

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 172.

The Principles of Nature.

PSYCHOMETRY—ITS ORIGIN AND CLAIMS.

Sixty times when the human mind emerged from the pre-solved limits of the perceptive and the semi-intellectual organs, there has been a constant longing to solve the mysterious problem of existence—to know something of that soul which gave a consciousness of the individuality and ever-thrusting for new acquisitions of knowledge. To gratify this desire, there have been erected, at different stand points on the pathway of the race, a multitude of dogmas, each adequate to meet the wants of a few persons, or, perhaps, a race, but each in turn abandoned as unsatisfactory, as the successive tide of progression swept humanity along. Failing to recognize their equality with other created things upon the earth, more daring minds have even panted the mighty void which intervened, and claimed a close relationship with Deity himself; have constructed ingenious systems of metaphysics, and vainly supposed themselves possessed of infinite wisdom.

That has it been, and thus may we trust it will ever be; for let the universe go to what lengths they may, from the failures of these aspiring souls the philosopher gathers such treasures of knowledge, that he possesses himself of a firm basis on which to rear a true system of Anthropology, whenever the moment arrives auspicious for its birth.

We have seen the phenomena of mind attributed to many conflicting causes, and the central location of the soul assigned to various parts of the body; but it remained for the illustrious GALL to grasp the scalpel, and demonstrate conclusively that it was in the brain that the seat of intelligence was to be found. His was enough honor to fall to the lot of any one individual it was full enough for him to sustain, in the face of that virulent persecution which necessarily springs to meet every reform; and it was absolutely necessary that this much should be established, to prepare the way for more satisfactory and wonderful discoveries.

The twenty-seven years which have elapsed since his death, have wrought great changes in the opinions and prejudices of the civilized world; in places of the universal opposition then met with, there is not only a more liberal spirit generally, but phrenology ranks among its supporters hundreds of thousands in our own country and in Europe. It has assumed well defined proportions, and is regarded as worthy of a respectful consideration by the times, then, are propitious for a new development, as the imperfections of the old system are discovered among its many faults, and a demand has been created for some other Newton to stand out from the ranks of society, and tell us what he knows concerning man's dual nature.

Answering this call, there comes from a western college a philosopher, laden with the experiences of fifteen years of research—one more mind to stand upon the cliff, and throw the light of his scientific beacon upon the dark waters—one more brave man to buckle on his armor, and meet the hosts of prejudice and conservatism: this man is BUCHANAN.

If the masses were unprepared to believe the external geography of the brain, how must their surprise be increased to hear that we have now a means of tracing the actions of mind to their most secret hiding-places; and despite the external garb, induced to divine, whether of language or expression, to read the real character of each individual we meet! Let them be surprised, then; for so sure as the life of man is not a fable, we shall this power, and any one who is astute enough to seek it may enjoy its benefits. Who, then, shall be the privilege of introducing these discoveries to public notice, and of ensuring for them a respectful hearing? Does it not belong chiefly to those papers which aim at a solution of some of the mysteries of man's intellectual nature? Is it not especially worthy of the attention of Spiritualists; for what class of men are as much interested in all that concerns the development of mind, and the laws of its relations to the world around??

Believing that it only needs that they should know the existence of this new system of Anthropology and its beauties, to enlist their sympathy in its behalf, the writer hails with pleasure the appearance of a successful public experiment by the editor of this paper, at a recent conference. Here were five autographs, from persons quite similar in character, which were submitted to a susceptible person, and successfully delineated. What hitherto known law of man can account for a manifestation so wonderful as this? What peculiar power is it which enables one to make five such analyses of the characters of the unknown writers of as many manuscripts? If we except the easy key of Buchanan's types, we might long pause for a satisfactory reply. In the field of many millions of chances, it would be impossible to give any directions for duplicating the first success, and we may calculate how likely one would be to succeed in five, consecutively. Now, let us ask how psychometry would account for it. We feel, what is psychometry? The term is the appropriate name given by the discoverer to a new attribute of mind, which he first demonstrated in 1842, and means "soul measurement." It is a peculiar sensitive condition of the nerves, especially those of an organ of the brain—which indicates not only the mood of those about us, but by means of a letter, picture, or look of hair, the character of those who are at a distance, or long since passed to the world of spirits.

It is not accomplished by any supernatural agency, but simply by the influence exerted upon the psychometer's nerves by certain impressions received from the individual and deposited upon the

writing, picture, or hair. It seems that whenever we go, or upon whatever object we lay our hand, we are leaving deposits of nervous fluid, which so far partake of our own nature, that a dog will track his master by following them; a clairvoyant will make a diagnosis of disease by holding a lock of hair to his forehead; and a susceptible person will delineate a character from a manuscript. That these things are substantial truths, and not phantasms from a poetical brain, may be easily and abundantly demonstrated; for it is estimated that in warm climates *thirty* per cent of the population are possessed of the faculty; and taking an average of the entire population of the globe, about ten per cent. It would scarcely be profitable to show, in an essay of this nature, that a science which gives us such power to transmute human actions to their sources, which enables us to prescribe for a patient at any distance, and which enables us to unerringly unfold the long-hidden records of past individual histories, merits something more than a careless, passing notice, or that it may be productive of some good.

Having, therefore, established the belief that such a science as psychometry may exist, we naturally conclude that to produce successful experiments, certain conditions must be complied with; and the chief of these we find to be, that the psychometer's mind shall not be preoccupied with any active emotion, on commencing the experiment. We must understand that this mind is a mirror, in which we look for a reflection of the character held before it; and that in proportion as the mirror is tarnished, vailed, or put at a wrong angle, so the reflection will be more or less clear. The subject should be a person as free as possible from romantic imagination—such as is manifested in transcendentalism—and he should be of good education, with good powers of observation, and ability to express his feelings in a lucid and concise manner. If any reader has essayed some experiments, and met very unsatisfactory results, he will probably find that the foregoing conditions have not been fulfilled. One good reason for the meager results obtained from *clairvoyant* perceptions is, that the subjects are totally inadequate to explain what they see, and simply indulge in exclamations of astonishment or pleasure.

It is a very common fault of those who commence their experiments, that they wait for some overpowering influence from the letter, which shall blot out their own sensations, and overturn their individuality. Although we do sometimes meet with such extreme cases, they must be considered as exceptions. One must be prepared to say anything of his impressions or feelings as soon as it intrudes itself, no matter how trivial or unimportant it may appear. It is by neglecting this that many little distinguishing traits of character are lost, which would go far toward making up a satisfactory whole. The questions should never be suggestive, but such as require a definite and original answer.

Dr. Buchanan commences several such in substance, as, "What can you say of the leading probabilities?" "What of the energies and impulses?" "What of the moral faculties?" "What of the sphere of life, or probable occupation?" "What are the predominant faults or excellencies?" etc., etc.; but during the experiment a great variety will suggest themselves.

While a violent opposition to a new truth is to be met and vanquished, there is a far more subtle and insidious to be overcome, and that is excessive credulity. Dissatisfied and disgusted with stolid skepticism, some persons rush to the other extreme, and champion many a specious but shallow deceit, merely because they believed on the recommendation of another, or before making a careful examination for themselves. Such minds have flockled in swarms to the banner of Spiritualism, and having built their house upon the sand, the first blast of criticism or popular spite has driven them back to their old ground, convinced that Spiritualism was a matter of no moment.

Applying this to psychometry, we must guard against either a reception or rejection of its claims, because of a few successful or unsuccessful experiments. From an autograph, the first impression obtained will be the predominating influence of the writer at the time of composing; and after this has in some measure subsided, the several points of the character will have an opportunity to come up and be recognized. It is thus quite easy to mistake the first impression for the general character, especially if the psychometer has not had much experience. Then, again, he may have a suspicion that the letter is from a certain person, either male or female, and will work up his own impression with those obtained from the letter; he may have been engaged in a litigious debate, an animated conversation, or in the composition of some important letter or essay; in fact, in anything which would urge the brain to a great activity, and thus his analytical powers would be seriously impeded. Hence we see the necessity for caution if we wish for a favorable result.

From the foregoing, it will be perceived that the less a person is engaged in coarse manual labor or unintellectual employments, the more impressible he would naturally become; and for this reason students, ministers, poets, musicians, writers, painters, and especially educated females, will make the best psychometers. Every one, then, will find ample opportunity to pursue his investigations among his own friends or relatives, so soon as he gets the chart to guide his course, and he can have no better one than the outline of Buchanan's lectures, published at the office of this paper. The book is one calculated to excite an absorbing interest for this subject of psychometry, as for a score of others, equally interesting and curious.

Major Buckley and others speak of a condition of "conscious clairvoyance," which is produced by gazing fixedly at a medal, a number of times.) My friend goes on to say, "There are some

crystal, drop of ink or other object; and I have known something skin to this to occur during a psychometrical experiment; for instance: 1. Mr. O., to oblige a friend and meet the sneers of a young skeptical German, took a letter to psychometrize from the latter; he described some leading trait of character, and noticed that it caused a surprise; gaining some assurance from this, he proceeded, step by step, to unfold a complete diagnosis of the character; told the sex of the writer; that the German had often been to a theater with her which was upon a certain side of the street, with such and such an entrance that the play was of a peculiar character; described the shape of her head, the contour of her features, and even a peculiarity of dress she wore, all of which were correct. The party of friends were in Ohio—the lady in Germany.—2. On another occasion, he delineated a character for a literary gentleman in Cleveland; described the leading, and some minute peculiarities; manner of walking in the street; usual position assumed when reading; and especially the manner in which she took hold of a chair and dusted it. In this case, also, the sex of the writer was designated, and the lady was in New York. It is a peculiar feature of these psychometrical readings, that generally the sex is indicated; it seems as if there were some influence peculiar to either sex, easy to be recognized.—3. Mr. V.—was entirely unacquainted with the subject, and desirous to witness some experiments. I suggested that he should undertake them himself, and submitted three autographs—one of Dr. Buchanan, one of an energetic business man, and one of a refined female. He pointed out leading traits, in each and in every case recognizing the sex.—4. Mrs. C. had tried an experiment in psychometrical reading, with the assistance of a public medium of this city, and the surprising results gave her a desire to see something more. A few evenings subsequently, a Mr. O. passed the evening at her house; the subject was introduced, and at her request he essayed an experiment; gave a very accurate description of the character, and mentioned many peculiarities of manner, dress, motion, etc., etc.—so much so, that they were noted down to be sent to the individual.

But is it not useless, Mr. Editor, to occupy so much space in a repetition of the hundreds of similar cases that might be adduced? One fact like the above is amply sufficient for our purpose, as it shows that there is something in it. This is no new thing; true, it may be to the most of us; but the science is supported by fifteen years of observation, and the testimony of a vast number of witnesses. It is impossible to condense into a single article all the phases which it presents on investigation; and I shall, therefore, not look upon my work as exactly incomplete.

It has sometimes happened that an investigator has cut an autograph into several pieces, and obtained a distinct character for each slip. This, he might suppose, would furnish the basis for a strong argument against the truth of psychometry; but such a result would not have been obtained, if the proper conditions had been fulfilled. This power has lately been put to a novel use, viz., the detection of counterfeit bills; and in this way it was discovered that, by means of the photographic process, dishonest persons had succeeded in making duplicates of a genuine bill, so accurate in every particular, that they were unhesitatingly received at the bank, both by the president and cashier. A Mr. Fontayne, of Cincinnati, took photographic impressions of some genuine bills, and submitted them for inspection to the bank officers, by whom they were admitted to be perfect. Dr. Buchanan tested a genuine and a counterfeit by a very fine psychometer, and the result was, that from the signature of the genuine bill a character was delineated, but none from the photographic imitation.

By means of psychometry, we are enabled to select from the pharmacopeia such medicines as are suitable to cure any given malady; we are enabled to choose a companion in matrimony; to judge of the motives of our correspondent; to select proper persons to fill official stations, or to act as teachers to our children; to untwist the intricacies of diplomacy, and to explore the histories of the past by the monuments of its nations and individuals which remain to us.

In conclusion, I would ask the reader to share my pleasure that this beautiful and important power has been given to man that he may be a minister of justice, and to the advancement of profound philosophy which has been manifested by the founder of the new system of ANTHROPOLOGY.

AMHERST,
New York, August 2, 1855.

PSYCHOMETRY AGAIN IN THE CRUCIBLE.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I wish to communicate to you an interesting experiment in psychometry, lately made by myself. A short time ago, I received a letter from my friend, J. B. B., from which I will quote a few lines.

My friend had been investigating Spiritualism by an observation of its phenomena, as they took place in his own person. It was his custom to sit each day in a passive state, with a pen in his hand, in the attitude of writing. At such times his hand and arm would be moved in an involuntary, and to him unconscious manner. In his letter to me he says:

"Last night the motions of my hand were so much like writing, that I took a pencil and paper, and after a short time, produced the enclosed. (The enclosure was a half sheet of paper, with the name of John L. C.—a traced upon it with a pencil a number of times.) My friend goes on to say, "There are some

things about this quite startling to me. I was not thinking of the Spirit of John L. C.—nor any other Spirit, until the unmischievous efforts of my hand to produce the name attracted my attention. I never make a long 'J' as you see invariably in these efforts. Tell me what this means?" [The remainder of this letter not being material, will not be quoted.]

J. L. C.—was an intimate friend of J. B. B., and died some years ago. Now for the experiment. I took this letter of my friend, J. B. B., from which I have quoted the above, and put it into a white envelope, and sealed it up. I also took the enclosure contained in J. B. B.'s letter, being the paper on which the name of John L. C.—was written. This I placed in a yellow envelope, and sealed it up.

These two envelopes, thus sealed, I then placed in the hands of my friend, R. P. Wilson, of Cleveland, who was then in Detroit, saying to him, "Give me a psychometrical delineation of these two letters."

In order that it may be known with what care and caution this experiment was conducted, I will inform you that I did not tell Mr. Wilson what object I had in view, nor any of the circumstances regarding the letter, which I have related above; that I did not know anything about the character of John L. C.—, and had never seen him; also, that I was not present when Mr. Wilson psychometrized the letters. I mention these particulars, so that no one may be misled by the idea that Mr. Wilson received any intimations from my mind, by magnetic impression or otherwise.

The envelopes were handed to Mr. Wilson in the evening. The next morning he returned them to me still sealed, as I gave them to him, and with a delineation folded about each. Before I communicated to you the result, I wish to remind you that the writing in both envelopes was executed by the same hand. That contained in the yellow envelope, however, claimed to be executed by Spirit-control.

Now psychometry is a fixed science; therefore, inasmuch as both writings were executed by the same hand, they would give the impression of the same sphere, and the character given would in both instances be identical, unless the writing in the yellow envelope was in fact executed by Spirit-control, and then the writing in the yellow envelope would give an impression of the sphere of John L. C.—.

On reading the delineations furnished by Mr. Wilson, as above described, I found that the one folded about the white envelope was a beautiful and perfectly truthful delineation of the character of my friend J. B. B.

On the contrary, the one folded about the yellow envelope described an entirely different person.

Thus far the experiment was decided in favor of the spiritual theory, inasmuch as the delineations were essentially correct. The next day, I enclosed the delineation folded about the yellow envelope to my friend J. B. B., and in a short time received a letter from him, informing me that the delineation given by impression from the yellow envelope, corresponded perfectly with the character of John L. C.—. Thus psychometry is made to prove Spiritualism.

Yours, for truth and true religion,

DETROIT, August 3, 1855.

W. H. BROWN.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Since the publication of my communication in the TELEGRAPH, entitled the "Diversity of Languages," I have met with the enclosed article respecting the "Unity of the Human Race," in which the writer takes the same view of the origin of languages that I have done. I wish you would republish it in the TELEGRAPH, as containing important views upon the subject of which it treats, as well as confirming my views respecting the origin of languages.

Respectfully,

W. H. ANDREWS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARDIERE.

The question of the unity of the human race is less complicated than that of the primitive unity of its language. And here we have at first the most striking fundamental resemblance, the most conclusive analogies. Blacks and whites, Mongols and negroes, French and Esquimaux, English and Malays, Germans and Hottentots, have incontestably a common origin, and belong to the same family. The general physical traits are the same; the organization does not essentially differ; the intellectual and moral faculties are analogous; all have an intelligence more or less developed, a sensibility more or less lively, a conscience more or less delicate. Among all are found deep and identical moral wants; and in the same conditions of intellectual culture and education, they arrive at the same development. There is not on earth a human being who does not recognize and welcome with emotion, in the inhabitant of the most remote parts of the globe, his like, his brother, his equal, called to the same destiny with himself; and the work of missions, in leading to Christianity and to civilization the Bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Laplanders, the Australian of New Zealand, and the Esquimaux of North America, has proved that all these degenerated and degraded beings have souls susceptible of being educated, loving, trusting; of being purified, and enabled, and perfected under the regenerating influence of Gospel grace.

The difference in the color of the skin, the quality of the hair, the conformation of the cranium, and the facial angle, is explained in part by the difference of climate, of habits, and of civilization. The nature of the soil, the state of the atmosphere, the degree of temperature, have an incontestable influence on the form and color of the body. Abyssinians and Arabs, Men-

gols and Hindus, belong incontestably to the white race; and yet see what they have become under the action of the climate which they inhabit. Thus, also, a residence of two or three centuries in the Indies has sufficed for Europeans to have become almost as black as the natives of Congo or Guinea. The same modifications are found in the inferior dominion of nature; thus certain plants, transplanted from one climate into another, change very; thus, also, certain animals, transplanted from Europe to the coast of Africa, in a few generations undergo changes so great, that they become scarcely capable of recognition; thus also, under the influence of powerful natural causes unknown to us, there are wrought in individuals astonishing changes, which are propagated and transmitted from father to son, and so to all the descendants.

But the action of thought, the work of mind, the force of passions, have a still more powerful and immediate effect on the conformation of the cranium, than that which the sun's rays, and the sun's rays simultaneously exert on the color of the skin. It is proved that the predominance of sensibility over the absence of all intelligent life, are betrayed by striking phenomena in the diminution of the volume of the brain, and in the excessive increase of the posterior part of the head. See the negro, who is naturally lascivious, whose sexual passions are over-excited by a burning climate, and whose thought is plunged into an almost complete sleep; he has the depressed forehead, the retreating facial angle, the occiput prominent to excess. It is the life which he leads, the passions in which he indulges himself, and the sad social condition into which he is reduced, that have thus physically as well as morally degraded him. Please him in other conditions of life, instruct him, give him a moral education, put him in contact with elevated intelligence, change his manner of life and habits, transport him, in a word, into the midst of civilization, and you shall perceive, if not in him, at least in his children, and very certainly in his children's children, sensible modifications in the externals of his general appearance, and in particular in the form of the head. The forehead will become immensely more erect, and the woolly hair will by degrees become soft. Numerous observations made in the United States and in the Antilles, have sufficiently verified these positions.

But if the causes just indicated do not appear to give a satisfactory solution to the problem of the diversity of races, sin, the deluge, and Providence might be presented in its support. Sin has destroyed the image of God, disfigured the human soul, and degraded the masterpiece of the Creator's work. There are some beings, doubtless, who carry written on their foreheads the nobility of their character, and whose features express the purity and the virtue of their souls; but there are others whom vice and crime have withered, and who are made repulsive by the abject and hideous air with which sin has marked their countenances. And why should not sin do that for nations which it has done for individuals? An observation which seems to support our supposition, and to render it probable, is, that in proportion as we remove from the cradle of humanity, the degradation of the race becomes by degrees more sensible; as if evil, infiltrating itself into and corrupting humanity, made the virtue of its power to be felt at the extremes still more than at the heart; and as if to prove that the degeneracy of the race was wrought slowly and through successive transitions. Thus the natives of South Africa and of the north of Asia, and the Malays of Australia, who are found at the most considerable distance from the Asiatic continental centers whence went forth the first migrations, may be deservedly considered the prototypes of the moral and physical degradation of humanity.

The deluge may also have contributed its part toward the alteration of the primitive type of the human race. A deluged soil, moist lands, the air charged with clouds, an atmosphere less pure, would these have no effect upon the color of the skin, and the physical constitution of man?

And finally, why could not Providence, whose intervention in the variety of languages itself is obliged to admit, have produced in the physical nature of man, by the diversity of races, the most conclusive analogies. Blacks and whites, Mongols and negroes, French and Esquimaux, English and Malays, Germans and Hottentots, have incontestably a common origin, and belong to the same family. The general physical traits are the same; the organization does not essentially differ; the intellectual and moral faculties are analogous; all have an intelligence more or less developed, a sensibility more or less lively, a conscience more or less delicate. Among all are found deep and identical moral wants; and in the same conditions of intellectual culture and education, they arrive at the same development. There is not on earth a human being who does not recognize and welcome with emotion, in the inhabitant of the most remote parts of the globe, his like, his brother, his equal, called to the same destiny with himself; and the work of missions, in leading to Christianity and to civilization the Bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Laplanders, the Australian of New Zealand, and the Esquimaux of North America, has proved that all these degenerated and degraded beings have souls susceptible of being educated, loving, trusting; of being purified, and enabled, and perfected under the regenerating influence of Gospel grace.

But enough of hypotheses and explanations. In the face of that Babel which divides, let us place the church of Christ which reunites. In the presence of the multiplication of languages which separates men, let us think of the Saviour, who by love, gives to them with a new language a new heart, and who calls them together again under his guidance into the same fold.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Original Communications.

FLOWERS.

Unknowns of the bleeding earth,
Which wakes in answer to the voice of Spring,
How leaps the soul of Mirth,
In joyous at your birth!
Spreading the golden plumage of her wings,
With what delight she sings—
Warching sweet babbles to grief and care,
And wailing all things fair;
She turns the harp-strings of the wandering air,
And calls sweet music from her heavenly cells.
To begin o'er silver chords, her holiest spells.

How blessed are your hearts,
Oh, eloquent teachers of a Father's love!
How bright amid my dreams,
Your mingled radiance streams,
Waking us on, amid the whispering groves,
Where con the turtle-doves;
With angel smiles you're touching all my way,
And in the house of Day,
Like timid stars which form the milky way,
To stand in close array,
Flinging love glances through the dusky wood,
To show the green of the sheltered.

Joy seeks again my heart,
And sorrow lifts her black plumes from my soul;
Theullen storms depart,
And hallow Winter, with his tattered stole,
Has glided to his goal.
The beautiful have come—they wake, they rise;
Spring's odors track the skies,
The gentle dowers unclose their stony eyes,
And over the sunny hills.
Along the languid rills,
A van of glory tremblingly descends,
That all earth's shadows into brightness blends.

O beautiful, bright flowers!
Ye creases of God, whose living breath
Hallows the woodland bower;
Born of the sun and shower,
Ye have deep lessons written on your leaves,
That whenever grieves
May turn from earth, and leave the love of heaven;
To you, to you, it gives,
When weary souls o'er gloomy wastes are driven,
To wait for remedy on the desert air,
That man may learn the still small voice of prayer.

Your orisons are pure,
Your garments modest, and your lovely forms
All gentle mind allure:
In quiet vale, along the forest aisles,
Linger your happy smiles,
And sweet is your sunny halls to tread,
And, by your money bag,
Count the light footfalls of the gliding hours.
Thine eve, with dewy showers,
Her silver vail and starry curtain lowers,
And quenches Cynthia to her throne restores.

O bless the human heart,
To whom the flowers no dark reproaches bear!
No memory of a dart,
Or ranking poison smart;
And blessed those who, kneeling on the sod,
By the pure works of God,
Can hear the stirring of celestial strings,
Overwrought by angel wings,
Yet feel their souls within grow calm and strong.
And from the harsp of song
Such answering strains and heavenly numbers call,
As prove their lives in harmony with all.

O beautiful, bright flowers!
The winged seeds in Autumn, ruddy tressed,
Found there the sheltering bower—
May we at last find ours!
And O, like you, may every hour display
Some new and brightening ray,
That, dying, may sanctify the place
And dwellings of our rest;

And through distant years the glorious fires
Of Faith triumphant, Truth and Virtue blast,
The earth-born entering at the gates of rest.

PHILADELPHIA.

MIRACLES IN MICHIGAN.

Niles, August 2, 1855.

Mrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:
Having lately witnessed some, and heard of other, wonderful manifestations, I sit down to offer them to you to spread before the people, if you think best. A lady, by the name of Dennis, came into this town a short time since, and stopped at her deceased husband's brother's. I heard her, while in a trance, personating her husband, address the members of her father's household with all the earnestness of a loving brother, greeting his kindred, after a long separation. She broke out into an impromptu address in poetry, perfectly appropriate to the occasion. She then personated another Spirit, giving a most eloquent discourse on the philosophy of nature, interspersing it with poetry the most moving, and in like manner, gave us a stirring lecture. She performed what would be impossible for the greatest actress, changing from one side to another, and excelling in all. She states that the Spirits have nearly cured her of that commonly fatal malady, consumption. This attempt at a description compares with the reality about as matter to Spirit.

Some twenty miles from here reside several brothers and their families, by the name of Hicks, three of them farmers, the other a Methodist preacher—all Spiritualists. They are highly spoken of by their neighbors. Among them I spent a pleasant Sunday ten days ago; and heard those "solid men" tell of cures performed through the mediumship of the daughter of one of them, equal to those of old. A bruised thumb was relieved of all swelling and bleeding, by her taking the inflammation into her own hand and arm, and then throwing it off. Her father had his foot crushed by a horse, and with it swollen and bleeding reached the house. "Minerva," said he, "for heaven's sake, call the doctor." The doctor was already there, and influenced Minerva to place that broken foot together, wipe off the blood, and take out the inflammation. He (Hicks) then put on his boot and went about his business, never experiencing any serious inconvenience from the wound. A neighbor of theirs (I forgot the name) dislocated his knee, and sent for Minerva instead of a surgeon. The crowd tried to fool her, telling that the hurt was in the ankle; but she looked up with that peculiar piercing expression of one possessed, and said, "I know my own business;" and after trying to set the knee, called for help. Five men taking hold with her, his knee was set, and after a few passes over with her hands, the swelling went down, so as not to be noticed.

A Hicks has a son aged 16 years, who last fall had a running sore under his right shoulder. For seven long years he had suffered with it, until hopes of a cure were few and faint. He would sometimes pull out rotten pipes from it several inches in length. Physicians pronounced it incurable without the loss of the arm, and hinted that his life was likely to be lost, too. This young man went to his uncle's, and in three days' time, by the laying on of hands," was on the high road to health. His "sore" was healed, and continues well to this day.

"Suppose it all true, what good does this Spiritualism do?"

Yours fraternally,

O. P. BRITTON.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM TEACHES.

Mr. BRITTON.—My eyes lately fell upon a paragraph in an article in a paper, headed "Spiritualism." The design of the article was to show what Spiritualism teaches. Its doctrines were expressed in ten propositions. The first was this: "Spiritualism teaches that God is an organization of elements and attributes—elements being termed motion, life and sensation—attributes being expressed by the terms intelligence, or love and wisdom." I was anxious to know what my guardian Spirit would say to this proposition, and I took an opportunity to ascertain his opinion—not that I take any authority short of the highest, nor do I consult any finite Spirit. The following is the communication I received. Will you insert the communications in your paper, and oblige,

Yours, very truly,

CALVIN.

To the first proposition, as given above, it was responded: "Who by searching can find out God?"

The second proposition was: "It claims to teach and demonstrate, beyond a peradventure, the immortality of the soul." In reference to this proposition the following communication was given, purporting to come from the same source:

Spiritualism teaches the immortality of the soul! It does indeed teach that the soul lives after the dissolution of the body; but was not this known before? Does not the Bible teach it? And have not all who obey God been fully assured of it? This system was not given to teach this. There is another object which God has in view in opening this communication with the Spirit-world, which will soon be made plain.

In regard to the third proposition, which was, "It claims to teach that man is a progressive being, destined to progress forever, in this and the future state of existence; and that his progress is fast or slow, in proportion as his acts are good or bad"—the following was given from the same source:

False! It is true that all who are renewed by the Spirit of God, will progress, and finally reach heaven; but those who do not yield their hearts to him, will not progress. They will finally sink to hell.

The fourth proposition was: "It claims to teach that we are not by death separated from those who have left us on earth, but that during our lives they are ever around us, and that by purity of living we may be united with them." Respecting this it was communicated:

It is true that Spirits, after the dissolution of the body, are permitted to remain with their friends in the flesh for a while—but it is only for a while. They must all soon go to their own place.

The fifth proposition was: "It claims to teach that death to the pure and good is but a continuance of existence, and the Spirit being freed from the thousand ills of material life, is left to roam amid the universe of worlds, free to choose its abiding-place." In regard to this it was communicated:

This is the teaching of deceiving Spirits. It is not true that any Spirits are free to choose their abiding place. God assigns a place for all; and the place for the unrenewed of God's Holy Spirit is hell below the seven spheres of which Spirits speak.

The sixth was: "It teaches that in this life, in a great measure, elaborates our destiny; and that our happiness in the next stage of existence depends, not upon our adherence to this or that sectarian faith, but upon the purity of our lives here, and our obedience, according to the light we have, to the great law of loving God and one another." In reference to this message was:

Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God. So said Christ on earth, and so he now says.

The seventh was: "It teaches the communion of Spirits with mortals." In reference to this it was given:

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The eighth was: "It teaches that the various manifestations, both mental and physical, are given to mankind to prove their immortality, and to teach them to look forward to the change which shall transform them from the earth-sphere to the heavenly, with pleasure." In regard to this it was given:

No Spirit is transferred from the earth-sphere directly to heaven; and those who do not yield their hearts to God will never reach heaven.

The ninth was: "It teaches that if we imitate Christ in his humility, in his submission to the will of God, and his love to man, we shall be acceptable to God." In regard to this it was given:

"There is no other name under heaven whereby men must be saved." Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of God."

The tenth was: "And finally, it claims that we have entered upon a new dispensation; that it has come to supply the want of the countless thousands who are now slumbering in indifference, or toiling in infidelity; to teach man his origin, his duty and his destiny; to convince him of his immortality, and instruct him how to make it happy." In reference to this it was given:

Claims in claims! But its claims are false. The Bible is given to teach man what is necessary for him to know of his destiny, and how to make it happy; and whatever of Spirit-teaching is contrary to the teachings of the Bible is false.

PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE AND SPIRIT-HEALING.

I enclose a letter from Dr. W. J. Jr. (his post-office address was not given), inquiring of me if I had made any investigation relative to the private, rural residence of Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, of Gaines, Mr. Tomlinson is a liberal minister, preaching to two neighboring Universalist societies, and living independently on his own farm. He has a large, amiable heart, as well as a liberal mind; and though not a professed Spiritualist, is one in soul, in seeking, and in reality, and has subtle manifestations in his own person. But the manner in which Spiritualism has been abused, has cautioned him to stand on guard. I was blessed to find him a personal friend, whose confidence in my humble self had never been shaken in consequence of my changing ground, and whose good opinion has remained firm through all changes and adversities. It is refreshing to find such friends of other years, and in their warm hearts feel you have an ample recompence for all the mutations of the past.

I was visited in Albion by a gentleman who had been known as a prominent opposer of Spiritualism. But he came privately for counsel, and confessed that within two weeks he and his lady had been suddenly seized by the spiritual influences and haunted in such a strange manner, with so many tests, they had become overwhelmingly convinced of the reality of Spirit-intercourse! I never saw a man more seriously and deeply affected, nor ever heard of a more of a thorough and almost miraculous conversion, through Spiritual agency; for neither he nor his wife ever saw or seriously considered any of the manifestations, till they were unexpectedly taken hold of by force. The position occupied by the gentleman is such before the public, that when he regards it proper to allow the facts to be known, the profoundest sensations must be produced throughout Western New York.

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For brevity, we will call the electricity and magnetism of all existences, "vital essence." The vital essence of the human body contains a large number of elements which are more refined than those of min-

eral or vegetable; and if any of these elements are destroyed or damaged, disease follows. To remove this disease, these elements must be replaced, or restored to a proper condition. For this purpose, good healing medicines are the best; but they are not always efficient, owing to a want of proper knowledge of those laws by the medium or the Spirit controlling, or both. Often a medium is not at hand; then, as the best course, a scientific Spirit, through a properly developed clairvoyant, can examine, and see, and make known to us what elements are wanting, and can select vegetables containing the required elements, and direct a syrup; and the same Spirit will see that there is a spiritual influence brought to bear upon the patient, and the peculiar essence that this vegetable contains will attract like elements to the system; and if the clairvoyant is a healing medium, he will be an instrument in aiding in this matter. But to bring this subject to a close, we will come to the main question.

Homeopathic medicines, I believe, are, for the most part, purely vegetable extracts. These extracts contain the vital essence of the vegetables from which they are extracted. Of themselves they possess elements suitable to restore elements wanting in the vital essence of the body, to a considerable extent. They also contain a power, to some extent, of attracting like elements from nature to themselves; but if these medicines are made and prepared by a person possessing the healing power, he will impart to them a more refined and healing quality, thereby giving them greater power. I am acquainted with homeopathic physicians who manipulate all their medicines, and their success is increased thereby.

The greatest difficulty with the practice of medicine under any form is, the physician often does not know what all the patient, and is he liable to give the wrong medicine as the right. To illustrate: Two patients have disease which to every appearance are alike, and in fact the only difference is, the circulation of blood is very fast in one and very slow in the other. A doctor visits them both; he gives to one enemesis, and it cures him. He sees his success, and gives of the same to the other, but instead of curing it kills him. The old saying, "when will one cure will kill another." The doctor in this case is not blamed in the least; yet, if he were not blamed, the halter would be put upon him.

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OUTCASTS DEATH.

DEATH IN THE STATION House.—A woman was stricken in the street late last night, and conveyed to the station-house. She was found shortly afterward by the officer, on her knees, quite dead.—*New York Paper.*

Put on thy robes, immortal soul,
For thou art free to-day;
The links are broke where strong control
Bound thee to human clay.

Vanquished the spell, the mist, the dread,
The weary days that bound thee then?
Hard times, hard hearts, hard words, have fed
The glad soul that surmounted them.

No more with weary feet and bane
Thus court with lead-traps falling;
No harsh rules can recall these now;
To bear thy load appalling.

Oh, spirit! Thou art wold and free,
To the celestial wedding;
Strong hands which open them now—
Reach not the courts thou're trading.

They bear, soon light with joy and pride,
Litter dry and broken boughs;
But the jewel now bears fine white
God to his bosom taken.

WILLIAMSBURG.

A GREAT QUESTION SETTLED.

Ir will, perhaps, be recollect, that in one of our letters from

Toronto, C. W., we mentioned the circumstance of meeting a gentleman who manifested a sudden and singular interest in the fact lecture which we delivered in that city; and who, notwithstanding we were total strangers, gave us a salvered ticket from Liverpool, on the Niagara steamer, to New York. A few

Interesting Miscellany.

TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

YES, HEAVEN has made them very tall!
Content in thine own sphere to move,
And the willing subjects there.
An empire then hastes breeds of love,
Of love, and even perchance of fame—
Purchases your part of the tree
Had linked with Laura's deathless name,
The gentle name of Eugene,
But that art now a tyrant's bane,
Wife of a beldame who loves not;
And frenzied up thy playboy day
To the sudden imperial fall.

What shall be given to her who took
The paltry care of these ill states?
Her whom shadow heart breeds
Love's freedom for a crown of hate?

A country's smile, a people's power,

The homage of a lip and knee,

The cover where still the heart is low—
This by thy glorious Eugene.

This, and perchance the deathless charms

Of some court poet's wavy rhyme,

Who sets a tyran present tame,

And dares him the other time.

Imperial splendors round thee play;

Imperial hues crease thy brow;

Thy fancies (once thy friends may say,

Happiest of wretched set them

But without thy tyran's hand

Bath gods, and bearded men that plie

Upon Cayenne's infested strand,

Have yet a happier lot than thine.

One chance remains to clear thy name,

Spared by the good, the true, the free—

When comes the tyran's hour of shame,

Live, and be still his hostage.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM—ITS IMPORTANCE.

A MEETING of the Superintendents of Institutions for the Insane in the United States has just closed a brief session in Boston. There were twenty-seven superintendents present. The feature of the session was the reading of an elaborate paper on spiritual manifestations and influences, by Dr. Loring V. Bell, of the Asylum at Somerville, Mass. After stating various experiences, he summed up his present conviction as follows:

"That there is abundant evidence that a novel influence or power exists, through certain persons, known as mediums, by which extraordinary results follow."

"That objects of considerable weight are moved without human contact, though at considerable distance—in the experience of the same, up to fifty feet, at least."

"That the most potent mediums are answered correctly, involving too many circumstances to be explained on the idea of coincidence, provided the true responses are in the mind of the questioner or some one else."

"In no instance, in his experience, were correct replies given where the response was unknown to some present."

"Replies, supposed by the interrogator to be correct, are given, as he believes them, true, even when afterward they are proved to be erroneous. He gets the responses as he supposes them to be, not as they are."

"There is no evidence of any Spirit influence in these extraordinary phenomena, nor have they any connection with a future state of being, so far as his observations warrant an opinion."

"The explanation must be admitted to be beyond our knowledge; yet certain analogies existing between states of dreaming, certain changes in manner, etc., would seem to point to the *quality* of the brain as connected with some of these phenomena."

"The subject is worthy the rigid investigation of all those whose duties are connected with our specialty. Whether regarded as a physical novelty, or as a wide-spread epidemic of the mind, the subject is of immense interest, and deserves a much more respectful treatment than it has generally met with."

CHAPIN AND BEECHER.—A writer in the *Congregational Herald* speaks of our Dr. Chapin in comparison with Henry Ward Beecher. He says: "With either more cool polish of style, he has somewhat of the compressed sweep and blaze of imagery—the vivid outstanding conceptions, the fiery and winged epithets, and the untiring freshness of the rare preacher. Mr. Chapin, too, is evidently a *born preacher*. He has vastly less, however, of the gush and pressure of intense moral emotion with which Mr. Beecher so often kindles and vitrifies his themes and his auditory; and, as a consequence (or rather a cause), almost none of that grasp of profound spiritual sensibilities, and that arousing of thoughts that wavers through eternity, which is often a means of grace in the ministry of his Brooklyn neighbor."

This comparative estimate of these two noble men shows but a small degree of discrimination and insight. We admire Beecher; we think him a sincere and true man; we acknowledge his great force and ability. He is the peer of Chapin in many respects. In view of thought, in pungency and directness of appeal, in out-spoken plainness of rebuke, in uncompromising boldness to all that is mean, base, unmanly and sinful, he is not surpassed. But in moral earnestness in utterances of spiritual thought that make man's deepest nature and awaking his kindling aspirations after truth, beauty, holiness and heaven, he falls incomparably below Mr. Chapin. Whoever says otherwise shows that he does not know the two men, or that his prejudices and preconceived notions mislead him."

A SWEET VOICE.—We agree with that old poet, who said that a low, soft voice was "an excellent thing in woman." Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure; and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, the can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is easily broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unmasking woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive! Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to be token of deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the cynical, sharp-tongued.

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear our sex talk in that low key, which always characterizes the lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the frail child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly its cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul? Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly "an excellent thing in woman."

THE PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—Without being by any means the perfect beauty her flatters her to be, the Empress is certainly one of the loveliest looking women that could be found. Her face is lighted up with such an innocent, gentle and vivacious expression, and a smile of such exceeding sweetness, as render her perfectly charming. Her manner is at once graceful, dignified and gracious; she looks absolutely radiant on a public occasion, and performs her part so perfectly and with such a look of absolute happiness that she seems not only as though she had been born to the station to which her singular fortune had raised her, but appears beside her impossible and undemonstrative partner as though she was some sovereign in her own right who had imposed some man of humble rank and sought unconsciously to stow for his comparatively cold and ungracious manner by the overwelling of her own and native courtesy. And yet to see her small, sweet, but pale and weary looking face at other times, one would say that she had already entered upon that destiny of sorrow of which the line of pain serves her now would almost seem to be nature's own prophecy.

MOUNTS IN HEAVEN.—There are moments when every spirit that hath breathed eternal life, feels in the presence of some great and unknown power. In the cool evening, the dimly noon, or the drowsy morn, all and every one hath felt that some power above the earth was near. A silent spot shone over the spirit a foretaste of Heaven's joy. Thought come as rays of light illuminating the cell within, and peering out over the lovely landscape, reveal beauties that were never seen before.

COURAGEOUS GIRL.—A LITTLE daughter of Walter Newberry, engaged since six or seven years, accompanied by a female servant, several years her senior, had, this evening on Saturday on Clark-street bridge, but as it commenced opening for the passage of a vessel. To avoid detection they can with all their speed toward the end of the bridge, exposing to gain the steamer before the connection should be broken; but the bridge proved too fast for them, and the younger and dearest of the two, with immatured beyond her control, reached the edge just a moment too late. Here was a crisis to be met. Between a child kept up an unexampled courage there was no alternative; i.e., choosing the former, our little heroine made the spring, and struggled out fast, and as suddenly as was possible recovered by a passing lighter, and landed over the deck of a vessel on to the dock. So perfectly had she been buoyed by her dress white in the water, that her head and shoulders were not at all wet, and her pretty little features had scarcely even quivered. During all this adventure the little girl maintained the most perfect composure, without so much as a scream or a tear; her greatest concern was lest her mother should be frightened, and herself delay the closing scenes, to which she was hurrying at the time of her sudden disengagement.

A BRIGHT CAREER BAH.—The Buffalo Express relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning without his breakfast, and being very hungry upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room, and placed his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it and commenced a voracious attack upon the viands placed before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came forward to collect tares, and upon reaching my friend, ejaculated "Dollar, sir?" A dollar?" responded the eating man, "a dollar thought you only charged 50 cents a meal for oneself?" "That's true," said *Mr. Adams*, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discourse unto it saying, "Carpet bag, it seems you're an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I paid you for, and now you must eat"—spoke so logically to the money as not to impress a nervous knowledge of the manners of the restaurant. A hundred words of reasoning failed to seduce the family. For instance, turns out, admits *Mr. Adams*, *Mr. Bell* and *Mr. Kellogg*.

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PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Original Communications.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM TEACHES.

FLOWERS.
Unknowns of the bleeding earth,
Which wake in answer to the voice of Spring,
How leaps the soul of Mirth,
In joyous at your birth !
Spreading the golden plumage of her wings,
With what delight she sings—
Warding sweet bubbles to grief and care,
And walking all things fair !
She leaves the harp-strings of the wandering air,
And calls sweet music from her heavenly cells,
To the earth o'er silver chords, her boldest spells.
How blest are your beams,
Oh, eloquent teachers of a Father's love !
The light amid my dreams,
Your mingled radiance streams,
Waking me, and the whispering groves,
Whereon the turtle-doves ;
With angel smiles you're tracking all my way,
And in the house of Day,
Like dim stars which form the milky way,
To stand in close array,
Flinging love glances through the dusky wood,
To show the grace of the sisterhood.

Joy walks again my heart,
And Sorrow lifts her black plumes from my soul ;
The sultry storms depart,
And bring with them the scattered state,
Heavily load'd to bear,
The beautiful have come—they wake, they rise ;
Spring's odors track the skies,
The gentle flowers under their starry eyes,
And over the sunny hills,
Along the laughing rills,
A veil of grecy tremblingly descends,
That all earth's shadows into brightness blends.
Oh, beautiful, bright flowers !
Ye oracles of God, whose living breath
Hallows the woodland bower ;
Born of the sun and showers,
Ye have deep lessons written on your leaves,
That whenever grieved
May turn from earth, and leave the love of heaven ;
To you, to you're given,
When weary souls o'er gloomy wastes are driven,
To wait your perfumes on the desert air,
That man may learn the still small voice of prayer.

Your orisons are pure,
Your garments modest, and your lovely forms
All gentle minds allure :
In quiet vales, along the forest aisles,
Linger your happy smiles,
And strew it is your sunny halls to tread,
And, by your money bid,
Count the light footfalls of the gliding hours,
Till eve, with dewy showers,
Her silver wall and starry curtain lowers,
And gently Cynthia to her throne restores.

O beat the human heart,
To whom the dowers so dark reproaches bear !
No memory of a dart,
Or rackling poison smart ;
And blessed those who, kneeling on the sod,
By the pure words of God,
Can hear the stirring of celestial strings,
Overcrept by angel wings,
Yet feel their souls within grow calm and strong,
And from the harts of song
Such answering strains and heavenly numbers call,
As prove their lives in harmony with all.

O beautiful, bright flowers !

The winged seeds in Autumn, rudely tossed,

Found things the sheltering bower—

May we at last find ours !

And O, like you, may every hour display

Some new and brightening ray,

That dying, see may satisfy the place

And dwellings of our race.

And send through distant years the glorious dove

Of Faith triumphant, Truth and Virtue blest,

The earth-born darling at the gates of rest.

PHILADELPHIA.

MIRACLES IN MICHIGAN.

Niles, August 2, 1855.

MISS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

HAVING lately witnessed some, and heard of other, wonderful manifestations, I sit down to offer them to you to spread before the people, if you think best. A lady, by the name of Dennis, came into this town a short time since, and stopped at her deceased husband's brother's. I heard her, while in a trance, personating her husband, address the members of her father's household with all the earnestness of a loving brother, greeting his kindred, after a long separation. She broke out into an impromptu address in poetry, perfectly appropriate to the occasion. She then personated another Spirit, giving a most eloquent discourse on the philosophy of nature, interpersing it with poetry the most moving, and, in like manner, gave us a stirring lecture. She performed what would be impossible for the greatest actress, changing from one side to another, and excelling in all. She states that the Spirits have nearly cured her of that commonly fatal malady, consumption. This attempt at a description compares with the reality about as matter to Spirit.

Some twenty miles from here reside several brothers and their families, by the name of Hicks, three of them farmers, the other a Methodist preacher—all Spiritualists. They are highly spoken of by their neighbors. Among them I spent a pleasant Sunday ten days ago ; and heard that "solid men" tell of cures performed through the mediumship of the daughter of one of them, equal to those of old. A bruised thumb was relieved of all swelling and bleeding, by her taking the inflammation into her own hand and arm, and then throwing it off. Her father had his foot crushed by a horse, and with it swollen and bleeding reached the house. "Minerva" said he, "for heaven's sake, call the doctor." The doctor was already there, and induced Minerva to place that broken foot together, wipe off the blood, and take out the inflammation. He (Hicks) then put on his boot and went about his business, never experiencing any serious inconvenience from the wound. A neighbor of theirs (I forget the name) dislocated his knee, and sent for Minerva instead of a surgeon. The crowd tried to fool her, telling that the hurt was in the ankle ; but she looked up with that peculiar piercing expression of one possessed, and said, "I know my own business;" and after trying to set the knee, called for help. Five men taking hold with her, his knee was set, and after a few passes over with her hands, the swelling went down, so as not to be noticed.

A Hicks has a son aged 16 years, who last fall had a running sore under his right shoulder. For seven long years he had suffered with it, until hopes of a cure were few and faint. He would sometimes pull out rotten pipes from it several inches in length. Physicians pronounced it incurable without the loss of the arm, and hinted that his life was likely to be lost, too. This young man went to his uncle's, and in three days' time, by his "laying on of hands," was on the high road to health. His "sore" was healed, and continues well to this day.

"Suppose it all true, what good does this Spiritualism do?"

Yours fraternally,

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Some twenty miles from here reside several brothers and their families, by the name of Hicks, three of them farmers, the other a Methodist preacher—all Spiritualists. They are highly spoken of by their neighbors. Among them I spent a pleasant Sunday ten days ago ; and heard that "solid men" tell of cures performed through the mediumship of the daughter of one of them, equal to those of old. A bruised thumb was relieved of all swelling and bleeding, by her taking the inflammation into her own hand and arm, and then throwing it off. Her father had his foot crushed by a horse, and with it swollen and bleeding reached the house. "Minerva" said he, "for heaven's sake, call the doctor." The doctor was already there, and induced Minerva to place that broken foot together, wipe off the blood, and take out the inflammation. He (Hicks) then put on his boot and went about his business, never experiencing any serious inconvenience from the wound. A neighbor of theirs (I forget the name) dislocated his knee, and sent for Minerva instead of a surgeon. The crowd tried to fool her, telling that the hurt was in the ankle ; but she looked up with that peculiar piercing expression of one possessed, and said, "I know my own business;" and after trying to set the knee, called for help. Five men taking hold with her, his knee was set, and after a few passes over with her hands, the swelling went down, so as not to be noticed.

A Hicks has a son aged 16 years, who last fall had a running sore under his right shoulder. For seven long years he had suffered with it, until hopes of a cure were few and faint. He would sometimes pull out rotten pipes from it several inches in length. Physicians pronounced it incurable without the loss of the arm, and hinted that his life was likely to be lost, too. This young man went to his uncle's, and in three days' time, by his "laying on of hands," was on the high road to health. His "sore" was healed, and continues well to this day.

"Suppose it all true, what good does this Spiritualism do?"

Yours fraternally,

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Interesting Miscellany.

TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

YES, HEAVEN BUT MADE THEM VERY LIT!
Content in thine own spleen to move,
And the willing subjects there
An empire thou hast known of late.
Or love, or vanity, or fame—
Perchance some part of the free
Has linked with Laura's deathless name,
The gentle name of Eugenie.

But thou art now a tyrant's wife,
A wife a bold where love is lost;
And freedom's dead thy pathway layed
To that which is imperial lot.

What shall be given to her who took
The patrician of mortal states—
To her whose shadow haunts French
Love's freedom for a crown of hate?

A mother's smile, a people's trust,
The boughs of a lip and knee,
The coved where all the heart is lost—
Thine thy givings, Eugenie.

This, and perchance the deathless claim
Of some court poet's vocal dying,
Who sings a trial poem, true,
And dares his life in the other limb.

Imperial scholars round thy play,
Imperial honor covers thy brow;
Thy favorite song thy friends may say,
Happiest of wretched art thou.

But willyou thy tyrant's hand
Bath gods, and bauld men that pine
Upon Cayean's infected strand,
Have yet a happier lot than thine.

One chance remains to clear thy name,
Spared by the good, the true, the free—
When comes the tyrant's hour of shame,
Love, and to still his Eugene.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM—ITS IMPORTANCE.

A MEETING of the superintendents of institutions for the insane in the United States has just closed a brief session in Boston. There were twenty-seven superintendents present. The feature of the session was the reading of an elaborate paper on spiritual manifestations and influences, by Dr. Loring V. Bell, of the Asylum at Neenah, Minn. After stating various experiences, he summed up his present conviction as follows:

1. That there is abundant evidence that a novel influence or power exists, through certain persons, known as mediums, by which extraneous reality follows.

2. That objects of considerable weight are moved without human contact, though at considerable distance—in the experience of the sane, up to fifty feet, at least.

3. Questions put mentally are answered correctly, involving too many circumstances to be explained on the idea of coincidence, provided the true responses are in the mind of the questioner or some one at the circle.

4. In no instance, in his experience, were correct replies given where the response was unknown to some one present.

5. Replies, supposed by the interrogator to be correct, are given, as he believes them, true, even when afterward they are proved to be erroneous. He gets the responses as he supposes them to be, not as they are.

6. There is no evidence of any spirit existence in these extraordinary phenomena, nor have they any connection with a future state of being, so far as his observations warrant an opinion.

7. The explanation must be admitted to be beyond our knowledge, yet certain analogies existing between states of dreaming, certain changes in manner, etc., would seem to point to the quality of the brain as connected with some of these phenomena.

8. The subject is worthy the right investigation of all those whose duties are connected with our spirituality. Whether regarded as a physical novelty, or as a wide-spread epidemic of the mind, the subject is of immense importance, and deserves a much more respectful treatment than that it has generally met with.

CHAPIN AND BEECHER.—A writer in the *Congregational Herald* speaks of our Mr. Chapin in comparison with Henry Ward Beecher. He says:

"With rather more cool polish of style, he has somewhat of the compressed sweep and blare of imagery—the vivid out-standing conception, the fiery and winged spirits, and the untiring freshness of the rare preacher. Mr. Chapin, too, is evidently a *born preacher*. He has vastly less, however, of the gush and pressure of intense moral emotion with which Mr. Beecher so often kindles and vitrifies his themes and his auditory; and, as a consequence (or rather a cause), almost none of that grasp of profound spiritual sensitiveness, and that arousing of 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' which is often a means of grace in the ministry of his brooklyn neighbor."

This comparative estimate of these two noble men shows but a small degree of discrimination and insight. We admire Beecher; we think him a sincere and true man; we acknowledge his great force and ability. It is the *part* of Chapin in my respects. In vigor of thought, in panoply and directness of appeal, in out-spoken phrases of rebuke, in uncompromising hostility to all that is mean, base, unmanly and sinful, he is not surpassed. But in moral earnestness, in utterances of spiritual thought that reach man's deepest nature and awaken his kindling aspirations after truth, beauty, holiness and heaven, he falls incomparably below Mr. Chapin. Whoever says otherwise shows that he does not know the two men, or that his prejudices and preconceptions mislead him.

A SWEET, SOFT VOICE.—We agree with that old poet, who said that a low, soft voice "was an excellent thing in women." Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he does on the subject, and call it one of their crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times, she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite of the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really interesting.

How often the spell of beauty is easily broken by coarse, loud talk! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unmeaning woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive! Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, flowing tones seem to us to denote decent and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued tones indicate genuine refinement.

In the social circle, how pleasant is it to hear our sex talk in that low key, which always characterizes the fair lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice touches the frail child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly his cadence floats through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn majesty do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul! Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly "an excellent thing in women."

The Empress Eugenie.—Without being by any means the perfect beauty her fairer deities like to her, the Empress is certainly one of the loveliest looking women could be found. Her face is lighted up with soft and innocent, gentle and vivacious expression, and a smile of such exceeding sweetness, as render her perfectly charming. Her manner is at once graceful, dignified and gracious; she looks absolutely radiant on a public occasion, and performs her part so perfectly and with such a look of happiness that she seems not only as though she had been born to the station to which her singular fortune had raised her, but appears beside her impossible and undemonstrative partner as though she was some sovereign in her own right, who had espoused some man of humble rank and weight unconsciously to stone for his comparatively cold and inglorious manner by the overbearing of her own and native courtesy. And yet to see her small, sweet, pale and weary looking face at other times, one would say that she had already entered upon that destiny of sorrows of which the line of pain serves her house should seem to be nature's own prophecy.

MOMENTS IN HEAVEN.—There are moments when every spirit that breathes eternal life, feels in the presence of some great and unknown power. In the cool evening, the shady noon, or the dewy morning, all and every one bathes fit that some power above the earth was near. A silent spell shrouds over the spirit's fortress of Heaven's joy. Thoughts come as rays of light illuminating the ethereal, and, peering out over the lovely landscape, reveal beauties that were never seen before.

A LITTLE daughter of Walter Newbury, Esq., aged about six or seven years, accompanied by a female servant, several hours earlier, had, however, on Saturday on Clark-street bridge, just as if it were opening for the passage of a vessel. To avoid detection they ran with all their speed toward the end of the bridge, expelling to gain the start before the concession should be made; but the bridge proved too fast for them, and the younger and dexter of the two, with whom both beyond her estate, reached the edge just a moment too late. Here was a crisis to be sure. Between a half leap and an unmerciful fall there was no alternative; so, clutching the former, our little heroine made the spring, and alighted very fast, and as quickly as a water lily, in the bosom of the river, just below. Hence she was speedily rescued by a passing barge, and landed upon the deck of a vessel on to the dock. So perfectly had she been buoyed by her dress white in the water, that her head and shoulders were not at all wet, and her pretty little fingers had scarcely even quivered. During all this adventure the little girl maintained the most perfect composure, without so much as a scream or a tear; her greatest concern was lest her mother should be frightened, and break into the dressing room, in which she was brawling at the time of her sudden disappearance.

A BRAVE GIRL BORN.—The Buffalo *Express* relates an amazing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman from Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning without his breakfast, and being very hungry upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room, and placing his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it and commenced a voracious attack upon the viands placed before him. By aid of the properties of the establishment came around to collect fare, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated "Dollar, sir?" A dollar ^{replied} the waiting waiter, "a dollar, thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one?" "That's true," said Mr. Johnson, "but I eat your carpet bag, too, since it occupies a seat." (The table was too far from being crowded.) Our friend related, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought back. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet bag, held it wide mouth, dissolved into a smile, "Carpet bag, it is yours once again—human individual, stand you eat at least five per cent for me!"—upon which he seized everything edible within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pie, and the roar of the waiters, the delight of his brother passengers, and the dismesser of the landlord, philosophically went and took his seat in the car. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a hundred supply had been served on in the cars! There was at least eight dollars' worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for men.

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