

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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WHOLE NO. 158.

GOD-HIS LAWS AND EMANATIONS

HIS MINISTERS AND THEIR MINISTRATIONS

Bozinger, L. A., April 3, 1962

ENTRADA PASTORAL DO BAPTISTA

In sending the enclosed communication for publication, a few words may be necessary in explanation of the facts connected with it. The Spirit purporting to dictate it was an inhabitant of this town (Grosse Pointe County, Michigan), and withdrew from the form in August last, to inhabit the world from which he departed. He was a man of letters, and so he was a warm believer in spiritual philosophy, and it seems from all that has been received from him since his departure by this circle, that he is making rapid progress in the spirit-land, to which we all tend. As a citizen he was honorable and nearly in his intercourse with his brother-men, yet he was a strenuous opposer of sectarian bigotry. He was familiar with the Bible thus it is observable in the communication, and would commit error in priest or Pharisee. The communication was commenced early in February, I think (I have no dates), but owing to difficulties that constantly have to encounter, it was not completed till the latter end of March. It seems to be divided into sections, printed until the latter end of March. It appears to be divided into sections, printed until the latter end of March. It appears to be divided into sections, printed until the latter end of March.

We have several communications that are worthy of publication—
"Remarks on Steele's Mission," and one on "Panderemonium," from the
same Spirit-author.

A communication from J. C. Calhoun is now being written, on American Slavery, which promises to be excellent; and a poem from J. T. Hopper is also good. Spiritualism is rapidly progressing throughout the West, and the prospect is, "that the good time coming" is near at hand.

Truly yours in the cause, JOHN WATSON.

Secret. God is the First Great Cause—unknown—unfathomed—hidden in mystery—unveiled only in the visible workings of his immutable laws—merciful in all his ways, sure is what we see of the outgrowth of his infinite will. Yes, I am impressed from higher spheres than this that I inhabit, that the highest archangel that folds his shining wings nearest the throne of the Great Eternal knoweth not, nor can we understand that Great First Cause; therefore, weak men, in thy impotency, forbear; forbear thou to strive to fathom God, and be thou content to read his nature in the evidences of his handiwork that are spread out to thy view, for those are sufficient for thee on thy primal state. And if ye succeed in comprehending all that ye see around you, ye will have attained to more knowledge than it hath ever been the lot of mortal man to boast.

Second. — God is one that creates air; he makes the air; he pervades every particle of matter, and all space; as we call it, but space is not what it seemeth to thy blind vision. It is fully permeated by God; every inch of air, every particle of dust, every drop of water, every bud, and every flower, all in themselves a part of God. Oh, strange, it is not, that we eat God's bread, drink him, and all we have and are, are God's! But so it is; and naught of God shall ever pass away. The flowers that bloom are pervaded by life, yes, and a Spirit-life; they wither in their forms on earth, and to mortal gaze they pass away; but are they extinct indeed, because ye no longer see them? No, they are but sublimated, become what we call a Spirit-flower; they have cast off the grossness of snow in the garden of the Spirit-land. It is no orders of life that inhabit thy planet that have perfect type. They are eternal as God himself, emanations of his laws—his laws are emanations

Long ages ago, far, far back in the passed away, away from the comprehension of man, the conglomeration of the particles of this earth began (and this is but an instant amid the spheres), and slowly, through many years of earth-timing, they progressed toward a perfect spheroid. At length they received their motion on an axis, and took their place in the orbit they now traverse; and by the action of the laws of God upon matter, the ruling mass that heaved, like the angry ocean in a mighty storm, slowly consolidated, and when a something like rest came upon its surface, the lower orders of life began to manifest themselves. Ages rolled, and they passed away by the convulsions of the orb. Then, again, the higher orders came forth and passed, and thus came and passed away numerous orders of vegetable and animal life, before the image of man came, the type of the man that should be. A brute he seemed, indeed, at first but circumstances at length favorable to the higher development of man, produced him with a quickening spirit, and he began to reason upon the scenes that surrounded him. His language to convey his thoughts to his brother-man was signs at first, but as he came to comprehend more of himself and nature, he began to invent words to express his ideas. Thus signs and sounds constituted man's language at the present time. But the time will come in the advancement of the human mind when thought will need no medium betwixt man and man. So, step by step,

man kept on his way till the historic ages, when you are first made acquainted with his progress. The earth has rolled and heaved in its surface at times, and then grown still again, thus sweeping away many a tribe from its surface; or a continent, or island has heaved up from the ocean's depths at different periods, and been peopled with advancing races of intelligent beings. This has been the case with all the ages of the antediluvian world as it is termed.

Now, the flood is the first of these convulsions you
 recorded, in which it is said the inhabitants
 of the earth were swept away by the divine wrath of God for their
 wickedness. And why were they thus swept away? The
 people lived low, groveling here, and on that account they could
 not be approached by the ministering Spirits that watched around
 the shades of men. Noah alone heard; he was pure in life,
 communed with the angels; he was a medium, and he was
 warned of the breaking up of "the fountains of the great
 deep," and of the deluge that was about to desolate that por-
 tion of the earth; he heeded the warning, and following the
 instructions of his bright guardians was saved, while those
 around him revelled on till the great day came, ushered in
 with terrific lightnings and thunder, and rushing winds. The
 windows of heaven were opened, the barriers of old ocean
 gave way, and the flood rolled over the face of the earth,
 sweeping the herds of living creatures to one common grave.
 Thus they perished; not by the "special wrath of God," but
 by the sure workings of the laws that govern all creation, and
 in accordance with their own evil natures that would not hear,
 but derided the warning voice of Noah; and for these same
 reasons perished the inhabitants of the cities of Sodom and
 Gomorrah in the flames, while Lot escaped through the inter-
 position of his heavenly visitors. And how perished those
 cities? Theology saith by fire from heaven. Lightning from
 murky clouds indeed descended, but the mighty convulsions
 of an awful volcanic earthquake swallowed them in its fiery
 vortex, and they now sleep beneath the waves of the Dead
 Sea. Their proud, and rich, and lustful inhabitants miser-
 ably perished, while Lot, the righteous man, got him away
 reasonably.

There are some circumstances related concerning the saving of those cities that I can not vouch for. I can not see their truthfulness or consistency.* You must not sneer at the story of Lot's wife; she did, indeed, linger near the city and homes of her people, and was petrified by the air, surcharged with sulphurous gases, but she has long since vanished from the wayside, and the curious that think they behold the remains of Lot's wife in the pillar of basalt that is pointed out to the inhabitants, know not what they look upon, if they vainly surmise that the laws of God are suspended to preserve that column so many hundred years undissolved by the elements. Oh, Cities of the Plain, how are ye perished forever have ye passed from the earth away! Your doom was just; the fiat of Nature was sure, and ye have gone down into the abysses, because your inhabitants would not hear the voice of God's ministers. Spirit-friends cried unto ye from the lands beyond the vale, but ye would not give ear, therefore have ye perished.

With. We will now leave the subject of the creation, the deluge, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, simply improving as we pass, by way of a clearer understanding of former communications, that Moses found that the genealogy of Adam went the farthest back of any found recorded in any of their traditions. Therefore, to make out a complete history of the world, he called him the first man, and that the garden of Eden was an imaginary paradise, I need not stop to prove, as the history of it given in the records of Moses utterly precludes the possibility of such a place, and no one can give the story credit who believes in progress from lower to higher stages of perfection. And as to the deluge, how often does tradition speak of such an event, among all nations, in all countries; and they say one or more families were saved; some in one way, some in another, and this, too, among tribes that had never had any communication with each other as you can ascertain, and as I know. You see by this that the deluge swept over the earth, leaving portions of it untouched, upon which remnants of the tribes of the living were left. And now we will pass on till the time when the Israelites were about to be delivered from the bondage of Pharaoh, when we find just such spiritual communications as you now see at this day manifesting themselves in a striking manner. You read of what you would term powerful physical manifestations, Moses being medium for such, in connection with the rod that was given him, working miracles to the unenlightened minds of the Egyptians. Aaron was a speaking medium, operated upon by the same band of Spirits that worked by Moses, and who were striving to free their beloved people from an oppressive bondage. You can follow Moses in his ministrations to this people in all their wanderings, and find him a powerful medium—in fact, a chosen leader from on high of his people. And in later times the prophets spoke or wrote by inspiration, telling of the woe or woe of their nations, and

of the coming of a new dispensation, ushered in by the birth of the Messiah, or great mediator, betwixt man and the Spirit-land ; and sublime indeed are some of the communications you find under the head of prophecies. Strange visions they saw, the meaning of which they knew not ; they spoke of the Spirit in those times ; they knew not what Spirit inspired them ; therefore they said of it, " Thou hast the Spirit as the Lord commanded me," they spoke of them, and of the Messianic dispensation, and the coming of Christ, and also of the second coming of the Saviour. Before the birth of Jesus, the Jews thought, from the figurative language used in the prophecies, that he would come in great pomp and splendor ; a God-send, descending from the sky, and take the throne of David, and become their temporal head. Therefore, when he was born, and laid in the lowly manger, although bright bands of shining ones proclaimed his birth as " glad tidings of great joy to man," and a congregated host, in the form of a bright meteor, guided to the spot where lay the Saviour of mankind, those to whom he was immediately given would not own his mission ; he was all too lowly, and he came to bring a new order of things to pass. A great change his teachings would work among their naves, their temples, their Holy of Holies ; they persecuted him, as all reformers are persecuted ; they reviled him with his lowly birth, saying unto him, " What ! thou the son of Joseph the carpenter ; dost thou pretend to be the son of God ! " For they knew him not, nor the Spirit he was of ; therefore they crucified him as an arch-agitator, an apostate from the religion of his fathers, a heretic ; and they dreamed not that the body they laid away in the stone sepulcher was but the dress, and that the Spirit of Jesus, clothed in a more refined body, was walking the paths of Judea, and that he whom they had so ignominiously put to death was holding sweet communion yet with his beloved followers, and pouring the oil of consolation into their bereaved hearts ; and often did he walk and talk with them, warning them of those things that should happen to them, and the terrible death they should die by the infuriated hate of the mass, inflamed by the bigotry of the priesthood. Next we will speak of the mission of Jesus, and his miracles.

Sixth. Just a few lines in respect to the birth of Christ. I shall say but little on this subject (for the medium shrinks from it), but that little shall be to the point. Just suppose for an instant that a man should arise among you at this day, and make the pretensions to a birth such as Christ's is represented to have been; would any of you credit the story—would you believe in him? Methinks that you would all scout it as once as in the highest degree ridiculous; you would say it was contrary to the established laws of nature, and your judgment would condemn it as a vile imposition; and let me assure you, God can not step aside from the laws he has emanated. No, no; he does no such thing; nor does he need to. He is always consistent with himself, perfectly, and his laws are sufficient for the purposes he proposes to himself to attain. But Jesus was guarded by a glorious band of Spirits before and after his birth, and one of the "ancient of days," a Spirit that dwelt upon the earth long years before, presided over that band. They understood the circumstances attending the birth of Jesus—were favorable to the development of a being of so refined a structure as to be almost like the disembodied Spirit, so little was he encumbered with a gross physical body as to be subjected in but a slight degree to its demands. They, his Spirit-guides, saw his susceptibility to Spirit-influence, and they, wiser than man, saw that this was he of whom the prophets spoke, and they kept their vigils over the young Nazarene—installing wondrous and strange truths into his mind long before he spoke them forth. At the age of twelve they began to manifest themselves through him, and he became rapidly developed, putting the wisdom of the learned to naught by expounding the law. (His miracles you can read for yourselves; I glance at them hastily to show you the drift of my impressions.) He healed the sick, and cleansed the leper, by a magnetic emanation from his person, or a simple prescription. And it is said of him, and truly, too, that he caused the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to leap for joy; and he bade them go their way, and see they told no man of these things, for he was so importuned on account of his strange powers.

And he did not wish to have so many around him that could not be benefited by him, keeping those at a distance that otherwise would gain access to him, and thus profit by his God-given power. Jesus Christ was well aware of the origin of his gifts, as a medium of spiritual phenomena, and thus we hear of his giving all glory to God, assigning his strange gifts to his Father in heaven—to his Father and our Father—for the sake of him, “My God and thy God.” And his high instructors led him to choose of the low and unlettered of earth for his followers—such as could be easily impressed by Spirit out of the flesh, and such as had no learned prejudices to bias them from giving a correct statement of the truths that should be communicated to them by Jesus, in regard to the mission he was called to fulfill, and which they were to aid in disseminating through the earth. The people of the earth must be taught in the spiritual things of Christ’s

teachings, and look ahead for a higher revelation when their spiritual wants are not supplied by what he came to give, and not wait to what has already passed away. This is what Christ means by his second coming—that is, a second reformer like himself—a pure Spirit, directed by the same spiritual anxiety to do good unto the dwellers of earth, who should give man more light; and he called this period the millennium when he should reign with his saints a thousand years on earth. Now let us explain this to you, as I am made to understand it. These glad tidings (that you are receiving now from the spheres beyond you, like the voice of John crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way"), are the forerunner of this second coming of Christ, and he will be among you as Jesus was among the Jews, and ye will not realize it more than they (I mean now the mass of mankind); but you will not be so long coming to your senses as the people were then, for eighteen hundred years have not rolled over mankind for naught. The dispensation of Jesus has been doing its mission, and its teachings were never better realized than at this day. But when Spiritualism is fully established in the earth, and its doctrines admitted by the masses of earth's inhabitants (and a spirit of so great power as ye recked not of is even now among you—the spirit of purification), the fullness of time shall have come. Ye hear of wars, and rumors of wars; was it not so said by Christ? The spirits of men were stirred within them; the galling yoke of bondage sits heavily on the neck and consciences of millions, and millions more will be urged on in their tardiness by the advancing masses, and all shall learn their true destiny, their inherent rights, their own noble birth, and all men shall feel that they are equally the sons of God; and that it is man that has usurped the power to rule over mind and body, which God alone should possess. When war, oppression, and wrong shall have passed away, as they must assuredly will, and the teachings of the ministering Spirits that now surround you shall have taken their effect, then will the second Messiah appear to lead on the enfranchised sons of earth, till they shall no longer need the aid of special teachers, but their own free minds may walk erect and converse with God.

Eighth. Previous to the appearance on the earth of the second Messiah, wickedness shall vanish from among men—vanished by the light that is dawning upon the earth at this present time. Oh, cherish ye the rays that fall from Spirits bright shrood upon your world, illuminating your souls with their brightness, for though they fall single upon most of you, they are all rays of an eternal sun, whose perfection shall be more fully realized by you in the fullness of time.

Now as to this great doctrinal point—the death and resurrection of the Saviour. His death was necessary to the dispensation which he ushered in, in order to prove the resurrection from death. He was made aware whether his course tended, and the time when his end should come, and the manner of death he was to die, and his soul meekly bowed to his Father's will for the sake of his beloved brethren in the flesh. But still his weak human nature shrank from the torture he was to endure, and in the garden of Gethsemane we see the conflict between his known sense of duty and his own fear of death, when he cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and immediately recollecting he was to die and be the first fruits of a resurrection, or an appearance of the known earthly dead, that should walk, and talk face to face with man he exclaimed, "Not my will, but my Father's will be done." So they crucified him and laid him away in the tomb. Previous to his death the Spirit told him to instruct his disciples that he should rise again the third day; meanwhile he slumbered in his Spirit; after that he became able to manifest himself to those he loved. You know his history afterward as connected with the earth; his true, and his ascension likewise; that is also true, he seemed to pass away, to become glorified, and surrounded by a host of bright angels he passed from the gazing and wondering throng. Then was his mission as an earthly spirit done, and he passed to his reward in the bright spheres, far, far from this, where I now dwell, and from which I look up with a steadfast faith, that his Father and mine will reward me as I shall deserve, and when I as an earthly spirit, shall have accomplished the mission I have to do, and shall learn to look up with a longing that exceeds my desire to do more for man, then I too shall break the chain that binds my spirit to earth, and fly away to learn forever of God, and his attributes in higher and purer spheres.

And the attributes of God, how shall I speak of them? Oh, right angels from above, lend me your help, and give me something of your glowing language in which to clothe my thoughts. But oh, how far, far away shall I then be from the divine reality? Oh, how my heart overflows as I contemplate God, and what of his perfections I am able to comprehend! I love also supreme in all his works, and wisdom rules in all his ways. God is all truth, love, and wisdom; but I cease for want of language in which to tell you even the little that I know; and yet how much, oh, how much more I know than you of that Supreme Being that rules the mighty universe and guards the fragile world no less.

Let me now address myself to Spiritualists in particular:

My friends, who are striving to progress yourselves and aid others on in the great cause that lies so near my heart and yours, I wish to impress upon your minds the great necessity of living up to the requirements of the spiritual teachings. Oh, for truth's sake strive to conform your lives to the requirements of your heavenly guides, when they tell you what will lead to your advancement, do not drive them from your side by your disregard of their best advice. Yes, strive to live up to the teachings of the Bible, too. Oh, do not count that waste as worthless, for it contains very much that you need; it is a bright gift from angel-hands to man, and is valued to many of his present wants. It has been made dark and unavailing by the machinations of evil-minded men, priests and Pharisees, who sought to sway the consciences of the people. But its gems are none the less gems for the doves that surround them; besides, the fulfillment of its mission is not yet, nor will be for long of earth-time, short though may it seem to Spirit-comprehension. Heed ye the commandments, they are for your good. Keep the Sabbath-day holy, that is, consecrate one day in seven to spiritual things; it is so commanded, and it is well. Wrong no man; be chaste and virtuous. Take not the name of thy God in vain. Oh, speak thou with reverence of thy Father in heaven, for that best becometh thee. Pray often to thy God, it will gather brightness around thee; and dark Spirits will flee the man that meditates in righteousness, and calls to his aid the Spirit of light. Sing ye to God, for all nature utters harmony in praise of its Great Maker; and music maketh the soul harmonious, and gathereth harmonious ones to walk with it. Strive with no man for the truth of these things. If a man contend with you in anger, open and leave him; when the spirit of combat is apparent, you can never convince a man of his error; he will stick to it, though it stare him plainly in the face. Then heed what I say unto you, avoid all wrangling, cultivate charity, live meekly as thou art taught by thy great head on earth, Jesus. Oh, how meekly bore he with the wrongs and revilings that were cast upon his head. Go thou, Spiritualist, and imitate his example. What I say of meekness and love I say from an influx from on high. I am to battle with error for truth yet awhile, and when my work is done, that I have to do for earth, then I shall pass to the love-sphere, and talk to you in strains so sweet as to melt the hardest of you to tears. I can look from where I now reside and see that sphere, and its shining inhabitants from the distance beam upon me like haloes of light. Oh, how radiant they seem! But I must turn me and to my work on earth till it shall be accomplished.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Addressing our correspondent, Mr. Davies, the Spirit said: "Tell Friend Britton to publish this for a co-worker in this great step in man's progression, and send you 12 copies for our friends here. Tell him there is more meaning, if I can do the good I think I can here."

A POSSIBLE CAUSE OF SUICIDE AND REMEDY

We see in the *Ohio State Journal* of December 6th, 1894, account of the suicide of a Mr. Dumber. He complained on Monday of depression of Spirits; reasoned about it, prepared for his marriage set for Wednesday morning. In the afternoon of Tuesday he bought strychnine, ostensibly for a neighbor to kill rats. On Tuesday evening he again spoke of his melancholy, saying he *knew no cause for it*. At ten p.m. went to bed, and soon after was dead from strychnine.

A Mr. R., of Ohio, was cut down during an attempt to hang himself. He was thankful for the service. Said he knew no cause for his making the attempt.

A man of, or near, Knightsville, Indiana, went to a Spirit-circle, holding it in great contempt. He was in good health. Twelve days afterward he died. He was afflicted strangely from that period until his death, committing hostilities on himself, thrusting his hands into the fire, etc. (This was told me by a respectable looking traveler. No name was mentioned.)

Philip Jarrell's daughter, aged fifteen, of Belmont County, Ohio, was singularly affected from October 1851 to March 1852. She had paroxysms of extreme profanity and obscenity, though uniformly decent when in health. They held her at times, to keep her from biting her own limbs. During her fits the dwelling-house was much annoyed by raps from invisible powers. A reputed witch-doctor was called in the latter part of February, 1852. He made passes, or operated by the laying on of hands. She then recovered suddenly (in a few minutes her father says), and the noises ceased. She had been attended in the fall and winter by allopathic doctors, who did not consider her insane, but derelict.

Mr. Pind (quoted by Dr. Raab in his lecture on Medical Jurisprudence, page 382), mentions the case of a man who had a murdering impulse "in no degree obedient to his will," but whose memory, judgment, and imagination were perfectly sound. The doctor reports several cases similar, in which persons apparently sane have committed hostilities on themselves, wives, or children without knowing a cause for it.

Whether these persons owe their afflictions to the cause stated in the 5th of Mark, as affecting the man who was "always crying, and cutting himself with stones," until delivered

results ensued. Here, then, were three ~~cases~~ ^{examples} of the
superior intelligence: First, the vision of the plants not previously
thought of by the seer; secondly, the correct writing of the names of
those plants by a person who had not yet heard the plants spoken of
described; and thirdly, the realization of beneficial results from
medicine prepared from the plants.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

Where there is no public journal specially devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism, there is reason to believe that the wing-footed *Mediums*, the general public Press, would ultimately accomplish its work in conveying the God-given message to a enlightened and materialistic world; and this work would be performed under the compulsory force of facts now occurring all over the land, and directly in the teeth of the most inveterate prejudice against the whole subject. As a specimen of the numerous instances in which spiritual phenomena are now forcing themselves upon the attention of opposing journalists, and exciting from them candid descriptions, we give the following from the *Mount Holyoke New Jersey Mirror* of April 19th. After some general remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism, in which the editor confesses that he is "one of the strongest skeptics upon the subject," he proceeds to relate the following, which he acknowledges has given him a curiosity to look a little further into the matter, as well it might.

A servant girl living in the family of Sheriff Jones, at Tuck's River, Ocean County, has long since commenced setting to strongly as to the attention of every one who saw her. She was questioned in regard to her conduct, when she said she was under the control of some supernatural or spiritual agency, but could not in any way account for it—and that the Spiritism influencing her seemed her very good spirits. They would come and go at pleasure, leaving her in wonder at the sudden transformation in her feelings.

While under the influence alluded to her strength seemed almost equal to Simon's, and there was nothing about the house but what she could move without the least difficulty. She would pick up a barrel of flour, and with the greatest ease carry it up stairs. On one occasion she had got about half way up the steps with a barrel when the Spiritism left her, and with them her strength vanished, leaving her in a quandary, from which she was only relieved by several persons assisting in taking the flour downstairs.

She would place her hand upon a table and tell it to travel, when it would move around the room and out of doors, and so power, says her own will, could stop it. At one time four strong men attempted to push the table to the door, but they had no more effect upon it than so many straws.

The domestics in the neighborhood, when they conversed together, would be told by her what they had said, which satisfied them that she was possessed with the devil.

One day Mrs. Jones visited a neighbor, and on her return, she related the conversation that had taken place, and even told the lady her own thoughts in reference to the subject. She thought that Mrs. Jones had never been so true to any one. Upon being asked how she knew this, she said the Spiritism had communicated it to her.

She is entirely destitute of education, but frequently, when the Spiritism takes possession of her, she would go up to her room and write in a fair, legible hand what they had dictated.

The family at last became afraid of her, and notwithstanding she was the best girl for work they ever had, and her unwillingness to leave, it was found necessary to discharge her, and she subsequently departed to her father's residence, at Bergen Iron Works.

We have had positive assurances of the truth of these statements, from the family, and yet, after all, we must be in balance. We should like to learn more of this girl's doings, and to know if the Spiritism continues their interference with her.

These are strange times, and we need not be astonished at any thing we hear, but certainly these spiritual developments, which are coming to light in various parts of the country, go ahead of every thing we have ever seen or heard of.

BORN AGAIN.

William Shattell, of Rahway, N. J., after using the clay-form for years, and finding it would no longer enhance the purposes of his Spirit, bid it adieu as we would a worn-out garment, and was borne away by angel-friends to his home in the Spirit-land of Light and Love, on the evening of April 20th.

He was a man who lived a life of purity and peace, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Although a member of the "Society of Friends," yet he was not troubled by sect or party, but was earnestly devoted to the actualization of justice and love among the whole family of mankind, for he regarded the race as constituting one brotherhood, and he consulted neither Bible, ritual, nor discipline to ascertain his duty to his fellow-man.

He possessed a remarkably peaceful, quiet, loving disposition, and all who were blessed with his acquaintance will cherish his memory. Although not much acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, yet I have seen him deeply interested, and moved even to tears, as his children, who had gone before him into the Spirit-world, manifested their loving presence, and assured him of their coming to welcome him to their affectionate embrace. May his long life of temperance, industry, peace, and affection be as a beacon light to his numerous descendants and friends.

NEWARK, N. J., 1855.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Going East.
The Editor of this paper expects to give a course of four lectures in Portland, Me., commencing on Tuesday evening, 20th inst., and terminating on Friday evening June 1st. Should the friends at any place in the vicinity of Boston desire our services, in the capacity of lecturer, on the succeeding Sunday, (June 3d), they will please address us accordingly, at an early date. The writer would also lecture at some convenient place on Saturday and Monday evenings, June 2d and 4th, should his services be previously engaged.

From the South.
Our friend, H. W. Hill, after an absence of several months spent in the residence of the Editor, has just returned to this city, and is looking remarkably well. Mr. Hill took his new establishment (fitted up and opened during his absence under the supervision of his personal friend, Dr. G. T. Dexter) in the full tide of successful experiment. Such of our readers as may have occasion to call on the apothecary or perfumer will do well to remember the new drug store at 675 Broadway, where they may obtain every thing in that line of the best quality and at equitable prices.

Public Lectures and Conferences.
The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Dodworth's Academy, and now hold their Sunday meetings at Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, opposite Bond Street, where public lectures are delivered every Sunday morning at half past 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. The friends also meet at the same place in general conference on each succeeding Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock; also on Wednesday evenings.

Scientific Lectures.
It is expected that Mr. Byrnes, of England, the distinguished mathematician, will occupy the desk at Stuyvesant Institute on Sunday evening next. We understand that for several years Mr. B. held a professorship in one of the first universities in Europe, where he was eminent both as a teacher and author. The lecture on Sunday evening will be illustrated by appropriate diagrams.

In New York.
E. W. Capron, author of the new work entitled "Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Foundations, its Consistency and Contradictions," is on a brief visit to this city. We infer that the world smiles on him more of late than formerly. Well, may it smile.

Dr. J. R. Orton.
We understand that Dr. Orton is about to open a bookstore in Tillary Street, near Fulton, Brooklyn, where he will keep all the spiritual and reform books and periodicals, including the *Telegraph*, *Sacred Circle*, and *Public Oracle*. The Doctor will also keep an assortment of stationery, etc., and will have a small printing-office in connection with his business.

Dr. J. R. Orton.
Dr. J. R. Orton will address the Spiritualists' meeting in Stuyvesant Institute, opposite Bond Street, Broadway, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and also the public meeting in the Brooklyn Institute, Washington Street, in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Rev. U. C. Carter.
In another column of our paper, will doubtless attract the attention of those who are seeking spiritual aid.

Original Communications.

A PSALM OF THE INFINITE.

Long had my form been growing old;
The daisies called it to the mold;
Like a coiled snake the years unrolled
To crush me in their circling fold
Of sorrows at the last.
The strength and splendor half divine
That dwelt within life's outer shrine,
Desayed, the brain's pure crystalline
Grew dim; then darkness fell upon;
The day of Earth had passed.

Sight memory, action, one by one,
Like glories from the shaken sun,
Vanished; I felt knee-deep in ruin,
Like frost through flowers when day is done;
Then all the sorrow lay dead,
And still my inner mind grew bright,
Till, suddenly, I felt the night
And saw, a form of darkness night,
Van glimmering through spectral light,
And sought its Fountain Head!

Mind thrilled to sight with strange surprise,
With myriad-leaved, love-kindled eyes,
Through Systems of Immensities
I peered, beholding all the skies,
And brighter than their blaze,
And as a bird that soars and sings,
With the sun's brightness on its wings,
It flew where none in radiant rings
The fixed stars, like Angel kings,
Thro' the dim'd light of things.

It sped through their harmonious deep
Of stellar fire, where planets keep
Their lonely vigils, where the deep,
Cold Chaos rises, peak on peak,
Valley over its trackless heights
With crystallizing waves, new wrought
From the white snow-storms of God's thought,
It journeyed, finding unthought
New opening spaces wonder-fringed
With sphered, mind-kindled lights.

Out from its inner Essence grew
Intense powers, through Heaven it flew,
Clothed from each Heaven with loiter new,
Then bade the Heavens of Heavens adieu,
And, like a dove, apace
Where Time and Space converge and run
Together, where star and sun
Move glorious, shines the horizon
Of thought, where burning, three-in-one,
Stream from the Infinite.

It trembled there, that Mind, that dove,
Inspired and glorified in love,
Then rose from space and soared above
In the Great Oneness, and it wrote
Meanwhile this chord hymn:
"O God! thou art the first and last;
Thou hast no Future and no Past;
Thy Being comprehends the vast,
And Thy joy smile of life last east
Through suns, through seraphim.

"The billows of the cosmic sea
Unfold and undulate from Thee;
Thou art the One Reality,
And to create ceaselessly
Is the divine employ,
And Nature is thy instrument,
By radiant cherubim or angel,
Their lives from Thee are interlent;
They praise Thee in their full content—
Thou givest them Thy joy.

"All the blue rivers of the Spheres
Roll through the everlasting years,
Bathed in celestial atmospheres,
Till their exhaling life appears
In rainbow-rods Thy throne
Thou, Son or Love! dost all survey,
Perfading all with equal ray,
In all, we'll, through all, and they
Behold Thee, in thy perfect day,
Loved, glorified, alone."

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 15, 1855.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

To S. B. LITTLE, Esq.
Dear Friend—I have not forgotten the promise made at parting; and, as far as wishing is concerned, I have done nothing amiss, for, from day to day and week to week, I have looked around me with a very sincere desire to find time for writing to you, though I have not until this moment felt myself at all free enough from necessary cares and labors to indulge in that pleasing communion in which the soul becomes positive, peace negative, and absence is annihilated by that interior reunion which forebodes to us, even now, something of the power and character of the released soul.

Spiritualism, I think, seems to be deepening and intensifying, rather than spreading among us. The excitement which has been produced by the first and lowest manifestations has subsided, and the masses may be less active and engaged in the subject than formerly, while at the same time the more enlightened classes are quietly pursuing their investigations, and choosing their way for every convenient occasion.

Though I do not much attend circles, on account of my infirmity, which makes any restraint, where I can neither speak nor hear, irksome to me, yet I have been several times to the house of Mrs. W., where her niece, Mrs. B., is often persuaded to sit as a medium. This is the same one (Miss E.), who made a great sensation in Brooklyn, N. Y., about two years ago, by the startling and wonderful physical phenomena, which were manifested through her. Her power seems to have been considerably chastened of late, but there is occasionally a reminiscence of the old times; and though a large, heavy, strong, old-fashioned mahogany light-stand, being completely abandoned to the influence, actually shivered off one of its legs in dancing a double hornpipe, in general the Spirits appearing through this medium conduct themselves with a great deal of propriety, and even dignity. If this lady should devote herself to the work, I think her power as a test medium would be equal to that of any other. Names, dates, ages, and other circumstances wholly unknown to her, are spelled out through the sounds, which are remarkably loud and clear, to the astonishment of many witnesses.

About three weeks since a small party met by appointment at the house of Mrs. W., for the express purpose of investigating, while at the same time they had their own private interests in the matter. They were not, as often happens in such cases, doomed to disappointment, and, but, on the contrary, every thing went off with complete success, and yet the persons present were, for the most part, such as are seeking light, rather than either skeptics or believers. The revelations were carried home to them with great power. All the usual evidences were

given, without any important mistakes; and events which had transpired many years ago, probably long before the birth of the medium, were brought up and canvassed.

At length, while a lady present was receiving a communication, the medium was taken possession of by another Spirit, who announced that he had something to say to some one present. On mentioning the names all round, it was ascertained that Mrs. N. was the person called on. The name of a distant relative, whom she had not seen for many years, and who had but lately passed into the Spirit-world, was then spelled out; and following this it was elicited, through the alphabet and questions, that the communication related to a very important business-transaction by Mrs. N. "Is it the power of attorney?" "Yes." "Did you receive one later on the subject before your death?" "Yes." "Should we obtain the power of attorney?" "No." "Is there any objection to it?" "Yes."

In relation to the collector a number of names were called over; but, when he came to the question, "Is it Susan Samuel?" there was a very emphatic "Yes."

The point was this: There were certain common lands, or commons, and patches here and there, which in the early years were suffered to lie waste, without any body being at the trouble to inquire who owned them. But they have now become valuable, and it is decided that they belong to the heirs of those who originally owned the estates contiguous, as described in the old grants. The mother of Mrs. N., being one of the heirs by whom such property may now be claimed, wrote to the owner at the South to get a power of attorney for selling the lands, which she received. But as no purchaser appeared for a number of years, all interest in the matter gradually died away, and there was no attention paid to the subject.

But a few months since a purchaser appeared; and on looking for the letter of attorney it could not be found. Another letter was immediately dispatched informing Mr. B. of the loss, and requesting him to write another. In due process of time there came a reply from his daughter, saying that her father had died the next day after the reception of the letter, but that there would be no trouble whatever. The instrument would be soon forwarded. So we see the presumptive evidence was all against the declaration of the Spirit. But a few days after, Mrs. N., seeing Judge S., who is both a relative and legal adviser, was asked if she had heard any news from the South. She related the facts given above, when, to her surprise, he confirmed the whole story, saying that Samuel B., a brother of the deceased, had lately written to the post master of this city to inquire about the lands, and who had only evinced distrustful of the kind intentions of his relatives, who had only sought to have some action in the business because they were on the spot and could attend to it. This was certainly a remarkable fact, for the evidence came from such testimony as this came before Judges it does not have more influence on their decisions!

There is considerable interest manifested here in regard to two mediums, now in the course of development, at Paxtucket, a neighboring town, just south of us. They are both laboring and uneducated ones, fishermen by profession, and, like the inspired fishermen of old, they have been called to preach the Gospel of a truer life to such as "sit in darkness."

One of them is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable examples of tactility ever known among us. All his speeches in conducting his business, and in his social and domestic life, seem to be governed by the strictest economy of words. They are perfectly laconic.

A few weeks since he suddenly gave notice to his partner that he should proceed on him to conduct the whole business for eight days to come; for he had been informed that he should have to speak a great deal during that time, and must therefore be freed from business cares and labors. Accordingly, when the time came, he began to speak in the most powerful and eloquent manner. All that heard him were astonished. Every sentence seemed a miracle; for not only were these speeches wholly beyond his normal capability, either of conceiving or uttering, but they seemed opposed to his whole character, and all his habits of life. They were certainly marked by a great power and beauty, as well as great intellectual scope and strength, and although they were continued almost without interruption, day and night, still he was able to answer all questions that were brought to him, and maintain his ground against the ablest.

One day, becoming quite exhausted by the long-continued action, he withdrew himself from the company gathered at his house, and retired to his chamber for the purpose of getting some rest. In the mean time his wife, who had at first been quite a believer, manifested a disposition to backslide. She spoke eloquently of the whole affair, probably having been wearied and vexed by the crowds that were continually thronging the house, and having a mind to rid herself of the trouble by throwing the matter into disrepute.

But what was their surprise, only a moment after this, to see the door open and the head of the medium thrust into the room. Calling his wife by name, he said, with an expression of mingled sorrow and reproach, and at the same time with a look and air of great authority, "You must not talk so. It is all true." And then he went back to bed, leaving the company electrified by his sudden appearance, speech, and apparent knowledge of what they were about. It seemed as if they had indeed seen a Spirit.

I can tell the particulars of the case are very interesting; and I am intending to do so in the near future. Does not this, as well as many other things, seem like a revival of the old miracles?

Governor Tallmadge has lately been here; and, in company with Mr. Day, of your city, he made me a flying visit; and it rejoiced me to meet one who has given the highest evidence of a sincere and profound humanity. When one who has nothing to gain and every thing to lose embraces an unpopular cause, he gives the strongest possible test of his sincerity. If there is in a trait more than all others which I could almost adore in man, it is precisely what so many are greatly deficient in—MORAL COURAGE; and no wonder I was rejoiced to welcome one who is so remarkable for this virtue.

You will be happy to hear that I am now in one of the loveliest places imaginable. It is a fine old country seat of a gentleman of the last age; and though within the bounds of the city, it is quite out of town. We are surrounded by orchards and green fields; and when the trees put forth their flowers, we shall be embowered with bloom and fragrance.

If I grow into the spirit of all the beauty, how truly shall I progress. I will send you my address, hoping that, should you come to Providence, you will visit me. With much love to the dear ones at home, and hoping I have not wearied you with this long-drawn letter, I bid you adieu.

Yours, fraternally,

FRANCIS H. GREEN.

P. S. Since writing the above, a very beautiful incident has been related to me. A little girl of seven years, belonging to a family well known to me, died last week of a putrid cerebral fever; and at the same time a little sister, of two and a half years, lay very sick, and was not expected to recover. Before the body was taken from the room where the other sick child also was, they heard a voice, as if proceeding from the body, saying, clearly and distinctly, "Emma!" as if calling her little sister, whose name it was, and who was then supposed to be dying. The voice was perfectly natural—the voice of the deceased in every respect, but they would hardly have dared believe it was hers, had not the sick child also heard and understood it; for she promptly and intelligently answered, "I am coming." The two little Spirits were in sympathy with each other; and it is quite likely the first one did not like to go without her sister, and so found her way.

STOVE MOVED BY SPIRITS.

WATKINS, Jan. 29, 1855.

MEANS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.
Dear Sirs—Wishing to do all we can in the spiritual cause, we submit the account of a simple incident that occurred in our quiet village. We have held spiritual circles here for some time, but on the 22d inst. we had some very interesting manifestations through a highly developed medium, Lake Putnam, one of our most prominent townsmen. But what I wish to call your attention to is the following: After Bro. Putnam had done, some skeptical persons wished to see some table moving. As there was no table in the room, the Spirit signified that it would move the stove if the light in the room was put out. Some brother put out the light, when the stove, a very heavy one, moved about the room, and finally into that part of the room where the unbelievers were, and they being frightened bolted forthwith. We immediately struck a light, and the stove was on the opposite side of the room to which it was before. We all thought it very remarkable, and were convinced that no human power could have done it.

The work is beginning to spread rapidly in this vicinity. We remain your friends, JOHN H. STOUT, JR., F. GREENE.

THE LOST.

BY A. S. PERKINS.

On a vessel heavy laden
I beheld the dark-eyed maiden
For the last
When the winter wind is blowing,
And the colors really glowing,
Then my heart is overflowing
With the past.

For the vessel heavy laden
Bore the lovely dark-eyed maiden
To her doom
When the last farewell was spoken,
Then the chain of love was broken,
Leaving but an empty token—
Tears and gloom.

There was love and plaintive wailing,
When the "outward bound" left sailing
Gallantly
Many for the loved one yearning,
Waiting long for her returning,
But the "Packer's" parish'd, burning
For a sin.

Though her music leaves me scattered,
And her harp is silent, shattered,
And musing,
Still the cottage-lights shine brightly,
Where her vacant chair stands lightly,
And her sisters all stop lightly
Where the song

St. Louis, March 18, 1855.

THINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16th, 1855.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.
The worst of me is kindness, and the best friend of progression and reform is a little well-timed opposition and persecution. Romanism, as the epitome of sect, would have been starved out long since had there been a more generous supply of the milk of human kindness and less abuse by Protestants. The worst foe of error is light or intelligence. Thought is a divine ordinance, not less sacred than baptism, and the sacrament. Even admitting the divinity of Christ, is not an ordinance from the Father given in importance to that of his Son? Thought is the greatest of God's ordinances, and rightly exercised it would have progressed man from the basest errors and follies into which he has been led in his search for God's policy.

The greatest trouble we have experienced here has been the death-like silence observed among the clergy. They won't show fight. They are like the Allies at Salsburgh, in a fix, and every day getting more in a fix. The seven days' wonder, that was soon to blow over, is daily becoming more a wonder than ever, and what is to come of our creeds if these things continue? This is the question.

Some symptoms of restlessness have been shown of late. In last Saturday's *Ledger* appeared an advertisement, consisting of quotations from the Bible, showing that "the dead know nothing, neither their love nor their hate," and arguing therefrom, that as the Bible makes man at death a "know nothing," therefore Prof. Hare with his facts is wrong. To-day we have an invitation by one sect to a lecture in which it is to be proven that "immortality is not natural." Of course, this is to be shown as a Scriptural truth. The arguments alluded to are such as these: "The wicked shall be destroyed." "The righteous shall inherit eternal life." "The wages of sin is death," etc., etc.—not eternal life in misery.

It was a most unfortunate thing for the worshippers of the Bible when they thrust it in the path of this new truth. No less foolish was the attempt to chain the flaming waters of the Hellespont. Say you array the Bible to destroy a fact, what is the consequence? The fact can not be destroyed, the Bible only must suffer. And let us take the responsibility who thus foolishly have used their paper-and-ink idol. They will lament it when it is too late.

Thank God, too, we have had a slight manifestation of persecution lately. On calling at the office of the *Public Ledger* a few days ago, with the usual advertisements for the Sunday meetings, we were forcibly struck with the announcement that our matter was henceforth to be submitted before being published. The proprietor being told, we were told that if we attached our name to it they would insert it. We answered that we were not quite ready for the rack. "Nor we," he replied. "You," said I, "are able to go on it, and had I a tithes of your means, or even an independence, I would halt it as a pleasure." It was not published. Here is the advertisement.

"The Clergy—We have been accustomed to view them as honest, seekers after truth, regardless of old prejudices. Are we mistaken? What means their present position? For years past startling phenomena have been occurring throughout the country, and millions of our countrymen have been convinced through them that Spirits of the departed can and do hold intelligent intercourse with the bereaved of earth, and in consequence the light of immortality has for the first time burst upon the minds of thousands. Invitations have been kindly extended to them to investigate the matter, but thus far they have treated it with silent indifference. What means this? Is the discovery of new proofs of immortality of no consequence? or the fact of Spirit-communication a matter to be contemptuously treated? Is it not rather an open acknowledgment that they loved more than truth and the voice of Heaven? Who, then, are the infidels?"

"A Conference for the consideration of this thrilling subject will be held," etc., etc.

Certainly the proprietors did not fear a suit for damages. It is more likely that the clergy have been healing them over the coals, and hereafter will be liberated also. Here is the advertisement.

The same race will be applied to the Sunday Institute, and their Saturday Bible contrabandings have ceased. I suppose the progressive friends, Universalists—and in fact all not fully orthodox—are to be included.

You have not forgot the melody of old Madam Goose
"There was a man in our town, and he was a wonderful man,
He jumped into a bonnet bush and scrambled out both his eyes,
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main
He jumped into another bush, and scratched them in again."

And not only our medium for opposition, but they of the sacred desk, will find before long that the long-standing blindness of prejudice will be specially cured by a few more blamable plunges at the right of thinking and speaking.

Professor Hare's lectures have made a lasting impression upon the intelligent mind. I have been thinking that the Spirit-world could not have afforded a more fitting instrument than this world-wide celebrated chemist. He has already spent over a thousand dollars in the investigation, construction of machinery, etc., and has thus far completed the series of test-apparatus in such a manner as not merely defy the logic of the position of the scientific world. In one of these he has the medium's hand so arranged in fixed gloves and surrounded by needles that she can exert a power without self-evidence. The array of all these inventions upon the platform, combined with the past force and unusual life of the Doctor, has a most curious and powerful effect. The Doctor has under way a book, with plates illustrative of all his wonderful experiments, and it is to be hoped he will soon complete it. Its introduction will, I feel, be a new era in the cause. It will be most extensively read by those who are either uncommitted to the subject, or skeptical. It will find its way into the library of every scientific mind in the country, if not the world.

Our old friend Barry's publication office is in full blast, in Arch St. above Sixth. Let every true Spiritualist extend to him the encouragement he deserves. He has been a good and faithful servant to the cause, and needs all the aid we can extend to him.

16th.—A lecture was delivered last evening by F. Orton, Esq., to a good audience at Sanson Street Hall. There were few new in the cause better schooled in Hermetical Philosophy. To a pronounced and, once they are Greek, but to the Spiritualist every thought uttered by Mr. O. is a treasure.

The friends here are anxious to know when the Spirits are going to leave Mr. Davis to pay us a visit. There is a glorious harvest here, but we want a few more blades from our distinguished friends, to force the despised subject of immortality made manifest, upon the attention of the community more generally.

Yours for progression, A. S. P.

CONVERTED BY A SCHOOLMATE.

BUFFALO, April 23, 1855.

MEANS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.
Dear Sirs—I attended a spiritual circle a few evenings since for the first time, at the house of a gentleman named A. H. Frank, in this city, and while there I witnessed what I am about to relate, "a very strange, but nevertheless 'tis true." The meeting was appointed to commence at half past six o'clock, but on account of the non-arrival of several persons invited, it was postponed until seven, when we seated ourselves at the table, and in a few minutes rap was heard. The medium was then introduced to view the following communication which was addressed to me.

"Dear Friend Joseph—You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me when you know to be dead. I know that you are such a believer in the so-called spiritual manifestations, but before you leave this room you shall be convinced that Spirits do converse, and that this is truly a spiritual production. From your affectionate friend,
"JOSEPH A. LITTLE."

The cause signified to the above was that of an old schoolmate—ours who had departed this life some twelve years before, and his presence was verified. I did not leave the room until I had been convinced of the truth of all he had said. After the table had tipped quite as much as we wished it to, and each of us had received a communication, the Spirits were requested to perform with a large tea-bell which was in the room, as had been done at other places. As that the bell was raised from the table (where it had been placed by one of the company) to the ceiling, and there rang for several minutes. I had perused the article which appeared in your paper a few weeks since, entitled "Miracles in St. Louis," and thinking that Buffalo was as available a place for miracles as St. Louis, I requested the Spirits instantly to bring me a certain book which was in a drawer of my bureau at my boarding-house, a mile and a half distant, and in less than five minutes the book was laid before me on the table. If any person doubts the preceding statement, he can have it confirmed by addressing at Buffalo, A. H. Frank, J. Whitney, W. C. Dinwiddie, or Henry Keller, who were all present at the time. From a brother Spiritualist,
JOSEPH A. LITTLE.

HOW SPIRITS WRITE IN ST. LOUIS.

I have heretofore thought that I should never believe in a mathematical impossibility, but this our Spirit-friends have lately compelled me to do. At a circle composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. Livermore, Miss L. M. Hamilton, and Miss Sarah J. Irish as the medium, it was proposed that the Spirit of Lorenzo Fox should write something without any human medium. The room was well lighted, while all sat around the table. A sheet of paper (first being examined by all) was placed upon an open book; on the top of all was placed the pencil; this book was held in the open left hand of the medium, close by against the under surface of the table, while her right hand rested immediately over the other on the upper surface, and when the signal was given and the request made what to write, a sound as of some one writing was heard, and immediately very loud rap indicated that it was done, and on proceeding the whole, "Green Mountain Boys" was found plainly written as requested.

Now this was mathematically impossible for a spirit in the body of one to write with a pencil pressed hard up against the under surface of the table; the philosophy of it, however, as given by them, renders it plainly rational.

They consider particles of the atmosphere, and write with a fluid thus obtained, then came a stream of signatures (obtained from the medium) to flow off the point of the pencil, thus drawing, as it were, the dampened paper, as if we wrote with water and then scatter particles of black lead over it. Also they claim that magnetism will carry metals as in galvanizing metals.

On a close examination of the writing through a microscope, not the slightest indication can be found, which is impossible for any one in the body to do, touch it however lightly; and this was written as plain as I could by the ordinary pressure.

Build up theories on theories, no matter how high, but be patient, and the Spirits will tumble them about the ears of their builders. St. Louis, April, 1855. A. MATHIAS.

A SPIRIT PERFORMING ON THE MELODEON.

During a recent visit to New York, my former home, I had occasion to visit a lovely and esteemed family in the neighborhood. After tea the subject of the New Philosophy of Spiritualism being introduced for the first time, the lady of the house remarked she had recently lost a very dear brother, with whom she had conversed shortly before his decease on the subject of Spirit communication with the living, and that he had expressed his belief in its truth. I then proposed that she call her little family, consisting of several interesting daughters, around the table, which soon commenced tipping. The alphabet being introduced, the name of their deceased uncle and brother was distinctly spelled, and he was otherwise identified. At this moment a little girl, aged about ten years, entered the parlor from the house of a neighbor. She was of course invited to join in "tipping the table." The table, however, would no longer tip; but I discovered the young visitor was undergoing the usual symptoms seen in writing mediums, and such as proved to be. The Spirit immediately commenced writing through the little medium, and fully identified himself by communicating several short messages—the writing resembling that of the Spirit purporting to be present, when on earth. I then asked if the Spirit could influence the child to play upon either instrument (a piano and melodeon being in the room), knowing that he was a very superior organist previous to his death. The answer was Yes, and the child, entirely under Spirit influence, walked to the melodeon, and commenced running over the keys like an experienced player, and within half an hour performed several familiar airs correctly and harmoniously, the family (all musical) joining with their voices in such of them as suited their tastes. The writer of this was told that the little medium had never before played upon that or any other instrument. I left this charming family enjoying the music of their dear departed relative, as rendered through the little girl of ten years.

I mention this as among the many beautiful tests of Spirit-presence and power that have come under my observation during my investigations within the last year. N. E.

BUTTERICK, Mo.

SACRED FEELS CURED BY SPIRITS.—We have often heard the question asked, "What good has Spiritism done?" The rapping, tipping, jerking, and writing of mediums are very curious, but of no practical benefit. We have frequently read of the curative power of the Spirits, but received such stories with many degrees of allowance. Yesterday we were told of a case, the truth of which, from our knowledge of the narrator, we can not doubt for a single moment. A gentleman whom we have known long and intimately, informs us that, a day or two ago, one of his little children was afflicted with scarlet fever, and being a firm believer in Spiritualism, he determined to try the efficacy of spiritual magnetism in effecting a cure. He did so, and after one or two applications his child was completely restored to health, without having tasted a single dose of medicine. If Spiritualism can do what the doctors can not, there is certainly some good in it. We should like to see the Spirits cure a collapsed case of Asiatic cholera—if they can do that, we go in for them, rap, tips, and all—St. Louis Sunday Morning Herald, March 18th.

A CANTON PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.—A French officer while making a reconnaissance near Sebastopol was knocked down by the wind of a cannonball, and the shock was so severe as to cause a paralysis of his tongue, so that he could neither move nor speak. Obtaining leave of absence

Interesting Miscellany.

THE DREAM-ANGEL.

BY JEAN PAUL.

Once the bright Angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of man—the Guardian Angel of the World—drew near the throne of the heavenly Father, and prayed.

"O God, O Father, a dream by which I may teach man how to avoid in part, at least, the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him; for man is not always bad. At times, his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external might fix upon him."

Then the Father spoke to the Angel, and said:

"Give him the Dream!"

The sweet Angel flew over the world with his sister, the Dream.

Far and wide spread the gentle influence, and the hearts of the weary mortals were refreshed. But the soft breathings of the Dream-Angel fell not alike on all.

To the good and gentle, who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toll of good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the Land of Light. Forgetting the narrow prison of the world, their souls rose up, and spread broad and wide over the lands of Vision, and gazed with eagle eyes upon the glories. But as the night waned their dreams grew dim, and the outer influences of the soul gently closed upon them, even as the corolla of the night flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best beloved star heaven.

The evil-woman, selfish husbandman, who has fallen asleep in despair, and who even feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labors, the sweet dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in golden ranks, and gazed with joy upon the small soft ears—which, at first no larger than flower buds, seemed as he beheld them, to expand to ripe maturity. There are certain dream-fancies and strange sleep-changes that are to be found only in the deep, unbroken slumber which results from extreme bodily fatigue, or in the light, irregular rest of a fever, even as the grotesque blue dragonfly and the strange water filter are found only on the surface of the deep, silent pool or the shallow brook. And the husbandman slept on, the fantastic Spirit who attended the Dream flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision; for as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to envelop him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the singing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals there came the shouts of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple cloud gathered again about him; but the Dream-Spirit, with their long, shadowy arms, drew him through it, and he now stood before a well-lighted granary, and the tears ran down his cheeks. His wife and the loved ones had gathered around him, and their blessings and praises sank into his heart and mingled with the hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope which it had inspired him with.

But the Dream flew on the guilty prisoner who had fallen asleep, cursing his judges, his doom, and the black, dark fetters which clung like cold shrouds to his limbs; and as he dreamed, the prison door opened, the cold chains fell away, and Remorse and Rage no longer flared their poison fangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and reconciliation flitted through his mind, like golden-winged butterflies through a garden; and he awoke, resting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold, dark fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell from the prison door remained fast, and were worn by famine and sickness, he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle Dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and as he died, exclaiming, "Not my will but thine, O Father!" beheld there was joy in heaven.

It has been said that Hope alone is left with mortals, but with her children, her sister, the Dream, with knowledge known to us, for by dreams we are led to hope, and by hope shall be saved.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JESUS.

Cornelius Castellan, a distinguished historical and poetical writer, who was a Roman centurion in the time of Jesus Christ, thus describes the personal appearance of the founder of our religion:

A tall, well-proportioned man, straight in stature, of nearly six feet in height, his hair was the color of new wine, from the roots to the ears, and from thence it curled, and fell down to the lowest part of his neck; upon the crown of his head it parted in two, after the manner of Nazarenes; his forehead was flat and fair; his eyes were gray, large, and extremely lively; his nose and mouth well-proportioned; his face was neither round nor sharp, resembling his mother's, and adorned with a very graceful vermilion; his beard was thick and forked, and of the color of his hair, which he wore long, unless never having been used upon his head, nor hand of any one touched him except that of his mother when he was a child; his neck was not stiff nor was his carriage proud; he stooped a little with his head; his hands were large and spreading, and his arms were very beautiful; there was an air of severity in his countenance which attracted the love and reverence of all beholders; in his speech he was terrible, but in his exhibitions amiable and courteous; he was never seen to laugh, but was often seen to weep; gravity, prudence, weakness, and clemency were strongly depicted in his countenance.—*Beletrier Standard.*

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PETRIFICATION.—Mr. J. P. Soy, residing near Germantown, Ohio, recently discovered the remains of his wife his grandfather, and other members of his family, buried on his farm, in order to inter them in the Germantown Cemetery, and found that their bodies were more or less petrified. The wife had been buried twenty-four years, but the body was in an excellent state of preservation. Upon a close examination it was found that the remains would not give way under the pressure of a piece of board which one of the gentlemen placed upon the corpse, and this strange circumstance led to still further investigation. The shroud, and indeed all the covering which was upon the body at the time of interment, twenty-four years ago, had disappeared, not a vestige of them remaining. The body was perfect, except the right leg from the knee to the ankle joint, where the flesh seemed to have wasted away, and lay at the bottom of the coffin in a substance resembling sand. With this exception of decay, the body and limbs exhibited the same perfectness of exterior they did when life and animation were in the body. The body, indeed, had been petrified. It was by some strange quality in the earth and other causes turned into stone of a drab, or more properly speaking, flesh color, and the chisel of the artist might imitate, but could not make to close a resemblance to the human form divine.

EXTRAORDINARY WELL.—In an interesting letter to the New York Courier and Enquirer, Mr. E. Meriam, the New York meteorologist, states that there is in Lockport, N. Y., an Artesian well four hundred feet in depth, from the bottom of which rises a vein of salt water holding in combination a large percentage of dissolving chlorides, which mingling with waters of other veins, produce instantaneous crystallization of beautiful "salts," in flattened eight-sided prisms of about an inch in length, an eighth of an inch in width, and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The laminae of these are so perfect, that a single crystal may be divided by means of heat into two distinct sheets. This well is peculiar in more respects than one. It is accustomed to spout salt water for but few moments at a time, and then subsiding remains quiet for the space of an hour, at the conclusion of which it again begins to puff and roar and shoot forth its saline jets. When the workmen were making this well, the sugar, upon attaining a depth of two hundred and thirty-five feet, fell suddenly about fourteen feet, and reached the bottom of a subterranean river, flowing with so strong a current as to produce a perceptible motion in the upper part of the stem of the sugar.

A GHOST IN LOVE.—A farmer who had lately become a widower was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale and his limbs shook with fear. He however contrived

to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak, if from the Devil, vanish!" "Wretch," exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A.—to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B.—Marry her, or perdition and eternal torment shall be your doom!" This strange apparition from the grave instead of damning the farmer restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghastly visitor and stripping off its sheet discovered the fair Henrietta B.—herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said, that the farmer, admiring the girl's look, has had the banns published for his marriage with her.—*Gateshead (Eng.) Observer.*

THEODORE PARKER'S PREPARATIONS FOR MARTYRDOM.—We are informed that the Rev. Theodore Parker in his discourse yesterday, alluded to the proceedings in the United States Court last week. He said he never believed the trial could go on. Singularly enough, it was first appointed for the day which formed the eighty-fifth anniversary of the Boston Massacre. He remarked, that looking at his own case in its worst aspect, he had made arrangements with two persons to stand in his stead and deliver the sermons written by himself in jail, and had also arranged with the New York Tribune to publish the same immediately after their delivery.

It is quite evident that those arranged before the United States Court, whose offenses were "constructive" only, are greatly disappointed at the breach made in the indictment by Judge Curtis, through which they walked free. From the moment they were indicted, invitations poured in upon them to address Literary Societies, Lyceums, and Young Men's Associations in all the Free States, and unless the postage to the hundreds of places where they declined invitations, offered the profits received where they gave addresses, they have made a good thing of it. It rather pays to be a martyr.—*Bost. Trav.*, April 16.

BABIES.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which he has recently made, of great importance to mothers. It is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The modus operandi is as follows: As soon as the squallor awakes set the child up, propped by pillows if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and puff the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes, more molasses and more feathers, and in the place of nerve-attacking yell, there will be silence and enjoyment unpeakable.

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