

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 26.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 182.

## The Principles of Nature.

A WORD TO MEDIUMS.  
NUMBER ONE.

THE great hiatus which exists between the two worlds, the material and spiritual, renders it necessary that when a communication between the two is to be established, certain persons should be found who dwell in the one, and yet partake so much of the nature of the other as to form a suitable medium, through which messages and manifestations may be transmitted. Hence we find that in all past ages, as well as in our own, certain individuals have been subjected to influences, more or less powerful, from what we call the superior state, which have so far interrupted the usual course of things that manifestations of Spirit-presence and power have been made.

Thus it has been given to man to know of a state of existence lying beyond the grave; to have a faint glimpse into that unknown abyss which surrounds the "path of life;" and to allow his imprisoned soul to grasp after some conceptions of its relationship to the world of immortality. Towards any individual who fills the office of a real medium, we should feel the greatest affection, as he enables us to speak with those we supposed dead and gone, to grasp their hands, or to feel their holy influence; and if society requires that a number of men should devote their whole time and thoughts to the furtherance of this object, it lays itself under obligations towards those persons, which can not be thrown off so long as the benefits are received. Second to society, the communicating Spirits are under obligations to the medium, and it is manifestly unjust in them to control him unless he is to be furnished an adequate support for himself and those dependent upon him. Spirits being but men and women, they have no more right to overpower the volition of myself and use my body to perform certain acts for their pleasure, than have I to exercise a magnetic control over a susceptible person, and cause him to abandon his ordinary business to perform whatever mental or other offices my fancy may dictate. Any one who does not look upon our Spirit-friends with feelings of superstitious awe and reverence must acknowledge the justice of this hypothesis.

Now the object of this article is to urge any mediums who are good naturally abandoning the affairs of this life to oblige some attendant Spirits, to pause a moment and consider whether they are doing as their duty to themselves and their relatives would dictate. What is the object of your existence here? Most assuredly it is to use every possible means for the harmonious development of your different faculties—to form your spirit into a shape of symmetrical proportions, and educate it for its real sphere of action. When you were created, there were given to you certain talents to be carefully improved, and before the bar of nature and reason you are held accountable for the use they are put to. Do you think that a favorable result will be attained, and that your work will be properly done, if you allow yourself to be continually influenced by another mind, until you ultimately relapse into a state of childish dependence and feeble amiability? Never! it never was required of a single human soul that he should abnegate self as some mediums at the present day are likely to do; and I do not believe that intelligent and right-minded Spirits would ask it of the medium. Does this language seem unnecessary? Let those who have seen their friends in this condition answer. Many a friend has been estranged from those near to his heart, because he yielded up the dictates of his common sense to run wild after some *ignis-fatuis* of a real or supposititious Spirit-command.

Mediums should remember that whilst it is a noble and holy employment to transmit messages from the dear ones in the land beyond, we still have duties in this life which must be at once attended to. If we have only seventy years, or half that, to remain upon earth, and an inconceivable eternity to spend in the future state, how tremendous the responsibility resting upon us to use not only the hours but the minutes. In five minutes a child may be told enough of God to make a thinker of him for life. In five minutes a fellow-creature may be saved from a miserable death. In five minutes a resolution may be taken that will make a man leave his senseless pleasures and idle frivolities, to become the savior of his country. What may not be done in this short space of time!

In the light of these facts, does it seem right that a man should not only waste his precious hours, but be continually subjected to an overpowering influence that is silently but surely sapping his self-reliance, and preparing him for an existence without a purpose? It is a common thing for mediums to suppose, when first influenced, that they have a tremendous mission to perform; they are to inaugurate a new era in religion and politics, and be looked upon by their fellow-creatures as benefactors to the race. They are partly right and partly wrong. Right, because each man has a "mission" to perform—to make his influence felt for good on those immediately around him—above all, to correct those habits of thought and action which his newly-lighted mind condemns as wrong—wrong, because they allow their self-esteem to cajole them into the belief that the actions of the world depend upon the exertion of their influence. It is to be regretted that certain Spirits stoop to flattery to cause a ready compliance with their wishes, and lead the poor victims, step by step, to accomplish the greatest absurdities.

The foolish idea that, because manifestations of power and intelligence are made by men and women invisible to our external eyes, we must therefore acknowledge them to be gods and god-

esses, possessed of unlimited power, has caused many a fine mind to do the wildest and most unreasonable actions—in some cases even to abandon home and all its holy ties for some heaven-born (!) affinity. Of course you, Mr. Philosopher, will say these were not persons of well-balanced minds; but I am not sure but that a foreign influence may have been brought to bear by unprincipled persons, in or out of the body, which caused the otherwise poised scale to kick the beam. Thank God! a rational Spiritualism does not require that men should grovel in the dirt, howl like wild beasts, and turn the meetings into perfect Pandemoniums. There is a heavenly calm that overspreads the altar of the true worshiper, which draws the exalted soul up into the sphere of the unfettered Spirits, where his mind may be bathed in waters of celestial origin, and all the processes of life tempered with a refining and elevating influence which manifests itself outwardly in increased dignity, firmness of purpose, integrity and amiability. We often see spiritual circles and meetings characterized by such manifestations as the howlings, etc., above referred to. This may be worship, but it seems to me that the regards of a kind and loving Father are not likely to be attracted by rushing into his presence accompanied by harsh cymbals, Chinese gongs, tom-toms, and other like melodious demonstrations.

The above considerations show us,

1. That it is a most desirable thing to have a union of the spiritual and material worlds, and that as a consequence, a class of mediums should exist through whom we may receive and transmit messages from and to our Spirit-relatives and friends;

2. That if society demand on the part of those mediums that they should give their entire time and thoughts for this purpose, they should be assured a complete protection against the evils of a want of other employment;

3. That mediums whilst acting in this capacity should be careful to maintain their own individuality, and never follow impressions or commands which would cause us to act contrary to the dictates of our common sense.

The subject will be continued from another point of view, in a subsequent article.

AMHERST.

A WORD TO MEDIUMS.  
NUMBER TWO.

IN the previous article on this subject it was attempted to show—firstly, that a communication between the other world and our own was desirable; and, as a necessary consequence, that mediums should exist; secondly, that no one should be required, either by Spirits or mortals, to become a medium, unless he were assured a support; and lastly, that he should be most careful to preserve his individuality intact. It is the sincere hope of the writer that the feelings of no one reader have been unnecessarily wounded, as it was his intention simply to urge what he feels to be necessary, if Spiritualism is to be continued in a healthy condition.

If there should be published, in the columns of this paper, a record of the things transpiring at the regular meetings of a large proportion of the circles in our country, it would be considered a tissue of fables. It would be difficult for most persons—not participants—to believe that so much trash should be patiently listened to, and, especially, accredited to a spiritual source. At some circles, the manifestations assume the most grotesque character, and so far as any one has been able to discover, without a rational use. The writer has seen mediums rolling on the floor uttering grunts like swine; giving vent to the most hideous yells; and at times beating their bodies and tearing their hair like lunatics.

Now, would it not be well to ask calmly and soberly, how much of this phase of manifestation is due to a simple action of the organ of imagination? How many of these supposed mediums have gone into a circle of strong magnetic influences, and being easily persuaded that the feelings they experience are due to a superior influence, have quietly resigned their exercise of the reasoning faculties to give vent to expressions and actions that gathered each moment fresh impetus, and ultimately plunged the individual into the utmost absurdities! Ream after ream of paper has been covered with curious hieroglyphics that are perfectly useless to either the medium or circle—or, in fact, any one else—for the excellent reason that we have not thus far any CHAMFOLLION and LAYARD to interpret them for us. The question has often been asked of these amateurs in crooked lines, what they proposed to accomplish by their productions, and in a majority of cases it has been answered, that it served to give them better control of the medium; his hand becoming more easily moved, etc., etc.; but I would ask if the hand and mind would not be equally well controlled if the medium should hold a pointed stick in place of pen or pencil, and a piece of board for paper? It certainly seems as if this would be an important improvement; as the mechanical control of the muscles of the arm and hand would be exactly the same, and the mental subjection much better, as the medium would not be continually wondering what the "funny marks" meant; added to which we have the prominent item of the cost of materials saved.

It is by no means denied that most quantities of these hieroglyphs have been drawn under spiritual influence; but it is proper that we should receive good proofs of an ultimate benefit before yielding to the *scravling* inclinations of some attendant Spirit.

We desire to strenuously insist that a man should not be withdrawn from the proper attention to his business and family-

relations, except for a real benefit for himself or others; and it follows that no one should yield to a spiritual influence unless with the purest intentions. If we choose to assume the position of a spiritual teacher, and carry with us a dignity of manner that causes respect for our faith, how very careful we should be that we give forth only such teachings as have the stamp of truth upon them, so far as our finite nature will enable us to do so. It has been happily suggested to the writer that a mediumship will be profitable to the world, in proportion to the purity and development of the medium's own nature. This is a fundamental truth, and each one should remember that it depends wholly on himself whether others are to be advantaged by his mediumship. No more can pure streams of spiritual communication be given us through a degraded and undeveloped mind, than can the husbandman gather fair and nourishing fruits from a decayed and worthless tree. If the medium finds, after a short season of experience, that the communications are of no apparent value, and that neither his own character or that of his circle are improved, it is useless for him to continue the sittings, unless the time be occupied in reading aloud from some useful and instructive book.

Now, friends, we have been accustomed, for the sake of argument, to draw forcible comparison between the ancient and modern manifestations, and it has been abundantly shown that the actions of the Apostles and early Fathers, at present received as miracles by the Catholic and Protestant churches, bear a striking resemblance to those things accomplished in our own time, under spiritual influences. But there is one analogy which has not received general attention, and that is, the possession by evil Spirits. Time after time the gentle teacher was called upon to relieve some one troubled by evil Spirits who delighted in forcing the medium to do the most absurd and sometimes painful things. Such, for instance, was the case with the man spoken of by Luke in chap. 8: 27—38; he was controlled by evil Spirits so violent, that he led the abodes of men to live without clothing in the tombs, and when under the influence, would burst apart the strongest chains. In the preceding chapter (verse twenty-one) it is affirmed that Christ's good offices were extended to a great many similarly possessed. In chap. 4: 33, one of these unclean Spirits caused the possessed person to cry out in the synagogue and denounce Jesus; and we further have the case of the ruler's son, who was often thrown into the fire and otherwise severely handled.

These instances are given that they may be compared with some of our manifestations of the present day. Is it true, or is it not, that the more unrefined a Spirit is, the stronger his attractions lead him to wander on the earth's surface, and come into communication with men? Is it true that evil Spirits (if you object to the term *evil*, call them what you will) are ever permitted to control mediums? This must first be settled. For my part, I can not see why the way should not be opened from evil Spirits to evil mediums, as well as from good to good; and it is important to consider how powerful a bad influence is to change the nature of the medium, spread contagion around him, and nullify the intentions of well disposed Spirits.\* How many times we have seen a communication suddenly change from the purest nature, to give forth vulgar slang or profanity! How many times have ladies been forced to utter language entirely foreign to their nature! One thing is very certain, viz, Spiritualism must either be purged of many vital errors that now infest its beautiful domain, or be consigned to a class of adherents whose company to an upright man is little agreeable.

As yet it seems as if, on the chaotic waters of the movement, the spirit of God rested and all was without form, and void; true there are beautiful ideas shining out here and there which are well-nigh enough to dazzle one with their brilliancy, but like the impetuous fire of the meteor, they lend a deeper and more sombre hue to the sky around them. The infant idea, instinct with life has burst forth upon us, fresh from the hands of God; but until it has attained its stature of manhood, it can not be able to battle effectually against the great genius of conversation that now reigns supreme. Time is necessary to perfect the system and reduce it to symmetrical proportions; so let us wait, but act. It is fortunate for us that the crudities of Spiritualism, have arrayed many minds against it, for, had it been suffered to flow on without impediment, what absurdities would there have been too monstrous to be accomplished by some medium more enthusiastic than the rest! The arm is strengthened by swimming against the stream, and the man who passes from youth to old age, encompassed by luxuries, and with nothing to stimulate to exertion, is reduced to a condition of inefficiency truly lamentable. Hence it is, that for Spiritualism to have a healthy growth she

\* I would not claim that the reception of evil communications or unpleasant manifestations, is proof of bad character in the medium; for I think it equally probable that the most high-minded may at times be overpowered by an evil influence, as it is that a good man may be beset by ruffians, in the dark, and his reputation for virtue remain unchanged; but I do insist, that if a man having a slight proclivity toward evil enters into a medium's relations towards the Spirit-world, he may be approached by designing Spirits who would delight in leading him into mischief, and experience a gradual relapse into a condition worse than his first. Hence there is much weight in the apostle's injunction to "try the Spirits whether they be of God." Nearly every one begins his investigation of Spiritualism with pure motives, and receives a fresh inspiration to lead a life of virtue; but, once grounded in the belief, do not many gradually become more careless in the observance of the proprieties of life, until they cease to abhor the peculiar views that make the Mormons unworthy of the countenance of the pure in heart? Let us, therefore, try the Spirits, and if we find we have adopted errors, have manliness enough to rid ourselves of them.

should be opposed, and I think that greater good could be accomplished for the readers of the TELEGRAPH, in no way than by having a series of articles ably opposing its first principles. Let some master mind sift the matter until it be cleansed of all its chaff, so that believers in Spiritualism may know *why* they believe such or such a thing to be true; let us have no more taken for granted, even though it be endorsed by "B. Franklin" or "D. Webster." If, however, we are doomed to see a beautiful faith disfigured with such manifestations as we sometimes now receive, let us pray that there may become one raised up amongst us who shall be endowed with power to cast out the "unclean Spirits."

AMHERST.

A LETTER FROM MR. PARDEE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1855.

Esteemed Editor of Telegraph—Though out of the city of Penn while writing, I have headed this as if in. The question may be asked, "How progresseth the Truth in the city paternal?" and may be answered, "Steadily." So much for a speciality—a few generalities asking to be indited. The movement of the cause, in certain localities, reminds me of the course of some ocean-tracking bark. For a time she cuts her clean pathway through the great deep, as if with eye fixed on "land-locked port," she feels confident of reaching it. But the hour of confidence glides into the storm-brooding time, and the ship with its soul-freight finds herself swept far out from her track, and for days and weeks staggers around in a worn circle. She moves, but not with forward motion, except to make a wide sweep to traverse on the return. And then a sickening calm settles down from the horizon; and like a fever-stricken man, heavy and somnolent, she rolls languidly in her bed. But the freshening breeze of some bright morn, as a young coureur, comes sweeping over the main, and the good vessel lifts her head gallantly as it feels its keels, shakes and plumes her wings, and fleets to her destined stopping-place. There are storms and calms in the great ocean of mind upon which this cause has been launched; but we all feel assured none to tear out, or steal away, its vigorous life. The destiny of Spiritualism is to carry the race to heaven. Destiny does not recognize incertitudes, nor is it dependent upon contingencies. As the ball from the cannon's mouth makes home, so are things and men carried, in the lengthened run, to the destined end.

When we speak of Spiritualism as the great transforming and remodeling agent, reference is not merely had, as all know, to mere external phenomena, however unexampled and astounding, but to the principles and truths and lives of the inner life with which it comes laden. Where the prodigious works of ancient time reared in a day? We do not expect or look for the far off future to be put, in a sudden transplantation, where it can have no resting-place. When can be cleared away—dug out from the bosom of humanity—the rocks and huge sand-banks of ignorance and evil, space will be left for a better occupation. We do not want any storms to sweep us from our standing-places, and carry us to unknown regions. We would rather explore as we traverse, and find the land of milk and honey by "srying out." But where is that land?—a weighty question, and yet a simple one. It is ever present as to location; and the channels and beds that now receive the waters green and death breeding with stagnation, shall feel the fresh and cooling streams of ancient Israel, in a different sense, longed for. Men are oft-times obliged to accept what they do not wish or crave. It is one thing to have a way of wishing and an object; another, the gratification and fruition. And we must meet a storm—and profit by it. This and other people's need a thorough renovation. We can't, individually be purified, bodily or spiritually, without an agent competent for the work, nor can nations. We have all—world-wide nationalities—become so confused and confounded by the minglings and mixings, and diverse actions of antagonistic elements, that something is needed to shake out distinctions—to separate and apporportion.

What! Spirits of good repute seeking to launch upon their brethren dire calamities? Certainly not; negation is hardly needed. Spirits neither do, nor can manufacture causes; but it is given to those in and out of the body, to calculate their certain action, and note from assured bases, their well-ascertained effects. If ever the utterance of Christ bore a significance, it does now. "I come not to bring peace, but a sword," said he. Preach peace, and you that instant raise the legions of disorder, and touch the secret springs of latent evil. It is the office of evil to fight; battle is its native element. It is the mission of peace, or the right to conquer.

The question may, ere a very great while, come home to every man: "Have I a right to my life, and to the enjoyment of that freedom which truth imparts?" Thousands will be found willing to suffer for Peace—to die for it—for Truth's sake; but ten thousands will grasp the gun when the foe unsheathes the sword; unto each, as is often said, is a mission and a destiny. The wisdom of certain spheres of disembodied intelligences would not be recognized as such by most earth-minds. Yet love and peace are never absorbed by wisdom. The world has never yet gotten the full teaching of the wisdom principle, though love's heavenly element was poured out as in a flowing stream eighteen centuries since. The combination is coming—and through many channels.

We are on a highway, and many by-roads strike out there from. Let us get into one of them. The great difficulty amongst us everywhere seems to be, what to believe and do. If we are

not willing to learn, how can we be taught? In one way, perhaps, and that in bitterness. Are there planes of existence superior to this? Then those who live thereon are superior to us. Let the legitimate deduction be drawn. In striving to do what is manifestly beyond our developed powers, we fall panting and unhappy mid-way. A man can leap a certain space, but a certain other distance he can not measure with his spring. A great many of us think we know ourselves, that we have gauged our own measure of capacity; but there are powers and intelligences above us whose penetrative searching probes us to deeper depths than we have sounded. The question with some is, "Is it to be recognized as a legitimate office in all its ultimates?" Recognized or not, it does its working; and this day, men who little dream of foreign moving, and who would strenuously, and with affronted mien, deny its presence, are led hither and thither, and do not act thus and so by irresistible Spirit-inspiration. Doubtless there is not a little smiling, wreathing the bright faces of friends and guides above, thereat.

Let us take another path. Here, as elsewhere, the demand, where it is not absolutely needed, is still vigorous for tests. Shall we never get beyond this confine? Every Spiritualist is fully aware of the necessity of trying exhibitions—by inward judgment; but if our faith is to depend upon the renewal of some temporarily settling test, we are truly in most unsettled—I had almost said—may I not quite say, miserable conditions? If a highway is well-nigh choked up by briars, bushes and brambles, we should not ignore its existence. With the eye of spiritual discernment, calmly and harmoniously—there is no need of acceleration—let us pass along. Short of the great starry pathway in sky-realms, in this generation, we shall not walk in a full, clear and beautiful road. Plato once said to his slave, "If I were not angry I should chastise you." Let us, with somewhat of the same spirit say to discords, and apparent deceptions and incertitudes, and unpleasant offerings of materiality, garbed as unseemly exhibitions, "I should most certainly be very much put out with you, if it would do any good." It is understood that we make a covenant with ourselves: the non-mediums that they won't talk against those who are, before their faces or behind their backs, and the mediums that they shall not expect everything that comes through them to be taken as Gospel, "signed, sealed, and delivered."

Now for the high road again. Here is a consolation; this cause and the future are not principally in our hands as directors. As agents and workers, we are a great power; but we have more power to go than to guide ourselves. We all move as we are impelled, and the impulsion varies. Let us be willing to be moved by a spiritual power, "as we can comprehend it," say some. As well might the yearning soul refuse to petition its God because it cannot grasp his nature.

We must have faith beyond mere external perception; then shall we feel that obedience to superior guidance is one of the duties and joys of life. As the divine Spirit moves us through individual Spirits in affinity with us, so shall we realize how we can immerse ourselves in an ocean of divinity without losing our identities.

Commingling is not loss, nor does dark oblivion ensue when the less embosoms itself in the greater.

L. J. P.

## PHENOMENAL MUSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

THE undersigned individuals, having been present at the house of Mr. Lester Brooks, on Palmer-street, in the city of Buffalo, on the evening of Monday, October 8, when musical demonstrations of an extraordinary character, took place, are desirous to present our testimony thereto, to all such as feel interested in the various phases of Spiritual Phenomena.

On the evening referred to, the piano was turned with its face to the wall, so that the keys were out of the reach of any ordinary player, when the light was removed from the room, the door closed, and the circle formed, consisting of the undersigned, with the addition of Mr. Brooks, and his daughter Sarah, the medium. It is here proper to state, that we are entirely satisfied, from concurrent testimony, and our own observation, that Sarah has no knowledge of instrumental music—not knowing, in common parlance, "one note from another."

Shortly after the circle was formed—sitting with hands joined in hands—sounds were heard on the wires of the piano, as if thrummed by human fingers, and as the circle sang various pieces, mostly sacred music, the invisible player gave the appropriate accompaniment on the instrument, with masterly skill. At times, questions were responded to, by his lifting one end of the piano, and striking it heavily on the floor, to indicate either affirmative or negative answers.

But the wonder of the evening, was the performance of several pieces, so remarkable as to defy description, but which those who heard can never forget. We should here premise, by way of explanation, that the invisible player purported to be the spirit of a French Professor of music, while his affianced bride (who, just on the eve of their contemplated union, passed before him to the Spirit-land) entranced Miss Brooks, and sang through her vocal organs.

The sublime harmony of that Spirit-music—like the grand old overtures, HANDEL or MOZART—thrilled every heart, with its bold, brilliant and overpowering tones, now played upon the keys, now upon the wires, in the darkness, with accuracy of touch and rapidity of execution, rivaling the art of LIZZ or GOTTSCALK. And the song to whose warblings the trembling wires responded was poured forth with a clearness, a bird-like melody, that eman-



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

## MAHAN'S MODERN MYSTERIES.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE PRESIDENT'S AGENT BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

MANY of the phenomena referred by careless observers to the agency of departed spirits, have doubtless originated within the sphere of mundane existence. Other facts occur along the confines of visible and invisible worlds, which it would be difficult to trace with any degree of certainty, to their specific causes. We have no disposition to dogmatize respecting the origin of such phenomena. Only those enthusiastic converts, who have vastly more zeal than knowledge, feel qualified to express a decisive judgment in such cases. In some phases of the Manifestations, the most acute and philosophical observer is often puzzled in his attempts to find and to follow the chain of causation. The faculties of the human mind, and their relations to things visible and invisible, and the forms and forces of the material and spiritual worlds, are so complex that he may be at a loss to decide whether the images that dance before his vision are earthly or immortal creations. This, however, is true of only an inconsiderable portion of what intelligent persons designate Spiritual Manifestations, while nothing can be more obvious to the enlightened and impartial observer, than the ultramundane origin of many of the most important facts. The difficulty referred to appears to be inseparable from the nature of the subject. The human spirit is the same in all its essential attributes, whether in or out of the corporeal form; and it must be obvious that the phenomenal manifestations of the soul, in its separate states, can not be altogether dissimilar. Especially will the resemblance be most apparent wherever the physical and spiritual conditions of being are in the closest proximity. The higher and lower spheres of existence, like the different kingdoms in Nature, flow into each other by almost imperceptible gradations, and meeting like the confluent waters of two seas, are scarcely distinguishable. For these and other reasons heretofore expressed, we shall have little to do with the minutiae of our author's statements and citations. We have adopted a more summary method; and if it shall appear from the present examination that his general principles are essentially false, and his chief agent altogether imaginary or impotent, his pretended exposition must be regarded as a complete failure.

The history of the developments in Animal Electricity and Animal Magnetism—the subject of the preceding chapter—revealed none of the more mysterious powers and purposes which are now so widely and clearly displayed in the Spiritual Manifestations. It is true that electro-magnetic phenomena, as exhibited in Man and the inferior animals, are variously modified by the Life-principle, and, in a greater or less degree, subject to our control; but in no case do they indicate the presence of a foreign intelligence, or disclose a single attribute of personality, that can not be directly traced to the visible and conscious human operator. But our limited power over these great natural forces entirely depends on a knowledge of their laws, and an intelligent adaptation of conducting and non-conducting substances, to the ends we have in view. By no other means can we direct their movements or resist their action. Science, stretching her rod toward the midnight sky, disarms the Tempest, and the burning bolts descend silently into the earth. The subtle element is valiantly employed in the elegant and useful arts, but it has no capacity to do business on its own account. It is a swift courier, but it can neither think nor read the papers. It originates no intelligence. It may carry the news—that is all it can do, even with our assistance. It does not speak at the Farmer's club, and is not known among inventive Mechanics, or as a member of the learned professions. It does not practice medicine; it never wrote an Epic, and can not preach the gospel of immortality with sufficient power to convert a skeptic. It has no conscious soul, nor is it endowed with a single attribute that exclusively belongs to the plane of sentient existence.

The philosophers referred to in our last Chapter were surrounded, in the course of their experiments, by such instruments and conditions as are best fitted to develop the various forms of electric, magnetic, and odic phenomena; but it is worthy of observation, that nothing occurred in their presence—a direct result of the operation of the agents referred to—which a man of common discernment could not at once distinguish from the more important facts in Spiritualism. One fact is especially worthy of notice. In all their experience, the electricity and magnetism of animal bodies were never known to develop any mechanical force outside of the organization, whereby a single inanimate object was moved. The electricity in Galvani's frogs did not upset the furniture in his apartment, nor record his observations in electro-physiology. Volta's batteries were never known to dance the polka, or to walk about the room, when they were charged; and we can not confidently affirm that a single electrical coil ever slipped through Matteucci's fingers. Moreover, the subjects of Mesmer, Townshend, Deleuze, Esdaile, Dupotet and others, were never carried bodily up to the ceiling; the Baron did not discover "the rappings," and the tables at Castle Reichenbach were never charged with disorderly conduct. But why not? What could have prevented the occurrence of such phenomena, when the conditions supposed to be necessary to their development were arranged with so much care? Electricity, Magnetism and Odyle—if such an agent really exists—all belong to the natural world, and of course are not to be included in the list of recent inventions. Now, if the combined action of these agents be sufficient to produce the phenomena we ascribe to Spirits, why did not the same or similar illustrations of power and intelligence occur at Bologna, Berlin and Vienna? Were the peculiar powers of these great material agents nearly all latent until modern Spiritualism attracted public attention? And is this rapid development of natural forces the result of natural law? Perhaps American electricity and republican magnetism are stronger than any other; or, it may be, that Odyle, having escaped from the unnatural restraints of Austrian despotism, has just ventured to assert its high prerogatives. Seriously, Electricity and Magnetism are essentially and phenomenally the same the world over, and it may be, that Od Force has no real existence, here or elsewhere. On this point we are disposed to be in earnest.

## IS ODYLE A FORCE OR A FICTION?

In a former chapter we examined our author's "test principles," and found them to be unphilosophical and false. Having also briefly reviewed the developments which illustrate the relations of electricity and magnetism to physiological and psychological phenomena, we are now ready to look after the one great wonder-working agent, to whose mysterious powers all the "modern miracles" are unhesitatingly referred. In the opinion of President Mahan, and several other teachers, the Odyle Force is the principal agent from which all present inspiration and modern miracle-

working directly proceed. This is "the unknown god" of popular Materialism, in whose sanctuary our author is one of the chief priests. Before we accept the bold and startling assumptions of one who thus deliciously strikes at Reason and his own hopes of Heaven, we must know whether this newly-discovered magnetic and crystalline divinity has an objective existence. It would be preposterous to refer the current phenomena to an imaginary agent. The facts themselves are tangible things, and the rational mind, in seeking for appropriate causes, will not be satisfied with doubtful postulates. First prove that the agent really exists; when that is done it will be time to consider the nature and extent of its powers. A man of common sense will not be likely to believe that the earth is supported by a huge turtle, until he is first satisfied that there is a turtle of adequate size and sufficient strength to serve in this important capacity. He may not stop to ask what the beast stands on, or from what source he derives his nourishment; but he will wait to hear the testimony of one man at least who has been near enough to see the animal's shell, and to ascertain his precise relation to this mundane sphere. In the absence of any reliable information to the contrary, we may still entertain the idea that a power above us—revealed in the attractions of heavenly bodies—sustains and upholds the vast economy of the natural world. That Power has numerous agents, visible and invisible; but hitherto it has not been made plain that Od Force is one of them. Professor Mahan never observed any of the odyle phenomena, and even the Baron himself was not sure that he discovered anything of the kind. Yet, with a presumption as irrational and profane as it is unqualified, our author asserts its existence as a distinct imperponderable element, and a stupendous force in Nature. This is not all. He makes Odyle "speak with tongues," "prophecy," look through solid walls, discover the secrets of "the dead," and heal the sick "by the laying on of hands." Thus our Christian friend virtually presumes that the new force has already superseded, in spiritual and divine offices and functions, the Holy Spirit and the Angels of Heaven. To us the god of Od Force waits to be revealed, and we are obliged to depend for the present on a Divine Providence—acting through natural laws and an angelic ministry—to shift the scenes in this great theater of human hopes and achievements.

We have already observed that the existence of the Odyle Force is not yet demonstrated, and we may further remark that the demonstration is not likely to be given in our day. The phenomena observed by Von Reichenbach afford no decisive evidence on this point; nor did the learned Baron ever pretend to have settled the question to his own satisfaction. He was far too modest, enlightened, and conscientious to assume what his unscrupulous successors—who have never so much as witnessed the repetition of one of his experiments—so dogmatically assert. We will here copy from the "Dynamics of Magnetism," etc., what the Baron himself says, respecting the agent to which he gave the name Od or Odyle. The following extract is from page 175:

Whether now this natural force extending over the Universe is a totally new, or a hitherto hidden modification of a known one, or whether it is a complication of some of the already known, is a still uncomprehended collection—this, and much else of importance that still remains in question, I leave untouched for the present.

The Baron does not attempt to dispose of this matter in the succeeding portions of his treatise, but farther on, page 233, his inability to decide this fundamental question is again frankly and emphatically declared in the following explicit terms:

Whether Magnetism, Diamagnetism, and Od, shall one day prove identical, or solid distinctions shall remain between them, is a question of which the solution appears to me to lie at present at a considerable distance.

These extracts render it obvious that the alleged discoverer of the Od Force, was never satisfied that he had made such a discovery, or indeed that any other imperponderable than those previously recognized had been disclosed in the course of his experiments. The phenomena ascribed to Odyle were such as did not appear to conform to the known laws of electricity and magnetism. But animal life, voluntary motion, sensation and thought, all modify the action of these agents, and greatly diversify their phenomenal manifestations. Moreover, the Baron was not very familiar with the developments in Animal Magnetism, and it certainly would not be difficult to account for many of his facts without admitting the existence of the agent to which he doubtfully refers them. We hardly need seek for other agents more subtle and powerful than electricity and magnetism, so long as these are universally diffused, and capable of producing the most stupendous results. With respect to the mysterious illuminations, it may be observed, that in the animal economy a process not unlike combustion is perpetually going on. Life, in a most essential sense, is a fire which radiates both heat and light. The luminous phenomena which highly sensitive persons perceive around all animal and human forms, may, therefore, naturally result from the gradual but constant combustion within them. It is well known that phosphureted hydrogen is disengaged in the processes of animal life, and that all material forms, the globe itself, and the great atmospheric ocean, are surrounded and pervaded by subtle elements, which, in certain states of material combination, naturally develop the phenomena of light and heat. Whether the luminous emanations referred to result from merely physical processes, or are influenced by the powers of thought and volition, it remains to be demonstrated that a newly discovered agent or force, hitherto unknown to science, is really concerned in their production.

President Mahan appears to regard his work as a scientific exposition of the Spiritual phenomena, but it is not probable that others will acknowledge its high pretensions. Science can not stand on vague conjectures or doubtful probabilities; it must repose on the substantial foundation of demonstrated realities. These, therefore, who presume to teach in the name of science must offer something better than speculative theories, and expostions founded on uncertain premises, and depending for their validity on agents and forces not yet known to exist, save in the human imagination. If they have nothing more tangible than their own airy fancies, or unwarrantable inferences from discoveries, heard of but not comprehended—they can have no valid right to a respectful hearing as teachers of positive knowledge. The author under review, in his pretended explanation, depends first and chiefly, as we have shown, on an agent that is not known to be in this world or any other. On this account the savans may be disposed to delay their recognition of his claims as a philosopher, until they can discover some odd force that will hold his arguments together, and sustain his vague and unfounded assumptions. In the meantime the President is worthy of a good place among those castle-builders whose logic is less reliable than our dreams.

## REAL AND REPUTED POWERS OF ODYLE.

But suppose we admit, for the sake of the argument, that Odyle is a fact rather than a fiction; what, then, is it capable of doing? We can not pause here to trace its real or imaginary

\* The Baron Charles Von Reichenbach, from whose work these passages are extracted, is the only author of any eminence who has pursued the subject experimentally, or otherwise, to any purpose. He is the alleged discoverer of the new force (?) and gave it the odd name it bears.

relations to all the phases of spiritual phenomena; nor is this either necessary or desirable. However, among the more important facts of the movement we will select, for our present purpose, the general class familiarly known as "physical manifestations." This class comprehends the illustrations of what appears to be a spiritual agency exhibited in the mysterious movements of ponderable bodies. As Professor Mahan refers such phenomena to the Od Force, we will institute a comparison, showing the nature of the accredited facts, and the insufficiency of the alleged cause to account for their occurrence. It is very well known that bodies weighing several hundred pounds are moved by an invisible power that is often well nigh irresistible; sometimes it is so violent and destructive, as to excite serious apprehensions; and yet, if we may judge from the results of the Baron's experiments, the impalpable currents of this gentle and noiseless aura would scarcely ruffle the plumage of a turtle-dove. His experiments abundantly show that the odic flames are harmless as the glowworm's light, and all the forces of this agent might dance on the face of a waveless pool and not ripple its surface in a thousand years.

Again, smaller bodies are frequently hurled with remarkable force across the room, and with a momentum as great as if they were thrown from the right hand of a strong man. Let any one throw a ball a distance of fifty yards, and he will find that less than ten seconds are required for its passage. The invisible powers make things move with an equal or greater momentum. Now, how does it happen that the objects thus moved, far transcend in the rapidity of their motion, the greatest possible speed of the Od Force. That agent could never travel that distance, by the most frequented routes in Austria, in much less than thirty seconds, as will be perceived from the following brief statement, which is copied from the Baron's book, page 230:

"The transmission of Od in the best conductors, as in metallic wires, goes on slowly—twenty to forty seconds are required for a wire fifty yards long. Electricity traverses a million times longer space in immeasurably shorter time."

Here is a difficult problem for Professor Mahan to solve. Can an object move three times as fast as the motive power that propels it? If it can not do this, the Baron's Od Force will never enable us to account for those mysterious movements of ponderable bodies, which so frequently occur in the presence of Spiritual mediums. According to the statement of Von Reichenbach, thirty seconds is the average time which Od requires by the best conductors, to go fifty yards. At this rate it would travel one mile in something over a quarter of an hour! A fast trotting horse would make the same distance—on a good road—in two minutes and thirty-eight seconds. This it appears that Odyle, under the most favorable circumstances, gets over the ground about as fast as an ox team! And this is the agent (remember it may not exist at all) to which our author refers the modern miracles of strength and speed, and the still more "spiritual gifts" which were once reverently ascribed to a Divine source.

If President Mahan ever read the Baron's book, his time was manifestly thrown away. He betrays a lamentable ignorance of its contents. In his service, the Od Force is made to perform a thousand impossibilities. So long as the Baron kept the creature shut up in the oppressive atmosphere of Vienna, its powers were extremely limited; but since its emigration to this country, its transcendent achievements have excited general attention and surprise. Under the tuition of our old friend, Dr. Richmond, it soon learned to "pump," "throw corn and cartridge boxes," and to get up "earthquakes;" Dr. Rogers improved its style as an author, cultivated its manners, and helped it to prophesy agreeably to natural laws and scientific principles; Brother Beecher sent it to the devil to mend its morals; but still finding it convenient to complete its education in Ohio, Odyle at length graduated at the Cleveland University, and received more degrees than the venerable President himself. Verily, the Od Force of Von Reichenbach has quite lost its identity since our American sciolists have taken up the subject, and assayed to explain its phenomena and laws.

\* See Brittan and Richmond's Discussion.

## LETTER FROM ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

We publish below an interesting letter from Mr. A. J. Davis, elicited, as the reader will perceive, by a recent private interview between the writer and the Editor of this paper. Our meeting was fortuitous, and the conversation related chiefly to a charge contained in President Mahan's late work, and to which reference was made in a note appended to the second chapter of our Review of the President's book. Mr. Davis gives a frank and satisfactory explanation of the circumstance which constitutes the flimsy and yielding foundation of this libelous charge. The temper of his reply is in striking contrast with the spirit exhibited by his Reverend assailant, and the uncircumcised heart might even suspect that the latter had relapsed into infidelity, whilst the former had "put on Christ." The subjoined letter is the calm utterance of one who stands firmly on what he conceives to be the principles of Nature; and while he respires in the atmosphere of natural freedom, he counts all mortal frailties and human transactions—which determined for the individual his personal reputation and present position—as ephemeral circumstances, in themselves insignificant and powerless before the Truth.

To S. B. BRITTAN:—Brooklyn, October 16, 1855.  
My Esteemed Friend—From our private conversation last evening, relative to the recent publication against the spiritual origin of "Modern Mysteries," by Pres. Mahan, I gathered a thought which, still lingering with me this morning, has attained sufficient importance to prompt the writing of this letter.

In justice to myself as a man, and not less to my many friends, who think I should take some notice of, and explain a circumstance reported by Mahan—a statement involving a question of personal veracity, which, so far as his influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to my individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

The sentiments and expressions employed by Pres. Mahan, in the report referred to, compel me to believe that he obtained his charge of "deliberate" imposition from remarks in a Cleveland paper, (the Herald), which, because of its many innumerable and unscrupulous allegations against Spiritualism and its receivers, deserved, as I then thought, and still think, not to be honored with a single line of rebuke or vindication from parties thus assailed. The charge is in brief, (as already stated by you in the first chapter of your able Review) that while delivering a public address in Cleveland, and suddenly stopped, went into one of my favorite states of abstraction, and then "professed to the audience to have a vision" of Horace Mann's lecture on "Woman;" that I then delivered a "pirate-stirring paragraph," which, being ended, was pronounced by a gentleman in the auditory to be verbatim from a condensed report of a speech published in a recent New York Tribune. Pres. Mahan seems to urge the newspaper reports as facts, because "they have never been contradicted or explained by Davis or his friends."

Now, as I am individualized again before the public, you will indulge me in a few paragraphs concerning A. J. Davis.

From the first, as you know, I have striven to make bold distinction between persons and principles. The deification of individuals, and a total eclipse of the truths they were made to declare by a sort of inspirational necessity, has everywhere marred the historic development of mankind. This fact—the concealment and identification of truth with the idiosyncracies of its principal teachers—has never been one moment out of my soul. In all the past, I behold the ambition of religious chiefs. They were honest to begin with, but, acquiring a reputation far beyond their merits, have yielded to love-of-approbation, and lost virtue in a vain attempt to support it. Now, my friend, you know that I have never, on any occasion, allowed myself to appear before the world as the parent and nurse of a personal Reputation. What the world thinks of A. J. Davis is of minor importance to me.

Although not particularly attracted to the polemical treatment of great moral questions, yet do I prefer this method far more than a total neglect of such questions. Therefore do I welcome Pres. Mahan. And in this connection I may as well express the gratification I have experienced in consequence of the unreserved newspaper criticisms upon "Nature's Divine Revelations," and works of more recent origin.

When that book was given, be it remembered, the world had not heard of Spiritual Manifestations. It was the only psychological marvel then in America. It went forth "crying in the wilderness," and called the religious world from its dreams. It aroused more free discussion than I had the presumption to anticipate—especially when, with a few exceptions, it was considered to be a "weak," "superficial" and "contradictory" conglomeration, scarcely meriting a single glance of consideration from the intellectual and literary. The work was called a "combination of absurdities;" but, by the kindly offices of such as Pres. Mahan, it has already yielded a rich harvest of salutary results to the religious world. It has vulnerable places, doubtless, and I have noticed that Pres. Mahan has entered "Nature's Divine Revelations" at openings which, should I write the work again, I would either expunge or render impregnable to such criticism. As to the alleged "mistakes," "mis-reports," and "absurdities," etc., I am, as you know, perfectly willing to have them "explained and exposed" in every honorable way; because, if I know the heart of A. J. Davis, it is only the Truth that he wishes to have developed and applied to the life of man.

Personal attacks, then, are of little consequence to me—and, in a broad view, should have no weight with the friends of the New Dispensation. This, as I have elsewhere affirmed, is my mental state: I am a lover of what I feel and perceive to be a principle of Truth, regardless of the form; and I hereby assure my reviewers and traducers everywhere, that, should they present unequivocal demonstrations of "mistakes" and "absurdities" in any work bearing my name, I will be the first to hail the deed of friendship, and will acknowledge whatever error I am thus made to realize. I have no personal pride at stake, no love of infallibility to indulge at the expense of truth.

But may I not expect from my reviewers and private traducers an acknowledgment equally frank—in case it should presently be their turn to be convicted of mistakes and absurdities? With individual differences I can have no fellowship. Principles I am ever ready to consider—not the character of the person who utters them. "Refutation" is the child which public men too often nurse. But I speak for myself. It is neither popular authorities nor A. J. Davis, but the Truth which I love and revere. All I ask, therefore, is, that whenever any reviewer, or system supported by him, is convicted of manifest error, that such will ingeniously "own up" and commence anew, on the maxim that it is never too late to learn!

But to my explanation. It is true that I was delivering a course of lectures in Cleveland. My subject was one which concerned the sexes equally—being a definition of their relative positions in the order of creation. It is also true that, while in the midst of my subject, I hesitated and remarked "that it would be interesting to know what a public teacher, like Horace Mann, had to say on the rights of women and relation of the sexes." (The audience, as well as I, knew that Mr. Mann was announced to lecture soon on that subject.) Hence, there was nothing irrelevant or marvelous in alluding to him, or to what he might teach on that question. It is likewise true that I stood quiet for a few moments—during which I obtained (by impression, not by clairvoyance) what I understood to be an abstract of Mr. Mann's views. In a few brief detached sentences, I gave the audience my impressions—saying: "Such I receive as a correct rendering of his sentiments, but whether right or wrong, those who will hear Mr. Mann's lecture may determine." Whereupon a gentleman arose and affirmed that he had read substantially the same in the New York Tribune. President Mahan says that I was "taken all aback by such an announcement." The truth is just the contrary, for I was gratified; feeling that my impression was more accurate than I expected to get in the excitement of a public assembly.

Now, you see, my friend, that I made no profession of reading the lecture by "vision," nor did I attach any importance to that psychological transaction. But the Cleveland Herald reported a foolish account of my "pretensions," "attempts," "mistakes," etc.; and, because I did not bestir myself to correct a bit of prejudicial gossip, this President Mahan considers it a settled fact, implying "deliberate" imposition, and sufficient to overthrow a series of clairvoyant disclosures which pertain to my past history. This attack I have valued as of no practical consequence, and will be disregarded by every careful reader of President Mahan. His work is a materialistic house, built with timbers hewn by other hands, decorated with

"Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing."

While I am about it, let me say that the bombastic and unscrupulous assertions of "Professor Grimes" through the country, that he was the first to magnetize me, is all based on the single fact (unknown to him at the time) that I was one among some fifteen young men who one afternoon went to his room at the hotel to have the experiment tried. His test of exerting a magnetic influence, then, was to close the eyelids against the person's power to open them. This effect he did not produce upon me, even after nearly two hours had expired; and I left with others, not even leaving my name. After this he knows of me, as he knows many other matters of more importance—"by hearsay." Trusting to the perception of those who may hear this "Professor" to judge of him, I leave all farther explanation.

In closing, allow me again to urge the conviction that the Harmonical Philosophy is a matter resting upon no personal idiosyncracies or local attestations. It is founded on the Laws of Nature—aiming at the harmonization of the individual first, and the reconstruction of Society upon natural principles. You may rest, therefore, my friend, with my assurance, that all the time, talent and tongue expended upon me as an individual Teacher of this Philosophy, will be as ammunition wasted on the open air. Because the friends of the Harmonical Brotherhood (which begins on earth, and ramifies through infinite spheres) acknowledge no authority save NATURE and no Gospel which can not be read unobscuredly on the Divine Constitution of Things. And I shall not complain, even if I shall stand first in the battle; and be the fulcrum on which the lever of Reason may operate upon the foundations of ignorance and superstition.

I am, your friend,  
A. J. DAVIS.

AN EXPLANATION.—On recurring to the second chapter of our Review of Professor Mahan's book, we find that our language, in reply to the author's attack on Mr. Davis, was not sufficiently guarded or explicit, and that certain expressions in the last paragraph of that chapter, may cause other persons to misapprehend the nature of our feelings and intentions. It was observed that we had formerly known Mr. Davis intimately, and as an uncorrupted child of Nature; that we had been less familiar with him during the last six years, and could not positively affirm how far, if at all, the powers of this world, which lead most men astray might also have modified his disposition and character.

Now, it should be added, as an all-sufficient reason why we have been less familiar of late, that whereas, Mr. Davis was formerly a member of our own family circle, for the last six years, our paths with respect to local relations have diverged, our residences have been in different cities, and, during a great portion of the time, in different States, so that our opportunities for personal intercourse have been necessarily circumscribed. Of course we do not presume to assert precisely what any man is doing, at a given time, unless we are present to witness his deportment; but in our former remarks, we had no reference to any particular transaction in the life of Mr. Davis, save the one referred to by Professor Mahan, which the foregoing letter explains, as clearly as it verifies what we said of his accuser at the commencement of our Review, viz.—that Professor Mahan is equally unscrupulous in his methods, whether the opinion of an individual, or his reputation is to be disposed of.

## "The Spiritual Universe."

This exponent of modern Spiritualism, published at Cleveland, Ohio, comes to us greatly improved in its mental and mechanical characteristics, and a name new in that relation, but long since familiarly known to us, stands at the head of the editorial department. L. S. EVERETT, the present editor, was formerly a clergyman in the Universalist denomination; he is a man of superior intellectual capabilities, with the advantages of an editorial experience, and a clear and cogent style. He will be likely to increase the nervous irritability of the opposition; hypocritical opposers will be stripped of the disguise they wear, while sham philosophers and bogus saints who fall into his hands will probably wish they had not.

lated the sweetest notes of JENNY LIND! The voice of Miss Brooks, in her normal state, is feeble, and her lungs somewhat impaired by long-seated disease, but now, swelling high and clear, now subsiding to the silvery whisper that is almost silence, those wondrous songs, for hours, went on! Both the words and the music seemed improvised, on the occasion, and were equally beautiful. So far as the words could be distinguished, they embodied the loftiest poetical thought, uttered with most felicitous expression. "The Anthem of Creation," was a chaunt of a grandeur worthy of the theme. The exquisite songs "I wait, I wait, I wait for thee" and the response, "I come to thee" were full of pathos and beauty.

Not the least interesting feature of this unequalled musical entertainment, was the subsequent entrancement of Miss Brooks by the Spirit of a Spanish-Indian maiden, called "Mimnolito." Her broken English accents were like the lisping of an artless child, while her more than-Orphic sayings were replete with the deepest philosophical truth, and the most profound analysis of our interior and spiritual natures. The widely caroled melodies that she gave us, in her Indian language, were sweet as the bird songs of her forest home.

Other occurrences of the evening, of phenomenal interest, we have not time to now allude to. The whole scene, four hours in duration, was of the most novel and impressive description—probably unparalleled in the experience of any individuals in the form. We do not here propose to demonstrate, to others, the mooted fact, as to the reality of Spirit-phenomena. We merely state what we have witnessed, and declare our entire conviction, that they were veritable demonstrations from the unseen world, under circumstances precluding the practicability of collusion or deception.

To Mr. Brooks, one of the earliest pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism, and his daughter Sarah, whose mediumship is one of the most exalted usefulness, we express our warm thanks for the opportunity thus afforded us, to witness and to testify.

JAMES F. GREY, N. D. STEPHEN DUDLEY,  
GUY H. SALISBURY, BRIGHAM H. CLARK,  
JACOB A. POLS, EDWIN C. THOMPSON,  
EDWIN G. SCOTT, STEPHEN ALBRO,  
WILLIAM H. ALBRO, THOMAS LECHEAR,  
WILLIAM LONGHURST, MRS. GUY H. SALISBURY,  
GEORGE B. CRANE. —Age of Progress.

BUFFALO, October 9, 1855.

## AUTUMN.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

THE twilight of the passing year has come;  
A shadowy tint embroiders vale and hill;  
Dim mists creep slowly o'er the woodland's home;  
The voices of the plain are low and still.  
The autumn stream chimes sadly with the breeze  
That played so softly for his violet bride,  
Through the tall surging grass and swaying trees,  
While the glad earth drank in the summer tide,  
Which sun, and sky, and stars were fond and wide.

Yet, though my soul through all these pallid hours,  
Hear Death's faint footfall 'mid the rustling leaves—  
I love thee, Autumn! for to yonder towers  
And palaces of thought my spirit cleaves.  
Yea, everlasting hills! to you I bow,  
Limned by the glorious imagery of God!  
Light floats around you—shadows veil your brow;  
Haunts of the viewless dead—by man untrod,  
Fain would I seek your heights to be no more—a clod.

While o'er the pictured wall the sunlight streams,  
Through the thick, changeable hues of fading earth;  
While the low winds, like phantom-haunted dreams,  
Waft o'er the dying flowers of summer birth—  
Haste thee, sweet friend! and in our bowers of love,  
Close mantled from the blasts fast hurrying on,  
We will hold converse with the stars above,  
And with the ancient hoary seers, now gone,  
To people the dim caves, we reckless, tread upon.

And as we muse in the still depths of even,  
While, like the songs of birds our spirits blend,  
Gently as light from the far hills of Heaven,  
Will Angel-music to our souls descend.  
Holy and pure the thoughts that then will waken  
Within our spirit depths, unmoved before—  
High thoughts and strong, like those by which were shaken  
Strongholds of evil in the days of yore—  
Which, trembling, tottering still, will fall to rise no more.

BROOKLYN, October 17, 1855.

## Facts and Remarks.

SMASHING DEMONSTRATIONS.—A well known gentleman at the Waverley Hotel, this city, called at our office and related the following: A few days ago he had occasion to leave his room to transact some business down town. In his carpet bag in his room was a daguerrotype picture, and in the top drawer of a bureau there were two others, one lying on the top of the other. After our friend had been gone for some time, a lady, occupying a room on the same floor, was startled by a loud report in the adjoining room, resembling the discharge of a pistol. She entered the room but found no one there, and could discover nothing which revealed the cause of the report. She returned to her own room, but in a few minutes heard another report much resembling the previous one. She again entered the gentleman's room, but her search for the cause was no more successful than it previously had been. A little boy who was present remarked that he supposed it was "some one killing rats." No farther attempt to solve the mystery was made until evening, when—our friend being present—a Spirit, through a medium who was there, recalled the circumstance. The Spirit, in alluding to the noise, ironically repeated the boy's remark, "I suppose it was some one killing rats." After a pause, the Spirit said, "Go and look at the daguerrotype in the top bureau drawer, and that in your carpet bag, and you will see what caused the noise." Our friend went and looked, and found the glass covering the face of the picture in the bureau, broken in a thousand pieces, and partly ground to powder, as if by a heavy blow; and the glass of the one in the carpet bag broken in nearly the same way; and yet the metallic plates of the pictures were not injured or defaced in the slightest degree. The lady is certain that no one was in that room at the time the noises occurred, and no one except our friend himself knew that the pictures were in those particular places.

"SPEAK OF THE DEVIL AND HE WILL ALWAYS APPEAR."—It is not generally suspected that this saying is founded on the frequently occurring phenomena of an established psychological law, viz., the law of the sympathetic intercommunication of the magnetic spheres of approaching persons. A strong fact illustrating this law was recently related to us by an acquaintance of ours, a Mr. Reynolds of Jersey city. Mr. R. had been for some time a resident of the West Indies. He returned to Jersey city unexpectedly to his friends. Arriving at the door of his dwelling, he rang the bell. Just then a lady, the wife of a Jersey city editor, who was in an upper room of the house, was distinctly impressed that it was Reynolds who rang the bell, and she stated this fact to those present. There was no peculiarity in the ring of the bell which indicated this fact; and all external probabilities were against it; but the impression was made upon an interior or psychical sense. When Mr. R. entered the room up stairs, he found the lady prepared to receive him. Facts of this nature are closely allied to the phenomena of psychometry, so called.

ALLEGORICAL DREAMING.—We have received the following from a member of the family in which it occurred: Mrs. B., of Norwalk, Conn., dreamed one night that her house was surrounded by an immense plain, and that, hearing a noise, she looked out of the window and saw a multitude of people approaching and entering the house. She was impressed with the words, "It is the King's army," and she thought they had come for some one in the house. She then looked out of a window on the opposite side of the house, and saw, at no great distance, a splendid palace, which seemed to be brilliantly illuminated at the top, as if by flames of living fire, while all around it were angels. She was impressed with the words, "It is the New Jerusalem." The very next day her little boy was taken sick, and in three or four days he died; and at the funeral the same people entered the house, and in the same way, that she had seen in her dream.



Mr. Harris' Lectures.

NEXT Sunday, morning and evening, our Brother T. L. Harris, will deliver the last of his course of lectures in the Stuyvesant Institute, this city, which has been pending for several weeks. From the beginning to the end of this course, there has been an increasing interest manifested by the public, and, irrespective of the state of the weather, the hall has been uniformly crowded. If we may judge from the practical indications which have come within our observation, as well as from the intrinsic character and tendency of the discourses we have heard, these efforts of Mr. H. have been highly successful in elevating the standard of thought and feeling among his hearers, and in establishing a more spiritualism in the city of New York. It is with great reluctance that Spiritualists in this city consent to his removal from their midst, and they are only reconciled to it by the consideration that his labors are equally needed elsewhere, and that the state of his health requires his migration to a more genial climate during the winter months. At the close of his meeting last Sunday evening, a number of his friends came together to consult on measures with a view, if possible, to induce him to return to this city as early a period as his health and engagements may permit. We understand that several gentlemen subscribed liberally toward securing that object, but of the further particulars of the proceedings we have not been informed.

Bro. H. will proceed from here directly to St. Louis, where he will deliver a few lectures. Thence he will go to New Orleans, where he will probably remain until March or April next. Wherever he goes he will carry with him the good wishes of multitudes of zealous and warm-hearted friends in this city and vicinity.

A Strong Confirmation.

Some weeks since, an article appeared in the *Age of Progress*, purporting to be a communication from a Spirit who gave, as the name he bore on earth, Peter Darling, and wherein the invisible messenger alleged that many years ago he was killed and devoured by wolves in the state of Vermont. An elderly gentleman formerly from Vermont, but residing at present in Cleveland, Ohio, having noticed the communication, and recollecting the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of a man by that name, addressed the following letter to our venerable friend of the *Age of Progress*.

FRIEND ALBRO—Whatever testimony may be elicited to prove or disprove the truth of a communication purporting to have been signed by the spirit of Peter Darling, in your last number of the *Age of Progress*, this much I know to be true of him!

At the time he says his body was devoured by wolves, on a hill or mountain in Vermont, I resided but a short distance from him. Our lands did not join, but we regarded each other as neighbors, probably about a mile apart. At the time of his disappearance, there was considerable stir and excitement, and search was made for him. Some traces of blood were found on the side of the mountain where there had evidently been a struggle; but no part of the body was ever discovered, to my knowledge. The matter remained in a profound and perplexing mystery. Many supposed he had been murdered.

When he speaks of "blue berries," he no doubt has reference to "whortleberries," which grew in great abundance on the hill, or mountain, where he was probably destroyed. From what I knew of the fact at the time, it is my opinion that the spirit communication is a truthful one, and entitled to credit.

It is now over forty years since I left Vermont; during which time I had hardly called to mind this circumstance. But noticing the communication referred to, calls it up vividly to my recollection.

DAVID EDDY.

The Telegraph Papers.

The editor of the *American Index*, in his literary department for September, has a commendatory notice of the bound edition of the *Spiritual Telegraph* papers, from which we extract the following, hoping that such an opinion from an intelligent and disinterested source, may prompt others to place the work in their libraries as a permanent book of reference.

These eight volumes, we candidly say, should be in every man's library, and once there, they will be often taken down and perused, each time with an increased interest. It is not necessary for one to believe all these things in order for him to possess this work. Here are facts. Here is a great library in itself of nearly four thousand pages of strongly attested events in the history of our times. What shall be done with them? Is it the part of a reasonable being to cast them aside and bid them begone to oblivion? But they will not be thus dealt with. They can not be annihilated. They exist, and as existences must be met and either adopted as truths, or be proved to be errors.

These volumes are handsomely printed, uniformly bound, and their contents varied, intensely interesting and instructive. Booksellers throughout the country will find a demand for these and similar works, so wide spread is the feeling on the subject, and universal the inquiry respecting it.

Portrait of A. J. Davis.

We have just received, and are prepared to supply all orders for, a new, large sized, portrait of A. J. Davis, executed by H. Grozier, and published by Dr. H. F. Gardiner and M. T. Dole, Boston. We can safely pronounce this one of the most admirable specimens of lithographic portraiture yet executed on this side of the Atlantic, both in respect to the likeness and the artistic perfection of the work. Price \$1.

In a Mistake.

By a misapprehension which occurred to our printer, in the absence of both editor and proof-reader, a ridiculous paragraph entitled "SPIRITUAL," and credited to the *Buffalo Republic*, was placed upon the last page of our last week's issue, and was not discovered till the whole edition was worked off. Those who are in any degree familiar with the spirit and tone of our journal will not, of course, hold us responsible for this unintentional republication of such preposterous trash.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

New Books by Mr. Davis.

The Fourth Volume of the *GREAT HARMONY*, by A. J. Davis, is just published and for sale at our counter. Price \$1; postage, 19 cents. Also the Twelfth Edition of "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS" is just published by Partridge and Brittan, 342 Broadway. Price \$2; postage, 43 cents.

Mrs. French's Room.

Mrs. E. J. FRENCH, clairvoyant physician, has taken an office in our establishment, 342 Broadway, where she proposes to hold her sances for the investigation and treatment of diseases, etc., daily, from 10 to 12 o'clock, a. m., and from 2 to 4 o'clock, p. m., and where she will be happy to meet all who may be in need of her services.

Meetings in Williamsburgh.

Some responsible gentlemen have leased for the season, the elegant hall and ante-rooms on the upper floor of the Bank Building, corner of Fourth and South Third-street, Williamsburgh, having entire control over them at all times for public circles and lectures, week-days and evenings. Public meetings will commence next Sunday, at 3 and 7 o'clock, p. m.

Mr. CHARLES PARTRIDGE will lecture before the friends of Spiritualism, in Sanson-street Hall, Philadelphia, on Sunday morning and evening next, at the usual hours of meeting in that place.

A. J. Davis' Second Lecture.

Of the present course, at Brooklyn Institute, on the "Martyrdom of Jesus," will be delivered next Monday, Oct. 28th, at 3 o'clock, p. m. Governance.

A YOUNG LADY of New England, educated for her profession, and experienced in teaching all branches of English, French, Latin, Mathematics, and the Rudiments of Music, wishes a re-engagement as resident Governess. References unquestionable. Address, "Governess," Railway, N. J.

Spiritual Healing Institute.

A SPECIAL notice of the opening of an Institute in Williamsburgh, for the spiritual and clairvoyant treatment of diseases, by Messrs. Clark & Co., may be found in our advertising columns.

Partridge & Brittan's New Books.

Professor Hare's New Book.

THE GREAT QUESTION—Man's Immortality, and his Power to Communicate with Earth's Inhabitants after Death, indisputably demonstrated.

This work, which has been so long in the printer's hands, but delayed from various causes, may now be promised more definitely, as the stereotype plates are finished, and it is now about going to press. It will be a large book, of nearly 500 royal octavo pages, and will contain the portraits of the author and of Mrs. Gourley the medium; also cuts illustrating Professor Hare's apparatus, and his mode of procedure in his experiments. Owing to the size of this work, and the expense of its illustrations, which very much exceed our anticipations, we shall be obliged to fix the price at \$1 75. For \$2 we will send the book, postage prepaid, to any address in the United States.

Some idea of the respect in which Professor Hare and his experiments are held by his professional brethren in Philadelphia, may be gained from the following letter, which we clip from the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

To Dr. HARE—Dear Sir—The undersigned, deeply impressed with the importance of all new evidence of the *Soul's Immortality*, and having great confidence in the ability and integrity of one who, for half a century, has occupied the highest pinnacle of Science in our midst, and whose fame as an investigator of Nature's laws, has spread throughout the scientific world, would respectfully suggest that you give to the public one or more Lectures, embracing your experience upon this deeply important and interesting subject.

Respectfully yours,

H. T. CHILD, M. D.  
ELWOOD HARVEY, M. D.  
A. COMSTOCK, M. D.  
B. F. CLARK, M. D.  
ROLIN HETLIN, M. D.  
H. BRENT, M. D.  
C. B. JOSTER, M. D.  
W. ORR, M. D.  
C. R. JOHNSON, M. D.  
CHAS. NOBLE, M. D.  
S. C. HOUSTON, M. D.  
R. M. PANCAST, M. D.  
T. L. CHASE, M. D.  
G. O. THOMAS, M. D.  
G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.  
F. STEWART, M. D.  
G. F. GOURLY, M. D.  
JAS. L. LONGSHORE, M. D.  
J. L. PIERCE, M. D.  
A. B. THOMAS, M. D.  
M. C. NICHOLAN, M. D.  
A. L. GREGORY, M. D.  
HUTTER, M. D.

To H. T. CHILD, M. D., and others.

Gentlemen—Your friendly and flattering letter has come to hand, and I hasten to make my acknowledgments for the good-will and good opinion therein expressed. It will be to me a grateful undertaking to address you upon the new evidence of the *soul's immortality*, at such time and place as you may think proper.

Your well-wisher,

ROBT. HARE.

SCENES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD; OR, LIFE IN THE SPHERES.

This is an interesting narrative of the observations and experience of Spirits, given through Mr. HUDSON TUTTLE, writing medium. It contains 143 pages, 12mo. Price, 50 cents; postage, 7 cents.

The following extract from the introduction pretty clearly indicates the character of the work:

"With respect to the present volume, it is sufficient to say that its object is to present to man a faithful representation of spirit-life in the next sphere of existence—to embody as much information of this kind as possible in a small book that will be within the means of every one to purchase. The inquirer will find an answer to almost any question he may ask concerning the future destiny of man. The 'Scenes' give a faithful delineation of man, from his lowest and most degraded state, to the highest moral and intellectual philosopher, as they appear when they enter the next sphere; also, various accounts of the reception they meet with, and the progression they make in their new state of existence.

It is believed that a greater amount of information, such as the mass of mankind are desirous of knowing, is contained in the following pages than in any similar publication."

The following titles to some of the chapters, with their accompanying extracts, indicate the subjects treated, and the peculiar characteristics of Spirits, and the effects which certain theories or principles entertained, and occupations pursued, in the Earth-life, have on the Spirit and its condition in the Spirit-world.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOCIETY OF AVARICE AND DECEIT.

Portrait of a group of men mutually harassing each other—Their disappointments, and fearful tortures of mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOW SOCIETIES CONTINUED.

The family translated unprepared—Their quarrels and miseries, in which the effects of inharmonious unions are represented—The society of drunkards—Their conversation—Reflection.

"We are now also in the lower societies of the second sphere," said the Philosopher; "you will now behold examples wherein you will recognize the same passions which animate many of earth's children, plunging them down into misery and woe. In the last scene, you beheld the influence of uncontrolled acquisitiveness, the desire for wealth which avails not. Here you see the action of combativeness and destructiveness, resulting in quarrelling and dissension."

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF HADES.

The society stand on an extended plane, where they recognize all the phases of undeveloped mind—the lover of pleasure, the sensualist, etc. They are approached by the highest spirit of a miser, just departed from earth, who asks them where Heaven, Hell, God and the Devil are—His terror when his corpse is placed in the tomb, and woe when he beholds his helms divided by property—He departs in a search for Heaven.

As they passed from the scene described in the last chapter, the Sage seemed wrapped in the deepest meditation. At length he gave utterance to his feelings:

"Here I behold minds equal in natural strength to my own, yet debased lower than the brute. This is the punishment of violated law—the many misdeeds of the body. Here you behold the retributive energy of the laws. They must work out their own redemption. Though not plunged into a fiery gulf of sulphur, smoke, and wrath, their punishment is a thousand-fold more severe. If they fell this not now, the thousand eyes of the future will reveal their transgressions in all their deformities. The knowledge of what they have lost will force itself upon their minds. We will not dwell longer on this painful subject. Objects of greater interest are around us."

"For a long time I have watched them intently, but owing to the diversity of occupations I can not satisfy my curiosity."

"They are variously employed. Yonder is a group who believe life created for to-day; that to drink and be merry is the ultimate of existence. They have in consequence permitted their minds to run to ruin, and have prostrated all their energies in the cultivation of a lisp speech, and what they style grace of manners. Now they join in the dance—well enough in itself; it is true, when performed for exercise, but when made a chief employment of life, extremely bad in its effects. Hundreds of years since I passed this way on a mission similar to my present, and then I beheld this same circle employed just as you now see them. I say the same; it appears as if some are not here now who were here then, and that the number is augmented. Perhaps some have seen their folly in a new light, employed their mentality, and arose above the pursuit of mere animal gratification. Yonder is a group of sensualists, thinking, talking and acting as on earth—sacrificing their energies on the altar of sensual desire. Think you on this spectacle! Let me drop the veil of modesty, remembering that these have too many congeners on earth."

"True," said the Sage, "it is just as bad a place as can be found. It is just as you make it—heaven or hell; and as for evil spirits, if you are good they can not approach you, being repelled; and if bad, you will seek their company. To convince yourself that heaven is not a locality, you had better search until satisfied. It will then be a greater reality to you."

LECTURES WANTED.

READING, October 2, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—I have been a constant reader of your valuable sheet for more than three years, but have looked in vain to see a single communication of any kind from this benighted region; while, at the same time, I have noticed communications from almost every part of our country, informing you and your numerous readers how and where Spiritualism was prospering.

Now, one word to the *reading teachers* of the "HARMONY" Philosophy; and I have done. We want you to leave, for a while at least, your stereotyped routes westward, southward and eastward, and come for once this way, and let some portion, or all, of our twenty thousand inhabitants, hear a first lecture of your sublime teachings.

Yours in love and truth,

PETER ZIEBER.

New-York Conference.

REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

SESSION OF OCTOBER 17.

MR. STEWART, of Newark, N. J., first occupied the platform. His remarks, for the most part, consisted in a narrative of his own experience as a medium, to which, in the main, the Conference had previously listened, and the substance of which was, at the time, reported and published in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*.

One of the most prominent ideas set forth in the speaker's additional remarks, was that although the most skeptical and atheistical admit the existence of a moving power in the universe, and all mankind, with few exceptions, from the most skeptical to the most bigoted Papist, are laboring to find out what God is; yet, not until men learn to use their reason in contemplating Deity, will they be able to approximate a knowledge of him. Our limited space will not admit of our giving the views of Mr. S. on this and other kindred topics.

Dr. GREATES, of Milwaukee, said that three years ago he attended the New York Conference when there was a much smaller audience in attendance, and when it was held under much less favorable auspices. It was with pleasure that he contemplated the progress of Spiritualism in New York since that time.

For twenty-eight years, he had been a member of the Presbyterian Church; but in consequence of his investigation of spiritual manifestations, his views had, within the last four years, entirely changed; and he had been enabled, quite easily, to rid himself of the educational prejudices he had acquired by his connection with that denomination. Spiritualism in Milwaukee was in rather a backward state, from the fact, he thought, that it is a growing business city, and not because there are not many liberal minded people there, who would give the subject attention, if their minds could be diverted from their money-making pursuits. Four or five years ago there were two or three interesting mediums there, which number has since increased. Some of them have furnished very satisfactory evidences of spiritual intercourse. The speaker here related a few facts which had come under his own observation.

A married lady whom he was called upon to visit professionally, was afflicted by frequent epileptic spasms, till after he had magnetized her—which he could easily do—when her health was much improved, and the spasms did not occur oftener than once in three or four months. She was afterwards developed a good writing and speaking medium, and has retained her power of mediumship up to the present time. Subsequent to her becoming a medium, her spasms became so frequent that her friends were alarmed lest she might not survive them. Soon after, while she was entranced, the Spirits said she would have one more spasm, when they were going to cure her; and at another time, when she was entranced they appointed the time when the event should take place, and made a request that a number of individuals should be present at the time, and that two or three of them should be physicians. On the day previous to the time appointed for her cure, the speaker told her that the Spirits had promised to do, of which she was full, by request of the Spirits, kept ignorant. She ridiculed the idea of her being cured in such a manner. On the day appointed, the company met at two o'clock. At half-past two she was apparently cheerful and happy, and she indulged in jokes concerning the object for which they had assembled; but at a quarter before three she became pale, and was greatly distressed from a nausea; and at a minute before three she was seized with a violent spasm, accompanied by the usual symptoms of epilepsy, which lasted an hour and a half; she hardly breathing during a greater part of this time, and her friends almost despairing of her recovery. Finally her hand was moved and wrote that she would soon be better. In an hour from that time she was sitting up calmly and quietly; and although she had been subject to such spasms about three years and a half, she has not had a symptom of them since.

During the present season, the same lady was again singularly affected. She suffered intensely from a pain in her stomach, the cause of which was attributed to neuralgia. The difficulty increased until her life was despaired of. In the absence of the speaker, his partner attended on her, but could make no impression upon the disease. While in her worst state, she was entranced, when a favorite Indian Spirit controlled her, and stated that, in an unguarded moment, she had swallowed a pin, and that something should be given her to cause her to vomit. She vomited violently, but no pin was discovered in the matter which was discharged from her stomach. She was entranced again, when the Spirit said the pin had been carried out with the contents that were thrown from her stomach. Her husband made another search, but was unsuccessful, when the Spirit seized the hand of the lady, and snatched from the mud the rusty pin. After that, she had no more pain in her stomach, and she is now enjoying perfect health.

The speaker had witnessed, in the presence of Mrs. Seymour of Waukegan—who has been a worthy member of the Methodist Church, and has since become an interesting medium—this singular phenomenon: While entranced, her finger would be moved to trace letters forming words, very rapidly, anywhere on her person, on the outside of her garments or on an inch from her garments. During the first thirty seconds after she made these motions, nothing unusual could be observed; then on those places over which her finger had passed, ridges similar in appearance to those produced on the back of a horse by the lash of a whip, would be visible, in the form of words, and in this way sentences were written which were perfectly legible. These words would remain visible fifteen or twenty minutes, or longer if any person requested it. This phenomenon would occur at any time during the day or in the night. Thousands of persons have visited Waukegan to witness this manifestation. In Waukegan Spiritualism is as much the prevailing religious belief, as Orthodoxy is in other places.

On his way to New York the speaker attended a circle in Buffalo, at the house of Mr. Brooks, who has a daughter some eighteen years of age, possessed of a fair education, but no musical talent. She did not even know one note from another. Twelve or fourteen persons had assembled there, under Spirit direct, to witness what manifestations might occur, in order that they might make a statement concerning them, for publication in the *"Age of Progress"*—an excellent paper, edited by Stephen Albro.

In the capacious parlor where they assembled, there was a piano, standing in such a position that its keys were toward the wall, and Miss Brooks stood at one end of it, with her hand upon it. The other individuals formed a circle in the shape of an ellipse, by taking hold of hands, at a distance of about four feet from the piano; and the light was removed from the room. In a few minutes the Spirits called for music, when those composing the circle sang. Although the speaker felt at first unwilling to have the light removed, that feeling soon passed off; for the music that was produced, was of itself sufficient to satisfy any intelligent person, that no being in the room had power to call forth such tones from a piano. Even those who had listened to the same performances before were bathed in tears on this occasion. At times it seemed as though the instrument would be torn into fragments. One piece that was performed was a representation of the wreck of a steamer at sea. The approach of a storm, the working of the machinery, the motion of the paddle, the shaking of the rigging, the waves dashing against the boat, and the rolling of the thunder, all sounded perfectly natural, and at last the vessel seemed to strike with a tremendous crash when all these sounds died away!

Other similar scenes were represented, after which the medium was entranced, when she sang most beautifully. She was so completely under the control of the Spirits, that although her natural voice was weak, they caused her to sing like one possessed of strong lungs. After she had sung a few pieces, the Spirits asked, "Shall we give you the clock scene?" "Ay," was the universal response; and while, in accordance with a request from the invisibles, those in the circle were singing, an accompaniment being played by the Spirits on the piano, all at once the clock commenced striking. The speaker thought nothing of it at first, as it was just nine o'clock, and he supposed the striking would cease with the ninth stroke, but instead of that it continued till some of the circle had counted one hundred and fifty, or two hundred, when it became still. It soon commenced striking again, however, at first rapidly, then slowly, then with a dead sound, etc. Some one at length said, "Will you stop the clock?" when it did stop suddenly; and when a request was made that it should strike, it commenced striking immediately.

The evening's entertainment closed with the medium's being controlled by a Spanish girl, who, in an humble manner gave instructions to the company, who were astonished at the remarkable wisdom which flowed from the lips of that young lady. They asked her a great many intricate questions, which were very ably and satisfactorily answered.

Mr. JONES said that until within the last few years he wandered in doubt and darkness as to his individuality and future existence, for the reason, as he regarded it, that he had received an improper religious education. Having been taught, by a true and loving mother, that his future state might be one of eternal damnation, and that many of his departed companions had gone to inhabit a world of endless woe, he contemplated the future with extreme dread and horror, and thought it might be a blessing to the race, if, after all, the world should prove to be but a creation of chance. He was so lost in fear that he even prayed

that—if there was a God—he might be annihilated. He had an intimate playmate who likewise had a good mother, who taught her son a doctrine in reference to the future state, precisely opposite to the teachings of his mother. John's mother said there was no eternal punishment, while his mother said there was, which two statements involved an incongruity which the speaker could not then understand. He spent twenty-five years of his life in doubt and perplexity, during which time he dared not think for himself on the subject of religion. At last the Death Angel came and bore away his only child, which was all in all to him. For three long months he remained in doubt in regard to the destiny of this child. But, finally, a change came over his feelings, and his soul yearned for correct teachings respecting the future, when his Spirit-child came back and told him that he yet lived, and that God loved. He told his father also, that he would continue to be with him so long as he remained in the earth-sphere, and said that they would hereafter be happily reunited in the bright world above. The speaker had seen, heard, and felt Spirits, which was conclusive evidence to him, that there is a future. He as much believed in a world inhabited by the Spirits of the departed, as he did in the existence of his native hills.

He thought it every man's duty, to himself and mankind, to throw aside all forms, and think and act for himself. He said he despised the "dumb Spirit," and he exhorted all to come forward and boldly relate their experience as connected with the spiritual movement, and to endeavor to make the world happier, and hasten the eternal redemption of man, which he believed to consist in his return to God.

Dr. GARDNER, of Boston, said that the remarks of the friend from Milwaukee, had brought to his mind some manifestations which came under his observation while he was a resident of Springfield, which were, at the time of their occurrence, published, somewhat in detail, in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, over his own signature.

One evening, about two years since, a circle of twelve—the speaker among the number—formed under the direction of Spirits, with the promise that they should receive wonderful manifestations, assembled at a private house in Springfield, and while they were sitting in groups about the room, conversing on a variety of topics, the medium laid her hand upon a stand, when, by means of the tipplings, the alphabet was called for, and directions given, after which the letters "F-a-r-t-h-e-r" were spelled, which all supposed were the commencement of a sentence. But the Spirits declined proceeding, and insisted that nothing was wrong. After the lapse of some ten minutes, it was remarked, by the speaker that, most likely, some mischievous Spirit was trifling with them; when suddenly the stand was very much agitated, and the word "Signor" was spelled out. Although no one in the circle then knew it, an Italian musician by the name of "Signor Farina" had resided in Springfield, and it was his Spirit that professed to be communicating. He requested the company to set themselves around the piano, as the Spirits were desirous of producing some remarkable manifestations. The request was complied with, and one of the mediums, who could not play the piano, sat near it without touching the keys, when a very difficult piece of music was performed. A Spirit, represented as being Mozart, then played a portion of his requiem. Descriptive pieces were also played, when the peal of drums, the firing of muskets, the heavy discharges of cannon, and the rolling of thunder were almost perfectly represented.

On another occasion the alphabet was called for by the Spirits, when the following was spelled: "My name is Richard Stearns; I belonged in Salem; my horse was frightened by a pile of bricks in 1841; I was thrown from my carriage; my skull was fractured, and I died the day afterwards." No one present had ever known of such a man. Dr. Gardner was requested to send the communication to his friends for the purpose of convincing them of the truth of immortality. Fears were expressed lest it might prove false, when the Spirit said, "If you will refer to the Salem papers of 1841, you will find the event recorded." The papers were consulted, and the circumstance was found recorded precisely as stated in the communication. The speaker thought it would be a difficult matter to reconcile this fact with the theory of our learned savans, who claim that only such things are communicated as are known either to the medium or some other person in the circle.

The speaker had been a member of the Baptist Church, but, by assuming the liberty to investigate for himself, he finally got rid of its doctrines and its fellowship, though the effort cost him much persecution. Finally, by investigating spiritual manifestations, he had become convinced of their truth, and since then his whole soul has been interested in the work of disseminating them.

Dr. GARDNER here related an instance in which signals were given which were known to no one in the circle except an operator of the Magnetic Telegraph, but which were recognized by him very readily as being signals used by operators in the different Telegraph offices, to distinguish the different stations from which they received telegraphic communications. The spirit proved to be that of a young man whom the gentleman above alluded to, had taught to operate in a Telegraph office, and who died in Albany. On the same occasion a small dinner-bell was rung with considerable violence, and made to touch the heads of several persons. At the same time the Spirits-lights, some of them resembling electrical sparks, some having the appearance of stars, and others that looked like melted wax falling on fire, were produced. Then the lights were all concentrated about the bell, at the request of the speaker.

On another occasion, within the previous week, the speaker submitted twelve questions, carefully sealed and mixed together, to the Spirits, for their answers; and they were all properly answered by writing. Mrs. Coon being the medium. At the time that the answers were written, the speaker was some distance from the medium, and his mind was occupied with other subjects, so that they could not have emanated from his mind.

THE ANGEL VOICE.

BY FANNY M. SCANNELL.

I DREAMED in youth's exulting hour  
Of some fair Island home,  
Where stormy skies might never lower  
Or grief's dark shadow come;  
But to my soul some mystic voice,  
As if in warning given,  
Said, "Not on earth canst thou rejoice—  
Thy only home is heaven!"  
I wandered o'er creation's face  
To seek a priceless gem,  
More dear than ever wealth might place  
In monarch's diadem;  
But still I heard that murmured tone—  
"Oh! ne'er to mortal given,  
The gem that thou wouldst seek, alone  
Can be obtained in Heaven."  
I sigh to find a kindred heart,  
A living, breathing shrine,  
Where I alone might claim a part—  
Might link its hopes with mine;  
That Angel voice still whispered clear,  
"Oh, not to Earth 'tis given—  
The heart that thou wouldst lavish here  
Can only rest in HEAVEN."

LETTER FROM DR. DODS.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

It is a settled rule of mine never to answer any anonymous article or letter addressed to me, however well written, or even pertinent it may be to the point. An editorial article appeared in one of the Rochester papers, purporting to be a report of one or more lectures I delivered at the Corinthian Hall in that city, on the subject of the Spirit manifestations. This article, with some variations, was inserted in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, the 20th of last January. Under these circumstances I do not consider it anonymous, and will give it a passing notice. The reason I did not do this at the time of its appearance is because I was not till lately made acquainted with the fact. I travel considerably, and though I make New York my home, yet I was at the time of its insertion, in North Carolina.

I candidly admit the article is in substance correct in the facts it details. I admit that, when I lived in the town of Levant and State of Maine, there were in the winter of 1824 (now about thirty-two years ago) serious and unaccountable disturbances at my house, and continued almost nightly till the following March. I admit that the house was jarred, and at times shaken to its foundation, attended by a singular sound or noise, that continued sometimes all night at short intervals. These were witnessed by many persons, who in the course of the winter came out of curiosity, and remained all night. The whole country, far and near, was thrown into excitement, and while some believed the house was haunted, others believed and reported that I made the whole by some underground, or concealed machinery!

I also admit, that I saw what appeared to me to be the spirits of the departed, and heard them speak, and even held familiar converse with them. Indeed, I have done this from the time I was fourteen years of

age, at which time my father first appeared to me, and told me, that the Christian community had very erroneous ideas of the Spirit-world—that I would live to see great changes in this respect, and continue in health till I was eighty-four years of age. I am now sixty, and have ever retained perfect health. All these things are correctly stated in your paper.

I further admit, that the lady who committed suicide by drowning, and whom I supposed to be in hell, appeared to me in four different forms. First, as a corpse floating on the stream; Second, in her sister's house, as a standing corpse, with the water dripping from her hair; [This was several weeks after her first appearance]; Third, she appeared in my house in Levant, in her natural earthly form, as alive, and was seen by me and my wife. The room was filled with a yellowish blue light. She disappeared, and soon after this, the disturbance and phenomena commenced at my house, and continued till March. Fourth, she appeared in a brilliant, angelic form of indescribable splendor. She was moving with infinite grace and ease in the air but just over my head; I saw no wings. She said, "it is I myself. You see me now in my resurrection state and glory. I am clothed in my electrical and immortal body! I am born again—begotten from the dead in this last day, which is the Gospel day of Christ—even as the first day into which all are born in a mortal body of flesh and blood, is the last day of Adam." I was overwhelmed and lost in this scene surpassing all human description. My tongue seemed paralyzed, and utterance failed me! It was midday, and the heavens were serene and cloudless. I stood in the open field, overwhelmed with awe and transfixed to the spot! As if aware of my condition, she breathed, in language that seemed living melody, "Fear not! I am not so far removed from earth as you contemplate me, for in such a case I should not sympathize with you and my race. See, I can yet handle dead matter, for the immortal form I wear is made out of original eternal matter, which is the body of God!" So saying, she took my hat from my head, and rather it seemed to mount up by attraction to her hand. She exclaimed, "be uncovered and let your forehead meet the sun, and your head be naked to Nature and her unfoldings." She passed over my house, over the house of her sister near by, formed a circle in the air, replaced my hat on my head, and said, "you will see me no more till we meet in the spheres."

I moreover admit what the lady in the article referred to, has stated, is in substance correct. I did tell her that her husband would die in about six years. I grant that this did prove true as to time. But I



## Interesting Miscellany.

## CLAIRVOYANCE VERSUS JUGGLERY.

FACTS FROM ABROAD.

The following interesting narrative of a trial of the reality of clairvoyance, by the prince of modern jugglers, ROBERT HOUDIN, of Paris, is from a document presented to the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, by Prof. J. E. de Merville. It has been translated and furnished for the *New England Spiritualist* by a friend of the editor residing in Paris.—The method of the trial, as well as the style of the narrative, are characteristically French, but perhaps none the less valuable in a scientific view on that account.—*Editor of the New England Spiritualist.*

Permit us to recount to you, gentlemen, as a simple introduction to my subject, an experiment, not very serious in appearance, and yet which, by sound judges, has been pronounced sufficiently conclusive. We present it in all the simplicity of its original wording, and without other pretension than that it may serve as a step toward a higher series of facts, of a much more marvelous character. You all know Robert Houdin, and you will not deny to this king of the occult that he is a juggler, and consequently, the highest ability conjurers the scepter of address, nor, consequently, the highest ability to judge of deception in others.

One day, then, this ability of his occurred to us in connection with the question under consideration. For a long time perfectly convinced by personal experience, we were tired of hearing our strong minds of the reason and our weak minds of the Institute reject the evidence, and cut short all our assertions by these apparently unanswerable words:

"Robert Houdin does as much; he plays the same games at cards; he divides what you have in your pocket; he does more—twenty times in an evening, and a hundred times if necessary, give him as many visiting cards, and immediately without ever hesitating, (which cannot be said of your clairvoyants) his son, placed at the other extremity of the hall, will repeat to you your name, however odd it may be, and your address, however lengthy. He has even surpassed all that, for, more than once, he has been known to read a name enclosed in a thick, sealed envelope, to penetrate with his sight to the bottom of the most securely closed box, to describe a distant person by a lock of hair, etc. What more could you ask, and what else do you show us?"

In fact, what response can be made to such arguments, of which the weakness is sooner felt than demonstrated? Nothing is more true—Robert Houdin does all that, and, indeed, he does it with a dexterity, a never-failing skill, which leaves far behind him the most lucid clairvoyants. It is also true that this constant success on the one hand, and this frequent inaccuracy on the other, ought alone to lead us to presume the opposite character of the agents. But at Paris one can proceed more quickly, and demand: Why two explanations, when one alone is sufficient?

It will be perceived that to put an end to this perpetual false argument, there was no way but to apply to Robert Houdin himself. No sooner thought than done, and here we are in his saloon, *à la tête* with him.

Now, scrupulously stenographic, we proceed to report all that passes from this moment. The signature of the expert guarantees the truthfulness of the recital:

"Monsieur Robert Houdin, I admire your second sight; but will you tell me if you have ever seen any clairvoyants?"

"I have seen two only."

"What did you think of them?"

"Their feats were so badly, so pitifully performed, that forthwith I might have taught them their business."

"So, according to you, the clairvoyant is a *confre*, and often a very inept one."

"But what then, supposing he is? After all, I repeat, I never have seen but two miserable specimens. I can only add that, in a journey through Belgium, to Brussels, Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, I followed constantly M. Laurent and Mademoiselle Prudence, two of your most celebrated magicians, and I can affirm to you that the day after their *séances*, I invariably dissipated their triumphs. Then, to my great regret, (for it is always unpleasant to me to excite the least prejudice against any persons) the stupor of wonder that they had caused changed suddenly to sarcasm, to abuse, and even to gross opprobrium—fruits of a complete incredulity. However, for the sake of truth, I should add, that a few days after, with a courage that I may term heroic, they returned to the charge, and were successful in the same cities in regaining esteem, and in conquering again that which they had just lost through me. I have often reflected on this fact, without being able to explain it to myself."

"Would you like an explanation of it; and would you be curious to see a genuine phenomenon of this nature?"

"I have long desired it."

"Will you consent, then, to accompany me for a short time?"

"Though I am at present very much occupied, nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"Very well; I do not ask if, in case you should be seriously convinced, you will have the fairness to confess it, and even to publish your convictions; I do not ask if, for I read already in your eyes, all the frankness of your answer."

"Be assured, sir, in such a case you will be satisfied with me."

"Then it will be fine to prove to the wise ones, of whom we were speaking just now, that the love of truth has taken refuge under your galleries. But do not forget to bring some *strictly orthodox* cards, (not your own), a lock, some hair, etc.,—finally, anything that you may think best to aid in settling your convictions."

"Do not fear; I understand it well. Might Madame Houdin accompany us?"

"Why not?"

"Very well; at one o'clock I will return for you."

We were there at noon; and, when we entered our carriage, R. Houdin heard us, for the first time, designate No. 42 Rue de la Victoire. We emphasize the words, "for the first time," because magnetizers are not wanting in Paris, and nothing fixing our choice in advance upon one more than another, it was impossible that one should guess our design and get the start of us.

On the way, the future neophyte exhausted all the sources of his dialectics to prove to us that which he regarded as demonstrated by himself,—that is to say, that all these matters in questions were but tricks more or less finished, and of a repertory better furnished than any other. He entered, even on this subject, into certain details, into certain secrets of the profession, which to us were very amusing to gather; he proceeded even to disclose a few of the mysteries, not of his "second sight," but of the "second sight" of his *Confre*; and when he perceived that we admitted no comparison whatever with our clairvoyance, he stopped astonished, fixed his eyes upon us, and his scrutinizing gaze evinced a suspicion that he was too polite to express more plainly.

"But at least you will concede," said he, "that charlatanism may and does mingle with it very often."

"I do not deny it; but I would have you observe that, from the moment when the magnetizer possesses a lucid clairvoyant, to wish to add to this lucidity by the lights of collusion, would be to lose all at that very instant. Certain of juggling away my watch or my ring unconsciously to myself, what would you say to the maladroît who would propose, for greater surety, to aid your powers with a big string?"

"Ah! all these magnetizers are so shrewd!"

"I could easily prove to you the contrary."

"Bah! Those who have the most cunning know best how to hide it. We arrive, but are left awhile in a waiting saloon—the oracle being engaged at this moment with several persons. One of these, M. Prosper, comes out presently, all impressed with just having had described to him his country residence, situated at the other extremity of France, and even a series of paintings which ornament his sleeping apartment. They had done more. After having described all the appointments, the stables, and even to the dog-kennel, M. Prosper had asked:

"Can you tell me the name of the vigorous animal that sleeps in this kennel?"

"He is called—wait a moment—he is called Es—Estel, and it is the name of the guide who procured him for you."

Here we find ourselves on familiar ground. Who does not know Estel, the most able and active of all the guides of the Pyrenees? It has often happened to us to pass several hours in succession in this same saloon (Marcellet's) entertained with observing the stupefaction graven on the physiognomies so different from their expressions at the moment of arrival. It was easy to perceive that pointed revelations had been made, to move them to such a degree. But we forget that all the persons that come there from morning to night may be so many initiated confederates—or—

Let us return to the experience of our artist.

Here he is in the presence of Alexis; the latter, in his natural state, manifests those irritable traits, the expression, the nervous appearance, peculiar to sensitive, and which alone should suffice to convince a medical man. Then gradually his countenance becomes composed, assumes a new flush, a slight convulsion agitates once more his nervous system, and he is in a state of trance.

Robert Houdin, who understands the matter, demands the privilege of bandaging the eyes of Alexis. After having examined attentively the padding and the three enormous silk handkerchiefs that are presented to him, he covers with the first the whole face of his subject; but when over these wads of cotton that envelop him like the most precious of statues, and which from the top of the forehead quite to the mouth leave not a place of the size of a needle's point, he has crossed two handkerchiefs, he refuses to apply a third, and does not demand, as certain doctors have done, an entire mask. And why, if it be not that Houdin was a judge of such matters, and that the prince of jugglers cared not to waste his time in such trifles?

Those two suspicious eyes once more well stuffed with wadding, and re-covered with the bandages—stopped from the air in fact—Houdin draws from his pocket two packs of cards, bound still in the envelope and seal of the manufacturer, opens them, shuffles them, and invites Alexis to cut. This is done in a manner of which the peculiarity escapes us, but which excites a light smile on the part of his wise observer. It is evident Houdin has noticed something—he imagines he recognizes his own game; and any one but myself would have trembled for the success of the experiment. Nevertheless, he places five cards before his adversary, who is careful not to touch them, and dealing five for himself, is about to take them from the table, when Alexis arrests him, saying:

"It is of no use, I take every trick," and he names the cards which, without having been turned, still lie face down upon the table.

"Let us begin again," said Houdin, coldly, completely stunned, however, as if he had been struck with a club.

"Willingly."

Ten new cards have replaced the first, and this time no more smiles.

"I discard," said Houdin.

"But why do you keep those two cards—one a lone trump at that?"

"Never mind; give me three."

"There they are."

"What are they?" says Houdin, covering them with his hands.

"Queen of diamonds, queen of clubs, and eight of clubs."

"Quick, a third game."

The same exactitude, the same infallibility.

R. Houdin fixes his eyes on Alexis with a searching wonder; his countenance changes color a little, soon he grows pale, a sort of nervous movement is apparent in his features, then with all the passionate exclamation of an artist who has just found his master: "What is it?" he exclaims; "where are we? It is marvelous!" Then, as it sometimes happens in the hall of debate after a splendid speech, there is a silence for some time, the *séance* forcedly suspended.

"It is resumed," Houdin, after having thrown off the useless bandages from the clairvoyant, takes from his pocket a book of his own, and requests him to read from the eighth page beyond the place where it is opened, at a high intonation. Alexis pricks with a pin along two-thirds of a page and reads: "After this card ceremony—"

"That is enough," says Houdin; "let us look!"

Nothing of the kind is found on the eighth page; but on the page following, at the same height, it reads: "After this card ceremony—"

"Enough!" says Houdin; "how wonderful! Could you tell who wrote me this letter?"

Alexis feels it, places it on the top of his head, on his breast, and designates with sufficient correctness the writer. But he commits some slight errors; for example, he thinks him a bookseller, because he sees him surrounded with books—errors in detail, in a word, which to a candid mind should not weigh in the least against the principal facts. For to judge is nothing else but to gauge, in other words to weigh, to measure, to compare that which is to be received and to be rejected, and the balance once made, to decide. Houdin did not allow himself to be stopped by these errors of detail; returning to the letter:

"From whence did it come?"

"From—"

"Ah," says Houdin, "I did not think of the post-mark; but as you see the house, could you tell me in what street it is?"

"Wait; give me a pencil;" and five minutes reflection, he writes rapidly: "Rue d'A—, No. —."

"It is too wonderful," says Houdin; "I no longer know where I am; I can not ask anything more. However, yet one word. What is the person who wrote it doing now?"

"What is he doing? Take care! Be on your guard; he deceives you at this very moment—"

"Oh, as for that, the error is complete; for he is one of my best and firmest friends."

"Take care!" repeated Alexis, and this time in the tone of an oracle; "he deceives you shamefully!"

"Nonsense!" responds Houdin.

Madame Houdin then advances, saying: "Can you tell me, sir, what I am thinking of at this moment?"

"Give me your hand. What are you thinking of? Wait a moment. You are thinking of a child, a young child. Ah, poor mother, I pity you!"

And Madame Houdin, who, up to that moment, had forced a smile with the design to mislead him if possible, is affected to tears.

"But, sir, you see him then?"

"Yes. He died the 15th of last July."

"At what hour?"

"At four o'clock in the morning."

"At Paris?"

"No; nine miles from Paris—wait—ah! it was too late."

"But what do you mean?"

"I mean that you were too late in changing the wet nurse; you know it very well. It was the milk of the first one that poisoned him. She was very ill, poor wretch!"

"Oh, how true! How exact! And can you tell me what I think of now?"

"Alas! you think of an infant very much younger—for he does not yet exist."

It was, indeed, the thought of Madame Houdin, whose maternal hopes at that moment anticipated the future.

On his part, Alexis, noticing us in the act of writing in a memorandum-book, snatches it from our hands, places it with a quick motion upon his head, and reads two or three lines written with a pencil, and which we find on the page indicated.

But—a peculiar fact, to which we call attention of all interested in these inexplicable phenomena—in the memorandum-book there contained to be a detached object.

"What is it, Alexis?"

"A card."

"Yes, but of what description?"

"I do not know; it is bordered with small engravings; it is full of little lines, all short; but I do not know what it is."

"Look carefully; it is not difficult—a card in a portfolio."

"Wait—it is a large visiting card—a card of steel pens—a merchant's address."

Neither of those; and the capricious genius of the seer does not go so far as to name the object, which is a calendar. We continue—

"And the paper with it?"

"The one which is folded?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that is quite different, and it is not difficult. Receipt from Messrs. Sagnier & Bryn, booksellers, Rue des Saints Pères, No. 64—amount, 15 francs 20 centimes."

R. Houdin opens the paper, and confirms the truth of this statement; a new addition to his astonishment.—However, he thinks himself:

"This, signifies nothing to me, for in fact I have not the honor to be acquainted with you, and although I am convinced that you are not in collusion with the clairvoyant, I must proceed as if you were. Permit me, then, to keep him to myself, and to make one last experiment. Whose hair is this?" continued he.

"That of a young man."

"What young man?"

"Your son."

"What age?"

"Three years less than you gave him."

"It is true. How does he feel? He is sick?"

"Yes, he suffers much in the right side; but stop—you have just touched the hair, and I mistake. It is you that suffers in the right side, and even at this moment."

"It is very true; but my son?"

"Your son? Nothing is the matter with him."

"Indeed! Look carefully; something tells him. Do you see nothing?"

"It is necessary to add, that several weeks subsequently, we chanced to call upon Robert Houdin, with one of our friends, M. Lacordaire director of the establishment of the Gobelins—his first words were these:

"You remember, sir, the famous letter of my friend—and how decidedly I disputed the assertion of Alexis?"

"Yes, very true."

"Sir, the only knave cheated me out of ten thousand francs at the very moment of the *séance*, even. So you see the words of the clairvoyant turned out to be all too true."

Alexis examines himself, moves his hand along his legs, raises it to his stomach, to his breast, to his head, and nothing is indicated.

"Examine carefully."

"Ah, I do; what! you trouble yourself about that—for that almost imperceptible little point that I see at the right extremity of the right eye? You think it the commencement of an amaurosis, and make your self uneasy about it. It is true that the doctors—but be assured. Do nothing. Your son, I repeat, is in perfectly good health. He is now sixteen years and three months old; when he reaches eighteen, that will have passed away."

"It is overwhelming!" says Houdin; "it is enough; let us go."

The two consultants retire in silence, astonished. Now we are with them in the street.

"And what think you of the jugglery?"

"Sir, if there were in the whole world a magician capable of performing such marvels, he would confound me a thousand times more as a magician, than has the mysterious agent you have shown me."

"If you wish it, I will take you to see ten others, and you shall witness pretty nearly the same things."

"Ah, it is unnecessary, I assure you."

"So, then, I can depend on your loyalty to my promise?"

"I am a man of honor, sir; and I know neither the low considerations of personal interest, nor any compromise with self-love."

"Well and good; after what I have seen of you I cannot doubt it. But tell me, if you please, what caused your smile at the moment of the 'cut,' and then at the first game of cards?"

"I thought I perceived very plainly a coincidence between the separation and the number of cards required."

"But, in fact, I hear it constantly repeated, that your games at cards resemble these as much as one's eggs resemble another."

"Ah, sir, for him who understands nothing of it, for the man of the world, perhaps they do, and yet this should not be admitted; but for the magician! Reflect then, sir, that all my cards are previously prepared, studied, of unequal sizes, or, in short, artistically arranged. Then, consider my signals, my telegraphs. But here, sir, we had perfectly new cards, cards from which I had but a moment before torn the envelopes, and which the clairvoyant could by no means have studied. And then another thing, in which we could never be deceived, the difference in the manner of touching the cards—the *naïveté* of execution on the one hand, and on the other the evident painstaking, which nothing can completely disguise; and beyond all that, this total deprivation of sight—for it is useless to say he could see them—no; it was a thousand times impossible. Besides, granted he could see, how shall we dispose of all the rest? As to my experience in sight, not being able here to divulge the secret, remember what I take pains to tell you every evening, that I promise only a 'second sight,' and that, consequently, I must have had a first."

The next day, R. Houdin signed the following declaration:

"Though I am quite far from accepting the enormities that M. de Mirville would bestow upon me, and wishing to be understood, above all, that I do not commit myself in favor or against clairvoyance, I can not, however, help declaring, that the facts reported above are given with the most complete exactitude, and that the more I reflect, the more it is impossible to rank them among those which are the subjects of my art and profession."

ROBERT HOUDIN.

Fifteen days later we received in addition the following letter:

"Sir: As I have had the honor to inform you, I have been favored with a second *séance* at Marcellet's room. Yesterday's was even more wonderful than the former one, and leaves no longer in my mind the least doubt as to the lucidity of Alexis. I attended this last *séance* with the design to notice more closely the game at cards, which had so astonished me. I took, this time, much greater precaution than before, for, distrusting myself, I chose a friend to accompany me, whose calm character could appreciate coolly, and establish a sort of equilibrium in my judgment."

"Here is what transpired; and it will be evident that *subtleties* never could have produced effects such as I am about to cite. I broke the seal of a pack of cards brought by myself, and of which I had marked the envelope, that they might not possibly be changed. Having shuffled, I proceeded to deal them with all the circumspection of a man accustomed to the finesses of his art. Ineffectual precaution! Alexis stopped me, designating one of the cards that I was about to place before him on the table:

"I have the king," said he.

"But you know nothing about it yet; for the deal is not made."

"You will see," he replied; "go on."

"Indeed, I dealt myself the eight of diamonds, and his was the king of diamonds. The game was continued in a regular manner; for he told the plays I was about to make, notwithstanding the fact that I hid my cards under the table and covered them with my hands. He turned my play without looking at his cards, and in all cases they proved to be the precise ones called for by my lead."

"I returned from the *séance* filled with wonder and astonishment, and persuaded that it is utterly impossible that chance or skill could ever produce effects so marvelous."

ROBERT HOUDIN.

This, then, remains a settled fact. The grand master in "subtleties," (to use his own expression) himself rests struck with stupor, stands confounded before the most simple of these phenomena, rejected by official science under the pretext of deception and jugglery.

Public Spirituals Meetings.

The Spiritualists of New York have secured the Lecture Room in the Stuyvesant Institute, 639 Broadway, (opposite Bond-street) where meetings are regularly held on Sundays and on each succeeding Wednesday evening. The exercises consist of a Sermon or Lecture on Spiritualism, and other exercises, on Sundays (morning and evening) at the usual hours of other religious meetings. Also Conference meetings, at 10 o'clock, P.M., on Sunday, and on Wednesday evening at half past 7 o'clock. These meetings are all FREE to the public.

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

TERMS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

One Year, strictly in advance, \$2.00

Six Months, " " " 1.00

To City Subscribers, if delivered, 2.50

Ten Copies for One Year, to one address, 15.00

\* A liberal discount is made to local and traveling Agents.

RENEWALS AND DISCONTINUANCES.—It is our custom to notify patrons of the time when their subscriptions terminate, and if they are not renewed, the paper is stopped. We beg our friends not to deem it abrupt or unkind in us if the paper is discontinued, since our mailing clerk keeps the books in accordance with the general system we have adopted, and can exercise no discretion. The proprietors never know, except by chance, when a subscription expires or a paper is discontinued.

TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—We purpose in future to deliver this paper to city subscribers through the regular mail, which can be done for one cent per copy, if the subscriber prepay the postage at this Office. The price of the paper and delivery will be \$2.50, and the subscriber must take the risk of the faithful performance of duty, so far as relates to the Post Office Department.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The following are General Agents for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and will supply all the books in our list at publishers' prices:

BETH MAHER, No. 15 Franklin-st., Boston, Mass.

D. M. DEXTER, Rochester, N. Y.

A. F. CHATFIELD, 414 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

S. F. HOLT, No. 3 First-st., Troy, N. Y.

J. H. ALLEN, Auburn, N. Y.

F. B. CINCINNATI, Ohio.

JAMES M. LYON, 46 College-st., Nashville, Tenn.

SAMUEL BARRY, 221 Arch-st., above Sixth, Philadelphia.

FREDERICK & CO., 9 and 13 Court-st., Boston.

H. TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, 111 Baltimore-st., Baltimore, Md.

E. V. WILSON, Toronto, C. W.

WILLIAM M. LAMING, Baltimore, Maryland.

TRAVELING AGENTS, Isaac T. Pease, of Thompsonville, Conn.

Other Agents and book dealers will be supplied promptly. The cash should accompany the order.

MEDUIMS AND CIRCLES.

MRS. JOHNSON, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JULIA A. JOHNSON, M. D., late of Bangor, Me., Physician and Medium, respectfully offers her services to the diseased generally. Cancers, affections of the throat, and such diseases as have baffled the skill of the "faculty" are successfully treated. Examinations of persons not present will be promptly attended to on the receipt of a fee of \$5, a lock of hair or other relic of the person, with name and residence. Address: JULIA A. JOHNSON, M. D., No. 431 Green-st., Philadelphia.

N. B. No letter will receive attention unless the above terms are strictly complied with. This statement will be a sufficient apology to those who have written and received no answer.

SPIRITUAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mrs. LOREN L. PLATT respectfully announces that she has taken rooms at No. 23 Worcester-st., near Canal, where she offers her services to the public in the examination and treatment of Diseases, by means of Clairvoyance.