

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 69.

The Principles of Nature.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1853.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—Because we are interested in the investigation of one of the most sublime subjects that ever engaged the human mind, I feel a more fraternal freedom than I otherwise would in addressing you, an entire stranger to me. I have read with delighted interest your wonderful experience, as published, in *Spiritualism*. I am glad to see you acknowledge the great divine truth, that we are all allied to one Eternal Father, and that we should recognize the universal brotherhood of man. This is another reason why I make free to address you. My own experience has been remarkable, and is still full of interest to me, as scarcely a week passes without some new phenomenon being added to it. In Mr. Davis' last book, "The Present Age and Inner Life," you will find, commencing on page 192, a letter written by me, detailing in general terms what has, in part only, happened to me. Some portions of it remind me of your own case. I presume, however, you have been more fortunate than myself in satisfying your mind as to the usefulness of it. Here is my greatest trouble. I can not place implicit confidence in all I have experienced, and I sometimes fear I may be in some way hallucinated. I have been promised, or, at least, I think so, that I shall be able to do some good in this way to my fellow-man; but as yet I have done nothing. It is now almost two years since I was first sensibly influenced, and by this time I think I should be able to do something, if I am not indeed under a delusion. What I wish to ask of you is, your opinion of my case. If you will read my published letter, you will get a general idea of the peculiar manner in which I have been influenced. I had hoped Mr. Davis would be able to throw some light upon it; but after all his remarks concerning it, my mind is still in the uncertain mood. Have you ever had things promised by the Spirits which were not realized?

In my seekings I have always insisted on this one point, that the Spirits should desist from influencing me, unless they were certain of accomplishing some good for others, by me; but I can not prevail upon them to do so. If I had kept a regular diary of the facts which have transpired with me, I think I would show there were either deceiving Spirits attending me, or that my own mind is most singularly hallucinated. If I could be persuaded that good will eventually come out of it, I am patient enough, I think, to pursue my investigations further; but at times I am disheartened, and am almost ready to abandon all idea of ever accomplishing any useful purpose in this way. Will it be asking too much of you to read my letter, if you please, in Mr. Davis' book, and give me your opinion respecting it?

I do not know of any one whose spiritual experience tallies with my own in all particulars; but the nearest I have read of is yours, which, in the pictorial part, seems to correspond in a degree. Yours is more reliable, and so far very useful, it seems to me.

All I desire to know is, that I can be made useful in this way, and if so, I think my mind is patient enough to pursue the subject to an available issue.

Will it be asking too much of you to write me your convenience, and give me your opinion respecting my case?

Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

J. F. LANING,
No. 124 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

New York, July 29th, 1853.

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 24th, and, so far as I can, I will answer it.

Your difficulties seem to be twofold: one is that you do not or can not do as much good as you expect or wish, and the other that the communications are not always reliable.

As to the first, I beg to ask you how do you know that you are not doing good? How do you know that your letter to Mr. Davis, or that to me, have not already done good? How do you know that your experience, in your immediate vicinity, and among your acquaintance, is not doing good? You can not know any more than I can, when I deliver a lecture or publish something. Perhaps I may hear of some one benefited by my action, and perhaps not. What then? Shall I, because I do not see the good I do, therefore rashly conclude that I do none? Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that gives the increase, and it is often that it is God alone that sees the increase. Now it seems to me (and with this I content myself) that it is enough for me to do all I can—the rest is in the hands of God, and we have hardly a right to demand that it shall be disclosed to us. And if it was, would it not be apt to engender in our minds a feeling of vain-glory, rather than a disinterested desire for the good

of our fellow-men? But again, are you yet prepared to go forth on your mission? Have you been to school long enough, and learned enough, to be sure you are right, and that it would be wise for you to go ahead?

Here again I hesitate, for as I progress I find how much there is to learn, and how little I know, and I approach the task of teaching (or doing good) with fear and trembling, lest I may err and teach error instead of truth—may mislead rather than wisely guide. Against this there is but one remedy, and that is patient and persevering industry in my studies, and not venture to teach any thing until after long and carefully weighing it. I am satisfied I am right. I can not get all knowledge at once. I must get a little at a time; and it is only as I get one point here and another there, firmly established as true, that I venture to attempt to do any good with it. Any other course renders me liable to the danger of uttering some crudity or some inconsistency that, by-and-by, I may regret; and our New Philosophy has suffered enough from that cause already.

Now the substance of all this is, be patient; the time will come when your mission will be unfolded to you. I waited longer than you have to learn mine, and I passed through such a "slough of despond" as lies in your way; but now I can see right well how all that was preparing me for my task; I think you will find it so with you, for you may rely upon it that no person is gifted as you are in vain. Be patient, then, and abide your time. It will come surely and speedily, unless delayed by unnecessary doubts and despondency. And when it does come, oh! how richly will it repay you!

Your other difficulty, the unreliability of the communications, involves more considerations than I can find room for in a letter like this. I must content myself with a few general ones.

In the first place, do you not expect too much from the Spirits? You seem to expect them to be perfect and unvaryingly accurate in what they say. Can that be expected of any thing but the Almighty? Spirits in that respect are like mortals, they can tell us only what they know and as they know it. They, like us, frequently think they know when they do not, and while they mean to speak truly, from ignorance they err. Is not this natural? nay, is it not inevitable, unless you clothe the Spirit with the omniscience which belongs alone to God?

Then as to the future, how do they know any thing about it more than we do? Simply, as I understand it, because they are better able to see the surrounding circumstances than we are, and can therefore form a better judgment as to results. Yet their judgment may err sometimes as well as ours; and here again, unless we clothe them with an attribute of the Deity, we have no right to expect entire accuracy.

But there is another kind of foretelling still, that, namely, which involves their own action. For instance, they say on such a day a thing will happen. By this they mean that on that day they will do that thing. Now, with them as with us, a thousand things may happen to prevent their accomplishing their purpose; they may change their minds about it; circumstances may occur to render it inexpedient or unnecessary, etc. Shall we, therefore, withhold all credit from them?

I tell you that on Monday next A. B. will go to London, and I say so because certain circumstances cause me to believe he will. He has told me so, perhaps, or the like. But he does not go. Am I therefore unworthy of all belief? Again, I tell you that on Monday I will go to London, but I alter my mind and do not go, will you condemn me as a falsifier of the truth before you learn the reasons of my change of purpose? The difficulty in all this matter lies in our expecting too much perfection in the Spirits, in looking upon them as knowing more than they do, and as being able to do more than they can; in other words, in an erroneous conception of the true nature and character of the Spirit-world.

This regards the communications which are intended to be true. There is, however, another class which are intended as deceiving and to mislead. I have good reason to believe that there is in the Spirit-world much opposition to their intercourse with us, and that a combination has been formed to intercept and, if possible, to overthrow it, and one mode of this operation is by visiting circles and individuals, exciting their suspicion of Spirits and bad thoughts as to their good faith and purity of purpose. To one acquainted with the true nature of Spirit-life, and not misled by erroneous conceptions of unattainable perfection, this will not appear improbable, for it is precisely what men do in this stage of existence and what they would be likely to do in that, if influenced by the same feelings. So that between the hasty uninformed Spirits and those having positive mischievous objects, we are liable constantly to erroneous communications. It is just so in this life. Go out into the streets and ask of the passers-by an account of an affray, and see how many different accounts of it you get. No two will agree. Now what will you do in such a case? Will you reject them all as being untrue? Will you refuse even to hear another word from those who thus clash in their stories? Or will you set down, like a man of sense, and by the exercise of your reason endeavor to gather the truth

from this mass of incongruous matter? Or, in other words, would it have been wise for Franklin because he was knocked over by one of his batteries to have abandoned his researches in electricity?

There are still other considerations not to be overlooked. Our communications are apt to be affected by our own minds, for two reasons—one, because every state of mind has its kindred Spirit, and the other, because they can not take complete possession of our minds to the entire exclusion of our own reason and imagination, and the communications, therefore, often come strangely mixed and made up of our thoughts and theirs. Now all these are difficulties and dangers of Spiritual intercourse, and what is the remedy? I say, patient perseverance, which day by day will perfect us in the intercourse, make it more distinct and reliable, and more under the control of our reason. One other topic, and I have done. You complain that you do not distinctly remember all that is said and done to you. Mr. Davis explains *how* this is done, and I suppose that *why* it is done is this, in order that they may get a habitual control of your mind, so as to prevent you from mingling your thoughts with theirs, and to teach you to keep them distinct. I have seen such cases and have found that self-discipline and aiding the Spirits at this self-control soon remove the difficulty.

And now I must close my letter. I have been necessarily very brief on a topic where a great deal may be said—indeed must be, if one is to understand it; but I could not do otherwise, and I only hope that I have aided you. At all times I shall be glad to hear from you.

Truly, yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Mr. J. F. LANING.

P.S. I have just re-read your letter to me, and notice one remark: "I have always insisted on this point, that the Spirits should desist from influencing me, unless they were certain of accomplishing some good." Let us illustrate this. You meet a man in the street who says to you, "Mr. L., I will not use that medicine you gave me, unless you are certain that it will do good." Your answer is that of an honest, intelligent man, "I can't be certain, I can only judge it will do good." "Very well," is his reply, "I won't use it," and leaves you. In a short time he meets a quack, or mere pretender, and asks him for a remedy that he is certain will do good. Either fraudulently, or misled by ignorance or zeal, his new friend says he is certain.

Now see the condition of that man. His state of mind has found a kindred spirit, not in your integrity and intelligence, but in the quack, or pretender. He has left you and gone to an inferior mind, though he is unconscious of the inferiority. Will he by-and-by have a right to complain that he has been deceived by the association he has thus chosen?

In the mean time, you who wanted to aid him and was able to act with wisdom, what has become of you in reference to him? You saw there was no use of your continuing with him, and you went elsewhere in search of those who would appreciate you and not repel you by their unreasonableness. And this would have been prevented by his acting rationally, by reasoning with you on the subject, by earnestly desiring of you knowledge of what your remedy was, and how you expected it would do the good anticipated. In that case you would have kept up the connection with him, and with pleasure have taught him all you knew, until he should have become as wise as yourself and been prepared to seek and receive knowledge from those whose knowledge was superior to yours.

Now is not this a fair illustration of your whole case? You can tell better than I can. But as I have gone through this same "slough," it seems to me that I can not do better than give you the clue which led me out of my difficulties.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3, 1853.

MY FRIEND:

Not to weary you, do I again take my pen, but to thank you with a heart full of gratitude, which words can not express, for your kind regards to me in your very timely and highly instructive letter, which I have read many times, and I think with lasting instruction to my spirit. You certainly have given me the key to many riddles, which have perplexed my mind so much, in my seeking the goal I ever had in view. You have answered all I desired to have answered, except one point, and I will not now ask you to write again, as I see by the length of your letter, how great a tax I was to you. The doubt which comes over my mind is suggested by a remark you make in these words—"I have good reason to believe that there is in the Spirit-world much opposition to this intercourse with us, and that a combination has been formed to intercept and, if possible, to overthrow it, and one mode is, by visiting circles and individuals, exciting their suspicions of Spirits, and bad thoughts, as to their good faith and purity of purpose." The only indication I have had of such being the case with me, is in the incorrectness of what they have said to me, in answering questions falsely, by whispering in my ears, and presenting to my inward vision symbols which contradicted

the facts as they afterward came to my knowledge. Now I do not so much fear that I shall do a serious evil, at the instigation of any Spirit, so long as I am governed by principle; but may not such Spirits hold out false notions to my mind, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary? Is there a possibility, with my motives pure, of an evil Spirit always keeping so closely *en rapport* with me, as to prevent those whose motives are good from communicating with me and aiding me?

I do not ask the questions to trouble you for a reply now, but should you at any time be at leisure, and feel disposed to answer me on this point, I think I can then go on my way rejoicing, humbly waiting God's time to come for me to labor.

I have not attended circles as a general thing, and never have I been influenced, except once, in any circle. I spend full six hours nightly and alone in my room, and have always conclusive evidence of the presence of Spirits. How they are to accomplish any good by me I know not, as by education I am quite ordinary, my time having been mostly employed in an exciting business, in which there is little call for book learning. I thank you for the encouraging words in your saying, "You may rely upon it that no person is gifted as you are in vain." This idea has always sustained me midst all my doubts, because I believed that such a gift properly cultivated could be brought into requisition, and herein has been my earnest labor to become properly developed for usefulness. And now, my good friend, do not let me trespass on your time for any further reply to me, but just as you feel inclined, thus do. You have already laid me under a debt of gratitude I know not how to repay.

Truly, yours fraternally,

J. F. LANING.

No. 124 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Aug. 5, 1853.

My dear Sir—Yours of the 3d has just reached me, and I avail myself of a few moments' pause in my business to answer you, simply because it affords me pleasure thus to occupy my leisure, and I might otherwise find it difficult to do my duty as it ought to be done.

Before, however, referring to your question, I want to suggest to you whether your desire to do good may not be in some measure gratified by allowing our correspondence to be published? There are many others in the same situation with yourself, to whom my advice to you may be also valuable, and I should like to bring it to their attention. It can be published without our names if you wish, but it would be better with them, as thus it would have more effect, and besides would encourage others by our example to speak boldly before God and man, the shrinking from which being one of the greatest evils we have to contend with and encounter.

And now as to your queries. "May not evil-disposed Spirits hold out false notions to your mind in spite of all your entreaties to the contrary?" Certainly they may. May not some loafer from your sinks of iniquity approach you and tell you all sorts of lies? May not some abandoned profligate fellow, whose delight is in tormenting others, thrust himself upon your attention and amuse himself by relating to you a farago of nonsense or blasphemy? Certainly, and what is your remedy? It is twofold—first, to take the measures which the circumstances of the case demand to get rid of him, and second, to weigh what he may say in your judgment, and determine by your reason how far you may rely on or accredit his statements.

It is just so with Spiritual Intercourse; forever bear in mind that many in the Spirit-world are even below our level, both intellectually and morally, and they can commune with us just as well as those who are higher.

Then again you ask, "Is there a possibility, with motives pure, of an evil Spirit *always* keeping so closely *en rapport* as to prevent those whose motives are good from communicating with and undeceiving you?" When you say "*always*," I answer No; but if you should say "*occasionally*," I would answer Yes. And for this reason, would the loafer of whom I have already spoken always seek your society? By no means; he would be uncomfortable in the society of one purer and better than himself, and would soon leave it, and only "*occasionally*" come, to answer a special purpose. It would be only as long as he found himself welcome, or until he had fairly tried the experiment whether he might not be welcome that he would come. There is probably no worse punishment to the evil disposed than constant association with the pure; and, except for some special purpose, we need not fear their society.

But there is another consideration growing out of my experience, and that is, that lower Spirits are often allowed to come to us, in order to contribute to their elevation. It is not a week since I had such a case. It was one * * * who hated me and came to annoy me, and who did so for several days. By dealing with him with good sense and kind feelings, and uninfluenced by any foolish fears that he could injure me, I not only rid myself of the annoyance, but I helped him so that, though he came with all the vindictive feelings which were uppermost in his mind at the moment of his

death, he left me, begging me to "remember him only as the humble, penitent, grateful Spirit who had by my means been lifted out of the darkness of despair and death." It is only three or four times in all my experience I have been thus visited, and once, at a circle to which I belonged, it was asked, Why inferior Spirits did not more frequently come to us as they did to others? and it was answered, "Why does not the loafer from the Five Points seek the society of the judge or the minister?" One thing, however, I have observed in all my intercourse with that class—that I can make them obedient to my will, and compel them to speak the truth to me whenever I command them in the name of God. And still another thing—that I can know them to be inferior, when I find they can not read my mind or answer a mental question.

These are very general propositions in answer to your questions. I can illustrate and enforce them by many other remarks and instances, which the limits of a letter will not allow; but you will find, by reflecting on what I have said, and applying it to your own experience, that I am right, and that these considerations will materially aid you in dealing properly with this new, most interesting, and extraordinary phenomenon.

In the mean time, allow me to make a further suggestion to you, and that is carefully and laboriously to preserve accurate records of every thing communicated to you. I have done this from the beginning, and I regard my records as invaluable of themselves, while I find that this course has been productive of another good, and that is, that Spirits who are aiming at man's advancement, finding that their instructions are not thrown away or confined only to myself, but are preserved so as to do good to others, are more anxious to commune with me, bring others also, and go higher and higher in the character of their teachings, and thus I am able to do good, by giving to the world, at proper times, their beautiful and elevated teachings.

Pray have no hesitation in writing to me at all times. Do you not think that the consciousness derived from your last letter, that I have done you good, amply repays all my labor?

Truly, yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

Mr. J. F. LANING.

PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1853.

MY FRIEND:

Your most welcome and unexpected letter of the 5th inst. is at hand.

There is certainly a luxury in doing good, and he who tries it most will partake most largely of its blessings. When I first became satisfied of the reality of Spiritual Intercourse my mind was called to this point, which I see impressed you also so strongly, "Of what good can all this be?" I was informed that by yielding myself calmly to its influence I might be enabled to do something for the benefit of my fellow-man. I then made a pledge that upon such conditions only would I humbly seek to render myself useful in this way. I feel how inadequate I am to such a task; and were it not for a letter I received from a most gifted lady stranger, to whom I had written some three or four times, explaining, as best I could, the results of my experience and trials, I should not know that my advice and guidance had assisted any one. In the closing remarks of her last to me, received but a few days ago, are these most cheering words, "This correspondence was necessary to me—I should have died Spiritually without it. You have done me immeasurable good, because I stood in a most perilous position, and you helped me in the right direction." Not to appear egotistic do I quote from this lady, but to satisfy you of my motives in allowing my letter to be published over my name, even in so distinguished a connection. Therefore, I say, publish just what you please of mine, as in your wisdom you may see best, and if I can in this way awaken one thought of usefulness, which shall tell for humanity, I shall be more than paid for the sacrifice of feeling it costs me to have my name appear in print.

I know but in part what Spiritualism has done for you, my friend, but for me it has done a blessed work. For twenty long years was the subject of religion a most inexplicable mystery to me—my mind never could be fully persuaded, and often did I wish I had never been born. It will not do for others to say of me, I was not honest while thus seeking. My attention to the religious services of the Church, to the study of the Bible, only tell me how anxious my heart was, as it longed for the blessings I supposed were to be found in them. I have now no more misgivings on this point. I am free, and oh! what a freedom it is! Shall I then hesitate to bend my humble efforts to so ennobling a cause? True they may not influence the learned, yet the unlearned perhaps may read the little I have said to you, and who can tell but your replies may in such connection be better understood and more wisely appreciated by the honest seekers of the light, the truth, and the way?

Yours, truly,

J. F. LANING.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, NEW YORK.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853.

REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT.
CHAPTER VIII.

It now only remains for us to apply the facts and communications, cited in the preceding chapter, and we shall discover that they afford no countenance to Mr. Beecher's conclusions. Perhaps no precept of Jesus was inculcated with greater plainness than that which authorizes us to infer from the words and deeds of men what they intrinsically are. This idea is expressed in a variety of forms, and illustrated by several appropriate figures in the New Testament, from which we select the following examples:

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. . . . Wherefore by their fruits shall ye know them." Matt. vi. 16-20.

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Luke vi. 45.

"Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig-tree . . . bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." James iii. 11, 12.

These and other similar teachings comprehend the Christian rule whereby we are to determine the true character of those who address us, whether they be human or spiritual teachers. If the instructions are in themselves evil, we may be authorized to infer that the source is also evil; but if, on the contrary, the principles and practices inculcated are pure, the teachers who enforce them must be likewise pure, or the rule of Christ is a false guide.

We will here briefly recapitulate the substance of what is taught in the communications referred to in the foregoing chapter. The young should cultivate their spiritual powers before they become engrossed with the cares of the world; if any man has injured his brother, let him henceforth make love the ruling principle of his life; indulge no angry feeling toward the skeptic and the scoffer, for they shall yet be worshipers with thee; be "pure in thought and conversation," and remember that the highest happiness is only to be found in "communion with the Infinite;" "live a true life," and death shall have no terrors, and thy soul shall know no fear; there is joy in heaven when erring mortals consider their ways and truly repent; be grateful, and render to God "the homage of a well-ordered life;" never deny the truth, but speak plainly and fearlessly as conscience shall dictate; stand erect and uncovered in the Divine presence; wear no chains and "consider it gain to be counted worthy to suffer for Truth's sake." In one instance cruelty to parents was openly rebuked and effectually corrected. Again, a man was directed to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks and to educate his children, and he did so; in another case a gambler was arrested in the midst of his thoughtless and ruinous career, and was at once inspired with noble and virtuous resolutions; thousands who were living without the hope and faith of another life are converted from their unbelief; the sick are healed with a touch; the bereaved are comforted by the visible Spiritual presence of those they loved, and the constant assurance of a reunion in the mansions of our Father.

Such, in brief, are the instructions of the invisible teachers whose words we have recorded, and do they not cordially approve whatever is right, and most pointedly condemn all that is wrong? We are persuaded that no man, if he comprehends what he is saying, will affirm that these things are evil. The moral sense of every man, even the most perverted and abandoned, assures him that they are good. Especially, every Christian teacher must acknowledge this if he regards his character for consistency. And yet, according to Mr. Beecher, the "fathomless ability" displayed in these phenomena is only equalled by the "fathomless guile" which is presumed to direct the whole movement, and to be efficient in leading millions, "drunk with this elixir," to "battle against the simple Gospel of Christ." Now our author professes to be a Christian teacher, and he is therefore bound to render a judgment in this case which will accord with the vital principles of Christianity. The precept which Christ taught is true, and as corrupted from the beginning as a law of Nature. And as a corrupt tree can not in the nature of things bear good fruit, or a bitter fountain yield sweet waters, so evil Spirits will neither inculcate lessons of sound morality, nor urge those who are like themselves to change their manner of life, and to practice the most exalted human virtues. To say that the Devil assumes this as a disguise in order to conceal his real character and to accomplish his foul design, can have no other effect than to stultify the soul of such as make the assumption, and to awaken painful suspicions in the minds of the weak and faithless, with respect to the origin of all previous revelations. If we may not infer the nature of the source from the character of the communications, how can we know that Christianity is not a device of Satan? Very pious people—men strictly religious, according to the popular forms of that day—said of Christ, "We know that thou hast a devil," and how do we know that he had not, unless the assumption of the ancient Jews was plainly contradicted by the prevailing spirit of his words and deeds. It will be perceived that Mr. Beecher, in his conclusion, not only disregards his own premises, and the legitimate deductions from reason and the facts, but he is liable to overthrow the very foundations of his own faith; for, if the purest instructions emanate, in these days, from the Devil, how can we know that he has not been the world's spiritual teacher in all past ages. We confess our inability to determine, and we can not trust the advocates of popular theology to decide for us in a matter of so much importance. We know that the representatives of the predominant religion denounced Jesus of Nazareth as the agent of Beelzebub, and those who have represented the popular faiths ever since have made a similar mistake, by treating every religious reformer as an impostor or emissary of Satan. We can not follow such guides. We insist that the real character of the Spirits is most clearly revealed in what they do and say, and that the declaration of Christ, on this point, is the law of Nature. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

But it may be said that we have selected some of the most

favorable specimens of Spiritual facts and communications, and that others breathe a contrary spirit, and indicate a widely different origin. This objection involves an admission which is fatal to our author's conclusion, while it supports our own. If the outward phenomena differ widely in their moral aspects, and if this is admitted to indicate a similar diversity of character among the beings who thus manifest their presence, we ask no more. The correctness of our fundamental position is conceded—the Spirits are not all evil; and those Christians who indorse Mr. Beecher's conclusion are left to abandon their ground, or to defend a mere assumption—if they can and are so disposed—which has as little to do with the laws of nature and the precepts of Christ as it has with the rules of common logic. We have never entertained the idea, even for a moment, that all Spirits are divine in thought and Godlike in action, though we might certainly do so with as much consistency as our author intimates that they are all evil, and that they come to us from the infernal regions. That Spirits differ as widely in their intellectual and moral characteristics as men in the flesh, may be logically inferred from the diversified character of the manifestations; and, we may add, from all we know of the nature of mind and the laws of human development. Whoever assumes any other ground will be forced, ere long, to abandon his position. To defend either extreme, a man must disregard a portion of the facts, and trifle with his own better judgment, as no serious man should ever do, at least on a subject of grave and solemn interest.

But it may be proper to observe, that if we have made choice of examples of Spiritual communications superior, in a moral point of view, to others which might have been selected, it is simply because such illustrations were especially adapted to disprove our author's assumption. However, we see no reason why those that are devoid of interest should be published under any circumstances, except so far as this may be necessary to illustrate the laws and conditions of Spiritual existence and intercourse. Many communications from the Spirit-world are obviously unworthy of preservation, and the record of them would subserve no important purpose. But the same may be said of much that is uttered by men in the flesh. Let any man make a verbatim report of what he hears during a single day, in the street, the market, and the exchange, and he will easily transcend the confusion said to have occurred at the tower of Babel. No man could render his country a service by recording the gossip at all the tea-parties, though he might be a wise man compared with the literary critic who should accept the aggregate of such records as a fair index to the intellectual capabilities of the best modern authors.

Facts and communications such as we have cited are extremely numerous, and it is not denied that others of less interest, and of a wholly different character, sometimes transpire. If in many cases we neglect to record the latter, it is not with a view to conceal the general fact of their occurrence, but because they are wanting in interest. However, in pursuing this course, we do but follow the example of the New Testament writers. Some of the inspired words of Jesus are recorded, and the evangelists have given us an account of the sayings and doings of the apostles. The Spiritual phenomena through Paul, Peter, and John, are briefly described; but what do we know of the manifestations through the mass of ancient Jewish media? Great numbers were subject to the influence of Spirits, but the New Testament is silent respecting the details of their experience. We have only a brief account of a few examples, such as the following, though there were probably many.

We read that while Jesus was teaching in the synagogue at Capernaum "a man which had a spirit of an unclean demon" was present. The spirit was noisy, "And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him." And when the demon had thrown him in the midst he came out of him.* It is also related that Jesus, the day after his transfiguration, cast an "unclean spirit" out of a child. The spirit was disorderly in his mode of manifestation, often casting the medium down, causing him to "foam," and "tearing" and "bruising" him by the violence of his efforts.† The Spirit of Magdalene was a medium for seven Spirits of a low order, but we have no circumstantial account of the phenomena exhibited in her case. We are, however, informed that a "legion" of demons troubled a certain man who was accustomed to dwell among "the tombs," but about all that we know respecting their manifestations is, that they imparted to the man a preternatural power, so that no chains or fetters could bind him. So far as we are able to learn from the record, the only communication received from that "legion" of spirits consisted in part of an earnest request that they might be permitted to "go into the swine," which request was granted, and the herd (some two thousand in number) "ran violently down a steep place into the sea."‡ Such Spiritual manifestations occurred in the time of Christ and his apostles. Indeed, it must be evident to the careful reader of the New Testament that they were extremely prevalent, notwithstanding the evangelical records afford but a disconnected and otherwise imperfect history of this phase of ancient Spiritualism. It is worthy of observation that the apostles never cited these facts as a reason why the claims of Spiritualism should be rejected or lightly esteemed, nor do the religious teachers of this day refuse to credit what John said, while in the Spirit, because the power that controlled another man of whom we read, was incapable of giving any information, and was therefore called a "dumb spirit."§

Now, those who are disposed to reject the whole subject on account of occasional disorderly manifestations, would do well to consider the particular examples just referred to, and we would remind them that nearly all the existing forms of the phenomena were represented during the age of the apostles, and more or less in the primitive Church for several centuries. The inferior phases of the manifestations must have been extremely prevalent, when, on a single occasion, a whole legion of Spirits evinced their affinity for the animal creation in one of its foulest and most repulsive forms. It will be perceived that if modern Spiritualism is to be rejected because some of its illustrations are wanting in interest, dignity, and truth, or for the reason that they are imitated by cunning impostors, the ancient Spiritualism must go with it. This is strictly legitimate, for the old Jewish phenomena were at least quite as disorderly as ours, and Simon Magus was, of all men, prince among the workers of spurious miracles.

We must not omit to notice the fact that many departed Spirits—persons who on earth were worthy members of the various Christian denominations—are supposed to be among those who now visit the scenes of mortal life. Their pres-

ence and identity are often demonstrated in a manner which satisfies those who knew them most familiarly. Not a few religious teachers, accredited saints, and noble martyrs are of this class. If the demonstrations of personal identity are not wholly deceptive, some of those devout Spirits inspire the souls of living men. But it should be remembered that Mr. Beecher's assumption excludes them from the joys of heaven, and makes them evil demons, chiefly, it would seem, because they persist in revisiting the earth against the explicit inculcations of his theology.

It is a curious fact that the clergy of the principal sects, and the accredited biblical critics, very generally coincide in the opinion that the "unpardonable sin," in other words, "the sin against the Holy Ghost," consisted in attributing to "spiritual gifts" of discerning Spirits, speaking in unknown tongues, healing the sick, etc., to a diabolical agency. And, strange as it may appear, the same theological expositors are about as unanimous in the conclusion that the exercise of similar powers at this day infallibly indicates that the possessor derives his "fathomless ability" from the Devil. This is the same old assumption in a perfect state of preservation, though its foundation is perhaps as questionable as ever. When will the era of arbitrary creeds and dogmatic theology give way to the reign of reason, and the empire of science comprehend the nature, powers and destiny of the soul? We will only add, if our authorized expounders have given us a true definition of the "unpardonable sin," we can not resist the conviction, that it is high time for them to pause and take warning from their own preaching. But we have done. If what is written shall serve to commend the truth to the reason and conscience of the reader, our chief purpose will be realized.

DREAMS VERIFIED BY FACTS.

We are indebted to a legal gentleman in Illinois for the following interesting facts. We desire to inform the writer that the laws which govern such intercourse render success, in the proposed experiment, doubtful, the personal presence of the interested party being usually required to constitute the attraction. We will, however, seek some opportunity for a trial.—Ed.

General Stephen Rowe Bradley, formerly of Westminster, Vermont, a lawyer of distinction, and senator from that State in Congress, a gentleman not likely to be influenced by superstitious notions, on one occasion, when absent from home some 100 miles, dreamed that his son, a youth, was drowned. The impression of this dream upon his mind was so intense, that he immediately, with all haste, started for home. On his arrival there, he found the funeral procession just leaving his house, to bear that son to the grave! He was drowned, according to the indication of his father's dream.

Hon. John M. Goodenow, of Ohio, a lawyer of high standing, at one time member of Congress, and also a judge of the Supreme Court of that State, while residing in Bloomfield, in Trumbull County, resting at a tavern—a short day's ride from home, when on his return from a journey—dreamed that his house was on fire, and his family asleep within it. He was a nervous man—one of the last persons to yield to fancies of that description; but, instantly awaking, and feeling an unusual solicitude for his family, he at once arose from his bed, mounted his horse, and rode with all speed for home, where he arrived just after day-break. His first sight of his house disclosed the smoke breaking through or issuing from the roof! His early arrival enabled him to arouse his family in season to save themselves and the house, which was ignited in some of the timbers, but had not yet burst into a flame.

MATTERS IN ILLINOIS.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, Aug. 8th, 1853.

This beautiful city of the west, with its five thousand inhabitants, mostly American born, is pleasantly situated on Rock River, where the Chicago and Galena Railroad crosses it, and is one of the pleasantest locations and best business places west of Lake Michigan. I delivered a course of nine lectures here last spring, on the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, which were well received; and by repeated and pressing invitations of our friends here, I have returned, and am now delivering a course of about the same number, to large audiences of the freest and most intelligent part of the inhabitants. In no place where I have lectured have I found warmer hearts, freer hands, and clearer heads than in this place. The friends here are well supplied with books and papers, and pay more attention to investigating the philosophy of the new religion, than to experimenting in its phenomena. A well-developed healing medium would find a home and a good field of labor here, for a few weeks. The homes and the hearts of many citizens here are open to the visits of messengers of truth and love, who come to bring tidings from the home of the soul, whether their permanent residence be in this or that sphere.

The clergy are alarmed at the spread of this heresy, and are constantly warning their flocks against this horrible infidelity, which is converting people to a belief in eternal life, and raising a hope of happiness beyond the grave, and yet do not bring them into their sectarian folds. One preacher here is said to have remarked in the pulpit, that I had better have come here and murdered ten men, than to have delivered the ten lectures on Spiritual Intercourse. Probably for sectarian bigotry it would have been better; but the light will shine, and the truth will spread, even though madmen rave, and hurl their anathemas at it.

On my way to this place I spent a few days with our friends at Lake Mills, Wis. They are steadily progressing, have recently developed another medium, with remarkable speaking powers, and one from whom I hope and expect much. The friends there think they need, and could sustain, a small weekly newspaper, devoted to human freedom, free land, temperance, spiritual intercourse, and other reforms. I believe a practical printer, with his kit, and free from debt, accompanied by sufficient talent, in his own head, or some other, to edit and properly conduct such a paper, would find a good home and good living in that place, with proper industry and economy. The friends also think that a good point for a school that shall be free from sectarian bondage, with a male and female department. Any of our friends who would like to engage in either of these enterprises, will learn more about the prospects by addressing Dr. E. M. Joslyn, of Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

Are we to have a National Convention this fall? If so, why are not the notices circulated through the press?

WARREN CHASE.

We have employed a gentleman of distinguished literary attainments as a regular European correspondent. We commenced the publication of his interesting letters two weeks since, and the series will, doubtless, be continued throughout the year, as often as once in two weeks. The present number is rather lengthy, but its raciness and variety render it attractive.

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER II.

GLASGOW, August 2, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I have just left the famed "Lake District" of England—a region beautiful by nature and consecrated by genius—and will give you a full account of my walks and talks. Upon lakes and mountains have I gazed; places have been visited famous in song; I have stood beside the graves of illustrious poets; I have seen the habitations of some of the best and most distinguished men of our century; and with an "eye single" to the Spiritual significance of scenes and persons, I will give you an account of all these—not in their essential reality, for that no man can do, but as they seemed to me. As one is, so he sees. Achromatic eyes have not yet been invented. To the ever-flowing fountain of life and thought each carries his own goblet, and, dip as long as he may, he can bring it away only full. Let love warm the eye and a glow and richness will be added to all things that are seen.

Inasmuch as I have explored the "Lake District" quite thoroughly, perhaps my best method will be to describe things in the order in which they were viewed. Unless a mere dry generalization be given, this method will have the advantage of brevity as well as clearness, and perhaps some American travelers may learn the best way of visiting this interesting portion of England.

Shortly after writing you I left Liverpool for the old city of Preston. Nothing was seen there that it is necessary to describe here. The next morning Kendal was reached, from which the mountains were seen in the distance. Wordsworth describes the town as:

"A straggling borough, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill."

The ruins of Kendal castle, alluded to by the poet, are on a high hill, and although they are not very beautiful, yet from the crumbling towers are charming views of the town and valley. While strolling about in the area within the fallen and mouldering walls, I recollected, all of a sudden, that it was once the habitation of Catharine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. It seemed to me that over the ruins of her ancestral house the queen of the tyrant who murdered so many wives was keeping watch. As a satirical writer truly remarks, she "had the good fortune to descend to the grave with her head, in all probability merely by outliving her tyrant."

In the afternoon Bowness was reached, which lies dreamy on the sloping bank of

"Wooded Windermere, the river-lake."

Soon after reaching the beautiful lake I procured a boat and rowed down it several miles past Storrs Hall, the mansion of the late John Bolton, Esq., where Canning was in the habit of visiting for the purpose of breathing the fresh air of the hills, and escaping for a season from the cares of public life. I had from the bosom of the lake a very fine view of the beautiful house and grounds. Lockhart, in his life of Scott, gives a lively description of one of the visits of the great English statesman to Storrs Hall, when the presence of Wordsworth, Southey, Professor Wilson, and the famous novelist, gave to the occasion more than ordinary interest. "A large company had been assembled at Mr. Bolton's seat in honor of the minister—it included Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey. It has not, I suppose, happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honored and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was 'high discourse,' intermingled with all gay flashings of wit as ever Canning displayed; and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy, transient pleasures in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn this circle. The weather was as elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day Professor Wilson ('the Admiral of the Lake,' as Canning called him), presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storrs, to admit into the place of honor the vessel that carried the kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The three bands of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music, and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made a dazzling mixture of sensations, as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-forested islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."

Directly in front of Bowness is a beautiful island—Belle Isle it is called—about a mile in circumference. The trees on it "lay their dark arms about the fields," in the midst of which there is a beautiful residence,

"A Grecian temple rising from the deep."

I saw hanging in one of the aisles of the old church at Kendal, a helmet, which, in the time of Charles the First, was lost in a curious manner by the proprietor of this island. In the war between the king and the Parliament, two brothers, Colonel and Major Philpott, espoused the Royal cause. The Colonel owned the island. The Major, from some of his desperate exploits, was called by the Parliamentarians Robin the Devil. A Colonel Briggs, of Kendal, belonging to Cromwell's army, after the king's death, hearing that Robin was secreted in his brother's house, besieged the island. At the end of eight months the siege was raised. Robin the Devil raised a small band of horse, and started after Briggs on Sunday morning. Arriving at Kendal, he was told that his foe was at prayers. Into the church he dashed, riding all the way up to the altar. Colonel Briggs was nowhere to be seen. The congregation was stupefied. The Major rode furiously down another aisle to make his escape. Unfortunately the doorway was not so lofty as that by which he had entered. His head came violently in contact with the arch of the doorway; his helmet was struck off; his saddle girths gave way; and Robin the Devil was stunned. He was himself rescued by his followers, but his helmet still hangs in the church at Kendal.

Sir Walter Scott, taking the hint from this historical incident, has described a similar adventure in Rokeby.

"All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprang
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Stable his clank, his plume, his steed—
Fire from the dusty floor was upstart—
The vaults unvoted clung return'd.
One instant's glance around he threw;
From amidlow his pistol drew,
Grinny determined was his look,
His charger with his spurs he struck,
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Rokeby's name.
Three bounds that noble courser gave:
The first had reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third, he was at Wyckliffe's side.

While yet the smoke the dead convulsed,
Bertram his ready charger wheel'd—
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And bursting in the headlong sway
The faithful saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he totter'd to the freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wyckliffe's soldiers waked at once!"—Rokeby, Canto vi.

The next morning I started for Ambleside, which lies at the head of the lake, six miles from Bowness. After walking about a mile, I came to the house where once lived the great philanthropist, William Wilberforce, of whom it is enough to mention his name. A little beyond is the country seat of Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh. Major Hamilton, author of a "History of the Peninsular Campaigns" and "Cyril Thornton," once occupied the same house. "To the view from this place," says the famous Christopher North, "there is nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water—the richest foreground of wood—and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmorland, but—believe us—in all the world." Two or three miles beyond I came upon a house called Dove's Nest, which was occupied one summer by Mrs. Hemans. "There is an air of neglect about the little demesne," she somewhere says, "which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest. You see everywhere traces of love and care beginning to be effaced—rose trees

spreading into wildness—laurels darkening the windows with too luxuriant branches; and I can not help saying to myself, 'Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and sufferings has here sought refuge and repose.'"

Poor sorrowing child of genius—the little Milton of English literature, who wept poetry—who can be rightly read only when our very hearts are weeping, had lived there in the cottage by the road side, and tears of mine watered the neglected rose trees and the over-luxuriant laurels.

Toward evening I called on Harriet Martineau, at Ambleside. She is quite gray, and shows still other signs of advancing age. She seemed very cheerful, and talked for an hour or more with incredible volubility. She wears her "mesmeric atheism" easily, if a jocosse manner and "robustious" look are any indications of mental and spiritual peace. She is now translating and condensing Auguste Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, to which Professor Nicol, of Glasgow University, the celebrated astronomer, lends a hand. It seems to be a work of love with her to render into English the work of the great French atheist, the "Modern Bacon," as some of his followers call him. Miss Martineau told me of an English gentleman who had sent her five hundred pounds to further the work.

As the sun was going down I strolled on to Rydal Village, a mile and a half beyond Ambleside. Near at hand was "Hydal Mount," where the great good Wordsworth lived many years—the last years of his life. I knew that admission to the grounds or house had been forbidden, yet I stole quietly into the inclosure, and among the roses and ivy spent the long twilight. Not a voice disturbed the sacred stillness of the place. Every shrub seemed to remember the presence of the apostolic poet, and bent with a sweet reverence. Some tall pines stood at the gateway of the grounds—emblems of the altitude of his soul and the elevation of his spirit. From behind, a mountain rears its majestic head more than a thousand feet in air—fit sentinel to guard the place where a good man lived. In front, one gazes down the wooded valley of the Rothay, upon Windermere, whose waters lie placid in the distance. On the right there is a long mountain wall, many hundred feet high, which seems like a barrier to those who would thoughtlessly desecrate the shrine to which many generations of men will go on a grateful pilgrimage. On the left the mountains slope far away to the bending heavens, carrying the thought upward to the Benign Spirit that slopeth not, that keepeth watch over the earth, and whispereth peace in the soul of the worshiper. There I realized anew what the poet meant, when he spoke of "feelings too deep for tears." The little bird that came there for his night's rest seemed to have left his fear behind. The small river that flows under the hill sent its hushed voice up on the gentle evening breeze, as if unwilling to forget to take its kindly leave, at the close of day, of one whose loving spirit was wont to worship there at the twilight hour. God be thanked for those who have taught us a living sympathy with nature, who have revealed to us what priceless treasures of affection there are in each beating heart, who, by purity and rectitude of life, combined with genius, have pointed out to every gifted poet the true end of his mission.

Returning to Ambleside, I took a private road that wound under the base of the mountain, and led by Fox Howe, the residence of the late Dr. Arnold, the well-known master of Rugby School, and the interpreter of the great German historian, Niebuhr.

The next day I sailed over Lake Windermere, or, as Wordsworth persisted in calling it, Winandemere (*winandemere*, or lake), to Newby Bridge, at its outlet. I then wandered down the Leven, half a dozen miles to the sea; then up another beautiful stream to Conistone Water (a local name for lake), over which a countryman rowed me seven miles to its mountain-guarded head. Some of the peaks, up to which one looked from the still bosom of the lake, were more than two thousand feet high. The afternoon was sunny, and the streams that ran swiftly down the steep sides of the mountain looked like bright threads of silver. The hills echoed the beat of the oars, and one seemed to be visited with multitudinous troops of the Spirits of beauty and joy. Alas! for the condition of those who ridicule the idea that there may be innumerable beings "who walk the earth, unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep," with whom souls that are pure may hold sweet communion.

Near the upper end of the lake I found Tent Lodge, the villa where lived Elizabeth Smith, one of the most gifted of England's daughters. The beautiful house overlooks a landscape of mountain, valley, water, wood, and lawn, as enchanting as imagination of painter or poet ever conceived. Alfred Tennyson, the present laureate of England, spent the summer there, a year or two since. I was told that I would find him there, but was disappointed.

Returning over the mountains to Ambleside, I passed Hawkshead, where Wordsworth and his brother were educated—where Elizabeth Smith is buried. Standing at her grave, Byron wrote one of his most touching little poems, the words of which my memory can not now recall. Going down the long descent into the valley of the Windermere, as the sun was beginning to hide itself behind the dark mountain peaks in the west, I gazed upon a succession of landscape pictures such as I never expect to behold again. Every step, for miles, shifted my point of view, and a new scene presented itself. There was every variety, from the quiet little picture by the hedge-row on the wayside, to the broad picture embracing the lake and its wooded islands, numerous villas, sloping fields, and far-off mountains. One seemed to be floating in some Delphic ship, through a valley of enchantment. My limbs were weary with a walk of twenty miles, yet the beauty of the scene excited me almost to madness. Nature will yield no such treasures to those who, through indolence, are dependent upon public conveyances.

The next day I ascended the rugged road to Kirkstone Pass, where is found the highest inhabited house in England. I then climbed a mountain peak, not half a mile off, that was a thousand feet higher. From that point I had a splendid panoramic view of nearly all the "Lake District." The sea, along its bay-indented shore, seemed to sleep lazily in the warmth and haze of a summer day. Half a dozen lakes were in full view,

"With all their fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky,
Among the evening clouds."

At evening I returned through the valley of Troutbeck, which Professor Wilson has made classic ground by the descriptions of his magic pen.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked four miles to Grasmere, to worship by the grave of Wordsworth. The "Knob," overlooking Rydal Lake, was passed, where once lived Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the opium-eater, the dream-drinker, the poetic philosopher and the philosophic poet. His weird imagination has no parallel in all literature, yet he was wanting in central rectitude of nature, a defect that weakened his will, that vitiated not only his mental but his moral action, that caused him to deceive himself and others, that made his life a kind of celestial-infernal tragedy, so that contemplating him is like contemplating the ruins of some splendid structure—a structure, too, that never was completed.

A mile farther on, near Grasmere Lake, is the little white stone house where Wordsworth lived many years, to which he led his bride in 1802. In his "Farewell," which he wrote previous to going after his bride, he thus describes it:

"Farewell, thou little nook of mountain ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest strait
Of that magnificent Temple, which, doth bound
One side of our whole vale, with grandeur rare:
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found."

In the same house lived some time De Quincey, another great opium-eater, who has over his own spirit achieved a victory that shames all the victories of those who conquer cities. I hope to see him in a few weeks at Edinburgh, when I will speak more of him.

Not a stone's throw beyond, is the house where Hartley Coleridge had lodgings most of the time for a dozen years, and where he died. The people in the neighborhood say that a barn sometimes afforded him shelter for the night. Poor child of genius, in more senses than one! He sleeps yonder in the churchyard, by the side of Wordsworth; and the morrow no longer haunts his dreams. God shall hide thee, my brother, in the great bosom of his love, where each "shadowy recollection" shall be transformed to joy.

A plain gray stone, bearing the simple inscription, "William Wordsworth," marks the grave of England's great apostolic poet. I could not think of him as there, and my feelings were not touched. With his living spirit I had communed at "Hydal Mount;" why should I be affected by the dust that was no part of the poet that I revered and loved? When we weep at the grave and refuse to be comforted, the Christ has not yet brought life and immortality to light in our souls. Near the tomb of the immortal bard were the graves of four of his children, but he and they were elsewhere. I returned at evening, not only hoping, but feeling and knowing, that the something—call it what you will, mind, soul, or spirit—within me, which thinks, wills, remembers, loves, and worships, is not perishable like the clay garment with which it is clothed.

The next afternoon I started on foot for Keswick, a distance of sixteen miles. I passed again through the vale and by the lake of Grasmere. I can say of them, in the language of Mrs. Hemans:

* Beecher's Report, p. 74.
† John viii., 52. It is evident that the Jews meant that he had a lying or unclean Spirit, and they inferred this because he asserted what they deemed to be impossible.

* Luke iv. 33. † Luke ix. 39-42. ‡ Mark v. 13-16. § Mark ix. 17-26.

"O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oh! doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hush that steep
Your shores in melting water, seem to float
On golden clouds from Spirit-lands, remote
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of the charn serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer!"

After climbing a long rugged hill I came to Dunmail Raise, a pile of stones,

"Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones,
He who once held supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland."

who was defeated in 945, by Edmund the Saxon king. A little beyond I turned aside to climb Helvellyn, next to the highest mountain in England. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, but its lofty top looked too tempting to resist. An obscure path, three miles in length, led to the summit, which was gained by a vigorous climb of an hour and a half. Not long did I enjoy the magnificent prospect from a point three fiftis of a mile high, for, as if in obedience to the command of some evil genius, there came up a sudden storm, and I was buried in rushing clouds. The wind blew a hurricane. It was many miles to the sea, yet on my lips the mist had a saline taste, as in an ocean storm. Night was coming on, and the prospect of remaining all night on the mountain in the cold and rain, was far from being pleasant. I was lost, and wandered about, enjoying the terror of the storm. All at once before me yawned a gulf that in the mist the eye could not fathom. Afterward, I learned that it was near the place where, in 1805, perished a young man, who was overtaken by a storm while crossing the mountain. His remains were found after three months, still watched by a faithful dog.

"This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place;
Yes, proof was plain that since the day
On which the traveler thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot
Or by his master's side;
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that calm, and majestic,
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Gharraun,
Bleasney, and Mallowmore to Gribble, and the westernmost Wythop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
High in the middle air huge purple pillars massed.
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Anon he rushed and still; all motion and sound were suspended;
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,
Only the voice of the Glets, heard only when all is stillness."

Scott also has a poem on the same subject, commencing,
"I climbed the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn,"

The storm soon abated somewhat, and by using a pocket compass, and following a water-course, I at length got below the clouds, when the descent was comparatively easy. It was nearly midnight before I reached Keswick.

The next day a visit was made to Greta Hall, where resided the industrious and prudent Robert Southey. The poet has described the scene visible from his own window:

"Twas at that soler hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues where-with day has adorned them
Faded like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of youth is departed;
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding
Mountain, and lake, and vale; the valley disrobed of verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glossy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that calm, and majestic,
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Gharraun,
Bleasney, and Mallowmore to Gribble, and the westernmost Wythop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
High in the middle air huge purple pillars massed.
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Anon he rushed and still; all motion and sound were suspended;
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,
Only the voice of the Glets, heard only when all is stillness."

Derwentwater is indeed the most beautiful of all the lakes. Hour after hour I feasted my eyes upon it, but to describe it adequately is impossible. I find that my letter is growing long, and must hasten my narrative.

From Keswick to Penrith there is a beautiful walk of eighteen miles. One passes on the way the famed valley of St. John, which is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." Near Penrith is the seat of Lord Brougham, the first of living English advocates and orators. A mile from Penrith is "King Arthur's Round Table," a circular area about sixty feet in diameter, surrounded by a fosse and mound.

From Keswick I passed the falls of Lodore, which do not amount to much, notwithstanding the poem of Southey—"How do the waters come down Lodore," and the exceedingly musical name by which they are called, and went on through Borrowdale, to a little village near Scafell Rises, the highest mountain in England. I then took a guide and climbed to the highest peak of the mountain. The views were similar to those already described, and it is not necessary to dwell upon them.

I stayed all night at a farm-house, by the foot of the mountain. There was comfort there for a weary man, although the pigs came rooting under my chair as I sat drying my bruised, wet feet by the kitchen fire. The next day I strolled along Wastwater, the wildest of all the lakes. One looks almost straight up from its margin to mountain peaks, nearly three thousand feet high. It seemed strange to walk five miles in England without meeting a person or passing a house. The sea-shore was gained late in the evening, and a few hours' ride the next day brought me to Furness Abbey, the most beautiful ruin in the United Kingdom. It was founded in 1127, by Stephen, Earl of Montaigne and Boulogne, afterward King of England. The same evening I reached Whitehaven, where I was disappointed, the next morning, in procuring a pass to descend into the coal mines, which are nearly a thousand feet deep, and entered like a subterranean city, far under the sea. The same evening the old Cathedral town of Carlisle was reached. From a bridge that crosses the gently-flowing Eden I gazed pensively, at twilight, upon the tower where Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined on her flight to England, after the battle of Longridge. In the Cathedral is buried Dr. Paley, of whom many think more than they do of the Bible. A long ride in the mail train brought me here last Sunday.

Of Roman stations and Druidical remains, which abound in the "Lake district," I have said nothing; an account of them, to be at all satisfactory, would require too much historical explanation, and antiquarian research is far from being interesting.

PROGRESS AT THE SOUTH.

PURDY, TENNESSEE, July 24, 1853.

MR. C. PARTRIDGE:
Dear Sir—Wishing to write you for some books, I will just say that the invisible powers in these quarters are still doing up their own work, and in their own good way, and no doubt are accommodating their manifestations to those to whom they are made. Recently the "demons," as Mr. Beecher would call them, have revealed themselves in Florence, Alabama, about sixty miles east of this place. Some eight or ten media have worked down through them, and this has taken place both among the gay and fashionable, and the more sedate. In one instance, a table followed an Episcopalian minister across the room, then up stairs, and then down again. Table moving is carried on as a matter of amusement. According to the statements of some of the savans, it is all electrical; yet it has produced considerable excitement. In this way, without calling on the Spirits, these things take place. This is suiting the work to the conditions of the minds of those present. In this way spirits are making a march in the world, not only here, but in other parts of the earth; they have commenced the work and will carry it out, by whatever name it may be called.

Some twenty-five miles from this place, some strange things have taken place. The medium will take a pan and put a pair of scissors in it, with a piece of paper, the hand being tied up, and the pan resting on it, and then placed under the table, while the other hand is placed on the top. The scissors are then taken up—also the paper—and they cut the paper all to pieces, and then throw it down on the floor. All present hear the noise of the cutting. This has been done a great many times.

On one occasion all were requested to go out of the house, and to lock and fasten all the doors, the spirits promising to do something that would astonish them all. The request was complied with, and in a short time the locks and bolts were made to fly, and the doors were all thrown wide open, accompanied by noise and confusion within. The beds and bed clothing were thrown upon the floor, and out at the doors into the yard, and bedsteads were dragged out into the middle of the house.

We have not yet formed our circle, and are fearful we can not. *** But we still have the manifestations, by rapping, writing, seeing, and feeling. Nothing strange, however, has been done for us, more than heretofore.

Yours, etc., S. D. PACE.

MY SPIRIT-CHILD.

BY A. W. FENNO.

The following lines, glad and sparkling from a father's heart, we publish with pleasure. It will be seen that the two verses are in very different meter, but the merit of their thoughts being in no wise lessened on that account, we prefer not to pass them through our critical sieve, simply to modify their rhythm.

She comes in the sparkling sunlight,
She comes 'neath the silvery moon,
She comes in the gentle twilight,
She comes in the rosy noon;
She comes 'mid the dewy flowers,
She comes on the mountain slope,
She comes in my lonely hours,
Filling my heart with hope;
She comes o'er the raging sea,
When its waves are tossing wild,
She comes at all times to me,
My dear one, my Spirit-child.

Shall I reject so great a blessing
Because the world is deaf and cold!
Can I resist my child's caressing,
Shut the light from out my soul?
God, our Father, thou in kindness
Hast permitted this to be;
Shall ungrateful man in blindness
Spurn a gift that comes from thee?
No; I bless thee for the token
Thou hast given to our earth,
That affection's chain's 'unbroken,
Death is but a glorious birth.

Come then, little pet, in gladness,
From thy bright home undefined,
Come! my heart it knows no sadness
When thou'rt with me, Spirit-child.

NORTH ADAMS, August 14th.

MY FATHER.

BY MISS SUSAN TATOR.

The following more than commonly meritorious lines we find in the Albany *Sunday Atlas*, accompanied by an editorial note stating that their writer is "a young lady of only sixteen summers." In copying them, we venture the prophecy that their author will hereafter be better known, if she cultivates and gives to the world the maturity of that power of which she, even in this early effusion, shows herself the possessor:

Thou eagle, circling 'twixt the clouds and sun,
Whose cycle in the heavens is so high,
Oh! speak, if thou, since first thy flight begun,
My father dear hast seen, and if he light!
Thou star of eve, that twinkled in thy sphere,
Loveliest gem in all the crown of night,
Oh! whisper in mine attentive ear,
Did'st see my father's spirit in its flight!

Thou rising orb that glids the eastern sky,
Whom worlds awake to greet on each return,
Oh! tell me whether with all-blazing eye,
Thou saw'st my father in his long sojourn!
As sails the vessel forth to distant seas,
Anon is lost, to lingering eyes on shore;
So said'st his spirit with celestial breeze,
And we've beheld its sweet return no more.

A thousand times I've closed my eyes at rest,
And thought I saw him bright as noonday beams,
A thousand dreams have fill'd my hopeful breast
With his joy'd presence—could it be dreams?
I'll see him yet again—again I'll press
His heart to mine, gaze in his gentle eyes,
List to his many tones, and he'll caress!
His loving child once more, nor ever say "good-bye."

ALBANY, March 2, 1853.

DEPARTED.

REYNOLDS.—In Jersey City, August 11, at half-past eleven o'clock, P.M., CHARLES EDWARD MORTIMER, only son of Henry Clay and Mary Frances Reynolds, aged eleven months and eight days.

Budding here to bloom in heaven.

INCONSISTENCIES OF THE OPPOSITION.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

In a late communication I promised to give you some facts relative to a Reverend gentleman who is traveling through the country as a lecturer, and who occasionally condescends to stigmatize the Spiritual movement. Several months ago, this gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. G——, came among us with the avowed purpose, as I understood, of rousing our dormant sensibilities on the subjects of slavery and intemperance, and on these subjects gave a few lectures, one of which I heard, and with which I was well pleased. On the occasion of another of his lectures, he bore down on the Spiritual Manifestations with much severity, and even at the expense of truth. Whether this was done in obedience to his own views, or to please and propitiate some persons present, I know not. Several weeks afterward the same gentleman repeated his visit, for the purpose of procuring aid to enable him to travel more conveniently as a public lecturer. On this occasion he did not deliver any lecture. Among the rest, he called on me, and soon made known the purpose of his visit. "This circumstance furnished me with a good excuse for introducing the subject of his condemnatory lecture above referred to. I said, rather jocosely, "Mr. G——, if I were in your place I would take a wider range in my lectures, and embrace some of the exciting subjects of the day, and as Spiritualism professes to be one of a reformatory character it would be well to connect it with temperance and anti-slavery." Mr. G—— then replied, that with the subject of Spiritualism his acquaintance was very limited, having never investigated the matter and only been present at one or two of their meetings, when nothing remarkable was elicited. I was much surprised at this avowal, and said, "Mr. G—— is this true? are you in reality unacquainted with this subject?" He again replied as before. "Now, Mr. G——, pray tell me why you so severely condemned this movement when lecturing some time since in this vicinity, if you, as you now deliberately and repeatedly say, were ignorant of the subject." Perhaps Mr. G—— did not suppose I had heard of the above lecture. He was evidently taken by surprise; but he surprised me still more by acknowledging that on that occasion he had done wrong, and was extremely sorry that such expressions had fallen from his lips. This admission was several times repeated. I was candid and sincere, and supposed he was, and hence I endeavored to convince him that no man or woman who was actuated by Christian principles had any thing to fear or lament from this movement, provided they could forego and relinquish all preconceived opinions as to eternal punishment. Mr. G—— and I parted on very friendly terms, and I was congratulating myself in having done some good by what I had said, but

"Oh, that a dream so sweet, so well enjoyed,
Should be so soon, so cruelly destroyed!"

In three days after Mr. G——'s righteous confession to me

he kicked his dish of repentance all over in a lecture he delivered in Stephentown, on which occasion he was very indignant toward Spiritualists, who, he said, either had committed or were about to commit the unpardonable sin. I did not learn how he defined this great enormity. It needs but little sagacity to discover wherein the Spiritualists have become so vile and sinful, and how they have forfeited all claims to forgiveness or atonement. They have so far, to the best of my knowledge, manifested on all occasions a Christian spirit—the bad temper has been very conspicuous on the other side. This, then, is the unpardonable sin which they have committed, and for which every method of slander and abuse is resorted to by their opponents. And who are those opponents? Are they not those who are chasing the Almighty Dollar at all hazards—who are oppressing the poor and needy—who take every opportunity to cheat and wrong their fellow-men—who hesitate not to violate every divine commandment—who have treated their departed friends when living with unkindness and cruelty, even on their deathbed—who are the first at every dog-fight and horse-race and the last at a work of benevolence—and with this numerous class (will it be believed) the Press and the Pulpit, with few exceptions, are in harmonious concert. One would suppose that pride alone would revolt at such copartnership. If these things prove any thing, they prove that there is something desperately rotten in Denmark.

T. H.

NORTH ADAMS, August 16, 1853.

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

Our aged friend who wrote the following communication without any view to publication, will excuse the liberty we take in laying the essential portions of its contents before our readers. In doing so, we are governed by motives which he himself will readily appreciate. After ordering the TELEGRAPH, and stating that he was for forty years a member of the Presbyterian church, he proceeds as follows:

I now perceive that I have lived but a little above the animal. On examination, I find that for about three-score years my physical powers or senses have been my ruling or positive powers. But now my whole being is filled with the warmest gratitude to find that my spirit has taken its own proper station—for it is now my positive power; and to my great joy I find that both body and spirit are in harmony, which was not the case before. I now have no cross to take up, for I can deny myself any thing that I know to be injurious, either to body or mind, without the least inconvenience. This I had no power to do when my physical nature ruled. I can now, with the liveliest gratitude, thank our Creator that thousands, for the first time, perceive that our prison doors are thrown open, and that the chains of mental bondage which for thousands of years have been kept firmly riveted by the high-priests, popes, bishops, and clergy, are thrown off. Through God's unalterable laws of nature, Progression is both seen and felt. This deliverance far surpasses the year of jubilee; for we may now come out from a degrading and mythological bondage, unfold our minds to truthful instructions, and feel that we are in our own beloved element. Our minds may soar away to the Spirit-world, as would the lark let loose from his cage soar high in the air with his song of joy and freedom. The want of words will not suffer me to express the happiness I feel in being delivered from this most degrading bondage into the joys of freedom. I feel that I shall return to it no more, for my mind seeks spiritual things because it is itself spirit.

As the spirit is the development of all things below it, it must be destined for boundless freedom. We have liberty to strive to comprehend the unbounded expanse of the Infinite, because our spirits are part of an unimaginable Infinite Mind. This we should know by experience, rather than faith. I feel thankful that we may now unfold our minds to receive instruction directly from the Spirit-world, and from exalted spirits if we are in harmony with them. It appears to me that the first object of these noble and glorious spirits is to bring us into union, love, and harmony with ourselves and our Creator; also to convince us that we are one with them as they are one with God—that the interest of God, of the Spirit-world, and of all on earth that are in harmony with them, is one interest, which is that this earth, yes, the whole empire of Jehovah, may be brought into harmony with God, with his laws of nature, and that happiness may be universal. Now if we do to all in sincerity feel this union, this harmony, this desire to do good to all, we are most certainly happy; for it makes us one with spirits and angels, and one with our Father, God.

I will now mention that I have professed to be a healing medium, and know that through me some have been restored to health; but what has been done has been covered up as closely as possible by the dark cloak of sectarianism. I will leave these matters for others to mention. The next inquiry is, From whence comes this power to heal the sick, etc.? By what I have written above, the inquirer will perceive it to be the power of union and harmony, or the power of all whose desire is universal health and happiness. There is no necessity of our receiving any new power, but that we should know and cultivate the power that has ever been with and within us, and that we should know by experience that we are one with the powers above mentioned. Still we are to feel ourselves the subordinate power; for God is positive, and angels, and men, and all else, are negative. This is not only a situation to be in to heal the sick, but to cause happiness that exceeds expression.

We may joyfully say, "Thanks to our Creator for causing us to understand that his laws of Nature and Progression are truthful and infallible." These are our guide-boards to lead us directly to union, harmony, and happiness. So I perceive there is no necessity of waiting until after what we term death to be happy, if we will but free ourselves from mental bondage, and open our minds to receive new truths from these harmonious spirits or angels. I feel fully satisfied that the above-mentioned desires and feelings are the same that filled the whole being of the blessed Jesus when he boldly said, "I and my Father are one." He no doubt had impressions and communications from spirits and angels. He was far in advance of those of his day—so much so that he appeared more God-like than human: thus he was called God.

Yours in the bonds of universal love, harmony, and happiness,

J. G.

BIRMINGHAM, ROCKLAND CO., MICHIGAN.

CHASE & BRITTINGHAM'S SPRINGS.

PINE GROVE, Aug. 8th, 1853.

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Gentlemen—A statement appeared in the first number of the present volume of your paper, over the signature James B. Greaves, of Milwaukee, addressed to Dr. John F. Gray, of New York, which, unintentionally (no doubt) on his part, contains several errors, which I desire to correct, through the medium of the TELEGRAPH.

The facts in relation to the finding of the mineral springs are these. I had for some time suspected there was mineral water on my farm, and, after making a few unimportant experiments, I was satisfied that it was not to be easily found. I then proposed to Mr. W. B. Brittingham, he being a believer in clairvoyance, that if he would locate the spring, and perform the labor of digging, I would guarantee to him one fourth of all the minerals he should be able to find. And it was Brittingham, and not myself (as reported), who procured the clairvoyant, and caused the digging to be done. All I had to do in the matter was to board the workman while digging, and counsel with him and his wife (as a partial medium), his wife being the medium who guided the experiments. You will confer a favor on me by giving this an insertion in the TELEGRAPH, to stop the clamors of the community. We expect soon to publish a correct statement of the causes and circumstances which led to a discovery of these springs, and all the facts attending the finding and digging, up to this time.

The springs are located in the town of Pine Grove, Warren Co., Pa., about 80 rods from the New York State line. Visitors intending or wishing to visit these waters, will leave Dunkirk, Chautauque Co., at 8 o'clock A.M., in post coaches, by way of Jamestown and Frewsburg, and arrive at Fentonville at 5 o'clock P.M., where conveyances will at all times be in readiness to convey them to the springs, a pleasant ride of about three miles. All letters and communications or pleasars for Chase & Brittingham, should be directed to Fentonville, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Very respectfully, your friend,

JOHN CHASE.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

VAILED SPIRITS.

CHATHAM, CONN., Aug. 9, 1853.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

Believing in the doctrine of Progression, and that you are willing to publish any communication pointing that way, I send the following, purporting to come (and, I doubt not, did come) from the spirit of Dr. Bemis, formerly of Chicopee, Mass., through Mrs. Comstock as medium. Many most strange scenes have transpired in the course of her development, which I will relate when I see you. * * * She is not an electric medium; she is impressed through the brain, and her hand is then moved in accordance with the impression. She writes very easily and rapidly. She also speaks as in the natural state, and also perceives spiritual forms when surrounding conditions are favorable.

Fraternally thine, W. COMSTOCK.

My spirit longed for the redemption of mankind from sin and iniquity. But many shall say (in ignorance) that the day of manifestations is passed, or the day of miracles closed forever. But who hath declared the day of miracles to be closed? It is man, sinful man. I say, he repents not of his sin, but iniquity hath taken fast hold of him—yea, his spirit is black with iniquity. But how can he become clean? Take nature and God's messengers (the angels) for a guide. They can cleanse the spirit—yea, cleanse the body also. Repent, and go no more astray forever. Live unto nature, unto nature's God, who ruleth in the heavens.

The abominations of earth have filled the lower circles. Murderers, liars, idolaters, adulterers, drunkards, money-changers, and they that traffic in human blood—their spirits are black as midnight. Horror of blackness, yea, thick darkness, enshrouds their spirits so that they can not look up to perceive even a faint glimmer of light, unless God sends his angel messengers to instruct them. If they will hear, they can live; but if they close their ears and their eyes, they must remain in darkness. So it is with the people of earth. Many close their eyes and ears for fear of hearing the truth, the only thing that can save the spirit—that can prepare it for eternity. Who hath believed our report? or unto whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? Unto those that take hold of the true light—the truths of nature.

MRS. COMSTOCK, Medium.

THE BIBLE, BY A SPIRIT.

BY J. J. WHITE, MEDIUM.

It is an age of progression, and you need not wonder that the world around you is convulsed and intellectually revolutionizing. Men are beginning to think for themselves, and no other subject agitates the mass of mind, throughout Christendom, so much as that of the bible. Since the Reformation, men have been taught to regard the bible with superstitious reverence, bordering on idolatry, and in many cases plainly idolatrous. When called upon by the civil magistrate to take a solemn oath, binding them to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, they have either kissed the bible, or laid their right hand upon it, and therefore virtually sworn by the bible itself. The reason given was that it was the true word of God, and therefore the representative of God on earth. Now we ask, How far is this before the worshiping of the consecrated host by the Romanists? Both practices are idolatrous, and both spring from the same source—the misinterpretation of the teaching of common sense.

Now, if the bible was perfect in its teachings, these errors could not have crept into the churches, and thus confusion would have been avoided, and the world would have been more united upon the great platform of universal brotherhood.

Again: if God had infallibly inspired the writers of the four gospels, think you that the subject and mode of baptism would have been left so obscure, and therefore imperfect, in its institution and practice, as to have occasioned bitter and almost endless disputes about its subject, and the proper mode of its administration? No, indeed. God can, and God would, have expressed himself so intelligently as to have been understood by the weakest capacity above total insanity; and for the latter there is no law. There fore this institution is not of God; and the sect of people called Quakers have done well in rejecting this useless custom of antiquity, and also the sacrament or eucharistic feast, as it is called. And under the new dispensation of God's mercy to man, these rites are to be laid aside, as they can answer no good intention in the new system of theology whatever.

Spirits endorse the declaration that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." True religion consists in active outward duties, and purity of intention and of life. It consists, therefore, in an actual reformation of our lives and practices. As for instance, has the man been dishonest—he must reform in this respect, and become fair, liberal, and honest in his intercourse with his fellow-man. Was he in the vice habit of profaning the name of his God—he must learn to reverence that great and good Being called God. Was he an intemperate—he must become a sober man. Was he averse to the worship of God—he must make prayer and praise the business of his after life. In short, he or she must be chaste, honest, meek, sober, prayerful—active in doing good to all within his or her reach, loving God, and worshipping him as the supreme Author of his being, and the Giver of all his blessings, loving his neighbor as himself, and constantly rejoicing in God his Saviour and his portion forever. Such a man or woman will be happy, despite all adverse outward circumstances—will die happy, and share the resurrection of the just, and give to God the glory and praise forever and ever.

I am thy Spirit-friend, and, for the present, bid thee farewell.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FACTS IN CONNECTICUT.

MANCHESTER, CONN., August 4, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I am a manufacturer in a small way, and have work-people, both males and females. Some of them are good mediums, both for writing and tipping, and we get many very interesting communications that are fully satisfactory to my mind, and also to many others, as coming from the spirits of those departed from this world. In August of 1849 I lost my wife and only daughter, and was very sick myself at the same time, no one supposing that I would live; but as there is a higher Power than man to control, I did recover.

I have, for the most of my life, been rather in the dark in regard to the future, until last December, when it so happened that I was present where there was a medium; and at that time the spirits of my wife and daughter manifested themselves in such a way that their presence could not be disbelieved; and as we have good mediums in our neighborhood, I have now frequent opportunities of conversing with them. I asked my wife at one time if she would inform me for what purpose the spirits manifested themselves! Her answer was, "To make the world keep their thoughts on God, and increase their knowledge of eternity." My wife and daughter when living were fond of music, and it seems to be the same with them now; for if any one will sing in the room where there is a medium, the table will beat perfect time; and, more than that, if any person in the room (however far they may sit from the table) will but think of a tune, the table will beat the time perfectly.

Last Monday evening we had a sitting. Two spirits manifested themselves that we had no knowledge of ever being present before. The first one gave her name "Laura Rockwell." None of us knew her. She told us where she lived, what family she belonged to, how long since she died; which we learn are facts. The second one wished to give her name; we asked if we knew her; she said some of us did; she gave her name, "Sarah Gardner." At first we could not recollect her. One lady thought she did know her; others had their doubts. The spirit of Sarah Gardner said she wished to communicate to us. We asked, if to any one in particular? She said, "Yes, she wished to say something to the lady that was the most sure she knew her, whose name was Mary." The spirit said, "Mary, I am the one you thought of;" and then went on and identified herself in many ways. She told how long since she died, where she died, how old she was when she died, and the family she belonged to. She also told her sister's age and name that she lived with when she died, which we learn are actual facts; and at the time none of us were thinking of her, and it is not probable that we ever should, had she not given us her name.

Yours truly,

L. PARKER.

The calm or disquiet of our humor depends not so much on affairs of moment, as on the disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 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 of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name 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.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements no 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 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

THINK OF IT.

A large number of officers and privates of our city police have lately been examined, upon serious charges, by the Police Commissioners, and more than a score of them discharged from the service, or suspended for a time for drunkenness, neglect of duty, insolence to citizens, and other offenses. Several were reprimanded who ought to have been discharged from the department. What are we to think of the safety of our lives and property, and the peace and order of the community, with such a band of guardians, for whose support the people are taxed over a million of dollars! The condition of our municipal government is frightful, and no good citizen can contemplate it without alarm. *Appropos* to these facts, we notice that the Grand Jury of Kings County have presented, as a nuisance, the fact that a large number of the police of Brooklyn and Williamsburg are physically, mentally, and morally unfit for the posts they hold. The Grand Jury also present the Commissioners of Excise of those cities, for granting "rum licenses" without discrimination, and to hundreds who, in no respect, come up to the requirements of the law. In view of these facts, it is gratifying to know that the vast circle of rumrunners, and other dens prepared around the Crystal Palace, have thus far turned out a losing speculation. "To let," may be read on hundreds of places erected in the hope of securing high rents on the one hand, and robbing and corrupting the palace-visiting crowd on the other.

DRENCHED OF COURSE.—Some of the records of the times of Cotton Mather contain strange accounts of the frocks of "ye unseen spirits." Here is one, copied by the Boston *Chronicle* from an old journal of a schoolmaster, who resided in "ye ancient town of Ipswich." The description is spirited.

"Last night, as my wife and myself were going to bed, a dreadful noise was heard about ye house; an'n ye sounds increased violent, and seemed to be in the bedde-room lykewise. Ye wyndowes shoode lyke a dyce box, and a horrible styne arose, smelling very much like unto brombyre, and a horrible styne arose, smelling very much like unto brombyre, and a horrible styne arose, smelling very much like unto brombyre. Suddenly ye chairs and taybles did move hyther and thither by some unseen hand; anon all was silent. Soon ye beddies did rocke and shayko terribly, and ye bedde clothes did move hyther and thither violently. Then ye plastering did cracke and snappe lyke unto ye report of a pistol. Soon ye jordan began to move about, and it did jump upon a chair, whirling round right meryly. I clutched by ye handell, and ye pette did hoppe and skyppe around ye room, all toe our great amusement."

BODY AND SPIRIT.—A friend, who has it from the party in question, informs us that an eminent orthodox clergyman of this city, lately at the point of death, and by his friends thought to be dead—though recovered after a time, and now likely to live for years—informed him that he distinctly apprehended all the circumstances of his condition, and believed he was dying, and that his Spirit, his real life, in a halo of light, seemed to rise and hover over, but near to, its earth-tenement, which he could see lying, pale and pulseless; also, that his first perception of a return of the Spirit to the body was on hearing his wife, to whom he was tenderly

Reviewer's Department.

Carolina and the Sandefest; or, a Night with the Jesuits at Rome; by Edmund Farrere. John S. Taylor, Publisher.

We have read the above-named book with no little interest. Its author, Mr. Farrere, is a French refugee, driven from his native land by the tyrannical and arbitrary policy of Louis Napoleon. Himself a sharer in the great European uprising of 1848; familiar with the causes which led to it, as well as those by which it was defeated; finally, a man of profound inquiry and study, and withal of candor in the utterance of his experience and knowledge, he would seem particularly entitled to consideration. The aim of his book is to show how radically and perpetually the Roman Catholic Church and State policy is opposed to freedom and the spread of liberal thought and principles—in fact, to show that the two great opposing forces now at work in the world, are Catholic (rather than monarchical) despotism and republican liberty. In proof of this he has written an historic romance, the leading thread running through the late Italian Revolution up to the conquest of Rome by the French, and the principal personages being Italian patriots, Romanist-Jesuits, with their secret order of assassins and robbers, the Sandefest, and certain English and other diplomats working in the Jesuit and despotic interest. In connection with his story, the author has fully illustrated his assertion that Catholicism is the foe of freedom, always by citing the code of the Church, the incursions of its leaders, and its universal spirit and practices. He has selected the Jesuit order of the Church, because that is the most extended, powerful, and intriguing order—in truth, the political and warrior order of Catholicism, having its civil and vice-generals, and spies and intriguers scattered over the generalized world, holding conference with kings and cabinets; dictating despotic policy to governments; binding the State ever more firmly to the Church; compassing more and more of temporal power, and spending money wrong from the zealous credulity of millions of believers with a lavish hand whenever it sees the possibility of retarding the progress of freedom, or adding a convert to its faith and purposes. The characters in the volume open up a beautiful sketch of the general landscape and life of Italy at the period under notice. Mr. Farrere paints the scenery, pastoral, social, and political, with a skillful and easy hand. By means of their secret societies the republican leaders have aroused the patriotism of the people, and everywhere murmurings of discontent are heard. The Papacy is the temporal as well as spiritual ruler of Italy. It hears on the people with a heavy hand, watches every sudden outbreak or gesture of its victims, and trembles for fear of some impatient look. The Jesuits control both the policy and action of Papacy. They are the chief spoilers. Sensual and avaricious, they prostitute the female virtue and rob the purse of the land. They have scented out the league of revolutionary Italy, and are hunting for evidence and victims at the time our story commences. That Cicerochio, and others eminent among the lowly born, are leaders, they know. They know, also, that these leaders meet convales of patriots at various points, to inspire them and to concert measures for future action. Not a few of these republican meetings are held at the inn of Nicolo Savini. The worthy landlord is aware of the practices and guilt of his wife, but he leaves her to her shame, that he may, aided by his adopted boy, "Geronimo," through her confident yet discreet spy out the plots of the Jesuits. But the Jesuits have not as yet been able to spot any aristocratic leaders. They wish to know if the "noblesse" are mixed in the doings of the "patriot mob." To this end they fancy they have a ready agent in Carolina, the heroine of the story. She is pure, intelligent, and beautiful. She has a voice almost divine. Its fame has gone forth from the choir of the church and attracted a young republican soldier from Rome, a descendant of a powerful and noble family, related to cardinals and popes. He hears the voice and honorably loses its possessor. Signora Savini, the reprobate before mentioned, professes to be a foster-mother to Carolina who is an orphan. She clothes her, gives her money, and flatters her. Carolina is soon betrothed to her young patriot lover. Father Francisco now hopes to get at the secrets of the revolutionary leadership. "Sister Savini" is set to doing the young soldier's house, his betrothed. Carolina thinking she is doing the Church a service—for so she is taught—questions her lover. He yields all but the secrets of his comrades. Finding all common resources fail, Jesuitism goes so far as to insist that Carolina, shall abandon her chastity and tempt her lover with it to a full confession. She is told that this is a duty and no crime, since the Church is to be benefited. That we are commanded to sacrifice our "lives and holies" for the glory of God. Carolina revolts from the idea and is cast into deep distress. Her lover, discovering this, learns also the cause. Hereupon he discourses—the first similar revelation ever made to her—upon the corruption and wickedness of the Church, its unholy practices, and the light and beauty of liberty, both of action and speech. Carolina is born to a new faith—she becomes a patriot. Failing in her schemes in this quarter, an attempt is made to entrap Cicerochio at the inn of his friend Nicolo Savini. He is told that two distinguished Englishmen wish to confer with him in behalf of the freedom of Italy. He meets them, and discovers they are in league with the Jesuits and the reactionary party—including all the monarchists of Europe—to scent out and put down the revolution and its leaders. Failing here, a secret meeting of the Sandefest is called at night to concert a sudden blow to be struck at the patriots. "To this meeting Cicerochio gains admittance in disguise. He is discovered, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. He escapes after a hard struggle, in which a number of patriots finally join, having been hastily gathered by "mine host" Nicolo, and the Sandefest are nearly all killed or taken prisoners. Among them are many Austrians. Father Francisco, however, escapes, hastens to the inn pursued by patriots, begs of his "mistress Savini" a hiding-place, and finally induces her to run off with him. In this spirit the plot goes on, the Jesuits everywhere defecate in their schemes. The author anticipates the various changes with copious extracts from the doctrines and discipline of the Church, proving it as corrupt as its agents, inasmuch as it inspires all their evil practices. But the Roman Republic is, nevertheless, destined to fall. French arms are too much for it. Yet it does not fall without evoking grand displays of heroism. Cicerochio and the lover of Carolina die bravely in the breach. The innkeeper, and his boy Geronimo, and Carolina, also battle from behind the barricades. The French finally enter Rome. Carolina, Geronimo, and the innkeeper fly to other lands to await the better time coming. The Jesuits triumph in a general reaction against liberty. Father Francisco, with his mistress, goes to Austria, where he is decorated with orders, and awarded rich livings for his services to the Church. A more thorough exposure of the spirit and practices of Jesuitism could not be read. It is a profound revelation of what concerns all who love liberty, as well as a highly exciting romance, founded, we can readily believe, upon facts. Mr. Taylor has published the volume in handsome style.

PSYCHOMANCY EXPOSED.

When the mercury ranges from 90 to 100° it is quite desirable of course to diminish the time and intensity of our labors as far as may be compatible with the circumstances of our position. Occasionally we have an offer of temporary assistance in the discharge of our numerous duties, and whenever an efficient service is rendered, which is not unfrequently the case, we would by no means be ungrateful to the claim which such disinterested parties have to our civil and grateful acknowledgments. The last offer of this kind was that of a gentleman who, in a polite and unostentatious manner, tendered his services as *literary critic* for the TELEGRAPH. Thinking that the recent work of Prof. Page would be a good one to practice on, it was accordingly submitted, and here is the result, with the omission of one of the titles which our critic attaches to the author's name—and which need not be printed because it was readily supplied by the intelligent reader of "Psychomancy." Fresh volunteers, in literature as in war, usually dash on in an impetuous manner, and perhaps the one who has just enlisted in our behalf forms no exception to the general rule. It must, however, be conceded that, even in this first effort, he discovers a remarkable appreciation of his subject, though some may think he has room to improve in the grace of good manners, especially toward those who are rendered illustrious by imposing titles rather than by distinguished talents.—Ed.

Psychomancy, Spirit Rappings, and Table Tappings Exposed; by Prof. Charles G. Page, M.D., New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the title of a new book just issued in this city, and it is as great a farago of nonsense as has ever been issued on the subject. The man is entirely behind the age. He must have lived in some obscure, out-of-

the-way place, where he could not hear what was going on in the world. Hear him:

"We know that the rapping was always about their heels when these girls sat in chairs, stood upon the floor, or in chairs, or stood in the wardrobe, or rapped upon the door. For this part of the performance we had abundant opportunities for examination, and if these girls will stand upon the floor and allow us to examine their feet at the time of the rapping, we defy them and their Spirits to produce the rappings without a full exposure."

Murder! what a Solomon has come to judgment! Why, the man does not know that that experiment has been tried over and over again, by hundreds and thousands of people years ago—nay, that the rappings have been heard on the tops of tables, when the feet of the media were on the floor, high up on the wall where they could not reach with their hands, much less with their feet, even if turned upside down, and on the floor when the medium has been stripped stark naked and put into a bathing tub full of water. And yet he pronounces this judgment, and a "respectable house" publishes it. He is equalled only by a man whom we met once in our travels who said it was no nonsense to tell him the world rolled round every day. "Why," said he, "we should all fall off!"

But hear him again. "If they will but adopt the Bloomer costume, our word for it, the Spirits would signify their disapprobation by departing at once. The *For style of rapping can not be performed by men, or in the male attire.*" (The italics and small caps are his, not ours.)

His word for it! And he never happened to hear of male rapping mediums, who did not wear petticoats, and so in his egotism and his ignorance he gives an opinion that hundreds and thousands of people know to be more than unfounded, to be really absurd.

The man had better go to school to Dr. Lardner and help him demonstrate that the ocean can not be navigated by steam. Between them both we guess they could make it out, at least to the satisfaction of some "respectable publishing house," who, if they could only make a good operation of it, would be as easy to be taught as the Irish servant man who could "wisely" learn to translate Greek if he could only see it done east."

We do not know who this "Professor Page, M.D., etc.,"—who this Peter Pangloss, J.L.D., etc., may be—nor what locality is enlightened by his presence. "Eating and drinking must be part of his system," and one thing is certain, he is an arrant fool, or he would never venture upon statements that are so easily disproved. But that a respectable publishing house should send it forth with their imprint is really surprising. However, any thing we suppose to turn an honest penny, so we will help them by advising our friends to buy the book as the brightest specimen we have had yet of the absurdities to which ignorance and self-conceit can drive people when assailing Spiritualism. As to the author, we can only say to him in the cheering words of the "Far West," and we reckon he must be from out that way somewhere:

Go it, Page, while you're young,
Go it with a looseness;
Go it, Page, with a rush,
But don't betray your goodness!

The Rum Plague. By Zschokke. John S. Taylor.

Did Zschokke ever write a tale or an essay that was not delightful? How he has that peculiarly German faculty of conveying the greatest of moral lessons in simple, pathetic stories, full of love and poverty, and all manner of catastrophes and sorrows, yet always closing like a serene and cloudless day, with a great glory of light and blessing thrown back upon the fading landscape, and forward, far as our fancy can carry us, into the future. There is no straining after effect, no pretension to style, yet the finest effects are wrought, and the most beautiful of styles exemplified. Zschokke seldom wrote but to instruct; to improve while he amused, and to purify the heart through the emotions he might excite. What tears he can bring to the eye, because he reaches the soul with his tender pen. Who can read his "Poor Vicar"—Goldsmith's model for the Vicar of Wakefield—and not weep, though the tale is nowhere so very sorrowful, but rather, finally, full of joy! So in this little volume, "The Rum Plague," while, perhaps, he exposes evil habits in the reader himself, he is prone to indulge, and presents, from time to time, characters and results altogether hateful and shocking, though they appear familiar enough to the reader to have been old friends and companions, Zschokke, nevertheless, wins to the approval of his story those whom he most exposes and admonishes. Every one, innocent or guilty under the canons of his book, feels, as he reads, that a profound spirit of goodness must have animated the author. He exhibits no envy, no malice, nor disposition to taunt the wrong, whom he reproves. He rather sadly and tenderly pictures the wrong, and then lovingly entreats for the right. It is in this way he has drawn a series of characters, through whose natural and accidental relations and general history he exhibits the evils and miseries entailed by intemperance. Though he is the very farthest from exaggeration, as to who read may see, in developing the manifold small and great catastrophes caused by strong drink, all of which are readily recognized, he comes at the most shocking occurrences by the simplest and easiest gradations. He naturally begins where rum begins, with exhibiting a man who is thoroughly ill and wretched in his body and feelings, all from the practice of occasional drinking to "stay the stomach." From this point he goes on, showing how the coach-driver, by taking a horn too much, first blasphemes, then falls asleep, while his horses run away, dashing their guide down and breaking his limbs, and terrifying the passengers, and ruining the vehicle in which they were traveling. Here the little wayside inn, claimed by some to be such a blessing, with its rum bottles, is made to corrupt morals, imperil life, and destroy property. But far greater evils are exposed—the ruin of families, feuds between neighbors and friends, all manner of crimes, from forgery and robbery to rape and murder, the paupering of whole neighborhoods, and even national taxation and decay, are legitimately traced to "The Rum Plague" by Zschokke. Withal he weaves in a tender picture of noble and true lovers separated by this plague, not through their own fault, but by reason of the acts of parents, whose lives have been corrupted and poisoned by the demon. But a noble friendship is found to finally restore the once familiar relation of the lovers—and this is the exceeding tender and pathetic thread of the narrative, for "The Rum Plague" is such—the living are won from the evil of their ways, the dead are lamented more for their estrangement from virtue in life, than because they have gone to a better land; while the scenes of past misery and ruin are glided over by present gladness, of the end of which, in the future, there seems to be no prospect. "The Rum Plague" is a most natural and affecting tale, thoroughly exhibiting the private and public evils of intemperance.

Clouds and Sunshine. John S. Taylor, Publisher.

Here is a book of which it is somewhat difficult to form a critical opinion. Its author is a young man, who, being born to a good estate, and thereby well provided for the matter of toiling, even as a writer of books, would have believed that he need not contemn the caste from whence he sprang, with all its lowliness and much of its philosophy. He does not so have written of himself in this light in this volume, as in some others he has written, as for instance his "Musings of an Invalid," "Fancies of a Whimsical Man," etc.; works which evince exuberance of curious thought, great facility of expression, with not a little manly, generous sentiment and good logic. Ultra in his political notions, liberal in his religious, and rather just in his general appreciation of the beautiful, he as often startles and puzzles, as instructs or delights. We speak now more particularly of his works other than the one specially under notice, for by thus beating out from our direct record, we get at the fairest key to the author's characteristics which are displayed, more or less, in "Clouds and Sunshine." The drift of the volume is this: in the form of a dialogue, two friends carry on a long and animated discussion as to whether Life has more Sunshine than clouds, more good than evil, more happiness than misery, etc. The author with his real sentiments and convictions of course defends the affirmative, while he conjures up all his combativeness and subtlety to defend the negative. It is very easy in such a case, where the premises greatly favor it, for the affirmative to triumph. So in this volume, though the negative is well argued, and mountains of evil, and great wastes of cloudy darkness, and floods of misery are discovered in connection with life, for instance, they are all shown to be less than, and even as nothing, compared with life's sunshine, its good and its joy. In the course of the discussion the history of human progress and taste is amply exemplified, and novel comparisons instituted between old times and new. Sometimes the ancients are made to suffer by the comparison and sometimes the moderns; and it is not seldom that the ingenious author makes his disputants prove that, in many respects, as to habits, tastes, surroundings, and accomplishments, ancients and moderns are not far apart. Greece had her "fast days" in the age of Alcibiades, as well as Europe and America in the days of D'Orey and Barnum. As we have said, the author of "Clouds and Sunshine" is liberal in his theology—being a Unitarian, we believe—and God's providence gets the benefit thereof. Another sort of religion-

ist would have given "Clouds" a better chance and larger sweep, but our author is wedded to the sunny side, and sees something wise and good in all the ways of God toward man. Indeed, his volume is an onset against the doubter and skeptic, and can not but inspire almost every one who reads it with much of his genial and cheering spirit. There is logic on both sides which we could not endorse, but it affects only isolated and indigent points. The whole work is more congruous and finished than any of the author's former volumes, and betrays less conceit and more regard for the legitimized rules of authorship. This coherence of matter and grace of style, will doubtless grow with the author's growth, and we see no reason why, when the faults we have noticed are outgrown, he should not be as consecutive and steadily powerful, as he now is occasionally cogent in reason and brilliant in expression. "Clouds and Sunshine" is more Spiritual than the generality of semi-philosophical volumes, and will repay a careful reading.

Interesting Miscellany.

AUTHOR OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.—Thomas Gray was born in Leeds, England, about half a century or more ago, and this is all we know of his early history. The Middleton colliery had a railway to carry coals to Leeds, a distance of three miles. The cars moved along at the rate of three and a half miles per hour. It was laughed at—not by Gray, but by the wise public. Gray saw in his little work something that might be augmented into greatness; and he thought upon the subject and forthwith became a visionary. He talked and wrote upon his project of "A General Iron Railway," the people declared him insane. He petitioned Parliament; sought interviews with the lords and other great men; and thus became the laughing-stock of all England. He received nothing but rebuffs wherever he went. All this took place in 1820, or thereabouts. But he succeeded at last. The railways were laid. The world was benefited by the madness of Thomas Gray.

Well, what still lives, the reader will ask? We do not know; but we believe he still lives in Exeter, to which place he removed. Up to 1846 he had been neglected. While thousands have been enriched by the consummation of his brilliant scheme, he remained forgotten—forced by poverty to sell glass on commission for a living. Howitt, in the "People's Journal," a few years ago, gave a sketch of his career, thus bringing him into public notice. We have seen nothing in print in relation to him lately.

SINGULAR LAKES.—The Crater Lakes, in the town of Manlius, Onondaga County, New York, are curiosities, and are supposed to be of volcanic origin. They are, by the inhabitants about there, called the "Green Lakes." One of them is on the top of a hill, and is in the form of a tea-cup. The banks are two hundred feet high, and the water four hundred feet deep. The water appears of a deep green, but when taken up in a glass it is perfectly clear and transparent. Trees and limbs which fall into the water soon become encrusted with a bright green substance, which on being exposed to the air becomes hard. The timber decays and leaves this incrustation in the shape of hollow tubes. Wood saturated with this water and burned emits a strong odor of sulphur. A farmer, who resides near, once heard a great rush of water, and looking round saw the lake rising over the banks. He was alarmed, and fled with his team; but the water soon receded to its usual level.

April 16, 1850, Capt. John Arrowsmith read before the London Electric Society a paper "On the use of black paint in diverting the effects of lightning on ships"—see Philosophical Transactions, vol. xlvii, in which will be found a relation of lightning passing over the parts of the masts painted with lamp black and oil, without the least injury, while it shivered the uncoated parts, tearing out large splinters, so as to render the masts comparatively useless. The experience of thirty voyages, during which, on reference to his journals, the vessel he commanded had been at ninety-eight different periods within the vortex of the electric currents and always escaped the effects of the electric fluid without having been once struck.

The results have confirmed Capt. Arrowsmith in the belief of the efficacy of the precautions adopted by him at the commencement of these voyages. Capt. Arrowsmith was first struck with this idea on reading the singular facts related of pield cattle, horses, etc., struck by lightning. The repellent powers of certain colors, or rather the affinity of the fluid to those parts of the streaks in the animals which are white, being very remarkable, led him to adopt the use of black paint on the mast heads, yard-arms, and trucks, and to take in and furl the upper and light sails whenever forked lightning approached the vessel he commanded. Capt. Arrowsmith gives it as his experience that "any part of a body composed of wood, sufficiently coated with black, or lamp black and oil, possesses a property of resisting the destructive effects of the electric fluid."

THE CENTER OF LIFE.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, it was demonstrated by a learned academicien, from various careful experiments on the brains of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger than the size of a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal. Whatever portion of the nervous system remains attached to it lives, while that which is separated immediately dies. It is a singular fact that the greatest forces and powers in nature touch the domain of the invisible, a fact strikingly in accordance with Swedenborg's philosophy in the "Principia," that the greatest power is in the least form.—*New Church Repository.*

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