

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 54.

The Principles of Nature.

REMARKABLE FACTS.

A correspondent, writing from Halcynodale, Ga., communicates the following facts, for which he will please accept our thanks. The beautiful theory thought to be corroborated by the first fact, will, doubtless, by most people, be considered as needing further confirmation; but many statements which we have met in the course of our reading show that the doctrine of the spiritual impressibility of animals is one which is by no means to be treated with contempt:

BIRDS MEDIUMS.

It is known here that I have long believed and contended that the spirits of departed souls return to earth, and enter into birds, that sing for the happiness of living friends. I contended for this theory many years. One day I was conversing with a friend, a lawyer, on this subject, and he was inclined to laugh at the theory as a delusion. It was winter; but, nevertheless, just at that moment the joyous notes of the mocking-bird were heard. "Hear that!" said I to my friend. "Tis strange," said he; "it's an accident." We walked out in the woodlands for a mile, and that bird followed us, and perched from tree to tree, and sang. "What do you want, my bird?" said I, laughingly. "Virginia!" spoke a voice in a part of the grove. "Who is that?" ejaculated my friend; but there was no reply. "She is well; she is well," sung the mocking-bird, pronouncing these words almost as plainly as they could be spoken by a human being. Virginia was happy in heaven. She had been the friend of my youth. My friend, the lawyer, has ever since been a firm believer of the spiritual religion; and so have I. This incident happened years ago.

AN IMPRESSION.

Some years ago I was admonished of ill-luck and danger by three distinct knocks at night on my chamber wall. The bad luck came. On Sunday afternoon I felt wretched; I was uneasy; I went out into the street; met a friend, who told me that a murder had just been committed. The spirits, or the atmosphere, must surely have communicated that intelligence to me.

DREAMS.

My father often told me of a dream he had one night. He dreamed a rattle-snake was in the act of biting him. He sprang from his couch, on three times dreaming this dream. At length he fell asleep; but there was found next day a huge rattle-snake in his room.

I had a neighbor who had a valuable gun stolen from his house. The loss of this gun affected him much. One morning he rose, and coming by my office, told me he was going to get his gun in a neighboring bog, wherein he had dreamed it was concealed. He went there, and found it.

A TRANCE.

I some years ago met with the misfortune to fall one hundred feet down a steep by the side of the Ogeechee river. I lay insensible and apparently dead for a whole day. I, during all that time, thought myself in heaven. It seemed to be a beautiful country, diversified by hill and dale, and bubbling streams, and waving flowers. The scenery seemed grand and beautiful beyond description. I followed a winding path, fringed with flowers. On each side was a row of marble benches, whereon were seated the most lovely and beautiful women. I recognized several of my old friends on earth; but they were become so much more beautiful than when they were on earth, that memory of their earthly appearance was faint and indistinct. I was smiled on and caressed by all these maidens; and the youths among them, far from being jealous, seemed delighted that I was happy. I crossed a little river in heaven, in a small canoe, paddled by a beautiful maiden dressed in white. She talked much to me, and I felt the most intense love and unmixed happiness; and she told me that she would go down on earth to see me after a while; but first, she desired to show me what she called "The Palace of Heaven." Crossing the river, we walked arm in arm up a verdant hill. I saw many flowers, and fruits, resembling the banana, of which I partook; but it was far more delicate than any thing I had ever tasted. We at length came in view of a large building, built of white and green stones, or marble. The beauty of that place is indescribable. The building was an oblong, say three hundred feet long by one hundred wide, and four stories high. It was surmounted with towers. Trees, like poplars and firs, grew high up each corner. In the front center there was a portico. About fifty paces fronting this stood a cluster of evergreens. They were planted in this wise: There was one center tree taller than all the rest. A circle of trees not so tall was planted around this, and a still lower circle around this; so that the cluster of trees was conical. There were rich verdure, blossoms, and delightful odors. I saw many beautiful men and women passing in and out the house; but as soon as they came out, they seemed to vanish and disappear. I inquired the cause of this, and why there were such

swarms of bees around the palace. "Those bees," answered my conductor, "are the spirits of transformed bodies of men and women, who revisit their friends on earth." She also showed me many birds flying about, and she said those also were spirits and messengers that continually journey betwixt heaven and earth, carrying intelligence or happiness to living friends. We entered the palace, and I felt indescribable social bliss among throngs of happy beings, dressed like the people of earth, but far more splendidly. And the crowd seemed to go to the upper end of the hall, where there was some person or object that caused a sensation; and I said to my conductress, "Let us, too, go there;" but then I came into life, and found myself stretched on the river's bank. And I uplifted my hands, and returned thanks to the Invisible Almighty Influence and Cause of causes, the Spirit of Beauty, and Grandeur, and Solitude—the living God of the Universe. And I felt never before so happy as then I felt. I arose and went home. Ever since that time, wonder not that I have been a Spiritualist in feeling and in mind. When troubled by worldly cares or misfortunes, I go out into the deep forest, under heaven's canopy, and I raise up my voice to the Cause of causes of all love and good, and then I feel happy. This is my religion. It teaches me to love God and men, and not to fear death. It teaches me to find happiness in nature, and in the wilderness, under the blue arch of heaven.

AN ANGELIC VISITATION.

Another incident in proof of the truth of Spiritual religion. There is an aged lady (Mrs. B.) living near this place, the mother of sixteen children, who lay for three days and nights under a gig that capsized on her, in an obscure road. She told me with her own mouth that every night there was a brilliant fire burning around her, that lighted up the minutest particles; that she could see the horse outstretched and tangled in the harness; that she went about begging for water, but could get none; but an angel came and carried her to heaven, where she drank from a pellucid stream in a mountain; that on bidding adieu to the angel, the latter told her she would revisit her on earth; that she (the angel) would tell a negro boy, living in the neighborhood, to go to her relief. On the third day, a negro boy passed along the road where the old lady lay under the gig, and relieved her. Mrs. B. is now living, and has certified to the above facts.

REMARKS.

What is this mystery but a spiritual, magnetic influence? Distance is no bar to the power of the magnetic will. We dream, and it comes to pass; we are warned by knocks; we pray to God in the open fields or the darksome groves, and a wondrous feeling of happiness steals over us. We come to love God, to love men, to love and to adore the beauties of nature. We are changed; we throw off misery, and become happy. Is not this true religion? If not, there is no truth; but there is a bright heaven to the strong wishers, and there is love and pleasure, and no fear of death. A great change, a mighty revolution, is coming on. A new religion is to sweep over our continent. Man-worship, faction, and fanaticism will give way to the love of nature and nature's God, and the love of men. Then will pass away the dark prejudice incident to schismatic sects, who worship idols instead of virtue and religion. O, what is there on earth so sweet as the love of our friends? To be beloved, and to love—to raise our eyes to the blue arch of heaven, and to glorify the Master Spirit of all the good spirits that smooth our earthly path to the tomb! I have never witnessed the tipplings of tables; but I consider them as a part of the mystic influence of Spiritualism.

C. W. Y.

THE MAGNETIC WATERS.

A friend at Hartford, Conn., writes us respecting the singular effects produced by the waters of the Carroll Medical Spring, recently discovered by the direction of spirits. Our friend took four grains of the residuum obtained from vaporizing the Rock Water, and dissolved it in four ounces of soft water, and requested Mrs. Mettler to bathe her forehead with the solution. Mrs. M. complied, and its effects were instantly perceptible. She had barely time to say that it operated as a powerful anodyne, when she became entranced. While in this state, she received impressions respecting the medical virtues of the water. We give the substance of her impressions, as follows:

This would be useful in affections of the liver and kidneys. In cases of inflammation, especially of the mucus surfaces, it would be beneficial. It is a sudorific. It would aid in equalizing the circulation; and its influence would be extremely soothing in numerous cases of pain and irritability. It would act favorably on the blood, and might be used with decided advantage in cases of spinal irritation, as well as for scrofulous and other sores. Whether applied externally or taken into the stomach, it would operate electrically. In cases of paralysis, it may be applied externally, accompanied with manipulations. It should be used variously, according to the nature of the disease.

The Rock Water has, we are informed, been applied to other magnetic mediums with similar effects, seldom failing to produce a sudden coma.

EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

FRIEND BRITTON:

In reading the article in the TELEGRAPH of yesterday, entitled "How SPIRITUALISM IS FOUNDED," some reflections were suggested to my mind, which I thought proper to transmit to you.

In the first paragraph of said article, the writer speaks of the error of spiritualists in supposing that any thing connected with the future must involve "sacred" matters, and also that this prevailing sentiment leads to mixing up modern developments with "religion"—implying that neither sacred nor religious subjects have any thing, necessarily, to do with spiritualism.

A great difficulty has always existed in my own mind as regards the exact line of demarcation between sacred and profane things. If things derive their sacred character from the fact of their divine origin, then, as all things bear the seal of the divinity deeply imprinted in every fiber, it would follow that all is divine; and all of nature within and without—both that which is visible and that which is invisible—come legitimately within the province of the divine, and hence would have a claim to that title. If, however, the things pertaining to God only are divine, then whence the source of those that are profane? since it would be implied, at least, that there were matters whose origin could not be thus referred; and where is the line to be drawn? If the question is to be decided upon the characteristic element of goodness by which they may be pervaded, then the problem is no nearer solved than in the former supposition, for the supposition of evil, *per se*, involves the monstrous presumption that a counter creative energy has, somewhere in the realms of being, its existence.

Then the question may be asked, too, What is religion? Is it a routine of ceremonies, performed as a sort of onerous duty, or a thing believed, without a rational conviction of its truth? To neither of these last two questions will we, I apprehend, get an affirmative response. Does it consist in an obedience of the "two great commandments," "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself?" If this be religion, as I am very willing to concede it to be, then the whole ground of human duty in action is covered, and all action having the good of man in view is thus shown to be religious action; for the only way in which our love to God can be manifested, is in our kind regards for the welfare of his children. This welfare not only consists in storing his mind with wholesome precepts, but in assisting him to open the door of knowledge in regard to every thing pertaining to his well-being, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, and also in aiding him in the attainment of the objects of this knowledge. I can conceive of the existence of no greater error in the world than that which divides between worldly duties and religious ones—none so mischievous in its results—so eminently calculated to lead us to disparage and neglect the duties of this ever-thrilling life of to-day, by calling them profane, in contradistinction to certain other supposed duties, having reference solely to that life which is to come, and which pertains to the divine. Every duty within the compass of human power to perform is a religious duty, as I understand religion; and as such, both honors God, by a manifestation of his goodness through our agency, and exhibits the great truth, which is the germ of all religion, that of love to man, our brother.

If these things be so, then how shall we separate these spiritual phenomena from the "sacred" and religious? I am aware that there may be no logical connection between the fact of the existence of a thing and its uses; but there is, necessarily, a practical relation which they sustain to each other, and which we can not destroy if we would. A thing apart from its uses is virtually nothing, and could as well be expunged from the catalogue of entities as not. There would be no investigation of spiritualism, or of any thing else, if the uses of such investigation did not enter into the motives of the investigator. A religion, to be a religion worthy of God, or of service to man, must enter into our every-day life and its actions, in every particular. It must be brought down from the stars, where it has too long had its dwelling-place, and find its habitation with men, and enter this busy mart, with its million throbbing, anxious hearts, and incarnate itself in humanity, and serve to modify the angry tide in this battle for bread.

If there is a possibility for any thing to have existed apart from uses, this is certainly exemplified in the religion of the past and present; for they would have sat for ages gazing upward, with strained eyes, to catch a glimpse of something which they supposed dwelt there, and which they called religion, but which only now and then would venture into the abodes of mankind, for a particular occasion—perchance once a week, on Sunday—and then would leave us to the din and fury of the strife against each other. When it came, moreover, it would teach us to deny our nature, to suspect our reason, and keep holy days—venerate holy books, holy ground, holy water, and what not.

It might not be amiss, perhaps, if these subjects of "religion" and "sacred things" were made the objects of human

inquiry, to the end that we might turn them to more practical uses than they seem to have hitherto entered into.

It is my opinion, moreover, that religion, as I understand that term, does have something to do with spiritualism, and, from the tenor of the communications received from that quarter, it would seem that the spirits think so, too; and, further, it is both right and proper that the subject should have some religious bearings, if it is to serve any good purpose.

I do not write this in the spirit of controversy; nor do I mean it as a reply to any part of Br. Allen's article, so much as a mere suggestion, submitted without any desire to be dogmatical. I feel the force of the conviction, that we are but standing without, as it were, and gazing into the vestibule of a vast and inconceivable temple, where treasures are exhaustless as infinity, but open to him who will journey that way in the desire to be enriched and blest.

York, Pa., April 15, 1853.

L. REHN.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

Friday, April 15, 1853.

Several communications, through a writing medium residing in one of the Eastern States, were read, but the person presenting them requested, that beyond the bare fact of their being read, no publicity should be given to them through our minutes. Mr. Ambler stated, as an important coincidence, that many of the ideas, especially in one of them, had been communicated through him, and in some cases the very language was identical. He would like to have any one who felt an interest in the matter compare them. The Spirits purporting to communicate in both cases were, also, by their own avowal, from the same circle and sphere in the Spiritual World, and it was, to say the least, interesting to know that the same language and ideas had been transmitted from the same source and through two mediums so widely separated.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds read several passages from his diary, going to show that his friends in New York were correctly informed, through a spiritual medium, of his whereabouts and condition, during his recent absence in Central America; the interesting particulars of which will be published in proper form.

Mr. Ambler said—It is a beautiful thought, that we can gaze beyond the contracted bounds of earth. It is a gift based on eternal and immutable law. As atom is joined to atom, and system to system—as the universe is bound together—so humanity is not isolated, but overshadowed by a divine angelic power, which has, in all ages, blessed us by its communion. In all ages, angel-eyes have looked down upon us, like stars amid the night; and though we do not comprehend the law or its object fully, yet it is sweet to listen to these angel-whispers. But it is well to know there is a higher end contemplated than the mere enjoyment it affords. A few mornings since he was shown a spiritual picture which related to the philosophy of true freedom. Humanity was represented as in a state of slavery. Yet, man has gloried in the exercise of his will, and calls it freedom, not knowing that the evil itself is often the result of degrading circumstances. The inebriate, for instance, exults in his freedom. And so it is, the will has been perverted. He thinks it the mission of Spirits to reverse all this by the development of mediums. And these mediums, for the time being, are made slaves. It was so with himself. He realized it, and wondered that Spirits should so destroy that freedom which is the divine birth-right of the soul. But this is not the end. After this bondage, the medium may be exalted to a higher plane of thought, and above the old controlling influences. Thus elevated, the mind flows naturally in the current of the divine harmonies, and then it becomes a "law unto itself," and the end is absolute freedom.

A gentleman related some interesting facts in his own experience. He visited the Misses Fox in June, 1850. He went there, as many others have gone, without the least faith in the matter. At the conclusion of what purported to be a communication from one of his friends in the Spiritual World, a promise was made to manifest to him again in "one week." He asked, Where? Ans. At sea. At the time specified, he was laying in his berth on shipboard, and hearing a rapping on the bottom of the vessel near the keel, it occurred to him that it might be the fulfillment of the promise made the week before. He then mentally asked, if he was right in his conjecture, that the sounds be made nearer to him. This was complied with, several distinct sounds being produced quite near him, and apparently just below the water-line of the vessel. Still, thinking it might be a fish, as they were at anchor, he went on deck and ordered the vessel under weigh. This was done, and while standing out to sea, as he was seated in the cabin with his mate, the rapping continued. The next opportunity that he had of investigating the matter was nearly a year afterward in Boston. He was there promised that he should be warned of approaching danger. Subsequently, while seated in his cabin, at a table, on which several articles lay, weighing, in all, over forty pounds, the table was suddenly lifted from the floor, and the things thrown off. He at once thought of the promised warning; but as the

vessel was aground, and in a good harbor, it did not seem to him necessary. Facts, however, very soon proved that it was; and but for the intimation just given, the vessel, in all probability, would have suffered great damage. Once afterward, while off the Jersey shore, all things quiet, and himself and mate about to "turn in," he heard the rapping. Knowing that it was meant to indicate danger, he sprang upon deck and ordered every sail furled. This was done just in time to save the vessel from a squall that would have capsized or taken every spar out of her.

Mr. Partridge expressed his gratification, derived from the conferences which had been held for so long a time at his house. They would ever be a pleasant memory to him, and he believed they had been productive of some lasting good. He regretted that the charm was to be broken; but he had disposed of his property, and would not, after to-night, be able to accommodate them longer. He proposed some other place should be found for them. He thought the time had come when the Spiritualists of New York might meet together at least once on Sunday. The suggestion gave rise to many interesting remarks, which we have not space to report. Dr. R. T. Hallock, Mr. Ambler, Mr. Ives, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Merwin, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Partridge were proposed as a committee to take the subject into consideration, and then the Conference adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec.

DISCLOSURES BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

Our Eastern exchanges give the details of another case of the recovery of stolen property, through the agency of clairvoyance, which occurred a few days since, at Wallingford, Connecticut. The remarkable accuracy of the clairvoyant's delineation affords another convincing proof of the existence of an inward medium of sensation, before which the most solid substances are transparent as ether, and distance is wholly annihilated. This power is latent in every human spirit, and the time is drawing near when the spirits of men every where will awake, and the "secrets of all hearts be made known."

ED.

It seems that Mr. S. B. Parmelee, of that town, had received on Wednesday, money, to the amount of \$1,730, which he counted over and put away. Some time the next morning he discovered that it had been stolen, together with a splendid gold lever watch of high cost, an expensive chain, and a valuable diamond ring. Getting no clue of the direction it had taken, he was advised to consult a clairvoyant who resided in Durham, some six or eight miles distant. He accordingly did so, in company with another person, and was informed by the clairvoyant that the property was taken by a girl 16 years of age, who was employed in his family; that on discovering how much money she had got, she became alarmed, and while getting breakfast she put half of it into the stove and burnt it. She said further, that the watch, ring and two chains, (Mr. P. was not then aware that he had lost but one,) were secreted under a stone in the yard, and the remainder of the money in another place. She also described the premises, the place whence the money was taken, and the inmates of the house, with such accuracy as to leave no doubt on Mr. P.'s mind, of the truth of the whole statement. He immediately returned, therefore, and made examination for the property, but did not find it. He then called on his father, who is Sheriff of New Haven County, and laid the robbery to the girl's charge. She denied it, however, and consented to be searched, affirming that they would find nothing to criminate her; and so it proved.

Mr. Parmelee then, leaving the girl in charge of his wife and father, returned to the clairvoyant for further information. She informed him that about 11 o'clock, while he was on his way home from his former visit to her, the girl had become so much alarmed that she determined to make discovery impossible; to effect which, she burnt the rest of the money, and removing the watch and jewelry from beneath the stone where it was secreted, had thrown it into a well. She described the location of the well, the manner of drawing the water by a chain pump, and also stated, (as was the fact,) that the house was supplied with water from another source, by a water rham.

Mr. Parmelee returned home again, and on drawing off the water from the well, found the watch and jewelry as described, including two chains, both of which were his property. The girl then, without having been informed of the clairvoyant's revelations, made a full confession, conforming in every particular to those statements. She was committed to jail in New Haven, to await trial.

The Spy says, we have these facts from Sheriff Parmelee's own mouth. He is represented to us as a gentleman of the highest character, and he certainly evinces great intelligence. He showed us the recovered property, and also a band of one of the packages of bills, which was burnt in twain, and carried out of the chimney by the draft, into the yard of the house, where it was picked up. It had the mark of the Meriden Bank on it, as placed upon it at the Bank, from which it was taken the day before.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

HON. N. P. TALLMADGE AND SPIRITUALISM.

Some days since the *National Intelligencer* published a very unkind article respecting the Spiritual Reformation now in progress in this country and Europe, wherein reference was made to several Honorable Gentlemen, who are known to be believers in the Spiritual origin of the modern phenomena. Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, one of the individuals referred to, thereupon addressed a letter to the editors, inclosing at the same time two communications previously made to Hon. James F. Simmons, of Rhode Island, and requesting that publicity might be given to the whole. The editors of the *Intelligencer* bowed their acquiescence, with becoming grace, and "without one word of reply," assigned the correspondence a most conspicuous and honorable place in their columns.

The daily papers have generally noticed this announcement, on the part of ex-Governor Tallmadge, of his faith in the reality of the mystical phenomena, and of their probable Spiritual origin. In attempting to account for his "conversion," they give us some facetious exhibitions of their logic, which is exceedingly plastic, and readily accommodates itself to the most diverse circumstances. Some time ago we were assured that only unstable and "uncultivated minds," "ignorant enthusiasts," men of "poetic temperaments," "lovers of the marvelous," and the victims of "incurable imbecility," were likely to be led away by so despicable a delusion. But now, all at once, it is quite otherwise, and we are gravely told that men of great powers and acquirements are, perhaps, preeminently liable to become deranged in this way. It is now insisted that too "much learning" is the cause of this madness. The same pretense was set up against Paul, when none more plausible could be found, and for substantially the same reasons. Festus, moreover, was as logical and as honest as those who make the assumption now. It must be conceded, however, that the latter view of the subject is calculated to afford much encouragement to a large class of our opposers; for if only wise men lose their wits, they, surely, have no cause of apprehension.

We have seldom or never witnessed a greater excess of ignorance and self-conceit than are daily manifested by those who undertake to write down a subject of which they know so little. This *cathartes scribendi* is becoming alarmingly prevalent among several editors, who have nothing whatever to communicate, for the simple reason that they have never been willing to seek information. Nevertheless, they must write, since that is their profession, and so they persist in repeating, in a confident and supercilious tone, the same idle objections, not only without reason, but against facts which are now familiar as "household words" to all candid and intelligent men. But egoism and ignorance are well paid, and is not that sufficient? Of what value is a becoming modesty on the present occasion? And of what possible use is knowledge, when it renders its possessor less popular, and "much learning," in the judgment of Festus and the New York *Express*, "doth sometimes make men mad?" That the *Express* knows nothing of the current Spiritual phenomena, is abundantly evident to all who have any knowledge of the subject. And yet it presumes to judge the whole matter in an oracular way, and to denounce all men who have the candor to base their conclusions on the results of a deliberate personal examination. Lacking the courage of a common libeller, it attempts to hide its malice by presuming that the believers—not excepting the Honorable Gentlemen above referred to—are all "sick." But is there no disease in its own cold, apathetic, and death-like insensibility—its bold denial of actual occurrences, and its arrogant rejection of the concurrent testimony of thousands of the most reliable witnesses? Surely, this morbid appetite which rejects well-known facts to feed on doubtful fancies, indicates any thing rather than a sane state of mind. These frequent, irritable, and dyspeptic appeals to the vulgar prejudices of thoughtless men are, at best, a sorry apology for reason or honorable dealing.

The *Times*, too, has a long article on the subject, written, in the absence of Mr. Raymond, by some subordinate, who has not yet reached the maximum of editorial profundity. The man who temporarily occupies Mr. Raymond's seat says, he "pities such men as Messrs. Tallmadge, Edmonds, and Simmons; but it is probable that his excessive compassion will not greatly weaken their convictions. When an unknown individual, who writes for pay what will please the perverted popular taste, talks of *pitying* men who have the moral courage to be free, and the resolution to stand alone, he is likely to tickle his own self-love, and he may possibly amuse more sensible people than himself; but, of all men, those whom the world can not seduce from their integrity, whose honest convictions can neither be stifled by its empty compliments nor its rude denunciations, are the last who need the man of the *Times* to pity them. Go, pity the man who dare not appear unmasked, lest the world shall see him as he is; pity the crouching sycophant, who bows in cowardly submission at the very footstool of power—who scruples not to crawl anywhere after popular favor, and, like a trained monkey, plays to please the populace. If none deserve thy pity more, *pity thyself*; but know this, that noble souls whom love of place can not corrupt, who are not to be seduced by the world's flattery, nor intimidated by its frowns, present no occasion for thy compassion. Rather, pity the ignoble souls who hesitate not to violate their consciences while they dread the derision and mockery of fools, the sneers of baptized infidels, and the wrath of modern scribblers. O, pity them!

But we will here suspend our observations, and invite the attention of the reader to the interesting correspondence referred to in the commencement of these remarks:

COLLAPSE HOUSE, NEW YORK, April 30, 1853.

MESSES. GALE & SEATON: A friend has just called my attention to an article in the *National Intelligencer* of the 25th instant, headed "Impostures and Delusions." The article is not under the editorial head; still it is not marked as a communication, and was considered by the gentleman who handed it to me, and would be considered by the generality of your readers, as editorial. Be this, however, as it may, the article is published by you without any dissent from its views, and may therefore be taken by the uninformed as meeting your approbation.

The writer alludes to the "Salem hangings," and says "that there may yet arise, at future periods, similar or analogous disorders of the popular mind, invading and corrupting the whole body politic, which it may in like manner become necessary to suppress by the strong hand of the law. Indeed, we might point, as already coming within this category, the

Rochester knockings, with their kindred train of rascalities and abominations."

A little further on the writer adds: "In like manner it is the general opinion of well-informed and deep-thinking persons, that it is already high time to call in legislative aid, if the execution of no existing statutes can reach the present evil, for this perilous imposture, or yet more perilous contagion of morbid minds."

This is a sweeping denunciation of all who have investigated these "Spiritual Manifestations," and who have expressed a belief in their truth. And the spirit which pervades the whole article would not only recall the "Salem hangings," but would also invoke the "fires of Smithfield." I have no hesitation in saying I am one "coming within this category." And, let me assure you, there are throughout this widely-extended country some of the brightest and most exalted intellects who have, from a thorough investigation of this matter, come to the same conclusion. Yet such men are to be thus denounced by a writer who is so far behind the intelligence of the age, that he includes in his denunciations mesmerism and clairvoyance, which are considered by intelligent and scientific men as well established as electricity and magnetism. If this were all, he would deserve simply to be laughed at. But, in regard to Spiritualism, he probably never condescended to examine the subject, and yet assumes that he knows more about it by mere instinct, than others of equal talent, to say the least, do by the most patient research and philosophical investigation.

This article, I am persuaded, has been published by you without full examination or due reflection. It runs counter to all the principles of "law and order" which have been so uniformly enforced in the *National Intelligencer*. And I regret extremely that such disorganizing, such abominable, such flagitious sentiments should, even indirectly, have the influence of your names. I feel myself as being included in these denunciations; for, although I do not obtrude my opinions or my facts on any one, still I have communicated freely with those who have voluntarily sought information on this subject. During the last winter, at Washington, I conferred fully, and on their own solicitation, with some of the most distinguished men in the nation. I gave to them my own opinions, and the exalted communications and facts on which those opinions were founded.

Retired from public life, I have desired in this, as in all other matters, to avoid public observation. At the same time, you have been acquainted with me well enough and long enough to know that, when I have deliberately formed an opinion on any subject, I have that rare quality, called moral courage, which enables me to avow it either in private or in public.

So far as the public are concerned, I have as yet endeavored to maintain a profound silence. But, considering myself as one of those so victoriously denounced in the article alluded to, further silence on my part would argue pusillanimity, and cease to be a virtue. I have no language to express my astonishment at the suggestions and doctrines there put forth—doctrines which subvert the very principles of civil and religious freedom guaranteed by the Constitution under which we live. Who could have conceived that, at this advanced period of the nineteenth century, while we are surrounded by the multiplied evidences of the rapid progress in science and the arts, we should witness such evidences of bigotry and superstition, and such a retrogression toward the "Cimmerian darkness" which spread like a pall over the ancient world? If there was ever a monomania on any subject, it is on the part of those who have, without knowledge or investigation, denounced so madly these "Spiritual Manifestations." I find no fault with those who do not believe in them; but I can not withhold an expression of my surprise that intelligent minds can be found to denounce those who do investigate them.

To vindicate myself, therefore, from these aspersions, I inclose you a copy of a letter which I wrote early last January, to the Hon. James F. Simmons, former United States Senator from Rhode Island. The letter was written in the confidence of private friendship, and not intended for the public eye. Such as it is, however, I send it to you, and ask, as an act of justice, that you will publish it, together with this letter, in the *National Intelligencer*.

You need not be told who James F. Simmons is. He occupied a seat for several years with me in the Senate of the United States; and among all the members of that body, you did not number two better friends. We were both deemed capable, at that time, of examining satisfactorily any question of finance, or of political economy, on which we might be engaged. But now, because we have thoroughly investigated these "Spiritual Manifestations," and believe in their truth, we are included in the general, and Judge Edmonds in the particular, denunciations of this writer. I have given the character of Judge Edmonds in my letter to Mr. Simmons; and I will only add here, in reference to the retailed slander and sneering remark of the writer, in regard to his decisions, that, as a Judge, he unites the qualities of two of the brightest luminaries of the English bench, namely, the profundity of Bacon with the intuition of Mansfield.

Very respectfully, yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

LETTER TO MR. SIMMONS (above alluded to.)

WASHINGTON, January 10, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I was pleased to see in the January number of "Putnam's Monthly," a statement of your experience in "Spiritual Manifestations." In our conversation at Washington, during the last session of Congress, you had stated the same to me.

My experience is, probably, more limited than yours; but yours has served, in some measure, to strengthen the impressions made on my own mind by the investigation I have given to this mysterious subject.

I had heard for a long time of the "Rochester Knockings," but had paid no heed to them; on the contrary, had considered them a delusion which would soon pass away. I continued under these impressions till some time last spring, when my attention was called to a newspaper attack on Judge Edmonds for being a believer in these "Spiritual Manifestations." I had known Judge Edmonds for thirty years; had practiced law in the same courts; had served in the Senate of New York with him; had been associated with him also as a member of the Court for the Correction of Errors, the highest court in the State; had known him since that time as a Justice of the Supreme Court, and more recently as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, where he holds a deservedly high and distinguished rank among his brethren, the able Judges of that court of last resort in the State of New York. I also knew him as a gentleman of finished classical education, and as a lawyer of an acute mind, and a decided talent for investigation. And, above all, I knew him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity. Knowing all these things, I concluded that if he had become a believer in "Spiritual Manifestations," it was, at least, a subject worthy of investigation.

Accordingly, I determined to investigate it, as opportunity should present. I thought I could bring to bear on it a pretty good share of common sense, and a reasonable talent for investigation. And knowing what that I had not a great deal of enthusiasm in my composition, I believed I could enter upon the investigation without much danger of being carried away by any delusion.

In this frame of mind I commenced the investigation of this subject; being an entire unbeliever, but entering upon it with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth. I will not trouble you with the facts which were developed in the progress of my investigation. Suffice it to say, they were of the most astounding character. I soon became satisfied of two things: first, that the "medium" did not know from whence the "raps" proceeded; secondly, that he did not know from whence the communications came. Perhaps I ought in this connection to observe that, in pursuing this investigation, all my questions were propounded *mentally*. The medium did not and could not know what they were, and of course could not tell what answers to give, or what would be appropriate responses to the questions thus mentally propounded.

Objectors can not deny that these answers came from an intelligent source; but they sometimes say that they are to be found in the mind of the interrogator. It is true that the interrogator oftentimes knows the answer to the question *mentally* propounded by him; and it is equally true, that he frequently does not know what the appropriate answer should be, but ascertains its truth afterward. Neither can he in any way anticipate many communications which are made without any questions being asked. I have frequently received such communications of an elevated character, and far above the capacity of the medium. I conclude, therefore, they do not come from the medium, nor from the mind of the interrogator.

These communications, too, are perfectly characteristic of the individuals from whom they purport to come. I have had frequent communications purporting to come from my old friend, John C. Calhoun, which his intimate friends would pronounce perfectly characteristic of him; and some of them, both in style and sentiment, worthy of him in his palmist days in the Senate of the United States. I have had similar ones purporting to come from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, of the same elevated order, and peculiarly characteristic of the individual. I can make the same remark of other individuals.

I have seen rapping mediums, writing mediums, and speaking mediums, and have received communications through all of them. I have witnessed physical manifestations, such as the movement of tables, without any visible agency. These physical manifestations are more satisfactory to the

mass of mankind, because they appeal directly to the senses. I am better pleased, myself, with the moral, if I may so call them, than the physical manifestations.

The next question is, from whence do these manifestations, whether physical or moral, proceed? Judge Edmonds was told that they were all according to natural laws, which would in due time be fully developed; and he was directed to read Von Reichenbach's *Dynamics of Magnetism and Electricity* (a book he had never heard of before), as a means of enabling him to understand these laws. I have read the book myself. The writer proves conclusively the discovery of a new element, which he calls *ad*, or the *odé force*. He proves that this element pervades not only the human system, but the material world and the whole universe. He finds it in the rays of the sun, moon, and stars. Late English writers of high reputation, consider the existence of the *odé force* as well established as that of magnetism and electricity. It combines many of the qualities of the two latter, and is antagonistic to some of them. It may be presumed, therefore, that this newly-discovered element enters, in some sort, into these manifestations.

It is said that this accounts for the physical manifestations. But no one can show *how* this force produces them. And even if this were proved, it still remains to account for the intelligence in the communications which are received. That intelligence does not come from tables, or chairs, or other material objects. It must come from mind, or from a spiritual source. This new element may be the medium of conveying it to us. To illustrate, let me suppose that a friend in New York wishes to communicate with me in Washington. He sends his communication to me through the electric telegraph. The communication is received and written down here, the same as a communication is received and written down through the rapping medium. I ask how is that communication from my friend conveyed to me? The answer is, by the electric fluid. But does the electric fluid, *make* the communication? The answer is no; the *mind* of my friend does that. So in the case of the rapping medium, the communication comes from some source of intelligence. This intelligence, as every one knows who has investigated these matters, does not come from the table that is moved by some invisible power, nor from the medium, nor from any one present. It is, therefore, to be inferred, that it comes from a spiritual source; and more especially when communications are received on subjects exclusively known to those communicating.

Some have attempted to account for all these things by mesmerism, clairvoyance, and psychology. Let it be remembered that twelve or fifteen years ago, mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc., were as much denounced as "Spiritual Rappings" are now. They were called humbugs and jugglery then, as these manifestations are at this day. This prejudice and denunciation continued in England till the publication of the philosophical treatise of the Rev. Mr. Townshend, which changed the whole current of public sentiment. There have been many able publications on these subjects since that time, and they are now considered as well established as magnetism or electricity. Suppose these denunciations had deterred philosophical minds from investigating them, how much light would have been lost to science and the world! Now, all the magic, the mysteries, the witchcraft, and necromancy of the ancient world, from the time of the Delphic Oracle, are explained by these modern investigations; and all popular delusions, however exaggerated, are now shown to have truth for their basis. I have read many of the ablest writers on these subjects; but to my mind not one of them has been able to account for these "Spiritual Manifestations." Hence the greater importance of continuing these investigations. To denounce, therefore, those engaged in them is as unwise as it is unphilosophical; and more especially, if such denunciations come from those who never witnessed any of the facts and manifestations which have convinced the judgments of men equally intelligent, equally honest, and as little likely to be deluded as themselves.

But what is the objection to investigating this matter? Is it feared that there may be some discrepancies between the religious sentiments communicated, and the tenets of the different religious denominations among us? Such discrepancies are heard every Sunday from our different pulpits throughout the land. And still all denominations of Christians, though differing about particular tenets, maintain the great and leading doctrines of Christianity. And from the investigation I have given the subject, I agree with the Rev. Adin Ballou, who has written the most candid and satisfactory explanation I have seen, that "whatever of divine fundamental principle, absolute truth, and essential righteousness there is in the Bible, in the popular religion, and in the established Churches, will stand. It can not be done away. On the contrary, it will be corroborated and fulfilled by Spirit Manifestations."

It has been objected that there have been cases of derangement arising from these manifestations. If there be such cases, I apprehend they are less numerous than they have been represented, and may have arisen from other causes than the one to which they have been attributed. But, be that as it may, and be the number great or small, it has no possible bearing on this question. Derangement has often followed from religious excitement, and the over-excited passions of the human heart. Still, this is no objection to the investigation of the truths of religion, or of the emotions and passions of our nature. Neither is it an objection to investigating the subject under consideration. Denunciations can not stop it, but, on the contrary, tend to encourage it. But for the denunciations of Judge Edmonds, an old acquaintance and friend, I doubt whether my attention would have been called to it. If it be true, it should be known; for great and mighty results must follow. Already we hear of many who have been converted from infidelity, and now proclaim the immortality of the soul, and that "death is not an eternal sleep." If it be not true, that can only be ascertained by investigation; and the sooner it be done the better. In either case, therefore, all good citizens, all intelligent minds should unite in ascertaining the truth or falsity of this, the greatest phenomenon of the present or any preceding age.

It is understood to be a general belief, at this day, among all Christian denominations, that spirits visit this earth; that they attend us; that they impress us, and thereby protect us from accident and danger. Every one's own experience, will confirm the truth of this observation. A communication, made, purporting to come from Mr. Calhoun, conveys the same idea; wherein he says, "We, by our united will, acting upon spirits clothed in flesh, influence them to perform duties which benefit mankind." If, then, such be the general belief, is it any great stretch of that belief, after the astounding facts we have seen and heard, to suppose that there may have been discovered a mode by which spirits can now communicate with us, in addition to attending and impressing us, and that they are permitted so to do! To my mind the conclusion is perfectly rational and philosophical. With all the evidences of progress which surround us here, how can we discard such evidences from the Spirit-world, which is believed to be one of "everlasting progression?"

Many persons, unable to resist the evidence of the spiritual source of these communications, are finally compelled to admit them, and, as a last resort, charge them as emanating from evil spirits. I consider this as giving up the controversy. There may be communications from evil spirits. But that does not conflict with the communications which bear internal evidence of coming from the "spirits of just men made more perfect." There is an abundance of communications purporting to come from such a source, and of the purest, most elevated, and most religious character. If the "evil one" has prompted these, I confess I have heretofore formed a very wrong estimate of his character.

On the whole, the result of my investigations thus far is, that the weight of evidence is in favor of the truth of these "Spiritual Manifestations." But I shall continue to investigate as opportunity offers. And, if, hereafter, the preponderance of evidence shall incline to the other side, I shall as readily announce that result, as I have above communicated the other.

In the mean time, let us exercise all possible charity for those who do not believe; and especially those who denounce without investigation, and condemn without knowledge; for they are those that most need it.

EXCUSE THIS DESULTORY COMMUNICATION, AND ACCEPT THE ASSURANCE OF THE

HON. JAMES F. SIMMONS.

N. P. TALLMADGE.

DR. SAMUEL BEACH.

Among the victims of the late terrible casualty, at Norwalk, we were personally acquainted with but one. Though not on terms of familiarity with Dr. Beach, we had known him for several years, and it affords us a melancholy satisfaction to make honorable mention of his name. He was distinguished for many amiable and gentlemanly qualities. Those who knew him most familiarly, esteemed him as a skillful physician and an eminently good man, and in all the relations of life he was most sincerely respected. His unexpected removal from the sphere of his usefulness will be deeply lamented by his numerous friends. Dr. Beach had practiced his profession, in Bridgeport, some twenty years, and was, at the time of his death, about fifty years of age.

THE LAST GREAT CALAMITY.

The public heart has been made to throb with a feverish and agonizing intensity, by the mournful tidings of the great disaster, which occurred at Norwalk, on Friday, the 6th instant. The expiring wail of fifty human beings, breaking the silence of our meditations like a sudden peal of thunder, quickens the blood of the living, or sends it back to the heart, chilled and frozen by the horror of the scene, and the great calamity, like a destroying Angel clothed with darkness, descends and smites the trembling fibers of a thousand hearts until they vibrate to notes of wild and fearful lamentation! It is but a few days since the powers of human life, and sense, and thought, were shocked with the details of a similar tragedy enacted at the West; and now this last and darkest in the terrible catalogue of railroad accidents, has occurred at our very doors, and we are aroused to a still deeper sense of the great wrong to which society is constantly exposed.

When will the public authorities awake to a just sense of their responsibility, and act with decision and firmness in this matter? We do not want a spasmodic indignation, which shall expend its whole force in the usual preamble and resolutions, to be succeeded, in a brief hour, by the old apathy and indifference to the public welfare. We ask for a fixed determination, for immediate action, and for perpetual vigilance. Let every good citizen who feels his responsibility, begin, and continue to petition the legislative department of the government of the State in which he lives, for the passage of such laws as may be necessary to protect the traveling public against those fatal snares which avarice, under the pretense of accommodating the people, is everywhere setting in the paths of men. Let them demand all the protection which is possible in the nature of the case. There is, surely, one way to excite the latent sensibilities of the most soulless corporation. Let them pay ten or twenty thousand dollars, at least, for every life that may be sacrificed through any neglect of such corporation, or by the carelessness of any agent employed in its service, and henceforward efficient and careful men will be appointed to every post of danger. Our Railroad Companies may be deaf to the cries of humanity, but they are not insensible to a draft on the treasury. If Mammon has paralyzed their hearts, so that they can not feel as men are wont to feel, we must aim at their purses, where the life-forces of all similar corporations are known to have their center. All such bodies must be bled in the region of the pocket, and have the circulation distributed from that point. They shrink from a bill of costs and damages as the living sensitive subject starts back at sight of the caustic and the knife.

We call on the Legislature of Connecticut to apply the remedy at its present session. It has the power, and outraged human nature demands its most rigorous exercise. We claim the special right to urge this demand. Our residence is in Connecticut, and we necessarily travel over the road every week as far as Bridgeport. We passed over the route on the day of the accident, but a few hours after it occurred, and paused to witness the wreck of life. We saw the forms of childish innocence, of virgin beauty, and of manhood in its strength and in its maturity, all sleeping together. We forbore to attempt a description of the terrible spectacle. The picture would shock the sensibilities of the gentle reader with its deep shades and startling colors. We deem it unprofitable to dwell on the scene, except so far as we may thus assist in promoting right action. We would do any thing in our power to afford a greater security to human life, and we earnestly desire each one of our readers to move in this matter. Will they not firmly insist on such legislative action as the public safety may require? Those who will not act, must share in the responsibility of any similar catastrophe that may occur hereafter, if, indeed, their own lives are not made to atone for the neglect.

SPIRITUALISM IN WINSTED.

We know of no place of similar size, in Connecticut, where our views have taken a stronger and deeper hold, than in the villages of West Winsted and Winchester, situated at the northern terminus of the Naugatuck Railroad. We have many noble and disinterested friends in that vicinity, and the announcement of a lecture never fails to call together a large and intelligent auditory. When we visited that place, some time since, to review the crooked sayings of Prof. Hiram Mattison, a great multitude assembled, probably the largest ever convened in the town on any occasion; but Bro. Woodruff, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thought this was owing to other circumstances rather than an abiding interest in the subject of modern Spiritualism, and he so expressed himself at the time. Since then it has been confidently asserted, that should we have occasion to visit Winsted again, under other circumstances, but few, comparatively, would be likely to attend. But last Sunday presented an opportunity to demonstrate the fallacy of this conjecture. Notice had been previously given that the editor would lecture in the afternoon and evening at Camps Hall, and notwithstanding a violent storm prevailed without cessation, through the after-part of the day and during the night, a large and attentive audience assembled at both lectures. The spacious Hall was well filled, and we witnessed many indications of a healthy interest and increasing activity.

BEECHER'S REPORT.

Rev. Charles Beecher's Review of Spiritualism, which was submitted in the form of a Report to the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, at its late session, is now published in a convenient and beautiful form, and we are prepared to supply all orders with the utmost promptness. The retail price is twenty-five or thirty-eight cents, according to the style of binding. We propose to review the conclusions of Mr. Beecher at another time; for the present we desire to assure our friends that this book, if generally circulated, will become a most efficient instrumentality in promoting the interests of the Spiritual cause. Mr. Beecher has treated the subject with distinguished ability, and with a degree of seriousness and candor which entitle him to our highest respect. His labors will be far more acceptable to our readers than they were to his own brethren in the Church, who, it will be recollected, made an effort to suppress the reading of the Report.

TERMS OF OUR PAPER.—Will our friends, in forwarding their subscriptions, remember that our terms are now Two Dollars per annum. We have increased the quantity of matter more than one third, and to enable us to meet its current expenses we have been obliged to add the small sum of fifty cents to the subscription price, which we are sure will constitute no objection to those who desire that the paper may be worthy of the cause it advocates.

"WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

In a recent number of the *Universalist Quarterly*, Rev. Thomas Starr King has an essay on the nature of salvation, or the condition of man in the future life, which the editor of the *Trumpet* regards as unsound in doctrine and dangerous to the faith. The latter entertains the gross idea that death is the resurrection, metamorphoses all sorts of sinners into a likeness with the angels and "the spirits of just men made perfect;" as though a merely physical transformation, or a change of outward relations and conditions, could also change the very elements of our inward being, and at once reverse all the tendencies of human life and thought. Perhaps no dogma was ever defended with greater pertinacity than this, and surely no idea can be more repugnant to reason and hostile to the true philosophy of man's nature. To presume that one who never indulged a thought above the lowest sensualism—whose nature is darkened by the constant indulgence of "fleshly lusts," or distorted by a narrow and bigoted sectarianism—can, in the twinkling of an eye, be developed into symmetrical proportions, a divine wisdom and God-like harmony, is an unmitigated absurdity that violates all we know of the laws of physical and spiritual development. This assumption that all men will be at once and unconditionally saved, is defended by the *Trumpet* as earnestly as if the mere acceptance of the idea itself were the essential condition of such a salvation. Mr. King, on the other hand, can not conceive that the decomposition of the body has this marvelous power to bleach and beautify the soul, having never discovered any such spiritual chemical process.

Though a young man, the writer in the *Quarterly* exhibits a maturity of thought and a depth of philosophy which the *Trumpet* can not appreciate. Mr. King entertains the spiritual idea of Christianity, and while he doubtless trusts in the final triumph of good and the universal reign of righteousness in the far-off future, he seems to suppose that ignorant and sensual men may acquire a kind of moral momentum in this life, from which they will not instantly recover at death, or by any single spasmodic effort thereafter. Mr. Whittemore has been quite too long accustomed to dogmatize on a few points in biblical theology, to write a just criticism of Mr. King's essay, or of any ethical or metaphysical disquisition. Nevertheless, the editor of the *Trumpet* proceeds, as usual, to expose the heresy which he scents at a great distance, and Mr. King, in return, offers some wholesome and pungent suggestions to the *Universalist* press in general, and to the *Trumpet* in particular. We copy the following from Mr. K's rejoinder: "Again, I said that 'spirits can not be cleansed as a garment is washed and purified of stains.' There is no heavenly chemistry as yet discovered or revealed that can extract the soil of depravity from the heart, and make it white and pure." Here, plainly, the critics think that I am caught without chance of escape. Have they not shown that the sacred writers symbolize regeneration by a washing—even that this is a favorite image with them? I believe it has never occurred to them to ask if souls are washed as a garment is washed. Perhaps it is not the divine method to cleanse or rinse out moral natures by a process in which they are wholly passive. It may turn out that death does not soak and whiten souls in that way. When it is shown that Scriptural regeneration is equivalent to the process by which a cloth is washed, the quotations made against my position will be valid. So with the "heavenly chemistry." The point I had in mind was, that no influences are applied by heaven which extract the soil from us by processes in which we are passive, as the cloth is passive when chemical preparations withdraw its stains.

Then I said that man must "practically do all" in the process of salvation, that we get the heaven we earn, and as much as we need. This denies the doctrine of grace, it is said. How is salvation by grace, if we must earn it? I might answer, how could the gift of a loaf of bread to a hungry man be of grace, if he must eat it, and digest it, and draw strength from it by his own physiological apparatus? In an article intended to unfold what we must do to be saved, it was not appropriate to dilate on what God must or will do. * * * If a Christian state of heart is more important to our happiness than outward circumstances, and if that state of heart is brought about and perfected on certain conditions which we must fulfill, then we earn our salvation in the sense of acquiring it by the voluntary acceptance of those conditions. Praise the grace of God as we may, and as we should, yet the fact is not overridden that we make his grace available by our repentance, striving, obedience, and faith. Only a bald fatalism, which makes the human personality a puppet of the divine will, and character an illusion, can offer any other theory to our choice.

Moreover, I said that sin puts us on a gradual descending slope, "the inclination of which depends on the human will, and which, perhaps, keeps the same angle until eternity." Now, I mean to say by this precisely what Dr. Ballou said in the *Quarterly* for April, 1847, p. 120, "that it would be an erroneous blunder to confound virtue or holiness with mere physical change—such as death—or to suppose it the immediate product of any possible combination of circumstances such as attends that event." I find that Dr. Sawyer, at the close of his article in the last number of the *Quarterly*, expresses the same thing I mean to say, thus: "I doubt if we attach any very definite meaning to our words when we talk of a sinner's being freed from sin by natural death; of millions of our race being purified in a moment by some kind of mechanical means, we know not what, but entirely without any moral action of their own souls, repentance, or faith, and by simply crossing the mysterious line that separates the present from the future." Now, if no change is made in a man's moral character by death—if he neither goes up or goes down—then he enters the future life at the same angle, spiritually, which he kept on leaving this.

But we are told that this is flat Arminianism, and perils the hope of final order in the universe. As to fears such as these, it seems to us that a slight degree more of confidence, in the Universalist denomination, toward some of its men that are so freely criticised, would be quite pleasant and valuable. The *Trumpet* has often blown a merry note on the theme that the Andover professors are obliged to subscribe the creed every five years. But it seems to be needless now that any minister of the Universalist fraternity, who dwells on repentance, or the evil of sin, or any of the sterner methods of God's government, must begin or close his essay with a formal and solemn affirmation that he does, after all, believe in the glorious good time coming. Some of the friends early joined even the most cautious thinker and the most devoted friend of the denomination, in any region of practical religious thought, that does not lead straight and speedily to a halcyon life. It would be well if many of the writers that appear in the *Quarterly* could gain the freedom allowed at Andover, and be considered safe on condition that they will swear to a disbelief in eternal punishment once in five years.

It would be well, too, if there could be a general understanding that there are two ways of holding to the doctrine of the triumph of goodness in the universe—one, the Calvinistic theory of divine foreordination and Omnipotent grace, and the other the theory of a more slow and patient spiritual training, which respects the freedom of man, and works in accordance with the strong and complicated laws of character. Those who take the fatalistic view of Divine Sovereignty feel that the issue is imperiled if it is not made to depend on God's power alone. It does not seem to occur to them that the supremacy of God is a sovereignty of truth, holiness, and love, and not of coarse power, and therefore must work all its effects according to the nature of such spiritual forces which they visit and besiege the heart of a free being, such as man. And moreover, all the alarm that is expressed when salvation is left to be dependent on the agency of souls, is virtually an utterance of skepticism in human nature. To my own mind, the great horror of orthodoxes is its doctrine that this life is the final state of probation. Break that down, let me feel assured that eternity is a scene or sphere of spiritual discipline and education, in which the same essential laws will work the play in this life, and I ask no other demonstration of final good. I have such confidence in our nature and its eternal harmony with God's truth and love, that I have no fears of its wandering from light, or sinning against its law forever. And such a view of the future certainly seems to me more noble and more consonant with the evident value which God puts upon self-wrought character in this world, than the theory which virtually says that we are to be exterminated of evil at death, and embued

with a disposition that is not exposed to any frailty. Spiritual mediums may be made by the latter process, but not saints or holy men.

It should seem that, in a day like this, it was the wise method for a religious denomination to widen its sympathies, and multiply, if possible, its points of harmony. The policy which some Universalist editors are pursuing may be conscientious, but it will prove none the less disastrous. On such a subject as religion, there will always be a rich diversity of theories, even if the general conclusions are the same. A book so comprehensive as the Bible will always support views of truth that will not accord in all their outlines. A principle so generous as the ultimate victory of right in the universe, will always find those who will defend it on different grounds, according to the attraction of their nature to the idea of Divine Sovereignty, or human responsibility, both of which revelation affirms, without settling their relations, or defining how they accord and interplay. The editor of the *Trumpet* is pleased to express his conviction that the speculation of future punishment will disappear like the froth of the sea. It will be a safer prophecy to say that those who attempt to graduate the notions of human thought to the fixed forms of their theories of life and interpretations of Scripture, will be as successful as the man who should try to scold or frighten the billows into rest. A pond may keep still and slimy; the ocean will heave and show a wholesome swell.

Allow me to trespass a little further on your patience with a protest against the methods with which the editor of the *Trumpet*, and several prominent critics, insult some of us who hold theories at variance with their own, by declaiming about philosophy, and the wandering from the plain teaching of revelation which we indulge. We are commended to a certain "dead old book" which we have slighted, and which crushes all our opinions. We are warned against the pride of philosophy, etc. Our ability is praised, only we are trying to set up our speculations in place of God's everlasting truth. When a weak mind hables such froth, it may be pitied; when a man of sense stoops to it, he should be rebuked for his egotism or his insolence. Who has informed these critics that they are infallible interpreters of revelation? Who has given them the right to strip off all modesty in their dissent from their brethren, as though the meaning of Scripture, on several points of primary interest, is not one of the most delicate mental problems that has ever exercised human judgment and learning? For one, I owe no man any thanks for a compliment to any powers of intellect he may attribute to me, if it is coupled with a lamentation that I set my thought above the teachings of Jesus Christ. The opponents of the views I cherish can not be more confident that they are unwarranted speculations, than I am that they are an essential part of the religion which Jesus taught. I am not more firmly convinced of anything than of the opinion that what is called ultra-Universalism is supported by a false philosophy of human nature and character, and is opposed by the plain facts of human experience. No lamentation can be made by any man over the lapse of ministers from the style of Scriptural preaching—the highest Scriptural preaching—the preaching of the Saviour—which I will not indorse; for I feel confident that the theology which the *Trumpet* upholds finds no countenance in the searching, practical application of truth to the soul, and the constant implication of the evil of sin, the necessity of repentance, and the indispensableness of holy character which distinguished the dealings of the Saviour with the human heart in his earthly ministry. The philosophy I desire to cultivate and serve is the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount.

Respectfully, yours, T. S. KING.

Literary Notices.

SPIRIT RAPPING UNVEILED! An Exposé of the Origin, History, Theology, and Philosophy of certain alleged Communications from the Spirit World, by means of "spirit rapping."—Mediums, "Physical Demonstrations," etc., with Illustrations, by Rev. H. Matthews, A.M., Pastor of the John-street M. E. Church, New York. Author of "Modern Arisism," "The Primary Astronomy," "High School Astronomy," etc., etc. New York: Mason Brothers, 21 Park Row.

We have here the printed version of the author's recent lectures against Spiritualism, delivered in Newark, N. J., New York City, West Winsted and Hartford, Conn., Springfield, Mass., somewhere in Vermont, and in the Canadas, and which have gained for the writer the unenviable reputation of being profoundly indifferent with respect to the accuracy of his statements. When the Professor, for the safety of the church and twenty-five cents apiece from his hearers, proposed to enlighten this city, we employed a reporter, but the lectures proved to be so barren of interest, so utterly destitute of good sense, and withal so foolish in their details, that we have not been able to make any use of the report. The whole effort was prompted, ostensibly, by ignorance and egotism, having for their objects personal notoriety and money. Deeming it a pity that one who was a Professor of religion and astronomy, and who claimed to have achieved some honor, as well in the study of the exact sciences as in the practice of correct morals, should keep on repeating his blunders and selling his miserable caricatures of the truth for two shillings, to the scandal of science and religion, we frankly told the Professor that his specific statements of alleged facts, at least so far as they had any relation to us, were either wholly untrue, or so entirely perverted as to have the effect of falsehood on the public mind. We also offered to satisfy the author on this point, but our services were not required. Of course the author of the astronomy for the use of schools, and the preacher of evangelical and biblical Spiritualism, did not require any knowledge of the facts in the case. And so he went on his mission with precisely that measure of information which would best subserve his purpose.

The secular Press spoke of the lectures as a mere catchpenny affair, designed to ridicule and misrepresent the whole subject. The *Hartford Times*, *Williamsburgh Times*, the papers where he lectured in Vermont, and elsewhere, all concurred in so regarding them. But still he went his way, in the insulated name of religion, repeating the same silly anecdotes, and personal abuse of those who believed in the Spiritual phenomena. If any statement was proved to be untrue—as was the case at Williamsburgh, where he was confronted before the audience by one whom he had slandered—it made no sort of difference. If the Press exposed his self-conceit and ignorance of the whole matter, it was all the same; he went on to repeat the identical statements again, in some other place, and all in the name and for the sake of the church. The divinity of the schools was, he believed, liable to be corrupted by false doctrines, and to preserve it in its purity he was willing to encounter all this opposition of the Press.

"As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd."

At length we have the whole thing printed, with illustrations on wood, appropriate to the general design and character of the work, and those who wish can have the Professor's whole course for seventy-five cents. The picture on the seventy-second page is thought to favor our astronomical friend. Some have conjectured that the author furnished the artist with his model, and this suspicion is strengthened by the close proximity of a certain mythological personage who stands behind the writer, and from whom the latter probably derived his inspiration. It is worthy of remark, that the mysterious personage referred to, is alleged to have been the author of all such oblique statements, as this book contains, from the beginning. The work is, for the reasons indicated, beneath criticism.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS, the paper formerly known as the Spirit Messenger, has just been enlarged and appears under new, and we understand, most favorable auspices. It is now one of the most beautiful papers in the world, and it presents high claims to public attention and patronage, as a gentle, yet earnest and persuasive, advocate of liberal and Spiritual views.

Mrs. FRANCES H. GREEN, who is known to many of our readers as among the most gifted of the daughters of Song, and withal as a versatile and vigorous prose writer, is associated with our esteemed friends, R. P. Ambler and others, in its editorial management. It has able contributors, and will, we doubt not, be an eloquent commentary on the great law suggested by its new title.

The Journal is embellished by a vignette illustrative of its progressive principles. The conception, which is extremely beautiful, was embodied with peculiar grace and spirit in the original drawing—made by a young lady who is herself the very impersonation of genius—but the engraver has preserved but little of the beauty of the original. The most plastic forms have lost their action under his hand, and figures that seemed to move as you gazed on them are paralyzed by his touch.

THE SHEKINAH, Number I, Volume III., is now ready for distribution. It contains articles with the following titles: "Andrew Jackson Davis," (a biographical sketch), by a Mystic; "Impressibility of Animals," by William Fishbough; "Strive" (Poetry), by C. D. Stuart; "The Southern Cross," a Dramatic Sketch, by F. Robinson; "Fragmentary," by C. D. Stuart.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

GALVESTON, February 1, 1853.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

In this remote and benighted corner of the earth, where all the doings of Christendom are only heard of, as we hear, with like perpetuity, of earthquakes in the moon, and a section of country but only quite recently the rendezvous of bands of daring pirates, among whom figured Lafitte of notorious fame, there have lately occurred things well calculated to fill our simple minds with amazement and wonder.

Rumors have previously reached this land; but, in luxuriating on your Northern ices, and languishing out the sunny day in the shade of the palmetto and cypress, we but gave them a smile and an adieu, and beckoned them onward to climes where there were wise men and no mosquitos! too lazy and indolent to think of them, too lazy even to ridicule them! alas, dear sir, this is a sad country, and you can have no conception how a dispirited lover of snows, a poor journeyman printer, mourns over the doom that has cast him among such a stupid and heathen people. But I shall soon leave them, however, sincerely praying that some stray beam of light, in some future generation, may find its way through the darkness, and arouse and enlighten their backsliding souls.

But I am alluding to a grave subject, and you must not think that I am disposed to speak lightly of it; on the contrary, believe me, I esteem it deserving of the profoundest thought and study, and one of the greatest and most important events that has happened to man since the beginning.

I can not but look with disgust upon that class of people who are forever denouncing that which does not come immediately within their scope of comprehension, and must deem it to be highly dishonorable and disgraceful to the natural talent with which God has endowed our race. Is it not profanity? God has given us a mind to think and investigate, and the due exercise of this gift will always be sure to lead us, if not quite to the truth, at least as near as the progress of the age will admit, and will never leave us behind. The ridicule of Spiritual intercourse, then, I must deem insulting to our understanding, since that it requires so little study to dissolve of the greater part of its mystery; in fact, I do not discover any mystery in it at all, except as to the means made use of, and I presume that is already solved, as the inquiring minds of the North are seldom long in solving the mysterious. But granting that it is all a mystery, will, magnetism, clairvoyance, or electricity, as I believe, untroubled minds generally assert, except that legion who burden it direct upon innocent Satan, is it not all the more worthy of investigation? Should the belief of a few persons be permitted to retard the search of truth? or any mystery be deemed disgraced by such belief? Good sense should teach that in all questions of difficult solution, neutral ground and impartial study should be zealously maintained until they be satisfactorily solved; and so long as the solution remains hidden in mystery, the belief of a few, however extravagant, can be no disgrace to it; and it certainly betrays a weak mind, and a sad inclination to profanity, to yield up a cause on so slight ground. And even at no time, without compromising that liberality toward our kind that we should all cultivate and cherish, can we be excused for ridiculing and condemning a subject that others hold to be sacred, so long as it is apparent to reason that it is not, indeed, the veritable work of the devil. The cause may be good and holy, and we should not let prejudice strive to betray it to its enemies. It may be bad, then let us join and assist in finding it out.

From the time I first heard of these "manifestations," I have ever had a strong desire to examine into it; and strange as it may appear, I have never had an opportunity, in all my rambles in my native North, of witnessing them until I found myself at Galveston, the last of all earthly places one would expect to find any thing of the kind. On arriving here, I found the subject to be the all engrossing topic of conversation; and yet, notwithstanding all that had been seen and heard, there was no one to speak seriously of it. To see and to ridicule, was one and the same thing, and still all admitted it to be a mystery! I very soon had an opportunity of seeing, and of my investigations, perhaps I may tell you anon, if it would be acceptable. I can not forbear, however, telling you of a reply I received to a question, from a Spirit. After many fruitless endeavors, I at length succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Spirit of Benjamin Franklin, and who, to my surprise, refused to answer nearly all my questions; at length I asked, "Will you tell me the reason why you refuse to answer my questions?" "Yes," and spelled the following: "Triumph no more out of reason!" This, as you may well suppose, struck me to the quick, so like the old philosopher. I trust I have profited by his advice.

Our conversations have been by the "tippings" (so called), but in investigating and studying into the subject, I find that I am myself fast becoming a medium, and can act independently, not only by the table, but by my pen, and rappings, the latter, however, very slight.

Zealously with you in the cause of truth, believe me to be sincerely yours.

HAMPDEN A. SAWYER.

TESTS OF ELECTRICITY.

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., March 31, 1853.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Having read the experiment made by Jacob Shaffer and others, quoted by Dr. Richmond, and having a good medium with us, we have made precisely the same experiment, with very different success.

In the first place, I placed pieces of cork under the legs of the table, with the hands of all in the circle wrapped in silk, and placed upon the glass plates, further insulated by pieces of cork, and a ground wire attached to the wrists of all present. The raps were then louder than before, both upon the floor and upon the table, while the table was raised a number of times completely from the floor. This was done in the presence of six persons, two of whom were unbelievers.

We then formed another circle, composed of eight gentlemen, including the medium (Mr. Gordon), all of whom, excepting myself, were total disbelievers. As a further precaution, the legs of the table were inserted into glass tumblers, and each person was insulated as before. The raps were louder than before the insulation, and the table was raised up out of the tumblers. Those present all expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the result.

Afterward, in addition to the above, I insulated the chairs, and placed iron plates under the feet of each person, with another ground wire attached to them, in order that the electricity emanating from our bodies might be completely carried off (please observe that there were two separate ground wires from the hands and feet of each person). We had manifestations equally as strong as at any other time. Raps came upon the table and floor, and even upon the metallic plate which the medium's feet were resting upon—the table rocking to and fro for the space of about three minutes, so that all could have time to ascertain that it was not an optical illusion.

The medium's hand was now influenced, and wrote the following, professing to come from my guardian spirit: "We can write yet; we can rap; we can entrance Henry; we can tip the table; we will give you a specimen." Accordingly he was immediately after entranced and a lengthy communication was received—saying that, "owing to the density of the atmosphere this morning we can not do all we would. The wire from your hands is sufficient to conduct off all of the surplus, nervous fluid, and though we frequently make use of that to approach near to communicate to mortals, we can do without it, but in so doing we are obliged to enter into the room and put our spirit hands in actual contact with the thing disturbed. Though you should inclose yourselves in metal and be planted in the earth, still could we approach you as before—we have always preferred to have circles upon bare floors, in order that mortals may not say it is electricity caused by the friction of your bodies passing over the carpets. We wish you to have circles on the ground when convenient, and then we will give you further information. Refer to the Bible! Did not spirits approach mediums in chains, remove iron bars, cause hinges to move, and boats to pass over the water!" "Bind up the testimony, and compare the spirits' testimony with that of the churches! Bind up the testimony!"

This communication is given nearly as possible from memory, as we were unprepared to copy at the time. There were different persons present at each of these three experiments, with the exception of myself.

Should this simple statement prove unsatisfactory to the learned Doctor, he can have the privilege of making the same experiments, with the same medium if he chooses, as Mr. Gordon will be in New York within a fortnight.

Yours, with respect,

W. H. KNAPP.

Mr. ROSWELL CHILD writes us from Moretown, Vt., that there have been remarkable Spiritual Manifestations in that place. He says: "An instance of inflamed eyes, so aggravated that the person was confined to a dark room, was, by the direction of the spirits, cured in two or three days. Communications of the most elevated character, and breathing the spirit of love and harmony, have been received, and strange to tell, the infidel and skeptic are the first to acknowledge their heavenly origin."

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

N. F. WHITE, MEDIUM.

We publish the following poem for two reasons: first, for its absolute merit, in point of sublime thought and forcible expression; second, for its remarkableness, as being the production of one, who, in his ordinary state of mind, is utterly incompetent to such an effort. The poem was written while Mr. White was under Spiritual influence, and we know, as do many others, that short of the aid of supermundane agency, it would be quite impossible for him to produce any thing parallel or approaching to such an effort. It is believed that neither his taste nor his talent lie in such direction. It is one of those many phenomena which are now staggering the dry materialism and unbelief of men who mock at the idea of Spiritual agencies—though nothing strange to those who believe that "in Spirit we live, move, and have our being." We have given the poem precisely as it was written, considering its defects, if it has any, those of form, weighing nothing against its vigor and beauty of thought.

Mr. White is a young man of the most amiable disposition and unblemished character.

What means the sound that breaks upon my ear!
Like murrings of a far off sea of waves
That dash, untrifling, on the towering cliffs,
Which, like some mighty bulwark, guard the island
Vale 'gainst their advances.

A growing power
Is moving through the earth, and struggling minds,
That long have been confined, boldly refuse
To tamely, blindly sacrifice the God-like
Attributes that dwell within, to others'
Dictates; but, conscious in their might, arise,
And shake, as 'twere with giant strength, the galling
Fetters from their hands; the heaving earth is
Struggling to be free, and rent in many
Places is the veil of ignorance, which,
Like a gloomy pall, has shrouded long the
Minds of men.

Through dreary paths, darker than
Darkest night, so dark 'tis hard to virtue
Tell from vice, man long has wandered, seeking
For some ray of light to cheer his gloomy
Pilgrimage on earth; for there is ever
That within him burns, tyrant oppression
Strives in vain to quench; a something stronger
Far than outward man, which, crush it as he
May, will rise again, and, rising, ever
Point above. Something there is which tells of
That beyond the grovelling, selfish earth on
Which he dwells, that bids him soar through regions
Far above what telescopic eye can
See, or minds, imprisoned minds, can ever
Comprehend.

Though some have ever lived who
Did not fail to follow what their inner
Promptings taught, the glorious destiny of
Man fulfill, and soar above the Earth; yet
Most have stilled those thoughts, deep, back into the
Inner temples of the heart, driven the
Cooling, sparkling drops that, like a never
Ceasing Spring, their glad, refreshing streams should
Have sent forth, and made their Earthly homes a
Paradise.

Often the panting Soul would
Find a vent; and, unrestrained, upon the
Air gush forth, seeking to find its level,
But, shrinking, it would see those noble minds
Who did not fear, feeling the truth within,
To speak their thoughts, by all the common herd
Treated with silent scorn; or else with rude
Contempt, because they dared to soar above
The wilful, self-deluded crowd, and learn
More in one hour than they could comprehend
In years, bound hand and foot by slavish chains
That held them fast, and would not let them soar
Above their masters. Men saw such sights, and
Fearful lest the scorn should fall on them, drove
Back the gushing tide; folded their shackled
Hands across their breast, and bowed them to the
Ground, with feigned humility, before the
Fangless monster—worldly scorn.

But now those
Pent up fountains burst their bounds; and gathering
Fresh strength by long confinement, descend from
Distant mountains to the plain, resistless,
Sweeping all that bars their course. The mind of
Man no longer yields a credence blind
To every tale, but asks for each effect a
Cause; and that increasing roar, like distant
Waves, which startles every Ear, is one vast
Cry for knowledge; and that cry increasing
Evermore, will rise, until ascends from
The awakening Earth one universal
Shout for liberty. And not alone from
Southern climes will it arise, for there are
More cruel chains than those which bind the flesh;
Immortal minds are groaning 'neath the bonds
Of ignorance, of which they would be freed.
From them ye hear that cry—then 'wake! arise,
And join the shout, nor longer slumber in
Your chains, and fondly dream, in ignorance,
Of bliss. No longer dream it sin that you
Immortal Souls, aspiring ever, seek
For something new; cherish those aspirations,
Guard them with care, and watch, that no rude hand
Shall check their course progressive.

Rejoice, ye
Highly favored youth, that such a glorious
Light is dawning on the world; that the dark
Clouds of ignorance and oppression are
Rolling back, before the rising Sun of
Freedom, disclosing, to your enlightened
Visions, scenes beyond the dreams of wildest
Ancient Seer; rejoice that, unmolested,
You can pierce the skies, and make acquaintance
With the rolling orbs; so distant from the
Sister orb on which you stand, that strongest
Unassisted eye can not discern the
Faintest glimmer of their light; rejoice that
Ye can penetrate, beneath your feet, the
Solid rock; and read with geologic
Eye your own Earth's history; nor fear that
Fools will rail, and deem it sin that you should
Seek to know the mystery of creation.
Then onward move, for thou art highly blest
With privilege, far, far beyond the ages
Past; look to it, then, that ye do spurn them
Not, but treasure, as the apple of your
Eye, the lessons that you learn in nature's
School.

And ye whose noble duty 'tis to
Teach, art well the part that on life's stage ye
Have to play; the audience is vast—millions
On Earth, and countless hosts, who long since left
This sphere of action, with anxious interest

Gaze upon the scene; the play is deep; ye
Far exceeds in depth the acts of former
Ages; and ye hold a part conspicuous
On the stage; set well that part, and teach the
Youthful mind, that fears, like Eagles' young to
Leave its nest, to plume its wings, and take its
Upward flight; nor fear, if it should reach the
Foremost mind, to dart beyond, and seek for
Higher truths; teach it its upward destiny,
Nor bid it down, forbidding it to soar
Above some master mind. PROGRESSION IS
The word; let it be stamped upon your minds
In characters of living flame; in all
Your teachings let that master word stand first,
So ye can say, in some far distant age,
As roaming through Celestial Spheres, ye meet
With Angel forms ye taught to soar above
The vale of ignorance and vice, "I gazed
The first instruction to those Souls, and helped
To make them what they are;" then find reward
In gazing on your work.

PROVERBS BY THE SPIRITS.

CHARLES HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

The scorner waggeth his head, but no scorner will move the upright.
He dreameth of great wisdom; alas, it is but a dream. He saith in his heart, "I have not polluted myself with the insolent imposition, neither have I made friends with men who relate such tales from heaven;" but he saith not, Who am I, that I should bear false witness against my neighbor; nor asketh he, Who are they, that I should do them harm.

Rods are the weapons of cowardice, and tyrants feel their weakness when they use them.

I have called thee, and thou hast heard my voice; henceforth shalt thou be my chosen vessel, to make glad the soul that opens his heart to receive instruction. Train thy thoughts to do thy work with cheerfulness; for no harm shall befall thee in doing right.

Envy maketh bigots. Bigotry is the child of ignorance. It is born without brains, and matured without reason.

Take to thyself right, and wrong will not follow. Pursue no evil, and no evil will pursue thee.

What is not thy own can not aid thee; no aid canst thou receive without receiving a blessing. He who expects to be wise because another is so, may realize disappointment; but he who would know what he does not understand, will progress in knowledge.

Vain are the expectations of doubt, and are the hopes of the ignorant, deceitful are the dreams of superstition, and fruitless are the efforts of wrong to perpetuate the bondage of men; for neither he who acts, nor he who is acted upon, can accomplish their desires.

Duplicity seeks to hide its enormity, but honesty is without a covering. Naked, it is beautiful; but dress conceals its loveliness.

Persist not to oppose what is not understood, lest in so doing thou shalt resist thy own good.

Never attack, nor defend, what is known to be concealed from thy mind. Mockery is the employment of ill-bred children. Evil communications corrupt common decency. Avoid the disease, and pity the patient.

A good physician seeks to know the cause of ill; he labors to understand the nature of the disease; but the ignorant are content to flatter the vanity of those from whom they get their wages. Flattery is a deception; truth is not; beware of the man who flatters, he may stab the confiding heart.

Reflect on the message thy friend communicates, and weigh all thou receive in scales of mercy and justice.

Hypocrites change their garments to appear differently unto men; but their nature is the same. They wear a garment to please the company, and change it for the same reason; but it is only an outside covering to flatter the vanity of the weak. Take away the covering, and the real soul appears. Alas, they have their reward.

My son, hear instruction, for wisdom is given by the wise, and folly by fools.

Reason is a gift, and gifts are valuable; remember that thy mind is not exercised without it, nor are thy powers strengthened when thou despisest thy judgment. He who submits his interests into the hands of another, must not complain only of his own folly, when misfortune overtakes him. Reason denied, is folly disclosed.

Make love thy divinity; others' good, thy wisdom. Steal not the good name of thy counselor, nor bear the image of the hypocrite. He who apes what he has no virtue to practice, deceives his own heart.

Neglect not the useful for the useless, nor pattern after the vain show of the foolish; they seek their own hurt, and will feel their own weakness.

Turn away from vanity; fashion hath its votaries, and its votaries their troubles. He who seeks the useless is vain, and he who pursues his vanity will meet a sad hour in the day when he is called to liquidate with his creditors.

Extravagance hath no limits but want of means, and he who imitates false customs will come to want.

Habits make sorrows; habits make customs; habits shun counsel; let no habit control thy progress, and retard improvement; but he who is wise will break the cords that fetter, and save his soul from the wrongs of superstitious veneration and sorrowful exposure. Make wisdom thy choice, and love thy divinity forever.

THE SPIRITS IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BAINBRIDGE, March 11, 1853.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—In addition to the varied phenomena of Spirit-manifestations in this place and vicinity, which are almost daily becoming more general, such as rapping, tipping and moving tables, writing, speaking, etc., we have one of a peculiar character, which I do not recollect of seeing noticed; as follows: worthy and respectable members of the Episcopal Church, having become mediums, are by this means prevented from reading a portion of the common prayer-book during what is called divine service.

Mrs. Levi Davis, who became a resident of Bainbridge last fall, has already established a permanent reputation as a correct medical clairvoyant. Her descriptions of disease are minute and correct, and the uniform confidence of patients attest the sanative effects of her prescriptions.

Yours, etc., S. W. C. M. D.

We do not feel authorized to infer that the Spirits at Bainbridge are opposed to prayer altogether; it may be merely to its formal modes and verbal expression in public places; or, perhaps, only to what they may conceive to be the objectionable sentiments contained in the accepted forms. Our conclusions, however, are the result of general observation, and in no way derived from the remarks of our correspondent.

EDITOR.

PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

The following sayings, much resembling those of "Poor Richard," were received through the mediumship of Mrs. A. The peculiarity of the communication is that a sentence is formed by the first word of each line being read down. This freak of originality was not noticed at first.

All duty should be plain, then obeyed.

Leave not truth for error.

Divine commands should be obeyed.

Truth will shine 'mid all error.

Who can tell where God dwells!

Read daily from the holy Book.

Nor in greatness does goodness always dwell.

Beauties ever surround our pathway.

In love dwells goodness and piety.

God's speaks in stillness to the Soul.

Works of nature speak of God.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

One singular fact connected with the above is, that the Spirit who gave it expressed a reluctance to give the name, assigning, as a reason, that I had objected to receiving any thing over the name of those who were prominent in this world's history, as so many deceivers assumed such names. Now, this objection I had made three months ago, three hundred miles from where I at this time was, and had not thought of it for some length of time, having had no occasion to do so.

J. I. A.

Chelsea, Mass.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISING.—THE TELEGRAPH is not intended to be a general advertising medium, and we do not especially solicit this kind of patronage. The Publishers will, however, insert a very limited number of advertisements, as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention, is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 25 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

S. W. SMITH, Steubenville, Ohio: We have appropriated your remittance as directed. Every thing has been forwarded.

W. D. E. "Rockport, N. Y.: We think that the *Journal of Progress* or the *New Era* may suit you.

BRD. HEWITT: We have just forwarded the missing numbers of the SHEKINAH, and will send the TELEGRAPH as soon as it is bound. We have no bill.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

CALVIN R. BROWN, husband of the lady formerly known as Mrs. A. L. Fish, the Spirit-Medium, bade adieu to the scenes of his earth-life on the morning of Wednesday, the 4th instant, at his late residence, No. 78 West Twenty-sixth Street, at the age of 31 years, 7 months, and 14 days. On Thursday evening the event was signaled by an address and other exercises appropriate to the occasion, which, at the solicitation of many friends, we may report at length in our next issue. The earthly remains of our friend were removed on Friday, the 6th instant, to Rochester, where they now repose. They were accompanied by the family, consisting of Mrs. Fox and her three daughters, and the daughter of Mrs. Brown, who are expected to return to this city on or about Saturday of the present week.

AN APOLOGY.—The removal of our office, and a variety of other circumstances, quite too numerous to mention in detail, have contributed to delay the appearance of the present number of the TELEGRAPH, so that we are obliged to go to press at the very close of the week. We trust, however, that our friends will bear with us a little, for a few days only, until we are fairly under way, and we will then endeavor to greet them in good season, and in a manner which will provoke their approbation.

Our friends who may visit us from the country are again reminded that our place of business is at No. 300 Broadway, second floor.

BRO. C. THOMPSON.—The business of the SHEKINAH is transacted in this city, and as your letter addressed to the editor was mailed to Bridgeport, it was, by some strange accident, mislaid, and so escaped observation, and your requests were, consequently, neglected. On receiving your last favor, a search was instituted, and finally the missing letter came to light. At length, the amount inclosed is placed to your credit, the SHEKINAH has been forwarded, and your letter will appear in the TELEGRAPH of next week. Will friend Thompson pardon this delay, in which his patience has been severely tried, and we will venture to presume that no similar mishap will occur to render our future intercourse otherwise than strictly reciprocal.

Our thanks are due to many noble friends for their efficient efforts to extend our circulation. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly. Several ladies are very actively employed in this work.

IMPORTANT PROPOSITION.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE SPIRIT FORM.

At the shadowy close of Even,
Comes a Spirit-form of light,
Wrapped in robes of ancient splendor,
Clasped with jewels rare and bright.

No shade of doubt, or thought of sadness,
Has ever veiled her face so bright;
No breath of censure ever sullied
Those lips so pure, or brow so white.

Her voice is like the harp of Heaven,
Tuned by angels' magic hand;
So mild, so sweet, so low, so gentle,
Breathing of that happy land.

Her meeting with the earth-bound spirit,
Is like the sun's soft rays of light,
That in the stormy winter hover
To kiss some topest snow-clad height.

And she smiles, when oft I ask her
How she waits and hopes so long,
And, with loving patience, listens
To this great, misguided thought!

"Hope," says she, "is now my watchword,
Be it thine to trust and wait;
Fear not, time will wear away these;
Do not filter at the gate.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE WEST.

MILWAUKEE, March 2, 1853.

DEAR BRITTON:

Inclosed herewith you will receive a copy of another letter from friend Brown, which, if you consider the facts therein contained worthy of preservation, is at your service. I copied the entire letter, including that which relates to his personal experience, to give an idea to our friends what some are undergoing in mind and body in the cause of progress.

Yours truly,
JAMES P. GREVES.
Lisbon, Wis., February 17, 1853.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Spiritualism is absorbing all minds here. I sit, at this present writing, with my portfolio on my knees, penning these lines by the side of an old-fashioned cooking-stove, in a double log-house, and around me sit a father, a mother, and two daughters (strangers to me before to-day), each one with a "Spiritual Telegraph" in their hands, poring over its mysterious contents, and drinking in with exceeding delight the aliment it affords them. It seems almost as if the people were famishing for the "bread of life," with such avidity do they seize upon every opportunity to gain information upon this subject. They come with horse-teams, ox-teams, and on foot (some ladies have walked two and a half miles these rough, cold nights), to hear what the *ablest* individual called to labor in this "cause of all mankind" has to say upon it.

You will allow me to say, without egotism, that I am astonished at the results of my efforts. I am fully conscious of superior powers operating through me. You are aware that my mission is to develop and instruct mediums. I have seemingly but to shake my fingers over the heads of a circle of entire strangers, and the susceptible are either prostrated in deep magnetic sleep or trance, or thrown into ecstasies of clairvoyant vision; while others are set to vibrating in all conceivable ways. I often have four, five, or six persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions operating in these various ways at the same time, and through them, by these various methods, are communications made to individuals here and there about the room, *yes*, reporting to come, and doubtless coming, from departed friends. Sometimes all are thrown into joy and rejoicing, sometimes into weeping, but not mourning. The churches around the country are all in an uproar about it, and your humble servant is the subject of unmitigated scandal and reproach, the unworthy object of pulpit anathematization and *bar-room* vituperation. So you see the *pulpit* and the *bar* are united in one thing at least. And you need not be surprised if you hear that the mobocratic spirit should yet prevail to put their threats in execution; and if it should be so, it will not be the first time within a year I have been honored with similar attentions from such high quarters for "telling the truth and shaming the Devil."

There is but one thing, my dear Doctor, that is detrimental to my progress, or the success of my labors. It is the state of my own mind—an anxiety for the want of pecuniary support for my family. Two years have I mainly devoted to this cause at my own expense; and the development of several hundred mediums, directly or collaterally, has been the manifest result of my efforts; and now, impelled, drawn, driven, or attracted to a distance of over three hundred miles from them, I find myself, in the midst of these cheering prospects of the cause as above stated, *without a single dime* in my pocket, and my family have not received as much as that from me for nearly three months.

I do not mean to complain; but it is a consolation to have a friend to whom one can unobtain himself and know he will find sympathy; and you know, too, in part, the high claims the *powers* above have laid upon me, which I have endeavored in all faithfulness to fulfill. But with the tearful eyes of a dependent, self-sacrificing, devoted wife turned toward you for support, and three little mouths crying for bread, and you have not a crumb to give them—nay, and to be so far separated from all those you love on earth—how could you avoid an ebullition of feeling at some times. Bear with me, then, and let these thoughts sink into your truly sympathizing heart, and that sympathy, which I am fully confident of receiving, will relieve me. I only fear that I shall be compelled, from the absolute necessities of the case, to leave the field, and resort to other means of support for my family. The cause must onward, however; it can not fail—*for* guided by the same Almighty hand that wields the comet through the fields of space in the order of unerring law, it will ultimately prevail, although thousands of its pioneers shall fall as martyrs.

Yet the powers in whom I have trusted, and whose promises have been signally fulfilled in the abundant success which has crowned my feeble efforts, have also promised me that those dear objects of my solicitude should receive from them a husband's and a parent's care. This reflection strengthens my wavering faith, and I will trust them still. The great *Solon*, *Franklin*, *Jefferson*, *Paine*, *Latimer*, *Melancthon*, *Wesley*, reformers in their time, my father, and a host of personal friends in the Spirit-world, surely can not lie.

It was my intention, in commencing this letter, to give a further example or two of the manifestations here, as I promised in my last.

Night before last, being in attendance at a small family circle, the Mrs. B., before mentioned, was present and some half dozen others. A gentleman, an entire stranger to Mrs. B., and of whose history, family, or friends she was totally ignorant, who had been sitting in the circle during the time of the manifestations through Mrs. B. and another medium present, had left the room. Mrs. B. had placed her shawl upon her shoulders, and was about to leave for home, when suddenly she was impressed, and throwing off her shawl, sat down upon a chair. About this time the gentleman alluded to entered the room; he had not seated himself before he was met by the medium (Mrs. B.), who seized him by the hands with an overjoyed expression of countenance, shaking him by the hands, patting him on the shoulders, but without speaking a word. Mr. D. asked the name of the Spirit-friend; with a considerable effort the word "brother" was pronounced, and after repeated efforts the name "Hiram." The gentleman said he had lost a brother by that name.

But the scene that followed was more remarkable still. Another influence seemed to possess the medium. She essayed in vain to make him comprehend by gestures and actions. Finally she was hurled against a chamber-door that opened from the room, and bursting it open, manifestly exhibited a casualty in falling down stairs. She arose from the bottom step exhibiting a broken shoulder and arm; the arm hung dangling by her side, she lifted it up with the other, pointed to the broken shoulder, and by every possible gesture and exhibition of pain, seemed to endeavor to bring to his mind a recollection of such a casualty. At length the gentleman said he recollected the circumstance of a lady's falling down stairs many years ago, in the State of New Jersey, whose shoulder was broken by the fall, and whom he assisted to carry home on a litter, and from which injuries she never recovered. At this recognition the Spirit seemed delighted, and jumped about the room, and seemed to make strong efforts to control the medium's organs of speech. Finally she succeeded so far as to

inform him that he had a Spirit-sister there also, who was standing by his side. He asked for the name to be given, which, after a powerful effort, was finally pronounced, "Harriet." These tests were entirely convincing to the stranger, who stated that he was about starting for California, and asked the Spirits if he should go, and was promptly answered, "No!" and by pantomimic gestures and representations he was told that if he did go, he would die, and never return to his friends. I omitted to state, in the proper place, that in making himself known, the brother put the medium through the process of his death, exhibiting, as the gentleman said, precisely the looks, gestures, struggles, and gasping of his brother at his dissolution. The struggles were over, and the medium lay stretched out in the chair, to all appearance lifeless (excepting an almost imperceptible respiration) for some three or four minutes. Then slowly stretching her hands aloft, she arose with a smiling countenance, with her eye turned down on the spot from whence she arose, and pointing one hand to the spot, and striking her breast with the other, she exclaimed, "There lies the clay—but here is the man!"

These manifestations are forcible and impressive. They are new to me, and are convincing to friends. They seem to seize upon these impressive scenes, which it would seem were most calculated to dwell in the memory, in order to force conviction on the mind of the reality of the presence of the individual claiming to be the Spirit-friend; and in this instance there was scarcely room to doubt the fact.

How often have I heard and witnessed the most affectionate appeals of parents to their children to believe it was that parent speaking to them, with all the love and affection for them—yes, and even more, that they cherished while yet in the form of earth. How have I heard a daughter pleading with a fond, doting mother to doubt not that that daughter was gazing up into her face through the medium's swimming eyes as she knelt at that mother's feet. They refer us to a thousand incidents in their lives or in your own, which you have long since forgotten, and to which memory would never again have reverted without prompting. They look, they act, they speak the language of the departed, even through mediums they have never known; they speak in languages the medium has never heard, they write in characters the medium never saw, and utter thoughts far, far above the medium's comprehension. They breathe thought but love. No hatred, no malice, no revenge. These are but effects of the exterior existence; they are not elemental principles, of which alone the soul is formed, and therefore can have no place in the interior life. There all is love, and tends to harmony and peace.

Dr. J. P. GREVES, MILWAUKEE. L. B. BROWN.

LORD LYTLETON'S DREAM.

A friend, "A. B. R.," who resides at Sharon, Ohio, sends us the following, which he says was extracted from the "Ladies' Garland," published in 1847.

Thomas, Lord Lytton, was a young nobleman of considerable parliamentary talents, but of a gay and dissipated mind. A few nights previous to his demise, soon after he had got into bed, he saw a female at the foot of him, in a dove in her hand, and beautifully arrayed in white, who told him, in a very impressive manner, to prepare himself for death, as the third night from that, exactly at twelve o'clock, he should depart this life.

His lordship, who had ever led a gay life, conceiving it was some female who had got into his room, and said so merely to joke with him, jumped out of bed; but to his astonishment found the door fast, and no person in the room except his valet, who was fast asleep in a recess, where he always lay. Greatly alarmed at the circumstance, it made a deep impression upon him, and he determined to put off a visit he was to have paid Mr. Andrews that very week; and the night which the specter prescribed as his last was the very one he was expected to sleep at Dartford.

On the fatal evening, his lordship had several of his friends about him, who amused themselves in looking at the family pictures till the hour of twelve o'clock arrived. As some of them regarded it as a phantom of his lordship's brain, they privately put the clock forward a few minutes. As soon as it struck, he turned around to all who were about him, and said, "You see I have jockeyed the Ghost!"

Upon which he went up to bed; and his valet brought him some trifling medicine to take, but had forgotten a spoon to stir it; he sent him down for one, and on his return found him actually a corpse on the bed! He looked at his lordship's fine stop watch, and found the hands exactly at the stroke of twelve o'clock! Mr. Andrews finding his lordship did not come down on the day he promised, which was the very one on which he died, could not imagine the reason of it, and had retired to rest somewhat before twelve. He had not been long lying down, when the curtains at the foot of the bed were drawn open, and he saw his lordship standing before him in a large figured morning gown, which always remained in the house, for his lordship's sole use. Mr. Andrews conceiving that his lordship had arrived after he had retired, as he had so positively expected him that day, said to him,

"My lord, you are at some of your tricks; go to your bed, or I will throw something at you."

The answer he returned was, "It is all over with me, Andrews!" and instantly disappeared. As there was a large clothes press at the foot of the bed, he conceived his lordship had got into it, and rose to see; but he did not find him there. He next examined the night bolt on the door, and found it fast; and he saw by the candle he had not been long in bed; or he might otherwise have conceived it a dream. He rang his bell, and inquired of his servants where Lord Lytton was! They said they had not seen him. The night-gown was next sought for, and found in its usual place.

Mr. Andrews knew nothing of his lordship's death till next day, when letters from London announced it to have taken place exactly at twelve o'clock the night before.

As must naturally be supposed, the circumstance and the loss of his friend, made a very great impression on the mind of Mr. Andrews, and affected him for some months after, as he was positive to his being awake at the time it happened, and of the appearance of the phantom.

The above is a strange but well authenticated relation, attested by a remarkable coincidence of facts, which no sophistry can overturn. That God sometimes moves out of the usual paths of his providence, is a fact which is prominently marked on the pages of divine inspiration. God is not responsible to man for his proceedings, and none can say unto him, "What doest thou?"

BE RIGHT TO-DAY.

MR. EDITOR—Less extravagance would be witnessed among Spiritualists, could they keep in mind the idea that a *future state of any kind is entirely a matter of belief*. Admitting that the evidences of a hereafter are as overwhelming as that to-morrow is to succeed to-day, and still it is matter of belief. The evidence that another sun will rise is exclusively inferential. The evidence that we shall live another day, another hour even, is likewise inferential. Nay, more; though it be established beyond controversy that others once in the body, as we now are, still live, yet a continuance of our own consciousness is merely inferential. The presumption, be it ever so strong, that our existence shall also be continued, can not amount to a direct demonstration. The reason is obvious. The future to any condition must, in the very nature of things, be rested in belief. The present only rests in demonstration and in knowledge. The past even, rests in record. In strict phrase, there is no *future*. What is now, only is. What is to be, can not exist until it transpires. Even prophecy does not create, as a present fact, those incidents it unfolds. The prophecy of itself is one fact; that exists to-day. What it relates to, exists not until it transpires; to-morrow can never be to-day. To-morrow exists not until born. Our present usefulness consists in applying *experience* to present emergencies. Our experience runs not forward. We know nothing of to-morrow. Its knowledge is yet unborn; its emergencies and its necessities are equally unknown. Without the experience of yesterday, we are infants to-day. So long as we neglect to-day we continue this infancy until it ends in imbecility.

Life any where, either in the body or out of it, is a present fact. Its duties are a present reality, not a reality of to-morrow or a reality of yesterday. How absurd, then, to take "thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." An adherence, in spirit and practice, to the precept inculcated by the Nazarene would put an end to all those enthusiastic efforts (of his professed disciples at least) whose sole aim is to have mortals better to-morrow; or to have them appear better at some future tribunal. It strikes me that the true philosophy of life is, that whatever men's anticipations may be, they should act as though there were to be no to-morrow. Put nothing off from to-day; do faithfully and earnestly the duties of to-day. *Be right now*, for now is their only existence. *Be right in their homes*, for they are yet *have no other*. *Be right in their counting-houses*, for they have not yet reached "that house not made with hands." *Be right in their intercourse with men*, for they have none else to deal with. Then, and then only, will they be right for any to-morrow, any future, any tribunal, any society that the unborn future may

develop. Let them eschew all hypothetical duties, and manfully meet the stubborn realities of to-day. Facts enough exist, and within human comprehension, to engross every mortal every moment of his life. To leave real facts, and spend one's energies in the regions of conjecture, is a species of insanity as common as it is absurd.

NEW YORK, March 7th, 1853.

SINGULAR METEOROLOGICAL DISPLAY.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING SNOW-STORM.

The snow storm, accompanied by lightning, which occurred here on the 13th inst., says the Bangor (Me.) Mercury, of Feb. 26, we have already alluded to. John S. Dodge, writing from Bass Harbor, Mount Desert, to the *Fountain and Journal*, describes the same storm, as it appeared there, as awful and sublime. He says a thunder cloud passed over the place, which, for terrific appearance, exceeded any thing ever witnessed there. It had been stormy all day, and had blown a gale. At seven, P. M., it ceased blowing, and flashes of lightning commenced, and soon thunder was heard, and at half-past seven o'clock the scene was grand and awful beyond description.

Mr. Dodge thus describes the affair and the injuries: The lightning was of a purple color, and sometimes appeared like balls of fire, coming in through windows and doors, and down the chimneys, while the houses trembled and shook to their very foundations.

Mrs. E. Holden was near a window, winding up a clock; a ball of fire came in through the window and struck her hand, which benumbed her hand and arm. She then, with all in the house, retreated into the entry. Another flash succeeded, and in the room from which they had retired, resembled a volume of fire, whirling round and producing a crackling noise. A similar appearance of fire was seen, and crackling noises were heard, in a large number of the houses. Some who heard the noise say that it sounded like breaking glass.

Captain Maurice Rich had his light extinguished, and his wife was injured. He got his wife on to a bed, and found a match; at that instant another flash came and ignited the match, and threw him several feet backward. John L. Martin received so severe a shock that he could not speak for a long time.

A great many persons were slightly injured. Some were struck in the feet, some in the eye, while others were electrified, some powerfully and some lightly. But what was very singular, not a person was killed or seriously injured, or a building damaged; but a cluster of trees, within a few rods of two dwelling houses, were not so fortunate. The electric fluid came down among them, taking them out by the roots, with stones and earth, and throwing all in every direction. Some were left hanging by their roots from the tops of the adjacent standing trees—roots up, tops down.

The lightning, after entering the earth to the depth of several feet, and for a space some eight or ten feet in diameter, diverged into four different directions. One course which it took led through the open land, making a chasm to the depth of several feet, and continued its march, unobstructed by the solid frozen ground, or any other substance, to the distance of 370 feet, lifting, overturning, and throwing out junks of frozen earth, some of which were ten or eleven feet long by four feet wide, and hurled at a distance rocks, stones, and roots. The power here displayed was truly awful, and had it fallen on a building, it would have thrown it, with its inmates, into ten thousand fragments. It really seems that God's mercy is manifested in sparing our lives amid such dangers and destruction. And while we thus enjoy his mercies, O that we might be duly affected with gratitude of heart.

I understand that in South West Harbor and North East Harbor (in this island), several vessels had their masts riven in pieces; one had some plank torn from her, and one man was knocked down, but not killed.

Sunday Herald, March 6, 1853.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The following is from a letter of John O. Wattle, addressed to his friend, D. Gano, of Cincinnati:

When the stars are beaming in all their light-splendor over the whole heavens; when the fires of eternal light are bursting from behind the lofty mountain-tops; when the sun in all his glory comes forth from his chamber, and rejoices as a strong man to run a race; when the golden gates of glory are thrown up, and through their lofty portals the crowding hosts of heaven, shouting hallelujah, are pouring from the City of God, and bending their footsteps to earth; when the sound of their voices and the melody of their music has drowned for a moment the confusion of war; when a voice from the Throne, louder than ten thousand thunders, is heard, saying, "The Tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell among them;" when the heavens are all alight of fire, and the earth is glowing as a furnace, and myriads of God's angels are flocking around; when Zion and Eternity, like God and Humanity, are rushing together, "deep calling unto deep;" when the world is ascending, and the heavens are coming together as a scroll; "when the fig-tree puts forth its blossoms;" when the powers that star-like reign sink dishonored to the plain—the wonder to me is that the people wonder so little!

PARTRIDGE & BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

VOLUME II.

The general character of this Paper is already so well known, as to preclude the necessity for a lengthy description; besides, nothing that we could say would afford so good an idea of its merits as the beautiful initial number which is here submitted to the public. Suffice it to say, in this connection, that it will continue to foster a spirit of calm inquiry and rational investigation, neither prescribing limits for human thought, nor seeking, in a dogmatic spirit, to enforce the peculiar views of its Proprietors. While it will carefully avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate great freedom, imposing, as heretofore, no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. Desiring that the Divine kingdom of peace and righteousness may come on earth, and be established in the inmost heart, and exemplified in the practical life of the world, it will endeavor to preserve the most amicable relations with all men, that it may aid, in some humble manner, to realize the great Divine Order and approaching harmony of the Race.

It is hoped that the character of this Paper will be such as to induce the most vigorous and successful efforts, on the part of its friends, to give it a wide circulation. To this end, the immediate cooperation of all Spiritualists, and others who may regard our objects with favor, is respectfully and earnestly solicited.

The *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* will be published weekly—size and style corresponding to the present issue—at No. 300 Broadway, New York, at \$2 00 per annum, invariably in advance.

Address, PARTRIDGE & BRITTON.

THE NEW ERA;

Is published every Wednesday morning in Boston, in the folio form, and is printed on good paper with fair type. It will be a vehicle for the facts, philosophy, and practical suggestions of Spirits and human correspondents, and for such editorial matter as the changing circumstances of the times and the needs of the public shall seem to demand. It shall be a free paper, in the best sense of the word: free for the utterance of all worthy and useful thought—free as Life, and Love, and Wisdom are free. It will spontaneously avoid all *sectarianism* (except to give it criticism), and will be the unwavering advocate of *Universal Truth*.

This paper will be published one year without fail, as the funds have already been provided by the extra subscriptions of some noble friends of this movement. Subscribers, therefore, may be sure of getting all the numbers they subscribe for. It is hoped that the friends of our cause will do as much in the way of extending our circulation, as others have done by their money. I therefore invite the immediate and hearty effort of all the friends in behalf of this enterprise and of this new truth.

TERMS—\$1 50, in advance.
All communications should be addressed (postage paid) to S. CROSBY HEWITT, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

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The increasing desire of the friends of Progression, throughout the Union, for light and knowledge in regard to the phenomena of Spiritual Manifestations, now exciting so much interest, has induced the friends of these wonderful phenomena to establish a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in the city of St. Louis, with the above title.

This paper will be published in two volumes per annum, and will be devoted to the dissemination and elucidation of the facts as they transpire in Circles of Spiritual Investigation, so far as authentic information of them may be obtained.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

This work, edited by S. B. Britton, is the only Magazine in the United States which is devoted to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychical Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctly the prominent features of the work:

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