SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON AND SPIRITUALISM.

A letter from Mr. Anderson, dated "London, Royal Lyceum Theater," was published in the London *Morning Advertiser* of October 20, 1855, occupying two columns in length. This communication has since come to us in several of our European and Canadian exchanges, and other periodicals which our friends abroad have kindly forwarded to our address. The publicity which has been given to Mr. Anderson's remarkable statements requires a reply which, I trust, the conductors of the papers in which his letter has appeared, will see the propriety of inserting in their columns, in justice to (as it is estimated) some two millions of intelligent Spiritualists in America, among whom are natives of every state, kingdom and nation on the earth, and by whom are represented every phase of thought in politics, morals and religion.

I will copy from Mr. Anderson's letter the averments which require special replies. He says:

For the last four years "spirit-rapping" has engaged my especial attention. It was a new ism in America, when I landed there about four years since. Regardful of every novelty, be it in physics or psychology, I hastened to inform myself of its true character and fundamental principles. The statements which first attracted my attention by no means prepossessed me in its favor. Common sense was so outraged by every recital, and the acquired philosophy of ages was so utterly scouted by the reciters, that I suspected the existence of some gross piece of charlatanry; and believing that I was treading on dangerous ground, I watched my footsteps as I went, feeling for quicksands ere I trusted my foot. Though a professed conjuror, and one who has "known a trick or two," for the last twenty years, I was not egotistical enough to think that I was proof against being deceived.

Spirit-rapping originated in the year 1848, or to speak with more propriety, it was resuscitated in America about that time; for in an old book which I have in my possession I find that table-tapping is by no means a modern juggle. Indeed there is reason to believe that it was practiced by the Chinese many centuries ago. Its resuscitators in America were the Misses Fox, of Rochester, New York, and their rappings became known through the Union as the "Rochester knockings." I fully believe that at the commencement the idea was merely a matter of amusement with these young ladies, but, being clever enough to discover that money was to be made by it, they opened up business accordingly, and speedily acquired a fortune. Having studied the subject carefully, I think that I am able to throw light upon some of its more obscure parts. That it is my duty to do so, I believe and feel, when I see that the imposture is making headway in my native land, and when I find such names as those of Lord Brougham, Sir. E. Bulwer Lytton, and Sir D. Brewster, associated with that which I know to be a juggle, and a mischievous delusion.

The Misses Fox made so much money that many other young ladies speedily discovered themselves to be qualified media, and commenced the practice in the profession. The first raps were made on the wall of a house, or on any available article. * * * I mixed with these people: I attended spirit-rapping, *séances* innumerable, etc.

Mr. Anderson would have his readers suppose that he gave the subject of Spirit-manifestations a thorough, careful and candid investigation in America, while he was last here in the years '51, '52 and '53; whereas I affirm the fact to be, that during all this time he stood aloof from such an examination. He did not "mix" with mediums, or "impostors," as he calls them; neither with any class of Spiritualists as such, in this country. He neither attended their circles for Spirit-manifestations, nor their meetings for lectures and discussions upon the subject, though then, as now, he pretended to have visited mediums, and "made himself perfectly familiar with its true character and fundamental principles." At the time Mr. Anderson was in America, there were comparatively few mediums in the country; and he truly says,

Everywhere, from one end of the United States to the other, the Misses Fox became famous. They were received as the media through whom disembodied Spirits deigned to make their communications. They were able to cause raps to be heard, where no machinery to create them seemed to exist.

This being so, common sense suggests that these were the proper persons or mediums through whom he should investigate the subject. But did he do so? Will Mr. Anderson pretend that he ever attended one of their circles? or that he ever visited them at *any* time! If so, will he please name the time and place, and state who beside himself and the ladies, were present? Or will Mr. Anderson oblige us with the names and residence of the other "young ladies," or persons who, as he says, "discovered themselves to be qualified media," through or with whom he investigated the spiritual phenomena? When and where did such investigation take place? and who was present on the occasion? He can not respond; yet see what extreme caution and profound philosophy he would feign:

I determined to investigate before I decided, and to subject to examination before I pronounced an opinion."

Pray tell us, Mr. Anderson, with whom you experimented, and what the experiments were? I again affirm that you can not tell. And here let me suggest whether not only common sense, as you say, but common veracity also, is not outraged by such a defense.

To make the matter certain, I have just called on the ladies referred to, and they individually declare to me that Mr. Anderson never attended one of their sittings for Spirit manifestations, or visited them at any other time; and they further affirm that they never saw him until after they had accepted his challenge, and, in compliance with its terms, met him in Metropolitan Hall. Thus I have shown (what is indeed apparent from Mr. Anderson's letter itself) that he *did not*, as he pretends, investigate the subject of spiritual manifestations in America; and it is equally evident to those who have any knowledge of the subject, that he has not made himself familiar with it since. Therefore his averments are of no consequence, except so far as they are the echo of popular prejudice and ignorance upon the great subject of Spiritual Intercourse.

Mr. Anderson appears a willing instrument to echo false alarms. He affirms that the Misses Fox resuscitated in America an old Chinese juggle, and upon their affirmation that the noises were produced by Spirits, people straightway believed it, and were willing to pay large sums for a rap, and the Misses Fox "speedily made a fortune," which set "every tenth or eleventh young lady in the land to rapping and making fortunes by the same process."

According to his own confession even Mr. Anderson himself was "psychologized" with the money-prospects, and if he could have discovered the secret, he intended to enter into competition with these young ladies, and turn it to good account. He says:

I will frankly own, that I thought at one time it might possibly turn out to be a good conjuring trick; and if so, that I would add it to my programme. If I, as well as other people, could make tables rap, well and good; and, if I could cause people to think that invisible beings were the rappers, so much the better; provided, that causing them to think so, would be productive of no moral mischief, nor be injurious to the happiness of individuals or society.

If it was productive of a *little* moral mischief, and was a *little* injurious to the happiness of individuals to encourage them to believe they could hold intercourse with dear departed parents, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands and children, put it in the bill; no matter for its falsity if it *pays* well! Since he did not find out the secret, put it in the bill, and laugh to scorn holy communion between the bereaved and their loved ones, and compromise with money the injuries done to bleeding hearts through haunting burlesque and ridicule of things held sacred! But if the religion to which Mr. Anderson panders, can thus compromise between conscience and the pocket, modern Spiritualism can not. Spiritualism is not a thing to make a fortune out of. It softens instead of hardening the heart, and awakens sympathy for suffering humanity.

It is not true, as Mr. Anderson alleges, that the Misses Fox, or any other medium for spiritual manifestation, "speedily acquired a fortune" by exhibiting their spiritual gifts.

The Misses Fox, and I believe all other mediums, have uniformly given their time to such honest investigators as were unable to pay, and they have regulated their charges for time spent with persons able to pay for it, by the necessities of their physical existence. To meet the demands for their services, they have traveled from place to place comparatively "without purse or scrip," and in several instances when they did not receive enough to pay their expenses, the latter have been met by friends of the cause in New York; and now, after devoting seven years to the unfolding of these immortal truths to a desponding world, they have neither property nor money beyond what is requisite to supply their immediate necessities. Mr. Anderson was undoubtedly judicious in deciding that more money could be made in denying and ridiculing, than in defending the spiritual phenomena.

Mr. Anderson says he satisfied himself on the following points:

Firstly, that the rappings were mechanically produced; secondly, that they were impostors who produced them, and willfully asserted falsehoods as to the mode of their production; thirdly, that there were many persons of an imaginative turn of mind, and strongly nervous temperament, who really, and without wishing to deceive, believed in the new doctrine, simply because it was new, and had something mysterious about it; fourthly, that many of the phenomena were what psychologists term subjective; that is, that an excited brain made for itself its own raps, just as the feverish patient conjures up its own specters; and fifthly, that the effect of all this was to derange society—to pervert belief in all that ages have taught us to regard as holy, and the faith of our forefathers has consecrated; to craze the intellects of the weaker and more susceptible of the community, and to produce the most lamentable results in the way of lunacy and self-destruction.

His first and second averments, that "the rappings were mechanically produced; that they were impostors who produced them, and that they wilfully asserted falsehood as to the mode of their production," very few people to-day, in this country or in Europe, believe. These manifestations, from their commencement to this hour, may, in one sense, be termed miracles; that is, they have been a succession of phenomena, which few, if any, persons believed possible for Spirits to produce. Hence it is absurd to say that they are the result of mind acting upon mind in the mundane sphere. I affirm, then, that all believers in modern spiritual manifestations have become so, not in accordance with their predilections, but in spite of them; and the knowledge of spiritual intercourse has come to them through visible and tangible demonstrations which appeal to the natural senses with all the force of any other sensible manifestations whatsoever. To say that two or three millions of the people of America are deceived as to manifestations which they have witnessed claiming a spiritual origin, is tantamount to denying all the evidences of the human senses. If our senses are to be relied on when we see furniture moved in our streets, from one dwelling to another, by the use of horse and cart, they are equally reliable when they testify to the movement of furniture, without any visible cause, in our parlors. Ponderable objects in my own house, such as tables, chairs, sofas, bass-viol, violin, piano, etc., have been repeatedly moved without contact with mortals; and a table has been raised from the floor and moved across the room when no person was within several feet of it. A similar circumstance took place at Mr. Greeley's house, which I believe he published in the *Tribune* at the time. I have repeatedly witnessed, at my own house and other places, tables raised entirely from the floor and suspended in the air, when there was no physical contact; and this, too, in presence of diverse other credible witnesses who have publicly testified to the *facts*; and from careful examination, all who were present absolutely *knew* that there was not, as he says, "a skillful adjustment of levers, and cleverly arranged horse-hairs, or any physical cause whatsoever, to account for the phenomena.

Tables have, under like circumstances, been raised with persons sitting upon them, whose combined weight amounted to eight hundred or a thousand pounds. Stringed instruments have been taken up, tuned, and carried around the room while being played upon by this invisible spiritual power. These things are occurring in various sections of our country; and oftentimes between the parties who witness them, and have publicly affirmed the facts, there has never been any acquaintance, and hence could not have been any collusion. Yet their narratives respecting these manifestations substantially agree. So also are writings produced in rooms, closets, trunks, and various places under lock and key, and under circumstances which render it impossible that any person in the earth-form could have produced them. These writings are usually, in themselves, evidences of the source from which they come, inasmuch as they are *fac similes* of the writings of the individual whose Spirit claims to execute them. They, moreover, often give narratives of incidents connected with the earth-lives of their purported writers, and often disclose facts which were known only to the particular person whose Spirit claims to be the author of the statement. Moreover, when conditions have been favorable, Spirits have appeared in physical forms, which have been tangible to our sense of touch, and also visible to the eye; and we have recognized them by the peculiar features and expressions which marked their individuality in the earth-form. In such cases we are no more liable to mistake the individual Spirit present, than we are our relatives and friends with whom we are equally well acquainted. These manifestations appear in thousands of private families in our country, many of whom enjoy daily or hourly communication with their Spirit-friends. This fact in itself renders the idea of imposture and deception ridiculous and absurd in the extreme. This is my reply, briefly, to the first, second, third and fourth ideas in the public mind, of which Mr. Anderson, in the above extracts, gives the echo.

His fifth averment is:

"That the effect of this was to derange society; to pervert belief in all that ages have taught us to regard as holy, and the faith of our forefathers has consecrated."

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that modern spiritual manifestations are inconsistent with, or that they contravene, the great truths shadowed forth in the more ancient phenomena recorded in the Bible. The modern manifestations now under consideration, and the similar ones of eighteen hundred or six thousand years ago, equally claim a spiritual origin. The truth of this claim is as evident in respect to the modern as to the ancient phenomena; and I think I may safely say that for every such phenomenon recorded in the Bible, or found in other ancient histories, I can cite a similar one which has occurred within the last seven years, and furnish as good—yea, better—evidence of its spiritual origin. Moreover, if such phenomena had any holy significance in ages past, that significance is equally apparent in the similar phenomena which we are witnessing.

The great truths involved in the manifestations of our day, and those of which the early Christians were the mediums, stand side by side, and *must* so stand or fall together. Men to-day are as competent to discern and rightly comprehend the facts which do appear, as *they* were who witnessed similar facts eighteen hundred years ago; and every argument urged against the evidence of modern spiritual manifestations, or against the competency of persons to discern and comprehend them, applies with equal force against the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Bible; and if it can be shown, in the nature of the case, that human testimony respecting spiritual phenomena is not reliable in either case, "then is our preaching vain, and our faith is also vain." And what, I ask, tends more to "derange society, or pervert belief in all that ages have taught us to regard as holy, and the faith of our forefathers has consecrated," than the course pursued by pseudo-Christians and philosophers, in utterly denying the existing and *eternal possibility* of those *very facts* upon which this "belief of ages," and "faith of our forefathers" is based?

But again: How in the nature of things can similar facts signify different things, even though they occur in different ages of the world? If an invisible power rolled away the stone which Joseph placed at the door of the sepulcher (which stone, doubtless, did not weigh more than eight hundred pounds), and if an invisible power raises in our presence ponderable objects weighing eight hundred pounds or more, as has repeatedly been done, and this power in both cases claims to be exerted by Spirits, and we, like those of eighteen hundred years ago, credit that claim, wherein, I ask, does our belief and that of former ages differ? And how, by our belief, do we "pervert the truth?" Again, if the doors of a prison were unlocked by spiritual agency, and an apostle was by the same agency liberated from confinement, eighteen hundred years ago; and if in my presence and the presence of others, doors have been opened and shut, locked and unlocked, and the keys passed to persons present, or put into their pockets, by an agency which also claimed to be spiritual—how, I ask, in this case is the legitimate "faith of our forefathers perverted" by our belief that that agency is what it claims to be?

It was necessary that the spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible should be re-affirmed in this age; for we had no tangible evidences of their verity, and faith in them was fast dying out, and in many minds had already become extinct. Before these modern manifestations, the spiritual records of the Bible were to many a dead letter, having no living efficacy; and even with those who really credited the biblical history, it was comparatively impotent for good, because they could refer to no living demonstration of its verity. Hence, those persons knowing no evidence of immortality except such as were furnished in the Bible records, were obliged to turn away multitudes unconvinced, whom they anathematize as infidels, simply because they asked to be shown the "signs which should follow those who believe." Modern Spiritualism goes down in its potency to the most determined skeptic; and in spite of his incredulity, demonstrates the spiritual presence of his relatives and friends, and carries conviction to his inmost soul, of a life beyond the grave. And in these tangible manifestations of Spirits to the senses of mortals, is to be found the secret of its potency whereby, within the last six years, it has raised millions of desponding souls to a lively faith in immortality, and in the great truths taught in the Scriptures. Instead, therefore, of perverting the "Holy Scriptures," it is the most potent demonstration of their truth the world ever knew. Tens of thousands begin to appreciate, and are now rejoicing in, the glorious truths which are presented to them through modern spiritual manifestations; and we have numerous letters from persons in different parts of our country declaring that should they be offered all the wealth of Christendom, on condition that they should go back to the material plane which their minds occupied six or eight years ago, it would be no inducement whatsoever. Whereas they once persecuted the Christians and the Church, and ridiculed the Scriptures, they now appreciate Christianity, and the various means of propagating it in the world, and find great delight in the truths embodied in the sacred volume.

Mr. Anderson does great violence to truth in saying that,

According to reliable statements which I saw before I left America, it was estimated that seven thousand five hundred persons were immured in the lunatic asylums of the United States, whose lunacy had wholly resulted from their belief in Spirit-rapping impostures. It was also stated that from the same cause three hundred and sixty had committed suicide.

Neither the statement that seven thousand five hundred persons have become lunatics, nor that three hundred and sixty persons have committed suicide in consequence of investigating, or believing, in modern spiritual manifestations, is reliable. Mr. Anderson, while in America, was the author of the most absurd and unreliable statements respecting Spiritualism, that I have ever heard. Common sense restrained him from making such reckless statements as the above until he was three thousand miles from the country where he says these things occurred. Will Mr. Anderson tell us where he saw such "reliable statements?" Were they in any public print? and if so, what one? I once saw a paragraph in the *New York Herald*, stating that there were seventy-five persons (I think that was the number) in the lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, whose lunacy was attributed to Spiritualism. A day or two after I saw this paragraph, I visited said Asylum, with other members of a charitable institution, with the view of constructing a similar building, and I improved the opportunity to ask the physician of the Asylum, how many of the inmates were made lunatics through the influence of modern Spiritualism? He said there were none. I then called his attention to the paragraph referred to. He said he had seen it, and had sent a letter to the editors of that paper, denying the statement.

Possibly this was the statement which Mr. Anderson saw; and to make it more "*reliable*" for his present purpose, he added two naughts, making, instead of seventy-five, seven thousand five hundred. It will be observed that Mr. Anderson stated in Metropolitan Hall the last time but one that he performed in America, that there were five hundred and seventy-five persons in the lunatic Asylum, and seventeen had committed suicide. There seems to be a wide discrepancy between his last statements in America, and his first in Europe!

Speaking of his success in tracing the alleged spiritual phenomena to mechanical agency, in proving that the mediums were dishonest, etc., Mr. A. says:

Having assured myself on all these points, I took my position; I determined to place my lance in rest, and have a tilt with Spiritualism, if the combatants would but enter the lists. They wished me to combat with them privately. I preferred that the tournament should be open and public. I chose Metropolitan Hall, New York, as the field of contest, and I threw down the gauntlet in the shape of the challenge which I here transcribe:

"CHALLENGE.—I challenge the whole Spirit-rapping League, from Maine to California, for five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars, that not one of them can produce a knock on my table, or any other, in my presence, which I can not account for by natural causes, consistent with the well understood laws of natural philosophy."

"J. H. ANDERSON, Wizard of the North."

I asked them to make the Spirits rap on my table, in the presence of my audience. Not one of them offered to do it.

Mr. Anderson did publish a challenge in the *New York Herald*, which was accepted by Mrs. Ann L. Brown, of the Fox family to whom reference has before been made. This challenge did not read as Mr. A. publishes it in his London letter, but reads as I shall hereafter quote it. The challenge being accepted by Mrs. Brown, I accompanied her and her sister, Kate Fox, to Mr. Anderson's entertainment in Metropolitan Hall, on Friday evening May 27, 1853. As I appeared there in behalf of these ladies, *my* statements concerning the proceedings might be suspected of partiality; therefore I will quote from a report made by one of the best public reporters in this city, and one of Mr. A.'s own countrymen and intimate friends, which report, signed by *himself*, was published in the papers at the time. The report says:

On this occasion, after exhibiting his course of rappings, Mr. Anderson addressed his audience, informing them that two hours ago—"only two hours ago"—a letter had been left for him at Mr. Jollie's, 300 Broadway, which he would read to them now, as it related to the challenge which he had given to the "Spiritual Rappers from Main to California." (Sensation.) He would read this letter, which was as follows:

FRIDAY, *May* 27, 1853.

PROFESSOR JOHN HENRY ANDERSON—*Sir:* Being assured of your willingness to enter into fair and proper arrangements for testing and determining whether raps, or other manifestations termed spiritual, do occur in my presence, I accept your challenge, and offer of $1,000 for every rap so produced without visible agency—which challenge and offer I see in the public prints. To test the question at issue, I propose the following arrangements, viz.: That the investigation be conducted by a Committee of seven, mutually agreed upon; or, you may name four persons (two of them to be ladies), and I will name three (one to be a lady). The Committee to sit during the evening's entertainment, and report at its close.

Let it be distinctly borne in mind, that the only question to be tested by this proposed investigation is, whether sounds, resembling raps, can be produced without visible agency? If these arrangements are satisfactory, please signify it, and myself, with sister Kate Fox, will be present at your entertainment, at Metropolitan Hall, this evening.

Respectfully yours, ANN L. BROWN, No. 78 West 26th st.

They would notice that it was only within the last two hours that he had received this letter. I stand here, he said, to expose humbug and delusion, and I am glad that this letter, though late in the day, has been written. I have to inquire whether any person named in this letter is here this evening?

A gentleman sitting somewhat in the back of the Hall, accompanied by two ladies, here rose and said that the writer of the letter and another medium were present.

MR. ANDERSON. I have been fighting it up to this hour, and from this hour it shall have no power on the mind. I will put it down as a humbug. (Applause.)

THE GENTLEMAN. You will allow me, I trust, to say that I appear ready to reply to any remarks that you may make on Mrs. Brown's letter. (Sensation.)

MR. ANDERSON. Come up here, sir! come on this platform, and we can see you.

[The gentleman accordingly left his seat and went on the platform, where he was greeted with clapping of hands.]

THE GENTLEMAN. You have read Mrs. Brown's letter. She accepts your challenge. (Applause.) If you allow her, she will personally defend the theory and practices which you denounce. I shall read the challenge which you published in the *New York Herald*. The challenge was as follows:

A CHALLENGE.

Messrs. Editors—I am asked by many correspondents, if the "Spiritualists," so-called, will be allowed to defend their theory and practices at my entertainment? Most certainly. My honest aim and intent is to expose the "Rappers" and their humbuggery; and I challenge the whole legion of "Mediums" to come to Metropolitan Hall, and defend themselves, or make good their pretences, if they can. I will produce all their "raps," with no other aid than my magic and machinery, while I defy them, by the offer of $1,000 for every rap so produced, to rap on my table without some visible agency to help them. If "Rappers" or "Mediums" wish to prove themselves honest before the public, let them meet this challenge. If there are any "poverty-stricken" mediums who wish to try their juggery at my table, they shall have pass to my whole performances. JOHN HENRY ANDERSON.

MR. ANDERSON. That is not exactly as I intended it (hisses), but adopt it. (Applause.) . . . .

MR PARTRIDGE. I appear here, with two mediums, to defend the claims which we set up. (Applause.) . . . I do not want to make money out of you. (Applause.) *I* have refused money before. I will not accept it now. If any medium choose to accept it, he may. Our only object is to discover and to show the truth. (Sensation, and cries of "Bravo.")

MR. ANDERSON. No, sir; I want to discover the truth.

MR. PARTRIDGE. We do not come here to hurt you, or to deceive, but to defend the truth. You can not object to the proposal that a committee of seven conduct the investigation, chosen out of the company now present, and with power for yourself to select a majority of that committee.

MR. ANDERSON (with great emphasis). No, sir-ree. (Laughter.) If you have a power of making particular manifestations, you must use it before the whole audience here, or not at all. (Applause.) I won't have any hole-and-corner work.

MR. PARTRIDGE. We want none. We do not want to do any thing in secret. You wish to discover how the rappings are done, and we do not want to deceive you, but to let you perceive whether they do or do not occur, without any invisible agency. (Cries of "That's fair.")

MR. ANDERSON. No; I do not see why six or seven persons, and some of them females, should decide on the question, whether the rappings are produced, and by what means. I want the whole audience to be a committee. (This declaration was received with loud approbation.)

MR. PARTRIDGE. I want no private or secret manifestation. (Applause.) We are willing to appear on the platform, but we claim that both sides shall be represented here). There probably are some here who believe in Spiritual rappings, and many who do not. Is it not fair that some of both classes should investigate this matter?

MR. ANDERSON. Where are the mediums? Have them up here. Let them rap away. There's my table. They must rap on that, or none. (Applause, laughter, and cries of "Give them fair play.") The table, on a platform running down the center of the hall, was about twenty-five feet distant from the stage, on which Mr. Anderson wished the medium to take her place and operate.

MR. PARTRIDGE. Yes; fair play is what I ask for.

MR. ANDERSON (who had been speaking in a very loud and vehement tone, here turned to Mr. Partridge, saying, in a very subdued manner), Clasp me by the hand! If you do have any communication with heaven, I wish to God that *I* could (Laughter.) You can not have your committee. (Cries of "No, no.") I say, "Yes." Defer this until to-morrow evening, if you wish, and it will give your party more time ("Oh! oh!")

MR. PARTRIDGE. We have something else to do.

MR. ANDERSON. I have my table here. Let your rappers rap on it Put your medium here, and leave the table *there*, where it is, that every one may see there's no collision. [We suspect that Mr. Anderson meant collusion.] I'll have no committee. (Cries of "Go on with the performance," and "order.") We want Spirit-proofs. If you can convince me that you have the power of going beyond the grave—(cries of "Give them the chance of proving it, and don't talk there all night.")

Mr. Partridge. I find that it is useless to go on. Your challenge is accepted, and you will not allow us to do anything. ("No, no.") I shall take my leave of you.

Mr. Partridge accordingly resumed his seat in the body of the hall, greeted, as he walked down, with applause and partial hissing. He preserved a cool demeanor all through his colloquy with Mr. Anderson, who was pretty excited, and spoke very loudly.

After a little pause, during which Mr. Anderson evidently was endeavoring to renew his good temper, he exclaimed—"You would think me a cur or a dog, if I had received this letter and not read it to you. I am laboring under some little excitement, and must ask you to give me just ten minutes more before I resume my performance. To-morrow night I shall perform here for the benefit of the New York Volunteers, and shall have more time between now and then than I have had this evening. If Mr. Partridge and his friends still wish to take up the bet, I shall have my table placed as it is now, and let them rap on it if they can. . . . (Cries of "They are here now; why don't you try it to-night?") I trust that no one will leave this room with the impression that I have acted unfairly or ungentlemanly. . . . I am heated. I am agitated. I have no object except to expose this juggle, this vile humbug. . . . I will put down this evil, so help me God! (Cries of "No swearing.") I ask them what we shall call that humbug which has sent five hundred and seventy-five of your citizens into lunatic asylums, and caused seventeen of them to commit suicide! (Hisses and applause, lasting for some time.) . . .

Mr. Partridge here rose and said, in a very emphatic manner, it must not be thought that, having accepted Mr. Anderson's challenge, we have shrunk from any test to which we can be subjected. We are ready, under any fair arrangement, to demonstrate the verity of what we assert, and this before any audience. ("Bravo," and great applause.)

During the proceedings here recorded, Mr. Anderson was vehement—very violent, indeed, at times—and Mr. Partridge kept his temper with [illegible].

I believe this is a correct report, to the best of my knowledge and ability. S. Shelton Mackenzie.

May [illegible], 1853.

Although Mr. Anderson alleges that the raps are mechanically produced, he failed to see the propriety of having *females* on the committee, to determine whether any machinery was concealed about their persons.

I attended Mr. Anderson's exhibition on the following evening, and he announced, in his opening remarks, that "he should have no more Spirit-rappings," saying "*that he found the people did not like it*," and he did not even exhibit his "skillful adjustment of levers and cleverly arranged horse-hairs," and avoided all reference to the subject. The effect of Mr. Anderson's *exposé* of Spiritualism, on himself, was similar to that which has been produced upon several of our clergy by their efforts in the same direction. They found that "the people did not like it," and they were obliged to leave their societies and places. So this was, I believe, Mr. Anderson's last public performance in America, and he left this country suddenly a few days afterward.

Charles Partridge.

LABOR.

By C. D. Stuart.

From the beginning of time, it has been a palpable ordination that man should labor—should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was not originally, nor is it now, more a divine command than a necessity of his physical nature. His animal wants and his soul-aspirings, have alike rendered labor indispensable; they have consecrated, dignified and ennobled it, whenever and wherever it has been useful or honorable to himself or his fellows; whenever and wherever it has been prosecuted, in no matter what pursuit or profession, to the advancement of human well-being. Labor is a noble and beautiful ordination. The strength of man, guided by [illegible] toil, is the nearest approximation to the God-like, creative power, of which we can conceive. Labor, controlled by intellect, which also toils as well as the animal faculties of man, has achieved whatever is most beneficent, permanent and glorious in all the progress and triumphs of our race. Labor, ever peaceful; the developer of arts, science, trade, commerce and social intercourse, has subjected the earth to man; has founded empires; has reared cities and divided the earth into fields and gardens, wherein fruits and flowers have sprung to answer the essential appetites of man. It has fabricated whatever has served the true desires, pleasures and aspirations of men. The earth exhibits its trophies in temples and palaces, pillars and domes; in altars, tombs and whatever of useful, quaint or rare device speaks for the intellect and skill of man. The sea exhibits it in fleets, whose wings fan the equator and the poles.

In the mart, the hamlet—in crowded and in solitary places, where human feet have delayed and human hearts beat, there has labor, always great, noble, sincere and enduring, beaten down the barriers to human enjoyment, and secured to individuals, to families, nations and races, a measure of plenty for all natural, national wants, limited only by failure in its exercise. War and its desolations, the main and heretofore unmitigated curse of our race, is the great enemy of labor, the founder of feudalisms castes, bondage for classes, and misery for the world. War is the animal in man, raging up and down the earth to blacken the beautiful foot-prints of peace; peace, whose battle is labor's battle; whose victory is the victory of arts which enlarge the boundaries of human enjoyment, and sciences which exalt the ideas and capacities of the human mind. Kings and conquerors boast their sovreignty over the earth, and over man. They are but the dependents of the masses who till the earth, and provide for the wants of man; the momentary disturbers of the great physical and mental vocations to which man is forever bound; in which he finds his purest and highest mortal delight. Kings and conquerors are but puppets around whom intoxicated, foolish and mad peoples, in moments of forgetfulness of their higher calling, dance to the music of deadly ringing steel, smearing their hands and brows with the blood of their brothers. All robbers, and tyrants, and taskmen—among whom most of kings and conquerors may be counted—what are they, when the mad war-dances of peoples subside? A curse, a derision, a bitter and stinking memory in the hearts of men. There is no sovreignty, nor royalty, nor nobility, save with the divine seal of labor, of hand or thought, on its front.

Whatever attests civilization; the monuments which time buffets in vain; all things grand and beautiful in human achievement, are signs of labor. They alone are the true kings; the men who fell the forests, who make the wilderness to bloom, who plant, nurse and ripen peaceful, happy empire; the men who smite the ores in the mountain, who cast the timbers on the great deep, till commerce whitens the oceans, and the continents and isles clasp and clap their hands in the fraternity of association and trade. They are the true kings, the men who plow and reap the fields; who build the factories and forges, who guide the shuttles and spindles, who beat time to toil with hammers, and trowels, and sickles and spades. Only fools and drones scorn and contemn labor. Fools and drones, whose daily livelihood is a swindle upon brave, ungrudging toil. The dwelling of the nabob, the food, raiment and all surroundings by which he goes forth to play his shallow game of dazzle, are the fruit and creation of labor. Let the tailor, the shoemaker and the hatter—the artizan, mechanic and worker of every kind, say to the labor-scorner, we will serve thee no more, and what would be his fate? Either to toil honestly to clothe, feed and shelter himself, or be driven forth naked like the savage, to make his burrow among the beasts of the earth.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

To our Subscribers.

Subscribers to this paper who have occasion to change their residence, and desire to have a corresponding change in the direction of their papers, must not fail to accompany their requests with their previous Post-office address, as it is often impossible to refer to them among the thousands whose names are on our books.

Notice to Correspondents.

During the editor's absence, all persons who may be pleased to forward communications for the columns of this paper, as well as those who have occasion to write on business connected with the establishment, should be careful to address Charles Partridge, Partridge and Brittan, or Spiritual Telegraph; or otherwise their requests may not be promptly attended to. All letters addressed to S. B. Brittan will be regarded as private, and remain unopened until his return.

SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. HARRIS.

The wonderful gift of improvisation in which Mr. Harris so far excels the unaided powers and normal operations of the human mind, that he may, perhaps, be destined to stand alone in the literary annals of our time, is by no means the only evidence that may be adduced to prove that he is a medium of communication between the spiritual and natural spheres. It may not be uninteresting, or out of place in this connection, briefly to enumerate some of the phases of his mediumship, and, as a further illustration of his powers, to refer to several well-authenticated examples. The remarkable spiritual clairvoyance which Mr. H. often exhibits does not depend on the influence of mundane conditions or agents; it is induced by invisible beings, who lift the vail from the inner sense, and thus reveal scenes of the immortal life. In like manner, if we are not mistaken, the power of thought-reading is developed, or the faculty of perceiving ideas existing in the internals of the human mind. Occasionally Mr. Harris has been employed by Spirits in the transmission of a healing power; but the illustrations of this phase of his mediumship are not numerous. At times he appears to be so far disconnected from the body that he can travel in spirit with great rapidity, visit distant places, and have an accurate perception of remote objects and events. It is also alleged that when Spirits enter his sphere they become visible to others; that persons of refined habits and acute sensation both see and hear them; that the Spirits are able to cause atmospheric undulations, and to produce the most delicate chemical combinations and sensational impressions. These operations of the Spirits are made manifest to the outer senses of men, by distinct vibrations, concussions, vocal and instrumental music, and also by the diffusion of aromas through the natural atmosphere. The phenomenon last mentioned occurs less frequently than many others, but intrinsically it is no more improbable, since all the simple elements of which the aromas consist are everywhere diffused in the earth and atmosphere, and it needs but the subtile chemism of the Spirits to so combine them as to render their presence manifest to the [illegible] ship, as developed in the experience of Mr. Harris, and which I propose to further illustrate by particular examples.

In December, 1852, Mrs. C. called upon Mr. Harris, in the hope of attaining some evidence of immortality which might afford her the consolation she needed in a season of deep affliction. Her husband had departed this life, and her spirit yearned for the assurance that life was renewed, and love immortal beyond the grave. Mr. Harris knew nothing of her history, and had no external perception of the object of her visit; but becoming entranced in her presence, all was revealed to him. He informed the lady that her husband was an officer in the United States Army, described his mental and physical peculiarities, his dress, a scar on his face, and said that he carried a repeater watch, and was in the frequent habit of applying it to his ear and striking the hour. The father of Mrs. C., an eminent divine, was also described on the same occasion, and the lady declared that the delineations were in every essential particular true to nature and the facts.

During the same month another interesting illustration of the author's mediumship occurred. The name of the individual and his place of residence are suppressed for reasons which will be obvious to the reader. A professional gentleman at the South was invited to hear Mr. Harris lecture on Spiritualism, but declined, having no faith in the alleged manifestations from Spirits. On being requested to make a personal visit to Mr. H., he consented, at the same time affirming that no Spirit could reveal the facts in the life of the person that purported to communicate, in such a manner as to insure identification, as all the phenomena were mere psychological hallucinations which he himself could produce at pleasure. This gentleman was accordingly introduced to Mr. Harris, and after a brief interview, the latter—being under the magnetic influence of some Spirit—retired to his interior plane of observation. The visitor was informed that the Spirit of a young female attended him as a guardian. Her personal appearance, costume, and other things connected with the life on earth, were described; the relation which had previously existed between the gentleman and his Spirit-guardian was intimated; the nature of her life, and the circumstances of her death, were referred to, the Spirit also gave him an impressive communication, indicating her condition in the Spirit-world, the habits of her earthly friend, and concluded by admonishing him to reform. At the close of this interview the gentleman went away, but not long after called on Mr. Harris again, and related the story of the life and death of the young girl whose Spirit had so unexpectedly addressed him, affirming, at the same time, that he was fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism from the astonishing accuracy of the disclosures made through Mr. H. The gentleman also expressed his conviction that the medium could not have derived his impressions, by a psychological process, from his own mind, and that this was rendered evident to him from the statement of *an important fact* respecting the Spirit, which, until that hour, was neither known nor conceived of by himself. Since the first interview, a personal investigation had fully established, in his mind, the truth of the statement.

While in New Orleans, in February, 1854, our friend the author was requested to officiate in his ministerial capacity at the funeral of Augustus Wang. After promising to comply with the request, he was subjected to a powerful spiritual influence, and impressed to say that the spirit still preserved its connection with the body; that Mr. W. had a partial consciousness of what was going on, but that he would be released from his mortal restraints in about thirty-six hours. These statements were communicated to the family, and the body was thereupon taken from the coffin and placed in bed, after which faint but distinct signs of life were perceptible. Mr. Harris directed a lady to take Mr. W. by the hand and tell him that T. L. H. was conscious of his situation, and would see that he was not buried alive. The lady did so, whereupon Mr. W. *distinctly pressed her hand*. He remained in that state, without undergoing any apparent change, from that morning until the afternoon of the next day, when Spirits announced that he had left the body, and marks of decomposition ensued.

Several facts in our Author's experience seem to warrant the inference that the spirit occasionally retires from the sphere of its outward relations, and is so far separated from the body that the animal functions are temporarily suspended, while the immortal entity is free to roam abroad through space. An experience of this kind occurred during the winter of 1852. Mr. Harris was one day conversing with an eminent lawyer in New Orleans, when he suddenly fell into a lethargy so profound that he was motionless, insensible, and apparently lifeless. He remained in this condition about twenty minutes. On returning, he stated that he appeared to himself—as a Spirit—to have gone in person to a place at the North, where he had previously resided, and to have ascertained the contents of a letter which had reached the Post-office in that place by the mail of that day. Mr. H. mentioned the date of the letter, stated that it had been written by a gentleman in Griffin, Ga., under the erroneous impression that he was still at the North, and that it contained a request for him to take Griffin in his way, and to deliver a course of lectures in that place, should he visit the South during the winter. Mr. Harris was so well satisfied that the invitation thus spiritually received had really emanated from citizens of Griffin, that without hesitation he resolved to comply with the request, and accordingly went to that place. Rev. A. Buckner testifies that Mr. Harris, on his arrival at G., stated that he had received their invitation, also the singular manner in which their wishes were made known to him. His impressions were found to agree with the facts, precisely such a letter having been written and sent in the wrong direction.

The friends of Mr. Harris relate a still more striking fact of a similar kind. Early in the month of June, 1853, while the Medium was in Western Virginia, he passed into the same condition and remained for several hours. When his external consciousness was restored, he said that he had visited New Orleans, accompanied by a Spirit-guide. After seeing his friends in that city, he was requested by the Spirit to go with him to a strange place. He complied, and after traveling a short distance found himself on a level road, bordered on either side by swampy ground covered with shrubbery. At the right there was a small canal, and a building with a tall chimney. The guide called his attention to these objects, and bade him recollect what he had seen, saying, emphatically, "*Remember, these are the water-works.*" He traveled on about three miles, when he approached the entrance to an extensive cemetery. The massive gateway was in the Egyptian style of architecture, and apparently constructed of granite blocks. He was requested to pause, and stand on one of the piers; he did so, and the guide then made the following communication.*

"The yellow fever is about to prevail in this city, and from ten to fifteen thousand persons will be deposited, during the summer and autumn, in these grounds. The bodies will be buried so carelessly, and the coffins will be covered so sparsely with earth, that the ground will crack open by the heat of the summer sun, and make visible that which is below."

In the Spring of 1854 Mr. Harris visited New Orleans in person. While in that city, he on one occasion mentioned to a circle of friends the occurrence just related, and observed that he [illegible] would have supposed that his former visit was not imaginary but *real*, had he not known that they had no water-works, and been informed that the entrance to the cemetery was made of wood instead of granite. On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Harris was invited to visit the cemetery in company with a friend. He soon found himself on the identical avenue he had formerly traversed in spirit with his angelic guide. He saw the same building he had been told to remember as the water-works, and his friend informed him that it was used *in draining the city*. Pursuing the same road three miles further, he arrived at the cemetery, and found that the principal entrance was constructed after the Egyptian order, and corresponded in appearance to his vision. It is only necessary to add, that the victims of the pestilence of 1853 were buried so densely and so near the surface, in portions of that inclosure, that the remains were here and there visible through small fissures of the earth.

In the summer of 1853, Mr. H.—in company with two other gentlemen whose names are in the writer's possession—was induced to visit an unsettled and mountainous region in the northern part of the Empire State, for the purpose of trout-fishing. They were obliged to camp out in the woods over night, during which the whole party was exposed to a heavy rain. On the following morning, in attempting to retrace their steps, they were lost in a wide and trackless forest. After wandering until they were quite exhausted, one of the number proposed to ask if their guardian Angels could direct them out of the forest. In a few moments the right arm of Mr. Harris began to oscillate like the needle of a compass, and soon became rigidly fixed in one direction. They were then informed by the Spirit-friends of the Medium, that his arm was controlled by their agency, and that by pursuing the course thus indicated they would soon reach the point of destination. This instruction from the invisible guides was implicitly followed, and in as straight a line as could be drawn they were conducted to the very place they had most desired to find.

In January, 1854, while Mr. Harris was in New Orleans, he was one day conversing with a Mr. Robbins—an entire stranger—when he was suddenly entranced, and proceeded to introduce and identify several of Mr. R.'s departed relatives. Among the number was a distinguished soldier who was killed in the attack on Quebec; his military costume and the distinguishing traits of character were described; several of the more interesting facts of his private history were mentioned, and the circumstances of his death disclosed; he was in the front rank of the assailants, and fell by a cannon-shot. These statements were confirmed by Mr. R., in whose mind they were sacred recollections.

On the same day the Spirits produced an unusual phenomenon in the presence of Mr. Harris, with the recital of which we must conclude these evidences of his mediumship. The phenomenon to which I refer consisted in projecting, through the mediatorial sphere of Mr. H., the essential properties or essences of various spices and aromatic gums—camphor being most apparent—into the external atmosphere, so that, first the spacious room where Mr. Robbins and the Medium were sitting, and finally every room in the house (a large three-story building) was filled with aromas. On examination it was found that no camphor or other substances capable of diffusing an odor were in the house. It was said that this manifestation was given by an Israelite who had been for several centuries in the Spirit-world, and whose employment on earth had been that of a dealer in *spices*, silks and precious stones.

* This singular experience occurred before publicity was given to the fact—through outward channels accessible to the medium—that the terrible epidemic of 1853 was approaching, and which resulted in the death of more than ten thousand persons.

GOV. TALLMADGE'S REPLY TO JUDGE BARCULO.

Fond du Lac, Wis., December 4, 1855.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

I have just read in the *Poughkeepsie Eagle*, an able and elegantly written biographical sketch of the Hon. Seward Barculo, late Justice of the Supreme Court for the Second Judicial District of the State of New York. I was well acquainted with the late Judge Barculo, and most cheerfully accord to him all the qualities of head and heart, which his biographer has so ably and beautifully described. But what has called forth this communication, is the following paragraph.

> He was highly indignant when Judge Edmonds' Spiritual Visions were published. He thought it an impeachment of the Judiciary, and wrote and delivered a lecture on the subject before the Lyceum of this city, in which he characterized the whole affair as a miserable humbug and delusion, unworthy *of serious or scientific attention*.

In regard to Judge Edmonds, it is no disparagement to any of his brethren on the bench to say, as I once remarked on another occasion, that "He unites the qualities of two of the brightest luminaries of the English bench, namely, the profundity of Bacon with the intuition of Mansfield." Judge Edmonds' opinion of the "Spiritual Manifestations" was formed after a full investigation of the subject, and pronounced with all the evidence before him; whilst Judge Barculo's was delivered without investigation and without evidence. Which, then, is most to be relied on, the one founded on the facts as established by competent testimony, or the other delivered, like a charge to a jury, before any testimony has been submitted!

I regret that this opinion of Judge Barculo has been published at this late day. It might have answered better at the time it was delivered. Then the pulpit and the press talked of "humbug and delusion;" and even wise men were unconsciously drawn into that train of thought and denunciation, without intending wrong to any one. But that day has gone by. Since that time, Judicial Functionaries of the highest grade have investigated the subject, and have not hesitated to avow their belief in the "Spiritual Manifestations." How strange, then, it sounds to hear the language of one deservedly eminent on the bench, characterizing the belief in these manifestations "as an impeachment of the Judiciary," and "as a miserable humbug and delusion, unworthy of serious or scientific attention!"

If these manifestations are not spiritual, they are philosophical, and, as such, are entitled to the most "serious and scientific attention." Here are the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the world. If they are not what Spiritualists claim them to be, then they most certainly come within the range of science, and deserve its candid investigation. I have received numerous letters on this subject, from the most distinguished persons in the nation, and I venture to give the following extract from one of them. The writer is a Doctor of Divinity, of an orthodox sect, and one of the most eminent men in this or any other country. Although not professing a belief in Spiritualism, still he gives his views of the importance of "serious and scientific attention" to the subject. The extract follows:

> I trust the facts you have stated will call public attention to the subject, and that after a full and impartial examination is had, the existence of the facts stated will be admitted, or their existence shown to be contrary to evidence, and the public mind disabused of the prejudice which so extensively exists.
>
> *It is as unphilosophical to disbelieve against evidence, as to believe without it.* In all fairness the claims set up should be examined, and reported on by competent authority. If the facts stated exist, their existence should be admitted, and science summoned to furnish an intelligible [illegible] should be insisted on by believers, and sought for by doubters and unbelievers. The evidence and arguments put forth are not to be counteracted in their progress by a sneer; nor will the cry of "humbug" remove that disquietude which has taken possession of so many minds on this subject.
>
> The public want to know the truth, and the whole truth—not as disguised and partially presented by either friends or foes—but as exhibited by competent and impartial witnesses after a severe and thorough scrutiny.

There is great good sense and calm judgment, as expressed in the above views. The facts are already established by the testimony of thousands of unimpeachable witnesses. Men of the highest scientific attainments have investigated the subject, and, contrary to their preconceived opinions and prejudices, have come to the conclusion in favor of the spiritual source of the manifestations. Where others have admitted the facts and attempted to explain them by science, they have signally failed; so that now it is conceded, that neither the "Odylic Force," nor any other natural law or element can *make intelligence*; and as intelligence can only come from *mind*, it follows that certain intelligent communications are from a spiritual source.

In this country the question is now considered settled, and the ranks of the advocates of spiritual intercourse are receiving daily accessions beyond the example of any former faith or cause. Bigotry and superstition, on this subject, are doomed. Ignorance shrinks abashed from the light of intelligence that is shining around us, and presumption and folly hide their diminished heads. Light is beginning to dawn even beyond the broad Atlantic. Men the most eminent in the walks of science and literature, as well as the most distinguished of the legal profession, have, after full investigation, embraced the spiritual theory. Here and there is one, like Professor Faraday or Sir David Brewster, who ignores the facts, and still pronounces, as it were, *ex cathedra*, the manifestations a "humbug and delusion," and explains the *rappings* by the "displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides in passing behind the external *malleolus*!" Where can be found ignorance and folly to equal this! But the lion's skin will ere long be stripped from the animal whose braying dissonance has so long grated on the spiritual as well as scientific ear.

Very truly yours, N. P. Tallmadge.

Odylic Force hold of the Baby.

The editor of the Buffalo *Republic* some time since related a curious fact, which will serve to illustrate the delicacy which characterizes some of the operations of the Spirits. If President Mahan is right in his view of the origin of these phenomena, Odyle can handle the babies with as much ease and tenderness as the gentlest mother.

> On the afternoon of the 8th instant, a circle of eight or ten, including two or three ladies, were engaged in getting manifestations around the table, and the spirits were demonstrating their ability to touch and handle different individuals. One of the ladies present had brought her little boy, aged about three years, who was asleep on a lounge about ten feet from the table. While thus engaged, with the hands of every person present laid upon the table, around which all were seated except the child before mentioned, with sufficient light to distinguish clearly every object in the room, the mother received a sudden shock, which turned her chair partially around, so that she sat facing the child. In an instant, and before any person had risen from their seats, she exclaimed, "Why, my child is in my arms!" And sure enough, such was the fact. The infant was quietly sleeping in its mother's arms, as undisturbed as when lying not a moment before upon the settee, in which condition it remained until awakened sometime afterward. Every person in the room is willing to swear that no one arose or made any movement likely to lead to such a result; that the lady herself did not leave the table, and that the child did not arise and go to its mother—that in fact it was sleeping upon the lounge at the very instant before the lady received the shock. The lady herself had no expectation of such a result, and was perhaps more astonished (besides being considerably frightened), than any person in the room. She states that the only thing she saw was a slight shadow passing like a flash of light across the room, and the child was reposing in her arms.

DR. DODS A SPIRITUALIST.

We have been informed that Dr. John Bovee Dods, whose work, entitled "Spirit Manifestations Ex[illegible] Explained," and published some two years ago, was gr[illegible] such eagerness by the opposers of Spiritualism, now fe[illegible] to admit the inadequacy of his theory of psycholog[illegible] nation, to account for all the current phenomena wh[illegible] spiritual origin. In short, it is said that the Doctor ha[illegible] a full and undoubting believer in communication betw[illegible] of the departed and their friends still remaining in the [illegible]

This change in the Doctor's faith brings him back to [illegible] sential grounds which he occupied many years ago. [illegible] by nature with peculiar and remarkable psychical p[illegible] he occasionally received what appeared to him to be [illegible] of spirits, from the time he was only fourteen years [illegible] Astounding demonstrations, audible and visible, and p[illegible] to be made by ultra-mundane intelligences, occurred at [illegible] dence in the State of Maine more than twenty years ago [illegible] himself has lately stated in our columns. Dr. D. wa[illegible] time fully persuaded that these manifestations were [illegible] to the interposition of spirits, though he seemed [illegible] much about them to others. The writer of this [illegible] meeting and having a long conversation with [illegible] Taunton, Mass., in the year 1840. He was then full[illegible] that he had received communications from certain [illegible] the ancient Christian Church, and under their inspiration [illegible] believed) he had planned, and actually announced the [illegible] tion of, a work to be entitled "The Crown of Life." [illegible] this work had been partly written, circumstances [illegible] tion to the phenomena of Mesmerism, and subsequ[illegible] tion acquainted him with the cognate wonders of [illegible] chology. In these he thought he discovered the [illegible] previously supposed *inspiration*, and forthwith aba[illegible] publication of his proposed book. When Spiritualism [illegible] he took for granted, principally on *a priori* grounds [illegible] phenomena all fell within the legitimate province of [illegible] chology, and upon the basis of this assumption wro[illegible] against Spiritualism. We learn, however, that the [illegible] quite recently had some extraordinary visions and [illegible] with Spirit friends, which, together with some of [illegible] ments of Professor Hare (recorded in his book) and [illegible] view of the facts of his past experience, have com[illegible] stroyed his skepticism, and forced him to admit [illegible] intercommunication between spirits and mortals.

We have received this information of Dr. D.'s [illegible] from a source whose reliability fully warrants the [illegible] nouncement. We, however, invite the Doctor to [illegible] self. If his views have lately undergone [illegible] change, we respectfully submit that he certainly [illegible] willing to announce the fact to the world, over his [illegible] ture, and also to state the reasons which have le[illegible] present conclusion. Our columns are open for [illegible] cation on this subject with which Dr. D. may favor [illegible]

An Explanation.

The brief paragraph which appeared in our last [illegible] specting the beautiful poem entitled "The Prophet [illegible]" we republish this week, seems to require some [illegible] During a temporary absence of the editor a first [illegible] poem was sent to the gifted authoress, who has repeat[illegible] us under obligations by her elegant contributions to [illegible] After the outside of the Telegraph on which the poem [illegible] errors marked on the margin. The Foreman of [illegible] office did not seem to know—it was his province [illegible] most of them, especially the more aggravated errors [illegible] marked by Mr. Fishbough and corrected by the comp[illegible] fore the poem was printed. Recollecting that two [illegible] from the same source had been sadly marred by errors [illegible] not often disfigure the literary contributions to the [illegible] and discovering, at the same time, that the compositor [illegible] crally dismembered two of our own articles, we were [illegible] to conclude that the ministers of heedlessness and [illegible] for the time being, left to keep guard over the repe[illegible] *sanctum*, and the delicate nerves of our fair contributor. [illegible] ingly the paragraph referred to, was toned in part [illegible] apprehension, which resulted from the printer's igno[illegible] fact which he might have ascertained without trans[illegible] sphere of his appropriate duties.

After our seeming severity, we feel constrained to [illegible] Printer is one of the most amiable and reasonable of [illegible] he is sometimes *absent-minded*—a characteristic wh[illegible] tinguished many great and good men. It is, moreo[illegible] Mr. Fishbough—who usually reads the proofs of the [illegible] except those of the editor's own articles—to say that [illegible] connected with the Press are equally careful or capab[illegible]

Spiritualism in California.

Perhaps there is no section of our country where [illegible] are more alive to the great truths and principles of [illegible] itualism, than certain places on the Pacific coast. [illegible] tainty of the mails, and the expensiveness of other [illegible] veyance, have been the cause of great annoyance [illegible] and obstacles in the way of a wide dissemination of [illegible] papers devoted to the subject; and we are glad [illegible] these difficulties are to be overcome by the establish[illegible] Spiritual Book and Periodical Depot in San Francisco.

We received by the last mail, orders from Messrs. [illegible] & Co., for spiritual books and periodicals amounting [illegible] These gentlemen intend to keep constantly for sale [illegible] tions relating to modern Spiritualism, and the friends [illegible] no doubt rejoice with us in this enterprise, and will [illegible] tronage, contribute to its success. Nearly all the [illegible] catalogue may be obtained from the above firm.

Matters in Cincinnati.

From a note just received from R. P. Wilson [illegible] of Cincinnati, we learn that matters pertaining [illegible] that city, are assuming a more definite shape than [illegible] erto presented, and that the truths of the new [illegible] steadily advancing, despite of the settled opposition [illegible] arrayed against them. The friends have made [illegible] public lectures on Sunday evenings, and for public [illegible] on Sunday afternoons at two o'clock. We are glad [illegible] favorable report of the state of our Cause at so [illegible] center of radiation as Cincinnati; and we hope that [illegible] in that city may fully succeed in their efforts to [illegible] light, and systematize their operations for the advan[illegible] truth.

The Editor's Lectures.

Mr. Brittan started on his western tour, on M[illegible] ing last. He lectures at Honesdale, Pa., on M[illegible] ning 17th instant; at Carbondale, Pa., on Tuesday, [illegible] and Thursday evenings, 18th, 19th, and 20th, and [illegible] on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, 22[illegible] 24th. He will probably leave Buffalo for Detroit [illegible] nesday the 26th instant. On and after that date he [illegible] dressed at Jackson, Mich., until the 10th of January.

Book Notices.

A Review of the "Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism." By an Ex-Clergyman. Philadelphia: Thomas Curtis, 124 Arch-street. 1855.

Many years ago it was our lot to reside in the Diocese of the Right Reverend L. S. Ives, Bishop of North Carolina; to witness the fawning flattery of the laity and the "meek" submission of the clergy to his prelatic assumptions. We have heard him use language of disparagement toward other sects, of denial of free thought and private judgment, that sent the blood tingling to our cheeks. The very prayers in the public schools must be prepared by his Reverence, and the children of Protestants were compelled to kneel while a form of words dictated by the Bishop were rehearsed in their presence. We have seen, too, one of the finest scholars of the age turn from his charge, though the strongest attachment subsisted between him and his people, and transferred to one less congenial to his feelings and views. And yet not a murmur was heard. The Bishop's was a sacred name, and all united to do him reverence. Such was the position of the Bishop of North Carolina in the "high and palmy state" of his proud and potent sway. And now, as we take up the volume before us, the picture is indeed changed. Then he anathematized us all, denied the right to teach except as commissioned by the "apostolical succession," and turned poor dissenters of every name over to the "uncovenanted mercies" of a capricious and frowning Deity. Now he is himself arraigned at the bar of reason and common sense, and he can assure the reader the ordeal is a fiery one. Since the scathing review of Webster, by Theodore Parker, we have read no analysis of character and motive of such ability or severity. And yet you feel that the writer is always honest and seldom unjust—never, so far as we can find, toward the poor distracted old man who makes such a sorry figure in these pages.

The style of the "Review," as we have intimated, is not unlike that of Parker; but has more vivacity, reminding one at times of Henry James. The author is evidently a unitarian of the least "straightest" sect. How he found time and patience to follow the "mind" of the weak and timid bigot through all his "vails" we are at a loss to imagine. But so it is. The interest of the volume is sustained to the last page. As Shakspeare could take any Justice Shallow or Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and draw stores of mirth and amusement from his weakness or folly, so the writer of this volume seems to have a special gift of turning the Bishop's views upon all sides, and extracting ever new and fresh absurdities from the little volume of conceit, assumption, and bigotry, which the Romish convent was "left" to produce.

Of course there are sentiments in the volume which we can not fully endorse; views of the Scriptural Records and of man's religious nature, which seem to us superficial and limited; but as a Review of the controversy between the Anglican and Roman ecclesiasticisms, it is a work of singular ability and superior merit. The assumptions of both are shown to be equally preposterous, in a style that rivets the attention and convinces the judgment—at least of those open to the liberal views of the author. To those of our readers who would see the pretended and mad pomposity of ecclesiastical pretensions handled without fear or favor, we recommend this unique, cogent, and attractive volume.

The Creed of Christendom; Its Foundations and Superstructure. By William Rathbone Greg. "The prayer of Ajax was for light." One vol., 12mo, pp. 357. Price $1 25, postage 22 cts. New York: Calvin Blanchard, 82 Nassau-street. 1855.

This is a work evincing much intellectual vigor and honesty of purpose. The writer possesses a logical rather than an intuitive mind. He approaches his subject in an earnest and fearless manner, and evidently conceives that he is doing service in the cause of truth and humanity. The motive of the work, as the Germans call it, may be gathered from the following paragraph from the author's preface:

> Much observation of the contribution and controversy of the religious world had wrought the conviction that the evil resulting from the received notions as to Scriptural authority has been immensely under-estimated. I was compelled to see that there is scarcely a low and dishonoring conception of God current among men, scarcely a narrow and malignant passion of the human heart, scarcely a moral obliquity, scarcely a political error or misdeed, which biblical texts are not, and may not be, without any violence to their obvious signification, adduced to countenance and justify. On the other hand I was compelled to see how many clear, honest, and aspiring minds have been hampered and baffled in their struggle after truth and light; how many tender, pure, and loving hearts have been hardened, perverted and fettered in a denial of their nobler nature and their better instincts, by the ruthless influence of some passage of Scripture which seemed in the clearest language to condemn the good and to denounce the true.

Accordingly, the author proceeds to the discussion of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and decides boldly against any such claims; moreover, that the narratives of the New Testament are not a faithful record of the sayings and doings of Jesus. Many of his arguments can not be easily answered by the man of the old church, but are readily disposed of by one who meets him with weapons drawn from the Inner Sanctuary. This "great enigma," or question of immortality, is fully and forever solved by the reappearance of departed Spirits. It is such honest and fearless works as the one before us, which must call the attention of all varieties of mind to the essential grounds upon which their faith rests. We have no fear that any truth will be destroyed by earnest investigation; for we can most fully subscribe to those beautiful lines of Tennyson, which he quotes as a motto:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Selections from the Works of the late Sylvester Genin, Esq., in Poetry, Prose and Historical Design. With a Biographical Sketch. New York: [illegible], No. 11 Spruce-street. 1855. One volume 8vo, pp. 352, sixteen engravings. Sold by Fowlers & Wells.

This is a volume presented as a memorial of the genius and virtues of an American youth, whose loss of health and early decease prevented the maturity of talents which would have distinguished him in more than one path of honor and usefulness. In his early studies and pursuits he exhibits an independence of mind and an earnestness of appreciation that would doubtless have secured an enduring reputation. He appears in the volume before us as a sensible and somewhat polished writer of prose and verse, an eloquent and skillful lawyer, and an artist of much hope and promise. His correspondence also indicates that the filial and domestic virtues were not wanting among his endowments. To us it seems that, had he devoted himself more exclusively to Art, he would have found the true repose of his spirit, and left the most lasting memorial to his friends. Neither the pursuit of thrift nor honor is the true vocation of man; but to unfold those powers that have been bestowed by the Creator. Life will disclose its full value only as its true aims are pursued with singleness and wisely tempered zeal.

Theory of Nutrition. The Treatment of Disease, and Philosophy of Healing, without Medicine. By LaRoy Sunderland, Author of "The Book of Human Nature," "Book of Health," "Book of Psychology," etc., etc. Boston: Bela Marsh. New York: Stearns & Co.; Garrett & Co. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 216.

This book is written in the peculiar style and with the well-known characteristics of its author. In the first part of the work he discusses generally the methods by which life is supported and health recovered. In the latter half of the volume he sets forth the views he so perseveringly advocates. There is, no doubt, sound philosophy in a true system of nutritive cure, and we trust the day is not distant when specific directions will be given whereby the invalid, the inebriate, and the victims of all vicious or pernicious habits, may see clearly a sure way of recovery and escape. The volume before us may serve to indicate that such a method is possible. The feeblest voice, like the fall of the apple, may direct attention to an important law.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Joel Tiffany's Lectures.

Mr. Tiffany continues his lectures at Stuyvesant Institute, Tuesday and Friday evenings; Brooklyn Institute, Wednesday and Sunday evenings; and Williamsburgh Spiritual Assembly Rooms, corner of Fourth and South Third streets, Monday and Thursday evenings.

Mr. Tiffany Next Sunday.

Mr. T. will speak at Williamsburgh, Sunday 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M., and Brooklyn Institute 7½ P. M.

Stuyvesant Institute.

[illegible] Mayhew will lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute 659 Broadway, Sunday December 23, and the Sunday following, December 30th, [illegible] and evening.

[illegible] Harris.

[illegible] Harris will lecture next Sunday (December 23d) at the Brooklyn [illegible] commencing at half-past 3 o'clock, P. M. Subject "Individual [illegible]

[illegible]ging Sisters Misses Hall.

[illegible] four sisters, all of whom are mediums, who created much in[illegible] in Brooklyn last spring, by their exquisite vocal melody, are en[illegible] to sing at Mr. Tiffany's lectures on Christmas Eve, at Williams[illegible] Sunday evening, 24th, and Christmas evening, 25th, at Stuyves[illegible] They have engaged to spend a season in New York [illegible] devoting themselves exclusively to singing in spiritual [illegible]

[illegible] Book Store.

[illegible] demonstrating Immortality and Intercourse [illegible] for sale at the publisher's prices, $1 25; [illegible] the Philadelphia Spiritual Book and Periodical [illegible] Also all other books illustrative [illegible]

New-York Conference.

PHONOGRAPHED BY GRAHAM AND ELLINWOOD.

Stuyvesant Institute, December 18.

After the reading of a lecture on the "Unnoticed Indications of a Spiritual Existence," by Miss Beebe,

Mr. Partridge said, It is strange that there should be any jealousies between modern and ancient Spiritualism. It is strange that those devoted to ancient Spiritualism should object to modern spiritual manifestations, since it must be evident to every one acquainted with the manifestations, that their significance is the same to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago. He had recently desired to advertise Dr. Hare's work on Spiritualism in a paper in this city, representing a large denomination of Christians. The advertisement had nothing offensive in it. It simply stated that Dr. Hare had written a book in which were stated the conclusions to which he [Dr. Hare] had arrived from his investigations in Spiritualism. The advertisement was about to be received when, upon inquiry, it being ascertained that Dr. Hare's conclusions were favorable to Spiritualism, the advertisement was refused, the proprietors of the paper saying, that although they had not examined Spiritualism, they had thought sufficiently of it, and did not care to give currency to it. To the remark that he was a Christian and believed in the Bible, the speaker replied; "So do we. We believe all you do, and more. We not only believe that Spirits manifested their presence in ancient times, but that they do it to-day; and we hold ourselves in readiness to satisfy you or others of the fact, or place you in such a position that you must admit the truth of Spiritualism or deny the evidence of your senses. You are laboring to convince persons of immortality. You succeed in convincing some, and some you turn away, and anathematize them as infidels. Now bring these men to us, and we will convince them of immortality. Why can you object to our method of producing a conviction which you yourselves esteem so very necessary for the welfare of all? Is it not enough that the individual believes, without conviction being produced in your particular mode?" This incident served to show the great prejudice existing in the minds of those devoted to ancient Spiritualism, against modern manifestations. There are none who receive the manifestations related in the Bible so fully as Spiritualists. Those who believe in the ancient spiritual manifestations ridicule us of to-day, because we believe that similar manifestations are taking place before our own eyes. To the proprietor of the paper referred to, the speaker said; "You say, and I believe it is true undoubtedly, that the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher. It was a stone Joseph rolled there, possibly weighing six or eight hundred pounds. Very well; in my own house I have seen more than eight hundred pounds upon a table, raised up and suspended in the air, without physical contact. If Spirits can do that, could they not roll away the stone from the sepulcher? Then again, they say, and we almost know, that the doors were opened to let Peter into the street, and that light was given to lead him by. We think we know that, because in our own houses doors have been locked and unlocked, and the keys put into gentlemen's pockets in the room. If Spirits can do that to-day, it is more than probable that the analogous fact recorded in the Bible was true. We have seen, on some occasions, light produced by Spirit-power; and we have been able to see clearly by them though the other lights were extinguished. Where we found it hard formerly to believe some of the so-called miracles related in the Scripture, we now believe readily, since witnessing some of the modern spiritual manifestations."

There ought not, said the speaker, to be any jealousy between those devoted to the present and ancient manifestations. They are all strong for the great purpose of demonstrating to everybody that all are destined to live beyond the present and to occupy a sphere corresponding to their conduct, and to the opportunities they have for improvement in this life. Our future happiness, therefore, depends upon our doing our duty here to our neighbor, and convincing him of these great truths.

Mr. ——— said that the jealousy between different denominations arose from the fact that much time is required for men to come up to the universal principles of love to our neighbor, so as to be willing to see others do good, and to support them in it, unless they do it in their favorite method. It is because men are selfish even in their good efforts. The Christian churches of the present day are sectarian. Every one of them thinks it sees that the most direct, if not the only, road to heaven is right through their church. It reminded him of a regiment arising in a phalanx composed mostly of Boston men who went together, who were told that they thought that the only way to heaven was through Boston. The paper-proprietor referred to by the previous speaker, doubtless thought that the only way to heaven was to take his paper, to attend his church, and believe in his faith. This feeling existed among most denominations, and Spiritualists must not think that they are entirely free from such an imputation. They think that the only way to get Spiritualism is to get it through a medium, and do not discriminate particularly as to what they receive, provided it comes through a medium. Others think that what you receive is comparatively worthless. Spiritualists must learn to be liberal before reproaching others for illiberality—must learn to deal tenderly with the honest prejudices of others who are pursuing a common object with ourselves. Each must be allowed to work in his own way. A Spirit had come up who acknowledged that he was unhappy. Upon saying that he knew no way of bettering his condition, the speaker advised him to find some one in a worse condition than himself, and try to do him good—to do good and thus get good. This was his recommendation to all.

Dr. Britton made a number of remarks upon Psychology, and its use in forwarding Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM IN 1686.

EXTRACTS FROM HISTOIRE, BY J. M. J.

The Protestants were persecuted with so much cruelty, and forced to hold their meetings in the woods or solitary places among the hills, that a spirit of devotion seemed to gather strength from opposition. Cevennes was the name given to a tract of very mountainous country, extending from the Pyrenees to the Alps. This savage mass of rocks defied the attempts of the soldiery, and worship was held daily among the exiles: they corresponded with their friends who had sought refuge in Holland. Jurien published a book of "Propecies," which stimulated all excitable minds to a pitch of fervor at once grand and miraculous. Prophets sprung up, and the whole province was filled with rumors of angelic visits, apparitions, and a school of prophets was founded by an old man named Du Serre; and not only men and women but even children acquitted themselves miraculously. "The youngest child I ever saw speak in a state of ecstacy," says Page of Alais, "was a girl of five years; but it is known in the country that the spirit has often been poured out on little children, infants at the breast. A young girl, ten years of age, who kept cattle in Saou, was seized with the spirit of prophecy. Her name became known as far as Geneva. She delivered her discourse so pathetically, that she seemed to become more than human. "Isabella," adds Peyrat, "could not read, and quoted Scripture from memory. She preached in French. Her language was pure, well connected, and adorned with Biblical images. Her inspiration came with such abundance and fury, that the words, like a stream dammed up, escaped impetuously from her lips, flowed for some time with astonishing volubility, then slackened, and towards the conclusion became embarrassed." At last Bouchu, who tracked out everywhere the prophets of Dauphiny, caused the prophetess of Saou to be arrested. "Here I am, sir," said she to him; "you can put me to death. God will raise up others, who will say finer things than I." She was confined in the prison of the General Hospital of Grenoble."*

The Spirits influenced persons in four different degrees: the first was called *L'avertissement* (warning); the second, *Le souffle* (breath); the third *La prophétie* (prophecy); the fourth, *Le don* (the gift). "Claris of Quissac—a man of thirty years of age, who had gifts, was often seized with the Spirit in the midst of an assembly. The agitation was so great that all present were moved." One of the servants of Calador, a man of cultivated mind, became a speaking medium, he thus speaks of her: "She was a poor silly peasant, aged forty years, assuredly the most ignorant creature known in our mountains. When I heard that she was preaching I could not believe it. It never entered into my conception that she could join four words of French together, or that she had the boldness to speak in company. Yet I have several times heard her acquit herself miraculously. When the Spirit made her speak, never did orator make himself heard as she did; never was auditor more attentive or more affected than those who listened to her. It was a torrent of eloquence, it was a prodigy; and, (what I say is no exaggeration), she became all at once a totally new creature, transformed into a great preacher." "The number of prophets increased so rapidly, that eight thousand were counted in Languedoc the first year. The persons so gifted called themselves The Children of God. They promised, in His name, the reëstablishment of true religion to the kingdom."

* M. Peyrat.

Original Communications.

LIFE ON EARTH

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

This is our battle-field, this smiling earth
Our place of toil, of triumph, or despair;
A land debatable 'twixt woe and mirth,
Whose dwellers foes and human brothers are.

Best armed is he who travels for his shield
A patient courage, which to endure—
Who suffers hopefully, and will not yield
Until defeat or victory is sure.

All are not conquerors here; the funeral march
May far precede the victory and the crown;
And the pale soldier, 'neath Death's gloomy arch,
May lay his dented shield and armor down.

While unsoldiered the world before him flies,
And yet unsown the great and glorious name
That should have swayed the hearts of all his race
When breathed upon the trumpet-voice of fame.

Not every hero lives or dies confessed;
Some struggle in the trench of hopeless poverty,
And some march over arid plains, unblest
By friendly springs or love's o'ershadowing tree.

And some are vanquished in the strife, who fall
Upon the path where sanctioned custom treads;
Though armed with patience and a high resolve,
The waves of ages past roll o'er their heads.

Sometimes that pale low head sleeps up the path
So long defiled by wrongs and tears of shame;
And men are wearied, and seek a better way,
Although not hallowed by a reverend name.

Men would not perish, even from this earth,
Where dust is gathered still to kindred dust;
But stones are hewn, and piled, and deathless names
Are given to the enduring marble's trust.

While under the glad light of day are seen
Gray, nameless relics, of the voiceless tomb,
Hewn in the rock, or on the prairie green,
And still the haunt of mystery and gloom.

O man! O brethren! on this pleasant earth,
Is not your fair inheritance above?
Are not your names recorded in the heavens,
Heirs of eternal life and deathless love?

COSMOGONY AND THEOLOGY.

Marcellon, Columbia Co., Wis., October 1, 1855.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

Gentlemen—I was very forcibly struck with the sentiments expressed in a piece entitled "The Visible Universe," found in the *American Courier*, September 22, and credited to the *New York Christian Advocate*. The writer says:

"What an infinitesimal portion of actual space is occupied by the material creation! What a comparative nonentity is the tangible universe, when contrasted with the spaces included within its boundaries! Thus we see, that although we may possess a knowledge of the existence of other worlds than our own, and, by the help of science, we may be able to count their numbers and measure their diameters, yet all further intercourse with them, during our present existence, is placed beyond the reach of hope. When we look out upon the bespangled heavens, and contemplate their beauty and grandeur, a sense of gloominess, of loneliness and seclusion, must be a predominant element in the survey."

Now, according to Biblearians, this earth was the commencement of creation, and all other worlds were made for the especial benefit of this small atom of the visible universe. If this is the case, we have no business to view the vast expanse with gloominess, or a sense of seclusion. We should rejoice to think that God has taken so much pains for our especial benefit—that he has created suns and planets for the express purpose of ministering to our enjoyments. But here an idea presents itself: After God has done so much for us, he is frustrated in his calculations. There is another, power, stronger than he: which says that we can not enjoy the good that he designed for us. That power is the power of darkness. The Devil says to God, "You can not have more than about one in a hundred to glorify and enjoy you for ever; I want the rest, and I will have them." Taking this view of the power of God and of the Devil, we might well view the vast universe with gloominess and dark forebodings. When we look at the history of God, as understood to be given in the Bible, we have no assurance for this life nor for the life to come; for if, when we lay down this body, we should be found worthy subjects for heaven, God might repent and thrust us down to hell; for if it was ever possible to have war in heaven, the same thing may still be possible. We give one more extract from the writer above quoted. He says:

"What is the moral condition of the unnumbered millions of habitable globes—the abodes of sentient beings, that the all-wise Creator has been pleased to bring into existence? Is their condition but an endless repetition of the debased, degraded and fallen state of the earth on which we dwell? Has sin disfigured the entire face of nature, and poisoned, with its malignant infection, every exhibition of divine goodness? We repel such an idea. In what dismal gloom would it envelop the entire universe of God! It would spread blackness and sackcloth over the beautiful face of Heaven. How withering the thought that the same depravity and wretchedness that has furnished the details of the moral history of our world, should pervade the empire of Omnipotence—should inflict suffering and misery upon all the works of his hands! Nothing can be imagined more gloomy and desponding than such a repulsive conclusion. We must not take our earth as a criterion by which to judge of the moral state of a universe. The glowing descriptions and representations contained in divine revelations concerning the goodness, the benevolence, the superintending care and watchful providence of God over all his works, would seem to indicate that universal happiness is the rule that encircles immensity—that fallen worlds are the exceptions. And we think these exceptions are rare and extraordinary, from the extraordinary sacrifice which, in the case of our world, is required for their redemption. Extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary means, and the application of such means declare the causes unequal."

Can we suppose that God is infinite in all his attributes; infinite in wisdom, in love, in justice, truth, and power, and is partial to any of his works? Can we suppose that God would be so foolish as to make a thing without a purpose? And if he possesses infinite wisdom, is he not wise enough to make a thing to answer the purpose for which it was made? Can we suppose that God would create a being called the Devil, and give him power to arrest ninety-nine hundredths of the works of his hand, and convert them to his own use? Can we suppose that an infinitely wise Being would create one human being to destroy, or to make eternally miserable? Or would he permit him to do it himself? Would he give man power to thwart him in his purpose?

The writer supposes that there are unnumbered millions of globes that are abodes of sentient beings which the All-wise Creator has been pleased to bring into existence. Carrying out this view, what rule shall be laid down to judge of the difference existing between the *formation* and peopling of the different globes?

If God is impartial, he would create all similar objects alike; and if this be the method of judging, then we judge the creations in other worlds from what we see of our earth. If, then, the inhabitants of our earth rebelled and fell from the state of purity in which they were created, I think the same rule must be applied to other earths. Man, then, having committed an infinite sin, it must require an infinite satisfaction to atone for that sin. Then God must appear himself as a sacrifice; for I can not conceive of any other sacrifice that would be infinite. The Son of Man ceased to be finite, because he was born of a woman—was subject to like infirmities with us—subject to temptation as we are.

But one says, "He was God manifest in the flesh—he was one of the Trinity—one of the God-head." Now if there are any other fallen worlds, there must be added one more to the God-head for every fallen world, or Christ must be subjected to being born of a woman to atone for their sins. When will men learn wisdom, and permit themselves to be governed by Reason?

W. S. P.

THE LATE SUICIDE IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

The momentous fact that man lives after death in a perfect human form, is the great, the fundamental doctrine of modern Spiritualism. Indeed, the word *doctrine* seems no longer adequate to convey a full idea of the truths, or rather *facts*, of the times. The intellectual faculty, like the light of the moon at the opening of day in her last quarter, feels a greater presence, and can do but little.

It has been justly said, "That an increase of light has its concomitants of duties and responsibilities." In tracing the progress visible in the chronology of the past, our attention is attracted by the contemporaneous appearance of striking events and remarkable epochs. When Jesus of Nazareth came to show a more excellent way, then was the foundation laid, than which, as the Great Apostle declares, there can be no other foundation. The sermon on the mountain furnished an infinitely perfect pattern for all discourses from the pulpit, the forum, or the public square.

On examining the character of the "Mistress of the World" at that time, we shall be enabled to distinguish clearly between heathenism and Christianity, as also between truth and error, and all the diverse antipodes of materialism and Spiritualism. That great nation, although so great in science and law, was fearfully described in the Apocalypse, and seen in prophetic mood by Daniel "in night visions" as a "beast dreadful and terrible," whose "iron teeth" devoured all before it. There was one phase in its character which I would especially bring in contrast on this occasion, and which undoubtedly stands in bold, black opposition to the glorious walls of the New Jerusalem temple.

If there is one feature of the Roman polity that appears with more angular boldness than another at this day, it is that which pertains to their recklessness in regard to human life. Their tremendous spectacles of so frequent occurrence in their great amphitheaters—their bloody wars, waged solely for conquest—these would suffice to show their low condition, were there no other evidence. But there was one especial feature in their written law, which would alone, like the fossil of the tiger, reveal its true character, and to which I more especially refer.

It is handed down to us that they destroyed all the decrepit persons and imperfect births. This, at first sight, might not strike us with its full meaning; but let any one seriously sit down and look at it, and they will behold the secret, simple spring of their bloody character. But let us analyze the matter.

In the first place, then, it reveals their atheism. Secondly, their destitution of faith in God; and, thirdly, their inhumanity. But to take the first two in examination.

Atheism is without faith. Taking upon themselves the unwarranted disposal of human life, they manifested entire disbelief in God, and unsubjection to his disposal of events. But this part does not appear complete without the consideration of the third, which is the body and continent of the whole matter.

Finally, therefore, their inhumanity.

If there is one sentiment more noble than another at this day, it is that which magnifies the nobleness of kind attentions to the crippled, the infirm and aged, and the idiotic. Thus does Christianity stand opposed to heathenism, whose tender virtues the Roman despised.

But there was another step in their teachings, which brings us to the direct consideration of our subject.

Suicide was advocated to finish their catalogue of enormities. They knew not God. Desperate in life, they cared not to rush headlong into the regions of the unknown. When the great Roman, pursued by his enemies, rested in a strange city, and prepared for death, he had not faith to trust in God; he did not realize, as we of this blessed time are graciously permitted to do, that man lives after the death of the body, and that we should rather fear him who ruled the Spirit. He doubted, and could only say,

"Thou reasonest well, Plato!"

and then plunged the sword in his own bosom. He knew not that though that "warm sensible motion became a kneaded clod," yet it would not confine the soul.

"Whose delighted Spirit bathed in fiery floods!"

But it could only be the ecstasy of the moment, and the reality must come, when the new and untried situation opened to his view. * * *

A late paper of this city contained a notice of the death of *Mr. Eli T. Benjamin*, long a resident of this place. He was described as a devoted Spiritualist, and as "wishing to go to the higher sphere where his wife dwelt." Hale and strong in appearance, although advanced in life, he finished his course by his own hand. Whether partially insane or not, the editor was unable to determine, but had "heard him frequently express a desire to quit this state of existence and join the circle of his wife." I recollect seeing the old gentleman often myself at the meetings of the brethren at lectures, and of admiring his hearty, tall appearance and flowing beard, which he wore quite long, while leaning upon my staff and looking upon the world in the public square. But I see him no more; the dark vail which curtains in this lower world has been drawn between us, and we shall see him on earth no more, forever! Perhaps ere this, (if the negative of that great question in theology be true) he wishes that he had been more patient for the Truth's sake, and labored in the earth like the faithful prophet and patriarchal sire, "and waited all the days of his appointed time, until his change came." But we can not do the work of each other, and only learn from what we see, and look with charitable eye on all weaknesses and imperfections; and therefore let us draw the curtain over the scene, and leave him with his God!

Utica, October, 1855. G.

TRUTH AND ITS OPPOSERS.

The time has come for man to begin to feel the truth in its mightiness, and the invisible spheres are beginning to be made plain to the understanding of those who would bask in the sunshine of immortality. Yet there is a mightier work to be accomplished; but few comparatively realize the blessings descending from the higher spheres, yet with a skeptical world to denounce and deride, the great spiritual unfolding is onward, and no power that man can call into requisition, can stop its progress. Naught but the power that upholds and governs the innumerable planetary systems can stay its course. It is by Him, through Him, and in Him that we hold Spirit-communion. O Heavenly Father, what shall we offer in gratitude for thy rich blessings? He speaks through his angelic hosts and says; "Would that thou wert, O man, more contrite and humble at heart!"

For proof that this divine assisting agency has ever been turned to the purifying and elevating of man's condition, we have but to read the history of past ages. Yet how were the seers, the prophets, and the Savior crucified and tortured, and held up for scorn and derision by a skeptical world! And can we, the progeny of such skeptical ancestors, disclaim the denunciatory spirit? Most assuredly, no. We see it nourished and cherished in the very bosoms of our professing Christians. They, like our ancient ancestors, crucify every new development that comes not within the limits of prescribed rules and bounds. They, like them, measure God's love, God's eternal laws, by their own selfish, dogmatizing spirit. And this denunciatory spirit is most prevalent among the professingly religious class, and they are the slowest to receive this Spirit-visitation, and acknowledge its merits, notwithstanding it comes with such overwhelming demonstration as to make them stand aghast, and cry, what shall we do? So deadening has been the sectarian influence upon all mankind, that to bring one to realize his true spiritual state, is an uncommon task. Nothing save the divine Power, through the medium of ministering angels, can accomplish this mighty work of redemption. The time has arrived, and the towering edifice of priest-craft, superstition, and religious intolerance must crumble before his ministering host who have come to do his will upon earth as it is done in Heaven. But man must be spiritualized before he can fully appreciate the ministery of angels, or the love that God sustains toward his children. We see the divine rays in the eastern horizon, as it were spilling back the mysticism of past ages, and developing instead, a sound basis of evangelical theology. Upon this the white flag of truth waves in splendor, moved by breezes from the immortal world, and bearing the inscription, "Life, Liberty, and Immortality!"

JACOB BURINE, Medium.

MY STAR OF LOVE.

BY REV. E. A. ATWELL.

When on the billowy sea of time
Life's fragile bark was driven,
And this deformed orb of mine
Yearned for the port of heaven;
When all around grew dark and dim,
No light without nor hope within—
There rose upon life's darkened sea
A "guiding star" of love for me.

When friendship's hollow form drew nigh,
With bland, insidious smile,
Clad in her robes of costly dye,
To hide a heart of guile,
Like a deceiving form of sin,
All bright without, but dark within—
There shone upon life's troubled sea,
A "guiding star" of love for me.

When sickness 'neath a tottering frame,
And bending by a ruined shrine,
My faith and trust began to wane,
For want of light divine,
And priestly forms, like specters grim,
Stood my way, without, within—
Then brighter shone upon life's sea
That "guiding star" of love for me.

Beyond the surging sea of time,
With wreck and ruin rife;
Beyond that [illegible] shrine,
I saw a better life;
And angel forms, exempt from sin,
All bright without and pure within,
Shine out upon life's surging sea,
Bright "guiding stars" of love for me.

JOHN SCOTT, THE HEALING MEDIUM.

Some six months since, Mr. Scott was a pilot on the Mississippi river, on boats running from St. Louis to New Orleans. He has been long known among river men as a "confirmed skeptic," and his conversion to Spiritualism is considered as a miracle amongst them.

Some eighteen months ago, Scott's interiors were opened so that he saw and conversed with Spirits, and occasionally described diseases which afflicted his companions. His powers were increasingly exhibited, so much so that, for a year, he does not appear to have made much use of them.

He is a large, healthy man, weighing two hundred and ten pounds, and is, to use his own words, "an entirely uneducated man," with strong good nature stamped upon his features, and benevolence largely developed.

On the 4th of last July he operated upon Gen. W. [illegible], an old citizen, who, to use his own words, "was taken sick with the cholera and the chills on top of it. Scott (adds he) operated on me, and in twenty minutes I was asleep, and I have been in better health ever since than I ever was." This and the cancer case* appears to have constituted the starting-point in his development before the public.

He did not leave the river until about three months ago. His name and deeds were soon noised abroad, and for the last four weeks it is almost impossible to get inside the house, given to see him operate on others. The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the sick and the well, believers and unbelievers are flocking around his doors, and it is wonderful, with all his remarkable powers, that he is able to do as much good as he has done and is doing.

He claims on all occasions, to be impressed by the Spirits, and, when given no hope for the future, acknowledges that he is not infallible. He does make frequent mistakes; the only wonder is that he does not make more. He does not seem puffed up—is not fanatical in the least degree, not covetous, (not one in fifty pays him anything) and were his powers limited to a number of patients, so that he could give his attention to them, I feel sure that he could cure or greatly relieve any disease that might be brought to him.

I have been thus historical for the reason that I know of these facts, and but few of our own people know much about him. He has made his own fame, for as yet no publication of any kind has appeared respecting him. He has sprung up, as it were, in a night, and has done many mighty works among us.

I will not attempt to give the *rumors* of his cures, many of which were greatly exaggerated before reaching me, but I wish to state distinctly that those I do give shall be *facts of personal knowledge*, acquired from parties themselves.

First Case.—Annie Arnott, daughter of Jennie Arnott, aged eleven years, had a crooked *spine*, and walked on the ancle-bone of her right leg for nine years. The foot was turned outward, and, to use the words of both mother and child, "was as cold as death, with no feeling in it." Scott magnetized her (not over ten minutes each time), once a day for one week, and every alternate day for two weeks more, fourteen days in all. At this period I examined the child. *The spine was perfectly restored, and the foot was as warm as my hand*, and the child walked *across the room on her sole without limping*, just to show me how well she was.

Second Case.—Frank S. Noel, clerk, aged about twenty-three years, was afflicted with *stammering*. It was unpleasant to hear him speak. He tells his own story—"I went to see him; he put his hands on my jaws for a few minutes, and told me that I could speak; I did not believe him; thought him a humbug, until I tried and found that I could speak as well as any one, and without stammering." He is not entirely cured, but for a short time after being magnetized, *he could not stammer if he tried.*

Third Case.—Mrs. Bergmann, wife of F. Bergmann, No. 8 Fourth-street, had been very sick for ten weeks with interior inflammation, attended with *great pain*. She had been attended by three of our best German physicians. She sent for Scott, and was relieved of the pain from the first moment he put his hands upon her. She slept that night soundly, the first time for ten weeks. Scott has since visited her six times. She is entirely free from pain—is able to walk about the room, and in a few days will doubtless be [illegible] as ever.

I could fill your paper with trifling cases of helping this and relieving that, but I forbear.

Some of the learned faculty state that "they would believe more if 'spiritual agency' was not claimed for it." I wonder how long it is since these very learned persons scouted Mesmerism as an imposture, a delusion, a trick, and totally unphilosophical?

It is very convenient to remain *one step behind*, and by and by, when the Spirits from Jupiter manifest themselves, it will be *clearly* explained by the acknowledged fact of intercourse with Spirits for *our* earth.

St. Louis, November 14, 1855. A. MILTENBERGER.

* See Telegraph of December 15.

A CURE THROUGH MEDIUMS.

Friend Brittan: Jersey City, November 15, 1855.

As you have often called for facts of a spiritual nature, you will favor me by allowing me to record one which occurred in my own experience, hoping that it may be the means of advancing the cause that I have so much at heart, and which has done so much for me. On October the 24th, while at work, one of my fellow workmen accidentally let a hammer fall a distance of seven feet upon my head. It stunned me for some time, but passed off for that day; but the following two days I had most violent chills, succeeded by fever, and a great dizziness of the head. At times my head felt as if it were a revolving wheel, and I could hardly keep from falling. On the 29th I felt very bad, and while I was lying down, I was so strongly impressed to go to some healing medium, that I could not resist it. I went over to Mrs. Scribner's, healing and developing medium, 443 Broadway. She operated upon me two hours, and she partook of the same feelings that I had. She afforded me great relief.

Then another medium came in, and went into the trance-state, and described my feelings, and also spoke of a pain in my side, which I had been subject to from a child. He said my skull was dented in so as to open the bones on the under side. He said it was fortunate that I followed my impressions as I did, as in three days time it would have been too late, as it would have caused congestion of the brain. He prescribed for me, and with Mrs. Scribner operating several times upon my head, I think I have been permanently cured; for which I feel very thankful to all parties that assisted in my recovery, both in and out of the body.

S. A. STETSON.

Mrs. Coan returned.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Mrs. Coan, the well known writing, rapping and trance medium, has returned to this city, and opened rooms for circles, etc., at 115½ Grand-street.

THE PROPHET BARD.

BY BELLE BUSH.

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

MINSTREL, once thy tuneful numbers
Strangely thrilled the harps of time,
Now the chords are mute that waked them—
They have won a voice sublime.
Now thy burning words resound
All the peopled world around;
Now with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to creation's heart;
Now thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.

Son of Albion, ere thy star
Tracked the world of thought afar;
Ere from flowery Castaley
Came the Nymph fair Poesy,
With her most delightful thrills,
Wooing thee to seek her rills;
Ere Music, with her witching spells,
Rung in thy soul her silver bells;
While yet thou heldst the helm of joy,
And roamed a field a careless boy—
E'en then amid the mist-hung hills,
By dingle lone and tinkling rills,
From every breeze or Autumn blast
That o'er thy rock-ribbed island passed;
From stars, and dews, and flowers beneath,
Thy soul drank in sweet Freedom's breath.
But for her in after years,
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears,
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,
Ere the grey dawn of the morn.

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

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

"Ah, me!" she said, "could I but bear
To you bright halls my treasure rare,
There's many a dream would find its goal,
Now captive in an earnest soul."
With this away the lyre she bore
And placed it in the Temple's door,
And wrote upon it, while she smiled,
These mystic words, "For Freedom's Child."
Then long it lay an unused thing
Of silent cells and trembling strings,
Till, gliding down his broad, bright aisle,
The Poet-soul, in dreams the while,
Saw at the door the lovely form,
And felt his heart in pity warm.
She took it in, but did not know
Or dream what streams of song would flow
From the deep founts that slept below,
Till o'er its wires a hand unseen
Swept light, as though its home had been
Those chords and airy cells between.
Then from its curious chambers broke
The holiest sounds that ever woke
To its high birth the Poet child,
So sweet, so plaintive, yet so wild.
O! when the bright immortal fire
First glowed along thy quivering lyre—
'Twas freedom's hand which swept the wire.
But for her in after years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears;
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,
Ere the grey dawn of the morn.

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

But thy genius blazed along,
O'er the world an orb of song;
Then adown the stream of life,
Vexed with storms and vexed with strife,
Round the struggling voyager's way,
Fell thy star's serenest ray.
When thy mighty spirit saw
Minds and nature crushed *by law*—
When it saw how mortals toil
In the heat, and dust, and soil,
All to yield a tyrant's spoil,
And beheld the iron chain,
Eating to the heart and brain—
Then thine eye in pity turned
To the hated, poor and spurned,
And thy hand o'erswept the lyre
Till it flashed indignant fire;
For the weary, the oppressed,
For the weak, and the distressed,
Mingling like a seraph strain,
'Mid the shrieks of woe and pain,
Swelled thy softly soothing tone
With a strength before unknown—
Claiming honor for the brave,
Freedom for the branded slave,
And for all, the *true*, the *good*,
Equal rights and brotherhood.
All for Freedom, many years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears;
But she wrought thee hate and scorn
Ere the gray dawn of the morn.

Sorrowing o'er the woes of others,
Struggling bravely 'gainst thine own,
Like thy very heart's pulsations
Seemed thy far resounding tone.
Rolling on, forever onward,
Glory waked its after-chime,
Till thy lofty numbers mingled
With the thunder-tones of Time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thou did'st ask of man, thy brother,
"How can ye be free and brave,
While to your *caprice* and *fashion*,
Woman lives and dies a slave."

Thou did'st say, "that peace would never
Woful human nature greet,"
Till beside its holiest altars,
Man and woman equal meet."

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

Let the burning words resound,
All the peopled world around,
Till with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to Creation's heart,
Till thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.
Prophet! poet! Albion's son,
In the sphere thy soul hath won,
See'st thou not how high the sun
In our social world hath run?
Lo! along the dark-life river,
Now the floating bubbles shiver;
Now from out her azure caves,
Truth goes gliding o'er the waves;
Now the tree of freedom mounts,
Upward to the starry founts;
And the holy dews come down,
Beauteous on its vernal crown.
Eagles sit upon its top,
From its boughs the puff-balls drop;
All that would its beauty cloak,
Everything that ends in smoke,
From its spreading limbs shall fall
Black and blasted, withered all.
Underneath, in deepest shade,
Is the grave of Slavery made;
Soon the bloated fiend shall die,
Low his mangled corse shall lie;
And his shade forever more
Walk the dark Plutonian shore.
O'er its waving sprays above,
Soon shall brood the harmless dove,
Feeding on the fruits of love.
Courage! all whose hearts have fears;
Freedom dries her children's tears;
Tremble not for hate and scorn,
'Tis the gray dawn of the morn.

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

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

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

In the golden fields of labor,
She shall prove she hath a soul,
Worthy soon to be his equal,
Traveling to the self same goal.

But not his, the strongest fetters,
That have crushed her holy trust;
Fashion and the love of pleasure,
These have bowed her to the dust.

Rust of ages, eat the chain,
Break the antique links in twain.
In our minds and from our hearts,
Now a nobler worship starts,
Let the old dominions fall,
New ones rise upon their wall.
In the broad, bright fields of youth,
Scatter wide the seeds of truth;
Then when fall the Autumn leaves;
They will bear the golden sheaves,
For the poor and the oppressed,
For the weak and the distressed.
With the labor-loving class,
Let us struggle for the mass,
Light alone can make them better—
Free them from their ancient fetter.
Let us seek, in love and duty,
Pearls to deck the brow of beauty;
Let us be no more the vine,
Round the "*Lordly Oak*" to twine,
But a sister oak as proud,
Battling with the tempest-cloud.
When we break the gilded chain,
Binding heart, and soul and brain,
Fashion, ease and pleasure all—
When the old dominions fall,
Then may we in justice claim,
With our brothers, equal fame.
Brighter then our light shall be,
In the field of destiny.
Women, waken! crush your fears,
Freedom is not won by tears.
Years of toil for heart and brain—
Toil alone will break the chain.
Waken! see! the auroral ray,
Now foretells the coming day.
Fly ye fiends of hate and scorn,
'Tis the grey dawn of the morn.

PHILADELPHIA.

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