



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 222.

The Principles of Nature.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.—No. 2.

Continued from Telegraph, July 19.

PRELIMINARY SUGGESTION.

In the late work of Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, we find (page 15) the following opinion: "*To believe in Christianity without knowing why we believe, is not Christian faith, but blind credulity.*" Nothing certainly can appear more correct than this allegation; but how little is it obeyed by his sectarian associates? We are told by an eminent clergyman, that the Bible being the gift of God to man, we are not to use our reason in judging of it as such, because it has an authority paramount to our reason. This arrogation I have striven to expose by showing that the language used in support of it would serve to establish the authenticity of the Koran, on substituting a few names for those actually employed.

Suppose that a Christian and a Moslem were to present to a Pagan the one a Koran, and the other a Bible, as the word of God, how could the Pagan decide between them unless by the exercise of his reason? And were his reason to decide in favor of the Koran in the first instance, would he not be at liberty to use his reason to reject it should the Christian point out absurdities which he had overlooked?

Were it instinctively impressed upon each human being that any one record were the word of God, he should of course be governed implicitly by its dictates; but as actually there can be no cause for our believing any record to have divine authority but that it is reasonable so to believe, whenever it appears unreasonable to entertain this conviction, the sole basis of our faith in the record must vanish.

Instead of studying the objections to their creed, agreeably to the liberal sentiments of the Archbishop above quoted, the prevalent custom with believers in the Bible, is to *avoid the person*, and to *oppose the publication or sale of works adverse to its divine origin*.

The more unanswerable the facts and reasonings in any such work, the more it excites hostility. The sanity or the moral character of the writer is assailed. Whatever is miraculous is the result of humbug and imposture, and the witnesses are either liars or dupes. But does not this impeachment of all modern witnesses, invalidate all that rests on human testimony, however ancient? Or are witnesses to be esteemed more truthful and insusceptible of hallucination, in proportion to the antiquity of their temporal existence?

Evidently there can be no merit in believing that which is taught, unless our conviction is the result of our reason, not of our "blind credulity." Of several sectarians who all owe their opinions to education, should any one happen to be right, has he any more merit than the rest? If an exchange, while infants from one cradle to another should have reversed the creed of a Christian and a Mahomedan, would the one who should happen to be of the true religion, have any more merit than the other?

It follows that neither agreeably to reason, nor the opinion of one of the highest dignitaries in the Episcopal Church, can any Christian deserve salvation who thus relies on what that dignitary designates as *BLIND CREDULITY*, instead of *Christian faith*.

Agreeably to the information which I have received from the higher Spirits *through my own mediumship*, persons who are thus degraded by *blind credulity*, are all obliged to serve a noviciate in Hades. They go to the fourth circle of the second sphere.

It follows that although the Bible be the Word of God, and a belief in it conduce to salvation, I am doing Christians a great service in giving them an opportunity to exchange *blind credulity* for real Christian faith.

If Spiritualism be true, they will escape a painful penitence by their conversion thereto.

REPLY TO F. J. B.

In the last number of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, in replying to the imputation made against me by F. J. B., that my anti scriptural opinions have originated from prejudice, I urged that in point of fact I had originally experienced much repugnance in forming those opinions in consequence of the false conscience created by education. But while acquiring from my instructors impressions in favor of the divine origin of the Bible, I also acquired a horror of lying, of fraud, deception, and of selfishness; especially where a father or a brother should be injuriously affected. Hence the deception practiced upon his blind father by Jacob, as a step toward the perpetration of a fraud upon his brother Esau, and the complicity of his mother in suggesting and promoting that fraud, seemed to me atrocious. Moreover, I was shocked at the idea that by this procedure, Jacob should be represented not only as depriving his brother of his birth-right, but likewise of the intended paternal blessing. My reason revolted at the idea that through a nefarious deception, a blessing could avail to the perpetrator, instead of the person for whom it was intended! It is notorious that in law, fraud tears up everything. Were an estate obtained from a father by one of his children by personifying a brother, the fraud being proved, and that it was for A the donation was intended and not for B, undeniably the conveyance would be invalid, however formally made. Is it not in the exposure of fraud only, that difficulty in getting rid of its consequences exists?

Yet, according to Scripture, the blessing intended for Esau was transferred to Jacob; so that Isaac had no blessing for the son whom he intended to bless; and upon the basis of this Jacob is represented not only as enjoying the estate and the position in relation to his father of which he had defrauded his brother, but as becoming also more especially the favorite of God. If the mere calling a "brother a fool," however *truly*, should place us in danger of "hell fire," how much more should defrauding him of his birth-right and of a father's blessing involve punishment? As respects my worldly parents, I was

under the impression that a fraud would cause me the loss of their esteem, and more or less of their love; how then could I believe that Jacob, after acting so wickedly, continued to be the especial favorite of his Father in Heaven?

Shakspeare's King of Denmark grieved that he could not pray for pardon, because he still held the kingdom and the wife obtained by crime; but Jacob is made to thrive not only upon his fraternal fraud, but upon another subsequently perpetrated upon his father-in-law.

Is not the truth of this maxim universally admitted? "Precepts may lead, but examples will draw." How then can the successful example of Jacob do otherwise than injure the morality of those who are educated to believe that setting an example so wicked he and his seed could retain the especial favor of Jehovah?

I call upon F. J. B. in honor and candor to say, whether the judgment which I formed on this subject can be imputed to prejudice? I ask him to say whether anything could be more improbable than that the divine favor should not have been forfeited by such criminality?

That this favor should be extended to the posterity of Jacob was the more irreconcilable with my "prejudices," so called, because his offspring proved themselves to be of the same stamp as their progenitor. By selling Joseph as a slave, the sons of Jacob proved themselves to be capable of the most cruel, selfish and unprincipled villany; while their conduct to Prince Hamor was indicative of a revengeful treachery. Was it my prejudice which made me question the divine origin of a book which represented such wicked men as especially the favorites of an all righteous God?

Is it my prejudice that causes me to think that the blessing which emanates from any being whatever, is associated with the soul of the bestower—not with the language or ceremony employed to make known its existence to others? Evidently whether Esau or Jacob enjoyed a father's blessing, would depend on the sentiments cherished toward them by that father. Were the conduct by which those sentiments should be awakened to be reversed, would not the sentiment be reversed? Were a father at any time to bless his son believing him virtuous, could he not in reason exchange it for a curse, on finding him to be a felon? Should Jacob have blessed his sons when ignorant that they had sold Joseph into slavery, might he not consistently have cursed them on finding out the truth? Is it my "prejudice" that induces me to conceive that there is an extreme absurdity in the impression that Jacob's fraud deprived Isaac of the power to bless Esau?

In the next place, the massacre of the Midianites, reserving their virgins only, for the arms of the blood-stained murderers of their kindred; the massacre of three thousand people in one day for a difference of religious opinion; the recommendation to borrow trinkets in order to purloin them, all seemed to me to be more likely to be consistent with the patronage of Satan than of a virtuous Deity. How could my early decision

against the divine authority of the Pentateuch upon these grounds be the effect of a prejudgment or prejudice? I most conscientiously think that nothing but *inveterate prejudice* could induce the charge thus groundlessly made, that my opinions, *originating as described*, could be the result of prejudice.

When a record has in any one instance represented that to be true, which the heart and the head of a reader both repel as manifestly false, doubtless there will be a greater readiness to come to a similar conclusion in other cases; just as when a man has shown himself untruthful, we are more ready to believe him guilty of falsehood. When a book has in any case appeared to represent God as countenancing wickedness, I am more ready to believe it to have misrepresented him in other instances. How can impressions thus formed, after conscientious reflection, be justly ascribed to prejudice or prejudgment, which implies that impressions were formed beforehand without careful reflection? But can any one who has been from his infancy accustomed to hear a book spoken of as the *Holy Bible* and been taught to consider it impious to question its divine inspiration, expect to be free from prejudice in its favor? I can assert the affirmative from my own experience, that it was not without hesitation and conscientious scruples that I came to the conclusions which are now treated as originating in prejudice of an opposite tendency. Education had its prejudicial influence, and caused my opinions to be accompanied by an unpleasant sensation, until their long endurance without any adequate objections, removed this false consciousness and created a deep regret that such a foe to morality and religious truth should be cherished, not to say idolized, as the word of the Most High.

In reply to the groundless charge of prejudice, I hurl back upon F. J. B. that of Bible idolatry and a *blind credulity*, created in his infancy by his nurse, parents, school master and priest.

To me it seems idiotic to suppose that the God of a hundred millions of suns, and probably not less than a billion of planets, has ever bestowed especial favor on any one planet; still less is it credible that such a God should display that favor by authorizing any people to defraud kindred, prostitute wives, take concubines, exposing them with their offspring subsequently to starvation; or that he should authorize the people thus patronized to assassinate their neighbors for conscience' sake; or plunder, massacre, or extirpate them for idolatrous worship.

ON ABRAHAM'S SUBMISSION OF HIS WIFE TO THE PLEASURE OF TWO KINGS.

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarah his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon;

"Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive.

"Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee.

"And it came to pass, that when Abram was come into Egypt, the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair.

"The princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh: and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house.

"And he eat and drank Abram well for her sake: a d he had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels.

"And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abram's wife.

"And Pharaoh called Abram, and said, What is this that thou hast done unto me? why didst thou not tell me that she was thy wife?

"Why saidst thou, she is my sister? so I might have taken her to me to wife: now therefore behold thy wife, take her, and go thy way."—GEN. 12: 1-19.

As respects Abraham, we are told at the head of the chapter, Genesis 12: "Fear maketh him feign his wife to be his sister," and, as subsequently stated, induces him to let her go to Pharaoh's palace; while, as a recompense, he is furnished with sheep, oxen, asses and men and maid servants. But then God interferes and punishes Pharaoh for receiving Sarah. Now if Sarah had been merely received, for an honorable purpose, where had been the motive for threatening Pharaoh? But this heathen seems to have been more moral than David was in after times, since he calls Abraham to account for having deceived him into the danger of committing adultery. "Why saidst thou she is my sister; now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her and go thy way." How few among the priests or kings of Christendom had displayed this morality? See "End of the Controversy," by Bishop Hopkins (p. 265;) or my work (1867.) The two great objects of religion are morals and

faith in immortality: neither of these seemed to have been attained under the Jewish code.

The elder Cyrus, a Pagan, dies comforting his children that his soul will survive to an eternal existence.

Pharaoh would have taken Sarah as another wife, but not as an adulteress; yet Abraham took Hagar as a concubine, and we have the authority of some one, of whom we are utterly ignorant, for the allegation that the same God sanctioned this immorality *then*, who *now* would condemn it as nefarious, adulterous fornication.

The circumstances of the submission of Abraham's wife to Abimelech are perfectly analogous to those of the course pursued in the instance of that made to Pharaoh.

ON ABRAHAM'S EXPULSION OF HAGAR AND HER CHILD.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar (putting it on her shoulder) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

"And she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept."—GEN. 21: 14-16.

It is begging the question, to allege that God sanctioned the expulsion of Hagar with her child to starve in the wilderness. It is in opposition to all the rules prescribed by courts of justice for the admission of evidence, that the testimony of the accused should be taken in exculpation. Throwing his crime upon his Maker, is, as I think, superadding blasphemy to his unnatural, unprincipled cruelty. Is it not extremely inconsistent that those who are so incredulous of the alleged communion of their contemporaries with the Spirits of their deceased fellow-creatures, should be so ready to conceive that a Deity ruling over hundreds of millions of solar systems, should in this planet, which to the universe is but as a globe of water to the ocean, seek a few human animalcules in order to sanction such inhumanity as that of which the consequences are by the Bible described as above cited?

Is the testimony of Abraham to be accredited when he thus pleads the sanction of his God, for ruthlessly turning his son and his son's mother out of doors to find starvation in the wilderness, or when that God is made to authorize him to extirpate neighboring tribes, only taking care not to destroy them so fast as to cause a wilderness to be created for wild beasts to roam in?

Some comments which I have made on the following verses, are by F. J. B. ascribed to my prejudices.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;

"And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."—MATT. 6: 26, 28, 29.

The lily, in common with all other vegetables, is dependent for its existence on the access of the solar rays and of the air, which yields the *carbon*, indispensable to vegetable life. Of course nakedness being inseparably associated with every flower, if a comparison were made between floral beauty and that of man, should not a beautiful naked human figure be selected? Is it in its clothing that the lily excels the glorious attire of Solomon, or is it that, although unadorned, it excels that attire in beauty?

Would not the lesson to be derived from the fact that the fowls of the air live without sewing or spinning, be as follows? God has given to fowls a natural clothing, and has furnished them with wings to fly over a wide region in pursuit of food, and beaks wherewith to secure it; but to mankind he has given a skin destitute of feathers, and insufficiently provided with hair or any other clothing; at the same time he has given to men hands and ingenuity; so that if they do not use these advantages they may perish from the inclemency of the weather or the want of food?

Is it not plain that the example of the feathered creation can only be referred to for the purpose of showing that man must use his hands and ingenuity in one way, while they employ their wings and beaks in another? More wisely, may not man be told to look to the example of the bee, the ant or the beaver? "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider its ways and be wise." Surely this injunction is more consistent with the

necessity of the case, than that we are to imitate the fowls of the air in trusting to nature for food or raiment.

Our learned commentator alleges that the language of Christ, when properly translated, would be these words: "Be not over anxious." But of what possible utility can it be to tell a person not to be *over anxious*? Does not every person of sound mind know this without being told? Of course no one, whether wise or foolish, would be *over anxious*, could it be avoided. But the difficulty is to know when he is in the objectionable state of over-anxiety, and when informed of it, to abate the emotion. This is one among many instances in which God, having by the inevitable effect of his *alleged* omnipotency and prescience, made us what we *are*, enjoins us to be what we *are not*. We are *made susceptible* of anxiety, *exposed to circumstances of a nature to awaken anxiety*, and then advised not to be what we are so constituted and situated as to be inevitably. Manifestly, anxiety were better avoided altogether since due care would accomplish as much without anxiety as when associated therewith.

It is strange that any person believing Christ to be the vicergerent of the Deity should represent him as resorting to an admonition so useless as that contained in the words, "Be not over anxious."

Instead of perceiving it to be injudicious to urge that men who would perish unless they provide food and clothing should be governed by the example of fowls for which clothing and food are by nature provided or by the example of flowers which derive nourishment from the earth and air, and would perish if clothed, F. J. B. proceeds as if one error could be cured by suggesting another. In order to put my strictures in the rear of those of a brother believer, certain caustic remarks of the latter are quoted.

The special care which the Deity is gratuitously alleged to take of the lily, is assumed as a reason why each man should expect a like care to be taken of him; yet, we have high authority for drawing the opposite conclusion. Agreeably to the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "Man cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow." Here we have the real truth, that *no special care* is taken of either the lily or of man, *individually*. Notoriously a flower may be destroyed by being eaten or trodden on, by drought, by rain, wind and other contingencies. Yet in the quotation vainly made to throw mine in the shade, the author draws the inference that since beautiful flowers are created, each flower must be the object of the *special* care of the Deity, and so much care having been lavished in forming and preserving a flower, less can not have been taken in forming and preserving the maker of this pious sentimental commentary.

But how comes it that one of the Orthodox can thus draw from the case of the flower, the idea of divine care and superintendence, when as above suggested we have in the burial service of the orthodox Episcopal Church a moral of a directly opposite drift "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower." Of course according to this more correct view of the case, the existence of floral beauty and thrift is not such an object of the especial care with the Deity, as that it should encourage us to hope for a higher degree of consideration than we should expect if uninstructed by its fate.

It may be inferred from the following language of Matt. 30: 6, that however lilies are individually the object of God's special providence, it is otherwise with grass:

"Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Our pious friend will hardly build his hopes of God's especial care to pay his tailor's bills, upon the fate of the grass, whatever hopes may be founded on that of flowers.

In point of fact, as above stated, the existence of the flower is ephemeral and precarious, liable at any moment to be trodden down, eaten, cut by the scythe, or torn up by the tempest. Narrowed by their Jewish affiliations, Christians forget the vastness of the universe, that there are a hundred millions of solar systems, that the inhabitants and planets must be almost infinite in number, so that to suppose that each individual is a special object of attention to the Deity, is unreasonable. According to the higher Spirits, God *acts only by general laws*; and *our experience* is, it seems to me, entirely in favor of that impression. Of *species*, and still more of *genera*, great care is taken through these laws; but of individuals none is taken.

specially. Persons whose lives are of the greatest importance to human welfare are taken away, while those who live only to do mischief remain. How many good people suffer from want, disease, blindness, lameness and deafness? How many others are born deaf and of course dumb? Both human beings and flowers are individually subject to contingencies, owing their precarious existence to general laws, and not to any particular care bestowed by the Deity.

Do we not diurnally see worthy individuals subjected to misery by disease, mutilation, dementia or want? Is there not an immense amount of unhappiness resulting from crime both to the criminal and the victim? It is remarkable that so much stress is laid upon divine assistance by many whose practice is directly opposed to the theory—who act as if their arduous exertions were indispensable to their pecuniary welfare? Is there anything more prolific of fanatical fallacious canting than this idea, that each lily, each sparrow, and each human mortal are specially cared for by Jehovah?

This idea of special providence would involve that by the same Deity by whom Christ was crucified to make people Christians, Mahomet was sent to slaughter them for not becoming Mahomedans!

OF TAYLOR'S DIEGESIS.

It is alleged by F. J. B. that I have made *honorable* mention of the writings of the Rev. Robert Taylor. I have done no more than copy certain quotations made by him, from other authors, and claiming in his favor, the arguments advanced by the orthodox Mr. Mahan, in support of the sincerity of those who have been willing to suffer for their opinions. If this be good reasoning in favor of Christian martyrs, it should avail for others. However, I fully believe that from a conscientious adoption of opinions adverse to the authenticity of Scriptures, this clergyman abandoned his prospects of preferment in the Church of England. At one time, actuated by the pain which his anti-scriptural opinions occasioned in a beloved mother, he consented to be silent, but was induced subsequently to resume his previous course.

His facts and reasoning prove him to have been a man of great learning and excellent reasoning power. His opinions were the cause of his persecution, not the effect of it; and though he was stimulated to write resentfully and tauntingly, the language which he employed was more consistent with the precepts of Christianity, truth and good temper, than that of his orthodox assailant, the Rev. Pye Smith.

It is incorrect in F. J. B. to represent me as using Taylor as authority, any farther than that I have quite as much reliance on his veracity as I have on that of St. Paul, who says, "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" Rom. 3:7.

ON HELL, AS DESCRIBED BY JOSEPHUS AND THE GOSPEL, AND SANCTIONED BY THE REV. MR. HARBAUGH.

Prior to my conversion to Spiritualism, my position differed from that of F. J. B. and other sectarians in this, that although I thought the opinions of all existing sects erroneous, I did not assume that I was myself right. Hence the sentiments expressed in the following couplets:

"Is there a theme more highly fraught
With matter for our serious thought,
Than this reflection sad:
That millions err in different ways,
Yet each their own impressions praise,
Deeming all others bad?
To man, it seem, no standard's given,
No scale of Truth hangs down from Heaven,
Opinion to assay.
Yet called upon to act and think,
How am I then to shun the brink,
O'er which so many stray?"

To an amiable clergyman to whom I opened my heart, I said, "I ardently wish I knew as well what is true, as I can perceive what is false in religion. The initials F. J. B. do not give the author of the communications under that signature any higher pretensions than an anonymous writer. Under these circumstances it is unreasonable that he should claim for his allegations an authority sufficient to put down those of the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, minister of the German Reformed Church, at Lancaster, from whose work upon the whereabouts of heaven, I quoted in my work the account of Josephus.

I will here quote the commendatory language of Dr. Harbaugh, and leave one worshiper of the Bible to settle accounts

with the other. Treating of the description given by Josephus, Mr. Harbaugh expresses the following opinions:

"This extract is exceedingly interesting. It shows to what extent of distinctness the Jewish ideas of the future state had attained. The dream-like underworld is here considerably illuminated. The righteous and the wicked are separated, and already share the first fruits of their eternal reward. The righteous are surrounded with intimations and shadowy promises of better things to come, in the expectation of which they are already happy; the wicked are surrounded with tokens and forebodings of more fearful ill, much of which they already suffer in awful expectation.

The history of Lazarus and the rich man, (says Harbaugh, page 100,) "plainly teaches that both the righteous and the wicked on death pass into a fixed and eternal abode, where no change is possible; and he further states, pp. 169-70, that "the misery of the wicked commences immediately after death, and before the resurrection, and their condition is unchangeably fixed."

There is a perfect harmony between the hell described by Josephus, and the representation of it by Christ. The rich man tortured in hell-fire—Abraham and Lazarus on the other side of the burning lake. The idea that Lazarus should be in "Abraham's bosom," as mentioned in the Gospel, is explained by the fact mentioned by Josephus, that the place appropriated to the good was designated by that appellation. If Christ is to be considered as the Son of God, or even as his vicegerent, how can this representation of hell be set aside?

But F. J. B. will not only have to settle with Mr. Harbaugh, but also with the Catholics, and Calvinists, if not with the Protestant Episcopal Church; neither of whom have ever relinquished the idea of eternal punishment by fire.

We are expressly told that the goats are to be subjected "to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels." "Whoever calls his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire." Then, as respects heaven, his disciples are to be rewarded with nothing better than judgeships. The poverty of the expectations of his disciples is shown by their desertion of him, instead of being willing to die simultaneously. Peter denied him three times. I doubt if any sincere Spiritualist would value his life sufficiently to act in a manner so recreant.

Original.

A SABBATH DAY IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

"I love to muse when none are nigh,
Where the wild-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds with the softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy graves."

Rising on a beautiful Sabbath morning in the lovely month of June, after having spent the preceding tedious winter closely confined in the great city, and feeling a longing for the green hills and open country, my thoughts drew me away to the inviting and far-famed Greenwood Cemetery. Thither I wended my way—lone and lonely I entered the sacred inclosure. The contrast between it and the teeming city moved my impulsive nature to melancholy reflections. In that pale city of the dead more than forty thousand were silently reposing. Hearts that were wont to throb with anxious care in all the varied moods of nature, were still in death. Ambition, pride, vanity and toil, had here found rest, "Fame's proud temple" shone not afar for any of these.

The Christian Sabbath relieves from labor and awakens thoughts beyond the tomb. Early education hangs upon the memory, and recalls impressions made by fond parents at the dawning of reason. The hope of immortality dispels the gloom of death, and sustains the sinking heart when all of earth is fading away. The nursery, the bridal altar and the tomb, are important epochs in the history of man. Existence is an experiment instituted without our knowledge or consent. Happy if we are able to grow old *wisely*, and descend to the tomb with the memory of a well-spent life.

Greenwood Cemetery, which encloses some three hundred acres, is situated on Long Island, three miles south of Fulton Ferry, in Brooklyn. It is approached by railroad frequently every day, except Sundays. It is the most beautiful by nature; and the most richly decorated by art, of any place of the kind, perhaps, in the world. No expense seems to have been spared in adorning the grounds in every possible way. Trees, shrubbery and flowers commingle with elegantly finished monuments, tombs and vaults. Birds sing in the waving foliage; the winds of Heaven whisper in solemn tones through the wild woody dells and over the sylvan plains. The tones of the distant church bells strike the ear with peculiar melody, awakening harmonious feelings and reverential adoration, calculated to

improve the heart and expand the affections beyond earth's contracted span, into the illimitable and spiritual, reviving that most important of all queries, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"O Tombs! what virtues are yours! You appall the tyrant's heart, and poison with secret alarm his impious joys; he dies with coward step your incorruptible aspect, and erects afar his throne of insolence. Aware that all must return to you, the wise man loadeth not himself with the burdens of grandeur and of useless wealth; he restrains his desires within the limits of justice; yet knowing that he must run his destined course of life, he fills with employment all its hours, and enjoys the comforts that fortune has allotted him. You thus impose a salutary rein! You calm the feverish enjoyment which disturbs the senses; you free the soul from the fatiguing conflict of the passions—elevate it above the paltry interests which torment the crowd; and surveying from your commanding position the expanse of ages and nations, the mind is only accessible to the great affection, to the solid ideas of virtue and of glory. Ah! when the dream of life is over, what will then avail all its agitations, if not one trace of utility remains behind?"

The expanse of ages passed in review before me. Men of distinguished renown in every land and age, were portrayed upon my mental vision. Their deeds, which rendered their names immortal, connected with the progress of our race, were daguerreotyped upon my senses. But how few of all the myriads who have existed on our earth, have left a mark on the time tables of the ages? The unknown and long-forgotten names of countless millions, were, in their day and generation, the bases of the world's progress and contributed in their aggregate to the undying relics which have come down to us, represented only by the few who speak from the dim distant past. Hence, although humble in position, capacity and circumstances, it were philosophical to feel more than a mere cypher in the developments of the civilization and achievements of the present day, and to contemplate upon existing conventional customs and thoughts with the satisfaction of essential utility.

The enormous display of costly sepulchral monuments, combined with the unequalled natural arrangement in Greenwood, strikes the humble and thoughtful observer with the vast distinction, even in death, which wealth, art and genius enforce among our race. Here also, as in buoyant and thoughtless life, amid vanity and show, in gilded saloons of pleasure, the body, which perishes, is more adorned than the deathless mind. Yet with all the inimitable beauties, varieties and attractions, materially which nature and art have combined to render lovely and solemn this place of graves, there is a terror lurking in it all. The "grim messenger" sounds the alarm in "a still small voice," which admonishes us that we too must die. The law is imperious; it knows no exception. All are doomed, sooner or later, to taste the cup of mortality.

"Princes! this clay must be your bed
In spite of all your tower;
The tall, the wise and reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

But the question, "If a man die, shall he live again," comprehends in its truthful answer more than all the works of nature and art, since man began to combine them for utility and ornament. The corroding tooth of time demolishes the works of ages. Dissolution everywhere pertains to physical structures, and man himself decays and passes away. Then, if no immortality perpetuates his spirit forever, a most miserable and lamentable failure is he! Hence the transcendent greatness of the immortal hope. Can it be demonstrated and made the living faith of the world?

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it beholds, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The great Temple of Nature under all the bending heavens, here hath her teachers, holding forth in the original tongue, without interpolation or mistranslation. No sectarian prejudice or fanatical zeal disturbs the listening soul. Truthful impressions, "the same yesterday, to day, and forever," fill the mind with rational consolation. Even death, with its all forebodings and imagined terrors, loses its fearful reality.

Nature, ever true to herself teaches us at all times, and under all circumstances, that her laws are beneficent—that

death is as natural as birth, and necessary to the continued and harmonious development of the universe. All things else that live must die as well as man. No partiality has been discovered. Equality and justice constitute the law that is strictly enforced before us. Submission without a murmur can be accepted when immortal thoughts are suggested in the renovation and decay, the composition and decomposition around us, indicating that man, too, shall rise in spiritual consciousness beyond his physical mortality—that he shall live again in fairer lands amid more blissful realities than any known on the shores of time.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

We instinctively shrink from death, and cling to life while Hope lives to cheer us on. We also mourn the loss of friends by the same natural law, and build monuments, adorn tombs, and decorate cemeteries. But we do not so readily obey the monitions of reason relative to the cause and rational care of disease and premature death. How many of the forty thousand here interred fill untimely graves? How many lived to "three score and ten?" Very few indeed! Do the living reflect upon these things, and profit by their teachings? Are the laws of life studied and obeyed more now than ages ago? Such men as Graham, Combe, Alcott, Trall, etc., have demonstrated in their works on physiology, the causes and preventives of sickness and premature death. But how few feel any interest in knowing the natural laws of man, either physically or intellectually?

Mankind are generally more careful to gain knowledge upon all other subjects, than about themselves. The laws of nature that pertain to suns, planets, air, water, minerals, vegetables and beasts are studied for pleasure and profit; and not to know something of these sciences, is considered disgraceful. But the more ignorant we can be of the laws of God in man, and the less we regard the existence of such laws, the more self-complacent we feel. A false gentility disdains to think of physiological reform. Hence those who attempt to teach nature's code as applicable to the promotion of health, happiness, and length of days, are too often frowned upon by the influential, as well as by the obscure and simple. But graveyards, so rapidly filling up, demonstrate that human beings do not live out half their days. The shortness of life, and the frequency of death, are attributed to a "wise and mysterious Providence." The laws of life having been ignored, no faith obtains in that physiological truth, that

"Our remedies often in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven."

But the world moves, and we may yet hope for man on earth. Progress leads the van, and beckons us on to possess the promised haven. Greenwood stands out in bold relief, exhibiting an extraordinary attainment in the fine arts and social affections. Refined taste and artistic skill everywhere attract the admiration of the visitor. The love of friends perpetuated in marble, expressive of sorrow in endless forms, presents itself at every turn. Like "words fitly spoken, they are apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"Ah! Sacred Friendship, herald of Peace, all hail!
Refulgent ray, offspring of love and truth,
Twin-born with sweet affection, source of bliss,
Composed of purity and excellence,
Ethereal brightness, choicest gift of heaven!
Thy blissful mansion is the heart of truth;
Thy converse is the soul of tenderness.
Beyond the limit of this world thy power:
Thou'rt all in all combined, and in that all
Description dies."

JAMES FLAGLER.

PHANTOM TRAIN.—We understand, says the Staunton (Va.) *Spectator*, that numbers of our own citizens and persons living in the country on the line of the railroad, have been considerably mystified and no little alarmed by a singular fact recently noticed on repeated occasions. Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock at night the approach of a train of cars has been plainly heard, the shriek of the whistle and the rumble of the train increasing in distinctness until the cars reached the dépôt and stopped. Persons have gone to the dépôt to find out the cause of an arrival at so unusual an hour, and when they got there, found no train! The dépôt agents say that no train is on the road at that hour of the night, and yet the approach of one is audibly and unmistakably heralded by the rumbling, and its arrival announced by the whistle.



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

S. R. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW WORCESTER, MASS., July 24, 1856.

WITHIN a few days I have visited several places in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and having a leisure hour at this stage of our journey, I propose to occupy the time in an attempt to tickle the reader's mind with the straws I have gathered by the way. For the success of this effort I shall depend on the susceptibility of those who are to be interested rather than on my own capacity to furnish the necessary elements for an intellectual entertainment adapted to the warm season, when most people are indisposed to severe mental as well as physical effort. The reader is of course requested to make up by a suitable frame of mind whatever may be lacking on the part of the writer, either in personal skill, or the resources at his command.

On Saturday evening, 12th instant, I visited Winsted, and lectured in Camp's Hall, to an intelligent audience. More than three years had elapsed since the writer of this had occasion to disturb the elements of hereditary faith and popular superstition and skepticism in that place. But the angels had not omitted to move the waters occasionally, and as often as they did so, it came to pass that some blind skeptic, or sickly saint, had his eyes opened, or was strengthened "with might in the inner man." The opposition, which was extremely feeble at first, has been growing more so, as rapidly as time and the absence of the life-principle at its heart could hasten the process of dissolution; just now it seems to me to be afflicted with a species of the "dry rot." In fact it never did depend on vital principles. On the contrary, such principles act as decomposing agents on all dead bodies. Three elements existed at the foundation of the opposition in Winsted, and the same have been visibly illustrated in its determined antagonism to the truth everywhere. These are, First, a total want of faith in the inherent immortality of man;* Second, an undisguised contempt for human testimony until the witnesses are dead and buried; and, Third, a morbid apprehension that the world has been given over to the dominion of Evil Spirits. Its creed may be comprehensively embraced in three brief propositions thus: 1. There is no Spirit World or immortal life; 2. All human testimony respecting the personal experiences of men in these days, is utterly worthless; 3. The devil rules the world and is the chief source of modern inspiration. This was the veritable gourd that grew out of an infernal soil and perished where it grew, leaving the theological Jonahs of this age silent and looking solemnly because their gourd is withered, whilst life and the world are deriving new strength and immortal freshness from a recent infusion of the Spirit.

Here as elsewhere the opposition displays its weakness by denouncing Spiritualism on the ground that it has some unworthy disciples. Not long since it discovered that one Spiritualist in this region had *done wrong*, and ever since the discovery was made that man has been pointed at as the appropriate representative of the cause, and his conduct is referred to as the only suitable illustration of its principles and tendencies. True, the wrong was not done in the name nor with the sanction of Spiritualism. It was never indorsed by any one of the numerous believers residing in that neighborhood; nor has any one attempted to show that the nature of the transaction was at all compatible with the essential principles and ethical requirements of the spiritual philosophy. Nevertheless, according to the loose logic of our opposers, if our professed friend has com-

*In Winsted this element in the character of the opposition was more especially illustrated some time since by the *Adventists* who planted their gourd in that town, and taking shelter under the vine waited to see the world consumed. They waited long and patiently; but for some reason—perhaps it was not well seasoned—the world would not burn, and to increase their afflictions the gourd withered, leaving them exposed to the clear light which has already demonstrated the error and absurdity of their fundamental ideas.

mitted an unworthy deed, Spiritualism must be false in fact and pernicious in its influence. What would become of Christianity if it were to be tried before such a tribunal? Judas was "one of the twelve," and among the saints of all ages and countries the character has been duplicated so often that we have doubtless at least one Judas for every twelve, both of the ancient and modern disciples. Let our religious teachers insist that Christianity is a divinely-originated and perfect system. It will be perceived that whether it be right and proper for sectarian *bulls* to run at large and push with their horns so as to gore the truth and sound morality, altogether depends on *who owns the animals*.

We are inclined to feel complimented when such exalted perfection is naturally expected of Spiritualists; but there is something that looks like a withering sarcasm in the common presumption that the members of sectarian churches may commit more numerous and aggravated offenses without occasioning any great surprise among the people. It will hardly be denied that men are accustomed to notice the extraordinary circumstances of life and the unusual events in human history, while others, of daily occurrence, pass without observation. No one can find time to notice the wanderings of an ordinary saint where so many make a mistake and "fall from grace." Is it for this reason that the obliquities of sectarians are little thought of, at the same time that the waywardness of a single Spiritualist is heralded throughout the country? On this point there may be different opinions, but it is well known that whenever a Spiritualist is found out of his moral orbit, the papers notice the fact; we hear of the circumstance wherever we go, and the people wonder as if a star had literally fallen from heaven.

On Sunday morning, 13th instant, the writer addressed a large assembly convened in the Hall at the East Village of Winsted. It was a glorious morning! The dust had been recently laid by showers, and the atmosphere was clear and bracing. The birds sang their morning songs near the windows; the winds breathed gently among the tuneful loughs on the adjacent hill-sides; and the low melodies of the waters

"On bubbling keys were played."

All things were musical, and there was inspiration in the very air we breathed. On that occasion the soul answered the voices of Nature, which were all the while sounding in the speaker's ear, in an extemporaneous lecture on Life, Death and Immortality, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery. The audience manifested a deep interest in the theme, and at the conclusion of this prolonged effort seemed unwilling to leave the place.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday I left Winsted in a private carriage in company with our good friends, Mr and Mrs. Rodney Moore, for New Hartford, where I was expected to speak in the evening. The village is beautifully situated on both sides of a clear running stream, known as the Farmington river. We found an agreeable resting place and cordial friends at the residence of Mr. Williams, where I was politely entertained, for the most part, during my stay in New Hartford. On reaching the Hall in the evening, we found it crowded. The heat was oppressive, but the people listened in profound silence to a lengthy lecture, and manifested but slight indications of weariness at the close. At the solicitation of the friends I continued the discussion of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism on Monday and Tuesday evenings, (14th and 15th,) before attentive audiences, composed of persons who seemed willing to listen and anxious to comprehend the new proofs of their immortality.

While in New Hartford, the writer had occasion to visit Mr. Jesse Dutton, whose estimable lady is well known in this region as a medium for intercourse with Spirits. Mr Dutton resides about two miles from the beautiful village of New Hartford, and within the township of Barkhamstead. During our interview Mr D. related a case of spiritual visitation which may be of interest to the reader. While absent from home on a visit near Janesville, Wis., in October last, he received a letter from Mrs. Dutton, announcing the death of Amasa Mallory of Barkhamstead, which had occurred but a few days before. Knowing that a son of the deceased was living in the immediate neighborhood of Janesville, Mr D. lost no time in calling on him, partially with a view of communicating this intelligence. Mr. Dutton inquired whether Mr. Mallory had recent information from Connecticut, and was answered in the affirmative—

M. declaring at the same time that his father was dead. "You have received a letter, then?" said Mr. Dutton, inquiringly. "No," said M., "but Mr. Higley told me," (referring to an elderly man who formerly lived in Winsted, Connecticut, but deceased some fifteen or twenty years since.) Mr. Dutton desired to know how it was that the departed Higley had disclosed this fact. "Why," said the other, "he (the Spirit) appeared to me and imparted the information." Mr. Mallory also remarked in substance that the Spirit showed him many things about the old homestead, which he saw as plainly as if he had been transported to the spot. Mrs. Mallory then remarked that her husband had informed her of the fact of his father's decease on the preceding day, which was before Mr. Dutton had received his letter from the Post-office. It is not at all unusual for the family to receive intelligence respecting their distant friends in some similar way.

I have long since heard of Barkhamstead Lighthouse, but first learned its history whilst visiting at the house of Mr. Dutton. A brief account of the same may interest the curious reader, and still further diversify the contents of this letter. James Caugham, a Narragansett Indian, had a tender attachment for a beautiful squaw of his tribe, who derided his claims to her heart. The brave could not win the dark beauty, and he would not remain to witness her scorn. Accordingly, he left the haunts of his childhood and went to Connecticut, where he secretly wooed and wedded a pale maiden, who fearing the displeasure of her parents left her home and followed her swarthy companion to Barkhamstead—then an unbroken wilderness—where they built a hut on the east bank of a mountain stream, known to the Indians as the Tunxis. Here they lived happily together for eleven years, when the exiled Narragansett died, leaving his blood in the veins of two sons and six daughters, who manifested a disposition to adopt the habits of civilized life. One of the daughters married a white man named William Wilson, and thereupon assumed the costume of her white sisters. Wilson built a log house the imperfect mechanism of which secured the important end of thorough ventilation. In the year eighteen hundred a public road was opened from Hartford to Albany which ran directly in front of Wilson's cabin. The light of Wilson's fire shone out through the creviced walls of his humble dwelling, and was seen for several miles around, and until a late hour in the night. On this account it became widely known as Barkhamstead Lighthouse, of which the reader may have heard even in the remotest part of the continent. The last of the Narragansetts still lives in the Lighthouse at the foot of the hill above Pleasant Valley,

Where the waters of Tunxis dance by the hill side,
As they danced for poor Caugham and his pale-faced bride.
S. B. B.

SPIRITUALIST PIC-NIC.

On Tuesday of last week (July 22) the Spiritualists of New York and vicinity enjoyed a grand pic-nic at St. Roman's Well, a beautiful grove near Flushing L. I. The friends proceeded to the ground in three several companies at eight o'clock, ten o'clock, and one o'clock, by the steamboat *Island City*, from Fulton Market, and the Flushing Railroad from Hunter's Point. When the company had all collected, they numbered some seven or eight hundred. The day was pleasant though somewhat warm, and everything external seemed tributary to the highest amount of social and rational enjoyment, except the presence of an army of uninvited and unwelcome guests yeapt mosquitoes, and whose numbers might have been abated by several millions without causing their absence to be seriously deplored.

A fine band of music, whose trills and cadenzas were measured by the trippings of the "light fantastic toe," contributed to the enjoyment of the younger and more hilarious portions of the company, a spacious and airy dancing hall, with well-sanded floor, being employed for the occasion. As an established appurtenance of the grove, swings were suspended to the trees here and there, on which the ladies and children practiced gymnastic exercises to their heart's content.

After the contents of the baskets had been disgorged upon the various tables and upon the green sward, and disposed of according to the dictates of sharpened appetites a large circle was formed under the thick shade of a cluster of oaks, and after singing and a little preliminary speechification, mainly by Dr. Benton, Prof. FOWLER, of the law school at Poughkeepsie,

being called on by the audience delivered an eloquent and spirit stirring address. We can give no idea of either the matter or manner of his discourse in this brief sketch; but those who listened to the discourse pronounced by the same speaker at the Spiritualist's pic-nic a year ago in the woods at West Flushing, may readily conceive of the richness of the treat which the Professor gave us on this occasion. Then followed addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Ira B. Davis and others, after which the meeting assumed a more promiscuous and less orderly form, and speeches were continued at intervals to a late hour, by various individuals who spoke more or less under Spirit influence, and who were listened to by an audience continually fluctuating as the attention of individuals became arrested, or their patience exhausted.

We heard of two or three instances in which, during the day, physical suffering was very mysteriously and suddenly removed by the manipulations of a medium we believe Dr. Fellows; but we have not obtained the definite particulars of the cases.

While the mediums were speaking in the general circle, an incident occurred in the vicinity concerning which the reporters of two of the daily papers have made themselves merry with exaggerated descriptions. As it has been thus publicly alluded to, the unvarnished facts in the case might as well be made known. While the writer of this was engaged in conversation with a friend, a young lady, a medium, (Miss D. of Williamsburgh) approached him, being evidently under a spiritual influence, and asked, "Mr. —, are you not engaged in preparing an article on some particular subject?" We answered that we had the outlines of many articles in our mind, but that we were not then elaborating any one in particular. She said that as she approached me the words were put into her mind, "*That article, that article*," and that these words seemed to relate to some particular article which I was writing, or was to write, and which the Spirit impressed her would be of importance. She added, in substance, that this impression was the more remarkable as she had not been subject to a spiritual influence within a year before and that she was almost a total stranger to me, never having previously met me but once. She then said she was impressed that the article referred to would be suggested by, or in some way grow out of, something which had taken place on that ground. I then remembered that less than an hour before, a friend had placed in my hand a letter from a clergyman in Philadelphia in which he requested me to write an article on a certain deeply important subject. I placed this letter, unopened, in her hand and without mentioning its contents, asked her (or the Spirit) if there was anything in that which related to the article she was impressed I should write. The moment she took the letter in her hand, her arm became convulsed as by a strong current from a galvanic battery, and she exclaimed, "*That is it! that is it!*" I then stated that the writer of the letter requested me to prepare an article on a particular subject, when she became still more agitated and exclaimed, "You must do it you must do it, and you must write it soon or never." As she pronounced the word "never," she cast the letter upon the ground and placed her foot upon it with some degree of violence. She did not however, stamp, contort her countenance and act with the ridiculous violence described by the reporters, nor did she become exhausted, nor was she supported by the bystanders, as the *Times* caricaturist represents. The degree of violence manifested in her gesticulations we are satisfied was altogether involuntary, and the coincidence of her impression with the contents of our letter, together with all the other circumstances of the case, we consider somewhat remarkable, and clearly indicating that she was prompted by a spiritual intelligence, whatever the degree of reliability or the ultimate result of her communication may be.

In rebutting other insinuations of reporters, we are also impelled to say that nothing, to our knowledge, took place on those grounds that day to which the most fastidious sense of propriety might have taken the least exception. We regret, however, that a more orderly arrangement was not made as to the public speaking; and we hope that at the next spiritual pic-nic that part of the exercises will not be so much abandoned to the capricious impulses of undeveloped mediums, and whose performances, while they fail to edify believers, never fail to excite the ridicule of skeptics who can neither understand nor appreciate the influences under which they act.

LETTER FROM MR. PARTRIDGE.

In pursuance of our contemplated journey, we took the steamboat *Bay State* from New York, to Stonington, Monday afternoon, the 21st instant. Persons who travel for pleasure and comfort will, I think find this line the most desirable one between New York and Boston.

We were gratified to meet on the boat our distinguished minister, whose preaching we for many years listened to previous to 1840, in Boston. The subject of his ministry, and ours formed an important part of our conversation. It is a part of his profession to be liberal toward all phases and classes of Christians, and I was pleased to find that his profession was in a good degree made practical in his life and conversation. He said, substantially, that he had not had so good an opportunity as he desired of investigating the spiritual phenomena, but that he had read statements of facts, and their significance to those who had witnessed them, and he observed nothing in them to object to, except the occasional errors which pertain alike to ancient and modern Spiritualism, and show the fallibility of men and angels in all ages of the world. He said, comparatively very few persons in the denomination of Christians to which he belonged are inimical to the claims of modern Spiritualism. They were rather waiting for further light, and hoping its claims would be fully demonstrated. He observed that if Spirits did communicate with mortals in ancient times, as he fully believed, and for some two score years had labored earnestly to make others believe they did, he did not see any reason why similar intercourse should not occur at this time. He said the general information respecting the Spirit-world in this modern intercourse, corresponded substantially with the views he had formed of it from reading the accounts given of it in the Bible. He had always held, and so preached, that the Spirit-world was as favorable to individual progress at least as the world we now live in, and that progress there as here, very much depended on individual endeavor. As consequent upon this idea, he had observed that the Spirits very generally taught another idea which he had gathered from the Bible under the light of science, viz.: That each individual forms a sphere or state of himself, and that probably no two are precisely alike in their moral and intellectual states; and finally, said he, I think the general tone of modern spiritual teachings corresponds with those recorded in the Bible, and this to him formed one of the strongest evidences that the claims of the phenomena to a spiritual origin are true. It was highly gratifying to us to find this esteemed friend and pastor so thoroughly indoctrinated with the great principles and facts evolved through modern spiritual manifestations.

In Fitchburgh, Mass., we met another clergyman of our acquaintance, belonging to another denomination of Christians, who has served about the same length of time with the one we have above spoken of in what he supposes is the cause of Christ. I informed him that Mr. Brittan and myself had engaged to speak in the town on Thursday evening, the 24th instant, and invited him to be present, and also his people. He accepted the invitation (probably for acquaintance' sake,) but expressed himself terribly afraid that modern Spiritualism would undermine and break up his church, and mentioned several of his members who had recently become believers, and others of them who were mediums. I endeavored to console him by saying that all Christians ought to desire that truth should prevail even if they had to modify their opinions; and since Christianity is based on spiritual manifestations, we ought to have no fear from its phenomenal demonstration in this age of the world. So far as he had learned the teachings of Spirits from reports, (having never witnessed any manifestations, or had any communications) he thought these Spirits were infidel in their teachings; they did not teach men that they are totally depraved and eternally damned unless saved by a new birth and faith; that an innocent person had been made to suffer, and was finally murdered by just such skeptics as to spiritual intercourse as we now daily meet, to appease God's wrath for making us such miserable sinners, etc. I had to observe, that if his church was built on wood, hay or stubble, his fears were well-grounded, for I believed the fire of these living spiritual truths would try every man's work, and burn up all such combustible materials.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Friday Evening, July 25.—Mr Brittan and I spoke in Fitchburgh last evening. We go to Templeton and speak there to-night and Sunday. Early next week I shall be in Boston. C. P.

J. B. FERGUSON.

REV. J. B. FERGUSON, of Nashville, Tenn., who upward of two years ago became convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, and fearlessly proclaimed his convictions to his congregation, and who until recently has been preaching his new doctrines in the same church which he occupied previous to his change of views, has relinquished his church to a party of his former congregation who could not accept his new faith. A printed copy of Mr. F.'s discourse pronounced on the occasion of the surrendering of his meeting-house, is before us, bearing the title of "*Moral Freedom, the emblem of God in divinity and life. A discourse delivered in voluntarily surrendering the house of worship built for his (Mr. F.'s) use, to its doctrinal claimants, when their claim could not be legally sustained, and when not authoritatively demanded.*" Though we believe that Mr. Ferguson has been the instrument of much good in Nashville and the surrounding country, we trust he will now find a still more extensive and prolific field of labor. We submit the following extracts from his discourse:

How do we give up this house? We hold it in uninterrupted possession. There is no force in existing circumstances or conditions that compels me to act—*none at all.* I give it up from a consciousness of duty to myself and my God; to the highest hopes and best interests of a common good. Nor do we do this from a consciousness or desire to evade any responsibility, or to retract or abridge one thought that has been uttered, or one principle that has enforced its conviction. No! It is to widen the sphere of human action and impede the misty depths of problematical error, that we desire to bask more freely in the sunlight of heaven, and inhale the genial odors of thought, from the perennial fountains of ever-streaming destiny. No man can do this and prove a traitor to his soul. He must believe in a God whose destiny is in and over all; otherwise, a hope for his own soul is absorbed in the mighty vortex of oblivious hate, that swells like the depths of eternal wrong, to crush an impulse that breathes for God's mighty through.

My field of usefulness may be for a time transitory; but know, my true and trusting friends, that whether here or elsewhere, we desire ever to be admonished of that knowledge whose treasures are immortal. I feel it to be undying as the glory of God, which wreathes the brow of every true victor over wrong. I would ever cultivate a consciousness of duty in which to live and die not. The change that must now necessarily follow, it is not in my power to measure. Its extent is in the hands of that Providence that has so signally guarded us here. I have no localized idea of happiness. I once had; but it is forever gone. Neither progress nor success can be localized for the soul. For the future my labors shall be for the world, not for one man or one condition; but for all men. As bread cast upon God's great waters, I leave what has been sown here to be gathered after many days. It may be when my children's heads are silvered over with age, and the ceaseless beatings of Time's great infinite pulse shall sink to rest to renew its kindred affinities of power with God above. Men are apt to think or measure their condition, their end, by the capabilities of thought that encircle some specific querdon of power. But this is wrong. We are co-workers of God. He is vast, infinite! and his fullness dwelleth in us, and we in him, as we partake of its infinite presence and power, displaying those Godlike attributes that are in harmony with his divine character. God has led us along as a father leadeth his children to behold the richness and fulness of his mercy. We should be true to his parental care, and ever associate a reaction from wrong in conformity to his will and desire. This unfolds a heaven, and the mingled joys of life that swell in anthems loud to proclaim his ineffable majesty.

A Triple Dream Verified.

A MEMBER of the Texas Legislature, now in session, sends us an article clipped from the *State Times*, Austin, Tex., from which we make the following extract. Our friend suggests, very properly and truthfully, we think, that the production of the thrice-repeated dream by means of which the life of Mr. Wilbarger was saved, can be accounted for only by supposing that there was action of some supermundane intelligence on the mind of the dreamer. Speaking of Mr. Wilbarger, the article says:

In connection with him a circumstance which has long since found its way into the public prints may be incidentally mentioned. In 1834, we believe it was, his father and four others were surprised by a party of Indians, while encamped about three miles east of Austin. Two were killed—Haynie and King escaped and went into Bastrop, and Mr. Wilbarger was shot twice and scalped. Mrs. Hornsby, the wife of Reuben Hornsby who lives on the Colorado, eight miles below Austin, had a remarkably vivid dream, in which the events above recited were placed before her mind's eye with an appearance of reality truly appalling. She awoke her husband and insisted he should go at once, arouse the settlers and carry relief to Mr. Wilbarger, stating that he was wounded and scalped and lying at a certain water hole. Mr. Hornsby attached no importance to the dream and went to sleep. Mrs. Hornsby aroused him the second time and recounted the same vision. He again declined, treating the thing as the result of a perturbed imagination.

But Mrs. Hornsby had scarcely fallen asleep until the horrible scene

again presented itself in all the hideousness sanguinary deeds, death and suffering can assume. Her woman's nature was excited to the utmost pitch; she felt as if she had been made the medium of a communication from some higher Power sounding the note of alarm, and calling the border warriors to the rescue of a wounded brother. She would listen to no denial—her earnestness—her importunities silenced all cavils and removed all doubts. Her husband, struck with the strangeness of the matter, and impressed, no doubt, with some of the fervor of his wife's feelings, left his bed and proceeded at once to inform his neighbors of the extraordinary vision. They were prompt to respond to a call apparently emanating from a supernatural source. The note of preparation was heard through the remainder of the night, and on the morrow thirty men, commanded by Gen. El. Burleson, were ready to move. Mrs. Hornsby insisted they should take something to cover Mr. Wilbarger, as he had been stripped. The description of the place was so full and minute, that the General had no difficulty in finding it. Mr. Wilbarger had been lying with his head in a water-hole and was discovered near it; the whole scalp had been removed, leaving a few hairs around the base of the skull. He was perfectly naked. The flies had deposited their eggs in the wound, and the worms in hundreds were reveling upon him and giving excruciating pain. The skull bone was perfectly white, smooth and dry; the integuments adhering after the removal of the scalp had been removed by the worms. Mr. Wilbarger was sent home, and the party pursued the Indians beyond the Gabriel Nob, without being able to overtake them. The wounds of Mr. Wilbarger healed with the exception of a small point on the crown of the head. Ultimately the newly formed flesh fell down about his ears, and sloughed away. This process of healing and sloughing continued until his death, which happened in 1845. These particulars were given by Capt. Bartlett Sims, and J. R. Pace, Esq.

Interesting Spiritual Experiences.

UNDER this head we published last week, an article from Mrs. E. C. B., of Scipio, Seneca county, O., in which she relates some interesting spiritual experiences with a design to elicit an answer to the question, whether she is or is not a Spiritualist. The following supplementary article was forwarded with the previous one, but was unavoidably crowded out last week. If she will allow us to answer her question, we will say emphatically, "Yes, you are a Spiritualist, or at least ought to be after the experiences you relate." We will suggest, however, that much of her experience was probably allegorical, and especially that which relates to the passing away of the (spiritual) atmosphere, and the consequent changes in the aspects of the (spiritual) luminaries:

A VISIT FROM SPIRITS.

One day I had been exceedingly burdened; I felt as if I should sink into a state of despair; but just at eve my burdens passed away. I felt that we ought to have music and dancing. Light, life, and joy took possession of me for a little time. Then my mind was drawn into a state of partial unconsciousness, and this text was given me: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise; the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood; the stars shall fall down from heaven."

It was quite dark, but as I sat down in my own room for the evening, there was all around me a warm, rosy, vital atmosphere. It seemed to fill my room, and I felt that I could live and breathe for ever in it. My room was full of Spirits; I did not see them, but I was *en rapport* with the Spirit-world, and I felt sensibly their personality and individuality. From the elevated tone of their influence I was assured that they were a circle of Spirits from the higher sphere. I sat among them in timid silence, hoping in my heart that they had not come to inspire me with any new terror. But during these experiences every nerve and fiber of my being thrilled with an intense but quiet pleasure. The Spirits seemed to cast upon me robes of living light, and a crown of light was upon my head. I begged of the Spirits to remove them from me—I desired them not. The nature and import of these experiences I do not fully understand. I have them all alone. I have a few friends that listen to my story with sympathy and credence, but they can not fully understand my condition.

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Nay, worse; I feel like one drifted out upon an unknown sea alone in a bark, subject to the winds and waves only. Now and then I am cast upon an island of living and glowing beauty,

"Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness."

Anon I am drifting away upon the fitful sea, and know not where my haven lies.

The appearance of the atmosphere in my room seemed to be an explanation of the text I had received. I can not tell whether it was my own reasoning or whether the explanation was given me. It was that our present atmosphere would pass away with a great noise, and that a new atmosphere like that in my room would envelop the earth; that in this new atmosphere the sun would shine dimly; that the moon would have a red appearance, and that the stars would be entirely invisible. There would be no need of the light of the sun, moon or stars; there would be sufficient radiance in this new atmosphere, without the aid of the sun, for all the purposes of life.

Such has been some of my actual experience under a new and strange influence; and, in conclusion, I would ask of those initiated into the merits of Spiritualism, Am I a Spiritualist?

E. C. B.

Original Communications.

SPIRITUALISM IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, July 2, 1856.

Gentlemen—Some five months ago, a letter from Mr. Henry Force, of Madison, Orange Co., Texas, appeared in the TELEGRAPH, giving an account of the singular apparition of a *black hand*, in presence of several respectable gentlemen and ladies, while the medium, Mrs. A. E. Force, anticipating a communication from the Spirit-world, sat at the table in the attitude of writing. That section of Texas is rather isolated, and little known abroad. Lying between the Sabine and the Natchez, and watered by their numerous tributary streams, its soil is adapted to agricultural and nomadic uses, commensurate to the wants and inviting to the tastes of a peaceful and harmonious community, far outnumbering its present mixed and sparsely settled inhabitants. Do you seek retirement? Go to the green prairies, the shadowy groves, the broad woodlands of the interior. The climate is mild, and the simple hut is ample protection against its extremes, whether of heat or cold. The ground yields a liberal return to the hand that cultivates it; and a little labor without fatigue will supply all your wants. The breezes are fresh and exhilarating; the nights of summer delightfully cool; the magnolia, the cedar and the live oak furnish more grateful shade and richer perfumes, than the wealth of the nabob can command. Vistas and arcades formed of woven vines and stately trees by the hand of Nature, invite to contemplation, to exercise, to study or to repose, "and all save the spirit of man, is divine."

Do you wish for solitude? The deep forest, the dense bottom, the broad river moving onward in silence to the ocean, are there to gratify your desire.

From the days of the buccaneer to those of La Fitte, this region, including the labyrinth of lakes, bayous and inlets, interspersed throughout the wide delta which borders the coast and extends far inland, was the scene of many a wild adventure, the land of the out-law, the smuggler and the pirate. The remains of hundreds of vessels in various stages of decay, may still be seen in the lagoons or on the margin of the islands, once occupied by hosts of desperate men, but now abandoned and solitary. The long cut grass waves over the bones of many a human victim; and if the wounded deer take refuge in its cover, the pursuing hunter is sure of his prey, because the poor animal can not move without being cut and lacerated at every step, as with a knife, by its sharp saw-like edges.

In that portion of the above-described region where Mr. Force resides, Spiritualism was of spontaneous growth. Mrs. Force was unexpectedly acted upon by mysterious powers, and she became (at what precise date I am not informed) a medium of superior capacities.

A gentleman living about two miles from her dwelling, had a favorite servant, who was suffering under a severe rheumatic attack. He was in great pain, and unable to rise from his bed. One dark, stormy night in January last, (I think) she was aroused from slumber, under the influence of a strong impression, that she must get up immediately and go to her neighbor's. She awakened her husband, who at first tried to dissuade her, but in vain. The impression was imperative and could not be resisted, and he consented to accompany her. Traveling over a prairie through deep mud, and facing a violent wind with the rain falling in torrents, they reached the house of their neighbor an hour or more past midnight. At her request, she was conducted to the room of the negro. She found him in great agony, and immediately commenced making passes over him. She continued her manipulations at intervals, as directed by her impressions, and before morning the servant was restored to health. So complete, indeed, was the cure, that, at an early hour, he went to work as usual, and continued his labor without any relapse or inconvenience.

Other like examples might be related but for want of space. Her medium hip is not limited to the department of healing, and I send you some communications recently written in her hand.

(Under date of June 7, is the following addressed to J. H. C.)

"Dear Mortal Friend—You, as well as all others of your race, are now rearing for yourself a home in the world above. Spirits who have already made the change, can not carry you to any position in the land of Spirits, for fixed and immutable laws must be complied with. You will therefore go to the particular situation which your stage of progress demands. You will be permitted to visit the dark and dismal aodes of transgressors (of every society) of the natural and moral laws. Numbers of this class have been there for hundreds of years, still gratifying their evil propensities; but you will not remain long to witness such misery; for it is not congenial to your immortal soul, unless you could find an opportunity of benefiting some poor mistaken Spirit. You will then understand more fully the causes of such degradation, and will look yet further into the future, and be convinced, that even these poor sinful beings will yet arise, progress, and finally obey all the laws which have foundation from the Great Living Fountain of Love and Wisdom.

"Rejoicing in your present prospects, I will be ever near."

(Signed) "Your guardian Spirit, MARTHA."

On the evening of June 17, the following was given through her hand:

"Dear Friend—We will to-night, speak of the condition of other worlds. We may not tell anything altogether new, but all good Spirits can add their testimony. Your system of worlds is progressing and becoming more refined. The atmosphere also is becoming more suitable to the spiritual progress of your race.

"When earth's inhabitants shall have progressed still further, they will have more perfect organizations—more love and wisdom. Then

new inventions, or rather, new applications of the agencies under their control, will be discovered by them. Then steam-power will be dispensed with, and in its stead you will use electricity.

"Good night, dear friends."

Question—By one of the circle: Spirits say the earth is receding from the sun—what is the cause?

Answer—The attractions are growing weaker in that direction, and stronger in the opposite."

Q—Can Spirits divulge and suppress crime—if so, how long before they will do it?

A—They do now in many instances. We think probably in ten years it will be quite common. But mediumship is not properly established yet, so as to admit of an entire dependence on all communications. For you will know that evil spirits will communicate, and mortals can not always be guarded on that point; but as a general rule you have been taught to judge the Spirits by what they write.

"Good night, dear circle."

On the evening of June 20th, the following instructions (among others) were written through the medium:

"The world is attended by a congress of Spirits, to teach and influence you when it is necessary or practicable. Of this congress the best and wisest of earth's inhabitants are members—also, some congenial Spirits of other worlds. Many Spirits have descended from their bright homes above to see you.

"Spirits have foretold much more than has been believed, even by Spiritualists. Time will prove all things. Spirits are very careful to tell nothing which can not be readily understood by mortals, lest their minds become disturbed. Do not allow yourselves to be so much excited by surrounding circumstances. Let Spiritualists take good cheer, for light is spreading in and over your own community, and we foresee some happy times.

"Mankind is also becoming inhabited, where, about a mill ion of years ago, might could be discerned but gross matter.

"O, that we could tell you more of the Spirit's enjoyments after it becomes progressed even to the second sphere, but you yet understand many things dimly. Good night."

June 21, from the Spirit of Martha Moore, to her friend, J. H. C.

Dear Friend—Your spiritual friends are always near, but much—very much exists to repel them. Tendencies to evil predominate, and the gross electric spheres are numerous around many. These things you can not well understand now, but still, endeavor to accustom your mind to the great truths which are being gradually explained.

"You have often admired some of the choice flowers which enliven and beautify your sphere. Now, what is a flower? Nothing but a *refined or refined matter*. Do you perceive this truth? In like manner your Spirit-body will be formed from the natural body. So we explain to mortals as well as we can, that the Spirit-body is a refined emanation from the earthly one, but as much more beautiful, as the rose is more beautiful than a clod of earth.

"Do not neglect to look beyond the Spirits to the Author of all created beings. Spirits of our sphere praise and adore our Great Creator. Trust everything to his wisdom for enabling you, through his messengers, to progress.

"Given in love that Spirits alone can appreciate,

(Signed)

"MARTHA MOORE."

It must be most cheering to those engaged in the great cause of progress to perceive that the truths and revelations of the *New Dispensation* are, through the agency of celestial messengers, without human missionaries, and in spite of ecclesiastical denunciations, becoming appreciated by the minds, and endeared to the hearts, of thousands in the commonwealth of life, "unknown to fame"—separated by distance—and each independently examining and deciding for himself. In stupid skepticism, how long will the learned bigot continue to ask, "What good has Spiritualism ever done?" In the face of multitudes, some have been raised by its power from beds of hopeless sickness; others from depths of despair, and yet others from depths of atheism, to not one of whom could all the prayers and preaching of the proud quaker, ever administer aught of consolation, relief or conviction.

EBENZER ALLEN.

MISS JAY AT JACKSON, MICH.

MR. BRITTAN:

It is but just to this distinguished trance-medium to say, that the three lectures delivered by her in this village have given the friends of Spiritualism great pleasure, and astonished and confounded skeptics. We had heard much of her powers as a speaker, but we did not expect so much argument, and so appropriate to our spiritual wants—so much eloquence and sublimity of thought, sparkling with gems beyond description, and so much sweetness and depth of soul. It was a spiritual as well as an intellectual feast. Intelligent minds admit that her efforts were of the highest order, evincing originality of thought, beauty of expression and varied intelligence, truly astonishing. We feel assured that she has made an impression here not soon to be effaced; and we regret that her health was such that she could not finish her course of lectures. We trust, however, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her again.

Not only as a public lecturer has she been of signal benefit to the cause, but the manifestations at our social circles have been wonderful. Indeed I believe they are more satisfactory to the skeptical mind than her public efforts. It is then that she confounds the ignorant and superstitious, signally overthrows the presumptuous bigot, removes individual objections, and leads the soul upwards until it stands on Pisgah's top, beholding the harmony and beauty of the Spirit-world.

I must be permitted to mention what occurred on the evening of the fourth of July. A few friends were together on that evening for a

social and friendly interview; Miss Jay was present, and was requested to sing in her natural state. She sat at the piano and gave us two or three songs. One of the ladies desired the Spirits to control her and sing a favorite song of the Hutchinsons. This was done in very fine style. Some one then expressed the wish that the Spirits would *improve* through her. After sitting a few moments we had one of the most beautiful and yet grand manifestations of the kind ever witnessed. The sentiment expressed, part in prose and part in poetry, was appropriate, and manifested excellent taste. The accompaniment exhibited good fine harmony, and the whole fairly enchained us.

A gentleman present, having his patriotism thus awakened, expressed the wish that we might have an oration. Unexpectedly to all of us Miss Jay arose and gave an oration, of which no pen can give a just and adequate description. Such power and majesty of thought and so well adapted to the times and the age in which we live, I could but wish that every American heart had felt its hallowed influence. A gentleman present, a disbeliever in Spiritualism, yet a man of ability and candor, admitted it was the most profound and sublime effort of the kind he had ever listened to—that the similes were never equaled by human effort—and that he was astonished and confounded. He said he thought of Daniel Webster. Others were similarly impressed. On inquiry we were informed that it was his Spirit—that it was the first time he had fully controlled the medium, although he had influenced her more or less for the last three months.

On Friday, the 11th inst., Miss Jay, in company with a number of friends, ladies and gentlemen from this place, leaves Detroit for Marquette, Marquette county, Wis. She does this under the advice of physicians. She is very much exhausted by her continued labors. Rest and quiet are necessary for her future usefulness. J. C. W.

JACKSON, July 5, 1856.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

A VISION BY MRS. SYDNEY.

I SEE a great multitude of people collected together in little companies. They seem to be examining something they have found in the dirt. There are others coming to see what it is. They find little specks of gold. Some say it is not gold; it looks to them like brass. Others say "Humbag," and march away. Those who believe it to be gold are going to digging in little circles. Others come and look on, and those who see the gold go to digging, while others go away crying, "Humbag! humbug!"

But what comes here! A great flock of wolves, growling and howling among the miners, eager to devour them. Some of the miners are terribly frightened. They leave all and flee for their lives. They have left gold and all behind. O see the wolves press upon them! Some of the miners stand their ground and manfully defend themselves. I see they have a weapon in one hand with which they give battle to the wolves, while they dig with the other. They are too much for the wolves; they have slain a great many of them. Their carcasses are scattered all over the ground. It looks strange that men can not dig on their own ground without being disturbed by these ugly wolves, for it is their own land on which they are digging.

A good many of those who ran away at first are coming back and going to digging in good earnest. Some of them are digging in the blindest places among the stones. They find veins of pure gold in the quartz. They think they must work harder for having been afraid of the wolves.

But now comes a great flock of dogs, growling and barking. See them rushing in among the miners! Some of them look fierce as though they would destroy all the miners at once. See! some of the miners are frightened and take to their legs and run with all their might to get away, leaving treasure and all behind. But a great many keep on digging in spite of the dogs. They look sternly at them, then they shrink back and wag their tails. But when they begin to dig, the dogs again rush up and growl.

O what a sight is this! The dogs are fighting among themselves! See them devour each other! There! they have made a great slaughter among themselves.

It now begins to be dark. A storm is arising! See the dark clouds lower! It grows darker, and still darker. See the lightnings flash! Hear the thunder roll! How solemn! How terrible! The darkness grows more dense. How the lightning flahe! What heavy peals of thunder! See! it has struck some of the dogs. It begins to storm. Those poor fellows who were afraid of the dogs, see how they quail and tremble! They flee before the storm. Those who are mining do not seem to mind much about the storm; they have something to throw over them to keep off the rain.

The storm is awful! Such fear and trembling among those who fled! All nature quakes with terror at the storm. Those who left their work now call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne. The earth quakes; the lightning cleaves the rocks asunder. The great day of His wrath is come and who shall be able to stand.

But the miners continue their labor. The light that streams up from the mines is so glorious in contrast with the darkness, and the sun is breaking through the dark clouds to meet the light from the mines. Heaven and earth have met and kissed each other, and the miners are shouting "Glory, glory!" They do not need the light of the sun moon or stars for the Lord God is the light thereof.

When the darkness rolled away, everything dark and black was moved away with it. All the filth and rubbish was carried away? Those who ran away can not come into the mines, but must dig naked and destitute around the edge of the mine. But to the faithful miners, all is glorious.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

VISIT TO NORTHPORT, L. I.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER:

By invitation of many friends of Spiritualism, Mrs. Beck and myself left this city on the 28th of June, for Northport and other villages on Long Island. During our ten days stay we held a number of public and private meetings for the investigation of the spiritual phenomena so much traduced by some, and so much praised and loved by others. We were engaged morning, noon and night, each day more or less, by the help of God and the Holy Spirit, convincing skeptics and building up believers in the faith. At all our meetings much good was done. Some beautiful and convincing tests were given through the medium, M. S. Beck, mostly while she was in a trance state. One lady was much affected while sitting in a circle conversing with her mother, through the medium. She confessed it was her mother, and was well nigh entranced while in the circle. Many others conversed with departed friends at that meeting.

On the same evening, at the tea-table around which some ten or fifteen persons were seated, the medium saw and conversed with a Spirit who said the last time he took tea in that house he sat at the center of the table, and opposite the lady at the head. Mrs. Beck described minutely the clothing he wore, the complexion, color of hair and eyes, etc., although she had never been in Northport before, and had no knowledge of the man whatever. The lady at the head of the table at once recognized the person now in the Spirit-world. This lady, up to that time, had been an unbeliever.

At another time, at a public meeting, the medium, Mrs. Beck, felt a wish to leave the room, after she had been entranced some two or three times, and was making the effort to get out, and when near the door she was suddenly arrested by a Spirit, and brought to a stand for a few minutes, like a stock or stone. Soon, deeply entranced, she was brought to her knees with her arms around the neck of a gentleman that sat on a low chair. He was an entire stranger to us, but the Spirit commenced to manifest in the most affectionate manner the undying love of a mother. The strange gentleman was thoroughly convinced that the Spirit was that of his mother, and said, repeatedly, that that was a most convincing test of Spiritualism; that he could see in the actions and features of the medium those of his mother.

We could narrate many more equally good tests but we fear we should be occupying too much of your space. Suffice it to say, that both at Northport and Comae, many were made glad in the Lord that they gave heed to the things spoken and done, for they gave God the glory of what they saw, heard and felt of the Spirit-power and influence.

I am truly yours for God and humanity,

L. S. BECK.

P. S.—Dr. S. Batchelder and wife, J. C. Bond and wife, and others at Northport; and Mr. Reeves, wife, sister and son, of Comae, witnessed the manifestations as well as the subscriber.

L. S. B.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

TRIO, July 2, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:

As facts establishing the truth of the immortality of the mind by the daily communication of Spirits with mortals, have been and are of incalculable good, permit me to record in your paper a few incidents in connection with the death of my daughter Julia Frances, who departed this life January 31, 1856, in the nineteenth year of her age. Four years previous to her death, a young lady, a relative, about her own age, became for a time a member of our family; the two occasionally, with the writer attended the circle at Mr. Atwood's, and became very much interested in receiving communications from their Spirit-friends. As a test whether Spirits can and do communicate with their friends on earth, they mutually pledged that the one who should depart this life first, should visit and manifest to the other in such a manner as to convince the survivor of the fact. After the death of my daughter, I received a letter from this young lady, informing me of the pledge, and also that two or three days previous to the receipt of a paper recording the death of Julia, which I sent to her uncle, where she was visiting (at this time unknown to me,) she awoke in the night from some cause unusual, and while awake, she distinctly heard her name called three times, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" The unexpected summons seemed to proceed from some person near her, and so alarmed her that she lay very still for a few moments, and then from the strangeness of the circumstance began to doubt the reality, when again, and with more emphasis, her name was called as before, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" At the second summons, she answered, Who calls me? The only answer returned was, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" Then all was silent. On reflection she became alarmed, supposing the call ominous, but on the receipt of the paper the truth flashed on her mind that Julia had fulfilled her promise, and that Spirits can and do communicate with mortals for a certainty.

A day or two after this occurrence, while playing on the piano, she was made sensible that Julia was near her; she felt her approach and embrace, and could distinctly feel her fingers pass up and down her arms. She ceased playing, lest she should startle the gentle Spirit from her; she whispered, Dear Julia, the pressure continued a few moments, and then gradually withdrew. Again she came to her in her room; she felt her pressure and a movement in the air as she passed from her. This she says is as true as her existence, and adds "What a comfort it is that we are not wholly separated in this life from those dear friends who are gone to the world of love before us!"

My daughter departed strong in the faith of a Father's love, looking anxiously for her Spirit-birth. Her last words were, "How sweet to go to sleep here, and awake in heaven!" On the receipt of the letter alluded to, I asked, Who called Kate in the night? Ans. "Me, Julia." Why did you call her? Ans. "To fulfill my promise."

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY ROUSSEAU.

Interesting Miscellany.

A DEATH SCENE.

I saw an angel rise—her end was peace.
At midnight she was borne, in sweet release
From the white tenement wherein she lay.
Her dying smile was sweet; the very clay
Grew radiant; the celestial light shone down.
And wreathed her saintly forehead with a crown,
And formed a luminous bridal robe, and there
She smiled, beyond all dream of mortal fair.
Her eyes lit up as if God's eyes did shine
Into their depths. Love from her heart, its shrine,
Looked forth and loved me; and I saw her rise.
Then came two sister Spirits from the skies,
Flora and Miriam, and they said, "Come, see
Mary the angel." Then it seemed to me
That I forsook the body. In a room
Whose oriel window, like a rose in bloom,
Glowed crimson in the East, she lay at rest
Upon a couch of ivory, and her breast
Gleamed white as snow through purple and white lace.
Then Flora came, and with a sweet embrace
Leaned o'er the sleeping Spirit. "Mary dear,"
She whispered, "wake, for morning light is here."
O soul of love! she woke, her hands she felt,
And said: "I dreamed—I thought my husband knelt
Beside my bed and held me to his breast,
And then I sank away in such sweet rest
I wished that I might never wake again.
Where am I? Where has gone that racking pain?"
"Mary," sweet Miriam said, "the night is past,
And this is heaven." Her lovely arms she cast
Around my Mary, and her angel head
On that lone sister's breast was pillowed.

SPIRITUAL MEDIA.

ADVANCED Spirits teach that variety in mediumship is owing to the differing developments in individuals, of the mental and nervous organizations. That it is but through intellectual media they are enabled to manifest intellectuality, while those of a more animal temperament are required for the physical demonstrations. Yet between these there exists a varying scale, accordingly as mind or sensuousness predominates, with many complications of the two. Hence important communications may be afforded through relative spiritomagnetic sympathy, where there is incapacity for receiving Spirit impressions. Their truthfulness is always proportionate to the conscientiousness of the persons immediately employed in transmitting them and they are always of social or personal interest, never instructing concerning the interior realities of the inner life. Where such unfoldment is attempted, however, through these inadequate channels, there surely results the most nonsensical confusion.

We are also informed that the spiritual laws are an inbirth from those termed the physical, and which, reciprocally sympathizing, act and react upon each other; that as one class opens outwardly in relationship with external nature, the other does so inwardly in its affinity to internal existence—forming the link connecting the seen with unseen creation.

These become intensely potentialized as matter-spiritual combinations enlarge their sphere of action. Thus organic life must necessarily have unfolded a well-adapted organism for the focal convergences of these forces, in order to their becoming a means for the facile transmission of Spirit impulsions.

Spirits use the media as instruments through which to commune with the world; and in proportion to the perfection of these so is the character of the intelligence they afford—consequently the necessity of well-developed and tuneful faculties corresponding to the truths to be communicated, in those who would be instrumental in obtaining them.

Spirit-life is regulated to a sphere of being elementally differing from our own, and is therefore unfitted for taking immediate cognizance of substantive facts; but by coming into *sympathy* with the mentality of media are mediately enabled to look outwardly upon, and receive impressions from, the rudimental planes. Whereby acquiring information of physical realities, they are accordingly capacitated to manifest regarding the same.

We must thus observe the employment of means to an end; in the order of cause to effect; and that nature, in concentrating motions, reaches her vitality deeply within herself, in modified transitions, as of circles within circles, inwardly tending to where divinely originated life outflows from DIVINITY. And that intromission into the Spirit-world, is followed by the obscuration of this. Also that, by affinital sympathy, immortality inblends with mortality—likes ever sympathizing with likes, and attracting each other.

Through the eye of this philosophy, we discover in the self-lauded spiritual plenipotentiaries of the times, an audacious defiance of its truths, while investigating, philosophic minds, whose faculties have unfolded in immortal bloom, and earnest humanitarians already inborn into a diviner life, are, in comparison, ungifted and unnoticed by heaven.

Although the Spirits require healthy and capacious intellects through which to reflect their knowledges, we too often find them manifesting through media (as claimed by the latter), of cerebral faulty organizations, prejudiced and fanatical, and in many instances most unscrupulous mammon worshipers. Thus, while those whose ardent long-

ings for the beautiful and true especially capacitate them for angelic inspirations, are seemingly passed by, others, naturally repugnant to thought, being mentally obtuse, announce themselves inspired by the most renowned geni of the past.

All those whose conscience hold them guiltless of spiritual infractions are excepted from the foregoing implications. For there are many noble media engaged in the exposition of the new doctrines, who are interested solely in the general good, and the promotion of righteousness throughout the world.—*W. de West.*

THE REPTILES OF TEXAS.—A writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas: "The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Doves of wild horses are not unfrequent and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg and his legs five or six inches long, and covered with long, coarse black hair. He lies in cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils annoyances. But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and there the rejoinder in our camp is, 'Will you have it with a bag or without?' The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of. Chamelons are innumerable, darting over the prairie with in conceivable swiftness, and undergoing their peculiar change of color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, most beautiful, and feathered game is abundant and very tame, and is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and prairie hen."

A CAPITAL STORY.—The sermon in our February Number has recalled to an Alton, Ill., correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethren, I am a hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is the high-blooded *Episcopalian* horse; see what a kick head he carries, and how black his coat is, soft as silk; but he'll kick you if you touch him on his litany or prayers: Whoa, sir, whoa! Here is an old sober *Mr. Methodist* horse! Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he fills. Whoa! you old shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times; don't you go near confessional or penance. Whoa! Mr. Pope! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! whoa, sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which were readily accepted. He said: "Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed upon two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work; Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain: you cannot trust him: he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! McLE, whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks: Whoa! you old Campbellite! Here friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me into his stall to eat from his trough: he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you close communion Baptist, whoa!" "Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister jumping up. "Whoa!" continued his tormentor: "see him kick, whoa! Hold him friends, whoa!" and thus the old gentleman went on: the minister ranting meanwhile until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—*Knickerbocker.*

ANCIENT REMAINS IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman writes from Santa Clara, California, to the editor of the *Scientific American*, and gives the following account of some old ruins, recently discovered in that vicinity: "I recently had the opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered about six miles east of Santa Cruz. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. I found twenty three chimneys with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose, red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together. I stamped on the hill, and it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine-tree was growing on the top of the hill. The period required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years."

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—St. Martin, the man who has an opening in his stomach, produced by a gun shot wound, is in New York, and a number of physicians of that city have been experimenting, with the view to ascertain the time required to digest food. A thermometer introduced into the stomach through the opening, rose to one hundred and one Fahrenheit. The carrot, Dr. Bunting says, is consumed in five to six hours. Roast beef will thoroughly digest in an hour and a half. Melted butter will not digest at all, but float about on the stomach. Lobster is comparatively easy of digestion. Upon the application of the gastric juice to a piece of tissue paper, the color at once faded. In relation to the patient's health, Dr. Bunting observed that it had been uniformly excellent, having since his recovery from the first effects of the wound, supported his family by his daily labor. These experiments do not differ materially from those made by Dr. Beaumont twenty years ago. Mr. St. Martin is at present a little upward of fifty years of age, of a spare frame, but apparently capable of considerable endurance. He is in excellent bodily health, and vivacious in manner. The opening in his stomach has no injurious effect upon his health, nor has it prevented him from severe labors. If he does not keep a compress to the aperture in drinking water or swallowing anything else, the whole contents of the stomach will pass out through that opening. Through this opening comes out a small part of the stomach, i. e., the inner coat, which shows its different appearances—thick or swollen whenever the work of digestion is over. He is on his way to Europe.

THAT ROMAN SPEAR.—It is said that the lance which opened the side of Christ is now kept in Rome, but has no point. Andrew of Crete who lived in the seventh century, says it was buried together with the cross; and St. Gregory of Tours, and the venerable Bede, testify that in their time it was kept in Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens, it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterward found, and, it is asserted, wrought many miracles. It was first carried to Jerusalem, and then to Constantinople; and at the time that city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II. sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the Holy Chapel. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city, till the year 1492, when the Sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador to Pope Innocent VIII.

A GOOD DOG STORY.—The *Lawrence (Mass.) Sentinel*, tells a dog story, and it is so decidedly good that we can not refrain from giving it a place in our columns, although it may be a month or two out of season. Thus it goes:—"The past winter afforded the boys and girls fine sport in sliding, or coasting, as the hills in the outskirts of the city can testify. But it has not been confined to them or to children of a larger growth. Some time since when the snow was covered with a smooth icy crust, a gentleman upon Prospect Hill, looking out of his window one morning, saw a little dog seated on his haunches sliding down the steep bank before his house. He supposed the dog had slipped, and was compelled, as many of his betters of the human race, old and young, have this winter, to illustrate some of the laws of motion upon an inclined plane. But the dog as soon as he reached the bottom of the bank, ran up again in full life to the top, and assuming the same position again slid down. This was repeated as long as the gentleman looked, with apparently as much delight as was ever experienced by a boy or girl in the same amusement."

THE GOD FASHION.—There is only one thing more powerful than the steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world, ergo: fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined. Fashion makes men ridiculous and women penitents. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them to captivity. Fashion made the Hollander wear eighteen pair of breeches at once, and caused Englishmen to wear boots so sharpened at the point that they could be used as tooth-picks. Fashion builds our churches, fits up our pews, and even regulates the rites of sepulture. There is as much fashion and flummery in our cemetery as you will find in Broadway. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense and early hours, goodness and economy!

NO IRON AMONG EGYPTIANS.—It is mentioned as a singular fact, by a scientific writer, that, while executing the most wonderful works—such as statues fifty-four feet in height, and weighing about eight hundred tons formed of a single block of granite—the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of iron. No iron has been discovered in their tombs, or incorporated with any of their works. But tools of bronze, hardened by some process with which we are now unacquainted, have been found; also swords of the same material finely tempered, have been found near Thebes. The huge pieces of stone used in building are frequently found to be connected by wooden clamps.

CURIOUS INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.—Hoare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong, but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading, or tap root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the clay, the main root threw out no fibers; but when it reached the bone it entirely covered it by degrees with the most delicate and minute fibers, like lace, each one sucking at a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrowbone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

AN honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who was that would not sleep mit Botipher's wife?" "Sho-eph." "Dat's a coot poy! Vel, what was de reason why he would not sleep mit her?" "Don't know; s'phose he vasn't shleepy."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 222.

The Principles of Nature.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.—No. 2.

Continued from Telegraph, July 19.

PRELIMINARY SUGGESTION.

In the late work of Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, we find (page 15) the following opinion: "*To believe in Christianity without knowing why we believe, is not Christian faith, but blind credulity.*" Nothing certainly can appear more correct than this allegation; but how little is it obeyed by his sectarian associates? We are told by an eminent clergyman, that the Bible being the gift of God to man, we are not to use our reason in judging of it as such, because it has an authority paramount to our reason. This arrogation I have striven to expose by showing that the language used in support of it would serve to establish the authenticity of the Koran, on substituting a few names for those actually employed.

Suppose that a Christian and a Moslem were to present to a Pagan, the one a Koran, and the other a Bible, as the word of God, how could the Pagan decide between them unless by the exercise of his reason? And were his reason to decide in favor of the Koran in the first instance, would he not be at liberty to use his reason to reject it, should the Christian point out absurdities which he had overlooked?

Were it instinctively impressed upon each human being, that any one record were the word of God, he should of course be governed implicitly by its dictates; but as actually there can be no cause for our believing any record to have divine authority but that it is reasonable so to believe, whenever it appears unreasonable to entertain this conviction, the sole basis of our faith in the record must vanish.

Instead of studying the objections to their creed, agreeably to the liberal sentiments of the Archbishop above quoted, the prevalent custom with believers in the Bible, is to *avoid the perusal*, and to *oppose the publication or sale of works adverse to its divine origin*.

The more unanswerable the facts and reasonings in any such work, the more it excites hostility. The sanity or the moral character of the writer is assailed. Whatever is miraculous is the result of humbug and imposture, and the witnesses are either liars or dupes. But does not this impeachment of all modern witnesses, invalidate all that rests on human testimony, however ancient? Or are witnesses to be esteemed more truthful and insusceptible of hallucination, in proportion to the antiquity of their temporal existence?

Evidently there can be no merit in believing that which is taught, unless our conviction is the result of our reason, not of our "blind credulity." Of several sectarians who all owe their opinions to education, should any one happen to be right, has he any more merit than the rest? If an exchange, while infants, from one cradle to another should have reversed the creed of a Christian and a Mahomedan, would the one who should happen to be of the true religion, have any more merit than the other?

It follows that neither agreeably to reason, nor the opinion of one of the highest dignitaries in the Episcopal Church, can any Christian deserve salvation who thus relies on what that dignity designates as *BLIND CREDULITY*, instead of *Christian faith*.

Agreeably to the information which I have received from the higher Spirits *through my own mediumship*, persons who are thus degraded by *blind credulity*, are all obliged to serve a novitiate in Hades. They go to the fourth circle of the second sphere.

It follows that although the Bible be the Word of God, and a belief in it conduce to salvation, I am doing Christians a great service in giving them an opportunity to exchange *blind credulity* for real Christian faith.

If Spiritualism be true, they will escape a painful penitence by their conversion thereto.

REPLY TO F. J. B.

In the last number of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, in replying to the imputation made against me by F. J. B., that my anti-scriptural opinions have originated from prejudice, I urged that in point of fact I had originally experienced much repugnance in forming those opinions in consequence of the false conscience created by education. But while acquiring from my instructors impressions in favor of the divine origin of the Bible, I also acquired a horror of lying, of fraud, deception, and of selfishness; especially where a father or a brother should be injuriously affected. Hence the deception practiced upon his blind father by Jacob, as a step toward the perpetration of a fraud upon his brother Esau, and the complicity of his mother in suggesting and promoting that fraud, seemed to me atrocious. Moreover, I was shocked at the idea that by this procedure, Jacob should be represented not only as depriving his brother of his birth-right, but likewise of the intended paternal blessing. My reason revolted at the idea that through a nefarious deception, a blessing could avail to the perpetrator, instead of the person for whom it was intended! It is notorious that in law, fraud tears up everything. Were an estate obtained from a father by one of his children by personifying a brother, the fraud being proved, and that it was for A the donation was intended and not for B, undeniably the conveyance would be invalid, however formally made. Is it not in the exposure of fraud only, that difficulty in getting rid of its consequences exists?

Yet, according to Scripture, the blessing intended for Esau was transferred to Jacob; so that Isaac had no blessing for the son whom he intended to bless; and upon the basis of this Jacob is represented not only as enjoying the estate and the position in relation to his father of which he had defrauded his brother, but as becoming also more especially the favorite of God. If the mere calling a "brother a fool," however *truly*, should place us in danger of "hell fire," how much more should defrauding him of his birth-right and of a father's blessing involve punishment? As respects my worldly parents, I was

under the impression that a fraud would cause me the loss of their esteem, and more or less of their love; how then could I believe that Jacob, after acting so wickedly, continued to be the especial favorite of his Father in Heaven?

Shakspeare's King of Denmark grieved that he could not pray for pardon, because he still held the kingdom and the wife obtained by crime; but Jacob is made to thrive not only upon his fraternal fraud, but upon another subsequently perpetrated upon his father-in-law.

Is not the truth of this maxim universally admitted! "Precepts may lead, but examples will draw." How then can the successful example of Jacob do otherwise than injure the morality of those who are educated to believe that after setting an example so wicked he and his seed could retain the especial favor of Jehovah?

I call upon F. J. B. in honor and candor to say, whether the judgment which I formed on this subject can be imputed to prejudice? I ask him to say whether anything could be more improbable than that the divine favor should not have been forfeited by such criminality?

That this favor should be extended to the posterity of Jacob was the more irreconcilable with my "prejudices," so called, because his offspring proved themselves to be of the same stamp as their progenitor. By selling Joseph as a slave, the sons of Jacob proved themselves to be capable of the most cruel, selfish and unprincipled villany; while their conduct to Prince Hamor was indicative of a revengeful treachery. Was it my prejudice which made me question the divine origin of a book which represented such wicked men as especially the favorites of an all righteous God?

Is it my prejudice that causes me to think that the blessing which emanates from any being whatever, is associated with the soul of the bestower—not with the language or ceremony employed to make known its existence to others? Evidently whether Esau or Jacob enjoyed a father's blessing, would depend on the sentiments cherished toward them by that father. Were the conduct by which those sentiments should be awakened to be reversed, would not the sentiment be reversed? Were a father at any time to bless his son believing him virtuous, could he not in reason exchange it for a curse, on finding him to be a felon? Should Jacob have blessed his sons when ignorant that they had sold Joseph into slavery, might he not consistently have cursed them on finding out the truth? Is it my "prejudice" that induces me to conceive that there is an extreme absurdity in the impression that Jacob's fraud deprived Isaac of the power to bless Esau?

In the next place, the massacre of the Midianites, reserving their virgins only, for the arms of the blood-stained murderers of their kindred; the massacre of three thousand people in one day for a difference of religious opinion; the recommendation to borrow trinkets in order to purloin them, all seemed to me to be more likely to be consistent with the patronage of Satan than of a virtuous Deity. How could my early decision

against the divine authority of the Pentateuch upon these grounds be the effect of a prejudgment or prejudice? I most conscientiously think that nothing but *inherited prejudice* could induce the charge thus groundlessly made, that my opinions, *originating as described*, could be the result of prejudice.

When a record has in any one instance represented that to be true, which the heart and the head of a reader both repel as manifestly false, doubtless there will be a greater readiness to come to a similar conclusion in other cases; just as when a man has shown himself untruthful, we are more ready to believe him guilty of falsehood. When a book has in any case appeared to represent God as countenancing wickedness, I am more ready to believe it to have misrepresented him in other instances. How can impressions thus formed, after conscientious reflection, be justly ascribed to prejudice or prejudgment, which implies that impressions were formed beforehand without careful reflection? But can any one who has been from his infancy accustomed to hear a book spoken of as the *Holy Bible* and been taught to consider it impious to question its divine inspiration, expect to be free from prejudice in its favor? I can assert the affirmative from my own experience, that it was not without hesitation and conscientious scruples that I came to the conclusions which are now treated as originating in prejudice of an opposite tendency. Education had its prejudicial influence and caused my opinions to be accompanied by an unpleasant sensation, until their long endurance without any adequate objections, removed this false consciousness and created a deep regret that such a foe to morality and religious truth should be cherished, not to say idolized, as the word of the Most High.

In reply to the groundless charge of prejudice, I hurl back upon F. J. B. that of Bible idolatry and a *blind credulity*, created in his infancy by his nurse, parents, school master and priest.

To me it seems idiotic to suppose that the God of a hundred millions of suns and probably not less than a billion of planets, has ever bestowed especial favor on any one planet; still less is it credible that such a God should display that favor by authorizing any people to defraud kindred, prostitute wives, take concubines, exposing them with their offspring subsequently to starvation; or that he should authorize the people thus patronized to assassinate their neighbors for conscience' sake; or plunder, massacre, or exterminate them for idolatrous worship.

ON ABRAHAM'S SUBMISSION OF HIS WIFE TO THE PLEASURE OF TWO KINGS.

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarah his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon;

"Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive.

"Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee.

"And it came to pass, that when Abram was come into Egypt, the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair.

"The princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh: and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house.

"And he enticed Abram well for her sake: and he had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels.

"And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abram's wife.

"And Pharaoh called Abram, and said, What is this that thou hast done unto me? why didst thou not tell me that she was thy wife?

"Why saidst thou, she is my sister? so I might have taken her to me to wife: now therefore behold thy wife, take her, and go thy way."—GEN. 12: 1-19.

As respects Abraham, we are told at the head of the chapter, Genesis 12: "Fear maketh him feign his wife to be his sister," and, as subsequently stated, induces him to let her go to Pharaoh's palace; while, as a recompense, he is furnished with sheep, oxen, asses and men and maid servants. But then God interferes and punishes Pharaoh for receiving Sarah. Now if Sarah had been merely received, for an honorable purpose, where had been the motive for threatening Pharaoh? But this beathen seems to have been more moral than David was in after times, since he calls Abraham to account for having deceived him into the danger of committing adultery. "Why saidst thou she is my sister; now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her and go thy way." How few among the priests or kings of Christendom had displayed this morality? See "End of the Controversy," by Bishop Hopkins (p. 265;) or my work (1867.) The two great objects of religion are morals and

faith in immortality; neither of these seemed to have been attained under the Jewish code.

The elder Cyrus, a Pagan, dies comforting his children that his soul will survive to an eternal existence.

Pharaoh would have taken Sarah as another wife, but not as an adulteress; yet Abraham took Hagar as a concubine, and we have the authority of some one, of whom we are utterly ignorant, for the allegation that the same God sanctioned this immorality *then*, who *now* would condemn it as nefarious, adulterous fornication.

The circumstances of the submission of Abraham's wife to Abimelech are perfectly analogous to those of the course pursued in the instance of that made to Pharaoh.

ON ABRAHAM'S EXPULSION OF HAGAR AND HER CHILD.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar (putting it on her shoulder) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

"And she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept."—GEN. 21: 14-16.

It is begging the question, to allege that God sanctioned the expulsion of Hagar with her child to starve in the wilderness. It is in opposition to all the rules prescribed by courts of justice for the admission of evidence, that the testimony of the accused should be taken in exculpation. Throwing his crime upon his Maker, is, as I think, superadding blasphemy to his unnatural, unprincipled cruelty. Is it not extremely inconsistent that those who are so incredulous of the alleged communion of their contemporaries with the Spirits of their deceased fellow-creatures, should be so ready to conceive that a Deity ruling over hundreds of millions of solar systems, should in this planet, which to the universe is but as a globe of water to the ocean, seek a few human animalcules in order to sanction such inhumanity as that of which the consequences are by the Bible described as above cited?

Is the testimony of Abraham to be accredited when he thus pleads the sanction of his God, for ruthlessly turning his son and his son's mother out of doors to find starvation in the wilderness, or when that God is made to authorize him to exterminate neighboring tribes, only taking care not to destroy them so fast as to cause a wilderness to be created for wild beasts to roam in?

Some comments which I have made on the following verses, are by F. J. B. ascribed to my prejudices.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;

"And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."—MAT. 6: 26, 28, 29.

The lily, in common with all other vegetables, is dependent for its existence on the access of the solar rays and of the air which yields the carbon, indispensable to vegetable life. Of course nakedness being inseparably associated with every flower, if a comparison were made between floral beauty and that of man, should not a beautiful naked human figure be selected? Is it in its clothing that the lily excels the glorious attire of Solomon, or is it that, although unadorned, it excels that attire in beauty?

Would not the lesson to be derived from the fact that the fowls of the air live without sewing or spinning, be as follows? God has given to fowls a natural clothing, and has furnished them with wings to fly over a wide region in pursuit of food, and beaks wherewith to secure it; but to mankind he has given a skin destitute of feathers, and insufficiently provided with hair or any other clothing; at the same time he has given to men hands and ingenuity; so that if they do not use these advantages they may perish from the inclemency of the weather or the want of food?

Is it not plain that the example of the feathered creation can only be referred to for the purpose of showing that man must use his hands and ingenuity in one way, while they employ their wings and beaks in another? More wisely, may not man be told to look to the example of the bee, the ant or the beaver? "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider its ways and be wise." Surely this injunction is more consistent with the

necessity of the case, than that we are to imitate the fowls of the air in trusting to nature for food or raiment.

Our learned commentator attests that the language of Christ, when properly translated, would be these words: "Be not *over-anxious*." But of what possible utility can it be to tell a person not to be *over-anxious*? Does not every person of sound mind know this without being told? Of course no one, whether wise or foolish, would be *over-anxious*, could it be avoided. But the difficulty is to know when he is in the objectionable state of *over-anxiety*, and when informed of it, to abate the emotion. This is one among many instances in which God, having by the inevitable effect of his *alleged* omnipotency and prescience, made us what we *are*, enjoins us to be what we *are not*. We are made susceptible of anxiety, exposed to circumstances of a nature to *over-keen* anxiety, and then advised not to be what we are so constituted and situated as to be inevitably. Manifestly, anxiety were better avoided altogether since due care would accomplish as much without anxiety as when associated therewith.

It is strange that any person believing Christ to be the viceroy of the Deity should represent him as resorting to an admonition so useless as that contained in the words, "Be not *over-anxious*."

Instead of perceiving it to be injudicious to urge that men who would perish unless they provide food and clothing should be governed by the example of fowls for which clothing and food are by nature provided or by the example of flowers which derive nourishment from the earth and air, and would perish if clothed, F. J. B. proceeds as if one error could be cured by suggesting another. In order to put my strictures in the rear of those of a brother believer, certain caustic remarks of the latter are quoted.

The special care which the Deity is gratuitously alleged to take of the lily, is assumed as a reason why each man should expect a like care to be taken of him; yet, we have high authority for drawing the opposite conclusion. Agreeably to the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "Man cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he flourisheth as it were a shadow." Here we have the real truth, that no special care is taken of either the lily or of man, *individually*. Notoriously a flower may be destroyed by being eaten or trodden on, by drought, by rain, wind and other contingencies. Yet in the quotation vauntingly made to throw mine in the shade, the author draws the inference that since beautiful flowers are created, each flower must be the object of the special care of the Deity, and so much care having been lavished in forming and preserving a flower, less can not have been taken in forming and preserving the maker of this pious sentimental commentary.

But how comes it that one of the Orthodox can thus draw from the case of the flower, the idea of divine care and superintendence, when as above suggested we have in the burial service of the orthodox Episcopal Church a moral of a directly opposite drift "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower." Of course according to this more correct view of the case the existence of floral beauty and thrift, is not such an object of the especial care with the Deity, as that it should encourage us to hope for a higher degree of consideration than we should expect if uninstructed by its fate.

It may be inferred from the following language of Matt. 30: 6, that however lilies are individually the object of God's special providence, it is otherwise with grass:

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Our pious friend will hardly build his hopes of God's especial care to pay his tailor's bills, upon the fate of the grass, whatever hopes may be founded on that of flowers.

In point of fact, as above stated the existence of the flower is ephemeral and precarious, liable at any moment to be trodden down, eaten, cut by the scythe, or torn up by the tempest. Narrowed by their Jewish affiliations, Christians forget the vastness of the universe, that there are a hundred millions of solar systems, that the inhabitants and planets must be almost infinite in number, so that to suppose that each individual is a special object of attention to the Deity, is unreasonable. According to the higher Spirits, God acts only by general laws; and our experience is, it seems to me, entirely in favor of that impression. Of species, and still more of genera, great care is taken through these laws; but of individuals none is taken.

specially. Persons whose lives are of the greatest importance to human welfare are taken away, while those who live only to do mischief remain. How many good people suffer from want, disease, blindness, lameness and deafness? How many others are born deaf and of course dumb? Both human beings and flowers are individually subject to contingencies, owing their precarious existence to general laws, and not to any particular care bestowed by the Deity.

Do we not diurnally see worthy individuals subjected to misery by disease, mutilation, dementation or want? Is there not an immense amount of unhappiness resulting from crime both to the criminal and the victim? It is remarkable that so much stress is laid upon divine assistance by many whose practice is directly opposed to the theory—who act as if their arduous exertions were indispensable to their pecuniary welfare? Is there anything more prolific of fanatical fallacious canting than this idea, that each lily, each sparrow, and each human mortal are specially cared for by Jehovah?

This idea of special providence would involve that by the same Deity by whom Christ was crucified to make people Christians, Mahomet was sent to slaughter them for not becoming Mahomedans!

OF TAYLOR'S DIEGESIS.

It is alleged by F. J. B. that I have made *honorable* mention of the writings of the Rev. Robert Taylor. I have done no more than copy certain quotations made by him, from other authors, and claiming in his favor, the arguments advanced by the orthodox Mr. Mahan, in support of the sincerity of those who have been willing to suffer for their opinions. If this be good reasoning in favor of Christian martyrs, it should avail for others. However, I fully believe that from a conscientious adoption of opinions adverse to the authenticity of Scriptures, this clergyman abandoned his prospects of preferment in the Church of England. At one time, actuated by the pain which his anti-scriptural opinions occasioned in a beloved mother, he consented to be silent, but was induced subsequently to resume his previous course.

His facts and reasoning prove him to have been a man of great learning and excellent reasoning power. *His opinions were the cause of his persecution, not the effect of it*; and though he was stimulated to write resentfully and tauntingly, the language which he employed was more consistent with the precepts of Christianity, truth and good temper, than that of his orthodox assailant, the Rev. Pye Smith.

It is incorrect in F. J. B. to represent me as using Taylor as authority, any farther than that I have quite as much reliance on his veracity as I have on that of St. Paul, who says, "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" Rom. 3:7.

ON HELL, AS DESCRIBED BY JOSEPHUS AND THE GOSPEL, AND SANCTIONED BY THE REV. MR. HARBAUGH.

Prior to my conversion to Spiritualism, my position differed from that of F. J. B. and other sectarians in this, that although I thought the opinions of all existing sects erroneous, I did not assume that I was myself right. Hence the sentiments expressed in the following couplets:

"Is there a theme more highly fraught
With matter for our serious thought,
Than this reflection sad:
That millions err in different ways,
Yet each their own impressions praise,
Deeming all others bad?
To man, it seem-, no standard's given,
No scale of Truth hangs down from Heaven,
Opinion to assay.
Yet called upon to act and think,
How am I then to shun the brink,
O'er which so many stray?"

To an amiable clergyman to whom I opened my heart, I said, "I ardently wish I knew as well what is true, as I can perceive what is false in religion. The initials F. J. B. do not give the author of the communications under that signature any higher pretensions than an anonymous writer. Under these circumstances it is unreasonable that he should claim for his allegations an authority sufficient to put down those of the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, minister of the German Reformed Church, at Lancaster, from whose work upon the whereabouts of heaven, I quoted in my work the account of Josephus.

I will here quote the commendatory language of Dr. Harbaugh, and leave one worshiper of the Bible to settle accounts

with the other. Treating of the description given by Josephus, Mr. Harbaugh expresses the following opinions:

"This extract is exceedingly interesting. It shows to what extent of distinctness the Jewish ideas of the future state had attained. The dream-like under world is here considerably illuminated. The righteous and the wicked are separated, and already share the first fruits of their eternal reward. The righteous are surrounded with intimations and shadowy promises of better things to come, in the expectation of which they are already happy; the wicked are surrounded with tokens and forebodings of more fearful ill, much of which they already suffer in awful expectation.

The history of Lazarus and the rich man, (says Harbaugh, page 109,) plainly teaches that both the righteous and the wicked on death pass into a fixed and eternal abode, where no change is possible; and he further states, pp. 169-70, that "the misery of the wicked commences immediately after death, and before the resurrection, and their condition is unchangeably fixed."

There is a perfect harmony between the hell described by Josephus, and the representation of it by Christ. The rich man tortured in hell-fire—Abraham and Lazarus on the other side of the burning lake. The idea that Lazarus should be in "Abraham's bosom," as mentioned in the Gospel, is explained by the fact mentioned by Josephus, that the place appropriated to the *good* was designated by that appellation. If Christ is to be considered as the Son of God, or even as his vicegerent, how can this representation of hell be set aside?

But F. J. B. will not only have to settle with Mr. Harbaugh, but also with the Catholics, and Calvinists, if not with the Protestant Episcopal Church; neither of whom have ever relinquished the idea of eternal punishment by fire.

We are expressly told that the goats are to be subjected "to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels." "Whoever calls his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire." Then, as respects heaven, his disciples are to be rewarded with nothing better than judgeships. The poverty of the expectations of his disciples is shown by their desertion of him, instead of being willing to die simultaneously. Peter denied him three times. I doubt if any sincere Spiritualist would value his life sufficiently to act in a manner so recreant.

Original.

A SABBATH DAY IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

"I love to muse when none are nigh,
Where the wild-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds with the softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy graves."

Rising on a beautiful Sabbath morning in the lovely month of June, after having spent the preceding tedious winter closely confined in the great city, and feeling a longing for the green hills and open country, my thoughts drew me away to the inviting and far-famed Greenwood Cemetery. Thither I wended my way—lone and lonely I entered the sacred inclosure. The contrast between it and the teeming city moved my impulsive nature to melancholy reflections. In that pale city of the dead more than forty thousand were silently reposing. Hearts that were wont to throb with anxious care in all the varied moods of nature, were still in death. Ambition, pride, vanity and toil, had here found rest, "Fame's proud temple" shone not afar from any of these.

The Christian Sabbath relieves from labor and awakens thoughts beyond the tomb. Early education hangs upon the memory, and recalls impressions made by fond parents at the dawning of reason. The hope of immortality dispels the gloom of death, and sustains the sinking heart when all of earth is fading away. The nursery, the bridal altar and the tomb, are important epochs in the history of man. Existence is an *experiment* instituted without our knowledge or consent. Happy if we are able to grow old *wisely*, and descend to the tomb with the memory of a well-spent life.

Greenwood Cemetery, which encloses some three hundred acres, is situated on Long Island, three miles south of Fulton Ferry, in Brooklyn. It is approached by railroad frequently every day, except Sundays. It is the most beautiful by nature, and the most richly decorated by art, of any place of the kind, perhaps, in the world. No expense seems to have been spared in adorning the grounds in every possible way. Trees, shrubbery and flowers commingle with elegantly finished monuments, tombs and vaults. Birds sing in the waving foliage; the winds of Heaven whisper in solemn tones through the wild woody dells and over the sylvan plains. The tones of the distant church bell's strike the ear with peculiar melody, awakening harmonious feelings and reverential adoration, calculated to

improve the heart and expand the affections beyond earth's contracted span, into the illimitable and spiritual, reviving that most important of all queries, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"O Tombs! what virtues are yours! You appall the tyrant's heart, and poison with secret alarm his impious joys; he dies with coward step your incorruptible aspect, and erects afar his throne of insolence. Aware that all must return to you, the wise man loadeth not himself with the burdens of grandeur and of useless wealth; he restrains his desires within the limits of justice; yet knowing that he must run his destined course of life, he fills with employment all its hours, and enjoys the comforts that fortune has allotted him. You thus impose a salutary rein! You calm the feverish enjoyment which disturbs the senses; you free the soul from the fatiguing conflict of the passions—elevate it above the paltry interests which torment the crowd; and surveying from your commanding position the expanse of ages and nations, the mind is only accessible to the great affection, to the solid ideas of virtue and of glory. Ah! when the dream of life is over, what will then avail all its agitations, if not one trace of utility remains behind?"

The expanse of ages passed in review before me. Men of distinguished renown in every land and age, were portrayed upon my mental vision. Their deeds, which rendered their names immortal, connected with the progress of our race, were daguerreotyped upon my senses. But how few of all the myriads who have existed on our earth, have left a mark on the time tables of the ages! The unknown and long-forgotten names of countless millions, were, in their day and generation, the bases of the world's progress, and contributed in their aggregate to the undying relics which have come down to us, represented only by the few who speak from the dim distant past. Hence, although humble in position, capacity and circumstances, it were philosophical to feel more than a mere cypher in the developments of the civilization and achievements of the present day, and to contemplate upon existing conventional customs and thoughts with the satisfaction of essential utility.

The enormous display of costly sepulchral monuments, combined with the unequalled natural arrangement in Greenwood, strikes the humble and thoughtful observer with the vast distinction, even in death, which wealth, art and genius enforce among our race. Here also, as in buoyant and thoughtless life, amid vanity and show, in gilded saloons of pleasure, the body, which perishes, is more adorned than the deathless mind. Yet with all the inimitable beauties, varieties and attractions, materially, which nature and art have combined to render lovely and solemn this place of graves, there is a terror lurking in it all. The "grim messenger" sounds the alarm in "a still small voice," which admonishes us that we too must die. The law is imperious; it knows no exception. All are doomed, sooner or later, to taste the cup of mortality.

"Princes! this clay must be your bed
In spite of all your tower-;
The tall, the wise and reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

But the question, "If a man die, shall he live again," comprehends in its truthful answer more than all the works of nature and art, since man began to combine them for utility and ornament. The corroding tooth of time demolishes the works of ages. Dissolution everywhere pertains to physical structures, and man himself decays and passes away. Then, if no immortality perpetuates his spirit forever, a most miserable and lamentable failure is he! Hence the transcendent greatness of the immortal hope. Can it be demonstrated and made the living faith of the world?

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The great Temple of Nature under all the bending heavens, here hath her teachers, holding forth in the original tongue, without interpolation or mistranslation. No sectarian prejudice or fanatical zeal disturbs the listening soul. Truthful impressions, "the same yesterday, to day, and forever," fill the mind with rational consolation. Even death, with its all forebodings and imagined terrors, loses its fearful reality.

Nature, ever true to herself, teaches us at all times, and under all circumstances, that her laws are beneficent—that

death is as natural as birth, and necessary to the continued and harmonious development of the universe. All things else that live must die as well as man. No partiality has been discovered. Equality and justice constitute the law that is strictly enforced before us. Submission without a murmur can be accepted. When immortal thoughts are suggested in the renovation and decay, the composition and decomposition around us, indicating that man, too, shall rise in spiritual consciousness beyond his physical mortality—that he shall live again in fairer lands amid more blissful realities than any known on the shores of time.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

We instinctively shrink from death, and cling to life while Hope lives to cheer us on. We also mourn the loss of friends by the same natural law, and build monuments, adorn tombs, and decorate cemeteries. But we do not so readily obey the monitions of reason relative to the cause and rational cure of disease and premature death. How many of the forty thousand here interred fill untimely graves! How many lived to "three score and ten!" Very few indeed! Do the living reflect upon these things, and profit by their teachings? Are the laws of life studied and obeyed more now than ages ago? Such men as Graham, Combe, Alcott, Trall, etc., have demonstrated in their works on physiology, the causes and preventives of sickness and premature death. But how few feel any interest in knowing the natural laws of man, either physically or intellectually?

Mankind are generally more careful to gain knowledge upon all other subjects, than about themselves. The laws of nature that pertain to suns, planets, air, water, minerals, vegetables and beasts, are studied for pleasure and profit; and not to know something of these sciences, is considered disgraceful. But the more ignorant we can be of the laws of God in man, and the less we regard the existence of such laws, the more self-complacent we feel. A false gentility disdains to think of physiological reform. Hence those who attempt to teach nature's code as applicable to the promotion of health, happiness, and length of days, are too often frowned upon by the influential, as well as by the obscure and simple. But graveyards, so rapidly filling up, demonstrate that human beings do not live out half their days. The shortness of life, and the frequency of death, are attributed to a "wise and mysterious Providence." The laws of life having been ignored, no faith obtains in that physiological truth, that

"Our remedies often in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven."

But the world moves, and we may yet hope for man on earth. Progress leads the van, and beckons us on to possess the promised haven. Greenwood stands out in bold relief, exhibiting an extraordinary attainment in the fine arts and social affections. Refined taste and artistic skill everywhere attract the admiration of the visitor. The love of friends perpetuated in marble, expressive of sorrow in endless forms, presents itself at every turn. Like "words fitly spoken, they are apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"Ah! Sacred Friendship, herald of Peace, all hail!
Refulgent ray, offspring of love and truth,
Twin-born with sweet affection, source of bliss,
Composed of purity and excellence,
Ethereal brightness, choicest gift of heaven!
Thy blissful mansion is the heart of truth;
Thy converse is the soul of tenderness.
Beyond the limit of this world thy power;
Thou'rt all in all combined, and in that all
Description dies!"

JAMES FLAGLER.

PHANTOM TRAIN.—We understand, says the *Staunton (Va.) Spectator*, that numbers of our own citizens and persons living in the country on the line of the railroad, have been considerably mystified and no little alarmed by a singular fact recently noticed on repeated occasions. Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock at night, the approach of a train of cars has been plainly heard, the shriek of the whistle and the rumble of the train increasing in distinctness until the cars reached the *dépôt* and stopped. Persons have gone to the *dépôt* to find out the cause of an arrival at so unusual an hour, and when they got there, found no train! The *dépôt* agents say that no train is on the road at that hour of the night, and yet the approach of one is audibly and unmistakably heralded by the rumbling, and its arrival announced by the whistle.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW WORCESTER, MASS., July 24, 1856.

WITHIN a few days I have visited several places in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and having a leisure hour at this stage of our journey, I propose to occupy the time in an attempt to tickle the reader's mind with the straws I have gathered by the way. For the success of this effort I shall depend on the susceptibility of those who are to be interested rather than on my own capacity to furnish the necessary elements for an intellectual entertainment adapted to the warm season, when most people are indisposed to severe mental as well as physical effort. The reader is of course requested to make up by a suitable frame of mind whatever may be lacking on the part of the writer, either in personal skill, or the resources at his command.

On Saturday evening, 12th instant, I visited Winsted, and lectured in Camp's Hall, to an intelligent audience. More than three years had elapsed since the writer of this had occasion to disturb the elements of hereditary faith and popular superstition and skepticism in that place. But the angels had not omitted to move the waters occasionally, and as often as they did so, it came to pass that some blind skeptic, or sickly saint, had his eyes opened, or was strengthened "with might in the inner man." The opposition, which was extremely feeble at first, has been growing more so, as rapidly as time and the absence of the life-principle at its heart could hasten the process of dissolution; just now it seems to me to be afflicted with a species of the "dry rot." In fact it never did depend on vital principles. On the contrary, such principles act as decomposing agents on all dead bodies. Three elements existed at the foundation of the opposition in Winsted, and the same have been visibly illustrated in its determined antagonism to the truth everywhere. These are, First, a total want of faith in the inherent immortality of man; * Second, an undisguised contempt for human testimony until the witnesses are dead and buried; and, Third, a morbid apprehension that the world has been given over to the dominion of Evil Spirits. Its creed may be comprehensively embraced in three brief propositions, thus: 1. There is no Spirit World or immortal life; 2. All human testimony respecting the personal experiences of men in these days, is utterly worthless; 3. The devil rules the world and is the chief source of modern inspiration. This was the veritable *gourd* that grew out of an infernal soil and perished where it grew, leaving the theological *Jonahs* of this age silent and looking solemnly because their *gourd* is withered, whilst life and the world are deriving new strength and immortal freshness from a recent infusion of the Spirit.

Here as elsewhere the opposition displays its weakness by denouncing Spiritualism on the ground that it has some unworthy disciples. Not long since it discovered that one Spiritualist in this region had *done wrong*, and ever since the discovery was made that man has been pointed at as the appropriate representative of the cause, and his conduct is referred to as the only suitable illustration of its principles and tendencies. True, the wrong was not done in the name nor with the sanction of Spiritualism. It was never indorsed by any one of the numerous believers residing in that neighborhood; nor has any one attempted to show that the nature of the transaction was at all compatible with the essential principles and ethical requirements of the spiritual philosophy. Nevertheless, according to the loose logic of our opposers, if our professed friend has com-

*In Winsted this element in the character of the opposition was more especially illustrated some time since by the *Adventists* who planted their *gourd* in that town, and taking shelter under the vine waited to see the world consumed. They waited long and patiently; but for some reason—perhaps it was not well seasoned—the world would not burn, and to increase their afflictions the *gourd* withered, leaving them exposed to the clear light which has already demonstrated the error and absurdity of their fundamental ideas.

mitted an unworthy deed, Spiritualism must be false in fact and pernicious in its influence. What would become of Christianity if it were to be tried before such a tribunal? Judas was "one of the twelve," and among the saints of all ages and countries the character has been duplicated so often that we have doubtless at least one Judas for every twelve, both of the ancient and modern disciples. Let our religious teachers insist that Christianity is a divinely originated and perfect system. It will be perceived that whether it be right and proper for *sectarian bulls* to run at large and push with their horns so as to gore the truth and sound morality, altogether depends on who owns the animals.

We are inclined to feel complimented when such exalted perfection is naturally expected of Spiritualists; but there is something that looks like a withering sarcasm in the common presumption that the members of *sectarian churches* may commit more numerous and aggravated offenses without occasion, *ing any great surprise among the people.* It will hardly be denied that men are accustomed to notice the extraordinary circumstances of life and the unusual events in human history, while others, of daily occurrence, pass without observation. No one can find time to notice the wanderings of an ordinary saint where so many make a mistake and "fall from grace." Is it for this reason that the obliquities of sectarians are little thought of, at the same time that the waywardness of a single Spiritualist is heralded throughout the country? On this point there may be different opinions, but it is well known that whenever a Spiritualist is found out of his moral orbit, the papers notice the fact; we hear of the circumstance wherever we go, and the people wonder as if a star had literally fallen from heaven.

On Sunday morning, 13th instant, the writer addressed a large assembly convened in the Hall at the East Village of Winsted. It was a glorious morning! The dust had been recently laid by showers, and the atmosphere was clear and bracing. The birds sang their morning songs near the windows; the winds breathed gently among the tuncful boughs, on the adjacent hill sides; and the low melodies of the waters

"On bubbling keys were played,"

All things were musical, and there was inspiration in the very air we breathed. On that occasion the soul answered the voices of Nature, which were all the while sounding in the speaker's ear, in an extemporaneous lecture on Life, Death and Immortality, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery. The audience manifested a deep interest in the theme, and at the conclusion of this prolonged effort seemed unwilling to leave the place.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday I left Winsted in a private carriage, in company with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Moore, for New Hartford, where I was expected to speak in the evening. The village is beautifully situated on both sides of a clear running stream, known as the Farmington river. We found an agreeable resting place and cordial friends at the residence of Mr. Williams, where I was politely entertained, for the most part, during my stay in New Hartford. On reaching the Hall in the evening, we found it crowded. The heat was oppressive, but the people listened in profound silence to a lengthy lecture, and manifested but slight indications of weariness at the close. At the solicitation of the friends I continued the discussion of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism on Monday and Tuesday evenings, (14th and 15th,) before attentive audiences, composed of persons who seemed willing to listen and anxious to comprehend the new proofs of their immortality.

While in New Hartford, the writer had occasion to visit Mr. Jesse Dutton, whose estimable lady is well known in this region as a medium for intercourse with Spirits. Mr. Dutton resides about two miles from the beautiful village of New Hartford, and within the township of Barkhamstead. During our interview Mr. D. related a case of spiritual visitation which may be of interest to the reader. While absent from home on a visit near Janesville, Wis., in October last, he received a letter from Mrs. Dutton, announcing the death of Amasa Mallory of Barkhamstead, which had occurred but a few days before. Knowing that a son of the deceased was living in the immediate neighborhood of Janesville, Mr. D. lost no time in calling on him, partially with a view of communicating this intelligence. Mr. Dutton inquired whether Mr. Mallory had recent information from Connecticut, and was answered in the affirmative—

M. declaring at the same time that his father was dead. "You have received a letter, then?" said Mr. Dutton, inquiringly. "No," said M., "but Mr. Higley told me," (referring to an elderly man who formerly lived in Winsted, Connecticut, but deceased some fifteen or twenty years since.) Mr. Dutton desired to know how it was that the departed Higley had disclosed this fact. "Why," said the other, "he (the Spirit) appeared to me and imparted the information." Mr. Mallory also remarked in substance that the Spirit showed him many things about the old homestead, which he saw as plainly as if he had been transported to the spot. Mrs. Mallory then remarked that her husband had informed her of the fact of his father's decease on the preceding day, which was before Mr. Dutton had received his letter from the Post-office. It is not at all unusual for the family to receive intelligence respecting their distant friends in some similar way.

I have long since heard of Barkhamstead Lighthouse, but first learned its history whilst visiting at the house of Mr. Dutton. A brief account of the same may interest the curious reader, and still further diversify the contents of this letter. James Caugham, a Narragansett Indian, had a tender attachment for a beautiful squaw of his tribe, who derided his claims to her heart. The brave could not win the dark beauty, and he would not remain to witness her scorn. Accordingly, he left the haunts of his childhood and went to Connecticut, where he secretly wooed and wedded a pale maiden, who fearing the displeasure of her parents left her home and followed her swarthy companion to Barkhamstead—then an unbroken wilderness—where they built a hut on the east bank of a mountain stream, known to the Indians as the Tunxis. Here they lived happily together for eleven years, when the exiled Narragansett died, leaving his blood in the veins of two sons and six daughters, who manifested a disposition to adopt the habits of civilized life. One of the daughters married a white man named William Wilson, and thereupon assumed the costume of her white sisters. Wilson built a log house the imperfect mechanism of which secured the important end of thorough ventilation. In the year eighteen hundred a public road was opened from Hartford to Albany which ran directly in front of Wilson's cabin. The light of Wilson's fire shone out through the creviced walls of his humble dwelling, and was seen for several miles around, and until a late hour in the night. On this account it became widely known as Barkhamstead Lighthouse, of which the reader may have heard even in the remotest part of the continent. The last of the Narragansetts still lives in the Lighthouse at the foot of the hill above Pleasant Valley,

Where the waters of Tunxis dance by the hill side,
As they danced for poor Caugham and his pale-faced bride.
S. B. B.

SPIRITUALIST PIC-NIC.

On Tuesday of last week (July 22) the Spiritualists of New York and vicinity enjoyed a grand pic-nic at St. Ronan's Well, a beautiful grove near Flushing, L. I. The friends proceeded to the ground in three several companies at eight o'clock, ten o'clock, and one o'clock, by the steamboat *Island City*, from Fulton Market, and the Flushing Railroad from Hunter's Point. When the company had all collected, they numbered some seven or eight hundred. The day was pleasant though somewhat warm, and everything external seemed tributary to the highest amount of social and rational enjoyment, except the presence of an army of uninvited and unwelcome guests yeelped mosquitoes, and whose numbers might have been abated by several millions without causing their absence to be seriously deplored.

A fine band of music, whose trills and cadenzas were measured by the trippings of the "light fantastic toe," contributed to the enjoyment of the younger and more hilarious portions of the company, a spacious and airy dancing hall, with well-sanded floor, being employed for the occasion. As an established appurtenance of the grove, swings were suspended to the trees here and there, on which the ladies and children practiced gymnastic exercises to their heart's content.

After the contents of the baskets had been disgorged upon the various tables and upon the green sward, and disposed of according to the dictates of sharpened appetites, a large circle was formed under the thick shade of a cluster of oaks, and after singing and a little preliminary speechification, mainly by Dr. Benton, Prof. FOWLER, of the law school at Poughkeepsie,

being called on by the audience, delivered an eloquent and spirit-stirring address. We can give no idea of either the matter or manner of his discourse in this brief sketch; but those who listened to the discourse pronounced by the same speaker at the Spiritualist's pic-nic a year ago in the woods at West Flushing, may readily conceive of the richness of the treat which the Professor gave us on this occasion. Then followed addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Ira B. Davis and others, after which the meeting assumed a more promiscuous and less orderly form, and speeches were continued at intervals to a late hour, by various individuals who spoke more or less under Spirit influence, and who were listened to by an audience continually fluctuating as the attention of individuals became arrested, or their patience exhausted.

We heard of two or three instances in which, during the day, physical suffering was very mysteriously and suddenly removed by the manipulations of a medium, we believe Dr. Fellows; but we have not obtained the definite particulars of the cases.

While the mediums were speaking in the general circle, an incident occurred in the vicinity concerning which the reporters of two of the daily papers have made themselves merry with exaggerated descriptions. As it has been thus publicly alluded to, the unvarnished facts in the case might as well be made known. While the writer of this was engaged in conversation with a friend, a young lady, a medium, (Miss D. of Williamsburgh) approached him, being evidently under a spiritual influence, and asked, "Mr. —, are you not engaged in preparing an article on some particular subject?" We answered that we had the outlines of many articles in our mind, but that we were not then elaborating any one in particular. She said that as she approached me the words were put into her mind, "*That article, that article*," and that these words seemed to relate to some particular article which I was writing, or was to write, and which the Spirit impressed her would be of importance. She added, in substance, that this impression was the more remarkable as she had not been subject to a spiritual influence within a year before, and that she was almost a total stranger to me, never having previously met me but once. She then said she was impressed that the article referred to would be suggested by, or in some way grow out of, something which had taken place on that ground. I then remembered that less than an hour before, a friend had placed in my hand a letter from a clergyman in Philadelphia, in which he requested me to write an article on a certain deeply important subject. I placed this letter, unopened, in her hand, and without mentioning its contents, asked her (or the Spirit) if there was anything in that which related to the article she was impressed I should write. The moment she took the letter in her hand, her arm became convulsed as by a strong current from a galvanic battery, and she exclaimed, "*That is it! that is it!*" I then stated that the writer of the letter requested me to prepare an article on a particular subject, when she became still more agitated and exclaimed, "You must do it, you must do it, and you must write it soon or never." As she pronounced the word "never," she cast the letter upon the ground and placed her foot upon it with some degree of violence. She did not, however, stamp, contort her countenance and act with the ridiculous violence described by the reporters, nor did she become exhausted, nor was she supported by the bystanders, as the *Times* caricaturist represents. The degree of violence manifested in her gesticulations we are satisfied was altogether involuntary, and the coincidence of her impression with the contents of our letter, together with all the other circumstances of the case, we consider somewhat remarkable, and clearly indicating that she was prompted by a spiritual intelligence, whatever the degree of reliability or the ultimate result of her communication may be.

In rebutting other insinuations of reporters, we are also impelled to say that nothing, to our knowledge, took place on those grounds that day to which the most fastidious sense of propriety might have taken the least exception. We regret, however, that a more orderly arrangement was not made as to the public speaking; and we hope that at the next spiritual pic-nic that part of the exercises will not be so much abandoned to the capricious impulses of undeveloped mediums, and whose performances, while they fail to edify believers, never fail to excite the ridicule of skeptics who can neither understand nor appreciate the influences under which they act.

LETTER FROM MR. PARTRIDGE.

In pursuance of our contemplated journey, we took the steamboat *Boy State* from New York, to Stonington, Monday afternoon, the 21st instant. Persons who travel for pleasure and comfort will, I think, find this line the most desirable one between New York and Boston.

We were gratified to meet on the boat our distinguished minister, whose preaching we for many years listened to, previous to 1840, in Boston. The subject of his ministry, and ours, formed an important part of our conversation. It is a part of his profession to be liberal toward all phases and classes of Christians, and I was pleased to find that his profession was in a good degree made practical in his life and conversation. He said, substantially, that he had not had so good an opportunity as he desired of investigating the spiritual phenomena, but that he had read statements of facts, and their significance to those who had witnessed them, and he observed nothing in them to object to, except the occasional errors which pertain alike to ancient and modern Spiritualism, and show the fallibility of men and angels in all ages of the world. He said, comparatively very few persons in the denomination of Christians to which he belonged are inimical to the claims of modern Spiritualism. They were rather waiting for further light, and hoping its claims would be fully demonstrated. He observed that if Spirits did communicate with mortals in ancient times, as he fully believed, and for some two score years had labored earnestly to make others believe they did, he did not see any reason why similar intercourse should not occur at this time. He said the general information respecting the Spirit-world in this modern intercourse, corresponded substantially with the views he had formed of it from reading the accounts given of it in the Bible. He had always held, and so preached, that the Spirit-world was as favorable to individual progress at least as the world we now live in, and that progress there as here, very much depended on individual endeavor. As consequent upon this idea, he had observed that the Spirits very generally taught another idea which he had gathered from the Bible under the light of science, viz.: That each individual forms a sphere or state of himself, and that probably no two are precisely alike in their moral and intellectual states; and finally, said he, I think the general tone of modern spiritual teachings corresponds with those recorded in the Bible, and this to him formed one of the strongest evidences that the claims of the phenomena to a spiritual origin are true. It was highly gratifying to us to find this esteemed friend and pastor so thoroughly indoctrinated with the great principles and facts evolved through modern spiritual manifestations.

In Fitchburgh, Mass., we met another clergyman of our acquaintance, belonging to another denomination of Christians, who has served about the same length of time with the one we have above spoken of, in what he supposes is the cause of Christ. I informed him that Mr. Brittan and myself had engaged to speak in the town on Thursday evening, the 24th instant, and invited him to be present, and also his people. He accepted the invitation (probably for acquaintance' sake,) but expressed himself terribly afraid that modern Spiritualism would undermine and break up his church, and mentioned several of his members who had recently become believers, and others of them who were mediums. I endeavored to console him by saying that all Christians ought to desire that truth should prevail even if they had to modify their opinions; and since Christianity is based on spiritual manifestations, we ought to have no fear from its phenomenal demonstration in this age of the world. So far as he had learned the teachings of Spirits from reports, (having never witnessed any manifestations, or had any communications) he thought these Spirits were infidel in their teachings; they did not teach men that they are totally depraved and eternally damned unless saved by a new birth and faith; that an innocent person had been made to suffer, and was finally murdered by just such skeptics as to spiritual intercourse as we now daily meet, to appease God's wrath for making us such miserable sinners, etc. I had to observe, that if his church was built on wood, hay or stubble, his fears were well-grounded, for I believed the fire of these living spiritual truths would try every man's work, and burn up all such combustible materials.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Friday Evening, July 25.—Mr. Brittan and I spoke in Fitchburgh last evening. We go to Templeton and speak there to-night and Sunday. Early next week I shall be in Boston. C. P.

J. B. FERGUSON.

Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., who upward of two years ago became convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, and fearlessly proclaimed his convictions to his congregation, and who until recently has been preaching his new doctrine in the same church which he occupied previous to his change of views, has relinquished his church to a party of his former congregation who could not accept his new faith. A printed copy of Mr. F.'s discourse pronounced on the occasion of the surrendering of his meeting house, is before us, bearing the title of "*Moral Freedom, the emblem of God in divinity and life. A discourse delivered in voluntary surrendering the house of worship built for his (Mr. F.'s) use, to its doctrinal claimants, when their claim could not be legally sustained, and when not authoritatively demanded.*" Though we believe that Mr. Ferguson has been the instrument of much good in Nashville and the surrounding country, we trust he will now find a still more extensive and prolific field of labor. We submit the following extracts from his discourse:

How do we give up this house? We hold it in uninterrupted possession. There is no force in existing circumstances or conditions that compels me to *abandon it at all*. I give it up from a consciousness of duty to myself and my God; to the highest hopes and best interests of a common good. Nor do we do this from a consciousness or desire to evade any responsibility, or to retract or abridge one thought that has been uttered, or one principle that has enforced its conviction. No! It is to widen the sphere of human action and impede the misty depths of problematical error, that we desire to look more freely in the sunlight of heaven, and inhale the genial odors of thought, from the perennial fountains of ever-streaming destiny. No man can do this and prove a traitor to his soul. He must believe in a God whose destiny is in and over all; otherwise, a hope for his own soul is absorbed in the mighty vortex of oblivious hate, that swells like the depths of eternal wrong, to crush an impulse that breathes for God's mighty throng.

My field of usefulness may be for a time transitory; but know, my true and trusting friends, that whether here or elsewhere, we desire ever to be admonished of that knowledge whose treasures are immortal. I feel it to be undying as the glory of God, which wreathes the brow of every true victor over wrong. I would ever cultivate a consciousness of duty in which to live and die not. The change that must now necessarily follow, it is not in my power to measure. Its extent is in the hands of that Providence that has so signally guarded us here. I have no localized idea of happiness. I once had; but it is forever gone. Neither progress nor success can be localized for the soul. For the future my labors shall be for the world, not for one man or one condition; but for all men. As bread cast upon God's great waters, I leave what has been sown here to be gathered after many days. It may be when my children's heads are silvered over with age, and the ceaseless beatings of Time's great infinite pulse shall sink to rest to renew its kindred affinities of power with God above. Men are apt to think or measure their condition, their end, by the capabilities of thought that encircle some specific guardian of power. But this is wrong. We are co-workers of God. He is vast, infinite and his fulness dwelleth in us, and we in him, as we partake of its infinite presence and power, displaying those Godlike attributes that are in harmony with his divine character. God has led us along as a father leadeth his children to behold the richness and fulness of his mercy. We should be true to his parental care, and ever associate a reaction from wrong in conformity to his will and desire. This unfolds a heaven, and the mingled joys of life that swell in anthems loud to proclaim his ineffable majesty.

A Triple Dream Verified.

A MEMBER of the Texas Legislature, now in session, sends us an article clipped from the *State Times*, Austin, Tex., from which we make the following extract. Our friend suggests, very properly and truthfully, we think, that the production of the thrice-repeated dream by means of which the life of Mr. Wilbarger was saved, can be accounted for only by supposing that there was action of some supermundane intelligence on the mind of the dreamer. Speaking of Mr. Wilbarger, the article says:

In connection with him a circumstance which has long since found its way into the public prints may be incidentally mentioned. In 1834, we believe it was, his father and four others were surprised by a party of Indians, while encamped about three miles east of Austin. Two were killed—Haynie and King escaped and went into Bastrop, and Mr. Wilbarger was shot twice and scalped. Mrs. Hornsby, the wife of Renben Hornsby who lives on the Colorado, eight miles below Austin, had a remarkably vivid dream, in which the events above recited were placed before her mind's eye with an appearance of reality truly appalling. She awoke her husband and insisted he should go at once, arouse the settlers and carry relief to Mr. Wilbarger, stating that he was wounded and scalped and lying at a certain water-hole. Mr. Hornsby attached no importance to the dream and went to sleep. Mrs. Hornsby aroused him the second time and recounted the same vision. He again declined, treating the thing as the result of a perturbed imagination. But Mrs. Hornsby had scarcely fallen asleep until the horrible scene

again presented itself in all the hideousness imaginary deeds, death and suffering can assume. Her woman's nature was excited to the utmost pitch; she felt as if she had been made the medium of a communication from some higher Power sounding the note of alarm, and calling the border warriors to the rescue of a wounded brother. She would listen to no denial—her earnestness—her importunities silenced all evasive and removed all doubts. Her husband, struck with the strangeness of the matter, and impressed, no doubt, with some of the fervor of his wife's feelings, left his bed and proceeded at once to inform his neighbors of the extraordinary vision. They were prompt to respond to a call apparently emanating from a supernatural source. The note of preparation was heard through the remainder of the night, and on the morning thirty men, commanded by Gen. Ed. Burleson, were ready to move. Mrs. Hornsby insisted they should take something to cover Mr. Wilbarger, as he had been stripped. The description of the place was so full and minute, that the General had no difficulty in finding it. Mr. Wilbarger had been lying with his head in a water-hole and was discovered near it; the whole scalp had been removed, leaving a few hairs around the base of the skull. He was perfectly naked. The flies had deposited their eggs in the wound, and the worms in hundreds were reveling upon him and giving excruciating pain. The skull bone was perfectly white, smooth and dry; the integuments adhering after the removal of the scalp had been removed by the worms. Mr. Wilbarger was sent home, and the party pursued the Indians beyond the Gabriel Nob, without being able to overtake them. The wounds of Mr. Wilbarger healed with the exception of a small point on the crown of the head. Ultimately the newly formed flesh fell down about his ears, and sloughed away. This process of healing and sloughing continued until his death, which happened in 1845. These particulars were given by Capt. Bartlett Sims, and J. R. Pace, Esq.

Interesting Spiritual Experiences.

UNDER this head we published last week, an article from Mrs. E. C. B., of Scipio, Seneca county, O., in which she relates some interesting spiritual experiences with a design to elicit an answer to the question, whether she is or is not a Spiritualist. The following supplementary article was forwarded with the previous one, but was unavoidably crowded out last week. If she will allow us to answer her question, we will say emphatically, "Yes, you are a Spiritualist, or at least ought to be after the experiences you relate." We will suggest, however, that much of her experience was probably allegorical, and especially that which relates to the passing away of the (spiritual) atmosphere, and the consequent changes in the aspects of the (spiritual) luminaries:

A VISIT FROM SPIRITS.

One day I had been exceedingly burdened; I felt as if I should sink into a state of despair; but just at eve my burdens passed away. I felt that we ought to have music and dancing. Light, life, and joy took possession of me for a little time. Then my mind was drawn into a state of partial unconsciousness, and this text was given me: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise; the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood; the stars shall fall down from heaven."

It was quite dark, but as I sat down in my own room for the evening, there was all around me a warm, rosy, vital atmosphere. It seemed to fill my room, and I felt that I could live and breathe for ever in it. My room was full of Spirits; I did not see them, but I was in rapport with the Spirit-world, and I felt sensibly their personality and individuality. From the elevated tone of their influence I was assured that they were a circle of Spirits from the higher sphere. I sat among them in timid silence, hoping in my heart that they had not come to inspire me with any new terror. But during these experiences every nerve and fiber of my being thrilled with an intense but quiet pleasure. The Spirits seemed to cast upon me robes of living light, and a crown of light was upon my head. I begged of the Spirits to remove them from me—I desired them not. The nature and import of these experiences I do not fully understand. I have them all alone. I have a few friends that listen to my story with sympathy and credence, but they can not fully understand my condition.

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Nay, worse; I feel like one drifted out upon an unknown sea alone in a bark, subject to the winds and waves only. Now and then I am cast upon an island of living and glowing beauty,

"Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness."

Anon I am drifting away upon the fitful sea, and know not where my haven lies.

The appearance of the atmosphere in my room seemed to be an explanation of the text I had received. I can not tell whether it was my own reasoning, or whether the explanation was given me. It was that our present atmosphere would pass away with a great noise, and that a new atmosphere like that in my room would envelop the earth; that in this new atmosphere the sun would shine dimly; that the moon would have a red appearance, and that the stars would be entirely invisible. There would be no need of the light of the sun, moon or stars; there would be sufficient radiance in this new atmosphere, without the aid of the sun, for all the purposes of life.

Such has been some of my actual experience under a new and strange influence; and, in conclusion, I would ask of those initiated into the merits of Spiritualism, Am I a Spiritualist?

E. C. B.

Original Communications.

SPIRITUALISM IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, July 2, 1856.

Gentlemen—Some five months ago, a letter from Mr. Henry Force, of Madison, Orange Co., Texas, appeared in the *Texasian*, giving an account of the singular apparition of a thick west, in a series of several respectable gentlemen and ladies, while the medium, Mrs. A. Z. Force, anticipating a communication from the Spirit-world, sat at the table in the attitude of writing. That section of Texas is rather isolated, and little known abroad. Lying between the Sabine and the Red, and watered by their numerous tributary streams, its soil is adapted to agricultural and nomadic uses, commensurate to the wants and ardent to the tastes of a peaceful and harmonious community, far outnumbering its present mixed and sparsely settled inhabitants. Do you not retire? Go to the green prairies, the shadowy groves, the broad woodlands of the interior. The climate is mild, and the simple but ample protection against its extremes, whether of heat or cold. The ground yields a liberal return to the hand that cultivates it; and a little labor without fatigue will supply all your wants. The incomes are fresh and exhilarating; the nights of summer delightfully cool; the magnolia, the cedar and the live oak furnish more grateful shade and richer perfume, than the wealth of the north can command. Vistas and arcades formed of woven vines and stately trees by the hand of Nature, invite to contemplation, to exercise, to study or to repose, "and all save the spirit of man, is divine."

Do you wish for solitude? The deep forest, the dense bottom, the broad river moving onward in silence to the ocean, are there to gratify your desire.

From the days of the buccaner to those of La Fille, this region, including the labyrinth of lakes, bayous and inlets, interspersed throughout the wide delta which borders the coast and extends far inland, was the scene of many a wild adventure, the land of the out-law, the smuggler and the pirate. The remains of hundreds of vessels in various stages of decay, may still be seen in the lagoons or on the margin of the islands, once occupied by hosts of desperate men, but now abandoned and solitary. The long cut grass waves over the bones of many a human victim; and if the wounded deer take refuge in its cover, the prowling hunter is sure of his prey, because the poor animal can not move without being cut and lacerated at every step, as with a knife, by its sharp saw-like edges.

In that portion of the above-described region where Mr. Force resides, Spiritualism was of spontaneous growth. Mrs. Force was unexpectedly acted upon by mysterious powers, and she became (at what precise date I am not informed) a medium of superior capacities.

A gentleman living about two miles from her dwelling, had a favorite servant, who was suffering under a severe rheumatic attack. He was in great pain, and unable to rise from his bed. One dark, stormy night in January last, (I think) she was aroused from slumber, under the influence of a strong impression, that she must get up immediately and go to her neighbor's. She awakened her husband, who at first tried to dissuade her, but in vain. The impression was imperative and could not be resisted, and he consented to accompany her. Travelling over a prairie through deep mud, and facing a violent wind with the rain falling in torrents, they reached the house of their neighbor an hour or more past midnight. At her request, she was conducted to the room of the negro. She found him in great agony, and immediately commenced making passes over him. She continued her manipulations at intervals, as directed by her impressions, and before morning the servant was restored to health. So complete, indeed, was the cure, that, at an early hour, he went to work as usual, and continued his labor without any relapse or inconvenience.

Other like examples might be related but for want of space. Her mediumship is not limited to the department of healing, and I send you some communications recently written in her hand.

(Under date of June 7, is the following addressed to J. H. C.)

"Dear Mortal Friend—You, as well as all others of your race, are now rearing for yourself a home in the world above. Spirits who have already made the change, can not carry you to any position in the land of Spirits, for fixed and immutable laws must be complied with. You will therefore go to the particular situation which your stage of progress demands. You will be permitted to visit the dark and dismal abodes of transgressors (of every society) of the natural and moral laws. Numbers of this class have been there for hundreds of years, still gratifying their evil propensities; but you will not remain long to witness such misery; for it is not congenial to your inmost soul, unless you could find an opportunity of benefiting some poor mistaken Spirit. You will then understand more fully the causes of such degradation, and will look yet further into the future, and be convinced, that even these poor sinful beings will yet arise, progress, and finally obey all the laws which have foundation from the Great Living Fountain of Love and Wisdom.

"Rejoicing in your present prospects, I will be ever near.

(Signed) "Your guardian Spirit, MARTHA."

On the evening of June 17, the following was given through her hand:

"Dear Friends—We will to-night, speak of the condition of other worlds. We may not tell anything altogether new, but all good Spirits can add their testimony. Your system of worlds is progressing and becoming more refined. The atmosphere also is becoming more suitable to the spiritual progress of your race.

"When earth's inhabitants shall have progressed still farther, they will have more perfect organizations—more love and wisdom. Then

new inventions, or rather, new applications of the agencies under their control, will be discovered by them. Then steam power will be dispensed with, and in its stead you will use electricity.

"Good night, dear friends."

Question—By one of the circle: Spirits say the earth is receding from the sun—what is the cause?

Answer—The attractions are growing weaker in that direction, and stronger in the opposite."

Q—Can Spirits divulge and suppress crime—if so, how long before they will do it?

A—They do now in many instances. We think probably in ten years it will be quite common. But mediumship is not properly established yet, so as to admit of an entire dependence on all communications. For you will know that evil spirits will communicate, and mortals can not always be guarded on that point; but as a general rule you have been taught to judge the Spirits by what they write.

"Good night, dear circle."

On the evening of June 20th, the following instructions (among others) were written through the medium:

"Our world is attended by a congress of Spirits, to teach and influence you when it is necessary or practicable. Of this congress the best and wisest of earth's inhabitants are members—also, some congenial Spirits of other worlds. Many Spirits have descended from their bright homes above to see you.

"Spirits have foretold much more than has been believed, even by Spiritualists. Time will prove all things. Spirits are very careful to tell nothing which can not be readily understood by mortals, lest their minds become disturbed. Do not allow yourselves to be so much excited by surrounding circumstances. Let Spiritualists take good cheer, for light is spreading in and over your own community, and we foresee some happy times.

"Mansions are also becoming inhabited, where, about a million of years ago, might could be discerned but gross matter.

"O, that we could tell you more of the Spirit's enjoyments after it becomes progressed even to the second sphere, but you yet understand many things daily. Good night."

June 24, from the Spirit of Martha Moore, to her friend, J. H. C.

"Dear Friend—Your spiritual friends are always near, but much—very much exists to repel them. Tendencies to evil predominate, and the gross electric spheres are numerous around many. These things you can not well understand now, but still, endeavor to accustom your mind to the great truths which are being gradually explained.

"You have often admired some of the choice flowers which enliven and beautify your sphere. Now, what is a flower? Nothing but earth refined or refined matter. Do you perceive this truth? In like manner your Spirit-body will be formed from the natural body. So we explain to mortals as well as we can, that the Spirit-body is a refined emanation from the earthly one, but as much more beautiful, as the rose is more beautiful than a clod of earth.

"Do not neglect to look beyond the Spirits to the Author of all created beings. Spirits of our sphere praise and adore our Great Creator. Trust everything to his wisdom for enabling you, through his messengers, to progress.

"Given in love that Spirits alone can appreciate.

(Signed)

"MARTHA MOORE."

It must be most cheering to those engaged in the great cause of progress to perceive that the truths and revelations of the *New Dispensation* are, through the agency of celestial messengers, without human missionaries, and in spite of ecclesiastical denunciations, becoming appreciated by the minds, and endeared to the hearts, of thousands in the commonwealth of life, "unknown to fame"—separated by distance—and each independently examining and deciding for himself. In stupid skepticism, how long will the learned bigot continue to ask, "What good has Spiritualism ever done?" In the face of multitudes, some have been raised by its power from beds of hopeless sickness; others from depths of despair, and yet others from depths of atheism, to not one of whom could all the prayers and preaching of the proud quarent, ever administer aught of consolation, relief or conviction.

EDENFEEZ ALLEN.

MISS JAY AT JACKSON, MICH.

MR. BRITTAN:

It is but just to this distinguished trance-medium to say, that the three lectures delivered by her in this village have given the friends of Spiritualism great pleasure, and astonished and confounded skeptics. We had heard much of her powers as a speaker, but we did not expect so much argument, and so appropriate to our spiritual wants—so much eloquence and sublimity of thought, sparkling with gems beyond description, and so much sweetness and depth of soul. It was a spiritual as well as an intellectual feast. Intelligent minds admit that her efforts were of the highest order, evincing originality of thought, beauty of expression and varied intelligence, truly astonishing. We feel assured that she has made an impression here not soon to be effaced; and we regret that her health was such that she could not finish her course of lectures. We trust, however, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her again.

Not only as a public lecturer has she been of signal benefit to the cause, but the manifestations at our social circles have been wonderful. Indeed I believe they are more satisfactory to the skeptical mind than her public efforts. It is then that she confounds the ignorant and superstition, signally overthrows the presumptuous bigot, removes individual objections, and leads the soul upwards until it stands on Pisgah's top, beholding the harmony and beauty of the Spirit-world.

I must be permitted to mention what occurred on the evening of the fourth of July. A few friends were together on that evening for a

social and friendly interview; Miss Jay was present, and was requested to sing in her natural state. She sat at the piano and gave us two or three songs. One of the ladies desired the Spirits to control her and sing a favorite song of the Hutchinsons. This was done in very fine style. Some one then expressed the wish that the Spirits would *improve* through her. After sitting a few moments we had one of the most beautiful and yet grand manifestations of the kind ever witnessed. The sentiment expressed, part in prose and part in poetry, was appropriate, and manifested excellent taste. The accompaniment exhibited good fine harmony, and the whole fairly enchanted us.

A gentleman present, having his patriotism thus awakened, expressed the wish that we might have an oration. Unexpectedly to all of us Miss Jay arose and gave an oration, of which no pen can give a just and adequate description. Such power and majesty of thought and so well adapted to the times and the age in which we live, I could but wish that every American heart had felt its hallowed influence. A gentleman present, a disbeliever in Spiritualism, yet a man of ability and candor, admitted it was the most profound and sublime effort of the kind he had ever listened to—that the similes were never equaled by human effort—and that he was astonished and confounded. He said he thought of Daniel Webster. Others were similarly impressed. On inquiry we were informed that it was his Spirit—that it was the first time he had fully controlled the medium, although he had influenced her more or less for the last three months.

On Friday, the 11th inst., Miss Jay, in company with a number of friends, ladies and gentlemen from this place, leaves Detroit for Marquette, Marquette county, Wis. She does this under the advice of physicians. She is very much exhausted by her continued labors. Rest and quiet are necessary for her future usefulness. J. C. W.

JACKSON, July 5, 1856.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

A VISION BY MRS. SYDNEY.

I saw a great multitude of people collected together in little companies. They seem to be examining something they have found in the dirt. There are others coming to see what it is. They find little specks of gold. Some say it is not gold; it looks to them like brass. Others say "Humbug," and march away. Those who believe it to be gold are going to digging in little circles. Others come and look on, and those who see the gold go to digging, while others go away crying, "Humbug! humbug!"

But what comes here! A great flock of wolves, growling and howling among the miners, eager to devour them. Some of the miners are terribly frightened. They leave all and flee for their lives. They have left gold and all behind. O see the wolves press upon them! Some of the miners stand their ground and manfully defend themselves. I see they have a weapon in one hand with which they give battle to the wolves, while they dig with the other. They are too much for the wolves; they have slain a great many of them. Their carcasses are scattered all over the ground. It looks strange that men can not dig on their own ground without being disturbed by these ugly wolves, for it is their own land on which they are digging.

A good many of those who ran away at first are coming back and going to digging in good earnest. Some of them are digging in the hardest places among the stones. They find veins of pure gold in the quartz. They think they must work harder for having been afraid of the wolves.

But now comes a great flock of dogs, growling and barking. See them rushing in among the miners! Some of them look fierce as though they would destroy all the miners at once. See! some of the miners are frightened and take to their legs and run with all their might to get away, leaving treasure and all behind. But a great many keep on digging in spite of the dogs. They look sternly at them, then they shrink back and wag their tails. But when they begin to dig, the dogs again rush up and growl.

O what a sight is this! The dogs are fighting among themselves! See them devour each other! There! they have made a great slaughter among themselves.

It now begins to be dark. A storm is arising! See the dark clouds lower! It grows darker, and still darker. See the lightnings flash! Hear the thunder roll! How solemn! How terrible! The darkness grows more dense. How the lightning flashes! What heavy peals of thunder! See! it has struck some of the dogs. It begins to storm. Those poor fellows who were afraid of the dogs, see how they quail and tremble! They flee before the storm. Those who are mining do not seem to mind much about the storm; they have something to throw over them to keep off the rain.

The storm is awful! Such fear and trembling among those who fled! All nature quakes with terror at the storm. Those who left their work now call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne. The earth quakes; the lightning cleaves the rocks asunder. The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.

But the miners continue their labor. The light that streams up from the mines is so glorious in contrast with the darkness, and the sun is breaking through the dark clouds to meet the light from the mines. Heaven and earth have met and kissed each other, and the miners are shouting "Glory, glory!" They do not need the light of the sun, moon or stars for the Lord God is the light thereof.

When the darkness rolled away, everything dark and black was moved away with it. All the filth and rubbish was carried away! Those who ran away can not come into the mines, but must dig naked and destitute around the edge of the mine. But to the faithful miners, all is glorious.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

VISIT TO NORTHPORT, L. I.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1856.

DEAR BROTHERS:

By invitation of many friends of Spiritualism, Mrs. Beck and myself left this city on the 18th of June, for Northport and other villages on Long Island. During our ten days stay we held a number of public and private meetings for the investigation of the spiritual phenomena so much traduced by some, and so much praised and loved by others. We were engaged morning, noon and night, each day more or less, by the help of God and the Holy Spirit, convincing skeptics and building up believers in the faith. At all our meetings much good was done. Some beautiful and convincing tests were given through the medium, M. S. Beck, mostly while she was in a trance state. One lady was much affected while sitting in a circle conversing with her mother, through the medium. She confessed it was her mother, and was well nigh entranced while in the circle. Many others conversed with departed friends at that meeting.

On the same evening, at the tea-table around which some ten or fifteen persons were seated, the medium saw and conversed with a Spirit who said the last time he took tea in that house he sat at the center of the table, and opposite the lady at the head. Mrs. Beck described minutely the clothing he wore, the complexion, color of hair and eyes, etc., although she had never been in Northport before, and had no knowledge of the man whatever. The lady at the head of the table at once recognized the person now in the Spirit-world. This lady, up to that time, had been an unbeliever.

At another time, at a public meeting, the medium, Mrs. Beck, felt a wish to leave the room, after she had been entranced some two or three times, and was making the effort to get out, and when near the door she was suddenly arrested by a Spirit, and brought to a stand for a few minutes, like a stock or stone. Soon, deeply entranced, she was brought to her knees with her arms around the neck of a gentleman that sat on a low chair. He was an entire stranger to us, but the Spirit commenced to manifest in the most affect oate manner the undying love of a mother. The strange gentleman was thoroughly convinced that the Spirit was that of his mother, and said, repeatedly, that that was a most convincing test of Spiritualism; that he could see in the actions and features of the medium those of his mother.

We could narrate many more equally good tests, but we fear we should be occupying too much of your space. Suffice it to say, that both at Northport and Comac, many were made glad in the Lord that they gave heed to the things spoken and done for they gave God the glory of what they saw, heard and felt of the Spirit-power and influence.

I am truly yours for God and humanity.

L. S. BECK.

P. S.—Dr. S. Batchelder and wife, J. C. Bond and wife, and others at Northport; and Mr. Reeves, wife, sister and son, of Comac, witnessed the manifestations as well as the subscriber. L. S. B.

THE PROMISE REEEMED.

TEAR, July 2, 1856.

As facts establishing the truth of the immortality of the mind by the daily communion of Spirits with mortals, have been and are of incalculable good, permit me to record in your paper a few incidents in connection with the death of my daughter Julia Frances, who departed this life January 31, 1856, in the nineteenth year of her age. Four years previous to her death, a young lady, a relative, about her own age, became for a time a member of our family; the two occasionally, with the writer attended the circle at Mr. Alwood's, and became very much interested in receiving communications from their Spirit-friends. As a test whether Spirits can and do communicate with their friends on earth, they mutually pledged that the one who should depart this life first, should visit and manifest to the other in such a manner as to convince the survivor of the fact. After the death of my daughter, I received a letter from this young lady, informing me of the pledge, and also that two or three days previous to the receipt of a paper recording the death of Julia, which I sent to her uncle, where she was visiting (at this time unknown to me), she awoke in the night from some cause unusual, and while awake, she distinctly heard her name called three times, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" The unexpected summons seemed to proceed from some person near her, and so alarmed her that she lay very still for a few moments, and then from the strangeness of the circumstance began to doubt the reality, when again, and with more emphasis, her name was called as before, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" At the second summons, she answered, "Who calls me?" The only answer returned was, "Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!" Then all was silent. On reflection she became alarmed, supposing the call ominous, but on the receipt of the paper the truth flashed on her mind that Julia had fulfilled her promise, and that Spirits can and do communicate with mortals for a certainty.

A day or two after this occurrence, while playing on the piano, she was made sensible that Julia was near her; she felt her approach and embrace, and could distinctly feel her fingers pass up and down her arms. She ceased playing, lest she should startle the gentle Spirit from her; she whispered, Dear Julia; the pressure continued a few moments, and then gradually withdrew. Again she came to her in her room; she felt her pressure and a movement in the air as she passed from her. This she says is as true as her existence, and adds "What a comfort it is that we are not wholly separated in this life from those dear friends who are gone to the world of love before us!"

My daughter departed strong in the faith of a Father's love, looking anxiously for her Spirit-birth. Her last words were, "How sweet to go to sleep here, and awake in heaven!" On the receipt of the letter alluded to, I ask d, Who called Kate in the night? "Ans. "Me, Julia." Why did you call her? "Ans. "To fulfill my promise."

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY ROTHSCHILD.

Interesting Miscellany.

A DEATH SCENE.

I saw an angel rise—her end was pain.
At midnight she was borne, in sweet release
From the white tuncement wherein she lay.
Her dying smile was sweet; the very clay
Grew radiant; the celestial light shone down.
And wreathed her salubly forehead with a crown,
And formed a lustrous bridal robe, and there
She smiled, beyond all dream of mortal fair.
Her eyes lit up as if God's eyes did shine
Into their depths. Love from her heart, its shrine,
Looked forth and loved me; and I saw her rise.
Then came two sister Spirits from the skies,
Flora and Miriam, and they said, "Come, see
Nary the angel." Then it seemed to me
That I forsook the body. In a room
Whose oriel window, like a rose in bloom,
Glowed crimson in the East, she lay at rest
Upon a couch of ivory, and her breast
Gleamed white as snow through purple and white lace.
Then Flora came, and with a sweet embrace
Landed o'er the sleeping Spirit. "Mary dear,"
She whispered, "wake, for morning light is here."
O soul of love! she woke, her hands she felt,
And said: "I dreamed—I thought my husband knelt
Beside my bed and held me to his breast,
And then I sank away in such sweet rest
I wished that I might never wake again.
Where am I? Where has gone that racking pain?"
"Mary," sweet Miriam said, "the night is past,
And this is heaven." Her lovely arms she cast
Around my Mary, and her angel head
On that lone sister's breast was pillowed.

SPIRITUAL MEDIA.

Advanced Spirits teach that variety in mediumship is owing to the differing developments in individuals, of the mental and nervous organizations. That it is but through intellectual media they are enabled to manifest intellectuality, while those of a more animal temperament are required for the physical demonstrations. Yet between these there exists a varying scale, accordingly as mind or sensuousness predominates, with many complications of the two. Hence important communications may be afforded through relative spirito-magnetic sympathy, where there is incapacity for receiving Spirit impressions. Their truthfulness is always proportionate to the conscientiousness of the persons immediately employed in transmitting them and they are always of social or personal interest, never instructing concerning the interior realities of the inner life. Where such unfoldment is attempted, however, through these inadequate channels, there surely results the most nonsensical confusion.

We are also informed that the spiritual laws are an inbirth from those termed the physical, and which, reciprocally sympathizing, act and react upon each other; that as one class opens outwardly in relationship with external nature, the other does so inwardly in its affinity to internal existence—forming the link connecting the seen with unseen creation.

These become intensely potentialized as matter spiritual combinations enlarge their sphere of action. Thus organic life must necessarily have unfolded a well-adapted organism for the focal convergences of these forces, in order to their becoming a means for the facile transmission of Spirit impulses.

Spirits use the media as instruments through which to commune with the world; and in proportion to the perfection of these so is the character of the intelligence they afford—consequently the necessity of well-developed and useful faculties corresponding to the truths to be communicated, in those who would be instrumental in obtaining them.

Spirit-life is regulated to a sphere of being elementally differing from our own, and is therefore unfitted for taking immediate cognizance of substantive facts; but by coming into rapport with the mentality of media are mediately enabled to look outwardly upon, and receive impressions from, the rudimental planes. Whereby acquiring information of physical realities, they are accordingly capacitated to manifest regarding the same.

We must thus observe the employment of means to an end; in the order of cause to effect; and that nature, in concentrating motions, reaches her vitality deeply within herself, in modified transitions, as of circles within circles, inwardly tending to where divinely originated life outflows from Divinity. And that intromission into the Spirit-world, is followed by the obscuration of this. Also that, by affinital sympathy, immortality inbends with mortality—likes ever sympathizing with likes, and attracting each other.

Through the eye of this philosophy, we discover in the self-lauded spiritual plenipotentiaries of the times, an audacious defiance of its truths, while investigating, philosophic minds, whose faculties have unfolded in immortal bloom, and earnest humanitarians already inborn into a diviner life, are, in comparison, ungifted and unnoticed by heaven.

Although the Spirits require healthy and capacious intellects through which to reflect their knowledge, we too often find them manifesting through media (as claimed by the latter,) of cerebral faulty organizations, prejudiced and fanatical, and in many instances most unscrupulous mammon worshipers. Thus, while those whose ardent long-

ings for the beautiful and true especially capacitate them for angelic inspirations, are seemingly passed by, others, naturally repugnant to thought, being mentally obtuse, announce themselves inspired by the most renowned gull of the past.

All those whose consciences hold them guiltless of spiritual infractions are exempted from the foregoing implications. For there are many noble media engaged in the exposition of the new doctrines, who are interested solely in the general good, and the promotion of righteousness throughout the world.—*Wide West.*

THE REPTILES OF TEXAS.—A writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas: "The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Drones of wild horses are not unfrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg and his legs five or six inches long, and covered with long, coarse black hair. He lies in cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils annoyances. But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and there the rejoinder in our camp is, 'Will you have it with a bug or without?' The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of. Chameleons are innumerable, darting over the prairie with in conceivable swiftness, and undergoing their peculiar change of color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, most beautiful, and feathered game is abundant and very tame, and is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and prairie hen."

A CAPITAL STORY.—The sermon in our February Number has recalled to an Alton, Ill., correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethren, I am a hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is the high-blooded *Episcopalian* horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, soft as silk; but he'll kick you if you touch him on his litany or prayers: Whoa, sir, whoa! Here is an old sober *Methodist* horse! Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he falls. Whoa! you old shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times; don't you go near confessional or penance. Whoa! Mr. Porz! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and miter! whoa, sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which were readily accepted. He said: "Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed upon two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work; Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain; you cannot trust him: he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! Muz, whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks: Whoa! you old Campbellite! Here friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me into his stall to eat from his trough: he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you close communion Baptist, whoa!" "Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister jumping up. "Whoa!" continued his tormentor: "see him kick, whoa! Hold him friends, whoa!" and thus the old gentleman went on: the minister ranting meanwhile until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—*Knickerbocker.*

ANCIENT REMAINS IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman writes from Santa Clara, California, to the editor of the *Scientific American*, and gives the following account of some old ruins, recently discovered in that vicinity: "I recently had the opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered about six miles east of Santa Cruz. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. I found twenty three chimneys with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose, red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together. I stamped on the hill, and it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine-tree was growing on the top of the hill. The period required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years."

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—St. Martin, the man who has an opening in his stomach, produced by a gunshot wound, is in New York, and a number of physicians of that city have been experimenting, with the view to ascertain the time required to digest food. A thermometer introduced into the stomach through the opening, rose to one hundred and one Fahrenheit. The carrot, Dr. Bunting says, is consumed in five to six hours. Roast beef will thoroughly digest in an hour and a half. Malted butter will not digest at all, but float about on the stomach. Lobster is comparatively easy of digestion. Upon the application of the gastric juice to a piece of tissue paper, the color at once faded. In relation to the patient's health, Dr. Bunting observed that it had been uniformly excellent, having since his recovery from the first effects of the wound, supported his family by his daily labor. These experiments do not differ materially from those made by Dr. Beaumont twenty years ago. Mr. St. Martin is at present a little upward of fifty years of age, of a spare frame, but apparently capable of considerable endurance. He is in excellent bodily health, and vivacious in manner. The opening in his stomach has no injurious effect upon his health, nor has it prevented him from severe labors. If he does not keep a compress to the aperture in drinking water or swallowing anything else, the whole contents of the stomach will pass out through that opening. Through this opening comes out a small part of the stomach, i. e., the inner coat, which shows its different appearances—thick or swollen whenever the work of digestion is over. He is on his way to Europe.

THE ROMAN SPOON.—It is said that the lance which opened the side of Christ is now kept in Rome, but has no point. Andrew of Crete who lived in the seventh century, says it was buried together with the cross; and St. Gregory of Tours, and the venerable Bede, testify that in their time it was kept in Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens, it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterward found, and, it is asserted, wrought many miracles. It was first carried to Jerusalem, and then to Constantinople; and at the time that city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II. sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the Holy Chapel. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city, till the year 1492, when the Sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador to Pope Innocent VIII.

A GOOD DOG STORY.—The *Lawrence (Mass.) Sentinel*, tells a dog story, and it is so decidedly good that we can not refrain from giving it a place in our columns, although it may be a month or two out of season. Thus it goes:—"The past winter afforded the boys and girls fine sport in sliding, or coasting, as the hills in the outskirts of the city can testify. But it has not been confined to them or to children of a larger growth. Some time since when the snow was covered with a smooth icy crust, a gentleman upon Prospect Hill, looking out of his window one morning, saw a little dog seated on his haunches sliding down the steep bank before his house. He supposed the dog had slipped, and was compelled, as many of his betters of the human race, old and young, have this winter, to illustrate some of the laws of motion upon an inclined plane. But the dog, as soon as he reached the bottom of the bank, ran up again in full life to the top, and assuming the same position again slid down. This was repeated as long as the gentleman looked, with apparently as much delight as was ever experienced by a boy or girl in the same amusement."

THE GOD FASHION.—There is only one thing more powerful than the steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world, ergo: fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined. Fashion makes men ridiculous, and women spendthrifts. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them to captivity. Fashion made the Hollander wear eighteen pair of breeches at once, and caused Englishmen to wear boots so sharpened at the point that they could be used as tooth-picks. Fashion builds our churches, fits up our pews, and even regulates the rites of sepulture. There is as much fashion and flummery in our cemetery as you will find in Broadway. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense and early hours, goodness and economy!

NO IRON AMONG EGYPTIANS.—It is mentioned as a singular fact, by a scientific writer, that, while executing the most wonderful works—such as statues fifty-four feet in height, and weighing about eight hundred tons formed of a single block of granite—the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of iron. No iron has been discovered in their tombs, or incorporated with any of their works. But tools of bronze, hardened by some process with which we are now unacquainted, have been found; also swords of the same material, finely tempered, have been found near Thebes. The huge pieces of stone used in building are frequently found to be connected by wooden clamps.

CURIOUS INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.—Hoare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong, but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading, or tap root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the clay, the main root threw out no fibers; but when it reached the bone it entirely covered it by degrees with the most delicate and minute fibers, like lace, each one sucking at a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrowbone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

An honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who was dat would not sheelp mit Botipher's wife?" "Shoseph." "Dat's a coot poy! Vel, what was de reason vy he would not sheelp mit her?" "Don't know; sponse he wasn't sheepley."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

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WHOLE NO. 222.

REMITTANCES TO THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, ENDING JULY 25.

M. Gale, \$2; Austin E. Simmons, 2; A. Fairchild, 2; R. C. Allen, 1; H. H. Crandell, 2 50; Edward Hotchkiss, 2; Dennis Brown, 1; Thomas Hughes, 2 50; J. Dow, 1 19; Samuel G. Ayers, 2 61; Franklin Thorpe, 3 24; J. M. Blakely, 3; William S. Wait, 2; N. Peerce, 3; Frederick Starbuck, 10c; Enoch Goddard, 5c; James Stott, 18; A. Mackenzie, 2 45; S. Moore, 1 23; G. W. Campbell, 18c; J. A. Parple, 24c; D. W. Harris, 2 30; J. S. Miller, 2; Eli Curtis, 50c; Geo. R. Lannoyon, 2; William Bennington, 2; W. Cowles, 3 49; John Ball, 1; Thos. T. Hunt, 1 24; J. B. Nelson, 2 24; Orin French, 2; Bostwick O'Connor, 19; E. Graves, 2; Mrs. J. Sherman, 37c; W. D. Wessner, 1; C. A. Fox, 1; Josiah Garrett, 10; Mrs. Ade H. Merrill, 5c; T. J. Sheldon, 3; E. G. Biter, 5; Hatford Butler, 2 63; A. S. Palmer, 2; A. Hogg, 44; A. Friend, 1; G. W. Moore, 2; J. W. Walker, 2; E. Mathews, 2 50.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE proprietors of this paper are desirous of securing responsible, active agents and canvassers in every city and town where there are minds free enough to give heed to the current phenomena of Spiritualism. Men or women are equally suited to this work if they are but willing to engage earnestly in it. We wish them to solicit subscriptions for the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* and *TIFFANY'S MONTHLY*; also money for all books contained in our catalogue, the price and postage being here specified. Those who will serve in this capacity, and obtain new subscribers to the *TELEGRAPH* and orders for books amounting to \$15 or more, are at liberty to retain, if they choose, one-fourth (25 per cent.) of the published prices as a compensation for their exertions. We do not propose to send out our publications for sale on our own account, but to furnish them to agents at the above rates for cash. The friends of the cause to which our publications are devoted can render it valuable service by coming together in their particular localities and agreeing on some one to serve as a general agent for that section, and each one resolving himself or herself into a committee to assist in disseminating these glad tidings of great joy to all mankind. We will place the names of agents in our list if desired. Remittances sent in pursuance of the above proposals, will be sufficient notice of the acceptance of the suggestion. Money may be sent to us in letters properly registered, at our own risk.

Spiritual Book Store in San Francisco.

VALENTINE & Co., agents on the Pacific coast for the sale of Partridge and Brittan's works on Spiritualism. Subscriptions received for the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* at three dollars per annum; *Tiffany's Monthly* at four dollars per annum; *New England Spiritualist* at three dollars per annum. V. & Co. have on hand, and are constantly receiving from New York, large assortments of spiritual literature, also Mrs. Mettler's and Mrs. French's Clairvoyant Medicines. New works received as soon as published. Printed catalogues and sample papers sent free, if requested. All orders and letters should be addressed to Valentine & Co., Lock Box 1088, San Francisco P. O. California.

Sunday Meetings in Philadelphia.

MEETINGS for lectures on Spiritualism are holden at Sansom-street Hall, in Sansom-street, near Washington Square, Philadelphia, every Sunday, morning and evening.

To Printers of Country Newspapers.

THE type used on the last volume of the *TELEGRAPH*, and which is in good condition for newspaper work, is offered for sale on advantageous terms. Those who are constituting small offices would do well to call and see specimens. Inquire of the Printer of this paper.

NEW WHEAT.—The grain crop of the South, below Virginia, promises abundant. The samples are very handsome and plump. The crop is probably nearly all harvested at this time. The weather is very favorable for wheat in all sections.

THE HARVEST.—The wheat crop is now pretty well secured all over the country, except the extreme northern portion, and we have never known a harvest to pass with so little complaint of injury to the crop as this year. We have therefore every reason to believe that the yield of sound wheat is unprecedentedly large, and consequently without a large foreign demand, with no chance for shipments to California, the price must be low. If we had wheat to sell we should endeavor to get it into market at the earliest possible day, and take the best market price then prevailing. We don't ask others to follow that advice, but simply state our conviction touching the prospects of the market. Wheat must be plenty—what can prevent its being low?—N. Y. Tribune.

IMPORTING CAMELS.—"Camels are coming." The U. S. store ship *Supply*, Capt. Porter, which so recently landed a cargo of about thirty-five camels in Texas, is now fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy-yard for a second cargo. It is supposed she will bring home some forty or fifty. The *Supply* is receiving the necessary supply of hay, oats and Indian meal for the camels, and will sail in a few days. She is already fitted with a suitable deck for the reception of animals, and a large box on rollers is provided, by means of which the camels are easily transferred from or to the ship, notwithstanding their strong natural repugnance to the process.

THE DROUGHT AT THE WEST.—We continue to receive accounts daily of the distressing drought that is desolating a small section of the West. Portions of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and some other States are affected—the worst in the river counties and up the Wabash valley in Lafayette. Hay, grass, and oats, in some localities, are absolutely not worth cutting, and it is a miracle how cattle can live where there is no green thing for them to eat. The corn looks better than any one could expect, though it must fail entirely without copious rains.

THE PEOPLE AND THE DEVIL.—"Come here, my lad," said an attorney to a boy about nine years old. The boy came and asked what case was to be tried next? The lawyer answered, "A case between the people and the devil; which do you think will be most likely to gain the action?" The boy replied, "I guess it will be a very hard squeeze—the people have the most money but the devil has the most lawyers!"

THREE BORN.—A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added, "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion musingly. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you, young man, to be born once more."

MORMONS IN MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says that "about two hundred Mormons, recently from Beaver Island, are now in that city, and have taken up their quarters on Haton street. The death of Strang has caused a great panic among the Latter-Day Saints, and we understand that there is scarcely a Mormon left upon the Island."

SPIRIT VISITS.—A SOLACE.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the Spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten. —Charles Dickens.

THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN received the honorary degree of D. D. from Harvard University last week.

Partridge & Brittan's Publications.

Our list embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the office of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Postage on books, if prepaid, is one cent per ounce; two cents per ounce if paid at the office of delivery. Persons ordering books should therefore send sufficient money to cover the price of postage.

A Lyric of the Golden Age.

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VOL. V.—NO. 14.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 222.

The Principles of Nature.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.—No. 2.

Continued from Telegraph, July 19.
PRELIMINARY SUGGESTION.

In the late work of Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, we find (page 15) the following opinion: "*To believe in Christianity without knowing why we believe, is not Christian faith, but blind credulity.*" Nothing certainly can appear more correct than this allegation; but how little is it obeyed by his sectarian associates? We are told by an eminent clergyman, that the Bible being the gift of God to man, we are not to use our reason in judging of it as such, because it has an authority paramount to our reason. This arrogation I have striven to expose by showing that the language used in support of it would serve to establish the authenticity of the Koran, on substituting a few names for those actually employed.

Suppose that a Christian and a Moslem were to present to a Pagan the one a Koran, and the other a Bible, as the word of God, how could the Pagan decide between them unless by the exercise of his reason? And were his reason to decide in favor of the Koran in the first instance, would he not be at liberty to use his reason to reject it should the Christian point out absurdities which he had overlooked?

Were it instinctively impressed upon each human being that any one record were the word of God, he should of course be governed implicitly by its dictates; but as actually there can be no cause for our believing any record to have divine authority but that it is reasonable so to believe, whenever it appears unreasonable to entertain this conviction, the sole basis of our faith in the record must vanish.

Instead of studying the objections to their creed, agreeably to the liberal sentiments of the Archbishop above quoted, the prevalent custom with believers in the Bible, is to *avoid the perusal, and to oppose the publication or sale of works adverse to its divine origin.*

The more unanswerable the facts and reasonings in any such work, the more it excites hostility. The sanity or the moral character of the writer is assailed. Whatever is miraculous is the result of humbug and imposture, and the witnesses are either liars or dupes. But does not this impeachment of all modern witnesses, invalidate all that rests on human testimony, however ancient? Or are witnesses to be esteemed more truthful and insusceptible of hallucination, in proportion to the antiquity of their temporal existence?

Evidently there can be no merit in believing that which is taught, unless our conviction is the result of our reason, not of our "blind credulity." Of several sectarians who all owe their opinions to education, should any one happen to be right, has he any more merit than the rest? If an exchange, while in facts, from one cradle to another should have reversed the creed of a Christian and a Mahomedan, would the one who should happen to be of the true religion, have any more merit than the other?

It follows that neither agreeably to reason, nor the opinion of one of the highest dignitaries in the Episcopal Church, can any Christian deserve salvation who thus relies on what that dignity designates as *BLIND CREDULITY*, instead of *Christian faith*.

Agreeably to the information which I have received from the higher Spirits *through my own mediumship*, persons who are thus degraded by *blind credulity*, are all obliged to serve a noviciate in Hades. They go to the fourth circle of the second sphere.

It follows that although the Bible be the Word of God, and a belief in it conduce to salvation, I am doing Christians a great service in giving them an opportunity to exchange *blind credulity* for real Christian faith.

If Spiritualism be true, they will escape a painful penitence by their conversion thereto.

REPLY TO F. J. B.

In the last number of the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, in replying to the imputation made against me by F. J. B., that my anti scriptural opinions have originated from prejudice, I urged that in point of fact I had originally experienced much repugnance in forming those opinions in consequence of the false conscience created by education. But while acquiring from my instructors impressions in favor of the divine origin of the Bible, I also acquired a horror of lying, of fraud, deception, and of selfishness; especially where a father or a brother should be injuriously affected. Hence the deception practiced upon his blind father by Jacob, as a step toward the perpetration of a fraud upon his brother Esau, and the complicity of his mother in suggesting and promoting that fraud, seemed to me atrocious. Moreover, I was shocked at the idea that by this procedure, Jacob should be represented not only as depriving his brother of his birth-right, but likewise of the intended paternal blessing. My reason revolted at the idea that through a nefarious deception, a blessing could avail to the perpetrator, instead of the person for whom it was intended! It is notorious that in law, fraud tears up everything. Were an estate obtained from a father by one of his children by personifying a brother, the fraud being proved, and that it was for A the donation was intended and not for B, undeniably the conveyance would be invalid, however formally made. Is it not in the exposure of fraud only, that difficulty in getting rid of its consequences exists?

Yet, according to Scripture, the blessing intended for Esau was transferred to Jacob; so that Isaac had no blessing for the son whom he intended to bless; and upon the basis of this Jacob is represented not only as enjoying the estate and the position in relation to his father of which he had defrauded his brother, but as becoming also more especially the favorite of God. If the mere calling a "brother a fool," however *truly*, should place us in danger of "hell fire," how much more should defrauding him of his birth-right and of a father's blessing involve punishment? As respects my worldly parents, I was

under the impression that a fraud would cause me the loss of their esteem, and more or less of their love; how then could I believe that Jacob, after acting so wickedly, continued to be the especial favorite of his Father in Heaven?

Shakspeare's King of Denmark grieved that he could not pray for pardon, because he still held the kingdom and the wife obtained by crime; but Jacob is made to thrive not only upon his fraternal fraud, but upon another subsequently perpetrated upon his father-in-law.

Is not the truth of this maxim universally admitted? "Precepts may lead, but examples will draw." How then can the successful example of Jacob do otherwise than injure the morality of those who are educated to believe that after setting an example so wicked he and his seed could retain the especial favor of Jehovah?

I call upon F. J. B. in honor and candor to say, whether the judgment which I formed on this subject can be imputed to prejudice? I ask him to say whether anything could be more improbable than that the divine favor should not have been forfeited by such criminality?

That this favor should be extended to the posterity of Jacob was the more irreconcilable with my "prejudices," so called, because his offspring proved themselves to be of the same stamp as their progenitor. By selling Joseph as a slave, the sons of Jacob proved themselves to be capable of the most cruel, selfish and unprincipled villany; while their conduct to Prince Hamor was indicative of a revengeful treachery. Was it my prejudice which made me question the divine origin of a book which represented such wicked men as especially the favorites of an all righteous God?

Is it my prejudice that causes me to think that the blessing which emanates from any being whatever, is associated with the soul of the bestower—not with the language or ceremony employed to make known its existence to others? Evidently whether Esau or Jacob enjoyed a father's blessing, would depend on the sentiments cherished toward them by that father. Were the conduct by which those sentiments should be awakened to be reversed, would not the sentiment be reversed? Were a father at any time to bless his son believing him virtuous, could he not in reason exchange it for a curse, on finding him to be a felon? Should Jacob have blessed his sons when ignorant that they had sold Joseph into slavery, might he not consistently have cursed them on finding out the truth? Is it my "prejudice" that induces me to conceive that there is an extreme absurdity in the impression that Jacob's fraud deprived Isaac of the power to bless Esau?

In the next place, the massacre of the Midianites, reserving their virgins only, for the arms of the blood-stained murderers of their kindred; the massacre of three thousand people in one day for a difference of religious opinion; the recommendation to borrow trinkets in order to purloin them, all seemed to me to be more likely to be consistent with the patronage of Satan than of a virtuous Deity. How could my early decision

against the divine authority of the Pentateuch upon these grounds be the effect of a prejudgment or prejudice? I most conscientiously think that nothing but *inveterate prejudice* could induce the charge thus groundlessly made, that my opinions, *originating as described*, could be the result of prejudice.

When a record has in any one instance represented that to be true, which the heart and the head of a reader both repel as manifestly false, doubtless there will be a greater readiness to come to a similar conclusion in other cases; just as when a man has shown himself untruthful, we are more ready to believe him guilty of falsehood. When a book has in any case appeared to represent God as countenancing wickedness, I am more ready to believe it to have misrepresented him in other instances. How can impressions thus formed, after conscientious reflection, be justly ascribed to prejudice or prejudgment, which implies that impressions were formed beforehand without careful reflection? But can any one who has been from his infancy accustomed to hear a book spoken of as the *Holy Bible*, and been taught to consider it impious to question its divine inspiration, expect to be free from prejudice in its favor? I can assert the affirmative from my own experience, that it was not without hesitation and conscientious scruples that I came to the conclusions which are now treated as originating in prejudice of an opposite tendency. Education had its prejudicial influence, and caused my opinions to be accompanied by an unpleasant sensation, until their long endurance without any adequate objections, removed this false consciousness, and created a deep regret that such a foe to morality and religious truth should be cherished, not to say idolized, as the word of the Most High.

In reply to the groundless charge of prejudice, I hurl back upon F. J. B. that of Bible idolatry and a *blind credulity*, created in his infancy by his nurse, parents, school-master and priest.

To me it seems idiotic to suppose that the God of a hundred millions of suns, and probably not less than a billion of planets, has ever bestowed especial favor on any one planet; still less is it credible that such a God should display that favor by authorizing any people to defraud kindred, prostitute wives, take concubines, exposing them with their offspring subsequently to starvation; or that he should authorize the people thus patronized to assassinate their neighbors for conscience' sake; or plunder, massacre, or extirpate them for idolatrous worship.

ON ABRAHAM'S SUBMISSION OF HIS WIFE TO THE PLEASURE OF TWO KINGS.

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarah his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon;

"Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive.

"Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister, that it may be well with em for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee.

"And it came to pass, that when Abram was come into Egypt, the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair.

"The princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh: and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house.

"And he enticed Abram well for her sake: and he had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels.

"And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abram's wife.

"And Pharaoh called Abram, and said, What is this that thou hast done unto me? why didst thou not tell me that she was thy wife?

"Why saidst thou, she is my sister? so I might have taken her to me to wife: now therefore behold thy wife, take her, and go thy way." — GEN. 12: 1-19.

As respects Abraham, we are told at the head of the chapter, Genesis 12: "Fear maketh him feign his wife to be his sister," and, as subsequently stated, induces him to let her go to Pharaoh's palace; while, as a recompense, he is furnished with sheep, oxen, asses and men and maid servants. But then God interferes and punishes Pharaoh for receiving Sarah. Now if Sarah had been merely received, for an honorable purpose, where had been the motive for threatening Pharaoh? But this heathen seems to have been more moral than David was in after times, since he calls Abraham to account for having deceived him into the danger of committing adultery. "Why saidst thou she is my sister; now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her and go thy way." How few among the priests or kings of Christendom had displayed this morality? See "End of the Controversy," by Bishop Hopkins (p. 265;) or my work (1367.) The two great objects of religion are morals and

faith in immortality: neither of these seemed to have been attained under the Jewish code.

The elder Cyrus, a Pagan, dies comforting his children that his soul will survive to an eternal existence.

Pharaoh would have taken Sarah as another wife, but not as an adulteress; yet Abraham took Hagar as a concubine, and we have the authority of some one, of whom we are utterly ignorant, for the allegation that the same God sanctioned this immorality *then*, who *now* would condemn it as nefarious, adulterous fornication.

The circumstances of the submission of Abraham's wife to Abimelech are perfectly analogous to those of the course pursued in the instance of that made to Pharaoh.

ON ABRAHAM'S EXPULSION OF HAGAR AND HER CHILD.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar (putting it on her shoulder) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

"And she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept." — GEN. 21: 14-16.

It is begging the question, to allege that God sanctioned the expulsion of Hagar with her child to starve in the wilderness. It is in opposition to all the rules prescribed by courts of justice for the admission of evidence, that the testimony of the accused should be taken in exculpation. Throwing his crime upon his Maker, is, as I think, superadding blasphemy to his unnatural, unprincipled cruelty. Is it not extremely inconsistent that those who are so incredulous of the alleged communion of their contemporaries with the Spirits of their deceased fellow-creatures, should be so ready to conceive that a Deity ruling over hundreds of millions of solar systems, should in this planet, which to the universe is but as a globule of water to the ocean, seek a few human animalcules in order to sanction such inhumanity as that of which the consequences are by the Bible described as above cited?

Is the testimony of Abraham to be accredited when he thus pleads the sanction of his God for ruthlessly turning his son and his son's mother out of doors to find starvation in the wilderness, or when that God is made to authorize him to extirpate neighboring tribes, only taking care not to destroy them so fast as to cause a wilderness to be created for wild beasts to roam in?

Some comments which I have made on the following verses, are by F. J. B. ascribed to my prejudices.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;

"And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." — MATT. 6: 26, 28, 29.

The lily, in common with all other vegetables, is dependent for its existence on the access of the solar rays and of the air which yields the carbon, indispensable to vegetable life. Of course nakedness being inseparably associated with every flower, if a comparison were made between floral beauty and that of man, should not a beautiful naked human figure be selected? Is it in its clothing that the lily excels the glorious attire of Solomon, or is it that, although unadorned, it excels that attire in beauty?

Would not the lesson to be derived from the fact that the fowls of the air live without sewing or spinning, be as follows? God has given to fowls a natural clothing, and has furnished them with wings to fly over a wide region in pursuit of food, and beaks wherewith to secure it; but to mankind he has given a skin destitute of feathers, and insufficiently provided with hair or any other clothing; at the same time he has given to men hands and ingenuity; so that if they do not use these advantages they may perish from the inclemency of the weather or the want of food?

Is it not plain that the example of the feathered creation can only be referred to for the purpose of showing that man must use his hands and ingenuity in one way, while they employ their wings and beaks in another? More wisely, may not man be told to look to the example of the bee, the ant or the beaver? "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider its ways and be wise." Surely this injunction is more consistent with the

necessity of the case, than that we are to imitate the fowls of the air in trusting to nature for food or raiment.

Our learned commentator alleges that the language of Christ, when properly translated, would be these words: "Be not over-anxious." But of what possible utility can it be to tell a person not to be *over anxious*? Does not every person of sound mind know this without being told? Of course no one, whether wise or foolish, would be *over anxious*, could it be avoided. But the difficulty is to know when he is in the objectionable state of over-anxiety, and when informed of it, to abate the emotion. This is one among many instances in which God, having by the inevitable effect of his *alleged* omnipotency and prescience, made us what we *are*, enjoins us to be what we *are* not. We are *made susceptible* of anxiety, *exposed to circumstances of a nature to awaken anxiety*, and then advised not to be what we are so constituted and situated as to be inevitably. Manifestly, anxiety were better avoided altogether since due care would accomplish as much without anxiety as when associated therewith.

It is strange that any person believing Christ to be the vicergerent of the Deity should represent him as resorting to an admonition so useless as that contained in the words, "Be not over anxious."

Instead of perceiving it to be injudicious to urge that men who would perish unless they provide food and clothing, should be governed by the example of fowls for which clothing and food are by nature provided or by the example of flowers which derive nourishment from the earth and air, and would perish if clothed, F. J. B. proceeds as if one error could be cured by suggesting another. In order to put my strictures in the rear of those of a brother believer, certain canting remarks of the latter are quoted.

The special care which the Deity is gratuitously alleged to take of the lily, is assumed as a reason why each man should expect a like care to be taken of him; yet, we have high authority for drawing the opposite conclusion. Agreeably to the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "Man cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow." Here we have the *real truth*, that no special care is taken of either the lily or of man, individually. Notoriously a flower may be destroyed by being eaten or trodden on, by drought, by rain, wind and other contingencies. Yet in the quotation vauntingly made to throw mine in the shade, the author draws the inference that since beautiful flowers are created, each flower must be the object of the special care of the Deity, and so much care having been lavished in forming and preserving a flower, less can not have been taken in forming and preserving the maker of this pious sentimental commentary.

But how comes it that one of the Orthodox can thus draw from the case of the flower, the idea of divine care and superintendence, when as above suggested we have in the burial service of the orthodox Episcopal Church a moral of a directly opposite drift "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower." Of course according to this more correct view of the case, the existence of floral beauty and thrift, is not such an object of the especial care with the Deity, as that it should encourage us to hope for a higher degree of consideration than we should expect if uninstructed by its fate.

It may be inferred from the following language of Matt. 30: 6, that however lilies are individually the object of God's special providence, it is otherwise with grass:

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Our pious friend will hardly build his hopes of God's especial care to pay his tailor's bills, upon the fate of the grass, whatever hopes may be founded on that of flowers.

In point of fact, as above stated, the existence of the flower is ephemeral and precarious, liable at any moment to be trodden down, eaten, cut by the scythe, or torn up by the tempest. Narrowed by their Jewish affiliations, Christians forget the vastness of the universe, that there are a hundred millions of solar systems, that the inhabitants and planets must be almost infinite in number, so that to suppose that each individual is a special object of attention to the Deity, is unreasonable. According to the higher Spirits, God acts only by general laws; and our experience is, it seems to me, entirely in favor of that impression. Of species, and still more of genera, great care is taken through these laws; but of individuals none is taken

specially. Persons whose lives are of the greatest importance to human welfare are taken away, while those who live only to do mischief remain. How many good people suffer from want, disease, blindness, lameness and deafness? How many others are born deaf and of course dumb? Both human beings and flowers are individually subject to contingencies, owing their precarious existence to general laws, and not to any particular care bestowed by the Deity.

Do we not diurnally see worthy individuals subjected to misery by disease, mutilation, dementation or want? Is there not an immense amount of unhappiness resulting from crime both to the criminal and the victim? It is remarkable that so much stress is laid upon divine assistance by many whose practice is directly opposed to the theory—who act as if their arduous exertions were indispensable to their pecuniary welfare? Is there anything more prolific of fanatical fallacious canting than this idea, that each lily, each sparrow, and each human mortal, are specially cared for by Jehovah?

This idea of special providence would involve that by the same Deity by whom Christ was crucified to make people Christians, Mahomet was sent to slaughter them for not becoming Mahomedans!

OF TAYLOR'S DIEGESIS.

It is alleged by F. J. B. that I have made *honorable* mention of the writings of the Rev. Robert Taylor. I have done no more than copy certain quotations made by him, from other authors, and claiming in his favor, the arguments advanced by the orthodox Mr. Mahan, in support of the sincerity of those who have been willing to suffer for their opinions. If this be good reasoning in favor of Christian martyrs, it should avail for others. However, I fully believe that from a conscientious adoption of opinions adverse to the authenticity of Scriptures, this clergyman abandoned his prospects of preferment in the Church of England. At one time, actuated by the pain which his anti-scriptural opinions occasioned in a beloved mother, he consented to be silent, but was induced subsequently to resume his previous course.

His facts and reasoning prove him to have been a man of great learning and excellent reasoning power. *His opinions were the cause of his persecution, not the effect of it*; and though he was stimulated to write *resentfully and tauntingly*, the language which he employed was more consistent with the precepts of Christianity, truth and good temper, than that of his orthodox assailant, the Rev. Pye Smith.

It is incorrect in F. J. B. to represent me as using Taylor as authority, any farther than that I have quite as much reliance on his veracity as I have on that of St. Paul, who says, "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" Rom. 3:7.

ON HELL, AS DESCRIBED BY JOSEPHUS AND THE GOSPEL, AND SANCTIONED BY THE REV. MR. HARBAUGH.

Prior to my conversion to Spiritualism, my position differed from that of F. J. B. and other sectarians in this, that although I thought the opinions of all existing sects erroneous, I did not assume that I was myself right. Hence the sentiments expressed in the following couplets:

"Is there a theme more highly fraught
With matter for our serious thought,
Than this reflection sad:
That millions err in different ways,
Yet each their own impressions praise,
Deeming all others bad?
To man, it seems, no standard's given,
No scale of Truth hangs down from Heaven,
Opinion to assay.
Yet called upon to act and think,
How am I then to shun the brink,
O'er which so many stray?"

To an amiable clergyman to whom I opened my heart, I said, "I ardently wish I knew as well what is true, as I can perceive what is false in religion. The initials F. J. B. do not give the author of the communications under that signature any higher pretensions than an anonymous writer. Under these circumstances it is unreasonable that he should claim for his allegations an authority sufficient to put down those of the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, minister of the German Reformed Church, at Lancaster, from whose work upon the whereabouts of heaven, I quoted in my work the account of Josephus.

I will here quote the commendatory language of Dr. Harbaugh, and leave one worshiper of the Bible to settle accounts

with the other. Treating of the description given by Josephus, Mr. Harbaugh expresses the following opinions:

"This extract is exceedingly interesting. It shows to what extent of distinctness the Jewish ideas of the future state had attained. The dream-like underworld is here considerably illuminated. The righteous and the wicked are separated, and already share the first fruits of their eternal reward. The righteous are surrounded with intimations and shadowy promises of better things to come, in the expectation of which they are already happy; the wicked are surrounded with tokens and forebodings of more fearful ill, much of which they already suffer in awful expectation.

The history of Lazarus and the rich man, (says Harbaugh, page 100,) "plainly teaches that both the righteous and the wicked on death pass into a fixed and eternal abode, where no change is possible; and he further states, pp. 169-70, that "the misery of the wicked commences immediately after death, and before the resurrection, and their condition is unchangeably fixed."

There is a perfect harmony between the hell described by Josephus, and the representation of it by Christ. The rich man tortured in hell-fire—Abraham and Lazarus on the other side of the burning lake. The idea that Lazarus should be in "Abraham's bosom," as mentioned in the Gospel, is explained by the fact mentioned by Josephus, that the place appropriated to the good was designated by that appellation. If Christ is to be considered as the Son of God, or even as his vicegerent, how can this representation of hell be set aside?

But F. J. B. will not only have to settle with Mr. Harbaugh, but also with the Catholics, and Calvinists, if not with the Protestant Episcopal Church; neither of whom have ever relinquished the idea of eternal punishment by fire.

We are expressly told that the goats are to be subjected "to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels." "Whoever calls his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire." Then, as respects heaven, his disciples are to be rewarded with nothing better than judgeships. The poverty of the expectations of his disciples is shown by their desertion of him, instead of being willing to die simultaneously. Peter denied him three times. I doubt if any sincere Spiritualist would value his life sufficiently to act in a manner so recreant.

Original.

A SABBATH DAY IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

"I love to muse when none are nigh,
Where the wild-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds with the softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy graves."

Rising on a beautiful Sabbath morning in the lovely month of June, after having spent the preceding tedious winter closely confined in the great city, and feeling a longing for the green hills and open country, my thoughts drew me away to the inviting and far-famed Greenwood Cemetery. Thither I wended my way—lone and lonely I entered the sacred inclosure. The contrast between it and the teeming city moved my impulsive nature to melancholy reflections. In that pale city of the dead more than forty thousand were silently reposing. Hearts that were wont to throb with anxious care in all the varied moods of nature, were still in death. Ambition, pride, vanity and toil, had here found rest, "Fame's proud temple" shone not afar for any of these.

The Christian Sabbath relieves from labor and awakens thoughts beyond the tomb. Early education hangs upon the memory, and recalls impressions made by fond parents at the dawning of reason. The hope of immortality dispels the gloom of death, and sustains the sinking heart when all of earth is fading away. The nursery, the bridal altar, and the tomb, are important epochs in the history of man. Existence is an experiment instituted without our knowledge or consent. Happy if we are able to grow old *wisely*, and descend to the tomb with the memory of a well-spent life.

Greenwood Cemetery, which encloses some three hundred acres, is situated on Long Island, three miles south of Fulton Ferry, in Brooklyn. It is approached by railroad frequently every day, except Sundays. It is the most beautiful by nature, and the most richly decorated by art, of any place of the kind, perhaps, in the world. No expense seems to have been spared in adorning the grounds in every possible way. Trees, shrubbery and flowers commingle with elegantly finished monuments, tombs and vaults. Birds sing in the waving foliage; the winds of Heaven whisper in solemn tones through the wild woody dells and over the sylvan plains. The tones of the distant church bells strike the ear with peculiar melody, awakening harmonious feelings and reverential adoration, calculated to

improve the heart and expand the affections beyond earth's contracted span, into the illimitable and spiritual, reviving that most important of all queries, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"O Tombs! what virtues are yours! You appall the tyrant's heart, and poison with secret alarm his impious joys; he flies with coward step your incorruptible aspect, and erects afar his throne of insolence. Aware that all must return to you, the wise man loadeth not himself with the burdens of grandeur and of useless wealth; he restrains his desires within the limits of justice; yet knowing that he must run his destined course of life, he fills with employment all its hours, and enjoys the comforts that fortune has allotted him. You thus impose a salutary rein! You calm the feverish enjoyment which disturbs the senses; you free the soul from the fatiguing conflict of the passions—elevate it above the paltry interests which torment the crowd; and surveying from your commanding position the expanse of ages and nations, the mind is only accessible to the great affection, to the solid ideas of virtue and of glory. Ah! when the dream of life is over, what will then avail all its agitations, if not one trace of utility remains behind?"

The expanse of ages passed in review before me. Men of distinguished renown in every land and age, were portrayed upon my mental vision. Their deeds, which rendered their names immortal, connected with the progress of our race, were daguerreotyped upon my senses. But how few of all the myriads who have existed on our earth, have left a mark on the time tables of the ages? The unknown and long-forgotten names of countless millions, were, in their day and generation, the bases of the world's progress, and contributed in their aggregate to the undying relics which have come down to us, represented only by the few who speak from the dim distant past. Hence, although humble in position, capacity and circumstances, it were philosophical to feel more than a mere cypher in the developments of the civilization and achievements of the present day, and to contemplate upon existing conventional customs and thoughts with the satisfaction of essential utility.

The enormous display of costly sepulchral monuments, combined with the unequalled natural arrangement in Greenwood, strikes the humble and thoughtful observer with the vast distinction, even in death, which wealth, art and genius enforce among our race. Here also, as in buoyant and thoughtless life, amid vanity and show, in gilded saloons of pleasure, the body, which perishes, is more adorned than the deathless mind. Yet with all the inimitable beauties, varieties and attractions, materially, which nature and art have combined to render lovely and solemn this place of graves, there is a terror lurking in it all. The "grim messenger" sounds the alarm in "a still, small voice," which admonishes us that we too must die. The law is imperious; it knows no exception. All are doomed, sooner or later, to taste the cup of mortality.

"Princes! this clay must be your bed
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise and reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

But the question, "If a man die, shall he live again," comprehends in its truthful answer more than all the works of nature and art, since man began to combine them for utility and ornament. The corroding tooth of time demolishes the works of ages. Dissolution everywhere pertains to physical structures, and man himself decays and passes away. Then, if no immortality perpetuates his spirit forever, a most miserable and lamentable failure is he! Hence the transcendent greatness of the immortal hope. Can it be demonstrated and made the living faith of the world?

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The great Temple of Nature under all the bending heavens, here hath her teachers, holding forth in the original tongue, without interpolation or mistranslation. No sectarian prejudice or fanatical zeal disturbs the listening soul. Truthful impressions, "the same yesterday, to day, and forever," fill the mind with rational consolation. Even death, with its all forebodings and imagined terrors, loses its fearful reality.

Nature, ever true to herself, teaches us at all times, and under all circumstances, that her laws are beneficent—that

death is as natural as birth, and necessary to the continued and harmonious development of the universe. All things else that live must die as well as man. No partiality has been discovered. Equality and justice constitute the law that is strictly enforced before us. Submission without a murmur can be accepted and when immortal thoughts are suggested in the renovation and decay, the composition and decomposition around us, indicating that man, too, shall rise in spiritual consciousness beyond his physical mortality—that he shall live again in fairer lands amid more blissful realities than any known on the shores of time.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

We instinctively shrink from death, and cling to life while Hope lives to cheer us on. We also mourn the loss of friends by the same natural law, and build monuments, adorn tombs, and decorate cemeteries. But we do not so readily obey the monitions of reason relative to the cause and rational cure of disease and premature death. How many of the forty thousand here interred fill untimely graves? How many lived to "three score and ten"? Very few indeed! Do the living reflect upon these things, and profit by their teachings? Are the laws of life studied and obeyed more now than ages ago? Such men as Graham, Combe, Alcott, Trall, etc., have demonstrated in their works on physiology, the causes and preventives of sickness and premature death. But how few feel any interest in knowing the natural laws of man, either physically or intellectually?

Mankind are generally more careful to gain knowledge upon all other subjects, than about themselves. The laws of nature that pertain to suns, planets, air, water, minerals, vegetables and beasts, are studied for pleasure and profit; and not to know something of these sciences, is considered disgraceful. But the more ignorant we can be of the laws of God in man, and the less we regard the existence of such laws, the more self-complacent we feel. A false gentility disdains to think of physiological reform. Hence those who attempt to teach nature's code as applicable to the promotion of health, happiness, and length of days, are too often frowned upon by the influential, as well as by the obscure and simple. But graveyards, so rapidly filling up, demonstrate that human beings do not live out half their days. The shortness of life, and the frequency of death, are attributed to a "wise and mysterious Providence." The laws of life having been ignored, no faith obtains in that physiological truth, that

"Our remedies often in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven."

But the world moves, and we may yet hope for man on earth. Progress leads the van, and beckons us on to possess the promised haven. Greenwood stands out in bold relief, exhibiting an extraordinary attainment in the fine arts and social affections. Refined taste and artistic skill everywhere attract the admiration of the visitor. The love of friends perpetuated in marble, expressive of sorrow in endless forms, presents itself at every turn. Like "words fitly spoken, they are apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"Ah! Sacred Friendship, herald of Peace, all hail!
Refulgent ray, offspring of love and truth,
Twin-born with sweet affection, source of bliss,
Composed of purity and excellence,
Ethereal brightness, choicest gift of heaven!
Thy blissful mansion is the heart of truth;
Thy converse is the soul of tenderness.
Beyond the limit of this world thy power:
Thou'rt all in all combined, and in that all
Description dies."

JAMES FLAGLER.

PHANTOM TRAIN.—We understand, says the Staunton (Va.) *Spectator*, that numbers of our own citizens and persons living in the country on the line of the railroad, have been considerably mystified and no little alarmed by a singular fact recently noticed on repeated occasions. Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock at night the approach of a train of cars has been plainly heard, the shriek of the whistle and the rumble of the train increasing in distinctness until the cars reached the dépôt and stopped. Persons have gone to the dépôt to find out the cause of an arrival at so unusual an hour, and when they got there, found no train! The dépôt agents say that no train is on the road at that hour of the night, and yet the approach of one is audibly and unmistakably heralded by the rumbling, and its arrival announced by the whistle.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW WORCESTER, MASS., July 24, 1856.

WITHIN a few days I have visited several places in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and having a leisure hour at this stage of our journey, I propose to occupy the time in an attempt to tickle the reader's mind with the straws I have gathered by the way. For the success of this effort I shall depend on the susceptibility of those who are to be interested rather than on my own capacity to furnish the necessary elements for an intellectual entertainment adapted to the warm season, when most people are indisposed to severe mental as well as physical effort. The reader is of course requested to make up by a suitable frame of mind whatever may be lacking on the part of the writer, either in personal skill, or the resources at his command.

On Saturday evening, 12th instant, I visited Winsted and lectured in Camp's Hall to an intelligent audience. More than three years had elapsed since the writer of this had occasion to disturb the elements of hereditary faith and popular superstition and skepticism in that place. But the angels had not omitted to move the waters occasionally, and as often as they did so, it came to pass that some blind skeptic, or sickly saint, had his eyes opened, or was strengthened "with might in the inner man." The opposition, which was extremely feeble at first, has been growing more so, as rapidly as time and the absence of the life-principle at its heart could hasten the process of dissolution; just now it seems to me to be afflicted with a species of the "dry rot." In fact it never did depend on vital principles. On the contrary, such principles act as decomposing agents on all dead bodies. Three elements existed at the foundation of the opposition in Winsted, and the same have been visibly illustrated in its determined antagonism to the truth everywhere. These are, First, a total want of faith in the inherent immortality of man;* Second, an undisguised contempt for human testimony until the witnesses are dead and buried; and, Third, a morbid apprehension that the world has been given over to the dominion of Evil Spirits. Its creed may be comprehensively embraced in three brief propositions thus: 1. There is no Spirit World or immortal life; 2. All human testimony respecting the personal experiences of men in these days, is utterly worthless; 3. The devil rules the world and is the chief source of modern inspiration. This was the veritable gourd that grew out of an infernal soil and perished where it grew, leaving the theological Jonahs of this age silent and looking solemnly because their gourd is withered, whilst life and the world are deriving new strength, and immortal freshness from a recent infusion of the Spirit.

Here as elsewhere the opposition displays its weakness by denouncing Spiritualism on the ground that it has some unworthy disciples. Not long since it discovered that one Spiritualist in this region had *done wrong*, and ever since the discovery was made that man has been pointed at as the appropriate representative of the cause, and his conduct is referred to as the only suitable illustration of its principles and tendencies. True, the wrong was not done in the name nor with the sanction of Spiritualism. It was never indorsed by any one of the numerous believers residing in that neighborhood; nor has any one attempted to show that the nature of the transaction was at all compatible with the essential principles and ethical requirements of the spiritual philosophy. Nevertheless, according to the loose logic of our opposers, if our professed friend has com-

*In Winsted this element in the character of the opposition was more especially illustrated some time since by the *Adventists* who planted their gourd in that town, and taking shelter under the vine waited to see the world consumed. They waited long and patiently; but for some reason—perhaps it was not well seasoned—the world would not burn, and to increase their afflictions the gourd withered, leaving them exposed to the clear light which has already demonstrated the error and absurdity of their fundamental ideas.

mitted an unworthy deed, Spiritualism must be false in fact and pernicious in its influence. What would become of Christianity if it were to be tried before such a tribunal? Judas was "one of the twelve," and among the saints of all ages and countries the character has been duplicated so often that we have doubtless at least one Judas for every twelve both of the ancient and modern disciples. Let our religious teachers insist that Christianity is a divinely-originated and perfect system. It will be perceived that whether it be right and proper for sectarian bulls to run at large and push with their horns so as to gore the truth and sound morality, altogether depends on *who owns the animals*.

We are inclined to feel complimented when such exalted perfection is naturally expected of Spiritualists; but there is something that looks like a withering sarcasm in the common presumption that the members of sectarian churches may commit more numerous and aggravated offenses without occasioning any great surprise among the people. It will hardly be denied that men are accustomed to notice the extraordinary circumstances of life and the unusual events in human history, while others, of daily occurrence, pass without observation. No one can find time to notice the wanderings of an ordinary saint where so many make a mistake and "fall from grace." Is it for this reason that the obliquities of sectarians are little thought of, at the same time that the waywardness of a single Spiritualist is heralded throughout the country? On this point there may be different opinions, but it is well known that whenever a Spiritualist is found out of his moral orbit, the papers notice the fact; we hear of the circumstance wherever we go, and the people wonder as if a star had literally fallen from heaven.

On Sunday morning, 13th instant, the writer addressed a large assembly convened in the Hall at the East Village of Winsted. It was a glorious morning! The dust had been recently laid by showers, and the atmosphere was clear and bracing. The birds sang their morning songs near the windows; the winds breathed gently among the tuneful boughs, on the adjacent hill-sides; and the low melodies of the waters

"On bubbling keys were played,"

All things were musical, and there was inspiration in the very air we breathed. On that occasion the soul answered the voices of Nature, which were all the while sounding in the speaker's ear, in an extemporaneous lecture on Life, Death and Immortality, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery. The audience manifested a deep interest in the theme, and at the conclusion of this prolonged effort seemed unwilling to leave the place.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday I left Winsted in a private carriage in company with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Moore, for New Hartford, where I was expected to speak in the evening. The village is beautifully situated on both sides of a clear running stream, known as the Farmington river. We found an agreeable resting place and cordial friends at the residence of Mr. Williams, where I was politely entertained, for the most part, during my stay in New Hartford. On reaching the Hall in the evening, we found it crowded. The heat was oppressive, but the people listened in profound silence to a lengthy lecture, and manifested but slight indications of weariness at the close. At the solicitation of the friends I continued the discussion of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism on Monday and Tuesday evenings, (14th and 15th,) before attentive audiences, composed of persons who seemed willing to listen and anxious to comprehend the new proofs of their immortality.

While in New Hartford, the writer had occasion to visit Mr. Jesse Dutton, whose estimable lady is well known in this region as a medium for intercourse with Spirits. Mr. Dutton resides about two miles from the beautiful village of New Hartford, and within the township of Barkhamstead. During our interview Mr. D. related a case of spiritual visitation which may be of interest to the reader. While absent from home on a visit near Janesville, Wis., in October last, he received a letter from Mrs. Dutton, announcing the death of Amasa Mallory of Barkhamstead, which had occurred but a few days before. Knowing that a son of the deceased was living in the immediate neighborhood of Janesville, Mr. D. lost no time in calling on him, partially with a view of communicating this intelligence. Mr. Dutton inquired whether Mr. Mallory had recent information from Connecticut, and was answered in the affirmative—

M. declaring at the same time that his father was dead. "You have received a letter, then?" said Mr. Dutton, inquiringly. "No," said M., "but Mr. Higley told me," (referring to an elderly man who formerly lived in Winsted, Connecticut, but deceased some fifteen or twenty years since.) Mr. Dutton desired to know how it was that the departed Higley had disclosed this fact. "Why," said the other, "he (the Spirit) appeared to me and imparted the information." Mr. Mallory also remarked in substance that the Spirit showed him many things about the old homestead, which he saw as plainly as if he had been transported to the spot. Mrs. Mallory then remarked that her husband had informed her of the fact of his father's decease on the preceding day, which was before Mr. Dutton had received his letter from the Post-office. It is not at all unusual for the family to receive intelligence respecting their distant friends in some similar way.

I have long since heard of Barkhamstead Lighthouse, but first learned its history whilst visiting at the house of Mr. Dutton. A brief account of the same may interest the curious reader, and still further diversify the contents of this letter. James Caugham, a Narragansett Indian, had a tender attachment for a beautiful squaw of his tribe, who derided his claims to her heart. The brave could not win the dark beauty, and he would not remain to witness her scorn. Accordingly, he left the haunts of his childhood and went to Connecticut, where he secretly wooed and wedded a pale maiden, who fearing the displeasure of her parents left her home and followed her swarthy companion to Barkhamstead—then an unbroken wilderness—where they built a hut on the east bank of a mountain stream, known to the Indians as the Tunxis. Here they lived happily together for eleven years, when the exiled Narragansett died, leaving his blood in the veins of two sons and six daughters, who manifested a disposition to adopt the habits of civilized life. One of the daughters married a white man named William Wilson, and thereupon assumed the costume of her white sisters. Wilson built a log house the imperfect mechanism of which secured the important end of thorough ventilation. In the year eighteen hundred a public road was opened from Hartford to Albany which ran directly in front of Wilson's cabin. The light of Wilson's fire shone out through the creviced walls of his humble dwelling, and was seen for several miles around, and until a late hour in the night. On this account it became widely known as Barkhamstead Lighthouse, of which the reader may have heard even in the remotest part of the continent. The last of the Narragansetts still lives in the Lighthouse at the foot of the hill above Pleasant Valley,

Where the waters of Tunxis dance by the hill side,
As they danced for poor Caugham and his pale-faced bride.
S. B. B.

SPIRITUALIST PIC-NIC.

On Tuesday of last week (July 22) the Spiritualists of New York and vicinity enjoyed a grand pic-nic at St. Roman's Well, a beautiful grove near Flushing L. I. The friends proceeded to the ground in three several companies at eight o'clock, ten o'clock, and one o'clock, by the steamboat *Island City*, from Fulton Market, and the Flushing Railroad from Hunter's Point. When the company had all collected, they numbered some seven or eight hundred. The day was pleasant though somewhat warm, and everything external seemed tributary to the highest amount of social and rational enjoyment, except the presence of an army of uninvited and unwelcome guests yeled mosquitoes, and whose numbers might have been abated by several millions without causing their absence to be seriously deplored.

A fine band of music, whose trills and cadenzas were measured by the trippings of the "light fantastic toe," contributed to the enjoyment of the younger and more hilarious portions of the company, a spacious and airy dancing hall, with well-sanded floor, being employed for the occasion. As an established appurtenance of the grove, swings were suspended to the trees here and there, on which the ladies and children practiced gymnastic exercises to their heart's content.

After the contents of the baskets had been disgorged upon the various tables and upon the green sward, and disposed of according to the dictates of sharpened appetites a large circle was formed under the thick shade of a cluster of oaks, and after singing and a little preliminary speechification, mainly by Dr. Benton, Prof. FOWLER, of the law school at Poughkeepsie,

being called on by the audience delivered an eloquent and spirit stirring address. We can give no idea of either the matter or manner of his discourse in this brief sketch; but those who listened to the discourse pronounced by the same speaker at the Spiritualist's pic-nic a year ago in the woods at West Flushing, may readily conceive of the richness of the treat which the Professor gave us on this occasion. Then followed addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Ira B. Davis and others, after which the meeting assumed a more promiscuous and less orderly form, and speeches were continued at intervals to a late hour, by various individuals who spoke more or less under Spirit influence, and who were listened to by an audience continually fluctuating as the attention of individuals became arrested, or their patience exhausted.

We heard of two or three instances in which, during the day, physical suffering was very mysteriously and suddenly removed by the manipulations of a medium, we believe Dr. Fellows; but we have not obtained the definite particulars of the cases.

While the mediums were speaking in the general circle, an incident occurred in the vicinity concerning which the reporters of two of the daily papers have made themselves merry with exaggerated descriptions. As it has been thus publicly alluded to, the unvarnished facts in the case might as well be made known. While the writer of this was engaged in conversation with a friend, a young lady, a medium, (Miss D. of Williamsburgh) approached him, being evidently under a spiritual influence, and asked, "Mr. —, are you not engaged in preparing an article on some particular subject?" We answered that we had the outlines of many articles in our mind, but that we were not then elaborating any one in particular. She said that as she approached me the words were put into her mind, "*That article, that article*," and that these words seemed to relate to some particular article which I was writing, or was to write, and which the Spirit impressed her would be of importance. She added, in substance, that this impression was the more remarkable as she had not been subject to a spiritual influence within a year before, and that she was almost a total stranger to me, never having previously met me but once. She then said she was impressed that the article referred to would be suggested by, or in some way grow out of, something which had taken place on that ground. I then remembered that less than an hour before, a friend had placed in my hand a letter from a clergyman in Philadelphia, in which he requested me to write an article on a certain deeply important subject. I placed this letter, unopened, in her hand, and without mentioning its contents, asked her (or the Spirit) if there was anything in that which related to the article she was impressed I should write. The moment she took the letter in her hand, her arm became convulsed as by a strong current from a galvanic battery, and she exclaimed, "*That is it! that is it!*" I then stated that the writer of the letter requested me to prepare an article on a particular subject, when she became still more agitated and exclaimed, "You must do it, you must do it, and you must write it soon or never." As she pronounced the word "never," she cast the letter upon the ground and placed her foot upon it with some degree of violence. She did not, however, stamp, contort her countenance and act with the ridiculous violence described by the reporters, nor did she become exhausted, nor was she supported by the bystanders, as the *Times* caricaturist represents. The degree of violence manifested in her gesticulations we are satisfied was altogether involuntary, and the coincidence of her impression with the contents of our letter, together with all the other circumstances of the case, we consider somewhat remarkable, and clearly indicating that she was prompted by a spiritual intelligence, whatever the degree of reliability or the ultimate result of her communication may be.

In rebutting other insinuations of reporters, we are also impelled to say that nothing, to our knowledge, took place on those grounds that day to which the most fastidious sense of propriety might have taken the least exception. We regret, however, that a more orderly arrangement was not made as to the public speaking; and we hope that at the next spiritual pic-nic that part of the exercises will not be so much abandoned to the capricious impulses of undeveloped mediums, and whose performances, while they fail to edify believers, never fail to excite the ridicule of skeptics who can neither understand nor appreciate the influences under which they act.

LETTER FROM MR. PARTRIDGE.

In pursuance of our contemplated journey, we took the steamboat *Bay State* from New York, to Stonington, Monday afternoon, the 21st instant. Persons who travel for pleasure and comfort will, I think, find this line the most desirable one between New York and Boston.

We were gratified to meet on the boat our distinguished minister, whose preaching we for many years listened to, previous to 1840, in Boston. The subject of his ministry, and ours, formed an important part of our conversation. It is a part of his profession to be liberal toward all phases and classes of Christians, and I was pleased to find that his profession was in a good degree made practical in his life and conversation. He said, substantially, that he had not had so good an opportunity as he desired of investigating the spiritual phenomena, but that he had read statements of facts, and their significance to those who had witnessed them, and he observed nothing in them to object to, except the occasional errors which pertain alike to ancient and modern Spiritualism, and show the fallibility of men and angels in all ages of the world. He said, comparatively very few persons in the denomination of Christians to which he belonged are inimical to the claims of modern Spiritualism. They were rather waiting for further light, and hoping its claims would be fully demonstrated. He observed that if Spirits did communicate with mortals in ancient times, as he fully believed, and for some two score years had labored earnestly to make others believe they did, he did not see any reason why similar intercourse should not occur at this time. He said the general information respecting the Spirit-world in this modern intercourse, corresponded substantially with the views he had formed of it from reading the accounts given of it in the Bible. He had always held, and so preached, that the Spirit-world was as favorable to individual progress at least as the world we now live in, and that progress there as here, very much depended on individual endeavor. As consequent upon this idea, he had observed that the Spirits very generally taught another idea which he had gathered from the Bible under the light of science, viz.: That each individual forms a sphere or state of himself, and that probably no two are precisely alike in their moral and intellectual states; and finally, said he, I think the general tone of modern spiritual teachings corresponds with those recorded in the Bible, and this to him formed one of the strongest evidences that the claims of the phenomena to a spiritual origin are true. It was highly gratifying to us to find this esteemed friend and pastor so thoroughly indoctrinated with the great principles and facts evolved through modern spiritual manifestations.

In Fitchburgh, Mass., we met another clergyman of our acquaintance, belonging to another denomination of Christians, who has served about the same length of time with the one we have above spoken of in what he supposes is the cause of Christ. I informed him that Mr. Brittan and myself had engaged to speak in the town on Thursday evening, the 24th instant, and invited him to be present, and also his people. He accepted the invitation (probably for acquaintance sake,) but expressed himself terribly afraid that modern Spiritualism would undermine and break up his church, and mentioned several of his members who had recently become believers, and others of them who were mediums. I endeavored to console him by saying that all Christians ought to desire that truth should prevail even if they had to modify their opinions; and since Christianity is based on spiritual manifestations, we ought to have no fear from its phenomenal demonstration in this age of the world. So far as he had learned the teachings of Spirits from reports, (having never witnessed any manifestations, or had any communications) he thought these Spirits were infidel in their teachings; they did not teach men that they are totally depraved and eternally damned unless saved by a new birth and faith; that an innocent person had been made to suffer, and was finally murdered by just such skeptics as to spiritual intercourse as we now daily meet, to appease God's wrath for making us such miserable sinners, etc. I had to observe, that if his church was built on wood, hay or stubble, his fears were well-grounded, for I believed the fire of these living spiritual truths would try every man's work, and burn up all such combustible materials.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Friday Evening, July 25.—Mr. Brittan and I spoke in Fitchburgh last evening. We go to Templeton and speak there to-night and Sunday. Early next week I shall be in Boston. C. P.

J. B. FERGUSON.

REV. J. B. FERGUSON, of Nashville, Tenn., who upward of two years ago became convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, and fearlessly proclaimed his convictions to his congregation, and who until recently has been preaching his new doctrines in the same church which he occupied previous to his change of views, has relinquished his church to a party of his former congregation who could not accept his new faith. A printed copy of Mr. F.'s discourse pronounced on the occasion of the surrendering of his meeting-house, is before us, bearing the title of "*Moral Freedom, the emblem of God in divinity and life. A discourse delivered in voluntarily surrendering the house of worship built for his (Mr. F.'s) use, to its doctrinal claimants, when their claim could not be legally sustained, and when not authoritatively demanded.*" Though we believe that Mr. Ferguson has been the instrument of much good in Nashville and the surrounding country, we trust he will now find a still more extensive and prolific field of labor. We submit the following extracts from his discourse:

How do we give up this house? We hold it in uninterrupted possession. There is no force in existing circumstances or conditions that compels me to act—*none at all.* I give it up from a consciousness of duty to myself and my God; to the highest hopes and best interests of a common good. Nor do we do this from a consciousness or desire to evade any responsibility, or to retract or abridge one thought that has been uttered, or one principle that has enforced its conviction. No! It is to widen the sphere of human action and impede the misty depths of problematical error, that we desire to bask more freely in the sunlight of heaven; and inhale the genial odors of thought, from the perennial fountains of ever-streaming destiny. No man can do this and prove a traitor to his soul. He must believe in a God whose destiny is in and over all; otherwise, a hope for his own soul is absorbed in the mighty vortex of oblivious hate, that swells like the depths of eternal wrong, to crush an impulse that breathes for God's mighty throng.

My field of usefulness may be for a time transitory; but know, my true and trusting friends, that whether here or elsewhere, we desire ever to be admonished of that knowledge whose treasures are immortal. I feel it to be undying as the glory of God, which wreathes the brow of every true victor over wrong. I would ever cultivate a consciousness of duty in which to live and die not. The change that must now necessarily follow, it is not in my power to measure. Its extent is in the hands of that Providence that has so signally guarded us here. I have no localized idea of happiness. I once had; but it is forever gone. Neither progress nor success can be localized for the soul. For the future my labors shall be for the world, not for one man or one condition; but for all men. As bread cast upon God's great waters, I leave what has been sown here to be gathered after many days. It may be when my children's heads are silvered over with age, and the ceaseless beatings of Time's great infinite pulse shall sink to rest to renew its kindred affinities of power with God above. Men are apt to think or measure their condition, their end, by the capabilities of thought that encircle some specific guerdon of power. But this is wrong. We are co-workers of God. He is vast, infinite! and his fulness dwelleth in us, and we in him, as we partake of its infinite presence and power, displaying those Godlike attributes that are in harmony with his divine character. God has led us along as a father leadeth his children to behold the richness and fulness of his mercy. We should be true to his parental care, and ever associate a reaction from wrong in conformity to his will and desire. This unfolds a heaven, and the mingled joys of life that swell in anthems loud to proclaim his ineffable majesty.

A Triple Dream Verified.

A MEMBER of the Texas Legislature, now in session, sends us an article clipped from the *State Times*, Austin, Tex., from which we make the following extract. Our friend suggests, very properly and truthfully, we think, that the production of the thrice-repeated dream by means of which the life of Mr. Wilbarger was saved, can be accounted for only by supposing that there was action of some supermundane intelligence on the mind of the dreamer. Speaking of Mr. Wilbarger, the article says:

In connection with him a circumstance which has long since found its way into the public prints may be incidentally mentioned. In 1834, we believe it was, his father and four others were surprised by a party of Indians, while encamped about three miles east of Austin. Two were killed—Haynie and King escaped and went into Bastrop, and Mr. Wilbarger was shot twice and scalped. Mrs. Hornsby, the wife of Reuben Hornsby who lives on the Colorado, eight miles below Austin, had a remarkably vivid dream, in which the events above recited were placed before her mind's eye with an appearance of reality truly appalling. She awoke her husband and insisted he should go at once, arouse the settlers and carry relief to Mr. Wilbarger, stating that he was wounded and scalped and lying at a certain water hole. Mr. Hornsby attached no importance to the dream and went to sleep. Mrs. Hornsby aroused him the second time and recounted the same vision. He again declined, treating the thing as the result of a perturbed imagination. But Mrs. Hornsby had scarcely fallen asleep until the horrible scene

again presented itself in all the hideousness sanguinary deeds, death and suffering can assume. Her woman's nature was excited to the utmost pitch; she felt as if she had been made the medium of a communication from some higher Power sounding the note of alarm, and calling the border warriors to the rescue of a wounded brother. She would listen to no denial—her earnestness—her importunities silenced all cavils and removed all doubts. Her husband, struck with the strangeness of the matter, and impressed, no doubt, with some of the fervor of his wife's feelings, left his bed and proceeded at once to inform his neighbors of the extraordinary vision. They were prompt to respond to a call apparently emanating from a supernatural source. The note of preparation was heard through the remainder of the night, and on the morning thirty men, commanded by Gen. Ed. Burleson, were ready to move. Mrs. Hornsby insisted they should take something to cover Mr. Wilbarger, as he had been stripped. The description of the place was so full and minute, that the General had no difficulty in finding it. Mr. Wilbarger had been lying with his head in a water-hole and was discovered near it; the whole scalp had been removed, leaving a few hairs around the base of the skull. He was perfectly naked. The flies had deposited their eggs in the wound, and the worms in hundreds were reveling upon him and giving excruciating pain. The skull bone was perfectly white, smooth and dry; the integuments adhering after the removal of the scalp had been removed by the worms. Mr. Wilbarger was sent home, and the party pursued the Indians beyond the Gabriel Nob, without being able to overtake them. The wounds of Mr. Wilbarger healed with the exception of a small point on the crown of the head. Ultimately the newly formed flesh fell down about his ears, and sloughed away. This process of healing and sloughing continued until his death, which happened in 1845. These particulars were given by Capt. Bartlett Sims, and J. R. Pace, Esq.

Interesting Spiritual Experiences.

UNDER this head we published last week, an article from Mrs. E. C. B., of Scipio, Seneca county, O., in which she relates some interesting spiritual experiences with a design to elicit an answer to the question, whether she is or is not a Spiritualist? The following supplementary article was forwarded with the previous one, but was unavoidably crowded out last week. If she will allow us to answer her question, we will say emphatically, "Yes, you are a Spiritualist, or at least ought to be after the experiences you relate." We will suggest, however, that much of her experience was probably allegorical, and especially that which relates to the passing away of the (spiritual) atmosphere, and the consequent changes in the aspects of the (spiritual) luminaries:

A VISIT FROM SPIRITS.

One day I had been exceedingly burdened; I felt as if I should sink into a state of despair; but just at eve my burdens passed away. I felt that we ought to have music and dancing. Light, life, and joy took possession of me for a little time. Then my mind was drawn into a state of partial unconsciousness, and this text was given me: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise; the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood; the stars shall fall down from heaven."

It was quite dark, but as I sat down in my own room for the evening, there was all around me a warm, rosy, vital atmosphere. It seemed to fill my room, and I felt that I could live and breathe forever in it. My room was full of Spirits; I did not see them, but I was *en rapport* with the Spirit-world, and I felt sensibly their personality and individuality. From the elevated tone of their influence I was assured that they were a circle of Spirits from the higher sphere. I sat among them in timid silence, hoping in my heart that they had not come to inspire me with any new terror. But during these experiences every nerve and fiber of my being thrilled with an intense but quiet pleasure. The Spirits seemed to cast upon me robes of living light, and a crown of light was upon my head. I begged of the Spirits to remove them from me—I desired them not. The nature and import of these experiences I do not fully understand. I have them all alone. I have a few friends that listen to my story with sympathy and credence, but they can not fully understand my condition.

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Nay, worse; I feel like one drifted out upon an unknown sea alone in a bark, subject to the winds and waves only. Now and then I am cast upon an island of living and glowing beauty,

"Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness."

Anon I am drifting away upon the fitful sea, and know not where my haven lies.

The appearance of the atmosphere in my room seemed to be an explanation of the text I had received. I can not tell whether it was my own reasoning, or whether the explanation was given me. It was that our present atmosphere would pass away with a great noise, and that a new atmosphere like that in my room would envelop the earth; that in this new atmosphere the sun would shine dimly; that the moon would have a red appearance, and that the stars would be entirely invisible. There would be no need of the light of the sun, moon or stars; there would be sufficient radiance in this new atmosphere, without the aid of the sun, for all the purposes of life.

Such has been some of my actual experience under a new and strange influence; and, in conclusion, I would ask of those initiated into the merits of Spiritualism, Am I a Spiritualist?

E. C. B.

Original Communications.

SPIRITUALISM IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, July 2, 1856.

Gentlemen—Some five months ago, a letter from Mr. Henry Force, of Madison, Orange Co., Texas, appeared in the TELEGRAPH, giving an account of the singular apparition of a *black hand*, in presence of several respectable gentlemen and ladies, while the medium, Mrs. A. E. Force, anticipating a communication from the Spirit-world, sat at the table in the attitude of writing. That section of Texas is rather isolated, and little known abroad. Lying between the Sabine and the Natchez, and watered by their numerous tributary streams, its soil is adapted to agricultural and nomadic uses, commensurate to the wants and inviting to the tastes of a peaceful and harmonious community, far outnumbering its present mixed and sparsely settled inhabitants. Do you seek retirement? Go to the green prairies, the shadowy groves, the broad woodlands of the interior. The climate is mild, and the simple hut is ample protection against its extremes, whether of heat or cold. The ground yields a liberal return to the hand that cultivates it; and a little labor without fatigue will supply all your wants. The breezes are fresh and exhilarating; the nights of summer delightfully cool; the magnolia, the cedar and the live oak furnish more grateful shade and richer perfumes, than the wealth of the nabob can command. Vistas and arcades formed of woven vines and stately trees by the hand of Nature, invite to contemplation, to exercise, to study or to repose, "and all save the spirit of man, is divine."

Do you wish for *solitude*? The deep forest, the dense bottom, the broad river moving onward in silence to the ocean, are there to gratify your desire.

From the days of the buccaneer to those of La Fite, this region, including the labyrinth of lakes, bayous and inlets, interspersed throughout the wide delta which borders the coast and extends far inland, was the scene of many a wild adventure, the land of the out-law, the smuggler and the pirate. The remains of hundreds of vessels in various stages of decay, may still be seen in the lagoons or on the margin of the islands, once occupied by hosts of desperate men, but now abandoned and solitary. The long cut grass waves over the bones of many a human victim; and if the wounded deer take refuge in its cover, the pursuing hunter is sure of his prey, because the poor animal can not move without being cut and lacerated at every step, as with a knife, by its sharp saw-like edges.

In that portion of the above-described region where Mr. Force resides, Spiritualism was of spontaneous growth. Mrs. Force was unexpectedly acted upon by mysterious powers, and she became (at what precise date I am not informed) a medium of superior capacities.

A gentleman living about two miles from her dwelling, had a favorite servant, who was suffering under a severe rheumatic attack. He was in great pain, and unable to rise from his bed. One dark, stormy night in January last, (I think) she was aroused from slumber, under the influence of a strong impression, that she must get up immediately and go to her neighbor's. She awakened her husband, who at first tried to dissuade her, but in vain. The impression was imperative and could not be resisted, and he consented to accompany her. Traveling over a prairie through deep mud, and facing a violent wind with the rain falling in torrents, they reached the house of their neighbor an hour or more past midnight. At her request, she was conducted to the room of the negro. She found him in great agony, and immediately commenced making passes over him. She continued her manipulations at intervals, as directed by her impressions, and before morning the servant was restored to health. So complete, indeed, was the cure, that, at an early hour, he went to work as usual, and continued his labor without any relapse or inconvenience.

Other like examples might be related but for want of space. Her mediumship is not limited to the department of healing, and I send you some communications recently written in her hand.

(Under date of June 7, is the following addressed to J. H. C.)

"Dear Mortal Friend—You, as well as all others of your race, are now rearing for yourself a home in the world above. Spirits who have already made the change, can not carry you to any position in the land of Spirits, for fixed and immutable laws must be complied with. You will therefore go to the particular situation which your stage of progress demands. You will be permitted to visit the dark and dismal abodes of transgressors (of every society) of the natural and moral laws. Numbers of this class have been there for hundreds of years, still gratifying their evil propensities; but you will not remain long to witness such misery; for it is not congenial to your inmost soul, unless you could find an opportunity of benefiting some poor mistaken Spirit. You will then understand more fully the causes of such degradation, and will look yet further into the future, and be convinced, that even these poor sinful beings will yet arise, progress, and finally obey all the laws which have foundation from the Great Living Fountain of Love and Wisdom.

"Rejoicing in your present prospects, I will be ever near.

(Signed) "Your guardian Spirit, MARTHA."

On the evening of June 17, the following was given through her hand:

"Dear Friends—We will to-night, speak of the condition of other worlds. We may not tell anything altogether new, but all good Spirits can add their testimony. Your system of worlds is progressing and becoming more refined. The atmosphere also is becoming more suitable to the spiritual progress of your race.

"When earth's inhabitants shall have progressed still further, they will have more perfect organizations—more love and wisdom. Then

new inventions, or rather, new applications of the agencies under their control, will be discovered by them. Then steam-power will be dispensed with, and in its stead you will use electricity.

Question—By one of the circle: Spirits say the earth is receding from the sun—what is the cause?

Answer—“The attractions are growing weaker in that direction, and stronger in the opposite.”

Q—Can Spirits divulge and suppress crime—if so, how long before they will do it?

A—“They do now in many instances. We think probably in ten years it will be quite common. But mediumship is not properly established yet, so as to admit of an entire dependence on all communications. For you will know that evil spirits will communicate, and mortals can not always be guarded on that point; but as a general rule you have been taught to judge the Spirits by what they write.”

On the evening of June 20th, the following instructions (among others) were written through the medium:

“Each world is attended by a congress of Spirits, to teach and influence you when it is necessary or practicable. Of this congress the best and wisest of earth's inhabitants are members—also, some congenial Spirits of other worlds. Many Spirits have descended from their bright homes above to see you.”

“Spirits have foretold much more than has been believed, even by Spiritualists. Time will prove all things. Spirits are very careful to tell nothing which can not be readily understood by mortals, lest their minds become disturbed. Do not allow yourselves to be so much excited by surrounding circumstances. Let Spiritualists take good cheer, for light is spreading in and over your own community, and we foresee some happy times.”

“Moo is also becoming inhabited, where, about a million of years ago, nought could be discerned but gross matter.”

“O, that we could tell you more of the Spirit's enjoyments after it becomes progressed even to the second sphere, but you yet understand many things dimly. Good night.”

June 21, from the Spirit of Martha Moore, to her friend, J. H. C.

“Dear Friend—Your spiritual friends are always near, but much—very much exists to repel them. Tendencies to evil predominate, and the gross electric spheres are numerous around many. These things you can not well understand now, but still, endeavor to accustom your mind to the great truths which are being gradually explained.”

“You have often admired some of the choice flowers which enliven and beautify your sphere. Now, what is a flower? Nothing but earth refined or refined matter. Do you perceive this truth? In like manner your Spirit-body will be formed from the natural body. So we explain to mortals as well as we can, that the Spirit-body is a refined emanation from the earthly one, but as much more beautiful, as the rose is more beautiful than a clod of earth.”

“Do not neglect to look beyond the Spirits to the Author of all created beings. Spirits of our sphere praise and adore our Great Creator. Trust everything to his wisdom for enabling you, through his messengers, to progress.”

“Given in love that Spirits alone can appreciate,
(Signed) “MARTHA MOORE.”

It must be most cheering to those engaged in the great cause of progress to perceive that the truths and revelations of the *New Dispensation* are, through the agency of celestial messengers, without human missionaries, and in spite of ecclesiastical denunciations, becoming appreciated by the minds, and endeared to the hearts, of thousands in the commonwealth of life, “unknown to fame”—separated by distance—and each independently examining and deciding for himself. In stupid skepticism, how long will the learned bigot continue to ask, “What good has Spiritualism ever done?” In the face of multitudes, some have been raised by its power from beds of hopeless sickness; others from depths of despair, and yet others from depths of atheism, to not one of whom could all the prayers and preaching of the proud quereat, ever administer aught of consolation, relief or conviction.

EBENFZER ALLEN.

MISS JAY AT JACKSON, MICH.

MR. BRITTAN:

It is but just to this distinguished trance-medium to say, that the three lectures delivered by her in this village have given the friends of Spiritualism great pleasure, and astonished and confounded skeptics. We had heard much of her powers as a speaker, but we did not expect so much argument, and so appropriate to our spiritual wants—so much eloquence and sublimity of thought, sparkling with gems beyond description, and so much sweetness and depth of soul. It was a spiritual as well as an intellectual feast. Intelligent minds admit that her efforts were of the highest order, evincing originality of thought, beauty of expression and varied intelligence, truly astonishing. We feel assured that she has made an impression here not soon to be effaced; and we regret that her health was such that she could not finish her course of lectures. We trust, however, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her again.

Not only as a public lecturer has she been of signal benefit to the cause, but the manifestations at our social circles have been wonderful. Indeed I believe they are more satisfactory to the skeptical mind than her public efforts. It is then that she confounds the ignorant and superstitious, signally overthrows the presumptuous bigot removes individual objections, and leads the soul upwards until it stands on Pisgah's top, beholding the harmony and beauty of the Spirit-world.

I must be permitted to mention what occurred on the evening of the fourth of July. A few friends were together on that evening for a

social and friendly interview; Miss Jay was present, and was requested to sing in her natural state. She sat at the piano and gave us two or three songs. One of the ladies desired the Spirits to control her and sing a favorite song of the Hutchinsons. This was done in very fine style. Some one then expressed the wish that the Spirits would improvise through her. After sitting a few moments we had one of the most beautiful and yet grand manifestations of the kind ever witnessed. The sentiment expressed, part in prose and part in poetry, was appropriate, and manifested excellent taste. The accompaniment exhibited good fine harmony, and the whole fairly enchained us.

A gentleman present, having his patriotism thus awakened, expressed the wish that we might have an oration. Unexpectedly to all of us, Miss Jay arose and gave an oration, of which no pen can give a just and adequate description. Such power and majesty of thought, and so well adapted to the times and the age in which we live, I could but wish that every American heart had felt its hallowed influence. A gentleman present, a disbeliever in Spiritualism, yet a man of ability and candor, admitted it was the most profound and sublime effort of the kind he had ever listened to—that the similes were never equaled by human effort—and that he was astonished and confounded. He said he thought of Daniel Webster. Others were similarly impressed. On inquiry we were informed that it was his Spirit—that it was the first time he had fully controlled the medium, although he had influenced her more or less for the last three months.

On Friday, the 11th inst., Miss Jay, in company with a number of friends, ladies and gentlemen from this place, leaves Detroit for Marquette, Marquette county, Wis. She does this under the advice of physicians. She is very much exhausted by her continued labors. Rest and quiet are necessary for her future usefulness. J. C. W.

JACKSON, July 5, 1856.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

A VISION BY MRS. SYDNEY.

I SEE a great multitude of people collected together in little companies. They seem to be examining something they have found in the dirt. There are others coming to see what it is. They find little specks of gold. Some say it is not gold; it looks to them like brass. Others say “Humbug,” and march away. Those who believe it to be gold are going to digging in little circles. Others come and look on, and those who see the gold go to digging, while others go away crying, “Humbug! humbug!”

But what comes here! A great flock of wolves, growling and howling among the miners, eager to devour them. Some of the miners are terribly frightened. They leave all and flee for their lives. They have left gold and all behind. O see the wolves press upon them! Some of the miners stand their ground and manfully defend themselves. I see they have a weapon in one hand with which they give battle to the wolves, while they dig with the other. They are too much for the wolves; they have slain a great many of them. Their carcasses are scattered all over the ground. It looks strange that men can not dig on their own ground without being disturbed by these ugly wolves, for it is their own land on which they are digging.

A good many of those who ran away at first are coming back and going to digging in good earnest. Some of them are digging in the hardest places among the stones. They find veins of pure gold in the quartz. They think they must work harder for having been afraid of the wolves.

But now comes a great flock of dogs, growling and barking. See them rushing in among the miners! Some of them look fierce as though they would destroy all the miners at once. See! some of the miners are frightened and take to their legs and run with all their might to get away, leaving treasure and all behind. But a great many keep on digging in spite of the dogs. They look sternly at them, then they shrink back and wag their tails. But when they begin to dig, the dogs again rush up and growl.

O what a sight is this! The dogs are fighting among themselves! See them devour each other! There! they have made a great slaughter among themselves.

It now begins to be dark. A storm is arising! See the dark clouds lower! It grows darker, and still darker. See the lightnings flash! Hear the thunder roll! How solemn! How terrible! The darkness grows more dense. How the lightning flashes! What heavy peals of thunder! See! it has struck some of the dogs. It begins to storm. Those poor fellows who were afraid of the dogs, see how they quail and tremble! They flee before the storm. Those who are mining do not seem to mind much about the storm; they have something to throw over them to keep off the rain.

The storm is awful! Such fear and trembling among those who fled! All nature quakes with terror at the storm. Those who left their work now call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne. The earth quakes; the lightning cleaves the rocks asunder. The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.

But the miners continue their labor. The light that streams up from the mines is so glorious in contrast with the darkness, and the sun is breaking through the dark clouds to meet the light from the mines. Heaven and earth have met and kissed each other, and the miners are shouting “Glory, glory!” They do not need the light of the sun, moon or stars for the Lord God is the light thereof.

When the darkness rolled away, everything dark and black was moved away with it. All the filth and rubbish was carried away? Those who ran away can not come into the mines, but must dig naked and destitute around the edge of the mine. But to the faithful miners, all is glorious.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

VISIT TO NORTHPORT, L. I.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER:

By invitation of many friends of Spiritualism, Mrs. Beck and myself left this city on the 28th of June, for Northport and other villages on Long Island. During our ten days stay we held a number of public and private meetings for the investigation of the spiritual phenomena so much traduced by some, and so much praised and loved by others. We were engaged morning, noon and night, each day more or less, by the help of God and the Holy Spirit, convincing skeptics and building up believers in the faith. At all our meetings much good was done. Some beautiful and convincing tests were given through the medium, Mrs. Beck, mostly while she was in a trance state. One lady was much affected while sitting in a circle conversing with her mother, through the medium. She confessed it was her mother, and was well nigh entranced while in the circle. Many others conversed with departed friends at that meeting.

On the same evening, at the tea-table around which some ten or fifteen persons were seated, the medium saw and conversed with a Spirit who said the last time he took tea in that house he sat at the center of the table, and opposite the lady at the head. Mrs. Beck described minutely the clothing he wore, the complexion, color of hair and eyes, etc., although she had never been in Northport before, and had no knowledge of the man whatever. The lady at the head of the table at once recognized the person now in the Spirit-world. This lady, up to that time, had been an unbeliever.

At another time, at a public meeting, the medium, Mrs. Beck, felt a wish to leave the room, after she had been entranced some two or three times, and was making the effort to get out, and when near the door she was suddenly arrested by a Spirit, and brought to a stand for a few minutes, like a stock or stone. Soon, deeply entranced, she was brought to her knees with her arms around the neck of a gentleman that sat on a low chair. He was an entire stranger to us, but the Spirit commenced to manifest in the most affectionate manner the undying love of a mother. The strange gentleman was thoroughly convinced that the Spirit was that of his mother, and said, repeatedly, that that was a most convincing test of Spiritualism; that he could see in the actions and features of the medium those of his mother.

We could narrate many more equally good tests but we fear we should be occupying too much of your space. Suffice it to say, that both at Northport and Comae, many were made glad in the Lord that they gave heed to the things spoken and done, for they gave God the glory of what they saw, heard and felt of the Spirit-power and influence.

I am truly yours for God and humanity, L. S. BECK.
P. S.—Dr. S. Batchelder and wife, J. C. Bond and wife, and others at Northport; and Mr. Reeves, wife, and son, of Comae, witnessed the manifestations as well as the subscriber. L. S. B.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

TROY, July 2, 1856.

As facts establishing the truth of the immortality of the mind by the daily communication of Spirits with mortals, have been and are of incalculable good, permit me to record in your paper a few incidents in connection with the death of my daughter Julia Frances, who departed this life January 31, 1856, in the nineteenth year of her age. Four years previous to her death, a young lady, a relative, about her own age, became for a time a member of our family; the two occasionally, with the writer attended the circle at Mr. Atwood's, and became very much interested in receiving communications from their Spirit-friends. As a test whether Spirits can and do communicate with their friends on earth, they mutually pledged that the one who should depart this life first, should visit and manifest to the other in such a manner as to convince the survivor of the fact. After the death of my daughter, I received a letter from this young lady, informing me of the pledge, and also that two or three days previous to the receipt of a paper recording the death of Julia, which I sent to her uncle, where she was visiting (at this time unknown to me,) she awoke in the night from some cause unusual, and while awake, she distinctly heard her name called three times, “Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!” The unexpected summons seemed to proceed from some person near her, and so alarmed her that she lay very still for a few moments, and then from the strangeness of the circumstance began to doubt the reality, when again, and with more emphasis, her name was called as before, “Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!” At the second summons, she answered, Who calls me? The only answer returned was, “Kate! Kate! Mary Kate!” Then all was silent. On reflection she became alarmed, supposing the call ominous, but on the receipt of the paper the truth flashed on her mind that Julia had fulfilled her promise, and that Spirits can and do communicate with mortals for a certainty.

A day or two after this occurrence, while playing on the piano, she was made sensible that Julia was near her; she felt her approach and embrace, and could distinctly feel her fingers pass up and down her arms. She ceased playing, lest she should startle the gentle Spirit from her; she whispered, Dear Julia; the pressure continued a few moments, and then gradually withdrew. Again she came to her in her room; she felt her pressure and a movement in the air as she passed from her. This she says is as true as her existence, and adds “What a comfort it is that we are not wholly separated in this life from those dear friends who are gone to the world of love before us!”

My daughter departed strong in the faith of a Father's love, looking anxiously for her Spirit-birth. Her last words were, “How sweet to go to sleep here, and awake in heaven!” On the receipt of the letter alluded to, I asked, Who called Kate in the night? *Ans.* “Me, Julia.” Why did you call her? *Ans.* “To fulfil my promise.”

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY ROUSSEAU.

Spiritualists' Directory.

PUBLIC LECTURERS.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, widely known in this country and Europe as an inspired thinker, poet and orator, is one of the most brilliant and powerful lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy and cognate subjects. Mr. H. is traveling, and we can not at present indicate his Post-office address. Those who desire to secure his services, and may be pleased to address us, will have the substance of their requests made known through the TELEGRAPH, where they will doubtless arrest the attention of Mr. Harris.

Miss **EMMA FRANCES JAY** is a Trance Speaking Medium and vocalist of extraordinary powers, whose public efforts are everywhere received with mingled emotions of surprise and delight. The Editor of the Baltimore Republican, who has no faith in Spiritualism, in a recent notice of Miss Jay's lectures in that city, says:—Miss Jay seems to have either been in the hands of a Spirit who was perfect master of elocution, or else she has had excellent instructions in the art. Her gesticulation was graceful, frequent, and perfectly expressive of the idea conveyed. The language used was the most chaste and pure style, and seldom, if ever, excelled in the desk.

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REV. GIBSON SMITH will lecture on Human Magnetism, Clairvoyance, the Facts and Laws of Spiritualism, and all similar subjects wherever he may be called. Post-office address South Shaftsbury, Vt.

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