for—just enough to—"keep body and soul together!"

Come with me now through this spacious street, flashing with a thousand lights; the Theater glaring here, and the Rum Palace there: let us at once dive into the recesses of yonder darkened court.

Into this old house with rags and straw stuffed in the window panes—up the dark stairs, that creak beneath our tread—into this lonely room.

Ah! there is not much of Romance in this scene.

A lonely woman clad in faded attire, sitting there by a flaring light, working away, with hot eyeballs and feverish hands, at the very Shirt which you have seen in yonder ball-room!

Thus she has toiled for twelve long hours; and now, while her orphan children are lying there, moaning in their hungry sleep, there sits the Mother, without bread or fire, toiling on with hot eyeballs and trembling fingers—tolling on all day and all the night for this tremendous sum—a single ELVEN-PENNY SHIRT! Twelve and a half cents for one long winter's day of hunger, toil, and cold—laughable, is it not?

And that flaring light glares in her face—shows the shrunken outlines—the eyes unnaturally large and dark—the under lip quivering, and quivering, as the poor Widow tries to choke down the deep agony mounting to her throat.

This faded woman once dwelt amid scenes of comfort—luxury. She never dreamed that the lot of the poor Child of Toil would be hers; never for a moment thought that the splendid mansion would dwindle into a dark, cold room; the dazzling chandelier into this flickering candle; the light of a husband's smile into this gloom of hopeless Toil; the warm, happy forms of Childhood into those starved and ragged things in yonder corner! The husband died suddenly; his estate was insolvent; and now the story is clear. What claim has the Widow upon the tenderness of Society? Poor—she must toil, and toil for the task-master, who chooses to reap his profit—that is the word—from the loss of her health, the nakedness of her children.

An isolated case! Cherish the idea, if it saves you the expense of a blush. But still the Fate factors on the forehead of your barbarous City Civilization. There are at least Ten Thousand poor and virtuous women in Philadelphia, who, suddenly impoverished by the death of a husband, a father, or a brother, are forced to toil at various occupations for just such a pittance as "WILL KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER!"

Who cares for their wrongs? Who demands from stony-faced Society their Rights? There are Missionary Societies for the Heathen of Hindoostan; Anti-Slavery Societies for the Slave of the South; Political Societies for the Manufacture of Presidents; Societies for every thing under the heavens, from the Police of a Market-House up to the Putting Down of a Rognish Pope; but, as for the White Slaves of Philadelphia, these virtuous women, who work their nails from their fingers' ends—for just enough—"to keep body and soul together"—where, oh, Philadelphia Philanthropy, is your Society for them? In what vein of your Great Heart beats a throb for them?

There was a stout-souled man, one MATHEW CAREY—God's blessing bloom upon his grave!—who made a noble effort for these deeply-wounded Daughters of the People: but he is dead, and Philadelphia is too much occupied with the Greeks a thousand miles off to attend to the Greeks dying at its door.

May the Face shine into my heart, and give me grace to speak plainly of this great wrong. The Capitalists of this Large City, who employ the Labor of Poor Women in their various occupations, in five cases out of ten extort that Labor—that is, so much health, so many tears, so much life—for a sum per day that would not keep a rich man's lap-dog from starving to death. Deny this, prove your denial, and I will love you. But as the proof now stands before me, these Poor Women of Philadelphia, laboring at various occupations that demand tact and skill, toiling for mere bread, and holding on to the most hopeless form of Toil, rather than accept Shame with Luxury, suffer every moment of their lives a Martyrdom—compared to which the stake and chain of the Early Christian martyrs are Paradise.

Beautiful Lady, darling of Chestnut Street, now floating in the dance in yonder ball-room, can you tell me how much agony was woven up with the threads of that splendid robe which envelops your voluptuous form?

Wear it; and while your bosom pants beneath it, forget if you can your Slave Sister, who toiled sixteen hours a day on this very dress, and now, while you bound in the dance, clutches the pittance in her consumptive hand, and goes to her crust—to her sick Mother—to her desolate home.

Laugh, my gay beauty: it will show the ivory whiteness of your teeth; but remember—a whisper in your ear—to-night your Father is stricken with an apopleptic fit—his wealth wrecked in hopeless insolvency—and to-morrow you must become the White Slave, make shirts for twelve and a half cents, vests for a quarter of a dollar, dresses like the one you now wear for just enough to buy your bread, or—

Shall I picture the alternative! There is a great deal of Luxury to be had in this Large City for the mere sacrifice of a Woman's virtue.

Could the Dens of Infamy yield up their infernal secrets, it would be discovered that among the miserable throng of Lost and Polluted women may be found one who has sacrificed virtue from depraved inclination; and by the side of that solitary painted thing, one hundred who have bartered Chastity for bread, taken Shame to their burning hearts—rather than live the White Slave, toiling for a crust, and swelling the Capitalist's wealth with their heart-withering Toil!

Where does the Libertine seek his prey? Look through the windows of this store, and see its grim-faced, pious owner gazing calmly on, while the Poor Girl behind the counter—whom he has hired because her ruddy blue eye and velvet cheek attracts "customers"—while that Poor Girl, as yet stainless, and with her Mother's blessing on her brow, is forced to endure the glazing gaze of the elegantly-dressed gentleman, who buys a glove as he seeks to purchase that Innocence and Chastity which a Devil would not dare assail. For enduring the gaze of the well-dressed sensualist—that thing of flushed cheeks and glowing eyes—the Poor Girl receives one dollar and a quarter per week; or, in case her face is very beautiful, her attractions remarkably winning, her Employer adds one, or not more than three dollars to her hire.

This Employer very often calls himself a pious man, and goes regularly to the Communion Table; or if he chances to wear a broad-brim, and disgrace the coat of William Penn by wearing it upon his trafficant heart, he goes to Quaker Meeting, and prates of Morality! Ah! what does the Wolf of Traffic under the coat of William Penn!

Were I not a believer in the Faith of Peace, I—so the natural impulse burns, and it is hard to keep my blood from tingling in a case like this—I would like to see a hundred such Employers carted through the streets, and labeled on the brow—"This is the Godly Man, who hires Virtue and Beauty to attract custom to his Store, and forces Poor Women in the ray of Temptation, so that he may make one penny more on the price of a neckerchief or a glove!"

In the old time, there were beautiful women, daughters of the Poor, who sat at the feet of the Lord Jesus, and washed the dust away with the baptism of their tears, looking all the while into that Face which shone its Blessedness and Love into their upraised eyes.

Even now, I see the same serene Face; which smiled upon the Daughters of Palestine—smiled even in the hut of poverty, and smiled forgiveness even upon the erring Sister whom Godly men accused. Yes, I behold that Divine Face glide through the Homes of the Large City, and shine upon the Toiling Daughters of the Poor, as in the dead of night they work for the bitter crust, while the flushed cheek and the gasping cough tell that the repose of a quiet grave is very near.

How much Genius, how much Beauty, how much Stainless Innocence, is around you—White Slaves of the Great City, toiling on, though the night is cold, the table without bread, the hearth without a coal!

Pity, my good Aristocratic, Pious People, pity the Poor Girl, who falls! Do not be harsh with her: spare your epithets of scorn! You remember there was a day when Almighty God demanded the blood of Abel at the hands of Cain. Did you ever read it, in your golden-elased Bibles!

It was a hideous deed, for Cain to dip his hands in his brother's blood in that young dawn of the world, but—

What manner of deed is it, in this day of Christian light, which you commit, my good Aristocratic, Pious People, when, by your shameless neglect and direct wrong, you force the Poor Girl to sell that which is worth all life—for bread!

I have not the very largest hope that you will ever read these words, for your time is so much taken up between the Fashionable Church and the Opera, that you have not leisure to read any thing, save a Fashionable Magazine, or the Report of the last Ecclesiastical Convention, giving a full account of the newest fashion in Pews and Cereals. But should these words reach one heart, only one—draw one tear for the Wrongs of the White Slaves of Philadelphia—give impulse to one generous deed in their behalf—I will believe in verity that you have seen the Face, and loved its divine eyes.

I have said, that I dared not follow the Divine Face into the Fashionable Church; but, gathering courage as we go on in our task, let us venture there—even there, "where a convenient pee, commanding a full view of the organ, and within hearing of the Rev. Dr. Fiee-thousand-a-year's most eloquent appeals, is for sale—terms \$800 cash, or \$1000 in copper stock, at par."

Warm and golden the sunlight streamed in through the stained windows of the Fashionable Church. Magnificent columns supported the galleries; a soft rich light prevailed; holy texts were emblazoned, in letters of gold, high over the elegant Pulpit and white marble Communion Table. It was crowded, that Fashionable Church; the same sun which shone on the Jail and the Gibbet, soiled itself through the pictured windows, and lighted up that sea of faces, warmed into strong emotion, as the echoes of the Preacher's voice rolled back from the ceiling.

The Preacher—ah, me! he was a fine and pleasant-looking man of God, clad in coat of glossy black, with the white cravat encircling his

neck, relieving a face, full, round, and plump in outline, enlivened by the glance of two eyes, that now fired with the warmth of devotional feeling, and now glared with just indignation as the terrors of the law were heaped upon the head of the guilty sinner.

There sat, listening to the words of the Preacher, in cushioned pew near the altar, a worthy citizen who exhibited a striking and picturesque appearance. With a form, round and extensive in proportion, clad in glossy broadcloth, the worthy brother Zebulon Branwell presented to the full glare of the afternoon sun a face round as the full moon, red and florid as the essence of the best brandy could color it, while his large eyes, vacant as Blank promises, rolled wearily to and fro, as with his huge, sensual lips dropped apart, he listened to the words of the Priest.

Every ear drank in the impassioned words of the Preacher; the mass of faces extending along the galleries were all interest and attention, while the crowd, seated in the lordly pews beneath, brilliant with gay costumes and glittering with fashionable attire, seemed to have but one soul, and that was enchained by the eloquence of the man of God.

The spoke of the life of Jesus. He raised his hands with an impassioned gesture, and pointed to the motto glittering above the pulpit—

"HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF."

He pointed the destitution of the Man of Calvary, his poverty, his heritage of scorn. And as the Preacher poured forth the words of his enthusiasm to the air, he glanced over his rich and lordly congregation, the Fashionable Church, and exclaimed with a burst of feeling:

"Who—who was the Man-God, Jesus? Was he rich, was he proud, was he mighty? No—no—no! He dwelt not in the halls of the proud; but shared the crust of bread with the poor man in his hut. He was fed in the dens of misery, the tenements of vice, the habitations of crime, ever intent, day and night, upon the great object of his mission, never swerving from the purpose of his Divine Soul. Pined the sick within the lonely chamber—Jesus was there! Did the felon gnash his teeth within the doomed cell, shaking his chains in impotent rage as he beheld the light of his last day streaming through the grated casement—Jesus was there! Methinks I see him, see him now! Yes—yes, my brethren, his unsanded feet, torn by the roadside flint, his dress, all tattered and faded, covered with the dust of rich men's chariots, his matted beard mingling with his waving hair, his God-like face wearing forward the Majesty of Heaven upon the brow—I see him—I see Jesus speeding along the highways of Judaea, traversing the sands of the desert, passing through the wilds of Samaria, speaking comfort to the poor, health to the sick, hope to the desolate—life to the dead!"

A tear stood in the eye of Brother Zebulon—a murmur ran through the congregation.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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