

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 146.

The Principles of Nature.

MUSIC A LANGUAGE.

BY E. A. G. REMINGTON.

—All they
Whose intellect is an overmastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoever
The form which their creations may essay,
Are birds.

Was Music given by the Creator to amuse, delight, or improve us? Were we formed for happiness or duty? Is pleasure a good? These and other similar questions which were accustomed to engage the schoolmen, finally giving rise to the two rival sects, the Epicureans and Stoics, have not yet ceased to be asked by the thoughtful mind. The most rational conclusion seems to be, that to obtain the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying, no duty must be neglected, since each has its correspondent pleasure. The reward of labor is the agreeableness of rest—of obedience, satisfaction—of industry and economy, wealth—of perseverance, accomplishment.

Do the birds, in opening Spring, sing to delight us? The flowers bloom to perfume the air we breathe? Does it matter, whether we listen to the one or gaze on the other as innocent and dutiful, or as vexed and guilty? The things are the same, but not to us.

God has everywhere strewn riches with a bountiful hand. The universe so adorned, so shining, was it to delight His energies—to display beauty—to diffuse happiness—He created it? Was it all for the human soul—here seeing darkly, enjoying in a limited manner—yet soaring, aspiring? Is the bluebird's first note from the throat of Spring, to awaken us to a livelier sense of remembered pleasures, or only expressive of its own innocent contentment? Was the "Iris all hues" reflected in the peacock's shining train to display the lavish power of divinely creative energies, to delight its bearer with its gaudy coloring, or form another link in the all-embracing chain of beauty—or is there need to determine that any one thing must have been formed for a sole specific purpose, rather than for purposes innumerable? Are not all formed to accomplish and crown the creation—the flowers—the stars—the orange and scarlet colored birds and glittering insects?

Echo, where wast thou born—in caverns, amid myrtles and cypress? Echoes of sweet sounds like those of things unattainable, which play about the chambers of the brain, sprang they the one from the speech of Deity, the other from his thoughts. To how many has he given to echo his being? To all, some phase of it. As the leafless almond tree in winter unfolds the germs of its summer beauty—so all men inwrap seeds of a fair humanity. All are his chosen—the few his early blown. Are we all types of him, or while he has attributes which do not at all pertain to us, have we not faith which is not of, but from Him? Still, when we look for some attribute in Him which has no shade of existence in ourselves, are we not baffled, since we have no clue by which to determine it?

Our most gifted men are in no way types of the Divine—but of humanity. We have all one common brotherhood—adore one common Source of the origin of all—to that brotherhood we cling—that Source we reverence. If to none He has given to echo His being—leaving this to be revealed from all time—to whom has He given to become archetypes of our human? Is it alone the poet, whose reverent faith encircles the unknown, and gives utterance as sweetly as he may to that embrace, as if that nearness were uttered forth in a birth of sweet accord—is it alone the poet, whose tenderness of love is not valued, yet of a fatal necessity still given—is it he alone who possesses that compass of soul and imagination that men wonder at? Wherein differ the artist and composer?

The poet and the artist express their conceptions—the composer suggests his—the wild and weird notes of the musician stir the soul with indefinable emotions. And herein are all high arts similar—their creations having once been experienced, haunt us ever after. The poet expresses his thoughts in language—gives flow to his feelings in verse. The artist embodies his conceptions on canvas and in marble. The one meets with no limit to his capabilities of expression, save that in which his language is imbedded. The other none save that which matter offers to the suggestions of mind. Music has neither of these mediums nor restrictions. Yet while it has no verbal language, it has a language peculiarly its own.

It ranges the wide domain of nature for its mother tongue. The bird, the brook and cataract, the zephyr and the storm, the acacia and the pine, the interminable forest and the boundless ocean, are its tributaries. From these it borrows the sweet or wild strains in which it is to utter human passions and human thoughts. The serene state of mind, the absolute repose to which it introduces us, proves beyond question its claim to be ranked as an art, and displays a power of utterance beyond words, if not beyond the capabilities of the forms which matter may be made to assume. Its expression is fleeting and transient; not so its effect. A lively air may sweep across the

spirit as lightly as a wanton zephyr across the scarce ruffled lake, but when it enshrines the genius of its power, it speaks as commandingly as though scattered trails of humanity were collected in one blast of concentrated utterance. Its sweet tumults revive a life of joy; its solemn cadenza is the mourning of the human soul.

The emotions have no language more genuine. Hence the universality of Music—its popularity with the uneducated masses; and here too is proof, if any were needed, that the savage and the beggar have feelings in common with the cultivated and religious. Rude as their minds may be, they have joys and sorrows not unlike those of the fortunate.

Music is capable of expressing every feeling of joy, from the most superficial and evanescent to the highest and serenest, and perhaps is susceptible of rendering no other emotion so adequately. Remove the banquet scene from the stage while the Brindisi in "Lucrezia Borgia" is being performed, and still the auditors would be enchanted with the unmistakable import of the music; or the cups and the dice from the scene in which they are introduced in "Robert le Diable," and the auditors would still be borne along on the impetuous tide of wild revelry. Nor less potent is its language in representing the purer delights of the mind. The harmonies of the sacred composers have lifted many a spirit into their own atmosphere of devotion, wherein the spirit forgets the trammels which clog it on the earth, the perplexed doubts and unsubmitiveness which often weigh upon it, to yield itself momentarily to the superior genius of the composer, and live in a purer air, to press back all doubts, repress all regret in one yielding breath of homage. Such moments hallow Music to the soul, and rank Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Beethoven by the side of the great spirits of Dante and Homer, Milton and Angelo, Shakspeare and Raphael.

Great spirits do not differ so much in the wealth of the burden which they bear as in their modes of expression. And indeed all men differ less in heart and mind, in soul and spirit, than in development and powers of expression. The poet is born to his language—he delights in it from infancy—he is imbued with its spirit and molded with its mold before he begins to utter his fancies and sentiments, his thoughts and imagination, by it; while the artist and the composer have not only almost to shape for themselves a method of expression, but have to struggle against the difficulties which arise from having all their lives been forced to express themselves in a manner to which their natures render them unfitted. But fortunately nature is on their side in this, that the representative by signs and sounds in the history of man's development precedes that by words—while on the other hand, the poet has the advantage of the increased facilities in our natures. The secret of the power of music does not lie amid the terrors of the "Inferno," but in the harmonies of the supernal, unrevealed by the pen of poet or pencil of artist.

From noon
To noon he fell, from noon to dervy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun,
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle.

may be instanced at random as a specimen of verbal description, wherein language excels art.
Again, in Hamlet to the Ghost—

"What may this mean?
That thou, dead corpse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous: and we fools of nature
So horribly do shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls"—

is shown what power of suggestion a few words that burn may have, when confined to the things which we feel.
Poetry has greatest potency to turn us within ourselves—music and art to lift us above ourselves. The former sustains us longer, the latter are more powerful for the time. The former ranges the universe for its suggestions, addresses every faculty of our being, involves within its range the element of moral and mental philosophy, and is an apt vehicle for lofty truths.

And if this seem to yield to the poet too great power, to the exclusion of any place for art, the Apollo of the heathen might have been forgotten, save that we have the immortal creation of the Sun-God, whose noble lineaments cease not to-day to stamp deathless impressions of ideal perfection on its beholder.

The first great soul in the order of enlightenment is the poet, who, whether receiving his inspiration direct from the Creator, or in later times borrowing from the traditional past, expresses the outward by glowing description, the inward by recognized portrayals. In his soul, the universe of mind and matter moves to harmonious accents. His thoughts are as a double mirror, which reflects, the one the thoughts of the Divinity, the other the perversions of man. And the perversions are doubly revolting from their nearness in his soul to the indelible impress of beauty. The poet is universal; the artist and composer, intense. Michael Angelo seems now to men to have lived on the earth as one who tramples on the flowers' un-mindful of them, while he holds perpetual converse with the clouds and stars. Shakspeare was never so intensely elated,

but ever more broad. The Ægean, nestled amid its sweet borders, lashed to fury by storms, and the broad Atlantic, basking placidly in the sunlight, are not more unlike. If the one terrify, the other is more calmly imposing. Even the intense Paganini and Salviatore Rosa may be more truthfully likened the one to the other than to any of the great poets. In the whole range of the poets, perhaps no one will be found who has more of the intense, which generally characterizes composers, than Dante. You can scarcely follow him through his ghastly regions, or soar after him, buoyed up as he seems to be by the invisible pinions of the passionately adored Beatrice, without feeling that it is song indeed that befits such purity of passion.

It is true, all are possessed of more or less intensity. Fervor is the characteristic of genius, but never one-sidedness. It may display only one phase, but it can not be thoroughly wanting in any. It is an attribute too high for this. Ostade lived to enoble lowliness in domestic life; Guido to raise sweetness and humility in women to the divine; Turner to bring to the fireside those stirring recollections and conceptions of grandeur which encircle his sea pieces; Angelo and Raphael drew their inspiration from the Bible; Airy Scheffer now draws his from the same sublime source whence Milton drew his; Wordsworth communed with nature as though his delicately fashioned ear heard more than mortal tones breathing through its forms. All beautiful conceptions of Poesy, all fair outward existences, all revealed creations, are brought to our firesides through the echoes of Art. All sounds in nature, or sweet or wild, are echoed by Music.

The arts are so imbued with philosophy, so calculated to impart it, as to be fit exponents of the accomplishment of an individual's or nation's manhood. All that is universal in thought or beautiful in character flows into our minds through the attractive channels of Verse. All that is gorgeous in coloring, delightful in grouping, severe in conception, woos our vision in Art; while all sweet sounds in nature, all majestics, from the utterance of the startled eagle, from the cry of human anguish and despair, from the spontaneous burst which gushes from the lip of joy, from the forest and ocean soundings to the harmonies of the starry host, are the delightful echoes of Music.

Poetry has no embodiment, but as an airy phantom, addresses the serene soul with noble thoughts and sentiments. Art moves the mind through the eye by its present glorified being; while Music, with its notes of "linked sweetness," takes through the ear the "prisoned soul," carries it captive, willingly yielding itself to the enjoyment of sympathetic pleasures, wonder, surprise, terror, and delight. The ideas of something above us which haunt our whole existence, move in bright gleams on its loftiest wave, to which we aspire, on which we would float, as buoyed upward toward the infinite by a power which we seek not to comprehend, content in our abandonment to the elysium it imparts.

In judging of the capabilities of expression in Music, it is necessary to consider not only the variety of notes which compose its language, but its variety of sounds, as consisting of soft, wild, or harsh tones, compass and volume, complex or simple harmonies. The most indifferent voice, in attempting a particular sentiment, may create feelings most diverse to those which are occasioned by the most musical. Different also are the emotions which arise from hearing the same tune performed by a flute or a chime of bells, an efficient or an inefficient orchestra, an organ or a violin. True, not all times are equally adapted to every instrument, but in judging of the full power of Music, these as well as variety of notes, arrangement and grouping, simplicity or want of clearness, complexity and unity, must be considered.

If musicians and artists have often a less broad development than men of letters, it may be owing to the requirements of their arts more than to any native incapacity on their part, or undue enthusiasm for one class of thoughts. Nor must indifference be taken for incapacity, which has become a fault so common as to have begotten a fear in many of having the variety of their abilities known, lest it should too much prejudice their reputation for skill in those things in which they especially excel.

Cicero's language to the young orator may be not inaptly applied to musicians and artists. Whatever widens their experience in any mental or emotional direction, or gives increased knowledge in any branch of learning, increases their power; we do not master one subject best by frequently going through its routine, but by grappling with the most difficult we become able to perform the more simple with grace and readiness. The world of thought must pay tribute to every master mind; some particular bent calls it as by the voice of divinity to its adopted mission. Often is that voice sadly heard calling by some seemingly terrible dispensation. As the flower yields its full wealth of fragrance when crushed to earth, the wind-harp its most heavenly tone on being swept to breaking by rude blasts, so genius, under almost insupportable burdens in bowing or opposing, yields beauties before unheard of, save in words of revealing, and splendors unseen save in heavenly visions.

But even this does not free it from censure. The veil that

envelops it is rudely thrust aside, and as the vulgar gaze discerns little save the common attributes of humanity, it condemns its weakness, in ignorance of its almost superhuman strength and grandeur. Is he, after all, nothing but a man? What should he be more? Is the significant query, since to accomplish one's manhood is to fulfill our earthly destiny.

A sacred relic of a higher nature lingers in every human soul that experiences a veneration for genius—be he artist, poet, philosopher, musician; deal he in the complex and many windings of abstruse science; fathom he the depths of the knowable in the laws of matter; soar he to the serene bounds that limit the pure ray of mind, or be he moved with the troubled tossings of upheaving emotions.

Whether painting be more broad in its expression than music, the latter possesses advantages not shared to its fullest extent by poetry—directness of address, which amounts to such fullness of appliance as to take captive not alone the eye as in sculpture, nor the mind as in poetry, but our whole being, sense, soul, mind, eye, thought, and comprehension.

In this respect it is so delicately adapted to the condition of our being, that it becomes a most interesting question, to what noble purposes it may be applied. The Romish Church was true to the requirements of our nature when it employed music and the arts to uplift the imagination and the senses. Man was false when he idolized the means instead of the end of his elevation.

The souls of the musician and poet are not only not diversely constituted, but their plan and method of expression are similar. The perfect musical composition requires as much consistency as the lyric poem. If *dijuncta membra* has been the fashion in either, it is nevertheless inadmissible. As the lyric in its changes of movement should glide so gracefully as not to mar the unity, so should the canzonet; and the symphony loses all the effect of its grandeur when it fails to observe this great principle. As the lyric poet should be not only consistent in his arrangement and grouping, but have a delicate sense of rhythm, or measure, or music, so should the composer have not only an ear for sweet sounds, but judgment in the conduct of their movements, never changing the last so much as to destroy the unity of the sentiment. For the musician or poet to be guilty of such inconsistency, is as palpable a fault as for an artist to represent a dancing satyr and a flowery lawn on the same canvas with our crucified Lord.

Again, as the lyric poet must be governed in his choice of measure by his thought or sentiment; or, rather, as the latter must be allowed to flow in their native channel, the heroic in iambs and spondee, the lively in amphibrachs and trochees, the light narrative in mixed measures, which forms the English hexameter, so should the composer's thoughts be woven in and out along the chosen key, never losing sight of the prime sentiment to be expressed, except in very long compositions, in the way of episode or graceful variation. The question, whether particular styles of music are native with certain nations, is similar to the one which at present is vexing some of our most cultivated American scholars, whether the hexameter is natural in English verse. Wherein there lies two difficulties—first, in determining what the English hexameter is, it differing so much from the classic as to make it an invention rather than an imitation; and second, how far our thoughts are wont to flow in accustomed channels. All arts are born of the mind of a people, and not the clime, any farther than the latter influences the former. Let the American mind be accustomed to nothing but French fortitudes, and its musical compositions would partake of that type. Two things are necessary in order to high attainments, the ability and the occasion. In capricious and fantastic composition, in largeness, breadth and richness, the musical has a great advantage, as also in the representative. The rhythm of particular lines in poetry has a resemblance to certain sounds in nature, and great depth and beauty of feeling give musical richness to the verse, but poetry is not an art representative by sounds. Whenever it ascends to this felicity, it exhibits an exception rather than a rule. Music has been employed to represent simply, by its recurrence of sounds, every variety of dance, from that of the negro and faun, to the airy movements of spirits. A chime of bells has been known to suggest the ethereal movements of beatified spirits. That harmony which delights us in sculptured groups, in arrangement of coloring everywhere in nature, from the delicate apple-bud amid its wealth of light green, to the daisied lawn—

"God's beauty fills the daisied slope"
from the blue and gray of the sky to the monotonous of the sounding sea, in the graceful shape of the human form and penciled loveliness of living outline in the human face divine, is preeminently the characteristic and soul of music. The yearnings of the spirit for good, for beauty, for truth and holiness, so deep, so silent, so speechless, are made to leap unconsciously at its ethereal breath. In its serene shrine the pictured loveliness, the imaged "je ne sais quoi" is named harmony: There is no speech in these silent depths save through her voice.

Though at first we hesitated at ranking Music among the arts rather than the sciences, it will now be apparent that they

all require great knowledge and judgment, and are all equally arts. The great works of the composer are no less creations than Moore's, or Burns', or Schiller's, or Byron's, and have a universal language. Eve's Lament would fall inane on the ears of the myriads who speak a different tongue, while the same sentiments conveyed by Music would enchain alike Gentle and Jew, Barbarian and Greek. The grand symphony is the lyric in four or more parts, the opera, histrionic music, the melodies, simple lyrics. The oratorio is a grand and sublime anthem. Music is capable of rendering each part here assigned it, without the aid of adventitious words. Music is a gift of speech, is to develop and enlarge our culture, elevate our desires, ennoble our aspirations, delight by its sweetness and largeness, bind all kindreds in one common bond of amity. The high, the low, the beggar and king, are addressed by it as one. Vice becomes innocence in attempting to express itself in its harmonious channels. Wild and fitful as the wailing winds, it is soul-full still, and whatever it approaches it turns to its own likeness. Fathom all its hidden depths and capabilities here we can not. The limitless expression of the powers of the human soul may not be sounded until that soul becomes developed in the infinite cycles through which it is destined to blossom and expand.

INDIAN PROPHECIES.

MY DEAR BRITTON:
In the following extract from John Forbes' "Oriental Memoirs" (London, 1818), our friend Dr. Young may find something to sharpen up a little his obtuseness of perception in regard to that *in/sux* problem, which appears from the public record to distress and perplex our erudite brother not a little. "Nil desperandum" should be the Doctor's motto, for I have no doubt but that with perseverance, study, and perhaps a little sweet oil, he will in time be able to look as far into, and to comprehend as fully that incomprehensible conglomerate of German mysticism and Yankee transcendentalism with which some of the rest of us delight to befog ourselves and astonish the natives, as the most learned Theban among us. Truly yours, JAMES E. WORTH.

Forbes says: "Ghost-seers and astrologers are innumerable in India, and millions believe in their supernatural powers; many wander about like gipsies, but only a few Brahmins use the prophetic power with a certain dignity and modesty. I will give a short account of one of these Brahmins as an example."

To understand the following narrative, we must here remark that at Forbes' arrival in Bombay, in 1766, there were three parties; at the head of one stood Spencer, at the other Cromerlin; the third was under the leadership of Mr. Hodges, who, it was said, had been deprived of the governorship in an unjust and improper manner. Hodges had on this account written a violent letter to the Governor and the council of the Company; and was, as he refused to retract what he had written, removed from his governorship of Surat, recalled to Bombay, and dismissed from the Company's service. The Government of Bombay had sent a report of these proceedings to England.

Forbes continues as follows: "This Brahmin was a young man when Hodges made his acquaintance. He was but little known to the English, but was much celebrated among the Hindoos, at least on the west coast of India. I believe that Hodges had become acquainted with him when he was an English resident in Bombay. Both became as intimate friends as the difference in religion and caste would allow. The Brahmin, an upright man, often admonished his friend never to depart from the path of virtue; which would lead him to success and honor, and to eternal happiness. To impress this exhortation upon his mind, he assured him that he would rise from the situation he filled in Bombay to higher posts in the Company's service, after that he would be collector of Telli-cherry and Surat, and, last, governor of Bombay. Mr. Hodges often mentioned these prophecies to his friends, but himself paid little attention to them. It was only when he gradually rose to these posts of honor that he placed more confidence in the Brahmin, particularly when he was named collector of Surat. When, however, in course of time, Spencer was named governor, and Hodges was dismissed from the service of the Company, he sent to the prophet, who at the time was living at Bulpara, a sacred village on the banks of the Tappi. He went to Hodges, and listened to the disagreeable end of his hopes and endeavors. Hodges finished by saying that he would sail for Europe, and therefore did not expect the brilliant fulfillment of the Brahmin's promises. It is even said that he let fall some reproaches during the conversation, on account of these deceitful prophecies. The Brahmin listened to all with the greatest composure, did not move a muscle, and said: 'You see this ante-chamber, and that room to which it leads; Mr. Spencer has reached the portico, but will not enter the palace—he has placed his foot on the threshold, but he will not enter the house. Notwithstanding every appearance to the contrary, you will reach the honors and fill the elevated post I have foretold, and to which he has been appointed. A black cloud hangs before him.'

"This surprising prophecy was soon known in Surat and Bombay; it was the topic of conversation in every society. Hodges had, however, so little confidence in it, that he prepared to commence his voyage home. In the mean time, how-

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

WHO RULES THE WORLD?

Under the head of "Spirit-Rappings and Satanic Agency," a writer in a late number of the Springfield Daily Republican...

It may gratify those who take an interest in the triumph of common sense to know that very few people at this late day...

It is not that the devil and his angels exercise a kind of supernatural power in befogging men. The mediums are his instruments.

While in the ministry of the same denomination, we had an opportunity to know the subject of this notice personally...

REV. JOHN MOORE. We learn from the Universalist journals that the Reverend and esteemed friend whose name precedes this paragraph...

Mr. Moore's residence was at Concord, N. H., and he was pastor of the Universalist society in that place until the relation was unexpectedly interrupted by his sudden departure...

The open frankness and generosity of his nature, and his uniform kindness to all, even the humblest and the most unworthy, rendered Mr. Moore universally popular.

While in the ministry of the same denomination, we had an opportunity to know the subject of this notice personally...

REVELATION OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

The Baltimore Republican relates the following interesting fact. As the child died by what we are accustomed to denominate an accident...

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENTMENT OF THE APPROACH OF DEATH.—A few nights ago, a little boy of rare intelligence, named Fillmore...

THE PRESS ON A SPEAKING MEDIUM.

We have received a letter from a gentleman who resides at Syracuse, giving some account of the recent lectures of Mr. Randolph...

After briefly relating his experience in spiritual things, he professed to be controlled by the spirit of William Pitt, who spoke through him...

Another testimony.—Mr. Randolph, the spiritual medium, lectured in the City Hall, on Saturday evening, and twice at Myers' Hall yesterday...

Our good friend Mr. L. Platt, of Newtown, Conn., has removed to this city and rented the house No. 762 Broadway...

"MUSIC A LANGUAGE."—The essay bearing this title which will be found on our first page this week is copied from "The New York Quarterly," published by Lampert, Blakeman, and Law...

SPIRITUAL DISCUSSION.—It is conjectured that a public oral discussion on Spiritualism is about to take place in this city between Dr. B. Brown Williams and Rev. U. Clark...

REV. T. L. HARRIS AT THE TABERNACLE.—Bro. Harris will deliver his valedictory discourse at the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, on Friday evening of this week...

The Editor of the TELEGRAPH will lecture in the Brooklyn Institute, corner of Washington and Concord Streets, on Wednesday evening of this week (14th inst.)...

"BROTHER JONATHAN'S COTTAGE."

The story of Brother Jonathan presents some instances of spiritual interposition for beneficial purposes, one of which is contained in the subjoined extract.

William gave the kind old woman two dollars for her attendance, and the manifest interest she took in the motherless children of the deceased...

"Who are you?" asked William, tremblingly. "Your grateful friend," was the soft and gentle reply, in tones of unearthly sweetness.

"That it was a friend, he it was or what it might, William had no doubt. His fears subsided, and he pressed his inquiries:

"What is your name?" "You can not know at present."

"What would you have me do?" "Remember my words and obey them."

"Are you a Spirit?" "I am your true and grateful friend. Good-bye."

"Who or what could it be that has thus addressed me? It is a Spirit, I believe. No matter. It is, thank Heaven, a friendly one, for it spoke balmy words; it gave heavenly counsel; it uttered in a low voice...

An example of a spiritual phenomenon of a somewhat different character occurs in the twentieth chapter. Brother Jonathan has a strange impression that he must go to New York, which with the result of his visit is thus described:

"Shall I follow this impression, or shall I resist it? Shall I cast it off wholly as an unmeaning fancy, or shall I obey the oft-repeated injunction, 'Arise and go thou to New York city.'"

Forty-eight hours have not elapsed before we are again in the very heart of that great metropolis, New York city. Cast your eyes, dear reader, down its main thoroughfare, and you will observe our venerable friend Brother Jonathan, who has arrived hither not an hour ago...

"Hark! hark! hush!" he repeats softly to himself. He hears a grating sound at a basement door, as if some burglar was at his foul work. He fixes his eye steadfastly upon the spot from whence the sounds proceed.

"Flee not! flee not!" exclaims that same voice; "I am your friend." The burglar partially recognizes that voice, and turning, walks cautiously back a few paces.

"If you are indeed my friend, then all is well; if not, I value your life far less than this weapon which shall rob you of it. Who are you? Speak!"

"Who is Brother Jonathan?" was the characteristic reply. "He was my friend. I loved him. A noble man was never born than he. Your accents sound like his. Who are you? Your name?"

"What! Brother Jonathan here? O! O! heaven of heavens, save me! My friend! O, my friend!" ejaculated William; and he rushed to the door, and rushed into the good man's arms.

EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Feb. 8, 1855.

GENTLEMEN OF THE TELEGRAPH: I have again on the white wings of thought, laden with such mental food as I trust may not be unacceptable to the fastidious palates of your readers...

I really have so much to write about this week, that I hardly know where to begin, therefore I will begin at the beginning, which will be precisely where I left off in my last letter.

Sunday, January 28th, your old friend, and I believe coadjutor in the Universalist, Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald, delivered two discourses in the Melodeon to the Spiritualists of Boston.

Some remarkable Spirit-manifestations have transpired in the family of a very respectable citizen at the south part of the city during the past week, the particulars of which are substantially as follows...

"Och, sure it is the Spirit-rappings," said the medium to her bed-fellow, in a tone of ridicule, being a skeptic. At this declaration there was a succession of loud sounds, so violent as to attract her mistress up stairs to the room, on entering which she chided Bridget for the disturbance...

It is reported that Miss Rachel Ellis, the well-known medium of this city, took it into her head one day last week to clothe with a young gentleman and have the nuptial knot tied, much against the wishes of her parents...

The spiritual meetings at the Melodeon have been flourishing under the new administration, so much so as to excite the jealousy of a few persons, who have threatened to get up opposition meetings.

As one of the "signs of the times"—one of the foot-prints in the track of progress—I will mention the fact, that the orthodox church at Epping, N. H., was to be thrown open last evening for Miss Milly Brown, of Roxbury, Mass., to speak in (under spiritual influence), on Modern Spiritualism.

Last Sunday, February 4th, Miss Emma Frances Jay addressed an audience of over sixteen hundred persons in the Melodeon, who evinced the most profound attention to her remarks.

I had almost forgot to mention that Marenza B. Randall, M.D., gave a lecture here on Spiritualism in the lecture-room of the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, January 31st.

Next week I shall have something to say about healing mediums, in connection with their prescribing medicinal remedies for the sick, of which they possess no knowledge.

The Cause in Baltimore.—From a recent letter from W. M. Lanning, of Baltimore, we gather the following particulars: It was not until quite recently that four or five friends concluded to meet together in that city, every Sunday, for the purpose of devising ways and means for the advancement of Spiritualism.

Lectures at Springfield.—Mr. Charles Partridge will deliver two lectures in Springfield, Mass., on Sunday next (18th inst.) The friends in that place will arrange the appointments in other respects as may best suit their convenience.

ever, the dispatches had been received from Bombay, and an answer was returned with unusual rapidity. The Court of Directors condemned Spencer's proceedings as Governor of Bengal, reversed his appointment to the governorship of Bombay, dismissed him from the Company's service, and Hodges became Governor.

"From this time the Brahmin gained the greatest influence on his mind, and he undertook nothing of importance without having asked the counsel of his friend. It is remarkable that the Brahmin never prophesied any thing beyond the government of Bombay; spoke of his return home; but it was well known that he maintained a mysterious silence regarding the time after the year 1771. Hodges died suddenly in the night of February 22d, 1771."

Forbes gives a second account of the predictions of this Brahmin, given to a widow who was mourning for her son. This prediction was literally fulfilled. A third is as follows: "A few months before my return from India, a gentleman who was to fill a high situation in India, landed in Bombay with his wife. Both were young, and had one child. He left his wife with a friend, and went to Surat to arrange his household. She was to follow him in a short time. On the evening before the day when she was to set out for Surat, the friend with whom she was staying entertained a large company, and among others the Brahmin. He introduced him to the company, and begged him in a joke to foretell the future of the young couple who had just arrived from Europe. To the astonishment of the whole company, particularly the young lady, the Brahmin cast a look of pity upon her, and said, after an impressive pause, to the master of the house, in Hindostanee: 'Her cup of happiness is full, but rapidly vanishing! A bitter draught remains, for which she must be prepared.' Her husband had written that he would be at Surat with a barque. He was not, however, there, and in his stead came one of my friends with the message that her husband was dangerously ill. When she arrived, he was suffering from a violent attack of fever, and died in her arms. I returned in the same vessel with the widow. During the passage the anniversary of her husband's death took place."

MANIFESTATIONS IN A GERMAN CASTLE.

MR. BRITTAN: I find in my journal the following narrative of remarkable facts, which I doubt not will prove of as much interest to your readers as they were to myself. During my sojourn at the West, I formed an acquaintance with a German nobleman who had left a high station in the service of the Prince of Hesse, and had emigrated to this country mainly for political reasons.

It seems that his mother (a lady of an advanced age) had, for many years, been occupying in his castle a suite of apartments to which she seldom admitted visitors, and the keys of which she either took with her when she was absent from home, or else left them in charge of her daughter, the baroness.

Struck with astonishment they listened. Tramp, tramp, it went across the room. Out of that room into the next—then all was still. Suddenly they heard a noise so loud that it resounded through the entire wing—and back came the footsteps.

The noises soon ceased, and they retired to bed, and at an early hour, the keys being found in their accustomed place, the family proceeded to the room. Every thing externally was as when they had left it; the doors were locked and bolted, the windows closed and fastened, but, strange to say, every one of the family portraits were lying face downward on the floor, not one injured in the least.

The old lady finally recovered, and on her return said that on that night she had been very low and earnestly desired to see them. (I omitted saying that there was a decided peculiarity in her step, by which any of her acquaintances would, without difficulty, recognize her.) Yours, AMHERST. New York, Jan., 1855.

MR. CHAPIN AND SPIRITUALISM.

A few Sundays since, the Rev. Mr. Chapin leveled his lance and had a tilt at Spiritualism. It was not one of the accidental encounters by the roadside of knight-errantry; it was the encounter of the lists in full and complete armor with careful preparation for the fight. And right knightly did the reverend gentleman charge—he came on with impetuous speed, and amid a blaze of intellectual fireworks, and the spectators almost applauded. And so the fierce Templar tilted well against Ivanhoe, fought as he had always fought, but fell, yet fell with renown. Mr. Chapin spoke as he always speaks, eloquently and powerfully; he spoke with his usual earnestness and deep feeling and refined sententiousness, but the Right was not with him. Spiritualism never had a grander triumph before a popular assembly than on this night. Assailed by one of the cleverest orators that our country has ever produced, it rested on its own inherent truth and felt not even a jar from the onset. Great curiosity running into uneasiness may have been felt at the commencement of the criticism, but at its close there was no room for any other feeling than that of exultation to every believer in Spiritual Manifestation.

It is not that we anticipated evil to our cause among its true supporters; but there is a class of minds which oscillates from belief to unbelief, according as their path is appointed them by public opinion, or the influence of some commanding name; and it is of these in whose behalf we rejoice, for even they must have gone forth from Mr. Chapin's lecture stronger in their spiritual belief.

An intelligent gentleman who has been constant in his attendance at Mr. Chapin's church, remarked, at the close of the discourse to which "R. W." refers, that he thought more than ever of Spiritualism, since so great a man as Mr. C. could say no more against it. Referring to the same subject in our presence, a lady of rare intellectual powers and accomplishments, also a constant attendant on Mr. Chapin's ministry, observed that it is necessary for great men to do some very unwise things to prevent people from worshipping them.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

DEADLY VERIFIED.—In our issue of last week (Feb. 10th.) we noticed a couple of facts in the experience of a prophetic dreamer, a lady of our acquaintance in Williamsburg. One of these related to her finding her mother at a certain store, and the other to her finding her sister at a lawyer's office, by indications in her dreams, when neither of them had been expected at the place indicated, at that particular time.

CURIOUS CASE OF "PSYCHOMETRIC" DREAMING.—We were informed of the following by our friend Dr. P., of Brooklyn, who received the facts from an authentic source: Several years ago, during a severe winter, the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia became thickly bridged over with ice, and thousands of persons resorted thither for the exercise of skating, sliding, etc.

CURIOUS EXAMPLE OF A NATURAL DEATH.—Dr. A. L. P. Green, of Nashville, Tenn., communicates to the Medical Journal, published in that city, a singular case of progressive death by old age, of which the following are the main particulars: The subject was an old negro in the family of the narrator, who had attained the age of one hundred and eleven years.

MEDIUM MANIFESTATIONS IN BOSTON.—D. K. Minor tells the New Era about an accompaniment to singing being played by Spirits on a guitar under a table, at a recent circle which he attended in Boston. At the first sitting when this occurred, some skeptics present declared that they saw the medium thru the guitar with her feet.

BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF A LITTLE BOY.—A friend of ours, a teacher of a high school, recently related to us the following, which we penned down from his own lips: "A few weeks since," said he, "I had among my pupils the son of one of the most eminent public speakers of this country. He was a bright, active, healthy, sensitive lad of only eight years.

"I suppose I must in justice add a vision of quite a different character, which he also saw in another orthodox church. 'I saw,' he says, 'in the pulpit, a great idol, such as they have in heathen countries—like those in the geography, and a man came up behind him—he looked like a monkey—I thought he was a monkey—to lift up his hands as the minister does when he prays; and the people all knelt down, but I wouldn't—I wasn't going to for him.'

Original Communications.

A LAMENT.

I pine for the world where there is no death, For the Angel World I pine; I sigh with a troubled and weary breath For the joys of a Life Divine; Thou art gone away to the Angel World, And for thee, sweet Love, I pine.

I. D. WILLIAMSON, D. D., ON MANIFESTATIONS.

In a recent number of the Gospel Herald, edited by the above-named gentleman, is an editorial on the subject of spiritual manifestations. So bold an ignoring of the whole subject, which he calls argument, can of course have no weight on the minds of those who have investigated the subject; but as his remarks are being copied into other papers of the same denomination, who are warning the public to let the thing entirely alone (though the Doctor himself says the subject is certainly worthy of examination), a brief review may be profitable.

"I would ask the writer what is meant by the two simple sentences, 'Try the Spirits whether they are of God,' and 'By their fruits ye shall know them?'" He acknowledges that the Spirits of old might be either good or bad, but will tell us where the Saviour ever cast out a good spirit, or where an individual was ever considered unfortunate to be possessed of a good spirit.

quarters of an hour, while he, the investigator, had fears all the while that the medium would have an epileptic fit. And then all those civil and high compliments paid him by the Spirits talking through the medium! Why, Doctor, did you not know that that was a mesmeric influence from your own mind, and that you were only praising yourself all this time?

U. CLARK'S TESTS OF THE SEER-GIFT.

Since the publication of my article on the development of the Seer-Faculty, I have received numerous letters from every section of the country, making inquiries, asking aids, examinations, tests, and suggesting that I should publish something sufficient to enable others, if possible, to develop the same faculty.

GOD SUPREME—LAW OBEIENT.

The cold, bleak wind whistles around the palace and the cottage, and the plains and the forests are alike chilled with the death of a winter's atmosphere. Beast, bird, and insect hide their heads at the unwelcome snow, and streams are crusted over with ice.

DEFINING A POSITION.

In the report of the Conference, Dec. 26th, held at the Spiritual Telegraph office, Dr. Hallow states: "That 'Dr. Young (meaning me) who had previously asserted the incompetency of proof to establish spirituality in any case, defended the dog ghost with great vigor, contending it was simply egotism which denied to the animal kingdom the immortality we claimed for ourselves.'"

This statement of the case, if not wholly, is mostly erroneous. I did state, however, or intended to do so, that the spiritual presence of the dog, as set forth on that occasion by Prof. —, was as true as any other of the wonderful relations then and there given by him and others, and that per se there was as good testimony to prove the existence of Spirits.

Does God, then, control the seasons? Does he cause, by the eternal uniformity of his will, changes in the natural world, whereby alternate seasons appear? Either he does, or does not. If he does not cause these changes, who does? Law possesses no power to change any thing if it has no capacity to act or to think.

Does God, then, change, and manifest that change by a change of the seasons? As man is related to earth, and his position in such relation is permanent, so man is changed, not as regards his relative position to the earth, but as regards his relation to other planets.

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The changes of earth in its relations to other planets demonstrate unchangeability in God, because such changes are uniform and regular. From these suggestions, it may be seen that the changes to which man is subject only prove the existence of a Power which governs and controls all things.

SPIRITUALITY OF THE RAPPINGS.

Mr. Editor: I sometimes meet with men who have heard Spirit-rappings and received communications, and still entertained doubts as to the fact of Spirits communicating. To such I wish to say a few words through the columns of your paper.

For several months we had rappings, generally every day—sometimes several times in a day. In the commencement of my examination I proceeded as follows: The first thing noticed was the sound—the rapping. We knew we heard this as certainly as we knew any thing.

Thus a watch runs and keeps time, but we have no reason to suppose that it is intelligent. An animal is more or less intelligent. A pig, for instance, that can count and tell the time of day by a watch, is more intelligent than a cow that has never been known to do any thing of this sort.

"I had you been literally enshrined in the secret depths of my soul, you could not have delineated with a more faithful hand the thoughts and emotions swelling and throbbing within me during the time mentioned in your letter."

With these facts, what conclusion ought I to come to? Here is the sound, the agent, and the communication by that agent. The communication is intelligent. What objection is there to my affirming that the agent is an intelligent one, and, being unseen, that it is a Spirit?

Mr. Editor: I beg leave to submit to the consideration of some of the metaphysical contributors to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, the following reflections concerning the Attributes of Deity.

It is generally taken for granted among theologians, that God is a being who thinks, designs, and creates. All of which appear to me to be groundless assumptions.

All ideas are mental conceptions. In order to be conceptions, they must evidently be conceived. In order to be conceived, there must be a time to conceive; i. e., they must take place in time, and not in eternity.

Again, it is assumed as a first principle in theology, that God was originally the sole and independent Being. Now, in order to think, every metaphysician is aware that two conditions are necessary, viz.: There must be not only the thinking power, but something concerning which to exercise that power.

Still again, we ask, what is thought? Every one who has any knowledge of mental philosophy is aware that it is a revolving through the mind of an associated train of ideas, one idea going, and another coming.

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