

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 223.

The Principles of Nature.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.—No. 3.

Continued from Spiritual Telegraph, for August 2.

The silence of a witness who had the best opportunity of learning any alleged occurrence, and strong motives for its annunciation, is good evidence against the reality of the occurrence.

It is remarkable that notwithstanding the alleged reiterated communion of Moses with God, no information respecting the spiritual world or of the soul's immortality was communicated through that personage to those whom he taught.

Two errors are committed by certain advocates of Christianity—Bishop McIlvaine and the Rev. Dr. Berg. One error is that of representing that unbelievers in Scripture, in dying, display less cheerful resignation than believers; the other error is, that the cause of this alleged difference is, that only through Scripture can a knowledge of immortality be obtained. As respects the first mentioned error, I assert from my own knowledge that unbelievers in Scripture die with quite as much heroism as Christians; and it appears from the evidence of the Christian missionary Mr. Hue, that the Pagan Chinese die usually with much less repugnance than Christians. Moreover, this is ascribed by him to their want of religion; in other words, to their not being in fear of such a torture as that awarded to Dives for "seeking the good things of this world."

But the old Bible, by its silence, is a witness against the immortality of the soul; and if those who do not obtain that knowledge are on that account more wicked than those who do obtain it, wherefore is Moses made an object of veneration, who, instead of employing his opportunities in learning that all-important truth, occupies nearly a hundred verses with instructions alleged to come from Jehovah, respecting the materials to be used in constructing a tabernacle? Yet this last mentioned employment of his influence, however irrational, is not wicked, but when he professes to have authority thus derived for the extirpation of neighboring Pagans, there is evidence in my mind of imposture, misrepresentation of God, and a morality the inverse of that alleged to be taught by the same Deity through Christ. See Exodus, chapter 24, and my work, paragraphs 1342, 1091, 1098, and 1271.

While on the one hand the Pentateuch sanctions immorality, by representing personages eminently criminal, as enjoying the especial favor of Jehovah; on the other hand, according to the high authority of Bishop Warburton, "The doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in it, nor did it make a part of the Mosaic dispensation."

To the authority of Bishop Warburton is superadded that of Archbishop Whately, who uses in the very first page of his late work on a future state the following language:

We are told by the Apostle Paul, (2 Tim. verse 10) that it is our Savior Jesus Christ that hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel; that it is to him, and to him alone, that we owe this revelation, the bringing in of this bet-

that neither Jew nor Gentile had, or could have, any assurance of a future state but through the Gospel, is a truth so plainly taught in Scripture, and so fully confirmed by what we read in other books, concerning the notions formerly entertained on the subject, that its having been doubted or denied by any Christian, is to me a matter of unfeigned wonder.

Is it not incredible that God could be the especial friend and patron of any people, and yet omit to convey to them a knowledge of such importance to human welfare and happiness as that of the soul? If any nation were, as represented, the peculiar objects of divine solicitude, and were ruled by a law-giver who professed to get his laws directly from God, would it not be expected that this nation of all others would be well informed respecting their immortal destiny? Yet with respect to the Jews we find the opposite to be case; we find these alleged favorites of the Creator actually behind their neighbors in that very knowledge of which they ought to have been pre-eminently possessed. The heathen Cyrus dies happy in the idea that his soul will survive eternally; while Moses in dying, is occupied only with that worldliness which had actuated him throughout his whole career. As Hannibal said, in the bitterness of his heart, in allusion to the Romans, "Proud and cruel nation, everything must be yours and at your disposal," so might any neighboring Pagan have complained to the Israelites. The Romans though "heathen," were satisfied with the subjugation of their victims, but this Hebrew conqueror deprived them of the only existence which his religion suggested. The testimony of Josephus as respects the Romans, is in these words:

He should have celebrated the magnanimity and candor of the Romans, in allowing their subjects the freedom of our religion, without extorting from them honors which they could not conscientiously pay, yet accepting such tokens of respect as they could with propriety render.—Josephus' Answer to Apion, Book II., page 482.

The same Deity is represented by Christ as forbidding, at one epoch, reasonable and inevitable resistance to aggression, yet at another is by Moses represented as authorizing aggressive conquest, followed by extirpation.

No conqueror ever departed this life in the expression of sentiments more sanguinary, cruel, unjust, and anti-Christian than those comprised in the following quotation:

Wherefore, to avoid this danger of apostasy from the worship of the God of your fathers, suffer not any of your enemies to live after you have conquered them; but esteem it highly conducive to your interest to destroy them all, lest, if you permit them to live, you become infected with their manners, and thereby corrupt your own institution. I do further exhort you to overthrow their altars, temples, and these indeed to exterminate their nations with fire and a can be secured means alone the permanency of your happy to you.—Josephus, Book IV. chap. 8.

How far the impetuous ascription to divine authority, carried through from the recurrence to the questionable name of the evidence on which either stands, that of the Pentateuch having by its own pages no better introduction than the

testimony of an obscure priest, while the only evidence on which the Gospel reposes is rejected by one or other of its sectarian advocates. See 2 Chronicles, 34; or 2 Kings, 22; or my work, paragraph 1940, as quoted in the first number of this reply in the TELEGRAPH of the 12th instant.

GOD'S WORD, SO CALLED, AS RESPECTS FEMALE CAPTIVES.

A provision to legalize and facilitate female violation under nominal marriage, leaving the violator the privilege of repudiation; the wife, the enormous privilege of not being sold as a slave after the violation of her person.

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive,

"And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to thy wife;

"Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails;

"And she shall put the raiment of her captivity from off her, and shall remain in thine house, and bewail her father and her mother a full month: and after that thou shalt go in unto her, and be her husband, and she shall be thy wife.

"And it shall be, if thou have no delight in her, then thou shalt let her go whither she will; but thou shalt not sell her at all for money, thou shalt not make merchandize of her, because thou hast humbled her." Deut. 21: 10—14.

Has language any epithet strong enough to express the deep damnation of the crime thus committed in the name of the Most High?

"A straw shows which way the wind blows." The introduction of the qualification of *beauty* as an important consideration, shows that this holy provision had its foundation in the desire to legalize the tyrannical gratification of lust in the case of any handsome captive. "If thou seest a handsome captive," in other words, one which awakens your lust, it may be gratified as follows. "Man dressed up in little brief authority doth play such tricks before High Heaven as make e'en angels weep," and in the name and under the pretended authority of his God. But the Book Idol sanctions all this, and church-goers sanction it as the word of God, so that whoever assails it, is impious.

Can this expression of my sentiments be fairly represented as the result of prejudice, when the grounds on which it rests are taken into candid consideration?—my work, paragraph 1312.

How incoherent with this Mosaic morality are the precepts of neighbor as thyself; do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto; them do unto you. . . . taken give your coat likewise; and when stricken on one cheek, present the other meekly to receive a second blow." Are not existing self-called Christians situated between two "platforms" of irreconcilable morality; so that, while professing veneration for both, they for the most part act in conformity with neither; but actually are regulated by the "platforms" prescribed by custom, fashion, politics, or sectarianism?

"For I am determined to know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified." "Eureka! that will do," soliloquized Solomon Priestly; "that is just the text. Now will I chastise those base deserters of our prayer-meetings, who are always gadding about Sabbath evenings, to temperance lectures, anti-slavery lectures, and last but not least, to spiritual rappings and woman's rights meetings. These delinquents must be attended to; I must nip the evil in the bud, or my church will be full of heresies. These traveling lecturers have always more or less of heretical ideas and doctrinal points, and when once the mind gets a false notion it must have another to keep it company, and from thence comes a swarm like the flies of Egypt. The first indication of their presence is, absence of the person from the church prayer-meetings. And when I attempt to stir them up to their duty, by picturing the woes of the damned in hell, I can see a sarcastic smile play around their lips and a twinkle in their eye, as much as to say, you can't scare me with that bugbear. I can read them. Oh! they don't know how every face is like an open page to their minister. One might as well try to get up a revival of religion among so many dry bones as among them. Dry bones! yes; that's the phrase. I'll take that for my text next Sabbath. If the revivals fail, then farewell to the church, and fare-

well to the hope of the world. Yes; the church is the salt of the earth; without it the earth would soon rot to its very core with vice and crime. I'll put that in my sermon. Now for my plan. After giving out my text I shall speak of the origin of the Sabbath-day, and the immutability of that law which has made it a holy day, sacred to the worship of the Lord. I shall then proceed to show the utility of such a day, and its applicability to the wants of mankind. I shall strengthen my position by alluding to the fact, that distinguished physicians have believed that the physical constitution both of the human and the animal, requires one day of rest in every seven. It will have its influence on some minds, though they ought to be satisfied with a simple command, without inquiring into the reasonableness of the matter, but human nature is so perverse;" and Solomon Priestly groaned aloud.

It is Sunday; Solomon Priestly ascends the richly carpeted pulpit stairs, while the organ commences a low soft prelude, preparatory to launching out into the full melody, which is to swell higher and louder till the soul, reveling in the sublimity of these strains, unseen, untouched, but not unfelt nor unheard, floats out of its prison house, as it were, into the boundless ideal, and feels its own pulsations responded to by the very voice of God.

"Oh! music, thou art divine! Oh! harmony, thou art the very breath of Deity!" thought Mattie Vining as she sat there in that crowded church, oblivious to all around, not even thinking to return the nod of Deacon Rich's daughter, who was wondering how any one who wore such a plain suit could be so proud, at the same time glancing at her own splendid attire. The hymns have been sung, the prayers offered, the chapter read, but Mattie's soul is still in the presence-chamber of its Deity. The pastor rises and commences speaking. His style is simple and practical; his voice musical, his oratory fascinating. He commences with a flowery description of Sinai, wherein he shows the majesty of that God who has claimed the Sabbath for his own. Then he describes with a touching solemnity the purity of the Gospel, and the richness of its salvation, while he repeats the words of his text, and avows his determination to make the motto of the bold and self-sacrificing Paul his motto, and to keep his clerical robes pure from any stain of worldly interest, and thus keep the sanctity of the pulpit inviolate. Then his voice is like a mournful wail, as he refers to those persons, church members—aye, church members, though I blush to own it—who, to the number of forty, left their prayer-meeting last Sabbath, to attend a woman's rights meeting. He continues: "Are there not six days to labor and attend to such secular matters, and must you rob the Lord of his day! Must the church suffer such disgrace from its own children? Must the world look on and laugh, and say, behold these Christians how they love to pray!"

Mattie listens as in a dream; her thoughts wander far back into the past. She is in a temple of old Judea, surrounded by the zealous disciples of Moses and the law. In the midst of the people stands a man from whose lips fall words all glowing with wisdom, which seemed coined from the very heart of nature, so simple, yet so powerful that the heart owns their sway, though the will remains unconquered still. Then with a voice whose tones are modulated by the depth of a boundless love, he pleads the cause of the people, unmindful of the malice of their rulers who see their evil deeds laid bare before them, and themselves, the chosen seed, judged by the God, not of Abraham, nor of Moses, but by the God of all the earth; and not by a law written on tables of stone, but by a law written on the fleshy tables of their own hearts. "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." There is a bustle among the crowd, and a man is placed before them, whose right hand is withered. A low murmur passes from lip to lip. "Let us see," say they, "if he will heal him on the Sabbath-day!" The speaker stands erect. He comprehends their thoughts, and his voice, so calm, so clear, so full of conscious truth, trembles in the heart of every listener, as he says, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, or to do evil; to save life or to kill?" Then turning to the man who had the withered hand, he cries, "Stretch forth thy hand." The man obeys, and lo! it is made whole like unto the other. Then from his eye there flashes a look that speaks the superiority of principles over creeds—that speaks the divinity of truth, as he turns to the crowd with this utterance, "Go ye, learn what that means, I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

The vision changes. Mattie's thoughts carry her away, to a little low room, through whose solitary window the sunlight never comes. There lies a poor emaciated woman in the last stages of consumption. At the window sits a beautiful young girl sewing. The birds sing without, but she can not hear them; the sun shines, and gentle breezes are sporting among the trees and flowers, and wafting their fragrance to the passer-by, but she can not go out to enjoy them. With her it must be stitch, stitch, without cessation, from early morn till dewy eve; no resting spells; no oasis in the future to cheer her on; life is all one dull monotony; she simply lives and breathes—lives, for what? To die! Yes, die, even as her mother is dying now. She feels the death-worm making its way to her vitals, stitch by stitch. She stops and presses her hand to her heart. No sympathy! no love! Oh! she must have it; the agony is too great to be endured. Lawyer Benton has sought her; he will give her a better home; he will give her—love. Yes, she will be his! his victim! She bows her head upon her hand and weeps. Tears, sacred tears! They are the last life-drops from the heart of innocence. Mattie starts; she hears a voice, but it echoes not now in the temple of old Judea; it sounds throughout the temple of her inmost soul, piercing to its very depths. It is the still small voice of God, which thrills her being to its center, saying unto her, speak thou unto her thy sister and say unto her, "Stretch forth thy hand." Bid her use the powers that God has given her to make for herself a name and a position in society. Tell her that the world is wide, that thought is free, and that God-given powers, if but put forth and exercised, would give to all a home, and crown that home with love and happiness. Oh! bid thy sisters all stretch forth their hands, and the Spirit of the living God shall thrill them with a life, and energy, and give to them a strength whereby they may bend and shape the world. Aye! bend it, till its crooked paths are all made straight, and its dens of infamy are emptied of their filth, and purged from all uncleanness.

For in woman's hand, all impotent as it is, dwells the moral power that is to turn and overturn until all hearts shall acknowledge the sway of truth. For when she sits on wisdom's mount, the love irradiating from her soul will form a crown of glory, to which all hearts will kneel in adoration. Speak to thy sister, then! Speak, even on the Sabbath day. For I will have justice and not sacrifice. Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath day?

The sermon was ended, and Mattie's visions were dispelled. "What a heavenly discourse!" said good Mrs. Lawyer Benton to Mattie Vining, as they were leaving the church. "Our minister displays the true Spirit of the gospel."

"I guess my sermon was not lost upon one individual at least," said parson Priestly to his wife, as they wended their way home. "Mattie Vining, you know, was one of the members who attended the Woman's Rights meeting. She was very much affected; I saw tears in her eyes several times."

TROY, N. Y.

MELINDA A. BAILL.

JACOB BEHMEN'S IDEA OF GOD.

JACOB BEHMEN, the Gerlitz shoemaker, who styled himself the "Teutonic Theosopher," and who wrote during the first half of the sixteenth century, was unquestionably a seer of a very high order, albeit some portions of his voluminous writings are so deeply interior and apparently mystical as to defy the comprehension of the merely external mind. He was unlearned in the world's sense of the term, and expressly claims to have written by a divine effluvia. From his book entitled "THE MYSTERIUM MAGNUM," and which is a kind of *Arcane Cælestis* in its way, containing as it does a correspondential interpretation of the book of Genesis, we quote the following thesis on the nature and mode of the Divine existence. The careful reader can scarcely fail to be impressed with the profundity, sublimity, and truthfulness of the views here set forth, and if he fully appropriates to himself the meaning of the seer, he will gain that which will prove of value to him during the rest of his life. The extract is from the first chapter of the book aforesaid, entitled "WHAT GOD MANIFESTED IS; AND OF THE TRINITY."

If we would understand what the new birth is, and how it is brought to pass, then we must first know what man is, and how he is the image of God, and what the divine inhabitation is; also what the revealed God is, of whom man is an image.

When I consider what God is, then, I say, he is the One; in reference to the creature as an eternal nothing. He has neither foundation, beginning, or abode; he possesses nothing but only himself. He is the will of the abyss; he is in himself only one; he needs neither space nor place. He begets him-

self in himself, from eternity to eternity; he is neither like nor resembles anything, and has no peculiar place where he dwells. The eternal wisdom or understanding is his delight; he is the will of the wisdom; the wisdom is his manifestation.

In this eternal generation we are to understand three things, viz.: first, an eternal will; second, an eternal mind of the will; third, the egress from the will and mind, which is a Spirit of the will and mind.

The will is the Father: the mind is what is conceived of the will, viz., the seat or habitation of the will, or the center to something, and it is the will's heart; and the egress of the will and mind is the Power and Spirit.

This threefold Spirit is one only essence, and yet it is no essence, but the eternal understanding—an original of the something; and yet it is the eternal hiddenness, as the understanding of man is not confined in time and place, but it is its own comprehension and seat; and the egress of the Spirit is the eternal original contemplation, viz.: a *lubet* of the Spirit.

That which is egressed is called the *lubet* of the Deity, or the eternal wisdom, which is the eternal of all powers, colors, and virtues; by which the threefold Spirit in this *lubet* comes to a desiring, namely, of the powers, colors, and virtues; and its desiring is an impressing, a conceiving itself. The will conceives the wisdom in the mind, and what is conceived in the understanding is the eternal word of all colors, powers, and virtue, which the eternal will expresses by the Spirit from the understanding of the mind.

And this speaking is the motion, or life, of the Deity; an eye of the eternal seeing, where one power, color, and virtue distinctly knows another; and yet they all stand in equal proportion or analogy, void of weight, limit, or measure; also undivided one from another. All the powers, colors, and virtues lie in one, and it is a distinct, mutual, well-tuned pregnant harmony; or, as I might say, a speaking word. In which word or speaking all speeches, powers, colors and virtues are contained, and with the pronouncing or speaking they unfold themselves, and bring themselves into sight and observation.

This is now the eye of the abyss, the eternal chaos, wherein all, whatsoever eternity and time have, are contained; and it is called counsel, power, wonder, and virtue. Its peculiar and proper name is called God, or Jeova, or Jehovah, who is without all nature, without all beginning of any essence, a working in himself; generating, finding, or perceiving himself, without any kind of source from anything, or by anything. He has neither beginning nor end. He is immense; no number can express his largeness and greatness. He is deeper than any thought can reach; he is no where far from anything, or nigh unto anything; he is through all, and in all; his birth is everywhere, and without and beside him there is nothing else. He is time and eternity, byss and abyss, and yet nothing comprehends him but the true understanding, which is God himself.

OF THE WORD, OR HEART OF GOD, FROM CHAP. 2.

This is now what St. John says, chap. 1: In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and God was the word; the same was in the beginning with God. The word (in) is the will of the abyss. The Beginning is the conception [or apprehension] of the will; where it conceives, and brings itself into an eternal beginning. The word is now the conceived, which in the will is nothing, and with the conception there is a generation. This was in the beginning with the will, and in the will; but with the *lubet* of the will it receives its beginning in the conception of the will; therefore it is called a heart, viz.: a center, or life circle, wherein the original of the eternal life is.

And John says further: "By the same were all things made, and without it was not anything made that was made; in it was the life, and the life was the light of men. Here, O man, take now this light of life, which was in the word, and is eternal, and behold the being of all beings, and especially thyself, seeing that thou art an image, life and being of the unsearchable God, and a likeness as to him. Here consider time and eternity, heaven, hell, the world, light and darkness, pain and source, life and death, something and nothing. Here examine thyself, whether thou hast the light and life of the word in thee, so that thou art able to see, and understand all things. For thy life was in the word, and was made manifest in the image which God created; it was breathed into it from the Spirit of the word."



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW WORCESTER, MASS., July 31, 1856.

DEAR READERS:

A Visit and Lectures in Greenfield.

Sunday, the 20th instant, was spent in the beautiful village of Greenfield, where, by the indulgence of the Trustees of the Unitarian Society, I was permitted to occupy the pulpit of their church edifice for two lectures, on the nature, relations and phenomena of the Spirit, and the philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse through earthly channels of communication. The audiences were respectable for numbers and intelligence. There are several excellent friends in that place who are strong enough to go alone, and sane enough to believe their own senses. There may be weak ones there, as elsewhere, who still find it necessary to lean against some ancient authority, or to prop up their feeble faith with a number of theological propositions. Persons of this class seldom have spiritual strength sufficient to enable them to go far from home; but they have time to grow stronger, and may yet be incited to action by more manly examples.

During the time that we (the writer and several members of his family) remained in Greenfield, all were cordially entertained at the homes of Mr. Andruss, Mr. Rice and Dr. Fisk. Whatever was necessary to render our brief visit agreeable was done by those gentlemen and their estimable ladies, whose kind offices we should be most happy to reciprocate. We left Greenfield on Tuesday, the 22d instant, for this place, and after leaving the family in a cool and verdant spot, to seek recreation and repose, the writer proceeded, in company with Mr. Partridge, to fill several appointments in Fitchburg, Gardner and Templeton, the results of which may hereafter be briefly chronicled by our associate.

State of Things in Worcester.

Among the friends of Spiritualism in Worcester are several ladies and gentlemen of superior intelligence, whose social position enables them to wield an extensive influence. I am pleased to learn that an effort to concentrate the spiritual elements in this place, and to give them greater efficiency in the production of tangible and beneficent results, is likely to be successful. Spiritual ideas are sure to be entertained wherever there is any considerable degree of mental expansion and moral refinement. A liberal theology, with enlightened and progressive views on all subjects, must prevail and exert a genial and redeeming influence so far as sectarian names and distinctions are disregarded. Let Spiritualists have a proper respect for the law that governs the individual mind and organization. Instead of a hostile crusade against the honest convictions of others, let us have universal toleration. The thing has been talked of ever since the time of Luther, but no religious body or theological organization has hitherto fairly reduced the Protestant principle to practice. I am not without hope that a large portion of the Spiritualists of this country will attempt this difficult achievement. I am not advocating stupid indifference and sluggish indolence. By no means. It is better far that occasional tempests of conflicting ideas should continue to sweep over the mental deep, though each succeeding storm may leave its wrecks along the shore, than that the elements should sink to a dead level to be moved no more. Let all be free and let each be duly respected. Only those who lack either the courage or the ability to think for themselves ever precisely agree in their opinions. Nor is this at all desirable. The repose of inaction is false to nature and subversive of the highest human interests. Nowhere in the empire of light and life can this state be discovered. On the contrary, the unity that is found in inactivity can only be consummated in death.

The Muses Going by Steam.

Mr. J. C. Stoddard, of Worcester, with whom the writer had a slight personal acquaintance some years since, has recently

invented a curious musical machine in which steam is made to supply the place of wind. The instrument consists of a large number of pipes of various and suitable dimensions with a corresponding number of valves, all of which are connected by wires, with a key-board similar to that of a pianoforte. Touching the keys raises the valves, and a volume of steam proportioned to the size of the pipe and adapted to produce the required note, is thus permitted to escape. Thus all the notes in the scale are sounded, and of course their harmonic combinations to the extent of the performer's capacity, are readily produced. This is certainly a novel illustration of the inventive proclivities of the Eastern people, and which have already given New England a preëminence over all states and nations for her numerous and important contributions to the Mechanic Arts.

Mr. Stoddard calls his invention the *Calliope*, from the *Muse* that presided—according to the Pagan Mythology—over heroic poetry and Eloquence. The original Calliope was doubtless a very spirited young woman, not particularly cautious, and somewhat liable to *run off the track*, an indiscretion which is not likely to be corrected, now that *she goes by steam*. Apollo, whose business it was, anciently, to preside over and protect the *Muses*, had better look after those wayward goddesses, or some cunning Yankee will catch the balance of the family and have them joined to a steam engine, or connected with some factory privilege on the Merrimac river! Perhaps the immortal Nine, seeing that one of their number, Mademoiselle Calliope, has been invested with such new and marvelous powers since she came to reside in Massachusetts, will permit Monsieur Apollo to retire from the office of the presidency, that Stoddard may be promoted to his place. The old man was formerly so indulgent that the girls used to get into mischief; they are more experienced now, I know; but it will probably require the additional restraints of Stoddard's numerous *bars* and *keys* to keep those old maids in order and to reduce the wayward propensities of their youth to the laws of *harmony*. Stoddard may not equal Apollo in his *personal attractions*, but he evidently knows more about some things; and as knowledge is power—especially a knowledge of *steam*—he will doubtless make a more efficient governor. If it please the immortal patrons of the liberal arts, our mechanical and musical friend is hereby duly nominated for the presidency. Let all support him, and join with sister Calliope in signaling his inauguration.

Stoddard commands; your aid, O Muses, bring;
What *Muse* for Stoddard can refuse to sing?

The steam-power *Muse* was employed a few days since on an excursion train that took a Worcester delegation to the Free-mont and Dayton ratification meeting, convened at Fitchburg on the 8th instant. On the 10th, the steam music accompanied the mid-day train to Providence, R. I., and the next day it was attached to the machinery of the "*Canonicus*," and operated while that steamer was making an excursion down the bay. On these several occasions the tones of the Calliope have startled the senses and moved the locomotive powers of multitudes. Thousands gathered along the line of the railroad between Worcester and Providence, and about the shores at Newport, to see Stoddard and hear his steam orchestra. The machine blew out "*Yankee Doodle*" with tremendous force, and scattered the variations for leagues along the track. Far back to the distance of several miles the echoes answered among the hills, and the young men and maidens in adjacent villages danced the same waltzes and polkas, as the powers of steam forced them through the Calliopean pipes, and scattered them through the valleys and among the mountains.

The present age seems determined to do everything by machinery. The processes which once demanded the direct exercise of human faculties are now more extensively carried on by the application of some invisible master to a mechanical instrument. It is perhaps questionable whether the popular religion will long present a clear and marked exception to the prevailing custom. Divinity may yet be mounted on wheels, and religious ceremonies performed by turning a crank. I have heard, indeed, that the practice obtains somewhere, of pasting prayers on a cylinder which is made to revolve by the worshiper, while he is thus engaged in his devotions.

We know that preaching, for a long time, has been a kind of *mechanical* business, and it is surprising that so many poor mechanics as have been employed in this department have not literally ruined the trade. At length, Mr. Stoddard having sup-

plied a *desideratum* in the production of music by steam, the several processes may now be performed by labor-saving machinery, and with the least possible expenditure of thought and feeling. It is astonishing how we progress in this particular direction! One other important improvement remains to be accomplished. If we can only substitute *basswood automatons* for a large number that now occupy the pulpit, there will not be so many cases of *bronchitis*, clerical expulsions for immorality will be less frequent, and the annual expenses of many parishes will be greatly diminished.

Electricity as a Motor.

The other day the writer met with Henry M. Paine, who some time since proposed to light up one of our public buildings in New York—the Astor House, if we mistake not—with water from the aqueduct. He appears to be a gentlemanly man, and is doubtless a genius, though he may fail to set the Croton river on fire. At present he is employed in experiments with a view to the application of electricity as a motive power. Mr. Paine was understood to say that he had an electro-magnetic engine nearly completed, and that he should soon make a public experiment with a train of cars on one of the railroads. There is a small model of his invention in a boat which may be seen in a pond near his house. I had an opportunity to examine the machinery, but did not see it in operation. If Mr. Paine is finally successful in his attempts to use electricity, either as a light or as a motor, his triumph over natural obstacles and public prejudice will be equal to his highest ambition.

Early Reminiscences.

The north part of Spencer and the little miniature lake known as the *Browning Pond* are among the scenes and objects which are endeared to me by the enchantment of youthful recollections. Last Tuesday I spent most of the day in that region, wandering through the woods and along the shores, looking at the objects which were so familiar thirty years ago. Time has left visible traces on all things. But few of the persons whom the writer knew in his childhood are to be found at this day; they are scattered, and, with occasional exceptions, their abiding places are unknown. The natural features of the place alone remain, and even these wear a different aspect. The axe and the plow have been where the primitive forests shaded the virgin soil; the lilies that once whitened the waters along the shores of the Pond have nearly disappeared; lichens have taken root on the bare rocks; hearth-stones that were hallowed by sacred memories are broken and removed; and thresholds that my feet have pressed when life was new, have disappeared and left no trace of the homes that were there. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*;" but the soul survives all material transformations, and we may rejoice that some things are immortal.

S. B. B.

LETTER FROM MR. PARTRIDGE. No. 2.

PIGEON-COVE HOUSE, ROCKPORT, July, 30, 1856.

KNOWING the deep interest our readers feel in the spread of modern Spiritualism, and in human progress, I continue to narrate some of the incidents of our journey. We met Mr. Brittan in Worcester, on the 22d instant, and, by previous appointment, in the evening we visited a distinguished citizen and earnest advocate of our glorious cause, who had also invited several other friends to be present.

The evening was chiefly spent in narrating spiritual experiences and in general interchange of thought relative to the present and future interests of the cause. Some remarkable manifestations were related, and it was evident that much good had been accomplished. It was manifest from the persons present, and their remarks, that the cause is widening, and interesting the most worthy and intelligent citizens in that vicinity.

Mr. Brittan and myself met again in Fitchburg, to fill an engagement to lecture there on the evening of the 24th instant. We were entertained by very kind friends and earnest advocates of the new dispensation of Gospel light. Notwithstanding the very short notice, and a political meeting which was held at the same time, our audience was fair as to numbers, and was intelligent and attentive. Our meeting was holden in the vestry of what is called, I believe, the Trinitarian Church. We were introduced to the clergyman who officiates in that church, and he, like the other of whom I spoke in my previous communication, is waiting, apparently afraid that Spirits do communicate with mortals. He informed us that there were believers and mediums among his flock, and he chose to let them

believe according to their experience, and as their consciences dictated, rather, I suppose, than present to them the alternative of renouncing Spiritualism or leaving his church fellowship. It is quite evident that if this alternative was presented these Spiritualists would make their decision instantly, and without the grace even of asking time to reflect. It really seems as if people are beginning to place as much reliance on *their own senses and observations* as on that of anybody else. Many prefer to be orthodox than to simply *profess* orthodoxy. Prodigals are coming to themselves in these days, and beginning to feel that they are responsible for the proper exercise of the guiding faculties God has given them. Hence they are emerging from a servile school, and coming to the state of individual manhood, and are putting aside authority and other childish things. They begin to act and speak like men. This is encouraging for Spiritualism; for since it has nothing by which to frighten people into an assent to, and a support of, an expensive hierarchy, it must and does rely for an acceptance on the exercise of good, practical, unbiassed common sense.

We left Fitchburg with much encouragement for the cause of modern Spiritualism. It is attracting much attention, and the friends seem to be alive and earnest for the truth. They are pretty sanguine of being able to have a course of lectures next winter on the subject. God bless their endeavors.

We spoke next in Gardner, on Friday evening the 25th instant, on the Music Stand, in the open air, the Hall having been previously engaged for a political meeting. This seemed to me more like God's church, hence more appropriate for the dissemination of his Gospel, than any place I have spoken in yet. The people came up in multitudes, without money and without price, and standing there two hours and a half evinced their earnestness in the new manifestations of Spirit presence and power, which are imbuing the dead letter of truth with life and immortality. The inhabitants of this town are farmers and mechanics—good practical common sense people, who must have a Gospel that is alive and has the power of doing good, or none. These people are intelligent, and they listened with marked attention; and we flatter ourselves that a seed is sown which will yield a good harvest. There are mediums, and circles for investigation held regularly in this town, and the cause is in a good healthy and growing condition.

On Saturday evening, July 26, we spoke in Baldwinville, to a very good and appreciative audience. Some of them came from Gardner, where we spoke the evening previous. We did not learn the state of the cause in this place as in those places we have before spoken of. But there is good soil here, and we believe the seed will grow.

Sunday evening July 26, at five o'clock, Mr. Brittan spoke in the Unitarian Church, at Templeton. The house is large, and it was well filled with very intelligent and practical common-sense people. The choir of this congregation furnished excellent music, which many of our city churches might feel proud to have. Mr. Brittan spoke for the space of one hour and a half, in his usual happy and forcible manner, with which the audience appeared, as several expressed themselves, highly edified and gratified. There are many believers and mediums in Templeton, and several of the members of this church are firm and earnest believers in Spiritual Intercourse. The preacher is earnest for truth, wherever it may be found, and is liberal toward those who may differ from him in religious sentiments. He has read works on Spiritualism, and investigated the subject as opportunity has offered, and so far as human testimony can go toward establishing his faith in an occult science, I believe he is satisfied. Nevertheless he is like very many other intelligent and candid people who can not accept the testimony of living witnesses as respects the occurrence of extraordinary phenomena, but at the same time believe, and urge others to receive, the testimony of persons who lived eighteen hundred years ago, to similar extraordinary manifestations. Truly a witness has no more honor to-day than a prophet, in his own time and country. I respectfully ask the attention of all such persons to the following remarks:

First. All the knowledge we have of the spiritual world comes to us through the observation of ourselves and others.

Second. The human senses are as reliable to-day as they have been in any age of the world.

Third. Man is as competent to discover things which do appear, and to comprehend them, as ever man was in any age of the world.

Fourth. In the same ratio with the extraordinary character of any phenomena to which any considerable number of credible witnesses testify without prior agreement or collusion, are we bound to respect their testimony.

Fifth. Whatever has been, may be.

Sixth. No logical mind can respect the professed belief of any man in ancient spiritual manifestations who denies their recurrence to day in the face of living witnesses, and the superabundant evidences extant.

Seventh. The Bible and the church never had such formidable enemies as its professed friends to-day, who seek to defend them by impeaching the natural senses of men, and human testimony, and deny present spiritual intercourse with mortals, and its possibility in this age of the world.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

AUGUST.

'Tis the noon of the year. The solar heat has attained its greatest intensity, and the path of the orb of day is approaching the autumnal equinox. There is a lull in the activities of nature without and of the Spirit within. The fields have yielded their golden harvests; well-stored barns show a rich reward of the husbandman's toil, and evince the continuous bounty of the Divine Father. Mornings are fresh and dewy; the sun-lit hours are rendered delightful by gentle zephyrs that fan the fevered brows of the toil-worn, that kiss the peaceful bosom of lake and stream, and that breathe through the groves making them vocal with low murmuring music. Evenings are calm and pensive, rendered solemn by the voice of the cricket and katadid, and beautiful by those millions of world-fires that glow down from the awful and mysterious depths of the milky way. Everything invites to relaxation, to revery, to rural rambles, and to solitary and peaceful repose. The urchin has forsaken his school; the merchant, with deserted counter, relaxes his hold upon the pen, and calmly snoozes over his open ledger; the editor in his sanctum is only kept from participancy in the general collapse of thought, by the eternal clamor of the printer's devil for "copy, more copy." Steamboats and rail cars are thronged with passengers rushing from the crowded cities to the mountains, the forests and the ocean shores in quest of solitude and repose.

But, avaunt! ye tantalizing dreams of groves and green-swards, silvery lakes and leaping cataracts, sighing zephyrs and purling rills; ye are not for the eyes and ears of the brain-weary scribe who indites these lines. The blank eternal stare of that unpoetical brick-wall which stands there opposite our window, reminds us that we are in this great crowded, hurly-burly city of noise, dust and stifled air, and there we must stay; and as apology for this slight encroachment upon the realms of the sentimental, we declare our innocence when we took up our pen, of any other intention than to state, in plain homespun phrase, that all spiritual matters and movements in our city are just now sunk into the indolence and relaxation of the dog-day season. The Sunday meetings have been suspended till September; the Wednesday evening Conferences are but thinly attended; most of the public mediums for test communications have left the city for a season, and many of our spiritualistic citizens are rusticated at various places of public and private resort. Autumn is coming on apace, when the wanderers will return to their several posts, and the wonted activity will be resumed and intensified.

Tiffany's Monthly.

We hope ere our next issue, to have the August Number of this Magazine ready for delivery to its patrons. With this Number the first volume of the Magazine is completed, forming a book of 576 octavo pages, filled with reading matter deserving of the widest circulation. The September Number will be the first of a new volume, and hence now is a favorable time for those designing to subscribe for the work, to send us in their names and remittances. The terms of the subscription three dollars a year, payable always in advance.

Mr. Partridge's Tour.

MR. PARTRIDGE expected to speak in Salem, Mass., on Sunday last, and in Portland, Me., on Tuesday evening. Thence he proceeds to Damarecotta, Me., to stop for a few days; he will then start for the White mountains where he expects to arrive on Monday, 11th instant. He will remain there till about the 15th, and then proceed to Canada West.

Facts in Bordentown, N. J.

THE writer of this spent Sunday last in Bordentown, N. J., where he was called upon to speak at the funeral of the son of Captain George B. Raymond, a distinguished citizen of that town. As on our arrival home this day (Monday) the Number of the TELEGRAPH for the present week must be immediately made up for the press, we are unable to notice now, in a fitting manner, the particulars of this young man's decease and funeral, and the interesting collateral facts; but these shall receive an appropriate notice in our next issue. It is simply our purpose now to mention a fact or two illustrative of spiritual intercourse, and related to us by Captain Raymond as occurring in his own family some months since.

Mrs. Richards, a relative of the family, came into their parlor one day and saw Captain R. and a portion of his family sitting round a table, and on learning that their purpose was to obtain a spiritual communication, she burst into immoderate laughter at the apparent absurdity of the idea. She was, however, subsequently persuaded to take seat with the family around a table, and quietly wait for any occurrence that might take place. After sitting thus for some time, she was startled by the action of some foreign invisible power which suddenly threw up her arm. A pencil was then placed in her hand, and while her face was turned another way, so that she could not see any movement of her hand, the latter commenced involuntarily moving, and wrote in beautifully regular and legible characters, an impressive communication addressed to herself, and signed by her father who is in the Spirit-world. After finishing this, the same Spirit proceeded to write by her hand in like manner, a communication addressed to her mother. While this writing was being performed, Mrs. R. was weeping as immoderately as she had been laughing before; and with her eyes thus averted from the hand that wrote, it would have been utterly impossible for her to have executed this perfectly regular and legible chirography, and of the import of which she knew nothing until it was read.

ANOTHER FACT.—Some months ago one day, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond rushed into the dining-room and said to her father and mother, "O come up stairs quick!" The parents accordingly went up into the hall in the second story where their four children had been playing, and saw them all four gazing at the same apparently vacant spot, and they all gave identical descriptions of a group of little Spirit children dancing round their little deceased brother Harry who was in the midst of them. They were much astonished that their parents could not see the same beautiful sight.

Looks before he Leaps.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, published in this city, mentions several things that were recently told to him by a clergyman of the Old Church, concerning the manner in which the marvels of modern Spiritualism are stirring up the members of the orthodox denominations, and among other things he says:

He told us of a certain learned Doctor of Divinity who had prepared an elaborate work on the subject, exposing and exploding the whole subject, much in the style, we suppose, of President Mahan's work. This author attended the May anniversaries in New York, and while there it occurred to him that it might be as well for him to see a few "manifestations," as he was about to publish on the subject. He accordingly went to a place where such things were to be seen, and in one or two visits was so much surprised and staggered by what he witnessed, as to confess that he did not know enough of the subject to write upon it, and concluded to throw his manuscript aside.

The correspondent then remarks:

Spiritualism is a problem with which the old theology finds it difficult to deal. Its ministers, in opposing the movement, are almost always at first betrayed into the weakness of denying its facts without examination, and so cut themselves off at once from all rational connection with the minds which they wish to reach and influence. But they have no philosophy of the other life, by which to account for, and explain, these modern phenomena.

Another Healing Spring.

THE *New England Spiritualist* of August 2, says:

Mr. John Field, of Hartland (Four Corners) Vt., writes us that his daughter Jane, having suffered for six years with a cancerous swelling in the neck, consulting the most skillful physicians without obtaining any relief, had discovered, through spirit-direction, a healing spring, and by the use of the water has been rapidly improving in health, the swelling gradually yielding and the pain wholly ceased. The water is already "doing wonders" in a great variety of complaints. This statement is accompanied by a certificate of its correctness, signed by ten, or twelve residents in that vicinity. Mr. F. requests our exchanges to copy this notice.

"THE SPIRITUAL HERALD."

THE June Number of this monthly magazine of spiritual facts and philosophy, has been before us for some weeks. It is certainly conducted with ability, and if its circulation on the other side of the water is commensurate with its merits, it must be exerting a powerful influence in the dissemination of more elevated views than any that are sanctioned in prevalent creeds, respecting the existence and laws of an unseen world, and man's relations thereto. The present Number contains articles entitled, "Martin, the French Peasant and Prophet, and Louis XVIII.," "Experience in Table-Moving and Spiritualism;" "Frank Starr's Experience;" "Spirit Manifestations in California;" "Reviews;" "Selections from the American Papers," etc. A few copies of the *Herald* are for sale at this office. Price, per single Number, 18 cents. We make the following extract from the article in the June Number, entitled:

EXPERIENCES IN TABLE-MOVING AND SPIRITUALISM.

To define the precise bounds of natural and preternatural action is almost to fix the exact limits of the discoveries of human science. Whatever may be the attainments of some exalted minds, the generality of mankind will, nevertheless, ascribe to supernatural causes those appearances for which philosophers themselves can furnish no reasonable natural explanation. When, therefore, men like Prof. Faraday and Prof. Brewster—great names, but no authorities in matters of common sense—shut their understanding to facts, and treat with scorn and incredulity difficulties beyond their capacity to explain, it is quite pardonable that men of less pretentious merits should err in the opposite and less pernicious extreme of belief.

The attempts of these otherwise skeptical philosophers to reconcile the contradictory phenomena of table-moving, by referring them to muscular action, are absurd, mischievous, and highly reprehensible. They obstruct the path of knowledge. The fact that a table can be moved, and not by muscular action, ought now to be beyond all cavil. It rests upon the testimony of thousands of witnesses. When, therefore, these phenomena are seen, being utterly inconsistent, with all known experience of the laws of gravity and motion, it is no wonder that un-instructed or unphilosophical minds, who witness all the direct, rotative, concentric and eccentric action, the rising, rapping and dancing, and other extraordinary phenomena attending table-moving, should, in the absence of intelligible explanations of these astounding facts, refer to Spiritualism or other preternatural causes, for a solution of the difficulties which beset the subject.

I propose, with your permission, to submit to the consideration of the public, through your journal, a few facts and records which, if they do not unsettle Prof. Faraday in his unbelief, will, I am sure, convince every person not utterly inaccessible through prejudice; and will confirm the experience of those who have successfully exercised the faculty they possess, of exciting action in a table. Whether considered as a science or a faith, a vast field of discovery is open to the student, in that which, for want of a better word, I shall call the science of TABULATION. This science is founded upon the indisputable fact, that a table, when the hands are superimposed upon it, first makes a "creaking" sound, repeated at intervals, then slightly shifts its position suddenly, then swaying to the right or left, rises, oscillates quickly, vibrates, trembles, and when desired, raps on the ground with one of the legs, with a greater or less degree of violence. I propose to embrace, under the word Tabulation, all those accessory phenomena which have been demonstrated to be connected with table-moving. As Tabulation is at variance with the received notions of the laws of motion and gravitation, it is no wonder that men like Faraday, Owen, Arago and Brewster, should reject as impossible that which is above their comprehension. In various publications these gentlemen have expressed their disbelief that the table moves at all, except through a "quasi-muscular action." In a very unbecoming style of dictatorial dogmatism, they pretend that the agents' fingers "get stiff, numb, and insensible through pressure, and that they unwittingly move the table unknown to themselves." Such illogical and inconclusive reasoning can only be treated with contempt. I have seen Faraday's instrument; and his trumpety straw index could have no more power to stop the force I have seen exerted than a weathercock could stay the north-east blast. He tells us "that the power is gone," when his index is presented to the table-turners. I reply, that the power is not gone, and that his plaything of an instrument is of no more value to measure the ideomotor power of table-turning, than a two-foot rule would serve to measure an arc of the meridian, or the extent of Mr. Faraday's self-conceit. "Philosophy, liberty, and religion support each other," was the saying of an Academical philosopher. "He who can not reason is a fool, he who will not is a bigot, and he who dares not is a slave." I leave Mr. Faraday, who speaks so insultingly of the mental conditions of the public body, to determine whether he himself is not deficient, as he says, "in some very important principle." All that I ask to be conceded to me is, that I can move the table by the imposition of my hands. I have done it upon innumerable occasions. Can Mr. Faraday or any person deny it? It being admitted that table-moving or table-raising is an accomplished fact, we have then a lever and a place to stand upon, wherewith, like Archimedes, we can move the world. Now let me describe the experiments I have performed:

EXPERIMENT 1. Both before and since the publication of Faraday's paper, I have selected a strong, heavy table, forty-two inches square, with solid legs, two and a half inches square, having no castors, to operate upon. The table being disposed with the legs bearing east,

west, north, and south, my father, mother and myself, placed our hands upon it, we will say at the east corner, the hands resting slightly upon the axis of one leg. The ends of my father's fingers were placed opposite to those of my mother; therefore any muscular action—i. e., pushing—by one, would, of course, be counteracted by the pushing of the other in the opposite direction. I sat at the extreme corner, so that all our fingers' ends nearly met, although no actual chain was formed. The hands were superimposed lightly on the table, the pressure, if any, unconsciously being downward upon the axis of the leg. We charged the table, and I willed it to rise up—not to turn, but to rise up—and, in two minutes, the table—i. e., the corner where we were placed—rose up, in defiance of Prof. Faraday and of our assumed notions of the laws of gravity. To suppose that we could unconsciously push a heavy table, weighing above a hundred-weight, is, indeed, a "preposterous theory."

EXPERIMENT 2. After Faraday's letter was published, being resolved to test the matter still further, we placed ourselves as before, and charged the table. In two minutes, in obedience to my will, the leg of the table rose, as on the previous occasion, full four or five inches. I immediately pulled off my shoes and stockings, as preconcerted, and jumped upon the corner of the table, which, of course, resumed its normal position, all four legs remaining firm upon the floor, as usual. My father and mother then continued to charge the table, and in three minutes the leg of the table, at the corner where I stood, rose, carrying me up into the air. My father then took off his slippers and stockings, and standing also upon the table with his arm round my waist, left my mother alone to operate, who placed her hands on the table, quite at the corner. In three minutes the table rose as before, carrying both my father and myself upward, and my father only kept his footing by holding on to the ceiling. Our united weights could not be less than one hundred and fifty, to two hundred pounds, exclusive of the table.

EXPERIMENT 3. At a *séance*, held on — August, 1853, we pressed the Spirit, or ideomotor power, to put himself in communication with us. The following is a copy of the record which I made of the experiment when it was over. At one time the trembling of the table literally shook the whole house, and the casements rattled. It occupied us rather more than the usual time* to charge the table; say four minutes. The Spirit then faintly manifested itself by the premonitory creak.

C. C. B.

* This period varies greatly. The weather, the seasons, and many other remarkable causes affect the duration of the period required to set the table in motion. Warm weather is the most favorable time for action.

Miss C. M. Beebe.

DURING the month of July, this young lady lectured in Greenfield, Mass., and in Mechanicsville and Glenn's Falls, N. Y.—some nine or ten times in all. Her audiences have been generally large, and composed, in a good degree, of men and women of intellectual culture and general intelligence. In fact such, above all others, are the people most attracted by Miss BEEBE's discourses, whose opulence of thought and rare beauties of diction they can rightly appreciate. Her mission is a noble one, and she is performing it laboriously and well. If she does nothing else, she must at least command the respect of intelligent and candid minds for the rare literary graces of the lectures delivered through her mediumship, as well as for her own unassuming and lady-like manners. She will probably remain in Glenn's Falls several weeks longer; and about the middle of September make a tour to the West, to be absent eight or ten weeks. We bespeak for her a hearty welcome from our Western friends. Applications to her for lectures during this tour, may be addressed to this office, for the present; and to facilitate the arrangement of her appointments they should be sent as early as practicable.

R. W. Emerson and the Spiritualists.

MR. EMERSON in the last lecture of his recent series at Boston, spoke of the manner in which a great man's thought diffuses itself and gets respected, in a generation or two, widely and mechanically. After using several other illustrations he said that the law is strikingly revealed in the midnight fumbings over mahogany throughout the country now, to get at the secrets of the spiritual world. It always happens, he said, that whatever Spirit is called up—Franklin, or Fenelon, or Napoleon, or Abd-el-Kader—it is always Swedenborg that answers. That is the cow from which all the milk comes.

The above paragraph, which is going the rounds of the newspapers, originally appeared in the *Boston Transcript*. We think the writer must have misunderstood Mr. Emerson. We have always regarded that gentleman as occupying a position greatly above the sphere of narrow and ignorant prejudice, and we feel strongly inclined, on presumptive grounds, to defend him against the imputation of having ever given utterance to an assertion which even the moderately informed opposers of Spiritualism know is so palpably untrue as the assertion that "whatever spirit is called up it is always Swedenborg that answers," meaning, we suppose, that it is always he through whom the answer purports to come. The fact is, a communication is comparatively seldom received, which claims Swedenborg either as its medium or its author.

Original Communications.

THE DAVENPORTS AT LOCKPORT.

LOCKPORT, July 10, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—I feel it my duty to the cause of Spiritualism and humanity, to speak of some demonstrations that I have lately witnessed in the presence of the Davenport family, who have been holding forth a few days past in this place. If the phenomena that we have witnessed here be deception, I should be happy to know in what consists a reality. Our circles have been small, and we have had the best opportunity for examination that could be desired, both in the dark and light. In the dark, however, the demonstrations are the most powerful, but not so convincing to a skeptical mind as those that take place in the light, which latter have convinced every mind that has examined, beyond a doubt, inasmuch as the boys were passive and had no direct agency in the matter except in permitting the use of their emanations. The phenomena must have taken place by some unseen agent that was endowed with intelligence, and that intelligence called itself a Spirit.

There is a strong influence here against the Davenport boys, which is made stronger by the reported *exposé* of the glove found in their presence when they were in New York. It is almost universally quoted as authority sufficient to condemn the whole affair, and any other report giving evidence of the reality of the demonstrations, is not credited although it comes from the same source. It is frequently the case that what is called an *exposé*, when fully understood, would be the strongest evidence in favor of the claims of that which it purports to expose.

Their sittings in the dark were similar to those that have been described in your paper before. When skeptics were present, the Spirits requested them to tie the boys, which was done in the following manner: Their hands were tied tight behind them—then tied to the chair in which they sat. Their feet were then tied to the bottom of the chairpost; then a man stood by them and held his hand on each of their heads. The instruments were placed on the table; the few who were in the room took hold of hands. As soon as the light was extinguished, away went the instruments, floating about the room beyond the reach of any one present. Sometimes they would hit the floor, then the ceiling over head; some were struck on the side of their heads from the banjo, with sundry taps of various kinds; and I think it fair to say, that no four men could take these instruments in broad day-light and make more noise with them than was made on that occasion. Light was called for, and behold there the boys sat securely tied, showing that they could not have made this noise. Mr. Davenport also sat in the circle with his hands joined with the rest, making it impossible for him to do it without being discovered.

The light was again extinguished, and the Spirits untied the boys themselves. It was thought that no one could do it in the light with both hands as quick as it was done by the Spirits in the dark. The ropes were long, and were wound between the chair-rounds in various ways, so that it was a complicated matter, which I think would have required more intelligence to do than electricity possesses. The demonstrations that took place in the light were conclusive in regard to the agency of the boys. They sat quiet and passive with their hands on the table, and any one could discover any attempt at fraud.

Our circle at one time was composed of ten individuals. We all sat close to each other with our hands on the table, placing our feet so that there would be room for the instruments to move under it. One end of the table was not occupied. We placed the trumpet, banjo, tamborine and bell under it. After waiting a few moments they began to move about, and were rubbed against our feet and legs with considerable force, and we were struck with the instruments with pretty sharp blows. The instruments would frequently be placed in our laps; the bell was taken up and carried from one end of the table to the other several times, and was being rung the same time as naturally as if it had been done with a human hand. Each instrument, excepting the bell, would be thrust up at the vacant end of the table so as to show one half or more of it. It would be struck against the table quite violently. The instruments seemed to be held by some person under the table, and were presented to us at an angle of forty-five degrees. Once the trumpet was thrown several feet above the table; it was evidently designed to be thrown on the table, but they did not succeed, for as it came down it hit the edge and bounded on the floor.

Many other things of a singular nature were done, which I will not mention. One thing we were perfectly certain of, viz., that neither the boys nor Mr. Davenport did these things. The relative position which they occupied in respect to the location of the phenomena, rendered it impossible for them to produce them.

There is one circumstance connected with their visit here, I think worthy of special notice. After they had been here about three or four days, Johnny (the Spirit) wanted Mr. Davenport to go back to Buffalo. He designed, when he came, to stay three or four weeks. They held a long conversation, Johnny talking through the trumpet. Mr. Davenport concluded to stay the week out, (this was on Thursday night.) Johnny said he should go back and would not do any more, and if he did they might call him a liar. But Mr. Davenport concluded to stay and see what was the result. At the next sitting Johnny was not present, but a Spirit that called himself Mike, came. He seemed to be very friendly, and told Mr. Davenport to stay. He handled the instruments very well. We inquired of Mike where Johnny was; he said in Cleveland, with a medium whom he controlled there. After Mike had got through and bid us retire, we sat a short time at the table, conversing on the subject. We heard some different raps on the table; calling

alphabet it spelled out "Johnny." We asked him if Devenport should come? The raps for yes were loud and distinct. We then asked if he was present? "Yes," with raps not so loud and made in different time. "Mike, shall Mr. Davenport go to Buffalo?" "No," was the answer. We put the question in various ways to each Spirit, and one id "stay" and the other "go." In every form we put the question it is really curious to see the different opinions and the different styles of swering. This was on Friday afternoon. In the evening the demonstrations were very powerful, and satisfactory to all. Mr. Davenport and Johnny, through the trumpet, had a long conversation about going to Buffalo. The result was that Davenport concluded to stay another week, and Johnny said he would go back to Buffalo. At the close of a conversation Johnny said, "I have made up my mind what I shall do." The boys boarded at Mr. Wheelock's; in the morning (it being Saturday) they called them for breakfast. As they did not come they went to their rooms and found that they had left, and supposed that they had gone to the village. Mr. Davenport boarded at another place, and expected the boys would be at the afternoon circle as usual. At six o'clock, the time of meeting, they were not there. Inquiry was made for the boys, but they were not to be found. Mr. Davenport, having no mediums, was obliged to discontinue his circle. He went home, and the following is a letter from him in answer to some inquiries I made concerning the circumstances.

G. M. SLATTON.

BUFFALO, July, 1856.

FRIEND SLATTON:

Dear Sir—I have received yours in due time. You wish to know the cause of my boys leaving Lockport so strangely. It appears that King had made up his mind that it would be impossible for him to do anything there unless the citizens took more interest in it, and, consequently, he awoke the boys very early in the morning and started them for home, where he thought he could effect more good than he could there. I am satisfied that he helped them home. They say that King rapped on their head-board in the morning, and told them they must go to Buffalo, and the next thing they knew they were half way to Buffalo. That seems to be all they know about it. I was sorry that it so happened, but we must hope for the best.

I am holding circles at 278 Main-street, Buffalo, every afternoon and evening. If there is any skeptic in Lockport who is afraid to investigate at home, he can have a favorable opportunity here.

Yours in truth, ISA DAVENPORT.

LYING SPIRITS.

Our opponents being driven from toe-joint, water-falls, and unconscious muscular and od force theories, have very generally slid back upon the Devil as a final refuge. And in this connection it is refreshing to witness the perfect knowledge these gentlemen have of all his Majesty's movements. One would think that if all they say about him were true, he would prove too cunning for them to find him out, but they seem to do it somehow or other.

With this position I am content. Let but the world confess and realize that Spirits can and do communicate with us, and they may call them whatsoever name they choose; I am willing to leave that to time and the common sense of mankind.

Perhaps my own experience will better illustrate what I mean when I make the deliberate statement that a false communication was and is the most valuable one that I have ever received from the Spirit-world.

About four years ago (after some five or six sittings with a circle) I felt a singular sensation in my right hand. It felt as if asleep, then commenced to pat upon the table, growing stronger by degrees. I found that I could resist this tendency; that whenever I willed it to stop, it would stop, but that whenever I let it go it would do as before.

At the second sitting after so starting, my hand picked up the pencil and commenced to write. My sensations were very like those described by the Rev. Charles Hammond. I felt a word at a time as if it were physically impressed upon my forehead, near the right temple. I could feel it being placed there, slowly and deliberately. I was as calm and as cool as I ever have been. I did not then believe in Spirits, not in their existence even; and I thus analyzed my sensations while my hand was writing: "Back brain," says Rogers; "od force," says Mahan. If so, what is the use of the front brain? And how did the back brain manifest itself on the front brain? What children are they who talk so!

Well, it wrote a communication thus, word by word, giving the particulars of the death of a relative and all that sort of thing, and signed it "Henry Day." (I have never known such a person.) The next day I sent a dispatch by mortal wires, and learned that the dead relative "was alive and perfectly well," and is so still, even unto this day.

This set me to thinking, (and I thank the Spirit-world for that every day and hour and minute of my life) and I have never stopped thinking, nor ever expect to.

I said thus to myself: I am not conscious of ever having told a falsehood in my whole life to any one. Should I sit calmly down to tell one to myself while I had all my senses about me? Preposterous! From whence, then, this lie? From the Spirit-world inevitably. This saved me from any approach to fanaticism. From a skeptic I was liable to fall into the opposite extreme of dependence on "thus saith the Spirit;" consequently it developed my own mind, and the purpose being attained, my mediumship stopped. And this I apprehend is about all that Spiritualism will accomplish in the present phase. Set mankind to thinking, and the battle is won. The purpose for which we were placed on this sphere is fulfilled. "O that my people would but consider," is truly an inspired utterance; and we need never fear but that thinking minds will develop the crab-apple (ignorance) into the pippin (wisdom) in eternal progression.

A. WILTSCHINGER.

St. Louis, July, 1854.

SPIRITUAL CURE OF PARALYSIS.

TORONTO, July 28, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

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On looking over your paper one day I saw L. G. Atwood's name as a "healing medium" in one of the advertisements. It immediately occurred to me to try what could be done in that quarter. I straightway wrote Mr. Atwood—only giving the child's age, and nothing further. You may judge my surprise on receiving from Mr. Atwood a full account of her disease and the cause, which he said was a fall some three years ago, which injury received at that time was affecting her nervous system now. He said that if I would bring her over to Lockport, he had an impression she could be cured. (I may as well here state now, that the little girl did have a fall out of an up-stairs window at the time stated, and was taken up by her mother at the time from the ground insensible.) Well, as Mr. Atwood did not know there was such a person as myself in existence before he received my letter, it gave me some confidence in his healing power, and although the child could ill endure the journey, I resolved to take her to Lockport.

We arrived at Mr. Atwood's at five in the evening of Saturday, and staid until Monday morning. Mr. Atwood laid his hands on her a few times while we were there, and that was all he did. Well, the child from that time began to amend, and in three weeks after her leaving Mr. A.'s house, she was quite restored to health, and is now as healthy, robust and smart a child as any of her age in this city. In fact, so much is she changed that people can hardly believe her to be the poor afflicted one they saw some time ago confined to her bed, and not able to walk.

Such are the facts of this case, and there are plenty to attest them in this place. Before closing, I would add my testimony to the kindness shown me by Mr. and Mrs. Atwood while in their house, and would recommend them to such as require their services, as wonderful healing mediums.

Yours, ever sincerely,

R. A.

The writer of the above sends us his signature in full as an evidence of good faith.—Ed.

NOTES BY AN ITINERANT. No. 2.

A RESPIRE—FARM REFLECTIONS—MEDITATIONS OVER THE HOE, ETC.

Dear Telegraph—I narrated in my last a fourth of July ramble over the Shaker domain at New Lebanon, and I believe promised a description in my next of a more spiritual character. I am obliged to defer it for the present, but hope to give it, if possible. This Number of my "Notes" finds me at the very unspiritual occupation of farming. Whether I am a second Pegasus or not, is a reasonable question, though I sometimes think I should be, were I harnessed down to some circumstances. I however like the looks of the oxen and things generally, and I like the wayside talk of the rustics. The poet wished

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,"

where he might be free from all the noise and the evil reports of life. Now I am far from agreeing with him altogether. It may be poetical, such a wish, but it is not philosophical. Nay, "take the papers"—to the breach of the grim citadel of giant Despair; let the swords clash—

"On, ye brave!"

Well, the poet was "some right," as the cow-boy would say, "after all," and my neighbors, the Shakers, are consequently some right in their retreat from the world. But enough of this, and at things as I find them on the "Farm." Perhaps there is some good in Nazareth.

Robins and bob-o-links, blue-birds and swallows, bright dewy mornings and a rest at noon in the shade, with glorious sun-sets in the still evening—what is better in this world, with plenty of milk, good butter and bread, and a clean airy chamber at night? O, there are many good things!

I have "hired out" for a month. Every morning I shoulder my hoe and sally forth with dread intent—toward the weeds, for I am a gardener. Well, I shall ever believe till I am convinced to the contrary, that work is a good thing. I commence a long row of lettuce, or radishes, or a patch of cucumbers, perchance, and hoe away under my broad-brimmed hat, and think of a great many things with great ease. I am decidedly of the opinion that such an exercise tends to make the thoughts natural, to say the least.

But I must not forget my calling; the place is somewhat uncultivated; the young men thoughtless and rude, but yet evidently "good natured;" I must give them a lecture some evening, and then they will know me better; for I see they think me odd, and beside, I then can converse while at work, on more congenial matters; for they are not destitute of "common sense," and have much good judgment.

New Lebanon, July 21, 1854.

ARIEL.

TEST OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEAR SIR:

I am induced to send you the following statement of a singular phase of clairvoyance, in the hope that it may afford the opponents of the spiritual theory an opportunity of giving a rational explanation of the facts, which are briefly these:

On Monday, July 21, Mrs. E. J. French, of 780 Broadway, was engaged in a clairvoyant examination, of which I was the subject. Mr. T. Culbertson was present, and as usual wrote the leading symptoms as she stated them. After describing the condition of my brain, throat, lungs and stomach, she paused for a few moments, and then in a voice scarcely audible, observed, "Mrs. P. (meaning my wife) is better," and proceeded to give an exact description of my wife's physical state, simulating her gestures, loss of voice, sensations of lassitude and weariness, cough, etc., with the greatest fidelity. This sudden digression at first surprised me, for I was thinking only of my own case, and on inquiry I found that Mr. Culbertson's mind was similarly occupied.

When Mrs. French came into her normal state, and was informed of her involuntary clairvoyant excursion, to see a lady patient residing some five miles distant, she seemed as much astonished as ourselves. I never before saw or heard of a precisely similar case; there was nothing in the mind of any person present to guide or influence the clairvoyant. There had been no conversation on that day with Mrs. French in which the health of my wife was referred to, nor is her malady so serious as to cause any apprehension, or unusual attention on the part of Mrs. French.

But it may be asked, "Did your wife wish to see Mrs. F.?" or was she thinking of her at that particular time?" No! At the time of this occurrence she was quietly sleeping.

How then did Mrs. F. become en rapport with her? Answer ye Odites, Biologists, and Psychologists. Elucidate, ye wise ones.

In conclusion, permit me to offer my testimony to the unerring accuracy of Mrs. French's clairvoyant examination, not only from my own experience, but from that of many others who, like myself, have been benefited by her prescriptions, and those who have, as it were, been raised from the grave through her mediumship.

Respectfully yours,

W. J. PETERSCHEN.

BEDFORD, L. I.

QUERIES ABOUT PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

As I understand Mr. Tiffany's exposition of the principles of motion, life, sensation and intelligence, as presented in his explanation of the Philosophy of Nature, in the July Number of his work, he regards them as distinct and separate in themselves; and I infer from his argument that he regards the soul as being an union and combination of these principles. In the "Birth of the Universe," a spiritual work through Mr. Ambler, the doctrine asserted is, that the indwelling acting force in nature manifests itself in the mineral kingdom as a principle of motion, and in its progression to the vegetable form it exhibits what is termed organized life, in the animal kingdom sensation, and in man intelligence, etc.

I could wish that writers would be more explicit on this subject, particularly when they profess to explain the nature of the immortal element of man's constitution. The theory that man as a physical being, is an ultimate unfolding of matter, etc., may be very plausibly presented, though it involves a difficulty I have never yet seen explained, to wit, how any lower kingdom in nature could give birth to a higher kingdom or form of life, without direct antagonism to the acknowledged law of "like produces like." But believing that this seeming difficulty can be rationally met and satisfied, I feel anxious that our teachers, who undertake to explain the nature of the human soul as an immortal identity, should be careful to show that their conclusions are intelligibly drawn from, and in harmony with, their premises. Mr. Tiffany deduces the existence of man's immortality as consequent on the development of motion, life, sensation and intelligence, in nature's unfoldings—why, however, he does not exhibit, or I have failed to comprehend his argument. The why and wherefore on this point deserve to be specifically presented, and I hope he may yet do so. E.

THE FALLING CHURCH.

FITCHBURG, May, 1856.

Mrs. SIDNEY, entranced, said: "I see a magnificent meeting-house, with its tall spire pointing to heaven. But what do the people go there for? To worship Mammon! The minister must be popular and learned. They must have a gilded organ, a trained and scientific choir, and their pews cushioned; the ladies are dressed in silks, satins, and fancy bonnets. The minister must preach and pray to please their disordered fancy or vain imaginations."

"But see! the meeting-house is beginning to totter—the rafters are beginning to fall. There are a great many people with pike-poles and timbers trying to hold it up—how hard they work! But still it falls, crushing some and maiming others, while many escape the ruins, saying, 'The devil has destroyed our house—this house dedicated to God and his worship! O see it has gone to ruins—God did not do it; it must have been the devil.' And they all take up arms against him, each one forming a weapon to suit himself. But see, they fight as one beating the air; but still they keep on fighting until it is too late, when they find they have been fighting against God. They are smitten with pestilence and blindness. No weapons of man's device can stay the truth in its onward march."

Mr. Editor, you may not think this worth printing, but to me it contains a great truth.

E. J. MORTON.

the alphabet it spelled out "Johnny." We asked him if Devenport should go home? The raps for yes were loud and distinct. We then asked if Mike was present? "Yes," with raps not so loud and made in different time. "Mike, shall Mr. Davenport go to Buffalo?" "No," was the answer. We put the question in various ways to each Spirit, and one said "stay" and the other "go." In every form we put the question it was really curious to see the different opinions and the different styles of answering. This was on Friday afternoon. In the evening the demonstrations were very powerful, and satisfactory to all. Mr. Davenport and Johnny, through the trumpet, had a long conversation about going to Buffalo. The result was that Davenport concluded to stay another week, and Johnny said he would go back to Buffalo. At the close of the conversation Johnny said, "I have made up my mind what I shall do." The boys boarded at Mr. Wheelock's; in the morning (it being Saturday) they called them for breakfast. As they did not come they went to their rooms and found that they had left, and supposed that they had gone to the village. Mr. Davenport boarded at another place, and expected the boys would be at the afternoon circle as usual. At one o'clock, the time of meeting, they were not there. Inquiry was made for the boys, but they were not to be found. Mr. Davenport, having no mediums, was obliged to discontinue his circle. He went home, and the following is a letter from him in answer to some inquiries I made concerning the circumstances.

G. M. SLATTON.

FRIEND SLATTON: Buffalo, July, 1856.
Dear Sir—I have received yours in due time. . . . You wish to know the cause of my boys leaving Lockport so strangely. It appears that King had made up his mind that it would be impossible for him to do anything there unless the citizens took more interest in it, and, consequently, he awakes the boys very early in the morning and started them for home, where he thought he could effect more good than he could there. I am satisfied that he helped them home. They say that King rapped on their head-board in the morning, and told them they must go to Buffalo, and the next thing they knew they were half way to Buffalo. That seems to be all they know about it. I was sorry that it so happened, but we must hope for the best.

I am holding circles at 278 Main-street, Buffalo, every afternoon and evening. If there is any skeptic in Lockport who is afraid to investigate at home, he can have a favorable opportunity here.

Yours in truth, IRA DAVENPORT.

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A. WILKINSON.

St. Louis, July, 1854.

SPIRITUAL CURE OF PARALYSIS.

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BEDFORD, L. I.

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THE FALLING CHURCH.

FITCHBURG, May, 1854.

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Mr. Editor, you may not think this worth printing, but to me it contains a great truth.

E. J. WOODRICK.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down her smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gambled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed with childish wonder
Each object to explore.
A something on the instant
Its glad career arrest,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wandering eyes,
And trustfully reached forth its hands
To seize the glittering prize.
And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there;
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays.
And then the first of many tears
Fell on that cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all
Who its dark game hath played—
We've sought to grasp life's sunshine,
And only found the shade!

CITY OF POMPEII.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Journal of Commerce, who has been visiting the ancient city of Pompeii, now being excavated by the Neapolitan Government, gives the subjoined sketches:

"Leaving the temples, we entered the 'street of abundance'—called so from a statue of Abundance found there. The front of all these houses, on each side of the street was used for stores or shops, the name of the occupant being still there inscribed on the entrance in rude characters of red paint. The houses connected with these shops, and indeed, almost all the dwellings in Pompeii, are small and low, though adapted in most respects to the climate and to the habits of a people who spend most of their time in the open air and in public. The portions of the house exposed to visitors are the vestibule or porter's lodge, through which you pass into the *atrium*, quite a spacious room, covered with a flat roof, opened in the center for the purpose of admitting the light and securing the rain, which descended through it into a cistern occupying the center of the room, and made of marble, frequently wrought into forms of great beauty. The walls and roof of this apartment were sometimes splendidly ornamented, and the floor always of marble or rich mosaic opening into the *atrium*; on the sides were the rooms for the reception of strangers, and also the dining-room. Through this dining-room they passed into the more private apartments of the family. You first come into a court open to the air in the middle, and surrounded by a covered colonade, the center of this court being filled with flowers and statues, and not unfrequently adorned with a fountain. Surrounding the court were the dining-saloon, the sitting-rooms, the library, the picture gallery, and the bed rooms. There was also a bath-room in one angle of this court, and a little place set apart for the household goods. The second floor seems to have been exclusively devoted to store-rooms and to apartments for servants. In the rear was a small garden, corresponding in many respects to the well-kept yard of a New York residence, filled with shrubs and flowers and vines."

"On the one side, at a short distance, they pointed to the villa of Cicero; but as this was a matter of some uncertainty we hurried on to the villa of Diomedes, which has been so often described. It stands just where this melancholy street terminates, in the open fields of the country, and we found ourselves, much to our surprise, stepping up by a flight of six steps directly from the street of tombs into what is considered the most elegant and wonderful of all the ruins of Pompeii. We passed through the various suites of rooms, resembling in their form and uses those already described, but much larger and more elegant. We stopped with much interest in the bed room where we found the cases of perfumes and cosmetics which had been shown us in the Museum. We descended finally to the garden in the rear, overlooking the sea, and 'here,' said our guide, pointing to the gate of the garden, 'were found two men, the one holding in his skeleton hand a purse containing one hundred gold and silver coins, while the other man still grasped the key of the villa.' They were the master and his servant. But our interest in this scene was almost forgotten as our guide led us still further down into the cellar, where we found seventeen other members of this family, who had evidently sought this as their last refuge from the impending destruction. They were mostly females, and two of them were children whose beautiful blond locks were as bright when discovered as when it blew over their faces in the sweet air of summer. The fine alluvium had hardened upon their bodies, producing perfect

coats, not only of their forms, but even of the delicate texture of their linen and jewels. A part of a cast of a fresh young girl's neck and bosom, taken from the cellar, is still exhibited at the Museum—and (our guide holding up his torch against the wall) we saw the forms of two persons distinctly traced standing there for support while the suffocating torrents immersed their persons, and sealed them up in darkness. That sight I can never forget. It was the last house we visited at Pompeii; and that cellar, with its sad and vivid pictures of sudden and overwhelming ruin, was a fitting termination to the labors of one of the most exciting days of my life."

Exhibitions of ancient life are seen on every hand. The public bathing rooms are as perfect as when the Pompeians enjoyed their luxury. The visitor is continually walking on most beautiful mosaic pavements, and exquisite fountains, statues and paintings are ever before him, while various temples of great size, noble design and elegant finish, excite his admiration.

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.

The elasticity and fragility of glass are amongst its most extraordinary phenomena. Its elasticity exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to the original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with your finger, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that has been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shattered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom. The thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet, given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, bone, etc., have been cast into them, from a height of two or three feet, without any effect; yet a fragment of flint, not larger than a pea, let fall from the fingers at a height of only three inches, has made them fly. Nor is it the least wonderful of these phenomena that the glass does not always break at the instant of collision, as might be supposed. A bit of flint, literally the size of a grain, has been dropped into several glasses, successively, and none of them broke; but being set apart and watched, it was found that they all flew in less than three quarters of an hour. This singular agency is not confined to flint. The same effect will be produced by diamond, sapphire, porcelain, highly tempered steel, pearls, and the marbles that boys play with. Amongst the strangest phenomena observed in glass are those which are peculiar to tubes. A glass tube placed in a horizontal position before a fire, with its extremities supported, will acquire a rotary motion around its axis, moving at the same time toward the fire, notwithstanding that the supports on which it rests may form an inclined plane the contrary way. If it be placed on a glass plane, such as a piece of window glass, it will move from the fire, although the plane may incline in the opposite direction. If it be placed standing nearly upright, leaning to the right hand, it will move from east to west; if leaning to the left hand, it will move from west to east; if it be placed perfectly upright it will not move at all. The causes of these phenomena are unknown, although there has been no lack of hypotheses in explanation of them.

PALEY.—When Paley first went to Cambridge he fell into a society of young men far richer than himself, to whom his talents and conviviality made him an acceptable companion, and he was in a fair way for ruin. One morning one of these comrades came into his bed-room before he was up, and he, as usual, thought it was to propose some plan of pleasure for the day. His friend, however, said, "Paley, I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you. I am, as you know, heir to such a fortune, and whether I ever look in a book at Cambridge or not, does not signify one farthing. But this is not the case with you; you have only your abilities to look to, and no man has better, if you do but make the proper use of them. But if you go on in this way you are ruined; and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you, for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up, but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience." Paley lay in bed the whole day ruminating upon this. In the evening he rose and took his tea, ordered his bed-maker to make his fire over night, and call him at five in the morning; and from that day forward, rose always at that hour, went out first wrangler, and became the fortunate man he was. This he related to his intimate friend Mr. Sheepshanks; from him it came to Broome, and he told it to me this evening, October 6, 1808.—*Southery.*

DEATH FROM OLD AGE.—But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break down; or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have usually their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten to twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six to seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size.

INSECT POWERS.

THE muscular strength of insects is immense. We once were surprised by a feat performed by a common beetle in the United States. We had put the insect, for want of any box at hand, beneath a quart bottle full of milk upon a table, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to our surprise, the bottle began slowly to move and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight eighty-one and a half times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within. Mr. Newport has given other insect power equally remarkable. Having once fastened a small kind of *Carabus*, an elegantly formed ground beetle, weighing three and a half grains, by a silk thread, to a piece of paper, he laid a weight on the latter. At a distance of ten inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, upon an inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, nearly eighty-five grains; but when placed on a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one pound and twenty-five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load, as though a man were to drag up a hill of similar inclination a wagon weighing two tons and a half, having previously taken the wheels off. According to the same excellent authority, the stag beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*), has been known to gnaw a hole an inch in diameter through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society.

Let us look at the powers of insects in the act of flying. The house flies (*Musca domestica*) that wheel and play beneath the ceiling for hours together, ordinarily move at the rate of about five feet per second; but if excited to speed they can dart through thirty-five feet in the same brief space of time. Now in this period, as Kirby and Spence observes, a race horse could clear only ninety feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile in a minute. Our little fly in her swiftest flight will go more than one-third of a mile. Now compare the immense difference of the size of the two animals—ten millions of the fly would hardly counterpoise one racer—and how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! Did the fly equal the race-horse in size and retain its power in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. Some of the flies that haunt our gardens shoot along so rapidly that the eye can not follow them in flight.

LOVE OF CHRIST.—The apostle says, martyrdom may be borne apparently in Christ's name, and his love may not be in the heart. In fact, Christ's love does not show itself by volcanic and tempestuous explosions here and there, and at distant intervals. Fanaticism does so; passion does so; but love to Christ is to be detected by its quiet and persistent influence. In some lands, there is volcanic fire that explodes and devastates; but in other parts of other lands, there is a volcanic fire that indicates its presence only by the rich fertility of the soil, and the golden crops that are reaped in autumn. And so this love of Christ indicates itself, not by tempestuous explosions, which are the results of fanaticism, but by that glow of warmth, of consistency, of harmony, of moral beauty, which it gives to the whole man, till the world, witnessing the quiet and subdued character, declares that that man must have been with Jesus. Wherever this love is in the heart there are some things which we shall subordinate for Jesus' sake, there are other things which we shall sacrifice for Jesus' sake, and there are other things we shall hate for his sake. We shall subordinate that which is good for his sake; we shall sacrifice that which we love for his sake; and we shall hate that which we know to be sin for his sake. And wherever such is, there it will unfold itself in those graces that exhale its fragrance, and reveal itself by whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are honest and of good report.—*John Cummings, D.D.*

GREEK AFFECTION FOR FOREIGNERS.—To say the truth, Greeks like none but Greeks. If they like foreigners, it is in the same way that the sportsman loves game. They show the same affection to the French, the English and the Russians, by cheating them uniformly in everything, by selling impartially to them all articles at double the price at which they sell them to Greeks. In giving small change, a Greek would think he had lost caste if he did not cheat you in giving back change for a five-franc piece. When you perceive it and mention it to him, he repairs his mistake and smiles amiably, as much as to say, "We understand one another you guessed that I was a rogue; you are a man of sense, perhaps a bit of a rogue yourself; we were made to understand each other." A Greek coffee-house keeper is by no means embarrassed when a Frenchman and a Greek, who have taken coffee at the same table, come at the same time to pay him, the one two-pence, the other a penny. If you made any observation on it to him, he would answer, "The Greeks do not eat up one another."—*Edmund About's Greece.*

RELIGIOUS DEFECTION IN ENGLAND.—The British Banner, a prominent and influential religious journal, has been engaged, in several of its last issues, in exposing what it characterizes as evidence of an alarming defection from evangelical truth, which are unfolding themselves within the bosom of the Nonconformist churches, as well as in the churches of the establishment.