



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES PARTRIDGE, NO. 3 COURTLAND STREET—TERMS, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM; SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Volume I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

Number 17.

Principles of Nature.

VITAL, ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., August 7, 1852.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph:

DEAR SIR: I have read the scientific article on Animal Electricity, from Mr. C. R. Mitchell, in the eleventh number of your deeply interesting paper, with some degree of attention—for I have given that department of research some consideration—and feel desirous to learn more; but, I can not accept the experiment narrated by him as conclusive, because the phenomena seem to refer themselves rather to Thermo-electricity than animal electricity for a solution. For instance, when both hands were equally cold, no effect was produced, but “when the right hand was moist with perspiration,” that is—by rubbing or any other brisk motion—made warmer than the other, then the effect was visible.

Here let me ask, if the pole which was held by the right hand had been inserted into a burning coal, and the other into a lump of ice, or even if one were immersed in warm and the other in cold water, would not the effect be the same, or even greater?

A number of very interesting electrical experiments can be produced by the simple application of heat; for instance, a metallic ring, nicely poised upon the point of a fine needle, will revolve when the flame of a candle is applied to one side.

If a tin cup full of melted wax is allowed to cool while resting upon a non-conductor—a tumbler for instance—it will give several sparks of electricity.

On a clear, cold day, hold a large sheet of writing-paper before the fire until it is thoroughly dried and heated, and then place it on a sheet of tin, or a common waiter, supported by four tumblers, and give it a few rubs, in the same direction, with an India-rubber shoe; then, by taking the paper by two opposite corners, you will find it attracted to the waiter with considerable force; indeed, the sheet of paper seems to weigh at least half a pound; and if the knuckle is then brought near the edge of the waiter, you can both see and feel a spark of electricity.

There are several crystalline minerals which exhibit electricity by being heated, or cooled—such as the tourmalin, topaz, &c.

Solids becoming liquids, or fluids assuming the aëriform condition, evolve electricity; perhaps the evaporation of the moisture of the right hand, which is held toward the light, might evolve sufficient electricity to produce the effect.

I have applied various tests to demonstrate the proposition that electricity, or a modification thereof, is the medium by which the so-called magnetic or mesmeric phenomena are produced, but I have never been able to establish the point to my satisfaction.

Prof. Gibbs, of the South-Carolina College, says that he made a very delicate and sensitive magnetic needle which, by placing his right hand near it, he could attract by the power of his will, and repulse with his left hand in a similar manner, thus proving one hand to be positive and the other negative; but as I have never been able to repeat the experiment, I am rather inclined to think that the effect must have been owing to some other cause beside animal electricity, or the will. If one hand possesses positive and the other negative electricity, it would be an easy matter to demonstrate it by the aid of the electrometer; electrometers are now made so delicate that they will indicate the very minute quantity of electricity produced by the rubbing of a single strand of silk; if, then,

one of these were properly held, it would indicate the minutest electrical difference between the hands.

I am aware that there are persons who are surcharged, or rather, who are positively electrified with reference to surrounding objects; therefore, they attract light substances and give electrical sparks to any conducting medium which approaches them. This is said to be often the case with the watchmakers of Switzerland, especially with the females, who are sometimes so full of electricity that the small pieces of steel, upon which they are at work, stick to their hands and fingers, and become fixed magnets; but these cases will not sustain the proposition of C. R. M., for they are as positively electrified on the right hand as on the left.

From the following considerations, I am fully satisfied that electricity constitutes a very important element of human vitality, motion, and, perhaps, of thought. Electricity constitutes the spirit, or life of the air or atmosphere, it is inhaled with it, and comes in contact with the blood through the thin cellular membrane of the lungs; the iron in the blood forms an attraction as well as a conductor for this electricity. There is a very close affinity between the life-giving principle of the atmosphere—oxygen—and electricity. Of the blood thus oxygenized and electrified, a large proportion, perhaps one-fifth, goes to the brain. Now, since the balance of the blood sustains, and keeps the whole body warm, the quantity which goes into the brain would be enough to keep that organ at fever-heat, if not at boiling-point, if it were not otherwise consumed.

Now, since so much electricity and oxygen are conveyed to the brain, and the brain is the organ or seat of the propensities—moral sentiments and mental faculties as well as the source of motion—this surplus vitality must be used in the manufacture of thought, feeling, or motion; and since thought and motion are most exhaustive, it is probably consumed by them.

Fortunately, this conclusion, which is the result of legitimate deduction, is supported, if not demonstrated, by fact. French physiologists have made many experiments to demonstrate the fact that, the nervous influence which causes motion, is one of an electric, or more properly, of an electro-magnetic character. For example, the crural nerve in the leg of a horse was laid bare, and a needle of soft iron was inserted, which became a temporary magnet while the leg was in motion, but when withdrawn it was no longer a magnet. When a steel needle was inserted, it became a fixed magnet. This, I am told, has often been the case with surgeons' needles—thus identifying the causes by the effects being precisely similar to those produced by a galvanic battery. This, I conceive, demonstrates the fact that the nervous influence which excites the muscular system, and produces motion, is a modification of electro-magnetism, which is manufactured in the brain out of electricity carried there by the blood from the atmosphere.

While I consider it proved that this electric principle exists with us, I have never seen any thing which clearly demonstrated the proposition that this principle does or can manifest itself beyond the body.

I design leaving here on Wednesday, in the steamer Roanoke, and shall therefore be able to call on you soon after the reception of this letter; and I hope that through your kindness I shall be able to obtain that evidence of the truthfulness of the Spirit-manifestations, which every reasonable mind must require.

I agree with many of the teachings of this New Philosophy, but, at the same time, I long

for—I crave—further proof of Spirituality—of Immortality. Understand me, I hope for it—I believe it; but I want to see the proof which you profess to have received.

Truly your friend,

BERNARD FAUTH.

Circles and Sectarism—Spirits in the Churches.

CHESHIRE, Mass., Aug. 7, 1852.

FRIEND BRITTON: I desire by your permission, through the medium of the TELEGRAPH, to say a few words in regard to CIRCLES, or meetings convened for the express purpose of witnessing Spiritual Manifestations, or for receiving communications; not that I consider myself competent to instruct on this point, but merely to offer a few suggestions, gathered from observation; for, although the ideas may not be new, I am convinced that they do not occupy that place in many of our minds which the importance of the subject demands.

I have uniformly observed that, where there was apparent at these circles the most unity of feeling, the most earnest desire to receive instruction, the most elevated themes of thought and conversation, there the manifestations were of the purest and most exalted character. And, on the contrary, where the conversation was confused, or of a light and trifling character—where there was a disposition on the part of any to jest or make sport of the manifestations—none would be received—or those only of an unsatisfactory character. While the thought that mortals can hold intercourse and communion with the inhabitants of the Spirit-world, is directly calculated to inspire the heart of the believer with a calm and holy joy, there is thrown around the subject a sacred charm of sanctity, which precludes entirely, from the well balanced mind, all idea of jesting. Yet there are some minds so constituted, that while they believe in these manifestations, are constantly inclined to speak of them in a light and trifling manner. These should be truly harmonial circles, formed for mutual instruction and improvement. Let no harsh, discordant feelings of envy, resentment, or ill-will toward any fellow creature, no unhallowed or impure thought, find place in the heart; but come with feelings of love, of kindness and sympathy, engage in singing appropriate hymns, or in those topics of conversation which will tend to produce the most unison of feeling, the greatest degree of harmony, and blessed will be the result.

To such circles, bright Spirits will be attracted with messages of love and mercy. Happy is that circle which, meeting under such circumstances, can reckon among its number a medium sufficiently developed to speak or write with ease; for the Spirits themselves tell us that, they can communicate with us under some circumstances, more readily than others, and this is proved by experience. It is well known that, from various causes, the electrical condition of the human system varies at different times, and that these manifestations are affected by the state of the atmosphere. Although, where there are developed mediums, it apparently makes but little difference whether circles are formed or not; it doubtless exerts an influence in the development of new ones. As in some of the fine arts, man can only prepare the elements, then step aside for the invisible hand of Nature to do her work; so, in regard to this subject, we may, by preparation, induce that condition of the system, both mental and physical, most favorable to the reception of impressions.

And here I wish to state a fact, in my own experience, which, from the circumstances connected with it, made some impression on my mind, and which was too palpable to the senses

to be attributed to imagination, unless, indeed, I was magnetized by an idea! At several different times, while seated in a circle, with an impressive person or partially developed medium on one side, toward the north, and a positive one on the south, a marked sensation of coldness was felt in the hand on the north, and one of burning, prickling heat in the other, extending partly up the arm; and on reversing this order, placing the positive person on the north, no such sensations were felt. How can this be accounted for? Does the electro-magnetic current flow more forcibly in one direction than another? And is this difference perceptible to the extreme sensitiveness of the human organism? But one thought fills the mind, on the contemplation of this whole subject—with all man's boasted knowledge we know but little about ourselves and the objects around us, and but little dream of the developments that will be made, ere this generation shall have passed away.

As an evidence that the Spirits know our thoughts and feelings, and as furnishing an example of the sympathy, love and good will they manifest for erring mortals, I will transcribe, for your columns, a communication I had the pleasure of hearing last Sabbath evening. I will premise that the lady to whom it was addressed is a member of a little church in this village, and has ever been regarded by her brothers and sisters as an exemplary christian, and by all, as a pattern of those graces and virtues which should ever adorn the christian profession. Becoming a believer in Spiritualism—being convinced by demonstrations in her own family—that the spirits of departed friends could, and did, hold intercourse with her—opposition and estrangement were at once manifested. Hard thoughts, unkind feelings, and, in too many instances, bitter words, marred the harmony of that little circle, where all should be love, where, of all places on earth, the pure spirit of Charity should dwell. She loves her brothers and sisters of the flock, and the tears she has shed in secret, on account of the estrangement, are known only to ‘Him who seeth in secret,’ who judgeth the hearts of all flesh. O, when will the professed Church of Christ arise and occupy that high and holy ground, where she will stand as a beacon-light to the benighted sons of earth? When will the

“Church of our God, arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of Love Divine?”

When shall the “mountain of the Lord's house” be established on the tops of the mountains, and all nations flow unto it? When will the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, learn to practice the first principles of that religion taught by their Lord and Master?

On the evening in question, while conversing on the subject, the medium, a young lady, being under the influence of the spirits, (call them evil if you will) glided across the room, and taking our sister by the hand, thus addressed her:\*

“Sister, we have witnessed the many hours of sadness you have felt, in regard to the discordant feelings existing in the little church with which you are united in the bonds of love. You can now see how easily the chord of sympathy is broken. Thus will it always be, so long as there is error existing to such an extent as it does in all churches at the present day. But we would have you remember that, while you are blest with that holy, happy faith which bringeth peace to the soul, and love to all mankind—while you are receiving almost daily gems of thought from the Spirit-world, by which you are

\*As I did not note down the communication at the time, but give the purport of it from memory, it loses in a great measure the charm of the beautiful language in which it was uttered.

taught to feel and realize the goodness of God your Father—your brothers and sisters in the church have not that realizing sense of the presence of guardian spirits around them which you enjoy, but are left, as yet, in darkness; therefore, look upon them with an eye of charity. We see you do look upon them very differently from what they do upon you; but knew they your heart, as well as the Being who made it—the God who rules and reigns on high—they would feel differently. We oft-times hear people say, ‘if I know my own heart, I feel thus and so;’ little thinking what a limited knowledge man has of his own heart. We rejoice, sister, to see in your heart nothing but the warmest feelings of sympathy and good will toward your brothers and sisters; and, rest assured that, the weapons of love will conquer, and it will be a firm and lasting victory. When all minds are right, when all come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, there will not be one little church here, and another there, each separate and distinct; but all will blend in one grand and harmonious circle of love; and all will enter there with pure hearts and clean consciences, and all shall be at peace within.

“Among the angels in this sphere all is harmony, all is love; not one discordant note is heard in the grand symphony of praise which through Heaven's high arches rings! And this is what we wish to see on earth; this is what we are striving to accomplish. Cherish those feelings of sympathy, sister, and praise God for them, and He will comfort and sustain you in your hours of affliction.”

Such messages come, indeed, like the healing balm of an angel's breath to the wounded heart. Truly, those who stay away from these circles, who fear to witness these manifestations, lest they become deluded or deceived, know not what they lose. And here I wish to say that, this medium does not speak through impressions on the mind, but the organs of speech are controlled; and so fearful is she that she shall utter something which originates in her own mind, that she speaks only when absolutely forced to do so—when, to use her own language, ‘it seems wicked to resist;’ and often, when trying to resist, she is shaken so severely that it is painful to behold her. And those who have witnessed nothing of the kind can form no idea of the angelic expression of the countenance, the beauty, and eloquence of the language, the kind of forcible, breathing enunciation of the words, the distinct and rounded intonation of the voice, which the medium, in her natural state, would vainly strive to imitate. The above is but a type of what we are receiving almost daily.

Have we not cause to rejoice and thank God? Says St. Paul, “if an angel from Heaven preach any other doctrine unto you than that which we preach, let him be accursed.” And I say, that if the old Arch Apostate himself appear, in propria persona, with his horns and cloven hoofs, and preach such doctrine as this, I, for one, will not fear to follow his advice.

The cause in this vicinity, apparently, makes but slow progress; for, although there are quite a number of mediums in this and the adjoining towns, and some of the most influential citizens are firm believers, a great deal of opposition is manifested by those who will not investigate the subject, and who, many of them, actually fear to have anything to do with it. Shades of their fathers, protect them!

Yours, &c., J. S.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their voyage, while they lie waiting for the gale.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.**

NEWTOWN, CONN., Aug. 23d, 1852.

MY DEAR PARTRIDGE:

Here, for one brief sunny day, I remain to commune with kind friends and to imbibe the inspiration of living Nature. I find I can not resist the impulse to let go the thoughts which incline to take wing as I inhale the free air of these beautiful hills. In the country, the life-principle seems everywhere diffused; it finds an expression in the waving of the trees, when the winds make them vocal; in the incense of unnumbered flowers; in the gush and flow of clear fountains and living streams; in the herds of animals that slumber in the shade; and in the notes of birds that make the sylvan arcades so musical:—in these, and in all the silent processes of Nature, the enlightened and conscious soul finds a perpetual inspiration. But no such principle permeates the massive walls of the great city, and but for the multitude of human beings, with natures kindred to our own, and the all-pervading presence of the invisible ones, man would be left alone, a living, sentient being, in the dwelling of the dead.

The spiritual atmosphere, in this region, has more of the living spirit of freedom, than pervaded its elements in the days that are gone. On this green hill, behind me, stands the old town of *Newtown*, where long since I was accustomed to preach a sectarian faith. The little temple still stands there, imbosomed in trees, but it is silent, and seems like the tomb of the dogmas, which once had a voice within its precincts. Month after month passes, and the door turns not on its rusty hinges, and no human voice awakens an echo in its lonely aisles. The silence is unbroken by a sound save the chirping of a cricket, or the tiny footsteps of a few church mice, whose leanness is not merely proverbial. Here devout men fought earnestly for the old *ism*. Occasionally, I contended with the rest, but at length the strife is over, and now all are seemingly at rest. There was nothing of importance gained or lost on either side, and I now perceive no results except slight damages to the religious health of the people, owing to the *spiritual spearing* they received. The army, which fought the battle of the dogmas, was long since disbanded, and not a soldier remains to guard the field. In looking over the scene of former victories—imaginary achievements—I find that the 'vision of dry bones' may appear on the hill as well as in the 'valley.' 'These bones are very dry,' and some spiritual influence is demanded to restore animation. "The spirit giveth life," and there must be a new influx of the vital principle that 'these bones may live.'

The religious elements of the place, generally, appear to be moved in a remarkable manner just now, and there is a contest between the people and their spiritual rulers. Last Sabbath the officers of the Episcopal Church and Society, being dissatisfied with the illiberality of the Rector, took occasion to lock up their place of worship and, as I am informed, in open opposition to the expressed will and authority of the bishop. This church is wealthy and the congregation is the most numerous in town. What will become of 'the world's people,' now that the church is locked, so that no one can get in, and the successors of St. Peter have lost the keys? Some time since the *Catholics* refused to contribute to purchase a church edifice for the reason that the title could not be vested in the Society. Whether the latter will hold out, in this struggle against priestly domination, may be doubtful; the hour has hardly arrived for so efficient a demonstration in that quarter. I am also informed that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church recently undertook to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, but this proved to be a spurious manifestation of Christian freedom and charity; becoming apprehensive of the consequences the Reverend gentleman suddenly abandoned the subject, and is now laboring to put his theological extinguisher on the Spirits.

The friends of Spiritualism are numerous in this place, though several have been a little too credulous for their own safety. Having been led astray and sent on quixotic errands by *Seers that did not see*—they thought they saw—their love may be expected to 'wax cold' for a little season. Regarded in a certain light this is to be lamented, and yet, it is quite possible that, this chapter of their experience may prove to be as profitable as it has been painful. We are not disposed to censure them, since it is but natural that many should err in like manner. They have been educated to believe that all revelation is, and must be, infallibly truthful, and hence, when satisfied that a message is from the Spirit-world, they are prone to rely implicitly

on its insinuations, deeming a mistake impossible. This unreasoning reverence, for the authority of spiritual communications, may need to be rationalized by a somewhat unpleasant course of instruction and discipline. Thus men are to learn that invisible intelligences, are not necessarily endowed with a higher wisdom than human spirits in the body may possess, and that they must, therefore, exercise the rational faculties in judging how far the communications from that source may be reliable.

The first manifestation of a remarkable character, which attracted the attention of the friends here, occurred more than two years since, at the residence of Mr. L. D. Bidwell, in the village of Sandy-hook, about two miles from Newtown center. W. A. Townsend, Esq., lady and family, Mr. H. C. Reynolds, and myself and wife were, at the time, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell, who are highly esteemed for their spiritual freedom and generous hospitality. Several other persons were also present, and we were all seated at the tea table. The conversation turned on the Rappings—at that time confined to Western New York—and was chiefly sustained by Mr. Townsend and myself. My friend was disposed to treat the subject lightly, deeming the accounts to be fabulous, and any intercourse with the world of spirits as wholly improbable. My experience had prepared me to regard the subject in a different light; and I accordingly expressed my conviction that intercourse with the invisible world did not, in my judgment, involve any violation of the laws of matter and mind—that the latter, in its relation to the former, was everywhere revealed as an *actuating force*, among passive and yielding elements. And hence that spiritual-physical phenomena are liable to occur wherever the power of mind is brought to bear on the imponderable elements of matter, with sufficient energy to disturb them. But my friend probably thought as little of my philosophy as he did of the alleged facts.

—There was a pause—and my friend again expressed his doubts of the capacity of spirits to disturb ponderable objects, when—suddenly—there occurred a tremendous concussion on the table, as though a man of powerful muscle had struck it with the greatest violence. Every member of the company started and stared at each other in amazement! The shock hurled my plate from the board, and, at the same instant, my friend's cup commenced whirling like a top, and so continued to move until the contents were discharged over the table. It is especially worthy of remark that Mr. Townsend was seated opposite me, and yet, strange as it may appear, *not another object on the table was disturbed!* After we had recovered from our astonishment, some one facetiously remarked that 'the Rochester Knockers had come to give us a sensible illustration of their powers.' \* \* \* Months passed, and at length circumstances made me again the guest of these friends. There was a rapping medium present; the invisibles called for the alphabet, and a spirit informed us that, assisted by others, he had, on the occasion referred to, produced the physical effects already described.

There are a number of media here, more or less developed, and at times, ever since the occurrences just related, the spiritual phenomena have been of a convincing nature. Among the friends of Spiritualism in this place, I can not forbear to mention the name of Mr. L. L. Platt, at whose house I write this, and by whom I have often been entertained with the greatest cordiality. Mr. Platt and his most estimable lady—who is now an interesting medium—were formerly members of the Baptist church, but grew out of Sectarianism, and into Spiritual Christianity, as naturally as well-formed children grow up to manhood.

The spirit of Liberty is not dead! and its long sleep is now broken, by sounds of earnest action, as the DAY opens to the wondering souls of men. Nature in all her temples preaches the gospel of freedom and individuality. Every bird sings its own song, if we except the mocking-bird and the parrot, who imitate the others—the former manifestly in *derision*, and the latter, it would seem, from a desire to be proficient in difficult vocal exercises rather than from any indifference to correct principles. The morning light bathes the distant mountains and auroral splendor, like an ethereal omnipresence, finds its way over the planes and valleys below. The sun invites the vapors to his illuminated chambers in the upper air, and they rise like invisible spirits whose mortal restraints have been removed. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and these living streams stop not in all their course to the distant sea. The electric element plays through the earth and air, traversing the iron nerves of these everlasting hills as freely as it rides in a chariot of clouds, or on the swift wings of the tempest. With all these eloquent teachers shall not man imbibe the lesson, and be free? And a voice—deep, thrilling and musical—speaks from the depths of the soul, saying: "YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE!"

Thine, in the Gospel of To-day,  
S. B. BRITTAN.

**The Fox Family.**

We attended a Circle on Monday evening last, at the residence of Mrs. Fish; a number of persons were present, and the presence of the invisible intelligences, was indicated in an unmistakable manner. The two young sisters have recently arrived from St. Louis, and will remain in the City for two or three weeks. Mrs. Fish and her sisters are excellent mediums for the "rappings," and friends from abroad who may chance to be in the City, will find it interesting and instructive to pass a leisure hour at their Rooms, No. 78 West Sixteenth-st.

Strangers who may wish to investigate, are informed that they can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock; also, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

**To Readers and Correspondents.**

We have received a communication from Worcester, Mass., written by the medium of the "Pleasure Boat," which shall appear next week.

Will Bro. Elmer permit us to try his spirit by test-his patience a little longer?

"The promise fulfilled" will be read with a solemn pleasure. In a private note, the writer says: "It is a plain unvarnished statement of facts. I dared not trifle with a theme so sacred, or I might have made it more interesting, to one class of minds, by the addition of some poetic imaginings."

"DIDYMUS" will be heard with attention by a large number of our readers, who desire to know how the modern Manifestations accord with the Spiritualism of the Bible.

**MARRIED**

At the residence of Lorin L. Platt, Newtown, Conn., on Sunday, August 22, 1852, by S. B. BRITTAN, Mr. WILLIAM H. HOY, of Newtown, and Miss CLARA L. SHERMAN, of Danbury.

**New-York Conference.**

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

FRIDAY, August 6, 1852.

The meeting was large, but the names were not taken.

Dr. Hallock remarked that the last meeting was thinly attended, owing to the occurrence of a severe storm at the time. No minutes were made of the proceedings, though many interesting facts were stated.

Dr. Smith mentioned the case of a child—some seven or eight years of age—in the family of an acquaintance of his. She appears to be a medium for rapping; but what is most singular, the child, without having been taught, as far as is known to any of the family, has recently and most unexpectedly become able to read! The child's own simple statement of the matter is, that her mother, in Heaven, has come to her and taught her how to read.

Mr. Partridge speaks very encouragingly of the progress of Spiritualism in all parts of the country. He advises patience and forbearance on the part of believers. The unbelievers can not stay long where they are. Theories professedly explaining the phenomena, have been successively exploded by new facts which such theories did not attempt to explain or even anticipate. And the new theories seem to be short-lived than the old ones. For example, when the rappings were accounted for by the toe or knee-joint hypothesis, then tables were caused to tip and move; and when this was ascribed to trick, then tables and other heavy pieces of furniture were moved at a distance of many feet from the mediums and all other persons in the apartment. And again, when this class of facts was explained, by supposing the medium to create a vacuum by some mysterious involuntary discharge of electricity, which, like a vortex, drew surrounding objects toward it by atmospheric pressure from without, the laurel had scarcely touched the brow of the propounder of this theory, when heavy bodies as well as tables were moved out of the supposed vacuum and against the current of air supposed to be induced by it. Thus opposing theories pass away, and the facts remain as before. He also urged upon the friends of Spiritualism the duty of spreading, as far as possible, a knowledge of the facts. Newspapers, lectures, circles, social meetings, &c., are all useful means to that end, and should be encouraged. The Tuesday evening meetings at Friendship Hall, No. 149 West Sixteenth-st., were commended to the favorable regard of the Conference. He advised against all discussion or controversy in those meetings. Facts, simply, should be stated, and the arguments of skeptics should be responded to by a mere statement of *more facts*.

Dr. Hallock remarked on what seemed to him the proper path of duty; which is, to aid others in getting light. We can not create the light they need, any more than we can create the sun, but we can help a brother to take his shutters down so that the light can come in, and this is what we should try to do. Many Christians seem to have valued their senses with the idea that God has only spoken *once* to mankind; and though the inspiration of the olden time declared, that, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," they rest satisfied with a weekly glorification of the announcement; with no eye to see what the day teaches and the night discloses! We should try to aid them to see that, by closing their eyes to the successive revelations of truth, thus daily developed, is virtually "making the Word of God of no effect." We should aid them to perceive that progress was the gist of the ancient revelation. It was itself a progress—a higher revelation. Men existed before Jesus preached, and before Moses wrote. The voice of the Eternal uttered new truths through them, and still pointed to yet newer and higher. The facts and the figurative illustrations of the Bible teach this—Truth is necessarily progressive in its revelations, because it leads the finite to the Infinite. Like the flow of a mighty river, it bears the voyager through a daily succession of facts, and new and higher experiences, and its stream ever grows broader and deeper as it approaches the ocean from whence it originated. We grow in *grace* and in *knowledge*; we are exhorted to *press forward*, leaving the things that are behind. The Kingdom of Heaven in us, is a growth, as of a grain of mustard-seed in the ground. Great Nature herself, is a growth—an ever unfolding revelation of Truth and Beauty; and, like her offspring, is "pressing on to perfection." Why, then, should we gaze upon the Past, with no eye for the Present and the Future? We may admire the mellow tints of the setting sun; but he is going to rest, and "night unto night show-

eth knowledge" that the mountain-tops of the Orient will be bright in his beams to-morrow. So it is with the daily progress of God's truth. Let us strive to open the portals of the human heart to its reception.

Dr. Gray spoke of the good results which intercourse with the Spiritual world produces. His remarks were highly interesting, and illustrative of that point. As no more sketch could do them justice, a wish was expressed that he would reduce them to writing. Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

**THE ANGELS OF GOD.**

MY DEAR SIR: The word angel, Mr. Webster says, signifies literally "a messenger, but appropriately a spirit, or a spiritual intelligent being employed by God to communicate his will to men." And Mr. Cruden, in his Concordance, says the word signifies, "a messenger, and is applied to those intellectual and immaterial beings whom God makes use of as his ministers to execute the orders of Providence"—and he refers to Revelations, xxii, 8, 9. Angels, therefore, are Spirits, for it is said, "Who maketh his angels spirits"—Psalms, civ, 4—and this is expressly quoted in Hebrews, i, 7. Christ says, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones"—Luke xxiv, 39—*impliedly* admitting that they could appear to men. And it is said, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i, 14. They are also said to be guardian spirits—Psalms, xxxiv, 7; Matt. xviii, 10. They are the glorified spirits of departed men! "Moses and Elias," at the mount of transfiguration—Matt. xvii, 3; xxii, 30; Rev. i, 1. The angel that "showed" John all those sublime "things," recorded in the Book of Revelation, said he was John's "fellow-servant and of thy brethren the prophets," and of them which keep the sayings of this Book—"Rev. xxii, 9—and hence the Book of Revelation is no more nor less than a "Spiritual Manifestation!" Christ says—Rev. xxii, 16—"I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." They are mighty spirits, for they "excel in strength" and in "power and might"—Psalms, ciii, 20; II Peter ii, 11.

But did not God, before the foundation of the world, create a separate order of angels? I confess I can find no authority in the Scriptures for this hypothesis. The only authority I ever remember to have heard quoted to prove this is found in Job, xxxviii, 7: "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Now this, to me, is certainly very imperfect authority, standing alone, to prove such an important theory; beside, Christ was truly the "morning star," as prophesied of by Balaam—Num. xxiv, 17—and which guided the "wise men" to Jerusalem on the occasion of his birth. The first mention of an angel, in the Scriptures, is the one sent to Hagar in the wilderness—Gen. xvi, 7—and according to the common version, was 2004 years after the Mosaic account of the Creation of the World. There is certainly not the slightest reference to any such being during the antediluvian age. But in Heb. i, 5, it is expressly said, "Unto which of the angels said He, at any time, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee?" Thus we see God declares he did not create at any time, any particular angel! And the writer of this is assured by the spirit of one of the most holy ministers he has known during forty years' acquaintance with ministers of Christ, that angels are the spirits of departed good men.

Now, comparatively speaking, "we know nothing of the powers of disembodied spirits that will enable us to conclude against the possibility of their communicating with us, yet we know, or have the means of knowing, something of them. And what we know, not only assures us that the thing is possible, but also supports a strong probability that it would be the case if our circumstances would justify it. I shall first show that the thing is possible. The Bible shall be my proof of this. And the first passage is Deut. xviii, 10, 11. Some render "necromancer," in verse 11, "one that seeketh unto the dead." This passage, I know, is often quoted against these things. In the next number I shall consider its bearing against consulting them; when, I think, it will appear that it does not apply to these things. What I bring it forward here for is, to prove that it is possible to "seek unto the dead," and to communicate with spirits. If not, why the command? God does not command without reason, nor lay interdicts upon impossibilities. The fact of the interdict therefore proves the fact that it was possible for the Jews to consult with spirits, and that the Canaanitish nations were in the habit of doing it. The fact that spirits can communicate with us, is here distinctly recognized. "But," you say, "these were familiar spirits, i. e., lying spirits." Suppose we admit this: have not good spirits as much power as evil ones? And if the evil did, does it not follow that the good can? This is all the use I wish now to make of it. I Samuel, xxviii, records a fact which demonstrates the possibility of good spirits communicating with the living. Samuel did make his appearance to Saul, and gave a message from God to him. "But the witch did not raise him, and Saul was culpable for seeking unto her?" True; but what has that to do with the fact of Samuel's appearing? And if one good spirit could appear to mortals, and communicate with them, then others can: Matt. xvii, 3—"And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." Could demonstration more conclusive be given that it is possible for good spirits to communicate with the living? Again it is clear beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a good spirit can, and did communicate extensively with the living, witness, the angel mentioned Rev. i, 1: xxii, 9; and who was the "medium" through whom that sublime portion of the Bible was communicated to John. And is it not certain that spirits, as they evidently can, would communicate with us, if we were prepared for it and circumstances would justify it? They are immortal—they live with God—their powers are all in sweet subjection to the Divine Will—they possess intelligence and emotions altogether transcending those of the most holy on earth, which stimulate activities and devotions correspondingly enlarged above the present sphere. Is it true that they are all "ministering spirits," and do they not know our state, and feel deeply interested for us? Certainly—"Joy shall be in Heaven," nay, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"—Luke, xv, 7-10. I think it clear that the spirits of the righteous are so circumstanced as to render it possible to communicate with the living. There is not only nothing in the present circumstances and condition of society which renders Spiritual Manifestations imprac-

ticable, but much that justify and call for them. Again, the angel who announced the birth of Christ said that he brought "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," and the upper spheres could not hold its glorified inhabitants, for "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men"—Luke ii, 10-14.

Now consider these "good tidings of great joy," and look at the condition of the world, in reference to a belief in the truth of this message, and in the immortality of the soul! I honestly believe that the ratio of true Christians in this age—of those who truly believe in immortality—is less than 1400 years ago! Materialism prevails in three-fourths of the professed Christian churches! As evidence of this, look at the pride and pomp—the sectarianism and bigotry—the coldness and formalism—and especially at the deadly hostility to all spirituality, which exists in the different Christian churches, and then say if it is not reasonable to expect that a good and gracious God—who "tender mercies are over all his works"—Ps. cxlv, 9, should reveal some divine agency to bring men to the knowledge of "immortality and eternal life"? And is it not reasonable to suppose He may, and does, employ his Divine messengers—His glorified saints in this work and labor of love. And that through their instrumentality hundreds, perhaps thousands, who had no just idea of immortality, who were materialists, and groping in darkness upon the subject of their future destiny, are to-day rejoicing in the glorious hope of an unending life of supreme felicity in the upper and better kingdom. And this happiness has been mainly superinduced by communications received from friends in the Spirit-world, assuring them of their blessedness, and of the glorious destiny which awaits them, "who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

We have arrived at a remarkable period in the world's history. "What progress has been made, and is now going on in the arts and sciences! and in all the agency subservient to the temporal interests of man." I need not recount that progress, it is well understood. Has there been a corresponding advance in religion? Has not the temporal and physical gained largely upon the spiritual? Nay; has it not outrun it, and left it far in its rear? I think I do not exaggerate when I assert that in the opinion of very many professed Christians, intelligence is conveyed with more rapidity on the telegraphic wires than it can be by spirits! and why this belief? Read I Cor. ii, 14: "The whole system of appliances belonging to the Gospel is founded upon the necessity of waking up human thought to the great subject of Salvation and the immortality it involves. The Bible is sufficient, as to the amount and kind of truth it contains, to save the whole world! Why then the ministry—the ordinances—the varied and multiplied appendages of the Gospel? why the expenditure of so much human skill and eloquence and learning to propagate that Truth? It is to call the attention of the slumbering masses to it, and arouse their thoughts on the subject of salvation. Now it is precisely this end which I suppose, and am assured, these latter-day manifestations are intended to subserve. And shall we despise any auxiliary influences in this great work? Shall we conclude that any accession to the religious forces of the Christian system is impossible without marring its symmetry and shading those we already have. Religion, considered as a system of truth, has an objective existence. The facts upon which it is built and the principles it involves, are not effected by the credulity or incredulity of man. They are independent of him, and will remain unaltered amid all the changes which are yet to crowd the annals of time. It is this that clothes religion with such transcendent importance; when all else has fled away, it will remain, because it is built upon immutable truth and involving eternal relations. And O! if this truth could be unfolded to the mind in all the vividness and impressiveness of eternal reality, would not the mind be moved by it to forsake all of earth to win Christ and an immortal crown? Unless we take the untenable ground that religion, as to the instrumental agency for its propagation is entirely beyond improvement, we shall not question that new agencies might be employed without exposing the system itself, as to its intrinsic and objective qualities, to the charge of defectiveness. And is it not likely that those instrumentalities would be extended from time to time, to keep pace with the progress of other interests and the march of mind in other departments of inquiry and investigation, so as to hold religion as far in advance of them as its superior importance demands. May the world progress in everything else, but not in religion? And what is progress in religion, but the bringing out and giving greater prominence to its truths, and the applying of them with greater impressiveness and power to the heart? Does not the idea of progression in religion then involve that of an enlargement of its propagating forces? Is it surprising then that while lightning is bearing intelligence around the world, waking into active life the commercial and intellectual activities of the race, swifter winged spirits should bear the messages of Truth and Mercy from the Heavenly City? And where is the Christian that will not exclaim, as he sees literally what John saw in symbol, the Apocalyptic angel pinioned with glory for his flight, and bearing the everlasting Gospel through mid-heaven to preach to the inhabitants of the earth. Ride on thou celestial messenger! and fill the earth with the songs of salvation! When we consider that probably not one in twenty of this favored land believe the Bible—not one-twentieth of our adult population are true Christians, "and that as we recede from our shores in whatever direction, the prospect darkens, till in a little, scarcely an object of moral beauty is to be seen; that a dreary gloom spreads over nine-tenths of the inhabitants of our globe, relieved only here and there—few and far between—by the feeble glimmerings of dim Gospel-fires which the faithful and devoted missionary has been instrumental in kindling, and yet that God has assured us that this world shall be converted to Christ, that this darkness shall all be banished by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and the earth be inundated with gospel salvation; when we consider all this, are we not warranted in the conclusion that some more powerful agencies of evoking and applying the truth as it is in Jesus are called for! that without disparagement to those we already have, mighty accessions should be made to them? And what more powerful accessions could we have, than the 'OPENING OF THE FIFTH SEAL,' which will bring all "the righteous dead into intelligible communication with the living, to urge upon

their acceptance that salvation, the greatness and glory of which they fully understand?"

Thus I think the pledge is redeemed, that it is "possible and scriptural for good spirits to communicate with the living, and it is both reasonable and scriptural for us to expect such communications."

In the next number I shall endeavor to show, in the same manner, that "the Bible not only contains no passage condemnatory of these manifestations, but many which predict them and are fulfilled by them."

## SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

### My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. FENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;  
The stars shine gloriously, and all  
Save me is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy heap. When shall it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust  
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams;  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sore,  
Went down with thee?

Oh from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn,  
And muse upon the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale  
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above, thy look is imaged there;  
I listen, and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave, and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh, give his spirit undefiled  
To blend with thine!

### THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

MR. BRITTON: Dear Sir: The circumstance that I am about to relate to you, I am aware, is of a character to cause many, in this sensuous and material age, to regard it as a chimera of the imagination; on that account, save in two or three instances, it has been zealously confined to memory alone, as I have not wished to confide it to those disposed to regard it in any other light save that of an actual occurrence; being as it is, a sacred memorial, inwoven with the main incidents of the life-history, of one most near and dear, whose memory, like the silent perfume of flowers borne upon the zephyr's wing, comes back to me from the dim and shadowy past; shedding upon my heart the aroma and dew of the most tender and cherished recollections, which are all that remain of her, whose pure and blameless life seemed to shed a halo of light around her departing foot-prints, making luminous the pathway whence she ascended to her home on high.

These preliminary remarks refer to a beloved sister, whose early death awoke in my heart the most intense sorrow. She was not strictly beautiful; but none could look upon her fair young brow, with its shining bands of golden hair, or gaze into the clear depths of her dark loving eyes, (they were very beautiful,) or listen to the sweet and gushing tones of her voice while trilling some merry lay, as with a graceful and gliding motion she moved about the house, imparting to every object an air of neatness and elegance with that ease and facility which springs from a refined taste, innately imbued with a love of the beautiful—without feeling that she was one, peculiarly formed, not only to brighten and adorn the domestic circle, but to diffuse grace and harmony through every department of domestic life.

She was not only gentle and confiding in disposition, but firm and truthful in character. I never knew her to be guilty of a falsehood. I can never recall, without deep emotion, her strong attachment for me: when a child, she seemed never so happy as when seated quietly by my side, listening to stories from the Bible, or to traditional or historic legends, and thus she would feel amply compensated for any service that I might require, by imparting to her youthful and eager mind, an hour's instruction upon any subject, which was to her involved in mystery or doubt.

When at length my health, which was never firm, was irrecoverably broken, her gentle sympathy and tender care, soothed many a weary

hour; until she herself fell a victim to a similar disease, save that, in her case, there was no mitigation; slowly and surely consumption, like a worm in the bud, preyed upon her vital system, until we felt that the light and joy of the domestic circle would, ere long, pass forever from our view. She seemed aware of the fatal tendency of her disease, in its early stages, and confided to the writer her impression that she would not recover, with the injunction that this impression should not be communicated to her friends, stating that she wished to spare them the grief, that the knowledge of her condition would cause them, as long as possible! To her younger sister, Carry, who was both ministering-angel and nurse, she often spoke cheerily of the pleasant hours they would enjoy together when she recovered her health. And thus she bravely strove to sustain the faltering hopes of her friends through many months of severe suffering. She never murmured or complained of her lot; and lest the beautiful prospect from her window should awake in her heart impatient desires to roam abroad during the beautiful and cloudless summer days, she desired to have her window-blind remain closed; although the ostensible reason was not assigned by her until a short time anterior to her death.

It was evident to those who were, from time to time, admitted to the quiet sanctuary of her little room, that her face grew more and more spiritual in its expression, as her footsteps neared the borders of the unseen world—there her thoughts centered from day to day, while winged messengers from its viewless shores ministered to her in dreams by night! About a month prior to her decease she received much consolation from a dream, or spiritual vision, which she related to her mother and sister, which was in substance as follows:

She dreamed that her guardian-angel, who was commissioned to watch over her—descended to her room in the form of a lovely one-year old infant, with starry eyes, and radiant wings appending from his shoulders. Lovingly the little cherub nestled by her side, and when she was oppressed for want of breath he would gently fan her with his snowy wings; smilingly he assured her, that he would leave her not again, until he had conveyed her weary spirit home!

It was evident that, she never doubted the presence or the promise of her invisible guest; and as the swelling waves of the Jordan of Death rolled nearer, and still nearer, her faith and confidence in One mighty to save, waxed stronger, and still stronger, until death was swallowed up in victory!

In the early part of the Autumn preceding her decease, while conversing with her upon our respective situations in the near prospect of a final release from all suffering, I well recollect the moment—it was at the midnight hour, with our arms entwined around each other's neck, amid our fast falling tears—we bound ourselves by a solemn promise, that, the one who first entered the Spirit-land, should return, if permitted, and visit the survivor in a natural and life-like manner, and communicate something of a life beyond the grave. Calmed and assured by the solemn promise wherewith we had bound our souls, that even the grave should not separate us, whose hearts were so closely entwined together in the bonds of a deathless affection, we soon after sweetly slumbered in each other's arms, as we were wont to do ere we had been separated, or become inured to pain and sorrow.

I saw her not again, until the green and leafy month of June had returned, with hazy skies, and soft and balmy air, perfumed with the breath of roses; and vocal with the music of singing birds, caroling upon the wing. Every breath I inhaled from the packet window, while passing from my home to her's, the distance of ten miles, teemed with fragrance, and for the first time in three years, I seemed to lose the consciousness of suffering in that of pleasurable emotion, while every nerve thrilled to intensity with the beauty of the scene spread before my view! Oh, how beautiful seemed the glorious sunlight, and the green earth to me, who expected soon to look upon its smiling skies, its lofty and majestic hills, its variegated plains, its waving trees, its flowing cascades, and gentle rivulets, no more forever!

Soon I was ushered into the presence of the dying one; reclining upon snow-white pillows, scarce whiter than her thin and pallid cheek, she lay, smilingly regarding me without speaking. Intense emotion paralyzed in us both, the faculty of speech! The three ensuing days, I enjoyed with her some blessed hours of spiritual communion! With her cheek laid close to mine we conversed in low whispers (her lungs being nearly consumed) of that land where pain and sickness are felt and feared no more! She used to lie quietly, with her beaming eyes steadily regarding me, as I read to her her favorite hymns; and again we renewed our promise of spiritual visitation, when I had concluded the reading of a hymn, which breathed of the joys to be revealed, in the kingdom of the blessed—above.

During the few days that her suffering life

was prolonged, I prayed earnestly that I might depart with her; that, hand in hand, we might pass through the dark valley, and the shadow of death, and together ascend to the Spirit-home on high. But our heavenly Father willed it otherwise. I saw that young, bright, classic head, with the white marble forehead, its shining bands of golden hair plaited smoothly over the wasted temples, reposing in the coffin! and the face—its serene, spiritual beauty I can not describe—all who looked upon that sweet, pale face, remarked that it seemed luminous with unearthly light.

The closing scenes of her life were of a character never to be forgotten. There was victory over death! The dark, loving eyes gazing intensely upward, watched the descent of the Spirit-messengers, while in low, thrilling, and broken tones, she whispered: "I see—the angels—they are coming—with my—blessed Saviour! How lovely—he looks! They are waiting—to receive—my spirit!" Shrouded in the purest drapery of white, with a moss rose, just bursting into bloom, lying upon her unconscious breast—placed there by the hand of the gentle Carry—as emblematic of the loveliness and purity of her life, she slumbered upon the death-pillow, and was borne away to her narrow house amid the mansions of the dead!

The condition of mind into which I fell after her death, I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that I was unreconciled to the hard dealings of my Heavenly Father, and murmured in my heart that she was taken and I left. I felt that I could no longer be of any use in the world, and I grieved that I could not be permitted to share the blessedness of her rest. I was worn and wearied of a life of continual pain; I had bravely borne up for her sake, lest she might grieve when I was gone! But now, life without her seemed objectless and aimless. Never did weary watcher look for the day-spring with more eagerness than I, for symptoms of the soul's passing—for the hour of final release. Still I lived on, and contrary to my earnest wish, gained some little strength. I pass over the fruitless, weary watchings, at the midnight hour, when I outwatched even the silent stars, vainly listening for the lingering footsteps of the dead!

The dreary winter months, one by one, passed slowly away. Though deprived of the use of my arms, my mind still retained a portion of its strength and vigor. By a series of studies, I at length succeeded in diverting my thoughts from the one absorbing theme of contemplation, and when the Spring again dawned in all its greenness and beauty—bringing with it some little mitigation of suffering—I began to contemplate the possibility of another visit to my childhood's home; and, one beautiful June morning, I sat down in the vacant chamber of the dead—I preferred to sleep there. It was not the scene of her sickness and death, but a large and pleasant upper chamber, her room when in health—which she had not been able to visit for many months previous to her death. The first two nights after my arrival, though greatly wearied, sleep fled from my drooping eyelids. In those years of intense physical suffering, I slept but little; excitement and fever would often banish slumber for many successive nights. I mention these facts on account of what is to follow. On the third night, suffering more than ordinarily from the pain in my throat, consequent upon conversing with friends who called on me during the afternoon, I retired earlier than usual to rest. Although I had thought many times of my dear H—, the two preceding nights, I do not recollect that on this evening a single thought of her had occurred to my mind. As I lay restless and tossing upon my pillow, being intensely anxious to induce sleep to visit my weary eyes—my extreme anxiety doubtless increased my wakefulness, and when the clock had tolled the hours of ten, eleven, and twelve, I felt as though I should never slumber more. I was grieved at this state of things, knowing that if I remained wakeful the whole of that night, I should be unable to leave my bed.

The night was of that pitchy darkness peculiar to a slow and drizzling rain, which silently fell to the ground, making scarcely a single sound. Again I turned on my pillows, sitting nearly upright as I was accustomed to do, to prevent suffocation—for I could not lie down. In the act of turning my face to the wall—all at once—I became conscious of a bright and clear light penetrating through and beneath my closed eyelids—still brighter grew the light, illuminating the whole room—and, at the same instant, from the opposite window, I heard gently gliding footsteps, advancing nearer, and still nearer—with a rustling motion, as of a person's dress—and paused the front side of my bed! In an instant I became conscious of a spiritual presence, and recalled the promise made to me one year before. I had long ceased to watch and wait for her coming. I had concluded that she was not permitted to ratify her promise, else she would have come. So I reasoned, one of those summer nights, when I sat alone, with the solemn stars, looking serenely down upon me at the midnight hour, seeming by their calm-

ness to reproach my anguish of spirit. At the moment that the footsteps paused beside my bed, my heart gave one fearful bound, and then, every throbbing pulse stood still. The stillness of death reigned within and around me! Again I heard the gently gliding footsteps; one by one they sounded on my ear; she had moved to the window, and there stood waiting, as I thought, for me to turn my face to the front side of the bed. But my limbs seemed paralyzed; I could not move. Again, through my closed lids, I beheld that luminous appearance move toward the bed, and then pause! Again, the third time, she walked to the window, and then, summoning my collected strength, I moved to the front side of the bed. Nothing, I am certain, but extreme nervous weakness caused my heart another fearful leap, as I again heard that gently gliding tread, and knew that, in another instant, I should meet her face to face. Whether, if I had been in health, I would have been permitted to open my eyes, I know not. As it was, I found it impossible to do so. That moment of intense joy, which I experienced, while she still lingered by my side, I can never forget while incased in this tenement of clay. A spiritual emanation seemed to fan my cheek, pervading mine inmost soul with an indescribable serenity and joy. I lifted my hand to graduate the rays, between my almost transparent fingers; for that clear and luminous light, now that she stood so near, almost blinded me! Softly I whispered, "Dear H—, poor human nature is too weak—" I did not finish the sentence; she was gone!

A darkness that might be felt, seemed to press suddenly upon my eyelids—I opened my eyes upon the dense and rayless gloom pervading my chamber. I saw nothing but one luminous ray near the window, and while I gazed, it vanished slowly away. I slumbered not that night; but remained silently weeping until the dawn; being grieved that I could not look upon that beloved face, now that it had vanished from my sight. It has been many times present in my dreams, often has her gentle voice admonished or encouraged me, when weary or desponding. Once, a few months subsequent to her decease, she appeared to me in a dream, and sang, or rather chaunted, three verses of a hymn, descriptive of the happiness enjoyed by her in the Spirit-home of the blessed. I awoke listening to the last stanza of the hymn, which, with the music, were of celestial origin—I had never heard them before! Long and sweetly did that divine harmony sound upon my ear, luring my spirit hence to the home of the angels. This beloved spirit also revealed to my mother, that she also would depart afar the Spirit-world in June, on the same day of the month which she herself had departed, which prediction was fulfilled, precisely, in four years subsequent to her death. In conclusion I would add, that I now have an abiding premonition, that we shall meet ere long, and when again she stands by my bedside, no intervening shadow will hide her from my view!

EARLVILLE, August, 1852.

NOTE.—The objector may advert to the alleged fact that a spirit cannot cause footsteps to be heard; being intangible and without ponderable substance. I would reply to this objection by stating that, it was according to our compact, that the spirit should assume, for the time being, every natural appearance of life, in order not to frighten the one still clothed in the body! Had I looked upon her face I should doubtless have seen her as in life, only more beautiful and glorious.

S. S. S.

ages from Wm. Wirt and Henry Clay.

ITHICA, N. Y., August 9, 1852.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE and BRITTON:

Dear Friends: While I was at Auburn I saw many of the friends, and on Friday, 6th inst., I called with Mr. Tucker on a Mr. Allen, whose wife is a medium for "raps," speaking, &c. After a short and agreeable conversation with Mr. Allen—who has been for many years a very zealous co-worker with the Episcopal Methodists—we four sat down to a table; I was soon informed by Mrs. A., who was already under the spirits' control, that I might expect a communication through Mr. Tucker, who soon passed into a magnetic or clairvoyant condition, and with his right hand raised above his head, he repeated the following, slowly, as I reduced the same to writing:

"O, my Lord! these galleries are filled with life and intellect, and radiant from the throne of God. The great leveler, Death, when he raised the curtain of mortality, ushered into this new scene of existence the thousands who moved in their various circles, while in the form. Here, they are concentrated on the plain of equality, where wealth, intellect, and original developments, constitute no distinguishing traits of character, but all are brought to the line of demarcation that is determined by the standard of virtue. Human desires, thoughts, and actions, while in the form, are the constant attendants which men carry with them in their transit to the Spirit-land. These constitute degrees in the scale of existence, as they rise in geometrical ratio from the lowest gradation, to the plains of the Celestial Heavens. O, how august! how transcendently sublime and beautifully glorious is this rotunda to the mansions of eternal bliss! The colorings of the canopy that screens the votaries of the Cross are surpassingly grand and magnificent, and the transit from Time to Eternity far surpasses our imperfect conception while in the body. Like mellow tints of the rainbow over the darkest cloud, or the soft light of the dawn when the night passeth, breaks the light of Eternity on the spirit. The followers of the Lamb might spend an eternity of thanksgiving for deliverance from the body; but loftier and more ennobling scenes await them, and

invite their attention. The happy associates of an earlier existence wave them on, and solicit their advance, in the kind strains of melting affection. Animated by hope, incited by desire, breathed upon by the pure spirit of Eternal Truth, they are wafted onward and upward toward the portals of the Celestial Heavens. The past is forgotten, the sympathy of spirit with matter, of which it was the 'motive power,' has been neutralized, and naught would ever call the angel-nature back again, but the commingling of spirit with spirit. The affinities of the latter are the cords of affection entwined around the soul in Heaven. . . . Oh, who would not surrender this poor pavilion, for a residence in the rotunda of the Spiritual Heavens! 'One day in thy courts is worth a thousand elsewhere.' Is that not fully explained?"

WM. WIRT."

[The medium here raised his hand, and pointing significantly, exclaimed:]

"Yonder is Mr. Clay! His tall majestic figure moves gracefully. Feasting his soul in admiration, he raises his eyes to the high canopy, and tracing the lofty and noble columns, he meditates, and says:"

"O, why did not the scene open before upon my eyes! Here are joys to me hitherto unknown; here eternal harmony swells around and above, and even repose has a voice that lulls to union. There is no Constitution to be broken—no compacts to be violated—no platforms to be erected, to concentrate action. No strife or war of words is required to liberate the captive from his fetters; but the soft zephyrs of eternal love breathe over us, cheering and invigorating the happy throng; while smiles of eternal truth play on the face of the Redeemer of the world, to gladden the hearts of all. And the solemn peans of praise and thanksgiving now go up from my brother servants and my humble self."

H. CLAY."

After the above had been received, a spirit said, through Mrs. Allen: "Let this go to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH." I hope you may find it worthy of a place in your paper. I do learn many important facts. The facts increase in number, and the interest does not appear to abate. The work is onward.

Yours in truth,

F. F. CARY.

### The Spirit of Father Miller.

The following is the remaining part of Mr. Treat's communications from Father Miller, of which we published the principal portion last week.

"Ye know not how to prize the blessing God has bestowed so freely upon you. Ye can not realize the deep, boundless love of God in thus revealing his glorious truth to the children of men, choosing his own bright band of ministering spirits, and sending to ye, first of all, those ye loved on earth, that they might win thy heart and draw ye to themselves by their pure, holy love. Is not this more worthy of a holy God than what thou hast been taught—a God full of wrath and hate to those that will not listen to his invitations of mercy—a friend to a part, and a bitter enemy of the rest? When on earth, I preached wrath, destruction, and misery, to those that followed not the path that, in my weakness, I pointed out; but when I reached the Spirit-land, O how changed the scene from what I had pictured! Weak, erring mortal, why will ye close your eyes to truth—and such a blessed truth? My first prayer after I entered the Spirit-land, was, O that I could return, and undo the wrong my hand hath wrought? I may not come in bodily form, but my spirit shall yet strive to teach ye the truth of God, even as his spirit-children know. He hath given ye all, just, good, and holy laws; if ye break those laws, then are ye answerable to him for it, and the sins of earth shall hang a heavy weight, to chain the spirit down, and check its upward course; for ye can not rise with a load of sins clinging to you, ye must first cast them from you, and then may ye begin your journey. Will the pleasure of sin compensate ye, for the future drawback that lies before ye? I tell ye, nay. Commence your journey in the spiritual world, now, ere ye leave the body. What can the world offer thee better—more to be desired—than the spirits' love? 'Tis free, free, free to all—will ye not receive it to your hearts, and grow better and wiser day by day, as ye converse with the holy of heaven? Be cheerful, look up, the little flock is growing larger every day—not one sun shall set but some shall be added to thy number—thou mayest not hear of them, but God knoweth His own little band—His hand upholds them all, none are so small that they can escape His loving, tender glance. Let the scoffer and unbeliever turn away in contempt, ere long they will be constrained to say—'Of a truth, God is with us, the spirits are even in our midst, truth has conquered, right has prevailed, we have fought against those we loved in the Spirit-land, and would fain have driven them from us. Thanks be to God, their love hath won us to truth, all else failed, but their heavenly love was far stronger than our earthly prejudice, the spirits' call we will ever obey!' My friends, why will ye turn from this truth, and shut your heart to its sweet whispers of peace and comfort? As the spirit has passed away from earth, and ye have taken your last look of the loved one so dear to thy heart, has not thy spirit in its bitterness yearned for tidings, tidings, tidings from the lost one? 'O for one message of love to cheer my lonely way! And shall ye always cry in vain? I tell ye, nay. The spirits respond to that cry, and fly as on the wings of the wind, and speak peace to the mourning heart, and ye are comforted. God seeth the wants, the need of man, and supplieth liberally, freely. Reach forth thy hand, ye mourning ones, and take the heavenly blessing! Give your first, best love to God, who careth so tenderly for you; slight not His commands, strive to do His will in all things. In the Spirit-land we know no law but His will, but His silent, unuttered will is obeyed by us as our highest happiness. No deeper sorrow could we know, than to disobey His loving, righteous law—it would throw a gloom over the brightness of heaven! And does it not bring sorrow to thee on earth, when ye do aught contrary to His commands? If the heart is right, ye will love to follow His precepts, for they lead to happiness, to heaven, and are ye not all seeking happiness? Can ye find a pleasanter path than the spirits have pointed out to you? Follow our counsel, commence right now, and a higher, nobler place shall be thine in thy Heavenly Father's mansion? Bright, glorious spirits are waiting to lead thee; perhaps the dearest one of thy earthly love is even now beckoning thee to follow in the way the faithful only shall lead. Will thou scorn these gentle messages of love? Pause and think, then follow on.

THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM MILLER.

## Miscellaneous Department.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.  
On the Death of Henry Clay.

BY HENRY CLAY PARTRIDGE.

"Since the late glorious tidings of immortality, from the Spirit-land, Death has become a thing beautiful to look upon."

Go, gone! to the grave, on a flood-tide of glory.  
With the warm tears of millions to moisten his sod.  
His bright deeds enshrined in a Nation's proud story.  
While his soul sweetly rests on the bosom of God!

Sound, sound forth your trumpets and spread out your  
The struggle is past and the victory won; [banners]  
No sad lamentations, but thrilling hosannas, [done].  
He has "fought the good fight—faithful servant, well

Oh, hard is his pillow, and cold is the breath [head];  
Of the night-winds that whistle so shrill o'er his  
But what rook we now of the darkness of death,  
When the rainbow of Fame still illumines the dead!

From the fair sunny South to the far Grecian land,  
Nor mount, vale, nor ocean, shall limit his fame;  
For all that in Nature is noble and grand,  
Shall proudly be blest with that magical name!

Mid the downfall of thrones, and the havoc of wars,  
That name shall remain as unmoved as the poles;  
Far, until the divorce of the Stripes from the Stars,  
His memory shall ever grow green in our souls!

And ye, who so loved him—ah! vain your regrets,  
And the warm gushing tears which you shed o'er his  
tomb—  
He has gone to that Land where the sun never sets,  
And the bright summer flowers are always in bloom.

Washington, July 4, 1852.

### THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

The following article recently appeared in the *Christian Inquirer* of this City. The author is entitled to our grateful acknowledgments for so intelligent and candid a statement of the principles and claims of Spiritualism.—Ed.

Our nature is many-sided. It has many aspects, many undeveloped capabilities, whose powers not even modern science has tested and put to their full trial and use. There have been exercised upon external objects—steam, electricity, galvanism, &c.—things which lie outside of our personal nature, and, so far, have but shown our mastery over the elements. The spiritual philosophy now invites us to look within ourselves; to explore the fields of this *terra incognita*, and to lay before the incredulous world the fruits of our discovery. It offers to reveal us to ourselves, and to solve many problems of our existence—its mode, its whence, and its whither—which have so long perplexed the meditative inquirer. Let us attempt to sketch its history; we mean its modern history. For its disciples aver that it is as old as the hills, and that India, Egypt, and Greece, long ago, were familiar with its mysteries, and ruled the world of mind by its potent agencies. As for ourselves, being without experience, we can speak but as chroniclers of the *res facta*, without being able either to teach or dogmatize. And we now bring the subject before our readers because of its notoriety, and the fact that it is doing a work in the world toward which we could not be indifferent if we would. Indeed, thus much we can say, that although the Spiritual Philosophy may be a *delusion*, it is not a *humbug*. Its disciples are honest men; men of sound minds, of all professions; many of them men of talent and learning. They have a literature, newspapers, magazines, books, associations, conventions, &c., all the signs of a growing and important body. These circumstances have their influence, and that influence is increasing. If it is not sufficient at present to overcome our skepticism, it is because it is difficult, if not impossible, for us to receive its wonders without ocular proof. This, however, need not prevent our dealing with it in an impartial manner. Beside, there is nothing in it to disturb our faith. Rather, indeed, much to confirm it, while to Romanism and Orthodoxy it comes like the last trump to summon them to judgment and condemnation.

The Spiritual Philosophy, as it has developed itself in our day, appears to have been progressive in its course; first giving indications of its approach in animal magnetism, and resulting in exhibitions of the *clairvoyant* faculty. About the beginning of the present century Mesmer appeared in France, and excited the public attention and the hostility of the *savans*, by professing to cure diseases, principally of a neuralgic character, by means of his art. This led to the appointment of a committee of investigation under the authority of the Government, (of which committee Dr. Franklin was a member,) which, after attending some of the exhibitions of Mesmer, made a report adverse to his pretensions; though confessing, at the same time, some degree of uncertainty in regard to the true nature and character of the means employed by him. That diseases were cured they did not deny, but imputed the effect to the power of the imagination in the patient. Shortly after, we heard of the *metallic tractors* used by Perkins, an American, in London, for the same purpose and with like effects. These, however, excited attention but for a short time, and, together with Mesmerism, seem to have fallen into disrepute. Interest had, nevertheless, been created in the subject in Germany, and the mind of that country continued its investigation with characteristic patience and perseverance. Occasional notices of what purported to be successful experiments found their way into our newspapers and magazines. These, however, were but few; and it was not until about twenty years ago that public attention was again drawn toward it in this country. The earliest experiments in which we took a direct interest were some made by a French physician in Rhode Island. The subject was a young lady who, we were informed by a gentleman of veracity and intelligence, exhibited indisputable evidences of clairvoyant power. Immediately impressive subjects began to multiply, books were written, theories advanced, and magnetism began to claim through its disciples a place among the sciences. A volume entitled "Facts in Mesmerism," by an English clergyman, was republished in this country; and, by reason of its ability and honesty, had a marked effect upon the reading public. This was followed by others by native authors and experimenters. Le Roy Sunderland, who had been a successful exhibitor, put forth a volume under the title of "Pathetism," in which he sought to separate the

sciences from its apparent relations to the supernatural, and to account for its phenomena in the exaltation of the nervous energy. But Sunderland himself, not long after, abandoned his own theory, and became a spiritualist of the most enthusiastic order. This was the case with many others. At this point of history, though warmly opposed by men of science, it is, beyond question, true that certain results had been obtained, of very great interest and importance. These were, that sleep could be induced in the subject by the *passes*; that in this condition of abnormal repose some diseases were cured; that in subjects of a highly impressible nature the power of *clairvoyance*—that is, seeing in the dark or with the eyes carefully bandaged—was developed; and in others, the power of seeing things at a distance. We are not at liberty to dispute these facts, thus far, because we have had repeated experience of their truth. But beyond this, we profess to know nothing. To attempt to give the philosophy of the mystery would here be out of place.

The next step in the advancement of this science seems to have been the development of the faculty of not only visiting and exploring the planetary bodies composing our universe, but of penetrating the Spiritual World, and bringing us from thence accounts of its inhabitants. We do not remember that any very general credence attended these adventures. The data were not such as, in all cases, to induce an unquestioning reliance. Yet were there many who received them with simple and undoubting faith. This was an era distinguished by the advent of Andrew Jackson Davis, of Poughkeepsie. Davis was at this time about seventeen years of age, an apprentice to a shoemaker, of ordinary capacity, and of no education. That is, he had attended a common school for from three to six months, and read and wrote with difficulty. In something like a year from this time—it may have been more—he dictated his "Nature's Divine Revelations," a formidable octavo volume of eight hundred pages. And formidable it is, not only on account of its size, but also because of its erudition, its universality of subject, comprehensive, vast, curious, its elevation of style, variety of topic, and the boldness of its tone. All Nature is his theme, in all time and under all its aspects. To present a critical estimate of this volume would require too much space. With a great deal in it that is undoubtedly valuable, there is much that is not so; much that strikes us as simply absurd, and yet much more to excite our admiration and respect. It is prolix, tedious, and at the same time interesting; treating, as it does, in a most free and original manner, of cosmogony, theology, science, philosophy, and literature, in all their relations to human life and human hopes. But the question occurs, Where did he get it from? *Quien sabe?* Since the production of this work he has given several others to the public. His "Great Harmonia," which has now reached three stout duodecimo volumes, is marked by a more correct taste, a finer style—often eloquent, glowing with beautiful imagery and sublime thought—a better method, and more thorough acquaintance with the subjects treated in it, than his first production. Indeed, were we to attempt to do full justice to the claims of Davis as a man of erudition and literary ability, we would necessarily fall under the suspicion of being a disciple. Such we are not; and yet we are not among the number of those who regard his pretensions as unworthy public attention. We look upon him as the greatest phenomenon of the day, and therefore deserving a more calm and considerate examination of his pretensions than has yet been accorded him. He is now about twenty-six years of age, and writes with perfect familiarity upon every branch of human knowledge, using the technical language of each with the precision and ease of a professor.

The next remarkable fact in the history of this philosophy that arrests our attention, is the "Rochester Knockings." These, which were at first peculiar to the "Fox family," appear soon to have become very general. These were interpreted by the alphabet, and reported to be communications made by the spirits of deceased persons to those now living. Then musical instruments were played upon by invisible hands, furniture moved, and other demonstrations made of the presence of unseen powers. Then, in the order of progress, persons were impressed as "mediums" to write out messages, the spirit taking possession of the hand, and writing with great facility whatever it desired to say. And now, we believe, articulate speech is sometimes used, and the spirits appear in a visible form. This, we think, is the present stage of the spiritual philosophy, promising, however, still further developments and more universal occurrences. In the mean time, the number of mediums and of manifestations have multiplied indefinitely. They are still increasing.

And now, what is the philosophy of all this? In reply we can say but little. Its disciples disclaim the word *supernaturalism* as descriptive of its operations. They deny the supernatural altogether, and will have it that there is no such thing. They aver that the Creator does all things according to universal order—natural law—and that he never departs from this order; that even the miracles of the Old and New Testament were not wrought in contravention of, but in accordance with, natural law. And hence, that while these spiritual manifestations are indeed wonderful and extraordinary, they are strictly and wholly natural. They appear to us otherwise, because they are unusual. But this has been the error of men in all ages, to mistake that for the supernatural which was simply the unusual. In old times, the prophets were not so much inspired by God as they were by him fitted in their organization to receive divine messages; raised to a spiritual elevation, and not spiritual things brought down to their level. Inspiration is, they say, the comprehension, by men of devout temperaments, of heavenly things. In rude times such men were few, and chosen by God for a special work. Now, civilization, and the increased activity and refinement of the intellectual powers, as well as greater religious and moral culture, are preparing many to be prophets and seers. They say further, that the spirits of departed souls constantly, according to the degree of their elevation, hover near their living friends, and desire to guide and advise them; and that we have but to prepare ourselves by prayer, devout meditation, and works of piety and love, to enter into intercourse with them. This, they say, is a law of our nature; for that man is as much a spiritual as he is an earthly being. His nature is double; but that the inner man is repressed and silenced by the worldly cares, strifes, and clamors of the outer. In clairvoyance, in somnambulism, and sometimes in dreams, this spiritual man converses with beings in the unseen

world. And much more they say to the same purpose, all of which is intended to prove that the spiritual philosophy is true to every law and principle of our nature.

As to the theology of this philosophy, we confess that, upon the whole, we can see nothing in it repugnant to the rightly interpreted teaching of Sacred Scripture. It presents us with like *apparent* discrepancies, which give way before a general and comprehensive survey of its purport as a whole. God is love; a merciful Creator, a heavenly Father, who sent his Son Jesus Christ into the world to lead us into the way of life eternal. He was the manifestation of the Father's presence, our Saviour, Teacher, Guide. God will not punish men forever for their sins; he will leave them to the retributions of that moral law which they have violated while in the body. He desires their salvation; and he will unfold to their view the way of its progressive attainment. The Spirit-world is a world of degrees of happiness and misery. It is a world of progress, in which all advance, the good to higher states of happiness; the bad, as they use their privileges, to mitigations of their woe, and eventual peace. Men are not saved by faith alone; they must do good works; they must love God and their neighbors; they must be honest, pure in heart, benevolent, kind, tolerant. Creeds are of no account. Good men of all creeds, all nations, are accepted of God. God is one; there is no Trinity of persons. Men are not saved for the sake of another; there is no vicarious atonement. God gives his Spirit to all who ask him. He is our providential ruler, and in his love to mankind permits this intercourse between men and spirits, for their improvement, and as a means of augmenting their happiness.

Furthermore it is averred, that the souls of deceased persons at their death enter at once upon the spiritual world, without change in their mental or moral condition. As they lived, so they die; and as they die, so they appear and assume their former characters. Hence, the good and the bad are such still; only that, this being a progressive state, they have opportunities for improvement, and will improve. The grosser spirits linger near the earth and long after those objects which attracted and gratified them while in the body. But they are measurably in darkness and great discomfort; seeking but never finding; ever consumed by truant desires which are soled by no satisfaction. The pure spirits enjoy a greater degree of happiness in proportion to their goodness. To them the celestial world is more fully laid open, and it appears to them inexpressibly beautiful. But all spirits, as they increase in conformity to the laws of the heavenly condition, depart from the earthly sphere, and ascend to those tranquil abodes of the blessed into which no sorrow or care can enter. Spirits do not become, as men suppose, all-seeing and all-knowing so soon as they leave the body. Their powers of observation are greatly increased, but they are still very ignorant. This depends very much upon the amount of their previous knowledge and their capacity for improvement. Hence the reason of their sometimes contradictory answers to our questions. So some, being malicious and evil, deceive in their replies. The responses of such men as Wesley and Channing may be implicitly relied upon to the extent of the spirit's knowledge; while those of such men as Paine, Voltaire, his *grace* the Duke of Cumberland, or his *holiness* Pope Alexander VI., are to be carefully sifted and taken with many grains of allowance.

All this can hardly be said to be in startling contradiction to a rational faith, while its advantages are manifest. It robs death of its terrors, and opens a scene to our hopes of inconceivable beauty and happiness. Above all—if it be true—it settles the question on philosophic grounds of man's immortality—a question, the importance of which alone swallows up all others, and reduces all earthly sorrows and disasters, in the comparison, to mere trivial annoyances, unworthy our attention. What a prize to virtue! What discouragement to vice!

As to the character and amount of the testimony offered in support of the truth of this new philosophy, all we can say is, that it is as great in our view of it as testimony can be without actual experience.

Besides a multitude of books by people of learning and respectability, we have a variety of periodical publications. The *JOURNAL OF MAN*, published by Dr. Buchanan, at Cincinnati, is distinguished by great professional ability, great candor, a calm wisdom and a degree of moderation, which show the editor to be a man of sound sense, and by no means an enthusiast. The *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, published at No. 3 Courtlandt-street, in this city, is a journal devoted to the recording of facts as they occur, vouched by the names of the relators and other corroborative proof. It is published by Charles Partridge, without any view to pecuniary advantage, the income being entirely expended upon the paper. This, Mr. Partridge professes to do solely for the good of the cause which he has so greatly at heart. Then we have the *SHEKINAH*, a quarterly, under the editorial charge of S. B. Brittan, a work of high literary character. The *SPIRIT MESSENGER* is a bi-monthly magazine, by R. P. Ambler, 208 Broadway. The matter of this magazine purports to be written wholly by Spirits of the Sixth Circle. This is a great curiosity in its way, entirely beyond our comprehension. The articles are rather prolix, but written in a style of great smoothness and much beauty. The thought is elevated, sometimes striking, always pleasing; the language flowing, equable, and appropriate. The aim is noble and benevolent, the sentiments pure and lovely.

Besides these publications, we believe there are others; but their names we have forgotten. But the testimony offered by men and women of standing and character in our city—of whom there are hundreds, perhaps thousands—is the most remarkable feature in the whole business. Of their veracity and sanity we entertain not the slightest suspicion. What, then, is it our duty to do in regard to it? Surely not to ignore it by a contemptuous silence; not to ridicule it; not to treat it with levity, but seriously, and to point it out to our readers as a subject deserving investigation.

We have read a great deal of what has been written with a view to its exposure as an imposture. But we must candidly say, that these efforts, however honest or able, have entirely failed to account for the phenomena. Indeed, they have had the effect upon many minds to strengthen belief in their truthfulness and reality. As to ourselves, we wait for more light. As Unitarians, our predispositions are not adverse. Our free, glorious faith, so honorable to God and so hopeful for humanity, can apprehend the advent of no disturbing revelations from the upper world. They can bring nothing but peace on earth and good will toward man.

W. G. H.

### CALHOUN'S DREAM.

A friend has sent us the story of Mr. Calhoun's vision, to which we referred some weeks since, when speaking of the spiritual experience of Mr. Clay during his last hours. The Editor of the *Ripley Herald* says that the subjoined account is a fancy sketch by Mr. Lippard, in whose paper it originally appeared.—Ed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1850.

MR. EDITOR: The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast-party—his name I think is Tombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a *flurried* manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink-blot—upon the back of my right hand. An optical illusion, I suppose."

Of course, these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Tombs asked quietly:

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in the room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account, be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke:

"What are you writing, Senator from South-Carolina?" he said.

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily:

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union." (You know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South-Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand—your right hand?"

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face! Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder-clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life! The features were those of George Washington—yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than GEORGE WASHINGTON! He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office—"

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Tombs at length broke the embarrassing pause. "Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"This intruder, I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it—the truth is, I felt a strange chill pervade me at the touch—he grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington! Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly *dead-alive* look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:

"And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?"

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes!' said I, 'if a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment, a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' cried I, alarmed, I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.

"That," said he, dropping my hand, 'that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'"

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton."

"There," said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life, in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South-Carolinian, and so are you! But there was no blotch upon his right hand!'"

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative. Tombs muttered, "singular, very singular!" at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

### Flies Produced by Galvanism.

The American Consul at Liverpool, Mr. Ogden, writes to the *National Intelligencer* an account of the scientific experiments which he recently witnessed at the house of Mr. Crosse, the English philosopher whose alleged production of animal life by a chemical process has created so much discussion in scientific circles:

"I own to utter incredulity until I had the opportunity of a thorough examination of the process and a full explanation of the means. No room was left for doubt. No delusion, no self-deception, no favorable hypothesis to be carried out, had any influence in the result. On first witnessing the result, Mr. Crosse would not believe his own senses. He locked up his laboratory and took a long walk in the open air to assure himself that he was not laboring under some illusion. On his return he beheld the actual living insect in various stages of its formation. The apparatus was prepared for the purpose of producing crystals from the silicate of potash."

"A tubulated retort, with its long end plunged into a glass dish of mercury, has a platinum wire passing through it, connected with a negative pole of a weak galvanic battery. Through a neck in the retort, hermetically sealed, another platinum wire, immersed in the caustic solution, communicates with the positive pole. The bulb of the retort is two-thirds filled with a most carefully prepared caustic solution of silicic acid and potash. Pure black flints and caustic soda, after being subjected to a white heat, are pulverized and melted into a glass, which is soluble in distilled water. In this solution no animal life can possibly exist, nor can there in the mercury. The whole was then placed upon a shelf for constant inspection. A gelatinous substance was first observed to have formed around the bottom of the positive wire. Then No. 1 made its appearance, gradually expanding into Nos. 2 and 3, when flexible filaments were observed. No. 4 began to show animal life, and, after one hundred and forty days' watching, through all its changes, the perfect living insect crawled up the wire—not singly, but in sufficient numbers to dispel all doubt, if any could have existed, and prepared for another stage of life. Like our musketoes, that emerge from the element in which they are produced, and are drowned in it if they return, any unfortunate straggler that missed his hold immediately perished. The *Acarus Crossei* is now known as a distinct species."

### SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to force opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

Our other business resources preclude the necessity of our depending upon this enterprise for support. Nor will I accept of any pecuniary profit that may accrue from its publication; but will, from time to time, so increase the issue or size of the paper, or reduce its price, as to graduate the terms to the standard of its actual cost, that subscribers may have the full benefit of their money and feel a personal interest in its wide circulation.

It is hoped the character and price of this paper will be sufficient inducement to many friends of the cause to take several numbers for gratuitous circulation.

The immediate and earnest cooperation of friends in all parts of the country is invited.

The "Spiritual Telegraph" will be published weekly, at \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to CHARLES PARTRIDGE, 3 Courtlandt street, N. Y.

N. B.—It will be esteemed a favor from newspapers, and other periodicals, if they give this Prospectus a conspicuous insertion in their columns, which will entitle them to the *Spiritual Telegraph*.

### THE SHEKINAH.

VOLUME II.

THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychological Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

1. LIVES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS. These sketches are from the pen of a Unitarian Clergyman, who is not only eminent for his scholastic attainments, but especially for being a bold and original thinker. These articles are accompanied with ELEGANT PORTRAITS, engraved on steel, expressly for the Shekinah.
2. ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE. Containing the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul, its relations, susceptibilities, and powers, illustrated by numerous facts and experiments.
3. CLASSIFICATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. Embracing concise statements of the more important facts which belong to the department of modern mystical science.
4. PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCHES. These sketches of LIVING CHARACTERS are given by a Lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead.
5. ESSAYS on important questions of Social and Political Economy.
6. ORIGINAL POETRY AND MUSIC.
7. REVIEWS.—especially of such works as illustrate the progress of the world in natural, political, social, and spiritual Science.

CONTRIBUTORS.—REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.; O. W. WIGHT; C. D. STUART; HOTACE GREELEY; HON. J. W. EDMONDS; V. C. TAYLOR; T. L. HARRIS; J. K. INGALLS; D. M'NAHON, JR.; WM. WILLIAMS; FRANCIS H. GREEN; SARAH HELEN WHITMAN; ANNETTE DISHOP; and others. Several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally.

The contents of the Shekinah will be wholly ORIGINAL, and its mechanical and artistic execution will be second to no Quarterly Review in the world. SHALL IT HAVE A PATRONAGE WORTHY OF ITS OBJECTS AND ITS CHARACTER?

TERMS of the Shekinah, \$2 a Year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Six copies will be sent, to one address, for \$10. Hereafter the work will be forwarded to no one until the subscription is paid. A discount of 25 per cent. will be made to Booksellers and Periodical Agents, but the cash must accompany the order.

Address, S. B. BRITTON, BRIDGEPORT, CT.  
New-York, May 8, 1852.

Printed by H. CLAY KEYBOLD, No. 208 Broadway.