

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 135.

The Principles of Nature.

INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

Our readers will remember that we, some three months since, published an interesting communication from Mr. EBENEZER ALLEN, of Galveston, Texas, together with several beautiful poems communicated from Spirits through Miss Ada Bruno, of that city. Two additional letters from the same intelligent source are herewith submitted to our readers.

Our correspondent refers to the fact that some of Ada's pieces are not original. We discovered some time since that one of the poems which accompanied Mr. Allen's first letter was not composed at the time it was impressed on the mind, and written by the hand of Ada. Spirits not unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them; and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimations respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality.

We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Allen more frequently.—Ed.

GALVESTON (TEXAS), Sept. 23d, 1854.

DEAR SIR:

While ascending the Mississippi River about the 20th of July last, I addressed you a communication containing some account of the development of a poetic medium in this city by the name of Ada or Ada Bruno, together with several poetic compositions which she had then written, among which were "The Anthem of the Sea," "Spirit Companions," etc., etc. Since that time she has written some two hundred pieces, some in prose, but mostly in poetry, and her writings, if printed, would fill a volume of four hundred pages. It has since been discovered that some (how many we know not) of her productions are selections from different authors, and not original. Circumstances, however, clearly show to any unprejudiced person that she was wholly unaware of this. Her hand alone writes, while her mind remains passive, except as a plate on which the piece is impressed. Often the names of the authors or their initials are subscribed to the pieces. Several purport to be the productions of Greenville Mellen, one Mary B. Crawford, one (a beautiful hymn) is subscribed Ethelred, and on Saturday evening last she was thrown into a trance, and delivered a lecture or sermon on "the Love of God," and the next morning wrote it off entire; and to the name of Dewey (I forget the Christian name) was signed. Some of her pieces are in Latin (of which language she knows nothing), some in German, some in French (of which she knows a little), and others in a language we know nothing about. I send you a specimen or two. Among her recent pieces is a beautiful translation of "Lenora," from the German, differing from the translation of Scott (found in his poetic works), and signed by a name I do not recollect. Several of her shorter pieces have been published in the newspapers of this city, some of which proving plagiarisms, have served to throw much discredit upon her pretensions in this community.

I regret to find that this interesting and gifted medium, in common with too many others, is singularly wayward and capricious in her disposition, and is under influences which, I fear, unless obviated by some superior interposition, will poison the fountain from which the pure waters of poetic inspiration and wisdom reflected from on high had begun to flow. I know not the impressions you may have received from my former letter, as I have seen no notice of it in any number of the TELEGRAPH I have received. Perhaps you discovered that the pieces, or some of them, were not original. At all events I consider the foregoing explanation due to you.

As it may not be uninteresting to you, I will give a brief history of the progress of Spiritualism in Galveston. We have not been favored with the visit of any professed medium from abroad, but have had to depend entirely upon domestic developments and the guidance of our own suggestions, aided by the various publications relating to the subject. Consequently, there has been but little system in our efforts, and no regular formation or meeting of circles.

The first manifestation of which I know any thing, occurred in the room where I now write, in Nov., 1852, and purported to come from a deceased daughter. Not one sitting around the table at the time had ever been present at any previous manifestation. All were conversing, with their hands resting on the table, and social mirth and pleasantness prevailed—no one anticipating any thing extraordinary. After more than half an hour, the table commenced moving, and the surprise and strong excitement that took possession of the company could not for a time be suppressed. As soon as calmness was restored, a series of affectionate inquiries were put by the mother and brothers of the departed, and answered in a most apt and satisfactory manner through the alphabet. She spelt her name in full, declared that she was really present, declared her undying love for her parents, and as a message to them spelt out—"Believe in God." Since that time she has made many communications, all characterized by earnest love and pure devotion.

During the ensuing winter, spring, summer, and autumn, meetings were frequently but irregularly held by those feeling an interest in the subject, and generally with favorable results. Two writing mediums were developed, one a lady, who, though

she could not be persuaded to persevere in the exercise or cultivation of her high gifts, manifested extraordinary power and aptitude, and is gratefully remembered for the many sweet and affectionate communications transmitted through her to the bereaved in this sphere from their departed relatives and friends; the other, a gentleman, a native of New York, who died of the yellow-fever in this city about twelve months ago. He was distinctly admonished of his approaching end some two weeks before the event by the Spirit of a departed niece, while sitting with me alone one evening, though at the time we could not tell to which of us the warning was addressed. Since his exit he has often visited our circles; and on the first occasion, while sitting in the same room, after announcing his presence by a succession of very loud raps in answer to a request from us for him to come, he thus addressed us (having often sat with us while in the form) through the alphabet.

"My God, you all look as natural as you ever did. All I formerly believed I found true, and far superior to my conceptions. But I can not tell what I would—too tedious."

His wife being present he said in the same mode:

"My dear wife, I am with you, and truly glad to see you where we have so often met before."

His kind offices were again exercised in our behalf on a later occasion, but I may as well state the circumstance in this connection.

While Mrs. — (whose card I see in the TELEGRAPH of the 9th inst.) was sojourning in our city—say about the first of May last—she was called upon to exercise her clairvoyant powers in behalf of a sick lady. She accordingly, as is her custom, threw herself, by the magnet, into the superior state, and from where she sat, proceeded mentally to the room of the patient. After examining her condition and prescribing the suitable remedies, which she always does with great accuracy and success, she remarked that she had met upon the sidewalk, while returning from the sick room; the spirit of O. B., a vagrant formerly well known in Galveston, then recently deceased, who told her that he would come to our circle that night and do mischief or create confusion. Accordingly, no sooner had the circle organized than O. B. announced himself, and declared his intention to make disturbance, giving us to understand, that as soon as the lights were extinguished (for we had to sit in darkness in order to get the higher and more wonderful order of physical manifestations) he would break or injure the furniture, and harm the persons of those present. This greatly terrified the ladies and especially Mrs. —, whose temperament is highly nervous, delicate, and excitable. At length, Mrs. —, addressing her deceased husband, said, "H—, can't you prevent O. B. from disturbing the circle? pray do, if possible." He replied, "I will try to keep him sober."

Thereupon the lights were extinguished, and the phenomena, which we had on several occasions witnessed before, occurred, without the least injury to the person or property of any one. There were about twenty persons present, sitting in a semi-circle around the room. The piano commenced playing, and continued for about half an hour—no one touching it. The lighter articles—parasols, books, papers, pens, a porcelain sand-box, glass wafer-box, cards, a large pile of sheet music, etc., etc.—were borne through and suspended in the air in every direction, brought from an adjoining room, placed or thrown into the laps or at the persons of the different individuals; a walking-stick was violently torn from a gentleman's hand; several present were touched, grasped, or pressed with more or less force; in the mean time, communications were made through the piano, the keys being used instead of raps. Nothing, however, was broken or injured, even the articles of glass, thrown as they were across the room upon the floor, remained unbroken. These phenomena, and similar, were often witnessed, while Mrs. — was in this city; and should you deem it a matter of sufficient interest, I will refer you to her for these and many other manifestations, to which she can bear testimony.

Two brief communications written by the hand of the deceased medium referred to, I will here give, together with the circumstances attending them.

In the month of July, 1843, a gentleman of this vicinity, who had become blind, having lost a pistol, one of Colt's revolvers, wished to find it through the Spirits. He accordingly asked at a circle (the said medium being present) if the Spirits could tell him what had become of his pistol? It was immediately written in reply by the hand of the medium, as follows, viz.:

"I know nothing of the implement of death; and of what possible use could it be to you to have such an instrument of sin, death, and destruction." (Signed) "PETER THE HERMIT."

I was standing at the time near the table, and thinking the name fictitious, or, rather, assumed; I remarked aloud, "That is probably a *nom du guerre*." Several persons present asked for communications, but none being given, I said: "Let the Spirit say whom it wishes to communicate with," and instantly by the hand of the medium wrote as follows:

"To — (myself)—"You seem to doubt my identity. A correct historian like you should have known Peter the Hermit was no *nom du*

guerre. You may be assured that it was none other than Peter who replied to the question put respecting the new arm of war—one wholly unknown during my sojourn on earth. Believe me when I tell you that I am what I represent myself to be.—PETER THE HERMIT."

The following is the eighty-third piece written by Ada. It was written on the 17th ultimo, and the day afterward she wrote the subjoined poetic translation. You will perceive that it does not purport to be original from the note which accompanied the piece, "Zod," etc. I have not been able to decipher this note, or to find the piece in any Latin works to which I have access. You may be more successful. I copy from Ada's manuscript, even to the punctuation and italicizing. There was a word after "apud," but so blotted that I could not make it out.

Non vinum ut vinum appetitur, sed tale bonumque
Sic et vita, ut vita est nil, nisi bona; quod si
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum despicitur.
Esse quidem, per se, nec amandum nec fugiendum est.

Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima reola, vermis,
Musca, lapis, cortex; nihil est optabilius adempta
Conditione boni; nisi sit tale, esse bonumque,
Nou video eur optari, nec possit amari.

Zod. vii., lib. 6, apud —

TRANSLATION.

Not wine as wine men choose, but as it came
From such or such a vintage; 'tis the same
With life, which simply must be understood
As blank negation, if it be not good.
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline
And loathe the sour lees of corrupted wine—
'Tis so to be contemned. Merely to be
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,
Seeing that every lightest little thing
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless to be
And to be best we are, I do not see
In bare existence, as existence, aught
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought.

The following was written the same day, Aug. 17. I have copied the original as well as I could, not understanding the language in which it is written, and the medium herself being unable to throw any light upon it further than is mysteriously suggested to her by impression.

Kiosken ar tie slagen,
Ran old och orogend,
Och fendeus hand,
Bevard, O Gud! den stad ocht land,
Kiosken ar tie slang gan.

The clock has sounded ten.
From fire, from brand,
From hostile hand,
Save, O God! this town and land.
The clock has sounded ten.

The following is a small extract from the end of a poem, or what seems one, written in an unknown dialect, alike incomprehensible to the medium, myself, and all others who have examined it. None can make any thing of it, and no translation has as yet been given to the medium, although I am told she has often asked for one. Copying from a blindly written manuscript, and guided by imitation mostly, it would be singular if the copy shows what the original intends to be. It may suggest something new, useful, or agreeable to somebody curious enough to examine it and learned enough to understand it. Accept it *de bene esse*.

Mahquis Kiorkausidus y elars sic
O! chos an tie stod ochies miene
Reprenez as salvidantea morator mamia
Salutus deero lispude muntadi
Svabum deo slotus meni aeredi
Lispandole momo tiecto dzromer
Salan brendi novuni sic dzredier
Levitus dits book liams sic vi qua
Caerons slagint instrudent mamia.
Fritz Belasting.

I close with the following hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th of August, and, original or selected, is certainly an exquisite and noble production.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Let there be light! The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day came blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam poured,
Whispered again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad;
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flashes the signal-light for prayer;

Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there;
Come! kneel to him, who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul—
To him whose mercies, like the light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

During the last three months (the manifestations have increased in interest. Communications are often written by unseen hands—paper and a pencil being placed upon or under the table, or with chalk on the table around which the circle is sitting. Beautiful tunes are played on the guitar placed under the table. Ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, and bracelets are taken from the persons of the ladies, mixed together in a confused mass, and then each restored to its place upon, or placed in the hand of the owner. Articles of dress, silver plate, etc., are brought from wardrobes and closets in distant parts of the house—taken from locked drawers and through locked doors (the keys being in the locks), and placed upon the table. On one occasion a copper grape-shot was taken from a trunk in an upper room, brought down stairs, and rolled over the table, and a ball of prepared chalk was brought from a distant house in the city, and a rose pulled from its stem in the front yard and placed in the hands of a young man sitting in the circle. Hands purporting to be of departed brothers, fathers, sisters, and other relatives, take hold of ours—press them, and press each finger separately—and their lips are pressed to our own as distinctly as fondly, and their breath is felt upon our faces as warmly as if they were in the form.

Like Nicodemus, we may ask in surprise, "How can these things be?" Is the spiritual body obvious to our touch—can its breath fan our cheeks, or does the Spirit mold to its use grosser elements for the occasion? I can not answer. I only know that I have felt and witnessed the things I have related, and should be most happy if some of the eminent and enlightened Spiritualists of your city were present to do the like.

Yours truly,
EBENEZER ALLEN.

NOTE.—In one instance, viz., that of the silver spoons, the key was not in the lock. The drawer in which they were kept was in an armor standing in a chamber, and the key (the drawer being locked) was taken out and deposited in another part of the house for safety. The circle was sitting in a lower room; and, among other demonstrations, the mysterious power or agency claiming to be the Spirit of the departed, but which the skeptically wise ones call electricity, odic force, deviation, etc., without any human aid or interposition, found the key, opened the doors of the armor, unlocked the drawer, took out the spoons (wrapped in blotting-paper and tied with a string), conveyed them out of the room, through a passage, down the stairs, through another passage into the room, and placed them upon the table in the midst of the circle. They also took a long ornamental band used as a head-dress by a young lady at the table, from her trunk in the same chamber, and bringing it into the circle placed it upon her head, winding it twice around, and fastening it with a pin, as gracefully and properly as she could have done it herself. This and much more occurred on the 24th inst., 10 P.M.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 26, 1854.

S. B. BRITTON:

Dear Sir—As the last mail steambot for New Orleans was suffered to depart without my letter of the 23d inst., I have concluded to extend my communication to some other facts connected with the same subject-matter. To you, promptly apprised of the most striking manifestations as they occur throughout the wide area of spiritual research, our local phenomena, as presented by me, may appear comparatively tame and devoid of interest. Be it so. You are sole judge of the merits and defects of the information I thus transmit, and unless upon inspection it shall be found to square in point of novelty as well as truth, with other specimens of work admitted by the master to be used in building up the walls of the temple, let it be cast aside as rubbish.

Mrs. —, who is now in the city of New York, came to this place early in January last, and remained until about the middle of May. As a clairvoyant, she possesses remarkable powers. Her first specialty is doubtless for maladies, and her prescriptions have, in many cases, some of which had been long-standing diseases, defying for years the efforts and skill of deeply learned and highly respected physicians, proved signally efficacious. This can be established by the clearest evidence, without going beyond the limits of our city. Instances of her finding things lost, and persons not heard from for years, are many, and susceptible of easy proof.

She could, at any time, voluntarily bring on clairvoyance by holding in her hands the magnet, and not unfrequently she was thrown involuntarily and suddenly into this state, startling those near her at the time. On such occasions the condition seemed to be induced by supermundane intelligences, who then spoke through her as a medium. Once I heard her address a company assembled in a drawing-room in the character of Gen. B., who died some four years ago, and of whom she knew nothing. She, or rather he, spoke about forty minutes, referring to and relating a chain of incidents and transactions beginning twenty years before, and coming down to the time of his dissolution; and in manner, gestures, figures of speech, and peculiarities of style, expression, etc., so clearly copying his former self, that his friends present at once recognized and saluted him. The subject of his address was "Internal improvements in Texas," and the address itself, in point of strong practical sense, sound positions, and brilliant oratory, would have done honor to the best and brightest of our statesmen.

About the 7th of May last, while calmly sitting in her room and conversing with two ladies of her acquaintance, she was suddenly and spontaneously entranced. I should have stated

before, that, in this condition, she is often subject to striking emblematic visions, portraying future events. Soon she became deeply agitated, overpowered with grief and insufferable distress. Tears flowed down her face, and in tones of horror and anguish she uttered abrupt and incoherent expressions, such as: "Can nothing save them?" "must they all perish?" "I see them lying upon the ground—all dead—the whole city!" On being urgently questioned, she said that she saw all the people of the place lying dead, the ground covered with their bodies in every attitude of suffering and distress. She saw all her own friends lying lifeless among them. Again she exclaimed: "Is there no help?" "Must they perish?" After another brief interval of weeping, she exclaimed, in sudden joy, "No! they are saved!" "A LITTLE MAN comes to their rescue!" "Goliath is slain!" "The enemy is defeated!" "They are saved!" etc. Soon after she said that it was a vision she saw, but that it had passed away; that the vision was emblematical of some dreadful calamity which, threatened, our city—whether fire, sword, pestilence, or flood she could not tell; but it seemed that the evil would be averted—that "even while we slept some frightful danger was brooding over us!"

Whatever doubts may be entertained respecting the truth of the vision, no one can doubt as to the reality of the threatened danger. Galveston is still prostrate under the scourge of the PESTILENCE! The YELLOW FEVER never before so fatally, so generally, and so unexpectedly prevailed, as it has during this season.

But the city has just been preserved from a more formidable visitation, viz., a flood, that has swept with ruin and destruction over other neighboring places on the coast. Entire towns have been washed away, and many (how many we know not yet) of our fellow-beings have been ruthlessly snatched away by the torrent, even while they slept! The echoes of this fearful storm have hardly yet subsided, and we are just becoming aware of the danger we have escaped, and stupidly wondering how it has come to pass! Galveston was as much exposed as any of the places submerged, and more than most of them. Yet, by some momentarily operating cause—the wind veering round by the west instead of the east—suspending the working of the tempest for half an hour! (WHICH DID NOT HAPPEN ELSEWHERE), Galveston was saved!

E. ALLEN.

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte is destined hereafter to place human inquiry and research upon a sure and lasting basis. Hitherto Philosophy, so called, has been quite a medley of conjectures and facts, laws and theories, dreams and inductions, vague generalities, and indefinite imaginings. In some departments it has attained considerable definiteness and accuracy, while in others it is still crude, mixed, and mythological. Just at this stage of its history and growth, it required a master-mind with a widely comprehensive range, and a powerfully discriminative eye to collate and digest it, and furnish the philosophic world with the true law or principle which must govern and control all properly directed and efficient inquiry. When we have this law or principle, it is an easy matter to apply it to the adjudication of cases, and the analysis of phenomena. But it requires a superior mind to detect and announce that principle. Schoolboys can now explain the movement of the heavenly bodies, etc., by the law of gravitation. But a Newton only was adequate to the discovery of that law. As this law brought order and harmony out of material chaos, so the law of mental growth, announced by Comte, will bring order and harmony out of a corresponding mental chaos. This law he calls the "Law of Mental Evolution." He says that the Human Mind in its progress passes successively through three stages of development, and employs three methods of philosophizing, the character of which is essentially different and even radically opposed.

- 1st. The Theological or Fictitious;
- 2d. The Metaphysical or Abstract; and
- 3d. The Scientific or Positive.

The first is the necessary point of starting of the Human Intellect—The state in which it first begins to think and reflect upon the phenomena of Nature, and refer them back to causes. The second is merely a transition stage from the Theological or Supernatural to the Positive or Scientific; and the third is the fixed and definite state wherein knowledge becomes Positive, and capable of its legitimate office and use in the development of man.

In the Theological stage, phenomena are explained by referring them to the arbitrary wills and caprices of Superior Powers, who, placed immediately over the World, directly produce and superintend all that comes to pass. Nature is regarded only as the theater whereon these Powers display their variable wills; and man, finding their correspondence in the analogies of his own nature, ascribes to them all the human passions, caprices, and desires; and he elaborates immense Orders and Hierarchies of Gods and Goddesses, having each their special function. This is the era of credulity, imagination, wonder, and supernaturalism. And it arrives at its highest

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A REASON WANTED."—We desire to inform our friend "G." who writes us under the above caption, that we regard the subject-matter to which his article refers as unprofitable to talk about, and that many discriminating friends who are familiar with the facts, entertain a similar opinion.

"D. K."—Your letter of the 9th ult. we have been unable to answer in any manner that would render your wishes. When we had no "field of labor" we went in search of one, and when we found it not, we resolved, with the blessing of Heaven, to make one.

A friend in Poughkeepsie, who assures us that he can not express how much he enjoys the reading of the TELEGRAPH, in a recent letter, incloses for publication a selected article, entitled "A Remarkable Manifestation," which has already appeared in our columns.

R. H. BROWN, Detroit.—We have often thought of such a book as you speak of in your letter of the 23d ult., and have no doubt but it will be demanded hereafter. We think its publication at present would be premature.

J. M. T., Waukegan.—Our columns are very much crowded at present, but it is our custom to publish those things which in our judgment are most valuable. Forward any thing that possesses an intrinsic interest, and it will be likely to appear.

G. WHITCOMB, Charleston, Mo.—Should we send you the Telegraph Papers, postage unpaid? The amount, if paid at your office, will be \$1 60; if paid here, the postage will be but 50 cents.

"A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

Such is the beautiful title of the new spiritual poem uttered in 30 hours through the mediumship of THOMAS L. HARRIS, and just issued in an elegant volume of 250 pages, from the TELEGRAPH press. The readers of this paper are already somewhat familiar with its character from the extracts we have heretofore published from the proof-sheets.

"On the 1st of January, 1854, at the hour of noon, the archetypal ideas were internally inwrought by spiritual agency into the innermost mind of the Medium, he at that time having passed into a spiritual or interior condition. From that time till the fourth of August, fed by continual influxes of celestial life, these archetypal ideas internally unfolded within his interior or spiritual self; until at length, having attained to their maturity, they descended into the externals of the mind, uttered themselves in speech, and were transcribed as spoken by the Medium, he, by spiritual agencies, being temporarily elevated to the spiritual degree of the mind for that purpose, and the external form being rendered quiet by a process which is analogous to physical death.

It is due to Mr. Harris to add, that in his waking condition he had not the most remote knowledge or conception of any part of the Poem till it was unfolded to his utterance by superior powers. The incidental history of the delivery of the "Lyric" is the same, in almost every respect, as that narrated by the Editor of this paper in his essay introductory to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven."

The volume I have read is Miss Martineau's translation, published by Calvin Blanchard, New York, and sold by Partridge & Britton. PITTSBURG, Nov. 11th, 1854.

SONNET.

"Father, the hour is come." In power To man declare thy law, That he, assimilate in love, May thee in love adore; Impress upon this plastic thought The teaching he should know, That by the leadings of thy will, He may in knowledge grow; That error, and its subtle claim, Thy truth may cleanse away, So, cleansed from spots of sin, Know the eternal day.

Where Wisdom, Love, and Truth in radiant glory shine, And man, enfranchised, knows his spirit is as thine. NEW YORK, July, 1854.

TALKING SPANISH.—Mr. Greery, writing from Hancock, Wis., says: "We had a circle last evening, and my brother was controlled to speak Spanish. The Spirit went into the conjugation of verbs, which he translated for the benefit of my youngest brother, who has studied that language some."

The butterfly is at once the symbol of inconstancy and of immortality. This is not contradictory: man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.

Who can feel what a beautiful and elevated sentiment may develop in the soul? It is the perfume in the flower, the flavor in the fruit, the light in the atmosphere.

perfection when it substitutes the action of a single Omnipotent and Omnipotent Being or God for the varied operations of the numerous divinities which had been before imagined.

In the Metaphysical stage, the mind supposes instead of supernatural agents, abstract forces, veritable entities, inherent in each and all things, and capable of producing all phenomena. In this stage the mind (youthful, vigorous, and just verging on to manhood) subtilizes phenomena, and attempts to grasp the essential properties, the real essences or the substrata of things.

This is the era of scholastic subtleties, polemic wit, and metaphysical bewilderment; and it attains its maximum when one great Entity, Nature, is substituted as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multifarious entities at first supposed.

In the Positive stage, the mind has given over the fanciful conception of superior powers immediately producing and directing affairs, and the idle search after abstract entities, and betakes itself to the study of the laws and principles by and under which phenomena are invariably produced and regulated. These laws and principles being constant and immutable when once ascertained, impart to us a power, calculation, and foresight unattainable in any other way.

The growth and development of the Individual Mind is not only an illustration, but a proof of the course of development of the Collective Mind; for the Race is but the repetition of the Individual. The point of departure of the Individual and of the Race being the same, all the different phases and states of development of the former correspond to all the various epochs of the mind of the latter.

This law of Mental Evolution, it is obvious, divides Philosophy into three grades or classes, for all Philosophy takes its character and color from the states of development of the mind—this mind after all determining the quality of the philosophy. These three classes are the Theologic or Supernaturalistic Philosophy, the Metaphysical or Abstract Philosophy, and the Positive or Scientific Philosophy.

As we have seen, the first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is, that it regards all phenomena as subject to invariable Laws.

As the development of Philosophy follows the development of the Human Mind, so all knowledge passes successively through these three grades. A certain individual or class of individuals, themselves occupying the Theological plane, and philosophizing in certain departments of knowledge and inquiry, will project in those departments a theological philosophy.

The rate of advance depends upon the nature of the knowledge in question, so distinctly as to constitute this fact an accessory to the fundamental law of progress. Any kind of knowledge reaches the Positive stage early, in proportion to its generality, simplicity, and independence of other sciences.

And that "It sprang to outward shape; unformed by art, Full-fledged it left its nest within the heart And sung melodious in external airs.

"When summer winds were whispering through the glade, This infant was, as in a manger, laid. When summer clouds went wandering o'er the streams Our Medium sung it, while entranced in dreams.

"The vision of the Lamb was penned by one Who, when deep sleep he veil'd by stars had thrown Over the Poet, strove the words to write From the traced lips that fed on Heaven's delight.

"The Interlude of that pure soul of fire, Who dwells in Pallas' mid the fairy choir, Was spoken through the Medium, o'er-tasked With weary pain, some time in April past.

"And for the rest, 'twas given, as one might play Upon a lute, at intervals by day, Within the space it takes the moon to unfold Her slender crescent to a disk of gold; And 'twere not hard to count the time in hours— Ten full-blown roses, twenty orange flowers."

"The thoughts that in these measured pages are, Through adoration offered to THE LORD, Beheld th' unseen, held commune with the far."

"A consolation, when the outward form Sleeps silently where pallid death-flowers bloom. A whisper from the Heart's eternity, A holy voice from Eden's nuptial trees."

"The sweet 'Prelude,' which is a questioning how the roses bloom, and where the perfumes, rich and rare, pass and fly, and a rebuke to the materialist skeptic who rejects the spiritual because he can not understand it, when it is no more a baffler of his search than the secrets of the color and perfume of the rose—this sweet Prelude we leave for the reader to enjoy unbroken."

"Spirit, wise, and calm, and holy, Sitting beside a temple's western gate, And when the sun set he arose in state, And ere the crimson tints had faded wholly, He drew his floating mantle round his breast, Receding from my sight, until afar His luminous forehead glimmered like a star That sparkles o'er some heavenly mountain crest."

"Then came a Maiden, clothed in silver light, With pale, green sea-flowers twined around her brow; She held an emerald crown before my sight, And called me to her."

"There was a Poet, stol'n by Death from Time, Before his heart had blossomed into song."

"Either to ascend, Six days in planet Jupiter to spend; Or else to be transported into Mars; Or borne away among the unknown stars."

"Seek thou the land, Far away from the Earth where the weary are glad; Where the heart by the soft Summer music is soothed; Where the Sorrows of Earth are left unthought of; Be that home of delight where it may."

thought, his thoughts took form, and his wishes were born into an outward shape. It was a strange, blissful life he led. And we are told how sweet it is to leave the mortal shape, even in sleep, and how beautiful is the Ministry of the Night:

"The spiritual ministry of Night Is all unknown. Day rules the sensuous mind, But Night the fettered spirit doth unbind, And through the silver palace-gates of light, In dream and trance, she bears the soul away To the wide landscapes of the inner day. Her cities are the stars, and she delights To lead mankind in vision through the deep, Where Angels their mild mysteries closely keep From outer sense; she kindles up the lights That guide her guests in journeyings thro' the heaven; The electric waves of ether bear them on; Shafted with fire their arrowy path is given, Till they are bosomed in the horizon, Whose orb of quickening is the Spirit-Sun. The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep; And Life's continuous current ever flows, Whether to outward bliss the pulses leap, Or languid glide in silence and repose. And could one mortal tell of all he sees, Recalling Night's close-curtained mysteries, The breeze that bears to Heaven man's common thought Would bear such mighty gladness, and be fraught With such entrancement, that the skies would thrill In sympathy divine. One little-ill From the fall ocean of interior bliss Flowing through Earth, would change Earth's wilderness Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile Familiar as the roses all the while.

"The Angels of Sleep, we are told, lead the soul to its home, —and thus the soul of the Poet was led to her Paradise Isle by a Maiden from Pallas. And while journeying with her the Poet sings the mournful song of the 'Outer Life.' Proceeding with the Maiden, the Poet says: 'We breathed deliciously. There came a scent Of new-blown lilies. A divine content Diffused itself like music through my breast. We seemed to be of radiant wings possessed. We rose, as new-born butterflies unfold, In morning light, their wings of green and gold, And sparkled with all fairy hues; our feet Thrilled with delight the living air to meet; Our thoughts took form like wings around the head.'

As they reached a shore of alabaster, a company of rose-winged and purple-vested youths and maidens met them, and the Poet sang "The Song of Desire." As he ceased singing he saw a lovely maid whisper into an infant's ear, and the infant flew toward the Poet and his maiden companion, and welcomed them, as a lovely Spirit-pair, to the Island of the Lily Queen. In a beautiful grotto the Poet saw "The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers, that fed The air with incense. O'er her form was spread A mantle's sparkling like the ocean foam. Her parted lips like dewy sun-stars shone, With gold and crimson richly blent."

As he looked she wakened. She told him his coming was not unknown. Enraptured with her gracious beauty, the Poet says: "My heart's eclipse Was ended. Like the moon beside the sun, Shining in new-found radiance, I began To glow in her sweet presence."

He felt a new life born in him, and trembled, like a dew-drop as she touched the inmost lyre-strings of his heart. Then the Poet sings a noble "Song of Home." "How beautiful is Home! The wanderer sees, Retu'ning from afar, the village spire, And the ancestral roof, whose aged trees Shelter, perchance, wife, mother, child, and sire. Not theirs the glory to which fools aspire, The empty haunts vainly called Renown; They are content to light the evening fire, To feast on simple cheer, and lay them down In joyous rest to dream, forgetting Fortune's frown."

"How beautiful is Home when Love adorns, With splendors brighter than the morning sun; When it first gilds the silver Alpine horns, The village cot—the fair, beloved one, Though poor in outward gifts, excelled by none In all the finer feelings of the breast; How chime the hours to music as they run! Music of Love divine, that Angels blest, Delighted, bend to hear from out their golden rest."

"The Love alone that gives to Home its bliss, Transfusing common dust with light divine; Love plants its Eden in the wilderness, Lights Heaven's own flame to guide the darkness time; In saddest breast, like diamond in the mine, Burns quenchesly; and through Life's inner night, An orb of fairest grace and strength sublime, Pure as sweet Hesper, set on Tempe's height, Streams, prophesying Heaven, the land of Love's delight."

"But Home in Heaven—a light within a light, A joy in shadows in joy! How beautiful The evening shadings, when a new-born sight Changes to jeweled fires the palace wall Of our divine abode; when, over all, A sky translucent, fire-illumed and fed, Expands sublime beyond the ethereal hall, Picturing o'er all its dome how Angels wed, What marriage throngs sublime to heavenly nuptials tread."

And the Lily Queen becomes the bride of the Poet. And the Poet learns his destiny from a radiant angel, which is "The Vision of the Lamb," and we are told that "In these resplendent Spheres Each new-born Angel like a lamb appears. The Lamb of God, the Infinite innocency, Is Lord and Master here."

Then the Poet sings "The Song of the Soul," and how "Love is Endless," and the "Hymn of Life's Completeness." In the "Golden Age of Harmony" life is to be complete. Then there are to be no scattered households. Then the Eden Age shall revert to mortal men. Then shall come the New-Born State. Then the crowning Church shall rise. At this point the Poet is borne away from his pleasant retreat in a jeweled pinnace. He sees and hears delights. He falls asleep, and wakes to find a cup in his boat, from which he drinks the "Sweetest Hydromel." Then he hears the spheres sing in chorus the "Song of Mars," the "Song of Jupiter," and the "Song of Saturn."

Owing to the great length of another article in this number, we are obliged to reserve a brief analysis of the Second and Third Parts of the Lyric for our next issue.

A number of articles are unavoidably crowded out to give place to the lengthy Report of a Night with the Spirits, which we are sure will be read with interest.

Interesting Miscellany.

JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

The door of the Church turned on its polished hinges, and the sound ran through the Church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and majestic in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age, deep wrinkles seemed his countenance, and his hair, all tangled and matted, fell waving on his forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, he approached Brother Zebulon. The well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a pew-door open at his coming? Did fair forms arise, did kind hands woo the stranger to the cushioned seat? Did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

He cast his deep, unfathomable eye from side to side; he looked upon the soft face of yonder beauty with a glance of silent entreaty, but the fair one turned away, and the travel-worn stranger strode steadily toward the Altar.

Slim-waisted Esquire, long-faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage, and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away, and still the stranger toiled wearily on.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a man of the World; he neglected all the offers of politeness, and at last stood before the pew-door of Brother Zebulon.

The face of the stranger was changing to a face of beaming light, a calm smile stole over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of Godhead looked forth from the desecrated pulpit.

How that immense congregation rocked to and fro, while the murmur deepened, and eyes dilating with fear were turned toward the Pulpit! A Panic, such as smote the ten thousand faces of Old Sodom on its Last Day, throbbled like a pulse of Death in every heart.

But they came not, these silken People of the Bank and Counter, these darlings of Aristocratic wealth, these images of God so shamefully hidden away in fine apparel, draped in broadcloth, satins, and gold!

And all the while, in the center of the church, even in Brother Zebulon's pew, stood the Man of the World, that pale, bluish light glowing about his forehead, upon whose broad surface the veins now stood out like blackened cords, while a lurid fire shot an infernal magnetism from his eyes!

"A cheerful good-day to ye, my friends—my Christian friends! I have come from Rome—from Westminster—from Geneva! Believe me—by the Gibbet which so many of our Reverend friends have taken for their Gospel—I never found myself so much at home in my life as here!

He towered aloft, this Fallen Angel, looking like the Embodied Shape of the Geneva creed, and—they say it with a shudder—right above them, like a horrible mockery of some night-mare dream, a Phantom Gallows began to blacken into shape.

Still serene, above the Pulpit, stood that Transfigured Form—the Face shined in a halo of light—A Love faithless as Eternity wreathing its lips and shining from its eyes.

The hymn died away. The Reverie into which Brother Branwell had fallen was suddenly broken by the voice of the Preacher.

"It is our purpose to hold a series of Religious Meetings in this church during the ensuing week, with lectures from our pious Brethren of the Orthodox clergy. To-morrow night I will lecture on the Divine authority for Punishment by Death, with an examination of the sublime structure of that part of the Mosaic Dispensation which says, 'An Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth.'

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LIFE AFTER FREEZING.—It is said that the scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man brought to life after being frozen eleven months on the Alps.

It has been the practice at the hospice of St. Bernard for the monks to keep the frozen bodies of unknown travelers for months, that they might be recognized, and in Norway—according to the recent work on that country, published in England by Professor James D. Forbes—that people in some of the valleys, during the long, dreary winters, keep the bodies of deceased persons in a frozen state until spring, when they are borne to the church for the last time; this is the first instance on record of reanimation after death was for some time apparent.

Plants in the Air.—The Evening Gazette translates from the Courrier des Etats Unis, the following horticultural item: "A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived the idea that the smallest of certain plants, the violet for example, was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs.

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* This aunt has been dead for many years.