ILLUSTRATION SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. OF

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

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WHOLE NO. 136.

The Principles of Anture.

MR. HARRIS' LAST POEM.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN:

My dear Sir-Your request that I would state some of th leading incidents and circumstances connected with the deliv ery of that remarkable poem, "A Lyric of the Morning Land." which I wrote for Mr. Harris during my late vacation, imposes upon me a by no means ungrateful task, since it recalls one of the most pleasing interludes of a life which, unlike the Romish Calendar, has not been overcrowded with holidays. Besides I can but unite with you in wishing that all that can be known from the external, in reference to the origin of these and similar productions, may be open to the fullest investigation, the freest and most careful scrutiny. These things-the miracles of Spiritualism-are not done in a corner, but through the length and breadth of the land; they court the light, and challenge the attention of all unbiased and liberal minds. A priori, one would have inferred that the bare announcement that man. being exalted as to his interiors, may, as upon a mount of transfiguration, hold communion with saints and sages of the elder world; that in his hours of agony angels approach to strengthen and encourage; that friends and kindred, the beloved and cherished of other days, purified from the stains of earth, again woo to an endless union-would have thrilled mankind with delight; that, sustained by an array of facts such as no cause in its infancy ever before could present, it would have stirred the deep heart of Christendom. But a sleep, ominous of death, a lethargy from which only the most powerful stimulants can arouse, has fallen upon the dominant minds of this and other nations. Still, "life belongs to the living," and when the old cisterns fail the people will find new springs and perennial fountains; and those that have been filled up and buried beneath the rubbish of ages will be reopened, that the weary and wandering may be refreshed, and all hearts gladdened and satisfied. Every true man is a prophecy of a better time; every loving heart of the return of the Golden Age; every virtuous and happy home of the restoration of the Eden-bliss.

But to proceed with the facts which I sat down to commi nicate. Near the close of July last, I received a note from our common friend, Rev. T. L. Harris, requesting me to spend as much of my vacation as other duties would permit, with him in the quiet and healthy location where he had passed part of the summer, seeking a reinvigoration of the energies of his delicate and overtasked constitution. Accordingly, on the first day of August, Mr. Harris and myself, accompanied by his little son, a lad of eight, leaving Mrs. Harris feeble, but still comfortable, in the hospitable home of her kind friends in Troy, sought the rough and rugged hills of Grafton, situate some fifteen miles westward. Little did I then think that I was bidding adieu for the last time to one of the truest and noblest women, a meck and patient sufferer, a tried and faithful friend of the cause of unfolding truth. When I returned she was absent with her friends on a visit to the Springs, so that I saw her no more. I can not better express my feelings than in the words of her dearest friend: "She has gone to her new home, as a bud to its blossoming, as a bride to her bridegroom, as a wandering strain of music to the eternal harmony of God. Let us write her name in letters of gold on a tablet of fair . A sister spirit, she walks in white above us. Let us rejoice that the golden life of angels has drawn

Arriving at our destination, we took rooms at the inn, and in the afternoon walked out to a small, deserted house not far from our lodgings, and entering its unbarred doors we were at once welcomed by a band of Spirits from the serene regions of heavenly melody. They suggested that we should first secure the permission of the external proprietor of the humble mansion, and on the morrow commence our work there. I shall not soon forget the expression of delight which lit up the features of our friend as he found that our coming had been anticipated, and a welcome labor prepared for us. The consent of the owner, the neighboring 'Squire, was easily secured, sidered as expressive of our real state. and anxious to spend as much time as possible in the open air, Mr. Harris proposed to pass the remainder of the day upon the pond. And here, too, the kindly care of our guardian and history of the work. We began accordingly to bethink friends was manifest; it was distinctly said that he must not ourselves, and consider what we could say pertinent to our go upon the upper pond, though he might upon the nearer. theme, and vainly to regret that we had not taken more copious This seemed a little strange, and at first wholly inexplicable, notes. What was our glad surprise on sitting down to our task to their preparation to receive it, in their inmost hearts. Those not have existed before recorded in it? and were they not as nature, and has ever been advancing in intelligence and virtue; till visiting the boat of the latter toward evening he found that, in the morning, to receive the noble Preface, and that graceful having been left by the decline of the water, it was so shrunk little "History;" and thus the labor of many hours was accomand leaky as to be unsafe until again swelled; yet, as he had plished in a few moments. The "Interludes" next succeeded, been out in it a few days before, he would probably have ven- and last of all were given those exquisite lines commencing, tured without the warning, and as he does not swim, the consequences might have been serious.

Early in the morning we repaired to the humble apartment which had been selected, where silence and solitude had long the organs of the medium were specially prepared and harreigned, now to be broken by the low-chanted melodies de- monized by the melodies that had preceded them. scending from worlds of harmony and song.

ing the spiritual nature of man, and the modes through which an- endeavoring, after the influx under which he always transcribes spired lyrical utterance be perceived and felt in all its rich and they all take the Bible for the man of their counsel and guide? LOCKPORT, N. Y.

were interspersed with many miscellaneous poems, given mostly at our rooms in the evening. At length the noble Lyric was commenced, but still we knew not at first that it was other than a continuation of those minor poems. Usually we would receive some five or six pages of prose matter, and in the latter part of the morning the continuation of the "Lyric." But soon the delivery of the poem occupied the whole time of the morning during which the medium could be used; and the same would be resumed at our rooms in the evening.

The "Lyric of the Morning Land" was all spoken, chanted, or sung, varying in manner with the different styles of thought and expression. During the earlier portion, commencing with hose exquisite passages in which the fair Lily Queen is introduced, the entrancement was very deep, and the influence seemed soft and gentle, as if of the very soul of love. No mother by the cradle of her first-born—no lovers in the tenderest moment of the disclosure of a youthful affection, ever breathed forth their inmost joy in more melting tones. It was as if Heaven, with its infinite sweetness, its bridal dower of all precious things, was wooing the quickened and responsive earth. And so strange and wonderful were the revelations, so great the contrast between the inner and divine beauty unfolded from the heavens, and the outward and degraded life of man in this world, that a feeling of awe, almost of trembling, stole over us lest some mystic magic, some strange spell of enchantment, were working in our midst. And then, with all the tenderness of a prudent and loving mother, words of truth and encouragement, soothing and persuasive, were addressed

In contrast with this scene, "The Hymn of Life's Completeness" was chanted in an elevated and manly voice, like a triumphal ode, recited at the festival of heroes. The Songs of the Planets were rehearsed in a strange unearthly melody, as if impersonal existences were pouring their harmonic life through the entranced organs of the medium.

But with the "Marriage of Apollo," or, rather, with the "Prelude" to that beautiful poem, commenced a marked and manifest change in the delivery. The enunciation was more slow, and characterized by the greatest exactness and precision. The inspiration seemed to be ultimated even to verbal expression; and fitly chosen words to be poured through the mind of the instrument, as if some mighty poet of the past, the great Milton, or perhaps some long-forgotten bard, with the rich dower of a noble diction—the rare result of genius and scholarship—had presided over this part of the poem, and aided its ultimation in external speech. And in referring to my original MS. I find that this "Picture-Poem" was written down with such accu racy, that it might have been sent to press with little addition

After this the lyrical element more fully predominates, and the songs that follow were sung with an airy lightness such as I have never witnessed in external artists. I remember in this portion Mr. Harris seemed to be conscious of the presence of a band of musical spirits similar to those mentioned in the Appendix to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven;" and I well know that neither in his external states, nor in the ordinary conditions of entrancement, have I ever heard such musical tones issue from his lips. The lyrical element seemed to attain its greatest height of sublimity in the "Song of the Marriage of the Stars," of sweetness in the "Eve Song; while in the various songs of the fairies a clear and ethereal melody gushed forth as if poured from a heart that knew naught of earthly cares or mortal sadness. And so the bright song wound itself to a close like the last sweet notes of a clear and silvery bell.

As we perceived the ebbing of that mighty current of harmony which had thrilled our inmost hearts, a feeling of ineffable sadness stole over us; so that the closing strains,

"Oh! Life of Love in Heaven, For thee I yearn; Yet from bright morn to even, I turn, I turn,"

together with the first stanza of the "Finale," may be con-

When the poem was concluded, it was announced that on the morrow an account must be prepared of the external origin

"The Lord is lovelier far than man, No angel can his beauty scan;" etc.,

which could not, from their interior quality, be received until

but a series of very profound philosophical statements concern- my memory. I recollect on one occasion, Brother Harris was interior significance, ideal grace, and magic power of this in- doctrines entirely opposite in their nature and results, since knowledge of ourselves and of Him.

cient spiritual communications were given to mankind. These had partially ceased, to decipher or correct some expression which I had but imperfectly caught, and failing to satisfy himself, as he rose from his seat and was preparing to go out, these words came gushing from his lips, as if a sweet reproof for the vain effort.

> "When love inspires the palace-heart, And pictures heaven within the breast, The thought and language is the best, Far above thine outward art."

Toward the close of the poem the organs of the medium became so exquisitely modulated, that whatever was said through him, even answers to several questions, seemed flow forth in spontaneous verse. In one instance, as an illustration of the manner in which divine harmonies descend to ultimation in external language, a sweet little poem was given with such rapidity that I could write but part of the lines; and on asking at the conclusion if he would not repeat some of the first verses, lest they should be forgotten, it was said, "Palaces of memory treasure up thy words for thee." Afterward, when I saw how lost and misunderstood words were supplied in copying, I perceived the significance and felt the truth of the remark.

I wish here to state one thing in regard to this "entrance ment," "interior condition," or "mental illumination." As man possess no other idea of Spirits than the pale and ghastly specters so terrible to our good old grandmothers, which still live in German legends, and, it may be, in some of the far "rural districts" of our own "enlightened land," so with the favored mortal whose spirit is rapt away in contemplation of heavenly wonders, they associate the nameless terror of the chamber of death, the repulsive horrors of a stiffened corpse All this is foreign to the truth, the chimera of a misguided imagination. The Interior Condition does not interfere with the ordinary self-command of the person. The medium stands or sits as composedly, speaks and gesticulates as naturally in similar passages to a circle of his friends. And there is no better system of truth than he has revealed." oreater change in the external appearance than in one engaged of the earthly and the putting on of the heavenly.

in that quiet retreat, which it would be pleasant to record would uttering low musical sounds, Mr. Harris would pass almost immediately into the interior condition, and for two hours, while the boy was noiselessly playing, or perhaps sleeping would flow through the inspired lips of the unconscious medium. Then we proceeded to copy what we had previously received; heart, inscribed upon all organized and unorganized matter for the poem was given much faster than we could transcribe. This would continue till a cessation of the influx and physical trees. weariness warned to seek an equilibrium of the system by gentle exercise in the open air. Then away to the pond, perhaps not to return till the long shadows of evening were stretching over the rugged hills. It must not, however, be inferred that we passed the long days of August without refreshment or needful rest. The bushes around afforded a sweet repast, nor was more substantial aliment, brought or sent from the house, wanting; and the green herbage, shaded by venerable trees, offered a couch of repose which kings might to inculcate any philosophic doctrine not taught in the Bible; envy-and the children of nature freely enjoy. And so the and, judging from this test, we are not far removed from the of the sayings and doings of the "Fathers," which are about as beautiful summer days flew quickly past, and the "Lyric of the dark ages. Morning Land" was sung, written, and copied, with some forty long pages of other matter, within the short space of three and the Bible for its validity. Must we use the Bible for a telea half weeks; the time occupied in the delivery of the poem scope or microscope for the discovery of truth? May it not theological views. The fact is, man is a progressive being itself being the morning and evening hours of about fourteen be discovered through some other medium? If not, I suppose placed in a progressive world, which must be obvious to the days, amounting to about ten of the former and twenty of the no truth was known before the compilation of the Bible. In most casual observer of nature. latter, as expressed in the "History," also in the appended deed, it seems very questionable in the minds of many whether note. I shall not soon forget those Sabbath hours of sweet there is any truth outside of the Bible and church. and holy communion. Others will enjoy the Poem, according softly flowing lines and tuneful cadences will be echoed and sung in the crowded marts of the old world and the forest homes of the new. Mourners and lovers, and the sweet voices of innocent children, will rehearse these heart-thrilling melodies and soul-touching songs. The skill and genius of the composer and musician will be summoned forth to express their strange, ineffable chann and wondrous beauty; but never until an inspired lyrist, filled to o'erflowing from the same divine fountain, shall come to join in harmonic union the love- guide to all truth, even in religious matters, and so plain that Koran to prove Christianity a humbug? Then let us be con-Many of the minor incidents connected with the delivery of kindled words of the Poet to the strains of a celestial harmony, a wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein, how does sistent, and seek truth everywhere and in every thing; and

abundant fullness. Nor will this method of imparting devoted and religious truths be fully appreciated till the barren logic of the school-men, with the dry, dead formulas of the past, has given place to the living, inspired, and truly regenerate litera-Most respectfully yours, S. E. BROWNELL.

TRUTH AND THE BIBLE.

Truth, with the mass of minds, is always estimated by its origin, by those who utter it, and the place where it is found It is a well-known fact, that while what is taught for truth by one man is readily received as such by a certain class of men, it would be deemed damnable heresy by the same men if pro mulgated by another. Hence, when any thing new comes up n philosophy or religion, the first question in regard to it is, Who says so?" 'The answer to which decides, with them, its truth or falsity. To illustrate, What gives force and weight to the doctrines of the different religious sects of the day? Is it not that they are peculiar to our church, or were preached by our ministers? Let the same sentiments be heard in another church, and uttered by another man, and they would be rejected as the most fatal errors. Or, some would say of it as did a Baptist of Boston when he heard John Murray preach. On leaving the church, he was asked how he liked him? to which he replied, that "He preached a good many things, but ho did not believe one of them.'

By the Christian world the Bible is considered not only the fountain of all truth, but an infallible guide to it; hence any thing that they fail to discover in it must be false; while they find no difficulty in swallowing any religious monstrosities, hoofs, horns, and all, provided they think they can find it recorded in the Bible.

A late editor of a religious paper in New England advocates the above doctrines in the following paragraph:

"Now we were born a Protestant, and have to go by the Bible; and whatever God has taught us in his Word we feel bound to receive as delivering his heavenly message, as one would in repeating true, even though we might feel ourselves competent to reason out a

What is this but saying, that the truths of the Bible may be in mental or audible prayer, to which it nearly corresponds unreasonable, and inconsistent with the truths recorded in the when the latter is genuine and attains its fullness. It is true great Book of Nature, written by the finger of God, not man. may flow down from the sphere of angels, prefiguring the end in his nature, as to make one truth conflict with another, which would be an impossibility, since two things can not be true truths which each successive age of time and eternity will There are many incidents connected with our brief sojourn | which are opposite in nature. One must necessarily be true | and the other false. All truth, whenever and wherever found, time and space permit. Nothing could be simpler, more must and will be reasonable. Hence, if the Bible is a revelanatural, or further from that fanaticism with which our oppon- tion from God to rational beings, must not its doctrines and ents charge us, than the life we led there. After an early truths be reasonable? If not, would not that prove him an unmorning repast we repaired to our little cottage, the floor of reasonable God? The fact that a doctrine is unreasonable is which the child had strewn with the sweet-scented ferns clear evidence that it is untrue. Because truth, wherever which grow there in abundance, to give a pleasant odor to those found, whether on *Heathen* or on Christian ground—whether long unoccupied apartments. Sitting for a moment in quietude, in the Bible or in nature—is consistent with reason. And it capable of deciding what is and what is not in accordance is none the more true because found in the Bible; neither is it false because not recorded there. The fact is, truth requires past was done away with. If we would progress in truth and no vouchers to make it true, and a world of unbelief can not upon his fragrant bed, the octaves of those heavenly melodies make it false. It is as old as eternity, and exists everywhere and in every thing. It is written upon the tablets of every in the universe. It glows in the ctars and blossoms in the

and infallible guide to all truth, but that the truths therein found worms, but the thinking, investigating, and inquiring minds, clash with reason, experience, and known facts, has been the who, believing that there are new truths yet to break forth in cause of more skepticism and infidelity than all things else put regard to all matters, are ever upon the wing, to catch, like the together. Are the new truths in the arts and sciences, and in lark, its earliest dawn. philosophy, false because not recorded in the Bible? Are steam and electricity the mere phantoms of some hare-brained fanatic? | ridicule and the targets for the missiles of the senseless multi-Have they in fact no existence? It was once deemed heresy tude; for true worth only excites envy. Our books are, with a

much truths then as now? The Bible teaches there is a God, a Christ, and the immortality of the soul. But was there no a higher order, adapted to his advanced state. God, no Christ, no immortality before the Bible declared them? Again, if the Bible is the only source of truth, what shall we portion of mankind now who never heard of a Bible? Have and philosophers to prove or disprove any new truth. they no truth? Is a truth in philosophy or mathematics untrue

Is not this fact clear evidence that there is as much need of the exercise of reason and common sense in understanding the truths of the Bible as any other book? "a down-east" editor to the contrary notwithstanding.

There are some very good Christians who can not see how what was deemed true by the "Fathers" can possibly be false: and hence, with them, it is sacrilegious to question any thing written by the great and good of olden times, especially if recorded in the Bible. Such credulity is the greatest stumblingblock in the way of advancing mankind in knowledge and goodness with which progressionists have to contend. It has always seemed to us, that if men would study nature more and books less, they would be much wiser and better than now; since it is more profitable to study a thing than a description of it, although beautifully written. This veneration for a thing or a doctrine merely because sanctioned by some great and good man, or because written in an old book, be it the Bible or any other book, reminds me of a boy who had a problem given him to solve. Failing to solve it, he first attributes his failure to its not being a " fair sum." But this not satisfying those who gave it to him, he soon ascertained that it was not in the Arithmetic. Thus it is with theologians. If any thing turns up that they do not understand, or that is not in accordance with their preconceived opinions or youthful education, they either call it a holy mystery, or condemn it because not found in books, or the Bible.

Such is our superstition for the past, that we seldom advance an idea without backing it up with a thus saith some ancient author, or receive an idea without requiring such wonders, just as though what was not conceived in some ancient noddle has no claims to truth. This state of things is mostly owing to sophisticated popes, priests, and designing men. This going back to ancient philosophers for truth instead of reaching forward, is no compliment to the present age. We must be poor scholars to start with all they knew, and surrounded with our superior advantages for knowledge, if we know no more than

Or, what is equally ludicrous, is the idea that all truth was delegated to the first age of the world for safe keeping, so that all we have to do is to swallow the philosophy and doctrines the life of the self-hood is suspended, but it is that a higher Just as though God is so inconsistent with himself, and divided of our fathers which have been mumbled for us their weakheaded children, not realizing that there are in the future new develop, which will be adapted to that and no other age?

The idea that what is said and written in one age is adapted to all coming time, is as consistent as the idea that what amused the child will delight the man.

In keeping with the above doctrines, is the pompous talk about the inconsistency of this or that with the laws of nature when any new thing turns up, just as though some of the would-be-wise understand all the laws of nature, and are with nature's laws. It is time that this superstition from the knowledge we must become a thinking people, and rely more on ourselves and less on books, priests, and designing

Who are the discoverers of new truths, and most ready to receive them when brought to light? Who have filled the age with wonder and astonishment by their startling discoveries which The Christian idea that the Bible is not only the fountain have annihilated space and time? They are not mere book-

Yet such men are, more than any others, the subjects of few honorable exceptions, little else than a stereotyped edition much adapted to this age of steam as are swaddling bands to If the truth is as old as eternity, it can not be dependent on manhood. There would be no more impropriety in our adopting the ancient systems of government, than their religious and

The world once was not but a chaotic mass, which change and progression have molded into its present form and beauty. If the Bible is a record of truths, as is contended, must they | Man commenced his being with the development of his lower and hence all truths which have been given him have been of

There is just as much consistency in going to the Old Testament for a true idea of God and of his character, or to say of the world before there was a Bible, and of the greater prove the annihilation of the soul, as to go to ancient teachers

Would it be wise to go back to ancient astronomy to prove till written in a book? Again, if the Bible be an intallible the earth flat, and that the sun revolves around it? or to the We did not immediately commence receiving the "Lyric," the Lyric have passed from my mind; others are still fresh in like an immortal youth to his heavenly bride, will the deep it happen that there are so many religious sects, embracing study God more in his works, that we may have a better

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We desire to inform H. K., of Broadalbin, Fulton Co. N. Y., that Edmonds and Dexter's "Spiritualism" can be had in any place in the United States or out, where there is a bookseller, or any body else who has sufficient liberality and enterprise to order the book. Moreover, we have a great number of other books on the general subject, which will be forwarded to any one who is pleased to purchase. The work by Messrs. E. and D. has been freely advertised in nearly one hundred of the principal G. W., Norwich, Conn.—We have received your donation of \$5 for the Ladies' Hu papers in the United States.

manitary School, and have paid over that amount to Miss Dow, the Principal. "Onega."-We shall be pleased to give publicity to your suggestions with the public sanction of your name. They are of such a nature that were they published with out some responsible name, they might subject us to the suspicion of having fabricated

REV. J. B. FERGUSON AND HIS ACCUSERS.

The Nashville Christian Advocate, and the Christian Age published at Cincinnati, Ohio, animadvert rather severely on the course pursued by Mr. Ferguson, insisting that he "has not only acted in bad faith toward his own church, in abandoning its doctrines, and at the same time holding on to his congregation, but that he has fully embraced the infidelity of modern times." All this is supported by the positive declaration of Dr. M'Pherren the responsible editor of that organ, but it is most emphatically contradicted by the facts in the case. We have not been an indifferent spectator of Mr. Ferguson's course. During the last three or four years, since our attention was first attracted to him, we have witnessed much to approve and admire. Gradually as his theological views have been modified by careful investigation and his own deep, religious experience, he has not hesitated to speak freely and to express the solemn and beautiful truths which have come home to his own mind and heart. In all this he has honored the Christian name and profession as truly as he has deserved the respect and approbation of all candid and fearless men. Indeed, we have met with but few members of the clerical profession who have displayed equal fairness and moral courage. Mr. Ferguson is not the man to seek or to wear a disguise. His views are always expressed with boldness, but in a modest and loving spirit, while his conduct toward the most unscrupulous of his opposers has been uniformly tempered with that charity which "suffereth long and is

question, has Mr. Ferguson acted in bad faith? He has ut- of the skies. tered his honest convictions fearlessly, and on all proper occasions. In this respect his case may be somewhat singular, but we should hope, for the honor of human nature, that it is not without precedent in every Christian sect. Others have pursued a different course, and, so far as their conduct could con tribute to realize such a result, have labored to convert the Church into a grand masquerade by openly teaching one thing and secretly believing in something else. These time-serving teachers have ever been intolerant toward those who have an nunciated new views, while they themselves have scarcely ever sinned against popular opinion. Men who are worldly wise-who investigate when they are forced to-who yield to conviction and embrace new ideas when the truth becomes re spectable and conversion will promote their temporal interests -have never ceased to oppose and slander every earnest and self-sacrificing man. But there are many free and magnani mous spirits who will neither remain silent nor inactive a their bidding. The whole humanity will not be content to hang on to the world's posterior parts because that is the appropriate place for conservative theologians. The great orb moves on, and, notwithstanding they ride behind, they are constantly terrified with the apprehension that some infernal centrifugal force is about to drive the world from its moral orbit. Well if even the fears of such men shall prompt them to relinquish their hold on so much of the world as does not properly belong to them, the welfare of humanity will be essentially promoted.

We are happy to know that there are some men who will not trample on conscience and smother their most sacred convictions for a place; to whom the mournful prayer of a common humanity "without God and without hope" is more potent | Paris, where he had an extensive experience in treating than the arbitrary dictum of a sectarian priesthood; men who will not peril the noblest issues of life and the hope of immortality for the "bread that perisheth;" whose noble natures will not bow to ancient error and superstition—though sceptered and mitered—to win the empty applause of the thoughtless world, and to secure, for a brief hour, a place in its hollow heart. Mr. Ferguson has thus ventured to peril all else for the great truths of Spiritualism, which to him are a beautiful and divine Gospel, full of present consolation and the imperishable treasures of immortal light and life. Our southern friend frankly tells the world and the church precisely where he is and what he believes, and for this he is accused of acting "in bad faith." We shall be glad to know that his opposers have as much conscience, or that they are even capable of act-

ing with equal justice and moderation. Mr. Ferguson is accused of "holding on to his congregation," as though the circumstances of the case required him to abandon his charge. But he has lost none of his faith in the vital principles of Christianity by becoming a Spiritualist. Or the contrary, his faith is immensely enlarged. Religion, long buried in the tombs of ancient tradition and modern material ism-the spirit being lost in the letter and the form-has been suddenly quickened. Angels from the Spiritual Heavons have rolled the stone from the door of its sepulcher, and it has risen from the dead to a more exalted and incorruptible life. Why, then, should our friend be required to leave his people—to interrupt a relation which is mutually agreeable and profitable? The truth is, the congregation held on to their pastor. He made a frank and undisguised statement of his new ideas, and they, with great unanimity, resolved to stand by him. Whether they embrace our particular views is probably a matter of little or no importance. They believe in free thought and speech; they respect the sacred rights and religious convictions of the individual; they love truth; they fellowship HUMANITY, and for all this we honor them.

The unscrupulous accusers of Mr. Ferguson allege that he has become infidel. But who dreads that epithet at this late day? Certainly no one who knows the value of Religious Liberty. When a man is thus denounced by sectarian bigots, we the cause of Peter's weeping. "He wept bitterly," said the naturally infer that he does his own thinking, and that he is parson, "because he had committed a crying sin." probably a man of genius or a Reformer. The truly inspired mind; every man gifted with wisdom beyond his cotemporaries; all souls unshackled by time, and sense, and custom. have been called heretics and infidels in their day. But the account of a very remarkable presentiment that she had against it.

memory of such men is imperishable, while Providence and History alike leave their persecutors to "dull oblivion," or Divine retribution. The truly great and good never die, but live on from age to age, and rule the world by the power of their living thoughts and Godlike deeds.

DR. STEPHEN STANLEY.

It is only some three weeks since we learned that Dr. STANLEY, with whom we had a brief personal acquaintance had departed this life some time in August. If we are correctly informed, his mortal career was terminated by cholera. When we last saw him, some fifteen months since, he appeared to enjoy the most perfect health. His physical organization ndicated unusual power of endurance, and we confidently expected that he would remain to witness the departure of many who yet survive to cherish his memory. The outward temple, so symmetrical in its form, so recently quickened with vital fire, and inspired with the presence of superior intelligence, now lies in the dust. Its walls are broken down, and the illuminated dome, with its irised windows, which mirrored the surrounding revelations of Nature, is shattered and fallen. The common dust of the valley covers the splendid ruin! But the divinity that dwelt there has a temple not of earth. Its deathless fires have been rekindled on immortal altars, and at shrines consecrated in the heavens.

Dr. Stanley was a man of fine personal appearance, social habits, and agreeable manners. His strong feelings were tempered by mental discipline, and he possessed sufficient intellectual power and cultivation to render him a desirable companion in educated and refined circles. But among the graces and qualifications which rendered his society most attractive, we must not omit a brief notice of his musical capabilities. For several years he practiced vocal music as a profession, and his voice, naturally deep-toned and musical, acquired a remarkable degree of flexibility and power. We believe he was employed in this capacity up to the time when he bade adieu to the arbitrary restraints of the earth-life, and went to dwell in the great republic of the Heavens. The destroying angel, as he passed that way, laid his hand on that stately form. The body of the strong man trembled, but his soul was firm. He had already learned something of the realities of the Spirit-World, and death to him was but a momentary circumstance in an endless life. The invisible Providence that shifts the passing scenes of mortal being, abruptly dropped the curtain on life's stage, seemingly before our friend had finished his part. The voice that thrilled us was hushed and lost to the outward ear, but it suddenly awoke, with more Now in what respect, if we may be allowed to press the than mortal power and sweetness, amid the choral symphonics

MORE LITERARY LARCENY.

—an original poem, entitled, by the author, "THE VOICE OF THE PINE." Not caring, probably, to be convicted of this species of larceny, the Recorder drops the original title and substitutes the following, viz., "Prayer for the Dying." Several secular journalists who have not the manliness to credit the TELEGRAPH for any thing that is good, do not hesitate to appropriate from our columns whatever suits their purpose, after he manner of the Recorder. If such offenses subjected the individual to a criminal prosecution, our testimony would suffice to convict a large number, and might, perhaps, very much circumscribe the business of Newspaper Agency and the The picture, or portrait of Apollo, rather, is nobly drawn receipts of the Post Office Department. In behalf of all who steal from the Spiritual Telegraph we beg leave to solicit the most charitable judgment and the largest clemency, on account of the remarkable discrimination and literary taste which they must be admitted to possess.

DISEASES OF THE EYE.—DR. REHRIG, one of the most distinguished oculists in this country or Europe, has opened an office at 334 Fourth Street, near Broadway, where he will practice his profession. Dr. R. pursued his observations for some time in Asia and Africa, where ophthalmic nualadies are extremely prevalent; after which he was for several years associated with the celebrated Dr. Deval in the Institution at Amaurosis. We hazard nothing in saying that Dr. Rehrig is a gentleman of profound learning and exalted character, while he undoubtedly stands at the head of his profession.

AN HONORABLE TESTIMONY .- Mrs. VAUGHAN, who edits the Women's Temperance Paper in this city, extracts a portion of Bro. Harris' discourse on the loss of the Arctic, which she is pleased to characterize as among the most "beautiful and touching" things which that great calamity has called forth. Respecting Spiritualism generally, Mrs. Vaughan says:

Whatever may be our opinion of modern Spiritualism, so called, its ntility, or its claims to the investigation of thinking men and women, peculiar thought, and the affluence of its peculiar ideas.

We commend Mrs. Vaughan's paper to the attention of our

repelling the charge that his muse is dilatory, and uses the Fairies' Return." Of Apollo's palace, we are told

"I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this Spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit

DR. HAYDEN, of Boston, who has just returned from a visit to Ohio, delivered an interesting lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday evening, the 26th ult. The lecture comprehended a variety of facts and observations at the Spirit-Room of Mr. Koons, and was illustrated by several diagrams and paintings, which are said to have attracted much attention.

Punning on Peter.—A clergyman somewhere in New the Poet sees England, while discoursing from the pulpit on Sunday, had occasion to refer to Peter's denial of the Master, and quite unconsciously to himself perpetrated a pun, in elucidation of

LIFE SAVED BY PRESENTIMENT.—Charles Lever, the distinguished novelist, was coming over to the United States in the Arctic, the trip that she was lost, and was persuaded by his wife to defer his visit on

"A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

name them but as mournful examples of mortal blindness and from this new Poem, with such brief observations as seemed Child—the Poet says the Child's face necessary to convey an idea of its general scope and design. We proceeded as far as the end of Part First, from which we will now continue our analysis. Here the Poet arrives at Part Second—"Hesperus." The Lily Queen is his companion. The Poet sings how

"The hard moralities of Law Reveal but Life's exterior shape; Could we but feel what Jusus saw, Our souls all outward bonds would break,

" And Life become the grandest fact, Grander than theories or creeds, Of stately virtues built compact, And blossomed o'er with fairest deeds

" Motive determines path and end; The germs of greatness are concealed; And stubborn circumstance we bend; If strong in will--if weak, we yield.

And the Poet sings that, "all things begin and end in Heaven;" and sings of the "Victory-bringing Angel;" and the "Resurrection of the Dead." And we are told how that, in

"Sweet souls abide Whose lives in one perpetual rapture glide. 'Trance-Spirits' they are called; they appertain To the interior sense of sight; they reign Perpetual in mild, noontide light; not theirs To dwell in hope or memory."

There—

"They call the Earth-land 'Twilight,' for they say 'Life dawns in twilight and unfolds bright day.'"

"Death they call 'Youth,' and 'Hymen,' and the 'Lord.' The universal Heaven they call 'God's Word.' Their Eden they call 'Bride-land;' children they Call 'Heaven-blooms;' they grow tuneful when they pray, And chant sweet hymns that thrill celestial airs. Love they call 'Beauty;' song, 'Heart-wingéd prayers.' For they are Poems, as it were; some grand, August, magnificent; by such their land Is governed; for all thoughts being seen as things Substantial, those they own as Lords and Kings Whose thoughts are grandest; and their thoughts arise Like temples, crimson, through the lovely skies That span their habitation. Dearer far To me their gentler Infant Angels are; These are all lyrical, and, when they sing, Their words, like flowers, fill all their world with Spring."

"Our Bridal Heaven clasps that world, enzoned Around its beauty; 'tis divinely throned In the bright Sun-sphere folded from its heart-A Violet Heaven-from sorrow set apart; Called by a name that, Earth-expressed, is this, 'Love-Eden,' 'Beauty-land,' 'Heart-heaven,' and 'Bliss.'"

Here are sung to us "The Bride Song," the "Song of the The Amsterdam Recorder of the date of Tuesday, Nov. 7th, | Celestial Nuptials," the "Song of the Bridal Heavens," and copies from the Telegraph of Oct. 28th—without the slight- the "Song of the Conjugial Angels." These are beautiful est intimation respecting the source from which it was derived songs. The Poet asks his Lily bride the following question:

"'In all the full heart's boundless bliss, Tell me, sweet Lily,' then I said, 'Why evermore from scenes like this My thought to lower earth is led!' The Lily said, 'Thy thoughts descend To Earth because thou lov'st its race; The nearer we to God ascend, The more we glow with inward grace, The more we seek to lead our kind

To heavenly states of heart and mind." A fine description is given of the "Marriage of Apollo

"In his full breast he bred a choir Of azure-crested doves that fed On marriage blossoms; 'round his head A changeful sun-crown shone and shone. And round his snow-white shape was thrown A wingéd scarf all gold and blue; This robe his kingly form shone through; The life-blood chorused in his veins; And, where he trod, the flowery plains Drank purple radiance from his feet; And those who heard him breathe in sleep Said that his heart filled all the night With music, pure as Love's delight. His shoulder bore a golden bow; White arrows, pure as virgin snow, Barbed with fires, were placed within A quiver formed of moonbeams thin Changed into crystals. Whence he came None knew; but horses winged with flame Appeared above an amber cloud. Their archy neeks toward Earth were bowed; Their fiery nostrils snuffed the breeze, And sparkling jewels blinded these. As if some radiant charioteer, Descending to the earthly sphere, Had left his bright steeds in the sky Sun-blinded, lest they should espy Him lowly journeying below."

The close of the Marriage of Apollo brings the Poet to we can not deny the new literature which it has produced, the meed of | Part Third-"The Sun." Here we have a series of rare | praise for the richness of its peculiar nomenclature, the beauty of its songs—the "Song of the Sun," the "Song of the Seasons," the "Song of the Earth's Decline," the "Song of Earth's ened part of Europe where there is not a "medium"-where communi-Renewal," the "Song of the Marriage of the Stars," the "Morn Song," the "Eve Song," the "Song of the Twilight Stars," GRAY TO DR. WARBURTON.—In an essay on the life of the "Song of the Midnight Fairies," the "Song of Romance." Gray, originally published in the London Quarterly, the fol- the "Song of Death," the "Song of the Palace of Apollo." the lowing testimony is cited from that author. The poet is "Song of the Fairies' Gathering," and the "Song of the and goodness, just such as one would expect from disembodied Spirits

"Great Milton dwelleth here; he sees with eyes Grown brighter from Earth's desolate eclipse: And Dante and his Angel-bride: from skies That outward burn he turns to her sweet lips. Correggio here, the Poet-painter, dips His pencil in celestial light, and throws Visions from God's unvailed Apocalypse O'er all the burning walls. In splendid rows The Demigods of Song enjoy the Heart's repose.

If space, and justice to the "Lyric," which we have already drawn too largely on, permitted, we should trace the thread of the Poem more closely. We have only sought to give our readers some little clue, and a few average specimens of the general song. The volume closes with a "Finale," in which

> He holds a burning pen. 'Write, write,' he says, 'when thou to Earth returnest, The glowing thought for which in heart thou yearnest. Write it, a Lyric Story, that shall make Gladness renew the hearts that inly ache. The Lily Maid beside shall sand Always to guide thine Angel hand,

> > And Angel-matrons 'round thee throng .

As choralists of that sweet song."

"The Victory bringing Angel once again.

The Poet replies that he can not write the story, but is Last week we presented our readers with some extracts finally prevailed on. The Lily Queen sends to him a little

> "As if each atom were a star, Shone glimmering at first afar; And as he drew more near he grew More beautiful. The south wind blew Fragrance divine from him to me. He folded up his fairy-wings, And said, 'The Lily bade me be Thy bosom-guest; not earthly kings Such honor boast; I'am not fed With earthly food; I ask not bread, But only in thy bosom-shrine To sleep, and breathe my life through thine.' Strange pangs shot through me, and I felt Thrilled as the bright snows ere they melt The warmth of love filled all my breast, And there I bade the Infant rest. 'Another Lyric sleeps within Thy bosom now; ere snows begin To robe the world, he'll wake again, And sing of love to mortal men."

It may interest our readers to know that the past week has realized the prophecy contained in the closing lines of the last extract. On Friday, the first instant, while Mr. Harris was away from his lodgings-spending the evening at the house of a friend-he was entranced, and commenced dictating his Third Book. The work is now advancing toward its consummation, at the rate of several hundred lines daily. In style and subject-matter, judging from the first part, it will be unlike either of the preceding poems.

VIATOR IN SWITZERLAND.

Some time has elapsed since we received any thing from our accomplished Foreign Correspondent, whose letters have been read with constantly increasing interest from the first of the series. His last was written from London, England, under date of July 15th, since which he has been somewhat unsettled. Having at length established himself at Geneva, at least for the ensuing winter, our readers may expect to hear from him more frequently. The letter which accompanies this paragraph is highly interesting.—ED.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, Nov. 3, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN: It has been some time since I wrote you, but there has fallen in my way nothing in the "spiritual" line of immediate interest to your readers You may be sure that table-turnings, spirit-rappings, spiritual manifestations-whatever may be the word to designate the thing-are occupying the attention of men in every civilized land. Under the shadow of Belgian cathedrals, all along the borders of "legendary Rhine," among the gay promenaders at German watering-places, in the solitary valleys between the snow-clad peaks of the Alps, I have heard earnest men and women speaking with subdued voices of the newly-discovered means of holding communion with the dear departed. There is ever a solem yearning in the human heart toward those that have been loved in life after their departure from the tabernacle of clay. Everywhere, too there is a fearfully earnest desire to have immortality made as real to reason as it is to faith. What wonder, then, that phenomena of such grave importance should seize not only upon the imagination and fancy, but also upon the reason and soul of the most intellectual!

It is not the vulgar and superstitious, as some suppose, that, all over Europe, are influenced by spiritual manifestations. His Holiness o Rome has officially declared that the invisible telegraphic wires, by which communications are made by Spirits out of the body to those in the body, has its farther end located in the realm of Satan; that it is a new trick devised by the same old enemy, whereby to whisper sedition to Heaven in the silly soul of man. The holder of the keys of St. Peter has recently made another striking manifestation of his wisdom, and of the wisdom of the Church he represents, in ordering the relics of saints to be exposed at Rome in order to put a stop to the cholera. Poor, old. slow-witted Pope! he waits till the cholera has done its work, and is ready to depart, then orders out the preserved fingers and toes and dried bones of all the worthies of the calendar to be exposed as a kind of holy scarecrow to put the raven-winged pestilence to flight. Was the pestilence a visitation from Heaven to punish men for their sins ! What, war | ciples those who are convinced, would be very gratifying to himself and against Heaven, then, to scare it away with relies! If it was something others, as well as probably very beneficial to the cause. Our friend is to be resisted by any agency within the call of mortal, why did the culpable pontiff delay to use the means in his hands until the sacred city had become a charnel house, and the epidemic was already fleeing before the coming frost! Sacrilege or most culpable neglect-take which your Holiness prefers. Faith-unquestioning faith, must be placed in the dusty remains of dead bodies, but when the deathless soul speaks from the blessed "Spirit-land" by such means as dull sense can comprehend, and gives sweet words of comfort, of warning, of instruction, and peace, then you are sternly bid to believe that the Arch Fiend i speaking with the accents of angels to your deluded soul. The head o the Church virtually gives notice: The Almighty is forbidden to speak to the souls of men in my dominion. And if the Almighty is thus forbidden, the angels stand a poor chance. Here, as of old, the contest is between body and soul, death and life, darkness and light, reason and superstition, spiritual tyranny and spiritual freedom, the shadow of thehas-been and the reality of the existing, decay and new growth; a contest that must go on to the end of the world, in which we must engage or die; it is the Erdgeist's "seizing and giving," the law of action and reaction in nature, the law of compensation in life. Alas! poor Pio Nono! how thy reason as man wars against thy authority as Pope! The Spirits would comfort thy weary soul if they could: the dry bones around thee are non-conductors.

The superstitious and the weak listen to the voice of superstitious high-priests, and obey. Those who are strong and accustomed to think, listen to the voice of eternal reason that speaks through the soul. These spiritual manifestations are everywhere making most impression upon the most gifted souls. There is, perhaps, not a town in all the enlightcations are not received. I find at Geneva, in the religious family of my next-door neighbor-they are sincere members of the Swiss Church -a beautiful medium, in whose crystal-clear soul is echoed the voice of "Spirits that walk the earth unseen, both when we walk and when we sleep." The communications received are full of sweetness, beauty, solicitous for the well-being of their kindred in the flesh. Who could believe that such a bright, fair creature is unconsciously in league with the Evil One, and that such kindly counsels are ill-omened words, enticing that Spiritualism and Spiritualists are subjected to much ridicule and away, like siren voices, to perdition ! Even the most devout Catholies. when they witness such beautiful manifestations, can not help questioning the head of the Church that declares them devices of the Fiend. So, when new light is given to the world, the very measures that are taken by the interested to oppose it, are, by an inevitable law of things, means for advancing it.

His Holiness of Rome is not the only one who has attributed such manifestations to the powers of darkness. Some in the Calvinistic Church, in this respect, find themselves in company with the Pope. It is useless to add any thing under this head, for the work of Mr. Charles delivered a lecture in London on the "Home Education of the Poor," in Beecher, the ablest among the advocates of the Tartarean doctrine, has the course of which he spoke as follows of our poet Longfellow: "There been completely refuted by yourself. But we may say that the followers is no greater lack," said the Cardinal, "in English literature than that of Calvin are not at one with their master in this regard. The great of a poet of the people-of one who shall be to the laboring classes of Genevan theologian devotes an entire chapter of the "Institutes" to an England what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany. He was a true exposition of his doctrine in regard to angels. He describes them as philosopher who said, 'Let me make the songs for a nation, and I care ministers of God, as sublime personal beings. "As Christ says," to use not who makes its laws.' There is one writer who approaches nearer the language of Dr. Henry, who impartially sums up Calvin's doctrine, than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold "that the angels of little children always behold the face of their heavenly on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Father, he shows that the care of little children is committed to particu- Our hemisphere can not claim the honor of having brought him forth lar angels. And this must be taken as certain, that not only does an -but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household angel watch for the well-being of every one of us, but that they altogether work for our salvation, since it said that there is joy among them all over one sinner that repenteth. . . . This belief in angels enriched for him both life and nature. He often expresses the beautiful sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all conviction that they were looking upon him, and that he was sustain- who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the ing his struggles in their presence."

Long has the Catholic Church been reproached for its practice and doctrine of the invocation of Saints. If now some faithful child of the capricious mother should receive some actual communications from the pitying and benign Spirit of St. Bernard he must straightway believe that he has received a visitation from "him who first rebelled in heaven," disguised in sacred livery. So the Church prescribes withal the manner in which Saints shall answer invocations. Heaven, then, will doubtless be ordered to turn out the rebellious Spirits if they should commune with mortals in an anti-canonical way. The great founders of the Protestant Church have believed in angels; that the Spirits of good men do not sleep, but become angels; that angels are witnesses of and interested in human actions; but some of the sapient divines of the present day, who have not read as many solid books as Luther and Calvin wrote, shudder as at an infernal presence when the soul inwardly throbs at the approach of beings incognizable to outward sense. Such has ever been the course of things. When a new truth has been announced, the representatives of all those institutions that are to be superseded by it instinctively place themselves in an attitude of hostility, and summon all organized powers against the very thing destined to renovate the world and bless mankind.

Here, as in France, as in England, as in America, many firm believers in spiritual manifestations conceal their convictions, knowing well the penalty exacted of those who avow themselves partisans of the new truth against the old. The sneer of one's neighbor, the finger of scorn, the loss of reputation, the impeachment of one's judgment, the charge of funaticism, the laugh of the multitude, the denunciations of the religious, the imputation of weakness that is straightway exaggerated into a charge of chicanery, of a criminal or mercenary design upon popular credulity-all these things, and more, are the consequence of taking the side of truth against organized error, of Galileo against the Inquisition, of Christ against the Sanhedrim. We ought not, then, to denounce those who have not the strength and courage to face the world, whose very bread perhaps depends upon their silence.

There is one man here, however, who has a book in MS., which will appear in print after a month or so, which is full of personal experience and well-authenticated facts. You shall have an early copy, and in the mean time I am in hopes of procuring some extracts for your journal.

There is not a lovelier place in all Europe than Geneva. Before you lies lake Lehman with its waters blue as the ocean. Some fanciful Frenchman has said that it is a miniature sent by the ocean to be kept as a token of his love by the mountains. From the lake you see flowing the Rhone, swift, gleaming, crystal-clear. Along either shore of the lake, and all around Geneva, the eye is blessed with numberless charming villas, "half concealed and half revealed" by interminable "orchards of planted trees." Behind you lies the long ridge of the Jura mountains, whose precipitous sides are covered with perpetual green. Before you stands Mount Blanc, gathering around his huge sides a great cloud-mantle, and wearing upon his serene sky-piercing head an everlasting diadem of snow. The monarch of mountains, the ocean's miniature, a crystal river that vies with the Rhine in legends, the loveliest habitations—there s nothing wanting to make as perfect a scene as the sun shines upon. It is not strange that Madame de Stael, Voltaire, Rousseau, and others -some of the greatest geniuses of modern times-have chosen it as a retreat. Nature here inspires, and "at dewy eve" one with hushed breath listens for the tread of angels. But this temple, too, is daily desecrated by the hand and voice of him who was created to be its fit occupant, to mingle with the music of the water-fall and the summer breeze, harmonious tones of worship.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. THANKFUL D. MUNN, of Virgil, Ill., writes us that in 1851, before they had in that part of the country heard of any spiritual manifestations except those which had occurred at Rochester, her little child took sick and was given over by the physician as incurable. Some time after, and while it seemed that every moment would be the child's last, she was sitting in its presence one evening when a mysterious influence came over her, causing her to see the precise nature of the disease, and at the same time impressing her with a treatment which would cure it. She prepared the medicines and administered them according to the impression, and to the astonishment of every one the child rapidly recovered, and was soon entirely well. The Spirit who gave the impression identified herself, by satisfactory tests, as the mother-in-law of our correspondent. Since that period our correspondent has been developed as a speaking medium.

MR. HENRY HOOVER, of Rochester, Ia., writes us inclosing a remittance for a club of ten subscribers, and also verbally, as well as thus practically, expresses much zeal for the good cause of Spiritualism. Our friend intimates that the advent in his town of some lecturer possessing the intelligence and energy to rouse general attention to the investigation of Spiritualism, and to incite to a practical application of its prinassured that the apparent negligence in respect to his previous communications was by no means intentional on our part, but that limited time and the multiplicity of our duties sometimes absolutely forbid those responses to friendly letters which we would otherwise be pleased to give. He is informed that the second volume of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter's work on Spiritualism is almost all in type, and will be issued very

MR. R. D. Joslin, of Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, writes us a zealous etter on the general matters of Spiritualism, and particularly respecting the aspects of the cause in that vicinity. He says that in the course of his travels through the country he finds many persons who are more or less open to the truths of Spiritualism, and who would read upon the subject if they could do so without being observed by others: but such is the tyranny of prevailing secturism, that they are afraid even to have it known that they are looking into this proscribed subject. The clergy of that section have not been sparing in their denunciations of the nascent "heresy," but our friend states that no lectures have yet been given in that section of the country, in favor of Spiritualism, and expresses a hope that that instrumentality of advancing the cause may not be wanting in the future.

A FRIEND writes us from Milford, Conn., concerning the state of Spirtualism in that place, and says that the cause is progressing, notwithstanding the sectarian bigotry by which it is opposed. A church member recently ventured to be present at a circle which our correspondent attended, and actually went so far as to question the Spirits. The latter would not answer by tipping the table affirmatively or negatively, but spelled out the name of a deceased brother of the questioner who had died in a distant place, and of whom no other person present had ever heard. The place where the deceased brother died, and the disease which caused his death (which was religious excitement) were also spelled, the church member acknowledging the whole to be correct. We shall be thankful for our friend's promised efforts to extend the circulation of the TELEGRAPH."

MR. H. H. TAYLOR, of East Rodman, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes us persecution in that section of the country, and that himself and wife (who is a tipping medium) have suffered much from the opposition. He adds, however, that "the fields are white for the harvest," and that "if the friends in New York city would send a good lecturer into that country, he would be sure of full houses and many converts." The Spirit-prediction and its fulfillment which friend Taylor sends us, will be given in another place.

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON LONGFELLOW.—Cardinal Wiseman recently words wherever the English language is spoken. And, whether we are charmed by the imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teaching of his pure muse, or follow with genius of Longfellow."-Tribune.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

HAVE ANIMALS SPIRITS!—It is not my purpose to offer a decided opinion on this question at present, but to state a fact which came to my personal knowledge, and which exhibits an astonishing endowment of spiritual perception, to say the least, on the part of so stupid an animal as a common land turtle. The creature had found its way to my mother's garden, and was feasting itself upon the cucumbers. Being caught in the thievish act, he was unceremoniously thrown over the fence to some distance. In a few hours, however, that same turtle (known by peculiar marks) was found again in the encumber bed, pursuing his gustatory delights as if nothing had happened. He was expelled again, and this time was carried to some distance, across a brook into the woods, and left among the rocks and bushes; but the next day he was again found in the garden, chewing up the esculents with all the nonchalance of a turtle who had planted them, and hoed them, and now felt that he had a right to them. As his pretensions were still disputed, he was then carried over a hill, across two fences closely underpinned with stone, across a wagon road, and thrown over another fence into a meadow among the high grass, and told to never show his face in those "diggins" again; but the next day his identical turtleship was found again among the cucumber vines breaking his long fast with greedy voracity! How can we account for the apparent intelligence of the ugly little "varmint" but by supposing that there was a magnetic and quasi spiritual rapport between him and the locality so perfectly furnishing the requisites of his nutrition, and that he was thus drawn back to the garden by an instinctive perception of its direction and position!

DOUBLE PERSONAL APPEARANCES .- We have recently heard, from unquestionable sources, the most marvelous stories of the personal appearances of individuals in this city, in places distant from where their bodies were afterward ascertained to be. For instance, a friend has just informed us that he saw the apparition of a man of his acquaintance in Broadway, and spoke to him, and touched him, and that the latter responded to him, and otherwise appeared as he always had done, with the exception of a certain unearthiness in his expression. It was afterward ascertained that that man was in a distant city at that very moment. In another instance a couple of young men appeared, on one Sunday evening, at the house of one of their friends, and even ate and drank while there, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. It was afterward ascertained beyond all doubt that those young men were at home in their rooms at the very moment of their apparition at the other place. We are perfectly aware that these are tough stories, and not to be believed on slight evidence. Facts, however, are not to be rejected even in this department of mystery, and for such alleged occurrences as the above we think it is not impossible to conceive an adequate philosophy. The writer of this is prepared to prove from authentic history that such apparitions as are mentioned above were not unfrequent some two centuries ago, and that some of the old pneumatologists had a philosophy for them which at least seemed very plausible.

A Wonderful Spirit-Picture.-Some months ago we published the singular fact that the likeness of a certain well-known, though not very publicly known Spiritualist, a elergyman of this city, was suddenly found impressed on a piece of painted floor-cloth under a stove, at Mr. Snyder's, at Green Point, where the gentleman was in the habit of attending spiritual circles. As we then stated, the likeness of a negro was also impressed in a kneeling posture by the side of the clergyman, and that the latter was significantly pointing him up to heaven. The gentleman exhibited this picture at the Telegraph-office Conference or Tuesday evening of last week, and stated a fact concerning it which we deem so wonderful as to deserve special record: It is that the pieture, which ordinarily is dark and somewhat indistinct in its features, will, when placed in the hands of certain mediums, become distinctly illuminated, and sometimes so remarkably as to exhibit even the color of the eyes! This phenomenon has been witnessed by numerous persons, as well those who had not as those who had been previously told of its occurrence, and there seems to be no room for possible mistake con-

In our first account of the picture we stated that while being exam ined by the curious shortly after its first discovery, it suddenly became entirely invisible, but that in the course of a week the figures reappear-

Hall Conference, related the case of an Episcopal elergyman (mentioning no name) who, while undergoing medical treatment in his family. attach great weight to this hypothesis, but thought it quite as good as heard Spiritualism freely talked about, and was induced to test its facts some other explanations which had been given. by calling upon a medium. In the course of his interview he received a communication to which the name of his first wife was appended, who had died before he had migrated to this country from England, and whose name had probably never been mentioned this side of the Atlantic. The gentleman made a second call upon the medium, prepared with twenty written questions. To these he successively pointed, holding the paper so that no one could see it but himself. Some of the questions required to be answered simply "Yes," or "No," and others required an explanatory sentence; but all were answered promptly, he was right, and the Spirit wrong. I thought nothing more about it correctly, and appropriately. The gentleman's skepticism was entirely until the next day, when the same gentleman called again, and stated removed, and he afterward acknowledged that all the wealth of New York would not purchase of him the knowledge and conviction he had

PSYCHOLOGIZED BY A WATCH SPRING .- At a recent Conference at 55 Broadway, Mr. I. C. Pray related a singular case showing the power of a mental impression over the physical system. A man, while lifting, one day, heard a singular sound apparently proceeding from his chest He thought there must be a rupture of some of the thoracie viscera, and immediately became powerless. He was carried home, and for three months was under the hands of a physician, after which he felt able to move about a little. On getting up he got his watch, which he had laid aside when he had "hurt" himself, and had not worn since. He attempted to wind it up, but it gave forth the identical sound he had heard proceeding from his chest at the time he experienced his supposed injury. The man immediately saw that he had been the victim of his own imagination, and that he had experienced no real injury at all.

A SPIRIT PREDICTION FULFILLED. -Mr. H. H. Taylor, of East Rodman, Jefferson Co., N. Y., in writing us on business, incidentally mentions the following fact: He says that having paid a visit to a Mr. D. a sick neighbor, he felt, on returning home, a strong impulse to form a circle. He obeyed the impression, when, through his wife, who is a good tipping medium, it was spelled out by a Spirit who purported to be the father of Mr. D., that the latter would die within four days. The next day the two physicians who were in attendance upon Mr. D. declared that he was better, and would no doubt get well; but the discase subsequently took another turn, and at the close of the fourth day, sure enough, he quietly passed into the Spirit-world, to the astonishment of his physicians and all his friends!

THE SPIRITS IN A SABBATH SCHOOL .- C. A. Bisbee, writing to the Spiritual Universe from Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, tells of a young lady who was in that place last winter, and while there was developed | thinking I might glean something by the wayside, and feeling that there as a speaking medium. She afterward returned to her home in Pittsfield, Loraine Co, where she was a member of a church and teacher in Our text was one well known among Spiritualists: "And when the day a Sabbath school. The other church members mourned over her ex- of Pentecost was fully come," etc.—your readers are probably all familiar ccedingly, but nevertheless besought her to resume her place in the with it. The disciples then met in a circle of harmony, being of one Sabbath school, which she at first refused to do, fearing that she would mind, and waiting for the manifestations. I was much pleased when I be controlled by the Spirits, to speak. She however finally consented heard the text read, and curious to hear what change would be rung to resume the management of her class, but before the session was over this time, as I had heard the same chapter referred to on two different she was controlled to speak, and poured forth a torrent of pathetic eloquence which drew tears from some of those present. The school, how ward by a Rev. Sectarian. On this occasion, Bro. Inskip exhorted his ever, broke up in consternation, and did not resume its sessions for fear that the "devil" would appear among them again. Where was that unmistakable sign of true faith, consisting in the power to "cast out devils," which the church originally possessed!

A Body Resigned to Another Spirit.-At an assemblage of Spiritnalists a few evenings since, we saw a gentleman acted upon by spiritual influence in a singular manner. He immediately became powerless, sank down across two chairs, became muscularly rigid from head to foot, gasped as if dying, and almost ceased to breathe. His body was evidently dead to his own spirit; but while in this state his lungs and organs of speech were apparently put in action by a volition independent of his own, and a somewhat lengthy speech was uttered which evidently had no more connection with his mind than a piece of music has with the instrument on which it is played.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE. NOVEMBER 28, 1854.

Dr. Young objected to the creation of temporary forms by Spirits, as contended for by Mr. Partridge, that if it could be done by Spirits out of the body it could be done by those in the body as well. He thinks psychology must account for the manifestations of Spirit-hands, etc.

Mr. Fishbough thinks the subject under consideration of vast importance, involving the very depths of spiritual philosophy. In his opinion the modern phenomena do not furnish facts enough, or at least they have not been observed with sufficient care to establish the absolute ditions of Bro. H. were strongly influenced by some foreign truth of the matter. Happily, in this dilemma, the pneumatologists of agency, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere the middle ages, who understood this matter far better than we do, comto our aid. They had their "nerve-Spirit" and their "astral-Spirit," and on consulting an old book that had fallen in his way, he found they had a chemical process, now unhappily lost, by which a palingenesia. i. c., regeneration or new birth of a plant was made to appear from the and fifty lines. The second poem, purporting to be from the ashes of the old one thus chemically decomposed. He hoped the art immortal EDGAR A. POE, was spoken in some fifteen minutes, would be discovered vet, whereby we should be able not only to reproduce the forms of plants as they did, but at the same time reproduce a little more veneration and respect for the wisdom of those who have devoted more profound study to such mysteries than we have ourselves Mr. F. went on to state the philosophy of this regeneration. The particles of the plant reduced to ashes in the retort were of necessity from every part of it. Thus, the stalk, leaves, and flowers were all in their ultimate particles present. But the process which reduced them to ashes did not destroy the affinity existing among them, and, hence, when caused to ascend by heat, these particles must inevitably assume the original form of the plant. Now, the same law exists among human particles-decomposition simply performs the work of disintegration of particles, and when they reassemble by virtue of affinity, they must take on the form of the body that gave them off. In this way we are able to explain the apparitions seen occasionally in old graveyards. Baron Reichenbach alludes to this fact, and ascribes it to natural cause. Mr. Fishbough thinks the same may be true of the living body. An emanation of its particles is constantly going on, and te thinks Spirits must clothe themselves, either partially or wholly, with hese emanations, in order to make any outer and physical manifestation to us whatever! In this way he explained many recorded facts of ancient date, and also the production of a letter, a report of which will be found among other interesting facts in the Telegraph of December 2d. He thinks a Spirit, by clothing itself with the organic emanations of Mr. Partridge (called his "nerve-Spirit," or "star-Spirit") became, for the time, a quasi being of the outer world, and attained the organic instrumentality and power of writing that letter. Spirit-hands, etc., are made inder tables in the same way.

Dr. Gray did not think it necessary to go back to the middle ages to explain the facts of to-day. He thought both their facts and their philosophy in some eases alike doubtful. He thought it best to keep at least one foot on the earth while we reach up into heaven, or, in other words, to ascertain whether modern science does not offer a satisfactory solution of the physical manifestations of our own times. He contended that it would, without any aid from the dogmas and devils of the past, the "Nerve spirit" of the Secress of Provoorst, or the "Astral spirit" of the necromantic times of astrology and alchemy. The facts of to-day are, that Spirits manifest themselves to us tangibly-not as roo, but with solid forms. He would take his friend Partridge's testimony on that point in preference to the combined speculations of the middle ages These chemical organizations belong to the domain of modern science: they conform to its known laws, and it is not necessary to apply the hypotheses of the past to them. Dr. Gray cited several facts (already reported) in proof of his opinion.

The subject was discussed at some length by several gentlemen whose names do not appear. One gentleman constructed a theory out of some of the facts of modern philosophy. He preferred to see how they would apply, before he spent much time in looking for the lost chemical of Mr. Fishbough's palingenesia. He alluded to that class of facts in which intensity is a substitute for quantity. As, for instance, a live coal held in a pair of tongs and made to revolve rapidly within a given circle, will present to the eye a continuous ring of light. By the same law, soft substances are made to operate upon those that are more solid: give to paper the requisite intensity of motion, and it will divide a bar of steel, etc., etc. From these, and other analogous facts, may it not be inferred, since it is conceded by many, that time and space, as such, are unknown to the Spirit, that a single atom may be able to present to the senses the A CLERGYMAN CONVINCED. - Dr. Wellington, at a recent Dodworth's lidea of a perfect hand, or any other portion of the physical organization that a spirit may choose to represent! The ingenious speaker did not

> An extract from a letter of Mr. Conklin, a medium well known in this city, embraced the following facts: A gentleman, a skeptic, was in communication with his father, and after receiving a short sentence he asked: "Father, how old were you when you died!" Here the Spirit rapped forty-eight times. "That is not right," he replied. The Spirit insisted that he was right, and told him to go home and ask his mother. The gentleman would not believe the Spirit, and appeared dissatisfied that his father should insist. He, however, left, confident that to all present, that on going home he asked his mother how old his father was when he died. "Why, forty-nine, my son." "So I thought," he replied, "but I have just come from the Spirit Medium, and his spirit says that he was but forty-eight years old." "Then his spirit is mistaken," replied his mother; "for do you not know that his age was published as forty-nine years, and does not the tombstone bear the same evidence." Here the matter ended until evening, when the subject was again brought up by the gentleman and his mother, and the old family Bible referred to as proof, when behold, to the surprise of all, that Book (for it contains much truth) told them in writing that they were all wrong, and that the spirit was right. He was but forty-eight years old to a day. Another: A lady called, and received a communication to

DEAR MOTHER-Grandmother is coming to see you. She will be here on Monday next (four days.)

The lady stated that the Spirit must be mistaken, for her mother, who was living with her sister in Mass., had not the slightest idea of coming to Buffalo. But it was no use; the Spirit told her that she was.

I heard nothing more until the Monday following, when the lady called again at my room, bringing with her an elderly lady, whom she introduced to me as her mother. Her mother had decided to come and pend the winter with her daughter in Buffalo, and had written a letter o that effect on the very day the Spirit of her grandson communicated o his mother in Buffalo, that she intended to come. The lady told me that she was conversing as to the time she should get to Buffalo, providing she left on a certain day, and had concluded that she would arrive here on Monday. This conversation took place at about the same hou the Spirit was conversing through me in Buffalo. I never saw either

of the ladies previous.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD. - Last Sunday, as there was no gathering of Spiritualists in this city (Brooklyn), I attended Rev. Mr. Inskip's church, is some truth in every assemblage of mortals, no matter what the sect. hearers to come together of one accord and for one purpose (the con- things. But if it is self-existent, eternal, and absolutely indeversion of souls, for one soul was worth more than countless worlds, etc.), as the disciples of old, and God would make as signal a display as then. Bro. Inskip said, We have no sympathy with a certain notorious sect that believe in these things now-a-days, the speaking in tongues, etc., and wound up his discourse by saying, that if those things occurred dence of the one limits the independence of the other. They in those days, how much more need of them now! He would dispense with the prayer-meeting after preaching on account of the storm, and there being so few present (perhaps between one and two hundred). thought there was time and opportunity enough to save one soul out of that number. This is what I call blowing Hot and Cold.

A SCAMP at a hotel, says the New York Independent, the other night stole a clergyman's bag, well filled with sermons. Hope he may find them full of the hottest orthodoxy, for a regular universal salvation a beginning, require an adequate cause to produce them. manuscript would hardly bring such a fellow to repentance.

Original Communications.

A POEM.

BY THE SPIRIT OF EDGAR A. POE.

On Thursday, the 30th ult., while seated in our office at 300 Broadway, in company with Rev. Thomas L. Harris and Mr. Lewis L. Peet, we observed that the physical and mental con of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly en tranced, and, while under the influence of an invisible intelligence, improvised two Poems, making in all about one hundred and is here published as originally dictated. It is a bold and graceful utterance, and the internal evidence in support of its peculiar claims is strong and convincing.—ED.

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form, Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born, Torn from the body, terribly downcast, Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast; Those seething torrents maddened me; I fell, But woke in Paradise instead of Hell; Like song-waves circling in a golden bell, Like fragrant odors in a woodbine dell. Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown, Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shown, Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given; And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven Finds land-locked port in Araby the blest, So I, through terror, entered into rest.

Then there came my Fancy's Maiden From her dim and mystic Aidenn, And a light from her full bosom shone her Angel-form before, And she whispered as the roses

When the blushing bud uncloses, And like dew from off a blossom fell her speech forevermore.

As the Evening Star belated, When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door. I have found thee, I have found thee, And with heart-spells fast have bound thee."

"I have waited, I have waited,

So from out her glowing halo sang the Angel Maid Lenore. To my rapt, enamored seeming, Framed amid the golden gleaming, Like a star in its own brightness high above the ocean's floor, Shone the lovely apparition,

And from Earth's accursed perdition I was lifted by the Angel, and my death-in-life was o'er.

O the sorrow, the despairing, The weird terror phrased with daring, Like the tempest-lashed Atlantic

With my anguish I was frantic, And the serpent men name Hunger gnawed into my bosom's core.

While on Earth the Poet hungered For heart-bread, the gay world wondered, And poor beggars spurned the rich man, heaping curses evermore Till I prostrate fell despairing. In my anguished breast unsharing All Earth's undivided sorrow, crushed as never man before.

I was mad with desolation, Like a sun from out creation Stricken rudely and its brightness turned to blood upon its shore I for years was broken-hearted; Long before my youth departed

But a heart by Fate down-trodden into palpitating gore.

And I fled Life's outer portal, Deeming anguish was immortal, Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore. Hate for hate and curse for curses, Through abysmal universes,

Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore." So the whirlwind bore my Spirit,

But to lands that Saints inherit, And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er. I am blest beyond all blessing, And an Angel's pure caressing,

Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its shore.

"THE QUESTION OF A FIRST CAUSE." KINDLY ADDRESSED TO BRO, E. E. GIBSON.

My Friend-1 have read your remarks upon the article of Dr. Cragin with pleasure, for they are both philosophical and logical. If I understand you, you claim that it is a flat conradiction to attempt to prove an "uncaused cause" from the axiom, "That nothing can exist without an adequate cause. My friend, let us see if we can not get over this difficulty b adopting another method of argument.

Is it not absurd to say, that before any thing was, something came into existence? If so, it follows, since things do exist, that something must have always been in existence. What is "that something" which has always been in being? A very brief analysis of the nature of those things which exist, will show that "that something" is a Unity, an Infinity, an intelligent creative force. 'This method is claimed to be the only truly logical and correct mode of demonstrating by argumentation the being of a God. Intuition affirms, Reason demon-

It is evident that the axiom, Nothing can exist without a adequate cause, can only apply to such things as have had beginning. Those things which are uncreated and self-existent, need no cause to produce them, for there never was a time when they were not. Hence, before we can apply the axiom, That nothing can exist without a cause to produce it, we must first show that those things to which we seek to apply this axiom have not always existed.

Let us, then, in our inquiry begin thus: It is absurd to say that before any thing was, something came into existence. For nothing, out of nothing, can not make something.

Things exist. Therefore something must have always been

What is that something? That which has always existed must be self-existent and eternal. It must also be absolutely independent of all other pendent, it must also be one. Two things can not both be absolutely independent. For the independence of the one is carved out of the independence of the other. The indepenmust act and react upon each other. That which is self-existent, eternal, and absolutely independent is also infinite. That which is infinite is one. Let us advance still further. Since there is but one thing which has always been in existence, it follows that all other things must have had a beginning. But all things which are not uncreated, which have had

thing was the only thing which existed anterior to all others; therefore, it alone could have been the cause which produced all other things, for there was no other cause in existence to produce them. Out of what, and in what manner, the Great First Cause created the universe, are mysteries too profound for us

We have now advanced thus far, We have shown (at least so we think) the existence of an uncreated, self-existent, eternal, and infinite First Cause. Also, that there was a period when all other things did not exist, and that they were all created by the infinite, self-existent Unity.

We will not at present pursue the subject further, but at some future time may more particularly inquire into the nature and attributes of this Great First Cause. Trusting that what has been advanced may be of service to Bro. Gibson, and all others in a like frame of mind, we will bring this article to a close by a few remarks upon the true foundation upon which to rest our belief in a God. The only true basis upon which to repose our faith in an Eternal Father is Intuition. Let us examine: Suppose we prove by a logical demonstration the being of a God, how do we begin? Why, by laying down certain axioms, or self-evident propositions, and upon these Reason rears her demonstration. But what is a self-evident proposition? Clearly it is one so plainly true, that no amount of argument can make it appear more true. Such propositions are said to prove themselves. But what makes a proposition appear thus self-evident? How do we know that it is trueso true that no argument is needed to prove it? It is the still, small voice of Intuition which speaks to us, and Reason adopting, without hesitation, the unproved premises which Intuition offers, proceeds at once to draw its unerring deductions.

Does it not then clearly appear that the most logical and perfect argument that can be made to prove the being of a God, must after all rest entirely upon the teachings of Intuition? Why, then, argue upon this point? Why seek out such roundabout ways? Why not at once adopt the teachings of Intuition, and repose with confidence upon her voice alone. For deep within the soul of every man her divine voice proclaims an eternal God. As for the writer, he needs no better, or higher evidence of the existence of "Our Father in Heaven."

DETROIT, Nov. 18, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

R. H. BROWN.

REPLY TO E. E. GIBSON. GEORGETOWN, D. C., Nov. 19, 1854.

I notice in your last number of the Telegraph a criticism of a sentence in an article of mine by E. E. Gibson. I think with that brother, that that sentence is fully open to the objec-The wild wind-storms of remorses that my earth-bound Spirit bore! tion he urges against it. Really, the Intellect can no more conceive logically of an uncaused God, than of aught else uncaused. Scientifically, it is no satisfactory proof of a Great BINDS every Effect to its preceding Cause. This idea of the necessity of a Cause preceding and producing each and every Effect is intuitive in the mind, and hence the mere Intellect rests satisfied with the idea of God as the Cause of all Causes, and hence the First but also the Last Cause. Yet the real sentiment of God comes not by sensation through the Intellect, but from within through the Soul or inmost of man, and is a Perception of Pure Reason, or Intuition; not a result of Reasoning, but a perception of Pure Reasons, which perceives Principles just as the eye perceives external objects. We intuitively know that we did not create, are not the Cause of ourselves. No man, not even Brother Gibson, I think, really thinks, when he opens his eyes to the midnight winter sky, that his mind creates this wonderful universe, or that it designed and created his own Being; I really can't imagine horg, who also returned a negative to the same question. No sooner Brother Gibson means that. I behold design which I know very well my own mind did not contrive. I behold a Power which I know is not mine, but far, infinitely above my puny capacities. I perceive a purpose of Love, yea, of Infinite Love; a wisdom in adapting means to effect this Purpose, and a Power actively at work accomplishing this Purpose by these means. This Purpose, this Wisdom, this Power is not mine; was before I was, and I myself am a result of it; I have formed my Idea, my conception of this Person or Being, for Purpose or Love with Wisdom and Power makes Personality or Man. Thus I conceive of a Person or Being or Man, but I do not by that conception create Him; create what did not otherwise exist; I conceive of Him Intuitively as a Person or Man of Infinite Perfection, of Love, of Wisdom, and of Power This is the first of all Principles which underlies all Truth and is a Standard to which I bring for measurement all Revelutions, all Dogmas, all minor principles, by which to decide their Truth or Falsity. I state this Principle thus: "God is a Person of Infinite Perfection, of Love, of Wisdom, and of Power." Reason, Intuition, sees at once its Truth. It is no more susceptible of proof, of demonstration, than the axioms of Geometry. It is itself the starting-point and fundamental axiom of all Religion, of all morality. To this Principle I bring, for testing, all Bibles, all Creeds, all moral Propositions whatever. Whatsoever Book, quasi-truth, or Doctrine contradicts this First of all moral Principles, I know is so far false. Let me repeat. The Sentiment of God is the deepest of all Sentiments or Feelings, at the very bottom of Human Nature It is a Feeling of Dependence, that WE DID NOT CAUSE OUR-SELVES. The Idea of God is, of an Infinite Perfect man; as Love, Wisdom, and Power is a Trinity of Elements, that makes up our Idea of Man or Personality; hence Infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Power, makes an Infinite Man or Person. Hence the Idea of God is, of a Person of Infinite Love, of Infinite Wisdom, and of Infinite Power; of an Infinite Perfect Man. That is the human, necessary, constitutional idea of God. The conception of God in each man will be fore Spirits are allowed occasionally to give us reversed, or what we that man's highest conception or Ideal of Perfection from the term false, intelligence. It may be in strict accordance with our own lowest savage, to the highest, most developed man, in the highest celestial Heavens. But God is NOT that highest human Ideal. Consciousness, Reason, or Intuition assures us of that truth. He is still infinitely above the highest finite Ideal. That I am as sure of as that I myself am. I am sure I did not cause Christ, the Son of God, "If it were true that my wife was in the land myself, the world about me, or God; just as sure as that I am or that He is. This truth is constitutional in Human Nature. Hence I know Brother Gibson does not believe he created God He knows he did not even create himself or that article of mine; much less that Inconceivable Being, of whose real Thought the universes of matter and spirit are the revealing Very truly your friend, shadows.

CHARLES H. CRAGIN.

All things but one have had a beginning. Hence that one of fools poureth out foolishness .- Solomon.

Upon this changing earth. No comfort for the weary soul And its sick heart's dearth; Oh, no! though dark may be the day, And dismal be the night, Behind the deep, obscuring vail There is a shining light. Though dim at first the light may seem, And feeble be its ray, Its sunny beams will stronger grow To guide us on our way; Expanding wide from east to west, From sunny south to north, Its brilliant beams are scattered wide, Its holy light goes forth; Like some lone star in midnight sky, Encompassed round with gloom, It broke upon life's dreary waste, And pierced the silent tomb! The clouds of darkness roll away, And forms of beauty bright Clap their pure angel-hands with joy, And revel in the light: Around each dear and loving form They clasp their seraph wings, And chant, in music's sweetest strains, The gladsome news they bring. They tell us of a "better land." A brighter world above. Where the unfettered Spirit dwells In its dear ark of love : They tell us of the promised rest, Of joy which there awaits; They point the path that leads thereto, And ope the crystal gates. Then tell me not there is no joy Upon this changing earth. No comfort for the weary soul Amid its sick heart's dearth; Though all the path of human life Be full of toil and care, One cheering beam of Spirit-light Will shed new luster there.

SPIRIT-LIGHT.

BY MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

Oh, tell me not there is no joy

October 23, 1854.

CONTRADICTORY MANIFESTATIONS.

On or about the fifth of October, Mrs. J. H-, a medium, called at ny office in Warren Street, Hudson, and after some ordinary conversation I told her I had heard from my late wife (now separated from me), and that she was dead. I had first received intelligence in the ordinary way of her being ill, and Spirits had told me since that she was deceased. After some further talk I requested Mrs. H. to endeavor to get a communication at the present time, either yes or no, concerning the actual state of things in regard to my late wife. In the most obliging manner she proceeded to comply with my request. She laid down some flower seeds she had in her right hand, and shortly after the said First Cause, which the Intellect demands. The more truthful hand commenced a great number of jerking, odd gesticulations, and she expression would have been, "God is the perpetual, ever- ician, who had lived and died some years since here in Hudson-a man acting Cause, from Eternity to Eternity." He is the TIE that for probity and truth well known to all while here. On inquiring if it was true concerning the demise of my wife, the Spirit immediately declared it was so, by three raps with Mrs. H.'s finger; also stating in reply to the inquiry of how long since, that she had been dead nine days! Soon after this Mrs. H. took her leave. The evening following I saw Mrs. F--s, a highly accomplished, careful medium, who, on being informed in regard to the statement of Mrs. H., immediately contradicted it, telling me that my wife had been quite ill, but was now. better. A few evenings after these occurrences, we all met at the house of Mrs. H., whose daughter is also a tipping medium, and held there a circle. On our first sitting down to the table, Mrs. H. being a speaking, writing, and gesticulating medium, did not sit down with us, nor did her I-coline, who was not at that time in the room. Mrs. F., the lady aforesaid, was the chief medium at this first sitting. Arear a short time the table commenced tipping and rapping, in answer to our questions. On my asking if my wife was in the land of Spirits, I received a direct negative.

Another Spirit now commenced, purporting to be that of Swedenhad this last answer been given, than Mrs. H.'s daughter came into the room, and declared that the one who was now answering was not the Spirit of Swedenborg. This unexpected interruption produced some ittle discord, and she was asked how she knew? To which no answer was given. Mrs. F. now withdrew from the table, stating that she would not hinder Mrs. II.'s daughter from taking a seat at the table because she was there. The girl would not accept the place, however, but retired to one corner, and seemed to busy herself with sketching something. After much argument, pro and con, all parties finally arranged themselves around the table the second time, Mrs. H.'s daughter included. In a very little while the table began to thump most violently, and to my inquiry concerning my wife, answered in the affirmative, declaring her to be in the Spirit-land, the Spirit purporting to be that of Dr. W! I next asked the Spirit of Dr. W. if he would write his name? when he declared by raps he would not. I then stated I would not believe it was Dr. W.'s Spirit unless I could see his handwriting, the chirography of which I well knew.

On my saying this, Mrs. H. declared I was too particular-I ought to be satisfied as it was, and not ask any more proof, etc. It was declared, in fact, that I was too eager to find of the I could, and the daughter, rising from the table, repeated the worlds of her mother, saying again, "I was too eager;" and said, "You are, if I must say so. too d-d eager, and should not see the writing on any account at all !" The discord now became so great that the circle broke up in confusion, and we shortly took our leave, most of us with a firm resolution not to

Just as we were about leaving, the young lady medium who had involuntarily thus used such very strong language, altered her mind, and went on to show me a specimen of Dr. W.'s handwriting! I looked at the specimen, written as it was with a pencil, and but just discernible, and found a slight resemblance, enough, probably, to identify it as the same. We then left for home. The sequel remains to be told That very same night Mrs. F. received a spiritual communication at home in her own house, stating that my wife was not only alive, but much better than she had been! In a few days from this time I received a letter from my wife, proving the truthfulness of Mrs. F as a medium in every particular.

I will now state my impressions concerning the use of these false communications. There is not any thing, in my apinion, permitted by the Father without a corresponding utility. It is evident to any reflecting person that were every communication true, mankind would soon put their whole confidence in Spirits, and scarcely ever think of the Father of all Spirits, the Great Origin of all truth-God! Therecondition of mind at the time they are given that these communications come to us reversed or false-when in fact they may be truly given from the Spirit-land, for truth and reality I think alone reign there. Some days after the above transactions, I chanced one evening to call for the Spirit of Dr. W., and inquired of him, in the name of Jesus of Spirits." I immediately received a negative in reply!

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill! Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a weekly sal-A sort answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up ary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I anger. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright; but the mouth am well again. I need not inform you that my illnessee are very

Yours truly,

Interesting Miscellany.

DOGMATISM AND DESPOTISM.

We extract the following from the November number of Putnam's Magazine. We know not the author, unless it he Parke Godwin:

If the advanced civilization of our age and country rejects the grosser applications of force by which opinion was wont to be controlled, there are others, it seems to us, which are not entirely discontinued. A less barbarous, a more refined tyranny is still compatible with the general sense of propriety and justice. There are chains which men forge for their fellows which fret and cut their souls, if they do not canker their bodies. There are inquisitions of obloquy and hatred which succeed to the inquisitions of the fagot and flame. There is a moral Coventry almost as humiliating and oppressive as the stern solitude of the dungeon. The spirit of bigotry may survive the destruction of its carnal weapons; despotism may retain its instincts, and give vigorous signs of vitality, long after the sword shall have been wrenched from its grasp; and the fires will burn in the eyes of bigotry when they have already ceased to burn upon its altars. For what is the essential and distinctive characteristic of despotism! Not its outward instruments -its Bastiles, its gibbets, its bayonets, its knouts, and its thumb-screws formation and publication of opinion by other means than those by tale. which the mind is legally moved-by other influences than motives addressed to the understanding, the reason, and the better feelings of the heart. Wherever a man's bread is taken away because he votes with this party or that, wherever he is denounced to public odium because of the heterodexy of his honest sentiments, wherever moral turpitude is imputed to him on account of his speculative errors, wherever he is in terror of the mob on any account-wherever the inveteracy of public prejudice compels him to remain silent altogether, or to live a life of perpetual hypocrisy, wherever his sincere conviction can not be dis closed and promulged for fear of personal discomfiture and annoyance, wherever even a limit is fixed to the progress of research, there despotism flourishes, with more or less strength-and only needs the concurrence of circumstances to be nursed into muscular violence and fury.

Now, as we have said, it seems to us that, tried by this test, we have despotisms in the United States, just as they have elsewhere, and that, with all our advances in liberality of which we justly boast, we come short in practice of the brilliant idol of our institutions. We have not attained to a genuine and universal liberty (we will not say tolerance, because that word is berrowed from an age when freedom was supposed to be a boon and not a right), and we fail not in one or two, but in many respects. In the Church, in the State, in the popular auditorium, and in the more private relations of society, we surround ourselves with needless barriers, we build walls of separation between ourselves and the great realms of intelligence yet unexplored, and we paralyze those intellectual energies which are our only instruments for exploring them, the only tools for working the golden mines of truth.

In the first place, we can not but consider a large number of our ecclesiastical organizations as so many restraints upon the freedom of the mind. Founded upon creeds which admit of no possibility of truth beyond their own formulas, they discourage inquiry in the largest and most important domains of thought. We agree with Kant, the great German philosopher, who, in one of his valuable minor writings, discussing the question whether any association is justified in binding itself to certain immutable articles of faith, in order to exercise a perpetual and supreme guardianship over its members, and directly through them over the people, contends that a compact of this kind entered into, not as a simple bond of union for the interchange of common sentiments, but with a view to preclude the human race from further enlightenment, is a crime against humanity, whose highest destination consists emphatically in intellectual progress. "A combination," says he, "to obtain an unalterable religious system, which no man is permitted to call in doubt, would, even for the term of one man's life, be wholly intolerable. It would be, as it were, to blot out one generation in the progress of the human species toward a better condition; to render it barren, and hence noxious to posterity." This conduct, in the religious world, proceeds upon the assumption that our knowledge of divine things can not advance like our knowledge of natural things; that the first investigation of the Scriptures exhausted their contents, and that nothing is left for those that and see enem, out, as Johnson says of the followers of Shakspeare, to new-name their characters and repeat their phrases. But does this view do justice to the sacred Word! Granting that its leading principles may be easily discerned-a thing difficult t grant in the face of two hundred conflicting sects, each of which finds its support and nutriment in the same pages; for, as Sir Walter Hamilton is fond of quoting,

"This is the book where each his dogma seeks, And this the book where each his dogma finds,"

we must still suppose that a revelation from the Infinite will contain infinite resources of truth. Neither its alleged origin, which is from the perfect God, nor its alleged destiny, which is the final redemption of mankind from error, will allow us for a moment to treat it as an ordinary message, soon told and as speedily comprehended. It must conceal inexhaustible riches, or not be what it purports; while to suppose it to be what it purports, and yet to attempt to inclose its treasures in the frail and rickety easket of words which men devise, is an enterprise for pouring the ocean into a quart-pot, or for bottling the air of the whole heavens in one private cellar. Nor is the attempt less pernicious than it is absurd; for it creets each little consistory into a separate popedom, issuing its infallible decrees and denouncing its interdicts with all the arrogance of its Roman prototype. As an inevitable consequence, two things result justly, that the supreme control of the religious sentiment of nations falls into the hands of the priesthood, who are conservative by position and training-and, secondly, that the energies of the church count absorbed in controversy or sectarian propagation, at the expense of a free and carnest inquiry after new truth, and the culture of genial hopeful feelings. The history of our American sects, for instance, is an almost unbroken record of fierce and bigoted disputes. New England has been a kind of theological Golgotha, and the fields are covered with battered skulls. The clergy have been the ruling powers, too, not only there but everywhere; and the people have dared to laugh only with the consent of the deacons. We are aware that this aspect of things has materially changed of late years; we know, also, what inappreciable services the churches have otherwise rendered to society; but we must not forget, in the midst of our ready gratitude for these, how many of them-by means of their creeds, and the terrors of their excommunications, as well as the power of their social influences-still hang as an incubus upon the minds and consciences of their adherents. Nor upon them alone, but many others-even those who do not professedly wear their colors. They too often terrify the ardent reformer, whose bright hopes they change by the magic of fear into dread specters; they too often arrest the uplifted arm of science when it would strike from the rock or open out from the bowels of the earth some precious fountain of use; and they too often array themselves on the side of effete traditions and moldy abuses, when they fancy articles, which those who have money of their own to dispose of should be pressing forward under the ever-living inspirations of hope and freedom. It is said that Justinian, when he had completed the compilation of his Institutes, issued a decree that no comment should be written upon them which aimed at more than a sketch of their contents or a transcription of their titles; well, the sects are apt to copy this imperial and arbitrary example—they impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, their own slender selections out of the vast complexity of truths, the few pearls they have fished out of the measurcless sea, faneying that they have banished error, when they have only extinguished the independence of thought, Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, appropriating the figure of Mirabeau, where he compares truth to the statue of Isis covered by many vails, that they teach their followers to lift a single one, when they fling their clubs and battle-axes at the heads of all who would remove the others. "Procul, oh! procul, este prefam!" rings the chorus, and the poor audacious "infidel"-as every dissentient is sure to be called-is handed over to an everlasting contempt. Now, what chance truth has in such a hubbub it is needless to say.

THE SPIRITS AMONG THE QUAKERS.—We learn from a Baltimore correspondent that the ghosts mustered their forces so strongly among the members of the Yearly Meeting of Friends (Hicksite branch), in session there last week, that it was found necessary to appoint a committee of Is a pamphlet of which the Spirits have said, "This work shall enlighten the world;" investigation on the subject. The Center (Pa) Quarterly Meeting, which forms a part of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting, is said to have become quite "carried away" by the spiritual fever.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC. "The fire that on my bosom preys-Is lone as some volcanic isle:

A funeral pile!"

No torch is kindled at its blaze-

In the morning train from Petersburg there was a lady, closely of Female Diseases. vailed, in the same car with ourlseves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richlyembroidered vail, the glimpse of her features which the beholder obtained satisfied him of her extreme leveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude; and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; the passengers looking to baggage, porters running, cab-men cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly along.

At the first motion of the ear, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most levely features that we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and, clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty! what heavenly beauty, had not so much of mise- son wishing to be examined being given. Price for each \$1. -but its animating purpose. It is the disposition to suppress the free ry been stamped upon it! Alas! that one glance told a melancholy

"____ She was changed, As by sickness of the soul; her mind Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes, They had not their own luster, but the look Which is not of earth; she was become The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts Were combinations of disjointed things: And forms impalpable, and unperceived Of other's sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to sooth her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound and her beauty unvailed. The ears rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she sang with touching pathos-

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers around her are sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains, Every note which he loved awakening-Ah, little they think who delight in her strains, How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. Th air changed and she continued:

> "Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That even in sorrow were sweet! If thus the unkind world wither Each feeling that once was dear-Come, child of misfortune! come hither; I'll weep with thee, tear for tear!"

She then sang a fragment of that beautiful hymu-"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,"

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself upon her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive "Save me, my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man!) who called upon the conductor to 'put her out of the ear." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibilities to such a scene of distress almost defies belief, and yet this is, in every particular, an "ower true tale." Should be ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one | The Shekinah, Vol. I. of the most solemn sacred airs:

"Oh! where shall rest be found--Rest for the weary soul?"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James River, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation, and no one dared to intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing upon the promenade deck admiring the beautiful seenery of the river, when, at one of the landings, the small boat pulled | Shekinah, Vols. II. and III. away for the shore, with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head un-Nature's Divine Revelations, etc. covered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze.

The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone, that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness .- Charleston Courier ..

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER .- Murray's "Hand Book for the South of Italy" contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher, and the spirited "Joe Miller" of Naples. Or one occasion it is related, he preached on the mole a penitential sernon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing signs of contrition he cried out, "Now all of you who sincerely repent your sins hold up your hands. Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out both his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, thou who with thine admantine sword standeth at the right hand of the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, boured a fresh torrent of eloquent invectives against their sins and their deceit. He had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching in erowd of Spanish sailors he astonished them by telling them there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted but they made the Holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter sat his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gates of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

MESMERISM A FANCY ARTICLE. - In an action brought in Massachusetts, against the husband to recover compensation for mesmeric servces and medicines furnished the wife, Mr. Justice Metcalf says:

"A married woman may, in the absence of her husband, procure for perself necessaries, and among other things, necessary medical aid and advice for which the husband will be liable. This is the general rule of law. * * The law does not recognize the dreams, visions, or revelations of a woman in a mesmeric sleep as necessaries for a wife for which the husband, without his consent, can be held to pay. These are may purchase if they think proper; but they are not necessaries, known to the law, for which the wife can pledge the credit of her absent hus-Light from the Spirit-World.

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