



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. I.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 209.

The Principles of Nature.

EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE is no subject in which every human being is so intensely interested as that which involves an unbroken continuity of existence beyond the dissolution of our earthly bodies. The evidences of a future existence are so few and obscure, that there has been hitherto scarcely an intelligent, rational mind that has not been constantly exercised with a fearful anxiety as to its ultimate end and destiny. Our hopes of immortality—prior to those furnished by modern spiritual manifestations, were based almost solely upon the record of spiritual phenomena presented in the New Testament.

In that record *two facts* are set forth, which are mainly relied on as a foundation of our hopes. The first is the statement that Moses and Elias appeared to Christ and three of his disciples. This fact has seemed to stand alone for eighteen hundred years; and the remoteness of the time of its occurrence, and the few persons who pretend to have witnessed it, render it in most minds quite insufficient to inspire hope; for, say they, the rareness of the return of a Spirit (if one did in this case return) shows that it is a rare case that a Spirit is immortalized; and the evidence of a future life being in the ratio of the number and certainty of the instances in which Spirits come back to testify, the chances of immortality are so small as scarcely to inspire a hope.

It certainly is rational to suppose that if Spirits exist and can come back, they would furnish evidences to allay this burning anxiety. The case cited, if true, shows that Spirits can come back to testify; and if they have not returned, and do not now, it is presumptive evidence that they never did, and that the witnesses were under some hallucination, or were in some way mistaken.

There is, however, another case recorded in the Bible on which some persons rely for their own immortality. I refer to the resurrection of Christ. But it is affirmed that he was something more than man, and if so, we are certainly not warranted in predicating our immortality on his.

Another hypothesis is urged as a rational basis for hope of immortality, viz., that humanity everywhere *aspires to live*; and it is urged that this universal aspiration constitutes a prophecy, and warrants the hope, that he will live for ever. But the fact that our first and strongest desires are to *live here* are daily frustrated and cut off, destroys the potency of the above argument, and with it all hope of immortality based on desires and aspirations. Nothing but facts will soothe this burning anxiety of universal man.

No isolated and extraordinary phenomena can subserve the purpose of removing deep-seated and world-wide skepticism which prevails, concerning a life to come. The evidences must be such as are susceptible of no other explanation—direct, and filled with the potency of conviction. It is our highest plea-

sure to announce that such facts have been and are being born into the world, and that they are carrying conviction of immortality to the anxious, to the bereaved and frantic mourners, and to the most determined skeptic. These facts are filling desponding hearts with a realizing sense of the presence of dear lost ones, substituting joy and gladness for sorrow and sadness, and causing the heart to pour out praises to the kind and beneficent Creator, and Preserver of these tender plants which are destined to grow, bloom and bear fruits in the spheres of an unfolding immortal life. But I do not care to remark further on the foregoing facts and arguments in this connection, and will proceed to consider man as he is, and facts as we find them to-day.

Suppose, then, we take a live man in his normal condition, and in the full exercise of all human faculties, and analyze him, and observe all the phenomena he is capable of producing. He speaks, sings, and writes, and discloses to us the history of his life. We take his autograph, and observe his features; we take a portion of his flesh, bone, and sinews, and analyze it. We will weigh him and apply all the tests known to science to discover all the elements of his being. Then we will put the man in a glass case and hermetically seal it up, and observe the change. His utterance fails, the life ceases, the brilliancy and intelligence of his eyes are dimmed and extinct, and the motional phenomena of the body are suspended. *Life, spirit and power* have passed from it, and left it but a mass of inanimate matter. We may observe the change taking place, but however much experience a person may have, he can not determine with certainty when and where the separation of the life principle from the physical body, begins or ends. Neither is there any test except absolute decomposition, whereby we may *know* that life has departed from the body. So far as we can observe, nothing has escaped from the glass in which the man was enclosed, and we have as yet no fact or reason to suppose that anything has escaped. Let us take the man from the case, re-weigh him, and we will find that he is there. We may apply all the chemical and other tests employed in the first instance, and the physical man will be found there still; and human skill fails to detect or analyze that which constitutes the *real man*, and which has now left the body.

Popular sciences, having no foundation except those which rest upon chemical, mechanical and optical tests, never have detected, and never can detect and analyze the *essential man*. It traces his *shadow* back until it is annihilated, lost or become diffused in the earth and atmosphere; and this is the beginning and end of man, so far as the material sciences of our day are able to determine. And thus are our dearest affections, hopes, and aspirations crucified and buried in sepulchral gloom! Affection, life and spirit can not be weighed, nor can they be dissolved in alkalies or acids; hence the teachings of science hitherto have been infidel to Spirit and to Immortality. But, thank God, a science is being unfolded which stops not with shadows or physical forms, but takes cognizance of the whole

being of man—soul, affections, aspirations, and life—accepting all that has hitherto been known, demonstrating the *real man* in the earth life to be Spirit, and tracing it through the grave to an immortal existence beyond.

The dual nature of man is proved by the analysis under consideration. When we first commenced our examination, this personal form which is now inanimate before us, was permeated and made active by spirit, or a principle whose absence now constitutes the change.

We have as much evidence of intelligence and power in the elements which have escaped and eluded our vigilance and skill while analyzing the human body, as we have that the physical form remains before us. In other words, we as well *know* that something has escaped from the body, as that the body remains. Indeed it is by virtue of the elements *in us* which correspond to those which have passed from the body before us, that we perceive and recognize the presence of that body? We infallibly know that the body with all its parts—everything known to material science—remains. But it is not now *conscious* of our presence as it was before being sealed in the glass a few moments ago. But we have done nothing except to put it in the glass, neither have we perceived that anything has escaped. Whatever has escaped, must have passed through the glass one of the most solid and compact substances known. But yet our tests and experiments show that all the elements which were found to compose the living man, remain the same in the inanimate body; which proves conclusively the dual nature of man, and that consciousness, intelligence, motive power, and life, are invisible, intangible realities, which can neither be held in crucibles nor discovered by the known scientific tests and observation. The man's nature, represented by these terms, has departed from the body.

All that has thus mysteriously escaped we will for convenience comprehend by the word spirit, and consider it in contradistinction to matter. It is proper now to inquire what evidences are there that this animating spirit exists beyond the dissolution of the physical body?

My answer in brief is, that we have *all* the evidences that the Spirit survives the dissolution of the earthly human form, that we have that it ever animated a form.

We must remember that we have not in this or any other analysis of man, discovered life, but the phenomenal aspects of spirit and living energy *only*. In other words, we have only discovered the physical forms, in which life presents itself to our external natural senses. We must not, therefore, confound the invisible, intangible reality, *life*, with the visible, physical forms which it animates.

Life is everywhere diffused throughout the wide universe. The atmosphere we breathe, the water we drink, the earth under our feet, and the very rocks all swarm with *life*, visible or invisible. It was a great truth that Christ uttered when he declared, (Matt. 5: 9) "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham"—signifying that germs of life are

buried in each particle of rock under our feet, which will one day burst forth, and passing through various forms and cycles, ultimate in man. Each phase of life develops organisms adapted to its own plane. There are creatures traveling through the solid earth, and through wood, water, atmosphere each, in its own order—visible and invisible to a microscopic view; and we are bound by what we do see, as well as by analogy and experience, to believe there are forms of life all about us; as there is power and energy in the whirlwind and earthquake, imperceptible. Before the microscope was invented, the existence of a vast plane of living organized life was unknown and denied; and an immensity of organized being might be opened to our vision through instruments, could such be invented, capable of revealing forms of life more ethereal than the gross external sense unaided can discover! We observe life unfolding from sands upon our sea-shore and from disintegrated particles of rock, upon the hitherto bald mountain. This life first manifests itself in the external through vegetable forms, which mature according to their nature, and perish in their season but to reappear in new and higher forms of vegetable and animal life, ultimating in man. In the face of these facts all human experience, the known laws of unfolding life, and the analogies of nature, shall we deny the continuity of man's existence?

No man, no science, can discover the lines of demarcation between the forms of life in the rock, the vegetable, the animal, and human, with any more accuracy and certainty than they can discover the precise lines dividing the colors in the rainbow. But the observable facts signify that there are forms of life, imperceptibly the organs of sight, howsoever aided? To deny this, is to be as unwise as those devotees to material theories who deny the existence of everything they can not weigh or dissolve in a crucible.

The critical observer in the departments of the crystalline, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, regards the combination of certain elements as the prophecy of a higher unfolding in the future.

It is said that fifty-four simple elements only are found in nature, and that from these unfold all the perceivable forms of life. The degree of life or perfectibility of all earth-forms may be determined by the numerical combinations of simple elements. In each specific form of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are found some of these elements; but in no one form belonging to either of these departments, are found all of them; but they are all found, it is said, harmoniously blended in the human organization, thus making man the microcosm, or the counterpart of aggregate nature called the macrocosm.

Now, if the varied forms of life as exhibited in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are the results of different combinations of portions of the fifty-four simple elements diffused through nature, and each combination is a prophecy of a higher and more perfect form of life, we are bound to infer that a superior form of existence would result from the combination of all these elements as they exist in man.

It does not follow that these superior forms would be perceptible to our natural eye, or other organs adapted to the recognition of matter and its combinations upon the plane of our own being. The eye of man is not omniscient; its capabilities are limited to the sphere of its own elementary combinations, and it can take cognizance only of elements which stand in certain limited relation to its own quality and organic structure. It is as unwise to deny the existence of things in states of refinement beyond our apprehension, as it is to deny the existence of everything in space beyond the limit of sight. Physical nature affords no tests of the presence or absence of life in anything, except through its phenomena. All our knowledge of life comes through forms composed of the material substances which it permeates. These substances we may analyze, but life, never; and for aught that we can know, there are realms of life so refined as to far transcend the apprehension of man in his earthly degree. It is highly probable, to say the least, that man in his highest spiritual condition can not discern Spirits in the more advanced and ethereal states. Those Spirits that come to us, or rather those that are apprehended by us, appear in material forms of greater or less degree of refinement; and it is a question yet unsolved, whether there is not a state of spiritual refinement so far transcending our own spiritual state as to form a discrete degree above it, so

far at least as perception and intercommunication are concerned. From this discrete degree (if there is one and Spirits communicate with us at all) may they not employ Spirits as their mediums who stand in more intimate relation with our physical natures?

The tests of the presence or absence of life in anything belong to a higher department of an unfolding future. Man can apprehend life only as he unfolds into sublime rectitude, and becomes the epitomized form in which Spirit and life, with divine wisdom, blend in harmonious relations. Shall we say, then, that life begins and ends with physical, earthly forms? Nay, nay! but rather say that through physical forms adapted to our earth-born perceptions are demonstrated realms of life, wisdom and immortality.

I have said what will be admitted by all, in this analysis of man, viz, that something has gone out of the man, or more properly speaking, the man has gone out of his body. We will now endeavor to find him, and to show that he still lives and is cognizant of our experiments upon his body and our researches for his Spirit; and that he still feels the same interest in, and affection for, the friends he has left behind, and is able to exercise all the faculties essential to his being; and further, that he sustains such relations to physical nature as enable him to reconstruct and re-organize, under favorable conditions, the physical human body, in part or in whole. The reappearing of Spirits in the earth, and other spiritual phenomena, furnish the same evidence of the presence of this invisible potential agent, (organized and unorganized in human form) to day, as we have that the invisible Spirit before spoken of, left the body in the glass, or that a like Spirit controlled the gross matter of which my hand is composed, while in the act of writing these words. The acceptance or denial of one of these facts involves that of the other; that is, if we admit that there is in man something which governs and moves his corporeal form—something which governs and moves our lips to convey intelligence, and that the lips are only the agents or instruments of an intelligent energy—then, by the same evidences which force upon us this conviction, I will demonstrate the unbroken continuity of the Spirit, beyond the dissolution of the body.

There is no more reason or evidence for supposing that the human spirit is annihilated, or that its power to control matter is lost, because its earthly form or tabernacle is dissolved, than there is for denying that the same spirit which in each individual commenced accreting and disintegrating matter in infancy, continues to operate to-day—although the individual may be a hundred years old, and have renewed his body, as is affirmed, once every seven years during the time. In other words, there is as much reason for believing the Spirit will survive the dissolution of this present physical form, as there is for believing it has survived the changes to which we have referred. The great law of life is not changed by death, or the casting off of one form or another, but the forms and conditions only, in which we live.

Here I will make four statements, which I will endeavor to prove by citation of facts within my own and others' experience.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

1st. Ancient and modern phenomena demonstrate the fact that Spirits can and do at pleasure, attract any or all the diffused elements which composed their earth-forms, and out of these re-organize the human body entire, or any portion of it.

2d. Spirits are not limited to the identical elements they attracted, permeated and controlled in the earth life, but they have power over other homogenous elements.

3d. Spiritual phenomena indicate that Spirits can, and often do, organize human bodies, or parts of them, out of particles which are constantly being thrown off from living human beings.

4th. Spirits can attract the elements of which human bodies are constructed, in any of their innumerable degrees of refinement, from the grossest constituents that enter into the human body, to Spirit essence; and this accounts for the different degrees of tangibility characterizing Spirits.

In support of these hypotheses, and as evidence of the existence and presence of invisible potential intelligences, or Spirits, I will narrate some of the phenomena which occurred in my presence on the evening of November 12th, 1854, in a circle in the city of New York.

A company of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the house No. 555 Houston-street, for the purpose of witnessing spiritual

manifestations, in a large room about twenty by twenty five feet, with ceiling about eleven feet high. This room was separated from another room by sliding doors, which were not opened during the whole time we were in session. There were two windows in the opposite ends of the room, one of which opened out of the building, and the other was a small window in a division wall separating the room we were in from another room used for a sleeping-room. There were two doors in the wall which separated this room from the main hall. All the doors of the room remained closed during the evening, except one which was opened as I shall hereafter state; the windows were also closed, except the one which opened into the sleeping-room, which was discovered to be a little down at the top. The room, floor, carpet and table were examined before seats were taken. There were three candles burning on the tables at which we sat, and a large globe lamp burning on a small table standing in a corner of the room. The tables around which the circle was formed were three in number, and extended some fifteen feet in length. There were two mediums present, one of whom was seated at either end of the tables, while I occupied a seat near the center.

There were present about fifteen persons, nearly one-half of whom were invited guests, and who took seats promiscuously with the regular members of the circle. The Spirits commenced rapping and spelling communications by the use of the alphabet, which continued at intervals during the evening.

The hands of the mediums were at different times seized by Spirits, and controlled to write in prose and verse, very rapidly, giving in each case the name of the Spirit; and in every instance the chirography, general style, and sentiment, corresponded, so far as was known, to that which distinguished the Spirit when on the earth. The persons composing the circle were often touched, and their dresses pulled by Spirit-hands, which were sometimes seen as well by skeptics as by believers.

Different persons were at intervals, during the evening, requested by the Spirits to put their hands under the table (excepting when so requested all hands were on the table and in sight), and in this way five letters were successively placed in them, all of which were enclosed in envelopes and addressed to the circle. Another letter dropped on the table before us from the ceiling over our heads. In this way the circle received six letters during the evening, which were read, except one letter, which was written in a language which no person present was sufficiently acquainted with to read.

These letters appeared to have been written during our session, by different Spirits, and generally covered a sheet of letter or foolscap paper. One of the letters contained the names of the parties present, which were fac-similes of their handwriting, though one person's name was not written. My own signature was so accurate that had it been presented to me in a court of justice, I should, while under oath, have been compelled to acknowledge it as written by my hand; yet in this case I know I did not write it. The signatures of others present were equally accurate, as each affirmed at the time of examination.

One of the letters was written with ink of different colors, very beautifully blended together, like the colors of the rainbow, so that no person could tell where one color commenced and the other ended. For example, long letters, such as f, were formed by the use of several colors, so nicely blended that no line of demarcation could be distinguished; the colors flowed into each other like those of the rainbow. The letter which came down from the ceiling I saw immediately after it started, and when not more than ten or twelve inches from the ceiling. It did not descend quickly and in a straight line to the table, but moved slowly and with an oscillating and zig-zag motion, as if it were conducted by some intelligent agent, which latter, however, was not to be seen. I called the attention of members of the circle to it before it reached the tables and they also saw it.

Myself, amongst others, was requested to put my hand down in my lap, partially under the table, which I did, and presently I felt something knocking against my fingers, which I since suppose was the letter I afterwards took in my hand. I also felt what appeared to be the hand of a dead person, cold and clammy. I felt the fingers distinctly; the letter was held in this hand, which several times placed it in mine, and suddenly twitched it away again, pulling it with considerable force. The letter was finally given to me, and I placed it on the table. It

was in an envelope, sealed and addressed to the circle, and was read by them.

These letters were upon different subjects; some of them were very interesting and instructive, others related to the original members of the circle, reproving them for certain alleged defections of conduct, exhorting them to amend their ways and observe Christian precepts. Some things were said mortifying to them, which I am sure they would not have disclosed, had they been the originators of the letters.

After the members of the circle were all seated, the Spirits vigorously shook the tables, partially turning them round, knocking them against some of the persons present, crowding them back from the table, stripping off some of the table-cloths, at least the one in front of me. As I perceived the cloth going, I took hold of it, and held on with considerable strength. It was finally twitched away from me, and dragged under the table; and finally the tables ceased moving, and a space of about six inches wide was left between two of them directly in front of where I sat. Some of the company attempted to shove the tables together, which the Spirits prevented by holding them.

The light from the lamp and candles shone down to the floor through this aperture, and it was not possible for a person or other visible thing to have been under the tables, or to pass this open space, without our seeing it during the movements of the tables and the manifestations which followed.

Spirit hands and feet, fully organized, were exhibited in this open space, and also to different persons at different points around our circle, and at the sides and ends of the table.

When these organizations appeared in the aperture spoken of, they seemed to be projected from directly under the table-leaf each side of the aperture, sometimes raising their hands above the table, exhibiting their wrists and portions of the arm. Persons sitting at or near the ends of the tables, got up and came to the center of them, and stood over the aperture, where they could and did see the forms I saw, and which they described as I describe them.

Myself and all others who wished took hold of the Spirits' hands and examined them carefully, even to their finger-nails. They were to the sight and touch veritable hands, with all the elements of bone, sinew, flesh and skin, such as one feels and sees when he shakes hands with mortals.

Two of the invited guests who were skeptical, and who sat at the end of the table, said they distinctly saw a large brownish hand grasp the silk dress of the lady seated between them, and pull her nearly from her chair. One of these gentlemen took hold of the dress to pull it away from the Spirit, and it was strained to such a tension that it snapped so as to be distinctly heard.

I put my pencil to the edge of the table several feet from the space where most of the exhibitions of hands and feet took place, and saw a Spirit-hand come up and take it away. Almost instantaneously the same hand presented it to me in the aperture before me. I saw the hand distinctly, and took the pencil from it. Many other experiments were tried with like results.

A double-bladed knife which had been used on the table to sharpen pencils, was spirited away and presented in the Spirit's hand, with blades open, grasped firmly, and brandished before us, spelling out by raps at the time, "Be quiet now, or you may be injured." I remark here, that I do not apprehend that there was any danger of our being injured by the Spirits, but believe the remark was made by them in jest, or to fix our attention more firmly on the fact.

The naked foot of a Spirit fully organized in an earthly form was also exhibited in this aperture. The toes were horizontal, and the leg was bent back so as to make the ankle nearly straight with the top of the foot, which was first uppermost. In this position the foot repeatedly passed the aperture lengthwise of our circle, and across the aperture, in a horizontal position, and directly up to the under side of the table-leaf. The position and movement of this foot was such as was entirely impossible, under the circumstances, for any fully organized human being of any size, to have assumed. Beside the center of our line of tables where the exhibition took place, could not have been reached within several feet by any person seated at either end of our oblong circle; neither could a person, or even a foot, be thus passed to this aperture, back and forth, without having been discovered and felt by the persons seated at either

side of the table with their feet and legs some of them outstretched to discover if such was the fact.

This I deem sufficiently explicit to convey a tolerably full comprehension of the facts to other minds.

This class of spiritual manifestations affords conclusive evidence of the presence and identity of Spirits, and especially in cases many of which have occurred when the face or whole form of the Spirit was organized, and recognized by its relatives and friends by the same peculiarity of features and expression that identified the Spirit while dwelling in its earthly tabernacle.

And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?

Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet. —LUKE, 24: 38—40.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.

Original.

THE INFINITE UNFOLDING.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

IN the discovery and application of natural principles, it is important that the mind should be imbued with a comprehensive philosophy, which will give it freedom to explore the vast arcana of Creation. The theological systems of the past have been narrow, angular, and distorted, because the explorations of mind have been restricted to a limited circle, and because the standard of authority has been made a prop on which Thought has idly rested. Mind, in its search for the universal truth, needs to be expanded; it needs to grow into vast and comprehensive views of existence as it is; it needs to break away the barriers which a cold conservatism has erected, and rise on the wings of Aspiration into the realm of the Infinite. While the mental vision remains circumscribed within the precincts of artificial creeds, it is in vain to anticipate the prevalence of any natural system of philosophy or religion. As the first step in its advancement, the soul must penetrate the hard incrustation formed by unnatural habits of thought, and seek to bathe itself in the light and atmosphere of freedom. Hence it is a great work—the beginning of true reform—to open to the perceptions of man, the immensity by which he is surrounded, and enable him to realize that the divine realities of existence expand into a boundless scope.

There is an infinite unfolding in Being. Man stands within the circle of infinitude—a circle which, like the etherial horizon, retreats and widens forever as it is approached. Taking the earth as a central point, the lines of being stretch out boundlessly in every direction. There is no conceivable finality in the universe—no end to the radiations of divine love and wisdom. Thought itself becomes lost in the contemplation of immensity; and the wonder-blinded Spirit that has sent forth its perceptions far and wide, feels how vain is the attempt to measure an existence which is beyond all boundaries, or to probe the depths of that world-wide sea which never can be fathomed.

Let us look forth mentally into space. What a glory opens to the soul-lit eye, and yet what immensity overpowers conception! That which makes the boundary of the outer vision—the horizon that encircles the earth, and the firmament that sparkles with its night-born gems—is only the gateway that leads to immeasurable regions beyond. So wave on wave of being bears our thoughts afar into an unknown deep. Vast, burning worlds, that shine like golden beads strung on the bosom of Omnipotence, form the vast galaxy that melts away into interminable space. Where, then, may the tired wings of Thought find rest? Where, amid the glory of revolving systems, may the imagination seek a haven of repose? Standing, as it were, on the shining walls of the visible universe, the soul may look forth into a still deeper abyss of being; and as it gazes on the shoreless ocean of ether, and counts the starry links in the chain of divine creation, it feels that existence has no beginning but in God, and no end but in the cycles of infinity.

Again, there is an infinite unfolding in Causation. Who will attempt to trace the great wave of motion to an end? That which, to the superficial view, may seem to be an ultimate, will be found on examination, to act as a cause in the production of a still higher effect. Such are the universal relations and dependencies of things, that every visible cause is

itself an effect, and every effect in its turn becomes a cause. Hence there is no finality to be conceived in the process of causation. The slightest motion among the elements of matter will give birth to an innumerable train of corresponding movements. A word breathed upon the air will roll in silent undulations through immensity; a pebble dropped upon the shore will jar the fabric of the universe; a single step on the firm earth will resound in rolling echoes through the azure dome. Atom unites with atom, and part combines with part, to form the universal whole; and so through all the series and gradations of existence, the action of each separate cause is followed by infinite results. Throughout the entire constitution of things, there is a perfect system of action and reaction, which leaves no beginning-point from which the mind may search for an end; and thus the principle of causation flows in a continuous circle, extending from God to the universe and from the universe to God, in one eternal round.

Such, and so infinite, is the pathway that leads through the fields of existence. Here, obstructed by no confining walls, the prospect ever widens to the mind as its own powers expand; here the Divinity walks with his advancing children, revealing at every step some hidden wonder or new-born beauty; here the angel of Freedom rears her countless shrines, at which the pure in spirit will worship and rejoice, as they behold the bright immensity of the Temple in which they stand.

In view, then, of the limitless scope presented in the realm of being and causation, why should mind be restricted to narrow and artificial bounds?—why should it be chained down to theological altars, or tremble in the exercise of its divine gift of reason? Doth not God call man—in all the voices of the outer world—in all the radiations of distant orbs—in all the highest aspirations of the soul itself—to go forth intellectually into his illimitable dominions, and seek for himself the treasures which are there reposit? The universe is not a sealed book, but an infinite revelation. If science has given the key that unlocks the gateway of the heavens, and has supplied the wondrous implements that open the world of elements and animalculæ, we may infer by analogy that there are still higher and deeper regions, which the lens and crucible may not disclose, but which are waiting to be revealed to the intuitive mind; that there are hallowed spheres of being which sense can not comprehend, but which the fathomless heart of Nature enfolds—spheres where Beauty reigns, where the sunlight of divine glory is diffused, and where "deep calleth unto deep," in echoes of undying melody.

NO GOD.

BY MRS. LYDIA. H. GOURNEY.

THE following verses, suggested by the words to the fourteenth Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," are among the finest things in the English language.

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower

That on the wild is found,

Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,

And trembles at the sound;

"No God!" astonished Echo cries

From out her cavern hoar,

And every wandering bird that flies

Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,

The Almighty to proclaim,

The brooklet on its crystal urn,

Doth leap to grave its name;

How swells the deep and vengeful sea

Along its billowy track,

The red Vesuvius opes his mouth

To hurl the falsehood back!

The palm tree, with princely crest,

The cocoa's easy shade,

The bread fruit bending to its lord,

In yon far island glade—

The winged seeds that, borne by winds,

The roving sparrows feed,

The melon on the desert sands,

Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high

The fervent Sun is stirred,

And the pale Moon turns paler still,

At such an impious word;

And from their burning thrones, the Stars

Look down with angry eye,

That thus a worm of dust should mock

Eternal majesty.



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

THE TIME AND THE DUTY.

THE philosophic observer can not fail to perceive that we live in revolutionary times. The Spirit of the Age is rapidly tracing on the world the record of mighty changes to come. Great events slumber in the Future, and their shadowy outlines fall on the prescient soul. A little while and the revealing Angel shall come to wake the sleepers and to renew the world. Yet not by the power of fierce embattled hosts that trample MAN down to exalt the power of perjured priests and kings, are these changes to be wrought. No; the reign of Despotism itself, temporal and spiritual, draws to a close. Long ago, when the world was new and humanity was young, it set its unhallowed foot on the prostrate form of Man and the image of God. But the human mind is rising in its majesty, and a Spirit, more stately and irresistible than the commander of conquering legions, comes to redeem the nations. This Spirit is the avenger of all human wrongs, whose sword and torch are Justice and Truth, and whose royal habiliments are Liberty and Light. At last the soul's deep and prolonged repose—the ignoble rest of moral inactivity and spiritual sleep—is over, and the world is waking! Man shall wear sack-cloth no more. Hereafter, he shall not venerate, above all things, the ashes of the Past. The time has come to cultivate a taste for diviner things, and the true spiritual man shall press living forms and imperishable realities to his heart. He shall be clothed anew and walk in pleasant places. Armed with the elements of power, affluent in the means for securing noble ends, and surrounded by all the forms of beauty and use, the Spirit shall yet assert and maintain its rightful dominion over the Earth.

Too long has the idolatrous world deified the attribute of brute force, and sought for the noblest examples of heroism among its military animals. The deeds of kingly warriors who have never ceased to crush humanity in their conquests; the legends of blind superstition and religious strife; the bloody stories of the crusaders, and the savage villanies of reputed saints whom fear consecrated and tradition invested with Divine authority—these have suggested the themes on which the poet, the musician and the orator of past ages have exerted their noblest powers. But the signs of the times indicate a great change in the popular mind and heart. Few comparatively are the honors that remain to be distributed among those who win their victories with the implements of death. The world shall yet recover from its sad delirium, and the human mind and heart be brutalized no more. The dying prayer of Goethe is answered. *We have "more light" now*; and accordingly we discern more of the subtle mysteries of being. We look through the forms of the natural world and perceive their spiritual essences. We discover that gross, earthly things have no motive forces or vital energies in or of themselves—that in the last analysis all the powers of the Universe are invisible and spiritual. With this knowledge of the sources of power, we can do more with inspired ideas than the ancients ever did with battle-axes. The truly great men of this, and indeed of every age, are such as go forth to the battle of life armed with high moral principles, and prepared to smite down the powers of evil by the utterance and practical application of great thoughts. Strike boldly, then, at thy neighbor's error, but be persuaded to lay thy hand gently on the Manhood. He alone is great, in a divine sense, who makes the world better and happier. This, then, is the work of the Spiritual Reformer: To restore the waning fires on Faith's cold and broken altars; to people the deserted temple of the human heart with new hopes and joys; to make life and love *one*, not etymologically alone, but essentially and *practically*; in short, to cover the scale of being with such inspired thoughts and illustrious deeds as make human history one complicated, Divine harmony.

Revolutions are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion,

Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. They are greater in their development and far more lasting in their effects than the shock that rends a continent or rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a single thought has power to move the soul itself. The angry billows rise and beat the unyielding shore; the silent walls of ocean remain, but the billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over. The inspired Thinker shall have his turn once more in the government of the world. In that more interior life where thoughts are recognized as substantial realities, his power is felt and comprehended. A starry diadem encircles his brow and he wields a peaceful scepter over the enlightened and redeemed. Error is presumed to be sacred when it enjoys the fellowship of the church; imbecility and deformity are respected when they are propagated in royal bed-chambers and nursed in palace-halls; but Truth is sublimely great when it stands alone and unsupported, and the thought that is born in a manger may live and grow and silently conquer the world.

The nature and magnitude of the Spiritual Reformation, and the influence of its facts and principles on the human mind and heart, as well as its tendency to modify existing institutions, are very generally misconceived or overlooked. The Spiritual Idea has hitherto claimed no alliance with the established powers of the world; it does not directly interfere with temporal affairs. On the contrary, it comes to free the individual, to warm his heart, to enlighten his understanding and to correct his life; at the same time it leaves him at liberty to work out, in the manner best suited to his choice, his own idea of institutional reform. The progress of the new Reformation has been so silent that few are conscious of the fact that its influence is already deeply felt in every walk of life. Everywhere do we behold its image. It is being indelibly stamped on our literature; angel hands are tracing its form in mystical outlines, in the universal mind; it is rapidly demolishing the gross superstitions of the ignorant, and the ingenious speculations of material philosophers; it is opening new and boundless fields for scientific investigation; it is scattering the foolish devices of popular skepticism; it is unsealing the fountains of life, and opening living channels through which the streams of inspired thought shall flow to the common mind. The sincere disciple *feels* its inspiration, and his soul is clothed with light and filled with joy. If the new faith and philosophy have not yet dissipated the last cloud in the mental and moral heaven of his being, they have revealed a divine light beyond, and thrown a prismatic radiance over the darkness itself. The Angel of the Spiritual Dispensation converts the mourner's tears into bright symbols of new hopes and joys which spring up and flourish in the soul. The Angel descends to the silent abodes of the dead; he sets his foot lightly on the sacred dust; where he walks perennial flowers bloom by the way; they exhale their fragrance over unnumbered graves, and the freshness of Spring-time encircles the year.

The inauguration of the Spiritual Idea in the world, its rapid progress among all classes, and its certain triumph over all opposing powers, denote the beginning of a new period in the development of the human mind. The shadowy forms of great events are seen rising up out of the sea of inspired thought and feeling, and these shall fill an important place in history. Hereafter it shall be said that the great Reformation commenced in the Nineteenth Century. Compared with this, the Reformation under Luther was insignificant in its principles, and unimportant in its bearing on the moral growth and spiritual freedom of the race. *That* asserted a single principle, while *this* proposes to furnish the world with a new philosophy of human nature and relations; to lend an immortal quickening to the human senses and to all the powers of thought; it promises to enlarge, indefinitely, the boundaries of science; to restore the lost treasures of the heart; to embellish life and spiritualize worship; and to raise our buried faith from the dead.

Such—very briefly expressed—are the principles and tendencies of the Spiritual Movement; and in this view of the subject, what have we to do? To this it may be answered, in general terms, that the diffusion of correct information respecting the facts and principles of the new movement, and the exemplifica-

tion of their redeeming power in the business of practical reform, is our appropriate work. Spiritualists have thus far made but little effort to disseminate intelligence respecting the great subject which has so deeply enlisted the public mind and heart. But is it not time for every earnest friend to exert his influence in this direction? The journals devoted to Spiritualism require a more liberal patronage; the public need increased facilities for instruction, which may be measurably supplied by popular Lectures and suitable Books. So important are these instrumentalities in the work of moral discipline and spiritual illumination that no intelligent believer can consistently neglect them. If we have found great light, it remains for us to let this light shine on those who still sit in darkness; if Spiritualism has brought to *our* bosoms the balm of a divine consolation, it may heal other wounded hearts; if it has strengthened our resolutions for good, and upheld us in seasons of severe trial and temptation, it is manifest that many others may require its moral restraints and supports; if it has quickened our faith, given birth to new hopes, and inspired our hearts and minds with purer affections and nobler thoughts, then, indeed, may THE WORLD be benefited by its ministry.

In no other way can we reasonably hope to honor and advance the truth if we disregard the *moral inculcations* of the Spiritual Philosophy. The man who calls himself a Spiritualist and still leads a corrupt life, subjects to daily crucifixion the cause he professes to revere. If he be a determined sensualist, he is no friend of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he secretly assassinates its reputation, and should blush at his own desecration of its name and principles. The inordinate lust for fame; the idolatrous worship of Mammon; the abuse of power; social and domestic infidelities; intemperance and personal uncleanness, are all vile practices never to be reconciled with the demands of the Spiritual Philosophy. Many a profligate may chance, in his moral inebriation, to stumble against the doors of the spiritual temple; but his carelessness does not make him a worthy disciple; nor should he presume to handle sacred things too freely until he has visited the spiritual Siloam and is cleansed of his corruptions. The mission of Spiritualism is accomplished when the moral nature is renovated, and the individual becomes a living plant by the river of Life.

Beautiful are the feet of those who stand on the moral summits of the world. The Angel of the New Dispensation unfurls his banner over them. Be strong, O Thinker, and smite the world with thy thought. If Truth be entertained by thee, thou art strong indeed. Error shall tremble, even in the light of thy smile; consecrated falsehood and imperial wrong shall pale before the majesty of thy mien, and the armed millions of Oppression shall be scattered. The stubborn form of skepticism shall humbly bow in thy presence, and doubt inherit the gift of tongues no more. Then smite and ignite the elements with thy thought, and consuming flame shall burn beneath the stroke. The world needs to be thus tried and purified; Providence has placed it in the crucible, and it remains for the Thinker and the Worker to kindle and to blow the fire. Rise! to thy work, O Thinker! Go forth, and wave thy torch above the phantom-shapes that people the darkened air. Walk through the valleys and along the mountain sides, and the light of the immortal Morning shall follow in thy footsteps.

The World Upside Down.

We perceive that our Cleveland friends are really turning the world upside down. The *Spiritual Universe*, published in that city, has for a vignette the representation of a globe, only one hemisphere being visible. Above, "the stars are mildly shining," while dense vapors obscure the depths below. At least one half of the great globe is "lost in a fog." By some means this vignette was *inverted* in a late number of the paper; the globe appeared to be rapidly ascending, and looked very much like a huge balloon just disappearing in the clouds. All the heavenly bodies were left down below. We do not object to the correctness of this representation. The material worlds revolve on their centers, and the earth itself is upside down every day. If the *Spiritual Universe* (of Cleveland, Ohio) sustains any relation to the same law it may also turn on its axis; and hence, though occasionally upside down it may be always "right side up." It may be, however, that President Mahan's Od Force did not leave Cleveland with his Reverence.

SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES.

THE "Epic of the Starry Heaven" was at first ridiculed by drawing-room poets and the third class of American literati, whose ignorance and vanity afford an ample excuse for any follies they may commit. These geniuses of the mutual admiration school compared the Epic to a magazine of "Bengal Lights," "Torpedoes" and "Fiery Serpents." But they had no soul-measure which they could apply to its great thoughts. They were as likely to speak falsely as otherwise, because no master mind in this country or Europe had yet spoken to give them the cue to its merits. The poem was supposed to be a bundle of very combustible materials; the Choral Angels of the "Starry Heaven" were huge specters; and the new worlds from which they removed the veil of time and sense were regarded as spectrum shapes, fashioned in the darkened chambers of the disordered brain. But volume followed volume in rapid succession, each combining the highest elements of poetry, until, with the advent of the "Golden Age," the opposition, conceived and born in ignorance and prejudice, reluctantly gave up the ghost. It manifested signs of penitence at last, and its words were gentle and soothing to troubled nerves as the sad sweet notes of the dying swan. Mark how they go to their rest.

FROM THE SUNDAY ATLAS.

Mr. Harris is one of our mysteries, who claims to have had personal interviews and communications with the Spirits of the departed, and of having been dictated to by the Spirits of some of the most distinguished poets of the past generation. His claims are supported by the testimony of some of our highly respectable citizens. His "Lyric of the Morning Land" contained many passages of rare poetic merit; and the same praise may be bestowed upon the work before us. We have Rousseau, and Byron, and Keats, and Pollok, and Shelley, discoursing in most eloquent language. We are surprised, and yet incredulous; and we get over it by accrediting Mr. Harris with a powerful imagination, and great flow, and often brilliancy of language. In a "Prophecy" dictated by the Spirit of Byron, in speaking of England, he says:

"There is a palsy on thy dying brain;
There is a leprosy upon thy skin;
O England, thy last Prophet pleads in vain;
The Seer Carlyle sits thy proud gates within,
Reasoning with these of righteousness and sin
And retribution—men believe him not—
The rich more wealth, the great more greatness win;
The peasant grows a pauper, menial sot;
Lordlings drink, dice, and drab, fearing no Chartist's plot.
"Yet wide and deep, from Mersey to the Thames,
The rankling evils of the Social State
Ripen to ruin. Hell's devouring flames
Burn in thy breast, while sleek red-tapists prate
Of 'Progress,' and the Tory press cries 'Wait.'
France, now your friend, ere long shall be your foe.
Your satraps feast with Cyrus at the gate,
Your wooden walls rot fast as April snow—
The Bull with gilded horns waits the Destroyer's blow.
"Guelph shall, like Tudor and Plantagenet,
Be a forgotten name in Windsor's Halls;
The German hounds who suck the public teat
Shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls;
And unctuous deans flee from their burning stalls;
While terrible Destruction waves his brand,
Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,
O Aristocracy! when God's right hand
Thrones Freedom o'er your isles, none shall his might withstand."

There is a great deal more of this sort of prophesy in the volume, leading us to suspect that the author may be one of "Young Sam's" men. There is great strength and a good sentiment in the following line:

"God's arm smites down the state that crushes those who toil."

The Spirit of Shelley gives us a touch on the "Death of Superstition," and thus annihilates the London Times:

"Were every subtle lie
That bloated Gorgon coined, a seed of corn,
Sowed over England, watered from the sky,
Millions might feed, but millions yet unborn
Shall loathe its hated name, and heap its grave with scorn."

The Spirit of Pollok, the author of the "The Course of Time," causes Mr. Harris to write as follows:

"The unfledged swallow thinks its nest the world;
But when its wings are plumed it flies afar,
To breathe the fragrance of the tropic Isles;
Man, like the unfledged bird, within his ball
Of clay, chirps freely; soon with flashing wings
A spiritual universe he'll trace."
"The perilous ocean of the dark To-day,
O man, an Angel's mind sounds on before;
On every headland of futurity
It kindles an immortal beacon light."

In another part of the poem, Keats sings—

"I shine a star, though once I perished as a flower."

As we have stated, there are many brilliant passages in the volume that we would like to quote at length; but as to the spiritual mediumship of Mr. Harris, we are not so certain; and yet we hesitate to discredit the authority of those who testify to this wonderful power on his part. There is undeniably a great similarity between the matter assumed to be given through the Spirits of departed poets, and their writings, when alive; but that is not satisfactory evidence. Mr. Har-

ris may be able to imitate them himself when in the natural state. "From his youth Mr. Harris has been accustomed to write verse," says the introduction. But we have neither the room nor the disposition to enter into a discussion of spiritual mediumship; nor do we know enough of the subject to attempt it. The mind of man may yet be able to solve its present mystery, when all matters connected with Spiritualism will appear as clear as the light of day, and its principles reduced to abstract matters of fact. That philosopher of the olden time, who first proclaimed the world to be round, was laughed at for a fool, and might have been burnt for heresy. The most important discoveries in the world have grown out of the simplest causes; but how the world is to be benefited by Modern Spiritualism remains to be seen.

This critic says, he "gets over" the difficulty of accounting for the inspired productions of Mr. Harris by conceding to him "a powerful imagination, great flow and often brilliancy of language." But we do not exactly perceive how this critic "gets over;" he certainly fails to show us the source of the "great flow," and hence he rather gets under than over the difficulty. The critic is liberal to Mr. Harris and grants far more than the most gifted and ambitious genius could rightfully require or reasonably expect. The ability to write in his own peculiar style was enough to give any one of the poets named in the "Golden Age" an earthly immortality; but here is a man who without a single effort of which he has any consciousness, successfully imitates them all. This is admitted. Moreover, he utters more in a few hours than any living poet can produce in a like number of days. And how do the critics "get over" the "great flow!" The method is certainly a novel and original one, and how clear it is! They get over the "great flow" by "accrediting Mr. Harris" with the great flow! This is their explanation of the whole mystery, and all we want now is some one to explain the explanation.

INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Complimentary Benefit given at Stuyvesant Institute to Mrs. U. Clark, on Thursday evening of last week, proved to be a very pleasant affair, notwithstanding the storm that raged without. The heavy rain that descended in torrents, in the early part of the evening, kept many away, and the audience was consequently limited in numbers; but those who were fortunate enough to be present were highly pleased with the entertainment.

Mrs. Clark's readings evinced no little strength and delicacy of feeling combined with an intellectual perception and appreciation of poetic excellence. The compass of her voice will hardly permit her to give full expression to the most forcible and impassioned inspiration of the tragic muse; but her intonation is clear and musical, at the same time her enunciation is precise without the least appearance of affectation. In the utterance of delicate thoughts; in the delineation of beautiful images, and in the expression of all pure sentiment and tender feeling, Mrs. Clark awakens admiration and inspires emotions of serene pleasure.

Mr. H. H. Tator, at the request of several friends, recited his poem entitled NIAGARA, which was warmly applauded. The poem itself exhibits strong powers of imagination and expression, and as the poet's inspiration kindled in his own expressive eye, and on the eloquent lip, we were carried in spirit to the scene; we seemed to hear again the great psalm of the floods—chanted by one hundred rivers in the temple of Nature.

Mr. W. A. Townsend read Longfellow's poem of the "Building of the Ship," which was listened to in profound silence and followed by prolonged applause. The temperament of our friend is highly nervous, which causes him to gesticulate freely, even in familiar conversation; but his reading at the Institute was on the whole measured and impressive. Mr. Townsend is as much at ease before the audience as if the Drama had been his profession from childhood. His attitudes are commanding, at the same time he moves and talks in true dramatic style, fixing the attention of the listless hearer by his easy grace and forcible elocution.

The Promethean fire lost none of its power to ignite the elements of high thought and noble feeling, on the occasion to which we have referred. Indeed, only the soul of the cultivated reader burns and glows over the silent volume; but when the divine fire is transferred from the poet's luminous page to the altar of the living human heart; when the flame kindles in the eye and in the lip; when it modulates the voice and becomes music in the air and on the ear; then it reaches the common mind, and all hearts yield to the delirious spell.

JERSEY SHORE LIGHTS.

THE *News Letter* edited by S. S. Seely and James Jones and published at Jersey Shore, Pa., is full of wrath against Spiritualism and its believers. Our first article on the loss of the Pacific seems to have caused this sudden inflammation. Spiritualism is mildly denominated a "detestable humbug," and its believers are called "deluded creatures." We will select some of the more amiable passages from this *News Letter* and accompany the same with brief remarks. Touching the assumed tendency of Spiritualism to disturb the mental equilibrium, the Editors are pleased to say that "Instances are not wanting where persons have been driven to insanity by the doings of these pretended Spiritualists." It will be perceived that this language implies an important distinction, which is only warranted by a fundamental difference. The mischief of which he complains is said to be the work of "pretended Spiritualists." Now we are not the apologists of any class of pretenders, spiritual or material; and such people seldom come to us either for assistance or consolation. We believe that hypocrites are generally up to some mischief, and we know of no reason why the pretenders to Spiritualism should be much if any better than the ordinary pretenders to truth and religion.

But suppose that "instances are not wanting" in which persons have become insane on account of their unreasoning devotion to this subject; what then? Does truth cease to be truth, and do facts become fallacies on that account? Is truth less valuable when it reveals the constitutional weakness and infirmities of poor human nature? We apprehend not. We recollect to have heard of one who was choked to death by bread. It was a mournful occurrence; the people in the neighborhood sympathized with those who were afflicted; but no one stopped eating bread. Many men have been driven to insanity by too close application to business. Shall we stop all business on that account? Will Seely block the wheels of trade and Jim Jones preach the gospel of idleness, referring to occasional examples to illustrate the tendency of industry to insanity? Not a few persons have lost their reason from the influence of "the tender passion."

"They loved not wisely, but too well."

Is love for God and for Humanity a dangerous heresy that ought to be suppressed? If it is such, speak out. We have heard it affirmed that some people were mad on account of too much learning or wisdom—(this probably was not the cause of the madness of S. S. Seely and James Jones.) Is education, therefore, a mind-destroying delusion? The insanity of great numbers has been and still is ascribed to the influence of Religion. On the occasion of our recent visit to Maine we were informed from a reliable source that, in the Asylum of that State there were six persons rendered insane from Religion, while—according to the report in the same institution, there was but one case of derangement which could be referred to the influence of Spiritualism. So far as these facts establish anything, they go to prove that religion is precisely six times as efficient as Spiritualism in making people insane. Is it best to put down or to uphold religion?

We copy below the *News Letter's* last paragraph; it is the measure of the author's caliber:

We think it time that an effort was made by the upright and intelligent portion of the public to put down this nuisance. This can not be done by laws, it must be done by public opinion. Let a Spiritualist be esteemed the same as any other imposter—a pickpocket, gambler or thief, and they and their doings will soon come to an end.

This is singularly civil, and illustrates among other things the progress of civilization at Jersey Shore, and the writer's ideas of uprightness and intelligence. If Pennsylvania can afford to spare two such lights it would perhaps be well for Seely and Jones to remove to this benighted region for the laudable purpose of abating nuisances—such are numerous hereabouts—and also with the view of establishing in the great American metropolis a pure, generous, and enlightened public sentiment.

Acknowledgments.

MANY thanks are due to Mrs. French for her valuable assistance in disposing of tickets for Mrs. Clark's entertainment; likewise, to Mr. Townsend, for his liberal contribution to the receipts of the evening; and to the Accidentals, whose fine music contributed so much to diversify and enliven the performance.

New England Spiritualist.

We have inadvertently omitted until now to announce the fact, that this herald of the gospel of To-day has recently entered on its Second Volume, and to hint that the present is a good time to subscribe. The *N. E. Spiritualist*, under the editorial management of A. E. Newton commands universal respect alike for its candor and ability.

KIND WORDS WITH THE HARTFORD TIMES.

THE Hartford Times copies our first article on the loss of the Pacific, and subsequently publishes Editorial remarks, entitled "A Word of Caution," from which the following is extracted:

People should not be deceived by statements of the spirit rappers. The grossest absurdities and the most glaring falsehoods are often "rapped out" at the circles, along with surprising truths. But those who place dependence upon information produced in this way, will as surely be humbugged, and deceived, as they place reliance upon that sort of communication. The article of Saturday evening has the names of honorable and truthful gentlemen connected with it. S. B. Brittan is no deceiver but an able and candid man, who is bold enough to write and publish what he sees and believes. He knows that Spirit rapping communications are often untruthful, and that reliance can not at all times be placed upon them. He publishes well-written articles upon both sides of the question of Spirit communication, and is doing all he can to lay before the public the truths connected with it. The article which we published on Saturday would teach us that the Spirits forewarn the fate of the Pacific; but, unfortunately, it was not published till hope of her safety had become extinct. Had it been laid before the public last December it would have been of more consequence in public estimation. But that would not answer, as those who received it did not then place reliance upon it; and when fears began to arise on account of the missing steamer, other Spirit communications came, saying that she was safe; so in this case, as in others, after the result is known of some important event, Spirit communications may be had in abundance, proving a correct foresight.

In the treatment of Spiritualism the Editors of the Times have hitherto pursued a just and magnanimous course which commands our high respect at the same time it entitles that journal to a degree of public confidence that is seldom so justly merited by the secular Press. We do not know that we have any special objection to the Editor's "word of caution," since we have no disposition to disguise the fact that many unreliable communications, claiming a spiritual origin, have been received. The supposition, however, that Spirits are less reliable than men derives no confirmation, either from our observation or experience; and in giving publicity to such communications as are, in our judgment, entitled to credit, we do not perceive the necessity for such qualifications as naturally impair the force of the truth itself. It is well known that we regard the conductors of the Hartford Times as gentlemen of scrupulous veracity who will shrink from no just responsibility. Entertaining this view of the personal character of the Editors, we should not hesitate to accept their testimony in regard to any fact which might occur within the sphere of their observation, more especially if the attendant circumstances were such as to furnish a strong corroboration of their statement. In thus accepting the truth on the testimony of the Times, we might not think it either necessary or expedient to weaken our indorsement by insisting, in the same connection, that the grossest absurdities and the most glaring falsehoods are often written out in Editorial sanctuaries "along with surprising truths;" and that "those who place dependence upon information produced in this way, will surely be humbugged and deceived."

But it may be said that we have a more intimate personal knowledge of our friends of the Times than we can be supposed to have of the invisible authors of the revelations respecting the Pacific. This may be conceded without diminishing either the propriety or the force of the preceding observations. Whether our confidence in a given statement be left to repose on the personal veracity of the witness, or on other equally reliable grounds, is a matter which can not influence a just decision of the question respecting the necessity for such qualifications as afflict the public faith with incurable paralysis, and leave the truth itself in a state of extreme debility.

The great mistake of those who received the prophecy, respecting the loss of the Pacific, is presumed to consist in the neglect to give it publicity at the time. But there seems to be at least one formidable obstacle in the way of following, in this respect, the suggestions of the Times and many other journals. It is well known that the believers in Spiritualism have become numerous, and had the original communication from the Spirits been published last December it would have followed that, in the same proportion in which the prophetic statement was credited, people would have declined taking passage on the Pacific, while the difficulties of obtaining insurance would have been proportionately augmented. Had the announcement appeared in the TELEGRAPH, the proprietors might have been favored with a special call from the Agents of the Collins Line of Steamers, who, on entering our office might have addressed us in a manner and form as follows:—*Sirs: You are unlaw-*

fully warring against our interests; you are throwing obstacles in the way of our success in the prosecution of a legitimate business, and I come to admonish you that the assessment of damages will be referred to the proper legal tribunal. The members of the Collins company may be reasonable and generous men, but we beg to remind our friends of the Hartford Times, that there are many persons in this city whose inveterate hostility to everything which bears the name of Spiritualism, might prompt them to seize with avidity on any specious pretext for laying an injunction on the TELEGRAPH.

The Muses in Mischief.

SOME literary wag has perpetrated the following lines, in which he furnishes a facetious caricature of the style of one of our distinguished poets. This profane utilitarian has no right to set his infidel foot on the Sacred Mount. He has evidently sinned against Apollo in using Parnassus for a sheep-pasture.

Never jumps a sheep that's frightened
Over any fence whatever,
Over wall, or fence, or timber,
But a second follows after,
And a third upon the second,
And a fourth, and fifth, and so on.
First a sheep and then a dozen,
Till they all in quick succession,
One by one have got clear over.
So misfortunes, almost always,
Follow after one another,
Seem to watch each other all ways,
When they see the tail uplifted,
In the air the tail uplifted,
As the sorrow leapeth over,
So they follow, thicker, faster,
Till the air of earth seems darkened,
With the tails of dead misfortunes.

Natural Clairvoyance.

ZSCHOKKE was for a time altogether skeptical respecting the existence of a power or faculty now known as clairvoyance, but he made many experiments with a view to satisfy his own mind. At length the numerous facts which came under his observation overwhelmed his skepticism, and the development of the inner vision in himself vanquished the last doubt that overshadowed his mind. This discovery greatly modified his views of Nature and the Soul. We extract the following paragraph from his life:

In almost every canton of Switzerland are found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gift of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals, or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvelous talents to the proof. One of these was the Abbot of the Convent of St. Urban, in the Canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science; and another, a young woman who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and her companion with me through several districts entirely unknown to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of Nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity.

Treasures of the Saints.

The property owned by Trinity Church in this city is estimated by Judge Jay at \$20,000,000. In such a huge pile there is abundant room for "rust" to accumulate, but the members of that Church are keen financiers, and they guard their treasures so faithfully that there is no chance for ordinary thieves to "break through and steal." The Trinity saints appear to regard stone vaults and iron safes as the securest possible places for their treasures. (If the popular theology be true the salamander safes might also serve as a means of personal protection to the saints themselves.) Heaven is not their principal place of deposit; it is probably regarded as an unsafe institution, owing to the liberality of the Directors in granting accommodations to the poor!

Cause of the Agus Discovered.

The Editor of the Tipton Advertiser excuses the lack of editorial matter in his columns by saying that he has of late been visited by "personal earthquakes," meaning the fever and ague; which he ascribes to the "miasmatic slang" of one of his contemporaries. He supposes that the miasm which is known to be exhaled from certain sanctuaries has the effect to disturb the bile, and that the disease is induced in this manner. The fever doubtless indicates that "the blood is up," and the shaking may be an involuntary effort of the Editor's nature to chastise his enemy.

The Vignette and the Artist.

We congratulate ourselves upon our success in obtaining the neat and appropriate vignette which graces the first, third, and sixth pages of our paper in its new form; and our appreciation of its taste and elegance constrains us here to say a word respecting Mr. John W. Orr, of 75 Nassau street, by whom it was executed. As an engraver on wood, Mr. Orr stands in his profession as second to no person in the United States, or perhaps in the world. It may be mentioned as an illustration of his natural abilities in this line of art, that even while an apprentice, in the year 1836, he received, out of a large number of competitors at the fair of the Mechanics' Institute at Castle Garden, a silver medal for the best specimen of wood engraving. After completing his apprenticeship he resided for several years successively in Buffalo and Albany, at which latter place he was presented with a gold medal by the New York State Agricultural Society for the best specimen of domestic animals engraved on wood. With this desirable and wide-spread reputation as an adept in his art, he subsequently returned to New York and engaged in several popular and extensive works such as executing engravings for Harper's Illustrated Bible, and Harper's Illustrated Shakespeare, which he engraved with his own hands. By his energy and enterprise displayed in the introduction of new inventions, and the employment of the most skillful assistants he could procure, he has placed himself in the front rank of his profession and now drives a business which requires the employment of about thirty assistants, among whom are some of the best English, French and German engravers. Those of our friends who may wish to have engravings executed with promptitude and in the best possible style, may have their wants amply supplied at the establishment of Mr. Orr.

Industry and Instruction.

As an illustration of the liberal and progressive spirit of J. W. Orr, and at the same time an encouragement to others to follow his example, one peculiar feature of his establishment deserves particular and honorable mention. It is that he has one man constantly employed in reading to his workmen while they are engaged in their occupation. After the workmen have arrived in the morning, he first reads aloud all that is interesting and instructive in the daily papers, and afterward reads from some good standard book—continuing his readings, in like manner, for a certain number of hours in the afternoon. The proceedings of Congress and all the important current events of the country and the world (as well as the instructive facts of history, science, etc., are in this way brought before them. We should not forget to mention that each weekly issue of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is also thoroughly read in Mr. O's establishment, and its contents pondered. As an effect of this generous and enlightened provision for the intellectual wants of his employees, the latter, without loosing any time, are kept well posted up in respect to all the movements of the world, and are receiving accessions to their general mental development. The reading does not interfere with the progress of the engraving, but rather causes the men to apply themselves more steadily to the work; and Mr. O. has said that on this account the reader is the most profitable man in his establishment. This example of Mr. Orr is entitled to high praise and worthy of general imitation.

The Lafarge House.

MESSES BURROUGHS AND STONE have now nearly completed the labor of furnishing this new and magnificent hotel, and at length it is reduced to a certainty that, on or about the 15th instant, the Lafarge will be opened to the public. In the general structure of the building, the peculiar mode of ventilation, the furniture, and whatever else is necessary to complete a model hotel of the present day, it will be unsurpassed. All, indeed, that refined taste combined with unlimited means can either provide or suggest, has been freely but judiciously employed in this splendid establishment. The Lafarge will at once assume the first place among the public palaces on our great thoroughfare, and with such an accomplished proprietor as Mr. Burroughs—who is proverbial for his good feeling and hospitality, united with long experience, gentlemanly bearing, and polite manners—it is sure to be constantly filled with the best class of citizens and strangers. If our esteemed and noble friend does not claim the receptor among the proprietors of palace hotels, it will be owing to the enlarged generosity of his nature which prompts him to overlook his personal prerogative in his unselfish respect for the rest of mankind.

To our Patrons.

GRATEFUL for the encouragement we have hitherto received from our patrons, we must still look to them for those efforts in behalf of ourselves and our common cause, which can give continued success and increasing potency to our enterprise. We hope, and indeed believe, that the change in the form of our sheet will generally be regarded as a decided improvement, not only in respect to typographical appearance, but also as affording convenience for binding the sheets for preservation. The additional expense we have incurred in our enlargement, without increasing our subscription price, will, however, involve the necessity of additional exertions on the part of our friends. We trust, therefore, that each one will use all convenient efforts to increase our circulation.

To our Exchanges.

OUR enterprise being of a peculiar nature, a large exchange list is less serviceable to us than most journalists. We should regret, however, to strike from our list any papers for which the TELEGRAPH is now sent in return, or to decline the solicitations of any which may hereafter desire to be added to our list. But if any such are disposed to notice the commencement of our new volume, and the new features which we have added to our sheet, the act will contribute to insure to them the weekly visitations of the TELEGRAPH in return for their publications. Those who may comply with the above suggestion are requested to send us a marked copy of their notices.

Original Communications.

MELODY OF MOURNING.

The following lines are free and melodious, and their natural flow reminds us of soft breezes and murmuring brooks. The low music of the winds, the woods, and the waters is all in the minor key, and their soft tones, mingled with the tides of human feeling, find a sad, sweet expression in this song of Spring. A cypress bough rests on the lyre, and a hush from the heart comes over the breathing strings.—Ed.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—I send you the inclosed poem; why, I can not tell you. I can only say that the robins awoke me this morning, and under the strange, sweet influence of their song, my soul, almost crushed by recent bereavement, gushed forth in the simple lines I send. It was no effort of mine—the thoughts arranged themselves as you see them. Were it not that I should trespass upon your occupied time, I would tell you how my heart is bleeding. The Spring mocks me, and the gushing song of the caged bird under my window thrills me to death. Is there re-union—is there a BETTER LAND?

Praying for light, yours,

W. H. C.

SPRING.

BY M. H. COBB.

The sun looks down with a kindlier beam,
And the buds begin to swell;
And the emerald spires begin to gleam
Where the snow so lately fell.
I see the violet looking up,
Where, yesterday, deep and gray,
And mocking the eye with their wintry glare—
December's snow banks lay.
Some hearts will recover their wonted tone
And blossom with hope anew;
As the blossoms of Spring are kindly strewn;
Where last year's roses grew;
And some are wounded too deep to heal—
So rudely touched by frost;
Their tears will mingle with April's tears;
While they weep for the loved and lost.
I hear the music of Nature's lyre—
The songs of the woodland birds;
It wakens again the soul's desire,
Too strong in its gush for words.
And I know full many a chord will break
Of hearts so sorely wrung
With secret grief—with a mighty grief
That never can find a tongue.
They will long, as the vernal sweets arise,
For the Spring of the BETTER LAND;
They will dream of the beauties of Paradise
As the flowers of earth expand;
They will think of the loved that have gone before,
Of the hopes that perished then;
How sweetly they bloomed—but never will bloom
In the gardens of earth again.
They will hear from the deep of the vernal night,
The never forgotten tone
Of the angel who answers the prayer for light,
When we wrestle with life alone;
They will listen, and stifle the rising sigh,
For that tone is a chord divine;
And the angel shall come—shall quickly come,
Who beareth the oil and wine."

DAY AND NIGHT WORK.

TRUTH is of necessity revolutionary. Though at first no bigger than a "grain of mustard seed," as comprised in the facts of modern Spiritualism, it will yet "fill the whole earth." Many an imposing plant, among the foliage of which "the fowls of the air" now find refuge, will be overshadowed, and its decaying elements finally absorbed into the new growth of the more vigorous and healthy truth. But as truth is for the good of man, its Divine author placed him in the relation of husbandman to it, to till it and keep the weeds away from it, and so cause it to grow. As in the old myth, so now: God lays out and plants the garden, man's business being simply and exclusively "to dress and to keep it." The true Christian, then—by which I mean the true man—is a cultivator; and as the soil he cultivates and the seed he cherishes are in continual potency, his work lasts all the year round. He eats thereof as it grows. He has no winter to provide for, no provisions to salt down, and no famine to fear—nothing whatever to do but work and eat, to his heart's content, of the joint product of God and his own labor.

To the necessity of work, therefore, would I implore the attention of the reader. The whole world is our garden, to be sure, but there is a specific portion of it allotted to every one of

us, which it is our high privilege and duty to weed first, and put in as good order as possible. A badly cultivated truth becomes in effect an error. As, for instance, though it be true that Spirits commune with us in various ways, if we do not industriously weed out the interpolations, they will vitiate the growth and impair the value of every plant in our Spiritual garden. No fact is more clearly shown than this in the history of all peoples. Modern infidelity has its rise in the lazy cultivation by the husbandmen, who from age to age have had the self-imposed care and keeping of the history of other men's earnest work. Take an example, "Thou shalt not kill," says God in the decalogue. The 1st Samuel, 15:33, reads: "And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord." Now, bad husbandry has left no alternative for the ingenuous mind but to accept both the word and the act as of Divine authority, or to reject both. Virtual contradictions though they be, down the believer's throat they must go in company or not at all. What refuge, when one sees nothing else than the divine humanity of God himself thus stultified, but to reject the mediumship of both Moses and Samuel? Hence infidelity. Infidels, however, are not the worst things this botchwork has made. It has demoralized and rendered inoperative, if not impracticable, Christianity itself. With no power to discriminate, modern theology finds as high authority for war as for peace; for slavery, as for freedom; for anger and revenge, as for love and forgiveness; for getting drunk, as for keeping sober; and it practices the whole as best suits its convenience, quoting God as authority for the whole.

The difficulty has been, and yet is, with many of our workers in the spiritual vineyard, that they will persist in hoeing the stars, and watering the moon, instead of the ground. Now, God did not plant the "mustard seed" which is to fill the whole world, in the stars, but on the earth where we can get at it. This tilling the Heavens to get from thence a crop of authority for "winter use," may be set down as rather "tall" husbandry; and most ingeniously, considering that the laborers work in the dark, do they go about it. The method is this: They first construct a model, or draw a plan of the crop of truth they wish to raise, and send it up by suitable instrumentalities, with an order to have it produced forthwith. And it is no sooner said than done. Done beautifully too. It goes up a mere block of wood, perchance, with a few unseemly hacks and scratches, (just enough to chip out the original idea by way of guide to the celestial artists,) and comes down through the magic skill of authority, a most respectable god, (barring the wood,) worthy of all worship and glorification. In this way, "blindness in part, hath happened unto Israel." "High gravel blind," like Gobbo's father, in some instances thus they become and therefore, like him, don't know their own children. By this mode, whether one of these indefatigable constructionists wishes to see, (that is, hear described, for that is all the seeing he wants) the Devil, or Jesus Christ—just as his infernal or celestial taste prevails; he is accommodated at once. In this way the great Swedish Seer peopled the world beyond, with "little falses," and proved it vastly more difficult to get to God where one would wish to be; than to the Devil, where no body wants to go. Forgetful of the old injunction, "Do thy work in the day time, and with thine eyes open, for in the night no man can work," because he has no light, they naturally, because of the darkness, ascribe all things to Heaven or Hell, the origin of which, they can't see. How can they see in the dark? May not the world hope one day to be rid of this "night work," especially as it is so flatly against Scripture? Never was advice more sound, or more needed. Work in the day time—rest at night. Nor is the night lost to the true worker; in it, does he gather strength for the labor of the morrow.

Observe now, the methods of the husbandmen intent upon the cultivation and growth of a vegetable truth. He does not handle his hoe with his eyes fixed upon the sun, though he believes that to be the primal source of the light by which he sees to work. He sees the thing he has to do in heaven's light reflected by the plant itself. His work is here, and his eye is here to comprehend it.

Note one other thing—The young city maiden, as she enjoys her delicately prepared bread at the morning meal; having seen nothing in all her life but this grand result of wheat, what can she know of wheat itself? Place a handful of the one and a loaf of the other before her: say to her, this and that are identical, will she comprehend you? No ray of light has yet illuminated the path that leads from the primary to the ultimate fact. She

is doing her day's work in the night time; the day to her has not yet dawned.

To my understanding it results in this. To know a Spirit, we must understand a man. But we do not understand him. Does the church understand man when she damns him? Does the state understand him when she strangles him with a halter like a dog? In what library shall we find the philosophical standard of measurement that he has not outgrown? Mostly night work; all night work, these gigantic blunders; yet here, amid the debris of volcanic revolutions, amid alternate submersion and upheaval, amid all conceivable forms of ignorance and error, are we to delve for the laws of the spirit? We need heaven's light to do it in, surely. To this very end is the light. What is man? is the ever-present question, but such answers! If the definition should flash out at last to one earnest worker in the bright sunlight of God's day—man is an angel encased in foul linen, with a dirty face, a pair of weak eyes in the head of him, and, it may be, a damaged nasal organ that does not report truly, and thou and I calling him Devil in the meantime! Beginning wrong, it follows, the further we pursue the road, the more astray we shall get. There is no alternative but to come back and take a new start. If thou canst not see thy father in the person of thy brother to-day, despite his soiled drapery and dirty face, thou wilt be sadly puzzled to recognise him to-morrow in his holiday suit. Thou must have an eye that can pierce all mere tailor-work, or thou shalt see nothing but cloths anywhere. Consider also how, when thou dost strive on occasion to utter the deep thought that is within thee to the friend by thy side, and dost succeed at last, by word and gesture, to make thyself lucidly incomprehensible, it is not likely thou couldst transmit to perfection the thoughts of others. Thou art a most wretched medium for thyself, what canst thou do for them? Ah! but thou hast consecrated channels, or art one, under certain conditions, through which pure truth can flow. Let me test thy canal by its capacity to transmit with integrity, a cargo of earthly truth—surely it will carry east as well as west, that is to say, if it will serve Heaven well, it will do for earth, for truth is truth, and thou art simply its consecrated channel. But, though holy, doubtless thou art not omnipotent; thou art but a passive channel for the time, and can no more command the storm of disturbing causes that may sweep thy plastic surface, than thou canst fail to bear along with my precious freight any mere block that may chance to be in drifting condition. Nay, though the whole invoice of truth be lost, and mere gravel substituted for the gold I am waiting to receive, thou canst not help thyself nor me. In thy consecrated hour, remember, thou art not a man potential, but a medium—a mere channel—tunnel if thou wilt. One thing more. If thou hast accurately determined how high above the earth the laws which manifest themselves here, reach, thou wilt be able to say when we shall get beyond their control—not otherwise; or hast thou found one law for the youth and another for the man? Nature is not thus prodigal of law; with her one subserves many uses. There is a specific difference in the behavior of hard and soft iron to a magnetic current; yet this simple difference or law will save life or take it away; give joy or sorrow, wealth or poverty; make war or peace; dethrone monarchs, or write a love letter. From which I conclude it is more than probable that the law by which I communicate with Bridget in the kitchen, is identical in essence with that through which I hold converse with angels. And I do further most religiously believe, that as we shall never see the end of law, so also we shall never outgrow the use of reason. Law understood, is in effect conquered. Law is for the good of humanity. It is not in the nature of a parent to injure the child. Law will bless all and everything which holds a harmonic relation with it.

Reader, I have but lamely expressed my thoughts, but if it tend to make thee think, it is enough. I said in the beginning, Truth is revolutionary. The enlarged TELEGRAPH, through which this poor effort reaches thee, is in proof of it. Thou seest it not only lives but grows. So to cultivate the great truth which it is its office to bear to those who can receive it, that it shall appear in its native beauty, and express with clearness its own Divine individuality, is the present work of to-day. I have tried to point thee to the light to do it in, by simply re-affirming in effect, a memorable utterance of the olden time. Be thou "reconciled to thy brother" preparatory to all efforts for the benefit of God.

R. T. HALLOCK.

Original.
THE BENEFITS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY MARY P. DAVIS.

WHEN we come to inquire concerning the tendencies of the religious world at this beginning of a new Era, we find them to be unmistakably progressive. Rant and cant, creed and dogma are beginning to give way before the march of Reason, and a new faith, just descending from the skies, already holds thousands within the circumference of its sheltering arms. This faith we call *Spiritualism*. This may not be the name given to it by the angels, and a better term may in the lapse of time be breathed into our hearts that will more fully express the divine joy which this glorious religion brings.

And what has Spiritualism done? What has it *not* done, to give a new spring to all the workings of society? What has it not done, to save the erring, to reclaim the guilty, to unloose galling fetters from the hands of Skepticism, and open the stony heart of Speculation to the bitter woes of penniless widows and starving orphans?

They tell us that Spiritualism leads to insanity—that our asylums number many who have been victims to this wild delusion; but, oh! what a multitude could be counted who have been saved from delirious ravings by the blessed truths that Spiritualism teaches. If the hearts could be laid bare that have been kept from breaking by the consolations of angelic ministrations—if the story could be told of those who have been rescued from the hopelessness of heavy woes by the new and soothing encouragements of this new and sublime religion, we should be astonished at the vast assemblage!

Father! mother! you have seen the "bird of your bosom" fold its tiny wings and lie down in its last sleep—you have seen the small features of your pet-darling grow pale and cold, and the sunny dancing eyes, yesterday so full of innocent beauty, become fixed and still. You sit alone through all the dim night, holding the little dimpled hand that can return your fond pressure—no more. Oh! in this desolate hour, how comforting is the thought that your sweet birdling has been welcomed home to the bosom of the angels. How soothing, during the weary days which follow, of corroding heart-anguish, is the child-message, so full of tenderness, from that lost one, when friends gather to hear tidings of the departed.

Brothers! sisters! when worldly wealth has been swept from you; when friendship has turned to bitter scorn; when your secret heart has been wrung with agonies that must be forever hid from human eyes; what has saved you from despair, but the hopes and consolations found in the holy truths of Spiritualism!

Its beautiful philosophy teaches that suffering has its uses and at last works its own cure. Let the soul be bowed down with sorrow—let the surges of despair sweep over it till the heavens close around in the blackness which reveals no haven, no shelter, and if sustained by spirit arms, it will rise from that surging sea, washed, cleansed, purified, and so transparent, that the gentle light of the immortal spheres will shine through it down to earth. This is the secret of the benefit of suffering. Being born of earth we are earthly. We love its scenes; we love its enjoyments; we smother our aspirations or merge them into desires, and content ourselves with the life of the senses until comes the terrible thunderbolt that scatters our idols. Then wakes up the sleeping soul! Then does the spirit arouse, to leap into its native element—to recover and put forth its native strength, that, victorious over evil, it may bask in the sunshine of everlasting love, and hold high communion with the radiant band who have already found repose in the land of immortal peace.

Our earthly life, with all its limitations, is a chapter in the soul's experience, which, if rightly improved, will through all the eternal ages afford us joy.

"Strength is born
In the deep silence of long suffering hearts."

and with our being thus renewed, we can go forth into the waste places, to give strength to the weak, hope to the despairing, and help to the faint and faltering pilgrim on the scorching sands of life's arid desert. Not only do we become to others the ministers of gladness, but sorrow gives us to ourselves. By the latent spiritual energy which it awakens, we can make all the lower in our natures subservient to the higher, and convert the iron fetters of circumstance and the leaden mountains of grief, into footholds in that "never ending spiral" which leads to the gates of light.

Lonely wanderer o'er the waste of life! droop not, despair not, for there is a glory and grandeur in this work of self-culture, and thy triumph-hour will be one of intensest joy.

"Thy path may be the lightning's track,
Hewn out for thee through densest black;"

but ever and anon will it be cheered by the melody of celestial anthems and glorified by the light of the eternal stars. Be true to thyself through all this night of earthly grief, and unending happiness will be thine in our beautiful Spirit-home.

There will come a time in the blessed future when earth will be radiant with the smile of Deity. There will come a time when angels will walk with men, and the glory of the heavenly spheres illuminate the desolate chambers of every human heart. An era is at hand when youth will no longer be wasted at broken fountains nor age burdened with bitter memories. Already are the mountain-tops gray in the morning twilight of a better day, and the air is vocal with the notes of invisible songsters. God speed the glorious noontide hour, when aspiration will be met and the soul receive its fullness of the Infinite Life!

Any knowledge which is not an internal consciousness as well as an external fact, is no better than sunlight reflected from the moon.

FROM PROFESSOR ROBERT HARE.

"THE LAW WHICH WILL EXPLAIN THE BIRTH OF AN ANIMAL FROM A VEGETABLE MAY EXPLAIN THE ALLEGED BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST."

A communication signed "K," which appeared in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* some time since, commenced with imputing to my writings dogmatism, bigotry, and revengefulness, and terminated by the sage allegation above quoted.

The revengefulness of my opinions is ascribed to vexation arising from their malignity denunciation; but how could any denunciation of opinions cause vexation in me before I had adopted them? My opinions are inconsistently represented as both the cause and the effect of the vexation resulting from their denunciation. That they might be more bitterly expressed in consequence of vexation is true, but "K" is unable to find any justification for his representing them as indicative of revengefulness.

After accusing me of dogmatism, I am surprised that "K" should fall into the opposite extreme of supposing me so destitute of pride as to care for any opinion which he may hold of the intelligence of mine. I did not object to the private indulgence of any opinions, however ridiculous, unjust, or inconsistent; but to his publishing calumnious imputations of dogmatism, bigotry and revengefulness. Should any person consider "K's" demeanor toward me as the offspring of a jealous, morbid vanity, would it be correct to publish them without provocation or proof?

If people have a right, as correctly alleged, to form opinions for themselves, wherefore does "K" publish his opinions, while unable to produce any fact or reason in support of those thus "dogmatically" intruded upon the public? I was induced to reply to "K's" misrepresentations by the impression that their coincidence with the propensity of well-meaning devotees to believe any evil of those who do not participate in their creed, might cause them to adopt his errors; but subsequently it has occurred that the anti-Scriptural speculations on which is founded the quotation prefixed to these remarks, was likely to cause the anger of devotees to be directed upon its author, rather than on him on whom it was invoked.

From the reasoning which "K" associates with his portentous law, it appears to be assumed that Deity created first the lowest vegetable, and proceeded gradually to the highest; thence reaching the lowest animal, and from this, ascending through many gradations to the monkey and man—all this concurring to explain in some preposterous mode, the birth of Jesus Christ. Yet this association of the birth of Christ with the generation of vegetables, polypi, jelly-fishes, shell-fish, fishes proper, lizards, quadrupeds (or monkeys), and men, may give rise to ridicule rather than indignation.

Such an illustration, as to any bearing on Scripture, may be thought unworthy of notice.

It seems to me a gross error in "K" to imagine that the orthodox geologist Hitchcock anywhere sanctions such inference.

The brother of "K" is known to be one of the most ingenious antagonists of Spiritualism; his educational impressions being similar to those which, being entertained by me, made my conversion to Spiritualism very difficult, as described in my work. But it so happens that this brother applauds that part of my work which "K" ascribes to vindictiveness. I will not here apply the Latin motto, "*Per mobile fratrum*." I must be allowed to consider the nobility as confined to the one by whom I am applauded.

It seems much to be lamented that the assistance of "K" was not enjoyed by the conclave which decided on the mystery of the Immaculate Conception.

MORE TEST FACTS.

New York, April 23, 1856.

S. B. BRITTON:

Allow me to give publicity to the following facts, in my experience through the medium of your paper—facts which occurred before I became a believer in Spirit communication. I do not ask the reader to draw the same conclusion from the phenomena which I may relate, as I did, but I do request his confidence in the occurrence of the phenomena themselves.

During the summer of 1855, I pursued a course of investigation through the mediumship of a little girl, named Hitchings, eleven or twelve years of age, at 337 Broadway. One sitting was as follows:—We were in a small room of ten by twelve feet in dimensions. Our two chairs, a small quartette, a drum, a hand-bell, two short cords, and two handkerchiefs being the loose articles in the room. I then tied the medium's hands firmly behind her back and fastened her feet to the rounds of the chair whereon she sat. I bandaged her eyes with one handkerchief and her mouth with the other, so that she could neither see nor speak. I also took the additional precaution to place a piece of maple wood, cut in the shape of a quarter dollar, about a quarter inch thick, upright between her teeth, so as to prevent all temporary use of her vocal organs.

The room was sufficiently light to enable me to perceive every movement of us both. I now placed my hands on the table and loud raps were instantly heard, not only on the table but also on the rounds and back of my chair. I soon rose and stood on my chair, holding in my right hand the drum before mentioned, nearly to the ceiling above. A short air—a kind of march—was executed for some three minutes. Moreover, as I stood holding the drum thus in my right hand, the fingers of my left hand rested on the medium's head, so that it was utterly impossible for her to have produced the sounds on the drum. I then seated myself again when the bell was caught up from the table, rung for at least thirty seconds over our heads, when it was set, not on the table, but on my head, without the assistance of

my hands which were clasped together on the table, or the medium's, which were tied behind her.

At another sitting I had a common tea-saucer partly filled with water, in which were deposited several pieces of phosphorus. I saw at least four hands of different sizes take out lumps of the glowing substance, and convey them sometimes in a circular and sometimes in a zigzag course around the room, almost to the ceiling over us. I also saw the hands of a child, apparently not over four or five years of age, and of a full-grown woman, at one and the same time, take up pieces of phosphorus from the saucer and convey them to extreme parts of the room. I now heard a voice which seemed to proceed from an intelligence directly over our heads, saying, "O ye of little faith." Soon as these words were uttered, I placed my hands on the medium's mouth, which was still bandaged. The wooden quarter dollar was still between her teeth as I had placed it—likewise both her hands and feet remained fastened, as before. In fact she started as from a practical sleep, when I touched her. These are a few of the multitude of incidents which I might relate of a similar character.

This I know, that neither the medium, myself, nor any other person on the earth, performed the acts which I have related. That there was an intelligence at work here—who will doubt? The *modus operandi* whereby my Spirit friends could thus render their presence alike visible and tangible to me (as Christ did to his apostles on several occasions after his death), is not now my purpose to describe. I design merely to set down facts—things which point as needles with unerring accuracy to the great pole stars of spiritual truths that illumine the heaven of man's future life.

The precautions I took during my investigations satisfied me that there could be no collusion, and common honesty and good sense constrain me to attribute those manifestations to their legitimate source—my Spirit friends.

Yours truly,

7.

Lectures in New Haven.

S. B. BRITTON will deliver a course of Three Lectures in Brewster's Hall, New Haven, Conn., commencing on Monday evening, 12th instant, and continuing on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, 13th and 14th of May. Agreeably to the request of the friends in that city, the following general subjects will be treated in the proposed course, and in the order in which they are here mentioned.

Monday evening, May 12—The Laws and Relations of the Natural and Spiritual Worlds, Evidences of Spiritual Existence and the necessity of Intercourse between Spirits and Men.

Tuesday evening, 13th—Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, embracing its Facts and Philosophy.

Wednesday evening, 14th—The Scientific, Theological and Popular Objections to Modern Spiritualism will be answered.

Brooklyn Institute.

WILLIAM FISHER will lecture in the Brooklyn Institute, corner of Concord and Washington-streets, next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Subject, by request, *The Loss and Recovery of Spiritual Manifestations*, embracing a review of facts and prophecies, showing that the present unfoldings are accordant with a divinely prearranged plan.

To Postmasters

THOSE Postmasters who feel friendly to the objects of our journal, will do us and the cause it advocates a favor by making efforts for the extension of its circulation in their respective neighborhoods; and this favor we will be happy to reciprocate by making to usual discount afforded to agents on the subscriptions they may forward to us.

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, L. I., on Friday evening, April 25th, 1856, by S. B. Britton, HENRY H. HALL, Esq. and MRS. MARY PAYSON.

MARVELS IN THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.—"Let us look," says an enthusiast in microscopy, "at some of the animalcules to be found in a drop of water. Of these creatures which differ in size from the 30th to the 30,000th part of an inch, one of the most remarkable is the navicula. Upon examination, it appears to be cased in an armor of flint, but it contrives to walk about upon twenty or thirty legs. If we watch it narrowly for five or six hours—no inconsiderable period in the existence of an animalcule—we shall note a thin, transparent line spreading across it in some direction or other. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes more visible every minute, and rapidly increases in width. At length, the creature begins wriggling its limbs violently, the body splits asunder, and two new naviculae are made out of one old one. This curious creature has something like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacles, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted, another is seen sprouting from the other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected. The navicula comes to maturity at the age of twelve hours; and, under ordinarily favorable circumstances divides itself into two every twelve hours. It is, therefore, reproduced upon Mr. Malthus's principle; that is, according to a geometrical ratio; and, at the end of a month, such is the result of geometrical progression, that, were there no checks to their increase, a single navicula would have produced over eight hundred millions of living beings. But it would seem that even such a rate of increase is not sufficient for the demand, because some kinds of naviculae split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time."