

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 68.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF AN EDITOR.

The following account of personal experience is from the senior editor of one of the most prominent daily papers in this State. There are others in high places who have arrived at substantially the same conclusions from the evidence of their own senses, and the number is rapidly increasing. When will those who yet love to betray and crucify the new Truth learn that it is immortal. It is quite impossible to resist the mysterious power. It rends the veil of the old Temple, it triumphs on every cross, and walks forth, from the very door of the sepulcher, clothed with new majesty and power.—Ed.

August 7th, 1853.

S. B. BRITTAN, Esq.:

I have frequently been tempted, by the invitation held out in your paper, to address you on the subject of Spiritualism; but it has constantly occurred to me that the extent to which the *cacothes scribendi* affects the multitude, must necessarily, under such general license, almost overwhelm you with favors. Reflection has finally convinced me that it is my duty to add my testimony in favor of the convincing effect of the Spiritual Manifestations on such minds as have been honestly skeptical in relation to a Spiritual existence after the death of the body.

wish you to understand, before I proceed any farther, that I am not writing for publication. My purpose is to furnish you a brief history of my religious experience, that you may cull from it whatever you may deem worthy of note, or useful as additional testimony.

I was born and educated in a section of this country where the Christian sect denominated Baptists was more numerous than all others, and that was the faith sought to be established in my mind by my parents, one of whom professed to have experienced the "new birth," and was a member in good standing of the nearest church of that denomination. We had regular family worship, and no want of good moral precepts or orthodox spiritual teaching. All the family, nine in number—myself, mother, and one sister excepted—became members of the same church. I do not think that I was any more inclined to immorality than any other member of the family, but I was constitutionally skeptical. It is true that I heard a great deal said about religion, and duty to God, the danger of damnation, etc., in childhood; but as none of it was ever addressed to me especially, it passed, like the morning and evening prayer and the dinner grace, entirely unheeded, till my sister, who was much my senior in years, and who had recently become a convert—as those were called who fancied themselves regenerated and born anew—took an opportunity, when we were alone together, to open to my young mind the treasure-house of her spiritual knowledge. Whatever I have been since, or am now, my soul was then guileless. I was but eight years old, and although, as I have said, naturally skeptical, I did not conceive it possible for a full-grown person, as my sister was, to tell a deliberate falsehood, or to assert a thing without positive knowledge of its truth. Hence her declarations were received by me as indubitable testimony, and I believed every word of them. Her communication, which comprised the creation of the world and its appurtenances, including the first human pair, their transgression and fall, the consequent damnation of the whole human race, the eternal suffering of the wicked in hell-fire, and the means of redemption by the sacrifice of the Son of God, were delivered to me with all those evidences of sincerity which characterize the teachings of those who are free from doubt, and who labor in obedience to the promptings of love. Here I had all that any skeptic ever required—evidence sufficient to convince my mind. I therefore did not, because I could not, doubt. I was further instructed that, in order to escape the damnation which the whole human family had inherited from their Edenian ancestors, I must love God with all my heart and above all things else. This condition I found it impossible to comply with, because, according to my informant's representation, I could discover nothing in his character to love, but every thing to hate; and I did hate him with all my soul. The reason of this was, that he had been shown to me clothed with all the attributes of infinite divinity, and had chosen to constitute man so that there was not one chance in a thousand for him to escape the eternal torment which he had purposely prepared for him, when he might just as easily have ordered it otherwise.

As reason waxed stronger, my hatred toward the Great Author of my existence was more and more confirmed, till the simplicity of childhood passed away and a new light broke upon my soul. The happiest moment in my whole life was that one in which the constitutional skepticism of which I have spoken, which had been latent from infancy, was aroused into activity by an incident. I was still a boy, and was laboring in the field with two religious disputants, one of whom was a Calvinist and the other a Deist. I need not tell you that it was the argument of the latter which relieved me from the load of mental misery which had oppressed me from the moment of my induction into the mysteries of the Baptist faith. The effect was like that which is described by those who fancy themselves miraculously converted. An immense weight seemed to have been removed from my oppressed

spirit, and I felt light and happy. Not an hour passed before I was a confirmed skeptic, because I had been ripe and ready for it a long time. But the worst of it was, that I was not capable of discriminating between the truths of a rational theism and the God-slandering blasphemies of a soul-distorting creed. My skepticism was too broad and deep. It swept away truths as well as errors, and I treated all revelation as fiction, all religion as fanaticism, and all pretended communion with God as the dreams of visionaries. My mind never did positively reject the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the universe; but I had a theism of my own manufacture—a kind of nondescript semi-panteism, in which I made the physical universe the body, and the all-pervading, intelligent principle the spirit of God. And for this I was probably indebted to a couplet of Pope, which I need not quote to one of your extensive reading.

From the moment in which my mind was emancipated from the thralldom of that abominable creed which so shocked me in childhood, I labored against the continually increasing doubt of a spiritual existence, for the hell of orthodoxy seemed more tolerable to me than annihilation. The idea of being stricken out of existence has been my only source of fear for the future, from my earliest manhood. In all my contemplations of the goodness and mercy of God, as manifested in the works of creation and in his fatherly care of his creatures, which no thinking mind can avoid, the doubt of future existence and that crushing idea of annihilation, would put to flight the blissful vision before it was a minute old, and settle down like a leaden incubus upon my spirit.

This had been the character of my religious feelings and sentiments up to the winter of 1851, when we had two of the Fox family to visit this city. I had heard much of the Spiritual Rappings, as they were termed, but never gave them a second thought after hearing them alluded to. A friend whom I esteemed as a man of a well-balanced mind, told me some very strange things of his experience, in the presence of those women; and I had no doubt that he had been duped by some deep artifice, for I knew that no shallow trick could accomplish so much upon his mind. I laughed at him as respectfully as I could, and peremptorily declined his invitation to go and witness the phenomena at his expense. As often as I met him he renewed his importunities for me to go with him to the room occupied by Mrs. Fish and Miss Fox, which I stubbornly declined, till he hinted that I did not dare to go for fear I should be compelled to admit the truth of his position, that the phenomena were spiritual. This touched my pride, and I resolved to go and show him how impotent it was to impose on me by such mummery. I went in the afternoon. There were but few present, for the thing was ridiculed unmercifully, and so were all who attended and came away seriously impressed. I was induced to take a seat at the table. All present were well known to me, the media excepted. Mrs. F. directed me to ask for guardian spirits. This my risible propensity prevented, and she put the question herself. Instantly there were all sorts of raps immediately under my own hands. They being at a distance of some five feet from me, this was a little surprising. I was then induced to ask if the spirit of my mother was present, and was replied to in the affirmative by three sharp raps. I then inquired of her how old she was when she entered the Spirit-world; what her Christian name was; how many children she had been the mother of; how many there were of each sex; how many remained in the flesh, and how many were with her; what was the name of the one that died first, and so on to the end of the deaths; their respective ages when they died; and many other questions, not one of which was known to any one present, save myself. These questions were all answered correctly by the raps. I then called for the spirit of my father, and received true answers to every question put to him. I did not hesitate to confess my full conviction that those women had no agency in the answers which I received, nor have I ever hesitated, from that day to this, to give my opinion to those who asked it seriously, that those answers came from the spirits of my departed parents; because the evidence was sufficient to produce conviction; and I could no more refrain from believing, with the evidence, than I could compel myself to believe, without it.

Some months subsequently to this experience, my spiritual vision became developed, so that I frequently saw the spirits of my father and mother, and other relatives who have passed into the spiritual state. This has been continued up to the present time, and I am now visited by a great many spirits, among whom are all the illustrious names of our own country, and many of foreign countries. These phenomena have established my faith in revelations, ancient and modern; in the parental love and kindly care of our heavenly Father; in the immortality and eternal progression of the human soul; and in the great importance of spiritual progress in this life, the tendency of which is to add a thousandfold to the happiness of this state of existence, and to prepare the spirit, when it is born of the body, to take a position to which other spirits have only attained after many years of slow progress in the celestial realm. This, independently of the happy effect

which a well-ordered life has upon both body and mind, while here, is, in my estimation, the greatest possible incentive to morality and the practice of the active virtues.

Judge ye whether I am or am not the gainer by my experience. I was a confirmed skeptic—I am now a firm believer, not only in present revelations, but in those which were made by the ancient prophets. I was a scoffer at the divinity of Jesus, and the verity of his reputed miracles—I am now a full believer in both. I was an unbeliever in a spiritual existence—I now know that those who have left the earth live in heaven. I have forsaken all the immoral practices of a careless though not a criminal life, and subdued my propensity to evil, as far as time and circumstances have allowed me to succeed in my endeavors, which have been constant for the last two years. I mention these circumstances in anticipation of the question which I have so often heard asked—"What is the use of these phenomena?"

I now feel as if I had discharged an incumbent duty; and I submit the communication to you, to make any or no use at all of it, as you see proper.

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

BY WILLIAM H. B. THOMAS, OF CINCINNATI.

The following interesting observations on the indications of the weather, as exhibited by animals, insects, and plants, were submitted to the Scientific Convention which has just held its sessions at the West:

The possibility of foretelling weather has occupied the attention of observers of natural facts from the earliest period of our record; the certainty with which anything is arrived at on this subject, like all other parts of natural science, depends upon the knowledge acquired of those things with which Nature has most intimately connected it.

Without indulging in any comment, I will state a few particulars in regard to the different indicators with which Nature has supplied us.

When a pair of migratory birds have arrived in the spring, they immediately prepare to build their nest, making a careful reconnaissance of the place, and observing the character of the season that is coming. If it be a windy one, they thatch the straw and leaves on the inside of the nest, between the twigs and the lining; and if it be very windy, they get pliant twigs and bind the nest firmly to the limbs, securing all the small twigs with their salivars. If they fear the approach of a rainy season, they build their nests so as to be sheltered from the weather. But if a pleasant one they build it in the fair open place, without taking any of those extra precautions. In recording these facts we have kept duly registered the name of the birds—the time of arrival in spring—the commencement of nesting—the materials of nest, and its position—the commencement of laying—number of eggs in each nest—commencement of incubation—appearance of young—departure in autumn.

But it is our insects and smaller animals which furnish us with the best means of determining the weather.

We will now take the snails, and show the various phenomena they present. These animals do not drink, but imbibe moisture in their bodies during a rain. At regular periods after the rain, they exude this moisture from their bodies. We will take, for example, the *Helix Alternata*. The first fluid exuded is the pure liquid. When this is exhausted it then changes to a light red, then deep red, then yellow, and last to a dark brown. The *Helix* is very careful not to exude more of its moisture than is necessary. It might exude it all at once, but this is not in conformity to its general character, as this would prove too great an exertion. The *Helix Alternata* is never seen abroad, except before a rain, when we find it ascending the bark of trees, and getting on the leaves.

The *Helix*, *Arborea*, *Indentata*, *Ruderati*, and *Minuta* are also seen ascending the stems of plants two days before a rain. The *Helices Clausa*, *Ligera*, *Pennsylvanica*, and *Elevata* generally begin to crawl about two days before the rain will descend. They are seen ascending the stems of plants. If it be a long and hard rain, they get on the sheltered side of the leaf; but if a short one, they get on the outside. The *Lucinea* have also the same habits, differing only in color of animals, as before the rain it is of a yellow color, while after it is a blue.

The *Helices Solitaria*, *Zaleta*, *Albolabris*, and *Thyroideus* not only show by means of exuding fluids, but by means of pores and protuberances. Before a rain, the bodies of *Zaleta* and *H. Thyroideus* have large tubercles rising from them.

These tubercles commence showing themselves ten days previous to the fall of the rain they indicate; at the end of each of these tubercles is a pore. At the time of the fall of the rain, these tubercles, with their pores opened, are stretched to their utmost to receive the water.

Also, for a few days before a rain, a large and deep indentation appears in the *H. Thyroideus*, beginning on the head between the horns, and ending with the jointure at the shell. The *Helices Solitaria* and *Zaleta*, a few days before a rain, crawl to the most exposed hill-side, where, if they arrive before the rain descends, they seek some crevice in the rocks, and then close the aperture of the shell with glutinous sub-

stance, which, when the rain approaches, they dissolve, and are then seen crawling about.

In the *Helix Albolabris* the tubercles begin to arise after a rain, while before they grow smaller, and at the time of the rain the body of the snail is filled with cavities to receive the moisture.

The *H. Zaleta*, *Thyroideus*, and *Albolabris* move along at the rate of a mile in forty-four hours. They inhabit the most dense forests, and we regard it as a sure indication of rain to see them moving toward an exposed situation.

The *Helices Appressa*, *Tridentata*, *Falla*, and *Paliata* indicate the weather not only by exuding fluids, but by the color of the animal. After a rain the animal has a very dark appearance, but it grows of a brighter color as the water is expended, while just before the rain it is of a yellowish white color. Also, just before rain, striae are observed to appear from the point of the head to the jointure of the shell. The superior tentacula are striated, and the sides are covered with tubercles. These *Helices* move at the rate of a mile in 14 days and 16 hours. If they are observed ascending the cliff, it is a sure indication of a rain. They live in the cavities in the side of cliffs.

The *Helix Hirsuta* is of a black color after a rain, but before it is of a brown, tinged with blue around the edges of the animal.

STUDY OF GOD IN NATURE.

Life is the first gift of God. It is as a Creator and a Father that God is first revealed to our thoughts. "Still," says one, "God is terrible; He requires tears and punishment for the crime that thou hast committed." But while man, affrighted by such an announcement, seeks within and around him the indications of divine wrath, suddenly the divine harmonies and paternal care are developed to his sight, with all the beneficence of Him who has lavished the blessings of life and placed eternity at the close of time. Everywhere is to be seen the care of a Father who seeks to preserve and embellish his works. It is evinced in the green earth under our feet; in the blue heavens above us; in the mother's love; in the infant innocence; and in the strength and science of manhood. Feeble creature! all is prepared to receive thee at thy birth! Sublime intelligence! the suns unvail to thee their motions. How exalted, how privileged this being who finds at his birth a globe to traverse, nature to explore, and a God to love! Observe what takes place in the fields of infinite space, where the stars are multiplied as the sands of the sea. These stars and suns I weigh without touching, and measure while standing at an inconceivable distance from them. I compute their motions with lines and figures. Geometry is the divine reason. Man is allowed to discover it in matter, and to remount thus to his intellectual source.

But my intelligence is still more vast: the infinity that it contemplates gives me an idea of that which is beyond its comprehension. Man alone has the capacity of raising conjectures, and this is a power without measure and without end. Perhaps each of those suns has a system of its own, as each of those planets has a different course—perhaps the light of these stars produces colors that are unknown to us—perhaps those nebulae dispense atoms that spread joy and rapturism, as our light brings spring and life—perhaps, in fine, those innumerable systems which contain millions of worlds, are but avenues to the abode of the incomprehensible Being who sees them as the dust of His feet. But this divine spectacle is seen only by angels, who spend eternity in these boundless fields of contemplation. And to us feeble creatures it is permitted to penetrate these wonders. Poor sojourners upon this globe that is itself lost in infinite space, we imagine what we can not see of those wonders that God alone has been able to conceive!

This correspondence of man to God; these suns placed between us, feeble creatures, and the Creator, as luminous steps that guide to the courts of the celestial temple, astonish my soul without oppressing it. From admiration I pass to love, and from love to prayer—a testimony at once of my weakness and grandeur. All the creatures that surround me follow their instincts and fulfill their destiny, but I alone have aspirations to Divinity, and by these I learn the object of my being. If man had not a soul for prayer, the world would be as though it had not been, and there had been no connecting link between man and the Deity. Here are two corresponding intelligences; one in heaven and the other on earth. The all-powerful Being has designed to manifest himself to his creature. Our soul is a temple that bears the impress of his thoughts. In nature, as in ourselves, his being is to be revealed by intelligence, power, and goodness. To the work of creation, power is necessary; to the possession of intelligence, relations and harmonies are necessary; and to the display of goodness, foresight and benevolence are indispensable. From the existence of all these conditions I infer the existence of a God; the attributes can only be represented because He exists. And while a great part of the laws of nature are inexplicable, and while a multitude of the relations and harmonies escape my understanding, it suffices me to have seized some of them

to establish my certainty, for that must not spring from a profound knowledge of nature, which no person possesses, but only from an acquaintance with some of its laws. If foresight and goodness appear in a single point, I thence conclude that they exist in all others. How could they be there unless they existed elsewhere? The universe is but one work; its whole is but a single cast; its laws are but one, and its order is a unity. Now the genius of evil can not produce any good, and if good appears in some parts of the work it exists everywhere.

The Lord reigns, and therefore the earth exists. Sublime truth! God exists! and his attributes are power as manifested in creation, providence as displayed in preservation, and goodness in giving us life. God exists! and the light which renders him visible shines only in the soul of man, who rises to heaven to trace the causes of what he sees on earth. To multiply suns in infinite space, and the worlds around the suns, and sentient existences in those worlds; to give them day and night, pleasure and pain, life and death; to display the harmonies of these contrasts, and the love of these harmonies, is the prerogative of Deity. And we who enjoy his terrestrial benefits are witnesses to his powerful goodness. We are allowed to meditate upon that which we see not, and to support ourselves upon that unto which we can not attain. We, feeble creatures, believe in that which is invisible, and address our supplications to the unknown.

There is within us a principle which aspires to the Infinite without conceiving it, which longs for Eternity without understanding it, and which rises to God by love. Thus God is revealed to man in all the works of nature, that man may aspire to him. If I look up to heaven I recognize him; if I contemplate the lowest orders of creation, I behold him. I seem to hear a voice from each blade of grass, which exclaims, "Thou seekest God: he is around thee and within thee. Ask thy soul, thou wilt find him there; inquire of the smallest insect, and he will discover a great foresight." "I am only a blade of grass in the midst of a prairie, and am to continue but a few days; yet for me the winds beat the seas, and bear upon their wings refreshing dews, and for me the rivulet flows constantly from the mountain. For me the zephyr breathes, and the sun beams. I have my share of light in this immense creation. I bear a flower which produces seeds to furnish pastures for flocks yet unborn. Drops of milk are formed in my stalk, and particles of honey in my flower; thou canst not discover them there, but a quadruped and an insect will extract them for thee. I am only a blade of grass, and yet thou seest I enjoy the great phenomena of Nature. What a harmonious concurrence between the winds, the clouds, the sea, the sun, man, an insect, a quadruped, and a frail plant, the offspring of a day! My history is that of all nature. Whoever would understand my secrets should know the history of creation; he who would know how I exist, must hear the voice of God. Between nothing and life—between existence and non-existence—there is a power, an intelligence, and a will. Between life and life, being and being, there exists a relation, and everywhere a God." Such, to him who can understand it, is the language of the grass of the field; thus speaks a grain of sand, thus speak the trees, and thus exclaims all creation.

And if we rise from details to the whole—from a plant to the globe—from a globe to the universe—we see with surprise all these particular foresights blend in the combinations of a general providence, which unites God to man by his benefits, and man to God by love. This is the celestial chain of Homer; each of its links is a world suspended upon infinity; it fills up all the interval between creative wisdom and the admiring soul. Thus each study reveals to me a foresight or providence; each providence a benefit whose germ proceeds from the hand of God, while its fruit ripens in the hand of man!

And yet philosophers complain of the wants of man. They exclaim that the animals come into life armed and clothed, while man is cast upon the earth naked and defenseless. Yes, man is born naked and defenseless: wouldst thou, wonderful genius, that he should be made like the animals? Let then thy lofty intelligence preside over this new work! Remodel this frail creature; lavish those gifts that an unkind Heaven has withheld, and correct the work of God! See man sheltered from the storms, clothed with the fur of the fox, the feathers of the swan, or the skin of the lion! Alas! thou hast torn him from the world. His nakedness fitted him for all climates; thy care has confined him to a few degrees of latitude. Thus thy pity was but a blindness; thou hast blamed for want of understanding. Man is found in all climates, because he is naked. Let him then be born naked that he may have dominion over the globe. Let him take the spoil of the animals, or clothe himself with the fibers of the plants. This is not a proof of want, but an act of power. He only takes possession of his empire; and as if to lead us to himself, God orders that his natural wants should first lead him to exercise his dominion. Praises to Him whom only ignorance accuses.

SPIRITUALIST.

NAVARRÉ, OHIO, July 6, 1859.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT.

CHAPTER VII.

Having shown that Mr. Beecher's final conclusion, respecting the character of the Spirits, is neither legitimate from his own premises, nor logically deducible from the principles of the Divine government, and the laws and relations of the human mind, we will now proceed to try that conclusion by the facts themselves. Here the question naturally arises, *Are the Spiritual phenomena of such a nature as to warrant the presumption that they are all produced by diabolical agents?* To answer this question intelligently, it will be necessary to consider what Spirits teach and what they do, and, accordingly, we will now cite brief passages from a number of Spiritual communications, with a view to illustrate their general character. The Spirits, with occasional exceptions, are accustomed to urge the necessity of personal rectitude and public virtue as indispensable to human happiness, and they insist that the proper exercise of our faculties, and the practical conformity of our lives to the principles of righteousness, are duties of the greatest possible moment. They frequently exhort men, in earnest and affectionate terms, to a life of purity and genuine devotion.

On the 14th of July, 1852, when a number of cousins of Edward M. Britton, deceased, were at the residence of his father, in Troy, the Spirit announced its presence, and thus addressed them:

"Now, in your young and tender years, is the time for you to advance toward the higher spheres of the Spirit-world. Then press forward, dear children, toward that bright land, before the responsibilities of life crowd upon you—before you are burdened with the toils and cares of this rudimentary sphere—so that when your spirits are called to leave this gross form of clay, you may enter the celestial realms prepared to progress onward to new scenes of beauty, through a vast eternity."

Mr. James Cowes, of Kane, Ohio, in a letter addressed to the writer, some months since, communicated a message which he had received from an invisible teacher. The following brief passages sufficiently indicate the spirit of the whole communication:

"Have you committed wrongs? Now, and forever, lay them aside—the past shall be forgotten in the long, long future. Do you harbor bad feelings, at times, toward your brother? Drive them away; let love take possession—rule every action and be the foundation of every motive. Are bad habits continually leading you astray, destroying your peace of mind? Why not leave all? Why bring sorrow on your head and repentant tears in your eyes?"

"Brother, walk in the light you have, and more shall be given you. Persevere, and you shall find your reward in the fulfillment of all our promises. Waver not, if ridiculed—an end to ridicule is near at hand. Be not angry if skeptics scoff; their scoffings will soon be over. If scorned, return it not; scorners are long will be worshippers at the shrine of truth and wisdom."

In March, 1852, when what purported to be the spirit of Augustus Ballou was in communication with his father, Rev. Adin Ballou, and other members of the family, the spirit said:

"Do you wish the society of pure spirits? Make yourselves pure and holy in thought and conversation. Listen to the breathings of the Divine Spirit, nor fail to heed its warnings. Your experience has taught you that your happiest moments are those spent in communion with the Deity. Why then seek for happiness in any other way? The cares of the busy world weary and perplex your minds, and from them you gladly turn to the joys supreme, which you find in forgetfulness of them all, and in communion with the Infinite."

The following extracts are from a Spiritual communication given through D. W. Newhall, Lynn, Mass., and published in July, 1852, in the TELEGRAPH:

"Shall I live again? And how! O, yes, mortals, you shall live again, in all the essential requisites of your being. I was once incensed in mortality; I have mingled with the multitude of men. I know their fears of a change of state, and that the dreaded time must come to all mortals. Oh, how necessary to live a true life, that death may be robbed of such terror. The hope of heaven and the dread of hell have been the motive powers to bring mankind to live a life of virtue, or to incite in them a healthful, moral action. Divested of this dread, and recognizing and observing the principles of justice and of duty for their own sake, men find that death is robbed of its terror, confidence is inspired, and the soul is calm and unmovable. So should you live, blessed by the presence of a vitalizing principle."

On the same occasion, while speaking of the necessity and the consequences of repentance and gratitude, the spirit, which purported to be Edward Payson, said:

"Poetic as it has seemed to many, that there should be joy in heaven over the repentance of one sinner, the truth of the declaration stands boldly out; we feel it, we rejoice in it. Then lend your thoughts and your energies to the upbuilding of that inner man, whose nature is spiritual, and whose existence is eternal. The good providence of God is still over you, directing all things after his own order. Let your hearts be thankful, rejoicing in his benignant smiles, accepting his proffered blessings, recognizing his guiding hand, and requiring all the manifestations of his love with a grateful affection, and the homage of a well-ordered life. Be wise, not so much the wisdom of mere intellectuality, as the wisdom of innocence and virtue, guided by and blessed in the living presence of the Spirit. Thus, you will be initiated into the glory that shall be revealed, and scenes of such indescribable beauty as no language is adequate to portray. Turn your thoughts inward and upward, and contemplate the wonders of the inner man, and the glories of the heavens above; and still, with all these helps, the ideal is dim, compared with the realities of the Spirit-world."

The Spirits labor to strengthen the moral courage of men by exhorting them to greater freedom and boldness. The following, purporting to emanate from Lorenzo Dow, who was alike distinguished for his independent speech and eccentric habits, was communicated on the 28th of May, 1852, at the residence of Mrs. Ann Lear Brown:

"I have a word of advice to give this Circle. When you are questioned upon the Spiritual Manifestations, speak out your sentiments boldly; let no skeptic have it to say that you have mimed the matter, or cowardly denied the truth. Could your spiritual sight be opened, you would behold men like trees walking around you, who see your inmost thoughts and pity the weakness of men who have not independence to own their honest convictions. Speak the truth and fear not, for those who are for you are greater than those that are against you. Hew straight to the line, let the chips fly where they will."

The communications from Spirits have done much to strip death of its unreal terrors, and to give us a philosophical conception of the nature of the change. At a circle of which Mr. J. H. Tuttle was medium, a Spirit then in communication was requested to give some account of its impressions while leaving the body. The Spirit complied, and wrote by the hand of the medium as follows:

"My death was the death which many will die—all who become so ele-

vated in soul that the body, in its grossness, will not serve the ethereal spirit.

"The bright sun had sunk behind the western hills. The fair-orbed moon threw a halo of light on the night-side of earth. Closing with the day the affairs of the sphere, I retired to rest. The deep studies of that day had so elevated my spirit that the mortal body would serve it no longer. I soon felt the cerebrum gather the life of my form into its folds; I knew that I was undergoing the change called death. Oh! the thanks that the sacred silence of my chamber was not disturbed; that kind friends wept not at my bedside. I felt that I was dying, yet I rejoiced! Soon I awoke from my clairvoyant sleep—for death is the going to sleep in the first sphere and the awaking in the Spirit-world. Spirits came to me and gave the welcome of love; they welcomed me to the Spirit-home."

On the fifth of May last, it being the occasion of the funeral of Calvin R. Brown, the subjoined communication was received by Judge Edmonds. The message seemed to have reference to the circumstances of that occasion, and it was accordingly read during the performance of the funeral obsequies:

"Each of you has buried in the earth some near and dear friend. Now, soldiers of the Spirit, listen! It is the voice of the departed that speaks to you. 'Loved ones! scorn to be slaves. Strike from your mental limbs the chains of bigotry and superstition, and stand erect in the presence of your God, redeemed by His freedom; that, when the last throbs of the heart is passed, when the last pulse has fluttered, when is passed and over the gasping and struggling in the last pangs of mortality, your freed spirit, instead of wandering long, long amid the darkness of this impure sphere, may soar aloft amid the eternity of worlds, free to choose its abiding-place, where the glory of the Godhead is most manifest.'"

Mr. John D. Lord, of Springfield, Massachusetts, relates that a Mrs. Davis of that place is a medium, and that she has received several messages from a Spirit calling himself Azzas ZEBAR, an Arabian prophet. Mrs. Davis had been neglected and persecuted, and was in a situation to require encouragement, when the invisible teacher addressed her in an unknown language, supposed to be Arabic. The address was interpreted by another medium, who also claimed to be under Spiritual direction at the time. The style is somewhat Oriental, as will be perceived by the subjoined extract:

"O daughter of Truth, great is thy mission! Much is thy mental suffering, but Truth shall prevail. Thou art like the daughter born to me in old age; thou shalt see her in the Spirit-land. Consider it all gain to be counted worthy to suffer for Truth's sake."

"Look back to the ancient prophets, and see what communion they held with the spirits. They received and revealed Heaven's truths, which are handed down to you and earth's inhabitants. They taught me heavenly principles. They were my guides in times long since past, when there was no mortal to teach me. When alone, and hunted into the caves of the earth by devastating wars, and when famine stared nations in the face, I sought refuge in lonely caverns. Then beautiful spirits came and ministered unto me. They were my only companions. With them I walked and conversed, and they taught me of a heaven of purity where no cares enter; where bloodshed is unknown; where no ambitious conqueror can ever enter to mar the peace of the celestial loved ones. Oh, then I was happy!"

Many of the spirits are earnest practical reformers; they reprove the waywardness of men, and command individuals to discontinue their evil practices. Rev. D. J. Mandell, in one of his published communications, states, that a young man who lived some twelve miles from his residence had been accustomed to abuse his mother, and that the Spirit of his deceased father appeared to him one day, while the latter was at work in the field, after which the young man appeared very serious and assured his mother that he would "never treat her ill again." It is alleged that the shade rebuked the young man in the following significant terms:

"I have seen your treatment to your mother. Go and do better hereafter, or I will appear to you."

Among the facts related by Rufus Elmer, Esq., of Springfield, the following affords a further illustration of the interest of the spirits in the work of practical reformation:

"A keeper of a public-house in this vicinity, becoming convinced of Spiritual intercourse by the development of a medium in his own family, was directed by the 'sounds' to 'stop selling liquor and send his children to Sabbath-school'—and he obeyed!"

Another pertinent illustration is contained in a letter received by the present writer on or about the first of October last, (1852.) We extract from the letter, which will be found entire in the TELEGRAPH of November 13th:

"For the last six and a half years I have followed the occupation of peddler in this State; and a person to be a good peddler and sell goods must lie, and I have sold without any regard to truth; and during that time I learned to play cards for money, and became what is called a 'black-leg'; and I lost in money \$5,000, and \$4,000 in time (if time can be reduced to dollars and cents), and became in my belief nothing but a professed Atheist—doubted the existence of a God, and consequently did not believe in any revealed religion. I had in my travels seen a number of Spiritual mediums, and believed it all to be a humbug, and had once gone so far as to deceive professed believers, making them believe I was a writing medium, although I could not produce the raps."*

The writer of the letter proceeds to say, in substance, that on the night of the 23d of September, between the hours of one and two o'clock, he was aroused from sleep, when he discovered that a mysterious change had been wrought in his feelings and convictions. We copy another passage from the letter:

"I can give you, nor no one else, any description of my feelings; but it seemed as if I was in a new world—and the first thing that came into my mind was, there is a God; and the next, there is a Spiritual World, and that we must exist hereafter; and then all was calm, and I was happy (for I was miserable before)."

Our correspondent further declares that a voice then addressed him "in a loud whisper," and commanded him to stop "playing cards for money;" also, "to quit peddling and go to school;" all of which he resolved to do. His conviction and determination, induced by this singular experience, are thus expressed in the letter:

"I firmly believe it was spirits of departed friends that produced this great change in me. I have turned a complete somerser, and am now a new man—for I shall abide by what I was told to do, to the best of my ability."

The writer of the letter, from which the foregoing extracts are made, gave his name as Amos Whitney, of Meredith Bridge, New Hampshire, and in attestation of his sincerity, inclosed ten dollars for the TELEGRAPH and Spiritual Books. It should also be observed that he was directed by the Spirit to send for the paper.

Sometimes these invisible teachers discourse to us of the natural relations and the inalienable rights and duties of men, in eloquent and forcible language. Instances of this kind are somewhat numerous, but we have only space to cite a single example. In May, 1852, the writer received a letter from Charlotte M. Cavan, of Rochester, New York, together with a poem, of which she was the medium, said to have been dictated by a spirit. The invisible author claimed to be SHELLEY, whose poems Miss Cavan assures us she had never read. The following passage is in the spirit of the whole. The sentiments it contains and the boldness of their utterance are worthy of the alleged author:

* See SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, vol. I, No. 18.

"Man to man is bound
By ties indissoluble—that never not—
Ties formed in right—for human rights are one,
A gift of Heaven. Then, man, beware!
Rob not thy brother—'tis a spoil
That makes thee poor, and robs thy soul
Of manhood—all that is divine and godlike!
Thou art poor—without a garment. All may see
The poverty thou wouldst, but cannot not hide;
And may behold thee as thou art—without a soul.
Then blame me not—I doubted once man had a soul,
For I did judge as I beheld the living type.
But I misjudged. Now I see, and what I see
I testify. I can behold the pure
Ethereal form that does outlive
The less refined, the roughest part, in which
The jewel infinite is here enshrined:
It comes forth free and in immortal life;
Goes out, in wrapt seraphic bliss, to explore
The regions of infinity."*

In a poem, said to have been dictated from the Spirit-world by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, we find some grand conceptions embodied in sublime and poetic language. The whole poem will be found in the first volume of the TELEGRAPH; we have only space, in this connection, for a single stanza:

"Thought shines from God as shines the morn;
Language from kindling thought is born;
The radiant zones of space and time
Unroll from out that speech sublime;
Creation is the picture-word,
The hieroglyph of wisdom's Lord;
Edens on blissful Edens rise
To shape the epic of the skies;
Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought
Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought;
He, throned within the World above,
Inspires that heaven, that thought with love."

It is doubtless true that the Spiritual Manifestations have done more, during the last two years, to convince skeptical minds of the immortality of the soul, than has been accomplished by all other instrumentalities combined. The subjoined examples are certainly not more remarkable than many others which have come to our knowledge. In a letter from John H. Mudgett, of Lamar, Lake County, Illinois, dated August 15th, 1852, the writer says that he was formerly a member of an orthodox Congregational church, and afterward of the Methodist communion, but at length he began to think for himself, became skeptical, and was denominated "a backslider." We copy from his letter the account of his final conversion by the spirits:

"As for immortality, my hopes grew fainter. Men failed and passed away. I neither saw nor heard more from them. Theologians told me—and they ought to know—that they passed over a mighty gulf from which none ever returned. And I fully believed that none ever did return to communicate with mortals, either by sight or sound. Arrived at this conclusion, how could I hope for immortality! The witnesses were over the gulf, and my hope sunk in that gulf of despair—I was a gloomy mortal. This was my condition at the commencement of 1851; but thanks to the God of Progress, I am now comparatively a happy man. The great impassable gulf is now bridged over, and I am fully satisfied that the spirits of our departed friends do return to instruct mortals. It makes immortality look rational and tangible; it can be understood; and I rejoice in the great work that has been begun in these days."

Some months since we received an interesting letter from Mrs. Maria L. Varney, of San Francisco, which furnishes another instance of the power of Spiritual intercourse to dissipate the gloom of bereavement, to soothe the keenest anguish, and to awaken new and never-dying hopes and aspirations. Mrs. Varney had, as she supposed, bade a final adieu to a dear child, but she now finds that the loved one is a ministering angel at her side. The following brief paragraph contains her testimony to the value of such a ministry:

"No one has more reason than myself to appreciate this heavenly boon. Having lately lost a much beloved and promising daughter, I know not how I could have borne the bereavement, but for this soothing assurance, that the strong bonds of affection which bound us together are not severed. My Ellen still lives, loves me, and is happy. Transporting thought! How insignificant is this life, viewed from the Spirit-world—a simple pastime in the life of the Spirit."

While we lament that occasional instances of disorder in the social relations of individuals, and temporary confusion of mind, are incidental to the progress of Spiritualism, we are satisfied that these depend on the previous false education or other circumstances of the person so affected, and that they measurably disappear in the immortal light, consolation, and joy, which are being so widely diffused.

Fisher Dougherty, writing from Crawfordsville, Ind., under date of Aug. 1st, 1852, respecting the manifestations, thus concludes his epistle:

"I have been an infidel fourteen years; I am now a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. I am worth but little of this world's goods, but if you could place the wealth of your State at my disposal, on condition that I would give up what knowledge I have, and relapse into the state I was in four years ago, it would be no temptation to me."

Rev. J. B. Wolff, in a letter published in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH of May 15th, 1852, says:

"The communications have all been of an elevating character, full of love and wisdom. * * * Good and useful advice is frequently given, and a few more demonstrations will send Atheism to oblivion."

The Spirits have accomplished some marvelous cures. Rev. H. H. Hunt relates that while in Indiana, in the month of September, 1851, he commenced the investigation of the rappings, and was "convinced that there must be a Spiritual agency involved in the matter." Subsequently, two of his daughters became media; but on account of his position as a minister of the gospel, he made no public announcement of his conviction. At length, finding it impossible to adopt any other than a Spiritual theory, he imputed the whole to the devil, and called on the unseen power to try him, and "not make his children victims of hell." Accordingly, the powers aforesaid took him at his word, and exercised his limbs all one night, with great violence. In the morning his resentment was subdued, and he was in a condition to become an earnest inquirer after truth. He now began to preach under Spiritual influence, and to heal the sick. His success in the exercise of this new ministerial function—practiced by the earliest ministers of Christ, but neglected by their successors—may be inferred from the subjoined examples, which are thus described by himself:

"At a circle held at Adrian, the first Saturday in July, the Spirits wrote: 'Seek the lame, the halt, and the infirm; and they shall be healed.' I then remarked to J. M. Reynolds: 'It can not be done; if that is read, away go the Spirits and the cause together; for some one will be present and not cured.' Nevertheless, the call was read by my colleague, when Mr. Lyons presented himself, stating that his leg had been drawn up by rheumatism four years, and was under acute pain at the time. Without the exercise of my own volition, I was thrown into the Spiritual state, and placed before him. I was also made to speak by the power of the spirit. * * * I put my hand on him, and he was made whole. He dropped his cane and went away rejoicing, fleet as a boy of sixteen."

* SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, vol. I, No. 11.

† We are informed that Mr. Lyons was 74 years old.

"After this, a child, son of D. C. Smith, was very sick. The physician having given the most powerful medicines for stopping the fits, without effect, the father called me in. I seated myself by the boy, and was put in communication with him by an unseen agency. Soon the patient showed too clearly that another fit was coming on; but instead of his suffering from the attack, the whole power of the malady fell on me. The agonizing distress, the clenched fist, and contracted muscle, gave me alarm for my own safety; but the second thought, that I was in the hands of spirits, quieted me; and I threw off the attack. The boy had no more fits, but got well."

The following instance of a remarkable cure by the aid of spirits, is narrated by Mr. John O. Wattles, a gentleman of intelligence and veracity:

"My brother-in-law related to me an incident that may be interesting to some. A few days before I was there, he was at work in the grove, chopping wood; a young man rode up and inquired 'if his name was Whine-ry?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Milton Whinery?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you are the man for me; my sister has been at the point of death more than six hours, and the spirits say 'You can cure her.' Milton said, 'I can't do any thing; I never did any thing in my life—I do not know any thing about it.' But the young man insisted, and he went—I was nine or ten miles. When he got there he found a house full of people in attendance, expecting every moment that the young woman would breathe her last, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. When he entered the room, he saw the young woman lying in great agony, the blood frothing from the mouth—in a fit, I suppose. At this sight he sickened—as he does at the sight of blood—and fell back into a chair. He then became entranced, and said, 'In twenty minutes I will lay my hand on her head and she will recover.' He commenced jerking severely—as was related to him afterward—and immediately the young woman was relieved! At the expiration of twenty minutes he aroused, and turning to the young woman, asked her how she felt—at the same time laying his hand on her head. She answered, 'I am well—and immediately sat up in the bed! He then went out to supper, and after that, returned to the room, and the young woman was up and clothed, and in her right mind. She had been in a partially deranged condition more than a week. She now walked about the room with him, and was standing in the door when the physician—who had left her a short time before and had come back, not expecting to see her alive—rode up. Being a disbeliever in all the late 'manifestations,' he looked astonished—gazed at her a moment, as if disbelieving his own senses, and exclaimed, 'Gods! No more use for doctors!' and rode off. This can be attested by more than forty persons."

We received the following, but a few days since, from N. F. Hyer, Esq., of St. Louis. The writer was educated for the Bar, and is fitted, by his mental organization and pursuits, to discriminate closely, and to state facts with mathematical precision:

"The scarlet fever was in the neighborhood in April last. Mr. B., a neighbor living across the street, had lost one child and another was about gone; also a daughter, about fourteen years old, was taken with the disease, very violently. Mrs. H. was strongly impressed to go and see the child, but her husband objected, that she might thereby introduce the disease to her own family. The spirits caused her to write 'go and we will take care of you.' She went, put her hand on the girl's head and the fever left her. Also, a son of Mrs. S. was cured by Mrs. H. in the same way."

We might offer other facts of this class, but the above must suffice. Not only are the sick healed, suddenly and without the use of the accredited remedial agents, but other Spiritual phenomena, of a most astonishing character, are occurring on every hand. The gift of discerning spirits is possessed and exercised by many persons; others, who have scarcely acquired ordinary freedom in the use of their vernacular, yet speak in various foreign and dead languages; the ignorant utter new ideas, and unskillful hands execute delicate and difficult works of art—execute them without the power of thought or the action of the individual will. But we can not here introduce specific examples, or add to the number of facts already cited in illustration of the mysterious and multi-form operations of the spirits.

The logical application of the foregoing facts and communications to the present issue, together with some concluding observations, will constitute the next and last chapter of this Review.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

The London Illustrated News of July 23d has the following paragraph, communicated by its Paris correspondent. Prof. Faraday's experimental *exposé* does not quite cover this case; on the other hand, the case, we think, rather covers the *exposé*.

An immense sensation was caused here, a few days since, by a revelation given on the authority of some of the most respected and influential members of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, on the subject of the tables tournantes. Here is the tale, as we received it through the channel above stated. The Archbishop, being questioned as to his opinion of the legitimacy, in a religious point of view, of attempting to communicate with Spirits through the medium of the tables, replied that he had not sufficiently studied the question to reply thereon; that he imagined the effects produced were wholly of the nature of a physical science, and in that case harmless; but that, in order to form a judgment, he would attend a meeting composed of certain members of the clergy, at a place appointed, to try the usual experiments. The table being put in motion, one of the party demanded it to reply, by a certain number of raps, if there were a spirit present. The response was in the affirmative; and, in answer to a second question, the spirit was stated, by the table marking by raps certain letters of the alphabet, to be that of *Sœur Françoise*, deceased a week previously, at the Convent of —, in Paris. The Abbé B— stated that he had confessed the *Sœur Françoise*, who had, in fact, died at the time and place named. General consternation, as may be supposed, ensued; when the Abbé L—, rising, commanded the spirit, "in the name of the Saviour," to appear. The report declares that the spirit hereupon actually became visible, and replied to a variety of questions put to it, but of what import we are not informed. On the above details we do not pretend to give either explanation or opinion. Such is the story as related by the different members of the *séance*, two of whom were so affected by the events related, as to be for some days seriously indisposed—one of them even confined to bed. Various histories declare that, through the medium of the tables, communications are held with spirits of all nations, who, happily, being excellent linguists, find no difficulty in expressing themselves in any language chosen by the questioner, and reveal the "secrets of the prison-house" with a frankness, not to say indiscretion, that would shock the more reserved ghost in "Hamlet," and that in no way confirm his statement of the horrors of his temporary abode, many of them describing, in most glowing terms, the beauties and delights of the planets which they inhabit.

The conduct of the Archbishop is worthy of commendation. He was willing to examine before rendering judgment. Of course, the "general consternation" must have been great, when the clergy found that the truth of what they had always taught, respecting the existence of Spirits, their capacity to appear to men, and to converse with them, could be verified by fact. We are not surprised that this potent remedy for chronic skepticism made them sick. There are many patients who require a similar treatment, and we hope that they may be prescribed for whenever a convenient opportunity shall offer.—Ed.

Notice.—JUDGE EDMONDS' APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC is now ready for delivery, in pamphlet form, and we will thank our friends to send in their orders forthwith. This is one of the very best things to circulate which has yet appeared, and we trust that all who desire to further the interests of the cause which it illustrates, will circulate a few copies at least. Price \$4 per 100 copies, or at the same rate for any smaller number, if not less than twelve copies.

We expect to be able to issue the forthcoming volume by Judge Edmonds, about the first of October. It will probably have a very extensive sale.

THE PRESS AND JUDGE EDMONDS.

The letter of Judge Edmonds has created a profound impression in quarters heretofore abusively and vulgarly skeptical in regard to the Spiritual philosophy. Even the daily press, chronic with the materialism of the age, concedes that Judge Edmonds is a sane and reputable witness, and that his candid and manly statement merits consideration. We can not forbear quoting somewhat in point. The *Courier and Enquirer*, which published the letter, a day or two after reviewed it; from that review we extract the following:

"The letter from Judge Edmonds, published by us on Saturday, with regard to the so-called Spiritual Manifestations, coming as it did from an eminent jurist, a man remarkable for his clear common-sense in the practical affairs of life, and a gentleman of irreproachable character, arrested the attention of the community, and is regarded by many persons as one of the most remarkable documents of the day. Judge Edmonds has at least shown that he does not shrink from a full investigation of his case; and his error is, perhaps, upon the right side, under the circumstances."

While the *Courier* says thus much in a manly spirit, it makes a lame attempt, based, we should say, upon the theological education and prejudices of its editor, to answer some of the positions taken by Judge Edmonds. The attempt, stripping it down to bare logic, amounts to nothing—not a point in the letter is shaken. Of the closing paragraph of the *Courier's* article we have a word to say. The *Courier* remarks:

"With regard to the extraordinary phenomena which Judge Edmonds testifies to as having occurred in his presence, it is worthy of note that others, far more incredible, are testified to by other persons equally eminent with himself. We have the word of a gentleman of acknowledged high social, and professional position, one whose bare word on any other subject we would receive without question, that he saw a man carried through the air for seventy feet at the height of three yards, although no one touched him or brought any mechanical power to bear on him. The story is entitled to exactly the same faith which is due to those of Judge Edmonds; no less, and no more."

Will the *Courier* please state how much faith, if any, it is to the evidence of Judge Edmonds and the other "equally eminent" person to whom it alludes. Are they credible witnesses in ordinary temporal matters? If so, why not in Spiritual matters, where the evidence is tangible to the material senses? Would these men tell the truth sooner under oath than voluntarily? Would they be likely to bear false witness in regard to Spirit-phenomena, when their general credibility is unquestioned—nay, eulogized? And why not Judge Edmonds and others bear witness as well as Peter in prison, or John in Patmos, or the many who testify to the wonderful works of Christ. These were all human witnesses. The church and the world generally credit their testimony. The Christian religion is largely based upon it. We should like to have this point of the credibility of witnesses defined and settled, in order that we may know whether testimony is to be received in modern as in ancient times, or not; also, how far faith in evidence is to be controlled by the ignorance or prejudice of the tribunal before which it is taken.

The *Evening Mirror*, equally opposed as the *Courier*, to Spiritualism, says of Judge Edmonds in connection with his letter:

"John W. Edmonds, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for this District, is an able lawyer, an industrious Judge, and a good citizen. For the last eight years, occupying without interruption the highest judicial stations, whatever may be his faults, no one can justly accuse him of lack of ability, industry, honesty, or fearlessness. No one can doubt his general sobriety, or can believe for a moment that the ordinary operations of his mind are not as rapid, accurate, and reliable as ever. Both by the practitioners and suitors at his Bar, he is recognized as the head, in fact and in merit, of the Supreme Court for this District."

After reviewing that portion of the letter in which Judge Edmonds records the experiences which led him to embrace the Spiritual faith, the *Mirror* remarks:

"Judge Edmonds, with characteristic energy, has not been silent on the subject of his recently-formed opinions. He has repeatedly published his experiences in some of the periodicals devoted to the new faith, and several of his articles were copied extensively by the daily press. Of course, these have furnished food for those editors who prout about in search of a paragraph or a satire, and have afforded a target for many blunt but not innocuous arrows."

"Whatever may be said of the religious opinions, we admire the independence of the man. He has nothing to gain, and perhaps every thing to lose by the discussion. He finds few to sympathize, and still fewer to agree with him."

We must dissent from the *Mirror's* conclusions. We think no man, in the end, can gain by suppressing his convictions in a matter of vital importance, not only to himself but to his fellow-men. It is only a free and full revelation of what it believes to be the truth, that gives satisfaction to an honest and ingenuous mind. To profess faith in, or respect for, what a man disbelieves, simply to gain the favor of men, is serious hypocrisy and meanness of spirit, by the display of which no man can gain. The *Mirror* makes a greater mistake in saying that Judge Edmonds finds "few to sympathize with him" in his new faith. There are tens and hundreds of thousands who believe in the Spiritual doctrines and manifestations as sincerely and devoutly as Judge Edmonds. They are in every community, and converts are rapidly falling in from the ranks of the church and the world. We hazard nothing in saying there are over one million of believers now in the United States.

It is highly probable that had the Hon. Edward Everett, who, it is said, aspires to the Presidency, reflected upon this fact, he would not have uttered his uncalculated fling at Spiritualism, at the late Plymouth Festival. But enough—we are happy to record a yielding to greater frankness and honesty in the temper of the daily press. As Kossuth said of the Russians, in one of his thrilling addresses, we may, from these indications, hope one day to see even the New York *Express* converted to decency, if not fully to the truth.

A PRESENTMENT.—We are almost ashamed to chronicle the fact, but it is such, that the Grand Jury have just closed their session by presenting the filthy condition of our streets, and the manner in which many of our are encumbered with rubbish, as a public nuisance. The presentment goes so far as to say that our sanitary guardians are not only ashamed but are beyond the reach of reproof. With this fact, and the list of over 7,000 licensed run-holes before us, we should not wonder if some poet were to come upon us. But for providential showers we should have been swamped with filth ere this.

IMPROVEMENT IN PIANO.—An ingenious invention has lately been exhibited in Paris, which promises to be the precursor of a new era in the manufacture of piano-fortes. La France Musicale announces that Mons. Sax has transformed the piano by a process very simple indeed, but which, like all simple things, required a man of genius. The fact that the violin is an instrument of small volume, yet its sounding power is very great, while the guitar, much larger in size, produces but thin and meagre sounds, induced Mons. Sax to inquire into the reason of this difference, and he has come to the conclusion that the difference in sound is occasioned by the relative height of the bridge of the instrument. This idea Mons. Sax has availed himself of, and constructed a piano on this principle. An experiment which has been made in the presence of artists and professors of mark before the Court of France, has been successful in the highest degree.

EFFECTS OF THE EXPOSURES.

We extract the following from a letter just received from a gentleman who resides in Monroe County, Michigan:

"Having a strong desire to fully investigate these modern phenomena of Spiritual intercourse, and to know something of the matter, I have thought proper to send for the *Spiritual Telegraph*. We have plenty of Prof. Mattison's pamphlets, pretending to unveil the whole mystery of what he is pleased to call a mischievous humbug, but his quotations from the alleged communications are far more sublime than his own comments."

Our correspondent goes on to intimate that Mattison's mode of treating the Spiritualists reminds him of the conduct of the wolf toward the lamb, as illustrated in the fable. The wolf wanted a pretext to devour the lamb, and accordingly insisted that the latter coiled the water of the stream by which they were standing, and that the filthy waters flowed toward the wolf, who complained that he could not drink in consequence. It was in vain that the lamb suggested that he was further down the stream, and that it was therefore impossible that the waters should flow from himself to the wolf, or that the latter should have any just cause of complaint. The wolf was not convinced, merely because his appetite for mutton was superior to his perception of logical relations.

It will be perceived that Spiritualism, as misrepresented and distorted by Mattison, is still admired for its beauty and truth compared with the more repulsive views of the author referred to, even when Mattisonism is vanquished by the art and sophistry of the Professor himself. Those extracts are garbled and perverted in a most shameful manner; but still they are so much more sensible than the accompanying observations, that our opposers will place us under further obligations by circulating them as far as possible. They are doing much to extend our cause. The thanks we ascribe to the Providence which makes even the wrath and folly of men the means of great good and lasting praise.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. JOSHUA J. WHITE, of Bellefontaine, in a recent letter incidentally states that his wife "is an extraordinary clairvoyant, can examine the diseased and prescribe the appropriate remedies—frequently has future events revealed to her, and sees spirits, and sometimes converses with them, as she believes, in the normal condition." He says that in a circle in that place astounding manifestations have from time to time been made. "The result hath been," says he, "that I, a Methodist of twenty-two years standing, have subscribed to the pure theology of the Harmonical Philosophy, and have left the Church forever." Mr. White himself is a medium, and is engaged in collecting materials for a small work consisting of miscellaneous communications given by spirits, and which he expects to publish soon. He sends us, as a specimen, a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Charles Wesley, which shall be placed before our readers.

Of the communication of which Mr. W. speaks as having forwarded us some time since, we have now no recollection. We have probably laid it aside with a multiplicity of other articles for which we could find no room in our columns; but if we should find it hereafter, we will forward it to his dress.

B. MOORE, of Adams, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes us an essay entitled, "POPULAR CHRISTIANITY NOT OF CHRIST." Its object is to develop the practical features of Christianity—to show that Christ's religion is a life rather than a creed, and to point out the inconsistencies of the professed followers of Jesus in insisting so strenuously upon mere unproductive forms of faith, while their conduct is a constant practical denial of the teachings of him whom they profess to follow "Jesus," says he, "sought out the poor, the down-trodden, and the despised, the sick, the lame, and the blind. But are his followers thus philanthropic? Their money, time, and talents are spent in keeping their churches in a flourishing condition, and in supporting their priests in pride and arrogance, while the poor among them are unrelieved, and their worth is unappreciated." Our correspondent thus proceeds in well-merited denunciation of this condition of things in the professedly religious world; but in consequence of the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give his article in full.

T. H. writes us some interesting facts principally occurring in his experience as a medium; and if he will send us his full name, his essential statements shall be given in detail. We feel it unsafe to give publicity to any statements involving the least responsibility, without the name and residence of the author, as a pledge of good faith, though the name of the author will in no case be given to the public if he request us to withhold it. The propriety of this course we trust will be readily seen by all; and these remarks will serve as an explanation of the non-appearance of several articles which have been sent.

MR. A. D. THOMPSON, of Pittston, Pa., writes us a passage in his Spiritual experience the essential particulars of which are as follows: Mr. T. was a soldier in the Mexican war, and on one occasion was detailed with several others, to accompany and guard the mail in its passage from Comargo to Monterey. While on their way, they were attacked by a band of Mexican robbers. Mr. T.'s horse was shot from under him, and he was taken prisoner; but while the robbers were subsequently endeavoring to secure the horse of his companion, who had been dismounted, Mr. T. escaped to a neighboring thicket. After having concealed himself in a certain spot for several hours, he began to feel mysteriously disturbed in mind, and was seized with an irresistible impulse to remove to another place. He obeyed this prompting, and within twenty minutes afterward saw an armed Mexican riding directly over the spot where he had been lying. Mr. T. has since become convinced of the reality of Spiritual Manifestations, and in a consultation which he had with the invisibles, was told that it was a guardian spirit that impressed him to remove out of the reach of danger in the case above referred to.

THE PULPIT VS. SPIRITUALISM.

A friend writing from Hopedale (Milford), Mass., relates a recent instance of clerical valor, which very much resembles others of a similar kind. Our friend will pardon the liberty we take in extracting the following from his letter:

The cause is near at hand. Every movement of the opposition only excites interest and inquiry, and must necessarily be resultant of good. Their strength is to sit still. We have had a sort of Prof. Anderson affair in our town. The Methodist minister, Mr. Smith, has delivered two discourses or tirades upon the subject recently, the first of which was reviewed in a public meeting a week subsequent to its delivery. The latter, preached yesterday, is to be attended to in due time. Mr. S. was requested to permit a Spiritualist to occupy a few minutes after he closed, in making remarks, but, "No, the house and worship of God were not to be turned into a Lyceum for discussion." So this brave man fortified himself in his castle. After the benediction was pronounced yesterday, Mr. Haywood ventured, in the presence of the congregation, to invite Mr. Smith to a public discussion of the subject; but declined. This does not strike away as truth comes up to meet it.

Original Communications.

INSPIRATION—A PERPETUAL FACT.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

It is seldom that authors compose their works amid the din and turmoil of worldly matters; and our most brilliant writers find it an utter impossibility to do so. They retire to a quiet seclusion, bring their minds into a state of tranquillity, and await the coming of an influence, they scarce know what, coming from they know not whence. Thus it is proved that authors are mediums, through whom Spiritual intelligences communicate great and lasting truths to the minds of men on earth, even to those who would laugh to scorn the rock from which their knowledge is hewn.

If the thoughts and impressions they place upon paper were entirely their own; if, independent of all other sources, they originated in the writer's own mind, there would be no need of retirement, for the same results might be produced during the busy hours and amid the exciting scenes of life. Indeed, such conditions would be the most favorable, for the mind would be unusually active, and if the results are produced exclusively by their own minds, of course during their greatest activity they could be the most readily brought into existence.

"Mediums"—I speak of those who admit that the thoughts they write are merely transmitted through them, not from them,—require quietude and fixedness of thought and purpose. While in this condition they wait the reception of thought. They feel obliged, by a power which they can not well resist, to put what is received on paper. If they neglect to do so they are restless until it is done. At times, unexpectedly, they become impressed with entire sentences. These features also distinguish authors, and these and many other points of characteristic resemblances force upon my mind the conviction that all authors are "mediums," all are, in a greater or less degree, inspired. For what is inspiration but the inflowing of thought from a higher source of intelligence? We know that the author's thoughts do not come to him from any earthly mind; we have seen that they do not originate in his own mind—they can not—think a moment, and you will see that they can not. They do come from some source, and that source must be from above.

Spiritual intelligences impart their gifts at times and places, when and where the medium or "author" is best conditioned to receive them. Though, as I have said, authors seldom compose amid the cares of life, yet instances have occurred when a great thought or the perception of a newly-discovered truth flashed on the mind in the midst of what would be thought the most unpropitious circumstances. Directly the reverse of these are the numerous instances of men awakened from sleep at midnight, by an unknown cause, and compelled, as it were, to arise and write articles, the ideas of which and the language in which they were clothed, flashed upon their minds like an electric light.

The literature of all past and present time substantiates the truth of the views herein advanced. Any one in the least conversant with literature, will, on a moment's reflection, assent to this. In history we find many events either partially or wholly attributed to what has falsely been called "Supernatural Agency," or left wholly unexplained, with the unequivocal admission of the author of his entire inability to account for their occurrence. We often hear it said, if such and such a one should come back to earth how astonished he would be to see such vast improvements as have been made since he left, when the fact is not only possible, but highly probable, that the spirits of those very men, having ascended to a more extended scale of observation, and advanced to a greater degree of knowledge, have impressed the minds of men on earth with the ideas that led to all the improvements which have blessed mankind.

In biography, the life of every extraordinary man is filled to repletion with facts in support of this theory. In their youth, even while clothed in infantile habiliments, incidents have occurred which have shown conclusively the operation of an intelligence superior to that which could possibly exist in the mind of the individual.

In art we can, in thousands of cases, easily recognize the marks of a high power, a power of creative strength, beyond the skill of man of an earthly degree of development. We have almost seen the Spirits hand direct the chisel and carve out from the cold and lifeless marble an almost living, breathing image of itself. We have almost caught a glimpse of the spirit-hand guiding the pencil and delineating on the canvas the expressive features of some holy being.

In poetry the Spiritual bears an almost complete sway, if not an entire rule. Every page seems to glow with the dazzling brightness of an intelligence high and to us almost incomprehensible. The writers often express the greatest astonishment at what falls, as it were involuntarily, from their pens. They are wholly unable to account for the cause of their productions, and in some cases are obliged to study the meaning of their writings as minutely and laboriously as would those whose minds are not so intimately connected with it. How this Spiritual intelligence beams forth in glorious radiance on every page of true poetry! By all men, in all ages that poetic language has been considered the best, that poetry has been judged the purest, which bore the impress of a high and Spiritual, far-reaching, far-seeing intelligence. Observe, also, how Spirits have written out the great truth of their presence! How often and vividly they have described their employments, and how beautifully and cheerfully they have, when we trustingly reposed in faith upon their God and our God, whispered in softest accents to our inner soul; or, when darkness covered us, doubts perplexed, and fears distracted us, they have spoken in louder tones, to do away with our unbelief, to convince us of their presence, and gladden our troubled hearts with the gentle counsel, "Peace, be still."

The great truth is, we receive all from above. Men have been free to acknowledge that "from God cometh every good and perfect gift," as the Scriptures declare; but they have looked upon temporal matters in this light more than upon eternal, and have said, "God gives us our daily bread—our meat and our drink, but our thoughts are our own." Or if they were so enlightened as to acknowledge that thought, that constituent of love, came from God, they gave little credit to these holy angels, these "ministering spirits," delegated by God to bear to us the inestimable blessing.

Between us and the eternal Source of infinite knowledge are myriad grades of intelligences, through whom flow to us every pure and holy thought, every new idea, all wise impressions; and we receive through them thence all that immortal principle which constitutes our spiritual being; which forms

our undying soul or self. True it is that from some minds proceed evil thoughts and communications—results indicative of an impure source; but it is not proved that the first thoughts were thus degraded. Water may flow from a fountain pure and sparkling, yet a portion of it may course its way through channels which shall impart to it the grossest impurity; or some malicious hand may mingle a poison in its flowing tide. Thus it is not the water as it came from its source, for then it was clear, and pure, and healthful. Thus high and holy and heavenly impressions come to all minds, and some of these minds may have become so filled with earthly and sensual things, that the impressions may become impregnated with foulness, or else some poisonous adulteration be effected by a mind deeper shrouded in darkness.

How forcibly is this truth, that all knowledge is from above and not of ourselves, illustrated by Nature and its revelations, as also by the words of God handed down through those men of old, whom all acknowledge to have been inspired! Man can not create any thing. From his hands cometh nothing of which he can say, "See this is new—this never had an existence before I gave it being." And will you suppose that he who has not the power to bring into existence the minutest particle of the grossest forms of material substance, can create a single thought? can call from nothing such an existence, an existence whose nature it baffles the wisest, most profound human mind to comprehend? Such a supposition grants to man the might and majesty of God—it grants to him the power to create a soul—for thought is mind, and mind is soul.

A LETTER FROM ADAM CLARKE.

Having been an inhabitant of the Spirit-life over twenty years, I have attained an experience that enables me to throw additional light upon some subjects which occupied much of my time on earth. I have ever considered myself a student of Nature, and willing to learn from her Sacred Oracles. While in the earthly form, however, I was fearful of being deceived in yielding to the teachings which God had inscribed upon his works, for the instruction of mankind. I was tenaciously attached to the ancient records of the Jewish and Christian churches. I was surrounded by an almost impenetrable wall of superstitious reverence for the Bible, which my early teachings, and my own extended labors to explain, had constructed. And it was not until repeated efforts had overcome my prejudices, that I was enabled to view the Scriptures in a rational and natural light.

But my mind was ever in search of truth, and I soon occupied a position from whence I could survey every object that attracted my attention. Indeed, so clear was my spiritual and mental vision, that I could look into those things which formerly appeared very mysterious. From the position I now occupy, I perceive that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were written by men subject to the common infirmities of ignorance, and a superstitious credulity.

I can not now see that the Infinite Father of the unbounded universe made any special efforts to communicate to the earthly inhabitants. Communications were received by man from the Spiritual sources of Nature; but these were the natural influxes of truth, according to the sphere of development occupied by those susceptible to Spiritual impressions.

The Bible is so intermixed with truth and error, that those who do not exercise a wise discrimination, will assuredly imbibe much which will occupy their first efforts to remove from the mind, when they become residents upon a higher plane of observation. My advice to theological teachers is, to cease their contentions about the Bible, and turn their attention to those truths and principles which are clearly discoverable by the human perceptions. Do good to one another, by harmonizing the present life as the better way to prepare for the life to come. I would have the teachers of theology consult God in his works, by looking after the interests of humanity as they are expressed upon the human-divine constitution. Let the great Volume of Nature—God's Original Manuscript, be unfolded successively to the ever-expanding mind of the race. Here no "second-hand" edition will be seen, and no rescript of "copy" will be discovered. Nature should most surely be considered as God's SACRED BOOK. He will not refuse acknowledging its Authorship, however affectedly his professed representatives may ignore its teachings. It may be objected to this counsel, that "man needs a guide and standard by which to measure his responsibilities and direct his footsteps." We reply, that it is man's misfortune to acknowledge thus his intellectual and moral imbecility, as to look outside of himself—an embryo universe—for a Spiritual directory. God has caused to be deposited in every human spirit a germ of himself, which, when unfolded in harmony with its true nature and the laws of the universe, will be a law unto itself. The Divine Spirit has not left his noblest work so imperfect, that a certain book, introduced through the agency of man, must be studied, to secure spiritual knowledge and heavenly wisdom. Nay, God has not left his work to struggle alone, but is ever present as man's Divine Teacher, flowing into his inmost nature, as the life of his soul, and the ever-expanding germ of immortality.

To be saved, man must live in harmony with the laws of his whole nature, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, while the development of these varied, yet unitary elements of his being alone comprehends the system of salvation needed by the human family to elevate them to a harmonious and progressive state.

R. P. WILSON, Medium.

SPIRITUAL AUTHORITIES.

A correspondent (H. M.) writing from Otsego, N. Y., comments, with deserved severity, upon the disposition of some Spiritualists to erect certain works, now extant, as final authority on matters of Spiritual philosophy and theology. He says: "I am sorry to see those who so lately and so strenuously opposed any thing that pretended to be infallible, and discarded the same as they would an old coat, go forth in their shirt-sleeves to get a new coat that will pinch in the same places. I would say, Draw no lines and set no bounds to the development of mind."

On this subject we are altogether of our correspondent's way of thinking; and we have frequently observed with regret the manifest inconsistencies of some Spiritualists, on which he animadverted. Let all books, whether ancient or modern, be regarded as lights in proportion as they give light; but let none of them be esteemed authorities in any sense which will dispense with the exercise of the highest reason and the purest intuition in respect to the validity of their contents. It should be observed, however, that reason, warped by selfishness or prejudice, is not reason, and that real intuition can only exist in connection with purity of heart. For a Spiritualist to make Swedenborg or some living medium the "end of the law," is to practice the folly he is prone to condemn.

CONFERENCE REPORT.

The regular Spiritual Conference, held weekly at No. 40 Bond Street, was opened on Tuesday evening, August 2, by Judge Edmonds, who, by special request, read a copy of his interesting letter, detailing his past Spiritual experiences and present convictions, which may be found on the first page of our last week's issue.

Dr. G.—then arose, and stated that he had recently spent a Sunday in Troy, where he was gratified with the privilege of attending a regular lecture, such as the Spiritualists of that city enjoy steadily on Sunday. The speaker on the occasion was a gentleman from Vermont, and he (Dr. G.) was sorry to see him break off from his main subject, which was the immortality of the soul, to attack the ancient Spiritual Manifestations, such as were recorded in the Bible. Dr. G.—then went on to state his convictions concerning those ancient displays of Spiritual power and intelligence, which were in substance as follows: They were generally of the same nature with Spiritual Manifestations now occurring. They partook, as similar phenomena now do, more or less of the mental qualities and preconceptions of the mediums. They, therefore, did not produce a unitary philosophy or religion, nor were they intended to do so. This may be said both of the communications recorded in the Old and those found in the New Testament. Even the Saviour himself delivered no regular system; and prophets and apostles spoke differently at different times, according to the nature of the spirit which prompted them. When spiritual communications generally ceased, which was about three hundred years after Christ, a class of theological artists arose who attempted to reconcile and weave into unitary creeds and systems all the preceding announcements from the Spirit-world occurring among Jews and Christians, however conflicting these were when viewed in their true light. Hence arose intolerance and arbitrary efforts to restrict all minds to one uniform rule of thought. It is but a modification of this spirit which now displays itself among existing Spiritualists, inducing them to place the current manifestations into a necessarily superior grade, and to condemn and denounce all previous revelations which did not conform to their peculiar philosophy and theology. He thought there was as much imperfection and conflict in the existing developments as there were in those of old—that there were good and bad in all—and that, looking at the absurdities and moral defects of many things coming through existing mediums, Spiritualists committed a great inconsistency in railing in such unmeasured terms against certain isolated sayings of Moses, David, and others, who also unquestionably, while under Spiritual influence, had announced many principles and truths of a pure and highly elevating character.

Mr. Fishbourn then spoke at some length respecting the fundamental principles of a revelation which had been given to him in a vision some five years ago, and which he considered as throwing important light upon the theme of Dr. G.—a remark. His object was to show that there is a principle of unity running through all the prominent biblical revelations, and all other revelations which tend to the promotion of God's reign and the destruction of human pride and selfishness, in whatever age or nation they may have occurred; and that truth itself is intrinsically and eternally unity. He proceeded to sketch upon a black-board a diagram, such as had been given him in his vision. It consisted of seven concentric circles, with radii proceeding from the center, and a spiral line winding through the whole, representing the progressive and regular gradations from one to the other. This, he was spiritually impressed, might serve as the map of general truth in all departments of existence, from lowest to highest. The lowest, or most primitive department, consisted of an octave, or septenarity of co-related parts. The next department in the order consisted of the same, but was an octave above the first, and thus harmonized and corresponded with it throughout. So with the next higher department, and the next, and so on through all degrees of being, great and small, throughout the material and spiritual universe. Any one sevenfold series, when properly understood, furnished a correspondential picture and representative of all others. This he had more fully shown in his book entitled, "The Macrocosm and Microcosm," the philosophy of which work he received mainly under Spiritual illumination and impressions.

Now the diagram represented, among other things, the nature, relations, and graduated progression of man, both in his individual and collective capacity. As a representation of man's spiritual constitution, the center showed the position of his highest, and what should be his pivotal love—the love of God. It was the seat of God in the soul, even as it represented the seat of the divine controlling energy in every other complete department or degree of being. The outer circle represented the grade of the lowest human affection, or the self-love, while the intermediate circles respectively represented the grades of the intermediate and regularly ascending affections, which were named. Considered in respect to progression, both as applying to the race and the individual, the outer circle represented the first and lowest state, while the inner circle represented the last and highest, in which the completely regenerated man, or race, is entirely united to God; and the intermediate circles represented the intermediate stages in the progress of his regeneration.

Now the tribes of the earth in the ages immediately after the general deluge were unquestionably in the lowest stages of the self-love. In this condition they must necessarily have for ever remained had they not received assistance from above—from God; for from his own unassisted energies man can no more lift himself in the scale of being than he can bodily lift himself to the stars. But God is summarily and unitarily seated, so to speak, in the center of this seven-fold plan of creation, progression, and divine government; and in order to afford his divine assistance to man, and to finally draw him up to a full unity with all his unclouded and unadulterated perfections, the rays of his love and wisdom must necessarily percolate down through all the intermediate grades of advancement represented by the descending circles, adapting themselves to the nature of each, until they reach man on the specific plane which he occupies. In descending to the lower planes of human development, therefore, God has kindly adapted his divine influence, his revelations, and his general administrations, to the condition of heathens; to the Jewish patriarchs; to the Israelites in the days of Moses and the Judges; to the same during the Jewish monarchy; to the spiritual wants of the same people as supplied through their prophets; to their more philosophical and ethical state after the Babylonian captivity; and finally, after completing these six progressive stages of manifestation and administration, he appeared in his unvalued purity and universality of love (though of course not in his whole intensity and infinitude), in that form of personal representation known as Jesus of Nazareth, or "God manifested in the flesh."

That God could not have revealed himself to the ancient Jews in the character represented by Jesus of Nazareth, and been received by them, must be evident from the fact that it was with the most extreme difficulty that they could receive even the revelations of Moses, which were so much better adapted to their moral plane. It was necessary that God should come down to the specific plane on which man exists, in order that he might get hold of any one, and progressively and finally raise him up to the plane of Jesus; but on coming down to the plane of war and contention on which the ancient Jews and others existed, it was necessary that he should appear as a "man of war," as the "God of battles," and in doing so it was perfectly wise and just that he should so employ and direct the war-spirit which he found then necessarily in existence, as to conduce to that final and happy condition of the race when there should be "no more war"—a condition, by which, which hence reveals the real spirit and aim of biblical theology. Mr. F. considered these principles as furnishing a key to the explication of many commands given to Moses and others, which, judged by the purely Christian standard, which was the development only in later times, would be thought cruel and unjust; and he submitted that the progressive unfoldings of the divine economy from age to age, as recorded in the Bible, exhibit a wisdom and a unity of purpose and aim which we look for in vain in the conflicting and superficial Spiritualism of our own day, at least as now understood. He therefore considered the Old and New Testament histories as describing a systematic and progressive course of absolutely divine administration, from whose examples and precepts all might derive instruction and hope, and which it was in no case wise or safe to disregard.

Dr. Yocco then arose, and made a few general remarks to the effect that the Almighty can not suffer any thing to exist that really thwarts his purposes, and that he is present in his providences with his creatures in all ages, circumstances, and developments; but that it is folly for finite beings to attempt to find out his nature or his ways to perfection.

After a few additional and general remarks by Dr. G.—the meeting adjourned.

NEW BOOKS.—We issue this week Brittan and Richmond's Discussion. It makes a handsome volume of about four hundred pages. Also, "Spirit Discourses" by Stephen Olin—Rev. R. P. Wilson, medium.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our PATRONS are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription office is so managed that when a subscription expires the notice no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 12 1/2 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the postage should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

MORE RAILROAD MURDER.

On the afternoon of Tuesday (the 9th) a frightful collision occurred between the New York and Philadelphia trains, on the Camden and Amberg Railroad. Both trains were moving at a rapid rate, on a clear, straight line of track, and the shock as the locomotives met was terrific. Engines and cars were smashed and diddled. Half a dozen persons were killed and a much larger number more or less maimed and otherwise injured, some of them fearfully. There appear to have been no palliating circumstances in the case. It was hardly less than downright murder. Only the day before a man was killed on a New Jersey road by attempting to throw himself out of a car window under the impression that the draw of a bridge the cars were crossing was up. Within two months there have been no less than six railroad collisions involving loss of life. The fear and indignation of the public are beginning to speak out. If an end is not put to these disasters, as they are called, railroads will be shunned as the very gates and jaws of destruction. Public safety calls for the most stringent legislative enactments as a safeguard to railroad and steamboat travel.

NEAPOLITAN MIRACLES.

The official journal of Naples, of June 7th, gives a long account of pretended miracles performed in that kingdom, accompanied by the attestation of the priests of Tramutola, who profess to have been eye-witnesses. Those papers are drawn up in legal form, and duly signed and certified according to law, and are probably as good evidence of what they affirm as a thousand others, which, in the course of ages, have been published in various countries, in support of the prodigies of various kinds claimed to have been performed by the priests of Rome, including some miracles recently attributed by the same newspapers to the defunct Queen.

A long drought had prevailed in that part of the country, which threatened destruction to the crops. Many of the people resorted to the priests of Tramutola, with earnest solicitations to propitiate Heaven by the ordinary resort, viz., a grand festival, processions with the images of the cathedral, and prayers for rain, with their intercession. The priests consented, and the 16th of May was the day appointed. The people assembled, the images of the Virgin and Saints were brought forth, and the parade commenced—a long procession passing through the streets. Signs of favor were at length seen; for "the Virgin indicated her sensibility by returning to several places to which she had been borne on the shoulders of men," who, although strong, were unable to resist the unseen and miraculous power which she exerted, and were forced, against all their efforts, to walk back in directions opposite to the places to which they were going.

This took place in a very remarkable manner, at the church, on the return of the procession, when the people were so much astonished at it that they shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!"

"When the images were exposed to view in the church, and while the homily was delivered, on the breast of the most holy Virgin of the Rosary appeared a small flame, which extended up to the throat, and continued several minutes. The crowd of people increased every moment, while the flame changed its form to that of a circle, and then to that of a cone. And what was most remarkable, the light increased in intensity, when the devout raised their voices loudest. The people remained through the rest of the day, neglecting their domestic cares, and taking no food, making the stones in the church walk with their aspirations."

On the 18th, a procession was again formed, and the inhabitants joined it barefooted, and poor women and gentle dames, laying aside their bashfulness, followed the holy images, beating their breasts, and weeping and wailing.

On the 17th, the pyrotechnic phenomena reappeared, and it began to rain. The royal judge (V. Forte), "as if inspired by a diviner spirit, ordered that the wax candle should be removed; when oh! unheard-of prodigy! in two minutes a brilliant spark appeared on the right hand of the infant in the Virgin's arms, which illuminated the whole church."

After the close of the procession, in an adjacent chapel numerous shining spots were seen above the niche; and at the sight "the people struck their breasts with their fists and great stones, until they were perfectly covered with blood."

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.—During the late anniversary operations in our city, several women who presented themselves as delegates to the Temperance council were rudely thrust out by the male managers, among whom were a number of clergymen. We entirely sympathize with the indignation of the delegates thus insulted, and expressed our conviction that women not only have the right to interest themselves in Temperance and other conventions bearing on their welfare, but that they are proper and effective parties to work out moral reforms. During the late Maine Law struggle in Michigan, the women justified our faith in them. In relation to their doings, we quote from the *Temperance Advocate*, which says:

"In Leoni, the ladies went to the place of voting, distributed votes, labored with the opposers of the law, and succeeded in convincing many of the error of their ways."

"In Tremont, the principal ladies of the village organized and appointed Committees to induce the voters of the town to go and vote for the law, and they rendered efficient service to the cause."

"In Grand Rapids, a committee of two hundred ladies attended the election, and electrified all day for the Maine law."

"In Detroit, ladies visited the stores and places of business distributing votes, and politely inviting the gentlemen to vote for the law. One Irish woman led her intemperate husband to the ballot-box and saw him vote 'yes.'"

"In many other places in the State the ladies were equally active in behalf of the good cause. God bless them!"

HEALTH OF OUR CITY.—Though the weekly mortality bills are large, perhaps unusually so, we are assured by reliable physicians and others, that there has been no epidemic thus far. The deaths have not in any week risen to over 600, and our population is over half a million. A large per centage of deaths during the hot season, have been of infants and children, induced in a good degree by exposure and injudicious diet. Many deaths have doubtless been caused by the large consumption among the poorer classes of stale and unripe fruit and vegetables, and diseased meats. Immigration has also brought us much disease and death. There has been an uncommon amount of wet weather, and sudden changes in its temperature, all of which have aided in swelling the death list. New York is naturally healthy—no city more so. Washed by great rivers on either shore, fanned by ocean and land breezes, and amply supplied with Croton, it is rather a place of refuge from sickness. Persons abroad need have no fear in coming to New York. The mortality, in so far as it is unusual, is entirely attributable to artificial, foreign, or extraordinary causes. There is, and has been, certainly no epidemic here.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—This fearful scourge is still raging beyond all precedent at New Orleans. By the telegraphic accounts, it appears that in twenty-four hours, ending 6th instant, 227 persons were interred, of whom 194 died of yellow fever. During the week ending August 7th, the number of deaths was 1130, of which 950 were by yellow fever. The number of deaths by the same disease on Monday, August 5th, amounted to 204. This, in a population probably not exceeding 75,000 (for multitudes have left), is an awful mortality indeed. The same number per week, if continued sixteen months, would extinguish the population entirely. An appeal to our citizens in behalf of the Howard Association, a Philanthropic Society of New Orleans engaged in attending upon the sick and burying the dead, has already collected over \$10,000. Those who can, it is said, are abandoning the pestilence-stricken city for the North.

Interesting Miscellany.

AN EVENING IN BROADWAY.

"Hot corn!" here's your nice hot corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour last evening we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft, plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out means of subsistence in this overburdened, ill-fed, and worn-out city of New York—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dreariest portions of this notoriously dirty city, where they are exposed to the daily chances of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now devastating the same kind of streets in New Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortable-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power, to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark till midnight.

"Hot corn! hot corn!" here's your nice hot corn," rose up in a faint, childlike voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way, one of the alms-houses of the City Hall, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court-yard, or livery-stable grounds of the City Hall, which, in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass-patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot-corn cry in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands, and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, sir," leaped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as "Give me some corn, you little wretch," or a name still more opprobrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no stock of contempt for her, she said, piteously, "Please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"Oh, dear, then, what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh, dear!"

"Can't go home. Why not?"

"Oh, sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little and me eat them, for I have not had any thing to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—oh, to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine," (sneer Mr. Pease says he will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn—what shall I do?)

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, sir?" Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you. Now that is your money; give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier and tell your mother you can not sell all your corn and you can not keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children are starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that reeking center of filth, poverty, and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we passed Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class group-houses—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin," "old rum," "pale brandy," "pure port," "hedgecock," or "lager-bier," poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, yes, of women too, whose daughters may one day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now living to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be, "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughters.

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came the cry of "Hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the "hot man" at the corner grocery, and that here was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring Street, the glare and splendor of a thousand gas-lights, and the glittering cut glass of that, for the first time, lighted-up bar-room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first-class hotels must have such Five Points denizens-making appearances, as this glittering room, shamelessly open inviting to the street, when that watch-word cry, like the plumed's starting plume, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn."

"Yes, yes!" I hear you cry—it is a watch-word—a glorious watch-word, that bids us do or die until the smoking hot, fiery-furnace-like glass of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets crying "hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor-selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watchword of all who would rather see the grain feed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the insatiable hot maw of the whiskey thief.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every true you hear this midnight cry cry, that you will devote, if nothing more,

"Three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,"

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause of this present dish of "Hot Corn—smoking hot!"—Tribune.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN RUSSIA.—M. B. Lasky, the engineer, lately deceased, who had also acquired a reputation as a poet and an archaeologist, made a discovery of the greatest importance in White Russia—a discovery brought to light when his papers were examined after his decease. Being occupied in making a road in that province, he found it necessary to drain off the waters of a lake into another lake at a lower level, and in the course of the operation he discovered in a forest, several feet below the surface of the soil, a road paved in that antique Roman or Mexican style, with traces of a stone bridge of a peculiar construction. In M. Lasky's opinion 2,000 or 3,000 years must have elapsed before the face of the country could have been transformed to such an extent as he observed, and if this supposition be well founded, this district must have been inhabited before the time of the Scythians by a more civilized nation. M. Lasky's discovery will doubtless not pass unnoticed, and may lead to important results.—Odessa Journal.

INTERESTING TO NATURALISTS.

It is well known to most of the scientific men in this country, and also in Europe, says the *Springfield Republican*, that the late Dexter Marsh, of Greenfield, had, during the last ten or twelve years, at great expenditure of time, money, and patience, accumulated a collection of the peculiar fossils of the Connecticut River sandstone, which is absolutely unrivaled in the world. Some of these tracks are eighteen inches in length, with a stride of three feet six inches, the impression is so perfect as to show markings of the rough skin of the toes, with the claws and other anatomical configurations of the foot. Other specimens are smaller, and of divers characters. One slab of stone in the collection, ten by six feet, is literally covered with foot-prints of birds, having at least seventy distinct impressions, arranged in definite lines or tracks. The specimens are mostly from the celebrated localities of Turner's Falls, South Hadley Falls, and the Chicopee and Cabotville quarries.

By the decease of the owner, this magnificent collection is to be sold at public auction, in separate lots, on the 21st of September next. The specimens have been appraised by President Hitchcock, Professor Shepley, and others, at rates varying from \$50 to \$1. The collection also embraces some rare reptilian foot-prints from the sandstones, a series of two hundred specimens of American fossil fishes, and an extensive museum of minerals, shells, Indian relics, etc. This is probably the only opportunity that will occur for a long time, if ever, of acquiring these beautiful and peculiar fossils of the Connecticut valley. They can now only be obtained by skillful prospecting at great risk and expense. All the localities have been exhausted for several years.

It is to be hoped that this fine collection may be preserved for the benefit of our country, but we fear that a good part of it will find its way to the British Museum, or the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Both of these institutions have agents in this country, and the value and rarity of the articles to be disposed of are well known to their managers. We understand that the Boston Society of Natural History has had its attention drawn to the subject, and an effort will undoubtedly be made to secure the whole, or a part, for the city of Boston.—*Franklin Democrat*.

PLEA FOR VAGRANT GIRLS.

In these days, when woman's voice is heard calling Conventions to secure her fancied rights, may not woman's voice be also heard in pleading for the degradation of our sex? The vagrant girls who throng the streets of our large towns and cities are well known—too well to need description. They are a numerous class, and annually increasing, and add a large quota to our statistics of crime. They prey upon the vitals of the community; and the question has been often asked, "Can not something be done to elevate them as a class in point of respectability?" We would urge the question, *Shall not something be done?* Will not the wise and philanthropic devise some means by which they may be employed steadily for their own benefit and others? and may not some institution of reform be established, that these girls may not, for trifling violations of the law, be sent to Houses of Correction, or Jails, from whence they return upon the community seven-fold worse than before?

The expense and trouble may be great; the expense of their crimes already is, and the trouble is untold. Mothers of America! shall these girls grow up, and send out their tens of thousands of offspring upon our communities, with no brighter prospects before them, no more incentives to virtue, no more beacon-lights to warn them where the young and ignorant suffer shipwreck?

Shall their children become our citizens, and wield in their misguided hands the destiny of our nation? Shall their vices gnaw at the very heart of our oaken institutions, until their vitality is destroyed?

A French officer once remarked (alluding to Washington's mother), "It is no wonder America produces the greatest men, when she has such mothers."

God forbid that it should be said of us, that we are degenerating. If the mothers in the eighteenth century were noble, shall not their descendants in the nineteenth be nobler; and the increased light and wisdom of the age be added to the strength and virtue of the past?

Who will aid in educating and elevating this class of the community, for which infinitely great results are to be hoped or feared? All are ready to admit that this work ought to be commenced: shall it not be at once, ere the evil is deeper rooted and wider spread?—*New Covenant*.

RUM-DROPS.

Under this title the *Daily Times* has a long article exposing certain practices in the fashionable refreshment saloons of our city. Among these practices is the habit of ladies, old and young, partaking of "mint juleps," to say nothing of more dangerous fluids, and a species of confectionery called "rum-drops." We have seen specimens of these latter—a French invention—which are manufactured largely, and they are cunning little balls of semi-transparent sugar, within which brandy and other liquors are inclosed. A fair-sized drop contains about half a teaspoonful of liquor. A young lady very soon learns, while her gallant is sipping his julep, to suck a dozen of these specious pills. Can it be wondered that a taste is thus formed for more extensive vicious indulgences, or that many unwary persons are thus insensibly led away from all propriety and virtue. We have heard, not without truth we fear, of still graver evils connected with these fashionable saloons. We are quite certain, from observation, that very many ladies, seduced by the fascination of dining out at a Broadway saloon, spend hours and dollars there which ought to be devoted to their homes—hours of dissipation, rendering home-life more and more distasteful, and dollars, perhaps hard earned by day-working husbands and fathers. We have refrained from more than touching upon this fruitful subject, leaving our readers to consider it as their reflections must incline. Speaking of the dissipation we have hinted at, the *Times* says:

We have witnessed them, and know that such are presented daily and nightly in the places we have described. It may be said that we are mistaken in supposing that the females who are thus seen are respectable. We answer, we know them to be. But how long they will remain so, under such influences, can not easily be told. The indulgence increases in ratio with the improvements of the exterior and interior embellishments of these saloons, and ere long many a tale of sorrow will commence with the introduction of the "rum-drop."

PIZZARO'S GRAVE AT LIMA.—In the crypt under the high altar are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizzaro, who was assassinated in the place near by. A small piece of silver dropped into the hand of the sacristan procured me admission into the crypt. Descending a few steps, I entered a small place some twenty feet long, quite light and white-washed, and which smelt and looked so much like a comfortable wine cellar that I caught myself more than once looking round for the bin and bottles. The first object I saw was a large square tomb, surmounted by the erect figure of an abbot, and close by, in an opening in the wall, I noticed what appeared to me to be a collection of dusty rags; close inspection proved that this was all that remained of the conqueror of Peru. He has still on him the same clothes and shoes he wore at the moment of his assassination. Of course his body is nothing but a skeleton covered with dry flesh and skin, so that no features are discernible. The body is covered with what was once white linen swathed around him; but the dust of centuries collected upon it had turned it to a light brown color, and it almost pulverizes when touched. The body is placed on a narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and has been placed in that position merely to put it out of the way. The folks in Lima do not think any thing of the remains of poor Pizzaro; and I dare say a little money judiciously invested would procure for any curiosity-hunter the whole of his remains.—*Ramble from Sydney to Southampton*.

THE POPE'S BULL.—This name, which is now applied exclusively to instruments issuing out of the Roman Chancery, is derived from the seals which were appended to them, being formerly of gold bullion. Bulls were not originally confined to popes alone, but were also issued by emperors, princes, bishops, and great men, who, till the thirteenth century, sometimes affixed seals of metal, as well as of wax, to edicts, charters, and other instruments, though they were equally called *bullæ*, whether they were sealed with one or the other. The popes continue to the present day to affix metal or lead seals to their bulls, and only when they wish to bestow any peculiar marks of grace and favor on sovereigns or princes, are seals of bullion or gold affixed. The bull of Pope Clement VII., conferring the title of *Defender of the Faith* on Henry VIII., had a seal of gold affixed to it. Bulls containing matter of grace and favor were suspended by strings of red and yellow silk, but denunciatory and punitive bulls were hung by hempen cords.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A Miss Read, of West Boylston, took chloroform a few days ago for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, and after the operation was performed, she was attacked with a severe pain in the head, became unconscious, and apparently died. Her friends supposing her dead, laid her out for burial, and began to prepare for the funeral ceremonies; but her grief was unexpectedly turned to joy and astonishment on finding that the supposed dead began to revive! She eventually recovered the full possession of her faculties; but what is still most singular in her case, as we are told, she suffers violent pains in the head as regularly as evening approaches, and at length, and about the same hour each night, falls into a swoon very similar to that which in the first instance was supposed to have been the sleep of death. This case certainly presents a most remarkable escape from premature burial.—*Worcester Transcript*.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A little girl about two years of age, the daughter of one of our most esteemed citizens, was taken sick a few days ago, and on Monday evening, to the poignant grief of her parents, apparently died. The usual preparations were made, the room darkened, and the body inclosed in a shroud, with the intention of burying it yesterday afternoon. But yesterday morning the apparently dead girl revived, and terribly frightened at the situation in which she found herself, with her cries alarmed the household. She is since, we learn, doing well, and our readers may imagine the feelings of the family from this astonishing incident.—*Norfolk News*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey, died, after a short illness, in Dearborn County, Indiana, in August, 1833, aged one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days. He had, at different periods of his life, five wives, and at the time of his death was the father of forty-seven children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundred and fourth year, moved one week for Squire Pendleton, of Hamilton County, Ohio, about two miles from Cincinnati, during which he moved one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, as the frames of ordinary men are, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a vertical position, and receive a blow from the fist of a powerful man, on the lateral portion of his body, without inconvenience. He served throughout the entire Revolution, under Gen. Washington, was engaged in most of the Indian wars since, and was the companion of Marion and Rodgers, and of many other distinguished early pioneers of our Western and Southern wilds. Our readers may rest assured that this statement is correct, as we received it from Mr. Alexander Wilson, of North Madison, who is the forty-fifth child of the subject of this paragraph.—*Madison (La.) Banner*.

MASTODON BONES.—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Lafayette Co., Wisconsin, says: In four places in the vicinity of Sinsinawa Mound, Grant Co., Wis., miners, in prospecting for veins of lead ore, have dug up portions of the skeletons of animals of the Mastodon species. These bones, in one place, were found in an east and west crevice thirty feet deep, imbedded in the clay which forms the matrix for the veins of lead ore. This clay is a yellow unctuous deposit, filled with sand, flint, and small pebbles of trap and other igneous rocks. Within the last ten years as many as ten or twelve skeletons of these huge extinct animals have been discovered in various parts of the lead region, and almost invariably in the fissures in the limestones imbedded in the clay which fills the crevices and forms the matrix for the veins of lead ore. The fact of this general distribution of these animals over this district must leave the impression, that perhaps hundreds of similar skeletons are yet buried in the deep clay beds of the mining region, and the question may come—What light do these fossils throw on the time of the repletion of the lead veins? The bones being found in the clayey matrix of the veins, and the ores associated in the clay with them, proves beyond a doubt that the Mastodon species became extinct before the lead ore was deposited in these crevices.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.—This morning the disc of the sun presented a veiled appearance all over. Near the edge of its right upper quadrant, was perceptible a very large and brilliant facula, or light streak, lying almost parallel with the edge. Just to the left of this was a small spot, or macula, and in the left lower quadrant was a considerable group of well-pennetrated maculae, or dark spots. The main body of the sun appeared of a light ash-gray color, streaked in irregular spaces, diamonds, parallelograms, etc., of brighter outlines. The group of spots must have extended some 25,000 or 30,000 miles in length.—*Boston Traveler*, July 29.

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