



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 189.

The Principles of Nature.

NATURE PHENOMENAL AND GOD ACTUAL.

MR. BRITTAN:—It has been said, and probably with truth, that one half the community never attend places of worship, and treat the subject of religion with utter silence, while a very large portion of those who are known as the church-going community, attend what is usually denominated divine service, simply as a conventional practice, while they have no sympathy with the subject itself; and among those who constitute the members of churches are thousands who do so from a blind faith, in which they are disturbed by the slightest argument. In short, while nine-tenths of mankind admit the existence, or rather the possibility of the existence, of a great First Cause, still not one in one thousand has conceived sufficient of that great First Cause to be unwavering or settled in his faith. The Christian world have a confused idea of man being made in the image of his Maker, but whether this similarity refers to his form, his mental endowments, or the attributes which regulate his sympathies, none seem to have defined. The few who have attempted it, have failed to convince the many of the truth of their hypothesis. A very large class are inclined to the different materialistic theories; while an equal number are transcendental in their views, creating poetical and imaginary gods, as nearly in the semblance of their own views of extreme right, as they are enabled to picture. Without the hope of being able to convince you that I am right, I beg to offer an hypothesis which may avoid the extremes I have before referred to, and by not giving offense to either of these sects of theorists, perhaps approximate toward the truth, and at least assist some minds in settling the question of *what is Deity*, to the extent that may prove necessary, as a nucleus for some faith in which they may progress.

First, then, let us examine *matter*, and see if we can find in it any hidden reality not evident upon its surface, to our senses. Iron we consider as a tangible material substance, having strength and weight, and not volatile in its properties; still, every boy who has skated on a clear cold winter's day, when the ice was hard and firm, has smelled the iron of his skates while he was skating over the surface of the ice. All who have rode in railroad cars have smelled the iron of the wheels, whenever the brake has been suddenly applied, notwithstanding the velocity at which the car was moving, and the apparently non-volatile character of the iron. Did the iron, or any portion of it, enter the nose? We say yes; for without such fact, we could not tell from the odor, that the brake was on the rail-car wheel. Still all are familiar with this truth. We also find that iron follows certain natural laws. When red-hot, its particles will combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and form oxide of iron. When in this form it may be dissolved in some fluids and not in others. Its finite particles are never in a state of rest when in the metallic form; for if we break an old casting of iron, we shall always find it beautifully crystallized, while a new casting, if broken, merely exhibits a gray mass. *Is the power that controls the movement of these particles resident in them, or does it occur from external influences?* The figure of the crystal is always the same—as invariable as is the figure of any other crystal. As surrounding circumstances are often *variable*, and the figure of the crystal is always the *same*, is it not fair to infer that the power causing these particles to follow precise law, is resident in the material itself? Can any one believe that the odor of iron as smelled in the railroad car, could be viewed by a microscope in the atmosphere? Could any chemical test detect its presence in atmosphere when so diffused? We think not, any more than could chemistry separate the odor of the rose from the traveling breeze. Still this iron, so diluted that perhaps the millionth of a single grain might give its odor to a cubic mile of atmosphere, is under the control of a resident power within itself.

In furnaces where lead is smelted, the painter's, or Devonshire colic, prevails among workmen, commonly known as *Lead Colic*; and one who occupies a dormitory in a tall building, the cellar of which contains large quantities of pig lead, will be affected by this disease. Can any one believe that the infinitesimal particles can leave the solid lead, and continue to exercise positive effects, such as the production of this colic, without following some law? And if this law be inherent in itself, may we not call it *spirit*? Indeed, may we not suppose that at a point of time far behind that of which we have any history, the sixty-four primates of which all substances seem to be composed, might not have been diffused through space, like the lead or iron referred to? And if a single grain of lead was then diluted in every ten cubic miles of space, then, as there is no end to space, there would be lead enough, if aggregated, to form a new universe; and this truth will apply equally well to all or either of the sixty-four primates. If such spirit really exists in the ultimate atom, then as the spirit is unalterable, while the material is subject to dilation, there must have been a point of time when the *spirit of these atoms was more palpable than the material*; and if by segregation, controlled or brought about by the spirit of the atom, it became tangible, then the spirit is the *sub-stans*, and not that thing we call material. Hence if all atoms are imbued by such spirit, which, so far as we can conceive the word or *modus* of creation, created the atoms, why shall we not trace to Deity in this spirit-sub-stans of all things? For if we trace this spirit, following its progression as we understand it, we shall find its ultimate of crystallization in that figure called *MAN*.

So far as our own planet is concerned, most philosophers agree that, by attraction, this diluted matter, which was less material than the lightest gas we now know of, segregated until our planet was the consequence, and the first general form was rock. No soil, no plant, no animal existed. Each of these sixty-four ingredients, all of which were represented in the rock, we now know will, if separated, assume a form, and possess functions peculiar to itself. Any two of them combined will assume a form not common to either, and will possess new functions, not evident as belonging to either in its separate condition.

Those who are expert in crystallography can tell us, by the use of that little instrument called the goniometer, if the crystal be pure, and composed only of the named constituents. This he knows from the figure of the crystal, that being constant in every crystalline substance in nature. Thus iron and sulphur are always a cube when combined with each other, and suffered to cool slowly. Indeed they can not be combined and assume any other form. Just as any two of these primates follow such exact law, so may we view the action of the whole. By the *débris* of the rocks, soils were formed. These yielded up constituents in proximate conditions to make plants, which by decay deposited their primates in a more progressed condition to form other and more progressed plants. And by a regular series of progression, animal life began, and the primates originally, from the rock, next plant, next animal, by its direction, were again deposited in the soil with its primates more progressed, better capable of following more advanced law, entering a superior class of plants, capable of feeding and sustaining a more advanced animal, until eventually man became a consequence of such progression; and the combined primates in the man may be viewed as the perfect crystal, from the combination of all the original atoms that had previously imbedded space. Thus man may be viewed as composed of all the sixty-four primates—other animals, of a less number. No plant contains more than fourteen, while the soil, as the *débris* of all the rocks, contains all the primates. Now, just as we find new functions to arise out of the combination of two primates that did not belong to either, so may there be new functions for following law, developed as a consequence of the combination of these two primates. As a familiar example, water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, neither of which is capable of dissolving sugar, salt, or other material. Still, when combined, this new function enables the combination to act almost as an universal solvent. Water swells with a force which can not be controlled in cooling from forty degrees down to its freezing point—thirty-two degrees. Not so with either oxygen or hydrogen, of which it is formed. Water, when in motion, has its weight multiplied by its velocity, and thus, as in the floods, moves rocks, mixes soils, etc.; but neither oxygen nor hydrogen could perform these.

Now, is it not reasonable to suppose that the resident spirit of oxygen and hydrogen, when combined, should be capable of new functions, as a consequence of that combination, differing as greatly from the individual spirits of either, as does the material in its physical sense? Do we not find man, as the perfected crystal of creation, as he advances in stature, and as he appropriates by digestion and other processes, new primates to perfect his figure and form, to give evidence of new functions in his spirit which directs that form? May we not also suppose that the spirit of all primates is in more intimate coalescence than the primates themselves, in the state where we can observe them? And may not this combined spirit of all things, in the exact proportion in which all things exist, be Deity—the Creator, the Regulator, the Law, the Motive-force of all things, man included? And while the spirit of man is the epitome of all primates in nature *qualitatively*, is not Deity the epitome of the spirit of all primates *quantitatively*? While the spirit of man represents part of each primate, God, as the Spirit of the whole, is the whole, and in precise balance, constitutes precise truth. Is not this the creating of man after his own form? If man be the spirit of man, and not the form in which the primates are aggregated, then, as the spirit of all primates, it must assume such Spirit-form as of necessity would be the representative of all Spirit, which is God. The text "Of divine man, God made the world," under this hypothesis, is not without significance. May we not also safely view the Spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, as so much of God as could be comprehended by man? And must not the Spirit of all things—the Divine mind—be capable of causing such an aggregation of Spirit as would represent himself to the full extent that man could comprehend? As such, Christ is God! As such, Christ existed from all time; and as such, the Christian world, without offense, may view him, while the rankest materialist may, at least, approximate more nearly the comprehension of a God and a Saviour, by following the primates from their original diluted condition, when, from extreme dilation, the material had less positive existence than the Spirit; while the transcendentalist may conceive the externalization of Spirit by the power of its own will translated into segregation, without offending his extreme poetry.

Man hath always striven to trace in from the circumference of Nature's effect around him, searching for law of government from their surfaces, and thus classifying outsiders and drawing imperfect conclusions. He should first open the channel of his central communication with the Fountain of all wisdom, and thus be enabled to view the central powers of Nature's numerous host with an enlightened understanding. He hath labored a long life to produce that which death hath shown him to be void of truth.

THE PROPHET BARD.

Never will peace and human nature meet,
Till free and equal man and woman greet
Domestic peace.—SHELLEY.

MINSTREL, once thy luteful numbers
Strangely thrilled the harp of time,
Now the chords are mute that waked them—
They have won a voice sublime.

Now thy burning words resound
All the peopled world around;
Now with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to creation's heart;
Now thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.

Son of Albion, ere thy star
Tracked the world of thought afar:
Ere from flowery Castaleys
Came the nymph fair Poesy,
With her most delightful thrills,
 wooing thee to sup her rills;
Ere Music, with her witching spells,
Rung in thy soul her silver bells;
While yet thou held the helm of joy,
And warned a field a careless boy—
E'en then amid the mist-hung hills,
By dingle lone and tinkling rills,
From every breeze or Autumn blast
That o'er thy rock-ribbed island passed;
From stars, and dews, and flowers beneath,
Thy soul drank in sweet Freedom's breath.

But for her in after years,
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears,
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,
Ere the grey dawn of the morn.

Not men-fetters, not dominion,
Could thy thought's free current bind,
Creeds and creed men found no passport
To the temple of thy mind,
Rich with gems of rarest truth,
Twined with flowers of loveliest youth.
Down its broad, bright spirit-aisles
Floated dreams like happy smiles.
And thought, within its sacred halls,
Kept writing lines upon its walls.
Till, venturing further out one day,
She found a lyre placed in her way.
Though what it was she hardly knew,
Yet still she near, and nearer drew:
And when her veil swept o'er the strings,
She thought she heard some angel sing:
And whisper, "It is thine."

She raised it up, 'twas strangely made:
Of fragrant wood, with pearls inlaid;
Its chords, the sun's most golden ray
At noon, were not more bright than they;
And when she touched them there, a sigh
Seemed from each cell to start and die:
In music most divine.

"Ah, me!" she said, "could I but hear
To yon bright halls my treasure rare,
There's many a dream would find its goal,
Now captive in an earnest soul!"

With this away the lyre she bore
And placed it in the Temple's door,
And wrote upon it, while she smiled,
These mystic words, "For Freedom's child."
Then long it lay an unused thing
Of silent cells and trembling strings,
Till, gliding down his broad, bright aisle,
The Poet-soul, in dreams the while,
Saw at the door the lovely form,
And felt his heart in pity warm.
She took it in, but did not know
Or dream what streams of song would flow
From the deep founts that slept below,
Till o'er its wires a hand unseen
Swept light, as though its home had been
Those chords and airy cells between.
Then from his curious chambers broke
The holiest sounds that ever woke
To its high birth the Poet child,
So sweet, so plaintive, yet so wild.
Of when the bright immortal fire
First glowed along that quivering lyre—
'Twas Freedom's hand which swept the wire.

But for her in after years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears;
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,
Ere the grey dawn of the morn.

Trampling down the world's opinion,
Right became thy theme, not *Might*;
But thy thoughts swept down the river
Of a dark, unfriendly night,
Rolling on to either shore,
Mingling with the water's roar,
Sounding there forever more;
On the Stygian human tide
Groans of woe, unheeded, died.

But thy genius blazed along,
O'er the world an orb of song;
Then adown the stream of life,
Vexed with storms and vexed with strife,
Round the struggling voyager's way,
Fell thy star's serene ray.
When thy mighty spirit saw
Minds and nature crushed by law;
When it saw how mortals toil
In the heat, and dust, and soil,
All to yield a tyrant's spoil,
And behold the iron chain,
Eating to the heart and brain—
Then thine eye in pity turned
To the hated, poor and spurned,

And thy hand o'er-swept the lyre
Till it flashed indignant fire;
For the weary the oppressed,
For the weak; and the distressed,
Mingling like a seraph strain
'Mid the shrieks of woe and pain,
Swelled thy softly soothing tone
With a strength before unknown,
Claiming honor for the brave,
Freedom for the branded slave.
And for all, the true, the good,
Equal rights and brotherhood.
All for Freedom, many years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears;
But she wrought thee hate and scorn
Ere the grey dawn of the morn.

Sorrowing o'er the woes of others,
Struggling bravely 'gainst thine own,
Like thy very heart's pulsations
Seemed the far resounding tone

Rolling on, forever onward,
Glory waked its after-chime,
Till thy lofty numbers mingled
With the thunder-voices of Time.

When for this, for loving others
Came the world's neglect and scorn,
They, thy soul's prophetic visions,
Met the grey dawn of the morn,

They, thy thoughts, with dreams of beauty
Faced the dark aisles of the years—
Trod the dim halls of the Future
Till they peopled other spheres.

But the seer-gift to thy spirit
Still wrought agony and tears,
Till thy heart shook hands with sorrow,
And embraced thick coming fears.

Yet from out the darkness shadows,
Rolled the river of thy song,
Fretting still the giant 'butments,
Of the granite bridge of wrong.

And with eloquence more perfect,
Having won from grief a voice,
Swelled thy lofty peans upward,
Bidding the oppressed rejoice.

Thou didst say, "Another morning
On the human day should rise,
When good works should be our commerce,
More than costly merchandise."

Thou didst ask of man, thy brother,
"How can ye be free and brave,
While to your caprice and fashion,
Woman lives and dies a slave?"
Thou didst say, "that peace would never
Woful human nature greet,"
Till beside its holiest altars,
Man and woman equal meet."

Words of truth and deepest meaning,
Chiming unto pleasant songs,
By the strength that ye have given,
Woman yet shall right her wrongs.

Let the burning words resound,
All the peopled world around,
Till with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to Creation's heart,
Till thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.

Prophet! poet! Albion's son,
In the sphere thy soul hath won,
See'st thou not, how bright the sun
In our social world hath run?

Lo! the dark life river,
Now the floating bubbles shiver,
Now from out her azure eaves,
Truth goes gliding o'er the waves;
Now the tree of freedom mounts,
Upward to the starry founts;
And the holy dews come down,
Beauteous on its vernal crown.

Eagles sit upon its top,
From its boughs the puff-balls drop;
All that would its beauty cloak,
Every thing that ends in smoke,
From its spreading limbs shall fall
Black and blasted, withered all.

Underneath, in deepest shade,
Is the grave of Slavery made;
Soon the blasted fiend shall die,
Low his mangled carcass lie;
And his shade forever more
Walk the dark Plutonian shore.

O'er its waving sprays above,
Soon shall brood the harmless dove,
Feeding on the fruits of love.

Courage! all whose hearts have fears;
Freedom dries her children's tears;
Tremble not for hate and scorn,
'Tis the grey dawn of the morn.

Swiftly toward the dusky zenith
Mounts the bright auroral ray,
Downward o'er the western shadows,
Soon shall bend the new-born day.

Lo! Man's ancient holds are crumbling,
And his iron rule of might—
Woman from her slumbers rising,
Struggling upward to the light.

Unto nobler deeds aspiring,
See! she flings away her toys:
By a higher aim enabled,
Seeking more than gilded joys.

In the golden fields of labor,
She shall prove she hath a soul,
Worthy soon to be his equal,
Traveling to the self same goal.
But not his, the strongest fetter,
That has crushed her holy trust;
Fashion and the love of pleasure,
These have bowed her to the dust.

Rust of ages, eat the chain,
Break the antique links in twain.
In our minds and from our hearts,
Now a nobler worship starts,
Let the old dominions fall,
New ones rise upon their wall.

In the broad, bright fields of youth,
Scatter wide the seeds of truth;
Then when fall the Autumn leaves;
They will bear the golden sheaves,
For the poor and the oppressed,
For the weak and the distressed.

With the labor-loving class,
Let us struggle for the mass,
Light alone can make them better—
Free them from their ancient fetter.
Let us seek, in love and duty,
Pearls to deck the brow of beauty;

Let us be no more the vine,
Round the "Lorally Oak" to twine,
But a sister oak as proud,
Battling with the tempest-cloud.

When we break the gilded chain,
Binding heart, and soul and brain,
Fashion, ease and pleasure all—
When the old dominions fall,
Then may we in justice claim,
With our brethren, equal face.

Brighter than our light shall be,
In the field of destiny,
Women, waken! crush your fears,
Freedom is not won by tears.

Years of toil for heart and brain—
Toil alone will break the chain.
Waken! see! the auroral ray,
Now foretells the coming day.
Fly ye fiends of hate and scorn,
'Tis the grey dawn of the morn.

PHILADELPHIA.

HOW IT WORKS.

The following is an utterance by an elder in a Presbyterian church, who has just awaked to the glorious light of Spirit-communication. We insert it as an appropriate illustration of that transition stage in the soul's progress.

The youthful mind, unbiassed by creeds and dogmas which neither warm the heart nor improve the understanding—that is nurtured with the essence and spirit of the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," acquires all the elements of genuine religion, and grows into a manhood of conscientious integrity, universal love, and charity.

Notwithstanding every pulpit reminds him that he is but an outsider and an alien to the household of faith, yet, sincerely desirous to know the truth, he is led to search the Scriptures, and his sense of the good and true enables him to comprehend the spirit of the teachings of Jesus. Impressed with the sacredness of truth, what was first but high admiration is turned to deep devotion; and with Thomas he is led to exclaim, "My Lord and my God." He becomes a devout believer, and enjoys sweet and soul-elevating communion with God.

"From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." He delights to speak of Jesus; all who love Him, "the one altogether lovely," are his brothers and sisters in Christ. His professing friends and acquaintances of different denominations, are all the same to him. Why they are not one in name, he stops not to inquire. He hopes and believes all is for the best, and contributes to the several churches, as unto the Lord. Seeing the harvest is ready for the sickle, he doth "not stop to quarrel by the way;" it is sufficient for him to inquire and know, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do;" and he prays for grace to do it. The truly pious love him; the politic court him with a view to membership; he in turn loves them all, as disciples of the Holy One of Israel.

Circumstances, no especial preference, brings him in more intimate connection with some of the sects than with the other. Efforts are not wanting to induce him to have his name enrolled among them. In the meek thought to "abide in that wherein he is called," he suffers his name to be put down, without dreaming that such a course could be misconstrued. But, alas for human weakness! Whatever may be the profession, it is uniformly the case, when early prejudices become established, that time and piety scarcely can erase them. If he unites himself with New School Presbyterians, those of the old shun him. The Methodists the Baptists, or whatever name they claim or is given them, all feel that they have been slighted, and are piqued at the preference thus manifested in his choice. His love is the same—with the same smile, warmed up by Christian fellowship, he meets his friends of other folds. He is surprised that some who, angel-like before, with cordial love would greet him, now turn on him the look they give to sinners. Those were but *anglers*, and sought to draw him in. The fish escaped; they fold their lines, and draw in their affections instead.

Not content with cold indifference, debates and "doubtful dispensations" are forced upon him, and vexed questions of "baptizing," "sprinkling," feet-washing, dress, and a host of external differences for which he has no relish, compel him to withdraw from such, or hear them with the meekest patience.

His universal love and singleness of heart unfit him as a champion to do battle for the sect with whom his lot is cast. They are shy to confide to him the policy of their church, as one not sufficiently orthodox to suit their purpose. Prompted by the desire to do good, efforts at conciliation are made by him that only run counter to schemes of self-aggrandizement, until his influence is lost, with but a few truly good to sympathize with, and love him still.

Conscious of the rectitude of his purpose, his way of usefulness being clogged up by formalism and time-reverenced conventionalities, with bruised spirit he goes to that gracious Lord, who "will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." In him he finds a strength, while the coal upon the altar of his heart is kindled into a flame that illuminates the deep recesses of his heart; and as light shines in, that liberty is revealed where with Christ has set him free, and sets him free indeed.

But who dares to express himself in freedom? Why it is that churches fail to accomplish their mission upon earth—and ministers preach as though the heavens over them were brass—and every word returned as a lump of lead—to weigh down the Spirit's flight to higher, holier spheres? It is nothing short of sacrilege. Better charge God than the Church, for the want of fruit. True, "Paul may plant, and Apollo water," but "it is God that gives the increase;" but equally true it is that every heart is a temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell in; and if God is in their heart, and Christ is formed within them, He will be heard, and his Spirit felt, by all within their influence, and good must and will be done, as surely as God is faithful. The blindness of the Jews and history of the Gospel gives them a key to all this death.

If that love that bled on Calvary looks abroad upon earth's sin-stained surface, and beholds thence reared and furnished with a lavish prodigality—the worshippers clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, while the poor who yearn to know that there is a heaven of rest

"From pain and suffering free,
And pride's derision, and contemptuous sneer,"

How can their humbled souls be in amid the very things that remind them of their wretchedness?

But if dejected and spirit-broken, they should seek their lonely closet, and if there God should permit a messenger of love to announce to them the truth of what they faint would know, they may not tell of God's goodness to those whose duty it is to know and teach it. It were improper so to do!

But "wisdom is justified of her children;" therefore, if Spirits of just men made perfect, are permitted to further the great design of God till a spiritual church is reared on earth whose top shall reach to heaven; and if thus our angel-brothers, fathers, mothers and loving friends, who still bear the love they bore for us on earth, by heaven and happiness refined, come wooing our earth-bound souls to heavenly contemplation—shall we reject their sympathy, and turn from them as devils? God forbid—but help us, rather that we may have around us an atmosphere of truth; nay, throw thou around us, thou Holy One, thy gracious robe of purity. Oh! do thou clothe us with the wedding garment; fill our lamps with oil of heavenly love; grant us admission among those guests that grace thy banquet-hall; and though on earth, by faith on knowledge based, may we enjoy a foretaste of that feast that never ends!

I subjoin a communication given me by a Spirit friend in the hour of perplexity, which came like oil upon the troubled waters of my heart, through which was felt that still small voice that said, "Peace!" and all was calm.

"When the soul of man sends forth its aspirations for aid and light, be sure it will not return to its abiding place empty. With groanings which can not be uttered, the Spirit wrestles with the lusts that impede its progress toward purer and holier spheres. Therefore, O man! fear not the feeble moments marked in thy remembrance as moments of fiery ordeal and earthly discipline. Confide ever thy eternal interests unto the keeping of Heaven's appointed ministry, sure that thy Almighty Father knoweth what is best for thee and thine.

If thine own heart condemn thee not, neither doth God; for thy heart's pulsations are counted. And are not its beatings to thee a silent but living testimony of an assistance begun but never ending—of a love omniscient—of a love eternal?

Deep within the vital elements of man's existence lieth the impress of the spirit. Its impress may be of fire, of water, or of blood, and he who counsels the hairs of thy head recorded there the record of thy daily life.

Eternal love enshrouds thee, and hope, the offspring of the Heavenly spheres, sojourns on earth with thee, and with thee enters the gates of immortality.

Confide thy earthly cares and heavenly hopes to Him, the high and lofty One. Heaven's bright radiance sheds its rays around the pathway of earth's weary pilgrims.

Confide and trust thy every earthly care, to the all-seeing Eye, and love, pure, holy and sanctifying, shall be thine to inherit; and as a son, free-born, wilt thou pass safely through thy earthly sphere, and enter, without fear, the courts of Heaven!

Once free once there, and thy lyre attuned anew, thy freed soul will rise and sing her song of victory! Angelic choirs will catch the sound, and with glad shouts ring out their heaven-born psalm—"Another soul has won the victory—has sought and found his HEAVENLY FATHER'S HOME."

THE ANGEL OF PEACE

BY MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

I HAVE come from the land, where the white lily blooms,
Where the flowers of love shed their sweetest perfumes,
Where the dew on the blossom, and sunlight above,
Caresingly meet in an union of love.

I have gathered the dew-drop, all shining with light,
And distilled it to use at my banquet to night;
Ye have seen how the goblet oft sparkles with wine,
So my lily-cup sparkles with nectar divine.

Come, then, dearest friends, while I raise to your lip
My soul-waking cordial, and ask you to sip;
Tis not like the draught of the wine-cup, or bowl,
With its leathen spell darkly shrouding the soul.

Till the past, and the present, and future, all seem
Like the mystical change of some terrible dream:
Ah! no, not for this, not for this have I come
From the bright sunny shores of my heavenly home.

I have come, I have come, on a mission of love,
With an Angel of Peace in the form of a dove;
By the aid of her wings I have journeyed afar,
Through the regions of space and a pathway of stars.

The still air was moved by her musical wing,
Vibrating sweet strains for love-angels to sing;
Now, her white wings of shelter around you are spread,
And a crown of pure light encircles your head.

Oh, may her sweet power rest ever on you,
As bright as the sun-light, as mild as the dew;
Thus, when the war-trump calls the foe-man to arms,
And he girds on his sword 'mid the fiercest alarms—

When the battle-ground groans with its carnage and strife,
And the last curse goes forth from expiring life,
Then, oh then shall ye rest 'neath her sheltering wing,
And the sweet songs of peace unceasingly sing.

And when on the quicksands of life ye shall tread,
And the storm-kind in fury breaks over your head;
When the red lurid lightning gleams out from the sky,
And the "grim king of terrors" seems hovering nigh—

Fear not, though the power ye can not control
It may wound the external but never the soul!
Then promise, dear friends, till your life-breath shall cease,
Ye will walk in the path of the Angel of Peace.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1856.

MR. HARRIS AND HIS PUBLISHED POEMS.

It would be vain to search the annals of literature for a more striking example of poetic inspiration than is presented in the case of THOMAS L. HARRIS, whose recent, rapid and brilliant improvisations have astonished many of the most intelligent witnesses, and established for himself a secure foundation for a wide and lasting reputation. From his youth Mr. Harris has been accustomed to write verse, and many of his earlier Lyrics, already widely circulated through the religious and secular press, have been universally admired. They are usually characterized by bold thoughts and brilliant images, and are especially remarkable for their spiritual significance and beauty. His early poems were never mechanically composed—were rarely, if ever, the result of previous thought; they were unstudied, spontaneous, and seemingly almost as involuntary as respiration. By degrees the exercise of a spiritual agency, alike foreign to himself and the sphere of mundane existence, became more and more apparent, until Spirits stood unveiled before him, and either moved his hand while he was partially entranced, addressed him in audible voices, or communicated their thoughts through cerebral impressions. The phenomena in the case of Mr. Harris have been constantly increasing in interest and importance. His normal life has been mysteriously diversified by many startling episodes, which, for their singular novelty—for the evidence they afford of the truth of spiritual existence and intercourse, as well as for dramatic impressiveness and the sublime ideas they contain—are worthy to be recorded among the most thrilling and instructive incidents of human experience. For the last five years his daily counselors and nightly guardians have been Spirits who have "put on immortality." At all times and in all places they visit him and converse freely as friends with friend. His familiar guests are shades of the immortal Bards, who from his lips pour the fiery torrent of Heaven-inspired thoughts.

The poems of Mr. Harris were not only everywhere admired by the lovers of metrical harmony, but they were highly commended by the Press, until their spiritual origin was made known. Of late, however, the secular journals have rarely copied them: much less have they been disposed to acknowledge their peculiar claims. In this respect the excessive caution of some men is not more apparent than their want of correct taste and a manly independence. They listen with delight to a mortal, and stop their ears when an angel sings! But when the real authorship of some Spirit-utterance through Mr. Harris is lost sight of by the critics, they are extremely liable to indulge their admiration—obviously at their own expense, and for our amusement. Indeed, they sometimes unwittingly sanction all that is claimed, by making the implied admission that his inspiration is derived from the Spirit-world. The justice of this remark is illustrated by the example of the Cincinnati *Weekly Times*. Soon after the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was published, Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the poem, making copious extracts. Subsequently, through the carelessness of the Press, the reviewer became the reputed author, and the legitimate claims of the Lyric to a spiritual origin were lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those extracts have since that time been traveling the circuit of the secular press, prefaced by complimentary remarks from literary gentlemen who are opposed to Spiritualism. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms! The journal just referred to, some time since copied into its columns the subjoined verses, from a Fairy's "Song of the Violet."

There came a fairy blue, and sang:
O, maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on earth the violet sprang,
Each earthly maid had fairy friend,
Who whispered in her ear by night—
Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.
Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
Wake, fairies, on your azure steep;
For ye shall throng to earth again,
And sing to maidens in their sleep."

Appended to these verses, as they appeared in the *Times*, was the following editorial comment:

From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's "Lyric of the Morning Land," the mind reverts so much to "Queen Mab," that one can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris, in some of his brilliant effusions, was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt. Yet our opinion is here virtually endorsed by an opposer. When the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and "can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."

Several journalists have been constrained by the irresistible force of internal evidence to associate other poems uttered through Mr. Harris, with the names and genius of Shelley and other departed poets. The following is extracted from a review of the "Epic of the Starry Heaven" which appeared in the Philadelphia *Daily Register*:

We are strongly reminded of Shelley, in reading many passages in this poem; and if any Spirit that was once encased in visible clay was the dictator of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be that of Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is every way extraordinary. It is remarkable as a poem, unattended by any real or imagined abnormal circumstances of the author. Its merits, aside from any curiosity on the subject, will cause it to be widely read. The extraordinary rapidity of its composition makes it unequalled by any other literary production in the world."

A number of similar illustrations might be cited in this connection, but our limited space will only permit us to introduce one additional example. On Thursday, Nov. 30, 1854, while Mr. Harris was seated in the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, the writer and Mr. Lewis L. Peet being present, it was observed that the physical and mental conditions of H. were strongly influenced by some foreign agent, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and while under the influence of invisible intelligences, improvised two poems, making in all about one hundred and fifty lines. The second poem, a bold and graceful utterance, containing sixty-two lines, and purporting to be a relation of the experience of EUGEN A. POS, in his transition to the Spirit-world, was spoken in fifteen minutes. We give some fragments to further illustrate Mr. Harris' astonishing powers of improvisation while under spiritual influence, while at the same

time they most forcibly vindicate his claims to direct intercourse with Spirits of the invisible world. The abrupt and frightful termination of mortal life; the birth of the Spirit, surrounded by unearthly terrors, and the opening of the inner senses amid the glories of Paradise, are thus graphically and beautifully described in the First Part of the Poem:

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form,
Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born,
Torn from the body, terribly downcast,
Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast;
Those seething torrents maddened me; I fell,
But woke in Paradise instead of Hell;
Like song-waves circling in a golden bell,
Like fragrant odors in a woodbine dell,
Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown,
Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shroued,
Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given;
And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven
Finds land-locked port in Arab's blest,
So I, through terror, entered into rest.

A lovely maiden, whose angelic beauty is revealed in the transcendent light that emanates "from her full bosom," comes to the Poet, who is filled with rapture while she sings:

"I have waited, I have waited,
As the Evening Star belated,
When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door.
I have found thee, I have found thee,
And with heart-spells fast have bound thee,"

So from out the glowing haze sang the Angel-Maid Lenore.
The Poet then releases the dark scenes of his Earth-life—the poverty, despair, desolation and madness:—

All earth's undivided sorrow,
Which broke his young heart and veiled his spirit in the gloom
of a tempestuous night. The feeling of utter desperation which possessed his soul and burned in his brain like an unquenchable fire, and the blissful repose of the liberated Spirit in the home of the Angels, are vividly contrasted in the closing stanzas.
And I fled life's outer portal,
Deeming anguish was immortal,
Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore.
Hate for hate and curse for curses,
Through abyssal universes,
Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore."
So the whirlwind bore my Spirit,
But to lands that Saints inherit,
And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er.
I am blest beyond all blessing,
And an Angel's pure caressing,
Flows around my soul forever like a stream around his shore.

While Mr. Harris was speaking the poem from which these extracts are taken, his whole manner was highly dramatic; at the same time his countenance and intonations were expressive of all the tender and terrible emotions which the poem so impressively indicates. The internal evidence that it was inspired by the author of the "Raven" is so strong that no unprejudiced mind at all familiar with the circumstances of its production, will be likely to dispute its claims. Even the Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*—which has heretofore manifested an inveterate hostility to Spiritualism—was impelled to write and publish the following, in a commendatory notice of this poem:—"It has all the 'fine frenzy' of that erratic son of genius, and portions of it are fully equal to the best of his earthly productions."

Great Poems and living Evangels are earthly echoes of the Infinite Harmonies. Few in any age are able to apprehend their meaning. That the Epic and Lyric are not everywhere appreciated will occasion no surprise with those who have measured the distance between the earthly plain of the common mind and the heaven of imagination to which the inspiring Spirits lead the powers of thought. In the ranks of the dilettanti, the philosophy of these Poems is doubtless a sealed book. Nor do we look for a just estimate of their peculiar merits, to those critics who fit above the flowery lawns of Poesy, and flash in the gray twilight, like fire-flies over the garden walls of popular literature. No, never. Men whose ideas are begotten and born in drawing-rooms, seldom recognize the great thoughts that silently move the world. When the vibration of a harp-string, under the gentle pressure of some fair hand, fully realizes the highest conception of Divine harmony, there will be few to follow the bold, free Spirit that goes out to unbar the portals of other worlds. But the revealing Angel must open the everlasting doors, that men may listen if they will, to the sublime Sphere-music, and feel the stately measure to which constellations march through Heaven.

But there are many persons of strong, illuminated minds, who have experienced the most intense and exalted pleasure in reading the poems of Mr. Harris. They are men whose critical and independent judgment is entitled to respect. Their brains are not the machinery of Mammon, and their opinions were never bought and sold like merchandise. Not a few of this class have dared to say great things of the Epic and Lyric; but the limited space allotted to this article will not admit of their being recorded. I trust, however, that J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Esq., of London, a gentleman known in both hemispheres as a learned author and a competent critic, will pardon the liberty I take in making this public use of his words contained in a private letter. After referring to some interesting spiritual developments in England, Mr. Wilkinson thus concludes: "And now, may I ask you to express to Mr. Harris, in the names of myself, my wife and many, many friends, our sense of the delicious gales from inward lands that have blown over us out of the Books which have been given through him. The Epic and Lyric are New World-dawns opened, never to be shut again."

J. F. WHITNEY ON SPIRITUALISM.
Mr. JOHN F. WHITNEY, editor and proprietor of the New York *Pathfinder*, in his paper of the 6th instant, has a leading article embodying his conclusions after a "two years' investigation of Spiritualism. On the whole, Mr. Whitney concludes that the tendencies and results of Spiritualism are mainly evil; to be more explicit, that it subverts "the foundation of good principles;" that the Spirits approve the conduct of "adulterers," and that their teachings lead men "on through almost the entire category of crime." These conclusions Mr. Whitney professes to draw from his own observations and a very thorough experience. If the facts developed in his case, or in his presence, warrant such conclusions, he has certainly been most unfortunate in the choice of associates, and in the selection of instruments to aid him in his investigations. Incredulous persons will probably find it difficult to believe that a man of ordinary sagacity need take "two years" to discover the real character of his companions, especially when he is favored with such unbounded facilities as Mr. Whitney claims to have enjoyed. Now while we are strongly inclined to believe that Mr. W. is a sincere and well-disposed man, we must regard his judgment, respecting the whole subject of Spiritualism and all mental phenomena, as extremely fallible; at the same time his estimate of the importance of his own position, observations and efforts, appears much less real than ordinary fictions.

After informing the readers of the *Pathfinder* that he had "for months been exclusively devoted to the subject," holding circles at his residence in which "no less than twenty individuals were developed as mediums," and "probably as many more received their development," Mr. Whitney continues thus:

Being at the head of the most extensive establishment in existence,

for the investigation of the phenomena, publishing one of the leading journals, devoted entirely to the cause, and employing about the premises no less than eight mediums, for public sittings, for investigation and instructions, and this establishment being carried on at an expense of over two hundred dollars a week—in this position, as may be well supposed, gave us great facility and power in the investigation and examination of the subject we were advocating, by not only witnessing the daily manifestations being made, but by becoming acquainted with hundreds of mediums and believers in the city, as well as from all parts of the country.

Mr. Whitney's lack of ordinary prudence, and his unfortunate tendency to fanaticism, are manifested in his own statement. He was "for months exclusively devoted to the subject," during which, according to his own confession, he neglected his "legitimate business." He also instituted and put in operation at his own house, and in "the most extensive [spiritual] establishment in existence," of which he was "the head," certain forcing processes, with a view of driving men "into the kingdom," before they are sent for. The "developing circles" were advertised in the papers, that the people might come by scores and "receive their development." To this end the members manipulated each other, until they were more or less under the influence of animal magnetism, and then whatever occurred was ascribed to the agency of Spirits. As we never experienced the consequences of this pretended Spiritualism, of which Mr. Whitney was the self-constituted "head," we must take his testimony; and he insists that it leads to all manner of mischief. We should think it might, and it is to be presumed that an apt scholar might graduate from such an institution in even less time than two years.

It is true that Mr. Whitney was for ten weeks editor and joint proprietor with Mr. Conklin, of a paper professedly devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. It is moreover, quite possible that Mr. W. may have required "over two hundred dollars a week" to sustain that paper, and to support his mediums; but if that sum was demanded and used for such purposes, we must conclude that the money was expended with little advantage either to Mr. W. or the public. As we have already intimated, only ten numbers of the paper were ever issued, and at the culmination of its prosperity the circulation reached one hundred and sixty copies! In view of these facts we have been sorely puzzled to determine on what grounds Mr. Whitney's spiritual paper could have been regarded as "one of the leading journals." At length, however, we have the secret; as the aforesaid paper died when it was only ten weeks old, it was obviously one of the first to lead off in that particular direction.

We have not been inattentive observers of Mr. Whitney's peculiar course, nor were we unprepared for this change in the state of his mind and feelings. At one time his extreme credulity led him to bow implicitly to the authority of every Spirit that was disposed to address him through the particular channels which he had selected, and which were thus set apart and consecrated in his faith and affections. We incline to the opinion that more than seventy-five per cent. of all that he has ascribed to spiritual agency has originated in this world, which may account for the image and superscription of sensualism which it confessedly bears. Whoever begins by believing everything he hears, will be likely to end in rejecting what every rational man is bound to accept. Mr. Whitney's present condition of mind is the result of the natural reaction of his faculties from the opposite extreme, in which he was doubtless prone to mistake his own fancies for the monitions of an oracle.

"SPIRITUALISM FIZZLING OUT."

UNDER this head the *Journal of Commerce* comments in a characteristic spirit on the recent "bold renunciation of the whole craft," by Mr. John F. Whitney, of the *Pathfinder*. In this connection, and while speaking of the preposterous isms and delusions, the *Journal* of the 7th instant says:

They can not long endure the severe scrutiny of religion and intelligence. Like icebergs in the blazing sun, they must ere long waste away before the all-pervading light of truth. "Spiritualism," which is one of the most monstrous of these modern dogmas, already gives signs of approaching atrophy and decay.

A stranger to the whole subject might infer from this brief passage that Spiritualism was about ready to "give up the ghost," nay, more, that it is dying now. If the *Journal* is to be believed, it "already gives signs of approaching atrophy." This form of disease is distinguished by a gradual wasting of the body. (We mention this fact for the edification of the *Journal*, whose editor does not appear to understand the true meaning and proper application of the term.) When from excessive labor, insufficient or unwholesome food, organic derangement, or from any known or unknown cause, the assimilation of foreign elements is not equal to the demand in conducting the various functions and processes of the system, the whole body must necessarily decline, precisely as a man will inevitably fail in business whose disbursements exceed his receipts. According to this conscientious witness, Spiritualism even now exhibits the premonitory symptoms of this terrible disease, from which the *Journal's* own theology has already suffered so long. To be sure, the great spiritual body has not wasted very much so far, but it is going to look lean pretty soon, if it does not now. The *Journal* certainly extracts pious consolation from the most dubious circumstances and prospects. Some three or five years since, it was sure that Spiritualism would be "a seven days' wonder," and when we commenced the publication of this paper—if we may trust our memory of its generosity—it gave us a three months' lease of life, in case the proprietors could not be reached by the strong arm of the law and sent to prison where—in its judgment—they deserved to be. But Spiritualism still lives, notwithstanding some of the "generation" which we read of earnestly "seek for a sign" of its "approaching decay" and dissolution. Moreover, the TELEGRAPH has already reached its one hundred and eighty-ninth weekly issue, and as the signs occasionally fail, and some "prophets prophesy falsely," we have resolved to go on, and should our credit hold out, we shall probably complete the present volume and commence another.

Now we have been looking about us for the signs of decay, but we don't find them. At present the spiritual body seems to be assimilating much more than it is throwing off by all the excretory processes. Where are the signs? It is only a few days since four thousand persons assembled at the Tabernacle to hear a lecture on the subject, and many of them, to say the least, were extremely anxious to pay for the privilege of standing inside of the doors for two hours and a half. In many instances this desire could not be gratified, and the people were obliged to go away. Does that look like extreme exhaustion? This progressive emanation must go on a while longer, before we shall be able to crowd the whole body, with all its members, into one hundred such Tabernacles. Since Professor Ilare delivered his lecture, Mr. Tiffany of Ohio has been lecturing, night after night, to crowds in this city and vicinity. There is also an increasing demand for lectures in other places; books and papers are multiplying, and the interest is wider, deeper, stronger, and more healthful than at any former period. Such are the signs we everywhere discover; and if the Editor of the *Journal* can be comforted by any trifling circumstance or individual exception that may occur, we certainly do not object, but freely give him credit for making the most of his very limited means.

The Editor of the *Journal* says that "Spiritualism [is] fizzling out." Well, we think it is. Just now it appears to be "fizzling out" in all directions. According to Webster, fizzle signifies, to "make a hissing sound." Now every observer has heard that sound, and it requires but little philosophy to discover and elucidate the cause. Spiritualism is a fire, and when fire takes hold of green sticks, it always will "fizzle," or "make a hissing sound," until the sap has evaporated from the wood. Some wood needs to be seasoned a great while. The *Journal*, like a hemlock log, only snaps and smokes; he will probably require to be kiln-dried before he will ignite from contact with any other real flame.

MOVEMENT FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A Conference of the friends of religious liberty from different nations, was recently holden in Paris, before which several important subjects were discussed relative to the moral enfranchisement of the public mind in the enlightened and Protestant nations of Europe. Among the most important of their proceedings was the appointment of a deputation to confer with the King of Prussia, and to bespeak his official and personal influence in the promotion of religious toleration in his own dominions, and in the different Germanic principalities which lie within the circle of his influence. The proceedings of this Conference, and the incidents of the interview of the Deputation with the King of Prussia, were subsequently related by Sir Culling Eardley, one of its members, at a public meeting in London. We quote the following from his speech, which we find reported in full in the London *Morning Advertiser* of November 9. The horrible features and incidents of religious tyranny which it discloses will in some measure account for the comparatively slow progress which Spiritualism and other innovations looking toward a higher plane of human elevation, have hitherto made in Germany; whilst this particular movement for reform in these matters will be regarded as an encouraging omen by all friends of universal mental emancipation. Describing the interview with the King, the noble Baronet says:

The deputation prepared the ground by stating that matters were not so bad in Prussia as in other parts of Germany; that oppression had taken place in Prussia, but in remote parts, and in opposition to the general professions of public men. In the lesser States of Germany, however, no secret was made on the part of the authorities of their intention to put down religious liberty, avowing their hostility to the freedom of any community whatever, except the Established Church. One of the facts mentioned was, that in various parts of Germany marriage was positively impossible amongst Dissenters. There was no such thing as civil marriages recognized, and there were many couples waiting to be married who could not obtain permission. The question had been raised, whether, if such parties were married abroad, according to the *lex loci*, the marriage would be recognized at home; and, in order to test the matter, one pair determined to go to England. They arrived, not many weeks ago, at Hamburg, en route for this country, but were arrested on board the steamboat, and thrown into prison for daring to contemplate the possibility of marrying in the way they contemplated. Another fact related was the following: By the law of Prussia, and other countries, all children must go to school until they are confirmed, subject to a penalty of about 3d. for every day they were absent from school. A Baptist family had a daughter aged sixteen, who left school at thirteen; a bill had been sent to the father for 3d. a day, for three years, and he had been imprisoned for the debt; he was also liable to an increasing debt every year until his daughter should be confirmed—which would never be. Such things were happening under Protestant Governments in the neighboring country of Germany. Others were also mentioned of a similar character. A Baptist minister was sent to prison for six months for daring to baptize; and in some instances whole congregations were sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, half the time living on bread and water, for leaving the National Church. The King expressed his great surprise at these facts, especially in reference to some which the deputation said had happened in the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. "Surely," he said, "you must allude to Roman Catholics?" "No," said the deputation, "the persons referred to are Protestants." The King then said that the Duke of Mecklenburg had been his intimate friend from childhood, and he would look into the matter; he promised, moreover, to write to him himself on the subject, and urge him to consider the subject, and pressed the deputation to make a point of personally waiting on the duke, whom he believed to be a pious and well-disposed man. He then begged that the document might be left in his hands. He (Sir Culling) offered to leave it with one of the officers; but the king replied, "Donnez le moi de main en main." He then took it, placed it in his helmet, and promised to give it a careful perusal, and let them know the result of his examination. They informed him of the meeting of the Paris Conference, and mentioned some of the particulars to him. "What a blessing!" said his Majesty; "I rejoice to hear it; I thank God for it." The impression left on his (Sir Culling's) mind by that visit was, that the king was honestly and anxiously desirous to rectify the evil to which his attention had been drawn. They had not yet received an answer, but he had reason to hope that, after the facts had been investigated, such an answer would reach England. The strength of their proceedings, however, would greatly depend on the publicity given to them by the press. Sir Culling concluded his address by urging the importance of personal appeals to the sovereigns of the various countries where persecutions were known to exist, and suggesting that the memorial to the king of Prussia should be read *pro forma*, in order that it might be communicated to the public through the press.

SIR CHARLES ISHAM ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following letter from Sir Charles Isham, which appeared in the London *Critic* of November 15, will be perused with interest as a forcible defense of the claims of Spiritualism against the attacks of certain savans (!) in that country who, upon perfectly *a priori* grounds, have recently raked up the fifty-times exploded hypothesis of mechanical agency, as employed in the production of the alleged spiritual phenomena. We are glad to see that the defense of the cause of Spiritualism among our trans-Atlantic neighbors, has fallen into hands so able as those of the writer of this communication:

LANFORD HALL, NORTHAMPTON, November 4, 1855.

Sir—Having during the past three or four years directed my attention to the phenomena of the supposed Spiritual manifestations, and having during that period been a constant reader of the weekly journals and other works devoted to the subject, which have issued from the American press, treating both sides of the question, I beg to offer a few remarks. And first, may I be allowed to bear testimony to the good faith and honesty of Mrs. Hayden and Mr. Ilare, and to corroborate the facts recorded in the late numbers of your journal, as having also, with some variations, occurred in a house I lately occupied in London, and in the houses of friends, not only during the attendance of the latter gentleman, in pretense of myself and others, but on three several occasions, was a band distinctly felt by three persons, each of them unbelievers, some hours after he had left the house.

I perfectly agree in the usual affirmation, that the fact of a table moving, or the appearance of a hand, should not at once be considered a *per se* demonstration of the presence or agency of departed Spirits; but when the numerous phenomena, in their totally dissimilar and ever-increasing phases, are taken into consideration and duly weighed, the theory that it is entirely the result of the minds of the parties present or not present, will appear almost as inadequate to a rational solution of the matter as Mr. Anderson's foolish exhibition of a table. The action of embodied mind, voluntary or involuntary, is naturally the first suggestion of the philosopher, and this concession carries us unintentionally some distance towards the Spirit theory; for if mind is allowed to be capable of moving matter independently of the bodily organs which were created for that special purpose, the affirmation that a departed Spirit could not by any possibility exercise a similar power, loses considerable weight.

That the supposition of spiritual agency is subversive of preconceived notions, appears upon closer examination to be without foundation. We need only consider ourselves in possession of an additional fact, the manifestation of a law hitherto obscured through want of sufficient knowledge, and we are acquitted of the charge of having outraged the reasonable preconceived notions of any man. Those who rest on mundane causes for a solution, must, indeed, make fundamental concessions of preconceived ideas. They must prepare themselves, judging of present aspects, for disorganization of the union of mind and body, which it is anything

* "Lyric of the Morning Land," by Thomas L. Harris, page 232.

but satisfactory to contemplate; whereas those who recognize in the phenomena a foreshadowing of a more intimate connection between this world and the world of Spirits, however insignificant many of the evidences may hitherto have proved themselves, are in harmony not only with the spirit and promises of Holy Writ, but with the highest and most exalted aspiration of human nature. Those who have had opportunity of studying the beautiful introduction which has been prepared for it by the newly recognized faculty of Mesmerism, may be led by imperceptible steps to the very verge of the portals of Spiritualism. These persons behold an extension of the laws of nature; the others must rather recognize a threatened subversion. With the decision of those who say, "Spirits, or no Spirits, it is dangerous to meddle with it," I, in acknowledgement of the principle that misdirected power must engender evil consequences, fully concur; and would for that reason recommend all who are rightly disposed, to set a due value on this latent faculty with which we are endowed, and which, when guided by wisdom must from its nature contain the germ of great and lasting benefit to the human race. To require a d-fined line of demarcation, by which we may unerringly distinguish the operations of a Spirit in and out of the flesh, would be an unreasonable demand. The naturalist looks in vain for such boundaries in nature, and it is his great delight to trace the different kingdoms through their imperceptible gradations, and rejoice at the discovery of another and another, until they thoroughly bleed, revealing to his mind additional evidence of unity of design in the creation; and that we should ever be mindful of this universal law when investigating spiritual matters, is the desire of

Yours, etc,
C. E. BUSH.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The first and specimen number of this Journal is before us. It is a large super-royal octavo sheet of sixteen pages, and is well filled with interesting reading matter, and superiorly executed wood-cuts. Its typography is neat and elegant, and, upon the whole, it may be pronounced superior to any similar newspaper hitherto published in this country. The initial Number contains engraved illustrations of a portion of the machinery employed by Dr. Hare, in his investigations of Spiritualism. The artist has also given us some very graphic scenes in the Arctic Expedition under Dr. Kane, besides numerous other engravings illustrating various themes now exciting public interest. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is published at Nos. 12 and 14 Spruce-street, N. Y., at 10 cents a Number.

The Davenport Family.

This interesting family of mediums, we are pleased to learn, are about to pay our city a brief visit. The wonderful physical manifestations which have transpired in their rooms in Buffalo have been frequently noticed in our paper, and our city friends will soon have an opportunity of testing for themselves the astonishing demonstrations which have so astounded all who have thus far witnessed them. In our next we will be able to give further particulars in relation to their contemplated circles in this city.

Extra Edition.

We have printed an extra edition of EIGHT THOUSAND COPIES, of the Number of the TELEGRAPH containing Prof. Hare's late lecture in the Tabernacle, and we are prepared to supply all orders for them, at 5 cents a single copy, 50 cents a dozen, \$1.50 for fifty, and \$3 a hundred. Those who may desire to have this Number for distribution among their acquaintances, will please forward their orders, accompanied with the cash, as soon as convenient.

The sensation produced by the publication of Dr. Hare's remarkable book is so profound and continuous, that we have already been obliged to put a THIRD EDITION to press.

"The Prophet Bared."

The fine poem entitled as above, which will be found on our first page, was put to press during the Editor's absence, and, in its present form, its beauty is so sadly marred through the heedless blundering of the proof reader, that we have resolved to redeem it from the curse of his carelessness by republishing it entire in our next number. The reader is requested to reserve to himself the pleasure of its perusal until next week.

The Sacred Circle.

The October number of this monthly journal is now in type, and will be issued within a few days.

THE Editor will leave New York on Monday next for the West, and will probably be absent about four weeks, during which he will deliver lectures in Honesdale and Carbondale (Pa.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Detroit, Jackson, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and Coldwater (Mich.), and perhaps in several other places on the route.

Simultaneously with the publication of this number of the TELEGRAPH, we shall issue, in pamphlet form, an edition of S. B. Britton's Review of Prof. Mahan's book, which will be sold at 25 cents, single copies, or at the rate of \$12 per one hundred, provided not less than 25 copies are ordered at one time.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

AFFAIRS IN UPRONTOON, ILL.—Mr. L. H. Hamrich, of Uniontown, Knox Co., Ill., writes us that considerable interest in the cause of Spiritualism is being awakened in that place; that new inquirers are frequently being admitted to circles; that mediums are becoming developed, and that the manifestations are increasing in power and interest. Our correspondent thinks it somewhat remarkable that if any one in that vicinity becomes a Spiritualist, there is an immediate effort on the part of the opposition, to find some flaw in his character; but we think that this should not excite his surprise, considering that those very zealous persons have no better way of opposing the progress of the new doctrine. Mr. H. thinks that an efficient lecturer, of exemplary character, might be the instrument of greatly advancing the good cause in his vicinity.

FROM SEPOWICK, ME.—Mr. George P. Mugridge, of Sedgwick, Hancock Co., Maine, writes that the progress of the cause of Spiritualism has been much obstructed in that place by the opposing views of the prevailing sect, that of the Close-Communication Baptists. He has, however, kept the TELEGRAPH circulating from house to house, and by its means earnest inquiries have been excited in the minds of a number of persons. We hope Mr. M. will not allow our silent preacher of truth to lie idle whilst a "door of utterance" may be found open to him in his vicinity, and that multitudes of other persons will receive a hint from this suggestion. If our correspondent will be kind enough to forward us any such of those "solid facts" of which he speaks, as may tend to demonstrate or illustrate an existing spiritual intercourse, we shall be happy to transfer them to our columns, either in his own language, or in the form of "digests," such as the present paragraph.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

JOEL TIFFANY'S LECTURES, New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. Mr. TIFFANY's series of lectures are now being delivered at Stuyvesant Institute, New York, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at half-past 7 o'clock; Brooklyn Institute, Wednesday and Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock; Williamsburgh, Monday and Thursday evenings. He will likewise speak at Stuyvesant Institute next Sunday morning, and in Williamsburgh at 3 o'clock P. M.

Mr. Davis' Lectures—Change of Time.

ANSON JACKSON DAVIS will continue his Course of Lectures on the "Inferential Evidences of Man's Immortality," next Sunday, December 16th, at Brooklyn Institute. Hereafter the lectures will commence at precisely half-past 2 o'clock, P. M.

Mrs. A. J. Davis.

Mrs. Davis will lecture on the "Ministry of Angels," in the Williamsburgh Spiritual Assembly Rooms, corner of Fourth and South Third-street, on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Brooklyn Institute.

On account of Mr. Tiffany's lectures, which will be delivered each Wednesday and Sunday evening until his course is finished, the Brooklyn Conference will be held each Friday evening until further notice. The first lecture of Mr. Tiffany's course will be given Wednesday evening next, the 12th instant, and the first Conference, as above, Friday evening, 14th instant. Seats free.

Dr. Mayhew's Lectures.

DR. JOHN MAYHEW will lecture in the Stuyvesant Institute, on the fourth and fifth Sundays in this month (28th and 30th December). The Doctor is an able lecturer, and will not fail to entertain the audience at the Institute.

New-York Conference.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRAHAM AND ELLINWOOD.

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, December 5.

Mr. JOEL TIFFANY, of Ohio, said: I believe it must become pretty evident to every one familiar with spiritual manifestations, that we have now progressed to such a point in external evidence of spiritual existence, action, and manifestation, that if anything in the philosophy of man shall arise by which it shall be demonstrated that these manifestations are not spiritual, then all outward evidence of spiritual existence will be destroyed. The evidence that we now have is such, that any philosophy that will explain it away on any other hypothesis than that it is spiritual, will explain away any other spiritual manifestations in any age of the world; so that now, standing before the world as believers of spiritual existence and manifestation, either we must succeed in establishing this faith in the world, and all come to the same faith, or we must be defeated, and the world must go back into atheism. There is but one single issue, then, between Spiritualism and atheism or materialism. Either Spiritualism must succeed in establishing its claims, or all evidence of spiritual existence and spiritual manifestations in every age of the world must be overthrown. Now in either event, to those of us who think we know that Spiritualism is true in its facts, and that spiritual beings do exist and communicate with earth, it becomes very apparent that Orthodoxy must, sooner or later, be overthrown by it. The position of our orthodox churches must be entirely overthrown, so that the power and influence that they hold over the public mind will be destroyed. They can not respond to that demand of man's nature which we call religious; that is, man will so lose his faith in them as not to be willing to make them the expression of his religious feelings. We have already progressed so far that a vast number of individuals who have not exactly faith in Spiritualism, have lost their faith in Orthodoxy. If we have not settled their minds with reference to the truths of the New Philosophy, we have unsettled their minds respecting the truths of the old; and the tendency is to still further unsettle their minds, until the doubt of their truth will be settled into a sort of conviction of their untruth. Now, the question I wish to submit for your consideration is, is it necessary that anything shall take the place of these old religious institutions? If it is necessary, what shall take their place? And, are we, as reformers and Spiritualists, bound to look for anything to take their place?

A GENTLEMAN observed that as Mr. Tiffany had evidently given some considerable attention to the subject proposed, he might, perhaps, save some debating by giving his views, after which those who did not think his views correct, could fight them.

Mr. TIFFANY continued: I may say, for one, that I have thought a great deal on this subject, for it is to me a certainty that Orthodoxy, as it is now however, has received its death-blow. It can not possibly survive it. There is not power enough on earth to keep it alive. If Spiritualists universally should turn in with all their moral and intellectual and physical power to sustain it, they could not keep it from falling, simply because the conviction is almost universal, that its dogmas are not true. Man, intellectually and morally, has progressed so far as to see that the old theological doctrines have no foundation either in philosophy or fact; and whatever may be the form of the institutions that may correspond to man's religious nature, one thing is certain, Orthodoxy has not that form, and the institution will go down. As I suggested, the controversy now between Spiritualism and its opponents is not limited to a controversy between it and one religious sect, but between it and universal materialism. Either Spiritualism is true in its facts or there is no Spirit, and there will be no way of avoiding this conclusion. Any philosophy that can explain away the phenomena which attend these modern manifestations, on any other than the spiritual basis, can explain away every indication that has ever been given, that man has a spirit, or that spiritual beings ever had an existence. There is no sense, physical, intellectual, moral or religious, which man possesses, or has possessed in any age of the world, that has not been directly and specifically addressed by these manifestations; so that if all we have had upon this subject be a delusion, and we can not rely with any degree of certainty that it is not a delusion, then, by the same hypothesis, we can not suppose with any degree of certainty that Spirits have ever, in any age of the world, manifested themselves to man. And unless man possess the faculty of determining infallibly the difference between true and false manifestations, we can not infallibly determine that Spirits ever can make manifestations to man. I am then justified in taking this position, that the issue is not between us and Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, or any other sect except atheism; and if that be true, it is just as certain as dog follows dog, that what is known as popular religion, and is exhibited in the shape of the different sects of Christians, and the different forms of Mohammedanism, is to be overthrown, and that man is to lose his faith in it. The question comes back, then, is it necessary for us to have anything at all, to take the place of these institutions? And ought we as Spiritualists, seeing what must and will come, to be preparing to offer the people a something which shall supply the demand of their religious natures, and at the same time not lead them into the errors into which they have been led by other institutions. I have no doubt on that subject.

As I have before said, I am satisfied that man is a religious being. I know at least of one man that is, and I have met no other of whom I was satisfied that he was not a religious being. Whatever man is susceptible of entertaining or desiring, indicates a nature in him, corresponding to the character of that thought or sentiment. If man can exercise intellectual faculties, it is because he has an intellectual nature; if he can exercise moral faculties, it is because he has a moral nature; and if he can exercise religious faculties, it is because he has a religious nature. My belief is that man's highest and most perfect nature is his religious nature; that allies him to the infinite and over-living God, and that between him and the divine Being exist certain relations, out of which grow certain needs which must be supplied, or he will be discontented. If he can not have his religious needs properly supplied, just in proportion as they are neglected, he will feel dissatisfied. Take away the supply of man's religious nature, and he will seek to replace it with something else—with some lust.

The difference between lust and the true impulse that should govern man, is simply this: Lust is the desire for self-gratification. Where man makes it the leading object of his life to gratify his desires, he is under the influence of lust. Happiness, we understand, results from the gratification of desire; that is, man has certain needs of his physical body, requiring food and drink; needs of the intellectual nature, requiring knowledge; needs of the moral nature, requiring action; and needs of the religious nature, requiring affection in a still higher sense. The supply of these needs is the means by which man is made happy. All his needs pertain to, and all his desires arise out of, these three natures, and all the gratification that a man can truly enjoy, flows from the proper supply of these needs, so that when a man is living harmoniously, he is supplying every need; and in supplying every need, he is supplying every gratification that he can possibly desire. It is when man feels that he needs something that he begins to desire happiness; but just as soon as every need or demand is supplied, and he feels that it is supplied, he is contented, and wants nothing more. The brute, when its animal needs are supplied, lies down contented and happy, and does not trouble himself to know how the sun rises or sets. Nor does he care to know whether the stars are fixed stars or planets, because he has not the intellectual nature that requires him to be informed upon matters external to his physical being. His needs have been strictly referred to the animal nature, and when they are supplied he does not find it necessary to seek after gratification. Remove him from danger, and he is entirely quiet; and people even discuss the question whether man is as happy as the brute. I answer that he is not, if contentment makes happiness. It is because man does not supply the various needs of his nature that he becomes discontented; and hence it is that he lusts after gratification. He feels the disquieting influences of some neglected need calling upon him to rise and seek the proper means of supplying that need. Being ignorant of that need, but feeling the lack of something, and not understanding what is necessary to be done to supply it, he pursues gratification in that direction where experience has taught him gratification can be obtained, whether it be in drink, in food, or in some more sensual lust. He pursues that which will fill up or kill hours that hang heavily upon him, simply because he feels discontented.

I say, again, that man has a religious nature; that religious nature has its needs; and just as sure as they are not supplied he will be discontented, and will seek for gratification; and in seeking he will be lustful after this, or that, or the other thing, and in the physical, intellectual or moral plane, will his lusts take direction. I affirm that man lusts in every plane; but his lust becomes more pernicious to society in some planes than in others. If my definition of lust be correct—and I believe it to be—it is, as I have said, simply a desire after self-gratification; and a man may seek self-gratification in the plane of his physical nature, in the plane of sensual enjoyment, or in the intellectual, the moral, or the religious plane. He may be lustful after strange gods. He may be getting religion for self-gratification as well as to

serve his neighbor, for the purpose of gaining fame, honor, or profit. He may be lustful in the intellectual—he may be intellectually laboring after fame, influence and power; and the motive which prompts him may be simply that of gratifying self in one form or another.

The grossness of the lust, and the extent to which it is disgusting, will, to be sure, depend very much upon the plane in which it is manifested; but nevertheless it is a lust, and the motive which prompts to action is a desire after gratification. Although a man in seeking religion thinks that he may save his soul, and thinks he loves God, yet he loves God merely as an instrument by which he hopes to benefit himself—his love of God is the love of self. If he was satisfied that God was not going to bless him, he would not love him any more than any other enemy. Now that is just as much lust as though he were drinking brandy or rum. Such a love of God does not make him any more virtuous or pure. He loves God's use, but not God. And his love for religion is merely on account of its use. But while man lusts thus in the religious plane of his being, it is not so bad for the world; the manifestation of his lust is not so gross, and it does not so much affect others as when his lusts are manifested on the lower, sensual plane.

Now inasmuch as, according to my opinion, all these lusts arise from the fact that there are needs of man's nature not provided for, in consequence of which he is made discontented, therefore it is your business and mine to ascertain carefully every need of our physical, intellectual and moral being, and then supply those needs properly; and when they are gratified we shall not be found seeking for pleasures, for we shall all the while be in possession of all the enjoyments we are capable of enjoying. The moment we find that we have a desire for happiness, his fact proclaims that there is a perishing need somewhere about us. I have not the slightest doubt that every individual, at some time in his life, will feel that he has certain religious needs. I do not mean needs that must manifest themselves in a bigoted way, but needs corresponding to that vast sector an world calls worship, which, while they supply the demand of man's affection, shall not violate the laws of his intellect or the principles of his understanding. Man needs that form of worship which shall unite his love with his understanding—which shall harmoniously wed the love and wisdom of the individual. Hitherto worship, while it has been calculated to meet the demands of the affections, has been in antagonism with the intellectual nature. There is no adopted form of worship that will for a moment stand the test of intellectuality; the clergymen of all denominations will not allow you to reason. They denounce reason, and denounce you for reasoning, simply because their faith will not stand this test. There is no harmony between it and the enlightened understanding of men. If there is a friend among you who has an orthodox faith that he thinks can be harmonized with reason, let him state it and I will examine it, and show you that it is at war with reason and common sense. You make your worship of the Divine Being an external thing, and in your praying to him you pray as though you were speaking to him, and as though he was being affected by what you said. I venture to say that among the orthodox worshippers in the city of New York, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, who have any faith in their religion, suppose that worship in some way affects God's feelings; but the moment you attempt to reason on that subject it will not stand the test. Does prayer inform God of anything? Does it change his mind, or will? If not, you are not worshipping him with the view of affecting him. Does it have any effect upon yourself? If so, what is the effect? It is a principle to be observed, that whatever you contemplate objectively you render finite. Think of God as an object, and you limit him and make a finite being of him. You can not conceive of an infinite object. You have an idea of God, and worship him according to that idea, but that is not worshipping God.

I speak of these things to show that Orthodoxy must go down. The world is now passing a point when men will not be governed by authority. Time was, when if you said to a man, "Thus said the Lord," he had no more to say. That time has gone by, and you can not now find a dog that cares much for that—much less a man or a woman. The fact is we are living in an age of democracy, and men will not be satisfied with a "Thus said the law and the Lord." If you tell a man now that he must do this, that, or the other thing, he wants to know why, and is determined to know why, before he will do it. In passing from his subservience and blind deference to authority, to reason, man will throw off authority sometimes before he is capable of reasoning accurately; so that between authority and reason there is a pretty wide chasm into which he will, for a time, be liable to stumble, unless there be something to help him over it. Had not these manifestations occurred just as they did, when the age of thought and democracy was being ushered in, and people were losing confidence in the manifestations recorded in the Bible, nothing could have saved the country from almost universal atheism; because we had been taught to believe that, had it not been for the Bible, we should never have known that there was any God; that had it not been for the Bible we should never have known what morality was; and that, had it not been for the Bible we should never have known that man had a soul. We had been taught this so long that many, especially those educated in the Church, believed it. The consequence was that when we began to doubt the Bible, we began to doubt the existence of God, the soul, a future, and everything else. Since persons in the church are taught that there is no God, no soul, no future, unless the Bible proves it, you disturb their faith in the Bible, and they do not stop to inquire after God and the soul, but throw all over the board. But just at this juncture when men were in such imminent danger of falling into universal skepticism as to the existence of God and the soul—when they were passing from authority to reason, and yet, were not sufficiently ripened to reason correctly—then came these outward manifestations to bridge over that gulf, and allow us to escape atheism, or materialism. Now, while these religious institutions are being thrown down, man wants to know what shall take their place. It is a fact which can not be disguised, that all over the country, there are plenty in the churches who stand tottering in their belief, having lost confidence in their faith; who, when you present to them the claims of Spiritualism say, "Well, what are you going to give us, as the substitute for our faith?" They feel as though they could not let go that which represented their religious feeling until we gave them something else; and I tell you that had we now something to offer them which would commend itself to their religious nature and promise to supply its demands, we have already evidence enough to satisfy the world of the truth of Spiritualism.

I am one who believes that man is not only a physical, intellectual and moral, but a religious being, and that when his three natures—the physical, the rational and the divine—are blended in one, and harmoniously developed, they make the perfect or divine man, who exhibits to the world a specimen of divine humanity, or of God incarnate in the individual. I am ready to go right back to the only specimen whose name is recorded in the pages of history, who solved the mighty problem of harmonizing the man with the Divine—who practically carried out the great doctrines of harmonizing the animal or physical nature of man with the divine nature, so that neither one nor the other was neglected, but that every demand, not only of his physical, but of his intellectual, moral, and religious natures was supplied, and one was not found in antagonism with the other. It seems to me that he successfully solved the problem as to how man could be in harmony, not only with himself as an individual, but in harmony with society and his God. I want no better institution than he gave—the institution of a holy and blameless life, without form and without ceremony; his worship was that of being absolutely pure, and true, and just in his being and relations, spending his hours in silent and holy communion with the Father; and when he came before the people, he came to instruct them how they should qualify themselves to hold the same communion.

Mr. Tiffany was also of the opinion that those organizations are of use. Paul said the old law was a schoolmaster to bring people to Christ; but the time would come when they would cease to be under a schoolmaster, and that time has come with man. Said he: We can use these old institutions as long as we have faith in them; therefore, I do not propose to go to work and pull them down over the heads of society. I am willing to let them stand for those who can use them; but inasmuch as such developments are taking place day by day, and claiming the right to freely investigate all subjects, is losing faith in these institutions, so that he can no longer make them the instruments, for expressing his feelings, needing something higher and purer for that purpose—inasmuch as a large portion of humanity, having now lost their faith in these old institutions, and are staying in the old shelter only till they can find something to adopt in its stead; therefore, my proposition was to take into consideration whether anything was needed—and if so, what?—for those who can no longer make use of the old institutions. I believe that the law of force and selfishness can not be taken away from society. The only way to dispense with them is to take society away from the law. So I say with regard to these institutions; we must take the people away from them.

The gentleman who called Mr. Tiffany out, said that his object had been attained. He heard it continually said that Spiritualists were opposed to sectarian churches; yet he had never heard a declaration from one of them to justify such an assertion. He had never seen the slightest antagonistic feeling manifested by them toward the churches; but had simply heard them spoken of relatively as to their uses.

Original Communications.

ELMWOOD HALL.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

The home I have chosen for quiet and ease,
Is just out of town, 'midst embowering trees,
Where droops a lone willow, and evergreens tall
Make a shade at the entrance of Elmwood-Hall.

I sigh not for fame, empty titles, nor wealth;
I ask only competence, comfort, and health,
And a neighbor or friend, who will sometimes call
And chat with me evenings, at Elmwood-Hall.

With a few select books, and the *Daily News*;
With music and paintings enough to amuse,
And evenings of leisure—the circle, though small,
"Is happy, most happy," at Elmwood-Hall.

I can not bow down in the halls of pride,
Nor worship where fashion and pomp reside;
Wealth, fashion, and power, with their influence all
Can not purchase a corner at Elmwood-Hall.

St. Louis, November 16, 1855.

CERTAIN OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

CHANGING to look over a Providence paper, the "*Harold and Post*," of 27th of October, I read, with much interest, a communication headed "Spirits not Progressive." As usual, it was a cavil at the doctrine of spiritual communications with the inhabitants of our world.

In this essay, the writer seems to dwell altogether upon the absurdity and inconsistency of the Spirits of our great scholars and philosophers not communicating their discoveries and improved knowledge in the different sciences in which they were so much absorbed on earth. He seems to think that if they are in a progressive state, it is in their power to make great developments in the abstruse sciences; that Sir Isaac Newton has nothing to do but study the planetary world, Franklin to the study of electricity, somebody else that of geology, etc., and to communicate their discoveries to the children of the earth. A perfect absurdity! although we are bound to say that his remarks have more of sense in them, and are couched in more temperate language than most things that have appeared on the subject from the opposers of the doctrine, and therefore they deserve a rational answer.

Permit, then, one who belongs to neither party, to offer a few reasons why the doctrine of spiritual communications may be true, and yet not according to the notions of the writer of these objections. And first: As a general thing, not many noble, or learned, or gifted, have been in the habit of attending the spiritual sittings; and common sense in both worlds may teach people to adapt their conversation to the capacity of their hearers. Spirits, no more than authors, should be expected to teach and give people of sense to understand them. Persons who never understood the limited discoveries of these philosophers on earth, would not feel interested in their more perfect ones in the Spirit-land. To such it would appear much more important to know of the state of their departed friends, and even of what is going on on our earth, which it is presumed those behind the scenes can see, though we do not; and, as mind answers to mind, they believe them capable of telling who are their friends and enemies, and how to avoid evils that beset their path, which they themselves, groping in darkness and ignorance, are too often unable to shun. They generally converse, it is said, in answer to questions; and we ask how it would appear during these dialogues, if they should break out into rhapsodies respecting the light, or depth, or length, or breadth of the universe, or respecting the splendors of the celestial or the treasures of the terrestrial world? And what purpose could it answer? Cavilers would not believe that "one rose from the dead." Besides, it may not be important that these things should be perfectly understood in our finite state. They may note feel that there are things of more importance to us than discoveries in the planetary world, or in the science of geology. Let human learning work out what human nature requires to know.

But there is another and a better reason for all this, admitting the presence of such Spirits; and that is the insufficiency of mortal language to describe the unseen wonders of the Spirit-land; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared in that unseen world, and probably the view, or even a distinct revelation of it, would be overpowering, or perfectly inadvisable to our present capacity to comprehend or believe. It does, however, appear that on special occasions, and to particular persons, there have been much deeper subjects discussed, and more wonderful developments made, than the writer gives credit for.

The remark "that it is a subject of some consequence, view it as we may," and the suggestion that it should be "thoroughly investigated" is good sense, certainly much better than the remark that "the delusion is becoming serious." For who knows that it is a delusion? The Bible does not testify against it, certainly; for if everything in allusion to spiritual communications were expunged from that sacred Book, it would leave it a mere skeleton. The whole book of "Revelations," and all the prophetic ones, must at once be taken away; and yet the cavilers at this doctrine say that it favors free-thinking!

Now it is conceded on all hands, that the ministers of the Gospel have for eighteen hundred years been promulgating this fact, that there are good and evil Spirits, who comfort or tempt the children of men, and that the Spirits of the just are "watching our course, are rejoicing at our uprightness, or mourning over our depravity; but let any one say, "I know what you say is truth, for I have had actual demonstration, or tangible proof of their presence," and the whole revered fraternity is down upon him at once, and they do not hesitate to ussary from the pulpit what they have said in it connected with this subject. No wonder that the believers in Spiritualism begin to lose their veneration for the expounders of the Word.

We are led to believe from the expression, "The delusion is becoming serious," that the writer refers to the terrific stories of insanity which are abroad, not one in ten of which we suppose to be true. The fact is, the human mind is so constituted that it can not for any length of time, dwell intensely on one subject to the exclusion of all others, without losing its balance—no matter whether it be love, religion, avarice, revenge, or remorse, or even fear, which indulged, has often been known to produce insanity. No doubt the mind entirely given up to this subject would in time become confused, crazed, distracted. The effect would be the same from any other absorbing subject.

If it is, as those believe who believe at all, a voice from the grave, or from the unseen world, it is a subject of awful importance; and say not "that it has done no good." Thousands have been delivered from the fear of death that had all their lifetime been subject to bondage; for it is not the fear of the last pang, or of the final state of the soul, that in general constitute the fear of death, but the tremendous leap into the dark and unknown gulf that distracts the mind with such appalling fear. Hence, they say, the Spirits left the veil, and show beyond the grave a scene so natural, so pleasing, so tranquilizing, that death is robbed of its terrors, and they are constrained to say, "Return unto thy rest, oh my soul." What there can be in that is distracting, we cannot see; but this we know, that every important discovery, whether in science, philosophy, or religion, has been scouted and ridiculed since the world began, at its first introduction to the notice of mankind; and for one I feel much inclined to believe it, since a battery has been opened upon it from all the would-be wits and pretended philosophers in the country.

PHENOMENA IN HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, Seventh day, 11th Month, 1855.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen—It is not often you hear from this part of the country, and you may perhaps think there are no Spiritualists in Harrisburg. I am happy to inform you that such is not the fact. There are a few here who fear not the scorns or frowns of the opposition, come from whence they may, but who have been earnestly and honestly engaged for over three years in investigating the truth of this great subject. We thank God our labors have not been in vain. Our circle is composed of ladies and gentlemen who, when convinced, are not ashamed to proclaim their belief. We have been progressing slowly, but surely. At first, mediums were developed, and impressed to speak and write, which to us was very interesting; but now, and for the past five months, Spirits communicate with us in person. There can be no mistake in the communications we now receive. Some five months since, the circle was directed to procure a large blank book (the size of a small docket, such as used by our Justices here), and one of our Justices was directed to procure it. The Spirits informed us that they would write us a book. When completed (which they tell us will be next spring) they will give us the title-page and direct us to have it printed. Since then they communicate twice a week at our regular circle-meetings, and on several

occasions they have given us communications other evenings, when they have directed us to meet in circle.

The physical manifestations are astonishing to the beholder. Each communication is transcribed into the large blank-book. They are written by the Spirits, and brought into the circle by them. We do not see them come, but hear them fall on the table or floor. We are then, through the alphabet, directed to open and read them. We have now over forty pages of the best and most encouraging instructions ever communicated to mortals in this sphere. After the communications are transcribed, they are carefully placed on file. A strong twine is tied around them; they are then placed in a box, the lid put on the box, and the box tied four ways, tight. It is then placed in a desk in the room; the desk is locked, and the key kept in the pocket of old Father Hopkins; and what is very strange, should the gentleman who transcribes these original communications, make a mistake in one word or syllable, so that it will not convey the right meaning, that communication, though on file, tied in a box, and the box locked in the desk, will be brought out of the file, laid on the table or floor, and we will be directed to read and correct it. This has been done in a number of instances. They have brought pencils, books, sealing wax, and other articles from out of the desk when locked, and from up stairs and other parts of the house. They have often raised the table up to the ceiling. Time and again they have directed the guitar and violin to be played, and kept time with a table in the air up against the ceiling, and caused the table to pass round from one to another in the room, and to shake hands with all present.

One member of our circle, Father Hopkins' wife, had lost the use of her arms for four years. Her hearing also was impaired, and her arm became shrunken. The Spirits told her in the circle that they would cure her in three sittings. They have done as they promised. She is now sound and well; her arm is filled up in flesh, and her hearing is restored.

They always tell us, through the alphabet, what they desire. They won't consent to have their communications published until the promised book is completed, although the original, as well as the copies, are free for inspection. The manner in which the communications are brought, and the different kinds of paper they are written on, are matters of astonishment to all who witness them. None of our circle are afraid or ashamed to have their names published to the world as believers, and we are always glad to meet any of our brothers in our circle.

I thought I would give you a short account of our doings. You are at liberty to use as much of this as you see proper, for your paper, and depend upon the truth of all I have written.

I have forgotten to mention that frequently they (the Spirits) have directed us to put out the lights in the room, when they have caused numerous lights to pass and re-pass, very brilliant and beautiful. These lights were seen by all present. They promise me much more.

Very respectfully, yours in the truth, WASHINGTON BARR.

FREEMASON INTERVIEW WITH RED JACKET.

MESSES. EDITORS:

I had the good fortune, a few days ago, of finding myself seated in one of Mrs. Leeds' truth-seeking circles of Spiritualists, at 45 Carver-street, Boston, where I enjoyed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" not soon to be forgotten. The medium, Mrs. L., who seems, among men and women, like the sensitive plant among trees and flowers, was deeply entranced, and ostensibly possessed by the Spirit of that well-known "Native American," Red Jacket. Many thrilling demonstrations, not only of aboriginal character and peculiarity, but of philosophical and philanthropic excellence, were given, which well accord with our impressions of his native genius, simplicity, and truthful devotion to nature. He said, "Study the starry heavens, the flowery earth, the mineral and the animal world; and listen, oh, listen! to their divine teachings, and be happy. The Great Spirit will never, in his works, lead his, forest-braves, or his pale-faced children, astray from happiness."

He said he was once in Boston, and was taken by pale-faced brethren to a theater, and the theater folk made thunder and lightning, but it was not the Great Spirit's thunder, and he would not stay. A gentleman by name of Clark, I think, was present, and said that he was personally acquainted with this event. This is the only one of the many developments which were being made, when, to my great regret, I found myself obliged to leave. I asked if my leaving would disturb the harmony of the circle? "Oh no," said he, "only give us your hand, brother brave, in assurance of faith and hope in the Great Spirit, and charity to all his children, and it will supply the vacant link, and keep bright and active our chain of unity." My hand was given with a right good will, and grasped with such unmistakable and thrilling demonstrations of affection as to open in my bosom the well-springs of humanity, and fill my eyes with tears. With no prior intimation that masonry had ever influenced this peculiar people, I was there, in the midst of strangers, and, unknown to them, compelled to know and feel myself recognized by one who, professedly true and faithful in quarry, hill and temple, was ever ready to know and be known as a pure-hearted brother, and co-worker in an institution which ignores all sectarian prejudices, and is as ancient and universal as is the love of nature, of God, and of humanity.

It is no purpose of mine to eulogize the Order of which I speak. It needs it not. I write mostly to show that in the truthfulness and simplicity of nature, among the most pure-hearted and unsophisticated ones of our race, may be found the richest jewels and ornaments of humanity—the most true to man in his utmost need, and consequently the most pleasing and honorable to his Maker. Blessed indeed are the pure in heart—they "see God."

On returning home,

Interesting Miscellany.

AN APPEAL TO MAN.

HIS INHERITANCE.

Did God design that man should be
Thus crushed and trampled to the earth?
Was not his soul created free,
And these his instincts, love and truth?

Did God not make this earth for all,
Both for the rich and for the poor?
Or did he make the poor, to call
The rich man master—epicure?

Why this digression, this disgrace,
Upon Dame Nature and her laws;
Has not the Mother of the Race
Plead for her children, and their cause?

Does not that Dame claim all by birth,
The poor as well as those of wealth;
And God the Father give this earth,
Each one, a garden for himself?

Then man, O man! lift up thy sight,
Gaze on that orb in yonder heaven,
And ask thyself if it gives light
To thee alone—to thee was given:

And now extend thy vision far,
Into the blue etherial skies,
And count the million twinkling stars,
Spread out in space before thine eyes!

But look again, still farther look,
And see them twinkle, twinkle still;
Now read a chapter from this book,
This Nature's book, it is God's will.

Perchance thine eyes are made to see
The Spirit's home—a land divine—
For all, both rich and poor, made free;
Wouldst thou claim that, and call it thine?

Say, wouldst thou feel that thou must rule,
And own large tracts of that best land;
And use thy brother as a tool,
Which had been made by thine own hand?

Dost thou not claim the right to think,
To speak, to act, and understand—
To quench thy thirst with that pure drink
Which flows so free through all the lands?

Wouldst thou not call that man insane
Who claimed the air, the breath of God?
Or did thy soul, grasping for gain,
Want all—the air, the earth and flood?

O man, remember God hath given
The earth, the water and the air,
A free inheritance of heaven;
In which his children all may share.

But see how thou hast broke the ties
That bound thee to thy brother man;
His soul thou wouldst monopolize,
As thou wouldst water, air, and land!

DR. DEE AND HIS MAGIC GLASS.

John Dee, D. D. and Warden of Manchester, was born in London in July, 1527. When he commenced his astrological and alchemical studies, he is not clearly ascertained; but in December, 1579, his diary states that he "revealed to Roger Coke the great secret of the elixir of the salt of azoths one upon a hundred." But he had his magic glass some years before. In Wheeler's Manchester is the following passage as to this glass:

"Having persuaded himself that by certain invocations an intercourse with the invisible world might be obtained, and from thence an insight into the occult sciences, he lost no time in seeking to acquire the requisite knowledge. For this purpose it was necessary that a course of incantations should be performed upon a table consecrated for the occasion; and that a convex glass, which he said was brought to him by the angels Raphael and Gabriel, with whom he was particularly intimate, should be intently gazed upon by a person having the gift of a seer, to whom would be presented certain signs and figures invisible to every one else, but which, being related to Dee, were to be explained and written down by him. This glass he showed to Queen Elizabeth, when she visited him in 1575, and explained to her its properties and their causes, hoping by this means to clear himself of the stigma attached to him by being thought a magician. The glass itself is understood to be now in the collection of Lord Oxford."

"This royal visit is thus recorded in his 'Compendious Rehearsal' or Memorial. His first wife died March 16th, 1575, when the Queen's majesty, with her most honorable privy council, and other her lords and nobility, came purposely to have visited my library; but finding that my wife was within four hours before buried out of the house, her majesty refused to come in; but I was to fetch my glass so famous, and to show unto her some of the properties of it, which I did; her majesty being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall of Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her majesty's great contentment and delight."

This glass seems to have been delivered by Dr. Dee to Edward Kelly, his assistant in conjuration or magic, to be by him placed in the hands of Lord Rosenberg, who was to convey it to the Emperor of Germany, Randolph or Rodolph II. The following we take from Dr. Dee's Diary (printed for the Camden Society) p. 29:

"1588, Dec. 4th, I gave to Mr. Ed. Kelley my glass, so highly and long esteemed of our Queen, and the Emperor Randolph the second, de quo in prefatione Euclidis fit mentio," (of which mention is made in the preface to Euclid.) This refers to the earliest English translation of Euclid by Billingsley, which was published in 1570, with a long preface by Dr. Dee. Professor de Morgan is of opinion that the translation also was by Dee, or that Billingsley may have been only a pupil who worked immediately under his directions. The passage to which Dee alludes is as follows:—"A man to be curiously attuned of his own shadow; yea, so much to fear, that if you, being alone near a certain glass, and proffer, with dagger or sword, to foyne at the glass, you shall suddenly be moved to give backe (in manner) by reason of an image appearing in the ayre between you and the glass with like hand, sword, or dagger, and with like quickness, foyning at your very eye, likewise as you do at the glass. Strange this is to beare of, but more marvellous to behold than these my wordes can signifie; and nevertheless by demonstration optickall the order and cause thereof is certified; even so, as the effect is consequent." "Dec. 18th, I did understand by Mr. Kelley that my glass which he had given to Mr. Lord Rosenberg, the Lord Rosenberg had given to the Emperor." "1589, Feb. 4th, I delivered to Mr. Kelley the powder, the bookes the glass and the house, for the Lord Rosenberg; and thereupon gave me discharge in writing of his own hand subscribed and sealed."

Kelly appears to have bargained for this glass, communicating in exchange to Dr. Dee the secret of the divine water; and on the 13th Dec. passed, giving him "the water, earth, and all." How the magic glass came from the possession of Lord Rosenberg, or of the Emperor of Germany to that of the Lord Oxford (see ante, the extract from Wheeler), we can not make out. But we have put together the above particulars, from seeing an announcement in the *Illustrated London News* of Saturday last, by which the remainder of the valuable library of J. H. Smith Pigott, Esq. of Brockley Hall, Somerset; and that among the curiosities of the sale is the "marvelous specimen and magic crystal used by the astrologer, Dr. Dee." We shall look with some interest to the report of this sale.

HAVE AN AIM IN LIFE.—Every man, rich or poor, ought to have some absorbing purpose, some active engagement, to which his energies are devoted. Not enjoyment, but duty, daily must be the aim of each life. No man has a right to live upon this earth, to breathe its air, to consume its food, to enjoy its many beauties, and produce nothing in return. He has no right to enjoy the blessings of civilization, or society, and of civil liberty, without contributing earnest and self-denying labor of head, heart, or hand, to the welfare of mankind. Certainly no man can be truly religious who makes gratification, as distinct from self-denying exertion, the great object of life, and he puts pleasure exactly in the place of duty.

A MAN must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.

SLIGHT CONCURRENCES.—Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveler throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered he, "how often we had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveler's safety frequently depends upon it. In a watch the main spring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter; a girl at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world might have been different. The Mohammedans have traditions, that when their prophet concealed himself on Mount Shurr, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. We see the same happy influence of slight circumstances in the history of science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery; no discouragement could depress his eager passion for scientific investigation; he heard a common dinner plate ring, and immediately wrote a treatise on sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibration of pendulums. Kepler having married the second time, and resembling, perhaps, the great Florentine astronomer, in his partiality to wine, determined to lay in a store from the Austrian vineyards; some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement; and Kepler produced a treatise, which has been placed among the "earliest specimens of what is now called modern analysis."

The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light seen through a prism upon the wall, suggested the achromatic telescope, and led to the prodigious discoveries of astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.—*Asiatic.*

A HUSBAND AND FATHER TURNED UP AFTER THIRTY YEARS ABSENCE.—We heard the particulars yesterday of one of those strange episodes in life in which the old adage of "truth is stranger than fiction," was fully illustrated. About six years since, a lady named Mrs. Martha Wood, accompanied by her son, his wife, and a couple of children, arrived in this city from New Bedford, Mass. She stated that she was a widow of twenty-four years' standing, her husband having been master of a whaler, which had been lost at sea. The family have resided for the greater part of the time on Liberty street, Mr. Wood, the son working at his trade, which is that of a cooper.

Yesterday morning a gray-headed and toilsome man called at the residence of the family, and, seeing Mr. Wood, inquired for the widow who, being called into the room, while gazing intently upon the stranger, whose eyes were fixed mournfully upon her, requested to know his business.

"Do you not know me, Martha?" said he; and as the sound of his voice, like the memory of an old melody, met her ear, she gave vent to an hysterical cry, and fainted in the arms which were opened to receive her.

The tale is soon told; and the ship in which he had made his last voyage from New Bedford, was cast away in the South Sea Islands, and he was one of the few who escaped a watery grave. After enduring almost unheard-of privations, he succeeded, after thirty years' absence, in reaching his native city. From a brother of his wife he learned their present location, and arrived here to find her whom he had left a young and blooming bride, far advanced in the evening of life, while the infant, upon whose lips, when last he saw him, he had imprinted a father's kiss, and who could then scarcely lisped his name, was now a stalwart man, and the head of a family. How many hopes and fears must have agitated the old mariner as he again set foot, after his long pilgrimage, upon his native soil.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

INSECTURRY OF INSECTS.—The instances of ingenuity we might multiply a hundred-fold, to show the insect providing for its self-preservation, or for the preservation of its offspring.

The antlion, which in its perfect state closely resembles the dragonfly, is in its larvæ condition more like a spider in the shape of its body; it has a small head, a very moveable neck, and jaws like a strong pair of callipers, toothed along their inner margin. This creature will feed only on such game as he catches himself; nevertheless he is unable to hunt even the slowest-paced insects; for not only are his movements excessively tardy, but from the construction of his legs, he is only able to move backward. But as he can not go in quest of his prey, it must come to him—so he employs a stratagem, by the effect of which, the game positively falls into his jaws.

Selecting a sandy soil, and choosing a situation beneath the shelter of some wall or tree, so as to be protected as much as possible from rain, the antlion proceeds to excavate a pit, which he accomplishes by throwing out the sand with his long jaws, walking backward round and round, until a deep conical excavation is formed in the loose sand, at the bottom of which he buries himself, remaining quietly concealed, with the exception of his jaws, which are kept half open and ready for action. No sooner does a thoughtless insect approach the fatal pitfall, than the loose sides giving way beneath its feet, the unfortunate traveler is precipitated to the bottom of the antlion's den, and falls at once into the jaws of its destroyer. The insect sometimes perceives the danger, and tries to lay hold of the grains of sand at the border of the dreadful gulf; some yield beneath its feet, and it sinks lower and lower still; at last, with desperate efforts, it succeeds in getting hold of some piece of earth more stable than the rest, whereby it holds, or even attempts to regain the top of the dangerous steep; but the baneful has still a resource to enable him to secure his escaping prey; with the top of his flattened head, which he uses as a shovel, he throws up a deluge of sand, which, falling in showers upon the miserable victim, already exhausted with his futile efforts, soon brings it to the bottom, there to become an easy prey to the ruthless savage.

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