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. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855. WHOLE NO. 185.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Having noticed in your paper, some account of the manifestations at the room of Mr. Davenport, and at the house of Mr. Brooks, at Buffalo, I have visited that city with the view of testing the truth of the statements which have been published; and I now give you the facts as they occurred during my visit, without comment of my own. I must accredit the manifestations to the source from which they were there said to emanate, being unable to discover any other cause. Mr. Davenport gave me every opportunity to test in such a manner as I might think proper, and Mr. Brooks was kind enough to permit me to attend the private circles in his house, and also to accompany me, with his daughter, to the house of a friend, where they had never visited before, for the purpose of ascertaining if the same manifestations would occur there.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, AT DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

The mediums are two sons of Mr. Davenport, ten and fifteen years of age. The room is twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and contains two tables, one of oval form, seven feet long, and five feet wide; the other, a circular table, four feet three inches in diameter; also a sofa, two or three benches, and some chairs. I was accompanied by three friends whom I had selected to assist me in the investigation, one of whom went on from New York, the other being a resident of Buffalo. They were equally anxious with myself to ascertain if the published reports relative to these mediums were true. We were seated around the large table which stood in the middle of the room, the two mediums being placed apart—one sitting next myself, and the other between two of my friends; room light, all windows except one being closed, and that ajar, so that coarse print might have been read. Under the table, on the floor, was a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon, and a bell. Immediately, on our being seated, the rappings commenced. These were very loud indeed—as loud as could be made if the table had been rapped upon with a heavy piece of wood. The sounds seemed to be made sometimes on top of the table, sometimes on the under side of its top, and sometimes on the floor beneath. The table was lifted entirely free from the floor, while all the hands of the mediums and party were on the top of it. Each member of the party was touched, as if by a Spirit-hand—sometimes a large hand, and sometimes a small one. The violins and accordeon were continually being played upon, and the bell often rung, passing all round the table and touching the feet and legs of the party. The instruments were handed up and placed in our hands when held beneath the table, and then were taken away again, apparently by the Spirits. The feet of the mediums were always so positioned as to be controlled by those who sat along side of them. The Spirit then asked by alphabet, for the dog. Mr. Davenport said he had let him out" an hour before, and that he had gone home. This the Spirit stoutly denied, and said he was below. The younger boy then acknowledged that he met the dog below, and had tied him in the store. Mr. Davenport then went down, brought up the dog, and placed him under the sofa. While there the Spirit pulled his tail made him squeal, etc. The alphabet was frequently called for, and we were requested to sit close to the table. I looked under the table many times, and saw nothing but the articles before enumerated, and the feet of the party. There was no cloth on the table, and it was not difficult to bring the whole within the field of vision, by a slight inclination of the head. I then requested to be permitted to sit alone with the boys in the middle of the room, and to have the small circular table. All the rest of the party sat back near the wall, while the two mediums and myself were alone at the table. My right hand was placed on the two hands of the elder boy, and my right foot on both his feet, and my left hand and foot held the small boy in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for by raps, and the words "make it dark" were spelled out. Before the windows were closed, the trumpets, violins, accordeon, and bell were placed on top of the small table, and immediately after the windows were closed, and the room became dark; and while I held the hands of the boys—their father being at the extreme end of the room, holding a dark lantern—the trumpet was lifted from the table, and the Spirit spoke through it, telling me to sit close to the table. The Spirit then slapped me on all parts of my body with the bell, violin, and trumpet, and talked plainly through the trumpet, answering my questions in a peculiar voice. He also placed the trumpet to my mouth several times, and once or twice passed the smooth side of it over my profile, like a pentograph, and indeed over my body in every direction. The bell passed rapidly round my body, nearly, but never quite, touching me and ringing all the time.

I then asked the Spirit (John King) to touch me, and immediately I felt a warm cheek, and then a forehead, on my hand. I then asked him to touch my face. He did so by placing his head in my face. The hair was coarse, rigid, and warm, and I could not but suspect that the elder boy had placed his cheek and forehead on my hand; I also suspected him of thrusting the crown of his head in my face, but of this I had no proof; and indeed from what afterwards occurred I was inclined to give up this, my only suspicion of being deceived; for after the introduction of the light, I asked the boy if he could not do these things without imparting any motion to his hands. He said he thought he could, and endeavored to do so, evidently with extreme fairness. I could however, feel a slight motion of his hands, while he was making these endeavors, which motion he evidently tried to avoid making. During all this time, the Spirit spoke occasionally through the trumpet, in answer to questions asked by many individuals, all of whom were seated back against the wall, with the exception of the two boys and myself. My friend who accompanied me from New York, then took my place at the table, and the same facts occurred with him as with me. The trumpet, violins, accordeon and bell then passed rapidly round the room to its full length and width, sometimes near the ceiling, sometimes as low as our heads, the musical instruments all the time being played upon, as if by fingers. These articles passed so rapidly as to render it evident by the wind consequent upon their motion, blowing against our heads, hands, knees, etc. They were continually being tuned, while thus rapidly passing through the atmosphere. Occasionally they would touch each of us gently as they passed round the room; and whether our heads were thrown forward or back, or whether our hands were elevated or placed on our knees, the power moving the instruments seemed to know it, and touched them in their new localities. Several times I held both hands, and the instruments were placed in them—one in each hand. I endeavored to hold fast of them, and sometimes succeeded, the Spirit letting go, and permitting me to hold them, but in an instant I would receive a touch of a hand upon the chin, nose or forehead, and at the same time the instruments would be jerked from my grasp. I continually asked the boys sitting at the center-table, to speak—indeed to keep talking—for I suspected them of being ventriloquists; but while the boys were so speaking, the Spirit voice would be heard speaking near the ceiling at one end of the room, then near the floor at the opposite end of the room, the instruments all the while whirling through the atmosphere, and being played upon. Indeed, in one instance the Spirit-voice occurred in two parts of the room, at the same time, the Spirit calling himself John King, continually calling individuals by name, uttering witticisms, etc. During this sitting we asked the Spirit if he could give us an exhibition of fire-works. Immediately those commenced, and imitations of rockets, chasers, serpents, and other well known varieties, were in rapid motion. Accompanying these was a slight smell of phosphorus, the Spirit saying, in explanation, that the representation was made by the aggregation of phosporus from the atmosphere, the bodies of visitors, etc. On another occasion he gave us this exhibition, at request, without any odor of phosphorus.

Later in the day I had a private sitting with the boys, when Mr. Davenport—the father—left the room, and my friend and myself were locked in with the boys, alone; still we had the same manifestations as with the full circle, the boys, in the meantime, being held by me in the manner before described.

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 13.

In company with my friend, I visited the residence of Mr. Brooks. His daughter, Miss Sarah Brooks, is a medium of most extraordinary powers. We here met a circle of twenty-six visitors, some of whom had never before been at the house of Mr. Brooks. Six of this circle proved to be mediums. A piano was turned with the key-board toward the wall, and under a mantle-shelf, so that it would have been impossible to reach the keys. The cover was slightly raised part of the evening; but during the manifestations the step that held it up slipped, and I heard the cover fall. Upon the door being opened, it was found that the cover was shut, with the exception of a small portion of it immediately over the key-board. The circle sat at the opposite side of the room, with the exception of Miss Brooks, who stood behind the piano, with her right hand placed on the cover, from which position I am confident she did not move during the time the piano was playing; and indeed I am well convinced that she knows nothing of the instrument, and that she is unable, in her normal state, to play upon it at all. From all the inquiry I was enabled to make—which was entirely full and sufficient—I am convinced that Mr. Brooks and his daughter are every way worthy of the fullest confidence. The circle sang four sacred pieces, and the piano played accompaniments by Spirit-influence. No human hand could have touched the keys. After this the piano played alone, without the voices, and with more force than ten grand pianos, with a Leopold de Meyer at each. Indeed, sometimes I could not have halloed loud enough to be heard. The sound, for the first two hours, gave no indication of the keys being touched, but it seemed rather as though a blast of wind, properly directed, was passing through the strings, producing the heaviest, fullest, and most perfect chords I ever heard, the harmonies rolling, rich and intense—more so than those usually produced by a full and efficient orchestra. Two mediums—Miss Sarah Brooks and Miss Cora Scott—commenced singing an *improvision* dialogue or duett, accompanied by a Spirit, called Frederic, on the piano. The keys were now used by the Spirit, and the runs were so consecutive and continuous as to seem like swells, the individual action of the keys only being heard at the end of the runs, in the change of movement. The words of the dialogue were arranged in verses, beautiful in the extreme; their measure was perfect, and the sentiments contained in them were truly good, embracing instruction of the highest order. The quality of the singing was perhaps the greatest curiosity of the evening, for it was evident from Miss Brooks' conversation when in the normal state, that she was suffering from extreme weakness of the lungs, but while singing in this duet, her tones were clear and powerful, and the cadenzas sometimes reminded one of Sontag in her best day. Several times during the evening, the six mediums were simultaneously influenced to sing and speak in Indian; and then in a mixed tongue which was evidently understood by each, as the replies contained words just uttered as parts of questions. Your acquaintance, Mr. Coles, was one of these mediums; and as he had not met with this circle before, it is evident that the part he played, as well as the others, was by influence, and not by any concerted action previously agreed upon. They also sang, heavy accompaniments being played by the Spirits on the piano. They danced grotesquely but gracefully; and for fear of their injuring each other in the dark, Mr. Brooks threw the door open. The piano, although playing up to the instant the light was admitted into the room, I observed stood where it had been placed, with the keys toward the wall, and close against it, with the cover down. On the admission of light, the Spirit-music stopped, and the piano was immediately rolled out, when one of the mediums sat by it, and, under influence, played for the five dancers, all of whom danced more vigorously, and for a longer time than it would have been possible for them to do in the normal state; their after-breathing showing that they were not fatigued. The music during this dancing was all original, and of an entirely different kind from that ordinarily used; the style was more joyous and free in its character. The piano was then restored to its original position against the wall, without the cover being raised. The door was closed, and the playing recommenced with great vigor. All the responses during the evening, and calls for the alphabet, were made by the piano raising and falling on the floor. The circle was asked, by alphabet, to sing, the songs always being named, and the accompaniments played on the piano were able, novel, and impressive. Toward the close of the evening, by request, the Spirits played a well known schottish as I never heard it played before, although the responses were all given by the rising and falling of the piano, even while the playing was going on; and indeed I heard it being tuned while it was being played upon, and even while falling in response, when it shook the whole frame of the house at every blow; still it was tuned during the whole evening, and always while the playing was in progress. When the circle broke up, the instrument was in perfect tune. A clock on the mantle, immediately over the piano, would cease ticking, or resume it, at request of any of the circle. The bell of this clock struck two hundred times at request, and would either ring with its full tone or have its tone stopped at each alternate blow, as might be requested.

On my return to Buffalo, a few days since, I again visited Mr. Brooks, and again heard the exercises before named, repeated. On Sunday evening last [October 28,] Mr. Brooks and his daughter accompanied me to the house of a friend in Buffalo, where they had not before visited, and the same experiments were repeated with the piano there as at his own house. During the evening, a young lady was influenced by a Spirit who left the form eighteen months since; and upon being asked if she would play some of her favorite tunes on the piano, she answered in the affirmative. The lady of my friend was intimate with the Spirit up to the time of her departure, and pronounced the tunes played to be those which her friend had often performed for her while in the form. The night previous [October 27,] I had been at Mr. Brooks' house, and heard the manifestations there. Between each of these three visits, commencing with that of October 13, the ingenuity of doubt had suggested many new points to be observed, but they were all answered in a manner which we can not but admit was satisfactory; and the kindness of all the parties in permitting us to satisfy ourselves with so much care, is entitled to our warmest thanks. But to return to the investigations at Davenport's room, after our former experiments of the 13th of October.

On the morning of Sunday, October 14, we again visited Mr. Davenport, and the following is our memorandum made at the time: No persons present but those selected by myself, who accompanied me. These were two gentlemen who belonged in Buffalo, the friend who accompanied me from New York, and myself. We sat around a large table. Under the table was a bell, a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon and a hat. The room was mildly light. The table was lifted free from the floor while all our hands were upon it. The trumpet was then thrust up two-thirds of its length above the edge of the table, and held there. A chair was then shoved out from the table, and then drawn toward it. The trumpet was thrown up into the air six feet above the table. The chair was upset and shoved from the table. The speaking-trumpet was projected from under the table, caught the chair, and drew it back. The chair was then stood upright along side of the table. The trumpet was thrown upon the table. It was then placed under the table again, and was handed up to my friend. The accordeon was played under the table. All of us were touched by hands of various sizes, by the trumpet, etc. Accordeon and violins sounded, and were then put into my hands. The lower side of the table was knocked very hard, as if by a large mallet in the hands of a very strong man. Bell rang all round the table. The trumpet, surmounted by a hat, stuck up above the table, so that all the hat, and two-thirds of the trumpet were above the table-top. Hat thrown on the table. Trumpet thrown six feet above the table and then fell on it. Whole table lifted free from the floor. Trumpet thrown again by request. A black hand was then thrust up above the edge of the table; then a white hand; then a single mulatto finger, remaining in sight one minute. Violin played; accordeon played; tune drummed. Two Spirits dancing under the table with a loud shuffle—unmistakable. Tremendous rapping on the floor and under side of the table, as if made with a paver's rammer, jarring the building. These the Spirit called "Buffalo knockings." My three friends were requested to get on the table, their joint weight being four hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The table, with them upon it, was lifted entirely free from the floor. One of my friends and myself were then lifted with the table. My knee was then held by a hand, while the hands of all the party were in sight, on top of the table. Accordeon played. Arrangements were then made with Mr. Davenport for us to have a private circle in the evening—the Spirits promising to lift the boys to the ceiling. All the above was performed in a mild light, sufficiently strong to enable us to read coarse print.

Same evening, seven o'clock.—Myself and three friends present. Large table at one end of the room; small table in the middle of the room. At the small table, myself and two boys. Mr. Davenport—father of the boys—at the large table, near the door, holding the dark lantern. Our cloaks, shawls, etc., were thrown on this large table, near the door through which we entered—Mr. Davenport, at that time, being with the boys at the front end of the room—the end farthest from this table. On the small table was the trumpet, violins, bell, accordeon, etc. The hands and feet of the boys were held by me, as on the former occasion. On the sofa, at the opposite end of the room, from the large table, sat my three friends. Room dark. The Spirit spoke through the trumpet, calling me by name, and then said, "All sit back." We then all sat back against the wall, leaving the two boys at the table—all the experiments noted at the last meeting having been repeated while I held their hands. I now requested the boys to repeat the multiplication table that we might hear their voices and know them to be in their seats while the manifestations were going on. A cane commenced whacking on the table, as if handled by a most powerful man. One of my friends cried out, "Don't break my cane!" The Spirit answered, "It is not your cane; it is a Spirit-cane;" and at the same instant my friend's cane was placed in his hand, but the whacking continued. No other cane or stick of any kind was in the room and the owner of this cane, who then held it, was sitting fifteen feet from the table at the time the cane was put in his hand. Just at this time the Spirit called out to me and said, "Are you cold?" at the same time throwing my shawl over my head. Two of my friends, at the same instant, had their shawls thrown over their heads, and the third his great-coat. On the introduction of the light, each proved to have his own shawl or great-coat. My friends were soft hats. They were taken from their heads and returned to them; but on introducing the light, they proved to be wrong side out, with the linings on the outside. One of them contained a pair of gloves, and one of these gloves was also wrong side out. Its owner could not readily turn it back again, but the Spirit took it and returned it in less than a minute, all in order. My hat—a stiff one—was smashed down flat upon my head, the sides being folded like the edge of a bellows, with two handkerchiefs, which had been inside of it, tied about its outside. Immediately on the room being darkened, all the hats and gloves were returned by the Spirits to their proper positions, and placed on the heads of their owners. During much of this time I held the hands and feet of the boys. Indeed it was impossible for them to have any part in what was going on, for when all were seated back against the wall the boys talked aloud, so that we knew they did not leave their chairs. While they were so seated, the violins and other instruments, including the trumpet, were flying about the room with the greatest velocity, and all playing all the time, the Spirit speaking jocosely through the trumpet, sometimes speaking from the ceiling and sometimes near the floor, frequently placing the trumpet suddenly at or near the ear of each of us, and hallooing so loudly as to surprise us. The windage of the instruments flying about the room was often so strong against our heads as to alarm us, for fear of being hit—the violins and trumpet frequently touching us on our heads and elsewhere, and being often placed in our hands. At one time the mouth-piece of the trumpet was placed at my friend's mouth for him to speak through, and the Spirit voice continued for an instant to issue from the the trumpet. While the room was dark, I held two shillings in my hand, and in an undertone, not sufficiently loud to be heard by any other person in the room—indeed, at that time no one being within ten feet of me—I said to the Spirits, "If you will take this from my hand you can have it;" and immediately it was missing. Another Spirit was fumbling at the stove, speaking occasionally, and eventually threw a piece of the stove across the room, which dropped on the floor behind my chair. The Spirit calling himself John King then asked me if I thought he could be in two places at one time. I answered, of course, negatively, and then heard his voice at the ceiling and along side of my ear at one and the same instant. The boys then cried out, "The table is going!" The cover was removed from the dark lantern. The two boys sat facing each other on their chairs, but the small table which had stood between them was upside down on top of the large table at the extreme end of the room. The small table was then restored to its place, and the Spirit said he was going to raise the larger boy to the ceiling. This ceiling is very high—twelve feet or more. The only utensil in the room that could possibly be made use of to reach the ceiling was the table with a chair upon it; and before covering up the dark lantern I placed a chair on the table and requested the tallest boy to stand on it. He did so, and could not then reach the ceiling by two or three feet. The chair was then replaced on the floor, the boys took their seats, the lantern was covered, and the room was made dark. I placed in the hands of the elder boy a pencil, and requested him, if they took him up, to draw a figure-four on the ceiling. In an instant after, we heard the figure being made on the ceiling and the boy fell to the floor. The lantern was uncovered, which enabled us to see that the figure-four was plainly drawn. We then asked the Spirit to take the boy up again with the chair, and to drop the chair in one part of the room and the boy in another. This was done, the chair striking the floor first and the boy afterward. As he struck the floor, the Spirit called, "light," and the lantern was uncovered. As I understood that, on a former occasion you held fast the boy's feet while they were being elevated, this last phenomenon can scarcely be a mystery to yourself.

On my return to Buffalo last week, I again visited the room of Mr. Davenport, and there, in the presence of a larger circle, and with new friends with me to witness the manifestations, who had not been there before, saw all repeated except the lifting of the boy to the ceiling. In addition to the instruments before named, a guitar had been introduced, and this, like the others, sailed about the room, being played upon; and indeed so rapid was its movement, that it would travel from the ceiling at one end of the room, to the floor at the opposite end of the room, during the vibration of a single note. During one of my visits, all the circle—Mr. Davenport included—with the exception only of my friend who accompanied me from New York, left the room, and I held a conversation of twenty minutes or more with the Spirit, John King. He stated in answer to my question as to why the manifestations given were of so grotesque a character, that any other kind of manifestations—particularly those embracing higher mentality—would not convince skeptics that Spirits could communicate; that it was necessary that each should see the class of manifestations shown, to fix his belief; and that afterward those of higher mental order would be adjudged for their true purpose—their teachings—instead of being watched simply as phenomena, with the view of discovering the method of deception. Indeed, all his answers were such as one might anticipate, for they admitted the truth of the doctrines you advocate.

I also attended the meetings at the Conference Room of Spiritualists, and had the pleasure of hearing two or three addresses, spoken under influence, by Miss Cora Scott. These were of a most striking kind, and of the very highest order of talent.

Mr. Davenport informed me that he should visit New York with his sons, in the course of a few weeks, and if the manifestations should prove here as efficient as in Buffalo, his room will be crowded by the thousands of anxious inquirers.

TIME AND SPACE.

In almost every circle where time and space have been involved in questions asked of Spirit-friends, the reply has been that they form no part of the Spiritual element; and this to us—at least to some of us—seems difficult to be understood. The following is my memory of the explanations given by Spirits during various communications. Man recognizes time by the absence or presence of the sun's light, occurring from the earth's revolution. But let man suppose that he could be elevated at noonday, into space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and there remain; and it would forever be noonday. He would have nothing to mark time, or to show that it occured; and if the doctrine of eternity be true, as all admit, then we have no starting point, either in advance, or in the past, from which to divide the intervening moments into sections, so as to recognize time. Indeed the Spirit may be conceived as inert, except at moments of sympathy, as is our Spirit when we sleep. It seems on awaking, that but a moment has past; still, from long observation, we know the fact that we have been asleep for hours; but during that sleep, while the spirit alone is active, sometimes the whole transactions of a life-time will be recounted in a single dream, and that dream often not occupy, of what we call time more than a single quarter of an hour.

Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant, that they must have occupied their space thousands of years before their light reached this earth; and that if they were now removed, it would be thousands of years before we should lose sight of them. These are established astronomical truths; therefore a Spirit viewing this earth from such a distance as would have been required for the travel of light since the time of the deluge, would see it as if now transpiring; or if time and space, instead of holding such account with Spirit as with us, are, from laws which we do not comprehend, entirely obliterated, then all truths are present whenever in sympathy with Spirit observation. May it not be our Spirit viewing the transactions of the past, that we call dreams? May not the coalescence of our Spirit with our form, sometimes find the form in so diseased or imperfect a condition that objects viewed are distorted, and hence the results of these dreams be departures from exact truths, and only truths to the distorted mind? If one organ of our form, such as the brain, be imperfectly conditioned, so that the coalescence of the Spirit in the form of thought or mind is imperfect, would it not account for distorted dreams? Indeed are not all errors of thought at all times of this character? Can we in our normal state avoid the interference of time and space in forming our reflections? Does not the Spirit sometimes supersede this mind-action, and give us with clearness the images of occurrences during our youth? The form is perishable; therefore, to it, time is one of the elements of existence. The Spirit is imperishable, and hence independent of time, as an element of its existence. The form exists for a time; the Spirit for that space recognized by the form, as all time.

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MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Having noticed in your paper, some account of the manifestations at the room of Mr. Davenport, and at the house of Mr. Brooks, at Buffalo, I have visited that city with the view of testing the truth of the statements which have been published; and I now give you the facts as they occurred during my visit, without comment of my own. I must accredit the manifestations to the source from which they were there said to emanate, being unable to discover any other cause. Mr. Davenport gave me every opportunity to test in such a manner as I might think proper, and Mr. Brooks was kind enough to permit me to attend the private circles in his house, and also to accompany me, with his daughter, to the house of a friend, where they had never visited before, for the purpose of ascertaining if the same manifestations would occur there.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, AT DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

The mediums are two sons of Mr. Davenport, ten and fifteen years of age. The room is twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and contains two tables, one of oval form, seven feet long, and five feet wide; the other, a circular table, four feet three inches in diameter; also a sofa, two or three benches, and some chairs. I was accompanied by three friends whom I had selected to assist me in the investigation, one of whom went on from New York, the other being a resident of Buffalo. They were equally anxious with myself to ascertain if the published reports relative to these mediums were true. We were seated around the large table which stood in the middle of the room, the two mediums being placed apart—one sitting next myself, and the other between two of my friends; room light, all windows except one being closed, and that ajar, so that coarse print might have been read. Under the table, on the floor, was a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon, and a bell. Immediately, on our being seated, the rappings commenced. These were very loud indeed—as loud as could be made if the table had been rapped upon with a heavy piece of wood. The sounds seemed to be made sometimes on top of the table, sometimes on the under side of its top, and sometimes on the floor beneath. The table was lifted entirely free from the floor, while all the hands of the mediums and party were on the top of it. Each member of the party was touched, as if by a Spirit-hand—sometimes a large hand, and sometimes a small one. The violins and accordeon were continually being played upon, and the bell often rung, passing all round the table and touching the feet and legs of the party. The instruments were handed up and placed in our hands when held beneath the table, and then were taken away again, apparently by the Spirits. The feet of the mediums were always so positioned as to be controlled by those who sat along side of them. The Spirit then asked by alphabet, for the dog. Mr. Davenport said he had let him out an hour before, and that he had gone home. This the Spirit stoutly denied, and said he was below. The younger boy then acknowledged that he met the dog below, and had tied him in the store. Mr. Davenport then went down, brought up the dog, and placed him under the sofa. While there the Spirit pulled his tail made him squeal, etc. The alphabet was frequently called for, and we were requested to sit close to the table. I looked under the table many times, and saw nothing but the articles before enumerated, and the feet of the party. There was no cloth on the table, and it was not difficult to bring the whole within the field of vision, by a slight inclination of the head. I then requested to be permitted to sit alone with the boys in the middle of the room, and to have the small circular table. All the rest of the party sat back near the wall, while the two mediums and myself were alone at the table. My right hand was placed on the two hands of the elder boy, and my right foot on both his feet, and my left hand and foot held the small boy in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for by raps, and the words "make it dark" were spelled out. Before the windows were closed, the trumpets, violins, accordeon, and bell were placed on top of the small table, and immediately after the windows were closed, and the room became dark; and while I held the hands of the boys—their father being at the extreme end of the room, holding a dark lantern—the trumpet was lifted from the table, and the Spirit spoke through it, telling me to sit close to the table. The Spirit then slapped me on all parts of my body with the bell, violin, and trumpet, and talked plainly through the trumpet, answering my questions in a peculiar voice. He also placed the trumpet to my mouth several times, and once or twice passed the smooth side of it over my profile, like a pentograph, and indeed over my body in every direction. The bell passed rapidly round my body, nearly, but never quite, touching it, and ringing all the time.

I then asked the Spirit (John King) to touch me, and immediately I felt a warm cheek, and then a forehead, on my hand. I then asked him to touch my face. He did so by placing his head in my face. The hair was coarse, rigid, and warm, and I could not but suspect that the elder boy had placed his cheek and forehead on my hand; I also suspected him of thrusting the crown of his head in my face, but of this I had no proof; and indeed, from what afterwards occurred I was inclined to give up this, my only suspicion of being deceived; for after the introduction of the light, I asked the boy if he could not do these things without imparting any motion to his hands. He said he thought he could, and endeavored to do so, evidently with extreme fairness. I could however, feel a slight motion of his hands, while he was making these endeavors, which motion he evidently tried to avoid making. During all this time, the Spirit spoke occasionally through the trumpet, in answer to questions asked by many individuals, all of whom were seated back against the wall, with the exception of the two boys and myself. My friend who accompanied me from New York, then took my place at the table, and the same facts occurred with him as with me. The trumpet, violins, accordeon and bell then passed rapidly round the room to its full length and width, sometimes near the ceiling, sometimes as low as our heads, the musical instruments all the time being played upon, as if by fingers. These articles passed so rapidly as to render it evident by the wind consequent upon their motion, blowing against our heads, hands, knees, etc. They were continually being tuned, while thus rapidly passing through the atmosphere. Occasionally they would touch each of us gently as they passed round the room; and whether our heads were thrown forward or back, or whether our hands were elevated or placed on our knees, the power moving the instruments seemed to know it, and touched them in their new localities. Several times I held both hands, and the instruments were placed in them—one in each hand. I endeavored to hold fast of them, and sometimes succeeded, the Spirit letting go, and permitting me to hold them, but in an instant I would receive a touch of a hand upon the chin, nose or forehead, and at the same time the instruments would be jerked from my grasp. I continually asked the boys sitting at the center-table, to speak—indeed to keep talking—for I suspected them of being ventriloquists; but while the boys were so speaking, the Spirit voice would be heard speaking near the ceiling at one end of the room, then near the floor at the opposite end of the room, the instruments all the while whirling through the atmosphere, and being played upon. Indeed, in one instance the Spirit-voice occurred in two parts of the room, at the same time, the Spirit calling himself John King, continually calling individuals by name, uttering witticisms, etc. During this sitting we asked the Spirit if he could give us an exhibition of fire-works. Immediately these commenced, and imitations of rockets, chasers, serpents, and other well known varieties, were in rapid motion. Accompanying these was a slight smell of phosphorus, the Spirit saying, in explanation, that the representation was made by the aggregation of phosporus from the atmosphere, the bodies of visitors, etc. On another occasion he gave us this exhibition, at request, without any odor of phosphorus.

Later in the day I had a private sitting with the boys, when Mr. Davenport—the father—left the room, and my friend and myself were locked in with the boys, alone; still we had the same manifestations as with the full circle, the boys, in the meantime, being held by me in the manner before described.

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 13.

In company with my friend, I visited the residence of Mr. Brooks. His daughter, Miss Sarah Brooks, is a medium of most extraordinary powers. We here met a circle of twenty-six visitors, some of whom had never before been at the house of Mr. Brooks. Six of this circle proved to be mediums. A piano was turned with the key-board toward the wall, and under a mantle-shelf, so that it would have been impossible to reach the keys. The cover was slightly raised part of the evening; but during the manifestations the stop that held it up slipped, and I heard the cover fall. Upon the door being opened, it was found that the cover was shut, with the exception of a small portion of it immediately over the key-board. The circle sat at the opposite side of the room, with the exception of Miss Brooks, who stood behind the piano, with her right hand placed on the cover, from which position I am confident she did not move during the time the piano was playing; and indeed I am well convinced that she knows nothing of the instrument, and that she is unable, in her normal state, to play upon it at all. From all the inquiry I was enabled to make—which was entirely full and sufficient—I am convinced that Mr. Brooks and his daughter are every way worthy of the fullest confidence. The circle sang four sacred pieces, and the piano played accompaniments by Spirit-influence. No human hand could have touched the keys. After this the piano played alone, without the voices, and with more force than ten grand pianos, with a Leopold de Meyer at each. Indeed, sometimes I could not have halloed loud enough to be heard. The sound, for the first two hours, gave no indication of the keys being touched, but it seemed rather as though a blast of wind, properly directed, was passing through the strings, producing the heaviest, fullest, and most perfect chords I ever heard, the harmonies rolling, rich and intense—more so than those usually produced by a full and efficient orchestra. Two mediums—Miss Sarah Brooks and Miss Cora Scott—commenced singing an *improvision* dialogue or duett, accompanied by a Spirit, called Frederic, on the piano. The keys were now used by the Spirit, and the runs were so consecutive and continuous as to seem like swells, the individual action of the keys only being heard at the end of the runs, in the change of movement. The words of the dialogue were arranged in verses, beautiful in the extreme; their measure was perfect, and the sentiments contained in them were truly good, embracing instruction of the highest order. The quality of the singing was perhaps the greatest curiosity of the evening, for it was evident from Miss Brooks' conversation when in the normal state, that she was suffering from extreme weakness of the lungs, but while singing in this duet, her tones were clear and powerful, and the cadenzas sometimes reminded one of Sontag in her best day. Several times during the evening, the six mediums were simultaneously influenced to sing and speak in Indian; and then in a mixed tongue which was evidently understood by each, as the replies contained words just uttered as parts of questions. Your acquaintance, Mr. Coles, was one of these mediums; and as he had not met with this circle before, it is evident that the part he played, as well as the others, was by influence, and not by any concerted action previously agreed upon. They also sang, heavy accompaniments being played by the Spirits on the piano. They danced grotesquely but gracefully; and for fear of their injuring each other in the dark, Mr. Brooks threw the door open. The piano, although playing up to the instant the light was admitted into the room, I observed stood where it had been placed, with the keys toward the wall, and close against it, with the cover down. On the admission of light, the Spirit-music stopped, and the piano was immediately rolled out, when one of the mediums sat by it, and, under influence, played for the five dancers, all of whom danced more vigorously, and for a longer time than it would have been possible for them to do in the normal state; their after-breathing showing that they were not fatigued. The music during this dancing was all original, and of an entirely different kind from that ordinarily used; the style was more joyous and free in its character. The piano was then restored to its original position against the wall, without the cover being raised. The door was closed, and the playing recommenced with great vigor. All the responses during the evening, and calls for the alphabet, were made by the piano raising and falling on the floor. The circle was asked, by alphabet, to sing, the songs always being named, and the accompaniments played on the piano were able, novel, and impressive. Toward the close of the evening, by request, the Spirits played a well known schottish as I never heard it played before, although the responses were all given by the rising and falling of the piano, even while the playing was going on; and indeed I heard it being tuned while it was being played upon, and even while falling in response, when it shook the whole frame of the house at every blow; still it was tuned during the whole evening, and always while the playing was in progress. When the circle broke up, the instrument was in perfect tune. A clock on the mantle, immediately over the piano, would cease ticking, or resume it, at request of any of the circle. The bell of this clock struck two hundred times at request, and would either ring with its full tone or have its tone stopped at each alternate blow, as might be requested.

On my return to Buffalo, a few days since, I again visited Mr. Brooks, and again heard the exercises before named, repeated. On Sunday evening last [October 28,] Mr. Brooks and his daughter accompanied me to the house of a friend in Buffalo, where they had not before visited, and the same experiments were repeated with the piano there as at his own house. During the evening, a young lady was influenced by a Spirit who left the form eighteen months since; and upon being asked if she would play some of her favorite tunes on the piano, she answered in the affirmative. The lady of my friend was intimate with the Spirit up to the time of her departure, and pronounced the tunes played to be those which her friend had often performed for her while in the form. The night previous [October 27,] I had been at Mr. Brooks' house, and heard the manifestations there. Between each of these three visits, commencing with that of October 13, the ingenuity of doubt had suggested many new points to be observed, but they were all answered in a manner which we can not but admit was satisfactory; and the kindness of all the parties in permitting us to satisfy ourselves with so much care, is entitled to our warmest thanks. But to return to the investigations at Davenport's room, after our former experiments of the 13th of October.

On the morning of Sunday, October 14, we again visited Mr. Davenport, and the following is our memorandum made at the time: No persons present but those selected by myself, who accompanied me. These were two gentlemen who belonged in Buffalo, the friend who accompanied me from New York, and myself. We sat around a large table. Under the table was a bell, a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon and a hat. The room was mildly light. The table was lifted free from the floor while all our hands were upon it. The trumpet was then thrust up two-thirds of its length above the edge of the table, and held there. A chair was then shoved out from the table, and then drawn toward it. The trumpet was thrown up into the air six feet above the table. The chair was upset and shoved from the table. The speaking-trumpet was projected from under the table, caught the chair, and drew it back. The chair was then stood upright along side of the table. The trumpet was thrown upon the table. It was then placed under the table again, and was handed up to my friend. The accordeon was played under the table. All of us were touched by hands of various sizes, by the trumpet, etc. Accordeon and violins sounded, and were then put into my hands. The lower side of the table was knocked very hard, as if by a large mallet in the hands of a very strong man. Bell rang all round the table. The trumpet, surmounted by a hat, stuck up above the table, so that all the hat, and two-thirds of the trumpet were above the table-top. Hat thrown on the table. Trumpet thrown six feet above the table and then fell on it. Whole table lifted free from the floor. Trumpet thrown again by request. A black hand was then thrust up above the edge of the table; then a white hand; then a single mulatto finger, remaining in sight one minute. Violin played; accordeon played; tune drummed. Two Spirits dancing under the table with a loud shuffle—unmistakable. Tremendous rapping on the floor and under side of the table, as if made with a paver's rammer, jarring the building. These the Spirit called "Buffalo knockings." My three friends were requested to get on the table, their joint weight being four hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The table, with them upon it, was lifted entirely free from the floor. One of my friends and myself were then lifted with the table. My knee was then held by a hand, while the hands of all the party were in sight, on top of the table. Accordeon played. Arrangements were then made with Mr. Davenport for us to have a private circle in the evening—the Spirits promising to lift the boys to the ceiling. All the above was performed in a mild light, sufficiently strong to enable us to read coarse print.

Same evening, seven o'clock.—Myself and three friends present. Large table at one end of the room; small table in the middle of the room. At the small table, myself and two boys. Mr. Davenport—father of the boys—at the large table, near the door, holding the dark lantern. Our cloaks, shawls, etc., were thrown on this large table, near the door through which we entered—Mr. Davenport, at that time, being with the boys at the front end of the room—the end farthest from this table. On the small table was the trumpet, violins, bell, accordeon, etc. The hands and feet of the boys were held by me, as on the former occasion. On the sofa, at the opposite end of the room, from the large table, sat my three friends. Room dark. The Spirit spoke through the trumpet, calling me by name, and then said, "All sit back." We then all sat back against the wall, leaving the two boys at the table—all the experiments noted at the last meeting having been repeated while I held their hands. I now requested the boys to repeat the multiplication table that we might hear their voices and know them to be in their seats while the manifestations were going on. A cane commenced whacking on the table, as if handled by a most powerful man. One of my friends cried out, "Don't break my cane!" The Spirit answered, "It is not your cane; it is a Spirit-cane;" and at the same instant my friend's cane was placed in his hand, but the whacking continued. No other cane or stick of any kind was in the room and the owner of this cane, who then held it, was sitting fifteen feet from the table at the time the cane was put in his hand. Just at this time the Spirit called out to me and said, "Are you cold?" at the same time throwing my shawl over my head. Two of my friends, at the same instant, had their shawls thrown over their heads, and the third his great-coat. On the introduction of the light, each proved to have his own shawl or great-coat. My friends wore soft hats. They were taken from their heads and returned to them; but on introducing the light, they proved to be wrong side out, with the linings on the outside. One of them contained a pair of gloves, and one of these gloves was also wrong side out. Its owner could not readily turn it back again, but the Spirit took it and returned it in less than a minute, all in order. My hat—a stiff one—was smashed down flat upon my head, the sides being folded like the edge of a bellows, with two handkerchiefs, which had been inside of it, tied about its outside. Immediately on the room being darkened, all the hats and gloves were returned by the Spirits to their proper positions, and placed on the heads of their owners. During much of this time I held the hands and feet of the boys. Indeed it was impossible for them to have any part in what was going on, for when all were seated back against the wall the boys talked aloud, so that we knew they did not leave their chairs. While they were so seated, the violins and other instruments, including the trumpet, were flying about the room with the greatest velocity, and all playing all the time, the Spirit speaking jocosely through the trumpet, sometimes speaking from the ceiling and sometimes near the floor, frequently placing the trumpet suddenly at or near the ear of each of us, and hallooing so loudly as to surprise us. The windage of the instruments flying about the room was often so strong against our heads as to alarm us, for fear of being hit—the violins and trumpet frequently touching us on our heads and elsewhere, and being often placed in our hands. At one time the mouth-piece of the trumpet was placed at my friend's mouth for him to speak through, and the Spirit voice continued for an instant to issue from the the trumpet. While the room was dark, I held two shillings in my hand, and in an undertone, not sufficiently loud to be heard by any other person in the room—indeed, at that time no one being within ten feet of me—I said to the Spirits, "If you will take this from my hand you can have it;" and immediately it was missing. Another Spirit was fumbling at the stove, speaking occasionally, and eventually threw a piece of the stove across the room, which dropped on the floor behind my chair. The Spirit calling himself John King then asked me if I thought he could be in two places at one time. I answered, of course, negatively, and then heard his voice at the ceiling and along side of my ear at one and the same instant. The boys then cried out, "The table is going!" The cover was removed from the dark lantern. The two boys sat facing each other on their chairs, but the small table which had stood between them was upside down on top of the large table at the extreme end of the room. The small table was then restored to its place, and the Spirit said he was going to raise the larger boy to the ceiling. This ceiling is very high—twelve feet or more. The only utensil in the room that could possibly be made use of to reach the ceiling was the table with a chair upon it; and before covering up the dark lantern I placed a chair on the table and requested the tallest boy to stand on it. He did so, and could not then reach the ceiling by two or three feet. The chair was then replaced on the floor, the boys took their seats, the lantern was covered, and the room was made dark. I placed in the hands of the elder boy a pencil, and requested him, if they took him up, to draw a figure-four on the ceiling. In an instant after, we heard the figure being made on the ceiling and the boy fell to the floor. The lantern was uncovered, which enabled us to see that the figure-four was plainly drawn. We then asked the Spirit to take the boy up again with the chair, and to drop the chair in one part of the room and the boy in another. This was done, the chair striking the floor first and the boy afterward. As he struck the floor, the Spirit called, "light," and the lantern was uncovered. As I understood that, on a former occasion you held fast the boy's feet while they were being elevated, this last phenomenon can scarcely be a curiosity to yourself.

On my return to Buffalo last week, I again visited the room of Mr. Davenport, and there, in the presence of a larger circle, and with new friends with me to witness the manifestations, who had not been there before, saw all repeated except the lifting of the boy to the ceiling. In addition to the instruments before named, a guitar had been introduced, and this, like the others, sailed about the room, being played upon; and indeed so rapid was its movement, that it would travel from the ceiling at one end of the room, to the floor at the opposite end of the room, during the vibration of a single note. During one of my visits, all the circle—Mr. Davenport included—with the exception only of my friend who accompanied me from New York, left the room, and I held a conversation of twenty minutes or more with the Spirit, John King. He stated in answer to my question as to why the manifestations given were of so grotesque a character, that any other kind of manifestations—particularly those embracing higher mentality—would not convince skeptics that Spirits could communicate; that it was necessary that each should see the class of manifestations shown, to fix his belief; and that afterward those of higher mental order would be adjudged for their true purpose—their teachings—instead of being watched simply as phenomena, with the view of discovering the method of deception. Indeed, all his answers were such as one might anticipate, for they admitted the truth of the doctrines you advocate.

I also attended the meetings at the Conference Room of Spiritualists, and had the pleasure of hearing two or three addresses, spoken under influence, by Miss Cora Scott. These were of a most striking kind, and of the very highest order of talent.

Mr. Davenport informed me that he should visit New York with his sons, in the course of a few weeks, and if the manifestations should prove here as efficient as in Buffalo, his room will be crowded by the thousands of anxious inquirers.

TIME AND SPACE.

In almost every circle where time and space have been involved in questions asked of Spirit-friends, the reply has been that they form no part of the Spiritual element; and this to us—at least to some of us—seems difficult to be understood. The following is my memory of the explanations given by Spirits during various communications. Man recognizes time by the absence or presence of the sun's light, occurring from the earth's revolution. But let man suppose that he could be elevated at noonday, into space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and there remain; and it would forever be noonday. He would have nothing to mark time, or to show that it occured; and if the doctrine of eternity be true, as all admit, then we have no starting point, either in advance, or in the past, from which to divide the intervening moments into *sections*, so as to recognize time. Indeed the Spirit may be conceived as inert, except at moments of sympathy, as is our Spirit when we sleep. It seems on awaking, that but a moment has past; still, from long observation, we know the fact that we have been asleep for hours; but during that sleep, while the spirit alone is active, sometimes the whole transactions of a life-time will be recounted in a single dream, and that dream often not occupy, of what we call time more than a single quarter of an hour.

Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant, that they must have occupied their space thousands of years before their light reached this earth; and that if they were now removed, it would be thousands of years before we should lose sight of them. These are established astronomical truths; therefore a Spirit viewing this earth from such a distance as would have been required for the travel of light since the time of the deluge, would see it as if now transpiring; or if time and space, instead of holding such account with Spirit as with us, are, from laws which we do not comprehend, entirely obliterated, then all truths are present whenever in sympathy with Spirit observation. May it not be our Spirit viewing the transactions of the past, that we call dreams? May not the coalescence of our Spirit with our form, sometimes find the form in so diseased or imperfect a condition that objects viewed are distorted, and hence the results of these dreams be departures from exact truths, and only truths to the distorted mind? If one organ of our form, such as the brain, be imperfectly conditioned, so that the coalescence of the Spirit in the form of thought or mind is imperfect, would it not account for distorted dreams? Indeed are not all errors of thought at all times of this character? Can we in our normal state avoid the interference of time and space in forming our reflections? Does not the Spirit sometimes supersede this mind-action, and give us with clearness the images of occurrences during our youth? The form is perishable; therefore, to it, time is one of the elements of existence. The Spirit is imperishable, and hence independent of time, as an element of its existence. The form exists for a time; the Spirit for that space recognized by the form, as all time.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855

MAHAN'S MODERN MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECAPITULATION.—CONCLUSION.

In bringing this Review to a close, it is thought that a brief recapitulation may assist the reader's memory, and thus enable the mind to comprehend in one view the ground we have occupied. In this chapter, however, we shall not refer to the specific points discussed, but merely to the general ideas and prominent phases of the subject.

CHAPTER I—II. After referring, by way of introduction, to the egotism and weakness of the opposition generally, and to the arrogance and sophistry of our author in particular, we proceeded, in the second chapter, to consider the implied charge that the modern media for Spiritual Intercourse are all *impostors*. The essential elements of what constitutes imposture, and the general characteristics of the media were briefly designated and defined. From this examination and comparison it did not appear that the latter were characterized by the attributes of the former; but rather that our genuine Spirit-media are as sincere and truthful as any other class of citizens—not even excepting the very fairest opposers of the New Reformation. In the first part of Prof. Mahan's book, Mr. Davis and his "Nature's Divine Revelations" are unfairly and rudely assailed; hence, in the corresponding portion of our Review, *particular reference* was made to the early life and extraordinary powers of Mr. Davis; and also to the intrinsic character and spirit of the Revelations. By a dispassionate appeal to actual facts the charge of imposture was refuted, and the obvious injustice of its author fairly exposed. Moreover, it was observed that nothing is done to overthrow Spiritualism by trying to prove that Mr. D. or some other man is *not perfect*, and that the revelations of Spirit-media contain *errors*, since Spiritualists do not believe that there *are* any infallible men or revelations. Will our clerical friends, therefore, please to save themselves any further labors in this direction? We certainly have no idea that the *absolute truth* can be embodied in human language; much less do we imagine that the best part of it has already been stereotyped and sold for two dollars.

CHAPTER III.—In the Third Chapter we took up, successively, six of the author's propositions, relating to questions of fundamental importance in the present controversy between Spiritualists and their opposers. These were in substance as follows:—1. It is the purpose of Spiritualists to *substitute* the modern for the ancient revelations; 2. The Bible is a perfect revelation; 3. The canonical Scriptures all emanated in an especial manner, from the Infinite Spirit; 4. The peculiar mission of the Spirits is to supplant the Bible; 5. The modern revelations are not adapted to the necessities of humanity in any possible sense; 6. We have not the least evidence that the current manifestations sustain any relation whatever to the Spirit-world. On these points the author's assumptions were severally examined, compared with the real facts, and proved to be groundless inventions, without so much as a respectable appearance to recommend them to favor.

CHAPTER IV.—President Mahan's "test principles," comprehended in five separate propositions, were reviewed in our Fourth Chapter. The author of the propositions declares that they are "universally recognized as self-evident;" on the contrary, the present writer undertook to prove that they are all indefinite, ambiguous, and false. It now remains for the candid reader to decide whether the truth or the error of the propositions referred to, is most conspicuous.

CHAPTER V.—A brief historical account of the discoveries in Animal Magnetism and Animal Electricty, from the time of Mesmer, Galvani, and Volta coupled our attention in the Fifth Chapter. Respecting the nature of the magnetic phenomena it clearly appeared, from the results obtained by Dr. Esdaile and in a greater or less degree by all other experimenters, that *sensation* may be controlled, increased, diminished, and even wholly suspended by the magnetizer; also that clear sight and the perception of spiritual beings are among the incidental developments of the magnetic sleep. The observations of Cahagnet and the experiments of Baron Von Reichenbach were noticed in this connection, and the Chapter concluded with a brief analysis and suggestions respecting the nature and import of the essential facts. It was the chief object, in this part of our work to ascertain whether the scientific discoveries in these departments afford any warrant for the assumption that the Spiritual Manifestations proceed from Animal Electricity, Vital Magnetism, or the Odic Force.

CHAPTER VI.—In this part of our Review it was shown that the agents referred to in Chapter Five had never been known to produce any of the more extraordinary results which are now ascribed to the presence and powers of departed Spirits. The essential laws and phenomenal manifestations of those material agents were briefly considered; the facts in Spiritualism were observed to violate those laws, and to immeasurably transcend the capabilities of mere physical forces and the powers of the human mind in its earthly relations. Respecting the Odic Force it was made to appear, as well from the explict testimony of Baron Von Reichenbach himself as from the intrinsic nature of the phenomena, that *we have no positive knowledge of the existence of any such agent*; and that all the facts observed by the Baron may ultimately be ascertained to result from various mental and material combinations, and the modified electro-magnetic states and relations of the system. Upon the presumption that Odyle is *a distinct agent* in Nature, it was proved, rather clearer than ordinary daylight, that the phenomena ascribed to it transcend its utmost capacity, by a degree that admits of no comparison.

CHAPTER VII.—With a view to a still plainer exhibition of the material and infidel tendencies of Prof. Mahan's book we next proceeded—Chapter Seven—to apply his "test principles," and his principal agent, to the mysterious phenomena of the Jewish and Christian Revelations. From this experiment it was made manifest, either that the spiritual claims of that book are a stupendous fiction, or that the author may be one of the "blind guides." Indeed it must be sufficiently obvious to every person of ordinary discernment, that Prof. Mahan virtually destroys the foundations of his own theology, at the same time he strikes with inconsiderate and reckless haste—under the influence of a blind, misguided zeal—at the revelations of all ages and nations, including Christianity, which is thus "crucified afresh and put to an open shame" in the very presence and the home of its professed disciples.

It was not without considerable hesitation and strong feelings of reluctance—from a growing distaste for this kind of labor—that we commenced our strictures on the President's book. But having undertaken the labor of the Review, the writer has not felt at liberty to diminish the force of what he had to say by that merited love of excessive gentleness which has sometimes made stronger minds feeble in their most labored efforts. It has been our earnest desire to honor the truth and to be just to the author. But our purpose is accomplished. It was the writer's object, as previously intimated, to show that President Mahan's fundamental principles and positions are *unsuitable and false*, and that his *chief agent is unreal or impotent*. If all this is made manifest, it is enough; his particular facts, specific statements, and special pleading in "petty causes," may pass for what they are worth. The author's principal securities having failed, his small notes must of course be taken at a heavy discount, and indeed if taken at all will need to be indorsed this side of the state of Ohio.

In the concluding portion of his book the author reviews Swedenborg and discusses, at considerable length, the claims of the Bible to Divine inspiration and authority. It was never our intention to follow him through the third and fourth parts of his work. So far as their contents are intrinsically opposed to the just claims of a rational and spiritual philosophy, we feel assured that the author's object will not be realized, but that his labors will prove ineffectual. His argument for the Scriptures might have influenced some minds had it not been preceded by the argument against Spiritualism, which is sufficient to neutralize the influence of all that he has ever spoken or written to vindicate the truth of inspiration, whether ancient or modern. It is strange that just at this crisis, when the old Materialism was ready to perish, without so much as the hope of a resurrection to mitigate the severity of the last struggle, our Reverend friend should come to rescue the dying. Yet such is the fact. He summons from silent and unknown retreats, a thousand infidels; all skeptics and doubters and many reckless and profane men, who want no angelic watchers to scrutinize their conduct, come up from their cold, oblivious abodes; he arms them all with new and more formidable weapons, and sends them forth to struggle a new-born faith; to battle against Revelation, and to crush the world's fresh hopes. Will they not contend bravely with such a chief at their head? Not only does he put weapons in the hands of his soldiers and teach them to use the same, but he also strikes the first and the fiercest blow.

I see a broken Altar whereon the fires are partially extinguished. Truth stands at some distance, with veiled and averted face. A long muscular arm is thrust out from beneath the altar; it moves irregularly, and stabs at the fair, innocuous form with a strange abnormal energy. And now, the man whose right arm was used to strike the blow comes forth from under the broken altar; he stands erect, and speaks for the Bible, for inspiration, and for miracles. He reverently uncovers his head when he refers to Moses and the Prophets, and bows obsequiously before the effigies of the Apostles. That man defends Revelation! For some reason I am impressed to say, that such a defense, at this time, and from such a champion, will do as much for Revelation as a coat of varnish would have done to mend the walls of Sevastopol when the bombardment was over—*it will cause the ruins to shine*. The scene changes. The Angel of a new dispensation approaches the broken altar to rekindle the waning fires. The radiant form stands uncovered in the presence of the man whose mission is to defend Revelation. The fair creature is glowing with the beauty of young life, and the freshness of the Spiritual Eden is on her cheek. The man with the long muscular arm looks sternly as he approaches the bright messenger. He strikes down the living form; and while the dust from his sandals stains the polished brow and the sinless bosom, he goes forth to galvanize the dead bodies of his remote ancestors!

HALF INTEREST FOR SALE

OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH & BOOK PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

IT was not the original intention of the undersigned to engage in the publication of Periodicals and Books, with a view to make it a business, but it was simply for the purpose of putting on record (in convenient form for preservation—and dissemination, if the people required it,) facts and communications from Spirits, which demonstrate their existence and intercourse with mortals. The practical carrying out of this purpose was soon found to attain such an important form, in a business point of view, as to require more of my time than I could spare from that attention which other avocations required, as also from charitable enterprises in which I have been for many years engaged.

The TELEGRAPH and spiritual book-publishing business is now permanently established, and constantly widening its business relations, and in the hands of enterprising men it may be carried on to almost any extent, while at the same time it may be made both pleasant and profitable. Believing that there are many whose hearts and heads are devoted to the new dispensation of spiritual gifts, who have time and means, and who may be desirous of embarking in the TELEGRAPH and publishing business, it would give me pleasure to transfer my interest in the above to some one who may appear calculated to be more efficient, and who may do more good to the cause in which we are engaged

Mr. Brittan will retain his interest and position in the business.

Apply to CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Spirits in Hartford, Conn.

THE editor of the *Hartford Times* recently attended a spiritual *séance* in that city, at which Henry Gordon was present as the medium; and of the proceedings on that occasion he gives the following account in his paper:

Mr. Henry Gordon, the well know Spiritual Medium, who has resided in Springfield and Philadelphia, where many wonderful demonstrations have been made in his presence, is now in this city. We have heard of the appearance of "Spiritual hands," turning of tables, raising of his (Gordon's) body in mid air, and other remarkable phenomena in his "circles," but never witnessed any of these things till last evening, when we were invited to a circle at a private residence. About twenty persons were present, some of whom had never seen anything of the kind. During the evening, Mr. Gordon was thrown into what is called "the state"—that is, his body and limbs were made very rigid, when he was suddenly taken from his chair, and placed under the table. It was an extension-table. The center leaf was thrown up, and Mr. Gordon's body, as rigid as a "hay pole," was thrust through the aperture, and swayed around, above the table, sometimes in an upright position, and at others at an angle of 45 deg. He was then carried back to the floor, and raised to his chair—and during all this time he did not apparently move a muscle. The agency that moved him could not be seen. He was then taken up, turned heels over head, and laid half way up a stairway, head down. A dinner bell was picked up, rung, and thrown upon the table, without any human agency. Other demonstrations of a similar character were made. Persons who would like to see such demonstrations for themselves, may have an opportunity, probably, as inducement are offered to Mr. Gordon to remain here for a season.—

A Sign of Progress.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, in his new work on the future state, presents some thoughts on the resurrection from the dead, which are in advance of current opinions on that theme. He says:

"A wound received in childhood bears the scar, although every atom of its flesh has long since been resolved into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The *substance* of the infant and of the man is the same. Is it not, then, the *substantial* body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant dying three days old; does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame be lame also in the resurrection? Or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the *substantial*, and not the *accidental* body. It shall be a spiritual and not a natural body, an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE"

CONTINUED FROM NO. 103.

At this point, the strain of the Lyric touches America, the "Isles of coming days," to which Heaven, when the old world died, wafted out of the ashes of great Europe past, the new developing future. America is beheld as the nourisher of the fair child of Liberty. He, gazing on dead old Europe, cries:

The Old World lieth desolate and dead,
Killed by oppression—give it, God, to me.

His cry is answered. The age of the Earth's transition, on opening from its womb, follows in prospective. The New World unfolds its petals like a rose. An Angel from the East is heard to sing:

I see the vision of the world redeemed—
The dead old Centuries, when Priest and King
Bore rule, have ended, and the race of men,
Humanity itself, revives again.

And here the visionary tells us that

The three bright Seraphim who watched Rousseau,
The Poet and the Dreamer, long ago,
Touch with their lips of flame my dying heart,

And he desires a mountain-seat, high apart, above the world, where he can breathe aloof his inspiration. Then, he'd

Tear the shroud
Of midnight from Humanity, and pour
Oceans of song, that 'gainst Oppression's shore
Should break with massive surges, and out-roll
Their grand harmonic tide from India to the pole.

He would be

Painter, sculptor, harmonist;
Shakspeare with lips by every Angel kissed;
Dante, or Spenser by his Una led;
Or grand Beethoven with his sun-crowned head;
Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo combined;
In heart a woman and a god in mind;
A poet, hero, sage, sweet Nature's child.

We are told that there is a world where the forms of the human dwellers therein are pure and beautiful beyond all mortal knowledge. Thither the visionary's soul was led, and directed by an angel to explore the "bright dominions." All his faculties became expanded. The dome of his

Sphered intellect irradiate shone
As if it were a firmament wherein
All suns, all heavens were beaming, and their hymn
Of wisdom grew articulate.

He heard the voice of every star—soared through infinite realms—knew the secret of all secrets—flew above the universes into space, and there saw the wonders of the great nebulous expanse. And he beheld an ocean "green, ruby, golden," which "contained more unborn worlds than there are souls in heaven." And he saw suns and worlds changed into heavens, wreathed in concentric rings. And a voice taught him that these worlds grow through the operation of spirits.

Through labor, first on earths, and then in heaven,
They have gone up to that supreme degree
That they are Angel-mediums for the seven
Creative Powers of Heaven's Divinity.

Then the visionary is led to another world, reposing far in the Pleiades. There his spirit found glad rest, and a mighty angel discoursed to him of Castor and Pollux, "the great Twin Brethren," whose mighty signs reveal to us our twin-born destinies. And the visionary learns that the world in which he is, is as the Earth shall be, when death and night have passed away. The earth of that world has bloomed into its golden age; childrea are born there "withouten pain;" childhood there is full of God as morning is full of sun; each young soul moves as if he were a star—and they are fed with fruit that drops in clusters from moon-like trees—and bathed in crystal waters. There are no serfs or slaves there—all is equality. In America the like of all this is prospectively seen.

In the great West the glory culminates:
Where flows the Mississippi to its sea
A thousand millioned Nations whom the Fates
The Virtues and the Splendors have made free,
Chant the great hymn of human liberty.

The vision changes, and the visionary tells us

In that pure planet that shines in the distance remote,
called Melodia,
Angels abide who are kin by their love-breathing hearts
to the Seraphim,
There I was led by a beautiful maiden whose name
was Euphrosyne.

And he saw beneath a scarlet pomegranate tree, twelve angels who sat evermore feeding their spirits with sweet love. These spirits were called "Children of the Ray."

Their vision is so exquisitely fine
That they perceive the essences of flowers.

Yet the "Children of the Dawn" are brighter than these. Shelley and Keats, we are told, are inhabitants of Melodia. We are told, also, that they

Were children of one mother;
The same pure love-star ruled their destiny;
In essence they were like to one another,
And one they are in Heaven's bright galaxy.

Melodia rules the destiny of the "Land of Coming Years." America, which is at last to be the consecrated home of poetry, and which is here apostrophised as

The lost Atlantides that lay,
To ancient thought, beyond the waves away;
The New Jerusalem, the ancient Seer
Of Patmos saw, descending white and clear
From highest heaven; the rich and wise Cathay
Columbus sought, faith-guided, on his way.
The Old, the New, the Future and the Past,
Meet and embrace, complete in thee at last.

The vision changes again, and the visionary is sped to the Spirit-pantheon where Rousseau saw "great England's worthies." There stood Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hood—new splendors. The spirit of King Alfred calls Byron to pour forth the music of his song. Byron sings a grand, a mournful song to Venice—glancing at England in his strain—England with her kingly and caste despots, and her serf-sufferers—a terrible picture, imprecation of prophecy, thus closing.

Guelf shall like Tudor and Plantagenet
Be a forgotten name in Windsor's Halls;
The German hounds who suck the public teat
Shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls;
And unctuous deans flee from their burning stalls
While terribly Destruction waves his brand.
Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,
O Aristocracy; when God's right hand,
Thrones Freedom o'er your isles, none shall His might withstand.

Then Coleridge poured forth an Orphic chant—worthy of his fame as the English Plato. Then Shelley sang, and

As he sang the dust
Of star-flakes round him thrilled; the glad air grew
Melodious, and that song of hope and trust
Filled every breast as morn is filled with dew.

Shelley sang of the vices and crimes of England's kings, and priests, and aristocracies, and of the death of Superstition. Then Pollok sang, rejecting Calvinism, declaring fear to be the soul's insanity, describing orderly and disorderly Spiritualism, proclaiming the universal redemption of man, through love, explaining the causes of crime, descanting on the evils of revivalism, and prophesying the end of sectarianism. A noble song is this new song of Pollok's, pleading for kind treatment for the erring, and against state-tyrannies and prophesying of England's future—of England, a Republic in the future. We are told this song of Pollok's is

The death-song of the Past,
The birth song of the Future. It reveals
The real state of Nations.

Here the voice of Keats was heard, in Rome, in the People's Square, near St. Peter's. And he sang bravely of the coming day when the chains of the great nations burthed by angels,

Shall be a pendulous cloud
Where every hero at the Father's nod
In marble effigy shall dwell enshrined;
And wheel forever, by Arch-pontiffs headed,
Triumphant rise and gather the public gaze
The new Augustan Age of Liberty to find.

Liberty for Italy rings through the prophetic verse of Keats. The earth is beheld like a mother, thrilled with swift throes—her coming child shall be inheritor of time, and yet another

Shall follow him and rule eternity.

A Keats toils on how long, cold years killed him in life's fresh April dream—but the cruel end that seems him become a golden sculptor, and he died joyfully the snow-white portals of immortality. And he sang of the Grecian heaven, the religion of Greece, of Greece inspiring America, and of Christ in Parnassus. And he sang, also, beautifully, of how he passed from earth and its woe—

Up to the living from the dead.

An exquisite picture is given of Keats in Paradise:

There his lovely spirit, bowed
On earth like a bent lily in the rain,
Sun-like and kingly, free from every pain,
Thrilled to diviniest music; evermore
Joy made her nest in his deep human's core,
Breeding young poems fed on festive bliss,
And trances in Elen-realms of purest happiness.

And Keats, the gentle and beautiful, tells us:

In my heart I keep
Close-veiled a Lyric Poem, beautiful.
The Angels told me in that jasmine grove,
Because the world cannot as yet receive,
It was a poem of Conjugial Love.

An ancient poet of the Grecian age rehearses to Keats, how

All matter is a medium wherethrough God
Reduplicates and multiplies the worlds;

and how once, in a flight of wonder, he was led into the planet Jupiter, and there saw a young planet budding from the old:

Still joined
And umbrous from an inward light it hung.
Like a translucent amethyst, between
The green orb's emerald and the golden sky.
Held in the planetary atmosphere,
Cradled in all its harmonies, a form
Of aggregating melody, a sea
Of rounded aromatic life, a bud
Of world-existence twinkling on the stem
Of its pure mother-sphere.

And the ancient poet learned that this was the beginning of another world, and that, in years remote, this infant orb would be a virgin earth, peopled with souls, and birds, and flowers, and melody and fragrance. Then the poet sang of "Melodia," a world beyond Urania moving, where a Spirit-angel once found glad repose, and saw

The landscape drowned with fluid gold;
The planet grew impregnate from the sun;
Through all its veins the solar effluence rolled,
And then convergent shaped a seven-fold zone
Of undulating splendors round the globe.
Then from the sun seven mighty Angels rode,
Each bearing in his hand a ruby vase
Wherein the embryos of a seven-fold race
Were shrined; wherever passed that bright procession,
Plants, trees and living things of flood and field
And air came forth in beautiful progression;
And splendors in each living form concealed
Unfolded, and a swift melodious race
Of sylph-like beings filled the realms of space,
And all was vocal as a lover's heart,
Breathing sweet joy to his sweet counterpart.

Then comes a vision of how three armies, with fierce, delirious rage, are battling round Sebastopol:

By night
The bomb-shell and the rocket wildly bright,
By day the devil-throated cannon roar,
And lance and saber drip with human gore;
Whistling, the hail of musketry flies shrill;
The sabered victims cover plain and hill.

And we are told that, were it not for Priests, State Churches, and bloody creeds, mankind would feel how great are the wrongs, needs, woes and suffering of men. We are told, also, how beautiful it is to see mild, quiet Peace, when War hath been led homeward by crowned Victory:

Then Earth, no more defiled
With slaughter, clothes in robes of freshest green
Her matron form; her bounteous breasts untorn
Fill with new milk of love, and sabers keen
Repose, and harvests wave where slaughter-fields have been.

Then we are given a vision of a woman, chained to the topmost cliff of a shaggy rock; she is Humanity, and she drains the cup of desolation, and can not die. She has endured a long eternity already, and she cried

It can not be
Aught than a slave—enslaved Humanity.
And old Evil replies to her,
Woman, by love alone thou art consumed.

But she answered, "No! love to me is joy and peace," and the stars sing from their splendor above,

Love on, love on, Humanity love on,
Through Love, at last, deliverance shall be won.

The woman is finally overborne, and dies—all but her heart; that lives on and will not die, though many terrors smite it. And Freedom, on its Atlantic promontory, though Loyola, and Dominic, and the cowled murderers of the Inquisition sated themselves on its flesh and blood, and twelve fierce terrors pursue it, withstands, like the heart of Humanity, every assault. Choral hymns of victory for uprisen Freedom and Humanity follow; and much more of strange and beautiful, which our space forbids us to further quote. The lyric closes with this brave strain:

If we have uttered words that blanch the check
And terrify weak natures, still 'twas ours
To liberate the Poor, the Blind, the Weak.
Our levin bolts were aimed at Wrong's grim towers,
We strove 'gainst mailed Oppression's haughty powers.
Forgive us if a word, misread, has brought
Pain to a single heart; we call fresh flowers
In paradises of celestial thought
To wreathe each radiant brow from heaven divinely taught.

Lectures in New England.

IN our advertising columns will be found the Card of Rev. J. G. W. Weeks, of Phillipston, Mass., who is now in readiness to answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism in any part of the New England States.

In an earlier stage of his inquiries respecting the spiritual opening, Mr. Weeks was known to our readers as among the contributors to our columns. About a year since, he intimated to us that his progressive views would probably be the means of separating him from his society. This anticipation is now fully realized, with circumstances of a somewhat aggravating character; and our brother in boldly meeting it, has given full proof of a devotion to truth as superior to all considerations of personal applause and gain. Spiritualists in need of lecturers, will do well to give him a call. He speaks mostly from impressions.

Facts and Remarks.

FINDING IN THE AIR.—Several individuals attended lectures, been recorded in our columns, of Henry Gordon being found air by Spirit-agency; but the following remarkable case of the just related to us by Mr. Lewis L. PLATT of 124 Canal-street, Ghent sort, we believe, yet been publicly recorded. Soon after the open ment of Gordon's manifestations, and whilst our informant was was one night, Sabbat as his house, at which Gordon was present with Mr. and Mrs. Platt and one or three other persons, little acquainted with Mr. Gordon's powers in the dark. Gordon was rooms. They complied, and being seated in the dark, Gordon was the presence of Mr. Platt's little daughter, and had he not placed him sit. Mr. and Mrs. P. then took hold of the skirts of Gordon's him riding and dashing several times through the air above the two feet above the floor, and gradually more through the air to the door. As he approached the door, it opened (by what agency is could discriminate) and he left in the light from the other room. Mr. Gordon's body was then floated through the door, through the lighted room, distinctly saw him float through the entry where he descended to the through a further door into the entry where he descended to the bottom, standing as he started in, like an inflated balloon. During the time of the air his head was elevated some two feet above Mr. Platt's through the door, and his head just passed, within the upper rail of the door-frame. and his head just passed, within the upper rail of the door-frame. This Gordon manifestation took place in the winter, and the room being cold, the Spirits took him from his cradle and floated him over the heads of those seated, frequently passing persons to different parts of the room. At length two young ladies sitting at the back part of the room. At length two young ladies sitting at the back part of the room felt him seated in a previously vacant chair by their side. A few words after this, a sound was heard as of something falling upon the table; when the Spirits rapped for a light, and Gordon, in the chair, brought from the opposite side of the room, was found seated at the top of the table with the table cloth thrown over him! It may be added that there was a bright circle of persons seated around the table, so that it was impossible for Gordon to get to and from his without going over the heads of the company.

ANNOUNCED HIS OWN DEATH.—A Quaker gentleman of respectability whom we recently met in Philadelphia, but who resides in the vicinity of the town, related to us the following. Not long since, and a lady in his house, were one night aroused by three raps at the front door, which were so forcibly as to alarm the family. He immediately sprang out of bed and looked out of the front window directly over the door, but saw no one. The same raps were then repeated from the inside of the room, apparently at the door, but saw no one. The room was then lighted brightly, and there were no objects within a considerable distance of the house behind which any person could have concealed himself. If there had been any mortal to do so; but thought he himself, passed all around the house, and looked in every direction for such could suggest the probability that the occurrence was connected with the death of one of our relatives, and he had received no unusual intelligence of our informant; and he had received no unusual intelligence of the kind. He however made a memorandum of the occurrence, with the day and hour, and awaited the result. Not long after this he received a letter from his friend C——, stating that the death of Rebecca C——, a friend of his family, had occurred at Newport, R. I., on that very night, and precisely at the hour and minute when the rapping was heard.

VISION OF A DISTANT OCCURRENCE.—The following was related by a respectable gentleman of the Society of Friends, whom we have met in Philadelphia; and although the gentleman himself objects to having his name appear in the account, we have no hesitation in stating that his entire veracity. A little girl who was at boarding with her mother in the residence of our informant, was one morning diligently engaged at her sewing near the residence of our informant, was one morning diligently engaged at her sewing, when she suddenly stopped, threw back her head, and appeared much alarmed, and commenced weeping. She could study no assurance from her mother, nor her companions, could induce her to resume her work. She continued to weep; and at the request of her mother, who was

New-York Conference.

REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, November 7.

R. PARTRIDGE opened the meeting by reading, from the *London Daily Herald*, a statement made by a clergyman, with reference to the interference in the investigation of spiritual manifestations; which views did not differ materially from that of many investigators on both sides of the Atlantic; and the extract went to show that the communications received at in England, respecting table-tippings, rappings, etc., were substantially the same as those generally received in this country. He then read several paragraphs from the introduction of Prof. Hare's work, which contained the views of the author on a number of important questions connected with Spiritualism; which views were the result of a series of experiments instituted by Prof. Hare. Among the portions read from this new work, was the following:

"I will now mention a set of recent occurrence which completely refutes Dr. Rush's explanation. Being at Cape May, one of my guardian Spirits was with me frequently. On the 3th instant, at one o'clock, A. M., I requested the faithful being in question to go to my friend, Mrs. Conrley, No. 178 North Tenth-street, Philadelphia, and request her before Dr. Conrley to go to the Philadelphia Bank to ascertain at what time it would be due, and that I would sit at the instrument at half-past three o'clock to receive the answer. Accordingly, at that time, my Spirit-friend manifested herself, and gave the result of the inquiry.

"On my return to the city I learned from Mrs. C. that my angelic messenger had interrupted a communication, which was taking place through the spiritoscope in order to communicate my message, and in consequence her husband and brother went to the post and made the inquiry, of which the result was that communicated to me at half-past three o'clock by my Spirit-friend.

"This differed from the impression which I had from memory, and was not, of course, obtained from my mind. And it is evident that the medium could not have known of my message until she was made to receive it.

"But independently of the inability to communicate ideas, not existing in the minds of mortals present which has been so erroneously inferred to exist by Dr. Rush, let this curious physician neglect any conceivable explanation of the phenomena attested by me excepting that founded on the agency of Spirits.

"And independently of any other proof, the fact that one of my guardian Spirits bore a message from me at Cape May to Mrs. C. at Philadelphia, so as to induce her to do just what requested, is evidently of itself, inexplicable under any other view than that a Spirit having volitated.

"Reasonable, I hope that while Spiritualism will give a quietus to Atheism it will be read, agreeably to the facts and reasoning presented by this book, better sustained by evidence, and to answer the great objects of religion, as above stated, vastly better than any other doctrine."

Mr. P. said that during his recent visit to Philadelphia he had an opportunity to converse with Prof. Hare; that he was pleased with the facts he related, and with his mode of demonstrating them; and that he saw the mechanical instruments used by the Professor to satisfy his mind with regard to the origin of the manifestations; and he thought Spiritualists and skeptics would be interested in a lecture by Professor Hare illustrating his experiments and conclusions.

R. HALLOCK related the following: A young man belonging to a family in West Troy, dreamed, some two years since, that he saw his own name written on a black-board, together with a statement that he would die on a particular day during a certain month in the year 1855. The fall he died at precisely the time indicated in that dream.

Either during his sickness, or shortly after his death, his sister was taken ill, when she declared that she should soon die; for her brother had come back and conversed with her, and told her that she must join him in the Spirit-world. She too, died according to her prediction. At the time of her death her mother was lying sick in a room on the first above. In consequence of the low condition of the mother, it was deemed best, by the family, not to communicate to her the fact of her daughter's death. Every precaution was taken to keep her ignorant of it during the day her daughter died. While the process of preparing the body for burial was going on, some one had occasion to go into the mother's room, when the sick woman, turning toward her, said, "You need not take no pains to keep the news of my daughter's death from me. She has informed me of it herself. She came into my room a little while ago, and told me she had died at five o'clock this morning; then she kissed me and went away." It is true that the daughter died at five o'clock; and that the mother disclosed the fact of her death, without having been told of the event by any person in the form. The speaker thought this an interesting fact, which can not be explained unless we admit that the daughter did, as the mother declared, visit her when it was interred; to which fact the speaker could testify, as he saw the corpse in the coffin immediately before it was closed and lowered into the grave. This fact had the effect to convince this friend of the reality of spiritual manifestations.

The speaker had often heard people ask, "What good does Spiritualism do?" In answer to this question he related the following circumstance:

One of the roughest and rudest of men—a man addicted to swearing, drinking, cheating, lying, and almost every other humoral practice—moved into the town of B——. On a certain occasion he attended a circle, when he said he could upset Spiritualism, and that no raps could occur where he was. But the raps were produced, notwithstanding, and on asking the name of a Spirit that expressed, by raps, a desire to communicate with him, "J—— P——,"—the name of his father—was spelled out. He was very much surprised and said no one present could have known that his father was dead. He then asked if the Spirit had anything to communicate to him. The Spirit replied in the affirmative, and then said, "John, leave off drinking rum;" whereupon he began to cry. The next time he came to the circle, after he had sat awhile he began to shake violently; when he said, "I have got the jerks; I can't keep still." It proved that he was a medium, and that the Spirit of his father was influencing him. The effect of Spiritualism, in his case, was to cause him to stop drinking and to leave off swearing, chewing tobacco, lying, etc.; and now he provides for his family, while before he became thus reformed the town was obliged to aid in their support; and his wife now weeps for joy when she reflects upon the almost miraculous change which has been wrought in her husband.

The Healing of the Nations.

The editor of the East Boston *Ledger*, who is liberally disposed toward new ideas, and has the magnanimity to openly express what he thinks, has recently noticed with favor, "The Healing of the Nations." We extract the following passage:

The introduction of Mr. Tallmadge, occupying some 70 pages, will be conceded to be an able exposition and defense of Spiritualism, and to do honor to the author, whatever may be thought of the soundness of this belief. A man who, like Gov. Tallmadge, is willing to peril a high reputation for what he conceives to be truth, must possess qualities of rare excellence.

The production which gives title to the volume, though bearing the name of Charles Linton, is alleged to be from a Spiritual source. It seems to us a remarkable one—superior in every respect to most Spiritual productions. We have found time to look into it only here and there; but have every where found it instructive; nor have we met with a passage unworthy of a high Spiritual origin. Let the authorship be what it may, it is due to our convictions to say that, so far as we have read, it contains pure morality, specious, if not sound, philosophy, and refined Spirituality. As a literary production, also, it is meritorious—clear, ornate, and sometimes striking, both in thought and expression. We commend it to all who feel interested in the subject.

Spirits in Buffalo.

We invite attention to the leading article on our first page this week, relative to the current manifestations in Buffalo. Although that article appears without signature, the author is well known to us, and we can vouch for his strict veracity. He has heretofore appeared in our columns under the *nom de plume* of "Phœnix." The phenomena which he here relates are truly wonderful, and will excite much interest among our readers.

D. D. Home in Italy.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, writing from Florence, under date of October 12, says:

D. D. Home, the Spirit medium, of whom you have heard in the United States, is here, turning English and American heads and tables, and converting skeptics to the belief in a future state, by marvelous manifestations never dreamed of in any rational philosophy. He spends the winter in Italy for the benefit of his health, in company with the son of a wealthy family in England, which has adopted him as a child.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"Ay, they are with us yet,
Albeit we see not all their plumes of light;
And o'er our path by day their watch is set,
And o'er our rest by night."

AT Waterloo, N. Y., October 24, AZALIAH SCHOOLEY left the earth-sphere for his blissful home in the Spirit-world, aged forty-nine years, nine months and twenty-six days. He was truly one of Nature's noblemen, possessed of a remarkably pure, gentle, loving and elevated spirit. Intelligent and self-poised, he was one of the most exemplary men of the age, and was a living monument of virtue and manliness. His highly developed and affectionate nature caused him to deeply sympathize with all those movements calculated to disenthrall and harmonize humanity, and to bring all into communion with the pure and intelligent of higher and brighter spheres. He was formerly a member of the "Society of Friends," but as his soul expanded he dissolved all sectarian shackles, and declared by word and deed his abiding faith in the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

His attention was early called to the phenomena of Spirit-intercourse, and his clear insight and rich experience shed a halo of serene joy over his life, and caused him to meet the change whereby he was ushered into a higher state of existence, in a spirit of peace and rejoicing, which the materialism of the Church and the world can never afford. His left an affectionate family to whom he was greatly devoted, and also a large circle of friends and acquaintances, "who knew him but to love," and who will raise their dimmed eyes to the bow of Hope, and remember that what seems lost on earth is treasured in brighter realms for our present as well as future enjoyment. May we heed his gentle Spirit-voice as it directs us in the path of purity, benevolence and peace. An appreciated friend subjoined the following beautiful lines.

NEWARK, N. J., 1855. P. D. M.

He lives!
O how these thrilling
Words sound through the heart's
Most hidden cell, and cause each
Secret chord to tremble as Nature's
Mournful music breathes "dust to dust."

He lives!
Yes! he liveth still, even as
The memory of his good and virtuous
Deeds live in the hearts of those
Who loved him.
It may be that on earth we'll gaze
No more upon his placid countenance,
No more will listen to his gentle
Teachings, but still in midnight's
Hallowed hour, in solitude, or shady eve,
A still small voice will whisper
That "the loved one sees us,"
That "Death is swallowed up
In victory," and all our
Cherished, mourned for ones,
That fade on earth, still
Live in Heaven.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

A. J. Davis' Twelve Inferential Evidences.

THE fifth lecture of the course will be delivered next Sunday, (Nov. 18) at 3 o'clock, in the Brooklyn Institute. In this discourse Mr. Davis will examine all the arguments advanced by Naturalists and Supernaturalists in favor of Immortality, and show them to be at least merely inferential and conclusive.

At Stuyvesant Institute.

JOEL TIFFANY, Esq., of Ohio, will occupy the desk at the Stuyvesant Institute on Sunday next, morning and evening. Mr. Tiffany has made Spiritualism a subject of careful investigation, and he is said to be an eloquent and forcible speaker.

Lectures in Troy, N. Y.

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., will lecture on Spiritualism in Troy next Sunday, 18th instant, after noon and evening, at the usual place and hours of the meetings holden by Spiritualists.

S. B. Brittan in Philadelphia.

THE Editor of this paper will lecture in the Sansom-street Hall on Sunday next, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

Lecture in Williamsburgh.

S. B. BRITTAN, editor of the TELEGRAPH, will lecture in the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening, the 14th instant.

Things in Troy, N. Y.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE lectured in Troy N. Y., Sunday afternoon and evening, the 11th instant, to intelligent and attentive audiences. There are many whole-souled, zealous friends in Troy, who live up to their professions; and having been privileged to communicate with their Spirit-friends, they feel bound to furnish opportunities to their doubting and desponding neighbors, not only to hear the evidences of immortality and intercourse with Spirits, but to see and converse with their dear ones who have gone before them. C. P.

H. P. Wilson's Removal.

H. P. WILSON, clairvoyant medical medium, and psychometric delineator of character, has removed from Cleveland to Cincinnati, O., where he may be personally consulted, or addressed by letter, by those in need of his professional services. See his card in our adv ertising columns.

Original Communications.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

They're passing from our homes away,
The birds of wandering wing,
And mournful is the parting strain,
The farewell song they sing.
They go, they go, with all the light
And loveliness of Earth,
Which came and sunny hours to bless
The gentle floweret's birth.

No more their tuneful lays will cheer
Our wand'rings through the woods,
Or mingle with the rushing noise
Of sweeping winds or floods.
They're passing from the whisp'ring groves,
They go with Summer's smiles,
And Autumn's fitful breezes sweep
Through all the gloomy aisles.

In greenwood glen and mountain's grot
Their lonely nests they leave,
And silent is the cherished spot,
Their homes beneath the eaves.
The Katydid hath ceased her moan,
The Linnet's note is still,
And from the thicket sings no more
The plaintive Whip-poor-will.

No more the Skylark soars aloft
To meet the early morn,
And where the Cuckoo waked her lay
Resounds the hunter's horn.
What tidings have ye had, ye birds,
Of storms or tempests nigh,
That thus with rapid flight ye seek
A far-off sunny sky?

"We've seen the early Spring-flowers fade,
The forest leaves grow sere,
And watched the many changing hues
That mark the closing year;
We've heard the wail of midnight winds
Sweep mournfully along,
And in each solemn blast that rose
There came a warning song.

"The lisping pines have waked their moan
Upon the distant hills,
And swollen by the recent floods
Loud roar the mountain rills;
The sun through darkly rolling clouds
Shines out in fitful gleams,
And thickly hang the mists of morn
O'er mountains, lakes and streams.

"The spreading oaks and sycamores
Their robes of green have cast,
And mournfully their naked boughs
Bend to the Autumn blast.
No more we hear the pleasant sound
Of bee upon the wing,
No more from garden, grot or bower,
Their honey dews they bring.

"These are the omens we have had,
And we must heed their spell;
Since beauty from the hills hath fled,
We too must go—farewell!"
But stay, ye birds! give answer yet,
Where will ye rest your wings?
And will ye not come back again
With flowers of early Spring?

"Beneath a sunny southern sky
There we will rest our wings,
'Mid pleasant groves and green old woods,
Where the fresh water springs;
Bright blossoms there of every hue
Light up the forest's gloom,
And tall Magnolias wave their boughs,
And rich Catalpas bloom.

"There we may build our quiet nests,
And warble wild and free,
Where clinging mosses meet and twine
Above the Cypress tree;
And there, by stream or laughing fount,
Our nestlings we will rear,
Where, on the Orange-scented breeze,
There comes no voice of fear.

"But when with gentle tread the Spring
Comes smiling o'er the lawn,
And the soft wooing winds of May
Call out the timid fawn;
When the fair flowers have burst their tombs
Then we will spread our wings,
And seek our nests beside thy door—
Oh! we'll come back with Spring."

Then fare ye well, ye wand'ring birds!
Birds of the joyous lay;
The God who guides o'er seas your flight,
Will HE not guide our way?
And when life's storms shall sweep our track,
And shroud in gloom the sky,
Then may we seek the "Better Land,"
Through paths to Him on high. D.

DIALOGUE WITH THE SPIRIT OF BYRON.

DEAR BRITTAN: SOUTHAMPTON, *October*, 1855.

I recently held a conversation through Mr. Hume, medium, with a Spirit, purporting to be Lord Byron, who, during a couple of evenings, gave us a perfect torrent of the most exalted as well as instructive eloquence, for two and a-half hours, all to verse, in which he ran rapidly over the history of *the world* and the downfall of nations, ending in the most earnest exhortation, that we should nerve our arms and strengthen our hearts in defence of the just and true, assuring us in terms the most emphatic, that nothing but rigid adherence to virtue and right could save America from sharing the fate of Greece which, said he,

"Is Greece no more."

I confess that I was completely spell-bound, and when he was through, I so deeply realized that I was in the presence of an intelligence so far my superior that, though I greatly desired to ask a few questions (that he had given me indubitable evidence that he was *able* and I believed willing to answer) I preferred them at first with great deferential hesitation. The following dialogue then ensued:

Are there any persons in the body who on the whole grow worse and worse?

There certainly are.

Do any Spirits grow worse after they have left the body?

Yes, indeed.

What is the condition, after the change, of such Spirits as have pursued a course of sin on earth?

The dishonest man goes to the dishonest man's hell; the drunkard goes to the drunkard's hell; the pirate goes to the pirate's hell.

Will they ever progress into goodness, and, of course, into happiness?

We see no other way but that ultimately everything must tend to God.

But if they are still sinking from their Maker, when will they begin to rise?

We don't know everything, but this we know, that they must sink in darkness and suffering till they feel their need of help. We see bright angels before the throne of God, filling their censers with light, who are destined to carry it to the darkest corners of God's creation. You must remember that though it would fill you with horror to look at the hells, they are only imaginary, having no actuality only in the minds of the subjects. The great current of a man's thoughts is not changed by his leaving the body. If he was dishonest on earth, he is still laying his schemes to entrap and overreach his neighbor who as actually exists in his mind as before he underwent the change. So, too, of the drunkard; he mentally rots in his cups, and among his former associates, as much as when clothed in flesh and blood. The same is true of the pirate; he pursues the doomed crew with the same blood-thirsty eagerness to which, in his earth life he was accustomed, while the gold and silver have the same enchantment upon his mental vision that the actual possession of them had when engaged in their unhallowed pursuit on the high seas. In his dreamy perceptions he is still there, while the sunset, the slaughter, the blood, and the pillage, are as real to *him* as they were in actual life. A very truthful conception of the hells in their various gradations may be obtained from a consideration of your lunatic asylums. The best class of patients are rational upon most subjects, and on the whole may be considered comparatively happy, but as you survey the different apartments, you will find the different degrees of hallucination, degradation, and suffering, to increase, till you reach the "*mad cells*," where the raving Spirit is tearing his hair and smiting the walls, or if restrained is howling in the wildest despair. Well, the same God and the same laws that permit the body and soul thus to suffer on earth, pertain to the Spirit-world. There can be no more injustice in the Great Ruler of the skies in permitting such suffering in the one case, than in the other. Now, as the capacity of the Spirit continues to increase after it leaves the body—as no joys on earth can equal the joys of the advanced Spirit in the heavens—so no suffering of earth equals the suffering of the Spirits in the lower hells. I again repeat, that it would fill you with horror to look at them. The hells are compared to fire and brimstone; because the selfish heart, like a friction match which is made of similar materials, will take fire whenever rigid justice is demanded of it. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," has already kindled a terrific fire in nearly every selfish and tyrannical breast. It is nevertheless a principle of eternal right, that will never bend to any man, while its disregard exposes all to go on from bad to worse till for a time, at least, and often a very long time, the soul is wholly lost in its own delusions. Spirits in the hells are like insane men in the body who mentally pursue some imaginary good, or are followed and distressed by some phantom of evil. All men are insane—are in an incipient hell—who make the present rather than the future life the end and aim of their existence—who seek the riches, the honors, or fame, of this world, instead of that honor that cometh from God only. I will now only add that, dismal and gloomy as are the hells, yet there is hope for the inmates. Charles Gibbs (the noted pirate) has manifested a desire for improvement, and I have undertaken his elevation. He is present, and desires to address you, but fears to possess the medium lest he should injure him; and I will speak for him.

The next day I mentioned to the medium (who of course knew nothing of the above conversation) the name of Gibbs, when he remarked that Gibbs once took possession of him, and that he swore and blasphemed and used him with such violence that the circle sent ously feared that he would have been actually torn in pieces by him.

I now said that I should like to make inquiry upon another subject. It is the testimony of Mr. Davis, of many clairvoyants, and of some Spirits (though contradicted by others) that the lower animals retain their identity in the Spirit-world, and that their spiritual bodies bear the same relation to man's spiritual body, that their earthly bodies bore to his earthly body. Is this so? He replied emphatically. "*It is not so*; the spiritual elements of the lower animals are dissolved and distributed when they die; but as your physical bodies are nourished and sustained by the physical organisms of the lower animals—as your flesh is made up, out of their flesh—so their spiritual essences are absorbed by your spiritual organisms which require a constant supply of nutrition adapted to their wants and wastes, as much as the earthly body. As the *gross organisms of the* vegetable and animal kingdoms furnish your gross bodies with the pabulum of life, so the spiritual essences of the same kingdoms furnish your spiritual bodies with a constant supply equal to their demands, and they are taken up where they are demanded by attractive affinity in the man. Thus," said he, "the man with large combativeness, who is never easy unless in a quarrel, will absorb the spirit of the savage watch-dog; the subtle, cunning, overreaching Jew, (and such are not confined to the descendents of Abraham) will absorb the spirit of the fox, while your medium and all like him who would die rather than quarrel, will absorb the spirit of the lamb."

Yours, ever, J. A. GRISLEY.

MANIFESTATIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 18, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—Having been a constant reader of the TELEGRAPH from its commencement, and being likewise interested in the cause of Spiritualism, I have been pleased to find that its truths are spreading so rapidly, and are being embraced by the intelligence of the land. But while I read of the phenomena occurring elsewhere with gratified feelings, I must confess to some dissatisfaction in consequence of so little being said of the manifestations that are occurring in our fair city; for although I have not personally witnessed the manifestations abroad, yet from what I hear and read, I am led to believe that Philadelphia is as justly celebrated for its manifestations and media, and I may add, its loyalty to the cause, as any other part of our Union. We have here four places of meeting which are open to the public on Sundays, as well as two or three public circles during the week.

The writer of this has, perhaps, had as good an opportunity of witnessing the phenomena as any other, from having been connected with various circles where there were all the varieties of media; and I believe that here, as well as elsewhere, there is nothing so well calculated to overthrow skepticism as the physical manifestations; for the skeptical mind, once convinced that tables are actually moved without contact or deception, and also that raps are produced loud enough to be heard distinctly in reply to questions, is led to reason upon the subject, and can more readily comprehend the so-called higher manifestations.

We have some excellent mediums here for the physical manifestations; but none, I believe, so powerful as Miss M. Frances Maxwell, a young lady of about fifteen years of age, through whom I have seen the most powerful and convincing proofs of action of an invisible and intelligent power. They have been acknowledged by all to be the loudest Spirit-raps they have ever heard. They can, I am satisfied, be heard all over any church in this city. At times they will, through her, drum out tunes upon the table, and keep time with music with the most perfect correctness. They also give various imitations, such as sawing, planing, filing, nailing, etc. I have frequently seen the table raised with one, two, and once with three men standing upon it, when the medium was not touching it.

I have a circle meeting at my house on Saturday evenings, which this young lady and also a trance-medium attends; and the manifestations are wonderful. I have a large table, to which I have attached, upon a board, seven bells. By way of test, the board is hung to the table by two wires, so closely that the slightest effort will ring the bells; yet that board is shaken violently by this unseen power without ringing a single bell. Then again, one and another will be rung without the others moving. But the best test of all is that the board is at times held so tight that it cannot be moved, though I have seen the table pulled by it two feet from the medium.

The manifestations through the trance-medium are also wonderful. I have seen him, while under the influence, go into the cellar and various other parts of (to him) a strange house, and bring various articles, which it would be impossible for him to do in his wakeful state. I have also seen him personate different characters and scenes. He is entirely unconscious of what he has done when he is waked up. But perhaps I am intruding too much upon your patience by the recital of these things. At some other time, with your permission, I may relate more of these wonders, as they are termed. Trusting that I have not intruded too far, I remain

Yours for truth, THOMAS B. WATFORD.

COUNCIL OF NICE AND THE BIBLE, AGAIN.

NEWARK, N. J., *October* 12, 1855.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir—A correspondent, in a late number of your paper, inquires on what authority writers and speakers affirm that the Council of Nice decided what books should be received by the Church as canonical?

I have sometimes read a rather minute statement, to the effect that after the Council wrangled during several days, Constantine burned all their records, and commanded them to be reconciled. Accordingly they patched up a peace, and by way of compromise decided by a majority vote what books should be admitted into the Sacred Canon. I can not at this time find my authority, but think it probable that the writer was led away by common fame; as in my researches I have been led to conclude that there is a doubt hanging over the whole question, although there is a considerable amount of circumstantial evidence in favor of the notions so generally entertained in the community.

Even the date of this Council is unknown. The ancient writers are neither agreed with respect to the time or place in which it was assembled, nor the bishops who presided in it. The Protestant authorities place this Council in A. D. 325 or 327, and the Council of Laodicea A. D. 360. Catholic writers generally place the Council of Laodicea before the Council of Nice; and some affirm that the Laodicean Council settled the question of Inspiration. This much is a fixed fact, that our version was generally received by the different theological writers toward the close of the fourth century, with the exception of Revelations. Origen, a Presbyter of Alexandria, who wrote in 210 A. C., omitted the epistles of James and Jude in his catalogue of inspired books, though he owns them both in other parts of his writings. Eusebius Pamphilius, in 315, has a catalogue the same as the modern one. He says the Epistles of James, Jude, the 2d of Peter, the 2d and 3d of John, though they were generally received, yet had been by some doubted. Some, he says, received the Revelation, while others rejected it. The catalogue of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, is the same as ours; he wrote A. D. 315. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, A. D. 340; the Council of Laodicea, A. D. 364, and Gregory, Bishop of Constantinople, A. D. 375, omit the Revelation. Philastrius, Bishop of Brixia (380) and Jerome (392) seem to speak dubiously of Hebrews. Rufin, Presbyter of Aquileginus (390), Austin Bishop of Hippo (395), Dionysius the Areopagite (390), and the forty-four bishops assembled in the third Council of Carthage (397) received the canon, the same as handed down to us.

Thus we find the Bishops and Councils during the fourth century, gradually adopting the present version. The Council of Laodicea is supposed first to have given a catalogue of the books contained in the New Testament, not including the Revelation. The third Council of Carthage, A. D. 397, (present Antolius, Bishop of Carthage; Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, and forty-two other Bishops) ordained in the forty-seventh Canon, "that nothing besides the canonical Scriptures be read in the Church, under the name of divine Scriptures." All these, contained and arranged as in our present Old and New Testaments, are in this canon enumerated as being canonical. If, as some writers assert, the Council of Nice succeeded the Council of Laodicea, then the canon of the Council of Carthage on this subject would seem to infer that the list of inspired books had been settled by a preceding Council; and whereas the Council of Laodicea had rejected the Revelations, therefore if any Council had settled it as at present received, that Council must have been the Council of Nice. This, however, amounts to not much, if any more than conjecture. But an assertion of Pappus in his "Synodicon," (rather fabulous, certainly, but about as reliable as most of the ancient theological writings) has, no doubt, had much weight in deciding a question about which so little is known, viz., that the Council of Nice, having promiscuously put all the books under the communion table in a church, they besought the Lord that the *inspired* records might get upon the table, while the spurious ones remained underneath, which *accordingly happened*. C. C. S.

FAIRY FANCIES.

BY MISS HAGAR T. JUDSON.

When crescent-crested Eve her twilight robe
Casts off, and from her starry train and crown
Of Pleiad jewels, flings with lavish hand
Bright liquid diamonds o'er wedding flowers—
Fays waken, in some glist'ning dew-drop bed—
Fair waxen faces—comb their flowing hair
With fairy fingers, laughter everywhere!
They wreathe their snowy brows with mignionette,
And weave them gowns of silken violet leaves;
And try a hundred "Lady-slippers" on
To find the tiny'st pair; and gleeful dance
To the music of their own sweet thoughts, until
More, veiled in crimson blushes, lightly comes
Singing, "O fly not, God is everywhere!"

* * * * * * * *

Now the pallid moon recoils affrighted
From the black parsing clouds; lightning darts
Like hope that flees the chaos of despair;
Warring Spirits rush to strife—in thunder
Clash their arms; and loud the demons winds shriek
At the lonely mourner's door. Shaking windows,
Glittering voices, cast their terrors every where!
And Nature weeps o'er many blighted germs;
The lion lowly cows beside his prey;
The fragile reed-nods, snowy lilies, sink
In agony of fear beneath the blast;
Ivies tighter clasp round giant oaks their arms;
But little daisies upward gazing sing,
"Ah! we fear not—God is everywhere!"

AUDIBLE SPEAKING BY SPIRITS.

Some six years since, while about thirty persons were convened at my house to witness the spiritual phenomena, the Spirits were heard to speak audibly, take part with the singing, represent the blowing of a bugle, and also touched the persons of all present, etc., etc.

But how is it now? I have just been conversing with a gentleman and lady belonging to different families, who tell me that they have frequent communications from Spirits in audible language. They are both persons of this city, and of fair repute, except that *they*, like prophets and apostles of old, are conversant with God's messengers met on errands of mercy, and *this*, in the eyes of some people, is a very great crime, for fear of the *Devil*.

This man says he puts important questions to them. Some, he says, they refuse to answer, telling him he will be unable to understand them until he arrives there. Others were answered symbolically, giving him very great satisfaction. The following is a sample of some of their answers:—When he wished to know what constituted their progression, they instanced a visit to the Crystal Palace, and asked him if he saw all on first stepping into it. He said, No; but the further he went the more he saw, and the greater the attraction grew; so they told him that was "God's Crystal Paradise."

Then he wished to know how it was as to eternal degradation, or what the sects would call eternal punishment; and they told him, sire verse, that each were forever amenable for their actions; that they must change their actions, when evil, to obtain their counterpart; that responsibility forever remains upon the creature; that the creature could and would be made to change his conditions, but the Creator, never.

Mrs. Hewlet, although an Adventist, is frank in saying that she converses with spirits; that she sees them and recognizes them as to life-time, and that, too, when in her natural state; and although she feels somewhat timid, and although she is loth to be beaten on her old track, it is a very great consolation to her to see her departed father and other relatives, and hear them speak audibly, as when in the form.

AUBURN, *October* 12, 1855. L. ROSS.

THE WATERFALL.

BY A. W. KENNY.

Dash on, dash on, thou waterfall,
There's music in thy tone;
Thy voice, 'tis like a Spirit's call,
Or that of God alone.

I love this rude, wild scenery,
It suits my own rude soul;
It breathes throughout of LIBERTY
Man can not here control.

I love to feel the dashing spray,
When thrown by nature's hand;
Behold the sun-beams sportive play
Upon thy waters grand.

Dash on, dash on, thou waterfall,
And hasten to the sea;
Go! join thy voice to ocean's call—
I bid farewell to thee.

TOBACCO CHEWING CURED.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Sirs—If it be of any use to mankind, I will gladly offer my experience in favor of the manifestations, in that I have been cured by them of chewing and smoking tobacco. I commenced my investigations in Spiritualism about three years ago. After a patient series of sittings of about six months, my little son, about eight years old, was developed as a writing medium. He wrote many convincing proofs, and finally, to my astonishment, while asking some questions, it was written, "You had better quit chewing tobacco." I asked, "Must I quit smoking also?" The answer was, "Not yet." I replied, "I have tried it. I cannot quit." To which it was responded, "If you will try I will help you; when you feel a hankering for it, think of the Spirit, and you will succeed." I did so, and have been so far successful.

In about six months after I had quit chewing I had a communication which advised me to quit smoking. I have not smoked since.

I have chewed and smoked to excess more than twenty years. I have tried several times to quit. It is now two and a half years since I overcame my chewing propensities, and two years since I quit my pipe. B. M. CROSSWELL.

Therapeutic, Clairvoyant, and Psychometric Mediumship.

MRS. M. H. GARDNER will examine and prescribe for disease and give psychometric delineations of character.

TERMS—Examination and prescription, each full description for patient, $1; psychometric delineation, $1.

REFERENCE—Prof. Robert Hare, M.D.; Rev. E. Phelps, D.D.; Dr. Wilson Cook, Dr. Heiser, Aaron Comfort.

Interesting Miscellany.

POLAR SCENERY.—How beautiful is the aspect of those wild cliffs that hang threateningly over our heads! Though the sun is below the horizon, its rays, glancing over the mountains, tinge their snowy heads with crowd rosy hues, which seem superpersonal in the snow, and, passing through all gradations, die out in the dark blue of the shadows cast by the indented crests of the great rocks. For the first time, no doubt, the foot of a European disturbs these picturesque solitudes, the echoes of which evoke the imagination by their mysterious voices. A rolling stone, the snow crushing under our steps, our very breathing—all resound with a tenfold curiously magnified by reverberation, and then dying out in the distance, as if it fled in affright at itself. The dazzled sight is every moment deceived. Apparently, I have plainly beheld before me two men of enormous size; I have distinguished all their gestures; I see them load their guns—yes, coming to meet us; I walked towards them, and fifty yards further I found a stone a foot high—divided into two black halves—by a little patch of snow. The snow falls in great flakes, and gives a light which we still enjoy about noon; during the rest of the day a misty hue reddens and makes us feel the cold more sensibly; objects a little distance from us are all confounded together in one funereal, leaden grey. Over head, beneath our feet, all round us, is snow—nothing but snow. The rugged crests of rock, at the perpendicular faces of the cliffs grinning through it, seem alone to protest against this violation of their nature, and alone remind us that the world is not an immense snow-ball; and yet there is an indefinable charm in this spectacle, which one feels but can not express in words, a charm known only to those who have experienced it, because, being before all things men of action, we have not learned to paint what our eyes have seen and admired. We pass close by an iceberg, rising only some scores of feet above water, but half a mile long. Mr. Leask says it is one of the largest he has ever seen. I examined these different masses of ice with a view to discover some analogy of structure, some law of formation, but in vain; the variety of forms defies comparison and classification. Sometimes we have a regular table of sugar-loaf; sometimes an actual island, with its creeks, bays, and promontories; or an immense tent from which you would almost expect to see an inhabitant step out and welcome you, or the entrance of a cave opening with vast galleries, or a cavern, preceded by splendid works of art. The stories of our childhood, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" recur unbidden to the memory, and would fain say, "Open Sesame!"—the dark precipitation in which a mysterious work is in preparation.—*Lieutenant Hobart's Journal.*

A LADY'S OPINION OF A BAD HABIT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the American authoress, says the habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meager in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderingly about our climate—swell the numbers of those who die of consumption, and look like scarecrows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indelicacy—but men look solemn, talk grave and spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.

Boys, so soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body, and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.

If spitting must be done the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions, if healthy, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities; the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion, which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste—the gums shrink—the teeth fall—the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits, the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent nevertheless wields a deadly poison. If we weep passionately, the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser emotions, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely on the action of our minds, sympathetically, and intimately, with all its moods.

Scrofulousness inclines us to swallow down our saliva while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of roses moistens the lips more than the tongue. Ipecac causes the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while on the contrary one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence those who weep much have not only dry lips, but an acid mouth. There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons and nature will do her work more genially to man—he will beautify him—whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.

HANDSOME WOMEN.—You put this question—How comes it to pass that the greater part of your handsome women are extremely ignorant and childish in their manners? I believe I can account for it. It is not that nature has been less kind to their minds, because they neglect to cultivate their minds and to improve their mental faculties; but they are vain; they desire to please and to be admired. An ill-favored woman knows that she can not be loved for her face; this induces her to endeavor to draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She applies her mind to books, and bends the whole force of her attention to improvement, and in spite of nature. Beauty, on the contrary, has only to make her appearance, to please. Her vanity is gratified. As she never reflects, she never thinks that her beauty is only for a season. She is, besides, so taken up with dress, with the care of being at every assembly, to appear with advantage, and to hear herself praised, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus, of necessity, she becomes a mere fool, taken up with childish tricks—the vain frippery of dress, shows and sights. This may continue to thirty, at most to forty years of age, if the small-pox, or some other disorder, does not tarnish this beauty. When youth is over, the time for improvement is gone; then this young lady, once—now no longer—a beauty, continues in ignorance all her life long, though nature has given her as great advantages as any other; whereas the homely looking woman, who now has become very amiable, dotes old age and sickness that can take nothing from her.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

A THOUSAND STORY.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:—A poor little boy, in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulant of warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were restored to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, *that orphan boy now stands before you.*

NINETY DAYS FROM DATE.—An ingenious down-easter who invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," as a safeguard against actions for breach of promise of marriage, insomuch as it entirely fades from the paper two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article and gave him a note for ninety days. At the expiration of that time, the ink inventor called for payment, but on unfolding the scrip found nothing but a blank piece of paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

TOM presented his bill to his neighbor JOE for service rendered. The latter looked at it and expressed much surprise at the amount:

"Why Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?"

"I'm sensible it's a round one," quoth Tom, "and I came for the purpose of getting it squared."

ON! OH!—The editor of the Albany *Express* says he once kissed a lassie's cheek that was covered with paste of vermillion and chalk, and as a consequence, had the painter's cholic for a week. Young men will take warning.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley visited America, he called in the same vessel with General Oglethorpe, the Governor of Georgia. Hearing an unusual noise in the General's cabin, he went to inquire the cause of it. "Mr. Wesley," the old soldier fumed out, "you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me better than any other. I therefore provided myself with several dozens, and this villain Grimaldi (his foreign servant, who stood by almost dead with fear,) has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged. I ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the main-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "you never will." The General was confounded. Putting his head into his pocket, he took out his bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There, sir, behave better for the future!" "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Pictorial Paper.*

MUSIC.—A BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.—Oh music! miraculous art that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable signals.

A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die. A peal of thy organ, and consecrated nations sink to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power: first thou canst call up all elemental sounds, scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the waves, the solitude of the valley. Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart; as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! lo! our early love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our shattered hope! And lastly, by thy mysterious melodies thou canst recall men from all thoughts of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory, dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor, and its gates of unimaginable glory.

RELIEF OF THE POOR.—The propeller Manhattan, which arrived here yesterday morning, had on board a mass of copper weighing 1,276 pounds, which, from its appearance and the place whence it was taken, revolves it a great curiosity. It was found by a man, while excavating a cellar at Portage Lake, imbedded about five feet in the sand. It is a fair sheet mass, and differs materially from the character of the masses found in that locality. It must have been put there by some of the ancient miners, as the variety in which it was found has no indications of the existence of copper, and the mass itself bears evident traces of having been beaten and worked until the rock was entirely separated from it, leaving a pure mass of copper of the weight above stated.—*Lake Superior Miner.*

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THE SPIRITUALISTS of New York have secured the Lecture Room in the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, (opposite Pond-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 7½ o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, and on Wednesday evening at half past 7 o'clock. These meetings are all FREE to the public.

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TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—We propose 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 prepays 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.

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VOL. IV.—NO. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855. WHOLE NO. 185.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Having noticed in your paper, some account of the manifestations at the room of Mr. Davenport, and at the house of Mr. Brooks, at Buffalo, I have visited that city with the view of testing the truth of the statements which have been published: and I now give you the facts as they occurred during my visit, without comment of my own. I must accredit the manifestations to the source from which they were there said to emanate, being unable to discover any other cause. Mr. Davenport gave me every opportunity to test in such a manner as I might think proper, and Mr. Brooks was kind enough to permit me to attend the private circles in his house, and also to accompany me, with his daughter, to the house of a friend, where they had never visited before, for the purpose of ascertaining if the same manifestations would occur there.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, AT DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

The mediums are two sons of Mr. Davenport, ten and fifteen years of age. The room is twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and contains two tables, one of oval form, seven feet long, and five feet wide; the other, a circular table, four feet three inches in diameter; also a sofa, two or three benches, and some chairs. I was accompanied by three friends whom I had selected to assist me in the investigation, one of whom went on from New York, the other being a resident of Buffalo. They were equally anxious with myself to ascertain if the published reports relative to these mediums were true. We were seated around the large table which stood in the middle of the room, the two mediums being placed apart—one sitting next myself, and the other between two of my friends; room light, all windows except one being closed, and that ajar, so that coarse print might have been read. Under the table, on the floor, was a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon, and a bell. Immediately, on our being seated, the rappings commenced. These were very loud indeed—as loud as could be made if the table had been rapped upon with a heavy piece of wood. The sounds seemed to be made sometimes on top of the table, sometimes on the under side of its top, and sometimes on the floor beneath. The table was lifted entirely free from the floor, while all the hands of the mediums and party were on the top of it. Each member of the party was touched, as if by a Spirit-hand—sometimes a large hand, and sometimes a small one. The violins and accordeon were continually being played upon, and the bell often rung, passing all round the table and touching the feet and legs of the party. The instruments were handed up and placed in our hands when held beneath the table, and then were taken away again, apparently by the Spirits. The feet of the mediums were always so positioned as to be controlled by those who sat along side of them. The Spirit then asked by alphabet, for the dog. Mr. Davenport said he had let him out an hour before, and that he had gone home. This the Spirit stoutly denied, and said he was below. The younger boy then acknowledged that he met the dog below, and had tied him in the store. Mr. Davenport then went down, brought up the dog, and placed him under the sofa. While there the Spirit pulled his tail made him squeal, etc. The alphabet was frequently called for, and we were requested to sit close to the table. I looked under the table many times, and saw nothing but the articles before enumerated, and the feet of the party. There was no cloth on the table, and it was not difficult to bring the whole within the field of vision, by a slight inclination of the head. I then requested to be permitted to sit alone with the boys in the middle of the room, and to have the small circular table. All the rest of the party sat back near the wall, while the two mediums and myself were alone at the table. My right hand was placed on the two hands of the elder boy, and my right foot on both his feet, and my left hand and foot held the small boy in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for by raps, and the words "make it dark" were spelled out. Before the windows were closed, the trumpets, violins, accordeon, and bell were placed on top of the small table, and immediately after the windows were closed, and the room became dark; and while I held the hands of the boys—their father being at the extreme end of the room, holding a dark lantern—the trumpet was lifted from the table, and the Spirit spoke through it, telling me to sit close to the table. The Spirit then slapped me on all parts of my body with the bell, violin, and trumpet, and talked plainly through the trumpet, answering my questions in a peculiar voice. He also placed the trumpet to my mouth several times, and once or twice passed the smooth side of it over my profile, like a pentograph, and indeed over my body in every direction. The bell passed rapidly round my body, nearly, but never quite, touching it, and ringing all the time.

I then asked the Spirit (John King) to touch me, and immediately I felt a warm cheek, and then a forehead, on my hand. I then asked him to touch my face. He did so by placing his head in my face. The hair was coarse, rigid, and warm, and I could not but suspect that the elder boy had placed his cheek and forehead on my hand; I also suspected him of thrusting the crown of his head in my face, but of this I had no proof; and indeed, from what afterwards occurred I was inclined to give up this, my only suspicion of being deceived; for after the introduction of the light, I asked the boy if he could not do these things without imparting any motion to his hands. He said he thought he could, and endeavored to do so, evidently with extreme fairness. I could however, feel a slight motion of his hands, while he was making these endeavors, which motion he evidently tried to avoid making. During all this time, the Spirit spoke occasionally through the trumpet, in answer to questions asked by many individuals, all of whom were seated back against the wall, with the exception of the two boys and myself. My friend who accompanied me from New York, then took my place at the table, and the same facts occurred with him as with me. The trumpet, violins, accordeon and bell then passed rapidly round the room to its full length and width, sometimes near the ceiling, sometimes as low as our heads, the musical instruments all the time being played upon, as if by fingers. These articles passed so rapidly as to render it evident by the wind consequent upon their motion, blowing against our heads, hands, knees, etc. They were continually being tuned, while thus rapidly passing through the atmosphere. Occasionally they would touch each of us gently as they passed round the room; and whether our heads were thrown forward or back, or whether our hands were elevated or placed on our knees, the power moving the instruments seemed to know it, and touched them in their new localities. Several times I held both hands, and the instruments were placed in them—one in each hand. I endeavored to hold fast of them, and sometimes succeeded, the Spirit letting go, and permitting me to hold them, but in an instant I would receive a touch of a hand upon the chin, nose or forehead, and at the same time the instruments would be jerked from my grasp. I continually asked the boys sitting at the center-table, to speak—indeed to keep talking—for I suspected them of being ventriloquists; but while the boys were so speaking, the Spirit voice would be heard speaking near the ceiling at one end of the room, then near the floor at the opposite end of the room, the instruments all the while whirling through the atmosphere, and being played upon. Indeed, in one instance the Spirit-voice occurred in two parts of the room, at the same time, the Spirit calling himself John King, continually calling individuals by name, uttering witticisms, etc. During this sitting we asked the Spirit if he could give us an exhibition of fire-works. Immediately these commenced, and imitations of rockets, chasers, serpents, and other well known varieties, were in rapid motion. Accompanying these was a slight smell of phosphorus, the Spirit saying, in explanation, that the representation was made by the aggregation of phosperus from the atmosphere, the bodies of visitors, etc. On another occasion he gave us this exhibition, at request, without any odor of phosphorus.

Later in the day I had a private sitting with the boys, when Mr. Davenport—the father—left the room, and my friend and myself were locked in with the boys, alone; still we had the same manifestations as with the full circle, the boys, in the meantime, being held by me in the manner before described.

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 13.

In company with my friend, I visited the residence of Mr. Brooks. His daughter, Miss Sarah Brooks, is a medium of most extraordinary powers. We here met a circle of twenty-six visitors, some of whom had never before been at the house of Mr. Brooks. Six of this circle proved to be mediums. A piano was turned with the key-board toward the wall, and under a mantle-shelf, so that it would have been impossible to reach the keys. The cover was slightly raised part of the evening; but during the manifestations the stop that held it up slipped, and I heard the cover fall. Upon the door being opened, it was found that the cover was shut, with the exception of a small portion of it immediately over the key-board. The circle sat at the opposite side of the room, with the exception of Miss Brooks, who stood behind the piano, with her right hand placed on the cover, from which position I am confident she did not move during the time the piano was playing; and indeed I am well convinced that she knows nothing of the instrument, and that she is unable, in her normal state, to play upon it at all. From all the inquiry I was enabled to make—which was entirely full and sufficient—I am convinced that Mr. Brooks and his daughter are every way worthy of the fullest confidence. The circle sang four sacred pieces, and the piano played accompaniments by Spirit-influence. No human hand could have touched the keys. After this the piano played alone, without the voices, and with more force than ten grand pianos, with a Leopold de Meyer at each. Indeed, sometimes I could not have halloed loud enough to be heard. The sound, for the first two hours, gave no indication of the keys being touched, but it seemed rather as though a blast of wind, properly directed, was 'passing through the strings, producing the heaviest, fullest, and most perfect chords I ever heard, the harmonies rolling, rich and intense—more so than those usually produced by a full and efficient orchestra. Two mediums—Miss Sarah Brooks and Miss Cora Scott—commenced singing an *improvision* dialogue or duett, accompanied by a Spirit, called Frederic, on the piano. The keys were now used by the Spirit, and the runs were so consecutive and continuous as to seem like swells, the individual action of the keys only being heard at the end of the runs, in the change of movement. The words of the dialogue were arranged in verses, beautiful in the extreme; their measure was perfect, and the sentiments contained in them were truly good, embracing instruction of the highest order. The quality of the singing was perhaps the greatest curiosity of the evening, for it was evident from Miss Brooks' conversation when in the normal state, that she was suffering from extreme weakness of the lungs, but while singing in this duet, her tones were clear and powerful, and the cadenzas sometimes reminded one of Sontag in her best day. Several times during the evening, the six mediums were simultaneously influenced to sing and speak in Indian; and then in a mixed tongue which was evidently understood by each, as the replies contained words just uttered as parts of questions. Your acquaintance, Mr. Coles, was one of these mediums; and as he had not met with this circle before, it is evident that the part he played, as well as the others, was by influence, and not by any concerted action previously agreed upon. They also sang, heavy accompaniments being played by the Spirits on the piano. They danced grotesquely but gracefully; and for fear of their injuring each other in the dark, Mr. Brooks threw the door open. The piano, although playing up to the instant the light was admitted into the room, I observed stood where it had been placed, with the keys toward the wall, and close against it, with the cover down. On the admission of light, the Spirit-music stopped, and the piano was immediately rolled out, when one of the mediums sat by it, and, under influence, played for the five dancers, all of whom danced more vigorously, and for a longer time than it would have been possible for them to do in the normal state; their after-breathing showing that they were not fatigued. The music during this dancing was all original, and of an entirely different kind from that ordinarily used; the style was more joyous and free in its character. The piano was then restored to its original position against the wall, without the cover being raised. The door was closed, and the playing recommenced with great vigor. All the responses during the evening, and calls for the alphabet, were made by the piano raising and falling on the floor. The circle was asked, by alphabet, to sing, the songs always being named, and the accompaniments played on the piano were able, novel, and impressive. Toward the close of the evening, by request, the Spirits played a well known schottish as I never heard it played before, although the responses were all given by the rising and falling of the piano, even while the playing was going on; and indeed I heard it being tuned while it was being played upon, and even while falling in response, when it shook the whole frame of the house at every blow; still it was tuned during the whole evening, and always while the playing was in progress. When the circle broke up, the instrument was in perfect tune. A clock on the mantle, immediately over the piano, would cease ticking, or resume it, at request of any of the circle. The bell of this clock struck two hundred times at request, and would either ring with its full tone or have its tone stopped at each alternate blow, as might be requested.

On my return to Buffalo, a few days since, I again visited Mr. Brooks, and again heard the exercises before named, repeated. On Sunday evening last [October 28,] Mr. Brooks and his daughter accompanied me to the house of a friend in Buffalo, where they had not before visited, and the same experiments were repeated with the piano there as at his own house. During the evening, a young lady was influenced by a Spirit who left the form eighteen months since; and upon being asked if she would play some of her favorite tunes on the piano, she answered in the affirmative. The lady of my friend was intimate with the Spirit up to the time of her departure, and pronounced the tunes played to be those which her friend had often performed for her while in the form. The night previous [October 27,] I had been at Mr. Brooks' house, and heard the manifestations there. Between each of these three visits, commencing with that of October 13, the ingenuity of doubt had suggested many new points to be observed, but they were all answered in a manner which we can not but admit was satisfactory; and the kindness of all the parties in permitting us to satisfy ourselves with so much care, is entitled to our warmest thanks. But to return to the investigations at Davenport's room, after our former experiments of the 13th of October.

On the morning of Sunday, October 14, we again visited Mr. Davenport, and the following is our memorandum made at the time: No persons present but those selected by myself, who accompanied me. These were two gentlemen who belonged in Buffalo, the friend who accompanied me from New York, and myself. We sat around a large table. Under the table was a bell, a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon and a hat. The room was mildly light. The table was lifted free from the floor while all our hands were upon it. The trumpet was then thrust up two-thirds of its length above the edge of the table, and held there. A chair was then shoved out from the table, and then drawn toward it. The trumpet was thrown up into the air six feet above the table. The chair was upset and shoved from the table. The speaking-trumpet was projected from under the table, caught the chair, and drew it back. The chair was then stood upright along side of the table. The trumpet was thrown upon the table. It was then placed under the table again, and was handed up to my friend. The accordeon was played under the table. All of us were touched by hands of various sizes, by the trumpet, etc. Accordeon and violins sounded, and were then put into my hands. The lower side of the table was knocked very hard, as if by a large mallet in the hands of a very strong man. Bell rang all round the table. The trumpet, surmounted by a hat, stuck up above the table, so that all the hat, and two-thirds of the trumpet were above the table-top. Hat thrown on the table. Trumpet thrown six feet above the table and then fell on it. Whole table lifted free from the floor. Trumpet thrown again by request. A black hand was then thrust up above the edge of the table; then a white hand; then a single mulatto finger, remaining in sight one minute. Violin played; accordeon played; tune drummed. Two Spirits dancing under the table with a loud shuffle—unmistakable. Tremendous rapping on the floor and under side of the table, as if made with a paver's rammer, jarring the building. These the Spirit called "Buffalo knockings." My three friends were requested to get on the table, their joint weight being four hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The table, with them upon it, was lifted entirely free from the floor. One of my friends and myself were then lifted with the table. My knee was then held by a hand, while the hands of all the party were in sight, on top of the table. Accordeon played. Arrangements were then made with Mr. Davenport for us to have a private circle in the evening—the Spirits promising to lift the boys to the ceiling. All the above was performed in a mild light, sufficiently strong to enable us to read coarse print.

Same evening, seven o'clock.—Myself and three friends present. Large table at one end of the room; small table in the middle of the room. At the small table, myself and two boys. Mr. Davenport—father of the boys—at the large table, near the door, holding the dark lantern. Our cloaks, shawls, etc., were thrown on this large table, near the door through which we entered—Mr. Davenport, at that time, being with the boys at the front end of the room—the end farthest from this table. On the small table was the trumpet, violins, bell, accordeon, etc. The hands and feet of the boys were held by me, as on the former occasion. On the sofa, at the opposite end of the room, from the large table, sat my three friends. Room dark. The Spirit spoke through the trumpet, calling me by name, and then said, "All sit back." We then all sat back against the wall, leaving the two boys at the table—all the experiments noted at the last meeting having been repeated while I held their hands. I now requested the boys to repeat the multiplication table that we might hear their voices and know them to be in their seats while the manifestations were going on. A cane commenced whacking on the table, as if handled by a most powerful man. One of my friends cried out, "Don't break my cane." The Spirit answered, "It is not your cane; it is a Spirit-cane;" and at the same instant my friend's cane was placed in his hand, but the whacking continued. No other cane or stick of any kind was in the room and the owner of this cane, who then held it, was sitting fifteen feet from the table at the time the cane was put in his hand. Just at this time the Spirit called out to me and said, "Are you cold?" at the same time throwing my shawl over my head. Two of my friends, at the same instant, had their shawls thrown over their heads, and the third his great-coat. On the introduction of the light, each proved to have his own shawl or great-coat. My friends wore soft hats. They were taken from their heads and returned to them; but on introducing the light, they proved to be wrong side out, with the linings on the outside. One of them contained a pair of gloves, and one of these gloves was also wrong side out. Its owner could not readily turn it back again, but the Spirit took it and returned it in less than a minute, all in order. My hat—a stiff one—was smashed down flat upon my head, the sides being folded like the edge of a bellows, with two handkerchiefs, which had been inside of it, tied about its outside. Immediately on the room being darkened, all the hats and gloves were returned by the Spirits to their proper positions, and placed on the heads of their owners. During much of this time I held the hands and feet of the boys. Indeed it was impossible for them to have any part in what was going on, for when all were seated back against the wall the boys talked aloud, so that we knew they did not leave their chairs. While they were so seated, the violins and other instruments, including the trumpet, were flying about the room with the greatest velocity, and all playing all the time, the Spirit speaking loosely through the trumpet, sometimes speaking from the ceiling and sometimes near the floor, frequently placing the trumpet suddenly at or near the ear of each of us, and hallooing so loudly as to surprise us. The windage of the instruments flying about the room was often so strong against our heads as to alarm us, for fear of being hit—the violins and trumpet frequently touching us on our heads and elsewhere, and being often placed in our hands. At one time the mouth-piece of the trumpet was placed at my friend's mouth for him to speak through, and the Spirit voice continued for an instant to issue from the the trumpet. While the room was dark, I held two shillings in my hand, and in an undertone, not sufficiently loud to be heard by any other person in the room—indeed, at that time no one being within ten feet of me—I said to the Spirits, "If you will take this from my hand you can have it;" and immediately it was missing. Another Spirit was fumbling at the stove, speaking occasionally, and eventually threw a piece of the stove across the room, which dropped on the floor behind my chair. The Spirit calling himself John King then asked me if I thought he could be in two places at one time. I answered, of course, negatively, and then heard his voice at the ceiling and along side of my ear at one and the same instant. The boys then cried out, "The table is going!" The cover was removed from the dark lantern. The two boys sat facing each other on their chairs, but the small table which had stood between them was upside down on top of the large table at the extreme end of the room. The small table was then restored to its place, and the Spirit said he was going to raise the larger boy to the ceiling. This ceiling is very high—twelve feet or more. The only utensil in the room that could possibly be made use of to reach the ceiling was the table with a chair upon it; and before covering up the dark lantern I placed a chair on the table and requested the tallest boy to stand on it. He did so, and could not then reach the ceiling by two or three feet. The chair was then replaced on the floor, the boys took their seats, the lantern was covered, and the room was made dark. I placed in the hands of the elder boy a pencil, and requested him, if they took him up, to draw a figure-four on the ceiling. In an instant after, we heard the figure being made on the ceiling and the boy fell to the floor. The lantern was uncovered, which enabled us to see that the figure-four was plainly drawn. We then asked the Spirit to take the boy up again with the chair, and to drop the chair in one part of the room and the boy in another. This was done, the chair striking the floor first, and the boy afterward. As he struck the floor, the Spirit called, "light," and the lantern was uncovered. As I understood these, on a former occasion you held fast the boy's feet while they were being elevated, this last phenomenon can scarcely be a curiosity to yourself.

On my return to Buffalo last week, I again visited the room of Mr. Davenport, and there, in the presence of a larger circle, and with new friends with me to witness the manifestations, who had not been there before, saw all repeated except the lifting of the boy to the ceiling. In addition to the instruments before named, a guitar had been introduced, and this, like the others, sailed about the room, being played upon; and indeed so rapid was its movement, that it would travel from the ceiling at one end of the room, to the floor at the opposite end of the room, during the vibration of a single note. During one of my visits, all the circle—Mr. Davenport included—with the exception only of my friend who accompanied me from New York, left the room, and I held a conversation of twenty minutes or more with the Spirit, John King. He stood in answer to my question as to why the manifestations given were of so grotesque a character, that any other kind of manifestations—particularly those embracing higher morality—would not convince skeptics that Spirits could communicate; that it was necessary that each should see the *class* of manifestations shown, to fix his belief: and that afterward those of higher mental order would be adjudged for their true purpose—their teachings—instead of being watched simply as phenomena, with the view of discovering the method of deception. Indeed, all his answers were such as one might anticipate, for they admitted the truth of the doctrines you advocate.

I also attended the meetings at the Conference Room of Spiritualists, and had the pleasure of hearing two or three addresses, spoken under influence, by Miss Cora Scott. These were of a most striking kind, and of the very highest order of talent.

Mr. Davenport informed me that he should visit New York with his sons, in the course of a few weeks, and if the manifestations should prove here as efficient as in Buffalo, his room will be crowded by the thousands of anxious inquirers.

TIME AND SPACE.

In almost every circle where time and space have been involved in questions asked of Spirit-friends, the reply has been that they form no part of the Spiritual element; and this to us—at least to some of us—seems difficult to be understood. The following is my memory of the explanations given by Spirits during various communications. Man recognizes time by the absence or presence of the sun's light, occurring from the earth's revolution. But let man suppose that he could be elevated at noonday, into space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and there remain; and it would forever be noonday. He would have nothing to mark time, or to show that it occured; and if the doctrine of eternity be true, as all admit, then we have no starting point, either in advance, or in the past, from which to divide the intervening moments into sections, so as to recognize time. Indeed the Spirit may be conceived as inert, except at moments of sympathy, as is our Spirit when we sleep. It seems on awaking, that but a moment has past; still, from long observation, we know the fact that we have been asleep for hours; but during that sleep, while the spirit alone is active, sometimes the whole transactions of a life-time will be recounted in a single dream, and that dream often not occupy, of what we call time more than a single quarter of an hour.

Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant, that they must have occupied their space thousands of years before their light reached this earth; and that if they were now removed, it would be thousands of years before we should lose sight of them. These are established astronomical truths; therefore a Spirit viewing this earth from such a distance as would have been required for the travel of light since the time of the deluge, would see it as if now transpiring; or if time and space, instead of holding such account with Spirit as with us, are, from laws which we do not comprehend, entirely obliterated, then all truths are present whenever in sympathy with Spirit observation. May it not be our Spirit viewing the transactions of the past, that we call dreams? May not the coalescence of our Spirit with our form, sometimes find the form in so diseased or imperfect a condition that objects viewed are distorted, and hence the results of these dreams be departures from exact truths, and only truths to the distorted mind? If one organ of our form, such as the brain, be imperfectly conditioned, so that the coalescence of the Spirit in the form of thought or mind is imperfect, would it not account for distorted dreams? Indeed are not all errors of thought at all times of this character? Can we in our normal state avoid the interference of time and space in forming our reflections? Does not the Spirit sometimes supersede this mind-action, and give us with clearness the images of occurrence during our youth? The form is perishable; therefore, to it, time is one of the elements of existence. The Spirit is imperishable, and hence independent of time, as an element of its existence. The form exists for a time; the Spirit for that space recognized by the form, as all time.

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.

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The Principles of Nature.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Having noticed in your paper, some account of the manifestations at the room of Mr. Davenport, and at the house of Mr. Brooks, at Buffalo, I have visited that city with the view of testing the truth of the statements which have been published; and I now give you the facts as they occurred during my visit, without comment of my own. I must accredit the manifestations to the source from which they were there said to emanate, being unable to discover any other cause. Mr. Davenport gave me every opportunity to test in such a manner as I might think proper, and Mr. Brooks was kind enough to permit me to attend the private circles in his house, and also to accompany me, with his daughter, to the house of a friend, where they had never visited before, for the purpose of ascertaining if the same manifestations would occur there.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, AT DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

The mediums are two sons of Mr. Davenport, ten and fifteen years of age. The room is twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and contains two tables, one of oval form, seven feet long, and five feet wide; the other, a circular table, four feet three inches in diameter; also a sofa, two or three benches, and some chairs. I was accompanied by three friends whom I had selected to assist me in the investigation, one of whom went on from New York, the other being a resident of Buffalo. They were equally anxious with myself to ascertain if the published reports relative to these mediums were true. We were seated around the large table which stood in the middle of the room, the two mediums being placed apart—one sitting next myself, and the other between two of my friends; room light, all windows except one being closed, and that ajar, so that coarse print might have been read. Under the table, on the floor, was a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon, and a bell. Immediately, on our being seated, the rappings commenced. These were very loud indeed—as loud as could be made if the table had been rapped upon with a heavy piece of wood. The sounds seemed to be made sometimes on top of the table, sometimes on the under side of its top, and sometimes on the floor beneath. The table was lifted entirely free from the floor, while all the hands of the mediums and party were on the top of it. Each member of the party was touched, as if by a Spirit-hand—sometimes a large hand, and sometimes a small one. The violins and accordeon were continually being played upon, and the bell often rung, passing all round the table and touching the feet and legs of the party. The instruments were handed up and placed in our hands when held beneath the table, and then were taken away again, apparently by the Spirits. The feet of the mediums were always so positioned as to be controlled by those who sat along side of them. The Spirit then asked by alphabet, for the dog. Mr. Davenport said he had let him out an hour before, and that he had gone home. This the Spirit stoutly denied, and said he was below. The younger boy then acknowledged that he met the dog below, and had tied him in the store. Mr. Davenport then went down, brought up the dog, and placed him under the sofa. While there the Spirit pulled, his tail made him squeal, etc. The alphabet was frequently called for, and we were requested to sit close to the table. I looked under the table many times, and saw nothing but the articles before enumerated, and the feet of the party. There was no cloth on the table, and it was not difficult to bring the whole within the field of vision, by a slight inclination of the head. I then requested to be permitted to sit alone with the boys in the middle of the room, and to have the small circular table. All the rest of the party sat back near the wall, while the two mediums and myself were alone at the table. My right hand was placed on the two hands of the elder boy, and my right foot on both his feet, and my left hand and foot held the small boy in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for by raps, and the words "make it dark" were spelled out. Before the windows were closed, the trumpets, violins, accordeon, and bell were placed on top of the small table, and immediately after the windows were closed, and the room became dark; and while I held the hands of the boys—their father being at the extreme end of the room, holding a dark lantern—the trumpet was lifted from the table, and the Spirit spoke through it, telling me to sit close to the table. The Spirit then slapped me on all parts of my body with the bell, violin, and trumpet, and talked plainly through the trumpet, answering my questions in a peculiar voice. He also placed the trumpet to my mouth several times, and once or twice passed the smooth side of it over my profile, like a pentograph, and indeed over my body in every direction. The bell passed rapidly round my body, nearly, but never quite, touching it, and ringing all the time.

I then asked the Spirit (John King) to touch me, and immediately I felt a warm cheek, and then a forehead, on my hand. I then asked him to touch my face. He did so by placing his head in my face. The hair was coarse, rigid, and warm, and I could not but suspect that the elder boy had placed his cheek and forehead on my hand; I also suspected him of thrusting the crown of his head in my face, but of this I had no proof; and indeed, from what afterwards occurred I was inclined to give up this, my only suspicion of being deceived; for after the introduction of the light, I asked the boy if he could not do these things without imparting any motion to his hands. He said he thought he could, and endeavored to do so, evidently with extreme fairness. I could however, feel a slight motion of his hands, while he was making these endeavors, which motion he evidently tried to avoid making. During all this time, the Spirit spoke occasionally through the trumpet, in answer to questions asked by many individuals, all of whom were seated back against the wall, with the exception of the two boys and myself. My friend who accompanied me from New York, then took my place at the table, and the same facts occurred with him as with me. The trumpet, violins, accordeon and bell then passed rapidly round the room to its full length and width, sometimes near the ceiling, sometimes as low as our heads, the musical instruments all the time being played upon, as if by fingers. These articles passed so rapidly as to render it evident by the wind consequent upon their motion, blowing against our heads, hands, knees, etc. They were continually being tuned, while thus rapidly passing through the atmosphere. Occasionally they would touch each of us gently as they passed round the room; and whether our hands were thrown forward or back, or whether our heads were elevated or placed on our knees, the power moving the instruments seemed to know it, and touched them in their new localities. Several times I held both hands, and the instruments were placed in them—one in each hand. I endeavored to hold fast of them, and sometimes succeeded, the Spirit letting go, and permitting me to hold them, but in an instant I would receive a touch of a hand upon the chin, nose or forehead, and at the same time the instruments would be jerked from my grasp. I continually asked the boys sitting at the center-table, to speak—indeed to keep talking—for I suspected them of being ventriloquists; but while the boys were so speaking, the Spirit voice would be heard speaking near the ceiling at one end of the room, then near the floor at the opposite end of the room, the instruments all the while whirling through the atmosphere, and being played upon. Indeed, in one instance the Spirit-voice occurred in two parts of the room, at the same time, the Spirit calling himself John King, continually calling individuals by name, uttering witticisms, etc. During this sitting we asked the Spirit if he could give us an exhibition of fire-works. Immediately these commenced, and imitations of rockets, chasers, serpents, and other well known varieties, were in rapid motion. Accompanying these was a slight smell of phosphorus, the Spirit saying, in explanation, that the representation was made by the aggregation of phosporus from the atmosphere, the bodies of visitors, etc. On another occasion he gave us this exhibition, at request, without any odor of phosphorus.

Later in the day I had a private sitting with the boys, when Mr. Davenport—the father—left the room, and my friend and myself were locked in with the boys, alone; still we had the same manifestations as with the full circle, the boys, in the meantime, being held by me in the manner before described.

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 13.

In company with my friend, I visited the residence of Mr. Brooks. His daughter, Miss Sarah Brooks, is a medium of most extraordinary powers. We here met a circle of twenty-six visitors, some of whom had never before been at the house of Mr. Brooks. Six of this circle proved to be mediums. A piano was turned with the key-board toward the wall, and under a mantle-shelf, so that it would have been impossible to reach the keys. The cover was slightly raised part of the evening; but during the manifestations the stop that held it up slipped, and I heard the cover fall. Upon the door being opened, it was found that the cover was shut, with the exception of a small portion of it immediately over the key-board. The circle sat at the opposite side of the room, with the exception of Miss Brooks, who stood behind the piano, with her right hand placed on the cover, from which position I am confident she did not move during the time the piano was playing; and indeed I am well convinced that she knows nothing of the instrument, and that she is unable, in her normal state, to play upon it at all. From all the inquiry I was enabled to make—which was entirely full and sufficient—I am convinced that Mr. Brooks and his daughter are every way worthy of the fullest confidence. The circle sang four sacred pieces, and the piano played accompaniments by Spirit-influence. No human hand could have touched the keys. After this the piano played alone, without the voices, and with more force than ten grand pianos, with a Leopold de Meyer at each. Indeed, sometimes I could not have halloed loud enough to be heard. The sound, for the first two hours, gave no indication of the keys being touched, but it seemed rather as though a blast of wind, properly directed, was passing through the strings, producing the heaviest, fullest, and most perfect chords I ever heard, the harmonies rolling, rich and intense—more so than those usually produced by a full and efficient orchestra. Two mediums—Miss Sarah Brooks and Miss Cora Scott—commenced singing an *improvision* dialogue or duett, accompanied by a Spirit, called Frederic, on the piano. The keys were now used by the Spirit, and the runs were so consecutive and continuous as to seem like swells, the individual action of the keys only being heard at the end of the runs, in the change of movement. The words of the dialogue were arranged in verses, beautiful in the extreme; their measure was perfect, and the sentiments contained in them were truly good, embracing instruction of the highest order. The quality of the singing was perhaps the greatest curiosity of the evening, for it was evident from Miss Brooks' conversation when in the normal state, that she was suffering from extreme weakness of the lungs, but while singing in this duet, her tones were clear and powerful, and the cadenzas sometimes reminded one of Sontag in her best day. Several times during the evening, the six mediums were simultaneously influenced to sing and speak in Indian; and then in a mixed tongue which was evidently understood by each, as the replies contained words just uttered as parts of questions. Your acquaintance, Mr. Coles, was one of these mediums; and as he had not met with this circle before, it is evident that the part he played, as well as the others, was by influence, and not by any concerted action previously agreed upon. They also sang, heavy accompaniments being played by the Spirits on the piano. They danced grotesquely but gracefully; and for fear of their injuring each other in the dark, Mr. Brooks threw the door open. The piano, although playing up to the instant the light was admitted into the room, I observed stood where it had been placed, with the keys toward the wall, and close against it, with the cover down. On the admission of light, the Spirit-music stopped, and the piano was immediately rolled out, when one of the mediums sat by it, and, under influence, played for the five dancers, all of whom danced more vigorously, and for a longer time than it would have been possible for them to do in the normal state; their after-breathing showing that they were not fatigued. The music during this dancing was all original, and of an entirely different kind from that ordinarily used; the style was more joyous and free in its character. The piano was then restored to its original position against the wall, without the cover being raised. The door was closed, and the playing recommenced with great vigor. All the responses during the evening, and calls for the alphabet, were made by the piano raising and falling on the floor. The circle was asked, by alphabet, to sing, the songs always being named, and the accompaniments played on the piano were able, novel, and impressive. Toward the close of the evening, by request, the Spirits played a well known schottish as I never heard it played before, although the responses were all given by the rising and falling of the piano, even while the playing was going on; and indeed I heard it being tuned while it was being played upon, and even while falling in response, when it shook the whole frame of the house at every blow; still it was tuned during the whole evening, and always while the playing was in progress. When the circle broke up, the instrument was in perfect tune. A clock on the mantle, immediately over the piano, would cease ticking, or resume it, at request of any of the circle. The bell of this clock struck two hundred times at request, and would either ring with its full tone or have its tone stopped at each alternate blow, as might be requested.

On my return to Buffalo, a few days since, I again visited Mr. Brooks, and again heard the exercises before named, repeated. On Sunday evening last [October 28,] Mr. Brooks and his daughter accompanied me to the house of a friend in Buffalo, where they had not before visited, and the same experiments were repeated with the piano there as at his own house. During the evening, a young lady was influenced by a Spirit who left the form eighteen months since; and upon being asked if she would play some of her favorite tunes on the piano, she answered in the affirmative. The lady of my friend was intimate with the Spirit up to the time of her departure, and pronounced the tunes played to be those which her friend had often performed for her while in the form. The night previous [October 27,] I had been at Mr. Brooks' house, and heard the manifestations there. Between each of these three visits, commencing with that of October 13, the ingenuity of doubt had suggested many new points to be observed, but they were all answered in a manner which we can not but admit was satisfactory; and the kindness of all the parties in permitting us to satisfy ourselves with so much care, is entitled to our warmest thanks. But to return to the investigations at Davenport's room, after our former experiments of the 13th of October.

On the morning of Sunday, October 14, we again visited Mr. Davenport, and the following is our memorandum made at the time: No persons present but those selected by myself, who accompanied me. These were two gentlemen who belonged in Buffalo, the friend who accompanied me from New York, and myself. We sat around a large table. Under the table was a bell, a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordeon and a hat. The room was mikkly light. The table was lifted free from the floor while all our hands were upon it. The trumpet was then thrust up two-thirds of its length above the edge of the table, and held there. A chair was then shoved out from the table, and then drawn toward it. The trumpet was thrown up into the air six feet above the table. The chair was upset and shoved from the table. The speaking-trumpet was projected from under the table, caught the chair, and drew it back. The chair was then stood upright along side of the table. The trumpet was thrown upon the table. It was then placed under the table again, and was handed up to my friend. The accordeon was played under the table. All of us were touched by hands of various sizes, by the trumpet, etc. Accordeon and violins sounded, and were then put into my hands. The lower side of the table was knocked very hard, as if by a large mallet in the hands of a very strong man. Bell rang all round the table. The trumpet, surmounted by a hat, stuck up above the table, so that all the hat, and two-thirds of the trumpet were above the table-top. Hat thrown on the table. Trumpet thrown six feet above the table and then fell on it. Whole table lifted free from the floor. Trumpet thrown again by request. A black hand was then thrust up above the edge of the table; then a white hand; then a single mulatto finger, remaining in sight one minute. Violin played; accordeon played; tune drummed. Two Spirits dancing under the table with a loud shuffle—unmistakable. Tremendous rapping on the floor and under side of the table, as if made with a paver's rammer, jarring the building. These the Spirit called "Buffalo knockings." My three friends were requested to get on the table, their joint weight being four hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The table, with them upon it, was lifted entirely free from the floor. One of my friends and myself were then lifted with the table. My knee was then held by a hand, while the hands of all the party were in sight, on top of the table. Accordeon played. Arrangements were then made with Mr. Davenport for us to have a private circle in the evening—the Spirits promising to lift the boys to the ceiling. All the above was performed in a mild light, sufficiently strong to enable us to read coarse print.

Same evening, seven o'clock.—Myself and three friends present. Large table at one end of the room; small table in the middle of the room. At the small table, myself and two boys. Mr. Davenport—father of the boys—at the large table, near the door, holding the dark lantern. Our cloaks, shawls, etc., were thrown on this large table, near the door through which we entered—Mr. Davenport, at that time, being with the boys at the front end of the room—the end farthest from this table. On the small table was the trumpet, violins, bell, accordeon, etc. The hands and feet of the boys were held by me, as on the former occasion. On the sofa, at the opposite end of the room, from the large table, sat my three friends. Room dark. The Spirit spoke through the trumpet, calling me by name, and then said, "All sit back." We then all sat back against the wall, leaving the two boys at the table—all the experiments noted at the last meeting having been repeated while I held their hands. I now requested the boys to repeat the multiplication table that we might hear their voices and know them to be in their seats while the manifestations were going on. A cane commenced whacking on the table, as if handled by a most powerful man. One of my friends cried out, "Don't break my cane!" The Spirit answered, "It is not your cane; it is a Spirit-cane;" and at the same instant my friend's cane was placed in his hand, but the whacking continued. No other cane or stick of any kind was in the room and the owner of this cane, who then held it, was sitting fifteen feet from the table at the time the cane was put in his hand. Just at this time the Spirit called out to me and said, "Are you cold?" at the same time throwing my shawl over my head. Two of my friends, at the same instant, had their shawls thrown over their heads, and the third his great-coat. On the introduction of the light, each proved to have his own shawl or great-coat. My friends wore soft hats. They were taken from their heads and returned to them; but on introducing the light, they proved to be wrong side out, with the linings on the outside. One of them contained a pair of gloves, and one of these gloves was also wrong side out. Its owner could not readily turn it back again, but the Spirit took it and returned it in less than a minute, all in order. My hat—a stiff one—was smashed down flat upon my head, the sides being folded like the edge of a bellows, with two handkerchiefs, which had been inside of it, tied about its outside. Immediately on the room being darkened, all the hats and gloves were returned by the Spirits to their proper positions, and placed on the heads of their owners. During much of this time I held the hands and feet of the boys. Indeed it was impossible for them to have any part in what was going on, for when all were seated back against the wall the boys talked aloud, so that we knew they did not leave their chairs. While they were so seated, the violins and other instruments, including the trumpet, were flying about the room with the greatest velocity, and all playing all the time, the Spirit speaking loosely through the trumpet, sometimes speaking from the ceiling and sometimes near the floor, frequently placing the trumpet suddenly at or near the ear of each of us, and hallooing so loudly as to surprise us. The windage of the instruments flying about the room was often so strong against our heads as to alarm us, for fear of being hit—the violins and trumpet frequently touching us on our heads and elsewhere, and being often placed in our hands. At one time the mouth-piece of the trumpet was placed at my friend's mouth for him to speak through, and the Spirit voice continued for an instant to issue from the the trumpet. While the room was dark, I held two shillings in my hand, and in an undertone, not sufficiently loud to be heard by any other person in the room—indeed, at that time no one being within ten feet of me—I said to the Spirits, "If you will take this from my hand you can have it;" and immediately it was missing. Another Spirit was fumbling at the stove, speaking occasionally, and eventually threw a piece of the stove across the room, which dropped on the floor behind my chair. The Spirit calling himself John King then asked me if I thought he could be in two places at one time. I answered, of course, negatively, and then heard his voice at the ceiling and along side of my ear at one and the same instant. The boys then cried out, "The table is going!" The cover was removed from the dark lantern. The two boys sat facing each other on their chairs, but the small table which had stood between them was upside down on top of the large table at the extreme end of the room. The small table was then restored to its place, and the Spirit said he was going to raise the larger boy to the ceiling. This ceiling is very high—twelve feet or more. The only utensil in the room that could possibly be made use of to reach the ceiling was the table with a chair upon it; and before covering up the dark lantern I placed a chair on the table and requested the tallest boy to stand on it. He did so, and could not then reach the ceiling by two or three feet. The chair was then replaced on the floor, the boys took their seats, the lantern was covered, and the room was made dark. I placed in the hands of the elder boy a pencil, and requested him, if they took him up, to draw a figure-four on the ceiling. In an instant after, we heard the figure being made on the ceiling and the boy fell to the floor. The lantern was uncovered, which enabled us to see that the figure-four was plainly drawn. We then asked the Spirit to take the boy up again with the chair, and to drop the chair in one part of the room and the boy in another. This was done, the chair striking the floor first and the boy afterward. As he struck the floor, the Spirit called, "light," and the lantern was uncovered. As I understood that on a former occasion you held fast the boy's feet while they were being elevated, this last phenomenon can scarcely be a curiosity to yourself.

On my return to Buffalo last week, I again visited the room of Mr. Davenport, and there, in the presence of a larger circle, and with new friends with me to witness the manifestations, who had not been there before, saw all repeated except the lifting of the boy to the ceiling. In addition to the instruments before named, a guitar had been introduced, and this, like the others, sailed about the room, being played upon; and indeed so rapid was its movement, that it would travel from the ceiling at one end of the room, to the floor at the opposite end of the room, during the vibration of a single note. During one of my visits, all the circle—Mr. Davenport included—with the exception only of my friend who accompanied me from New York, left the room, and I held a conversation of twenty minutes or more with the Spirit, John King. He stated in answer to my question as to why the manifestations given were of so grotesque a character, that any other kind of manifestations—particularly those embracing higher mentality—would not convince skeptics that Spirits could communicate; that it was necessary that each should see the class of manifestations shown, to fix his belief; and that afterward those of higher mental order would be adjudged for their true purpose—their teachings—instead of being watched simply as phenomena, with the view of discovering the method of deception. Indeed, all his answers were such as one might anticipate, for they admitted the truth of the doctrines you advocate.

I also attended the meetings at the Conference Room of Spiritualists, and had the pleasure of hearing two or three addresses, spoken under influence, by Miss Cora Scott. These were of a most striking kind, and of the very highest order of talent.

Mr. Davenport informed me that he should visit New York with his sons, in the course of a few weeks, and if the manifestations should prove here as efficient as in Buffalo, his room will be crowded by the thousands of anxious inquirers.

TIME AND SPACE.

In almost every circle where time and space have been involved in questions asked of Spirit-friends, the reply has been that they form no part of the Spiritual element; and this to us—at least to some of us—seems difficult to be understood. The following is my memory of the explanations given by Spirits during various communications. Man recognizes time by the absence or presence of the sun's light, occurring from the earth's revolution. But let man suppose that he could be elevated at noonday, into space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and there remain; and it would forever be noonday. He would have nothing to mark time, or to show that it occured; and if the doctrine of eternity be true, as all admit, then we have no starting point, either in advance, or in the past, from which to divide the intervening moments into sections, so as to recognize time. Indeed the Spirit may be conceived as inert, except at moments of sympathy, as is our Spirit when we sleep. It seems on awaking, that but a moment has past; still, from long observation, we know the fact that we have been asleep for hours; but during that sleep, while the spirit alone is active, sometimes the whole transactions of a life-time will be recounted in a single dream, and that dream often not occupy, of what we call time more than a single quarter of an hour.

Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant, that they must have occupied their space thousands of years before their light reached this earth; and that if they were now removed, it would be thousands of years before we should lose sight of them. These are established astronomical truths; therefore a Spirit viewing this earth from such a distance as would have been required for the travel of light since the time of the deluge, would see it as if now transpiring; or if time and space, instead of holding such account with Spirit as with us, are, from laws which we do not comprehend, entirely obliterated, then all truths are present whenever in sympathy with Spirit observation. May it not be our Spirit viewing the transactions of the past, that we call dreams? May not the coalescence of our Spirit with our form, sometimes find the form in so diseased or imperfect a condition that objects viewed are distorted, and hence the results of these dreams be departures from exact truths, and only truths to the distorted mind? If one organ of our form, such as the brain, be imperfectly conditioned, so that the coalescence of the Spirit in the form of thought or mind is imperfect, would it not account for distorted dreams? Indeed are not all errors of thought at all times of this character? Can we in our normal state avoid the interference of time and space in forming our reflections? Does not the Spirit sometimes supersede this mind-action, and give us with clearness the images of occurrences during our youth? The form is perishable; therefore, to it, time is one of the elements of existence. The Spirit is imperishable, and hence independent of time, as an element of its existence. The form exists for a time; the Spirit for that space recognized by the form, as all time.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855

MAHAN'S MODERN MYSTERIES

CHAPTER VIII.

RECAPITULATION.—CONCLUSION.

In bringing this Review to a close, it is thought that a brief recapitulation may assist the reader's memory, and thus enable the mind to comprehend in one view the ground we have occupied. In this chapter, however, we shall not refer to the specific points discussed, but merely to the general ideas and prominent phases of the subject.

Chapter I—II. After referring, by way of introduction, to the egotism and weakness of the opposition generally, and to the arrogance and sophistry of our author in particular, we proceeded, in the second chapter, to consider the implied charge that the modern media for Spiritual Intercourse are all *impostors*. The essential elements of what constitutes imposture, and the general characteristics of the media were briefly designated and defined. From this examination and comparison it did not appear that the latter were characterized by the attributes of the former: but rather that our genuine Spirit-media are as sincere and truthful as any other class of citizens—not even excepting the very ablest opposers of the New Reformation. In the first part of Prof. Mahan's book, Mr. Davis and his "Nature's Divine Revelations" are unfairly and rudely assailed; hence, in the corresponding portion of our Review, particular reference was made to the early life and extraordinary powers of Mr. Davis; and full to the intrinsic character and spirit of the Revelations. By a dispassionate appeal to actual facts the charge of imposture was refuted, and the obvious injustice of its author fairly exposed. Moreover, it was observed that nothing is done to overthrow Spiritualism by trying to prove that Mr. D. or some other man is not *perfect*, and that the revelations of Spirit-media contain errors, since Spiritualists do not believe that there are any infallible men or revelations. Will our clerical friends, therefore, please to save themselves any further labors in this direction? We certainly have no idea that the *absolute truth* can be embodied in human language; much less do we imagine that the best part of it has already been stereotyped and sold for two dollars.

Chapter III.—In the Third Chapter we took up, successively, six of the author's propositions, relating to questions of fundamental importance in the present controversy between Spiritualists and their opposers. These were in substance as follows:—1. It is the purpose of Spiritualists to *substitute* the modern for the ancient revelations; 2. The Bible is a perfect revelation; 3. The canonical Scriptures all emanated in an especial manner, from the Infinite Spirit; 4. The peculiar mission of the Spirits is to supplant the Bible; 5. The modern revelations are not adapted to the necessities of humanity in any possible sense; 6. We have not the latest evidence that the current manifestations sustain any relation whatever to the Spirit-world. On these points the author's assumptions were severally examined, compared with the real facts, and proved to be groundless inventions, without so much as a respectable appearance to recommend them to favor.

Chapter IV.—President Mahan's "test principles," comprehended in five separate propositions, were reviewed in our Fourth Chapter. The author of the propositions declares that they are "universally recognized as self-evident;" on the contrary, the present writer undertook to prove that they are all indefinite, ambiguous, and false. It now remains for the candid reader to decide whether the truth or the error of the propositions referred to, is most conspicuous.

Chapter V.—A brief historical account of the discoveries in Animal Magnetism and Animal Electricity, from the time of Mesmer, Galvani, and Volta occupied our attention in the Fifth Chapter. Respecting the nature of the magnetic phenomena it clearly appeared, from the results obtained by Dr. Esdaile and in a greater or less degree by all other experimenters, that sensation may be controlled, increased, diminished, and even wholly suspended by the magnetiser; also that clear sight and the perception of spiritual beings are among the incidental developments of the magnetic sleep. The observations of Cahagnet and the experiments of Baron Von Reichenbach were noticed in this connection, and the Chapter concluded with a brief analysis and suggestions respecting the nature and import of the essential facts. It was the chief object, in this part of our work to ascertain whether the scientific discoveries in these departments afford any warrant for the assumption that the Spiritual Manifestations proceed from Animal Electricity, Vital Magnetism, or the Odic Force.

Chapter VI.—In this part of our Review it was shown that the agents referred to in Chapter Five had never been known to produce any of the more extraordinary results which are now ascribed to the presence and powers of departed Spirits. The essential laws and phenomenal manifestations of those material agents were briefly considered; the facts in Spiritualism were observed to violate those laws, and to immeasurably transcend the capabilities of mere physical forces and the powers of the human mind in its earthly relations. Respecting the Odic Force it was made to appear, as well from the explict testimony of Baron Von Reichenbach himself as from the intrinsic nature of the phenomena, that *we have no positive knowledge of the existence of any such agent*; and that all the facts observed by the Baron may ultimately be ascertained to result from various mental and material combinations, and the modified electro-magnetic states and relations of the system. Upon the presumption that Odyle is *a distinct agent* in Nature, it was proved, rather clearer than ordinary daylight, that the phenomena ascribed to it transcend its utmost capacity, by a degree that admits of no comparison.

Chapter VII.—With a view to a still plainer exhibition of the material and infidel tendencies of Prof. Mahan's book we next proceeded—Chapter Seven—to apply his "test principles," and his principal agent, to the mysterious phenomena of the Jewish and Christian Revelations. From this experiment it was made manifest, either that the spiritual claims of that book are a stupendous fiction, or that the author may be one of the "blind guides." Indeed it must be sufficiently obvious to every person of ordinary discernment, that Prof. Mahan virtually destroys the foundations of his own theology, at the same time he strikes with inconsiderate and reckless haste—under the influence of a blind, misguided zeal—at the revelations of all ages and nations, including Christianity, which is thus "crucified afresh and put to an open shame" in the very presence and the home of its professed disciples.

It was not without considerable hesitation and strong feelings of reluctance—*from a growing distaste for this kind of labor*—that we commenced our strictures on the President's book. But having undertaken the labor of the Review, the writer has not felt at liberty to diminish the force of what he had to say by that morbid love of excessive gentleness which has sometimes made stronger minds feeble in their most labored efforts. It has been our earnest desire to honor the truth and to be just to the author. But our purpose is accomplished. It was the writer's object, as previously intimated, to show that President Mahan's fundamental principles and positions are *untenable and false*, and that his chief agent is *unreal or impotent*. If all this is made manifest, it is enough; his particular facts, specific statements, and special pleading in "petty causes," may pass for what they are worth. The author's principal securities having failed, his small notes must of course be taken at a heavy discount, and indeed if taken at all will need to be indorsed this side of the state of Ohio.

In the concluding portion of his book the author reviews Swedenborg and discusses, at considerable length, the claims of the Bible to Divine inspiration and authority. It was never our intention to follow him through the third and fourth parts of his work. So far as their contents are intrinsically opposed to the just claims of a rational and spiritual philosophy, we feel assured that the author's object will not be realized, but that his labors will prove ineffectual. His argument for the Scriptures might have influenced some minds had it not been preceded by the argument against Spiritualism, which is sufficient to neutralize the influence of all that he has ever spoken or written to vindicate the truth of inspiration, whether ancient or modern. It is strange that just at this crisis, when the old Materialism was ready to perish, without so much as the hope of a resurrection to mitigate the severity of the last struggle, our Reverend friend should come to rescue the dying. Yet such is the fact. He summons from silent and unknown retreats, a thousand infidels; all skeptics and doubters and many reckless and profane men, who want no angelic watchers to scrutinize their conduct, come up from their cold, oblivious abodes; he arms them all with new and more formidable weapons, and sends them forth to strangle a new born faith; to battle against Revelation, and to crush the world's fresh hopes. Will they not contend bravely with such a chief at their head? Not only does he put weapons in the hands of his soldiers and teach them to use the same, but he also strikes the first and the fiercest blow.

I see a broken Altar whereon the fires are partially extinguished. Truth stands at some distance, with veiled and averted face. A long muscular arm is thrust out from beneath the altar; it moves irregularly, and stabs at the fair, immovable form with a strange abnormal energy. And now, the man whose right arm was used to strike the blow comes forth from under the broken altar; he stands erect, and speaks for the Bible, for inspiration, and for miracles. He reverently uncovers his head when he refers to Moses and the Prophets, and bows obsequiously before the effigies of the Apostles. That man defends Revelation! For some reason I am impressed to say, that such a defense, at this time, and from such a champion, will do as much for Revelation as a coat of varnish would have done to mend the walls of Sevastopol when the bombardment was over—*it will cover the ruins to shine*. The scene changes. The Angel of a new dispensation approaches the broken altar to rekindle the waning fires. The radiant form stands uncovered in the presence of the man whose mission is to defend Revelation. The fair creature is glowing with the beauty of young life, and the freshness of the Spiritual Eden is on her cheek. The man with the long muscular arm looks sternly as he approaches the bright messenger. He strikes down the living form; and while the dust from his sandals stains the polished brow and the sinless bosom, he goes forth to galvanize the dead bodies of his remote ancestors!

HALF INTEREST FOR SALE

OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH & BOOK PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

It was not the original intention of the undersigned to engage in the publication of Periodicals and Books, with a view to make it a business, but it was simply for the purpose of putting on record (in convenient form for preservation—and dissemination, if the people required it,) facts and communications from Spirits, which demonstrate their existence and intercourse with mortals. The practical carrying out of this purpose was soon found to attain such an important form, in a business point of view, as to require more of my time than I could spare from that attention which other avocations required, as also from charitable enterprises in which I have been for many years engaged.

The Telegraph and spiritual book-publishing business is now permanently established, and constantly widening its business relations, and in the hands of enterprising men it may be carried on to almost any extent, while at the same time it may be made both pleasant and profitable. Believing that there are many whose hearts and heads are devoted to the new dispensation of spiritual gifts, who have time and means, and who may be desirous of embarking in the Telegraph and publishing business, it would give me pleasure to transfer my interest in the above to some one who may appear calculated to be more efficient, and who may do more good to the cause in which we are engaged.

Mr. Brittan will retain his interest and position in the business.

Apply to CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Spirits in Hartford, Conn.

The editor of the *Hartford Times* recently attended a spiritual *séance* in that city, at which Henry Gordon was present as the medium; and of the proceedings on that occasion he gives the following account in his paper:

Mr. Henry Gordon, the well know Spiritual Medium, who has resided in Springfield and Philadelphia, where many wonderful demonstrations have been made in his presence, is now in this city. We have heard of the appearance of "Spiritual hands," turning of tables, raising of his (Gordon's) body in mid air, and other remarkable phenomena in his "circles," but never witnessed any of these things till last evening, when we were invited to a circle at a private residence. About twenty persons were present, some of whom had never seen anything of the kind. During the evening, Mr. Gordon was thrown into what is called "the state"—that is, his body and limbs were made very rigid, when he was suddenly taken from his chair, and placed under the table. It was an extension-table. The center leaf was thrown up, and Mr. Gordon's body, as rigid as a "hay pole," was thrust through the aperture, and swayed around, above the table, sometimes in an upright position, and at others at an angle of 45 deg. He was then carried back to the floor, and raised to his chair—and during all this time he did not apparently move a muscle. The agency that moved him could not be seen. He was then taken up, turned heels over head, and laid half way up a stairway, head down. A dinner bell was picked up, rung, and thrown upon the table, without any human agency. Other demonstrations of a similar character were made. Persons who would like to see such demonstrations for themselves, may have an opportunity, probably, as inducement are offered to Mr. Gordon to remain here for a season.—

A Sign of Progress.

Archbishop Whately, in his new work on the future state, presents some thoughts on the resurrection from the dead, which are in advance of current opinions on that theme. He says:

"A wound received in childhood bears the scar, although every atom of its flesh has long since been resolved into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The *substance* of the infant and of the man is the same. Is it not, then, the *substantial* body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant dying three days old; does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame be lame also in the resurrection? Or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the *substantial*, and not the *accidental* body. It shall be a spiritual and not a natural body, an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE"

CONTINUED FROM NO. 162.

At this point, the strain of the Lyric touches America, the "Isles of coming days," to which Heaven, when the old world died, wafted out of the ashes of great Europe past, the new dawning future. America is beheld as the nourisher of the fair child of Liberty. He, gazing on dead old Europe, cries:

The Old World hath doubted and died.
Killed by oppression—give it, God, to me.

His cry is answered. The Age of the Earth's transition, on opening from its tomb, follows in prospective. The New World unfolds its petals like a rose. An Angel from the East is heard to sing:

I see the vision of the world redeemed—
The dead old Centuries, when Priest and King
Bore rule, have ended, and the race of men,
Humanity itself, revives again.

And here the visionary tells us that

The three bright Seraphim who watched Rousseau,
The Poet and the Dreamer, long ago,
Touch with their lips of flame my dying heart.

And he desires a mountain-seat, high apart, above the world, where he can breathe aloud his inspiration. Then, he'd

Tear the shroud
Of midnight from Humanity, and pour
Oceans of song, that 'gainst Oppression's shore
Should break with massive surges, and out-roll
Their grand harmonic tide from India to the pole.

He would be

Painter, sculptor, harmonist;
Shakspeare with Eye lit by every Angel kindled;
Dante, or Spenser by his Una led;
Or grand Beethoven with his sun-crowned head;
Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo combined;
In heart a woman and a god in mind;
A poet, hero, sage, sweet Nature's child.

We are told that there is a world where the forms of the human dwellers therein are pure and beautiful beyond all mortal knowledge. Thither the visionary's soul was led, and directed by an angel to explore the "bright dominions." All his faculties became expanded. The dome of his

Sphered intellect irradiate shone
As if it were a firmament wherein
All suns, all heavens were beaming, and their hymn
Of wisdom grew articulate.

He heard the voice of every star—soared through infinite realms—knew the secret of all secrets—flew above the universes into space, and there saw the wonders of the great nebulous expanse. And he beheld an ocean "green, ruby, golden," which "contained more unborn worlds than there are souls in heaven." And he saw suns and worlds changed into heavens, wreathed in concentric rings. And a voice taught him that these worlds grow through the operation of spirits.

Through labor, first on earth, and then in heaven.
They have gone up to that supreme degree
That they are Angel-mediums for the seven
Creative Powers of Heaven's Divinity.

Then the visionary is led to another world, reposing far in the Pleiades. There his spirit found glad rest, and a mighty angel discoursed to him of Castor and Pollux, "the great Twin Brethren," whose mighty signs reveal to us our twin-born destinies. And the visionary learns that the world in which he is, is as the Earth shall be, when death and night have passed away. The earth of that world has bloomed into its golden age: children are born there "withouten pain;" childhood there is full of God as morning is full of sun; each young soul moves as if he were a star—and they are fed with fruit that drops in clusters from moon-like trees—and bathed in crystal waters. There are no serfs or slaves there—all is equality. In America the like of all this is prospectively seen.

In the great West the glory culminates:
Where flows the Mississippi to its sea
A thousand millioned Nations whom the Fates
The Virtues and the Splendors have made free,
Chant the great hymn of human liberty.

The vision changes, and the visionary tells us

In that pure planet that shines in the distance remote,
called Melodia,
Angels abide who are kin by their love-breathing hearts
to the Seraphim.
There I was led by a beautiful maiden whose name
was Euphrosyne.

And he saw beneath a scarlet pomegranate tree, twelve angels who sat evermore feeding their spirits with sweet love. These spirits were called "Children of the Ray."

Their vision is so exquisitely fine
That they perceive the essences of flowers.

Yet the "Children of the Dawn" are brighter than these. Shelley and Keats, we are told, are inhabitants of Melodia. We are told, also, that they

Were children of one mother;
The same pure love-star ruled their destiny;
In essence they were like to one another,
And one they are in Heaven's bright galaxy.

Melodia rules the destiny of the "Land of Coming Years." America, which is at last to be the consecrated home of poetry, and which is here apostrophised as

The lost Atlantides that lay,
To ancient thought, beyond the waves away;
The New Jerusalem, the ancient Seer
Of Patmos saw, descending white and clear
From highest heaven; the rich and wise Cathay
Columbus sought, faith-guided, on his way.
The Old, the New, the Future and the Past,
Meet and embrace, complete in thee at last.

The vision changes again, and the visionary is sped to the Spirit-pantheon where Rousseau saw "great England's worthies." There stood Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hood—new splendors. The spirit of King Alfred calls Byron to pour forth the music of his song. Byron sings a grand, a mournful song to Venice—glancing at England in his strain—England with her kingly and caste despots, and her serf-sufferers—a terrible picture, imprecation of prophecy, thus closing.

Guelf shall like Tudor and Plantagenet
Be a forgotten name in Windsor's Halls;
The German hounds who suck the public teat
Shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls;
And unctuous deans flee from their burning stalls
While terribly Destruction waves his brand
Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,
O Aristocracy; when God's right hand
Thrones Freedom o'er your isles, none shall His might withstand.

Then Coleridge poured forth an Orphic chant—worthy of his fame as the English Plato. Then Shelley sang, and

As he sang the dust
Of star-flakes round him thrilled; the glad air grew
Melodious, and that song of hope and trust
Filled every breast as morn is filled with dew.

Shelley sang of the vices and crimes of England's kings, and priests, and aristocracies, and of the death of Superstition. Then Pollok sang, rejecting Calvinism, declaring fear to be the soul's insanity, describing orderly and disorderly Spiritualism, proclaiming the universal redemption of man, through love, explaining the causes of crime, descanting on the evils of revivalism, and prophesying the end of sectarianism. A noble song is this now

song of Pollok's, pleading for kind treatment for the erring, and against state-tyrannies and prophesying of England's future—of England, a Republic in the future. We are told this song of Pollok's is

The death-song of the Past.
The birth-song of the Future. It reveals
The real state of Nations.

Here the voice of Keats was heard, in Rome, in the People's Square, near St. Peter's. And he sang bravely of the coming day when the shrine of the great temples built by angels

shall be a pantheon grand
Where every hero of the Fatherland
In marble effigy shall dwell enshrined;
And wicked priestcraft, by Anathema banned,
Triumphant rise and enslave the public mind
The new Ascendant Age of Liberty to find.

Liberty for Italy rings through the prophetic words of Keats. The earth is hailed like a mother, the child who will thrive—her coming child shall be inheritor of time, and yet another

Shall follow him and rule sweetly.

A Keats tells us how keen cold satire killed him in life's fresh April dream—how the cruel rod that smote him became a golden scepter, and he died joyfully the snow-white perch of immortality. And he sang of the Grecian heaven, the religion of Greece, of Greece inspiring America, and of Christ in Parnassus. And he sang, also, beautifully, of how he passed from earth and its woe—

Up to the living from the dead.

An exquisite picture is given of Keats in Paradise:

There his lovely spirit, bowed
On earth like a bent lily in the rain,
Rose-like and kingly, free from every pain,
Thrilled to distinct music; evermore
Joy made her nest in his deep hearts core,
Breeding young poems fed on festive bliss,
And trained in Eden-realms of purest happiness.

And Keats, the gentle and beautiful, tells us:

Closo-veiled a Lyric Poem, beautiful.
The Angels told me in that jasmine grove,
Because the world cannot as yet receive,
It was a poem of Conjugal Love.

An ancient poet of the Grecian age reluctantly to Keats, how

All matter is a medium wherethrough God
Redupliceates and multiplies the worlds;

and how once, in a flight of wonder, he was led into the planet Jupiter, and there saw a young planet budding from the old:

Self-poised
And radiance from an inward light it hung,
Like a translucent amethyst, between
The green orb's emerald and the golden sky.
Held in the planetary atmosphere,
Cradled in all its harmonies, a form
Of aggregating melody, a sea
Of rounded aromatic life, a bud
Of world-existence twinkling on the stem
Of its pure mother-sphere.

And the ancient poet learned that this was the beginning of another world, and that, in years remote, this infant orb would be a virgin earth, peopled with souls, and birds, and flowers, and melody and fragrance. Then the poet sang of "Melodia," a world beyond Urania moving, where a Spirit-angel once found glad repose, and saw

The landscape drowned with fluid gold;
The planet grew impregnate from the sun;
Through all its veins the solar effluence rolled,
And then convergent shaped a seven-fold zone
Of undulating splendors round the globe.
Then from the sun seven mighty Angels rode,
Each bearing in his hand a ruby vase
Wherein the embryos of a seven-fold race
Were shrined; wherever passed that bright procession,
Plants, trees and living things of flood and field
And air came forth in beautiful progression;
And splendors in each living form concealed
Unfolded, and a sixth melodious race
Of seph-like beings filled the realms of space,
And all was vocal as a lover's heart,
Breathing sweet joy to his sweet counterpart.

Then comes a vision of how three armies, with fierce, delirious rage, are battling round Sebastopol:

By night
The bomb-shell and the rocket wildly bright,
By day the devil-throated cannon roar,
And lance and saber drip with human gore;
Whistling, the hail of musketry flies shrill;
The sabered victims cover plain and hill.

And we are told that, were it not for Priests, State Churches, and bloody creeds, mankind would feel how great are the wrongs, needs, woes and suffering of men. We are told, also, how beautiful it is to see mild, quiet Peace, when War hath been led homeward by crowned Victory:

Then Earth, no more defiled
With slaughter, clothes in robes of freshest green
Her matron form; her bounteous breasts untorn
Fill with new milk of love, and sabers keen
Repose, and harvests wave where slaughter-fields have been.

Then we are given a vision of a woman, chained to the topmost cliff of a shaggy rock; she is Humanity, and she drains the cup of desolation, and can not die. She has endured a long eternity already, and she cried

It can not be
Aught than a slave—enslaved Humanity.

And old Evil replies to her,

Woman, by love alone thou art consumed.

But she answered, "No! love to me is joy and peace," and the stars sing from their splendor above,

Love on, love on, Humanity love on,
Through Love, at last, deliverance shall be won.

The woman is finally overborne, and dies—all but her heart; that lives on and will not die, though many terrors smite it. And Freedom, on its Atlantic promontory, though Loyals, and Dominic, and the cowled murderers of the Inquisition sated themselves on its flesh and blood, and twelve fierce terrors pursue it, withstands, like the heart of Humanity, every assault. Choral hymns of victory for uprisen Freedom and Humanity follow; and much more of strange and beautiful, which our space forbids us to further quote. The Lyric closes with this brave strain:

If we have uttered words that blanch the cheek
And terrify weak natures, still 'twas ours
To liberate the Poor, the Blind, the Weak.
Our levin bolts were aimed at Wrong's grim towers,
We strove 'gainst mailed Oppression's haughty powers.
Forgive us if a word, misread, has brought
Pain to a single heart; we call fresh flowers
In paradises of celestial thought
To wreathe each radiant brow from heaven divinely taught.

Lectures in New England.

In our advertising columns will be found the Card of Rev. J. G. W. Weeks, of Phillipston, Mass., who is now in readiness to answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism in any part of the New England States.

In an earlier stage of his inquiries respecting the spiritual opening, Mr. Weeks was known to our readers as among the contributors to our columns. About a year since, he intimated to us that his progressive views would probably be the means of separating him from his society. This anticipation is now fully realized, with circumstances of a somewhat aggravating character; and our brother in boldly meeting it, has given full proof of a devotion to truth as superior to all considerations of personal applause and gain. Spiritualists in need of lectures, will do well to give him a call. He speaks mostly from impressions.

Facts and Remarks.

Progress in the Art.—Several indubitably attested instances have recently been recorded in our columns, of Henry Gordon being floated by Spirit-agency; but the following remarkable case of the kind was related to us by Mr. Lewis L. Fraser of 124 Canal-street, this city, not long since, and we believe, has been partially recorded. Soon after the arrival of Gordon's medium-ship, and whilst our informant was in Newhaven, Conn., a circle, consisting of some thirty or forty persons, was held. Soldiers at the house, at which Gordon was present, was held. Soldiers at the house, at which Gordon was present, was held. Soldiers at the house, at which Gordon was present, was held. After the party had become seated, the Spirits directed Gordon to go with Mr. and Mrs. Platt and one or three other persons, into another room. They complied, and being seated in the dark, Gordon announced the presence of Mr. Platt's father, and that he was then floating him out. Mr. and Mrs. P. then heard him of the third of Gordon's feet, floating and dodging around them, and finally came through the window, two feet above the floor, and gradually sank through the window sash. As he approached the door, it opened for what appeared to be a moment, and he was in the light from the other room. Then darkness saw him pass through the door, through the lighted room, through a further door into the entry where he descended to the floor. Immediately, as he struck it, like an inflated balloon. During the passage, the air, his feet were elevated some two feet above the head, and his head just passed within the upper sash of the door through which the Spirits manipulated him in the house, and the room being dark, the Spirits took him from his chair and floated him over the heads of those seated, frequently touching persons in different parts of the room. At length two young ladies sitting at the back part of the room, were struck in the face by his feet as he floated by them. They then seated in a previously vacant chair by their side. A few minutes after this, a sound was heard as of something falling in the entry; when the Spirits rapped for a light, and Gordon, in the dark, brought from the opposite side of the room, was found sitting on the top of the table with the table cloth thrown over him! It should be added that there was a triple circle of persons seated around the table, so that it was impossible for Gordon to get to and from the table without going over the heads of the company.

Announcing her own Death.—A Quaker gentleman of respectability, whom we occasionally met in Philadelphia, but who objected to publicity of his name, related to us the following incident. He had a lady in his house, who was not long since, and after four days illness, died. She had been for some time in very feeble health, and her mother, who was at the time in the city, was sent for. She arrived, and was with her daughter for a few days, when the latter informed her mother that she was going to die, and that she would not live to see the next Sabbath day. The mother, of course, thought her daughter was laboring under a delusion, and endeavored to persuade her that she was not going to die. But the daughter persisted in her declaration, and said that she knew

New-York Conference.

REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY BY T. J. ELLISWOOD.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, November 7.

R. PARTRIDGE opened the meeting by reading, from the *London Herald*, a statement made by a clergyman, with reference to his experience in the investigation of spiritual manifestations; which statement did not differ materially from that of many investigators on both sides of the Atlantic; and the extract went to show that the conclusions arrived at in England, respecting table-tippings, rappings, etc., were substantially the same as those generally received in this country. He then read several paragraphs from the introduction of Prof. Hare's book, which contained the views of the author on a number of important questions connected with Spiritualism; which views were the result of a series of experiments instituted by Prof. Hare. Among the questions read from this new work, was the following:

"I will now mention a test of recent occurrence which completely refutes Dr. Hare's hypothesis. Being at Cape May, one of my guardian spirits was with me frequently, on the 4th instant, at one o'clock, A. M., I requested the faithful being in question to go to my cousin, Mrs. Gourley, No. 128 North Tenth-street, Philadelphia, and request her before Dr. Gourley to go to the Philadelphia Bank to ascertain at what time a check would be due, and that I would sit at the instrument at half-past three o'clock to receive the answer. Accordingly, at that time, my spirit-friend manifested herself, and gave the result of the inquiry.

On my return to the city I learned from Mrs. G. that my angelic messenger had indeed executed a communication, which was taking place through the spiritscope in order to communicate my message, and in consequence her husband and brother went to the bank and made the inquiry, of which the result was that communicated to me at half-past three o'clock by my Spirit-friend.

The difference from the impression which I had from memory, and was such, of course, obtained from my mind. And it is evident that the medium could not have known of my message until she was made to receive it.

For independently of the inability to communicate ideas, not existing in the minds of the persons present which has been so eminently inferred to exist by Dr. Bell, let this particular experiment suggest any conceivable explanation of the phenomena elicited, by excepting that founded on the agency of Spirits.

And independently of any other proof, the fact that one of my guardian Spirits bore a message from me at Cape May to Mrs. G. at Philadelphia, so as to induce her to do what was requested, is sufficient of itself, inexplicable under any other view than that of a Spirit having effected it.

In conclusion, I hope that while Spiritualism will give a quietus to Atheism it will tend especially to the facts and reasoning presented by this book, confer sustained by evidence, and to increase the great object of religion, as above stated, vastly better than no other doctrine.

Mr. P. said that during his recent visit to Philadelphia he had an opportunity to converse with Prof. Hare; that he was pleased with the facts he related, and with his mode of demonstrating them; and that he saw the mechanical instruments used by the Professor to satisfy his mind with regard to the origin of the manifestations; and he thought spiritualists and skeptics would be interested in a lecture by Professor Hare illustrating his experiments and conclusions.

R. BALLOCH related the following: A young man belonging to a family in West Troy, dreamed, some two years since, that he saw his own name written on a black-board, together with a statement that he would die on a particular day during a certain month in the year 1853. The fall he died at precisely the time indicated in that dream.

Either during his sickness, or shortly after his death, his sister was taken ill, when she declared that she should soon die; for her brother had come back and conversed with her, and told her that she must join him in the Spirit-world. She, too, died according to her prediction. At the time of her death her mother was lying sick in a room on the floor above. In consequence of the low condition of the mother, it was deemed best, by the family, not to communicate to her the fact of her daughter's death. Every precaution was taken to keep her ignorant of it during the day her daughter died. While the process of preparing the body for burial was going on, some one had occasion to go into the mother's room, when the sick woman, turning toward her, said, "You need take no pains to keep the news of my daughter's death from me. She has informed me of it herself. She came into my room a little while ago, and told me she had died at five o'clock this morning; then she kissed me and went away." It is true that the daughter died at five o'clock; and that the mother disclosed the fact of her death, without having been told of the event by any person in the form. The speaker thought this an interesting fact, which can not be explained unless we admit that the daughter did, as the mother declared, visit her and give her the information she received.

A GENTLEMAN thought that in the case related above, the daughter, at the act of dying, might have impressed upon her mother's mind the fact that her Spirit was leaving the body, instead of going to her room after her death, and communicating the fact directly to her. And he related an instance connected with his own experience, in which he, by desiring to visit another person who was suffering from illness, for the purpose of administering to his comfort, so influenced the mind of this individual as to cause him to see the speaker (as the individual supposed) walk into his room. The fact that this apparition appeared to the individual referred to, was communicated to the speaker by the Spirits, at the time of its occurrence, at a place some miles distant from the room occupied by the sick man, who supposed he then saw him at his side.

DR. WARNER said that during the year 1840, when he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, his room-mate one afternoon, being sleepy, lay down and presently lost all external consciousness. While in that state, an uncle of his, whose earthly residence was in Pittsburg, stood before him, clothed in a peculiar dress, and informed him that he had just died, and that he had left him a piece of property. The speaker's class knew nothing of the illness of his uncle, neither had he any intimation that he was going to leave him this property. Some two days after, he received a letter stating that his uncle had died suddenly, at the particular time when he saw him; that he was dressed precisely as he appeared to be in the vision; and that he had left the young man the piece of property of which he spoke in his communication to him.

MR. PARTRIDGE, to show that persons out of the form have power to make themselves visible to, and to converse directly with, persons in the form, related the following circumstance, which occurred at New Martinsville, and which has previously been published in detail in the TELEGRAPH. (See Telegraph Papers, vol. 3, p. 98.)

Several gentlemen were returning to their homes from a "husking;" when one of them, Mr. Hinman, fell behind his companions, and in order to take the nearest route, went across a large field, in the middle of which a person mysteriously arose before him and said, "You do not know me, but my name is Gamble—the person that Zeb Mercer murdered four years ago." It was known that these two men, Mercer and Gamble, met about four years previous for the purpose of settling a disputed account, which was not accomplished on amicable terms. Directly after this meeting, Gamble got into a boat, with the intention of crossing a river hard by. The boat was soon after found with no one in it; and the body of Gamble was discovered in the river some months later. The Spirit calling himself John Gamble said further to Mr. Hinman, "I feel that the people in this vicinity have not done their duty in this matter, and I want you should go and put the following questions (which the Spirit stated) to Mercer." This strange visitor then disappeared from Hinman's view. When Mr. H. met the party who had been in company with him, he charged them with having attempted to deceive him, which charge they firmly denied. Hinman felt so certain that he was accosted as above stated, by a person calling himself Gamble; that on the following night he went to the place where the singular circumstance occurred, to see if it would be repeated. This was a bright moonlight night, so that it would have been impossible for any person disposed to play a trick upon him to, conceal himself in this open field. But the same man with whom he had the interview the night previous, appeared before him again and said, "You have not done as I requested you. I now insist upon your going to Mercer and putting those questions to him. Hinman did as directed, and Mercer answered the questions asked him as the Spirit said he would; and the result was that he was arrested. Hinman testified upon oath to what he had witnessed; and the many circumstances brought to light on the trial seemed to confirm the statement of the Spirit; but the lapse of time rendered it impossible to produce direct testimony.

MR. HOUK said that about three years ago, at a circle composed of twelve persons, at which he was present in the town of Granby, Mass., a Spirit signified his desire to communicate with him, when he spelled out by means of the alphabet,

"My sister Sarah has turned over in her coffin. RELIEF SMITH."

Although the speaker had known Relief Smith, and was acquainted with the fact that his sister Sarah had died eight days before, he did not believe the communication to be true; but in order to ascertain it certainly whether it was or not, he went, in company with a skeptical friend, into New Hampshire—a distance of upwards of a hundred miles—to the place where she was buried, when they opened her grave and found that she had actually turned partly over, so that the position of her body in the coffin was quite different from that in which it lay when it was interred; to which fact the speaker could testify, as he saw the corpse in the coffin immediately before it was closed and lowered into the grave. This test led the friend of the writer to a belief in the reality of spiritual manifestations.

The speaker had often heard people ask, "What good does Spiritualism do?" In answer to this question he related the following circumstance:

One of the roughest and rudest of men—a man addicted to swearing, drinking, cheating, lying, and almost every other immoral practice—moved into the town of B——. On a certain occasion he attended a circle, when he said he could upset Spiritualism, and that no rape could occur where he was. But the raps were produced, notwithstanding, and on asking the name of a Spirit that expressed, by rape, a desire to communicate with him, "J—— P——,"—the name of his father—was spelled out. He was very much surprised and said no one present could have known that his father was dead. He then asked if the Spirit had anything to communicate to him. The Spirit replied in the affirmative, and then said, "John, leave off drinking rum;" where upon he began to cry. The next time he came to the circle, after he had set awhile he began to shake violently; when he said, "I have got the jerks; I can't keep still." It proved that he was a medium, and that the Spirit of his father was influencing him. The effect of Spiritualism, in his case, was to cause him to stop drinking and to leave off swearing, chewing tobacco, lying, etc.; and now he provides for his family, while before he became thus reformed the town was obliged to aid in their support; and his wife now weeps for joy when she reflects upon the almost miraculous change which has been wrought in her husband.

The Healing of the Nations.

The editor of the East Boston *Ledger*, who is liberally disposed toward new ideas, and has the magnanimity to openly express what he thinks, has recently noticed with favor, "The Healing of the Nations." We extract the following passage:

The introduction of Mr. Tallmadge, occupying some 70 pages, will be conceded to be an able exposition and defense of Spiritualism, and to do honor to the author, whatever may be thought of the soundness of this belief. A man who, like Gov. Tallmadge, is willing to peril a high reputation for what he conceives to be truth, must possess qualities of rare excellence.

The production which gives title to the volume, though bearing the name of Charles Linton, is alleged to be from a Spiritual source. It seems to us a remarkable one—superior in every respect to most Spiritual productions. We have found time to look into it only here and there; but have every where found it instructive; nor have we met with a passage unworthy of a high Spiritual origin. Let the authorship be what it may, it is due to our convictions to say that, so far as we have read, it contains pure morality, specious, if not sound, philosophy, and refined Spirituality. As a literary production, also, it is meritorious—clear, ornate, and sometimes striking, both in thought and expression. We commend it to all who feel interested in the subject.

Spirits in Buffalo.

We invite attention to the leading article on our first page this week, relative to the current manifestations in Buffalo. Although that article appears without signature, the author is well known to us, and we can vouch for his strict veracity. He has heretofore appeared in our columns under the *nom de plume* of "Phœnix." The phenomena which he here relates are truly wonderful, and will excite much interest among our readers.

D. D. Home in Italy.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, writing from Florence, under date of October 12, says:

D. D. Home, the Spirit medium, of whom you have heard in the United States, is here, turning English and American heads and tables, and converting skeptics to the belief in a future state, by marvelous manifestations never dreamed of in any rational philosophy. He spends the winter in Italy for the benefit of his health, in company with the son of a wealthy family in England, which has adopted him as a child.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"Ay, they are with us yet,
Albeit we see not all their plumes of light;
And o'er our path by day their watch is set,
And o'er our rest by night."

AT Waterloo, N. Y., October 24, AZALIAH SCHOOLEY left the earth-sphere for his blissful home in the Spirit-world, aged forty-nine years, nine months and twenty-six days. He was truly one of Nature's noblemen, possessed of a remarkably pure, gentle, loving and elevated spirit. Intelligent and self-poised, he was one of the most exemplary men of the age, and was a living monument of virtue and manliness. His highly developed and affectionate nature caused him to deeply sympathize with all those movements calculated to disenthrall and harmonize humanity, and to bring all into communion with the pure and intelligent of higher and brighter spheres. He was formerly a member of the "Society of Friends," but as his soul expanded he dissolved all sectarian shackles, and declared by word and deed his abiding faith in the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

His attention was early called to the phenomena of Spirit-intercourse, and his clear insight and rich experience shed a halo of serene joy over his life, and caused him to meet the change whereby he was ushered into a higher state of existence, in a spirit of peace and rejoicing, which the materialism of the Church and the world can never afford. He left an affectionate family to whom he was greatly devoted, and also a large circle of friends and acquaintances, "who knew him but to love," and who will raise their dimmed eyes to the bow of Hope, and remember that what seems lost on earth is treasured in brighter realms for our present as well as future enjoyment. May we heed his gentle Spirit-voice as it directs us in the path of purity, benevolence and peace. An appreciated friend subjoined the following beautiful lines.

NEWARK, N. J., 1855. F. D. H.

He lives!
O how these thrilling
Words sound through the heart's
Most hidden cell, and cause each
Sacred chord to trouble or Nature's
Mournful music breathes "dust to dust."

He lives!
Yes! he liveth still, even as
The memory of his good and virtuous
Deeds live in the hearts of those
Who loved him.
It may be that on earth we'll gaze
No more upon his placid countenance,
No more will listen to his gentle
Teachings, but still in midnight's
Hallowed hour, in solitude, or shady eve,
A still small voice will whisper
That "the loved one never dies,"
That "death is swallowed up
In victory," and all our
Cherished, mourned for ones,
That fade on earth, still
Live in Heaven.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

A. J. Davis' Twelve Inferential Evidences.

THE fifth lecture of the course will be delivered next Sunday, (Nov. 18) at 3 o'clock, in the Brooklyn Institute. In this discourse Mr. Davis will examine all the arguments advanced by Naturalists and Supernaturalists in favor of Immortality, and show them to be at least merely inferential and conclusive.

At Stuyvesant Institute.

JOEL TIFFANY, Esq., of Ohio, will occupy the desk at the Stuyvesant Institute on Sunday next, morning and evening. Mr. Tiffany has made Spiritualism a subject of careful investigation, and he is said to be an eloquent and forcible speaker.

Lectures in Troy, N. Y.

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., will lecture on Spiritualism in Troy next Sunday, 18th instant, after noon and evening, at the usual place and hours of the meetings holden by Spiritualists.

S. B. Brittan in Philadelphia.

THE Editor of this paper will lecture in the Sansom street Hall on Sunday next, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

Lecture in Williamsburgh.

S. B. BRITTAN, editor of the TELEGRAPH, will lecture in the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening, the 14th instant.

Things in Troy, N. Y.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE lectured in Troy N. Y., Sunday afternoon and evening, the 11th instant, to intelligent and attentive audiences. There are many whole-souled, zealous friends in Troy, who live up to their professions; and having been privileged to communicate with their Spirit-friends, they feel bound to furnish opportunities to their doubting and desponding neighbors, not only to hear the evidences of immortality and intercourse with Spirits, but to see and converse with their dear ones who have gone before them. C. P.

H. P. Wilson's Removal.

H. P. WILSON, clairvoyant medical medium, and psychometric delineator of character, has removed from Cleveland to Cincinnati, O., where he may be personally consulted, or addressed by letter, by those in need of his professional services. See his card in our advertising columns.

Original Communications.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

They're passing from our homes away,
The birds of wandering wing,
And mournful is the parting strain,
The farewell song they sing.
They go, they go, with all the light
And loveliness of Earth,
Which came 'mid sunny hours to idess
The gentle summer's birth.

No more their tuneful lays wild cheer
Our wand'rings through the woods,
Or mingle with the rushing notes
Of sweeping winds or floods.
They're passing from the whisp'ring groves,
They go with Summer's smiles,
And Autumn's sitful breezes sweep
Through all the gloomy aisles.

In greenwood glen and mountain's grot
Their lonely seats they leave,
And silent is the cherished spot,
Their homes beneath the eaves.
The Katydid hath ceased her moan,
The Linnet's note is still,
And from the thicket sings no more
The plaintive Whip-poor-will.

No more the Skylark soars aloft
To meet the early morn,
And where the Cuckoo waked her lay
Resounds the hunter's horn.
What tidings have ye had, ye birds,
Of storms or tempests nigh,
That thus with rapid flight ye seek
A far-off sunny sky?

"We've seen the early Spring flowers fade,
The forest leaves grow sere,
And watched the many changing hues
That mark the closing year;
We've heard the wail of midnight winds
Sweep mournfully along,
And in each solemn blast that rose
There came a warning song.

"The lisping pines have waked their moan
Upon the distant hills,
And swollen by the recent floods
Loud roar the mountain rills;
The sun through darkly rolling clouds
Shines out in fitful gleams,
And thickly hang the mists of morn
O'er mountains, lakes and streams.

"The spreading oaks and sycamores
Their robes of green have cast,
And mournfully their naked boughs
Bend to the Autumn blast.
No more we hear the pleasant sound
Of bee upon the wing,
No more from garden, grot or bower,
Their honey dews they bring.

"These are the omens we have had,
And we must heed their spell;
Since beauty from the hills hath fled,
We too must go—farewell!"
But stay, ye birds! give answer yet,
Where will ye rest your wings?
And will ye not come back again
With flowers of early Spring?

"Beneath a sunny southern sky
There we will rest our wings,
'Mid pleasant groves and green old woods,
Where the fresh water springs;
Bright blossoms there of every hue
Light up the forest's gloom,
And tall Magnolias wave their boughs,
And rich Catalpas bloom.

"There we may build our quiet nests,
And warble wild and free,
Where clinging mosses meet and twine
Above the Cypress tree;
And there, by stream or laughing fount,
Our nestlings we will rear,
Where, on the Orange-scented breeze,
There comes no voice of fear.

"But when with gentle tread the Spring
Comes smiling o'er the lawn,
And the soft wooing winds of May
Call out the timid fawn;
When the fair flowers have burst their tombs
Then we will spread our wings,
And seek our nests beside thy door—
Oh! we'll come back with Spring."

Then fare ye well, ye wand'ring birds!
Birds of the joyous lay;
The God who guides o'er seas your flight,
Will He not guide our way?
And when life's storms shall sweep our track,
And shroud in gloom the sky,
Then may we seek the "Better Land,"
Through paths to Him on high. D.

DIALOGUE WITH THE SPIRIT OF BYRON.

DEAR BRITTAN: SOUTHAMPTON, *October*, 1855.

I recently held a conversation through Mr. Home, medium, with a Spirit, purporting to be Lord Byron, who, during a couple of evenings, gave us a perfect torrent of the most exalted as well as instructive eloquence, for two and a-half hours, all in verse, in which he ran rapidly over the history of *the world* and the downfall of nations, ending in the most earnest exhortation, that we should nerve our arms and strengthen our hearts in defence of the just and true, assuring us in terms the most emphatic, that nothing but rigid adherence to virtue and right could save America from sharing the fate of Greece which, said he,

"Is Greece no more."

I confess that I was completely spell-bound, and when he was through, I so deeply realized that I was in the presence of an intelligence so far my superior that, though I greatly desired to ask a few questions (that he had given me indubitable evidence that he was *able* and I believed willing to answer) I preferred them at first with great deferential hesitation. The following dialogue then ensued:

Are there any persons in the body who on the whole grow worse and worse?

There certainly are.

Do any Spirits grow worse after they have left the body?

Yes, indeed.

What is the condition, after the change, of such Spirits as have pursued a course of sin on earth?

The dishonest man goes to the dishonest man's hell; the drunkard goes to the drunkard's hell; the pirate goes to the pirate's hell.

Will they ever progress into goodness, and, of course, into happiness?

We see no other way but that ultimately everything must tend to God.

But if they are still sinking from their Maker, when will they begin to rise?

We don't know everything, but this we know, that they must sink in darkness and suffering till they feel their need of help. We see bright angels before the throne of God, filling their censers with light, who are destined to carry it to the darkest corners of God's creation. You must remember that though it would fill you with horror to look at the hells, they are only imaginary, having no actuality only in the minds of the subjects. The great current of a man's thoughts is not changed by the change of the body. If he was dishonest on earth, he is still laying his schemes to entrap and overreach his neighbor who as actually exists to his mind as before he underwent the change. So, too, of the drunkard; he mentally riots in his cups, and among his former associates, as much as when clothed in flesh and blood. The same is true of the pirate; he pursues the doomed crew with the same blood-thirsty eagerness to which, in his earth life he was accustomed, while the gold and silver have the same enchantment upon his mental vision that the actual possession of them had when engaged in their unhallowed pursuit on the high seas. In his dreamy perceptions he is still there, while the outcast, the slaughter, the blood, and the pillage, are as real to *him* as they were in actual life. A very truthful conception of the hells in their various gradations may be obtained from a consideration of your lunatic asylums. The best cases of patients are rational upon most subjects, and on the whole may be considered comparatively happy, but as you survey the different apartments, you will find the different degrees of hallucination, degradation, and suffering, to increase, till you reach the "*end cells*," where the raving Spirit is tearing his hair and smiting the walls, or it restrained is howling in the wildest despair. Well, the same God and the same laws that permit the body and soul thus to suffer on earth, pertain to the Spirit-world. There can be no more injustice in the Great Ruler of the skies in permitting such suffering in the one case, than in the other. Now, as the capacity of the Spirit continues to increase after it leaves the body—as no joys on earth can equal the joys of the advanced Spirit in the heavens—so no suffering of earth equals the suffering of the Spirits in the lower hells. I again repeat, that it would fill you with horror to look at them. The hells are compared to fire and brimstone; because the selfish heart, like a friction match which is made of sulphur materials, will take fire whenever rigid justice is demanded of it. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," has already kindled a terrific fire in nearly every selfish and tyrannical breast. It is nevertheless a principle of eternal right, that will never bend to any man, while its disregard exposes all to go on from bad to worse till for a time, at least, and often a very long time, the soul is wholly lost in its own delusions. Spirits in the hells are like insane men in the body who mentally pursue some imaginary good, or are followed and distressed by some phantom of evil. All men are insane—are in an incipient hell—who make the present rather than the future life the end and aim of their existence—who seek the riches, the honors, or fame, of this world, instead of that honor that cometh from God only. I will now only add that, dismal and gloomy as are the hells, yet there is hope for the inmates. Charles Gibbs (the noted pirate) has manifested a desire for improvement, and I have undertaken his elevation. He is present, and desires to address you, but fears to possess the medium lest he should injure him; and I will speak for him.

The next day I mentioned to the medium (who of course knew nothing of the above conversation) the name of Gibbs, when he remarked that Gibbs once took possession of him, and that he swore and blasphemed and used him with such violence that the circle seriously feared that he would have been actually torn in pieces by him.

I now said that I should like to make inquiry upon another subject. It is the testimony of Mr. Davis, of many clairvoyants, and of some Spirits (though contradicted by others) that the lower animals retain their identity in the Spirit-world, and that their spiritual bodies bear the same relation to man's spiritual body, that their earthly bodies bear to his earthly body. Is this so? He replied emphatically. "*It is not so*; the spiritual elements of the lower animals are dissolved and dissipated when they die; but as your physical bodies are nourished and sustained by the physical organisms of the lower animals—as your flesh is made up, out of their flesh—so their spiritual essences are absorbed by your spiritual organisms which require a constant supply of nutrition adapted to their wants and wastes, as much as the earthly body. As the gross organisms of the vegetable and animal kingdoms furnish your gross bodies with the pabulum of life, so the spiritual essences of the same kingdoms furnish your spiritual bodies with a constant supply equal to their demands, and they are taken up where they are demanded by attractive affinity in the man. Thus," said he, "the man with large combativeness, who is never easy unless in a quarrel, will absorb the spirit of the savage watch-dog; the cuddle, cunning, overreaching Jew, (and such are not confined to the descendants of Abraham) will absorb the spirit of the fox, while your medium and all like him who would die rather than quarrel, will absorb the spirit of the lamb."

Yours, ever, J. A. GRISLEY.

MANIFESTATIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 18, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—Having been a constant reader of the TELEGRAPH from its commencement, and being likewise interested in the cause of Spiritualism, I have been pleased to find that its truths are spreading so rapidly, and are being embraced by the intelligence of the land. But while I read of the phenomena occurring elsewhere with gratified feelings, I must confess to some dissatisfaction in consequence of so little being said of the manifestations that are occurring in our fair city; for although I have not personally witnessed the manifestations abroad, yet from what I hear and read, I am led to believe that Philadelphia is as justly celebrated for its manifestations and media, and I may add, its loyalty to the cause, as any other part of our Union. We have here four places of meeting which are open to the public on Sundays, as well as two or three public circles during the week.

The writer of this has, perhaps, had as good an opportunity of witnessing the phenomena as any other, from having been connected with various circles where there were all the varieties of media; and I believe that here, as well as elsewhere, there is nothing so well calculated to overthrow skepticism as the physical manifestations; *for* the skeptical mind, once convinced that tables are actually moved without contact or deception, and also that raps are produced loud enough to be heard distinctly in reply to questions, is led to reason upon the subject, and can more readily comprehend the so-called higher manifestations.

We have some excellent mediums here for the physical manifestations; but none, I believe, so powerful as Miss M. Frances Maxwell, a young lady of about fifteen years of age, through whom I have seen the most powerful and convincing proofs of action of an invisible and intelligent power. They have been acknowledged by all to be the loudest Spirit-raps they have ever heard. They can, I am satisfied, be heard all over any church in this city. At times they will, through her, drum out tunes upon the table, and keep time with music with the most perfect correctness. They also give various invitations, such as sawing, planing, filing, nailing, etc. I have frequently seen the table raised with one, two, and once with three men standing upon it, when the medium was not touching it.

I have a circle meeting at my house on Saturday evenings, which this young lady and also a trance medium attends; and the manifestations are wonderful. I have a large table, to which I have attached, upon a board, seven bells. By way of test, the board is hung to the table by two wires, so closely that the slightest effort will ring the bells; yet that board is shaken violently by this unseen power without ringing a single bell. Then again, one and another will be rung without the others moving. But the best test of all is that the board is at times held so tight that it cannot be moved, though I have seen the table pulled by it two feet from the medium.

The manifestations through the trance-medium are also wonderful. I have seen him, while under the influence, go into the cellar and various other parts of (to him) a strange house, and bring various articles, which it would be impossible for him to do in his wakeful state. I have also seen him personate different characters and scenes. He is entirely unconscious of what he has done when he is waked up. But perhaps I am intruding too much upon your patience by the recital of these things. At some other time, with your permission, I may relate more of these wonders, as they are termed. Trusting that I have not intruded too far, I remain

Yours for truth, THOMAS B. WATFORD.

COUNCIL OF NICE AND THE BIBLE, AGAIN.

NEWARK, N. J., *October* 12, 1855.

UNITED SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir—A correspondent, in a late number of your paper, inquires on what authority writers and speakers affirm that the Council of Nice decided what books should be received by the Church as canonical?

I have since here read a rather minute statement, to the effect that after the Council wrangled during several days, Constantine burned all their records, and commanded them to be reconciled. Accordingly they patched up a peace, and by way of compromise decided by a majority vote what books should be admitted into the Sacred Canon. I can not at this time find my authority, but think it probable that the writer was led away by common fame; as in my researches I have been led to conclude that there is a doubt hanging over the whole question, although there is a considerable amount of circumstantial evidence in favor of the notions so generally entertained in the community.

From the date of this Council is unknown. The ancient writers are neither agreed with respect to the time or place in which it was assembled, nor the bishops who presided in it. The Protestant authorities place this Council in A. D. 325 or 325, and the Council of Laodicea A. D. 360. Catholic writers generally place the Council of Laodicea before the Council of Nice; and some affirm that the Laodicean Council settled the question of inspiration. This much is a fixed fact, that our version was generally received by the different theological writers toward the close of the fourth century, with the exception of Revelations. Origen, a Presbyter of Alexandria, who wrote in 210 A. C., omitted the epistles of James and Jude in his catalogue of inspired books, though he owns them both in other parts of his writings. Eusebius, in 315, has a catalogue the same as the modern one. He says the Epistles of James, Jude, the 2d of Peter, the 2d and 3d of John, though they were generally received, yet had been by some doubted. Some, he says, received the Revelation, while others rejected it. The catalogue of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, is the same as ours; he wrote A. D. 315. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, A. D. 340; the Council of Laodicea, A. D. 364, and Gregory, Bishop of Constantinople, A. D. 375, omit the Revelation. Philastius, Bishop of Brixia (380) and Jerome (392) seem to speak dubiously of Hebrews. Ruffin, Presbyter of Aquileigiense (390), Austin Bishop of Hippo (394), Dionysius the Areopagite (500), and the forty-four bishops assembled in the third Council of Carthage (397) received the canon, the same as handed down to us.

Thus we find the Bishops and Councils during the fourth century, gradually adopting the present version. The Council of Laodicea is supposed first to have given a catalogue of the books contained in the New Testament, not including the Revelation. The third Council of Carthage, A. D. 397, (present Austin, Bishop of Carthage; Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, and forty-two other bishops ordained in the forty-seventh Canon, "that nothing besides the canonical Scriptures be read in the Church, under the name of divine Scriptures." All these, contained and arranged as in our present Old and New Testaments, are in this canon enumerated as being canonical. If, as some writers assert, the Council of Nice succeeded the Council of Laodicea, then the canon of the Council of Carthage on this subject would seem to infer that the list of inspired books had been settled by a preceding Council; and whether as the Council of Laodicea had rejected the Revelations, therefore if any Council had settled it as at present received, that Council must have been the Council of Nice. This, however, amounts to not much, if any more than conjecture. But on assertion of Pappus in his "Questions," (rather fabulous, certainly, but about as reliable as most of the ancient theological writings) has, no doubt, had much weight in deciding a question about which so little is known, viz., that the Council of Nice, having promiscuously put all the books under the communion table in a church, they brought the Lord that the *inspired* records might get upon the table, while the spurious ones remained underneath, which *accordingly happened*. C. C. S.

FAIRY FANCIES.

BY MISS HANNAH T. JUDSON.

When crescent-crested Eve her twilight robe
Casts off, and from her starry train and crown
Of Pleiad jewels, flings with lavish hand
Bright liquid diamonds o'er wedding flowers—
Fays wake, in some glist'ning dew drop lock—
Fair waxen flower—comb their flowing hair
With hazy fingers, laughter everywhere!
They wreathe their snowy brows with mignionette,
And weave them gowns of silken violet leaves;
And try a hundred "Lady-slippers" on
To find the fay'st pair; and gleeful dance
To the music of their own sweet thoughts, until
Morn, veiled in crimson blushes, lightly comes
Singing, "O fay not, God is everywhere!"

* * * * * * *

Now the pallid moon recoils affrighted
From the black pursuing clouds; lightning darts
Like hope that fires the chaos of despair;
Warring Spirits rush to strife—in thunder
Clash their arms; and loud the demon winds shriek
At the lonely mourner's door. Shaking windows,
Glittering voices, cast their terrors every where!
And Nature weeps o'er many blighted germs;
The lion lowly coms beside his prey;
The fragile rosebuds, snowy lilies, sink
In agony of fear beneath the blast;
Fries tighter clasp round giant oaks their arms;
But little daisies upward casting sing,
"Ah! we fear not—God is everywhere!"

AUDIBLE SPEAKING BY SPIRITS.

SOME six years since, while about thirty persons were convened at my house to witness the spiritual phenomena, the Spirits were heard to speak audibly, take part with the singing, represent the blowing of a bugle, and also touched the persons of all present, etc., etc.

But how is it now? I have just been conversing with a gentleman and lady belonging to different families, who tell me that *they* have frequent communications from Spirits in audible language. They are both persons of this city, and of fair repute, except that *they*, like prophets and apostles of old, are conversant with God's messengers sent on errands of mercy, and *this*, in the eyes of some people, is a very great crime, for fear of the *Devil*.

This man says he puts important questions to them. Some, he says, they refuse to answer, telling him he will be unable to understand them until he arrives there. Others were answered symbolically, giving him very great satisfaction. The following is a sample of some of their answers:—When he wished to know what constituted their progression, they instanced a visit to the Crystal Palace, and asked him if he saw all on first stepping into it. He said, No; but the further he went the more he saw, and the greater the attraction grew; so they told him that was "God's Crystal Paradise."

Then he wished to know how it was as to eternal degradation, or what the sects would call eternal punishment; and they told him, sire verse, that each were forever amenable for their actions; that they must change their actions, when evil, to obtain their counterpart; that responsibility forever remains upon the creature; that the creature could and would be made to change his conditions, but the Creator, never.

MRS. HOWLET, although an Adventist, is frank in saying that she converses with Spirits; that she sees them and recognizes them as in life-time, and that, too, when in her natural state; and although she feels somewhat timid, and although she is loth to be beaten off her old track, it is a very great consolation to her to see her departed father and other relatives, and hear them speak audibly, as when in the form.

ATHENS, *October* 12, 1855. L. JUDD.

THE WATERFALL.

BY A. W. KENDO.

Dash on, dash on, thou waterfall,
There's music in thy tone;
Thy voice, 'tis like a Spirit's call,
Or that of God alone.

I love this rude, wild scenery,
It suits my own rude soul;
It breathes throughout of LIBERTY
Man can not here control.

I love to feel the dashing spray,
When thrown by nature's hand;
Behold the sun beams sportive play
Upon thy waters grand.

Dash on, dash on, thou waterfall,
And hasten to the sea;
Go! join thy voice to ocean's call—
I bid farewell to thee.

TOBACCO CHEWING CURED.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Sirs—If it be of any use to mankind, I will gladly offer my experience in favor of the manifestations, in that I have been cured by them of chewing and smoking tobacco. I commenced my investigations in Spiritualism about three years ago. After a patient series of sittings of about six months, my little son, about eight years old, was developed as a writing medium. He wrote many convincing proofs, and finally, to my astonishment, while asking some questions, it was written, "You had better quit chewing tobacco." I asked, "Must I quit smoking also?" The answer was, "Not yet." I replied, "I have tried it. I cannot quit." To which it was responded, "If you will try I will help you; when you feel a hankering for it, think of the Spirit, and you will succeed." I did so, and have been so far successful.

In about six months after I had quit chewing I had a communication which advised me to quit smoking. I have not smoked since.

I have chewed and smoked to excess more than twenty years. I have tried several times to quit. It is now two and a half years since I overcame my chewing propensities, and two years since I quit my pipe. H. S. CROSSWELL.

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REFERENCES—Rev. Robert Hare, M.D.; Rev. E. Phelps, D.D.; Dr. William Gwin, Dr. Bisbee, Aaron Goodrich.

Interesting Miscellany.

POLAR SCENERY.—How beautiful is the aspect of those wild cliffs that hang threateningly over our heads! Though the sun is below the horizon, its rays, glancing over the mountains, shape their snowy heads with crowns and helmets which seem interpenetrated in the snow, and, passing through all gradations, die out in the dark blue of the shadows cast by the indented crests of the great rocks. For the first time, no doubt, the foot of a European disturbs these picturesque solitudes, the echoes of which excite the imagination by their mysterious voices. A rolling stone, the snow creaking under our steps, our very breathing—all resound with a assault curiously magnified by reverberation, and then dying out in the distance, as if it fled in affright at itself. The dazzled sight is every moment deceived. Apparently, I have plainly before me but two men of enormous size; I have distinguished all their gestures; I see them load their guns—yes, coming to meet us: I walked towards them, and fifty yards further I found a stone a foot high—divided into two black halves—by a little patch of snow. The snow falls in great flakes, and gives a light which we still enjoy about noon; during the rest of the day a hazy fog saddens and makes us feel the cold more sensibly; objects a little distance from us are all confounded together in one funeral, leaden grey. Over head, beneath our feet, all round us, is snow—nothing but snow. The rugged crests of rock, or the perpendicular faces of the cliffs grinning through it, seem alone to protest against this violation of their nature, and alone remind us that the world is not an immense snow-ball; and yet there is an indefinable charm in this spectacle, which one feels but can not express in words, a charm known only to those who have experienced it, because, being before all things sense of action, we have not learned to paint what our eyes have seen and admired. We pass close by an iceberg, rising only some scores of feet above water, but half a mile long. Mr. Leask says it is one of the largest he has ever seen. I examined these different masses of ice with a view to discover some analogy of structure, some law of formation, but in vain; the variety of forms defies comparison and classification. Sometimes we have a regular table of sugar-loaf; sometimes an actual island, with its creeks, bays, and promontories; or an immense tent from which you would almost expect to see an inhabitant step out and welcome you, or the entrance of a cave sporting with vast galleries, or a cavern, provided by splendid works of art. The stories of our childhood, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" recur unbidden to the memory, and would fain say, "Open Sesame?"—the dark precipitations in which a mysterious work is in preparation.—*Lieutenant Bellot's Journal.*

A LADY'S OPINION OF A BAD HABIT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the American authoress, says the habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meager in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderingly about our climate—swell the numbers of those who die of consumption, and look like scarecrows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indelicacy—but men look solemn, talk grave and spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.

Boys, so soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body, and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.

If spitting must be done the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions, if healthy, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities; the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion, which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste—the gums shrink—the teeth fall—the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The thief never spits, the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent reserves saliva as a deadly poison. If we weep passionately, the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser emotions, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely on the action of our minds, sympathetically, and intimately, with all its moods.

Gentlemen inclined to swallow down our saliva while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The sweat of rose moistens the lips more than the tongue, lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while on the contrary one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence those who weep much have not only dry lips, but an acid mouth. There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons and nature will do her work more genially for man—she will beautify him—whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.

HANDSOME WOMEN.—You put this question—How comes it to pass that the greater part of your handsome women are extremely ignorant and childish in their manners? I believe I can account for it. It is not that nature has been less kind to their minds, because they neglect to cultivate their minds and to improve their mental faculties; but they are vain: they desire to please and to be admired. An ill-favored woman knows that she can not be loved for her face; this induces her to endeavor to draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She applies her mind to books, and lends the whole force of her attention to improvement, and in spite of nature. Beauty, on the contrary, has only to make her appearance, to please. Her vanity is gratified. As she never reflects, she never thinks that her beauty is only for a season. She is, besides, so taken up with dress, with the care of being at every assembly, to appear with advantage, and to hear herself praised, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus, of necessity, she becomes a mere fool, taken up with childish tricks—the vain frippery of dress, shows and sights. This may continue to thirty, at most to forty years of age, if the small-pox, or some other disorder, does not tarnish this beauty. When youth is over, the time for improvement is gone; then this young lady, once—now no longer—a beauty, continues in ignorance all her life long. Though nature has given her as great advantages as any other; whereas the homely looking woman, who now has become very amiable, defies old age and sickness that can take nothing from her.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:—A poor little boy, in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. To one kind attention cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host died; the executors met their pay on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulant of warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were restored to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, *that orphan boy now stands before you.*

NINETY DAYS FROM DATE.—An ingenious down-easter who invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," as a safeguard against actions for breach of promise of marriage, inasmuch as it entirely fades from the paper two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article and gave him a note for ninety days. At the expiration of that time, the ink inventor called for payment, but on unfolding the scrip found nothing but a blank piece of paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

TOM presented his bill to his neighbor Joe for service rendered. The latter looked at it and expressed much surprise at the amount:

"Why Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?"

"I'm sensible it's a round one," quoth Tom, "and I came for the purpose of getting it squared."

OH! OH!—The editor of the Albany *Express* says he once kissed a damsel's cheek that was covered with paste of vermillion and chalk, and as a consequence, had the painter's cholic for a week. Young men will take warning.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley visited America, he sailed in the same vessel with General Oglethorpe, the Governor of Georgia. Hearing an unusual noise in the General's cabin, he went to inquire the cause of it. "Mr. Wesley," the old soldier fumed out, "you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me better than any other. I therefore provided myself with several dozens, and this villain Grimaldi (his foreign servant, who stood by almost dead with fear) has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged. I ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the mast-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he uses me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "you never sin." The General was confounded. Pulling his head into his pocket, he took out his bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There, sir, believe better for the future!" "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Portland Paper.*

MUSIC.—A BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.—Oh music! miraculous art that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul incapressible feeling by the aid of inexplicable sounds.

A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die. A peal of thy organ, and consecrated cathedrals sink to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power: first thou canst call up all elemental sounds, scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley. Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! lo! our early love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattered hope! And lastly, by thy mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory, dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor, and its gates of unimaginable glory.

RATE OF THE FAST.—The propeller Manhattan, which arrived here yesterday morning, had on board a mass of copper weighing 1,276 pounds, which, from its appearance and the place whence it was taken, considered is a great curiosity. It was found by a man, while excavating a cellar at Portage Lake, imbedded about five feet in the sand. It is a thin sheet iron, and differs materially from the character of the masses found in that locality. It must have been put there by some of the ancient miners, as the ductility in which it was found has no indications of the existence of copper, and the mass itself bears evident marks of having been beaten and worked until the rock was entirely separated from it, leaving a pure mass of copper of the weight above stated.—*Lake Superior Miner.*

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THE Spiritualists of New York have secured the Lecture Room in the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 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 3 o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, and on Wednesday evening at half past 7 o'clock. These meetings are all free to the public.

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TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—We propose 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 prepays 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.

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