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VOL. V. - NO. 10.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 218.

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THE Wednesday evening meetings of this Conference of Spiritualists have been resumed in Brooks' Hall, south side of Broome-street, a few doors west of the Bowery, where all who wish to hear or present facts and principles relating to Spiritualism, are invited to attend.

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THE friends of Spiritualism in Brooklyn meet in conference every Tuesday evening, at the Brooklyn Institute, corner of Concord and Washington-streets.

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Test-Examinations and Healing.

It will be seen by their card in another column, that Dr. A. G. Fellows and U. Clark receive visitors at present at 195 Bowery.

A Proposition.

It is perhaps about six years since the writer of this conceived a plan by which progressive thinkers might become known to each other, and he proposed it to certain publishers who had the means of carrying it out; but they took no notice of the project whatever. They knew who the Reformers were, and that was perhaps enough for them. But the undersigned wants to know, too. Living in a by place, he could not tell the names of half a dozen independent thinkers, beyond those of his own neighborhood and such as figured in public. It used to be an epoch in his life, to meet with one who encouraged revolutionary thought. It is different now. Such people are becoming more numerous, and the writer knows of hundreds where before he did not know of one. But all are not so situated. Many of progressive thought know not who their brethren are. Radical thinkers are not yet so abundant; but it is meet for mutual encouragement that they know each other.

The most liberal minds indorse no creed. The negative of creedism is the claim for ourselves, and the recognition in each other of the right to live our highest thought. This embodies the principles of toleration so essential to harmony and progress. A society of persons with such views would constitute a Social Democracy, recognizing the principles of mutual toleration.

If such as accept this abnegation of Sectism will send their names and Post-office address, with a postage stamp or two, at their option, to defray expenses, we propose to print a list of the same, and send it to each one.

Let it be distinctly understood that this project has no ulterior purpose which does not appear upon its face. Its only object is to enable the most liberal minds to become acquainted with each other. It is without organization, and contemplates no combined action; it has no secrets, no lead, no magnets, no center, no circumference; but is all center, and all circumference. It is an absolute Democracy of sovereign individuals, recognizing the social right of each to follow his own attractions according to his best conceptions of right or harmony. While each avails himself of all the means within his reach, of acquiring truth, he looks to himself, nevertheless, as the center of his own thought and work. The list of names will be given, that each may make the most of it in his own way. Will not hundreds respond?

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SPIRITUALISM—VOL. I.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. DEXTER.

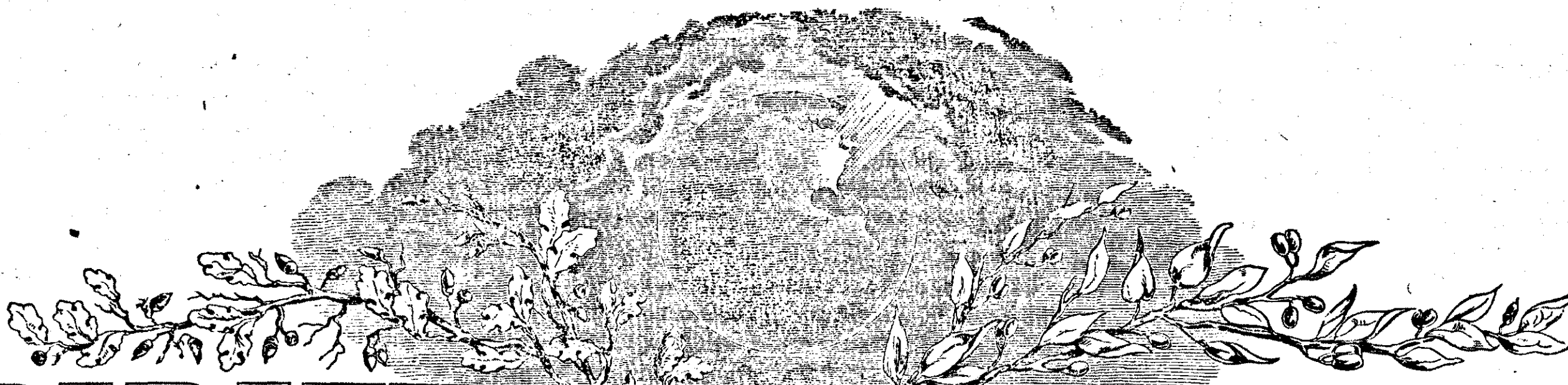
The First Part consists of a comprehensive and forcible analysis of the Spiritual experience of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, through whose mediumship this book has been given to the public.

The Second Part is a faithful record of numerous interviews with Spirits claiming to be EMANUEL SWEDENBORG and LORD BACON, wherein they give philosophical disquisitions in reply to numerous questions respecting the life of Spirits.

PART THIRD is a copious Appendix, embracing the experience and observation of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, late United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin, together with the similar experience of several other persons, Correspondence, etc.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.—NO. 10.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 218.

The Principles of Nature.

Original.

CONCERNING GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

BY M. VAN EVERY.

It may not be altogether without interest or instruction to see how Spirits, by operating on the intuitive faculties, may develop in our minds the same conclusions that men skilled in the sciences arrive at. Both commence their reasoning from observation of surrounding facts in nature. The former are led on by an internal, inductive perception, tracing effects back to causes until they reach the inherent principle, or Great First Cause. The latter, from an external knowledge, gained by repeated experiments, and an active exercise of the reflective faculties, are led step, by step, through the hilly regions of cause and effect, analysing and synthesising, until the crowning summit—the Great First Cause—is attained. With the former, it is the work of a moment; with the latter, it is the product of years of educational discipline, a careful observance of the relation of things, their chemical properties and their rule of action.

I have been led to the consideration of these facts, by an article lately published in your paper, from the pen of Mr. Wm. Fishbough, on the "Creation." About three weeks previous to its appearance, I gave a lecture at Laona, N. Y., on the "Origin and Selfexistence of God and the Universe." By Spirit aid I will endeavor to give at least the substance, that those who choose may receive suggestions of thought to aid them in like investigations.

LECTURE.

Man can not conceive of God beyond his highest mental unfolding. The finite can not comprehend the infinite. Every man's God is the highest ideal creation of his own mind. All that he can do is to reason from analogy and correspondences. Hence the diversity of opinion, from that of the savage in the wilderness to that of the most enlightened human being in existence.

Man can not conceive of anything in form without a beginning. Then he can not comprehend a God as having form without a beginning. The idea is too large—it can never enter the human mind. Travel back ten decillions of ages, and you are no nearer the origin of the Jewish God. A God, addressing himself to reason, must be a God that reason can, to some extent, comprehend.

* We can only reason by analogy, from things addressing our senses. We look around us and behold all nature teeming with life; the earth, seas, and air are all filled with animated forms; these forms we trace back until we find them a liquid mass—in Bible language, "without form and void." If you go to the ground upon which has lately been consumed the forest trees, you will discover a species of grass and weeds peculiar to ground newly burned over. The next year you will find a different species of grass commingling with the rest.

Why is this? The tendency of nature is to life; the light of the sun, filled with chemical properties, shines upon the earth filled with a variety of chemical properties. The winds pass over it, and the rains fall upon it—each imparting from its storehouse of essences those properties which, commingling with their affinities in the earth, produce that species of vegetation sometimes called fire grass. The seed of this fire-grass would produce its kind; but the stalk dying upon the soil, produces a different chemical compound in the soil, and hence the second year we behold an improvement on the first, and so on until its ultimate is produced.

Let us now examine a pool of stagnant water. After a rain we behold it free from any animated form visible to the naked eye. The sun shines upon it, the winds pass over it, and in a few days we find it filled with animated forms peculiar to standing water. At first a coagulated mass of matter, "without form, and void," is all that is visible. But like particles of life matter are attracted to like—the most refined, forming heart and head, when that which approximates nearest to the former comes on, forming its attachments, and then other particles more gross still, until the whole being, the ultimate that the pool can produce, exists in perfect form.

The egg of the fowl has all the properties within it of life and form, save the magnetic heat imparted in incubation, which produces an electro-magnetic action in the egg; and gradually form is assumed in perfect accordance with its inherent quality.

We have seen the tendency in nature to life. Now, let us proceed to an examination of the tendency of everything in nature to assume form. If we watch the window-panes of a heated room in a cold wintry day, we will find that the heat causes an evaporation from the dampened walls, some of which collects upon the panes of glass. The room is suffered to cool; the heat within and the cold without produce an electro-magnetic action, and in a few moments the glass is filled with real types of marshy vegetation. Why call it marshy vegetation? Because it is an exact representation of the vegetation growing in marshy places. What do we learn from this? First, the tendency in nature to life; second, that the positive and negative principles in nature are active; third, the tendency of the life-element to assume form. Here was heat within and cold without. These principles meeting upon the moist window-pane, and the heat subsiding, left the congealed impress on the glass. Now, when these same elements commingle with the marshy earth, the same appearances present themselves in a more durable garb; for they are clothed with the grosser body of mother earth. And we might also deduce from this, that the Spirit form existed before the more external form, vegetable or animal.

Now, go with me to the shot-tower; here you behold the molten mass of lead, "without form and void," poured through a sieve. In its fall from the tower to the earth, it receives a rotary motion, and in an instant it is in perfect globular form, and cooled by the surrounding atmosphere. The shot created

around themselves an atmospheric motion, and, if they could have been thrown beyond planetary attraction, would have revolved on their axis and formed a perfect planetary motion. If you turn a large wheel rapidly, you will perceive that it forms around it an atmospheric current. As you pass away it is less and less perceptible until it is entirely lost in the great volume surrounding your earth. In like manner you may reasonably conclude that there is an atmosphere beyond earth's influence, but in a stagnant condition, wanting in many of the properties of earth's atmosphere—caused by its exhalations.

The mind being now prepared, let us travel back and take a survey of this universe as existing in a liquid and chaotic state, "without form and void." All the chemical properties of earth, of water, of atmospheric gases, and light, heat, and cold, are distributed throughout the mighty mass. Like the stagnant pool it is without motion, save the gradual tendency of the electric and magnetic forces to centralization. Without centralization there could be no positive action, any more than there could be in a republican government, where all power of action was distributed among the masses instead of a central representative head. There is now no atmospheric motion, because there is no revolving body to cause such motion; and all the elements that want to form life in the stagnant pool are distributed throughout the mass. But to the electric and magnetic forces there never was positive rest. Their tendency was to centralization. This naturally drew them into currents; these currents are to the material universe what the nerves are to the human system, and of themselves produce form, as witnessed on the window-pane. As centralization increased, the struggles and throes of Nature in assuming form increased, until vast bodies of gross matter in a liquid state were thrown off, which created an atmospheric current, causing the evolving and revolving bodies to assume a globular form. These, being parts of a common mass, through affinity are ever gravitating, the smaller to the greater; yet such are their centrifugal forces that they are ever kept moving in the same orbit. Thus are systems made, through the attractive and repellant forces, to preserve the order and harmony of the whole.

These revolving globes caused an atmospheric motion around each of them, which gradually cooled them, as the shot from the tower was cooled. This cooling and condensing caused evaporations from the globes until the surrounding atmosphere was filled with black and ponderous clouds of water, increasing in size and weight until the overburdened air, no longer able to sustain its weight, let fall the mighty torrents on the seething globes.

Now, in huge, dense masses quickly rising—
Columning above, like foes retreating
And preparing for renewed attack,
New clouds evolve and marshal on th' aerial plain.
And mighty rushing winds, by heat and cold
Into new currents drawn, as if from sleep
Affrighted, breathing forth th' eternal, Why?
Commingling in the strife of Nature
Warring for an equilibrium of power.

Now, tossing high the dark and misty clouds,
Till like huge, raggy peaks they threaten stand
In high resolves of cherished wrath, awhile,
And then, 'mid fearful lightnings, crashing thunders,
And howling winds, make quick descent upon
The fiery orbs. Thus did the elements,
Through long revolving years, wage horrid war;
Until the crusted globes, of outward heat deprived,
Caut up the mighty hills as monuments of peace,
And bid the waters slumber in the vales,
And fierce winds fan the furrowed forms of earths.
And now, suns, moons, and stars display their glorious light,
And day, and night, and heat, and cold alternate reign,
And seasons in most perfect order make
Their annual round. The suns, imparting heat,
Draw watery vapor from surrounding globes,
Which falls again in mighty dews and showers
Of rain, that wash, and slake the obdurate hills.
Now sediment begin to form in ocean beds,
And things of life and form move in the deep.
And now the infant orbs of tender frame
Grow weary 'neath the world of waters;
And struggling to be free, cast up the ocean beds,
And rushing tides submerge the distant hill and vales,
Leaving their sediments to form the virgin soil,
On which the light and heat descending—
Swept by cooling winds and drenched with rain—
Spring forth all kinds of verdure. Some are crowned
With richly tinted flowers, breathing odor;
And trees rise up in towering majesty.
Now, years succeeding busy insect tribes
On glittering wings, go buzzing through the air;
And reptiles crawl upon the earths, and beasts,
And birds, appear upon the stage of being,
Crowding it with scenes of life, and power, and grace,
Until the master-piece of mundane effort,
Stands in human majesty, the lord of all beneath!
Yet "dust to dust" and "life to life" are stamped
On everything that bears the human form.
But once in being formed, the life eternal
Bears the impress of its birth. Thus man threw off
The mortal garb, and passed the leaden gates
To new-born glories of the Spirit-land—
Yet, as from dreams awaking, stood with wonder
And amazement filled, to find himself transformed
From earth's encumbering weight, to ether lightness.
O, holy calm! O blissful solitude!
For yet no other human soul hath entered there.
A lonely wanderer 'mid celestial joys;
The spirit of earthly life—all represented there!
Yet man, an angel now—traverses space alone.
O dreadful thought!—alone! and yet in heaven!—
Like a bright star at early eve, lone shining
In the vast expanse! He seeks his earth companions,
But they heed him not, save in the shadowy glimpses
Of material eyes unused to objects so refined.
Not thus to dwell in loneliness sublime,
Was man's desire and Nature's law; for, lo!
Another human form with glory crowned,
Has passed the bounds of earthly life; and now,
With rapturous greetings, each the other hails
In the regions of exalting impulse
And expanding thought! Another and another
Come—like new-born stars—and now, around the spheres
Angelic bands encircling, seize the reins
And guide the destiny of man;
Themselves by the Great Cause led onward, onward,
Upward, upward, to a larger, higher,
Brighter life; eternally unfolding,
Clothed in wisdom as with garments of the sun,
In highest glory robed.

I have stated that these currents assume form: I now assert it to be the form of man! Why? Because we see that man is the ultimate of our globe. It being part of the universal whole, we may infer that the ultimate of what now composes our material universe, was also in the form of man—to which ultimate we give the appellation of God. As we see many human beings inhabiting our earth, the inquirer may ask, Are there not, then, many Gods? I answer, No. Why? Because, if the premises are admitted—that there ever was a centralization of these forces from all parts of the mass of matter—it follows as a natural consequence, that there could have been but one body or formation, or there could not have been such centralization. Without such centralization there never could have been a power sufficient to have evolved the innumerable family of globes, that in such solemn, silent, stupendous and sublime grandeur attract our wondering eyes excite our admiration, and stir the inmost depths of our souls to seek the still more wondrous Cause.

Again: if God has form, he must have bounds; if He has

bounds He is not infinite to himself, only to man, who is, comparatively, so very diminutive, that to finite man God is infinite.

As man has no life outside of himself, so we may infer God has no life outside of himself. If God has no life outside of himself, it follows as a matter of course, that He must be co-extensive with the universe, otherwise He could not impart life unto it. "If that be true, the universe has bounds, as well as God," says the inquirer. Very true. He overshadows it all—'s the life of it all—and without, or beyond Him, there is no life. Am I not orthodox? The Bible says, "in Him we live, move, and have our being." How can we live, move, and have our being in Him, if he does not in his spiritual form overshadow us all? If you have no life outside of yourself is it reasonable to suppose any other being has life outside of itself? If not, then God has no life outside of his own person. If no life outside of His person then to impart life to the whole universe, it must exist in His person. Then, indeed, must He be the "Grand Man" in whom are all things—in whom we live, move, and have our being.

If these things are so—to which all Nature seems to utter forth a loud Amen—then is the whole sympathetically affected by its parts. If any part of us is diseased or suffers from violence, our whole organization sympathetically suffers with it. If we have a pain in the head, or tooth, our whole being suffers. If inflammation attacks any part, the whole body is affected. If our limbs suffer from violence, the pain is felt throughout the whole system. If we look at a drop of water through a magnifying glass, we behold it filled with animalcules. If all are in a lively state, the water is said to be in a healthful condition. If one is dead the whole drop is said to be affected, and in an unhealthy condition. May we not reasonably infer from this, that God, in whom we live, move, and have our being, is sympathetically affected by our discordant, feverish, and unhealthy condition; and that he can not be perfectly happy while we are thus unhappy? Startle not, my friend: let truth triumph. "though the heavens fall," let wisdom do its perfect work, though the mountains of old Theology, venerable for years and adjudged sacred by the silvered brow of consecrated ages, should be plucked from its sandy base of errors and cast into the sea of Nature's own eternal truths. If we exist in Him humanity is bound to him by the innumerable ties of God's own nervous system; and he can no more help being sympathetically affected by the diseased state of humanity than you can, when your mind is affected by the pain in your foot. O, if man could only realize this fact, what gigantic efforts would be made to bring the human family into health and harmony! No wonder spirits of the departed rend in twain the pall of errors, blacker than midnight, and make the very stones of infidelity to cry out, when your churches are filled with "the blind leaders of the blind." Does Orthodoxy again utter a hissing groan? Why then, I ask is your God angry with the wicked, if he is not sympathetically affected by human wrong and outrage?

Again I ask, if in God we live, move, and have our being, where is the orthodox hell? O tell me—where? for without, or beyond Him there is nothing. If there is an eternal hell, God must be in eternal torment. Why? Because the whole is affected by a part; because the whole drop of water is affected by the one dead animalcule; because the Psalmist says "If I make my bed in hell behold thou art there!"

The inquirer may ask, if God is omnipotent why does he not redeem the world at once? Because, he can only act in accordance with the laws of his own being. Why did not Christ redeem the world and bring about his millennial state when he was on earth? You answer, Because humanity could not then appreciate his teachings. Then humanity is to be saved by the teachings of Christ instead of his blood, is it not? You are mute. What, then, does all this mean about the blood of Christ? Simply this, my friend: Christ taught spiritual truths—a very elevated, moral, humanitarian philosophy, representing himself as the king of a spiritual kingdom, having no other existence than in the hearts of his adherents, which teachings the chief priests, scribes and pharisees thought contrary to the law of Moses and the prophets; and by operating upon the rabble, saying, that Caesar would come and take away what of governmental power still existed in them, they succeeded in arousing the multitude through whom they procured the crucifixion and death of Christ. By thinking of his

blood spilt white on the cross, your mind is led back to his teachings, for which he died. By contemplating them you are led to admire his humanitarian doctrines, represented by his broken body. This excites your admiration and draws forth your love for the glorious truths contained in his teachings; this love is symbolized by his blood. Christ so loved the truths he taught that he gave his life—his blood—for their establishment among mankind. Now, my friend, when you can fully appreciate the teachings of Christ, and love them above your own earth life, you will practice them; and that will save you from vice and make you a glorified angel in heaven.

Christ foresaw that the human family would yet become so wise as to appreciate his teachings and then there would be a millennial state. God brings humanity forward just as fast as it is possible for us to march. Indeed we can not go faster than our reason becomes enlightened. And the more light we get the faster we go. Our inventions and general mental improvements, show that we are going very fast now. When governments rise now, they go up quick; and when they fall, it is with a sudden and dreadful overthrow. Everything shows an intenser life—a more speedy action. When you are sick you must be gradually healed; so when humanity is sick the Great Physician must cure them gradually. O, there is a balm in Gilead—there is a Physician there! Thus you may be enabled to see why God does not do everything at once.

But you are making God a progressive being? Very well!—if reason makes him such, so let it be. Life begets action, action begets refinement and refinement begets progression. If that be so, God is a progressive being.

How, then, could he see the end from the beginning? Just the same as you see the end from the beginning of your desires. God is a trinity—and so are you. Peace!—you yet shall see celestial dawn! I will make you confess your trinityship and prove it unto yourselves, by showing the trinity of every thought you express. You desire to utter a thought? "Yes." You see the end from the beginning of every thought you wish to utter, do you not? "Yes." Well, now watch the process. You desire, and that desire, in Bible language is, "without form and void." That desire stimulates the mind to action. The mind being the great executor and diviser of ways and means, moulds the desire into form. This shows your duality, does it not? "Yes." The mind then selects words and clothes it for utterance; you utter it; there is another process, is there not? "Yes." Then there is your trinity. The word is the external expression, the same as your body is the external expression of yourself. Your spiritual organization corresponds to your physical, and is the same to your body that the thought, moulded into form in the mind, is to the words with which it is clothed for expression. The desire arises in your inmost or celestial nature. Again: you desire means to cut down the forest. The end is seen from the beginning; the desire stimulates your mind to action, which invents the axe—the means by which it is to be accomplished. The axe exists in form, in the mind, before it exists in its external form. When completed, the thought has had its outward birth or external expression of itself. Here you have the proof of your trinityship within yourself.

There is nothing so elevated and holy as our celestial natures, when our whole being is brought into perfect harmony with the laws of its creation. There everything exists in its greatest intensity. It is frequently the case that within us we experience such seraphic rapture as to completely surpass all power of the mind to mould it into form, much more to give expression to it. "The letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." The further we get from the external to the internal, the greater the reality. Such is the joy seraphs feel when they enter into celestial bliss. But they have the power of beholding the exquisiteness of each other's feelings which causes a responsive rapture; and thus like wave succeeding wave, the passing rapturous swell draws forth another, and another, in one eternal flow of ecstasies. O, list ye to the "still small voice within!" its whispering swill gather volume, until falls upon your waiting ear like melodies from Aeolian strings by balmy south winds swept.

JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.—Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by the recoil—that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Original.

CIRCLES IN GALVESTON.

HELD ON THE EVENINGS OF THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FIFTH OF JUNE, 1856.

WHENEVER assembled in circle we know not what form of manifestation may come. Characters the most varied, conflicting and multiplied, are personated vividly and naturally through this medium.

The solemnities were introduced by the "guardian Spirit," who said that he presided over the circle of this medium wherever formed, that he guarded its entrance that no low or undeveloped Spirit could come in or influence her without permission, and then only for some object of use—that nothing evil could enter. Dark Spirits might throng *without* and do their worst; *but within*, nothing improper or unfit, no violation of the rules of harmony, decency or good taste occur. The "guardian" then said that the circle had assembled without any *distinct* object or special business before it; but that the Spirits would exhibit some new displays of their power.

A lady who formerly resided with us and to whom we were greatly attached, then took possession of the medium, who never knew her while in the form. She died at Charleston, S. C. during the winter of 1854-5. Her manner, gestures, position, sentiment and language were *true to life*, so that she was at once recognized and affectionately greeted. And she stood and moved among us again and returned our salutations. The grave (oh! "where is thy victory?") holds her not its prisoner. She said it was well that she left the earth. The change was for the better. She did not wish to return. At first she was not so happy as now. She is progressing, and her future is bright with "the hope that liveth in her."

Such in substance was the information she communicated in reply to our inquiries. Her tone and manner were marked by winning graces and devoted friendship.

She was followed by another acquaintance and friend, a lady who departed this life a few months ago. She spoke not, but by significant gesticulation expressed her meaning. We knew her at once. Her signs and movements evinced heavenly felicity. The countenance of the medium gave tokens of joy the earth knows not of.

After she had gone, another Spirit—seemingly that of an aged female one who always visited our circles and who spoke as without teeth—came and explained that "the *little angel* who had just left, was not yet strong enough to speak through the medium but that she soon would be." That many a beautiful and progressive Spirit, too weak to communicate in language through the organs of the medium (which required considerable power) was yet able to convey by signs their greetings and wishes to their friends.

The next appeared distressed, despairing, hopeless. She wrung her hands, and in agony, repeated over and over, accompanied with deep drawn sighs as if her heart would break, "O me! O me! O me! how shall I escape the wrath of an angry God! why did he cause me to exist in order to make me so miserable! O that I had never lived—never had a father or a mother!" After a pause she spoke of the misfortune of having been a "public belle" of having listened to the voice of flattery—the allurements of man. The terrors of hell, the companionship of fiends (although she had never found either as yet) were anticipated with frenzied horror. She complained of the injustice of her dreadful sentence, and regarded God as the author of her misery—as her implacable enemy—her angry, terrible and Almighty Judge, who had pre-destined her to perpetual woe—who delighted in the tortures he inflicted, and whom she could not love! We tendered our willingness, our strong desire to alleviate her sorrow. We told her she was mistaken, that God did not hate nor punish her; that he was "A God of Love;" that his love for her however fallen, was stronger than death—stronger than that of the tenderest parent; and that despite of his fears—her sins—her follies—*herself*—that Love would prevail and would lead her to ever lasting salvation. We told her to be humble, to think more truly, more worthily of her heavenly father. She seemed astonished—doubtful if she heard aright, repeating "A God of Love!" "Loves me, did you say? It can not be," etc. We endeavored to assure her, and she manifested a wish to believe; said she would come again to our circle, and as she retired it seemed as if some light had already penetrated her darkness. The aged female again manifested herself and expressed great

joy at the kindness and sympathy we had extended toward this "poor fallen Spirit;" said she had often told her of the love of God, but could not cause her to believe; that her visit to our circle had not been in vain, and the lesson we had taught her, would be followed by happy consequences, etc., etc.

Uttering a thought, I remarked without addressing any one, "I can not understand how Spirits can be benefited by the teachings of mortals like ourselves." To my thought it was answered: "Are not children benefited by your teachings?"

It is difficult to describe the scene that next ensued. The Spirit was that of a female of singular characteristics. Taciturn emotionless, and severe yet gentle, her manner was very impressive as with few but choice words she spoke of the selfishness that pervades society the deceitfulness of its professions, the emptiness of its pursuits and the hollowness of pretended friendships. Her language and manner struck me as *significant*, and as intended to reprove me. I know not if my impression was correct, but excited by the strange influence, I suggested the possibility of her being too severe and that I trusted I was not without friends. "Aye," she replied, "while in prosperity—while the sun shines—you will doubtless find them on all sides. But let a change of circumstances occur, then where are they?" I remarked, "We are dependent upon each other for an interchange of favors." "An interchange of favors!" she replied tartly; "when have you found them willing to make fair returns? Have you not generally been the loser?" Struck and slightly annoyed that I could not gainsay the conclusion so pointedly indicated, I queried mentally, "How knows she the history of my humble career?" and replied aloud, "I yet hope, I have many friends." After a pause, during which she seemed to cast upon me a strange regard she responded, "You think then, you have many friends! Come, I will put your impression to the test. Out of the circle of your family, can you name *one*?"

The scene was productive of singular emotions in the circle, and contains a lesson too sternly true to be safely disregarded by the over confiding.

One who had been a farmer next manifested himself through the medium. Driving his oxen, and apparently thinking aloud while following the plow, he soliloquized somewhat as follows: "Whoo, haw! Come up here, Buck! Go along, Berry (mimicking as with his ox goad and walking to and fro in the room). Well, I am late in getting through with my plowing. (Whoo, haw, there.) I must hurry or I shall never have my sowing done in season for a crop. (Jee Buck, jee Berry!) It is almost as near harvest as seed time. (get up, Berry) and my neighbors have already got through sowing (come about Buck; whoo haw) Yes, they got through long ago (jee up there, Berry), and my plowing isn't done yet! O I shall be too late for a crop (haw Buck get along Berry)—and then what will my family do for bread? (Whoo haw) We shall all starve for it, I know (jee, Buck) next winter. My good mother—bless her! (go along Berry) she always went to meeting three (who, haw) times every Sunday and twice a week besides, (haw, Buck—come up here, Berry)—often told me (jee there, jee) that I was too lazy for a farmer, and now I begin (who—haw, about here) to think she was right," etc., etc. Then turning toward us he continued, "And so I lived—in spring neglecting to plow—in seed time, to sow—at harvest, without a crop—in winter hungry and cold and I entered the Spirit land, poor and miserable, with my garner empty."

The next manifested the deepest sorrow. Said he had been a physician, had excelled as an oculist, and that he had died in Texas, a victim to intemperance. He bemoaned his misspent life and the deep degradation to which he was consigned in the Spirit world by reason of this destroying habit. Language seemed too weak to express his remorse. "Whisky," he exclaimed "destroyer of the soul—destroyer of God, I might say, since the soul is a part of Deity!"

After a brief pause the medium became influenced again: My son, a member of the Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., at home under leave of absence, was sitting next the medium. She turned toward him and placing her hand on his shoulder, said, "Do you remember those clothes?" (After a pause, no answer being returned.) "You remember that box of clothes, do you not?" (Another pause) "Say, don't you recollect the clothes? You misjudged me then; you were mistaken in your opinion, but it is all right now; it is past—I indulge no ill-feeling. Everything is right at the Institute, but you

then misjudged me, you were mistaken. You remember the clothes, do you not?" Here I asked my son to explain. He stated that one of his classmates at the Institute, by the name of H * * *, had died of the typhoid fever, which prevailed there some eighteen months ago. The day preceding the night of his decease he was delirious, and imagined his friends at home had sent him a box of clothes. With the pertinacity attending delirium, he insisted that the box was in the room, and sent for my son and some others of his classmates to come and open it for him. In order to quiet him they procured an empty box, and went through with the ceremony of opening it in his presence. In a few hours he expired. My son had expressed the opinion that overpowering fear, acting upon his system, shattered by sickness, had caused his death. It was plain, then, H * * * was present. He had referred to the imaginary "box of clothes" and recalled to mind the mistaken opinion touching the cause of his death, in order to establish his identity. But, as if more were wanting to produce absolute conviction, he continued, "You know me now—I have given you the only test in my power to prove my identity. I come for that purpose alone. Your mistake has done no harm. It is all right—the past is all right."

Neither the medium nor any one present except my son, had ever known or heard of young H * * * while in the form, or of the circumstances attending his late sickness. Who could desire a more satisfactory test?

In a late communication I mentioned the mild and gentle address of a "quakeress," given on a former evening through the medium, wherein she ingenuously marveled that any of the circle should desire the "rappings" in lieu of the higher manifestations with which we were being favored. This evening she came again. The medium arose and commenced the peculiar dance practiced by the Shakers. She continued the exercise about five minutes accompanying her movements by singing the simple air which belongs to the ceremony. Then stopping and turning toward me with her arms extended, she said, "Has thee forgotten thy friend?" Again (after a brief pause) "Does thee not remember thy friend?" "The friend of my childhood?" I replied. "Yea," she answered, "the friend of thy childhood!"

Nearly forty years have elapsed since I had seen her in the form, and yet even before she made the inquiry I had recognized her. When a child she—but little my senior—lived with my father's family and was my playmate. Taken by her relatives to the Shaker settlement at Enfield, N. H., after residing there for some two or three years she came back to live with us again. She was accustomed to exhibit the Shaker dance when requested by any of the family, which at first, being a novelty, often occurred; both the dance and tune were *precisely the same* she then performed. I never witnessed them elsewhere. I never saw the Shakers dance nor heard them sing. The imitations which she used to exhibit when a little girl, was the only specimen of their singing or drawing I ever witnessed. The forty years were a blank and I gazed upon the scene—not as through the dim memories of the past, but as an existing reality with all the surroundings of the present. She addressed me in persuasive and encouraging language saying that I had done well in examining and adopting the doctrines of Spiritualism, the truth of progression, and the teachings of Spirit friends. Her expressions were full of delicacy, affection and friendship; and—sneer who may at my credulity—I recognize in full assurance the sweet and harmonious influences which this beautiful Spirit has flung, as a rainbow, upon my path.

Various other characters were represented during these evenings. The Indian warrior sung the song, and whirled along in the wild dance of war. The Comanche, as if on his horse dashing along the wild green prairies of the West, flung himself from side to side as evading the arrows of his enemies, while he rapidly discharged his own. Castro and Flacco, the Lipan chiefs, announced their presence. Others shouted the war-whoop, and loudly mimicked the whip-poor-will, panther and other inhabitants of the forest. The organ girl singing a sweet simple melody, turned the crank of her instrument, and solicited charity. The sailor, as if just ashore and full of glee, hailed and greeted us in his natural *patois*, and closed by singing a sea song never heard by any one present before. An opera with the words in Italian, and purporting to be sung by Sontag, was in perfect imitation of her style and manner.

EENEZER ALLEN.



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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. W. T." sends us some verses for which a spiritual origin is claimed. There are many saints on earth, and for aught we know to the contrary there may be many in heaven, who never had any poetic abilities. And it is possible that these lines may have emanated from the latter. To say the least they are poor poetry, and certainly none the better for their transmundane origin.

MORN (in verse ?) is so cold and cloudy that it is out of season, and quite out of the sphere of ordinary daylight.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.

Those who perused our letter from New London, published last week, will remember that we narrated two curious facts in the experience of a young lady whom we called Paulina. We will here record other examples, presenting different phases of the mysterious agency, at the same time the facts are not less extraordinary in their character than those already submitted. It is alleged that Paulina has on one or more occasions, in a most mysterious and unaccountable manner, *instantly* disappeared from the presence and observation of those with whom she was conversing. The writer had a personal interview with a scientific gentleman, who declared with great apparent seriousness that this strange phenomenon had occurred in his own presence. It happened at one time when the medium was walking by his side and under his umbrella, that she suddenly became *invisible*, by what means he could never determine.

A Disaster prevented by a Spirit.

Paulina having accepted an invitation to accompany a sleighing party on a ride to a neighboring village, a large company, herself among the number, found it both convenient and agreeable to occupy the same vehicle. While on the road some circumstance occurred which frightened the horses; they became rather unmanageable, and dashed away at a rapid and dangerous rate. At length they came to a curve where the road wound round a hill side. The whole company naturally expected that the sleigh and themselves would be hurled together down the hill, and that all would escape without broken bones was not to be expected. The crisis arrived. The sleigh was poised on one runner, and just on the point of going over—in which case the whole party must inevitably have been thrown down a steep declivity—when, suddenly, the sleigh was arrested and held as firmly as if supported by a solid wall. All wondered that it did not turn over, and some, perhaps, thought their escape providential. Paulina alone knew how the impending danger was averted. Just at the critical moment she saw her faithful Indian guardian standing on the brink and upholding the sleigh. Thus by the agency of a Spirit, doubtless, an accident was prevented which must otherwise have been attended with painful and perhaps fatal consequences. The Spirits may enable us to solve the difficult problems involved in many "hair-breadth escapes;" they illustrate many so called inscrutable providences, and pour a flood of light over the whole realm of mystery.

When in the country, *some twenty miles from the salt water*, Paulina had a very strange experience one night, with which I will conclude this part of my letter. On the night in question she retired as usual and slept soundly. Suddenly she awoke and found herself *in a boat*, and apparently on the ocean. The fog was so dense that she could see but a short distance. She had a blanket round her person, and her clothing and hair were wet with the thick mists. She experienced no fear, but questioned herself with a view to determine whether, indeed, what she then saw was real or only a vision, which in a moment might terminate and the impression be dissipated. Among the means resorted to, in order to determine the nature of this experience, Paulina relates that she held her hands in the water, that her fingers came in contact with some *sea-weed*, which she grasped and resolved to hold in

her hand, saying, "If I find this weed on returning home, I shall know that I have had a sail on the water."

Immediately Paulina was unconscious, how long, she had no means of knowing. When consciousness again returned she was sitting on a trunk in her own room; and, strange to say, *her hair and clothing were wet and she had a quantity of sea-weed in her hand!* On going below, the lady with whom she boarded said, "Miss Paulina, where have you been so early? I went up to your room and found that you had gone." Paulina waived the subject of her strange experience by giving an evasive answer.

More Modern Miracles.

We have received a certificate to the effect that Jane Cook, of Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y., (four miles south east of the village of Norwich) had for six years been affected with a cancer in the breast, and which, notwithstanding the efforts of three skillful medical practitioners, grew steadily worse until, in the year 1851, she was brought in contact with Mr. Asa Lowell, a noted healing medium. Mr. L. told her that if she would have faith she would be healed. She responded by requesting him to pray that she might have faith. He did so, and by a mysterious influx of spiritual influence (as was no doubt the case) she was enabled to cherish a faith that a cure would be effected. Strange to say, a few nights after she retired to bed with the cancer as bad as usual, and sometime before daylight the next morning she called her mother to her bed-side, and informed her that the cancer was healed. The physician subsequently came and testified to the reality of the cure. "The skin had grown over it in one night," and corresponding indications of a restoration to soundness appeared.

"Clara Thompson, my wife" says our correspondent, was struck with palsy about nineteen years ago, in her right arm, and it was nearly useless until of late, when by the power of Mr. Lowell (the above named medium) she received new life in her arm, and is able to use it some. She lives in the neighborhood of Jane Cook." The above facts are certified to by James Thompson, Clarissa Thompson, William T. Thornton, John Munroe, Nancy T. Thornton (sister of Jane Cook) and Alonzo D. Thornton.

A Double Test.

MR. ISRAEL BALDWIN, of Newark, N. J., recently related to the writer the following remarkable facts in his experience: One Sunday as he was alone in his room, making preparations to go to a circle, his interior sight was suddenly opened and he saw Dr. Newman sitting before him in his own arm-chair, just as he had often seen him. Dr. N. (known as the author of a book entitled, "*Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming*,") had at that time been in the Spirit-world for a year or more. On seeing him, Mr. Baldwin asked him if he had any message which he desired him to convey to his family. He said he had not, but that he would be very happy if he (Mr. Baldwin) would allow him to accompany him to the circle. "Certainly," said Mr. B., whereupon Dr. N. instantly disappeared.

On completing his toilet, Mr. B. proceeded to the circle. As he entered the door of the room where the circle was holden, and before he had uttered a word, Mr. Hughs, a seeing medium who was present, exclaimed, "There comes the doctor!" He then went to a book-case and got down Dr. Newman's work on Fascination, and holding it up to Mr. Baldwin, said, "The author of this book came in with you; there he is now."

If a skeptic could have his choice of any conceivable tests whereby to satisfy himself of the reality of spiritual manifestations, it is doubtful whether he would propose one that would be more demonstrative than this.

"The Penetralia,

BRING Harmonial Answers to Important Question." Such is the title of a new book of 328 pages, by Andrew Jackson Davis, now in press, and to be issued in a few days. In the Preface, Mr. Davis says:

From time to time, during the past three years, the Author has been interrogated on almost every topic; frequently by letter, sometimes orally, and naturally by the subjects themselves; and this volume is designed as a *responsum* to such questions as have appeared to him of the greatest importance to mankind.

The publisher's circular will be found in our advertising columns, and shows the principal heads of chapters that will comprise the contents of this book.

We hope to be able to supply orders for this new volume by the latter part of next week, or at the farthest by the fore part of the week following. Price, \$1; postage, 24c.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.

THE July Number of this magazine will be ready for delivery to its patrons, in two or three days from the present writing (Monday.) It contains articles entitled "Evidence of Spirit Action;" "Authority of Truth vs. the Authority of Men;" "Modern Mysteries Explained and Exposed" (being a continuation of the Review of Mahan, and interesting for the novel views and facts incidentally set forth); "Philosophy of Nature;" the commencement of a series of papers entitled "A plea for Christianity," and which promise to be of importance—besides miscellaneous "Propositions," "Current Items" etc. From the article entitled "Evidence of Spirit Action," we make the following extract:

That control of the physical organism necessary to enable one to speak and write in a language unknown to the speaker or writer, can only take place in cases of obsession. The obsessed medium is not informed of the meaning of that which is being communicated, neither of the appropriate sound or sign by which the meaning is to be made manifest to others. Hence the intelligent contingent action necessary to make a communication in an unknown language can not be based upon the mind of the medium.

It is for this reason that speaking in unknown languages was to be one of the infallible signs of Spirit influence. That which could be produced by other means than Spirit control, would not become a sign of Spirit presence and action. It has been claimed by objectors that the speaking or writing medium was *en rapport* with some mind present which dictated the communication—that mediums never speak or write in unknown languages, except in the presence of those who understand them, and consequently that it is to be inferred that they are psychologized by such minds.

That such objection is not well founded may be shown from two considerations: 1st. It is not true that persons do not write or speak in languages unknown to themselves, except in the presence of those who understand them; and, 2d. When others are present who do not understand the language used, they are not conscious of the subject matter of the communication until it is given, and hence they do not dictate it.

Under the first consideration it may be remarked, there is no apparent difference between the faculty of speaking with tongues in modern and in ancient times. Mediums in the days of the apostles spake with tongues when there were none present to intercept; and judging from Paul's remarks in his first letter to the Corinthians, they carried the exercise to such an extent as to appear drunken and disorderly.

According to Paul's idea of the use of tongues, it was for a sign to the unbeliever. It was a gift which could not be counterfeited, and when the fact became apparent there was but one solution which could be given, and that was that of Spirit control.

So also is it in modern times. Mediums do speak and write in languages unknown to themselves and others present, and it is as much a sign of Spirit control to day as it was in the days of Paul. The same cause which can produce such phenomena to-day, could have produced the like two thousand years ago.

But there are no known causes other than spiritual obsession which can produce such phenomena. They never have been produced by experimenters in mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychology, biology, or anything of the kind; and I have no hesitation in saying they never can be produced in any such way. I am familiar with all such experiments, as well also as with the laws by which mind acts upon mind, and with such knowledge I fear not to challenge the world of experimenters to produce any such phenomena.

I know very well that when one mind is clearly in psychological rapport with another, and maintains a relation strongly positive to such mind, the thoughts, feelings and actions can be transmitted from the active to the passive mind. But the thought, feeling and volition must have an active, conscious existence in the positive mind, and must specifically control and direct the action of the subject. But in such case the communication first exists specifically in the conscious perception and volition of the controlling mind, which is not the case where mediums speak in languages unknown to themselves, unless they are spiritually obsessed, and the communication exists in the mind of the obsessing Spirit.

The philosophy of the objector is invalid also in this: It can never rise higher than naked assumption. For its premises are such that in the nature of things they never can be proved true. Unconscious, intelligent, contingent action involves such conditions as to render the same utterly incapable of truth. The mind can testify only to its conscious intelligence; what it does, or what is done unconsciously, it can not, by any known law, claim as its own, or show itself entitled to. And especially is this the case when it has established the fact that it is liable to be unconsciously controlled by other minds.

Then between the Spiritualist and the materialist objector, the Spiritualist has all the argument. For admitting that Spirit can control the human organism so as to speak and write in languages unknown to the medium and others present, (as all believing in the records of the apostles must admit) the claim set up by the communicating agency becomes at once possible and probable—that is, that it is produced by Spirits. The phenomena then are of easy explanation by the application of the laws of mental action.

The phenomena, then, have a rational beginning and ending, and accord with all other known truths. Mind is found acting according to its known laws of potential manifestation. We can then account for all intelligent contingent action, and everything connected there-

with becomes harmonious and philosophical. But adopt the objector's theory, and you are obliged to assume as true the very things requiring to be proved, and those things which from the very nature of things can not be proved. Your premises you can not perceive to be possible, much less probable, and the phenomena become utterly inexplicable upon any known principles of mental action and manifestation.

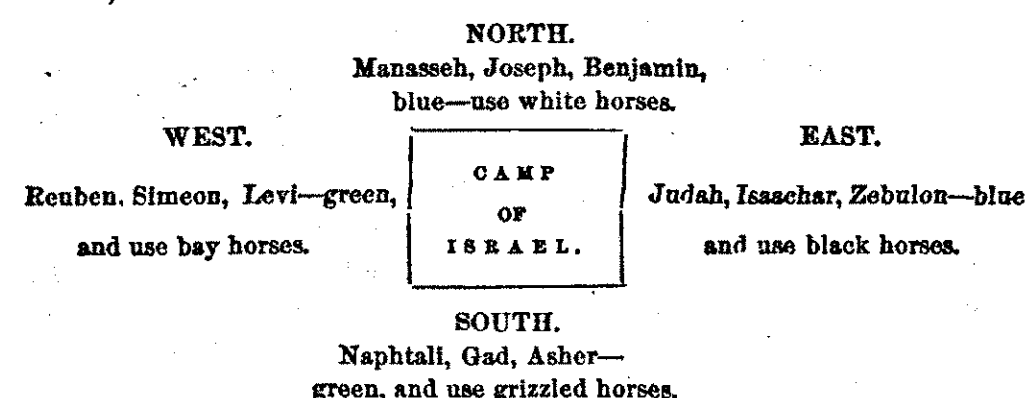
MODERN VISITATIONS IN ENGLAND,

ABOUT the time of the French Revolution, Richard Brothers was visited by the Spirit and told he was the Jewish Messiah—the man appointed by God to restore Israel. Many of his prophecies were fulfilled, but in general they failed, and his conduct was wild. He was put into a Lunatic Asylum by William Pitt, and kept there eleven years, until Pitt's death.

After him Joanna Southcott appeared. She began to be visited in 1792. The Spirit spoke tenderly to her of Brothers, but called him Jonah, the disobedient prophet. Joanna had many followers; several clergymen of the Church of England believed in her. The Spirit called her the Bride, and taught to her the doctrine that woman had a function to perform in the Regeneration as well as in the Generation. The woman occupies a principal place in Joanna's communications—six volumes octavo. But nothing was said of a son until 1813, when she was told by the Spirit that she must be a mother or she could not be the Bride. In 1814 she was delivered with child, at sixty-four years of age. All the symptoms of pregnancy appeared, even to milk in the breasts. Medical men asserted her pregnancy; others denied it. On the 27th of December, 1814, she died. Her followers were disappointed; and yet the Spirit had said that the child was to be a spiritual child, though temporal also. They were mystified.

George Turner took the lead after her death. Many received him, others did not. His communications treat chiefly of Shiloh and his kingdom—two volumes, octavo. They are tender, delicate and affectionate.

Turner died in 1821. Hitherto the chief place was London; but now the standard was removed to the provinces by the calling of John Wrae to be the leader. He was of Bradford, and his chief place was Ashton-Underline, where he was formally recognized as the leading prophet, in 1823. He became a lawgiver, and promulgated a very severe law of ordinances, and called his people Israelites. The men were circumcised, and the whole were divided into twelve tribes, and these tribes into four divisions of three tribes each, with first four different colors, and afterward thus:



The names of all the tribes were changed, and changed again, and the colors were changed. These already given are not the first. But the laws are mutable to admit of progressive improvement. Perhaps they have been again changed; but it matters not. The principle of organization remains the same.

The whole twelve are called the house of Israel and also the house of Joseph; and the two houses of Ephraim and Manasseh—Ephraim containing ten and Manasseh two tribes, names and divisions all having their origin in some scriptural phraseology, and not at all arbitrary.

This law dates from 1823; it is the longest and most firmly established of all the spiritual movements originating in the woman's church. There are a few of the original woman's party, who reject it as they rejected Turner's visitation, and call both Wrae and Turner impostors; and there are some, especially about London, who received Turner and reject Wrae. But they are merely those who had not breadth of mind to follow the spirit from one leader to another, and who therefore may be said to have died with the prophet whom they received. A few straggling prophets and prophetesses of inferior note have arisen in different places—Brides and Shilohs—but not with sufficient followers to support them, or with sufficient funds to publish their spiritual communications. Luckily for the world these are generally in manuscript only, but they are very numerous.

Wrae by command of the Spirit, established his head-quarters

in Ashton-Underline. It was called Jerusalem. A sanctuary was built there, which is said to have cost £10,000. The wood work was all cedar and mahogany; no paint was allowed because it typifies falsehood. Four houses were built at the four cardinal points of the town, and these four houses were called gates—east, west, north, and south—Wrae himself lived in the south gate. But in 1830 a disruption took place, and since that Wrae has established his head-quarters in Wakefield. The disruption was occasioned by seven virgins whom the Spirit had given to his wife as attendants—or rather by one of them, who accused him of some indelicate behavior—but not of an attempt to ruin her. It was only a liberty that was considered, and if true, really was unbecoming. Many believed, others disbelieved. It caused a great falling away; but just in that year the Irvingite church began to arise, and the Spirit had often said to Wrae that he meant to turn aside for a season and visit another people; afterward he would return to Israel.

The law was very strict, interfering with everything. It fixed a style of dress in respect to form and color. No black was allowed, not even a black hat. A white hat, of Quaker dimensions; a white coat and a long beard, distinguish the men; and green and blue dresses, and something like Quakeresses' bonnets with white and green veils, distinguish the women. The men were at first permitted to cut the hair of the head, and afterwards forbidden. Frequent ablutions were commanded, and when offenses against the law was committed the culprit was said to be unclean, and commanded to dip seven times under water. For great offenses stripes were administered by the women, who had frequent opportunities of flogging the men. The stripes were very gently and tenderly inflicted—on the back (not bare). The women also flogged one another, without the protection of clothing, and it is reported that they often handled the rod very smartly. They were the only sex that complained of the flogging. The flogging system has been abolished, and other modes of discipline, very strict and purifying, have been from time to time adopted.

In 1830 the congregation of Edward Irving began to be moved by the Spirit, and spoke in unknown as well as known tongues. Many objected to receive the utterances, and a separation ensued. The old congregation (belonging to the Scotch Church in London) was broken up, and a new congregation formed. Here was more liberty. For a time they met at the large room of the Horse Bazaar, Gray's Inn Lane, where Robert Owen also lectured; and here a person might stand and hear both Irving and Owen at once—one preaching the millennium with the Scriptures, another without them—the one regarding the other as mad or foolish. Afterward they both settled in other places, Irving in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and Owen in Charlotte-street, a few hundred yards eastward of Irving. Prophets arose in Irving's congregation, and gave directions toward a new organization. But Irving himself died in 1834, before the organization was completed. The prophets called by the Spirit twelve men to be heads of the church, by the name of apostles. These apostles still continue, and the church is called the Catholic Apostolic Church. Woman had much to do with the organization of this church, for Mary Campbell and other women were principal speakers under the influence of the Spirit, but of late the feminine influence seems to have declined in it.

These two churches of modern law and gospel, are the only churches raised up by visitation of the Spirit, in England. The Irvingites are most numerous, and have seven churches in London, besides many throughout the provinces. The Israelites, however, have only one sanctuary, like the one temple of old, and they generally meet in private houses or school-rooms, and thus have escaped the census of 1851, where they do not appear so numerous as they are; but at most they do not number more than a few thousands in all England. There are a few in the colonies—for Wrae has travelled much—having been twice to the United States and twice to Australia, besides visiting the European continent.

In these visitations in England the Spirit speaks in the name of the Lord, as in Scripture, and gives an organic form to the body of believers, appointing office bearers, etc. Hence the order and discipline which pervades them, and already some stately edifices have arisen to hold the congregations. They both entertain one main hope of the coming of Messiah to rule the world. The Israelites and believers in the woman's mission, generally all believe in his coming as Shiloh, that is the

spiritual son of Christ. (Not Christ personally, but a person imbued with his Spirit) The Irvingites believe in Christ's coming personally and reject the idea of a Shiloh personally different from Christ, and regard the woman Joanna just as the world regards her—knowing nothing about her. The Joanites know more about the Irvingites, and believe they are visited with an imperfect visitation, which will join theirs in time. Thus both parties are waiting for something more than they have, but resolved to keep what they have, and not to desert it for anything else. They may be said to have the divinity of modern revelations; the Spiritualists have its humanity.* The Divine Humanity is the union; without both forms of revelation it does not appear to be complete, and when the union is effected, the imperfections of each in its separate state will disappear. At present there does not seem to be any party which has the two combined, and there is no record of any such party having ever existed.

* In relation to Irvingism, Israelism has the Divinity and Irvingism the Humanity. For Irvingism admits of mere human judgment. Divinity in excess without humanity overrules the reason and silences it.
LONDON, (ENG.) JAMES SMITH.

THE AMESBURY SNAKE STORY.

It will be remembered that in a recent issue we copied from the *Boston Times* (not a Spiritualist paper) a story to the effect that a lady in Amesbury, Mass., after having for a long time been affected with distressing symptoms which her physicians had pronounced incurable, resorted to the aid of a spiritual medium, who, being entranced, discovered a live snake in her stomach; and it was added that his snakeship was subsequently expelled, and the lady cured by means of a prescription given by the medium. By a communication which we find in the last Number of the *New England Spiritualist* (and which Bro. Newton pronounces "from an authentic source") we perceive that the *Boston Times*, and through it the public, has been hoaxed by some mischief-lover, (probably an enemy of Spiritualism,) who communicated to it this delectable item, which, it appears, is almost entirely without foundation in truth. The correspondent of the *Spiritualist* gives the following as the true version of the story, and which we hasten to lay before our readers in the consciousness that we have an abundance of genuine facts to prove the reality of spiritual intercourse, without countenancing or giving currency to such unprincipled fabrications.

The lady in question (Mrs. P.) had been unwell for some time, and applied to Mrs. W. for advice; Mrs. W. being influenced by a Spirit, purporting to be that of Dr. Rush prescribed for her; subsequently, while in the act of vomiting, Mrs. P. threw up a common stomach worm, four or five inches in length. This is the length and breadth of this remarkable story. And it is more than probable that all other "accounts which we occasionally see in the papers, of persons swallowing living reptiles," if followed up to their starting point, would be found to contain just about the same amount of truth as the Amesbury snake story. It is somewhat doubtful whether a serpent of any species could withstand the action of digestion for two days even; particularly one "fourteen inches long by one and a quarter inches in circumference." O. K.

The New York Conference.

AFTER the removal of the Sunday meetings of the Spiritualists of this city, from the Stayvesant Institute to Dodworth's Hall, on the first of May, the Wednesday evening Conference meetings were suspended for a season, owing to the impossibility of finding a convenient hall that was not pre-occupied on that evening. We have now to announce that those meetings will be resumed, and will be holden, as formerly, every Wednesday evening in Brooks' Hall, Broome-street, a few doors west of the Bowery, on the south side.

Tour for Pleasure and Use.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, wife and son contemplate making a tour during this month, to the White Mountains, and thence to Canada West. If the friends on his proposed route through New Haven, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Portland, Bath, Hallowell, Augusta, Gardiner, Conway, Bartlett and other places en route to the mountains, and thence to Canada West, think any good can be done to the cause of Modern Spiritualism by his meeting with them and relating some of his Spiritual Experiences and showing their significance in the form of a Lecture, he will be happy to serve them. Letters addressed to him at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH will receive attention. Whenever it is not a burden, the compensation may be equal to the expenses. Subscriptions to the TELEGRAPH as a means of disseminating the glad tidings of spiritual intercourse will be solicited.

SECTARIAN FUSION.

ONE of the happiest signs of the times as of the influence of a true Spiritualism is the growing liberality, toward one another and the world, of the various and many sects into which Christendom is divided. This is so marked that none who observe the spiritual movements and aspects of the age, can mistake it. It is a matter for rejoicing for it only requires that this spirit should develop itself to perfection to disarm not only sects, but mankind, of all hatred and uncharitableness, and by flooding the earth with a divine humanity loving, beautiful and harmonious, to expel the discords and evils that have so long filled it with sorrow, crime and desolation. The spirit of brotherly love diffused through the ranks of sectarianism, would soon inoculate the whole world, and there would be a speedy realization of that millennial era, when man is to turn his sword into a plowshare and his spear into a pruning hook, and the lion and the lamb are to lie down peacefully together.

Christianity has failed to bear its full fruit of blessedness, only because its followers have failed to exemplify its Spirit, or have crucified it in the midst of their own divided household. Professing to cast aside the world, the flesh and the devil, their record would seem to show that these have rather been their treasured trinity, labored for (if not intentionally) with a zeal and ardor worthy of a higher and purer cause. For sectarianism of the mildest cast is a service to human pride—a forgetting of God and human brotherhood in a strife to build up some narrow conceit or prejudice of the human mind. The history of sectarianism is a history of bitter contentions and strifes, and even bloody wars. To what purpose? To advance the good of man or the glory of God? No! These have been as far from the thought of wrangling sects as the heavens are above the earth. The strife of each sect has been to establish and extend its own narrow dogmas, and to rail against the dogmas of every other sect. Christendom has been as it were a great arena, in the midst of which stood Christ, while on either side and all around, were ranged the ever-increasing sects, hurling their shafts at each other, but most wounding Him whom they had placed in the center as an object of worship.

Outside of Christendom, these things have been, not unnaturally a scandal to the Christian name. The sarcastic Pagan has likened the Christian sects to a pack of wolves which, finding no other congenial occupation, fall to preying on themselves. But in our day sectarianism has been so modified by the progress of general intelligence and the triumphs of a more exalted and harmonious Spiritualism, that they are daily less and less inclined to anathematize the world and battle one another, and more and more disposed to worship God by fraternizing with man, irrespective of inessential matters of creed and faith. The formidable old barriers raised by Calvin and Arminius have dwindled by degrees, until now the weakest sheep of the poorest flock can almost leap over into the great common spiritual fold.

It is now some months since, (as an instance of the quiet fusion of creed men going forward) the Unitarian organ of this city declared that as the differences between the Unitarians and the Universalists or rather the causes which kept the two apart were more of a social than of a religious nature, and as, in fact there were no vital disagreements between them on the subject of religion it should urge and labor for their union as one sect, and not cease its labor until that union was accomplished. And why should they not unite? With no real differences of faith, worshipping one God through one Saviour, why should they be more than one sect? Indeed why should there be more than one, or even one sect in Christendom? Do they not all profess the same fundamental faith—believe in the same God, and confess the same Christ? Let them drop their human creeds and conceits and consult the revelations of the divine Spirit, wherever found, in the manifestations of nature or the precepts of Jesus, and they will be of one spirit, and that spirit will make them brothers and sisters, learning truly the image of God the Father, and their influence then will be a converting and healing power in the world.

QUAKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The official statistics of the Friends or Quakers in the United States show that they have 715 meeting-houses with an aggregate membership of 283,023. In Maryland, they have 26 meeting-houses and 7,760 members; in the District of Columbia, 1 meeting-house and two hundred members; in Virginia, 14 meeting-houses and 6,300 members; and in Pennsylvania, their favorite State, 141 meeting-houses and 60,974 members.—*Trine.*

HOW TO TRY THE PROPHETS.

POLITICAL CORRUPTIONS—CIVIL WAR PREDICTED.

SOME time last autumn the *Age of Progress* published the following prophetic communication. It is said in substance, or at least implied—in an ancient book—that when the thing spoken comes to pass the prophet does not speak presumptuously, but the Lord speaks through him. This criterion indicates a great deal of prudence on the part of its author. If the thing comes to pass we think it must be safe to infer that that the prophet is *all right*. From the present appearance of our political horizon we may apprehend the possible occurrence of such a crisis in our national affairs as the Spirit describes in the following communication.

FROM THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

On Sunday evening last, at the close of the meeting at the Hall, we accompanied Mr. Pardee and Mr. Conklin to the room occupied by the latter gentleman. While sitting and conversing by the stove, the right hand of M. P. was extended to us. We clasped it, and, looking up into his face, perceived that he was entranced, and that we were shaking hands with a Spirit. The friendly visitant spoke to us acceptably, as an old acquaintance. At the close we desired the Spirit to communicate the name which it bore when in the physical form. Just as we made the request, the medium's hand grasped ours more powerfully; his form was straightened up; his countenance seemed to change; his voice underwent a change of tone; and his organs spoke as follows: "Another would speak to you. I was known by the name of Andrew Jackson when a resident of your sphere; and I come to-night, my venerated friend, to bear witness, before the Eternal, that this, thy beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth, through thy journal, to my people—mine because I love them. Tell them—though I would fain weep in proclaiming it—that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ear, distinctly and clearly. I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their flesh-pots, and eat the pure meat of righteousness and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies while the heavy load threatens to stop and still its motion. If you could, my friend, see mighty minds, as I see them, engaged in maturing events, then you'd know, to a certainty, that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths. What! while the ship of state is irresistibly driving toward the breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement! The false watcher on the tower may cry, "All is well." I say all is *wrong*—that is, in the government. To me the White House looks as a black mas—it is fair without; but within it is full of corruption and dead men's bones. Here and there, like a stray white sheep, is found in the national councils a pure man. The end of all this can not be escaped. Your country's worthies, who have gone before, with one united, solemn voice, proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into events; and those who fought in the past, to give you independence and a country, by divine wisdom unto them given are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that, purified, the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon Heaven—not upon politicians—and sustained by the influence from the higher life. You will live to see this; but fear not. God by his Spirits will guide and protect those who stand fast by Truth and Justice. I have done."

A POISONED VALLEY.—A singular discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on this subject, addressed to the Royal Geographical Society. It is known by the name of Guevo Upa, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and a fowl for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at a distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley, a nauseous suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley was about a half a mile in circumference of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deers and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was proposed to enter it, and each having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effect. At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs without looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog left the company and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved a tier, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter, and another, which was thrown in after it, died in the space of a minute and a half.

Original Communications.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

Our absent friends—our absent friends—
We sigh for them in vain,
While Hope is always promising
That we shall meet again.
We talk of them in twilight hours,
And by the fire-side gleams,
And often in the hush of night
We visit them in dreams.
We read their letters o'er and o'er
A lonely hour to cheer,
And think how happy we would be
If they were only here—
We long to take them by the hand,
Our anxious doubts to end,
And hear one heart-felt "How d'ye do"
From some long-absent friend.
How can we wait to hear from them
Another long, long day?
There may be even now for us
A letter "on the way"—
Or soon, some friend we wish to see
May unexpected call,
And oh! perchance, the very one
We wish to see of all.
Our absent friends—our absent friends—
As fancy oft portrays,
They come around us with the smiles,
And "light of other days"—
Familiar voices from the past
Around us lingering seem,
And yet we know 'tis nothing but
A bright and pleasant dream.
What though our absent friends from far
By TELEGRAPH can hail—
Can smile on us in miniatures,
Or talk with us by mail:
Our old desires and cherished hopes
Unsatisfied remain,
Till face to face, the absent ones
Shall meet with us again.
Are we remembered far away
In other household bands?
Does some lone wanderer think of us
Mid distant scenes and lands?
We'll ne'er forget our absent friends,
Though scattered far and wide,
But keep for them a warm true heart,
Whatever may betide.
Where'er we dwell—where'er we roam—
Whatever fate attend—
Our earnest prayer shall ever be
"God bless our absent friends."

THE GENUINE AND COUNTERFEIT COURTNEY.

SINCE arriving in New York I have been shown several letters from different places in the West, addressed to Brother Partridge, setting forth that a certain W. S. Courtney of Pittsburgh, Pa., had been out there lecturing on Spiritualism, that his lectures were well received, that he made himself many friends, and finally that he had been challenged to a discussion of sundry Bible questions, etc. One letter, dated Maquon, Knox county, Ill., May 12, 1856, states:

"Another object in writing you is to know whether we have had W. S. Courtney, of Pittsburgh; he who reviewed Dr. Dods. For my part I have no doubts from some circumstances: some have. There came a man among us quite small, intellectual, and an excellent lecturer on Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. I judge him to be about fifty years of age, rather foreign features; claimed to be a single man. We were highly pleased with the three lectures he delivered here. I also heard him at Uniontown. My daughters heard him in Peoria before a select company, promising at another time to lecture there in public. He lectured three times in Monmouth. Now for the query: One man from the East who pretended to know, said it was not W. S. Courtney, etc., etc., but afterward wrote me from Waukegan, that he had been mistaken; that the one he had reference to was a relative. While here in this vicinity, I believe in Farmington, our man accepted a challenge from a divine at Abingdon to discuss at that place seventy-two propositions, comprising the claims, origin, authority, etc., of the Bible, four weeks from that time. A few days after the acceptance, he and friend Finney met in Gabsburgh, went from there to Monmouth together, since which time we have heard nothing from him. A number of the friends, myself and wife among the number, went on to Abingdon, some fifteen miles, spent two days very agreeably among the friends, but no Courtney, consequently no discussion, etc.

Another letter dated at Farmington, Ill., states:

I would also like to know if you can inform us of the whereabouts

of W. S. Courtney. He was here about the middle of March last, gave several lectures, which were very much liked by all who heard them; even the opposers of Spiritualism spoke well of them. He left here for St. Louis, promising to return on the 10th of April, to hold a discussion on the Bible question with a Campbellite preacher, at Abingdon, on the 14th. The time came and a great many people came together, but Courtney did not appear, and we have not heard of him since. Many begin to think that there is some humbug about it; that the man who was here was not W. S. Courtney, or else Courtney is not an honest man. The affair has had a very bad effect on the cause in this region, and if you can explain the mystery, either through your paper or by a private letter to me, it would give great satisfaction to many friends. Please let us know at least where Mr. C. is, and whether or not you consider him an honest man.

Now I claim to be the genuine W. S. Courtney, of Pittsburgh, Pa., which I can establish by the most indubitable proof; and unless the interesting individual alluded to above is *bona fide* another W. S. Courtney, or a relative, I must assure the friends that they have been "sold"—"taken in and done for." Your W. S. Courtney is *bonus*—decidedly "Roobah." If necessary I can establish an *alibi*. I was never in Illinois in my life; never lectured at Maquon nor at Uniontown, nor at Abingdon, nor Farmington, nor Pecora, nor Orisville. I never agreed to discuss Bibleism with a Rev. Campbellite, or any other clergyman, at Abingdon, Illinois, nor elsewhere, at that or any other time. I never met friend Finney at Gabsburg or elsewhere that I know of in my life. I have no relative that I am aware of the name of W. S. Courtney, nor have I ever heard of another of that name. Sorry thus to disappoint the friends and do away with the good impressions the bogus adventurer in Spiritualism has made on the outsiders. But I must assure them that they have been imposed upon by a counterfeit article. From the tenor of the letters, I judge that quite a feeling has arisen for and against, and that the "genuineness and authenticity" of W. S. Courtney is likely to be more discussed than the seventy-two propositions of the Campbellite. I hope this disclaimer will set it all at rest, and bring to light the whereabouts of the impostor.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1856.

W. S. COURTNEY.

SPIRIT WRITING UPON THE ARM.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 3, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Permit me to state through the columns of the TELEGRAPH, a phase of spiritual manifestation which has appeared in our midst quite recently, and one I think which must put the skeptic to silence, more than any other with which I am acquainted. It is this: Sentences or names are written, or rather rise on the arm, legible enough to be read.

The medium is a young woman who has had but slight advantages in the world, and not at all surrounded by spiritual associations. She has been attended by the raps some two years; though never having cultivated that branch of mediumship, not even to call the alphabet naught but the simple sounds were produced until recently, when she was placed under my care by Spirit direction through Mr. Coles. Since that time we have had beautiful sentences rapped out, time kept to music, etc. But the most important feature to which I would call attention is the Spirit-writing upon the arm, wholly spontaneous, and not unlike in character to the "Handwriting upon the wall" in the olden time.

If any wise philosopher of our own times can account for it on any other principle than that which supposes the interference of supermundane powers, we hope to be made acquainted with the fact, but until then we must claim that Spirit intelligences are alone invested with this power.

Yours for reform,

SARAH A. BURTIS.

Concerning the same phenomena, Rev. Charles Hammond, of Rochester, under date of June 23, writes as follows:

There is to us a new form of Spirit-manifestation in the person of Miss Mary Comstock, who resides at present in the family of Lewis Burtis. It consists in the formation of words and sentences on the person of the medium, and generally on the arm. I witnessed the occurrence on Thursday last. The first sentence was addressed to the medium, and being very legible we easily read it, which was as follows: "Mary shall have all good gifts that shall be given." Beneath this appeared also a very beautiful flower.

These letters are formed by raising the surface of the skin as though it were raised with a small cord run under it. The flesh of the arm is crimson, and although you rub the letters and words, they will not disappear until the Spirit removes them. Toward evening another sentence appeared for the Rev. Mr. Hyer, a Unitarian minister, who was present. It read as follows: "This is merely a test, friend. ELLE." This was not so distinct as the first, but it was quite readable.

Mr. Hyer preaches on the subject of Spiritualism next Sunday.

Yours truly,

C. HAMMOND.

ATHEISM.—I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

VISIONS.

BY MRS. SIDNEY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

VISION NO. 1.

I BEHOLD a narrow, dark, circuitous passage way, and see many enter it. I also entered, wondering where it led and to what place it would land its travelers. After traveling a short distance, I came to a steep, narrow stairway, and saw many ascending the stairs. But it was necessary to leave everything cumbersome behind, for the stairs were so steep and difficult to ascend that many hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, shivering with the cold, or so benumbed that they were not conscious of being cold. Some appeared almost senseless, while friend after friend strove to arouse and start them on their journey; and after shaking them and giving them no peace, they succeeded in awakening in them a desire to stand upon their feet and cast their eyes upward, making an effort to ascend. I also noticed there was danger of falling unless they kept their eyes constantly upward. Some, however, looked down, grew dizzy and would have fallen had they not been caught by their friends.

I noticed that the people on the stairs were encumbered with various things which hindered their progress. As they ascended the stairs grew broader, and one after another of those hindrances were laid aside or removed from them.

The stairs ascend as far as the eye can reach, and are lost in the dim distance, while the atmosphere grows warmer and brighter as they proceed. When I left the place where I stood, and listened to discern what was in the distance, lo! the stairs were very broad, and composed of a silvery light. I exclaimed, O, how beautiful the scene!—it surpasses imagination—no language can adequately describe it. Its light surpasses the light of the sun. There is no danger of falling here, for the stairs are very broad and our progress is ever upward. O, who would not lay aside every weight, and everything that hinders his progress, and "run with patience the race set before him," ever keeping his eye upward as he runs! I see now, when we arrive here, we can go back and help others without falling ourselves. I met many who had "passed on" before me, returning to assist others. O, said I, what a blessed thought that God has given "his angels charge" concerning those who are below; and that they do constantly minister to them, and keep them from falling.

VISION NO. 2.

I looked, and behold! a great crowd of light—one continuous cloud, grand and beautiful to look upon, for the cloud was full of angels: "Beautiful as Tizrah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners. Behold He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him!" This cloud of light resembles a mighty engine as it moves steadily along, crushing every obstacle in its way. Stand in awe, ye inhabitants of the earth, for the Lord has come with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment in the earth. "The heavens shall roll together as a scroll and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." O, how awfully sublime and grand this mighty car moves along! No earthly power can stay its progress; the tops of mountains are leveled into the valleys; the crooked places are made straight, rough places plain, the hidden things of darkness are brought to light, and the secrets of men's hearts are revealed. O, with what God-like majesty this powerful engine sweeps its way! Not a weapon formed against it but that falls powerless in the hand of the enemy! This great light, coming as it does in contact with darkness, will cause a crashing; the vessels will be broken, and some will be saved as by fire.

All do not see this great light. You take a hollow vessel and cover it; does the light penetrate? No. But take the lid away and the light shines in so that you can discern what is within; so it is with those who refuse the light of life, their hearts are shut to instruction and truth, they are blind to what is within their own souls. But the books will be opened, and this light coming in contact with darkness, will break the vessels; they will suffer loss; then they will call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them to hide them from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, for He has come to reign. A new epoch is about to be ushered in. There has been several in the world's history already.

SPIRITUAL STIMULATIONS.

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

THE pulpit and the press of our country are alike agitated and bewildered on the exciting moral and political questions so prominently engrossing the public mind. Staid, sober-minded, conservative people are constantly asking each other and themselves, "What is to be the end of these ultrasims," on the questions of Total Abstinence, Slavery Expansion, Free Soil, Know-Nothingism, Spiritualism, etc. But few seem to be satisfied with any explanations yet given as to the causes of the prevalent extremes or their probable results, while many realize as a certainty they can not ignore—that conservatism on all public questions is now at a deplorable discount. "Young America" riots fairly in all public questions now.

Reflecting on these matters, I was reminded of a lecture delivered in this city some two years since, through Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, a "trance" medium, in which the spirit speaking declared, that the people of our country were now coming into such close rapport with the Spirit-world around us, that we might prepare to witness as a consequence thereof the disposition of mankind to act out the bigotries, prejudices and propensities which enslaved them, inasmuch as kindred minds in the Spirit-life, animated by the like darkness and deformities of mental nature, were being enabled to stimulate those still in the flesh for whom they affinitized, to give free scope to their own nature, regardless of all popular public standards to restrain them. To use the expressive figure of the Spirit on that occasion, "The hells are let

loose." With your permission I beg to submit some views in support of the theory thus suggested, to wit: that mankind, more particularly in our country, are being influenced unconsciously by Spirit spheres around us, to give freer vent to the prejudices, ambitions, and selfishness of their nature, and that in this may be found an explanation of "the signs of the times."

The doctrine of Spiritualism teaches: 1st, That by virtue of the progressive unfolding of phenomenal organizations, the masses of mankind are rapidly coming into rapport with the Spirit-world.

2d, That the masses of Spirit-minds who have "recently" left earth-forms took with them mental characteristics of bigotries and prejudices, and must there seek to obtain the emancipation from errors which they failed to accomplish here.

3d, That this work involves great labor and time because they are drawn into associations with kindred "darkness" by their affinity for such; hence that "our friends" who seek to influence us are themselves subject to the prejudices they took with them, to the extent at least that they have failed to rise above them.

4th, That the Spirit spheres immediately surrounding earth, and coming into rapport with mankind, are thus drawn by their affinity for the varied prejudices and bigotries engrossing men's minds on public questions, and therefore are led to stimulate their out-growth and individual expressions to the extremes now so prevalent around us.

I am aware that many believers in the Spiritual philosophy will reject the doctrine that the Spirit-world has ought to do with influencing men in the prevalent extremes of opinions, etc., while the disbelievers may regard it as absurd; but I think there can be good reasons given in support of it, and with your permission I will endeavor to show it rational and consistent with the facts and teachings constituting the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

THE SOUL AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

MR. EDITOR:

The above is a subject on which the writer has employed much anxious thought, and finally he has come to the following conclusions: First, that the soul, or principle of intelligence, is a divine emanation given off from the Great Fount of Wisdom, love and intelligence; that this divine principle pervades the universe, and is manifesting itself wherever conditions will permit; and that its action on a material organization gives rise to what we call mind. Second, That mind manifested through all the grades of creation, is alike the product of this all-pervading principle, whether it is faintly exhibited in the lower order of animals, or more conspicuously manifested in the more sublimated organizations. And I have concluded that what the Bible writers termed the "Holy Ghost," was nothing more nor less than this all-pervading principle, whether it be manifested in an archangel, or in the more humble portion of the creation. But the writers in question individualized it, as the ancients were prone to do on all occasions. They could not comprehend a God unless they resolved him into a human shape. They could not well look beyond their material surroundings into the universe pervaded by this Omnipresent Spirit.

It has been a matter of much speculation at what time the human organization came into possession of this principle. Some have fixed one time, and some another—leaving it involved still in mystery; but if we take the following view of it I think it will clear up all mystery. If this divine essence pervades universal matter, it pervades alike the solid rock, the blade of grass, or the little tiny flower, as it does the highest developed individual. If this is so, then it follows that the human organism is pervaded with it from its very germ; and as the germ unfolds itself by the laws of development, this principle manifests itself first faintly then more vigorously, as the brain progresses in size and quality. It can not be supposed that the soul, which is an emanation of Deity, could be imperfect, and needed time for the increase of its powers. On the contrary, it is only waiting for the development of the material through which to develop itself.

But how are we to distinguish between the mind of a brute and that of man? (for the close observer can not fail to perceive the dawning of mind in the brute creation.) The difference appears to consist in this: Man is an ultimate of all below him; the faculties possessed by all animals meet and center in man; therefore he is a fully organized being, while all below him are only parts of the ultimate. Consequently that soul-essence that dwelt in the animal resolves itself into its original element at the dissolution of the animal's body and seeks other forms of matter, because the animal has not attained to the ultimate, and therefore is not individualized beyond the bodily dissolution—while man, being an ultimate, is individualized beyond the grave, because he has all the faculties for enjoyment and through which the divine can manifest itself through an eternal state of existence in the spheres.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched some of my ideas concerning this, to me, interesting subject, hoping that minds more vigorous and more philosophical will contribute to its further elucidation.

MONTGOMERY CO., TEXAS, June 8, 1856.

L. A. GRIFFITH.

JUVENILE JUGGLERY.—Signor Blitz invariably creates a great sensation among the little folk, wherever he holds his exhibitions; and for weeks after his performances the boys strive to outdo each other in deeds of magic. An exchange paper speaks of one smart little fellow, who borrowed a stick of candy from a comrade, for the purpose of showing him how he could swallow it and pull it out of his ear. He lost no time in swallowing the candy, and then proceeded to twist himself about in various ways, in order to extract it; but at length he was obliged to confess that he had forgotten that part of the trick.

Interesting Miscellany.

AMERICAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

SOME lofty dome of consecrated bricks,
Where all the "orders" in disorder mix.
To form a temple whose incongruous frame
Confounds design, and puts the arts to shame;
Where "styles" discordant on the vision jar;
Where "Greek" and "Roman" are again at war,
And, as of old, the unrelenting "Goth"
Comes down at last and overwhelms them both!
Once on a time I heard a parson say,
(Talking of churches in a sprightly way,
That there was no more religion in the walls
Of towering Trinity or grand St. Paul's,
Than one could find upon the strictest search,
In half the saints within the Christian Church;
A lawyer sitting at the parson's side,
To this new dogma thus at once replied:
"If, as you say, religion has her home
In the mere walls that form the sacred dome,
It seems to me the very plainest case,
To climb the steeple were a growth in grace;
And he to whom the pious strength were given
To reach the highest—were the nearest heaven!"

RAILROAD INCIDENT.—I had found it necessary to study physiognomy since leaving England, and was horrified by the appearance of my next neighbor. His forehead was low, his deep-set and restless eye significant of cunning, and I at once set him down as a swindler or pick-pocket. My convictions of the truth of my inferences were so strong that I removed my purse—in which, however, acting from advice, I never carried more than five dollars—from my pocket, leaving in it only my handkerchief and the checks for my baggage, knowing that I could not possibly keep awake the whole morn. In spite of my endeavors to the contrary, I soon sank into an oblivious state, from which I awoke to the consciousness that my companion was withdrawing his hand from my pocket. My first impulse was to make an exclamation; my second, which I carried into execution, to ascertain my loss, which I found to be the very alarming one of my baggage checks—my whole property being thereby placed at this vagabond's disposal; for I knew perfectly well that if I claimed my trunks without my checks the acute baggage-master would have set me down as a bold swindler. The keen-eyed conductor was not in the car, and had he been there, the necessity for habitual suspicion, incidental to his position, would so far have removed his original sentiments of generosity as to make him turn a deaf ear to my request; and there was not one of my fellow-travelers whose physiognomy would have warranted me in appealing to him. So, recollecting that my checks were marked Chicago, and seeing that the thief's ticket bore the same name, I resolved to wait the chapter of accidents, or the reappearance of my friends. * * * With a whoop like an Indian war-whoop, the cars ran into a shed—they stopped—the pick-pocket got up—I got up, too; the baggage-master came to the door. "This gentleman has the checks for my baggage," said I pointing to the thief. Bewildered, he took them from his waistcoat pocket, gave them to the baggage-master, and went hastily away. I had no inclination to cry, "Stop thief!" and had barely time to congratulate myself on the fortunate impulse which had led me to say what I did, when my friends appeared from the next car. They were too highly amused with my recital to sympathize at all with my feelings of annoyance, and one of them, a gentleman filling a high station in the east, laughed heartily, saying, in a thoroughly American tone, "The English ladies must be cute customers, if they can outwit Yankee pickpockets." *The Englishwoman in America.*

A NUBIAN DAMSEL'S WARDROBE.—My next essay was upon more delicate ground. I began to bargain for the costume of a Nubian lady, and to use an expressive phrase, though, in this case, not literally true, I bought it off her back. One of my friends in Italy had been very particular in making a collection of ladies' costumes, and to a man curious in those things, it struck me that nothing could be more curious than this. One of the elements of beauty is said to be simplicity; and if this be not mere poetical fiction, and beauty when unadorned is really adorned the most, then was the young Nubian girl, whose dress I bought, adorned in every perfection. In fact it was impossible to be more simple, without going back to the origin of all dress, the simple fig-leaf. She was not more than sixteen, with a sweet and mild face, and a figure that the finest lady might be proud to exhibit in its native beauty; every limb charmingly rounded, and every muscle finely developed. It would have been a burning shame to put such a figure into frock, petticoat, and the other et ceteras of a lady's dress. I now look back upon this and many other scenes as strange, of which I thought nothing at the time, when all around was in conformity. I remember, however, though I thought nothing of seeing women all but naked, that at first I did feel somewhat delicate in attempting to buy the few inches that constituted the young girl's wardrobe. Paul had no such scruples, and I found too, that, as in the road to vice, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." In short, I bought it, and have it with me now, and to the curious in such matters I have no hesitation in saying, that the costume of a Nubian lady is far more curious than anything to be found in Italy, and would make a decided sensation at a masquerade or fancy ball. — *Stephens' Incidents of Travel.*

EAST INDIA JUGGLERS.—One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag net made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker basket, narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite united and disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and put aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as we were, in some degree, for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at the distance of at least fifty or sixty feet. Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved.

WARS AND THEIR COST.—Few persons, however much they may deprecate war, realize the enormous tax they are on the wealth, population and productiveness of a nation. It has been estimated by careful statisticians, that, within the last sixty years, twenty-two thousand millions of dollars have been squandered in wars, and seven millions of lives sacrificed. The war of the French revolution began to reimpose on France a destiny she had rejected, cost nearly three thousand millions; the war to drive Bonaparte into exile, which commenced in 1803 and ended in 1815, cost nearly fifteen millions; and the war just terminated, whose beginning was a blunder, and whose whole conduct was a series of blunders, has cost about a thousand millions. Men are still living, men yet hale and hearty, and below the psalmist's "three-score and ten," whose birth preceded the spending of the first cent of this gigantic waste of human treasure and life. Within that sixty years enough men have been slain in battle to build and put in working order, within the short space of three years, a railroad that would have encircled the world. Within that sixty years enough wealth has been squandered in war to educate every child on the face of the globe, to drain all the pestilential marshes, to Christianize the most remote and benighted people. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

LAKE ERIE IN THE CLOUDS.—On Sunday morning last, about nine o'clock, a singular and wonderful phenomena was observed from Newport. In the northern heavens was a body of clouds extending beyond the belt of hills north of our city from east to west, as far as the hills are in sight and having the exact appearance of a large body of water similar to Lake Erie, as viewed from any of its ports. Beyond this, and meeting the seeming body of water at its northern limit, was a belt of clouds darker than the canopy above them, and making a perfect sea or lake view. This beautiful and grand sight was observed by many citizens of Newport for the space of more than an hour, when it gradually dissolved and melted into the mist of heaven from whence it sprang. The perfect resemblance to an ocean view, and its strangely wonderful beauty, elicited exclamations of delight from all who saw it. — *Cin. Com.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A forgiving spirit—"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

A cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A confidential and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

A BUMCROUS man fell in with in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman in very positive terms that he would never reach Heaven unless he were born again, and added, "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." And have you been born again?" said his companion, musingly. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you, young man, to be born once more."

SOME minds measure nothing but things, and them with a yardstick; while others measure the ideas and principles that are afloat in infinity, as the astronomer measures the bodies of space with the parallax of the stars.

HOW TO MEET A GRIZZLY BEAR.—Californians tell a great many stories about the prowess and ferocity of the grizzly bear; and all agree that, as a general thing, a bear is a very unpleasant stranger for a man to encounter in a lonely place. The best chance of escape in such a case, is for the man to lay prostrate on his face and pretend death; for the bear will never prey upon a body which he has not killed himself, unless upon the verge of starvation. A correspondent of the New York *Atlas* tells a story of the funniest escape from a grizzly bear that we have ever seen recorded in print. An American miner while prospecting in the mining regions, beheld one of these shaggy monsters approaching him down a mountain path. Finding that the animal was close at hand, and an attempt to fly being useless, he suddenly dropped upon all-fours, and boldly advanced toward the bear. As soon as the two met, they put their noses together, dog fashion, and finally went through all the formality of strange dogs meeting each other, not omitting the most minute ceremony, till master Bruin, being satisfied with the civilities of his new acquaintance, bade him a very affectionate adieu, at a neighboring tree, and marched off.

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.—A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At length curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest containing several half grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared, with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young; she the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman released the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing, as they went, a song of joy. *National Intelligencer.*

ARAB SUPERSTITION.—Whilst great inundations have taken place in France, Africa has been suffering from drought. At Constantina the natives have had recourse to what they consider an infallible means of obtaining rain, the ceremony of ducking, with religious forms, in the nearest river the half-witted creatures, called marabouts. Five or six of these men were conveyed in procession to the Roumel, and there plunged several times in succession into the water, the persons composing the procession at the same time singing and shouting. One of them who was unwilling to be ducked, was thrown into the river by force, and when he came out he declared in a passion that no rain should fall for a year. The next day, however, to the great delight of the natives, clouds covered the sky, and after awhile abundant rain fell. Of course they ascribe this result to the ducking the marabouts. — *Galignani's Messenger.*

THE PIO AND THE MOCKING BIRD.—Mr. Gasse, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of a mocking bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up.

A PROPHECY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "The political aspect of the times has reminded me of an old prophecy which appeared in a magazine toward the close of the last century, in relation to the 'good Old Thirteen,' then just united under a Constitution. Of course it was, as it indicates, from a source hostile to the 'Spirit of '76':

'When figures 1 and 3 are changed from 8 to 1
The wicked rebels will their race have run;
For at that number, 'tis doomed by Fate,
They'll split in twain, and separate.'

"It was a prophetic vision that could see in those dark days, that the Thirteen States would become Thirty-one. The seer who saw so much may have seen more."

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—A society of learned men caused a ship to be built and resolved to make a voyage to discover the wonderful nature and properties of the magnetic needle. When the ship was ready to sail, they went on board, taking with them a great number of books and all kinds of instruments; then they set a magnetic needle in the midst, and examined and observed it. Thus they sailed to and fro, looking at the needle, and each had his own opinion concerning the hidden power which moves the needle. Some called this hidden power a stream, others a breath; others, again, a Spirit. Some asserted that it moved from the North to the South; others said, from the South to the North. So a violent contest arose among the learned men, and they sailed to and fro on the ocean, quarrelling with each other. Suddenly they felt a rude shock, and a violent crash was heard. The ship had struck on a rock and split, and the waves were rushing impetuously in. Then the learned men were all seized with great terror and confusion. They left the needle, jumped overboard, and saved themselves on the rocks. The ship was buried in the waves. Now, as they sat on the barren rocks, wet through with salt water, they cried out to one another that there was no dependence to be placed in the magnetic needle!

Spiritualists' Directory.

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REV. T. L. HARRIS, widely known in this country and Europe as an inspired thinker, poet and orator, is one of the most brilliant and powerful lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy and cognate subjects. Mr. H. is traveling, and we can not at present indicate his Post-office address. Those who desire to secure his services, and may be pleased to address us, will have the substance of their requests made known through the TELEGRAPH, where they will doubtless arrest the attention of Mr. Harris.

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VOL. V.—NO. 10.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 218.

The Principles of Nature.

Original.

CONCERNING GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

BY M. VAN EVERY.

It may not be altogether without interest or instruction to see how Spirits, by operating on the intuitive faculties, may develop in our minds the same conclusions that men skilled in the sciences arrive at. Both commence their reasoning from observation of surrounding facts in nature. The former are led on by an internal, inductive perception, tracing effects back to causes until they reach the inherent principle, or Great First Cause. The latter, from an external knowledge, gained by repeated experiments, and an active exercise of the reflective faculties, are led step, by step, through the hilly regions of cause and effect, analysing and synthesising, until the crowning summit—the Great First Cause—is attained. With the former, it is the work of a moment; with the latter, it is the product of years of educational discipline, a careful observance of the relation of things, their chemical properties and their rule of action.

I have been led to the consideration of these facts, by an article lately published in your paper, from the pen of Mr. Wm. Fishbough, on the "Creation." About three weeks previous to its appearance, I gave a lecture at Laona, N. Y., on the "Origin and Self-existence of God and the Universe." By Spirit aid I will endeavor to give at least the substance, that those who choose may receive suggestions of thought to aid them in like investigations.

LECTURE.

Man can not conceive of God beyond his highest mental unfolding. The finite can not comprehend the infinite. Every man's God is the highest ideal creation of his own mind. All that he can do is to reason from analogy and correspondences. Hence the diversity of opinion, from that of the savage in the wilderness to that of the most enlightened human being in existence.

Man can not conceive of anything in form without a beginning. Then he can not comprehend a God as having form without a beginning. The idea is too large—it can never enter the human mind. Travel back ten decillions of ages, and you are no nearer the origin of the Jewish God. A God, addressing himself to reason, must be a God that reason can, to some extent, comprehend.

We can only reason by analogy, from things addressing our senses. We look around us and behold all nature teeming with life; the earth, seas, and air are all filled with animated forms; these forms we trace back until we find them a liquid mass—in Bible language, "without form and void." If you go to the ground upon which has lately been consumed the forest trees, you will discover a species of grass and weeds peculiar to ground newly burned over. The next year you will find a different species of grass commingling with the rest.

Why is this? The tendency of nature is to life; the light of the sun, filled with chemical properties, shines upon the earth filled with a variety of chemical properties. The winds pass over it, and the rains fall upon it—each imparting from its storehouse of essences those properties which, commingling with their affinities in the earth, produce that species of vegetation sometimes called fire grass. The seed of this fire-grass would produce its kind; but the stalk dying upon the soil, produces a different chemical compound in the soil, and hence the second year we behold an improvement on the first, and so on until its ultimate is produced.

Let us now examine a pool of stagnant water. After a rain we behold it free from any animated form visible to the naked eye. The sun shines upon it, the winds pass over it, and in a few days we find it filled with animated forms peculiar to standing water. At first a coagulated mass of matter, "without form, and void," is all that is visible. But like particles of life matter are attracted to like—the most refined, forming heart and head, when that which approximates nearest to the former comes on, forming its attachments, and then other particles more gross still, until the whole being, the ultimate that the pool can produce, exists in perfect form.

The egg of the fowl has all the properties within it of life and form, save the magnetic heat imparted in incubation, which produces an electro-magnetic action in the egg; and gradually form is assumed in perfect accordance with its inherent quality.

We have seen the tendency in nature to life. Now, let us proceed to an examination of the tendency of everything in nature to assume form. If we watch the window-panes of a heated room in a cold wintry day, we will find that the heat causes an evaporation from the dampened walls, some of which collects upon the panes of glass. The room is suffered to cool; the heat within and the cold without produce an electro-magnetic action, and in a few moments the glass is filled with real types of marshy vegetation. Why call it marshy vegetation? Because it is an exact representation of the vegetation growing in marshy places. What do we learn from this? First, the tendency in nature to life; second, that the positive and negative principles in nature are active; third, the tendency of the life-element to assume form. Here was heat within and cold without. These principles meeting upon the moist window-pane, and the heat subsiding, left the congealed impress on the glass. Now, when these same elements commingle with the marshy earth, the same appearances present themselves in a more durable garb; for they are clothed with the grosser body of mother earth. And we might also deduce from this, that the Spirit form existed before the more external form, vegetable or animal.

Now, go with me to the shot-tower; here you behold the molten mass of lead, "without form and void," poured through a sieve. In its fall from the tower to the earth, it receives a rotary motion, and in an instant it is in perfect globular form, and cooled by the surrounding atmosphere. The shot created

around themselves an atmospheric motion, and, if they could have been thrown beyond planetary attraction, would have revolved on their axis and formed a perfect planetary motion. If you turn a large wheel rapidly, you will perceive that it forms around it an atmospheric current. As you pass away it is less and less perceptible until it is entirely lost in the great volume surrounding your earth. In like manner you may reasonably conclude that there is an atmosphere beyond earth's influence, but in a stagnant condition, wanting in many of the properties of earth's atmosphere—caused by its exhalations.

The mind being now prepared, let us travel back and take a survey of this universe as existing in a liquid and chaotic state, "without form and void." All the chemical properties of earth, of water, of atmospheric gases, and light, heat, and cold, are distributed throughout the mighty mass. Like the stagnant pool it is without motion, save the gradual tendency of the electric and magnetic forces to centralization. Without centralization there could be no positive action, any more than there could be in a republican government, where all power of action was distributed among the masses instead of a central representative head. There is now no atmospheric motion, because there is no revolving body to cause such motion; and all the elements that want to form life in the stagnant pool are distributed throughout the mass. But to the electric and magnetic forces there never was positive rest. Their tendency was to centralization. This naturally drew them into currents; these currents are to the material universe what the nerves are to the human system, and of themselves produce form, as witnessed on the window-pane. As centralization increased, the struggles and throes of Nature in assuming form increased, until vast bodies of gross matter in a liquid state were thrown off, which created an atmospheric current causing the evolving and revolving bodies to assume a globular form. These, being parts of a common mass, through affinity are ever gravitating, the smaller to the greater; yet such are their centrifugal forces that they are ever kept moving in the same orbit. Thus are systems made, through the attractive and repellant forces, to preserve the order and harmony of the whole.

These revolving globes caused an atmospheric motion around each of them, which gradually cooled them, as the shot from the tower was cooled. This cooling and condensing caused evaporations from the globes until the surrounding atmosphere was filled with black and ponderous clouds of water, increasing in size and weight until the overburdened air, no longer able to sustain its weight, let fall the mighty torrents on the seething globes.

Now, in huge, dense masses quickly rising—
Columning above, like foes retreating
And preparing for renewed attack,
New clouds evolve and marshal on th' aerial plain.
And mighty rushing winds, by heat and cold
Into new currents drawn, as if from sleep
Affrighted, breathing forth th' eternal, Why?
Commingling in the strife of Nature
Warring for an equilibrium of power.

Now, tossing high the dark and misty clouds,
Till like huge, craggy peaks they threatening stand
In high resolves of cherished wrath, awhile,
And then, 'mid fearful lightnings, crashing thunders,
And howling winds, make quick descent upon
The fiery orbs. Thus did the elements,
Through long revolving years, wage horrid war;
Until the crusted globes, of outward heat deprived,
Cast up the mighty hills as monuments of peace,
And bid the waters slumber in the vales,
And fierce winds fan the furrowed forms of earths.
And now, suns, moons, and stars display their glorious light,
And day, and night, and heat, and cold alternate reign,
And seasons in most perfect order make
Their annual round. The suns, importing heat,
Draw watery vapor from surrounding globes,
Which falls again in mighty dews and showers
Of rain, that wash, and slake the obdurate hills.
Now sediments begin to form in ocean beds,
And things of life and form move in the deep.
And now the infant orbs of tender frame
Grow weary 'neath the world of waters,
And struggling to be free, cast up the ocean beds,
And rushing tides submerge the distant hill and vales,
Leaving their sediments to form the virgin soil,
On which—the light and heat descending—
Swept by cooling winds and drenched with rains—
Spring forth all kinds of verdure. Some are crowned
With richly tinted flowers, breathing odors;
And trees rise up in towering majesty.
Now, years succeeding busy insect tribes
On glittering wings, go buzzing through the air;
And reptiles crawl upon the earths, and beasts,
And birds, appear upon the stage of being,
Crowding it with scenes of life, and power, and grace,
Until the master-piece of mundane effort,
Stands in human majesty, the lord of all beneath!
Yet "dust to dust" and "life to life" are stamped
On everything that bears the human form.
But once in being formed, the life eternal
Bears the impress of its birth. Thus man threw off
The mortal garb, and passed the leaden gates
To new-born glories of the Spirit-land—
Yet, as from dreams awaking, stood with wonder
And amazement filled, to find himself transformed
From earth's encumbering weight, to ether lightness.
O, holy calm! O blissful solitude!
For yet no other human soul hath entered there.
A lonely wanderer 'mid celestial joys;
The spirit of earthly life—all represented there!
Yet man, an angel now—traverses space alone.
O dreadful thought!—alone! and yet in heaven!—
Like a bright star at early eve, lone shining
In the vast expanse! He seeks his earth companions,
But they heed him not, save in the shadowy glimpses
Of material eyes unused to objects so refined.
Not thus to dwell in loneliness sublime,
Was man's desire and Nature's law; for, lo!
Another human form with glory crowned,
Has passed the bounds of earthly life; and now,
With rapturous greetings, each the other hails
In the regions of exalting impulse
And expanding thought! Another and another
Comes—like new-born stars—and now, around the spheres
Angelic bands encircling, seize the reins
And guide the destiny of man;
Themselves by the Great Cause led onward, onward,
Upward, upward, to a larger, higher,
Brighter life; eternally unfolding,
Clothed in wisdom as with garments of the sun,
In highest glory robed.

I have stated that these currents assume form: I now assert it to be the form of man! Why? Because we see that man is the ultimate of our globe. It being part of the universal whole, we may infer that the ultimate of what now composes our material universe, was also in the form of man—to which ultimate we give the appellation of God. As we see many human beings inhabiting our earth, the inquirer may ask, Are there not, then, many Gods? I answer, No. Why? Because, if the premises are admitted—that there ever was a centralization of these forces from all parts of the mass of matter—it follows as a natural consequence, that there could have been but one body or formation, or there could not have been such centralization. Without such centralization there never could have been a power sufficient to have evolved the innumerable family of globes, that in such solemn, silent, stupendous and sublime grandeur attract our wondering eyes, excite our admiration, and stir the inmost depths of our souls to seek the still more wondrous Cause.

Again: if God has form, he must have bounds; if He has

bounds. He is not infinite to himself, only to man, who is, comparatively, so very diminutive, that to finite man God is infinite.

As man has no life outside of himself, so we may infer God has no life outside of himself. If God has no life outside of himself, it follows as a matter of course, that He must be co-extensive with the universe, otherwise He could not impart life unto it. "If that be true, the universe has bounds, as well as God," says the inquirer. Very true. He overshadows it all—is the life of it all—and without, or beyond Him, there is no life. Am I not orthodox? The Bible says, "in Him we live, move, and have our being." How can we live, move, and have our being in Him, if he does not in his spiritual form overshadow us all? If you have no life outside of yourself, is it reasonable to suppose any other being has life outside of itself? If not, then God has no life outside of his own person. If no life outside of His person, then to impart life to the whole universe, it must exist in His person. Then, indeed, must He be the "Grand Man" in whom are all things—in whom we live, move, and have our being.

If these things are so—to which all Nature seems to utter forth a loud Amen—then is the whole sympathetically affected by its parts. If any part of us is diseased or suffers from violence, our whole organization sympathetically suffers with it. If we have a pain in the head, or tooth, our whole being suffers. If inflammation attacks any part, the whole body is affected. If our limbs suffer from violence, the pain is felt throughout the whole system. If we look at a drop of water through a magnifying glass, we behold it filled with animalculæ. If all are in a lively state, the water is said to be in a healthful condition. If one is dead the whole drop is said to be affected, and in an unhealthy condition. May we not reasonably infer from this, that God, in whom we live, move and have our being, is sympathetically affected by our discordant, feverish, and unhealthy condition; and that he can not be perfectly happy while we are thus unhappy? Startle not, my friend: let truth triumph, "though the heavens fall;" let wisdom do its perfect work, though the mountains of old Theology, venerable for years, and adjudged sacred by the silvered brow of consecrated ages, should be plucked from its sandy base of errors and cast into the sea of Nature's own eternal truths. If we exist in Him, humanity is bound to him by the innumerable ties of God's own nervous system; and he can no more help being sympathetically affected by the diseased state of humanity than you can, when your mind is affected by the pain in your foot. O, if man could only realize this fact, what gigantic efforts would be made to bring the human family into health and harmony! No wonder Spirits of the departed rend in twain the pall of errors, blacker than midnight, and make the very stones of infidelity to cry out, when your churches are filled with "the blind leaders of the blind." Does Orthodoxy again utter a hissing groan? Why, then, I ask, is your God angry with the wicked, if he is not sympathetically affected by human wrong and outrage?

Again I ask, if in God we live, move, and have our being, where is the orthodox hell? O tell me—where? for without, or beyond Him there is nothing. If there is an eternal hell, God must be in eternal torment. Why? Because the whole is affected by a part; because the whole drop of water is affected by the one dead animalcula; because the Psalmist says, "If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there!"

The inquirer may ask, if God is omnipotent, why does he not redeem the world at once? Because, he can only act in accordance with the laws of his own being. Why did not Christ redeem the world and bring about his millennial state when he was on earth? You answer, Because humanity could not then appreciate his teachings. Then humanity is to be saved by the teachings of Christ instead of his blood, is it not? You are mute. What, then, does all this mean about the blood of Christ? Simply this, my friend: Christ taught spiritual truths—a very elevated, moral, humanitarian philosophy, representing himself as the king of a spiritual kingdom, having no other existence than in the hearts of his adherents, which teachings the chief priests, scribes and pharisees thought contrary to the law of Moses and the prophets; and by operating upon the rabble, saying, that Cæsar would come and take away what of governmental power still existed in them, they succeeded in arousing the multitude, through whom they procured the crucifixion and death of Christ. By thinking of his

blood spilt while on the cross, your mind is led back to his teachings, for which he died. By contemplating them you are led to admire his humanitarian doctrines, represented by his broken body. This excites your admiration and draws forth your love for the glorious truths contained in his teachings; this love is symbolized by his blood. Christ so loved the truths he taught that he gave his life—his blood—for their establishment among mankind. Now, my friend, when you can fully appreciate the teachings of Christ, and love them above your own earth-life, you will practice them; and that will save you from vice and make you a glorified angel in heaven.

Christ foresaw that the human family would yet become so wise as to appreciate his teachings, and then there would be a millennial state. God brings humanity forward just as fast as it is possible for us to march. Indeed we can not go faster than our reason becomes enlightened. And the more light we get the faster we go. Our inventions and general mental improvements, show that we are going very fast now. When governments rise now, they go up quick; and when they fall, it is with a sudden and dreadful overthrow. Everything shows an intenser life—a more speedy action. When you are sick, you must be gradually healed; so when humanity is sick the Great Physician must cure them gradually. O, there is a balm in Gilead—there is a Physician there! Thus you may be enabled to see why God does not do everything at once.

But you are making God a progressive being? Very well—if reason makes him such, so let it be. Life begets action, action begets refinement and refinement begets progression. If that be so, God is a progressive being.

How, then, could he see the end from the beginning? Just the same as you see the end from the beginning of your desires. God is a trinity—and so are you. Be calm—you yet shall see celestial dawn! I will make you confess your trinityship, and prove it unto yourselves, by showing the trinity of every thought you express. You desire to utter a thought? "Yes." You see the end from the beginning of every thought you wish to utter, do you not? "Yes." Well, now watch the process. You desire, and that desire, in Bible language is, "without form and void." That desire stimulates the mind to action. The mind being the great executor and diviser of ways and means, moulds the desire into form. This shows your duality, does it not? "Yes." The mind then selects words and clothes it for utterance; you utter it: there is another process, is there not? "Yes." Then there is your trinity. The word is the external expression, the same as your body is the external expression of yourself. Your spiritual organization corresponds to your physical, and is the same to your body that the thought, moulded into form in the mind, is to the words with which it is clothed for expression. The desire arises in your inmost or celestial nature. Again: you desire means to cut down the forest. The end is seen from the beginning; the desire stimulates your mind to action, which invents the axe—the means by which it is to be accomplished. The axe exists in form, in the mind, before it exists in its external form. When completed, the thought has had its outward birth, or external expression of itself. Here you have the proof of your trinityship within yourself.

There is nothing so elevated and holy as our celestial natures, when our whole being is brought into perfect harmony with the laws of its creation. There everything exists in its greatest intensity. It is frequently the case that within us we experience such seraphic rapture as to completely surpass all power of the mind to mould it into form, much more to give expression to it. "The letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." The further we get from the external to the internal, the greater the reality. Such is the joy seraphs feel when they enter into celestial bliss. But they have the power of beholding the exquisiteness of each other's feelings which causes a responsive rapture; and thus like wave succeeding wave, the passing rapturous swell draws forth another, and another, in one eternal flow of ecstasies. O, list ye to the "still small voice within!" its whispering swill gather volume, until falls upon your waiting ear like melodies from Æolian strings by balmy south winds swept.

JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.—Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by the recoil—that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Original.

CIRCLES IN GALVESTON.

HELD ON THE EVENINGS OF THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FIFTH OF JUNE, 1856.

WHENEVER assembled in circle we know not what form of manifestation may come. Characters the most varied, conflicting and multiplied, are personated vividly and naturally through this medium.

The solemnities were introduced by the "guardian Spirit," who said that he presided over the circle of this medium wherever formed, that he guarded its entrance, that no low or undeveloped Spirit could come in, or influence her without permission, and then only for some object of use—that nothing evil could enter. Dark Spirits might throng *without* and do their worst; *but within*, nothing improper or unfit, no violation of the rules of harmony, decency or good taste occur. The "guardian" then said that the circle had assembled without any *distinct* object or special business before it; but that the Spirits would exhibit some new displays of their power.

A lady who formerly resided with us and to whom we were greatly attached, then took possession of the medium, who never knew her while in the form. She died at Charleston, S. C., during the winter of 1854-5. Her manner, gestures, position, sentiment and language were *true to life*, so that she was at once recognized and affectionately greeted. And she stood and moved among us again, and returned our salutations. The grave (oh! "where is thy victory?") holds her not its prisoner. She said it was well that she left the earth. The change was for the better. She did not wish to return. At first she was not so happy as now. She is progressing, and her future is bright with "the hope that liveth in her."

Such in substance was the information she communicated in reply to our inquiries. Her tone and manner were marked by winning graces and devoted friendship.

She was followed by another acquaintance and friend, a lady who departed this life a few months ago. She spoke not, but by significant gesticulation expressed her meaning. We knew her at once. Her signs and movements evinced heavenly felicity. The countenance of the medium gave tokens of joy the earth knows not of.

After she had gone, another Spirit—seemingly that of an aged female, one who always visited our circles and who spoke as without teeth—came and explained that "the *little angel* who had just left, was not yet strong enough to speak through the medium, but that she soon would be." That many a beautiful and progressive Spirit, too weak to communicate in language through the organs of the medium, (which required considerable power) was yet able to convey by signs their greetings and wishes to their friends.

The next appeared distressed, despairing, hopeless. She wrung her hands, and, in agony, repeated over and over, accompanied with deep drawn sighs as if her heart would break, "O me! O, me! O, me! how shall I escape the wrath of an angry God! why did he cause me to exist in order to make me so miserable! O that I had never lived—never had a father or a mother!" After a pause she spoke of the misfortune of having been a "public belle," of having listened to the voice of flattery—the allurements of man. The terrors of hell, the companionship of fiends (although she had never found either as yet) were anticipated with frenzied horror. She complained of the injustice of her dreadful sentence, and regarded God as the author of her misery—as her implacable enemy—her angry, terrible and Almighty Judge, who had pre-doomed her to perpetual woe—who delighted in the tortures he inflicted, and whom she could not love! We tendered our willingness, our strong desire to alleviate her sorrow. We told her she was mistaken, that God did not hate nor punish her; that he was "A GOD OF LOVE;" that his love for her however fallen, was stronger than death—stronger than that of the tenderest parent; and that despite of his fears—her sins—her follies—*herself*—that LOVE would prevail and would lead her to everlasting salvation. We told her to be humble, to think more truly, more worthily of her heavenly father. She seemed astonished—doubtful if she heard aright, repeating "A GOD OF LOVE!" "Loves me, did you say? It can not be," etc. We endeavored to assure her, and she manifested a wish to believe; said she would come again to our circle, and as she retired it seemed as if some light had already penetrated her darkness. The aged female again manifested herself and expressed great

joy at the kindness and sympathy we had extended toward this "poor fallen Spirit;" said she had often told her of the love of God, but could not cause her to believe; that her visit to our circle had not been in vain, and the lesson we had taught her, would be followed by happy consequences, etc., etc.

Uttering a thought, I remarked without addressing any one, "I can not understand how Spirits can be benefited by the teachings of mortals like ourselves." To my thought it was answered: "Are not children benefited by your teachings?"

It is difficult to describe the scene that next ensued. The Spirit was that of a female of singular characteristics. Taciturn, emotionless, and severe yet gentle, her manner was very impressive as with few but choice words she spoke of the selfishness that pervades society, the deceitfulness of its professions, the emptiness of its pursuits and the hollowness of pretended friendships. Her language and manner struck me as *significant*, and as intended to reprove me. I know not if my impression was correct, but excited by the strange influence, I suggested the possibility of her being too severe and that I trusted I was not without friends. "Aye," she replied, "while in prosperity—while the sun shines—you will doubtless find them on all sides. But let a change of circumstances occur, then where are they?" I remarked, "We are dependent upon each other for an interchange of favors." "An interchange of favors!" she replied tartly; "when have you found them willing to make fair returns? Have you not generally been the loser?" Struck and slightly annoyed that I could not gainsay the conclusion so pointedly indicated, I queried mentally, "How knows she the history of my humble career?" and replied aloud, "I yet hope, I have many friends." After a pause, during which she seemed to cast upon me a strange regard, she responded, "You think, then, you have many friends! Come, I will put your impression to the test. Out of the circle of your family, can you name *one*?"

The scene was productive of singular emotions in the circle, and contains a lesson too sternly true to be safely disregarded by the over-confiding.

One who had been a farmer next manifested himself through the medium. Driving his oxen, and apparently thinking aloud while following the plow, he soliloquized somewhat as follows: "Whoo, haw! Come up here, Buck! Go along, Berry (mimicking as with his ox-goad and walking to and fro in the room). Well, I am late in getting through with my plowing. (Whoo, haw, there.) I must hurry or I shall never have my sowing done in season for a crop. (Jee Buck, jee Berry!) It is almost as near harvest as seed-time, (get up, Berry) and my neighbors have already got through sowing, (come about, Buck; whoo, haw.) Yes, they got through long ago (jee up there, Berry), and my plowing isn't done yet! O I shall be too late for a crop (haw Buck, get along Berry)—and then what will my family do for bread? (Whoo, haw.) We shall all starve for it, I know (jee, Buck) next winter. My good mother—bless her! (go along Berry) she always went to meeting three (whoo, haw) times every Sunday and twice a week besides, (haw, Buck—come up here, Berry)—often told me (jee there, jee) that I was too lazy for a farmer, and now I begin (whoo—haw, about here) to think she was right," etc., etc. Then turning toward us he continued, "And so I lived—in spring neglecting to plow—in seed-time, to sow—at harvest, without a crop—in winter hungry and cold, and I entered the Spirit land, poor and miserable, with my garner empty."

The next manifested the deepest sorrow. Said he had been a physician, had excelled as an oculist, and that he had died in Texas, a victim to intemperance. He bemoaned his misspent life and the deep degradation to which he was consigned in the Spirit-world by reason of this destroying habit. Language seemed too weak to express his remorse. "Whisky," he exclaimed "destroyer of the soul—destroyer of God, I might say, since the soul is a part of Deity!"

After a brief pause the medium became influenced again: My son, a member of the Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., at home under leave of absence, was sitting next the medium. She turned toward him and placing her hand on his shoulder, said, "Do you remember those clothes?" (After a pause, no answer being returned,) "You remember that box of clothes, do you not?" (Another pause) "Say, don't you recollect the clothes? You misjudged me then; you were mistaken in your opinion, but it is all right now; it is past. I indulge no ill-feeling. Everything is right at the Institute, but you

then misjudged me, you were mistaken. You remember the clothes, do you not?" Here I asked my son to explain. He stated that one of his classmates at the Institute, by the name of H * * *, had died of the typhoid fever, which prevailed there some eighteen months ago. The day preceding the night of his decease he was delirious, and imagined his friends at home had sent him a box of clothes. With the the pertinacity attending delirium, he insisted that the box was in the room, and sent for my son and some others of his classmates to come and open it for him. In order to quiet him they procured an empty box, and went through with the ceremony of opening it in his presence. In a few hours he expired. My son had expressed the opinion that over-powering fear, acting upon his system, shattered by sickness, had caused his death. It was plain, then, H * * * was present. He had referred to the imaginary "box of clothes" and recalled to mind the mistaken opinion touching the cause of his death, in order to establish his identity. But, as if more were wanting to produce absolute conviction, he continued, "You know me now—I have given you the only test in my power to prove my identity. I come for that purpose alone. Your mistake has done no harm. It is all right—the past is all right."

Neither the medium nor any one present except my son, had ever known or heard of young H * * * while in the form, or of the circumstances attending his last sickness. Who could desire a more satisfactory test?

In a late communication I mentioned the mild and gentle address of a "quakeress," given on a former evening through the medium, wherein she ingenuously marveled that any of the circle should desire the "rappings" in lieu of the higher manifestations with which we were being favored. This evening she came again. The medium arose and commenced the peculiar dance practiced by the Shakers. She continued the exercise about five minutes, accompanying her movements by singing the simple air which belongs to the ceremony. Then stopping and turning toward me with her arms extended, she said, "Has thee forgotten thy friend?" Again, (after a brief pause) "Does thee not remember thy friend?" "The friend of my childhood?" I replied. "Yea," she answered, "the friend of thy childhood!"

Nearly forty years have elapsed since I had seen her in the form, and yet even before she made the inquiry I had recognized her. When a child she—but little my senior—lived with my father's family and was my playmate. Taken by her relatives to the Shaker settlement at Enfield, N. H., after residing there for some two or three years she came back to live with us again. She was accustomed to exhibit the Shaker dance when requested by any of the family, which at first, being a novelty, often occurred; both the dance and tune were *precisely the same* she then performed. I never witnessed them elsewhere. I never saw the Shakers dance nor heard them sing. The imitations which she used to exhibit when a little girl, was the only specimen of their singing or drawing I ever witnessed. The forty years were a blank, and I gazed upon the scene—not as through the dim memories of the past, but as an existing reality with all the surroundings of the present. She addressed me in persuasive and encouraging language, saying that I had done well in examining and adopting the doctrines of Spiritualism, the truth of progression, and the teachings of Spirit-friends. Her expressions were full of delicacy, affection and friendship; and—sneer who may at my credulity—I recognize in full assurance, the sweet and harmonious influences which this beautiful Spirit has flung, as a rainbow, upon my path.

Various other characters were represented during these evenings. The Indian warrior sung the song, and whirled along in the wild dance, of war. The Comanche, as if on his horse dashing along the wild, green prairies of the West, flung himself from side to side as evading the arrows of his enemies, while he rapidly discharged his own. Castro and Flacco, the Lipan chiefs, announced their presence. Others shouted the war-whoop, and loudly mimicked the whip-poor-will, panther and other inhabitants of the forest. The organ-girl, singing a sweet simple melody, turned the crank of her instrument, and solicited charity. The sailor, as if just ashore and full of glee, hailed and greeted us in his natural *patois*, and closed by singing a sea song never heard by any one present before. An opera, with the words in Italian, and purporting to be sung by Sontag, was in perfect imitation of her style and manner.

with becomes harmonious and philosophical. But adopt the objector's theory, and you are obliged to assume as true the very things requiring to be proved, and those things which from the very nature of things can not be proved. Your premises you can not perceive to be possible, much less probable, and the phenomena become utterly inexplicable upon any known principles of mental action and manifestation.

MODERN VISITATIONS IN ENGLAND.

ABOUT the time of the French Revolution, Richard Brothers was visited by the Spirit and told he was the Jewish Messiah—the man appointed by God to restore Israel. Many of his prophecies were fulfilled, but in general they failed, and his conduct was wild. He was put into a Lunatic Asylum by William Pitt, and kept there eleven years, until Pitt's death.

After him Joanna Southcott appeared. She began to be visited in 1792. The Spirit spoke tenderly to her of Brothers, but called him Jonah, the disobedient prophet. Joanna had many followers; several clergymen of the Church of England believed in her. The Spirit called her the Bride, and taught to her the doctrine that woman had a function to perform in the Regeneration as well as in the Generation. The woman occupies a principal place in Joanna's communications—six volumes octavo. But nothing was said of a son until 1813, when she was told by the Spirit that she must be a mother or she could not be the Bride. In 1814 she was delivered with child, at sixty-four years of age. All the symptoms of pregnancy appeared, even to milk in the breasts. Medical men asserted her pregnancy; others denied it. On the 27th of December, 1814, she died. Her followers were disappointed; and yet the Spirit had said that the child was to be a spiritual child, though temporal also. They were mystified.

George Turner took the lead after her death. Many received him, others did not. His communications treat chiefly of Shiloh and his kingdom—two volumes, octavo. They are tender, delicate and affectionate.

Turner died in 1821. Hitherto the chief place was London; but now the standard was removed to the provinces by the calling of John Wrae to be the leader. He was of Bradford, and his chief place was Ashton-Underline, where he was formally recognized as the leading prophet, in 1823. He became a lawgiver, and promulgated a very severe law of ordinances, and called his people Israelites. The men were circumcised, and the whole were divided into twelve tribes, and these tribes into four divisions of three tribes each, with first four different colors, and afterward thus:



The names of all the tribes were changed, and changed again, and the colors were changed. These already given are not the first. But the laws are mutable to admit of progressive improvement. Perhaps they have been again changed; but it matters not. The principle of organization remains the same.

The whole twelve are called the house of Israel, and also the house of Joseph; and the two houses of Ephraim and Manasseh—Ephraim containing ten and Manasseh two tribes, names and divisions all having their origin in some scriptural phraseology, and not at all arbitrary.

This law dates from 1823; it is the longest and most firmly established of all the spiritual movements originating in the woman's church. There are a few of the original woman's party, who reject it as they rejected Turner's visitation, and call both Wrae and Turner impostors; and there are some, especially about London, who received Turner and reject Wrae. But they are merely those who had not breadth of mind to follow the spirit from one leader to another, and who therefore may be said to have died with the prophet whom they received. A few straggling prophets and prophetesses of inferior note have arisen in different places—Brides and Shilohs—but not with sufficient followers to support them, or with sufficient funds to publish their spiritual communications. Luckily for the world these are generally in manuscript only, but they are very numerous.

Wrae by command of the Spirit, established his head quarters

in Ashton-Underline. It was called Jerusalem. A sanctuary was built there, which is said to have cost £10,000. The wood work was all cedar and mahogany; no paint was allowed because it typifies falsehood. Four houses were built at the four cardinal points of the town, and these four houses were called gates—east, west, north, and south—Wrae himself lived in the south gate. But in 1830 a disruption took place, and since that Wrae has established his head-quarters in Wakefield. The disruption was occasioned by seven virgins whom the Spirit had given to his wife as attendants—or rather by one of them, who accused him of some indelicate behavior—but not of an attempt to ruin her. It was only a liberty that was considered, and if true, really was unbecoming. Many believed, others disbelieved. It caused a great falling away; but just in that year the Irvingite church began to arise, and the Spirit had often said to Wrae that he meant to turn aside for a season and visit another people; afterward he would return to Israel.

The law was very strict, interfering with everything. It fixed a style of dress in respect to form and color. No black was allowed, not even a black hat. A white hat, of Quaker dimensions; a white coat and a long beard, distinguish the men; and green and blue dresses, and something like Quakeresses' bonnets with white and green veils, distinguish the women. The men were at first permitted to cut the hair of the head, and afterwards forbidden. Frequent ablutions were commanded, and when offenses against the law was committed the culprit was said to be unclean, and commanded to dip seven times under water. For great offenses stripes were administered by the women, who had frequent opportunities of flogging the men. The stripes were very gently and tenderly inflicted—on the back (not bare). The women also flogged one another, without the protection of clothing, and it is reported that they often handled the rod very smartly. They were the only sex that complained of the flogging. The flogging system has been abolished, and other modes of discipline, very strict and purifying, have been from time to time adopted.

In 1830 the congregation of Edward Irving began to be moved by the Spirit, and spoke in unknown as well as known tongues. Many objected to receive the utterances, and a separation ensued. The old congregation (belonging to the Scotch Church in London) was broken up, and a new congregation formed. Here was more liberty. For a time they met at the large room of the Horse Bazaar, Gray's Inn Lane, where Robert Owen also lectured; and here a person might stand and hear both Irving and Owen at once—one preaching the millennium with the Scriptures, another without them—the one regarding the other as mad or foolish. Afterward they both settled in other places, Irving in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and Owen in Charlotte-street, a few hundred yards eastward of Irving. Prophets arose in Irving's congregation, and gave directions toward a new organization. But Irving himself died in 1834, before the organization was completed. The prophets called by the Spirit twelve men to be heads of the church, by the name of apostles. These apostles still continue, and the church is called the Catholic Apostolic Church. Woman had much to do with the organization of this church, for Mary Campbell and other women were principal speakers under the influence of the Spirit, but of late the feminine influence seems to have declined in it.

These two churches of modern law and gospel, are the only churches raised up by visitation of the Spirit, in England. The Irvingites are most numerous, and have seven churches in London, besides many throughout the provinces. The Israelites, however, have only one sanctuary, like the one temple of old, and they generally meet in private houses or school-rooms, and thus have escaped the census of 1851, where they do not appear so numerous as they are; but at most they do not number more than a few thousands in all England. There are a few in the colonies—for Wrae has travelled much—having been twice to the United States and twice to Australia, besides visiting the European continent.

In these visitations in England the Spirit speaks in the name of the Lord, as in Scripture, and gives an organic form to the body of believers, appointing office bearers, etc. Hence the order and discipline which pervades them, and already some stately edifices have arisen to hold the congregations. They both entertain one main hope of the coming of Messiah to rule the world. The Israelites and believers in the woman's mission, generally all believe in his coming as Shiloh, that is the

spiritual son of Christ. (Not Christ personally, but a person imbued with his Spirit) The Irvingites believe in Christ's coming personally and reject the idea of a Shiloh personally different from Christ, and regard the woman Joanna just as the world regards her—knowing nothing about her. The Joanites know more about the Irvingites, and believe they are visited with an imperfect visitation, which will join theirs in time. Thus both parties are waiting for something more than they have, but resolved to keep what they have, and not to desert it for anything else. They may be said to have the divinity of modern revelations; the Spiritualists have its humanity.* The Divine Humanity is the union; without both forms of revelation it does not appear to be complete, and when the union is effected, the imperfections of each in its separate state will disappear. At present there does not seem to be any party which has the two combined, and there is no record of any such party having ever existed.

* In relation to Irvingism, Israelism has the Divinity and Irvingism the Humanity, for Irvingism admits of mere human judgment. Divinity in excess without humanity overrules the reason and silences it.

LONDON, (Eng.)

JAMES SMITH.

THE AMESBURY SNAKE STORY.

It will be remembered that in a recent issue we copied from the *Boston Times* (not a Spiritualist paper) a story to the effect that a lady in Amesbury, Mass., after having for a long time been affected with distressing symptoms which her physicians had pronounced incurable, resorted to the aid of a spiritual medium, who, being entranced, discovered a live snake in her stomach; and it was added that his snakeship was subsequently expelled, and the lady cured by means of a prescription given by the medium. By a communication which we find in the last Number of the *New England Spiritualist* (and which Bro. Newton pronounces "from an authentic source") we perceive that the *Boston Times*, and through it the public, has been hoaxed by some mischief-lover, (probably an enemy of Spiritualism,) who communicated to it this delectable item, which, it appears, is almost entirely without foundation in truth. The correspondent of the *Spiritualist* gives the following as the true version of the story, and which we hasten to lay before our readers in the consciousness that we have an abundance of genuine facts to prove the reality of spiritual intercourse, without countenancing or giving currency to such unprincipled fabrications.

The lady in question (Mrs. P.) had been unwell for some time, and applied to Mrs. W. for advice; Mrs. W. being influenced by a Spirit, purporting to be that of Dr. Rush prescribed for her; subsequently, while in the act of vomiting, Mrs. P. threw up a common stomach worm, four or five inches in length. This is the length and breadth of this remarkable story. And it is more than probable that all other "accounts which we occasionally see in the papers, of persons swallowing living reptiles," if followed up to their starting point, would be found to contain just about the same amount of truth as the Amesbury snake story. It is somewhat doubtful whether a serpent of any species could withstand the action of digestion for two days even; particularly one "fourteen inches long by one and a quarter inches in circumference."

O. K.

The New York Conference.

AFTER the removal of the Sunday meetings of the Spiritualists of this city, from the Stuyvesant Institute to Dodworth's Hall, on the first of May, the Wednesday evening Conference meetings were suspended for a season, owing to the impossibility of finding a convenient hall that was not pre-occupied on that evening. We have now to announce that those meetings will be resumed, and will be held, as formerly, every Wednesday evening in Brooks' Hall, Broome-street, a few doors west of the Bowery, on the south side.

Tour for Pleasure and Use.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, wife and son contemplate making a tour during this month, to the White Mountains, and thence to Canada West. If the friends on his proposed route through New Haven, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Portland, Bath, Hallowell, Augusta, Gardiner, Conway, Bartlett and other places en route to the mountains, and thence to Canada West, think any good can be done to the cause of Modern Spiritualism by his meeting with them and relating some of his Spiritual Experiences and showing their significance in the form of a Lecture, he will be happy to serve them. Letters addressed to him at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH will receive attention. Whenever it is not a burden, the compensation may be equal to the expenses. Subscriptions to the TELEGRAPH as a means of disseminating the glad tidings of spiritual intercourse will be solicited.

of W. S. Courtney. He was here about the middle of March last, gave several lectures, which were very much liked by all who heard them; even the opposers of Spiritualism spoke well of them. He left here for St. Louis, promising to return on the 10th of April, to hold a discussion on the Bible question with a Campbellite preacher, at Abingdon, on the 14th. The time came and a great many people came together, but Courtney did not appear, and we have not heard of him since. Many begin to think that there is some humbug about it; that the man who was here was not W. S. Courtney, or else Courtney is not an honest man. The affair has had a very bad effect on the cause in this region, and if you can explain the mystery, either through your paper or by a private letter to me, it would give great satisfaction to many friends. Please let us know at least where Mr. C. is, and whether or not you consider him an honest man.

Now I claim to be the genuine W. S. Courtney, of Pittsburgh, Pa., which I can establish by the most indubitable proof; and unless the interesting individual alluded to above is *bona fide* another W. S. Courtney, or a relative, I must assure the friends that they have been "sold"—"taken in and done for." Your W. S. Courtney is *bogus*—decidedly "Roorbach." If necessary I can establish an *alibi*. I was never in Illinois in my life; never lectured at Maquon, nor at Uniontown, nor at Abingdon, nor Farmington, nor Peoria, nor Orrisville. I never agreed to discuss Bibleism with a Rev. Campbellite, or any other clergyman, at Abingdon, Illinois, nor elsewhere, at that or any other time. I never met friend Finney at Gabsburg, or elsewhere that I know of in my life. I have no relative that I am aware of, of the name of W. S. Courtney, nor have I ever heard of another of that name. Sorry thus to disappoint the friends and do away with the good impressions the bogus adventurer in Spiritualism had made on the outsiders. But I must assure them that they have been imposed upon by a counterfeit article. From the tenor of the letters, I judge that quite a feeling has arisen for and against, and that the "genuineness and authenticity" of W. S. Courtney is likely to be more discussed than the seventy-two propositions of the Campbellite. I hope this disclaimer will set it all at rest, and bring to light the whereabouts of the impostor.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1856.

W. S. COURTNEY.

SPIRIT WRITING UPON THE ARM.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 3, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Permit me to state through the columns of the TELEGRAPH, a phase of spiritual manifestation which has appeared in our midst quite recently, and one I think which must put the skeptic to silence, more than any other with which I am acquainted. It is this: Sentences or names are written, or rather rise on the arm, legible enough to be read.

The medium is a young woman who has had but slight advantages in the world, and not at all surrounded by spiritual associations. She has been attended by the raps some two years; though never having cultivated that branch of mediumship, not even to call the alphabet, naught but the simple sounds were produced until recently, when she was placed under my care by Spirit direction through Mr. Coles. Since that time we have had beautiful sentences rapped out, time kept to music, etc. But the most important feature to which I would call attention is the Spirit-writing upon the arm, wholly spontaneous, and not unlike in character to the "Handwriting upon the wall" in the olden time.

If any wise philosopher of our own times can account for it on any other principle than that which supposes the interference of supermundane powers, we hope to be made acquainted with the fact, but until then we must claim that Spirit intelligences are alone invested with this power.

Yours for reform, SARAH A. BURTIS.

CONCERNING the same phenomena, Rev. Charles Hammond, of Rochester, under date of June 23, writes as follows:

There is to us a new form of Spirit-manifestation in the person of Miss Mary Comstock, who resides at present in the family of Lewis Burtis. It consists in the formation of words and sentences on the person of the medium, and generally on the arm. I witnessed the occurrence on Thursday last. The first sentence was addressed to the medium, and being very legible we easily read it, which was as follows: "Mary shall have all good gifts that shall be given." Beneath this appeared also a very beautiful flower.

These letters are formed by raising the surface of the skin, as though it were raised with a small cord run under it. The flesh of the arm is crimson, and although you rub the letters and words, they will not disappear until the Spirit removes them. Toward evening another sentence appeared for the Rev. Mr. Hyer, a Unitarian minister, who was present. It read as follows: "This is merely a test, friend. ELLEN." This was not so distinct as the first, but it was quite readable.

Mr. Hyer preaches on the subject of Spiritualism next Sunday.

Yours truly,

C. HAMMOND.

ATHENS.—I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

VISIONS.

BY MRS. SIDNEY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

VISION NO. 1.

I BEHOLD a narrow, dark, circuitous passage way, and see many enter it. I also entered, wondering where it led and to what place it would land its travelers. After traveling a short distance, I came to a steep, narrow stairway, and saw many ascending the stairs. But it was necessary to leave everything cumbersome behind, for the stairs were so steep and difficult to ascend that many hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, shivering with the cold, or so benumbed that they were not conscious of being cold. Some appeared almost senseless, while friend after friend strove to arouse and start them on their journey; and after shaking them and giving them no peace, they succeeded in awakening in them a desire to stand upon their feet and cast their eyes upward, making an effort to ascend. I also noticed there was danger of falling unless they kept their eyes constantly upward. Some, however, looked down, grew dizzy and would have fallen had they not been caught by their friends.

I noticed that the people on the stairs were encumbered with various things which hindered their progress. As they ascended the stairs grew broader, and one after another of those hindrances were laid aside or removed from them.

The stairs ascend as far as the eye can reach, and are lost in the dim distance, while the atmosphere grows warmer and brighter as they proceed. When I left the place where I stood, and hastened to discern what was in the distance, lo! the stairs were very broad, and composed of a silvery light. I exclaimed, O, how beautiful the scene!—it surpasses imagination—no language can adequately describe it. Its light surpasses the light of the sun. There is no danger of falling here, for the stairs are very broad and our progress is ever upward. O, who would not lay aside every weight, and everything that hinders his progress, and "run with patience the race set before him," ever keeping his eye upward as he runs! I see now, when we arrive here, we can go back and help others without falling ourselves. I met many who had "passed on" before me, returning to assist others. O, said I, what a blessed thought that God has given "his angels charge" concerning those who are below; and that they do constantly minister to them, and keep them from falling.

VISION NO. 2.

I looked, and behold! a great crowd of light—one continuous cloud, grand and beautiful to look upon, for the cloud was full of angels: "Beautiful as Tizrah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners. Behold He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him!" This cloud of light resembles a mighty engine as it moves steadily along, crushing every obstacle in its way. Stand in awe, ye inhabitants of the earth, for the Lord has come with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment in the earth. "The heavens shall roll together as a scroll and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." O, how awfully sublime and grand this mighty car moves along! No earthly power can stay its progress; the tops of mountains are leveled into the valleys; the crooked places are made straight, rough places plain, the hidden things of darkness are brought to light, and the secrets of men's hearts are revealed. O, with what God-like majesty this powerful engine sweeps its way! Not a weapon formed against it but that falls powerless in the hand of the enemy! This great light, coming as it does in contact with darkness, will cause a crashing; the vessels will be broken, and some will be saved by fire.

All do not see this great light. You take a hollow vessel and cover it; does the light penetrate? No. But take the lid away and the light shines in so that you can discern what is within; so it is with those who refuse the light of life, their hearts are shut to instruction and truth, they are blind to what is within their own souls. But the books will be opened, and this light coming in contact with darkness, will break the vessels; they will suffer loss; then they will call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them to hide them from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, for He has come to reign. A new epoch is about to be ushered in. There has been several in the world's history already.

SPIRITUAL STIMULATIONS.

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

THE pulpit and the press of our country are alike agitated and bewildered on the exciting moral and political questions so prominently engrossing the public mind. Staid, sober-minded, conservative people are constantly asking each other and themselves, "What is to be the end of these ultrasims," on the questions of Total Abstinence, Slavery Expansion, Free Soil, Know-Nothingism, Spiritualism, etc. But few seem to be satisfied with any explanations yet given as to the causes of the prevalent extremes or their probable results, while many realize as a certainty they can not ignore—that conservatism on all public questions is now at a deplorable discount. "Young America" riots fairly in all public questions now.

Reflecting on these matters, I was reminded of a lecture delivered in this city some two years since, through Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, a "trance" medium, in which the Spirit speaking declared, that the people of our country were now coming into such close rapport with the Spirit-world around us, that we might prepare to witness as a consequence thereof the disposition of mankind to act out the bigotries, prejudices and propensities which enslaved them, inasmuch as kindred minds in the Spirit-life, animated by the like darkness and deformities of mental nature, were being enabled to stimulate those still in the flesh for whom they affinized, to give free scope to their own nature, regardless of all popular public standards to restrain them. To use the expressive figure of the Spirit on that occasion, "The hells are let

loose." With your permission I beg to submit some views in support of the theory thus suggested, to wit: that mankind, more particularly in our country, are being influenced unconsciously by Spirit spheres around us, to give freer vent to the prejudices, ambitions, and selfishness of their nature, and that in this may be found an explanation of "the signs of the times."

The doctrine of Spiritualism teaches: 1st, That by virtue of the progressive unfolding of phenomenal organizations, the masses of mankind are rapidly coming into rapport with the Spirit-world.

2d, That the masses of Spirit-minds who have "recently" left earth-forms took with them mental characteristics of bigotries and prejudices, and must there seek to obtain the emancipation from errors which they failed to accomplish here.

3d, That this work involves great labor and time because they are drawn into associations with kindred "darkness" by their affinity for such; hence that "our friends" who seek to influence us are themselves subject to the prejudices they took with them, to the extent at least that they have failed to rise above them.

4th, That the Spirit spheres immediately surrounding earth, and coming into rapport with mankind, are thus drawn by their affinity for the varied prejudices and bigotries engrossing men's minds on public questions, and therefore are led to stimulate their out-growth and individual expressions to the extremes now so prevalent around us.

I am aware that many believers in the Spiritual philosophy will reject the doctrine that the Spirit-world has sought to do with influencing men in the prevalent extremes of opinions, etc., while the disbelievers may regard it as absurd; but I think there can be good reasons given in support of it, and with your permission I will endeavor to show it is rational and consistent with the facts and teachings constituting the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

K.

THE SOUL AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

MR. EDITOR:

The above is a subject on which the writer has employed much anxious thought, and finally he has come to the following conclusions: First, that the soul, or principle of intelligence, is a divine emanation given off from the Great Fount of Wisdom, love and intelligence; that this divine principle pervades the universe, and is manifesting itself wherever conditions will permit; and that its action on a material organization gives rise to what we call mind. Second, That mind manifested through all the grades of creation, is alike the product of this all-pervading principle, whether it is faintly exhibited in the lower order of animals, or more conspicuously manifested in the more sublimated organizations. And I have concluded that what the Bible writers termed the "Holy Ghost," was nothing more nor less than this all-pervading principle, whether it be manifested in an archangel, or in the more humble portion of the creation. But the writers in question individualized it, as the ancients were prone to do on all occasions. They could not comprehend a God unless they resolved him into a human shape. They could not well look beyond their material surroundings into the universe pervaded by this Omnipresent Spirit.

It has been a matter of much speculation at what time the human organization came into possession of this principle. Some have fixed one time, and some another—leaving it involved still in mystery; but if we take the following view of it I think it will clear up all mystery. If this divine essence pervades universal matter, it pervades alike the solid rock, the blade of grass, or the little tiny flower, as it does the highest developed individual. If this is so, then it follows that the human organism is pervaded with it from its very germ; and as the germ unfolds itself by the laws of development, this principle manifests itself, first faintly, then more vigorously, as the brain progresses in size and quality. It can not be supposed that the soul, which is an emanation of Deity, could be imperfect, and needed time for the increase of its powers. On the contrary, it is only waiting for the development of the material through which to develop itself.

But how are we to distinguish between the mind of a brute and that of man? (for the close observer can not fail to perceive the dawning of mind in the brute creation.) The difference appears to consist in this: Man is an ultimate of all below him; the faculties possessed by all animals meet and center in man; therefore he is a fully organized being, while all below him are only parts of the ultimate. Consequently that soul-essence that dwelt in the animal resolves itself into its original element at the dissolution of the animal's body, and seeks other forms of matter, because the animal has not attained to the ultimate, and therefore is not individualized beyond the bodily dissolution—while man, being an ultimate, is individualized beyond the grave, because he has all the faculties for enjoyment, and through which the divine can manifest itself through an eternal state of existence in the spheres.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched some of my ideas concerning this, to me, interesting subject, hoping that minds more vigorous and more philosophical will contribute to its further elucidation.

MONTGOMERY CO., TEXAS, June 8, 1856.

L. A. GRIFFITH.

JUVENILE JUGGLERY.—Signor Blitz invariably creates a great sensation among the little folk, wherever he holds his exhibitions; and for weeks after his performances the boys strive to outdo each other in deeds of magic. An exchange paper speaks of one smart little fellow, who borrowed a stick of candy from a comrade, for the purpose of showing him how he could swallow it and pull it out of his ear. He lost no time in swallowing the candy, and then proceeded to twist himself about in various ways, in order to extract it; but at length he was obliged to confess that he had forgotten that part of the trick.