

## The Principles of Nature.

## MR. HARRIS' LAST POEM.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN:

My dear Sir—Your request that I would state some of the leading incidents and circumstances connected with the delivery 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 communicate. 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 overtaxed 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 Crafton, situated 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 of women, a meek 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 ivory. . . . A sister spirit, she walks in white above us. Let us rejoice that the golden life of angels has drawn her to its fullness."

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, 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 friends was manifest; it was distinctly said that he must not go upon the upper pond, though he might upon the nearer. This seemed a little strange, and at first wholly inexplicable, till visiting the boat of the latter toward evening he found that, having been left by the decline of the water, it was so shrunk and leaky as to be unsafe until again swelled; yet, as he had been out in it a few days before, he would probably have ventured 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 reigned, now to be broken by the low-chanted melodies descending from worlds of harmony and song.

We did not immediately commence reciting the "Lyric," but a series of very profound philosophical statements concerning the spiritual nature of man, and the modes through which an-

cient spiritual communications were given to mankind. These 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 those 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 to the medium.

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 ultimately even to verbal expression; and fifty 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 ultimate in external speech. And in referring to my original MS. I find that this "Picture-Poem" was written down with such accuracy, that it might have been sent to press with little addition save punctuation.

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 artistry. 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 these I yearn;  
Yet from bright morn to even,  
I turn, I turn,"

together with the first stanza of the "Finale," may be considered as expressive of our real state.

When the poem was concluded, it was announced that on the morrow an account must be prepared of the external origin and history of the work. We began accordingly to bethink ourselves, and consider what we could say pertinent to our theme, and vainly to regret that we had not taken more copious notes. What was our glad surprise on sitting down to our task in the morning, to receive the noble Preface, and that graceful little "History;" and thus the labor of many hours was accomplished in a few moments. The "Interludes" next succeeded, and last of all were given those exquisite lines commencing,

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

which could not, from their interior quality, be received until the organs of the medium were specially prepared and harmonized by the melodies that had preceded them.

Many of the minor incidents connected with the delivery of the Lyric have passed from my mind; others are still fresh in my memory. I recollect on one occasion, Brother Harris was endeavoring, after the influx under which he always transcribes

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 to flow forth in spontaneous verse. In one instance, as an illustration of the manner in which divine harmonies descend to ultimatum 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 "entrancement," "interior condition," or "mental illumination." As many possess no other idea of Spirits than the pale and ghastly specters so terrible to our good old grandmothers, which still live in "rural districts" of our own "enlightened land," so 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 is not a misguiding with the ordinary self-command of the person. The medium stands or sits as composedly, speaks and gesticulates as naturally in delivering his heavenly message, as one would in repeating similar passages to a circle of his friends. And there is no greater change in the external appearance than in one engaged in mental or audible prayer, to which it nearly corresponds when the latter is genuine and attains its fullness. It is true the life of the self-hood is suspended, but it is that a higher may flow down from the sphere of angels, prefiguring the end of the earthly and the putting on of the heavenly.

There are many incidents connected with our brief sojourn in that quiet retreat, which it would be pleasant to record would time and space permit. Nothing could be simpler, more natural, or further from that fanaticism with which our opponents charge us, than the life we led there. After an early morning repast we repaired to our little cottage, the floor of which the child had strewn with the sweet-scented ferns which grow there in abundance, to give a pleasant odor to those long unoccupied apartments. Sitting for a moment in quietude, uttering low musical sounds, Mr. Harris would pass almost immediately into the interior condition, and for two hours, while his fragrant body, or perhaps sleeping upon his fragrant bed, the octaves of those heavenly melodies would flow through the inspired lips of the unconscious medium. Then we proceeded to copy what we had previously received; for the poem was given much faster than we could transcribe. This would continue till a cessation of the influx and physical 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 envy, and the children of nature freely enjoy. And so the beautiful summer days flew quickly past, and the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was sung, written, and copied, with some forty long pages of other matter, within the short space of three and a half weeks; the time occupied in the delivery of the poem itself being the morning and evening hours of about fourteen days, amounting to about ten of the former and twenty of the latter, as expressed in the "History;" also in the appended note. I shall not soon forget those Sabbath hours of sweet and holy communion. Others will enjoy the Poem, according to their preparation to receive it, in their inmost hearts. Those softly flowing lines and tuneful cadences will be echoed and sung in the crowded markets of the old world and the forest homes of the new. Moaners 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 charin and wondrous beauty; but never until an inspired lyrist, filled to overflowing from the same divine fountain, shall come to join in harmonic union the love-kindled words of the Poet to the strains of a celestial harmony, like an immortal youth to his heavenly bride, will the deep interior significance, ideal grace, and magic power of this inspired lyrical utterance be perceived and felt in all its rich 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 literature. 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 promulgated by another. Hence, when any thing new comes up in 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 he 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 true, even though we might feel ourselves competent to reason out a better system of truth than he has revealed."

What is this but saying, that the truths of the Bible may be unreasonable, and inconsistent with the truths recorded in the great Book of Nature, written by the finger of God, not man. Just as though God is so inconsistent with himself, and divided in his nature, as to make one truth conflict with another, which would be an impossibility; since two things can not be true which are opposite in nature. One must necessarily be true and the other false. All truth, whenever and wherever found, must and will be reasonable. Hence, if the Bible is a revelation from God to rational beings, must not its doctrines and truths be reasonable? If not, would not that prove him an unreasonable God? The fact that a doctrine is unreasonable is clear evidence that it is untrue. Because truth, wherever found, whether on *Heaven* or on Christian ground—whether in the Bible or in nature—is consistent with reason. And it is none the more true because found in the Bible; neither is it false because not recorded there. The fact is, truth requires no vouchers to make it true, and a world of unbelief can not make it false. It is as old as eternity, and exists everywhere and in every thing. It is written upon the tablets of every heart, inscribed upon all organized and unorganized matter in the universe. It glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees.

The Christian idea that the Bible is not only the fountain and infallible guide to all truth, but that the truths therein found clash with reason, experience, and known facts, has been the cause of more skepticism and infidelity than all things else put together. Are the new truths in the arts and sciences, and in philosophy, false because not recorded in the Bible? Are steam and electricity the mere phantoms of some hare-brained fanatic? Have they in fact no existence? It was once deemed heresy to inculcate any philosophic doctrine not taught in the Bible; and, judging from this test, we are not far removed from the dark ages.

If the truth is as old as eternity, it can not be dependent on the Bible for its validity. Must we use the Bible for a telescope or microscope for the discovery of truth? May it not be discovered through some other medium? If not, I suppose no truth was known before the compilation of the Bible. Indeed, it seems very questionable in the minds of many whether there is any truth outside of the Bible and church.

If the Bible is a record of truths, as is contended, must they not have existed before recorded in it? and were they not as much truths then as now? The Bible teaches there is a God, a Christ, and the immortality of the soul. But was there no God, no Christ, no immortality before the Bible declared them? Again, if the Bible is the only source of truth, what shall we say of the world before there was a Bible, and of the greater portion of mankind now who never heard of a Bible? Have they no truth? Is a truth in philosophy or mathematics untrue till written in a book? Again, if the Bible be an infallible guide to all truth, even in religious matters, and so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein, how does it happen that there are so many religious sects, embracing doctrines entirely opposite in their nature and results, since they all take the Bible for the man of their counsel and guide?

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 stumbling-block 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 they did.

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 of our fathers which have been mumbled for us their weak-headed children, not realizing that there are in the future new truths which each successive age of time and eternity will 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-wisdom understand all the laws of nature, and are capable of deciding what is and what is not in accordance with nature's laws. It is time that this superstition from the past was done away with. If we would progress in truth and knowledge we must become a thinking people, and rely more on ourselves and less on books, priests, and designing politicians.

Who are the discoverers of new truths, and most ready to receive them when brought to light? Who have filled the day with wonder and astonishment by their startling discoveries which have annihilated space and time? They are not mere book-worms, but the thinking, investigating, and inquiring minds, who, believing that there are new truths yet to break forth in regard to all matters, are ever upon the wing, to catch, like the hawk, its earliest dawn.

Yet such men are, more than any others, the subjects of ridicule and the targets for the missiles of the senseless multitude; for true worth only excites envy. Our books are, with a few honorable exceptions, little else than a stereotyped edition of the sayings and doings of the "Fathers," which are about as much adapted to this age of steam as are swaddling bands to manhood. There would be no more impropriety in our adopting the ancient systems of government, than their religious and theological views. The fact is, man is a progressive being placed in a progressive world, which must be obvious to the most casual observer of nature.

The world once was not but a chaotic mass, which change and progression have molded into its present form and beauty. Man commenced his being with the development of his lower nature, and has ever been advancing in intelligence and virtue; and hence all truths which have been given him have been of a higher order, adapted to his advanced state.

There is just as much consistency in going to the Old Testament for a true idea of God and of his character, or to prove the annihilation of the soul, as to go to ancient teachers and philosophers to prove or disprove any new truth.

Would it be wise to go back to ancient astronomy to prove the earth flat, and that the sun revolves around it? or to the Koran to prove Christianity a humbug? Then let us be consistent, and seek truth everywhere and in every thing; and study God more in his works, that we may have a better knowledge of ourselves and of Him.

H. KNAPP.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.



## 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 Edmunds 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 literary and enterprise to order the book. Moreover, we have a great number of other books on the general order subject, which will be forwarded to any one who is pleased to purchase. The work by Messrs. E. and D. has been freely received in nearly one hundred of the principal papers in the United States.

W. W. Newell, Conn.—We have received your donation of \$5 for the Ladies' Humane School, and have paid over that amount to Miss Dow, the Principal.

OSKOA.—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 without some responsible name, they might subject us to the suspicion of having fabricated the letter.

## 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. McPherson 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 kind."

Now in what respect, if we may be allowed to press the question, has Mr. Ferguson acted in bad faith? He has uttered 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 contribute 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 announced 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 respectable 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 magnanimous spirits who will neither remain silent nor inactive at 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 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 mitred—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 acting 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. On the contrary, his faith is immensely enlarged. Religion, long buried in the tombs of ancient tradition and modern materialism—the spirit being lost in the letter and the form—has been suddenly quickened. Angels from the Spiritual Heavens 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 dares 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 naturally infer that he does his own thinking, and that he is probably a man of genius or a Reformer. The truly inspired mind; every man gifted with wisdom beyond his contemporaries; all souls unshackled by time, and sense, and custom, have been called heretics and infidels in their day. But the

memory of such men is imperishable, while Providence and History alike leave their persecutors to "dull oblivion," or name them but as mournful examples of mortal blindness and 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 indicated 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 than mortal power and sweetness, amid the choral symphonies of the skies.

## MORE LITERARY LARCENY.

The Amsterdam *Recorder* of the 28th of Tuesday, Nov. 7th, copies from the *Telegraph* of Oct. 28th—without the slightest intimation respecting the source from which it was derived—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 the 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 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. KÖHRIG, one of the most distinguished oculists in this country or Europe, has opened an office at 331 Fourth Street, near Broadway, where he will practice his profession. Dr. R. pursued his observations for some time in Asia and Africa, where ophthalmic maladies are extremely prevalent; after which he was for several years associated with the celebrated Dr. DEVAL in the Institution at Paris, where he had an extensive experience in treating Amaurosis. We hazard nothing in saying that Dr. Köhrig 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 utility, or its claims to the investigation of thinking men and women, we can not deny the new literature which it has produced, the need of praise for the richness of its peculiar nomenclature, the beauty of its peculiar thought, and the influence of its peculiar ideas.

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

GRAY TO DR. WARBURTON.—In an essay on the life of Gray, originally published in the *London Quarterly*, the following testimony is cited from that author. The poet is repelling the charge that his muse is dilatory, and uses the following language:

"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 to what I say."

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 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 the cause of Peter's weeping. "He wept bitterly," said the parson, "because he had committed a crying sin."

LIFE SAVED BY PRESERVATION.—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 account of a very remarkable presentiment that she had against it.

## "A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

Last week we presented our readers with some extracts from this new Poem, with such brief observations as seemed 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 Jesus saw,  
Our souls all outward bonds would break,

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

"Motive determines path and end;  
The genius 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 Hesperus,

"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 World.'  
Their Eden they call 'Bride-land'; children they  
Call 'Heaven-blossoms'; they grow tuneful when they pray,  
And chant sweet hymns that thrill celestial airs.  
Love they call 'Beauty'; song, 'Heart-winged 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, erision, 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 elaps 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 Celestial Nuptials," the "Song of the Bridal Heavens," and the "Song of the Conjugal Angels." These are beautiful 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 lovest 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." The picture, or portrait of Apollo, rather, is nobly drawn—

"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 winged scarf all gold and blue;  
This robe his kindly form shone through;  
The life-blood churned in his veins;  
And where he trod, the flowery plains  
Drank pure 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 fire, 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 necks 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 spy  
Him lowly journeying below."

The close of the Marriage of Apollo brings the Poet to Part Third—"The Sun." Here we have a series of rare songs—the "Song of the Sun," the "Song of the Seasons," the "Song of the Earth's Decline," the "Song of Earth's Renewal," the "Song of the Marriage of the Stars," the "Morn Song," the "Eve Song," the "Song of the Twilight Stars," the "Song of the Midnight Fairies," the "Song of Romance," the "Song of Death," the "Song of the Palace of Apollo," the "Song of the Fairies' Gathering," and the "Song of the Fairies' Return." Of Apollo's palace, we are told

"Great Milton dwelt here; he sees with eyes  
Grown brighter from Earth's desolate exile:  
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 unveiled 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 the Poet sees

"The Victory-bringing Angel once again.

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 only ache.

The Lily Maid beside shall stand  
Always to guide thee Angel-hand,  
And Angel-matrons 'round thee throng  
As chorists of that sweet song."

The Poet replies that he can not write the story, but is finally prevailed on. The Lily Queen sends to him a little Child—the Poet says the Child's face

"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 shrink  
To sleep, and breathe my life through thine.'  
Strange pangs shot through me, and I felt  
Thrilled as the bright snows are 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.—E.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, Nov. 3, 1854.

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 promenade 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 solemn 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 fearful 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 of 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 further 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 against Heaven, then, to scare it away with relics! If it was something 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 cholera 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 we are sternly bid to believe that the Arch Fiend is speaking with the accents of angels to your deluded soul. The head of 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 the has-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 Everlasting "seizing and giving," the law of action and reaction in nature, the law of compensation in life. Alas! poor Pío Nono! how thy reason as man was 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 enlightened part of Europe where there is not a "medium"—where communications 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, and goodness, just such as one would expect from disembodied Spirits solicited 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 away, like siren voices, to perdition! Even the most devout Catholics, 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 Beecher, the ablest among the advocates of the Tartarean doctrine, has been completely refuted by yourself. But we may say that the followers of Calvin are not at one with their master in this regard. The great Genevan theologian devotes an entire chapter of the "Institutes" to an exposition of his doctrine in regard to angels. He describes them as ministers of God, as sublime personal beings. "As Christ says," to use the language of Dr. Henry, who impartially sums up Calvin's doctrine, "that the angels of little children behold the face of their heavenly Father, he shows that the care of little children is committed to particular angels. And this must be taken as certain, that not only does an 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 conviction that they were looking upon him, and that he was sustaining 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 with 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 inconceivable 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 fanaticism, 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 is full in MS., which will appear in print after a month or so, which is a book 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 a lovelier place in all Europe than Geneva. Before you lies Lake Lemman 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 is, nothing wanting to make as perfect a scene as the sun shines upon. It is not strange that Madame de Staël, 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.

VIATOR.

## DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. THAKPUL D. MUMF, 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 HOOPER, of Rochester, Ia., writes us enclosing 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 principles those who are convinced, would be very gratifying to himself and others, as well as probably very beneficial to the cause. Our friend is assured 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 Edmunds and Dr. Dexter's work on Spiritualism is almost all in type, and will be issued very soon.

MR. R. D. JOSLIN, of Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, writes us a zealous letter 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 sectarianism, 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 Spiritualism 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 prompt efforts to extend the circulation of the *TELEGRAPH*.

MR. H. H. TAYLOR, of East Rodman, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes us that Spiritualism and Spiritualists are subjected to much ridicule and 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 delivered a lecture in London on the "Home Education of the Poor," in the course of which he spoke as follows of our poet Longfellow: "There is no greater lack," said the Cardinal, "in English literature than that of a poet of the people—one who shall be to the laboring classes of England what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany. He was a true philosopher who said, 'Let me make the songs for a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.' There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere can not claim the honor of having brought him forth—but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And, whether we are charmed by the imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangelism, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."—*Tribune*.



MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir 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 salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."



## Interesting Miscellany.

### DOGMATISM AND DESPOTISM.

We extract the following from the November number of *Putnam's Magazine*. We know not the author, unless it be 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 fetter and cut their souls, if they do not enchain their bodies. There are inquisitions of obliquity and hatred which succeed to the inquisitions of the flag 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 bastilles, its gibbets, its bayonets, its knouts, and its thumb-screws—but its animating purpose. It is the disposition to suppress the free formation and publication of opinion by other means than those by 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 heterodoxy 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 inveterate of public prejudice compels him to remain silent altogether, or to live a life of perpetual hypocrisy, wherever his sincere conviction can not be disclosed and promulgated 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 ideal of our institutions. We have not attained to a genuine and universal liberty (we will not say tolerance, because that word is borrowed 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 come after, out, as Johnson says of the followers of Shakespeare, 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 to 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 deems,  
And this the book where each his dogma deems."

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 imlose its treasures in the frail and rickety casket of words which men devise, is an enterprise for pouring the ocean into a quart-pot, or for lotting the air of the whole heavens in one private cellar. Nor is the attempt less pernicious than it is absurd; for it erects each little cistern 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 become absorbed in controversy or sectarian propaganda, at the expense of a free and earnest 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 professively wear their colors. They too often terrify the ardent reformer, whose bright hopes they change by the magic of fear into dread specifiers; 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 false traditions and moldy abuses, when they should be pressing forward under the ever-giving 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 mass complexity of truths, the few pearls they have fished out of the measureless sea, fancying 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 veils, 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. "Plead, oh! plead, este profum!" rings the chorus, and the poor audacious "infidel" to every dissentient is sure to be called—hand over head—an everlasting content. 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 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 burns  
Is lone as some volcanic lake—  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburg there was a lady, closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. 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 richly-embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features which the beholder obtained satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. 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 his 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 car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely 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, but not so much of misery as of beauty stamped upon it! Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

She was changed,  
As by sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
They had not their own lustre, 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 soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound and her beauty unveiled. The cars 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 loves around her are sighing;  
But eddies 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 their strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmoved, and he wept as only a man can weep. The air changed and she continued:

"Has sorrow thy young days shrouded,  
As clouds the morning's first light?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That even in sorrow were sweet!  
If that the kindly world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear—  
Come, child of misfortune! come hither;  
I'll weep with thee, for thou art dear!"

She then sang a fragment of that beautiful hymn—  
"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 (as he was a man!) who called upon the conductor to "put her out of the car." 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 "over true tale." Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality.

Again the poor bewitched beauty raised her bewitching voice to one 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 scenery of the river, when, at one of the landings, the small boat pulled 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 uncovered, 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. On one occasion it is related, he preached on the mole a penitential sermon, 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 adamant sword standest at the right hand of the judgment-seat of God, how me every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, poured a fresh torrent of eloquent invectives against their sins and their deceit. He had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching in a crowd 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 wife 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.

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